

Sheathplay
Kefl

Kieran grumbled and shifted in his seat again, trying to find a comfortable position in which to wedge his noticeably larger legs beneath the cafeteria hall table. At least he had been here long enough that nobody really batted an eye when he walked in as a tall, broad were-hyena, instead of the much shorter and slimmer human he had introduced himself as. Quite a relief, too, considering how embarrassing that first time had been... but, still, he sighed and rolled the claws of one paw back and forth across the surface of the table, the other resting along his upper thigh.

Already he had lost the track of whatever it was he had come here for, the hyena's mind drifting elsewhere, into different things. He had taken a table up near the back of the room hoping to minimize the attention on himself, but still he felt the burgeoning *need* growing inside of him, coaxed forward by the hunger of his mind when he got to this point.

So that paw continued back, and in, and... Kieran half-opened his eyes and surreptitiously gazed around the hall, ensuring that nobody was looking, before he tugged down the zipper of his jeans. Naturally he didn't bother wearing underwear when in this form – he had never gotten any that fit – and as such, as soon as that zipper came down his fingers pressed and sank into the plump, leathery skin of his heavy sheath, thick and supple, a little humid, a little damp.

All morning these thoughts had been with him, and it had gotten to the point where he just couldn't resist. The hyena let out a shivering sigh and leaned back along the chair, just letting the pads of his fingers explore and dance around: he gently pinched the rim of his sheath between forefinger and thumb, gave the dense, elastic skin a tug, circled them around again, then pushed in towards the center. Constant fantasizing on the way here meant that the inner folds had gathered a thick coating of slimy slickness, easily transferring over to coat his fingerpads and allow him to circle them in smoother and more easily, the rich, tickling sensation nearly making one of his legs kick against the underside of the table.

The hyena's eyes closed again, and he put himself back into his dorm last weekend. That little otter from his biology class had come over for a study night together, and then of course things had gone in quite another direction with Kieran here sitting back in his desk chair, legs spread, balls draping down off the front and hefty, equine shaft hanging away from his body, while that otter circled his nose and tongue around the rim and just inside.

The dumbass mustelid had even brought out the *"see? I'm studying your biology"* line, and Kieran had nearly kicked him out right then and there – were it not for the way he had clamped his lips around the end of the hyena's sheath, rolling all of that supple, wet skin forward to enclose around his head again, just as he did now beneath the cafeteria table. The sensation made him shiver and pull in a breath through his nose, toes curling and then uncurling again; a little bit of that stickiness oozed out from the folds of skin and spread between his pads, soaking against his fur and then pulling away in little strands when he released his paw again.

Kieran opened his eyes, realized what he was doing, and then felt a blush hit his dark-furred cheeks. At least he had left the button of his pants together. He grunted, shifted again, tried to move his legs to a position where it wouldn't be *too* obvious, then made a show of folding his paws in front of his muzzle

to rest his chin on them. Slowly, indulgently, he drew in another breath of his own scent, the thick strands hanging across his fur in little wet globules that clung to his lips and nose when he brought it up.

Hell – this was what that damned otter’s breath smelled like when he had finished. Well, this and a whole lot else, after trying to take a full horse cock down his throat, and then managing it just enough so that when Kieran *did* finish, he could tell the poor boy hadn’t even needed to swallow for it to enter his belly. The entire time he had been bobbing along the hyena’s length, one paw remained at his sack while the other teased and toyed along his sheath, drawing it up and forward along his shaft as far as it could go, encasing it in sleek, slick skin, then pushing it back so that all the folds and wrinkles overlapped again.

No denying that the boy knew his way around a sheath, inside and out. Keeping that musk-soaked paw against his nose, Kieran adjusted his posture again and dropped his other back down to the table, eyes drifting shut in remembering the rest of the night. For the entire time while his horse-sized length softened and slid slowly back the otter had remained down there between his legs, idly pawing at himself while he continued his business as usual. Kieran still remembered the sensation of his nose tracing back and forth along his sensitive rim, the warm little puffs of breath washing across and within his sheath, and then how he would occasionally purse his lips and suck some of the supple skin up and into his mouth, tugging it away from the base of his shaft. Sometimes he would lift a paw up and bunch that skin together, bringing out a little space into which he could slip his tongue, and suck, and slurp, and-

Kieran jumped at a sudden *pop* from underneath the table, quickly followed by a hefty *thump* that he felt through the surface. That would have been the button of his pants popping off, and... he shivered, wriggled his hips, throbbed, and felt the underside of the table pushing back down against his hard shaft. He grimaced, felt that blush return, and tried to nonchalantly slide his paw underneath the table... and resulted only in pressing himself down against the blunted flare, pulling another shudder, kick, and throb out of himself.

So *that’s* what kind of day it was going to be.

Monster/teratophilia
Criticalshot1239

Zath gasped and jerked awake, heart thumping in his chest and ears perked in rapt, frantic attention. Chest heaving with unsteady, panicked breath, the snow leopard shuffled himself up where he lay and tried to recall just where he was, and what he had been doing. His eyes flicked back and forth through his surroundings, seeing nothing at first and just making him even more nervous – until bit by bit, little shards of light started to seep in and take root in his vision, outlining silhouettes and figures around him.

Gradually the misty wisps of panic and imagination trickled away from him, his previous experience flowing out from his memory like a ghost of smoke blown apart under a pleasant breeze. He’d been dreaming, and now that he wasn’t anymore he had realized that he was just at home in his bedroom, like every other night. Nothing was out of the ordinary or unusual: there was the door, slightly open as he had left it; the short dresser up against the other wall under the window, curtains drawn; the closet door, also partially open, and then the same for the bathroom, with the pale blue light of the plug-in air freshener sneaking out and across the far wall.

Nothing changed. Nothing unusual. So the snow leopard swallowed, took in a breath, held it a moment, let it back out as a slow sigh, and rolled over to go back to sleep... but still something kept him from doing so. Perhaps it was just the shock of waking up like that, but he almost felt like there was someone else in here watching him, someone weighing down the other side of the bed.

And the more he thought about it, the more he dreaded turning to look. *It's nothing*, he told himself, fingers balling up in the sheets; *they discovered that that sensation is just the brain tricking itself. It's not a real thing. You just expect to feel it, and the more you think about it, the stronger that feeling gets, until-*

With another intake of breath and a sudden burst of energy he flipped himself over, eyes scrunched shut, then opened then – to look straight at the blank wall behind his bed, the sheets there tousled but no worse than what he usually did with them. So he had been right. Feeling more than a little silly, the snow leopard sighed, rolled over onto his back again, and slid his paws down his body, waiting for the thumping of his heart to fade away. Try as he might, though, his mind still rumbled and roiled around with nervous activity, and he knew it would be some time before he could fall back asleep.

So he did what anyone else in his position might do; he rolled his head over to the side, slid one paw up along his chest, and let the other drift down a little further, over smooth, bare fur – since of course he slept naked – until his thumb hooked around his sheath, and his fingers around his sack. There had been a great comic he'd read recently, one that had hung around enough that it often distracted him while he was going about his daily business; so now he closed his eyes, sighed, and squeezed in around his sheath, bringing up those memories and images, sliding himself into place as one of the characters.

Slowly his mind wandered back and forth through these thoughts and fantasies. At one point the snow leopard gritted his teeth and threw the blankets back, welcoming the little puff of familiar scent as that trapped heat washed up and over him. He rolled his head from side to side, paw moving in quick, urgent movements along his now fully hard length, chest heaving in breath unsteady for a different reason now. His thoughts had drifted to other interests and ideas, weirder, deeper ones; he imagined long, slick appendages, tentacles, curling up and around his ankles, binding his other wrist, slipping up over his lower body and wrapping tight around the base of his sack, and his shaft, and –

And a sudden fierce, powerful tug, lifting him up and into the air over the bed, made him realize that this was certainly not fantasy. Shock and panic lanced through him, at war with the arousal and excitement that still trickled throughout his nerves: the snow leopard tugged and pulled against these strange limbs, trying his best to work free yet unable to.

Had he fallen asleep again? The tentacles wrapped around his sheath and sack squeezed and massaged and rubbed, gently yet deliberately, to the point where suspended in the air like this he couldn't help but grit his teeth and grind his hips forward and back. The tentacles, sleek and sticky and a little bit slimy, gripped and sucked around him, tapered tips curling up further towards the end of his shaft and then down beneath his sack towards his tailhole.

One began to coil around his throat. He reached up and tried to grip at it, tried to peel it away, but still couldn't. Gradually the tentacles twisted him around until he was looking back down at his bed – some part of his half-asleep mind almost expected to see himself down there, as though he were dreaming again – but there was something else, something *wrong*. The light from the air freshener over in the

bathroom normally fell across the foot of his bed and then trailed up the wall from there, but as he looked now, a certain patch of shadow sticking out from underneath his bedframe blocked out the light.

Zath frowned, still squirming against the tentacles, and tried to get a closer look. Brief dizziness threatened to consume him, then, as that patch of shadow seemed almost to flow out from underneath his mattress like a pool of thick tar, spreading out across the carpeted floor and eating up the patches and hints of light where it went. Even with his eyes adjusted to the darkness in the room the feline couldn't quite follow its movements, or whether it was even really there instead of a figment of his imagination; it was like watching the road on a long drive, then stopping and looking up at the sky, with that sensation of everything still swimming and moving around him.

And then the shadow stopped, and when he blinked, he wasn't sure it was still there. Then, though, something in its essence shifted and changed... and one eye smacked open with the sound of wet flesh pulling apart. At least, he *thought* it was an eye, instead of just a half-visible disturbance within the not-quite-surface of the shadow, twisting and shifting, turning to look up at him. Then a second eye pried itself open, and a third, and a fourth.

So it had never been something *on* his bed that he felt, but rather, something *beneath* it. The tentacles tightened around his body again, then slurped up between his legs like great, clammy tongues.

Cum milking
criticalshot1239

Slowly coming back to his senses, the snow leopard shifted and squirmed yet found himself bound tight in place. Despite the dizziness and disconnect provided from his brief unconsciousness, he could still tell that he was lying back against some kind of table or flat surface, elevated up at an angle and back. He blinked, then blinked again, then shook his head side to side, briefly panicking with the discovery that he still couldn't see despite his eyes being open.

Then, just as gradually as his wakefulness, the realization set in as well: he was blindfolded. And also bound in place against this surface, tight manacles squeezing around his upper arms, his wrists, his chest, his waist, his thighs, his ankles. He shifted and squirmed again, then gasped and pushed forward as a certain *sensation* lanced through him: his legs were held apart, both by the manacles themselves and apparently by a stiff metal bar socketed into place between them. Then right there in front of him, pulsing and sucking and slurping in a slow, steady motion, something drew at his shaft bared to the world around him, wherever that might be.

He gasped and grunted again, the forced pleasure pulsing back and forth through him. He had only the foggiest of memories from what had happened before, and whenever he tried to piece those individual scenes together it just felt like trying to think his way through a dream, with all the details slipping like loose sand through his fingers. Was he moving? Was the world around him spinning? He swallowed, gritted his teeth, thumped his head back against whatever it was he lay upon, then shifted and reflexively thrust forward again.

"...Oh," purred a sleek voice from somewhere behind him, smooth and rich like black velvet, "*looks like our prey is awake. Would you like to go help him out?*"

The snow leopard perked his ears, trying to listen for footsteps, but found none. A moment later the blindfold was swiped away from his muzzle and he prepared to blink against the bright lights... which never shimmered across him. He opened his eyes and looked around in the dimness, shapes and silhouettes slowly growing from the gloom. It looked as though he was in someone's basement or garage, bare support timbers and insulation showing. There was something distinctly *wrong* about this place, though, but he couldn't tell what.

Suddenly a face poked its way into view from behind him, making him jump. The snow leopard sucked in a gasp and leaned as far to the other side as he could, though just as soon shuddered and jerked again as the machine, for that was what worked on him, continued to pull and suckle at his hard length, bringing him dangerously close to an embarrassing, unintentional finish.

"Ah," purred a second voice, a little grittier than the one before. "There he is. Zath. *Zath*. Look at me."

So he did – and then wished he hadn't. It *looked* like a cat, at least in shape, but the fur seemed thin and patchy without being unhealthy. Soft, plush black sprouted up over pale skin, following sharp lines of protruding cheekbones, nose, muzzle, jaw. Pale eyes nearly completely devoid of color flicked back and forth across his face, but it was something else that caught and held Zath's attention: this cat had long, vicious fangs poking out over his lower lip, like the fangs of a sabertooth. That unsettling face tilted a bit, eyes seeming to look *into* Zath as much as at him, and then a distressingly long, pointed tongue flicked out and curled up and over each of those fangs in turn.

"There you are. Look, they usually don't like us making this personal, but – I know you. You know me. Right?"

The snow leopard frowned, but couldn't maintain this for long. Despite himself and the situation, still there was this damn machine sucking at his shaft: he clenched his paws into fists, gritted his teeth, and then bucked against his constraints as that urgent peak finally forced its way out of him, tension growing to an explosion that spurted out of him, once, twice, and again, and again. The screws of the manacles rattled as Zath tugged and yanked against them, his body trying to double forward over itself yet unable to, belly tightening and thighs straining. Through eyes half-shut he looked down and saw the ropes of milky white empty out into the tube vacuumed around his shaft to the base, still sucking and pulsing; and he watched that stringy liquid sucked up into the machine, pulled out towards a receptacle tank near the base of the pump itself which, he saw, was certainly not empty.

Was *that* why he felt so sore? Gradually the pace of the thing slowed to a near-stop, yet never halted entirely. Each pulse made him shiver and tense up again, nerves never allowed to rest completely, keeping him right there at the edge of forced arousal and erection, squeezing out every last bit of that vital fluid.

For a moment he had forgotten about the somewhat ugly cat peering at him. Mind slowly clearing, Zath licked his lips, swallowed, and thumped his head back again. "Wh..." He had to clear his throat. "What? Who are you? Do I know you?"

"Oh!" The cat pressed a paw to his chest, mouth falling open in mock surprise. With a shock Zath saw that every single other of his teeth were just as sharp, giving him the look of a shark or something – but also could he tell that none of them were artificially filed that way. "I am *offended*. We take the time to steal you away, bag you up, drug you – oh, you're *far* from home – and get you here, nice and strapped

in... hell, you've given us five loads since we got you here. I'm surprised you're still going. But, hey, that's we picked you, isn't it?"

He tried to respond, then jumped again as he became aware of *another* presence from his other side. Zath turned and looked forward at the bare chest of some kind of canine, then tilted his muzzle up to see that this one had the same odd effect of fur and muzzle that the cat did: sharp and sunken, sallow yet still vibrant with its own sort of life. And then, of course, the *fangs* as well.

Zath frowned, exhaustion and humiliated relief still pounding through him. "Wait. *Wait-*"

The lupine's oddly colored face lit up, if such an expression was suitable. He looked across their prisoner to the cat. "See? He remembers *me*. Since *we* didn't meet exclusively through a glory hole in the back of an *Olive Garden*. We actually went on a date, and..."

Zath frowned. "You sucked my dick."

"Bingo." The lupine's tongue flicked out and across his fangs, and the trapped leopard saw it was just as long and sharp as the cat's. "And I had to have more. Funny how that works, right? Vampires in stories drink blood and all that. But vampires of the *present* – well..."

He reached down and clicked something on the machine – and then Zath strained against his bonds again as it kicked back into action.

"We're almost done. Just – oh, three or four more, than you can have a break."

Sheathplay
Waggitt

Prince glanced up to the full moon once more, the pale light shimmering down seeming to trace across his fur with a soft, gentle touch. Moose had been bugging him to go out for a walk tonight, and after figuring that the night had advanced far enough that they wouldn't get any further trick-or-treaters, the Australian shepherd had finally conceded and headed out alongside the large feral Great Dane. He had taken him out with his favorite chain collar and matching leash, though it was more for show than anything: Moose really walked himself, and besides, between the two of them it was never Prince who was in control.

The nearby park was nearly empty too to his surprise, save for a small group that had gathered around the green in the center for a Halloween evening campfire. If the shepherd looked over his shoulder he could just barely make out the pillar of smoke as it curled up into the sky, pale grey against a thicker, darker blue-black, the star muted under the city lights but moon still bright and full. He could tell that it wasn't just him who felt that strange feeling, too: whenever he stole a glance over at the feral trotting along in front of him, full heavy sack swinging and bouncing between his hind legs, heavy sheath jiggling against his belly, Moose would flick a glance over his shoulder and look back at Prince with startling intelligence and knowledge in his green eyes.

So, as usual, it wasn't Prince who led the two of them a bit off the trail, into the more wooded section of the park that backed up against the next line of houses. Moose just so much as *suggested* they head over that way behind the bushes, then *suggested* that Prince squat down close to the ground and wait

for him. Down like this, the Australian shepherd's head came about level with the middle of the feral's chest, so that when Moose turned around, chains of his collar and leash jingling against the ground, his sheath lined up about perfectly with his muzzle as well.

"Okay," Prince murmured, and rolled his eyes – though already he felt a familiar stirring in his own sheath. "Yeah, yeah. I figured this was what you wanted. Here, let me –"

But when he reached forward to wrap a paw around the dog's plump endowment, Moose tossed his head and let out a gruff little *wumf* from between his floppy lips. Prince reached forward again, received the same response, then sat back, frowned, and tilted his head. In response the dog flicked his tongue out over his chops, moved a little bit further, and motioned down towards his caretaker's pants.

Prince looked down, then back up, then down again. And *then* he understood.

Excitement and interest, paired with a tingling nervousness from knowing that the only thing blocking them from the view of the sidewalk was this single bank of bushes, bounced through him. The Australian shepherd swallowed, looked behind him, then stood up just far enough to quickly undo the fly of his pants and tug them and his underwear down to his knees.

"Okay. There." He motioned down at himself, his own tip poking a good inch out of his sheath. "Now what? Want me to, uh – get down underneath you, or-?"

To his surprise again, this time Moose shifted a little further, spread his hind legs, and lifted one of them. Prince waited there for a moment, expecting him to let loose right then and there – it wouldn't be the first time – but instead the feral just looked up at him expectantly. The two held each other's gazes for a moment, then Moose made another little noise with enough force to cause his sheath and sack to bounce and jiggle again.

After all this time together the Australian shepherd could understand him fairly well. Despite this, though, a warm blush spread across his face, and then deepened when he dropped down to his knees again, sidling up against the dog's presented side. One arm went over and around his broad body while the other reached down underneath, thumb and two fingers easily finding the girth of his soft, plump sheath, squeezing there, rubbing gently... and then bit by bit that slick, damp heat started to spread out, pulsing against his fingers.

He didn't have to look to guide Moose towards his intended goal. Once he had worked the feral halfway there, which already put his length at more than his own, Prince shifted his hips forward again, pushed, brought his other paw down and in... and then gently, carefully directed the dog's tapered tip into the soft lip of his own sheath, letting it pull out against the tender skin, sink in further, stretch and fill it until he could feel the strain.

It made his legs shake and sent a shiver through his body, especially once Moose started to thrust and grind his hips forward against the shepherd, deliberately pressing his length further, deeper into the offered sheath. Prince could *feel* himself twitching and throbbing, caught within the wet flesh of his own sheath yet unable to squeeze out due to the pressure already pushing out from inside. Warm wetness trickled down between his fingers and soaked into his fur, oozing out from the feral's little rhythmic jets of pre *into* his sheath, surrounding his twitching shaft in clinging dog musk, gradually ballooning his skin until, with a squeeze, it all squirted back out and across the dirt underneath them.

Panting, shaking a little bit, Prince dropped his other paw down as well, pinching at the lip of his sheath to draw it further forward so he could more fully squeeze around the both of them. Moose tilted his head back in animalistic pleasure while he went on thrusting, heavy balls swinging forward and back underneath him. Before long Prince found himself pushing forward as well, paw rhythmically squeezing and relaxing around the two of them, his own shaft pulsing, growing against Moose's until, finally, the Dane popped free from within his sheath, leaving the skin stretched and dangling, leaking milky pre around the base of his arousal.

The Australian shepherd swallowed, started to wipe his paw off on his thigh, paused, then brought it to his muzzle instead. Moose's green eyes met his again, now half-lidded with knowing invitation.

Prince drew his tongue along between his fingers, lapping off some of that dripping ooze. "Yeah," he panted, "okay. Just – give me a second. Be quiet, okay? Let me... just..." And he moved to lie down on his back, footpaws underneath his rump to lift himself up; Moose took a step over him and moved forward, bringing his heavy cock closer to Prince's, until his tip nudged once more at the lip of his sheath.

If he used *both* paws to tug himself open, he knew that he could make it stretch far enough.

Unusual toys – voodoo doll Waggitt

Daryl swallowed, anticipation and excitement thrumming through his exhausted, pleased body. At many points throughout the night he'd had to pause in the hallway or when turning a corner to catch himself there, arms raised up against the wall and forehead pressing forward, teeth gritted, eyes scrunched shut, while the rest of his body bounced and lurched and shook with the sensation of something *much* larger than him pushing up into his guts from underneath his tail, stretching him open and plunging deep, then pulling back and doing the same again and again.

It was one thing for it to get out at a party, but for it to happen at a *college* party for his entire dorm section... it probably helped that wasn't any actual physical interaction, at least. The Australian shepherd had had to stop in the public bathroom at one point, sitting back across the toilet with both his paws resting across his belly where he could definitely feel the progress and bulge of some phantom member pushing deep into him, somehow stretching his insides around it when it wasn't really there. He had stayed there for a while after, certain that he could feel the trickling heat of the stranger's load ballooning his bowels, but then nothing had come out.

Of course he hadn't believed that the voodoo doll would *actually* work. It had started as a joke among his group of friends – he couldn't actually remember how it had started – and he had let one of them hang onto it, telling him as a joke, "*hey, I bet you could fuck that and give me the best night of my life, huh?*"

As a *joke*. Needless to say, the shepherd wasn't expecting that night to wake up with his belly bulging, tailhole stretched around a cock that wasn't there, and his own arousal spurting out across his fur from the pressure that pretended to be inside of him. He'd been too embarrassed to tell his friend about it the next day, and spent a good week trying to work up the courage to ask for it back, unsure if the other *knew* he was railing Daryl from across campus with a dick bigger than any he had taken in his

life, night by night. Sometimes two or three times a night, and then four on that one exam day, one of which had happened while he was *in* class, and...

And now the shepherd had closed himself in one of the bathroom stalls again, door locked behind him, with his own doll clutched in his paws. It was the strangest sensation: he could just vaguely, faintly feel the sensation of his own paws squeezing and brushing around him, though unless he was looking straight at the thing while he did it, it came across more as a figment of his imagination. That was probably a deliberate design choice on the doll, as he couldn't count the number of times he had lost one of his plushies as a pup only to find it wedged between the mattress and the wall, or shoved up underneath the nightstand, or in any number of other tight places.

As for the sensations on the *inside*, though... he flipped himself over, thankful that *that* didn't transfer through, and then slowly, gently ran his thumb over the admittedly inviting pucker sewn into the underside of the doll, just beneath the dock of the tail. Even though he was expecting it, the result still made him jump, shiver, and look behind himself: then he did so a few more times, pushing and pressing his thumbpad up against the doll's tailhole, each time able to feel the resulting pressure and warmth against his own.

Daryl swallowed, reached down with his other paw, and undid his pants fly, bringing his half-hard shaft out into the still bathroom air. The thought *did* drive him a little bit wild, especially after a night where he was certain he'd already gotten filled some seven or eight times – when it had finally fallen into his own possession the doll was quite warm, and a little bit damp. The shepherd turned and sat down on the toilet, lifting the thing up towards his muzzle, hiking the little tail at the base. He gave it a little sniff – it smelled like strange fabric and then the distinctive touch of arousal – then sighed, hesitated, wet his lips, hesitated again... and let his tongue come out and drag across that surprisingly snug hole.

Then he did so again, and again, and *again*, each time leaning forward a little bit further, his own tail lifting up under the pleasure, his legs shaking and spreading as he could feel his own tongue, magnified, draw across his rump. It was such a strange feeling, each little bump and flex of the muscle, sleek and slick yet never leaving any actual slickness of saliva against himself; Daryl swallowed, turned his head, and pursed his lips against the doll's tailhole, and thus also his own, suckling softly and circling around. His other paw dropped down and squeezed and rubbed at his actual sheath, putting in the very little work he needed to get himself the rest of the way there.

What a *feeling* it was, compounded with the knowledge that this really shouldn't work. Everything he did to the doll he felt in himself, from circling the tip of his tongue around, to poking in to the center, to drawing back and just *breathing* over the sensitive muscle, presented on the doll as little more than an intricately stitched, surprisingly elastic hole. Almost fit for a finger, really.

Almost. Daryl shivered again, looked down at his own cock, then at the doll, then back again, then moved it into place over his tapered tip. Slowly, gently, *carefully*, he poked up against it, felt the familiar warmth and pressure against his own from underneath, and then bit by bit pulled it down around himself.

And he *felt* himself sink steadily up into his own rump, warm and tight, delicious and wonderful as both sides of it echoed through his body. The shepherd tossed his head back and let out a slow, soft sigh, paw squeezing around the toy – his own body – to hold it in place as he continued to press into it, stretching

himself around *himself*, legs shifting to accommodate his girth, feeling each of his throbs both through the origin as well as in the muscles and bowels slipping down around it.

Now that he had gotten his paws back on the thing, he couldn't imagine ever letting it go again. Daryl sat forward, let out another shuddering sigh, and licked his lips again. He was going to be in here for a while.