

Snippets April 16 – 30
by Tredain

Hey all. I've had a real dry spell this year so to try and crack down on that, which seems to be working to a point so far, I've been trying every day to write at least a small something. I've been tossing them up on my tumblr (tredain.tumblr.com) but that has a pretty limited viewership (and tumblr is kind of awful anyway) So I'm going to bundle these things up and post them every few weeks I think. It's all kind of varying content (I mean, -lots- of smut, of course) so if you don't like one move to the next! Feedback always appreciated, even if its just 'I liked this or that' etc. A lot of these were written on my cellphone at work so they're a bit short but still, practice is practice. And as a note, anything involving the Milo Wolfe character is actually a bit of a preview for the book I'm working on. The scenes won't be exact but it's just ideas I'm putting down. Excuse any mistakes, just kicking this out for ideas though I've done some light editing passes.

#1 Easter Games

“One,” the coyote said, smiling and gently pushing on the egg. There was a soft groan as it slid in. “Two,” he said and pushed another in after. The black rubber eggs glistened as they disappeared, one by one, with the coyote calling out each one until he reached “Five.” Then he paused and inspected the rabbit carefully, fingers running through the silk soft fur. One thumb traced up and down the plush leaf tail.

“That’s one more than last year, I’m proud,” he said, patting Harvey’s round rump. The rabbit groaned again and squirmed. Both his hands and feet were bound together, his paws around his back with his feet tucked underneath him, with his knees to his chest. It left his furry bottom fully exposed.

Denton settled both paws on the warm rump and massaged it slowly with firm, kneading squeezes and listened to the rabbit groan more. He grinned to himself and slowly dragged a thumb claw down the rabbit’s crack, teasing the tight pucker with a slow circling motion along the rim. Harvey squirmed.

He loved being so helpless. He shuddered as Denton reached down to fondle his balls. A little tug to his sheath and the coyote stepped around to the rabbit’s front, scritchng his chin idly with a single claw. A little drool dribbled down his chin, as the ball gag made it hard to be neat.

“Who is my favorite easter bunny?”

#2 Three O’Clock

“Your three o'clock is here Mr. Deville,” buzzed the intercom. The tiger held the button to reply but clacked a claw audibly against the desk a moment. Then he said “He is aware three o'clock was twenty minutes ago, yes?”

Silence. The intercom crackled again with a low “Yessir.” The door opened and a thoroughly guilty looking hare stepped inside.

“Sir I am...” he started before Deville cut him off with a sharp “Late,” and snapped his fingers before pointing to the chair set before the desk. The lanky hare skittered forward and took the chair as quickly as he could without knocking it, and himself, over.

The big cat smiled then stood up slowly. From his neck down, Mr. Deville was in a finely tailored suit likely costing more than the hare’s monthly pay. From the waist down, however, the tiger was naked. An impressive sheath hung down over two jumbo egg sized testicles, framed by thick, toned thighs. The hare gulped and watched the big predator step around the desk before planting his round, tight bottom on the edge and stare the hare down.

“Well?” he rumbled.

#3 Tongue bath

The big bear slowly rolled over onto his back. I smiled at him in the darkness and smoothed a paw across his belly, stroking in a smooth circle across his soft honey colored fur. He gave a low hmm, clearly half asleep still, but the faint outline of the sheet rising up in a tent was all too clear. I circled his navel with one claw before I slowly dragged it down to his waistline and further down into the soft bush of his pubes. He grunted.

"You're insatiable," he mumbled with a heavy slur, but made no move to stop me as I let my blunt claw wander through the curly pubes and around the base of his cock. Down one side, almost to his balls, then up and over to go down the other side. He groaned and flexed himself to make his cock slap up at my wrist. I could feel the wet spot he left, he drooled a lot when I teased him right. Then I reached up and closed my fingers around his cock just as I leaned closer and nuzzled my snout against the crook of his neck. He groaned again lowly.

"Shower," he mumbled. "Now."

I smiled and pecked his cheek. "Bath," I said into his ear before nibbling the round furry flap. He let out a soft 'mmph' as he bit his lip and a rumble rose from his throat.

"No tub." Which was true.

"Not that kind of bath," I said before I slid myself down his body, kissing his neck, his chest, and then his stomach on the way down. He had the courtesy to shift his legs, pushing his hips up and pressing himself into my grip. I squeezed again, then settled my head against his belly. A little flick of my wrist pulled the sheet off and exposed him to the cool morning air. He grunted again as I tapped the tip of his dick against my cold nose and chin, teasing it across his belly fur and then across my whiskers. He squirmed and rumbled under me. I got him to gasp as I leaned down and took his tip between my lips. My tongue met it and carefully flicked across it back and forth. I could feel him twitch and strain, one arm slid around me and pressed his palm against my back. It slid up to the back of my head and rubbed, gently pressing me down.

#4 The Chef

"Cute boy!" the big bear let out with a trill of joy. He practically leapt the counter and charged toward Milo. With what looked like 250+ lbs of bear in a chef apron barreling toward him the wolf yelped and backed up, unfortunately missing the door and hitting the wall instead. He winced, prepping for a crash, when only a paw thudded into the wall beside him and the overtly happy bruin smiled down at him as he leaned in.

"Has been too long since cute boy as yourself has come to my kitchen, what can I do for you cute boy?" the accent was thick but hard to place, vaguely european. The bear grinned wide and Milo flicked his tail nervously as he tried to offer a polite smile.

"Oh, I.. Uh.. I... Oh!" the wolf gasped as the bear's other paw descended and groped the tent he had been unaware he was sporting. He yelped.

"Cute and eager boy, let me help," the bear chuckled and deftly unzipped him with quick finger work.

"Oh no no that's not necesssssssoooooohhh.." Milo bit back a moan as the big paw fished his cock out and squeezed it firmly. He blushed.

#5 Lubed

"I think that lube potion worked a little too good," the lion began as he stepped into the wizard's lab. The fox was busy tapping a vial of powder out into an Erlenmeyer flask. The purple concoction he was mixing fizzled and turned a neon pink, even glowing faintly. He stood up.

“Problem? Did the fur grow again? Do I need to get the butt shears?” The lion shook his head vigorously and waved the thought away.

“No no nothing like that. Actually, the problem is the other end. Well, so far.” He blushed.

“Yes yes, go on, I don’t have all day.”

“Right so. Both ends pretty well coated. And I just tried to eat a sandwich and uh... It slipped.”

“Slipped?”

“Down. My throat. The whole thing. I mean I didn’t get a chance to chew.” The fox furrowed his brow.

“I see. And... have you... sat on anything?”

The big cat fidgeted and looked away, his tail flicking to and fro.

“Nothing I haven’t wanted to but uh, I haven’t tried a chair or anything, no. Nothing that might ride up, at least.” The little wizard nodded.

“It should wear off but I’ll whip up an antidote. Take a se... Er, just stand there.”

#6 Fiancee

The stoat leaned on his elbow and quietly tapped his cigarette over the tray.

“Okay, so you sucked his dick. And? That’s only the five hundredth or so you’ve done. Why stress on this one?” The mouse fidgeted. He scrubbed his head.

“Okay well, one, it was only like the twelfth, thank you.” He lifted his glass and sipped at his ice water.

“And well. Okay he’s super hot for one. And for another he uh, might be my sister’s fiancee.”

“Oh.” Mortimer took a slow drag from his cigarette and let the smoke curl out of his lips and along his whiskers. “That is a little complicated. I take it you found out after you sucked him off?” An embarrassed nod.

“Yeah so. It was in the coat closet. The party was boring as hell, we got to chatting. We slipped away. I mean, you gotta see him. He’s one big bull.”

“And then?”

“Well yeah so, I come out of the bathroom after cleaning off and let me tell you -that- mess had me on edge, whole family skulking about and me with cum in my fur. And then here’s Linda walking him around arm in arm right after.”

“Did he say anything?”

“Not a word.”

#7 Perverts

Milo’s heart pounded in his chest and ears as he stepped into the hallway. With eyes wide and tail beating back and forth, he leaned into the wall and caught his breath. A hand job, at the pool, in open, broad daylight! Part of him screamed in guilt, wanting to peek around for police or some authority ready to haul him away. The other part, the one connected between his legs and up to his brain, was ecstatic, thrilled, excited, and a plethora of other adrenaline spawned feelings. He’d never felt quite so brazenly naughty before.

“Did you need thome athithtance, Thir?” Bartleby appeared around a corner pushing a cart full of towels and amenities.

Milo blanched.

“Oh, no no I’m fine I was just going to check out the pool.” The fox’s cool apathy seemed to intensify.

“I wouldn’t, only pervertth uthe the pool here,” he drolled, waving one paw.

“Oh! Oh I’ll... keep that in mind! Thanks for the warning.”

“Mmhm.” The fox turned and continued on. Milo blushed, fidgeting with his paws. He could still smell the wolf on him. Maybe he should wash, he thought. But then his stomach grumbled, he hadn’t eaten anything since the pack of peanuts on the plane. Maybe he could find something in the kitchen.

#8 Laying Pipe

The otter struck a match and held it before the pipe, taking a few draws and pulling the flame through the tobacco until he let out a few soft puffs. It was a sweet scent that tickled the nose. He waved the matched out and smiled as he puffed a few more times with a pleasant rumble.

“You’ve.. really taken to that stuff,” Marv commented. It had only been a week since Simon had gotten the old pipe but you wouldn’t have recognized the otter between then and now. The raccoon still wasn’t sure, but he’d certainly never seen anyone put on weight or grow so much hair that quick. Simon chuckled and puffed, wiggling his newly thick whiskers.

“It just feels... Classic, y’know?” he said, unconsciously stroking his free paw over his new gut, a habit the raccoon had noticed immediately.

“And you quit the soccer team?”

A nod.

“I have other things to do with my time,” Simon said and flashed a smile to his roommate, his paw dipping lower. Marv gulped. He’d never known someone’s dick to grow in a week either. It was almost hypnotic, really. He stared at it as the paw stroked across the bulge. It swell and rose, stretching out the khakis. Marv licked his lips.

#9 New Toy

The handcuffs clicked shut and the bear was bound, head to toe. He stood obediently, not that he had much choice with the leg spreader closed around his ankles. He straightened his back and pressed his chest out, tugging his wrists apart to make sure the cuffs were secure.

“How does that feel?” the bull asked, stepping away to admire his handiwork. Leather crisscrossed the bear’s chest, the jockstrap was fully tented, and his hands and legs were bound tight. The black hood hugged the bear’s head perfectly, though the mouth was left unzipped so he could answer.

“Amazing, Master,” the slave moaned lowly. Master stepped forward with a smile and grabbed the tip of the tent, eliciting another moan, and another when he gave it a squeeze, grinding his palm into it slowly.

“Good, you look perfect, slave. Are you ready?” he asked, dragging a finger across the tent before scritchng a finger into the well groomed pubes. The big bear took a deep breath, another shuddery moan escaping his lips.

“Please, Master. Please use me.” The bull grinned.

“Good boy.” He reached out and gently stroked over the hard chest, letting his fingers follow the long smooth straps across his pecs. “It was the right choice to enslave you. You were a good rival, but I think you’ll make a better toy.” He chuckled softly and reached up higher to pull the hood’s zipper close. The big bear let a low, muffled moan. He was so horny his tent had started to leak, the cotton jock growing a wet spot at the end. Master chuckled and gave it another squeeze before he stepped around, running his hands over the bound arms and up to the broad shoulders. Every inch of the bear was big, muscular, firm. He ran his fingers over his new slave, tracing down his back before cupping the toned ass.

“I’m looking forward to breaking this in,” he said, knowing he could receive no reply but another muffled moan. He kneaded around the brown cheeks, teasing a thumb across the stubby tail.

#10 Changes

The bear blushed and stared at the ground as the doctor walked in. Today was bad enough without being in a paper gown with his ass hanging out around strangers. He fidgeted. The weasel strode in confidently with a sharp click to his step and leafed over the chart left on the door.

“Blood pressure good, a bit overweight though, no pain, all these tests seem positive Mr Brunswether.

Could you tell me a bit more about the problem you think you have?"

The bear fidgeted again. It would be the fourth time he had explained it and he knew what the reaction would be. He squeezed the edge of the table and swung his feet. Slowly he looked up and met the weasel's gaze. He took a deep breath.

"Before I woke up this morning, I wasn't a bear." The doctor quirked a brow.

"I see," was all he said and scribbled something onto the clipboard sheet. Then came the same question the other three had asked.

"Well if you weren't a bear, what were you?"

He sighed, more than tired of being questioned.

"I don't remember. I wasn't a bear. I don't think I was this heavy either."

#11 Just Relax

He groaned. The wolf smiled and patted one cheek.

"That's it, just like that. Relax. Should I add a little more lube?" A nod. One thumb dipped into the valley and squeezed a cheek to spread it aside as a drizzle of lube from above oozed over the long black toy jutting upward. Setting the bottle down, the wolf grabbed the end of the knob and gave it a gentle twist, pulling out, then pushing back in, working it slowly back and forth. Another groan.

"That's my big bear," the wolf cooed as he pushed a finger to the base and started to apply pressure, watching as inch after inch began to sink between the curvy brown cheeks. He paused, then gripped it and pulled out slowly. Another groan and the fingers and toes curled again. It was all he could do, paws bound to each corner of the bed. Again it sank in, sinking halfway before the wolf paused again to cup each cheek. He squeezed, then kneaded the round cheeks slowly around and around. A shiver up the spine and the cheeks squeezed together.

"Deeper? To the hilt?" he asked. Another nod, a muffled groan. The wolf chuckled and reached up, giving a little tap to the red rubber ball gagging the bear's muzzle. "If you wish. I think I'll have to use this on you more." Both paws back to the toy, gripping it carefully, then sawing it in and out slowly. The bear trembled, whimpering, then groaning as it smoothly sank in to the hilt.

#12 Service

He sat at the bar with his head down at his drink that he hadn't touched since ordering it. His ringed tail swayed slowly back and forth. He looked deep in thought.

"Hey bandit," I said as I climbed into the seat beside him. He slowly turned his head but only enough to treat me a side full of daggers. He turned back. I leaned closer and dragged my paw across his bushy tail when it swung up into range. He paused.

"If you're going to grab down there, I want your paw under my tail." I obliged. He arched his back then slumped over again, though now with his butt pressed into my paw. I gave a squeeze. He didn't seem to react, at first, just staring down into the amber in his glass. He lifted it up and downed the whole thing in one go. He winced. Must've been strong stuff. Then he turned to me and smiled, a little.

"Calling a raccoon bandit can get you punched here, y'know." He slid his right arm down and reached between my legs for a squeeze.

"Get a drink, then we'll go upstairs." he squeezed again until he found me semi stiff. He was eager.

#13 Law and Order

The tall doors opened to admit the chastised looking coyote. His ears were down and his tail kept trying to hide between his legs. A couple gentle prods from the officers to either side of him kept him shuffling along.

“Approach the bench.” He scurried forward and bowed his head down low.

“Mr. DeMoge. You understand why you are here?” A whimper and a nod. The three judges quietly flicked through the data, the hovering transparent screens giving them a ghoulish cast.

“Then this Tribunal finds you in violation of the civic code for not performing your duties as a citizen. As your third and final offense, you must be punished. You will serve your sentence as a drone, owned by the state, until such time as you may be granted a renewed citizenship. You shall serve in..” Flick. Flick. a coy smile. “The blue light district.”

His eyes widened. His legs closed. He knew what mods were applied to pleasure drones. He stumbled forward and cried out “No! PLEASE! Not that!” but before he could protest further a blue bolt struck from one officer’s baton, stunning him.

#14 Room Service

Milo pushed the cart down the hall and counted the doors. 231, 233, 235.. Then stopped at 237, the one that had made the call. The door was cracked open, held by the latch turned so the door would catch on it. He reached up and knocked, calling out ‘Room Service!’. There was hurried whispering before a voice called back ‘Come in!’ With a gentle push of the door he wedged the cart in enough to get it through, scraping gently against the cheap wood and leaving a trail. The room was mostly orderly and neat, though scraps of clothing were on the floor.

He pushed towards the bed and found a couple of sailors, a doberman and a tabby, laying on the bed and openly cuddling. They were still in their dress whites, though the doberman was shirtless and the tabby was pulling his own belt off. They leaned in and kissed openly as they cuddled close together. Milo blushed. Then went wide eyed at the sight of what looked like a deli salami stuffed down one of the dog’s trouser legs. They broke the kiss and smiled at him, their paws never stopping their wandering over each other.

#15 Totally Goatally

The fat little satyr grinned widely and spread his furry goat legs to show just how flimsy and threadbare the loincloth was. It was barely hanging on and as he leaned back on the edge of the stump it flicked in the breeze. Holes showed the fleshy prize waiting just underneath. He stroked one hand up and down his gut as he leaned back on the other hand against the stump.

“I’m sure we can come to a mutual agreement. Give me something and I’ll let you use my bridge.” The werewolf’s eyes narrowed at the little half-goat and he stepped forward, drawing up to his full height, which was near three times the satyr’s.

“I don’t think you own this bridge, goat, I think you’re just trying to get your dick sucked,” he growled, letting the threat lay implicit in the throaty rumble. The satyr chuckled and smiled but the sweat beading on his forehead belied his fear. He looked the wolf up and down, then stared at the heavy sheath.

“I admit I may be having fun but really, you have me wrong, that is, may I suck you, good Sir?”

The werewolf quirked a shaggy brow.

#16 The Disciplinarian

Note: All characters are 18+ here, it’s fetishy Master/Slave style training, think of it as an academy for older ‘boys’.

The door creaked open slowly. The fox stepped inside, his ears down, his paws behind his back, as the Headmaster ushered him in with a disapproving glare. He turned to thank the Headmaster but the

door was already swinging shut with no one there. The fox gulped to himself and stepped into the room, his paws nearly silent on the plush carpet. The wolf sat at his desk, a pen in his paw, and was writing something out. He didn't notice the fox until the young male let out a soft cough, standing upright before the desk. Even so, the wolf continued writing, but flicked his eyes up once to recognize who dared interrupt him. After a few moments he finished and set the pen and paper aside and steeped his fingers as he looked the fox in the eye.

"You understand why you are here?" he asked. A mute nod. No one went into the Head Disciplinarian's office without knowing exactly why. The fox fidgeted as the silence dragged on.

"Yes Sir. I've been a bad boy," he said, pausing a moment until the wolf raised an eyebrow, then confessing "I was caught playing with myself in the shower again."

The wolf's lip curled in disgust but he nodded and pushed his chair back, rising up smoothly in one motion and walking around the desk.

"Unacceptable. Assume the position," he ordered and walked up to the fox, a quick yank taking the male's pants down to his ankles. The fox yelped as if struck already but nodded and leaned against the desk, bending forward and presenting his bare bottom. The wolf gave a growl and lashed one paw out, the palm smacking loudly against the cheek.

"What do you say?"

The fox whimpered "Yes Sir! I'm sorry Sir, thank you Sir, I am a naughty boy, please, discipline me." The fox trembled but held still with his eyes squeezed shut. The wolf nodded.

"That is better." He walked to his cabinet, an antique full of discipline equipment, and opened it, grabbing a solid paddle out. It was heavy, with holes drilled in the wood and a padded handle. He returned to the young male and presented it.

"Look," the wolf growled lowly. The fox opened his eyes, still trembling, but looked upon the instrument with grim fatalism. The fox nodded. "You will respect it, boy. You will learn it very well. Kiss it. Smell it. You will be acquainted with this if you don't shape up and abstain from your bad habits." The fox gulped, but acquiesced, leaning in, sniffing the instrument. There was little odor to it, just the scent of wood, polished and sanded to a dull shine over years, while the wolf's paw, more fragrant, overpowered anything else. A small kiss. The disciplinarian nodded.

"Good boy. You may learn yet. Now, count them," the wolf ordered, taking up position. The fox whimpered and hung his head as he braced himself. With one hard swing the paddle flew through the air until with a loud CRACK it collided across both round cheeks. The fox yelped but counted out "One!" He trembled. Then another whoosh of the paddle and another loud SMACK filled the air. He counted "TWO" as the ache from the first swat was only made worse.

"This is for your own good, you must learn," the wolf intoned, something he explained to every student during their discipline. He reared up, delivering another hard swat, then another, the fox's ass jiggling with each blow, the flesh underneath reddening quickly.