

FleshSmith

A furry fantasy by Anima

(Vore, m/m, fisting, n/c)

Weighing the hefty pawful of bronze pieces, Raoul looked after the departing fox tinker. It hadn't been a tough job, repairing those wheel rims, and neither had finding a wooden slat for the barrow's floor. Nonetheless, there was that extravagant pawful of coins... Which could mean one of two things. Raoul would know at dawn which it was.

Sighing softly, the giant of a badger set his tools in order and headed for his shack. The wooden door swung open at his touch, and Raoul ducked to enter. Inside, his apprentices waited quietly. One, a wiry 'coon from a distant village, grinned at his master. The other, a young stallion named Rick, was more hesitant in his greeting.

"Well Rick, you did well today. Well enough so I know I can keep you. But you," Raoul chuckled teasingly as he stumped towards the 'coon. "Shawn, you will need to make up for your dismal performance today in another way."

Shawn stretched out on the cot languidly, letting the sheet slip from his natural body. Gray, black-banded fur shone in the lamplight, the coy male's thighs casually spread for inspection. Raoul shook his head silently at the apprentice's impudence, and swung his bulk onto the bed. Straddling the younger fur's hips, Raoul threw off his apron.

Both watched each other, and their groins, as desire made each being's member bulge. Rick, watching from the hastily-erected cot in the corner, blushed as he felt his own shaft react in kind. The smith had had no relations with him yet...something the stallion wasn't sure how he felt about. Meanwhile, the Master and his underling were getting ready for something more interesting. Shawn had raised himself up off the cot to kiss his Master and lover, whose black lips firmly engaged Shawn's own. Whiskers meshing and tickling, and two thrust their bodies against each other and moaned with anticipation!

Finally, Raoul turned Shawn over, and nudged his long striped tail out of the way. A flash of pink shaft, a lightning-quick thrust, and Raoul had buried his arousal in Shawn's tight tailhole. Shawn gasped out a cry, clenching handfuls of the sheet beneath him!

Rick winced in empathy; Raoul'd never been that quick in entering. But Shawn had evidently adjusted somewhat, and didn't complain further. Indeed, after a few thick grunting thrusts, Shawn was writhing and mewling in ecstasy! The sheet was already sticky beneath his slim gray hips, and Raoul had hardly begun. Rick leaned against the wall, sheet covering his erection. Would Raoul claim his right to take his body tonight? Tomorrow night? Shivering, Rick tried to figure out whether he wanted the badger to do so or not. As usual, with that pair copulating so joyously across the room, Rick couldn't think. That internal debate was once again postponed.

Chapter Two

Rolling off his cot the next morning, Raoul paused to look down at the still-sleeping Shawn. Such a sweet 'coon... Pity he wouldn't be around much longer. Glancing over at Rick's cot, the smith caught the stallion looking at him. Alerted to the badger's notice, Rick hastily turned his gaze to the water-stained planks of the ceiling. Hmmm. Raoul grinned to himself as he made for the door. It wouldn't be long now...

On the rickety little table beside the door was the bag of coins Raoul had collected last night. Hefting it, Raoul was unsurprised when the sack hung limp and empty.

"Wake up you two, you're minding the place today. I have business with a former customer." The Master's rough, growling voice roused his apprentices immediately.

"Yes sir." They chorused, and were hurrying into their clothes as the badger passed through the door. Outside, the chill morning air braced the smith, who set off with a brisk pace towards the next village. Undoubtedly, that's where the tinker had stopped last night for rest. With some dedicated walking, he'd get there just in time to see the fox finish breakfast. Whistling through his formidable teeth, Raoul tromped down the dirt path, a cheerful black and white striped juggernaut.

Raoul arrived at the inn door the moment the fox prepared to leave it, barrow in paw.

"Why good morning, friend smith!" The stooped vulpine greeted Raoul, smiling uncertainly. "You're up early..."

"Of course, friend fox. I discovered this morning that our accounts need some balancing." Raoul was the picture of gruff friendliness, not a violent of threatening bone in his huge body. Still, the tinker winced.

"Ah, yes? Well, um," Stammering, the tinker seemed at a loss. Raoul helped him out.

"If you'll just join me in the grocer's shop here, we'll come to an understanding." Nodding violently, the tinker hurried with squeaking barrow towards the mentioned shop. Raoul opened the stiff door, letting the fox precede him.

Inside, the dark musty shop was deserted. Surprised at this fact, the tinker turned quickly to face the entering smith.

"There's no one here! Where's the grocer, sir smith?"

"Well, old Pauly moved on last month on account of a place opening up in his sister's town. We didn't really need a grocer anyways; most of the folk here live off the land." Raoul eyed the fox intensely. "About our balance."

Yelping softly, the fox dug into his barrow and soon produced a package. "This could suffice! Dragon-stones! You need never pump a bellows again! With one of these in your forge, it will blaze all day and all night for years, hotter than the pits of Hades in July! Will three suffice?"

Raoul said nothing.

"The whole bag then! And welcome to it!"

Still, the smith stood with massive arms folded, silent as a statue.

Deflating, the fox looked up at him. "What *do* you want then?"

"You've tricked me fox, or thought you had. Fairy-coin is something I'm wary of, and frankly I'm sick of dealing with it. By your looks, I'd say you're the hedge-wizard that's been selling the stuff to other bandits along your route. Is that right?" Raoul's tone betrayed nothing, and he still remained planted on the floor like a glowering, furry tree.

"Yes! Yes, I enchant anything folks can pay for! I'm very good, very good indeed! I-I can show you! Give me your hammer a moment."

Raoul shrugged, and plucked the tool off his belt. In his paw the implement resembled a Glockenspiel hammer, or some jeweler's tool. Taking it unawares, the fox nearly dropped the thing. Gasping with the effort of heaving it aloft and keeping it there, the fox spoke some phrases over the cold iron and pine

handle. Nothing happened that Raoul could see, and the fox grew more and more agitated.

"Now, this hammer is enchanted to work anything! Anything at all, exactly as if it were metal! Just try it, on, ummm, the wall there! Go ahead!" Raoul took back the hammer, glanced down at it, and shrugged again. He raised the tool and struck a blow at the wall. It gave, denting to show the hammer's impact, just as metal would.

"That is nice work, fox. Will the spell remain?" Raoul asked. The fox hastened to assure Raoul it would.

"Thank you. However, that does not fulfill the entire balance. I was forced to walk here to collect this payment, skipping breakfast and wasting my precious time and strength. So, you my foxy friend, will feed me breakfast."

The look of relief on the fox's face didn't last long.

When Raoul emerged from the deserted grocer's, his apron covered a slightly rounder badger-belly than it had before. The vague, weak squirming of the badger's prey was too muffled to be noticeable to anyone but Raoul himself. Whistling cheerfully once more, Raoul set off for home, hammer in belt.

"Paid in full," He belched loudly, smiling to himself.

Chapter Three

Rick looked up as Raoul came tromping down the path, evidently in good spirits. Across from him at the tool rack, Shawn turned as well and chrrred softly.

"You're back! How'd it go?" Raoul stooped to catch up the 'coon in a brief hug, pressing him tightly to his aproned belly.

Shawn's eyes grew very wide! "Raoul! Did you...did you *eat* that old fox?!"

Grinning widely, the smith set Shawn back on the ground. "I took him inside me, yes. He's paying his bill as we speak."

Rick shuddered, focusing on the anvil in front of him. Raoul said nothing more about the late fox, but Shawn studied his Master's ponderous gut constantly throughout the day...

That night, as the three tired and sooty creatures filed into the cabin, the action began again. Rick, as usual, huddled in his cot and watched with his usual duality. Shawn stripped himself first thing, and stood before Raoul boldly.

"What would you have me do tonight, Master?" He chrrred, eyelids half-lowered demurely. Raoul pushed Shawn into a sitting position on the bed, and *kneeled*! Shawn gaped down at the massive creature, until Raoul's muzzle settled over his member. A sharp bark of pleasure escaped the 'coon, his slim body trembling violently.

Rick was puzzled. What was so much better about using the mouth to pleasure Shawn's cock? But soon Raoul removed his mouth, and ran his huge slimy tongue down Shawn's thighs. Tracing a path of glistening saliva, the badger swiped Shawn's legs down to the soft footpaws. Once there, Raoul opened his mouth wide...and took both Shawn's feet into his jaws!

Rick cried out in shock and alarm, starting to throw his covers off...but realized before he did that with even his hefty physique, there wasn't a chance he could overpower his massive Master. Settling back down with a whispered neigh of horror, he watched the unfolding scene.

Raoul laid his callused hands on Shawn's hips, using his purchase there to pull the slim 'coon into his throat. Shawn's legs, already lubricated thanks to the badger's drool, fairly glided down inside the smith's gullet. Shawn, not knowing or caring about his imminent demise, has clutched his furry sac with one hand and his shining cock with the other. Pleasuring himself frantically, the 'coon was lost on a tide of ecstasy...

Rick could see the furry column of Raoul's neck bulge with movement, and the flesh of his co-apprentice. Raoul swallowed, a thick organic sound that seemed to fill the whole shack! Shawn's thighs pressed tightly together, and sank from sight, along with his still-busy paws. It looked as if three or so gulps would finish Shawn off...but they never came.

Raoul's throat worked like crazy over the massive stoppage within it...but the smith held Shawn under his arms, preventing him from sliding the rest of the way inside. Shawn gasped,

"Ahhh, ahhh, AHHH," and with a final snarling bark, tipped over the edge and into orgasm. His body shook and twisted, inside and out of Raoul's throat. Raoul continued gulping long after the fact, drawing every drop of 'coon seed into his belly. At last, Shawn was limp as a wrung-out cloth, a dopy grin on his face.

Raoul hacked, coughed, and expelled his slender apprentice onto the cot. His gray fur dark and matted with saliva from the lower belly down, Shawn looked a mess. But Raoul climbed into bed right beside him, snuffed the lamp with an outstretched finger, and snuggled right down for the night. Rick just watched, mouth hanging open... What was THAT all about?!

Chapter Four

The next morning, Rick awoke to the sound of a whispered conversation near the other cot. A quick look at the shack's one window indicated it was too early to be up yet, so the stallion relaxed and listened.

"But that was incredible! I-I've never been so turned on in my life... Your throat was like heaven, all hot and wet, massaging me like that..."

"You liked that, eh? Sure, we'll do it again tonight. If you please me today in your work, I may even take you deeper inside..."

Even in the darkness and from across the room, Rick could see/sense Shawn shiver violently.

"Ohhhhhh yessssSSS! Please Master!"

"Alright. You keep your end, I'll keep mine. Now, get a few more minutes sleep. The sun's not quite up yet..."

Rick wasn't a bit surprised when Shawn worked the hardest he'd ever seen that day, taking on chores even the stallion found trying. Though he needed help finishing most of the more strenuous tasks, Shawn performed well. Rick sighed with relief as he and the slim 'coon retired to the shack.

Raoul had gone to fetch some water for supper, and would join them in a few minutes. Plopping down on his cot, Rick couldn't take his eyes off Shawn. The younger creature was an obvious bundle of nerves, probably painfully erect, and yet so *nervous*!

"Why do you do it so willingly, Shawn?" Rick found himself asking, lips moving without his brain's permission. Shawn startled, then stared at him, his glistening eyes hard to distinguish from the black fur-mask around them.

"Why? It feels wonderful! Oh gods... I can't even tell you. Have you ever had a mare, Rick?" Shawn asked, twisting his fingers together.

"Well...no... I knew a mare back in my village that liked me, and invited me to her pasture one evening. I came, but..." He dropped his head, clenching his powerful hands. "I couldn't do it. Too afraid...too young, I don't know. I couldn't even," Rick gestured between his legs.

Shawn nodded, quiet for a moment. At last, he opened his mouth to speak, but then Raoul entered with two burdens. One, a huge pail of water only the smith could carry, was familiar enough. But the other was something neither 'prentice had seen before. Raoul set it down with a plop on the thick floor rug, then took the water to the stove.

"Shawn, open up that sack and give it some good stirs with your paw." Raoul growled good-naturedly. Oh. Was it just something for supper? Shawn knelt by the sack, a water-tight leather thing with a drawstring cinch. Working it open, Shawn reached in. A soft squish came from the bag, as the 'coon's paw dipped in and began mixing. Raoul smiled to himself, pouring some grain into the heating pail of water.

"What is it, Master?" Shawn asked, as he withdrew his paw and stared at the mostly-clear slime covering it. "Food?" He licked a finger, then wrinkled his nose. Raoul laughed from his belly, turning in time to see Shawn's experiment.

"No, not food. This stuff is my own special lubricant. It doesn't taste *bad* Shawn, just not like food. I'll be using it tonight with you two."

Rick stiffened. 'You two.' So it was finally his turn to serve the Master like *that*. Rick scolded his body for responding instantly in an obvious fashion. Why couldn't it have done that with Marie?!

"Yes Master." The two murmured, trying hard not to let their personal feelings show, but failing. Raoul turned to eye Rick speculatively, but said nothing, and soon returned to the meal. Moments later the porridge was ready, and three large bowls were filled to the brim with the stuff. Raoul took his with pepper, Rick with oats and honey, while Shawn liked cinnamon. Though an expensive and relatively rare spice, Raoul had somehow gotten his huge mitts on a copious supply of the stuff. No one asked where it'd come from...

Supper was a silent affair, anticipation hanging thick in the air. Rick trembled gently, every line of his muscled body transmitting his stress. Shawn's thick male scent, mixed with the smell of cinnamon, oddly aroused the passions of the other two furs...

As soon as the dishes were cleared, Raoul pushed the table against the wall and plopped down on the rug with a *THUD*

"Shawn, slather yourself with that lubricant, then apply some to our stallion's rod..." Raoul grinned at Rick, showing some teeth, and startling the poor equine even further. Blushing fiercely beneath his short fur, Rick told himself to do what he was told and enjoy this. Any other route was likely to either anger Raoul, or at the least disappoint all three of them.

So when the thoroughly-slimy Shawn timidly approached him, Rick slid off his crude shorts and spread his thighs. Shawn stifled a gasp! He'd known horses were well-endowed, but this! Rick's cock was like a tree-limb, bigger even than Raoul's by a good amount! Shawn wasn't much good at measurements, but it looked to him as if Rick's pulsing stallion-ness were stood on its base beside the standing 'coon, it would reach his waist easily... Raoul too seemed a little unnerved, but hid it better than his apprentice.

"What are you waiting for Shawn? Grease that monstrous thing before I decide to feed you to *it*." Shawn gaped at his Master, then hurried to comply!

Rick couldn't help uttering a low cry of pleasure as Shawn's nimble fingers wrapped around his member, spreading thick gooey slime over his aching flesh. Task done, Shawn reluctantly tore his eyes away from that huge dick to observe Raoul. The badger was working his jaw around, yawning it open and closed...and was drooling freely. Shawn nearly swooned, seeing the streams of sticky saliva leaking from his Master's black lips. He was hungry...for Shawn! And boy was Shawn willing to be the badger's dessert!

Shawn scooted right up to Raoul, and throwing himself on the floor, pushed his foot-paws into Raoul's inviting mouth. Raoul grinned, and thrust his head down, the head and neck positioned correctly to allow Shawn's leg's free passage into the smith's body. Shawn slid past his knees in seconds, without Raoul even swallowing. The first gulp took Shawn in to the waist, the second, to just below the 'coon's hard little nipples. Rick was touching himself, sliding a hard fingertip through the thick coating of goo on his cock. What was he supposed to do?

Raoul motioned impatiently for Rick to approach, Shawn's shoulders slowly soaking with drool. The smith pointed at Rick's crotch, then at his own tail, getting on all fours as he motioned. Rick's eyes widened, but he rushed to position himself. Hefting the sausage-length of his penis, Rick clumsily probed beneath Raoul's huge thick tail. Feeling a gentle pucker somewhere amidst the fur, Rick applied pressure...and felt Raoul press back into the intrusion with a startlingly loud groan!

Shawn echoed the sound, his better defined, and accompanied with a constant stream of dirty talk that made Rick's ears' insides turn cherry red. Rick thrust his hips helplessly, not knowing what else to do, and whinnied in surprise as Raoul's body accepted his length. Sliding in a few inches, Rick found his member stroking soft, HOT tissue inside his Master. It felt wonderful! He pushed forward again, and another four inches or so sank up the badger's ass. OOOoooooh YEAH! This was what Shawn liked about sex with the Master...

Rick, excited and desperate for more of this delicious sensation, shoved himself in as far as he could! Raoul's back stiffened, and with a muffled howl, the badger spurted a great gout of cream onto the rug! At the same time, he swallowed reflexively, and pulled Shawn all the way into his mouth. A cry of ecstasy from Shawn was cut off as Raoul closed his jaws, but nearly instantly resolved again as Raoul quickly opened again. Reaching in, the smith caught Shawn's head with his paw, and tugged him back up and out. Gasping for breath and trembling with reaction, Shawn was gently disgorged and left on the carpet while Raoul enjoyed Rick's increasingly-violent rutting. Rick tossed his mane out of his lust-wild eyes, whinnying loudly as pleasure possessed his body and rammed it again and again against the solid bulk of the badger.

Raoul grunted deeply with each thrust, his paw around his member...until he remembered his other apprentice. Lubed with that goo and the badger's own saliva, Shawn nearly glistened slickly as he lay there on the rug like a pelt. Raoul seized the 'coon, pulled it towards him, and spread the smaller fur's asscheeks. Raoul buried himself with a resounding snarl of joy, filling Shawn deeply and roughly.

"AHHHhhh, I, *huh* have, *grunt* missed this!" Raoul grunted out, before spilling his seed again, this time inside Shawn. The spasming of the smith's inner muscles during his orgasm gave Rick a boost over the edge... A huge amount of precum had already been pumped into the smith's bowels as Rick rutted, but that pre thickened now and exploded in a geyser of sticky cream. The stuff oozed deeper, dripping from the soft walls of Raoul's pounded rectum. Withdrawing with a long sigh, Rick fell over backwards onto his cot.

"Gods." He mumbled, watching with interest as his dark member shrank slowly. Raoul, lying on the floor with Shawn in his arms, smiled broadly and whispered in the 'coon's ear.

"Think we've got 'im hooked, lad."

Chapter Five

Both Shawn and Rick worked harder after that night, eager to please their Master and earn his favors. Of course, they had plenty of fun with each other when Raoul wasn't closely supervising them. Rick was treated to the joys of oral pleasure, while Shawn experimented with stuffing their shafts into the mouth-like slit at the tip of the stallion's cock. With some effort on both parts, Shawn managed to work his whole penis inside Rick's, and thrust to orgasm there. Rick had winced at first with discomfort...but eventually settled in to the experience and enjoyed it.

Shawn played horsey with Rick, saddling him and then taking him under the tail. Rick feebly reenacted Raoul's gulping act by sliming Shawn with his thick tongue, stimulating the raccoon unbelievably! But of course, Raoul made anything ten times better... And when the Smith signaled that it was time to drop work for the day, the two furs rocketed with all possible speed for the rickety little shed! Time passed this way, every night a mindblowing orgy, every day growing colder and colder...until one afternoon...

"Rick, stand over there and hold one end of this thing." Raoul growled out, muscling a tremendous gate-post into place on the anvil. "And Shawn, you support it from that side." Hurrying to comply, the little Raccoon jumped up to the anvil and leaned with all his strength into the rough iron. It was a little closer to the striking-surface than he liked, but Shawn had faith in his Master.

Raoul cursed mentally, fumbling about for his huge hammer. Where could it have gone?! Ahh...his massive paw closed on a wooden handle protruding from a sack on the tool-bench. He pulled it out, and turned back towards the post with the crack. Already heated in the affected portion, the post glowed a dull cherry-red. Raising the hammer, which felt a little smaller than his usual, Raoul started the downward stroke.

An icy breeze suddenly whipped through the slight gap between skins hanging over the smithy's front, bring with it stinging ice particles. Freakishly, these particles penetrated right through the mess of equipment lying around the room, and dove right into Raoul's wide-open eyes. Cursing in a growl, Raoul turned the blow aside lest he damage the post further in his momentary blindness. A muffled cry of pain startled the badger, who hastily stuffed the tool in his belt and cleared his eyes.

Shawn stood where Raoul had directed him, cradling his paw. Rick looked over the smaller fur's shoulder, horror and shock on his long face! Raoul himself did a double take when he examined Shawn's poor paw closely. Not bleeding, not broken, Shawn's hand had *deformed* just as a piece of metal might have beneath that awkward blow! Flattened into a clumsy grasping mitt, the hand was obviously nearly useless. Shaking and distraught, the injured 'coon looked up at his Master with hurt, liquid eyes.

"Master?" He quavered, holding out the paw. "W-what happened to me?"

Raoul stared, then violently grabbed for the hammer he'd tucked away. Was it?! It was. Staring at the offending implement, Raoul mouthed obscenities against that fox-mage... He had assumed that without proximity to the mage, the tool would lose its unusual property. And the thing hadn't been near the smith since... Raoul paused. Effectively, since he'd eaten that fox, Raoul had taken on the smith's essence. Of course the hammer was still spelled, it'd never been out of range of the fox's remains, tucked away in Raoul's own vitals!

Thinking quickly, Raoul gently took Shawn and led him to the smaller anvil nearer the front of the

shop.

"Hold still, lad. This may hurt, but it might also fix this." He murmured, raising the hammer for another blow. Shawn cowered, but held resolutely still, waiting for the blow to fall. When it did, a dull clang reverberated, and Shawn's hand warped once more. Shawn opened his eyes cautiously, looking down at his paw. It looked better, and flexing it, Shawn found he could move it a little more. Most amazingly, there'd been no pain, only the jar of contact!

"Again." Raoul mumbled, and swung again. And again, using his skills to reform the malformed limb. At last, though the fingers were slightly elongated and movement slower, Shawn had use of his hand back. An unusual side-effect of the whole thing was that Shawn's paw now showed the obvious signs of Raoul's handiwork, and resembled more a sculpture of a hand than a living one... Rick, having watched in silence, was stunned.

"Master...with that, you could reshape anything, anyone! You could pound out my back flat as your anvil, and use me as a table! You could pose Shawn, fix him like that with the hammer, and hang him on your wall!" Weak with reaction to this whole, strange incident, Shawn sank to his rear on the floor. Raoul pondered, hefting the hammer.

"That I could..." He narrowed his eyes, looking outside. "Rick, I have an idea. You're to go to town for me." Rick's ears perked! He'd never been sent on an errand that far away before.

"I'll give you some money. Go to the bar, spread the cash around, get drunk. Or at least seem to get drunk. Then spread the story of a rich noble hiring me to do repairs on his family treasures!" Rick puzzled this out, looking up at Raoul shyly.

"Why, Master?" He asked at last, taking off his apron and putting on a thick wool coat and scarf.

"I need some material to work with. Would-be thieves will suffice quite nicely..." Rick and Shawn gasped, Shawn's sound turning into a laugh as he discerned Raoul's intent. Raoul handed Rick, standing open-mouthed, a pouch of money.

"Get going, lover. I want you back in here tonight for our usual fun! And to help me take care of our visitors..."

Chapter Six

Rick pushed open the door of the crude tavern, shivering slightly despite his warm clothing. Fardles, but was it cold! A few eyes turned his way as the stallion clip-clopped into the warm, ill-lit commons room. A seat in the middle of the room was free, and Rick made unerringly for that. 'Why not get started right away?' he thought, and snapped thick fingers to attract the barkeep's attention.

"A round for everyone, Tal! On me. The best brew you have in this God-cursed weather!" Rick spat for emphasis, noting with amusement several who heartily followed the gesture. A chorus of cheers rose raggedly as Rick produced coin to backup his generous intention. From another table of rough lumberjacks, a softly-furred rabbit doe approached Rick and took a seat on the stallion's table. Rick swallowed, hard.

"Well, does that round include me, generous sir?" Her voice lilted pleasantly, and Rick found himself staring into her grass-green eyes. Sigh...it'd been soooo long since he'd seen anything green... "Or shall I share your mug?" The doe winked gently, her lashes flirting with him.

Rick squeaked! Taking the just-arrived mug, Rick downed a healthy swallow, then offered it to the

beautiful female. Betraying her coarser-than-apparent nature, the lady hare downed half the mug at a draught before handing it back. Wiping her lips daintily with the table's sole stained napkin, she eased closer to her target. Rick began to sweat...

How was he going to spread the story of the noble's order when this...this seductress was twitching her whiskers and tail at him?! Well...maybe he could get her to help... But a change of demeanor was needed.

"Never expected to find a pretty little daisy like you in a room of weeds like this!" Rick guffawed, lifting the 'daisy' deftly onto his lap. Daisy chrrred, rubbing her pert bottom suggestively against Rick's well-muscled thighs.

"Oh, I just came in to get out of the cold...find a little affectionate warmth..." She whispered to him, leaning against Rick's solid chest as if wilting. Rick affected a lewd grin.

"Well! I'd say you've found it! But, will I have to buy a round of you for everyone here afterward to keep spirits up?" The room echoed with good-natured laughter, most of it for Rick's benefit. These guys knew how to coax brew from a fortunate fellow...

"Why, no! I think you'll be enough to keep me warm for a fortnight!" Daisy smiled broadly, two buck-teeth peeping cutely at Rick.

"Barkeep! More brew for my table! We need to wash this cold from our bones!" Rick bellowed, before turning his attention back to the doe. If he could just look/feel drunk enough to start talking...

Several mugs later...

"...told us he'd pay in gold for everything we did 'right!' Can you imagine the gall?!" Rick roared, making his lap's occupant wince, and the table shake their heads angrily. By now Rick figured the whole bar must know about the new job. Daisy's hands had been straying across Rick all night, with ever-mounting boldness. 'She must be getting impatient... Any night with only one hit must hurt her bad in that perfumed money-pouch of hers.' Rick decided. Well, he wasn't exactly holding up well under this gentle 'assault' either.

Standing unsteadily up from the table, arm clasping Daisy to his warm body, Rick saluted his fellow drinkers goodnight. Cheered out of the room and upstairs to a waiting bed, Rick staggered with the girl's weight in his arms. Once in the dark room, he laid his panting burden down on the bed, and dropped his own trousers. Daisy slithered out of her low-cut blouse and skirts, and kneeling on the bed, extended her soft little paws towards Rick's crotch.

"Oh!" She exclaimed suddenly, as she felt Rick's sheath. It was limp. Rick could hardly believe it himself! He thought the doe's advances had made him hot...but... Could it be? Women no longer *did* anything for him?

"It's alright honey...is this your first time with a gal?" Daisy whispered urgently. Rick heard a delicate sniff, and imagined the doe's unspoken thought. 'Well it couldn't be *me*!' So Rick just nodded dumbly, and let Daisy play with his equipment. Minutes went by, and the haress had made little progress.

Frustrated, she got down on the chilly floorboards...and Rick gasped to feel her hot little tongue on his private flesh! Backing away with a stammer, Rick thrust his money-pouch at her, and fled out into the hall with his clothes. Dressing there, he saw the bewildered little doe gazing at him from within the dark room.

Almost crying with...disappointment? Relief? Empathy for the horrible life the cute doe must live? Rick shook out his mane, neighed loudly, and clopped downstairs and outside. Stumbling numbly through a soft curtain of falling snow, Rick closed his mind to everything but finding that lonely little shack miles away.

Shawn grinned up at Rick as he stumbled into the hut, tearing his attention from Raoul's work long enough only to scamper over and kiss the horse's chin.

"Rick! The first one came already, and look what Raoul's done!" Shawn took Rick's limp hand, and led him towards the pool of light Raoul's lamp cast. There on the floor, on his hands and knees, was a ferret-morph. Quite sinister-looking with a dark face-mask of fur, and his wiry body, the ferret was no one Rick would've wanted anything to do with! Raoul stood over him, hammer in paw, smiling with satisfaction.

"I've made us a little toy, friends. He can't speak, move, or do anything but sit like that. Plus..." Raoul gestured for Rick to come around and look at the living sculpture's rear. Legs spread slightly apart and tail perpetually lifted, the ferret's ass was bared for viewing...and whatever else one might wish to do.

Raoul stripped off his apron, and went first. Rick could see the ferret's eyes move wildly, and his ears twitch, but nothing else... Raoul grunted with his thrusts, and went at it a full half-hour or so before roaring and spewing his load! Shawn smiled, imagining he could see the ferret's slim belly bulge with the creamy burden. The 'coon had to dive out of the way to avoid Rick's charge, as he went not to the ferret, but to his Master, and pleaded with him even as the stallion stripped off his clothes.

"Why don't you want to use our toy, Rick? He's for everyone before I mount him permanently..." Raoul chuckled at the double-meaning in those words.

"I, I want you Master! Not some low-born thief... I care nothing for him, but I do care for you..." Rick flushed hotly, his complexion approaching that of his raging erection. Raoul roughly pulled Rick to his shaggy chest, kissed the top of his head, then moved to remount the ferret! Rutting the 'toy' again, Raoul twitched his big tail to the side.

"Take me then Rick, fill me up with that huge tree-limb you call a cock." Raoul snarled lustfully, lips skinning back from his gums in the badger's excitement. Rick tripped over the rug as he knelt, grasped Raoul's ass, and sank his unlubricated cock up into his Master's bowels. Shawn chrrred softly, stroked Rick's body, then lifted the flowing mass of the stud's tail and probed at his anus with a slimily lubed finger.

Rick groaned in passion, thrusting furiously into Raoul's body while simultaneously trying to lean back into that intrusion... Shawn scritchd Rick's rump, his nails stimulating the furred flesh, as he slipped two more fingers alongside the first into his friend's soft warmth. Minutes went by, the hut filled with the squishing sounds, moans, and grunts of sex. Shawn worked his entire little fist into Rick's ass, then slowly eased in past his wrist. Then up to his elbow...watching his gray-furred limb vanish between Rick's chestnut ass-cheeks, through the black, velvety skinned ring of his anus.

Rick stiffened, and came with a screaming neigh! Raoul cried out roughly as hot spooage flooded his insides, and dumped the remainder of his balls' contents into the uncomplaining ferret. Shawn worked his arm quickly deeper inside Rick, twisting to follow the contours of the stud's bowels. In seconds, his armpit was nestled between Rick's cheeks, arm caressed and held by the equine's insides. Slowly, the chain of lovers picked up motion again, and started thrusting once more...

It was hours before the three were sated, lying in pools of sweat, lubricant, and semen. At last, Raoul stepped out for a moment, and didn't return for nearly an hour... When he did, it was with a lutrai. Many of the otter's race were thieves, and this one had tried to steal the nonexistent treasures Rick had

boasted about in the tavern. Raoul had already beaten him lightly with the magic hammer, rendering the fur immobile. Grinning, the smith brought the lutrai over to the cum-leaking ferret, and positioned him.

"Shawn, make him hard...however you can." The 'coon staggered to his paws, falling again once he'd reached the lutrai. Shawn noticed that Raoul had left this thief's crotch un-worked, the fur and skin showing none of the slight dimpling that the magic hammer caused. Cautiously, he licked the sheath of the otter-morph, not knowing what to expect. Mmmm...the taste was different from either the horse or badger's, but was spicy and interesting in its own right.

More vigorously, Shawn suckled the limp sheath, and had soon coaxed forth a respectable penis. Grabbing the lutrai's stiff body, Raoul pulled it up, and forced its cock into the ferret's well lubed rear. Grabbing the hammer again, Raoul used it to further position the two furs.

Hours later, the sculpture was complete: The lutrai, a snarl of pleasure on his muzzle, hands clutching the ferret's slim hips against his crotch. The ferret below him had his eyes shut tight, subservient and delighted-looking. Shawn giggled, stroking the ferret's crotch.

"I like it, Master. Where will you put it?"

Raoul scratched his head, then smiled.

"I'll sell it. I actually do know a noblefur or two, y'know, that have...tastes that run to things like this." The badger turned with a tired sigh to his lovers. "It's getting on towards morning. No more thieves will try tonight. Let's get some sleep. I promise we'll have a great big breakfast tomorrow!" Raoul's two apprentices were too sleepy to register the gleam in their Master's eyes.

Shawn writhed slowly as he dreamt, his dream-self caressed and clutched at by Raoul's masterful throat. "YES Master! Eat me! Make me your food! I want to curl up in your stomach..." Shawn cried out muffledly in his sleep, rousing Rick from his own dreaming.

"Keep it down, Shawn... Raoul, please shut him up!" Rick turned over with a sigh.

Raoul chuckled mentally, as Shawn abruptly *did* shut up, with the soft shutting of Raoul's jaws over the 'coon and his chrrrrs of pleasure. A soft, thick swallow propelled Shawn's body down his throat, and over the course of a couple minutes, the huge bulge of the slim 'coon sank down into Raoul's furry gut. Rolling onto his back on the cot, Raoul sighed with utter ecstasy...his cock steel-hard and jutting towards the ceiling like a flagpole.

On a whim, Raoul curled into himself with difficulty, and began going down on himself. Might as well give his lover a last taste of his seed before he was beyond such things! The noisy slurping and sucking made Rick harden in response, but the stallion resolved to forget it and go back to sleep. Wondering what Raoul's big breakfast was going to be, Rick dropped slowly off to sleep...not feeling the first lick at his quietly-uncovered hooves.

Raoul scolded himself for eating Rick too, but his body, stirred to endless appetite and lust by Shawn's wriggling body in his belly, would not be refused. Sigh...it'd be weeks before he could move again, and visit the village in search of a new apprentice or two. The new ones might even live up to this pair's performance.....but the smith doubted it.

THE END

