

A Wild Night

“Hello? Oh, yeah! I was just wondering if you’d like to come to my party. I’m hosting one at my place, you think you’d be interesting in coming? Oh, really? Sweet! Alright, be here at ten! Food? Oh, I’ll have food. What kind of a party doesn’t have food? Ha-ha, yeah. Alright. See you here!”

With a soft click, Darkstar hung the phone up. There was a happy and rather mischievous grin on his face-perhaps *too* happy for a silly party- as he drew a line in bright red ink, through another one of the names that he’d jotted down on his notepad. Humming, the Panolf padded over to the kitchen and opened one of the large wooden cabinets. *“Seems everything is already here.. Oh! Dip! Dip would be perfect.”* He muttered, reaching up and gently moving aside some of the various glass containers and boxes. Behind all of those, there was a label-less black jar, its contents hidden by a layer of black paper. Darkstar cautiously wrapped his fingers around the small jar, and brought it down. Judging by the nervous expression in his wide eyes, this was something you definitely didn’t want to spill.

A dull pop echoed through the kitchen as the hybrid twisted the lid off of the mysterious little jar. He peered inside of it, and a frown replaced his earlier. *“Almost out.. Shit. Mmh.. Well, this should be enough anyway. I’ll buy more when I need it.”* He sighed out. He didn’t have much time to think about the little ‘problem’, because just then the phone rang. He twisted the cap back on and left the jar on the kitchen table, while he darted over and picked the phone up. *“Hello? My party? Who told you about that? Ohh.. Matty did? I was going to invite you too! I’ve just been making calls left and right, you know? Aw. Well, yeah, I’m throwing a little party at around ten. There’ll be food and drinks, too. Yup. Alright, see you then!”*

Darkstar smiled and set the phone down, humming quietly to himself. He turned around, padded back to the kitchen, and began to make the fruit punch. Before he set it in the fridge, he added a dash of the powder from the mysterious jar. *“This is going to be -perfect-.”*

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The first guests began to arrive at around nine-thirty, mainly furs that Darkstar hadn’t spoken to, or seen in awhile. It seemed as if there were more canines than anything else, though there was the occasional feline, or reptile. Darkstar had taken to greeting them all at the door, shaking their hands (Or paws, or hoofs, or claws). While it seemed like a friendly thing to do, the Panolf was secretly scouting out the visitors. *‘Ooh.. Bat tongues are quite long. That should work just fine.’* He thought, quite pleased with the turnout.

All in all, around forty guests had arrived at the party. Some family, some friends, and some other furs who he’d seen around yet never spoken to. He assumed they just ended up tagging along with some of his actual friends.

The hybrid smiled to himself, his eyes scanning the lot in front of his house. There were many cars parked along the driveway, yet everyone seemed to be inside already. With a soft click, Darkstar closed the door, and locked it. There was a strange finality that accompanied the sound of the lock turning in place. However, the party-goers seemed too busy drinking the tasty punch he set out earlier, and were chatting idly. There was the occasional obnoxious pair making out on the couch, but aside from that, everyone seemed to be crowded around the living room, most of the furs dancing to the upbeat music coming from the large ebony speakers. Darkstar sat down on a stool and began chatting with a bat, who had already had too many drinks of punch.

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As the night wore on, the party began to slow down. Not many furs were dancing now, everyone seemed to be sitting around and relaxing. Darkstar took the opportunity to make an announcement, now that it was fairly quiet. *"Hey guys! How was that party? Was it as good as I said it'd be?"* He was greeted with cheering and whistles, and the Panolf grinned. He cleared his throat and checked his watch. It had been exactly two hours since the party started. Two hours since most of the guests partook in the tasty punch, which was almost gone by now. *"I've actually got a surprise for you all. A gift, for taking time out of your night to come and keep me company! If you would just enter the room by the kitchen, I'll be sure to give it to you guys!"*

Sluggishly, the crowd began to shift towards the kitchen, filing into the room. Dark was at the very end of the line, and had chosen his place in order to make sure that the guests would enter the room. The hybrid made idle banter with the wolf in front of him, who was quite curious as to what the surprise would be. *"Oh, you'll see. I'm sure it's going to be great, you guys'll never forget it."* Dark giggled out, his tail lashing eagerly. The wolf sighed and grumbled something, before squeezing into the room. The panolf followed, and made his way into the large, dimly lit room.

The large room was fairly crowded, but most of the furs had organized themselves into lines that went horizontally from one end of the room to the other. The large room was completely empty, with the exception of a comfy single seat couch that was positioned against the back wall. Darkstar squeezed his way through the crowds, and made his way to the very front of the room, where he stood up on the seat, turned and addressed the crowd. *"Are you guys ready for your surprise?"* He smiled as the guests cheered again. He dug into his pocket and tugged out a match, which he promptly lit. He held the burning wooden stick up to a small fire detector on the roof, and within seconds, sprinklers situated in the back and middle of the room began to spray water all over the crowd. The spray of water only lasted for about ten seconds, and left everybody soaked. Darkstar smiled maliciously, and hopped off of his chair. He seemed to be the only one who wasn't soaked in the freezing water. *"Surprise!"* He giggled out. Nobody had time to complain, though. Within seconds, furs began to "vanish", leaving only piles of clothes. It wasn't long before Dark was the only visible inhabitant in the room.

Darkstar began to casually walk towards the mass piles of clothes, gently kicking them aside, exposing the miniature versions of his guests, who seemed to dazed to react. *"Alright everyone, line*

up! Let's all move to the left side of the room, now. I'll answer your questions later." The Hybrid purred out. Most of the tiny furs complied, the sudden shock of shrinking down to a mere 6 inches had been enough to keep them in that fragile state between terrified and obedient. Around thirty or so of the furs had actually listened to the now giant (to them) Panolf, while the remaining ten decided to stay in place. The hesitant ones were always an issue, but now that Dark had a size advantage, he could coerce them to do his will. All it took to convince them was a gentle tapping of his foot.

"I bet you're all wondering what happened, right? Well, I'll put this simply: You're all my little toys now." Darkstar paused, grinning toothily at the crowd of shrunken furs. He could just make out the expressions of terror and fear that his little guests seemed to exhibit. *"Let it sink in.. That's right. You're just slaves and toys for me, now. Any problems with that?"* He tapped his foot, watching curiously. One fennec fox squirmed and stumbled his way out of the crowd, craning his head back to look at the enormous Panolf. *"Ooh, what's this? A dissident? Speak."* Dark commanded, crouching down lower in order to listen to the pleas of his hapless victim.

"Y-you can't do that! We have lives! You can't just treat us like we're nothing!" The caramel colored fennec yipped out. Dark rolled his eyes and stood back up to his full height. He lifted a foot and held it above the fennec's head. Unceremoniously, he dropped it right on the vulpine, filling the room with a sickening crunch and snap. He twisted his foot in place, then dragged it back, leaving a gory and pulpy smear. Dark simply lifted his foot and showed the bottom off to the crowd, many of which gagged and turned away, little screams coming from them. *"I'm afraid he was wrong. You're all easily expendable. I could just drop my foot on all of you, and erase you from the planet. Does anyone else have a complaint they'd like to voice, or can we get started with the real fun?"* The cruel Panolf was met with dead silence. The new micros were too shocked at the sight of seeing one of their own crushed with so little effort. An entire life, just *ended* in less than a second. So much harm caused, and not only to the poor vulpine himself. He had a family, friends, and a future, yet it was all torn apart by a single step. A sentient being reduced to a gory mix of blood, guts, and stained fur.

"I'm assuming your silence means you're more than happy to comply. That's so kind of you! I knew you'd learn your places. Now, if you'd be so kind as to follow me.." Dark smiled cheerfully and turned, padding over to the chair. He flopped down on it and watched as the crowd nervously approached him, inching closer and closer. Eventually they had crowded around his feet, since Dark promised he wouldn't harm anyone else if they did as they were asked. *"Alright, your first task is to clean my feet. I was walking around quite a lot earlier, no doubt they're pretty sweaty. Then there's that fennec I accidentally stepped in.. Ugh. I definitely want that gunk off my feet. Unless you all want to join him, I'd suggest getting started. Now."*

That was all the coercing the micros needed. About twenty were able to secure a spot near Dark's feet, and began to reluctantly lick at the sweat covered paws. To Dark, this was heaven. He slumped back in his seat and sighed happily, as the tiny tongues lapped at his feet. He knew that it probably tasted quite salty and overpowering, and that only made him more excited. He shifted in his seat and tugged his pants down to his thighs, exposing his underwear. There was a large bulge in them, and the Panolf idly rubbed at the tip of the bulge with his thumb. *"M-mmhr.. That's it.. Lick up all of that*

sweat, you worthless insects..” He moaned out, flexing his toes and playfully trapping some of the furs between them, giving them a tight squeeze, and then letting them fall back to the floor.

As Dark continued his fairly abusive treatment of the micros, he grew increasingly aroused. Finally, he couldn’t stand it anymore. He tugged at the rim of his underwear and jerkily slid it down so that it hugged his thighs, and revealed his blood-red shaft. It was nine and a half inches long, and two and a half inches thick. There were also little barbs on the head of his length, a reminder of his feline heritage. The formulating knot at his base, however, was a reminder of his *canine* side as well. Dark wrapped his hand around his stiff member, and began to move his hand up and down in a fluid motion, pleasuring himself to the thought of the micros licking his sweaty and musky feet clean. He even felt them begin to tug the remains of the fennec off, tatters of fur and guts peeling off his warm sole. He had to see this for himself, so he leaned forward in his seat, watching through narrowed eyes. He could just make out the shapes of the tiny furs, as they unwillingly worshipped and bathed his feet in saliva. He doubted that there was any sweat left, since apparently it was lapped up as soon as it had dripped out of the microscopic pores on his feet.

Darkstar clenched his length harder, his hand now moving in a blur. He gasped and bucked up into his hand, which was coated in his sticky precum. He knew he was close to climaxing, so he angled his length down at the crowd, and within seconds, ropes of sticky white seed shot out, coating the poor micros and the tops of his feet. He exhaled and leaned back into the seat, idly wiggling his seed covered toes. *“M-mmhr.. There, more work for you guys..”* He panted out, shivering in pleasure as the tongues resumed their speedy licking.

Darkstar folded his arms behind his head and closed his eyes. *‘If having them lick my feet feels -this- good, then perhaps there are other places where they can “work”.*’ He smiled at the thought, then opened one eye and glanced back down at the sticky bunch of micros, shuffling about near his feet. Not all of them could reach him, a good number were just standing in place, squirming nervously. *‘We can’t have that.’* Dark giggled quietly, suddenly snapping his fingers. To the micros, it was a deafening snapping noise, that would’ve ruptured their ears at a closer range. Every shrunken fur stopped their current task, but not before panicking and yelping, at the loud noise.

The Panolf grinned toothily, resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his open palms. *“It doesn’t like like all of you are actually working.”* His neon green eyes slowly scanned the crowd, observing the expressions of his doomed playthings. Those few words had already seemed like a threat, and the ones closest to his feet began to feverishly kiss and lick at his large toes, which he flexed gently. *“Mmhr.. Better, but everyone -else- doesn’t seem to have room. Not to worry, I’m sure you’re all very eager to have a turn at my feet, but in the meantime, I require volunteers for another task. I need cleaning, particularly up -here-.”* At this point, he leaned back and motioned at his semi-flaccid length, which dribbled some leftover seed. He smiled and cleared his throat. *“Well? Do I have volunteers, or do I have to pick them out myself?”*

Much to the hybrid’s surprise, two furs shuffled forward. They seemed very familiar, almost as if they.. Dark’s eyes widened a bit, finally recognizing who the tiny gryphon and raccoon were. He dated the gryphon at one point, yet time had prevented them from going on another date. The raccoon,

however, sometimes seemed to linger in the locker room, changing at an agonizingly slow pace. He only ever did it when Dark was being slow as well, so he presumed that the procyonid simply wanted to watch *him* dress. *'Damn.. Letting loose and doing whatever I want, is awfully hard once I know just -who- it is I'm doing things to..'* He thought, grimacing. His grimace had served to frighten the pair, giving them the impression that he wasn't pleased with them.

Darkstar quickly shook his head, and extended a paw all the way down, his palm lying on the ground now. *"Hop on, then."* He forced himself to smile again, and the two tiny furs scurried onto his open paw. *'So fragile.. Just once squeeze, and they'd die. They'd really -die-. I would never see them again..'* Dark shuddered at the thought, and sighed softly, his warm breath washing over the gryphon and raccoon. He glanced back down at them, holding them close to his length. They didn't actually seem too upset, now that he thought about it. They looked quite pleased, and their actions only seemed to further that theory. They were both standing at the edge of the "giant's" hand, as close to the towering member as they could. With a small shrug, Dark tipped his hand, causing them to tumble onto his crotch, landing at the base of his cock.

Dark's length dwarfed the two, they had to crane their heads back, in order to see the oozing red tip. The micros exchanged words briefly, then they took their places. The Gryphon wrapped his winged arms around the base of the member, from the front, while the more agile raccoon did the same, yet from the underside of it. The raccoon began to shimmy up the hybrid's shaft, until his head was poking out from under Dark's tip. The micro leaned in and pressed his lips to the Panolf's tip, wrapping his lips around it and suckling eagerly. While he sucked, the Gryphon grinded against the warm and slick shaft, his soft feathers stimulating Dark to no end.

The Panolf's mind was in a haze of lust, which clouded his judgement. Everything else was second to his own pleasure and his need to climax again. As the gryphon and raccoon worshipped his length, he lifted a foot straight up, tossing three of the 'loyal' micros up into the air. Even in his intoxicated state of mind, he was still agile enough to catch the little toys, without them breaking any bones. Dark grinned down at the small group, then plucked one- a wolf- and casually tossed him into his maw, where he sucked eagerly.

Dark couldn't see the facial expressions of the remaining two micros, everything was too blurry for him to accurately make out. Truthfully, he didn't -care- by now. He just picked one of them up- this time a fox- and pressed him against his sac, which had been resting on the soft cushion of the chair. *"Lick.."* He groaned out in a husky, lust-filled voice. The fox complied, and began to lick along the musky fur there. He grinned and shivered, squeezing his fists tightly, forgetting about the remaining 'toy'.

A snap brought his attention back. It was a wet and organic sounding snap, akin to the sound of a damp twig breaking. He perked his ears up and opened his hand, only to discover that the lower half of the little husky was now mangled and unrecognizable. It didn't impede his plans much, he was planning on trying something new and potentially deadly, anyway. *"D-damn things, always so fragile.."* He huffed out. With a sigh of mild annoyance, he gently grabbed the whining and whimpering husky, right by the midsection. Dark brought him over to his throbbing length, and very gently nudged the raccoon's muzzle away from his tip. Thankfully, the creature was smart enough to catch on, and he quickly slid

down the shaft of the hybrid's throbbing member.

Dark gripped his cock with two fingers and held it steady, while bringing the broken husky over, and pressing his muzzle right against his urethra. Surely enough, it slid right in. This new feeling nearly made hybrid climax, it seemed to hit every spot. Coupled with the eager licking at his feet, sac, lower shaft, -and- the micro in his mouth, he was in *heaven*.

Dark tightened his grip on the husky, and pushed him in deeper, the micro's head now sliding deeper into his cock. It took all of his self control to resist flailing and squirming, from the stimulation. He'd likely wipe out half of his little toys, and that would just be wasteful. "*O-oh god... Lick -harder-, I want to feel your pathetic little tongues..*" He groaned out. Within mere seconds of the command, he felt his tiny slaves redoubling their efforts. *Now* he knew he wouldn't last very long, not with the increased level of stimulation that he was receiving.

The Panolf pushed the tiny husky deeper into his length, refusing to stop until the task had been fully completed. He gripped the arm of the chair with one paw, squeezing as hard as he possibly could. He squeezed his eyes shut and clenched his jaw, unknowingly smothering the micro in his muzzle, forcing it's face into the slick and squishy surface of his tongue. "*A-almost.. There..!*" He yipped, pushing until finally, there was nothing left to push in. The entire husky had vanished within his length! By now, the unfortunate victim was probably stuck in Dark's sac, doomed to be converted into seed. The process rarely took more than five minutes, and with the tiny fox massaging the the hybrid's sac, it would take much less than it normally did.

Dark waited for the husky to be fully converted into his seed, focusing instead on stroking and petting the Gryphon that had stayed on his shaft, licking and kissing, obediently. "*T-theres a good boy..*" He purred out, scratching the tiny avian's neck, using the blunt surface of his claw. The little gryphon seemed quite pleased with his place upon the larger Panolf's length. "*Even if I get rid of all of the others, I'll be sure to keep you and the raccoon.*" Dark whispered, making sure that only the two micros on his shaft could hear him. The gryphon's reply was cheerful, yet Dark couldn't exactly make out the words, not that it mattered terribly.

Dark's ears perked up and he reached down, gently prodding at his sac. The squirming was completely gone now, and he could no longer feel the pushing and wriggling that the husky was so dedicated to doing, as if it would somehow help him escape. A grin spread across his face, as the realization that he could finally climax, dawned upon him. Wasting no time, he flexed his toes to get the micros licking again- they had stopped when they saw that Dark was trying to hold back his climax- and he prodded the fox beneath his sac, getting him to work. The raccoon quickly scurried back to his place and continued to lick and kiss at his throbbing tip, while the gryphon nuzzled and licked all along the base of his shaft. He whimpered needily and gripped the arms of chair, squeezing them tightly again. He could feel his climax fast approaching, as his member throbbed and twitched. "*O-oh god, I... N-nnnngh..*" He gasped out, squirming in the chair. The Panolf clenched his toes and arched his back, letting out a lupine howl, as seed shot out in sticky ropes, coating the floor. He kept bucking his hips instinctively, as more seed kept shooting out of him. If not for the husky's "sacrifice", he certainly wouldn't have been able to expel so much of the sticky substance.

“O-oh, that was.. T-that was the best orgasm I’ve -ever- had..” Dark panted out, slumping back in his chair. *“S-stop. Stop licking..”* He mumbled, knowing that he’d never be able to stop, if the micros kept up with that. Now he could finally just bask in the afterglow of his amazing orgasm, without feeling aroused again.

It was funny how life could change so drastically, in the span of mere hours. Two hours ago, a certain fennec fox was alive. Three hours ago, most of the micros were normal sized, and enjoying a party. They couldn’t have known what was really going to happen. Alas, now they’d have to accustom themselves to living the life of a slave, and pleasing Darkstar whenever he demanded it. Darkstar, on the other paw, would get used to having a crowd of slaves, who would do any task assigned to them.

“I think I’m going to like this.” The hybrid chuckled quietly, flexing his toes again.