

#1

“George, I don’t think I’ve ever seen this side of you before,” the roo chuckled, settling back into the couch as the fat lion showed off his new jockstrap. The cat smiled widely as he stroked his paws across his thick golden gut before turning to show his bare ass to sway it slowly back and forth.

“Yeah? Why’s that?” the cat purred and gave a wink over his shoulder. His paws continued to slowly wander over his broad body, giving little squeezes to his lovehandles and trailing down his wide hips.

“Oh just, I see you bringing home little boy toys all the time, never expected you’d be the type to show off the goods as a bottom,” the roo smirked and openly groped himself. His sweatpants slowly bulged and tented up as his paw worked over his lap. The cat firmly planted his feet into the carpet and spread his legs apart, setting his fists to his hips and smiling coyly over his shoulder.

“Get a feel then. Get a finger up there, see how tight I am.” George grinned and shook his chubby ass.

“You sure?” Scott asked, but he was already leaning forward, a digit extended to run down the warm hairy crack. He gave one cheek a squeeze then slowly peeled it aside as he pressed his other paw in. The cat leaned his head back and growled lowly. The tight pink pucker was hot to the touch and slick with lube; Scott’s finger slid smoothly in up to the knuckle with one slow push.

“Wow,” he muttered as he sawed his digit in and out to tap his knuckle against the tight ring.

“More,” came the lion’s husky growl. “Deeper.”

A second finger pressed in, then a third, the fingers slicked up by the copiously lube already in the hole, to the point it began to leak down the cat’s taint and inner thighs in glistening trails. The roo’s eyes went wider and wider as his roommate’s asshole stretched to accept every new digit. His roommate who, until now, he had assumed was a total top tapping young tail.

“I’m impressed,” he said, three fingers pressed in to the hilt.

#2 - Springtome

The old badger smiled at the knight and picked up another log to toss onto the fire. There was a soft woosh of ash and cinders that drifted lazily up into the air as the new wood crackled and caught fire.

“When I was a cub,” the wizard began. “I used to watch lightning storms on the moor. It’s a tradition of my clan, actually. You see, our highlands are special. On occasion, when the weather is particularly nasty and the lightning dances across the plains, it finds special stones that attract it. The lightning strikes them, again, and again, and again. When the storms would pass they would collect these stones and craft them into weapons. Swords, axes, polearms. Tempered by the heavens, they would say. And they were quite strong, some even say resistant to magic. It’s why my clan is one of the larger out there.”

The skunk’s eyes narrowed and he gave a flippant grunt.

“Your point, old beast?” he sneered. Springtome smiled kindly and leaned in until the flames cast their light over his muzzle and his green eyes shone brightly.

“I was never interested in stones,” he said simply as power crackled across his fingers in brilliant arcs of white and blue. The knight’s eyes widened and he sat back on the log, stiffer than before.

#3 – Happy Halloween

I couldn't believe I was finally getting to do it with Brad. I stroked one hand over his bare belly and up his chest, scratching a finger under his bushy beard and at his chin as I leaned over him.

"Ready?" He asked as he grinned, kissing my finger and then taking it into his mouth for a moment afterward.

"Oh yeah," I stood up, showing the condom fitted over my hard cock, and added a little more lube from the bottle beside us. He smiled and grabbed himself behind his knees, lifting his legs up and making his wobbly gut bunch up as he presented. I settled to my knees and pressed a lubed finger down into his crack.

He was so warm and he practically growled as I stroked up and down the valley. I don't know why he picked Halloween night, but it felt special enough, finally getting to be this intimate with him. I bent over him and guided myself to his hole, teasing him for a moment by rubbing the lubed tip across his cheeks before sinking it in against his hole.

We were laying on a large blanket in his backyard. The air was cool which made his body feel so much hotter against mine. I could barely see him with the full moon hidden behind the clouds but it didn't matter; we had each other and it felt so good. He took me easily enough, signaled with another growl. I held myself against him before I started to thrust. I leaned over him further, putting one hand down beside his head for support. The other took his hand and held it, pressing into the blanket. He was growling louder.

The clouds parted and I could see him now, stray moon beams falling across his beard and his broad belly. I pumped. I cooed. I wanted this to last for as long as possible. He was really getting into it, growling louder and louder. No, really growling. His beard was thicker. His hand tightened around mine. His legs wrapped my waist and something tickled under my balls.

"...hon?" I asked, pausing my hips. The clouds opened up farther. My heart stopped. Golden eyes stared up at me from a lupine muzzle that was extra shaggy with his beard. I was still balls deep in him and his legs were still wrapped around my waist though they felt much stronger and thicker now. His hand squeezed mine and I could feel the pinpricks of his claws and the thick pads and fur covering it. Every inch of him was either furry or growing fur. I trembled, stuttering for words. Then he growled again.

"Don't stop."

#4 - Kurt

"I work hard and I play hard," Kurt explained as he tightened a bicep strap. The big bull grinned and flexed his arm, the black leather strap straining as the thick muscle tightened beneath it. Satisfied, he gave his arm a playful smack and bent over to step into and pull up the black leather chaps. He turned and approached the fox.

"And that means breaking my toys sometimes," he said, towering over the fox by several feet. He grinned and watched the little mammal tremble a little in both lust and apprehension before those shining eyes tilted down to his groin. One big hand reached down and caught the fox under his chin, tilting it up and forcing him to look Kurt in the eye.

"So, do you want to leave, or are you a toy?" He took his hand away and set it to his hip. Arms akimbo, he stared the fox down, his oiled muscles glistening in the low light, brown fur contrasting against the black leather. It took only a moment before the fox knelt, getting to his knees and looking up, waiting for his first command. Kurt smiled and started to unzip his bulging pouch.

#5 - Bear Lover

He rolled over onto his side, his back facing me, and I couldn't help but stare at his exposed flank. He pulled the sheets with him just so, showing me his bare back, the tuft of his nub tail, and just a hint of his curvy ass. Even asleep, sprawled in bed, and covered in sheets, he cut a nice figure. I thought about the way I had mouthed over his butt in last night's shower and tickled my nose with his tail as I kissed all over his cheeks; how nice the warmth and firmness of his cock felt as I reached up between his legs to grab and tug it.

I smiled to myself and turned back to the closet, trying to pick out what to wear for the day. I grabbed a shirt and some slacks and headed into the bathroom, glancing back as the light from above cast through the doorway onto his sleeping form. It touched across his chest and let me see his face, his eyes closed with his mouth slightly agape. I wanted to nuzzle that fuzzy black goatee and kiss him again. But that would wait. I set my clothes on the sink counter and started the water, letting it heat as I grabbed a towel.

I washed. It was nothing notable though it certainly felt nice and I lingered a few more minutes in that cozy warm water than I should have if I wanted time to eat and get ready for the day without rushing. I stepped out feeling relaxed and clean so I set about drying and brushing myself. It was when I reached for my clothes that I saw the bed was empty. I leaned out the doorway and listened. Not silence. He hadn't skipped out back to his apartment yet. It sounded like rushing water but the wonderful scent drifting through the air said it was the sizzle of food.

I forewent getting dressed and slipped down the hallway, quiet on my bare paws, to pad into the kitchen. He stood at the stove wearing an apron tied around his waist to cover his front and nothing else. That gorgeous round rump greeted me as my bear cooked breakfast. I stepped up behind him, a paw settling on one brown furry mound, and said 'good morning' in his round little ear. He smiled, taking the time to turn a few pieces of bacon, then turned his head and kissed me. I gave him a squeeze and kissed back.

"Morning."

#6 – Blake

Blake lay in his bed, staring up at the ceiling. The big bunny was sprawled out with just a sheet covering him. It clung to him. The lights were off but the full moon shone in through the window, which was cracked to let the cool night air in. He stared at the ceiling with his arms behind his head and let out a wistful sigh. The rabbit rolled onto his side and looked at the wall a moment, thinking. His tail twitched.

Not needing to look, he reached up and grabbed a toy off of his night stand and the bottle of lube next to it. Muscle memory had the bottle open and the slim black dildo glistening with the wet stuff and the bottle returned to its spot in just moments. He pulled the sheet down, exposing his curved rump, and brought the toy level with his tail.

Another sigh, this more pleasant, as he pulled one leg up and dragged the rubber across his crack. He smeared the tip over his hole then pushed in. A soft grunt and the firm rubber entered him. He sank it in to the base and rolled back over on his back, squeezing down on the fake cock. He sighed again, a smile on his face.

#7 – Hot Delivery

The doorbell rang. I grabbed the money from the shelf and pulled the door open. I froze with one paw gripping the money and my other paw holding the door.

The wolf stood a solid foot over me. He held the pizza box over one shoulder, a little black bow tie was affixed around his neck, and a matching black thong adorned his groin. Otherwise, he was completely naked. He also looked nonplussed, though, after a moment of my staring, he noticed and smirked a little.

“First time ordering from the Sizzling Sicilian?” I nodded. I think my mouth was hanging open. He cocked a hip and presented the pizza “At the sizzling sicilian, if your pie isnt as hot as I am, your next order is half off.”

It was a scripted line, but I was still dumbstruck so it didn't register. It wasn't just the skimpy outfit, he was also just plain ripped. His chest was a solid, craggy slab, his biceps were the size of my head. I gave another dumb nod, holding the money out before me. He smiled, opened the box with a flourish, and showed me that, indeed, the pizza was still steaming with heat. He snapped it closed, spinning it on one finger, before snatching up the money. He tossed the box, catching it with one open palm, and pressed it into my paws, the change atop the box.

“Thank you and have a good night.” He winked, spinning on one heel before sauntering back to his car. I stared. He squeezed himself into a tiny volkswagen and sped off, leaving me in the doorway holding the pizza still staring with my mouth open. When my fingers started to burn from the heat I yipped and hurried into the house, slamming the door with my tail.

It wasn't until I set the box on the counter that I wondered where the hell he had kept the change.

#8 HypnOtteric

Gregor let out a low gasp. He smiled dumbly and slowly rocked back and forth on his knees as he got used to the feeling of something probing up and down his ass crack. The thick rudder tail hiked up high and the big otter dipped his head down as he took aim with his ass and pushed back onto the fat rubber toy suctioned to the wall. A low, deep moan rumbled up from Gregor's broad chest as the wet tip hit home and he speared himself on the slick, shiny dildo. He pushed back further and further as every inch sank between his cheeks.

Halfway down, he paused before pulling up, another happy groan slipping out, to rock on his knees once more and slide himself up and down the wet shaft. He looked up with the same dumb smile, his eyes totally unfocused, as he continued to hump back onto the lubed toy.

Finally, with a triumphant moan, the otter's ass pressed flush against the wall and his wide rudder tail smacked it happily. He ground against it, rocking up and down, as he reached one big paw down to eagerly stroke himself with the toy inside him.

#9 Mr Rambone

“Towel,” the bull commanded as he stepped from the shower. Rivulets of water ran down every thick curve and hard muscle. He took it from the servant's paws and scrubbed his face and head vigorously. Satisfied, and still dripping elsewhere, he slung the towel around his neck and stepped out into the main room, leaving the otter to trail behind wiping up the floor in his wake.

“Must you do this every time?” came the sigh from the big monitor. The bull smirked and leaned against the large oak desk to set his toned ass against the edge. His hands gripped the ends of the towel while the rest of him dripped all over the floor. Two servants, the otter and now a fox, fastidiously worked to clean the mess before working small towels up his legs. He deigned not to notice

as he was dried inch by inch.

"I keep telling you not to call after a workout, commander, yet you insist. Are you sure you don't simply like the view?" the bull motioned one hand over his body as the servants worked up his hips and under his pendulous balls.

"You're the one scheduling your 'work outs' around my calls Mr. Rambone."

The bull's smirk turned to a wide smile at his handpicked callsign. He liked to rile the stuffy military types and Commander Xavius Arbon was no exception. He spread his legs, still paying no attention even as the servants worked to dry every inch of his hips and groin. A soft snort was the only signal that he noticed them as both handled his dick, lifting the hefty tube and patting it dry, but he otherwise focused on the screen.

"So what can I do for you?" The fox's golden eyes turned to slits.

"Have you received the package?" the closest he would say to what he meant. It was a secure line but nasty business meant euphemism.

"Of course. Right where you said the pick up would be. My couriers were quite prompt." He closed his legs again, delighting at the fox's eyes as they watched his junk move. "I'll keep it quite safe. You have my fullest assurances."

The commander gave a nod and the screen blipped off abruptly. Always too discreet, that one. 'Rambone' stood, lifting his arms for his servants to dry under and around them.

"Such tedium, kidnapping," he sighed, knowing neither servant would dare speak a word.

10 'Otter Water'

The big otter leaned into the thick arm chair and idly stroked a paw across his heavy gut. He sat nude save for a glintzy golden chair around his neck.

"Percy," he rumbled in a low growl. The slim young otter crawled forward and planted his broad snout between his Master's legs, eagerly kissing the low hanging swollen sheath and thick sac. That same heavy paw descended to scritch between the little otter's ears. "I feel like having a harem this weekend."

He rumbled as Percy attended to him. Kiss, kiss, lick, nuzzle, the assault made his loins stir but he knew the slave hung on his every word. "Send out some flyers. Then prepare the pool, I think I'll make a batch of otter water."

There came a brief nod as Percy buried his nose deeper into the broad lap. His rudder tail thumped the floor excitedly as vague, hazy memories of his life before taking his own dip in Master's pool tickled at the back of his mind. He sometimes wondered why he kept seeing himself as human.

"Good boy, Percy." Master's thick fingers dipped lower to grip and offer his Cock to the horny slave.