

Wild Weekend

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Suspended in an endless sea of sparkling tranquility a diamond shone, refracting sunlight in rainbow cascades off crystalline domes, as it turned serenely amid the heavens.

The shuttle was making its final approach on the Lunar Lagrange point station, the artificial satellite radiant amid the Kordylewski clouds of glistening ghost moons, glittering in the dark as they scattered ambient solar rays.

It was a sight to steal the breath from any spacefarer.

Kyle sat strapped down in an aisle seat, checking his phone impatiently as he awaited arrival.

His mind was already elsewhere, marveling at the beautiful... captivating monument to pleasure, which awaited him in the orbital hotel.

It had been too long, almost six months this time, but he could still feel it against his lips, taste that singular, seductive flavor, of his best friend's phallus.

'Tell Evan I said hi!'

The text from his wife popped up on the screen, and Kyle smiled, as he tapped out a response.

'I'll probably be too distracted, but I'll try to remember. Love you!'

Her response came a moment later, as the shuttle jolted with the force of landing.

'Love you, weirdo, go enjoy that dick.'

It was all he thought about, as they were disembarking.

As tender, caring and intimate as he and his wife were, Kyle had never been able to forget his first love.

Even now, in their post-aging world, he couldn't resist it.

He was utterly besotted with his best friend's cock.

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Reclining together, in their usual room, the two humanoids grinned, eyes meeting around the twin pillars of their pricks.

Each was laying on his back, with an incredible view through of the glass dome of their 'cabin', out into the endless stars and scintillating interstellar dust above... but neither was availing himself of that lesser beauty.

Gazing rapturously down their snouts, each had eyes only for the other's erection.

Nude, their hands brushed through fur, as they splayed legs as wide as possible, pressing hips together.

It had required some minor modification of joints, to allow them both to perform sideways splits like that, feet out at right angles to either side, but it had been so very worth it, to enable them to press their genitals together so directly... not just the throbbing pillars of their penises, but the puckered, twitching rings of their tailholes too.

Grinding both together at once was a surreal form of bliss for the two best friends.

Yet that too was only a warmup, in their exploration of surreal forms of intimacy.

Already, their pills were taking effect.

Flesh was softening, *flowing*.

Kyle's breaths were deep, drawing in each detail of the sensuality of that long-anticipated moment. He pressed himself harder against Evan's hips and felt surfaces compressing, nerves fusing and bones overlapping.

Both men's voices rose, in a shared groan of lust, as they felt themselves conjoin.

Each was sinking into the other, and as their throbbing erections and anuses pressed, kissed so passionately, they too started to merge. Two rings squeezed into an '8', then that boundary splitting their warping tailholes parted, and all that excess mass rushed into the newly swelling, jiggly lips of a double-size pucker, shared by both.

Feeling it wobble, as it hung full, fat and sweaty from their fused ass, made both shiver.

Kyle released a giddy toot of flatulence, which both felt tickle through their shared rectum.

"Oh gods yes," Evan murmured, "it's been too long!"

His hands gripped their erections. They too were flattened together, the roots merging, trunks sinking into one another and expanding, growing several times in size as the friends connected with the cocks they so adored. Kyle was shivering with pleasure, as he helped knead their shafts into one, feeling the weight and majesty of that single pillar, the true object of his infatuation.

Both were pawing at it now, fondling the length and rubbing at the bulbous head, kissing and nipping at their composite shaft and competing to pull it close enough to one muzzle or the other, that they might plant their kisses directly on that drooling slit at the tip. It was so vast that even four hands and two mouths weren't enough to tame the beast, or satisfy the two men who shared it.

In that impossible intimacy, of conjoined genitalia, the two each felt the twitches and tensing of the other, reveling in the mutual masturbation of throbbing shaft and clenching anus, and together, united by their perverse love of one another's cocks, they each began to push.

Rippling through their rear, clouds of flatus emerged like kisses, as if when each man farted, he was smooching their joint donut.

Kyle was the first to turn those fleeting kisses into a thick, wet *lick*.

Pushing out a muddy, crackling pillar through their rear, he made both of them tense, bucking fused hips atop the shaft that was passing through their hypersensitive hole.

As it slopped out, into the void and tray under them, another began to emerge, spreading them still wider, raking fingers of fecal filth along their plush pucker as Evan took his turn shitting through their body.

Panting, tongue lolling from his lips from the exertion – and enjoyment – his eyes met Kyle's.

"You want to-"

"Yes!"

Together, they reached down, hands sinking into the steaming, sticky mess, grabbing fingerfuls of one another's excrement.

Plastering it against their cock they shuddered, groaning aloud at the tingling heat, dick bucking, pressing into the slimy hands befouling their flesh. It was the perfect lube, gooey and slimy, slathered freely over their genitals as they masturbated.

Each was drunk on pleasure by that point, and as Evan reached out for his snout, Kyle gladly leant in, kissing his filthy fingertips... then lapping, gulping the shit out of his cupped palms, moaning happily at the rich, intricate tastes of his best friend's body.

Soon he was scooping up piles he pushed out of their rear and feeding his friend some of his own sewage in reciprocation.

Both boys were shivering with the depravity of their indulgence, as they feasted on one another's feces, and groped relentlessly at their shared, pulsing shaft and huge, quivering anus.

Eyes met, faces smeared and caked in effluence, and they grinned, licking the sludge from their lips.

“Portal time?” Evan asked.

Kyle hit the button.

Extending out on a mechanical arm, a metal ring slid into the gap under them, and the glowing hoop pushed up, to press firmly against their oversized anus. Both purred at the pleasant sense of anticipation, as the matching ring descended, to hover just over their cock. Adjusting the height, they brought it down directly over the tip of their dick, and felt that most intimate of kisses, as their glans passed through folded space, to sink into the pillow-soft folds of their squishing, farting anus.

Just the sensations of that hot, wet ring, and the flatulence burrowing down their cock was enough to make them tense, pressing into their own asshole harder.

“You ready?” Kyle murmured.

Evan leant forwards and took his hands, the two grinning as they felt an eager shiver passing through, from one body to the other, making their splayed legs wiggle uselessly.

This time, as they started to shit, both were pushing at once.

Groaning, *shaking* with the exertion, they pressed two turds into one, extruding the blending, two-tone log out of their straining anus.

That condensed tip pushed directly into the eagerly awaiting mouth of their throbbing cockslit.

Their penis gave way easily, eagerly accepting their excrement as they used their gorgeous genitals as a toilet. Both squeezed hands and holes together as they squirmed in mutual rapture, to feel that searing hot shaft of squishy slime pumping down the inside of their penis, ruining that revered erection eagerly, desecrating a dick of such exquisite beauty with their turds.

Symmetrical as it was in layout, the urethra ran down the core, rather than an edge, and so the entire pillar of their phallus stretched out equally, in all directions, bulging around the giant log of scat as it was forced down, their cock gaining several inches of girth where the log penetrated, tinted a crude, earthy dun.

They grabbed, groped at the outrageous sight, squishing the shit inside their sex as they started to gyrate, twisting and grinding, crying out with the sexual thrill of fucking their own feces. Their straining urethra made out with their squishing asshole, as they used their dung as a dildo, worshipping the unholy union with hands and tongues too.

Continually shitting down their shaft, they rode their sewage like another penis, thrusting themselves onto it as they packed poop into their prick, compressing it in, making their crotch bulge with all that shit as they made love to their own anus, with the very phallus it was defiling.

"This is so good," Kyle groaned, "I can feel the scat churning in our balls!"

"We don't have balls," his friend reminded him, "just a prostate packed to bursting with poop!"

The thought made Kyle growl with surreal, animalistic lust.

Cock totally filled with shit, they squeezed all the harder, as they felt the inevitable, rushing approach of another, still more erogenous form of release.

"I'm so close," Kyle whined.

"I'm gonna cum your shit!" Evan exclaimed back.

At that twisted trigger-phrase, Kyle clenched their hips, and both friends shuddered, as the contraction reached the searing, erogenous bulb at the core of their fusion; that stretched, pleading prostate, packed *beyond* bursting with poop.

Together, they felt that shared organ *spasm*.

The pressure wave sparked off in their muscles was overwhelming, and a moment later both boys were arching, straining and jerking their crotch together, as climax struck like a thunderbolt.

Howling in bliss, they came sewage, squirting it up their dick and back into their asshole with their double orgasm. Squelching, churning feces pushed down their shaft were now pumping back out, making love to dick and anus and excrement all at once. It was divine.

There was no way they could limit themselves to just one round.

By the time they were done both were soaked in filth, panting and steaming, their body and the room around them reeking with the stink of a sewer.

Overhead, a breathtaking sight shone upon them, the sapphire glow of Earthrise washing over the room... yet neither even noticed the spectacle, as they admired the still more enchanting sight of their shit-stained sex.

With a bashful giggle, they exchanged one final kiss, before they activated the autoshower.

Warm, soothing waters soon had their fur cleansed, and the device even dried them, restoring the full fluffiness of their bodies.... However no amount of showering could clean out the inside of their cock, still flooded with many pints of poop they hadn't been able to

fully pump out. It was tingling in their prostate, packing their shaft and oozing from their urethra with their renewed passion.

That was just fine.

“Ready to air our erection out?” Kyle asked.

“I’ve been thinking about it all month,” Evan agreed.

The device this time was a new one, not unlike a tennis racket, however the strings were metal, packed far closer together and razor sharp.

Kyle pressed it gently to the tip of their erection, and both gasped, to feel that bladed kiss... as the grid of wires sank smoothly down, through their flesh, with an intoxicating burst of impossible, scintillating sensuality.

The sensations of hundreds of slices being made through their cockhead, all at once.

Their glans diced already, the square strings of dick-flesh peeled apart like so much spaghetti, flopping down in a mop of cock-meat that spread like a blooming flower, to make both sigh with the sheer sense of relief.

Cool air caressed the internals of their erection as it was bloodlessly dissected, and each helped eagerly to work the tool down their shaft, twisting it as they went, to create spiraling coils of cock.

The shaft held together as the tool sank along its length, despite the quaking of overwrought muscles, brought on by that overwhelming rush, which came only with the bliss of carving up their cock. It was stuck together, glued in place, by the filling of creamy feces still packed into the core. As they pressed their hips into the blades, to slice all the way to the base of their phallus, the brown sludge was seeping out at the newly cut seams spiraling up their length.

Finally, they shut off the device, the blades vanishing, the handle removed and set aside.

Each took a moment just to admire their dismantled dick.

“It looks so *beautiful*,” Evan murmured, tracing a finger along the curving lines, weeping sticky shit.

“So delicious,” Kyle gasped, at that teasing touch. “Like packed up poop-spaghetti!”

Evan giggled at that, and the motion set them both off again, gripping that delicate creation harder as he ran his tongue eagerly up that gorgeous length.

Kyle couldn’t help but press against it, but that pressure was enough to break the adhesion within that achingly erogenous rod.

With an incredible slurp, their cock collapsed.

Meat fell apart with a series of slapping, splattering squelches, as all those shit-soaked strings of coiling cock came down in a tangle atop them.

Both cried out at the intensity of that moment, at the surreal, satisfying thrill of their beautiful, breathtaking penis coming entirely apart, and they each plunged eager hands into the supple, sensitive heap of well-slicked genitals, howling with bliss as they caressed and fondled and squeezed handfuls of interior flesh, kneading at the layers of achingly erogenous meat that could never normally be stimulated.

The pleasure of those thousandfold new surfaces, unaccustomed to touch, yet all grinding and rubbing and sliding together, was beyond anything either could have imagined, and they frothed those strands with endless, ecstatic energy, in the rapture of their divinely dissected dick, running them through their fingers and kissing, licking and sucking on stray pieces, as that forest of phallic fragments created an endless, reverberating chain reaction of orgasms, making them cum over and over, as each tensing strand of sex set off others, and released fresh squirts of cum up through the whole heap, from the throbbing base where all took root.

The two feasted on their fecal pasta-pile of a penis even as they were making love to it, teasing out each individual piece of cock to caress and kiss and suck as they cleansed their meat with their mouths, reveling in the exquisite sensation of totally airing out their genitals together.

By the time they were done, both were totally drained, of scat and cum as well as energy, but their bellies were full, and their bodies blissfully relaxed, their hands gently trailing along the strands of their split shaft, in that state of ultimate relaxation.

Laying back, eyes half-closed, a dreamy look on his face, Evan sighed. "I wish we didn't have to put it back together at all... it's so soothing for our cock to be all opened up like this...."

"It really is," Kyle murmured, "I'd tell you to keep it like this, but what would your wife say?"

"To keep my nasty dick thing between you and me," Evan answered, chuckling.  
"And to pick up some zero-G candy-drops on the way home."

"Well then... I guess we have to put ourselves back together," Kyle said, just as reluctant as his friend. "Assuming we can figure out where all the pieces go...."

They each stared at the tangled pile of chopped cockmeat on their crotch, with a mixture of reverence and chagrin.

"It's gonna take *hours* to put back together," Evan said, rolling his eyes.

"Kinda like a jigsaw puzzle... only afterwards we get to make out with it again."

That was all the impetus he needed, for the two get started.

It was a long, relaxing, indulgent weekend, which neither wanted to end.

Still, both were ready to separate when the time came. As in love as they were with one another's erection, and doubly so with their shared dick while fused, unmerging meant a return home, to waiting spouses, who were wonderful women, unusually understanding of that strange connection their husbands shared.

Even if they didn't themselves understand the appeal of sawing apart their genitals.

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Some hours later, Kyle was laying against the woman in question, the love of his life, as she stroked his ears.

"Did you have a good time with Evan, sweetie?"

"Gods yes."

"You did put yourself back together, and clean your dick out properly, right?"

"Naturally, love."

"Well then... is my little weirdo too sexed out for tonight?"

"Hell no."