More to go

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More to go

by FallLover

Summary

During the Tuesday Quiz Show, Kim Soleum accidentally takes something that makes his dizziness excuse a sort of truth: only it gets him a bit too hot under the collar. The television-headed host notices, and wants to ensure his new favorite contestant is put at ease, albeit in a slightly unconventional way. The show must go on, after all.

Set during novel Episode 12/manhwa Episode 14.

Notes

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See the end of the work for more notes

The Tuesday Quiz Show dressing room was surprisingly large, bright, and clean, though it had no windows and felt a bit closed off from the world. It also smelled powerfully of sweat and cologne. The dark wooden vanity table, with a tall mirror set on it, against the wall, squeaked loudly as Kim Soleum clutched the counter edge in an effort to protect his pelvis from being bashed into it, while the television-headed host from the quiz show held Kim Soleum's hips as he thrust his cock inside Kim Soleum's ass even deeper.

In the mirror, Kim Soleum could see his own sweaty, read face, panting and fogging up the glass. His shirt and suit jacket were rucked up, and his deer mask was barely staying on. He was doing his best to bite back moans of pleasure as he watched himself shake on each thrust, feeling the host's powerful movements.

The host's cock was large like the rest of him, and Kim Soleum was glad the Heat Me Up pill he'd taken had a strong healing effect as well, because Kim Soleum would probably need it.

The host's television head was still projecting a smiley emoticon towards Kim Soleum, though his voice just sounded like a regular person. "This is certainly an exhilarating way to recover from dizziness, Mr. Roe Deer. I appreciate the novelty." He ended on a hard thrust forward that left Kim Soleum gasping and made the counter wobble. The host was nearly twice Kim Soleum's size, or at least felt like he was with the way they were angled, and his hands dwarfed Kim Soleum's sides.

Yeah, it is, Kim Soleum thought as he felt the host push deeper inside him: so deep it felt like that monster cock was inside Kim Soleum's stomach.

It had begun when the other team members had shown up, and Kim Soleum had panicked, unsure what to do. He'd successfully placed the stickers to improve the host's feelings towards Kim Soleum on the host, but had also ingested something he'd *thought* would increase his interest to anyone of his choosing.

What he didn't realize was that the Heat Me Up pill was some sort of sex drug! It figured, given he'd bought it from a market full of extra mysterious items.

As Kim Soleum asked to have a break, he'd been sweating and started shaking, and the host had, out of concern, followed him backstage and into the dressing room, where the host shut the door behind them, letting them have some privacy, and showing that the stickers seemingly *had* worked.

Kim Soleum had been mortally terrified of pissing the host off with his own weakness, but a true moment of dizziness from the Heat Me Up pill, that left Kim Soleum shaky, had made him fall against the host's chest.

The host, rather than getting pissed off, had reached out with his large hands to support Kim Soleum, and said, "You poor thing. That must be some awful dizziness."

"Y-Yeah," Kim Soleum had replied. He could never tell the truth about such a thing.

“My, my, Mr. Roe Deer,” the host had said with a chuckle, “aren’t you cheeky?”

Kim Soleum had been confused, until he realized that he’d not only leaned into the host’s embrace, but also been rubbing himself against the tall host through their clothes. They were so close, Kim Soleum could smell whatever mysterious cleaning agent had been used on the host’s clothing.

Kim Soleum’s face burned, and he said, “I’m s-sorry, that was an accident.” It was hard to pull away, and he found himself leaning his head against the host’s chest. “I um… sometimes I just…” *Try to rub one off against monsters who could incinerate me with a snap of his fingers? Want to hump things when I’m afraid of dying and tall men in suits hold me?*

“Workplace fraternization isn’t generally good for a show,” the host said. “I know you’re new Mr. Roe Deer, but you should be aware of this going forward.”

“O-Of course,” Kim Soleum replied. *Maybe he’ll just forgive me, despite things?* He assumed he’d be dead already otherwise, especially given there was no audience to perform for.

“But I can see you’re distraught,” the host said. He pulled Kim Soleum *closer*, pressing their crotches together – which meant raising Kim Soleum almost off the ground. “Does this help?”

Kim Soleum hadn’t been able to say *no*, because feeling the host’s dick through his pants – and it felt large – had made Kim Soleum’s brain light on fire for some reason. He started thinking of just what the host’s dick looked like, and what he might do with it…

“Mmm,” was all Kim Soleum said. He hadn’t been with anyone in a bit, but he was not ever someone to be this visibly horny and desperate. And certainly not in a situation where his partner might *incinerate* him.

“Here,” the host said as he pushed his hand between them and carefully undid Kim Soleum’s pants, before reaching into Kim Soleum’s underwear and extracting the human’s cock.

Kim Soleum’s face burned, but he sighed happily when the host delicately stroked Kim Soleum’s shaft. The host’s large hand could crush him easily, but he had no apparent thought for it.

“You seem to have calmed a bit already,” the host said, continuing his strokes. “Poor thing.”

Kim Soleum found himself leaning into it. It really was heavenly, and made the burning feeling inside Kim Soleum’s body not quite *less*, but certainly a bit less *painful*. His free right hand went to his ass, pushing past his underwear to reach for the point of heat buried in his cheeks. He felt weirdly empty in a way he never did, and his fingers could do in a pinch.

“To think being onstage makes you like this, Mr. Roe Deer,” the host said, chidingly. “But I am always here to help.”

“P-Please,” Kim Soleum said, fucking his fingers inside his ass in time with the host’s pumps on Kim Soleum’s cock. “*Please…*” He wasn’t even quite sure what he was asking for, but the

host seemed ready to provide…

“This appears to be insufficient,” the host said. “Come, Mr. Roe Deer.” He reached out and turned Kim Soleum around, so that Kim Soleum faced the mirror, and then took hold of Kim Soleum’s cock with his right hand. His left hand went to Kim Soleum’s ass, and he took hold of Kim Soleum’s wrist and began pressing the fingers even deeper and harder.

Kim Soleum squirmed beneath the host, gasping on every thrust. There were tears in his eyes from the feeling. It didn’t hurt, precisely, but it was so much, especially with the pill working at his body.

“I’m afraid we’ll need some more time to open you up,” the host said. “I am quite large, and you still need to go onstage.”

Open me up? Kim Soleum thought dazedly. *What’s he worried about?*

The host coaxed Kim Soleum’s hand open so three fingers would thrust inside, making Kim Soleum bite his lips. By the time they got to four, Kim Soleum was feeling more desperate, feeling like his fingers weren’t getting deep enough, and needing something *better*.

“I suppose we can see how you do,” the host said as he let Kim Soleum’s wrist rest. “After all, you’ve risen to the occasion so well today.”

Kim Soleum heard the host’s zipper come undone, and then a delicate hand moved Kim Soleum’s out of the way. Before long, a large *something* was pressing against Kim Soleum’s loosened entrance.

Kim Soleum couldn’t quite see behind himself in the mirror, but he felt that *something* push and push against him, pressing Kim Soleum against the vanity.

“Maybe—” Kim Soleum began, feeling a bit nervous of what might happen, even as a part of him was rather curious.

The head of the host’s cock popped in, making Kim Soleum gasp in surprise.

The host took hold of Kim Soleum’s hips, slowly fucking his way inside. It was *very* slow: the host had clearly not been exaggerating about his size. Kim Soleum’s gasps grew jagged as the host went deeper inside him, making Kim Soleum twitch.

Slowly, the thrusts grew faster, and Kim Soleum’s ability to hold down his moans of pleasure vanished. The host was so large it hit every point of pleasure inside him, making him just one entire being of it.

The host’s large hand reached around Kim Soleum’s hips, pushing up under the human’s shirt, and finding skin. “Your body is so small, Mr. Roe Deer. And yet so elastic. I hadn’t thought of that before with contestants.”

Kim Soleum was breathing rapidly and twitched as the host explored his chest, before settling over his middle to rub there.

“I can even feel myself through you, just barely.” The host thrust forward with his hips, making Kim Soleum bump into his hand. “Goodness, this is *wonderful.”* The host started changing his thrusts, going at different paces, clearly to test how Kim Soleum’s chest reacted to the changed presence, or how much the host could feel.

“Ahh,” Kim Soleum said, unsure what to think of all this, but feeling a bit weirded out at being used like a toy.

“Oh, pardon me,” the host said as he lowered his hand. “I’ve been forgetful. But I fear my hands might be too much for your chest.”

“My chest?” Kim Soleum asked, tiredly. He didn’t care to put his hands over his stomach.

“Your nipples, Mr. Roe Deer. Why don’t you play with them a bit, see if that helps?”

Kim Soleum was confused, but too weary, and figured the sooner he came, the sooner they might be done. He reached up, nervously, and started awkwardly tugging at his own nipples.

“Let me see, ah, yes…” the host tugged Kim Soleum’s shirt open so he could watch Kim Soleum work. “Find what makes you happy, Mr. Roe Deer. Don’t be afraid to be rough. A happy audience loves a bit of rough play.”

Kim Soleum wondered just what audiences the host had entertained, but the play was pushing him towards the edge of his own release, and his hand went to his cock, as the host did a good job of holding him from hitting the counter. Kim Soleum tweaked his own nipples – alternating between them, but mostly sticking with his left – while pumping his cock, wondering when they had all gotten so out of hand. All he’d wanted was to give everyone a chance to make it out alive, and here he was being fucked by the biggest threat to them all.

Though at least he hadn’t killed anyone since they’d been back here.

“I’m going to come, Mr. Roe Deer,” the host said happily. “I hope you are prepared.”

Kim Soleum swallowed, though it wasn’t like he could push the bigger man away. Not simply due to a lack of strength, but because his body moved back into those thrusts, wanting the host inside of him.

The host pressed all the way in and came, pressing deep against something that made a wave of pleasure roar through Kim Soleum’s body. The burst of come from him made the wave heavier, and Kim Soleum cried out and fell back against the host as he also came all over the counter. His entire body shook, and he hoped he didn’t slide down and hit the host somehow and get incinerated *this* way. It would be a hell of a way to go out so early in his job.

The host caught Kim Soleum in his arms and held him for a bit. His chest heaved against Kim Soleum’s back. “How is your headache, Mr. Roe Deer?”

Kim Soleum gazed at the mirror as he panted, not quite focused with his orgasm racing through him. The bright yellow emoticon on the host’s television screen gazed happily at

Kim Soleum amidst the mess of mostly Kim Soleum's body. The host's suit was still pretty neat, though his pants were open and fallen down to his knees.

Kim Soleum, however, had even messier clothes, and much of his skin was red.

But he wasn't sure he'd done what he needed to, either: give his team enough time to get help while the host was occupied and the show wasn't running. His teammates had hopefully understood when Kim Soleum gave them looks before heading backstage with the host. But any time he could give them was probably invaluable.

He shut his eyes and said, "A little better, I think, but… not all gone."

"Then this is helping?" The host asked, making Kim Soleum open his eyes. The smiley face emoticon on the host's screen seemed a little bigger, though Kim Soleum wasn't sure if it was his imagination or not. The host's cock also pushed a little deeper somehow, and Kim Soleum felt the odd sensation of come squeezing out of his ass and dripping onto the ground, some of it getting onto the back of Kim Soleum's partially bared legs.

"Uh… yes?" Kim Soleum replied, honestly.

"Then perhaps we should continue," the host said. He pulled Kim Soleum's left hand up to rest over his reddened nipple. "You seemed to enjoy *this* greatly."

He wants to do that again?! Kim Soleum thought in desperation. *But last time—!* He made himself stop and breathe. They didn't have all the time in the world, and people were counting on him. *Maybe if I keep him occupied longer, the team can do what I can't…*

Plus… he supposed there were *worse* ways to go, if the host ultimately got fed up with him. And scary as this was, it wasn't whatever horrors awaited him once he returned to the quiz show.

Kim Soleum tweaked his nipple, just to see if he was still into it, and he was, given the stirring of heat in his belly and the twitch of his own cock. He also saw the host's antenna twitch, perhaps in pleasure. The emoticon was *definitely* a bit larger now.

He's enjoying this a lot, too, Kim Soleum thought. It seemed obvious, given the massive amount of come in Kim Soleum's ass, but you never knew with the strange creatures they dealt with in these jobs, who didn't react like humans did, outside at least some of their bodily functions, anyway.

It seemed the host wasn't the only being here who could set people on fire.

"Yes," Kim Soleum said, letting his voice get a bit huskier to encourage the host more. "I think we should." He smiled at the mirror.

End Notes

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