

Muscles tensed, paws flexed, teeth bared and ready to fix upon its prey. The prey had been milling around the room for a few minutes, large tail swishing about (almost like an invitation) as he went about his business, oblivious to the hungry predator only feet away, preparing to pounce.

Those large triangle ears perked, and the wolf's body became still as a statue for a moment. The skunk seemed to have some business with the wall opposite the predator, completely absorbed in whatever was causing him to show his back to the drooling beast. Canine eyes narrowed and watched that landing strip of a tail continue to twitch every so often. So inviting. The time to strike was nearly there.

Breath caught in Riot's throat and his claws dug into the floor. Every muscle was so taut the wolf was afraid flexing might make an audible cracking noise. Nevertheless, the skunk made no indication that he noticed the wolf, and not even a second after starting to bend over did the sound of howl suddenly push through Ger's ears, as manic paws pushed into his back.

"I'm hungry," was the only explanation the skunk received, and far more than a piece of meat deserved. The paws that pushed the skunk into the wall soon slid their way to his front, grasping and squeezing whatever they could, assessing the wolf's meal. One moved up, while the other moved down. A quivering chin was found, quick and hot breaths pouring over the finger that pushed its way into Gerrark's mouth. Whether or not the noises Ger made were words soon became irrelevant, because with his head tilted back the wolf quickly took hold of an ear with his teeth, and the only sounds he could then make were piteous groans.

The other hand found a far greater prize, the *Pièce de résistance*, as it were. For no one's benefit but his own, the wolf could not help but smile. What a perfect piece of meat he had found, getting itself nice and prepared for him. Even going to the trouble of self-marinating! The two canine hands switched off, the one that previously fondled the skunk's junk now held his mouth firm, the fingers covered in the skunk's pre pushing into his mouth.

"Taste." The skunk looked apprehensive for a moment, but as Riot growled and nipped his ear, he began sucking immediately. It was hard work with all the shifting and squirming he was doing, the new paw on Ger's dick trying to milk his fluids as quickly as the skunk sucked them down.

With Riot now confident his position over his prey was well enough established, he pulled away, flipped the skunk over roughly, and ground against his front against the skunk's, forcing Ger to look him in the eye. Though no piece of meat to be snacked upon like the skunk's, the wolf's own erection forced itself on the skunk's, Gerrark without even a second of respite from the wolf frotting him furiously. How long the wolf continued to explore and squeeze and bite at his exposed flesh the skunk was not sure, it was a tortuous stimulation that might have gone on for hours for all he knew. But suddenly the wolf was apparently satisfied with his own teasing (or perhaps too hungry to hold back anymore), for he gave the skunk a shove and bit at his ear again, voice a growl that left no room for hesitation.

"On your knees."

The wolf slid down, dragging himself along the skunk's body the whole way. Of course, a quick stop had to be made between his legs, big canine snout sniffing at the throbbing dick that belonged to no one but him. A few tentative licks, and he finally found his back on the floor, looking up at the

skunk expectantly.

Though still feeling the barest hints of fear and trepidation, the wolf had trained his prey well, and lust overpowered the survival instincts that should have been telling the skunk to run while he could. Instead Ger sunk to his knees, soon straddling the wolf's open mouth, sac resting directly upon his chin. Despite the skunk's repeated attempts to make his thoughts known, as he opened his mouth this time was no different, and civilized words gave way to bestial moaning and groaning.

Riot's paws clamped down quickly and powerfully upon the legs of his prey, which seemed to have already lost its mind entirely. Sniffing turned to kissing, kissing turned to licking, and licking soon became sucking, every inch of the skunk's sac and dick covered in his own pre and wolf spit. What a poor pitiful creature the skunk was, already humping and bending over as the wolf's meal built itself up within his sac. But a quick little nip to his thigh was all it took, and the blushing skunk became rigid once again, doing his best to stay still while the wolf enjoys his meal.

There was just too much for Riot to enjoy, whether it was the taste and feel of the tense junk upon his snout, or the noises and squirms the skunk made as he enjoyed licking that junk. No matter what, there was never enough time for the wolf to enjoy his mewling piece of meat. Oh well, he had enough of the appetizers, it was time for the main course.

Taking in the skunk's member in its entirety with one quick gulp, the wolf sucked as hard as he could, the skunk getting the hint as his body became more rigid by the second. Hanging dangerously over the precipice, the skunk was close, so close; it was so hard to hold back, he couldn't hold back, he must hold back! Must make this pleasure, almost painful as it was, last as long as he could make it. The wolf was hungry though, and as far as he was concerned, it was time for his meal.

With one swift motion, a fat paw digit slid its way between purple cheeks, and finding the skunk's hole, pushed in instantly. The howl the skunk gave would have made the wolf proud if he wasn't too busy sucking down the immense amount of spunk his prey had for him. His body quaked, his muscles spasmed, and his balls emptied themselves down the hungry predator's throat, the wolf making sure to suck down every last bit of strength and stamina the skunk had for him.

He did not remember the orgasm ending, for it was all a blur even this shortly after. But the afterglow was still with the skunk even as he opened his eyes and realized where he rested was upon the wolf. Thankfully sated, it seems he had fallen asleep himself. Not a surprising, for as the skunk moved his tail about, he realized a great amount of sticky wetness had found its way into his fur.

Slumbering beast as he was, it seemed the predatory instincts never completely turned themselves off, Riot's paws still deposited on the skunk's back. Ger shrugged, knowing that even now escape was unlikely, and so he let himself sink into the wolf's fluffy chest. Perhaps a nap was a good idea. It'd let him get his strength back for the next time the wolf had an appetite.