

Raul grunted and gritted his teeth at the sensation wrapped so snug around the rim of his tailhole, tight and forceful there in place. He had had to shave his fur a little bit beneath the base of his tail to fit the cup into place, but once the coyote had finally felt the seal settle into place and pull, pull, *pull*, it was more than worth the preparation.

In order to get this done he had had to hoist his rump into the air with the front of his body flat against the ground, and after so long spent here his legs had started to shiver and ache. It was the exertion of staying upright as well as the *sensation* of the process as well: he had laid out a towel underneath him beforehand and a pillow for his head, though with one paw braced against the ground and the other rhythmically pressing into the bladder of the little air-pump at his side, each pump further increasing the suction through the cup wrapped around his tailhole.

It felt at once like a hungry, insatiable mouth pressed there, pulling relentlessly both at the sensitive skin along the exterior of his tailhole as well as the rim itself, and then whenever he shifted or pushed or squeezed, even *inside*. The coyote swallowed, breathless, and finally released the pump, then shifted his weight so he could reach back with his other paw; he had set up the body-length mirror behind him, though couldn't quite get a good view from this angle. By now his tail felt like it had frozen like this, hiked up at the base, all of his nerves and reflexes telling him he *had* to get this off, that he *had* to rush over to the toilet and squeeze and push, but... instead he tapped at the plastic cup still in place there, felt the thick, dense heat oozing through the surface, gave it a tug, winced, then managed to work a claw underneath the rim.

Once that seal broke Raul could feel the difference in pressure and suction. Also like a hungry mouth, it slurped and slopped against him as he tugged it away, plastic lips pulling along the plump, now swollen girth of his tailhole, pumped to the point where it protruded palpably out from the rest of his body; thick, slimy liquid poured out from the base of the cup and over his shaky fingers, streaking his fur in slightly discolored juices when it came free. Panting and shaking, the coyote dropped the suction cup to the already stained towel, spread his legs a little further, and then slowly, carefully, flipped himself over to sit down – and had to adjust and roll himself down further than expected, just for how far away from his body the device had sucked his tailhole.

Shivering, arousal thrumming through his entire body, the coyote reached back, tugged the pillow up to provide support for his lower back, slid slowly down, then spread his legs and lifted his lower body – and felt another wave of pleasure arc through his body when he finally looked into his mirror. Sheath plump with stirring arousal, full balls hugging close to his body, he reached down underneath and spread himself, though the fat donut of swollen pinkish-red flesh there did most of the job for him.

He could *feel* it in place there, skin and muscle swollen up after such a period of tight suction. It glistened in the light of the room, ridges and wrinkles visible yet puffed severely out: the plush flesh of his rump spread around it, held in place by the rim surprisingly tight and firm. It tingled when he spread his fingers over it, the skin hot, wet, *slick* to the touch, as though everything underneath his tail had been subjected to a vicious hickey.

That *was* kind of what the device did, after all. Raul swallowed again and shifted his weight to his other arm, bringing his paw up and over his chest: more of that discolored slime hung between his fingers, warm and heavily tinted with his own musk. He leaned forward, touched his tongue to his fur, drew it up and over, then plunged two fingers soon followed by a third into his mouth, all the while he watched himself in the mirror. The way his swollen rim mashed and mushed around his grip, how it folded, how it

shifted, how it *bounced* when pressed against... two fingers easily sank up into the still puckered yet slightly gaping center, interior similarly hot and wet. It was so, so easy to hook those fingers around the inside of his protruding ring and tug open, showing the rich, glistening red flesh inside, muscles barely able to work against the tug.

Raul slurped along the fingers of his other paw for a moment longer, heady slickness coating the inside of his mouth and throat, then fell back to prop himself up on his elbows. Now two paws reached down along his rump from opposite sides, and two more fingers joined the two already there... then two more, and finally another two, coming to four on each paw. Just like this, the now-foggy cup of the device resting atop the stained towel beside him, he could pull himself easily open, like digging into the flesh of an overripe watermelon. His rim parted and pulled around all eight fingers, feeling to him like a ring of overstretched, slimy rubber bands, easily to manipulate and part, and – and he pushed, delighting at the sight, the sensation, the *sound* of slick, wet interior walls bunching up and pulsing out towards his forced gape. Every time he moved his fingers inside of himself he could feel those wet walls sloshing and slurping around him, little bubbles of froth and caught air rolling, popping, squeezing out from the overlapping wrinkles there in the center.

Held up and over his head Raul's footpaws shook, the exertion of keeping all of his muscles tensed up like this lashing through his body until he finally just *couldn't* anymore. With a sigh he fell back and let his fingers suck out from inside of himself, already coated through with that same sticky internal slime – but when he rolled partially to the side and looked down past his legs, he saw there in the mirror that his tailhole still hung open, limp and relaxed, a pair of deflated yet still plump, wet lips hanging there and showing a slight peek at the wet meat inside.

Still panting, a pool of eager pre gathering in the fur of his belly, Raul looked over to the pump once more.