

He stared beyond the rusty old gate before him to the mansion that lay beyond. If the creaking mess of wrought iron in front of him seemed ominous, it was nothing compared to the house itself. The rotting siding, broken windows, and dead trees dotting the lawn out front seemed to simply scream “Axe murderer inside!” or “Cursed house where a few foolish teens died ten years ago tonight!” or some other awful scary movie cliché. If one was to sum up the house in one word, that word would be “spooky”. Which was why the large bear at the front gate was having trouble remembering why he was there in the first place.

“Man, that movie was awful,” the zebra said with an anguished sigh, his hoof coming up to shield his eyes from the light outside, “That’s the last time I see a movie by N. Evening Ramadon, that’s for sure.”

“Yeah, totally. Oooohh, psychic rocks were trying to kill us in some unconfirmed way somehow, what a twist!” The blue jay squawked and laughed, the zebra joining with a great guffaw.

The threesome had been outside the movie theater long enough that the sunlight no longer affected them like it had at first, so with timing that made it look staged three of hands went down at once, revealing the three men to the world.

To the right and farthest from the road, walked Ray the zebra, his booted feet clop-clopping just like hooves with each pair of steps. Matching with his darned pair of blue jeans and white t-shirt very well. From the look of his clothes and very muscular build, one would probably mistake him for some sort of troublemaker. Except everyone knew the only muscle they had to worry about was bulging forth from the the front of his jeans.

In the middle was the shortest of them all, though from voice alone you’d never know it. If Ray’s dick was the strongest muscle then the strongest one the blue jay had was inside his beak. Dressed like a bum in sandals, shorts, and an old California surfer t-shirt, Jake obviously cared nothing for appearance, and only for comfort alone (Which he had constantly gloated to Ray about all day, the avian quite cool in the hot sun while sweat stains had begun to appear at the zebra’s pits.). Though for someone who valued comfort, he sure didn’t have the body to match. Even though he was five and a half feet tall he was thin as a rail, physique like a runner’s (though he didn’t work out for a day in his life). The subject of many friends’ chagrin of course, along with his constantly yapping mouth.

And on the left, often coming close to being pushed into the road by his smaller friend, was Dramamine. Though far larger height and weight wise than the little jay next to him, the bear had a far less abrasive personality than his friend’s. Dressed for comfort as well, the bear was wearing tennis shoes, cargo pants, and a button up shirt (he insisted to everyone he knew that he just found them more comfy), all attached snugly to his brawny frame. For though he never worked out either, the bear still wore his weight well, and therefore found no reason to do anything about it.

“And what was with the title?” Jake added, unable to quit his tirade about the film they just saw. “I mean, “The Occurance”? It was as accurate a prelude to the movie as anything could be. Lazy writing. What’d you think Dram?” The blue jay suddenly turned to look at his ursine friend, who up until that point had been dead silent.

“Ohh, umm, me?” He said with a soft stutter. His paw rubbed the back of his head nervously, as he stared back at his two friends. “Well, I err uhh, thought it was kinda creepy. I dunno.” As if his state ment hadn’t been non-committal enough he added a shrug.

“Juuuuuuuust what I thought,” Jake said with a shake of his head, the palm of his hand half hiding his look of disgust, “The scaredy bear got cweeped out by the scawy movie, haha.”

Sharing a laugh with the cheeky bird, Ray piped up. “Seriously dude, ya didn’t find it that scary, didja? I mean hell, it was a frickin’ 90 minute snuff flick!”

“Well I-” Drama began up, though was cut off quick.

“Eh, just let it go,” Jake said now with an authoritative tone, as if volume of voice was in direct

correlation to one's ability to lead, "Drama's more of a chicken shit than the stinkers my Aunt Lola lays in the toilet, he just can't help it." And with that last little quip the blue jay and zebra laughed themselves silly for a good five minutes, the bear reverting back to silence for the rest of their walk.

"Oh, right. That's why." Dramamine said to himself, stuffing the embarrassing memory back into the recesses of his mind. Adjusting his jacket and fiddling around in his cargo pants, he pulled out his camera and stood before the gate. Holding it out with the shutter aimed at himself, he snapped a picture, the flash making him see spots for a moment. Then, turning the digital device back around, he looked to see if the picture was of acceptable quality.

There he was, with a very half-hearted smile, standing off center in front of the gate of the abandoned Wichter place. It would be unmistakable, no matter how much his friends wanted to believe it wasn't real.

"Let's see who the chicken shit is now," Drama said with spite in his voice, spitting venomously as he opened the gate and began his trek across the grounds.

Everyone was afraid of the Wichter place. And everyone meant *everyone*. Kids, parents, police, everybody. The place was apparently built and owned by an alchemist and practitioner of the dark arts a couple hundred years ago, a wacko always pursuing crazy experiments.

Then, one day, nobody ever heard from him again. He just disappeared, and all traces with him, to this day. All that was found was a note saying the house was left to some second cousins or something. Not that anyone knew who owned it anymore, since not a soul lived there once after the crazy chemist disappeared. Either way though, the house and property were paid off in full, and someone in the family must have been fond of the guy, because taxes were still paid regularly on the place. If they hadn't been the house would have been demolished ages ago.

Of course, as creepy as the owner and the circumstances surrounding the house were, that wasn't what actually scared people about the house. People who went too far in, never came out. No exceptions. Didn't matter if it was one person, a few, or even a group. One time they even sent in a whole gaggle of skeptics and paranormal phenomena experts at once. The whole thing was televised live on local tv. Halfway into the house though, the feed stopped entirely, and the group was never seen again. People went in to rescue them, for a whole two weeks the house was under constant surveillance and expeditions were sent in to find out just what the hell was going on within. But of course, every attempt failed, and not a single person was seen again. Because legally nothing could be done to it, there was no actual evidence of crimes being committed, the entire town did all they could. They put an "ABANDONED" sign on the front and just tried to forget about the place, parents warning their kids, and police warning out-of-towners to stay away.

There was still the occasional surge in interest surrounding the house, a few dumb teens from a big city nearby would go in on a Halloween dare, or something of the like. And their parents would come into the town screaming about how they wanted their baby back, it was all some conspiracy etc. etc. But all the lawyers and police within about one hundred of the miles knew that having anything to do with the house would be fruitless, and after a week or so the house would be forgotten again for another few months.

So imagine how brave Dramamine would seem when he took pictures of himself in front of the house, even inside of the house a little ways. Sure, he wasn't going as deep as people called the "point of no return", but he'd sure seem courageous compared to his friends. Ray admitted openly that he would rather take his chances in a game of Russian Roulette than go within a hundred feet of the estate. And as for Jake, if conversation even *began* to steer in the direction of that cursed place, he got flustered and did everything he could to take it in the opposite direction (Once even admitting he wet the bed until 11 years old just to keep from talking about it.).

"Those guys'll look like fucking pussies compared to me after this." Dramamine muttered, the

tone in his voice arrogant, "Nobody'll talk about about me after this, no sir."

Halfway across the grounds now, only stopping occasionally to snap a quick photo of him next to a foreboding tree and large rock, the bear's indignation was beginning to dwindle, and with it his resolve to continue. He'd gone far enough right? He'd taken the picture, he had the evidence, why get any closer to that frightful place? The truth of the matter was that Dramamine wasn't someone who had a wellspring of bravery inside of him. He was just as afraid of the house as everyone else in town. The only reason why he had even chanced this far was because he was tired of being made fun of all the time, called the pussy of his circle of friends. And today's incident had been the last straw, causing him to perform this foolhardy act.

But the boiling rage was now just a simmer, and only a few more feet from the house's front steps the bear stopped, dead in his tracks. The house seemed a lot bigger this close, and even tilting his head all the way back he couldn't seem to see the top. A stray wind blew, pushing his dark brow hair into his eyes and running a shiver through him. Even bundled up as he was (not to mention his fur and fat) Drama felt very cold, the shadow of the house almost completely blocking out the light of the full moon.

"Come on, quit being such a fucking pussy," the bear said to himself, hoping to reignite the angry purpose within him, "I'm not even close to the danger yet. Just get on the steps, take a picture, then go in and take another and bam. Those fuckers won't be able to call be yellow bellied anymore." He took in a deep breath, his hefty shoulders lifting up, his back straightening. He tried to look as big and imposing as possible as he took his first step, as if he was hoping that the house would be as scared of him as he was of it. With a few more steps, finally putting himself in front of the door, his posture had become slouched again, and the picture he took almost made it seem like he was cowering before the front door.

"See, nothing happened. The house isn't gonna eat me or something, I'm not some sacrificial meal or anything like that." He said with a half-hearted laugh, as he poked the front door gingerly. "Just one more pic, one more."

As worried as he was, the statement did bring him some confidence. It was just one more picture, nothing more than a few steps, opening the door, a few more, and a click of a button. When he thought of it like that, it seemed so easy. Victory was within reach. "Haha, that's right, just one more." With a quick yank the bear opened up the door and ran inside, the house rattling once more from another powerful gust of wind.

After a few minutes of panting and gulping, he realized that he had his eyes closed. So, left eye first, he slowly willed his eyelid to open, and show him the house inside. And then far less relectantly, he opened the right. And he looked around. It all looked so... "Normal. I was expectin' some sorta of, of... I dunno. I guess blood on the walls, or weird voodoo bullshit on the floor, skeletons, cobwebs, somethin'." But almost to his dismay, the house was downright boring. There was a coat rack near the door he just burst through, empty, a mirror on the wall and a table below it, and a throw rug on the floor of the small hallway. If he wasn't so sure this was in fact the deadly mansion of mystery, he would have probably mistaken this for one of his old relatives' house.

He was also surprised with not just how mundane the house was, but how comfortable it was inside as well. With his excellent sense of smell he expected to be constantly bombarded by the scent of musty old knick-knacks, dust, and the like. But it just smelled like any other house. It smelled nice even, a hint of pine tickling his nose (probably from all the wood furniture). And it was even warm to boot! The house must have some excellent insulation, because he went from shivering in his boots to actually sweating a bit from being so bundled.

"Wow... Well, let's get this over with," the bear said, finally stopping himself from surveying the hall and adjacent rooms and pulling out his camera one last time. "Cheeeeeese!" That bright flash came and disoriented him again, the bear rubbing his eyes and bumping into the small table below the mirror. Jumping up and down and cursing loudly, he pulled his stubbed toe close, and with one last grand show

of clumsiness, fell over and landed in living room.

"Ooohhh, fucking fuck shit dammit my fucking toe," Dramamine mumbled, wrenching off his shoe, and then his sock, looking at the toe. It wasn't bleeding, but it sure felt raw, and a tentative poke assured him he hit the sucker hard.

"Heh, this house *is* fucking cursed," he chuckled, "Oh well, I got the pictures, now I can finally get out of here. I can't wait to see the look on Jake's fa-" Standing himself up, the bear looked at the room across from him, which had a solitary string of police tape to discourage entry. That wasn't what got his attention though, it was the cirnkling noise the gulping ursine heard as he put his shoed foot down. He would have mustered a yelp of he could, but he seemed to have lost his voice as he saw himself standing on a yellow piece of tape, big black words printed across it: "WARNING DO NOT CROSS".

Dramamine expected something terrible to happen to him right then and there. He wasn't sure if it was going to be a heart attack, some sort of portal to hell opening below him, whatever. Either way every single bit of energy in his body was being devoted to keeping him from pissing himself. He stood there, eyes screwed shut, body tensed up considerably and sweating like crazy for what seemed forever. One minute... Two minutes... Five... Ten... "I'm still alive?"

He gave himself a hard slap across the muzzle, just to be sure. "Fuck!" Yeah, he was alive alright. But he had obviously crossed over one of the infamous "points of no return". By all stories told about the house so far, he should have been screwed the second his stubby tail wriggled into the room. And yet here he was, perfectly fine, besides sweating bullets and a stubbed toe. Could all the legends about the house actually be a lie?

Whether lies or luck was the cause, Dramamine didn't think it mattered. Either way, he wasn't dead, was soon going to be a hero amongst his buddies, so therefore didn't think that it was that good idea to test fate and stick around. So he reached down and began putting his shoe and sock back on, sniffing and rubbing the snot along his jacket sleeve.

"Aww man, I smell awful. I'm switching deodorant," he said with a laugh to himself, looking for his camera on the floor now. "I smell like I just ran a marathon. Not only that... Wait." What was that scent? He stopped looking for his camera for a moment, and stood up straight, nostrils flaring. He hadn't noticed it before but there was definitely another smell in the house. Not musty old furniture, dust, or even feces from rats living there. "Food?"

He couldn't believe it. Food, here? It couldn't have been coming from anywhere else, this house was on the edge of town, no restaurants or other houses close to it, so the smell, as faint as it was, must have been coming from inside the house... But that was impossible. "There can't seriously be food here- Oh wow, that smells good though." Taking a step in the direction of the tantalizing scent, it suddenly grew far stronger, and he could begin to identify some of the food. He surprised by what he smelled.

"Turky, lamb, pork chops.... That smells like baked potatoes... Gravy? And cranberry sauce, and, and! Oooohhhhh, that smells like apple pie." The bear couldn't help himself, he was licking his chops hungrily as he took a few steps forward, the scent growing stronger with each movement of his feet.

It smelled so good. He didn't even realize he was hungry before, but now he was drooling and his stomach was growling. Hunger overrode his better judgement and he took that one last step from the living room into the dining room.

And yet the food wasn't there. It was a dining room alright, and the smell was very powerful in there, but the food just wasn't there. Dramamine couldn't believe it, he was looking back and forth about the room, sniffing, looking for the source of the enrapturing scent. Drool cascaded from his open muzzle... And yet there was nothing at all, anywhere in the room. "Awww... No food here..."

Then keep looking for it.

"Wha? What do you mea-"

If the food is not here, but you can smell it, it must be somewhere. Keep searching. Don't let any thing distract you, not even the heat...

It was true, the bear suddenly realized, it *was* hot in there. He was so wet with sweat he felt like he just came out of a pool. Well, there was one way to take care of that. Grunting and sitting down, the bear took off his shoes and socks rather slowly, and soon had also taken off his jacket, and then his shirt, and then his pants, undies... Oh well, he was alone in the house, there was nobody to see his naked self anyway.

"Ooooo, much better," he mumbled, stretching out and shaking himself for a moment. He was still a bit sticky with sweat, and smelling quite ripe, but the heat seemed to disappear completely. Now all he had to think about was the smell of the food. That delicious food, it was all that mattered to him. So again he began to shuffle forward toward's its source, each step slow and unsteady as if the bear were drunk.

Led by his nose, Dramamine shuffled past the dining room table, opening his muzzle further since his nose simply wasn't enough anymore. The scent was so strong, so palpable, he could actually taste it now. He'd never smelled anything so good. Every single one of his favorite dishes seemed to fill his mind. Pizza, burgers, fries, it seemed he was smelling it all at once!

That's right, the kitchen, surely the food is in there... Food comes from the kitchen, correct?

"Heh heh heh, ya, it does," the bear said with a dumb smile. His eyes had a dull quality to them, and they began to close. He didn't need them, he was being led by his nose. Oh, the smell just made him feel so... So...

Happy.

"Happy..."

Relaxed.

"Relaxed..."

Natural.

"Natural..."

Horny.

"Heh, horny."

He didn't even realize food could have such an affect, but it did! His uncut length of bear meat, throbbing needily at about 7 inches, seemed to point in front of him like a divining rod towards the source of the scent. It was just one more tantalizing feeling that kept him from realizing how deep he was into the house now, his feet slowly shuffling into the kitchen, his purpose (and clothing) long forgotten.

Yet, the food was not here either! Despite how his nose and throbbing bear cock had told him otherwise, the source of the entrapping scent could not be seen in the pristine kitchen. Letting out a low, almost feral groan of disappointment, the sweaty beast of a bear drapped himself across the kitchen countertop and hissed in relief. The cool marble that he laid upon sent electric jolts of pleasure through his pert nubs. It was a nice little distraction for poor Dramamine, taking pleasure in rubbing his furry belly along the cold stone as he pined for the food he wanted. No, the food he *needed*.

Don't give up quite yet my bear. You can still smell the food. You can still feel the scent's pull. Just follow it, and you'll get there. You know it deep down in your heart, this is your purpose.

"Purpose..." His dreamy eyes opened once again, and the bear slowly hefted himself off the countertop, his nose and swollen member again pointing in the direction of the scent. It seemed to emanate from the small pantry before him, and he smiled and closed his eyes once more, following the scent with his drooling muzzle and cock.

Yes, nice and slow, that's it. Towards the scent.

"Towards the scent..."

Towards your home.

"Towards my home..."

Towards your destiny. You cannot escape.

"Cannot escape..." Waddling forward still so slowly, the smell was the center of his world. The floor beneath him seemed to suddenly disappear, and the kitchen had one less bear occupying it.

He felt cold metal rush along his back, and he could tell he was sliding down something in the back of his mind. But that's not what mattered to him. Nothing mattered except the scent. The scent, which seemed to pulse in his mind, pull on his dick. The scent had wrapped around his whole body, making every nerve, every hair come alive with pleasure. He had never felt better or happier in his life. This was where he needed to be, this is what was best for him. To be at the source of the scent.

Eventually Dramamine realized he'd stopped sliding and fallen upon a pile of cushions. He didn't know how long he'd been there or how long he'd been stroking himself, but it didn't matter. Because as his eyes opened he saw it. A banquet before him. A long table, filled with every wonderful treat and foodstuff he could imagine. Plates of whole hams, long boats of gravy, mountains of mashed potatoes, huge punch bowls of so many different drinks. It was enough to feed a castle's worth of people!

"And it's all your's to feast upon boy."

Though Dramamine should have been startled by this new voice, his reaction was quite slow. It took him ages to peel his eyes away from the food to the source of the words. It was another bear. Not brown like him, but black, a towering beast of ursine power. He was a good ten feet tall at least, naked as well except for what seemed like some ceremonial jewelry, eye catching beads and shining metals.

"All mine..." the smaller bear rumbled, getting to his knees, almost looking as if he might cry with joy. It was all he could ever want. His purpose in life was to eat food, to get fat, and now he could fulfill it like never before. This must have been heaven.

"However," the big black bear said, his paw upon Dramamine's shoulder now. "Some things must be cleared up first. What is your purpose?"

"To eat!" Dramamine said immediately, like a dog barking for its owner.

"Correct. Why do you think that is?"

The small (at least compared to the black bear) brown bear stopped dead in his tracks. "Why?" he mumbled thickly. That question had no meaning for one as simple as him. How could he answer a question that was so hard? "I uhhh, well... Why?"

To the poor bear's infinite relief, the large black bear only chuckled a knowing chuckle. He seemed so wise and powerful. Dramamine could almost swear he smelt it on the larger ursine.

"Why? Because the moment you entered my domain, the perimeter of my power, you were mine," the large male said, leaning down to look him in the eye. It was a gaze that cowed the small brown bear. He felt as if he was in the presence of a god. "The second my musk and my specially prepared food's scent hit your nose I overrode that weak little mind of your's. And made it think more appropriate thoughts. None."

The great bear's smile loomed in front of him (hard to see, as Dramamine couldn't pull his gaze away willingly) and the black bear patted his head, before he moved back down so their eyes would meet again. "Oh, I could tell the moment I sensed your feeble mind. You yearned to never be criticized, never hurt, never made the butt of a joke ever again. You just wanted safety and security. You just wanted simplicity, and because I am generous young bear, I shall give it. You are my slave, and there is nothing more simple than that."

Dramamine just knelt there, staring into his eyes. He wasn't sure that he heard him, but he knew everything he said was the truth. The smell told him so. That smell... It was how Master controlled him.

"Yes, I've intoxicated many before with my scents, my various powers. But I shall keep you, for awhile longer. You are a very handsome male, and it's been so long since I've fed last, or were truly satisfied." His eyes seemed to flash with an unnatural power, and Dramamine was kept from fainting simply because the smell pulled on him so. "Before you meet your destiny, you must make sure your Master is truly satisfied."

He nodded, it was all a slave could do. The scent so strong, it was weighing him down. He was warm and tingly all over, the black bear's words, his musk, the scent of the food wrapping about him

like a cocoon. Nothing matters anymore, his weakening mind told him, the only thing that matters is Master, and my destiny.

“But, albeit small, there is still a little bit of willpower left in there, a small chance you could resist. So, while my scents were strong enough to ensnare you, I will need to use a far more powerful method... To make you truly mine.” Dramamine hadn't the slightest idea of what he meant, but master said it. It was more than law, it was the will of the universe. So he just nodded once more.

“Good boy.” The large bear clapped his frying pan paws together, and the scent was gone, instantly. It did not gradually leave like the agonizingly long process of getting stronger. It was just gone, and in its place was a very dirty and naked bear sitting amongst pillows, nursing a throbbing erection. And looking very, very confused to boot.

“Hey, whoah! What the hell is going on here, why am I naked, where's my clothes, my camera, what the fucking fuck!” Dramamine stood up quickly and looked around, but upon noticing he put his back to the rather large and imposing bear, he yelped, turning himself around quickly. “Holy fuck, you're huge!”

“Indeed I am boy,” the big bear rumbled, standing before him. He did nothing more than stand there at the moment, staring in bemusement at the smaller one's situation.

“Well, what the fuck happened? Did you kidnap me? What the fuck, get away from me you psycho, let me go!” His tone was getting more filled with fear by the second, and he was falling over cushion trying to back away. Worst of all, he couldn't seem to put his erection down. Was he really getting off on being naked in front of this guy?

“But that's not what you really want, is it?” the nameless bear said coolly, leaning forward and pressing his paw upon Drama's chest, “Look at you. You're scared, you're worried. And yet you're enjoying yourself, deep down. You're helpless, and that's what is making you happy. You enjoy being helpless, not having control. That way you can't make mistakes.” His tone dripped with the constancy of honey, and his massive body got closer. Try as he might to look, Dramamine couldn't stop himself looking at his powerfully muscled body, his large belly, or that huge cock and balls before him. He could almost wear them like a hat.

“Y-you're fucking nuts, I'll call the police on you!” He yelled, still trying to back up, but at this point, he had no hope. He was pressed against a corner and his assailant was so large he couldn't possibly get past. Not that he wanted to-Yes he did, this guy was a freak!

“You can't, you're just making idle threats, because you feel the need to defend yourself. You don't need to though. Because I can take away your pain. Your suffering. I can make you feel nothing but simple joy.”

Dramamine continued to look around in fear, but no longer cursed and whined as he did so. He couldn't believe this freak acted like he knew him so well, but then again... He was just so strong, so big, so smart. But he just couldn't be right, could he?

“Look at you, the idea of being controlled has always appealed to you. Look at how your body responds to my touch...” He rubbed a huge claw around a nipple, down his belly, parting the short fur with the blunt fingertip. “It excites you. I'm sure you've explored the idea of hypnosis and the like before. Read some stories, seen some pictures. The idea of being naught but a slave. It's so appealing to you, isn't it?”

Dramamine didn't want to admit it, he couldn't admit it! But his touch felt so good upon his skin, and he words rang so true. This was still so fucked up, he couldn't be somebody's slave or something like that! The brown bear was just about to finally stand up and tell him to buzz off, when something unexpected happened. The large black bear grunted, and thrust forward, burying Dramamine's muzzle in his crotch.

“Hmmm, I was hoping to get you through words alone,” he commented calmly, the bear below struggling for a moment, “But this is just as effective. Now just sniff, and relax.”

The moment he sniffed that musky, sweaty crotch, everything changed. His body slackened, and

his brain was fogged up by the mind-wiping stench coming from the larger bear's groin. It made his own cock spring up with even greater vigor than before and leak large drops of hot pre, while his balls began to churn and bloat. All he needed to do...

Is relax.

Need to relax.

Obey.

Need to obey.

Listen.

Listen to Master. Master?

I am your Master.

You are my Master.

And you are...

"Your slave!" The bear sniffed the scent deep one last time, and as he did so, his cock erupted, spraying all of what he was, an unhappy, thinking, non-slave bear, out of him. Stripping him of all that no longer mattered, of all that never mattered, and leaving nothing but a slave. A very happy, very dumb, slave. And the large black bear knew it.

"What are you boy?"

"Slave."

"And what is your purpose?"

"To pleasure Master. To eat."

"And what am I?"

"Master."

The black bear smiled triumphantly and pointed to the banquet, previously forgotten. "Then eat," he growled, rubbing his own hardening cock.

It had been a month. A month of gorging, or hearing footsteps near the entrance, but never farther, and of a bear learning just how to truly please his Master's cock.

"And now," his master said. "It is time."

He looked over the prize he had been training and conditioning for a month, very proud of him. The brown bear that knelt before him was no longer Dramamine. He was a slave bear, nothing more, nothing less. There wasn't a shred of who he once was in that obedient mind of his, he was completely unrecognizable.

Physically he was hardly the same person as well. His weight had more than doubled now, and he was more a mound of bear meat than anything else anymore, the only thing strong enough to make him move being his obedience to his master. Large folds of fat covered his furry body, and he smiled up at him with fat cheeks, eyes eager for praise.

"Today is the day pet," the large bear said, patting his head. The reaction was instantaneous. The slave's body bounced with excitement, and his chubby cock barely peaked out from under his fat folds, leaking already.

"Good boy!" He leaned over and kissed his slave's nose, and then gave it a little lick. He tasted perfect. "Then one last stuffing, and you are ready pet," he said, indicating to his monstrous bear cock, a foot long and throbbing, commanding his gaze.

The bear slave moved as he had many times before, as he lived to do. His fat muzzle instantly closed around as much of the cock as it could, his huge paws wrapping around the rest, as his tongue began its work. He moved up and down the big, veiny thing, stroking it with his warm muzzle and fat paws. His tongue lashed to and fro about the underside, into the slit of the tip, and all about the head. It was what he had trained to do, and his master was enjoying it very much, bucking and humping into his mouth just as foolishly as the smaller bear sucked. His cock gave generous spurts into the mouth his his

slave, and the brown bear lapped the ambrosia right up.

The large black bear growled, and instantly the tongue lashing stopped, the bear once known as Dramamine pulling off quickly. The black bear had not yet cum, but it wasn't into his slave's muzzle that the master wished to deposit his seed. And the slave knew it, because already he was on his back, his huge butt shown before his master, stubby tail wiggling excitedly.

The slave bear was used to being taken by now, but he still whined with pain as his master shoved inch after inch of rock hard meat into him, his ass and insides slamming down like a vice on the large member to stop it from proceeding any further. It was only to make it more pleasurable however, because they both knew master would not be denied, and after a few minutes of grunting and thrusting, lubing his way in with sticky pre, the ten foot bear had his slave's ass pressed against his hips.

And so began the steady, final rhythm of the master and his slave. It was tortuously slow at first. It took a few long pulls and heavy heaves, but after five more minutes the well muscled bear was pounding his fat counterpart as if his life depended upon it. Loud and moist slaps came from his nuts with every hilt, and the slave bear moaned as he pulled out as well, begging for his master to fill him again.

He was getting closer, the dominant bear, and though he slowed down to prolong it for as long as he could, the other's ass was too tight, body too pleasing to the eye, his groans a symphony of pleasure. The black bear could stand it no longer, and his musky nuts blew the entirety of their load deep into his slave's bowels, filling up every last bit of his bear that he could, making sure he was filled to the brim. His slave came as well, as was his need when his master came. For he was so overcome with joy that his master was cumming he could never resist the orgasm. This was part of the black bear's wish as well, for he felt his slave tasted far better when basted in his own juices.

For awhile the two sat there, the slave happy, truly happy. He pleased master perfectly one last time, and soon would become a part of him forever. And the larger bear was happy as well, for it had been a long time since he had enjoyed himself so much with a meal. It was almost with a heavy heart that he began to pull his softening dick forth from his slave's bowels, but getting another good look at his slave's body, smelling his own powerful scent... He was almost put under his spell as well, and could no longer resist.

"You will be my tastiest meal of all," the large bear said, moving down to his fat feet, licking them. It was the kindest thing he could have said to his slave, for now the brown bear was beaming, about to join his master with nothing but joy in his simple mind. He was ready.

"Goodnight my slave. Enjoy becoming something greater than you could ever have been alone." The black bear began to grow even larger in size, 15 feet, 20 feet, 30 now, barely fitting in his own dungeon anymore. Putting his head down to the ground, he moved quickly, and swallowed up his slave's feet. His tongue tickled over the fat feet, eliciting a few giggles from the mound of flesh. Working slowly, he took in the feet and then calves as well, slowly making his way up the shins.

The monstrous bear was already having trouble by the time he got to the other's thighs, but he just opened his jaw further and continued to force the folds of fat into his mouth. After a few moments of grunting and groaning he reach that delicious crotch and ass, stopping again. This time it wasn't for difficulty. He wanted to savor this.

After almost a half an hour of licks and slurps, and four more orgasms on the slave bear's part, the master had finally contented himself and began to move up the belly. He unhinged his jaw and began to make his way over the largest part of his meal. It was almost enough of a work out to burn off the calories he was about to partake in.

He made it though, and was soon gumming at that huge bear nipples, and then slid down to that sweaty back, and then neck, it was all downhill from here. The black bear did stop at the head though, and tilting his head back, sucking on his meal hungrily into the head simply slipped into the mouth like the end of a spaghetti strand.

The slave felt himself slide down that tight esophagus to his destiny. He didn't know what it meant, but he had a slight feeling of nostalgia as he slid down that slimy throat. The feeling quickly left

and was replaced by darkness however, as well as contentment. He was home, with his master forever and ever. He was now nothing more than a huge bulge in a giant's belly.

Lounging on his back, the huge bear just smiled and patted that swollen lump of a belly. He burped, his slave's taste still on his breath, gracing his tongue. A taste he planned to savor for awhile. He didn't lie in the least. That was the best meal he'd had in a long time.