

The front door flew open, making the vase on the sideboard rattle. In stormed a bulky bear, large enough to block out the fading evening sunlight behind him. He still wore his office uniform: a white dress shirt and khaki slacks. His tie hung loose where it had been yanked open. A low, rumbling growl escaped his throat as he peered around the living room, his lips curled back to bare a mouth full of meat-tearing teeth. "I'm HUNGRY!" he roared. "And I want MEAT!" His eyes locked to the tuft of copper-colored fur peeking over the couch.

A leggy doe crouched a moment longer behind the couch. Maybe she'd been overlooked. The bear's pupils narrowed to pinpricks.

"Oh, no!" The doe burst out from her hiding spot, and dashed around the end table and toward the hall. Her floral-print sundress whipped behind her, a strap slipping from her shoulder. A claw swiped just behind her, and another roar followed her down the hallway. Speed was on her side. she could have outrun the bear, if only there had been somewhere to go. But the hallway was short, opening only into a bathroom on one side and an office on the other, and the master bedroom at the end. The doe stopped in the bedroom doorway, shaking her head. "No. No!"

The big bear cackled, approaching slowly, licking away the slather that was beginning to drip from his maw. He gloated. He knew he'd already won. He rolled up his sleeves as he closed the distance.

"Please, no..." The doe retreated through the doorway, placing hoof behind hoof until she'd bumped into the bed and fallen back to the cover. "Please!" Her eyes cast about for anything nearby she could defend herself with.

With both sleeves turned up, the bear pushed them up over his elbows and slapped shut the door behind him. "I'm going to. Eat. You. Up."

She let out a wordless moan of fright, but offered no resistance when he looked over her, scooped his claws beneath her thighs, and tossed her further up the bed. He ran his hands up to her knees, spreading her legs. She was defeated already. She turned her head to the side, holding a deep breath as he ran his tongue up the inside of her meaty thigh. "Nnnhhooo..."

With a greedy grin, the bear reached up beneath her crumpled dress, grabbed the lacy panties that offered her little modesty anyway, and yanked them aside. Slowly, as though all the time in the world was his to squander, he dragged his tongue up her wet slit.

The deer's back arched; a shiver ran through her legs. "Oh, *George*."

The bear cackled again.

Sometime later, the two lay intertwined on their bed. She was naked, now except for an anklet and earrings, and he wore nothing but his own curling fur from the waist down. His erection had deflated, but his tip still barely clung inside her, holding onto the last remnants of post-coital lethargy. It was a moment of relaxation they both relished, and it showed in their contented sighs. Eventually, though, the doe lifted the heavy paw from her shoulder and pulled away to roll from the bed and wash herself in the adjoining bathroom.

"Oh. Daphne?"

"Mmm?" She leaned, her head and one shoulder reappearing through the doorway. Her shoulders worked, hinting at what her hands were doing between her legs, which remained hidden inside the bathroom.

"I just got the invite for the company's fall banquet today."

"Oh? Good. We were worried about that, with the changes..."

"Mmm-hmm." George rolled to his belly, lying sideways across the bed to face the doe. Daphne retreated completely into the bathroom, but he could still glimpse her in the mirror over his sink. "They *are* making cuts, though. It's at that new VP's house, instead of the Continental Ballroom."

"The *new* VP's house," she called back over the sound of water running in the sink.

"Yeah," he admitted.

"The one who you--"

"Yes." He cut her off before she could finish the thought. "That one."

"It is still a costume party, though, right?" Her towel hook squeaked.

"Mmm-hmm. Yeah. And I had an idea. I was thinking that this year *maybe* we should go as Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Bad Wolf. What do you think about that?"

"Goodie!" Daphne returned, wrapped in a shimmery crimson bathrobe. "I'd *love* to go as a wolf this year. So what do you want to do for dinner? Order in?"

"Hah. Good one. Go back a step. *I'm* the wolf. Obviously." His easy grin faded away when she froze at the edge of the bed, one brow raised. "You're serious?"

"Yes. And what is this about 'obviously'?"

"Well..." George proceeded more delicately now, eyes narrowed to read the doe's face. "That's kind of our thing. I'm the big bad one. The dominant one. You're little. *Smaller*. Smaller, I mean. You're an herbivore, for goodness' sake!"

"Omnivore." She corrected, her voice still too calm to make it obvious if she was angry or just testing him.

"Omnivore. You eat the occasional groundmeat. Fine."

"This coming from the grubs-and-berries fellow. We're *both* omnivores. Just like humans, I'd add." She lifted a finger to mark her point on the invisible scorecard.

"Humans are mythical creatures! I'm not mythical!"

"Neither am I, Honey, or that was one hell of a masturbation session you just pulled off, and you'll be the one washing cum dribbles out of the sheets." She smiled, reached out to touch his cheek, then give it a light slap. "Go wash up and bring me a damp washcloth."

George stood, glancing down to see if he'd really made a spot, but ended up eying his physique instead. He was well-built - a slab of muscle draped with a healthy layer of fat. He gave his shaggy belly a loving pat. "Look. I... I don't want to argue about it. If you don't want to do Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, that's fine. We'll do something else."

"Oh, I do, though! Just this once, I want to try it. I want to see *you* in the pretty, revealing clothes, on display. I want to drool over you and be possessive. I want to make you my *prey*. That doesn't sound so bad, does it?"

"It's the teeth!" he announced, pausing in the bathroom doorway. He turned, pointing at her accusingly. "I have meat-eating teeth, just like the wolf. Yours are all plant-eating, like a human's."

She reclined on her pillow. "Clearly you haven't paid much attention to my teeth. Give me your finger and I'll show you just what they can do to meat. I'll be gentle - once you agree."

From inside the bathroom, George chuckled. "I've got it. I know *just* what we can do. A bet, hmm? Show me you're a carnivore, and you can be the wolf. Eat more meat than me. That's it. Just for one day, eat more meat than me, and you can be as big and bad as you like. But if you don't do it, then I want to see you in a pretty little costume with a skirt barely longer than a belt, and hose that come up to your thighs. The works. The very pretty Little Red Riding Hood. Okay?"

She smiled demurely, and nodded once.

The next night, good sport that he was, George took the both of them out for a steak dinner and ordered them each the best steaks the Roadhouse had to offer: a massive two-pound loin strip seasoned at the best chophouse in the Grasslands, seared on the outside, but warm and pick and tender on the inside. Daphne trimmed a bit off with her fork and knife, but spent most of her appetite on her salad, while George finished his steak easily, then pulled her plate over to his side of the table, too. He didn't say anything about their agreement, but he grinned so broadly that he didn't have to.

She cooked a fish for him on Sunday like she always did, but even though he left more than half of it on the platter to give her a chance, she didn't have more than a few flakes. He wasn't as clever at hiding his thoughts and emotions as he believed. He'd won, and she'd given up. She would order the costumes, exactly as he wanted. Submissive as she was, she would *enjoy* doing it exactly the way he wanted. The costume would be ready and laid out for him on the night of the party, just as his clothes were every morning. She could read it all in his smug smile. She loved him for it. He wouldn't give it another thought.

The Friday night before the party, Daphne took his mind off a particularly frustrating week at work by painting herself in honey and draping herself across the kitchen table. That wasn't all they did on the

kitchen table, not in the long hours they spent there, but his tongue explored every inch of her lithe body. He ended up with honey smeared into his fur, too, in particularly *convenient* locations for her to lick clean, but she played along enthusiastically. It was George's favorite use for honey, when they were finally done and the pot was empty, he straightened with a groan and a wince to rub his belly. "Uggh."

After they'd both showered together - and after the intimacy that followed - it was well past eleven. He stumbled straight for their bed, but she wrapped herself in that crimson bathrobe and headed back to the hall. "Where are you going?" he called after her.

"To fix a sandwich," she replied, pausing with her fingers on the doorframe.

"But I'm not hungry! You know how I get after so much honey."

"But I am, Honey."

She returned after a quarter-hour of clattering in the kitchen with a sandwich full of roughage, though a piece of cheese and a sliver of turkey were buried in there somewhere. She'd eaten most of it in the hallway, so all that remained when she entered the room and flicked off the lights was a single bite. Holding the plate beneath to catch any crumbs, she extended the remainder as she climbed into the bed. "Are you sure you don't want just a nibble?"

"I couldn't even nibble *you*, Dear." George shook his belly and moaned. "It's like a pile of rocks in there. It tastes so good, but... Well, I'll be fine by morning. Ready for a whole dozen of those eggs-in-the-hole you do so well..."

"Honey?" she put the last piece in her mouth and chewed.

"Ye?"

"You had cereal for breakfast this morning, didn't you?"

"Yeah, remember? There wasn't time for anything else. My alarm didn't go off and I had to rush."

"And for lunch?" She licked a goblet of mayonnaise from her fingertip and set the plate aside on the nightstand.

"Why are you torturing me with all this food talk now? I had that casserole thing you packed."

"Did you like it, Honey?"

"Uggh." He answered with a non-committal shrug. "It was pretty good, I guess."

"It was tofu, you know."

He propped himself up. "I *knew* it! No, I didn't like it. It felt weird. No resistance to the teeth when I chewed."

"Hmm. But you ate it all?"

"Well, yeah! I was starved after the cereal."

She reached over to stroke the fur on his cheek. "And no snacks or anything? That doesn't sound like a very filling day for you. Are you sure you don't want *anything* else?"

"*DAPHNE!*" he rolled over. "I can't even stand your breath! It smells like food."

"Not that it would matter anyway," she mused. "It's three past midnight."

"Stop! You know I don't eat so late. Just stop it, okay?"

Despite his grumbling, Daphne draped herself across his broad back to burrow her hand under his arm and murmur in his ear. "Well, I didn't eat very much, either. But you know what I *did* eat? A turkey sandwich."

"Okay."

"And that means I had some meat. And you had none."

For a long moment, he stared blankly out across the dark room. When he flipped over to face her, his eyes were wide, reflecting the LCD light of the clock. "No... No. It's too late. The party is *tomorrow!* You already have the costumes!"

"I do," she agreed, smiling as she touched his nose soothingly. "Don't worry - I figured out your frock size last week. About the length of a belt, you said, right? And thigh-highs? I don't leave anything to chance. It would be *impossible* to find a kitten heels in your size *this* late."

Of course Daphne didn't really make him wear a frock, though she teased him about it for the better part of the day. What she laid out for him, though, was hardly better: A tunic capacious enough to fit over his shoulders, but only long enough to reach the tops of his thighs. Instead of thigh-highs, he had leggings so tight they showed off *everything*. He could see his fur matted down inside the fabric when he stretched it tight.

"Careful", Daphne warned while she fitted her mask in the mirror. "You'll put a run in your stockings if you keep stretching them that way."

"But, look!"

"Aww... poor thing. You look so cute when you pout. We might still have time to shave your legs if you'd like."

George didn't like any part of that offer, especially when she tried to hide a chuckle behind her hand.

"I work with little species, too, Daphne! They're going to be at the party! They're *going* to get an eyeful," he moaned as he pulled on the cloak with the infamous red hood. Though he tugged at the corners, it refused to hide any more than his tunic did.

"Then just throw down some candy and make a quick getaway. Like a ninja."

"What? What candy?"

"Red Riding Hood *has* to have a basket to take to grandmother's house." With the wolf mask in place - and it seemed to leer suggestively at him - she strode out of the bathroom to pull a woven-reed basket from the closet. It was already full of little individually wrapped candies.

George sighed, even more discouraged than he had been a moment before. His mood did not improve when he saw the booties she'd tucked away in the closet behind the basket.

There was one bright spot for him, though: Daphne looked amazing.

When they strode in through the front door of the mini-mansion, snickers and cackles about his assets spilling out from under the rumpled tunic preceded them like water crashing ahead of a ship's prow, but there were just as many wolf whistles for the slinky gray wolf that stalked after him. She wasn't 'Big', but she was plenty 'Bad', and she played up the role. She clawed the air behind him with long, black talons, and rolled out her pink tongue to lick at the glistening white fangs of her mask. The brown-gray shag that hung down over her head and shoulders didn't go so low as to disguise her figure, and she seemed to have already mastered a way of walking in the claws boots that made the long, shaggy costume tail wag. Though George had been with Daphne for as long as he'd worked at the company, more than one of his co-workers sauntered up to tug at his cloak and ask him who he'd come with. She couldn't blame them. She barely recognized her own reflection.

George had the opportunity to get the full effect earlier, walking up the cobbled drive to the mansion's front door. He'd been too preoccupied about his costume to remember the address, and by the time he called the raccoon from the neighboring office to ask for it, they were already half an hour late and hadn't left yet. He'd never been to this part of the city - White Rise, where the cliffs overlooked the bay, where the rich people lived - and he had to make a few U-turns to navigate through the winding roads that seemed intentionally designed to lure the unaware driver into a series of dead ends. When they finally pulled through the open gates and onto the clattering cobblestones, there were so many cars parked ahead of them that they had to walk a good eighth of a mile to reach the front door. But George ended up doing less walking and more yelping and dodging along the way, circling in self-defense to keep away from those claws that so easily pinched his cheeks.

"Stop. Stop!" He'd insisted out on the front porch, and through her wolfish grin she'd relented, allowing them an entrance as dignified as their costumes allowed.

The place wasn't huge. Well, huge compared to George and Daphne's flat, but not compared to the Continental Ballroom, where the whole company seemed to fit well enough that they could cling to the outer walls while a scant dozen creatures braved the dance floor. Here, in the house's three staggered terraces, there was only enough room for everyone to mingle. Aliens bumped shoulders with doctors, sailors chatted up dragons, and there was a sequined octopus using only two paws to pour drinks. The crowds should have meant that George would eventually be able to stop worrying about his costume; with everyone crammed together only a few of his coworkers could see him at one time. Instead, it meant that there was no shortage of clandestine hands reaching up beneath his tunic to grab at a buttock or tug his short tail, or to steal candy from his basket. Not all of the hands were female. Some of the hands, he was sure, belonged to creatures he knew, though it was so hard to tell in the low lights with all the masks. The badger in the robot suit that hurried away chuckling had to be Patrick. The more brazen honeybee squirrels were definitely Belinda and her 'friend'. Daphne's possessive growl didn't do anything to scare them off - it only made them snicker and titter and come from another angle. It certainly didn't help when she laughed, too, and took her own turn playing grab-ass.

But the novelty wore off and the goosing died to a rare occurrence, and George and Daphne found themselves on one of the outside balconies alone together. They sipped at their mixed drinks and nibbled on pretzels between raiding his basket for the better chocolates. The balcony gave them a view few of the other creatures at the party were tall enough to enjoy, out through the trees, over the cliff and to the lights twinkling on the bay. George didn't even seem to mind that Daphne's claw-glove flirted beneath the hem of his tunic.

Daphne motioned vaguely with her drink. "Where's your boss, anyway? You said this was her house, right?"

"I don't know. We could have seen her already and I didn't even say hi to her. That's what I hate about these costumes. Half the time I can't tell who's inside them, or if they're looking at me or not. Like you when you have that mask down."

"Oh, I'm definitely looking at you. And drooling. Such a big boy you are, Red! The better to stuff my belly with! But quit changing the subject. Your boss..."

"Well, she's not *my* boss exactly. I mean, she's a VP. I'm just the Northern sales manager--"

"From what you've told me, it sounds like you're not only *her* employee, but her *favorite* employee. Like she comes and perches on the edge of *your* desk to talk to the group and calls *you* into her office to brush up on the sales agenda. And you *like* it. You have the hots for her." Her mask sat on her forehead so she could drink, which gave her the strange appearance of two faces. Only one of them cast a sidelong glance at him, though. The other leered blankly.

"Aww, Daph - are you jealous?"

"Maybe I just want to congratulate her on her good taste. You haven't even told me anything about her, really. What is she?"

"Puma," he answered off-handedly. "And I wouldn't have thought it, but maybe she's just shy in crowds."

"Or maybe," purred a voice from not far behind them, "she just likes to stalk her '*favorite*' employee from the shadows."

A sleek, tall form - nearly as tall as Daphne in her heels - strode out onto the balcony to join them as they turned around. Though she was a cougar, the only bit of tawny fur visible was her face. A glossy black bodysuit - complete with a widows-peak hood decked out with a huge pair of fake ears - clung to the rest of her body and blended into matching gloves and boots. Her shape was obscured by fabrics that draped from her shoulders like a cape, and around her waist like a partial skirt. Though her eyes were ringed heavily with black makeup, though her lips were painted a stark crimson, and though a dribble of what looked like blood had been painted in the corner of her mouth, George blinked uncertainly at her. "Hey, Amber." The familiarity of the name hung awkwardly in the air for a moment, but the cougar only smiled. He motioned with his cup. "What are you supposed to be?"

Amber spread her arms and the fabric billowed open, not into a cape, but into great ribbed satin wings that joined down her side, all the way to her knees. Hissing, she bared her teeth, revealing long, gleaming white sabers in place of her natural fangs. She lunged at George and - surprised in the moment - he stumbled back toward the edge of the balcony, yelping and covering the bare fur at the neck of his tunic. It was hard to say who laughed more - the doe or the cougar - but the bear certainly laughed least.

"A vampire bat!" Daphne cheered.

"Who wants a fresh drink!" Amber hissed at George again, and he glowered. "Oh, you're the best, Georgie. I'm sorry. I'm Amber Catamount." She held out her latex-gloved hand, and Daphne set her drink down to shake it with her wolf-paw.

"Daphne Whitetail."

"Sorry about that, with your husband." Amber took her hand back to play at the tip of her longer fangs with a finger.

"Oh, you should have bitten him! I rarely get a chance to see George cower. I ...kind of like it."

George's eyes went white all the way around as he glanced down at the deer.

Lifting a hand to the short sleeve of his tunic, to drag George's collar open wider, Amber began to grin. "Maybe. But some people say I'm a little too ...flirtatious. You really don't mind if I have a taste?"

Daphne tossed her head to drop the mask back into place. "A predator's got to be protective of what's rightfully hers, but this prey's plenty big enough to go around I think. The blood for you, the meat for me - what do you say?" They both advanced toward George, leaving him nowhere to go but to press back against the balcony and lean away from them, out over the cliff. Daphne twisted her claws into his tunic, and Amber spread her wings.

"*I mind!*" he sputtered. "No matter what Daphne says. You're my boss! I have to go back to work on Monday! It's not appropriate!"

"Oh, *now* look who's your boss," Daphne teased, but they'd had their fun and gave him space enough to come off the railing and stand flat in his booties.

The cougar-bat withdrew a half-step, letting her wings drape again behind her. "I really *am* sorry, though, that it took me this long to greet you two properly. Welcome to my home. I got stuck in one conversation after another, but I noticed your entrance. I'm afraid I might have missed my chance to grab Big Red Riding Hood's melons with everyone else." She cast a disappointed glance toward George's rear.

"Oh, they're still there," Daphne tittered. "Go ahead."

"Still boss!" declared George.

"Not tonight, Red." Reaching beneath the hem of his tunic, Amber cupped a handful of buttock and squeezed. When all that George got in defense from Daphne was the unchanging toothy grin of her mask, his expression sunk into defeat. Amber seized the opportunity to press her luck, to massage and knead, and to take a moment to enjoy the other cheek as well. "Mmm... Much better. *Now* I've had my turn. This company has the best parties."

"You know, if she's your boss, that probably means she has *more* privilege, doesn't it?" Daphne motioned playfully toward the side of George facing her. "Traditionally there are fruit *and* nuts in the basket going to Grandmother's house."

George wore an expression of utter disbelief when the satin wings wrapped around him, and confident, glossy black fingers fondled the bulge at the front of his leggings.

When Amber left a few minutes later to freshen their drinks, George leaned over and hissed furiously. "Why did you let her do that to me?"

Daphne glanced up, her eyes curious behind the mask. "Didn't you like it? Don't you like all of this? Don't pretend I can't tell when you have an erection, especially in clothes as tight as those. You're as turned on as I am."

"But... but that's not the point. I-- Wait. As turned on as *you*? You really aren't jealous? Seriously?"

"I don't know," she answered, searching her thoughts. "I don't think so. No. Not tonight."

"But usually."

"Usually you're the one in charge. I'm jealous if you have the control. What's to stop you from going home with someone else and leaving me alone?"

"I would never--"

"I know. I know, Honey. But even knowing, I can't help *feeling*." She lifted his hand and stroked his fur gently with her fake claws. They were perfect for that sort of thing, like the pick on a comb. "This is... this is weird for me, too, but I *like* it. I like being in control. I like it when you're *mine*."

"I'm always yours, Daph. That's the point. I don't want anyone else touching or flirting with me. Especially not..."

"Especially not someone else you find attractive? I don't know. Maybe I'm feeling just a little bit of what you get to feel. But it's not enough. I want to have you *all*. I want to be the Big Bad Wolf and pin you down, and... Well... I can't do that."

"I could let you, if you really wanted."

"It's not the same. But this... It's weird. I can share you. You're mine to share. And that makes you totally mine. Get it?"

"Is that why you told her we're married?"

"Mmm... Maybe."

It wasn't immediate, but as the evening wore on, George became more accepting of Daphne's strange way of 'having' him. His co-workers weren't as interested in harassing him when he didn't try so hard to avoid them, but Amber was another matter. She became even more handsy, more familiar. She didn't reach for his crotch again, but she came teasingly close, which was even worse when it was done subtly in a crowded room, when his crotch was above eyelevel for half the creatures there. Daphne found it more and more arousing watching them. Distractingly arousing.

Amber became more familiar with her, too, but in a different way. Normally a cougar would never touch her on the shoulder, bump jovially into her, share jokes with her. Even with the laws and all the feel-good television shows telling them all species were equal, they simply weren't. Everyone knew it. Everyone felt the way species stratified, with predators and big creatures like George at the top. And while Daphne was far from the bottom, she didn't rank with those two. But in the wolf mask, Amber treated her like a peer. It was amazing. It was empowering, and the power fed into Daphne's libido. It made her want to *do* something. To exercise the power she had over George.

They'd arrived late, so they couldn't leave early, but between the alcohol and this new door opening in her relationship with George, Daphne's inhibitions were wearing thin. The point arrived where she *had* to take him home and have him in her bed as soon as she could. She whispered as much to George, and told him to make his goodbye rounds. She'd wait by the door. Anxiously.

Amber surprised her in the foyer by hooking an arm through hers. "Oh, no! Leaving already? Please don't go. Not my Wolf and Red Riding Hood. You're my favorite."

"It's getting late, Ms. Catamount."

"Amber. Always Amber for you." The cougar turned Daphne to face her, and measured her face through the mask for a moment. Her golden eyes peered right into Daphne's. The mask *was* her face. "I'm not one to mince words. Do... Do you swing? Not just share. Both of you. I want both of you. Tonight. I want you to stay so I can fuck you."

Daphne stared back through the mask, uncertain what had gotten into her. Lust was burning like a bonfire inside of her. She *needed* George. She didn't know what other excuse would make her lie. "Yes. I'll *share*. Him."

"Oh. Oh! Fine! I was just..." Amber clapped a hand to her mouth. "Ohmygods, yes!" Her eyes went wide before crinkling with a grin. "Good! Don't go *anywhere*. I'm wrapping this thing up anyway. Don't tell Georgie. Or... tell him you're going to fuck him in my room to be extra dirty or something. I want to surprise him, like I did on the balcony. Don't. Go. Anywhere. Get drunk. I'll get you a cab. My gods, I can't wait!"

"Neither can I," Daphne moaned as Amber scurried off.

"What are we *doing*?!" George hissed as his wife dragged him by the wrist across the dark room. "I thought we were going home?"

"I can't wait!" she insisted for the hundredth time.

"This is Amber's room. Ms. Catamount's room. This is my *boss's private bedroom*!"

"She's not going to find out if you'll just shut up. She's busy with the party still. Come on, Honey. It's so hot this way. Forbidden fruit, or taboo, or something. I want it *here*."

George let the doe drag him all the way to the edge of the bed, where she sat, despite all of his hissed insistences that she'd rumple the covers. Amber would find out, he said. She'd smell something. Daphne cut him off by grabbing him by the neck of the cloak and dragging his mouth to hers, where she smothered him with a kiss. "I don't care." He tried to pull away, so she slipped her hand inside the hood and grabbed him by the scruff. Her head canted to interlock her mouth with his while her tongue delved, sliding over his and between his teeth.

When she finally let him go enough for him to gasp, he blinked at her. "What has gotten into you?"

Though the mask rode high on her head, she didn't need to hide behind it to play the part of the big, bad wolf. "You'll be getting into me soon. I'm going to gobble you up, Red. Head to toe. Unless you give me a really good reason not to, right now." Unlike Red Riding Hood, Daphne's costume didn't dictate particular clothes, so she just wore a simple, little black dress between her furry gray gloves and boots. Crooking her finger inside his lip, she drew him down between her thighs, cinching up her hemline so she could spread her legs wide. George didn't know that she'd taken off her panties when she'd slipped into the bathroom, so when his nose nestled into her bare wet slit, he glanced up in surprise. She jerked at his fur, hissing, "Eat me, or I eat you, Red," then sighed in delight at the first long strokes of his tongue, and fell back into the covers. Before he got so completely into it that he made her come, she retreated up the bed, forcing him crawl after her inches at a time. She pulled the mask down and moaned.

"Don't," he whined, motioning to the previously-pristine bed, but it was too late, and she didn't listen anyway. She fell back into the pile of pillows, and when his mouth reached her again, she crossed her legs over his shoulders, locking him in place. Her moans came again anyway, and though she tried to stifle them, her voice filled the room.

What *had* gotten into her? This was *amazing*. It's not like he didn't pay enough attention to her, or was selfish about his pleasure. She had nothing to complain about. But before, until now, pleasure had always been under his control. I had been his decision when to keep going and when to stop. Him overpowering her. He wasn't greedy with pleasure, but he dispensed it. This, she took. This was hers. She could decide to keep him there all night, and there was nothing he could do about it. And that was the strange thing - there *was* nothing he could do about it. He wasn't just playing along, now - somewhere along the way he'd bought into the game. He was a little bit afraid of her. He'd do whatever she told him, she knew. Maybe she *would* leave him between her legs all night...

She saw what he didn't, though, as occupied as he was: the door to the bedroom cracked open, and a dark shape slipped into the room. Amber held a finger to her red lips and tiptoed across the thick carpet. Even in heeled boots she was silent.

Unhooking her legs, Daphne pushed the bear upright. "Sit up."

"What?" he asked, smacking his lips lazily, sending his long tongue curling out to lap at the fluids that smeared his face. "Is it my turn to get 'eaten' now?"

"Maybe." Behind her mask, Daphne smirked. Amber loomed directly behind him, spreading her satin wings wide.

Amber was on him in an instant, one hand covering his eyes and yanking his head back, the other wrapped around his chest to hold on. Her wings billowed around them both as they struggled, George roaring with surprise and trying to separate himself, and Amber burying her face in his neck, looking for skin beneath all that fur to sink her fangs into.

Normally, Daphne would have been put out to see George upset, and she would have pulled them apart. Some little part of her twanged to do just that. Perhaps it was the alcohol in her veins making her feel warm and sluggish, or the lingering pleasure from George eating her out, or perhaps it was her new sense of power, but she was amused to see the big, bulky bear wrestle in vain, and to see how easily Amber clung to his shoulders while he thrashed about the bed. She pulled her legs up to avoid having

them snapped off for her, but smiled behind her mask, even when Amber apparently found that fold of skin. George howled and toppled forward onto his belly, and Amber rode him down.

"Get off! Get off!" he tried to bellow, but it came out more of muffled whine with his face pressed into the covers between the wolf-fur boots.

"Ahhh." Amber pushed herself upright, but had managed to pin one of George's arms behind his back, and kept the other tied up beneath him. She licked her lips even though she'd obviously not bitten hard enough to break his skin. "I've wanted to do that since the moment I saw you in my department."

"Attack me?" He looked miserably up at Daphne, who reached forward to stroke the short fur on the top of his snout.

"Oh, you big baby. I didn't hurt you at all. But yes, attack you. Bite you. Lick you. Taste you. Fuck you. Suck you. Any of it. All of it. And tonight... Well, your wife has agreed to share you, hasn't she?"

"Daphne?!"

"Well..." she said, still hiding behind her mask. "We're not actually married."

"Even better," Amber cooed, and rolled George's soft ear in her fingers.

"Daphne..."

She stopped rubbing his fur and drew one of the plastic wolf claws along the bridge of nose. "There's no Daphne tonight. Just the Little Bad Wolf, and her *prey*. And the Wolf can do anything she wants with her prey, can't she, Big Red Riding Hood? Anything that turns her on? Including watching someone else sexy fuck them silly?"

A reluctant, guilty smile spread across George's face.

"You're not going to give me any trouble, are you?" Daphne asked, scooping a shaggy paw beneath his snout to tilt it up toward her. He shook his head in her fingers. "Good. Because then I'd just have to eat you right up without any fun first. And neither of us want that."

Amber wiggled her fingers excitedly. "Oh, goodie! I'm so excited I don't even know what to do. Wait, no. We'll make *sure* Big Red can't give us trouble. Wolf. Look in that nightstand - the big drawer. Restraints."

Daphne crawled to the edge of the bed and pulled open the drawer... to find an entire sex-shop crammed into its recesses. She blinked, stunned, but not really surprised. "These?" She held up a pair of fur-lined handcuffs.

"No, no - the black ones with Velcro."

A few minutes later, George was properly restrained. He lay flat on his back, tunic up under his shoulders, arms spread wide and attached to straps Amber had pulled up from beneath her bed. His legs hung off foot of the bed, and were spread wide enough for Amber to kneel between them. That left his

head cradled in Daphne's lap where she could scratch and stroke at the fur that was still visible beneath the blindfold and muzzle he wore. The doe-wolf had pouted at that, and the fact it locked his tongue away.

"Too easy," Amber answered. "He *wants* to please you. Make him earn it." She began working her way down his body, nibbling on his carpet of hair, combing through it with her fingertips to find his nipples. Daphne didn't want to make it harder - she was still horny and just wanted to get off. She wished she'd let him finish her before Amber arrived. But she could enjoy a little bit of denial, too, and she was horny enough that tilting his head back to rub her sex against the leather of the muzzle was stimulating. She didn't have any trouble staying that horny watching Amber enjoy her George. The cougar truly enjoyed him, truly wanted him - and knowing that George was *hers*, that she could take him away any moment, was sexy as hell. There was some submission there, too, if she searched for it, and perhaps a bit of humiliation. It wasn't really *her* giving George away; it was the wolf. But that difference was fleeting, fading away entirely whenever the dark circles of the mask eyeholes faded from her attention.

When the cougar made it all the way down his torso, she began petting the bulge in his leggings, framing it in her gloved hands, kissing and cooing at it. It was hard to imagine how much the bear could feel through the fabric, but it *looked* wonderful. It was like everything Daphne loved about watching female-on-female porn, without it actually being two girls. And that... *that* was wonderful. The electric potential began building in her pelvis again. She closed her eyes and let her hips rock against the top of George's face, pressing harder when he moaned.

"How much can I do?"

"Hmmm?" Daphne stopped grinding long enough to see that Amber already had his erection free, squeezed tight in one hand. Her lips lingered, open, half an inch from where his tip had dewed with precum. It quivered beneath her breath.

"What are my limits? Before I get started?"

Daphne would have liked to say 'no limits', but she held her tongue long enough to think it through more carefully. "Nothing permanent. Don't hurt him. He's mine!"

"That's it?" Amber's tongue flicked out to lap up the bead of precum, leaving a glistening thread dangling between his erection and her lips.

Daphne stared a moment longer through the mask. "No kissing on the lips. And no penetration."

"Awww..." but her complaint died immediately as she filled her mouth with George's erection and began to suck. Behind the mask, Daphne had to close her eyes to keep from coming immediately. The image was burned into her retinas - Georges' thick erection disappearing between red lips, his hips rising with need. George, apparently, didn't have the luxury of holding off; it was only a moment later that Amber chuckled as cum dripped from her lips back down his shaft. She was a good sport about it, and began licking up what had escaped rather than letting it go to waste. She took her time, but when his cock was flaccid enough to lay limp against his belly, she pouted. "That was hardly any fun! So much for making him work." Wiping at her chin, she glanced back up at Daphne, who had her legs clenched tight

around George's snout to keep from reaching her own orgasm while Amber watched. "When you said no penetration, was that *any* kind? Or just he can't penetrate *me*?"

"What do you mean?" Daphne's voice came out ragged. George, too, had gone still, though his pulse raced as he strained to listen.

In answer, Amber reached over to the gear they'd pulled out of her drawer - stretching so she didn't have to leave her position at his crotch - and came up with a shining black dildo attached to a harness. It jangled when she shook it out of George's view.

"Oh..."

"Is that a yes?"

Daphne nodded before she even thought about it. "But be gentle." George moaned uncertainly, twisting to try to see what fate had been decided for him, but Daphne just tucked him more tightly into her lap, cutting his complaint short.

"Of course." Amber apparently had plenty of practice putting the harness on, because she did it still kneeling at the edge of the bed, licking at the already matted fur inside George's thighs, covering his testicles, and below. Once her hands were free again, she still only used them to prop up George's legs, to put his big bear feet up into the air, to yank off his leggings and expose his pucker. "Don't fight me, Red. Open up... I have straps to hold you in any position I want and I. Am. Getting. In." She had to strain to lift his thick legs - Daphne was sure she wouldn't have been able to do it, especially not with him putting up a half-hearted struggle - but once they were up Amber burrowed in, burying her muzzle beneath his balls and between his cheeks.

Daphne watched in a sort of morbid fascination as Amber's head bobbed behind the horizon of George's twisting pelvis. She'd heard about things like this, but George had never asked her to try it, and she'd never considered it. The two of them were kinky, but further south than his testicles things got dicey. She still had no desire to do it now, even with their roles reversed, but she *loved* the sounds of it, and Amber's greedy enthusiasm. She loved the way it made the bear squirm, how vulnerable he seemed to be with his legs splayed wide. She loved hearing him whimper.

Amber came up for air licking her chops, as though she'd been eating a steak dinner, but her hand still twisted and thrust between his legs. "He's squeezing my fingers. He's never done this before, has he?" She grinned teeth as she stood, straightening and stretching, wiping her gloves inside his thigh. "I'm going to pop his cherry. This is perfect."

George writhed, but all Daphne had to do was wrap her legs around his head and the straps on his wrists did the rest. He had nowhere to go.

"Suck it, Wolf."

"What?" Daphne glanced up. Her brows furrowed behind the mask as she focused on the shiny black dildo Amber wagged at her. "No."

"If you don't get it all nice and wet first, it's not going to be that gentle. For him. It won't hurt *me*."

Daphne growled. "I don't suck, I EAT. I'm sure you'll figure something out."

While Amber's had been frustrated for just a moment at the rejection, Daphne's last response forced a grin out of her. "Fine." The bottle of lube she found among her things seemed to work just as well as saliva.

Daphne couldn't see the details of the penetration, and she really didn't want to, but she could feel everything through her thighs - the way George's head nudged against her whenever Amber thrust, the rumble of his whining moans, the way he tensed up each time before she plunged deep. The doe shouldn't have been surprised by this point, but it made her deliciously, sopping wet, and though she had no desire to come in front of Amber, to have that moment of weakness and loss of control, she couldn't help at least squeezing and letting out the remains of a long, stifled sigh.

"Oh, I see..." Amber grinned, slowing down before finally withdrawing. George didn't put up much of a struggle by that point - he had been worn out, and however he was moved, he stayed. His legs flopped when Amber pulled them flat again. He had become erect again - which surprised Daphne - but Amber still hadn't come out of her shiny black suit. The slick wet dildo that bobbed from her pelvis seemed to blend right into the rest of the black. "Yes... I suppose we better had do that, hadn't we. It's your turn. He is *your* prey, after all. Sit up, Wolf."

Though Daphne didn't much like Amber telling *her* what to do, she did rise to her knees, stretching them to get the blood pumping again. The cougar crawled forward to settle over George's hips, her legs splayed wide enough that she trapped his erection between his belly and the shallow cleft where her suit clung to the contours of her sex. She found the lube again and filled her palm with it, then reached down past her strap-on to rub it over his veiny bare skin and her slick bodysuit, before she began gliding up along his length, and grinding back down to his root. She took a deep breath before continuing again with the lube - filling her palm before wiping it over George's muzzle. "You, too."

Without hesitation, Daphne rocked forward and began rubbing against the slickened leather, mimicking Amber. George's breath rushed out through his nostrils through her fine fur.

"No... take him *inside* you..."

Daphne's eyes went wide behind the mask. "He's too big."

"Nonsense." Amber seemed to have reached some dreamy plateau - her voice cooed, and her eyes rolled back as she back and forth along George's erection. "Those hips can pass considerably more than a snout. More than you know."

"He won't be able to breathe!"

"He'll breathe when you let him. He's *your* prey. Take your pleasure from him. *Use* him."

That shouldn't have been a very convincing argument, but Daphne found herself lifting her weight to rock up to the tip of the muzzle. George was trying to say something - maybe to protest, maybe to ask for a moment for a deep breath - but she let her weight bring her down. Her lips parted for the wedge of his nose, and slowly... very slowly, her channel stretched wide enough to accept him. It was painful -

incredibly painful like being burned - but at least as incredibly, it still felt *good*. Pleasure lay unconsumed inside the fire. She lifted herself up, far enough that George could quickly cycle his lungs, and this time pushed down a little more firmly. She groaned. On the fourth try she took him all the way in to the base of his muzzle. The next thing she knew, she was bouncing on his face, and had to remind herself to give him opportunities to breathe. Sometimes she forgot. She really didn't care. She lost track of what Amber was doing. When she came, it was with a triumphant scream.

Amber grinned like *she'd* been the one who did all the work. She sucked on her fingertips and rocked her hips. "Very good. Very, very good. I could watch you two all night. I will, in my fantasies. You were every bit the Bad Wolf. And poor, poor Red. I think he likes a bad girl."

But Daphne wasn't listening; she retreated back a foot and hastily wiped her juices and lube from the muzzle, resettling it on George's face so he could breathe more easily. "Are you okay?"

He nodded and blinked up at her. She couldn't see his lips, but his eyes seemed to smile weakly. He looked like he'd pass out in another minute.

"I think that's it for us," Daphne declared, and began working the buckle on the muzzle. "It's really late. We've got to go."

"NO!"

The almost-desperation in Amber's voice shocked Daphne.

"No... not yet. Just one more thing I want to do. Look, I've been teasing poor George while you got off. Let me get him off, too. And me. One more thing for me. You can just sit back and relax. I think you're going to like this, too."

Daphne frowned but nodded, and went back to the pillows, leaving George on his own with the crazy cougar for the first time. The lioness grinned like she had something terrible in mind as she unstrapped the dildo and tossed it aside, then found the loop for the zipper at the base of her neck and peeled herself out of the top half of her suit.

"What are you doing?" Suspicion rang in Daphne's voice. "Remember my rules..."

"Well... it is penetration. Sort of. Just trust me."

Daphne absolutely didn't trust her, but she held her tongue anyway, and shifted the mask on her face to make sure she was still a wolf.

At first, all Amber seemed to want to do was kneel at the edge of the bed again and suck on George's toes, one at a time, licking between them, licking up the arch of his sole. Daphne sighed. This was NOT one last thing. But then George gasped, and suddenly Amber had one of his entire feet in his mouth! She kept a firm grip on the other, worked her mouth back and forth around it like a snake, and within less than a minute, she had both of his feet in her mouth, and pushing their way down her throat.

Still in his muzzle, George whimpered.

Daphne's eyes went wide. She'd heard about such things before - of course she had. Everybody knew it happened. It was in the news, and on the television. But it was another thing to SEE it happen, and to her George, no less. She sat upright, now watching intently, while Amber gulped her way up George's calves. He was trying to yell no beneath his muzzle, and his hips were bucking, trying to shake her free, but Amber had better leverage than him and pinned him down to the bed, then continued working her way up his body. Daphne still watched, unmoving, silent. Stunned.

Amber looked horrible. Her mouth, her throat, her body were completely distended. But rather than pain on her face, she looked orgasmic. She lurched and squirmed around him. Daphne was beginning to feel the same way. She wasn't usually the type of doe to have multiple orgasms in one night, but even with her recent climax she had her fingers back down in her slit again and was furiously rubbing.

George seemed to be crying, and his chest and arms were shaking. But his erection never flagged; it only grew even harder, standing up away from his belly as Amber's mouth approached over his thighs.

The cougar stopped with her lips encircling his waist, with his entire erection inside her mouth. Covering his entire lower body like a sock, she writhed, and he writhed, and Daphne rubbed - and then George arched and screamed into the muzzle in a way Daphne had never heard before. It was glorious, hearing that much pleasure ripped out of his body all at once. Amber shook violently around him one hand leaving his belly to squirm down between her legs, then quickly retreated, leaving his fur completely matted and slicked down, and long strings of thick saliva dangling from her lips until she wiped them away. "Now you're done," she said with a pleased sigh. "Now you two can go home." She reached down to release the straps on George's wrists, but her body still shook.

Once he was free, the bear remained strangely silent. He wasn't sullen, or frightened, or angry. He met their eyes and smiled meekly, but otherwise was lost in his own little world. With a simple shake of his head, he declined the offer of a taxi, pulled on his leggings and booties, and went out to pull up their car to the top of the drive.

Amber stood with Daphne in the foyer, a fresh drink swirling in her hand. Daphne hastily slurped at a double, not at all eager to confront her thoughts with sobriety. Amber hadn't bothered to redress, and she looked strangely elegant standing there half-naked, even with the inside-out body suit dangling from her waist, her wings trailing like a bridal train. "You blew his mind," she explained. "Maybe your own mind, too. I bet you went into this evening thinking it was going to be a one-time thing. Not any more, though, eh?"

"I don't know what I'm thinking, except I'm going to have a terrible headache in the morning."

Amber put down her drink, freeing both hands to begin massaging the muscles in Daphne's shoulders. Even though the doe wasn't wearing the mask any more, Amber still treated her as an equal. Like so many other peculiar things that night, it was surprisingly satisfying.

"Well, I have a terrible *question*," Amber murmured. When Daphne only slurped at her drink, she continued. "It's going to sound terrible now, but it will sound ten times worse in the morning when the drink wears off, so... I want to buy George from you."

"A night alone?"

"No. Permanently. Five-hundred thousand. Cash. I... I want to eat him. All the way up, not just for fun. I want him as food. I want that sooo bad."

Daphne's ears flickered, but she didn't say anything. She should have been revolted by the suggestion. It should have made her angry. She should have walked out the door, slammed it behind her, and gone straight home to file a complaint, but... After what she'd just seen, the thought aroused her, sent a fresh warm wave through her loins. She didn't want to admit it.

"I know - it sucks for George, right? But it's not *that* bad. You saw. He'll love it. At first. It won't matter long after that. You won't have to worry about anything. I.. ah.. I know people who can make anything look like an accident. They take care of things like that all the time. I have experience with--"

"No."

"Yeah, I figured. Just don't say anything."

"He's *mine*, Amber."

"But... you're not mad? I mean, you won't tell him? Or anyone? It's just between us?" There was a cringe in her voice.

"No... I won't. And... I don't know why I'm telling you this, but... I'm probably going to fantasize about watching you do it."

Amber's shoulders loosened; she straightened and chuckled.

"But you *couldn't* eat him anyway. Not like that - not whole. He's too big. You looked well past full with just his legs. He's a big guy."

"Sweetie..." Amber turned the doe around to face her. "One of his paws is too big for my mouth, if we're being honest. But physics is just a state of mind. Tell me, do you deepthroat him?"

Daphne blushed, but nodded. "I love it when grabs my ears and... Yeah, I get it."

"Do you gag anymore?"

"No... not for years."

"Exactly. Nothing's changed in your anatomy, or in his. It's just a state of mind. We're not our ancestors to go ripping and tearing at flesh. We're civilized. Trust me. I *can* handle him. I've seen a cat that only came up to my knees swallow a sheep whole. It was glorious. This would be better. And I'd let you watch. I'd let you *help*."

Daphne hesitated much longer than she should have been for repeating herself. "No..." It wasn't a strong enough objection. "No! I can't. It's George! This is crazy!" But there was no conviction in her words. She gulped the last of her drink down to make it look like she wasn't thinking about it.

After their car rumbled down the long cobbled drive and out onto the winding roads George was almost certain to get lost on again, the gates closed automatically behind them. Only a few seconds later, Daphne's phone vibrated in her tiny purse. She had to dig the phone out from beneath her wadded up panties to read the text. She didn't recognize the number at first.

i grabbed ur number frm his phone
now u have mine
in case u change ur mind
just txt me

Slipping the phone away again, Daphne smiled and settled her hand onto the top of George's thigh. She'd saved him. He was hers. She was becoming increasingly comfortable with the mask; most of the time she didn't realize when she was wearing it and when it was propped up on top of her head. The weight of it felt comfortable, either way.

He remained quiet for the entire drive home, tired perhaps, but lost in his thoughts definitely. She honored the silence by not breaking it, but she couldn't help but stare at him for long stretches. She couldn't help but squeeze the meat of his leg. He made it back out onto the highway without having to U-turn once.

Only after he parked and turned the car off did he finally turn to look at her, and to speak.

"Is that what it's like for you? With me, I mean?" His hands twisted on the steering wheel, making the leather squeak. "It was overwhelming. Kind of... Kind of terrifying. I had no control." There was a completely uncharacteristic openness in his voice, a vulnerability that Daphne found very sexy. He was uncertain how to feel, and asking *her*. He'd never done that before.

Her hand slipped down from the top of his thigh to the inside, brushing gently against the bulge of his still-soft penis. She'd always played with it when it was fully erect or nearly there, but at the moment she was glad to find it small, shriveled. She could fit the entire thing inside her hand. She could make something of it, or leave it as it was. "Sometimes, Honey. Sometimes it's terrifying. And it's often overwhelming. But... I can just let myself go, because I trust you. And then it's exhilarating. It's amazing." She shifted, and wriggled her fingers to fit her hand down the top of the leggings. Even with the furry gloves making her hands less than slender, his costume pants offered no resistance.

"Yeah." He glanced down, but didn't react otherwise, like he wasn't sure if he should. That only encouraged Daphne to squeeze and massage. "I kind of got that, too. The exhilarating. Especially at the end. It was... Well, no offense, but I don't think I've ever come as hard as I did tonight." He grinned, glanced back at her. "You *shouldn't* be offended. You did it. It wasn't just her. Hmmm. When you stretched around me..." His head rocked back, and he let out a pleased sigh. He began to grow firm in her hand.

She chuckled at him, and kept her eyes on his face for his reaction. "That *was* 'hmmmm'. But... I want *more*. Tonight. Just me and you. Just... Just the Little Bad Wolf, and Big Red Riding Hood. Let's go inside, okay?"

They left the lights off inside, which added to the strange, magical quality the very late night already had. Without speaking they both headed to the bedroom, him retreating backwards a half-step ahead of her until he fell back onto the bed. Even then she merely fell on top of him, continuing the kiss they'd already begun. The mask hung above her face, shadowing them both, leering at nothing, or them both. Her hand was back in his leggings, between them, caressing the erection that had been resurrected, and rolling her fingers around it. Tentatively, he lifted his own hand to her face, touching her cheek. Betraying his caution, she snapped at and caught his finger between her molars. She bit hard on his knuckle.

"You said you'd be gentle," he laughed around a wince.

"That was before I had a taste of you."

When the kiss that followed broke, she rose to her feet again, unzipped and stepped out of her dress, but left everything else in place - the claw boots, the gloves, the black stockings - and especially the mask that sat atop her head. But George she peeled completely out of his costume, leaving him in just his sweat-and-sex-stained fur. He had a satin cord he kept in his nightstand to tie her with, and she walked slowly, deliberately around the bed to retrieve it. For the first time she bound him in their home, pushing his wrists down above his head. He remained silent throughout, black eyes following her.

She really didn't know what to do next - it seemed like she wanted to do so many things at once that she couldn't just narrow it down to one thing. But one thing she did know: she wanted him, wanted him with the hunger Amber had. She ran her claws through the hair on his chest, and followed after it with her tongue, seeking out his elusive nipples. She couldn't remember thinking about or enjoying the taste of him before, but tonight he was divine. Tonight she gorged on his belly, kissing and nibbling her way downward, until she was close enough to lick the bobbing head of his erection in passing. Mmm... Even if Amber hadn't taken him inside her, he still smelled of sex. She ran her tongue up the length of his shaft, then angled her head and did it again from the other side. The taste was addicting. She buried her nose in his crotch; why hadn't she realized how *arousing* the smell of sex was? She threw her leg over his chest, straddling him mostly for convenience, but when his warm tongue found her slit, she drew in a ragged breath and pushed back, letting him 'have it easy'. He wanted to please her? Fine. That was his purpose. Seconds stretched to minutes, to the point they were both quivering together, him with eagerness to shoot whatever small load still remained into her demanding mouth, and her with the effort of restraint.

But... Why restraint? Why did she need it now? It was harder without the muzzle, but his face was also slimmer without it, and she was so wet she dripped down the inside of her thigh. "Take a breath," she instructed in a whisper, then wrapped her finger and thumb around the base of his snout and positioned herself over him, rocking down. Ahhhh... That same fire burned through her loins again. Nothing else mattered, not even his erection. She sat up, putting her full weight down, spreading her cheeks around his to take him as deeply as possible. Up and down she glided, letting him fill her.

He grunted with worry. He patted her back with his restrained hands, bent his knees, pushed her and tried to throw her off, but she was *almost* there. She rode him, pushing him back down, drawing out that moment of need. It became a fight, one she shouldn't have had a chance of winning, but she was the Wolf! Just as she found her orgasm, he twisted out from beneath her. Both of them gasped together. The moment was wonderful, but... But not enough. He had left too soon. She needed more. She needed to burn.

While he recovered, his chest heaving, she turned around to straddle his belly and meet his eyes through the mask. He wore that same wounded, vulnerable look from before, begging her to go easy, to tell him he was doing good and she was pleased. It only made her want to exploit it. She stroked his erection a few times to keep it hard before bending down nudge the mask up, to lick his snout the same way she had his cock, to suck the taste of sex from his short fur. Closed his eyes, he lay back, hands above his head once more. Her licking and tasting turned into sucking on his nose. She needed him inside her. She could completely understand Amber's desire, the need that had driven her to a moment of vulnerability, to practically beg. But Amber didn't have George - Daphne did.

Her mouth opened wider, wider. The burn stretched through her lips, her jaw, her face. She had his entire snout inside her mouth, but she needed more. His eyes popped open, staring at her with surprise. She smiled back, then pushed deeper. She could feel his nose push against the back of her throat, where she would have gagged before. Now she just gulped, and took him wider still, letting her mouth fill with saliva until it dripped from her lips down his neck.

His entire head was behind her jaws, and in her throat. She swallowed - the burn coarse through her neck, chased through her muscles and other tissues by the wave of pleasure that followed.

Then, much more quickly, she wriggled, spitting him back up, shaking him free of her throat. That hurt much more, and without any follow-up. Worse, she ached at the absence of him.

He took a moment or two to recover before murmuring, "What big teeth you have..."

"Mmm-hmm." Grinning once again, she pulled his hands down from above his head to his belly where she could sit on them, then kissed him on the lips.

Taking his head in a second time was easier than the first. There was no pain this time, only the pleasure of being filled. Once she was past that hurdle of disbelief, it wasn't difficult to keep going, to squirm her way past his shoulders. She felt his head slip down her throat, twisting and writhing like he was looking for more room. He wouldn't find it inside her. She gulped quickly, not wanting to stall out partway down, even though she thought she'd enjoy herself even more if she went slowly. She couldn't look at her own body, and risk seeing it as distended as Amber's. Not yet. Muscle and fat both squirmed between her teeth, rippled beneath his thick fur as she swallowed, and descended down her throat to her belly. He really didn't start struggling until her tongue flicked in the pit of his belly button, but it was far too late for him then - his arms were pinned to his torso, and she could just use his weight against him. All he could do was kick and push himself deeper in. His erection was still mostly firm when Daphne sucked it into her mouth, so she lingered there, knowing the rest of him come easily, slurping and drooling until at least he came, sending one last little pitiful splurt of life across her tongue. She began gulping the rest of him down, along with the seed that matted his fur, working her way down his legs with the satisfaction of a final lap.

Finally. Finally she was full - as full as she'd ever been. The burn encompassed most of her body, and so did the slow-burning orgasm that followed. It was like a drug - unbelievable pleasure and pain rolled into once, all focused on the fact that she had her George, her Big Red Riding Hood, at her mercy inside her. And she intended no mercy for him. She wrapped herself around the still-writhing bulge of her belly, at last glancing down to where her fingers stroked the shape of George. She didn't look so terrible, and it was worth it for the pleasure. It wasn't as acute as a sexual climax, but a similar feeling stretched out beyond minutes, sending little ripples of pleasure spreading out from her belly and into her limbs. She rocked on the mattress, rubbing her belly, murmuring for him to settle down and fall asleep as she did.

It seemed like she'd spent half a day on the toilet. Probably she had - she'd flushed it at least a dozen times. Finally, though, she felt like she was done.

No... no. Not quite yet. She settled back onto the wooden seat, settling her chin in her hands and waiting for her innards to do their thing. Her costume was long gone, abandoned the morning she woke up and realized George was only meat inside her. She didn't need the fur and fangs and claws any more. She was Little Bad Daphne without it. She didn't need to be a wolf to know what she wanted... and what she wanted to do again.

She probed at her thoughts, carefully at first, then more deeply, for some regret about what she'd done to George. There was none there. Oh, she was sad she'd never see him again - besides what bit of him was passing through her plumbing - but that experience had been the best of her life. It *needed* to include the end of George to be so satisfying, and that dispelled any regrets. If anything, she was too eager to do it again. She had to be careful - there were already too many loose ends.

The home felt so big, so quiet. So empty with just her in it. It needed someone else to fill it. For awhile, anyway, until she could use them to fill the hole inside her, to send the burn through her body again.

She flushed again - and then again, because that's what it took, and reached for her phone. The battery was almost empty. She'd spent so long unable to move, just digesting, that she'd never plugged the charger in.

But now she went into her messages, and pulled up Amber's number.

so who r those guys u use?
i may need some help

A moment later, her phone buzzed in reply.

o my.

And then, a few second after:

big bad wolf indeed!