

# UNOFFICIAL SEQUEL INCOMING

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*Spurred by equal parts boredom and pettiness, I penned -- computered? -- a sequel to the Majalis story "Cheater's Lament," which you can find here:*

<http://www.hentai-foundry.com/stories/user/Majalis/7846/Youre-Dumped/49139/Chapter-4/Youre-Dumped...> *Tables are turned, tears are shed, my writing muscles are flexed and I probably sprained at least three of them. Enjoy! Or try to. I mean, what's not to love about playing "guess that animal" with buckets of splooge?*

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**Chapter 0 - The Revengening, AKA, NO U**

**2**

## 0 - The Revengening, AKA, NO U

"Hey, Sam, this is Jay. It's, uh, been awhile, but I was wondering if you might be up for grabbing dinner and talking for a bit? I understand if you'd rather not --- I know we didn't exactly part on the best of terms, but hey, let bygones be bygones, right? Either way, I won't call you again, so the ball's in your court. Number's same as before."

Sam sat back in her chair, a grin spreading across her face. Jay had been fun, and then disappointing, and then *\*really\** fun. Perhaps he'd like a trip down memory lane? Shouldn't be too hard to convince him -- he still trusted her enough after cheating on her to put himself completely at her mercy, and if there's one thing she knew it's that men don't change. Her mind made up, she dialed the familiar number and let it ring.

"Sam, is that you? Same number too, eh?"

"You always were the smart one," she said, teasing him. She was an engineer, he was a janitor -- she'd always found his innocence and naivety amusing. "I just got your message, and sure, I think it'd be lovely to catch up. What did you have in mind?"

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"I never did get a chance to thank you, Sam," said Jay as he signaled the waiter for their check. "What can I say, I learned my lesson. And then some." He laughed, and Sam smiled. It'd been 2 years since last they spoke; he had had a change of heart after having his stomach pumped of several gallons of cum from various sources and decided that perhaps they should split after all. Still, she was impressed: he was certainly an exception to the rule of men never changing, and was pleased, in a sick sort of way, that her "fun" had had such a beneficial effect on him. Not that she wouldn't do it again for no other reason than her own amusement, but it seemed as though she'd have to find a different target.

"I'm really glad to hear it, Jay. I always did like you -- I guess you could call our parting experience a bit of tough love." Jay smiled and nodded.

"So hey, would you like to see something really cool?" said Jay.

"Y'know what? I would, Jay. This has been a lovely evening so far."

"Great! It's a surprise, though," said Jay, and winked conspiratorially. Then, blushing, he pulled down his shirt a little to reveal that, underneath, he had donned a yellow leather corset, similar to what he'd had during her "tough love."

Sam quivered with delight. She supposed she'd been wrong about men learning their lessons after all.

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"The zoo? Isn't that a bit risky?"

"Nah, it's totally cool. I'm friends with the security guards and told them I might be coming by later. Besides, I'm head of maintenance; I've got keys for everything." Then, turning to face Sam, he winked again. "Everything."

"Oooh, neat! You'll have to take me to the elephants. I \*love\* elephants."

As she walked ahead of him, Jay barely suppressed a chuckle. "Who doesn't?"

When they reached the gate, the security guard nodded and to Jay and opened it for the two to slip through. After a brief exchange of greetings, the guard left to head back to his post and Jay waved to the park proper. "C'mon, this way."

"Where are you taking me?" asked Sam, her voice smoky and alluring.

"It's a secret, but don't worry, I think you'll appreciate it."

The two walked hand-in-hand for several minutes, enjoying the peace and quiet. Jay took her through the back-end of various displays to see the sleeping animals, and rattled off amusing anecdotes about stupid zoo-goers not obeying the signs and having run-ins with the cast, as he called it; or things that he'd personally been responsible for, like the newly-revamped benches and outdoor seating. Sam was genuinely impressed and genuinely happy for him: he'd really made something of himself.

They arrived at a building that appeared rather uninteresting from the outside, but, according to Jay, was where they treated the sick animals and performed "animal husbandry." "I've seen some fascinating things, Sam. Fascinating, disgusting things." They both laughed at that as they entered the building from the maintenance entrance out the back of it, which took them to a large loading dock. Jay told her to wait there while he got the lights, and walked off, tossing the keys to himself as he did so.

Sam took the opportunity to look around, finding nothing of interest. She found a clip board with the week's schedule of supply drop-offs and flipped through them idly. Had she been paying more attention she might have noticed that there had been an increased demand for various kinds of animal semen for "testing." Alas, she quickly grew bored and decided to follow Jay.

She found herself in a darkened hallway, with a light shining from underneath a door at one end of it. Figuring that that's where he'd gone, she strode over, wondering just what he had had in mind for their nightcap.

When she opened the door she saw Jay once again "setting" the mood, his hair covered by a wig with pigtails, his chest and legs covered in yellow latex. Sam's mouth twitched into a delirious grin: clearly, once was not enough for him. She felt herself dripping with anticipation as Jay turned to greet her.

"I thought I told you to wait outside! I wanted this to be a surprise," he said, blushing again. "But no matter. May I introduce Alex?"

Sam cocked her head to the side, caught off guard, when she heard a voice behind her.

"Hi, Sam!" said Alex. "I'm Jay's new girlfriend."

Before she could open her mouth to speak, Sam felt a needle pierce her neck and Jay grab her shoulders. Such a nice man, Jay, she thought as she slipped into unconsciousness.

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"Wakey wakey," said Alex as she lightly slapped Sam across the face. "We don't have all night!"

"Yes, we do," said Jay.

"It's a figure of speech, silly," said Alex as she stuck her tongue out at her boyfriend. "I just want to get started!"

Sam blinked several times and gave a groggy "glkkk" as she came to. As she opened her eyes she became aware of several things all at once: that she couldn't move, having been strapped to a heavy-duty gurney; that she couldn't speak as her lips were currently wrapped around a ring gag with a clear plastic tube affixed to it; and that Jay looked positively devilish, his face having grown the biggest shit-eating grin she'd ever seen. She shuddered involuntarily -- this was going to be a long night.

"How does it feel, Sam? Having your trust betrayed by someone close to you? Kinda sucks, doesn't it?"

"Hhhhnnggg glkkk" said Sam, her face red with anger. "GGGGGNNNNK!"

"Oh, hush, we haven't even started yet," said Alex. "Wait here, I'll be right back."

Alex left the room and Jay hopped down off the counter he'd been sitting on to be able to lean in close as he spoke. "Turnabout's fair play, right? I know I don't have your engineering know-how, so you'll have to forgive me if there's no cool machine this time, but I \*do\* know the leading expert on animal breeding at the zoo. In fact, I date her. You probably guessed that one already." He smirked as he stood up, relishing Sam's frustrated, guttural responses.

"I'm back!" said Alex as she wheeled a large metal cart through the double doors of the zoo's operating theater. "Did you explain the rules yet?"

"Nah, I thought it'd be best if you did. You're the one who came up with it, after all.

Sam struggled to turn her head to look at Alex, but was held fast by the straps. She grunted in anger once more, growing redder and redder the more she heard Jay laughing.

"You're so sweet, honey," said Alex. "Now, Sam, do you know how much sperm a blue whale shoots when he's givin' it to the missus? 30-40 pints. PINTS, Sam. Be glad I'm not a marine biologist."

Sam, for her part, did not look reassured. Just angrier, if that was even possible.

"Jay told me that you prided yourself on a discerning palette, so I thought we could put it to the test."

She gestured over to the metal cart she'd pushed into the room, but then realized Sam couldn't see it. "Oh, right! The straps. Well, what you \*can't\* see are the jars of semen I ordered just for this occasion!"

Sam's face blanched, while Jay continued laughing in the background.

"So what we're thinking is, we'll give you a taste, and if you can tell us which animal it came from, we won't make you drink the rest of it! Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Judging by the look on Sam's face, no, it did not sound like fun.

"Now I know you can't speak, so Jay made some flash cards for you. All you need to do is point. Ready, Jay?"

"Ready as I'll ever be," said Jay.

"Ready, Sam?"

"UGHK OOO," said Sam.

"I think she's ready, babe."

Alex took a bottle at random from the tray as Jay stuck a large metal funnel in the end of the tube. Alex started upturning the bottle, before she paused. "Jay, would you care to do the honours?"

"Thought you'd never ask, babe," said Jay, taking the bottle from Alex's extended hand. He then poured a small dollop of cum into the widemouthed funnel and held Alex's hand while it trickled down the metal sides and into the plastic tube before finishing its journey into Sam's gaping maw. As soon as it hit her tongue, she convulsed, straining at the straps to no appreciable effect. Jay then walked over to the counter and grabbed the cards he'd made, splaying out four of them for Sam to see.

"C'mon, Sam! Be a good sport and maybe you'll walk out of here with your dignity intact."

If looks could kill, Jay's head would have exploded just then, but after several moments of deliberation, she moved her left hand and pointed at the third card from the right, or her left. Jay turned it so Alex could see; she shook her head.

"No, dummy, that wasn't a black bear. Good try, though!"

Sam began struggling anew, but Jay paid no heed as he upended the bottle and dumped the remainder of it into the funnel. Once again it trickled down the sides and into the clear plastic tube, and once again Sam struggled against her bonds as it poured down her throat.

"How much is in these bottles, anyway?"

"Oh, a half-litre." Then, seeing Jay's eyes grow wide, she shrugged her shoulders. "Fuckin' animals, man. Sometimes they just don't want to get pregnant."

Alex grabbed another bottle from the cart and looked at the label, barely suppressing a giggle. She showed it to Jay, who did the same. This time, Alex poured roughly half the bottle into the funnel, and almost felt a legitimate bit of empathy for their target. This shit was viscous, and even from the smell of it you could tell it was not to be consumed this way. Which made perfect sense, really.

Sam seemed to agree, her grunting and thrashing reaching new heights of intensity. She gagged and desperately tried to spit the semen out, but couldn't get it past the mouth of the funnel. Indeed, it barely made it halfway up the plastic tube. Jay held up a new selection of cards, and, using her middle finger, she selected one; Alex once again shook her head.

"I'm shocked you didn't get that one!" she said as though chiding a small child. "It's pig! Surely you don't forget that smell once you've been exposed to it."

"It turned my stomach, I'm not gonna lie," chimed in Jay as he emptied the rest of the bottle.

"How are you feeling, Sam? Getting kind of full yet?"

Sam glared daggers and grunted again, but no longer strained against her bonds. By the sweat on her forehead and the runny mascara on her face, she'd exhausted herself.

"Maybe we should change it up a bit this time?" said Jay.

"How?"

"How about we dump in three at once and she can pick the animal that wasn't there. For variety's sake."

"I like the way you think, Jay."

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Sam fared little better in that round, picking the polar bear instead of the dolphin, but lucked out the next round by correctly choosing the seal. Good thing, too, as her stomach was starting to pooch out from under her dress, and by the look on her face she was nearing her limit.

"Tell you what, Sam: you look like you're about ready to give up, so what say we finish off the cart with a winner take all round?"

Sam said nothing and did nothing, which, at this point, seemed as close to assent as she was likely to give.

"Guess that's a yes. So this one's going to be a bit different: one full bottle to start, but if you get it right, we let you go. Otherwise... remember that button that I really, really didn't want you to press? Something like that. Use your imagination."

Sam loosed a loud groan and then a sigh. She had used her imagination and it hadn't inspired confidence.

Alex looked through the bottles before settling on a specific one, then, without gusto, she emptied the entire thing into the funnel and watched it dribble down the sides, into the tube, and once again finish its journey in everyone's favourite orifice. She gagged as the goo overwhelmed her taste buds; Jay smirked, then held up a series of cards.

"Lots riding on this choice, Sam. Choose carefully."

Alex and Jay watched as Sam's eyes scanned the cards over and over again, before she finally made her choice. Jay took the card and showed it to Alex, who sighed and rolled her eyes. For a moment, Sam seemed gleeful: she'd won. And oh, would these two ever pay.

Then, as quickly as it had come, her glee vanished when the two turned back to her. "It was a trick question, Sam. It was mine." Jay laughed again. "Man, and to think you could have saved yourself what's to come if you'd just have blown me a couple times. Oh well, live and learn."

Sam broke into sweat again and gave a last, futile effort to break her bonds as the two disappeared into the backroom with a casual "be right back."

When she no longer heard them she redoubled her efforts to break free, but she had to give it to Jay: he knew his restraints. She couldn't so much as budge.

After several minutes of self-pitying tears, she braced herself as she heard the two return, grunting with effort. She tried in vain to see what they were doing, but, again, to no avail. She'd find out when they wanted her to. Neither spoke for a time as they went about setting something up, the purpose of which she was reasonably sure she knew.

"Hey, Sam? You still with us?"

Sam grunted, defeated.

"Say hello to the Spermatron 10-billion. I know, I know, so original, right? But what else would you call a machine with 50 litres of elephant spunk?"

Sam's eyes grew wider than Jay thought was humanly possible, giving him no small measure of satisfaction.

Alex stepped into Sam's view holding a large, flexible tube which she attached to the clear plastic tube jutting out of Sam's mouth after removing the metal funnel.

"Don't worry," said Alex. "Unlike your machine, this one won't pump it all at once -- just about a litre every two hours. You should have plenty of time to digest."

"Oh, but before I forget, all the workers in this building have the long weekend off, so you should have plenty of time to enjoy the experience. Bon appetit."

Jay and Alex held hands as Jay switched the machine on, sending the first litre shooting down the tube and into Sam's mouth. She struggled to swallow as the thick goo continued its relentless passage; Jay

knew from experience how quickly your throat grew raw from the effort. He felt Alex shudder with delight as Sam's stomach started to bulge, clearly at capacity. She'd just have to deal with that.

Jay and Alex left to the sound of Sam groaning and grunting, arguing over where to get a late-night snack. "I don't care," said Jay, finally. "Maybe some place that doesn't put mayo on anything."