

The Boy Next Door.

The evening drew in on that mild, early-spring suburban night - like the sudden and close embrace of a set of freshly donned – yet air dried – pyjama bottoms; as Spangle hopped off of the road bike that he used to get himself to and from work, he too would feel the unforgiving cold and crisp air sweep beneath his crimson chequered plaid shirt as the sun dipped below the horizon. The Chital buck shivered a little as the cold tendrils burrowed beneath his thick fur – cursing himself for not unhooking his black layered jacket from the hanger back at the site.

“Damn it all...” Spangle thought out loud, his words barely creating a mist in the air before his mouth. The night wasn't all that cold; to be honest, Spangle's body was only just now beginning to cool down after the uphill sprint he always had to make before the gradient smoothed out after the turn off down his residential road. The young buck in his late twenties readjusted his work rucksack – shifting it into a more comfortable position – after hopping off of his bike as he hurried towards his front door, holding the handlebars with one hand as his other fumbled for his front door key. With the excitement known only by love-struck teens, he pushed his bike through the front door, tossed his bunch of keys accurately into the appropriate bowl whilst hoofing the front door shut with a swift backwards kick; were someone watching at that moment, even they could not have possibly guessed at which point it was that the buck had retrieved his mobile from his pocket – already mashing his hooves into the keyboard as he was texting a contact labelled '<3 Zephy <3'

“Hi... hun. Just... got... home. Dinner... in... half... hour. Kiss, kiss, kiss, send.” The buck spoke – mainly to himself – as if he relied entirely upon a technology that required he speak for text to appear on screen. Though as the winter-coat clad cervine set his bike against a wall to one side of the hallway, briskly trotting down the bungalow's main thoroughfare thereafter, his message was hastily responded to by a Facebook video chat request – by his neighbour-but-one, Jake. Spangle tapped accept, holding the phone at the appropriate distance so that his blunt black nose wouldn't take up Jake's entire screen before he felt his heart palpitate within his chest.

“O-oh... Evening Jake.” Spangle stammered, surprised by the coincidence of Jake's immediate call as the buck made his way into the kitchen, setting his bag down in the doorway.

“Sup, neighbour! Yeah, I just wanted to call to let you know that Zeph might be late for dinner...” Said the charcoal, ash grey wolf. Jake was well into his thirties, and – even though he usually sticks to the kind of girl that's around his own age, he was hardly able say no to a feral dragoness that had forced her way inside his home. “She uh... kind of let herself in, dude.” A displeased grunt could be heard over the video's audio, followed by a hiss as Jake panned his mobile's camera towards the large female.

Platinum white feathered wings adorned the dragoness's smooth, dolphin-grey back whilst rich purple plumes contrasted and sprouted from the heels of her hind legs, as well as along the entirety of her spinal ridge – giving the female a beautifully royal mane. Her backward-facing ebony horns erected out from her skull to around six or seven inches and were adorned with artisan jewellery that made it look as if seams of swirling gold were engraved into them; all the while, her eyes shone with the purity of a freshly cleaned and cut emerald in the white of the phone's flash-light.

“I needed some attention, and you weren't around; I'm sure you understand.” The female's voice rumbled through the buck's speaker.

Spangle swallowed the frog in his throat – like so many times before, as he caught a glimpse of the canine's veined and angry erection; the camera was quickly raised to take it out of frame.

“I uh... D-dinner is just about to start. Will you-”

“Deer...” She said, cooing the buck's pet-name softly to reassure him, the video panning back to her as she looked up and over her left shoulder at the camera; her left cheek was in view at the bottom of the buck's feed, with his mate having her chest pressed firmly against what looked like a mattress crested by a set of wet and claw-mangled bed sheets. “.. I will be home for dinner. What are we having?” She asked as pleasantly as she always did, a guttural grunt being followed thereafter, along with unnaturally sharp camera movement; the wolf was continuing his work as the dragoness comforted her mate.

“I uh...” Spangle stammered, his cheeks roasting now as fiercely as the oven that he'd just lit. “.. I think we'll be having roast chicken tonight, my Dray.”

Spangle took a deep breath as he pushed his dual erections to one side – the denim doing little to hide his arousal at the knowledge that his neighbour was doing what he was simply unavailable to do at the time.

The buck set his phone on the kitchen counter for a few moments as he removed a pair of whole, extra large chickens from the fridge before picking his phone back up, orienting it correctly as he set the birds down on the kitchen side, gazing upon the mobile's screen after he'd done so. The buck gasped audibly as he was greeted by the sight of his neighbour's veiny wolverine cock being buried time and time again into his beautiful dragoness's slippery and enticing breeding vent – his bulbous knot mashing up against and spreading her supple folds as the audio of furred testicles – simply dripping with drake arousal – were heard to be slapping against smooth thigh flesh. Jake wasn't concentrating on the fact that someone else was watching; he was just happy he was getting his dick wet.

“A-ah... p-perfect, my deer.” She smiled warmly at the buck before being rudely interrupted by an especially rough thrust. “Could you prepare a third? I'll be pretty hungry tonight.” She said, looking towards that camera lens as it panned back up to her face, the female licking her lips seductively, as if staring right into the buck's eyes.

“O-of course, my love.” He responded immediately, his passionate adoration for his mate quite obvious. He set the phone down once more, and again retrieved a fresh bird – setting it alongside the others, before picking his mobile back up.

This time, Spangle decided not to interrupt Zephyr: Instead, his hand reached down, unbuckled his trouser belt, and – as his bronze buckle hit the tiled kitchen floor – Spangle let out a soft sigh of relief as fresh air washed over his slender pair of pre-cum soaked cocks, his meat freely poking out the top of his undergarments. The buck took both lubricated shafts in one hand after pushing those pesky undies down to his ankles, his other hand setting the phone down on a mobile stand he'd set up in the kitchen for following recipes whilst cooking. He gazed lovingly upon the twisted expressions of pleasure that his mate deigned to show – his cock throbbing from the sight alone, before his ears retuned to the sound of canine balls slapping rapidly and roughly against draconian flesh.

“O-oh shit... Bleater, your girl is somethin' else!” The grey wolf exclaimed without shame as his padded paw struck across her out-of-shot cheek.

“Hey! Don't leave a mark!” Spangle bleated defensively before realising what he'd said: He wasn't trying to stop the wolf... he just wanted his mate unharmed.

“Damn dude, are you gettin' off to this shit?”

“If you keep talking, Wolf, I will return home to seek pleasure from toys equally as unique as you.”

“Yeesh... when you say it like that.” With that said, Jake locked his lips, and his efforts redoubled – as Spangle could easily hear, thanks to the wolf’s ball-slapping.

The buck leaned against the edge of the kitchen counter with his spare hand, the other that kept his throbbing cocks mashed together beginning to slide from base to tip – each time, forcing a new glob of clear sticky-sweet pre-cum from the pair of urethra. Spangle pressed his eye-lids tightly together as his hand smoothly travelled up and down his tandem cervine shafts, quickly matching the tempo of the male that currently resided within his mate; only then did he open his eyes to – once again – watch that thick pulsating knot mash against his mate’s sex; each thrust threatening to be the last as he watched her opening stretch further and further for him.

There was no question in the buck’s mind; predators – like their neighbour – were simply more naturally gifted than he could ever hope to be: The wolf had the attitude, the charisma, and the energy to mash a pussy until it was filled with meat and semen both. There was simply no doubt in the buck’s mind that – come dinner time – his mate would be walking through that front door, tracking cum through the hallway as she came to the buck, vying for love and affectionate nuzzles – as she did so many times before.

“Fuck... I don’t think I’m gunna last too much longer. You want the knot, Zeph?” Jake asked as he bit his lip – trying his best to hold back the wave until the time was right.

‘Yes Dray, take his load... fuck... force him to--’

“Fill me with cum, big boy.” She ordered, as if reading her mate’s mind.

Spangle’s tongue hung out from his mouth in a silent moan as his hand moved like a blur over his spasming and twitching cocks, his eyes half-lidded and stuck to the mobile’s screen as he watched the wolf’s hips mash forward, causing that blood red knot to disappear inside the female’s vent, driving a roar from the female so primal that the buck would be able to faintly hear it... two doors down. Jake grit his teeth and audibly growled as his knot swelled to full size just inside the entrance of the dragoness’s passage, locking the mutt’s meat inside her as his endowment began to pulsate and throb in rapid orgasmic succession. His thick and angry cock spasmed wildly inside her experienced and tightly constricting channel – the pointed tip of the wolf’s cock directing his creamy load of liquid puppy batter as it sprayed in rapid volleys against the female’s cervical entrance. Soon, her walls were white-washing as the fluid began to pool inside – flowing further before seeping into the dragoness’ womb. laboured panting began to sound from Spangle’s speakers as Jake gasped for breath, his orgasm prolonged by the female’s tightly wrapped and massaging folds.

As he heard his mate’s own sharp orgasmic gasps and groans, Spangle’s hips began to thrust forward and into his tightly gripped hand – making short sharp thrusts of his own against his cock-sleeve like hand as his dicks began to throb with life. As Zephyr was slowly coming down from the dizzying heights of a canine-driven orgasm, she would faintly hear the strangled bleats and moans of her mate attempting to stifle the sound of his own climax.

“You’d better have a round two left in you; I’m not finished with you just yet, Mutt.” Spangle’s mate hissed as she shivered with delight, squeezing her folds tighter before pulling away from the wolf – the undeniable sound of semen splattering on the floor now echoing around Spangle’s kitchen. “And Deer, I hope you haven’t painted the--”

“I-I-I’ll be heading off to prepare the birds now, love. G-g-get home safe!” He said as he tapped the ‘drop call’ button. As he watched the feed cut, the young buck let out a hard exhale before gasping for breath – his body visibly shaking in post orgasmic pleasure as he held his half-limp dicks in hand – his semen pasted up the dining-ware cupboard in dual streaks before collecting in a puddle upon the shiny ebony-black tiled flooring, cum dripping into the puddle as it flowed to the bottom of the cupboard door.

“F-f-f-fuck... she came hard... Christ, Jake...” he thought out loud as his pricks softened further, his semen matting the fur and staining the hand that held them before they receded into their unified sheath. “Jesus... I need to get this mess cleaned up and dinner started.” He said aloud, brushing the sweat from his forehead with the back of his clean hand as he looked about for a clean and washable cloth.

Some time had passed since the buck had ended that video call: the cupboard was once again spotless, three birds were foiled and cooking away nicely, and the meal’s accoutrement were beautifully prepared upon the chopping board of the kitchen work surface. Spangle had changed into a pair of comfortable black jogging bottoms, whilst donning his torso with a generic baby blue T-shirt; he was periodically checking his mobile – rationalizing it by tapping on his timer app to see how long the birds had left to cook, but in reality, he was browsing the images that had flowed to his and his mate’s chat log during the pair’s second session.

After a radio-silence of around ten to fifteen minutes, Spangle’s soft ears span on a swivel as he heard the back door swing open. His hands clasped together in joy as a warm smile beamed across his muzzle, the buck quickly moving towards the hallway to peer down towards the back door to see his mate home. His smile quickly faded as he looked at the laminate flooring that Zephyr softly padded over on her way towards him – the pitter-patter of a fluid splattering against the floor with every sway of the females hips. Zephyr’s head was held high, her expression dignified and regal as she smoothly slipped past Spangle and into the kitchen; she made her way towards the solid marble-topped kitchen island as the buck silently followed after, before rising up and onto her hind legs – her forepaws resting upon the solid surface as that slender, muscular and tapered tail was raised aloft. Spangle’s royal blue eyes sank from the dragoness’s as she put her used and abused sex on full display – canine semen still dripping from her fleshy folds, pooling upon the reflective kitchen tiles.

“...” The buck tried to speak, his mouth hanging open as he choked on his words.

“It’s not a lot for you to clean up tonight, Deer; he barely added anything after the second round...” She spoke confidently as she turned her head – a single green eye peering back over her sumptuous shoulder, a lustful smirk just coming into view. “... Though next time, I may need him to invite his friends over.” Spangle closed his mouth, gulping as his clasped hands tightened within one another before he stepped closer; he could see that the dragoness was only just able to stand as her leg muscles quivered and quaked in post-coital ecstasy. The buck obediently got onto his hands and knees directly beneath his mate’s raised tail – his muzzle mere inches from her vent as his hands pressed against her muscular glutes. As he pushed those cheeks apart, a torrent of residual wolf semen poured from the females vent – rushing over the deer’s face, chest and lap, causing the poor buck to shiver as Jake’s seminal scent washed over his senses.

“I wish you’d hurry up back there; by the smell of things, dinner won’t be too long now.” Zephyr commented, making no attempt to cease the stream that flowed from her folds. Spangle gasped,

taking in a lung full of the wolf's scent as he shivered once again before pressing his now-moist lips against his mate's sex. The wolf's alien flavour now mixed in his mouth with the familiar taste of Zephyr's natural arousal, the two fluids now flowing down the buck's throat over and over again as he dutifully cleaned his lover's pussy, soon lapping insatiably at it as he clamoured for more.

“Ahh... that's the spot, deer... that's just one of the reasons why I'll always come back to you... even after enjoying the delights of such a handsomely sculpted canine. Yes... I think I'll be visiting him again soon enough.” She said, thinking out loud with conviction, yet not a drop of shame.

“Yes, Dray... anything to give you the pleasure that you so rightly deserve.” He said as crimson crossed his cheeks, the buck finding genuine joy in bringing his mate happiness – whatever the cost.

After Spangle took his fill, he moved to make room for his mate to dismount the island counter – quickly scurrying off before returning, holding a triple XL towel. Zephyr turned about to face the buck, seductively sauntering up to his dripping form before licking him slowly – from the depths of his groin and upwards to the very last features of his face before beaming a proud smile followed by an affectionate cheek-nibble.

“That's my boy; my ever dependable bleater.” She said softly, cooing to him before using her head to pull the buck in towards her. But, just as he swung his arms up and around her neck, the timer in his pocket began to sound out. “See? I told you that dinner was almost ready.” She teased with a delightfully feminine giggle as she released him from her embrace, allowing him to bolt off and tend to the final preparations of their evening meal.

Even though she'd just come home from being roughly fucked by a big bad wolf down the street, the dragoness couldn't help but let out a soft contented sigh as she gazed upon her adoring mate – dutifully working to make sure that her every need was met, even as the last few drops of canine semen splattered over the floor, with thanks to the boy next door.