

## Day Twelve: Condoms

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featuring Vidra

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Vidra gently tugged the condom from one of his twin shafts, careful to avoid spilling the milky contents that swirled within. Though these condoms were meant to be barb-resistant, he had torn through one too many rubbers in the past. A bit of caution was more than warranted.

Still, Vidra was pleasantly surprised to find that the condom held its own against his barbed shaft. Tying it off, he then removed the condom from his second shaft, repeating the same motion before tossing both in the trash.

“Barb-Resistant Plus is an easy pass for one member,” Vidra muttered to himself, jotting something down in his notebook. “But how will they fare with both?”

“Condom Tester” sounded like a glamorous job description, but it was truly gruelling work. The snake-otter hybrid paused to take a long draught from the fertility shake his boss had given him. He wasn’t sure he’d ever cum so much in one day, and it showed: his orange fur and white scales glistened with a thin sheen of sweat. His five-inch shafts both ached, but they throbbed insistently with continuous need. As Vidra downed the rest of his shake, his entire body tingled pleasantly as his cocks pulsed with need.

“Alright, just a few more, then I can submit my final report,” the snorter said beneath his breath, pulling another condom from the near-empty box he’d been drawing from.

Vidra gave his shafts a few experimental strokes, testing their firmness. Both were rock-hard and ready for another round. *Well, at least no one could doubt my endurance after today*, he thought with a grin. Unwrapping the next condom, Vidra squeezed his pink cocks together with one hand. Using the other, he unrolled the cream-coloured rubber across his twin tips. Each of his cocks had a respectable enough girth on its own, but together, they were nearly the width of his forearm. Considering his barbed tips and the twin knots on his shafts, if there ever was an ultimate test for condom manufacturing, it was this. The slim male rolled the tight sleeve down past both his knots, fully encasing both his shafts. Now, the test could truly begin.

The snorter began to stroke his cocks through the thin, lubricated sleeve, closing his eyes as he imagined some of his recent partners. His mind wandered to his most recent fuck – a muscular bull who just couldn't get enough of Vidra's twin cocks. As he remembered the sight of that huge male lying on his back, lifting his legs to expose his tight hole, Vidra let out a soft moan. He began to stroke faster.

The hybrid began to buck his hips forward into his stroking hand. It had been a long night with that bull. After fucking the larger male, he had turned around and bottomed for him right afterwards. As he replayed the events of that evening over and over in his mind's eye, his need to bottom was cranking up higher as well.

Vidra couldn't wait any longer. He grabbed a bottle of lube and squeezed a dollop onto his fingers. Slouching further down in his chair, his roaming fingers found their way to his tight hole. As he continued stroking, he began to finger himself, pumping two fingers into his aching, needy hole.

Increasingly audible gasps and groans filled the room as Vidra worked his body, pushing all the right buttons as he stroked away. He was so close! His stroking grew rougher while his probing digits sank deeper, easily finding his sensitive prostate. With a prolonged moan, he began to spurt for the umpteenth time that day, both shafts pulsing visibly as they pumped rope after rope of seed into the condom. The tip ballooned impressively as the snorter dumped at least a full cup of seed into the rubber. Panting with exhaustion, Vidra glanced down at the filled

tip. The latex had accommodated both shafts beautifully and survived his most impressive load of the day – a rousing success, to be sure. “Just a few more tests,” he murmured as he collapsed back in his chair. “But maybe a short break, first...”