

Mouths to Feed
By Anima and Solace. Contains consensual M/M sex and oral vore

Chapter One

Stanley narrowed his eyes as he glanced about the yard. It was obviously a blacksmith's workplace, what with all the tools, scraps of iron, and horseshoes strewn about. And there, lying on an anvil to cool, was a wicked looking sword. The otter rubbed his blunt paws together and chuckled! Ruth would give him at least two ducats for that weapon!

He glanced around once more, then ran up to the anvil. He almost keeled over when he looked more closely at the blade. There were JEWELS set in it, large ones too! Perhaps this was an ornamental blade, a commission for some noble. Stanley shrugged, what did it matter? He grabbed the hilt and screamed! Pulling back singed paws, the otter-morph flapped them, cursing.

'Idiot, of course it's hot! It was set there to cool, remember?' He groaned to himself, then looked around for something to wrap around his hands. Ah, there! A cloth floating in a bowl of water, probably there for the smith to wipe the blade clean. Stanley snatched the thing, bound up his right paw, and grabbed the hilt again. The cloth hissed for a moment, a wisp of steam curling up towards the smoke-stained roof, but Stanley suffered no further damage.

Hefting the massive weight of the longsword, the lutrai stumbled off towards the woods. He cut between two little sheds to get to cover. Just as he was about to step out from between the sheds, a whirring length of black and white crashed into his head, bringing darkness with it.

Raoul sat, staring sullenly at the lutrai on his cot. This was bad. Thieves in this part of the country? There might be more... The heavy, massively muscled badger leaned back on his stool.

The thief, a slim, brown-furred and wiry mustelid, moaned and stirred. What was he to do with the youth? Sir Valorian lived miles away, and he was the only one who could legally deal with this piece of woods-trash. But...what if... Raoul's expression brightened.

What if this creature could be made to work for him? With Tim away, taking his Journeyman's exam at the capital, it would be useful to have a helper around. Smiling now as he congratulated himself on the plan, Raoul stood and lumbered over to the cot.

His fierce black/white furry mask was the first thing the lutrai saw when he opened his eyes. He shouted, and tried to leap up! Raoul held out his paw, letting his prisoner crash up into it and rebound soundly back into the cot. The lutrai might as well have been a day-old kitten matched up against the smith.

"Don't even think about trying to escape, it would just give me an excuse to kill you." Raoul growled calmly, actually smiling at the otter-morph.

Shivering now, he looked up at the badger and scowled. "What ye want? What're ye going to do to me?" He snarled, fur bristling.

Raoul grabbed the other fur by his threadbare tunic, and lifted him off the cot. "I will answer questions phrased respectfully, thief." He murmured, calm as ever. "What is your name?"

The lutrai winced away, his ears drooping pitifully. "I'm Stanley milord. I, I thought to steal your beautiful sword, and I'm sorry! But, I've got a wife and a litter at home and," Raoul shook Stan, rattling his teeth. "Okay! No, I've no one. Please sir, what's to become of me?" Smiling again, pleased with the attitude change, Raoul set Stanley back on the cot.

"Better. Now Stanley, do you know anything about 'smithing?" Stanley shook his head.

"Well, you're going to learn. From now until I consider your punishment discharged, you're to be my apprentice. Not only that, but my toy as well."

Stanley's eyes widened, hoping that he'd heard incorrectly. "Toy...? Milord?" He whispered, curling in on himself.

Raoul nodded, still smiling. "Aye. You'll take my cock, and if it pleases me, I'll take yours. You'll suffer no permanent damage...I pledge you."

Stanley moaned, squeezing his eyes shut.

"I can keep an eye on you this way as well. With you sharing my bed, you won't be able to twitch without me knowing it."

Stanley moaned again. "Whatever pleases you, Master." He whimpered.

Raoul nodded, crossing his huge arms over his chest. It felt nice to have someone call him Master... He smiled down at his toy. "Exactly."

Chapter Two

Wiping sweat out of his eyes, Stanley looked at the sun. It wasn't even noon yet, and he felt as if his muscles were about to ooze out the soles of his feet! Raoul growled softly at him, and Stan turned his attention quickly back to the horse he was shoeing.

It wasn't a difficult task in theory, but some horses were intractable. This one was an exception, docilely letting him lift its legs and pound the shoe into place. His pads were slick with sweat, and his throat was parched. Would this day never end? The horse whickered softly and shifted its weight. Stanley pounded on the last shoe, then led the horse back outside to its owner, an attractive mink woman dressed in red velvet. The clothes were totally inappropriate given the balmy weather, but the highborn dressed to impress, not for comfort. She batted her eyelashes at him, smiling, as she accepted her horse's lead.

"Thank you, kind sir. Here is your fee." She dropped three coppers into Stanley's paw, mounted up, and rode off at a fast trot. Stan watched her go, clenching the coins in his paw. If only SHE'D been the one to catch him and make him a 'toy!'

"Stanley, stop mooncalfing and get back in here. No, don't even think of pocketing those coins, put them in my belt pouch. There. Now haul those sacks of nails in here, and start checking for bent ones."

Sighing gustily, Stanley submitted with a "Yes sir," and began the mind-numbing task.

At the end of the day, Stan was certain he'd lost ten pounds from sheer sweat. His back ached, his fingers felt numb, and his pads were scratched. Would it get easier with time? It had better! He ate his cabbage soup quickly but silently, wanting only to climb into bed. He groaned to himself; he could sleep for a week, feeling like this! Just as he was about to stand, Raoul called him.

"Stanley, come over here." Stanley came, fearfully treading the sawdust-covered floor of the cottage to the huge badger's stool. As soon as he came within reach, Raoul took him by the arms, turned him about, and brought him to sit on his lap. Stanley shivered with apprehension.

What would this be like? It would almost certainly hurt, and likely he'd be sore in places he'd never known existed before! Yes, he felt a bulge under his thigh, pressing up from beneath Raoul's leather apron. The badger ruffled Stanley's headfur, and stroked the lutrai's back with surprising gentleness. To his surprise and intense shame, Stan felt his own member jutting out from its sheath and tenting the fabric of his trews.

Raoul either didn't notice or didn't care, and continued caressing Stan's lithe body. Off came his shirt, and Raoul paused to rub his toy's chest, belly, and even teased his nipples a little. Then he was ordered out of his trews. Stan blushed so fiercely he was certain his whiskers were on fire as Raoul grinned toothily at his arousal.

"So maybe you're not all the lady's man you thought, hmm? I saw how you looked at that lass this morning. Worry not little friend, you'll get the chance to let off some of that pressure." Chuckling, Raoul lifted off his apron, baring his awesome body. Stanley's eyes ignored the virtual mountain of muscle and bi-colored fur, and flew straight to the smith's groin. He nearly passed out. The badger's cock was roughly the size of Stanley's entire arm! A length of glistening, gray-pink flesh, Raoul's member threatened him like a weapon.

Before Stanley could protest, Raoul grabbed him again and set him on his knee. Stanley shivered and waited to be gutted by that monstrous thing. First though, he felt a cool sensation between his ass-cheeks, then on his tight tailhole. He'd never been touched there... The sensation sent a tremor of fear and pleasure up his spine.

'Raoul must've slathered some kind of lubricant on,' he thought, the realization making him relax a little. It would be that much easier then...

"That's right, relax. It'll go *much* easier if you do. Here it comes. Remember, relax."

Stanley forced his body to relax, shoving the tension out of the way for now. He felt something nuzzle up between his buttocks, then gently spread his pucker. And spread, and spread, and spread! It felt as if he should be tearing by now, but aside from a mild burning, he felt no pain... Then, abruptly, a sensation of being filled reached his brain. Raoul sank himself up inside his toy, noting with satisfaction the otter accepted almost half his length. The tender tissue of Stanley's bowels caressed the hot aching flesh of the badger's member. Almost half! Wonderful for a first try!

Stanley moaned, hugging himself, his anus clenching around the meaty intruder. It was sooo big and warm... It felt...right to be filled like this, like finding a key unexpectedly fit a keyhole. His thick tail wrapped around the smith's waist, anchoring the lutrai into place.

Behind him, Raoul grunted and thrust, keeping a steady grip on the otter's hips. The two partner's balls smacked softly against each other with each thrust, sending new waves of sensation through them both. Wet squishing sounds and the creaking of the stool were the only sounds for a time, interrupted from time to time with cries from both partners. It was almost surreal, this scene... The smell of sawdust, the flickering lamplight, a scent of cabbage mingled with that of sweat.

Finally, Raoul's growls of ecstasy peaked into a snarl! The smith thrust a final time inside his toy's hot, tight ass. Thick semen gushed forth in sticky strings, painting Stanley's hot insides, filling him with oozing warmth. Crying out, Stanley came as well, his cock bucking in his fist, (How did it get there?) and squirting his own load onto the sawdust floor. He hadn't even noticed he'd been pleasuring himself... The smell of the fertile cream wafted to both fur's nostrils, coaxing another deep throaty chuckle from Raoul.

"See now Stanley? That wasn't so bad, was it? Every time from now on, it'll get easier. Your muscles will get used to it." Raoul hefted Stanley as easily as a doll, pulling him up off his massive rod. Sore but unexpectedly satisfied, Stanley shakily cleaned himself up and joined his Master in bed. He was asleep before his furry head hit the pillow of Raoul's bicep.

The next day was much the same, though Raoul seemed more inclined to treat him nicely. The tasks he was given were just as backbreaking as before, but Stanley's master spent more time instructing him. Again, Stan was ready to quit by lunch time, and quite prepared to die by sunset. Trudging back through the door and into the cottage, Stanley moaned.

Outside, he could hear Raoul whistling cheerfully as he gathered in laundry from the line. How could the smith have such endurance? The badger worked three times as hard as Stanley did...and he must be at least twice his age! Would he...want service again tonight? Stanley fought against an urge in his loins and a voice in his head, *hoping* Raoul wanted sex again.

Stanley tried making small talk over dinner, and was rewarded with brief but informative tidbits from the hulking smith. Raoul normally had an apprentice, but he had taken a trip to the capital a week's journey away to take a test. Stanley didn't understand why one would want to do something like that! He'd never been in school himself, but his siblings had told him about tests. Ick!

Raoul had never married, and he didn't mention any other partners. Was Stan his first lover in years? Maybe his Master's libido would ebb after a time...

Once the supper dishes were cleared, Raoul took Stanley gently into his arms, and carried him to the cot. Laying the lutrai out on the soft furs, the smith quickly stripped himself and his toy.

"Roll over, Stanley. That's it, now raise your tail... Very good!" Raoul praised him for attaining a perfect position. Straddling his toy's body, Raoul sank his lubricated member down inside Stanley's confining warmth. Grunts and thrusts culminated in another explosion of thick cream in the otter's rear, but didn't trigger a similar eruption in Stanley this time. So, when he'd extracted himself, Raoul reversed the position and commanded Stan to take **him** beneath the tail.

Shaking with apprehension, Stan did as he was ordered, and tentatively inserted his hot cock. He felt the sphincter relax with practiced ease, the muscle-ring virtually swallowing his member. Stan threw back his head and mrrrrrrrrred in bliss! It was so, *so* warm inside the badger! Soft too...very much like the one female Stan had bedded back home. Remembering how tenderness and easy love-making had pleased that lover, Stanley tried the same here. After three minutes of slow, leisurely thrusting and hesitant caresses of the smith's shaggy pelt, Raoul lost patience.

"Just get it over with man! Take me hard and fast, or I'll take you again to show you how!"

Stanley gulped. That was something he definitely did not wish! He sped up, using no art at all, just slamming his hips against Raoul's ass again and again. Raoul didn't budge, not even when the lutrai was heaving his entire weight against him. He did growl however, low, and with increasing volume as Stanley neared his climax. The badger's thick, soft tail waved irritatingly in Stan's face, but he wasn't about to interrupt his pleasure for anything. At last, his cum gathered itself in his balls, and leapt forth into his lover. Raoul felt the hot trickle inside him, and immediately bucked Stanley off. His own raging erection was shoved into the lutrai's face.

"Finish me, slave. Now!" He growled.

Not daring to hesitate, Stanley took the broad head of the badger's penis into his mouth. His lips stretched around its musky girth, almost painfully so broad was the flesh... He suckled and tongued the underside of the cock, marveling at the taste of it. The otter could even feel his Master's pulse throbbing beneath the skin of the member... That throbbing suddenly peaked, and gripping his slave's head to his groin, Raoul came again with a roar! Salty sperm exploded down Stanley's throat, making him choke. But there was no way to escape the tide of jizm! He had to swallow it, filling his belly quite satisfactorily with the stuff. When he was empty, Raoul eased free of his toy, and then caught him up in a clumsy embrace.

"Good job Stan, you're a wonderful toy..." Stanley felt pleased, hearing these words, though he couldn't for the life of him decide why...

Chapter Three

Raoul watched his 'apprentice' hammering on a wagon wheel rim. The otter'd put on some muscle, making his tasks that much easier. After two weeks, he had to admit, the lad had some natural skills. Not all of them having to do with blacksmithing either. Raoul chuckled to himself, calling up the image of Stanley's ass after last night. Opened up wide and oozing milky white cum... Raoul chuckled again. Yes, he'd be sorry to see the lad go.

For now though, things were perfect. Business was good, he was getting his rocks off whenever he wanted, and he had the pleasure of holding sway over another fur. That turned him on in fact, being in a position of power... He'd never done anything like that to Tim, but then Tim was no longer someone he could easily dominate either. Years of 'smithing had given the young draft horse-morph muscles that were the equal of Raoul's own...if not more by now. They made a good pair, and the stallion's cock was much more satisfying than Stanley's slender member. But Tim would be back next week, and Stanley...well, what would become of Stanley? He'd have to sleep on it.

Stanley lay awake, staring at the ceiling, wondering what was happening to him. That mink had been back today to have a dagger of hers hardened, and Stanley's pulse hadn't even quickened at the sight of her. He'd rather have a male in his bed now than a female, though he wished it were someone like him.

Being dominated so completely did have an appeal though... It was much like learning his real place in life. Maybe he was *meant* to serve under someone.

Stan startled and sat up as Raoul shoved open the door and padded heavily inside. He was carrying a sack that sloshed... Stanley flared his nostrils. Ahh, that was more of the smith's lubricant. Was he planning something special tonight? He shivered a little in anticipation. Raoul didn't speak a word, just beckoned him over.

The smith rolled a straw mat out on the floor, and had Stanley get on his hands and knees atop it. He moaned quietly as he felt lube splash onto his back, rump and thighs. Raoul poured the entire contents of the sack on the lutrai, watching as it ran off his fur. Then he grabbed his toy's hips and thrust home with one jerk of his own hips. By contorting in a certain way, Stanley had found he could take more of the badger into his body. He did so now, and was rewarded with a gasp of surprise from his Master.

"You've done it lad, I'm buried to the hilt..." He withdrew, then shoved back in, sending ripples of deliciousness along Stan's nerves. It was odd tonight though, Raoul made more noise than usual, and came quickly. Stanley was only half-there when he felt that familiar spreading warmth in his bowels and heard the growl of his climaxing Master. And instead of relishing the afterglow like he usually did, Raoul pulled himself free of Stanley's clinging body. The otter went down with a thud as his knees were jerked out from behind him. He felt a sudden warmth enfold them, and a tongue running hungrily over his pads.

"M, Master?!" He squeaked, looking over his shoulder. Raoul paused, and released enough of Stan to speak.

"I'm afraid this is the end of our relationship Stanley. Or, nearly. You see, my real apprentice is due back any day now, and I can't afford to keep two apprentices on. Besides, Tim might get jealous and want to use you too. His cock's bigger than mine, and he isn't nearly as gentle." Stan's eyes widened.

"So, you'll serve me as meat in my belly. An inside-job if you'll pardon my black humor!" Raoul chuckled again, and licked his chops ravenously. "Goodbye Stanley." Again, Raoul grabbed the otter's feet and stuffed them into his drooling jaws. They slid quickly to the back of his throat, and sank down into his throat. His fur soaked as it was with lube, Stanley was going down as easily as a buttered sausage!

Stanley didn't even think, he just grabbed his raging erection and pumped for all he was worth. Might as well enjoy his last few minutes outside his Master's body... His calves joined his feet in that slick warmth, quickly followed by his knees. Raoul was on his knees now, pulling the slender body of his toy into his mouth.

"ErrrrrRRRGHHH!" Stanley screamed, squirting his seed onto the mat. He finished just as his hips slid past Raoul's lips. A soft, broad tongue bathed his groin and cupped his balls before a powerful gulp sent his ass sliding deeper inside Raoul. The badger stood, supporting Stan's upper body with his rough paws, and wolfed him down. The lutrai was 'standing' now, feet pressed against the bottom of Raoul's

stomach. The slimy inner lining stung his pads slightly, mucus welling up between his toes. A heartbeat thudded against Stan's own chest. Stanley's view of the room tilted up towards the ceiling as he was engulfed, until the room was framed by Raoul's black lips and glistening fangs. Those lips closed like gates, sealing him into darkness.

The velvet grip of Raoul's gullet rippled around his body, sheathing him in soothing heat. It felt like being born again, almost...perhaps in reverse. Was Raoul enjoying this? Did his taste please the badger? He felt his cock, still erect, grating against the wet flesh of the badger's tissues. His fingers twitched outside Raoul's mouth, the last to go. Stan felt his Master hold his hands one last time, giving them a reassuring squeeze. Stanley was content. This too felt right, and at least he was serving a purpose. Raoul swallowed again...

The big badger slumped with his back to the wall, holding his swollen belly with both paws and gasping for breath. Curled up inside him, Raoul could feel Stanley's movements in his gut. Gurgling softly, his stomach went to work claiming its prize. Stroking the soft curve of the lump, Raoul rrrrrrrred tenderly. He could still taste the lingering flavor of the otter's cum and sweat...

"You were good Stanley...very good... I'm beginning to hope there *are* more thieves in the area..." He belched loudly, the expulsion of air letting the badger's flesh conform more closely to the otter's body and show his outline more clearly. The movement had almost stopped completely; the only motion was some kind of rhythmic sliding about. The badger started, then chuckled as he realized what his toy was doing with his last few moments of consciousness... Raoul gripped his tree-limb cock, and began jacking himself off.

If only Tim were here. He was SO horny after swallowing Stanley... The door suddenly swung inward, moonlight outlining the massive body of an equine-morph.

"Tim!" The smith grinned.

Clopping forward into the room, Tim saw the smith's state of arousal, and instantly surpassed it with his own. The stallion dropped his trousers, and let himself down beside the horny badger. Things simply could not get any better!

THE END