

May '17 Snippets
by Tredain

Another round of practice, been pushing myself to write something just about every day if able, even just a paragraph. Been pretty happy with the results so far. Hope you all like too!

#1 – Unseen hands

“And that, ladies and gentlemen, is my plan. I look forward to hearing from my constituents on the merits of it and how it may be improved to work for the good of everyone. Thank you for your time,” the mayor finished his speech, giving a little bow with his head as a dozen plus cameras flashed and several reporters clamored toward the podium with questions. The coyote smiled as his PR rep stepped up to fill the spot and direct any questions and requests for interviews through the press office. The cat was worth his weight in gold for dealing with the press.

Mayor Allgold slunk off the stage and into the back hallway away from the noise and lights and back to his quiet office. He stepped in and shut the door with a reassuring click.

“That went quite well, they seemed to eat it up.” The bear stood by the large window near the great desk that dominated the north end of the room. He was tall and dressed in a suit that matched the mayor’s, a basic black and blood red tie. He glanced down at his phone and flicked his thumb across the screen a few times before pocketing it.

“Thank you, I’ve been practicing it. Your motivational tapes have helped a lot,” Allgold smiled as he walked toward his desk. The bear smirked and crossed his arms.

“Oh? Have they? Then come here and suck my cock.” The command was simple, straightforward, and it’s effect seen instantly. The coyote smiled and got down to his hands and knees to crawl toward the big bear, not hesitating to reach up and draw down his zipper. The big fleshy prick was fished out and quickly slurped into a warm, willing maw as Mayor Allgold looked up with devotion and admiration shining in his eyes.

Assistant Mayor Brevin let out a low, growly moan and smiled widely as the coyote eagerly sucked on his cock.

“That worked better than I thought, I should have given those to you ages ago,” he chuckled as the coyotes loud slurps filled the air. In short order his cock was hard as a rock and Allgold was happily deep throating it to the hilt over and over. The bear snapped his fingers, causing the coyote to pause.

“That’s very good mayor. When you go home I want you to keep listening to those tapes. Now, lick me,” he commanded. The coyote gave a little moan before giving the dick tip a kiss and letting his tongue slip out to brush over it again and again.

#2 - Pulp

“The creature is loose!” came the cry. It was followed by a loud, unworldly shriek punctuated by the unmistakable sound of wood cracking and splintering. Doc Miller leapt to his feet.

“Everyone, find cover or grab a firearm!” he shouted and grabbed the nearest weapon, the ancient tribal axe he had been cleaning. Assistants screamed and scattered before the beast leapt up high. Momentarily blotting out the sun, it shrieked and dove upon them. The beaver charged forward, swinging the axe to try to ward it off. Claws met ancient, sharpened stone again and again before the beast was in the air again and circling for another strike.

“Doctor!” Ms Bellvue screamed. He rolled beneath the beast’s strike and snagged an ancient pot lid, bringing it up in time to block another dive. The lid proved too small, however, as one claw snagged the beaver’s shirt. He tumbled back as the shirt tore from him, but was otherwise unharmed. The great scaled beast shrieked and tore the cloth with its mouth but found it unedible, spitting it free as it rose high again into the air.

“Get me a gun!” the beaver roared as he rose again, his thick chest rippling in the bright sun.

The scaled thing dove again but veered off as the axe went flying toward it, the lid managing to bang off the flying lizard's side as he threw it like a discus.

"Doctor!" Ms Bellvue screamed, though now as she tossed a rifle. Miller rolled again as claws raked near his head, coming up into a crouch. The gun cracked like thunder and the beast let out an otherworldly scream as it was struck clean through the middle.

#3

The big beaver bent forward and buried his head into the plush pillows. He chose a particularly thick one that he hugged to his front to let his big belly grind pleasantly against it. His thick tail flopped up and exposed his round ass as it stuck in the air.

"I'm just bored lately, I guess," he said with a soft sigh. The horse settled behind him and slowly stroked his fingers over the round furry mounds.

"Bored? Of this?" Reggie asked. His head dipped closer and he gave the beaver's ass a little nuzzle before spreading the cheeks wide. His thumbs carefully traced up and down the sides of the opened valley as the tight pink bud within twitched in anticipation.

"No, I could never get bored of yoOOHH! Love." he squirmed and bit the pillow as the long tongue teased along his crack. His toes curled.

"Just my routine, I suppose. Get up, go to work, fuck, eat and sleep in between those threeEeeee!" He bit his lower lip as deft hands cradled and rolled his balls around.

"Maybe a vacation" the horse offered in between licks. The fat beaver offered a low moaned 'maybe'.

#4 - Kink Warning - If male lactation squicks you, skip the end!

He was simply gargantuan, there weren't any other words that could so perfectly describe the walking mountain of lion flesh before me. He laid back on the couch and grinned widely as only someone with complete confidence can do. I stared over his tremendous pecs, every inch of him sculpted to beyond mortal limitations. I fidgeted and blushed. And then he reached down and pulled off his shirt to casually toss it aside. The shirt had hid little but the full effect was absolutely gorgeous, his chest two rolling golden hills. I stared at the thick nipples sprouting atop them and licked my lips, they were fat and dark, miniature mountains on the golden globes.

"Suck," he purred. It was the only word I'd heard him say but it was the one I wanted most. I practically dove against him and latched my mouth over one dark nub. It was heavenly. It was warm and firm against my tongue but silky as well. I gasped at the sudden rush of milk, thick cream spilling down my chin. We both groaned and I nursed hungrily at the thick pec like I'd never had a drink in his life.

#5 - Bargains

The big ape laid back against the plush chair, then spread his legs wide. His cock flopped to one side along his thick hairless balls and his lips peeled back for a very toothy grin.

"This is my territory, outlander, you want passage you show proper respect," he said in a happy growl. "Or else you just become playthings for all the big nasties prowling around."

The raccoon's eyes narrowed. He glanced at the bodyguards and their spears on either side, then back at the big ape and his 'spear'. It was clear one big nasty was staring him down. He bowed his head.

"Apologies. What can I do to show the respect you deserve...?" he let the question hang, unsure of the ape's title or name. The big ape let out a full throated laugh that bounced his belly and genitals.

"For you? A simple bargain. Stay for the night with my men, share some supplies, as we will with you. It is rare we get such.. guests in this land."

Doc carefully looked back over his shoulder. Easy 5 to 1 odds. They stood no chance against the

ape.

“As you wish, Sir. And whose hospitality do I have the honor of receiving?”

#6- May the 4th be with you!

The light saber hummed to life.

“Jedi,” the raccoon growled.

“Er, oh you meant a literal light saber duel...” The lynx hurriedly zipped his pants back up and pulled out his own beam sword, the blade jumping to life with a soft blue glow.

“Did... What did you think I meant?” the raccoon growled as the two of them started to circle one another.

“Oh well, you know.”

“I don’t. Explain, welp.”

The lynx chuckled and scrubbed his free paw against the back of his head.

“Oh well, you’re really cute. I just thought you wanted to.. You know. Fool around.” The two of them circled round and round, the low hum of their weapons filling the air. The raccoon’s muzzle scrunched up.

“Sexual relations? I didn’t think jedi knew what sex was,” he sneered. The lynx blanched.

“Well I’m not exactly... You know, lets not worry about it, I don’t want to fight...” The raccoon’s eyes narrowed and he grinned widely. “Good, that’ll make this easy.” With a snarl he lunged forward, swinging his saber in a deadly arc. Jervald yelped and dodged aside, rolling and swinging his own blade up to block.

#7 Rat Problems

He towered over me. I didn’t know rats could get so big but here he was a full head taller than me and almost twice as wide. Half a cigar jutted from one side of the pointed muzzle as dark eyes drilled down into me.

“Well, what’s the phrase, catch a tiger by his toe?” he reached down and grabbed my crotch.

“Aint no toe but pretty sure you’re caught, cat.”

I gasped, standing up on my tip toes as he squeezed and rolled my dick around. I swelled into his grip and whined.

“Whaddya say whiskers, wanna play ‘round with a real male?” he plucked the cigar out with a couple fingers and rolled it between thumb and forefinger before blowing a plume of smoke in my face. I winced and whimpered, gasping as those naked pink fingers under my zipper and fished me out.

“Not bad cat. Now check this out.” Another ‘zzzip’ and something thick and warm flopped against my cock. I glanced down. I stared.

“I know, right?” he chuckled and made it jump, slapping up against my belly then down on top of my cock. It was firm and swollen and growing fast. “Cats like cream right? Get on down and have a taste,”

#8

The big bear set the tool box down and smiled at the fox.

“So what seems to be the problem?” he asked, his voice a rolling baritone. The fox stared down at something a moment before looking up, clearly distracted, and smiling back.

“Oh, the washing machine just won’t start. Could you take a look at it?” His bushy tail flicked back and forth. Jeremy just smiled kindly and bent down to heft his tool box back up.

“Sure, just fixed up Mrs. Needle Meyer’s the other week.”

Brinkly nodded eagerly and directed him toward the laundry room, staring at the bear’s round bottom as they went. Jeremy bent down to his knees and opened the machine door to look inside with a flash light.

"How long has it been out?"

"Oh, a day or two," the fox answered, glancing between the big brown cheeks framed by the rough denim and the power cord he'd unplugged just before the bear arrived. "Would uh, you like some lunch before you tinker with it?" he asked before the bear could ask another question. Jeremy pulled his head out.

"Well that'd be right kind of ya Mr. Brinkly."

#9

The buck squatted down and smiled at the coyote as he cast a shadow over him.

"You ok? Been a while since I seen a bird buck a rider off quite that badly," he said as he offered a hand. The coyote blinked and rubbed a paw at his head as he stared up into the sky, the buck's modest antlers peeking into his vision. He lifted his head and looked the deer in the eye.

"I uh, bluh," he managed to say. Then he shook his head "I'm okay. I think." He took the hand and pulled himself up, realizing the buck was a whole head taller than him, not including antlers.

"Nothing broken?" the buck asked. Hardy twisted his neck back and forth and popped his back, brushing the desert sand off his pants and tail.

"I think sooo..." he trailed off, bent forward with his paws brushing his hips, as he noticed the fist sized bulge in the buck's jeans. He realized he was staring and looked up but the deer was already wearing a cocky smirk. He knew.

"Well, welcome to the badlands. Call me Horse." His hand extended again, this time for a friendly shake.

"Hardy, Hardy Jacobs."

#10

The big tiger grinned. A simple act for most but he managed to pack more teeth into it than you would expect. He casually traced a claw around the rim of his glass and glanced down.

"You know what they're calling me around town? The Shadow That Walks." He seemed very amused by it, chuckling to himself before dipping his claw into the glass and spearing an ice cube with it. He pulled it up and shook the dripping booze from it before popping it into his mouth with a loud crunch.

"It's a fitting name," I say as I sip from my own cocktail. He makes a show of chewing the cube and swallowing it. Always the dramatic one. "Though 'lurks' might be more appropriate." He chuckles again, a low rumbling noise from his throat, and takes a long pull on his drink. His black striped tail coils up my leg.

"And what are they calling you?" he finishes the drink and sets it down, letting his claws tap along the glass.

"I don't come up in polite conversations these days," I smile and munch a cocktail olive. His tail sneaks up my shorts.

"Oh you come up."

#11

I stared at the big rubber toy. It wasn't like, anything huge, it was slightly bigger than my own cock. It sat upright on its base with a pair of black rubber balls jutting out to one side. I don't remember ever being that much into butt stuff, I mean, I've felt around down there before, sure. But since I'd accepted being under Master I found myself wanting it more and more. He reminded me how much I enjoyed it and really, I guess it was true. Every time I saw him it felt like I got needier and needier for it. Even now I was idly rubbing a finger against my hole as I got ready to show Master. He sat back in his favorite chair with his arms crossed and that smile that made my spine melt. I stroked my finger back and forth. I'd gotten so used to it, it felt odd not to be doing it. Work was harder. I'd sneak off to

the bathroom sometimes just to play with myself a little. I was just plain hornier too. I added my lube, both to my hole and the toy, before whining softly.

"May I, Master?" I asked as I crawled forward and settled on my knees over the toy. I could feel the bulbous tip under my tail. He gave a slight nod of his head and I sat down on it. I whined louder. It felt so good. That familiar firmness, that gentle pressure as it slipped inside. I reached back to spread my cheeks to help feed it inside. My dick jumped as the rubber toy sank inside me.

At first I had never really gotten fully hard but the more I did it the more eager I got. Master didn't allow me to touch myself when I practiced but it still felt so good, I got hard quicker and quicker now.

I closed my eyes and whined lowly as I sat all the way down on the rubber cock. I rolled my hips to grind down on top of it. As I lifted up it came with me, lodged inside me. I had one toy with a suction cup, but Master wanted a show. I turned around and bent forward until I was half laying against the floor with my ass in the air. I reached one paw down and grabbed the fake rubber balls, letting out a groan as I slowly pulled the toy out.

"That's right, slave, you love how that feels don't you?" Master's voice was like music in my ears. Soft, lyrical, I could listen to it for hours and hours. I nodded eagerly and started to pump.

"Yes, yes Master, feels so good," I panted as the slick toy started to slide easily in and out of me.

#12 Life Magic - Monday Short

The big druid rolled his shoulders and let his robe slip from them. It fell from his frame and pooled at his feet until the bear stood completely naked in the grove's soft light. He opened his arms and smiled, revealing the glyphs painted over his fur were not merely over his face. Enjjin gasped and hesitated. His eyes looked the bear up and down, every thick curve, every brown honey colored bulge. His dick hung down heavy and close over a pair of goose egg sized testicles. Brother Kaivik let out a rumbling chuckle then set his arms akimbo.

"Well? Join me then, if you want the ritual to restore your virility so badly," he said with a hearty chuckle.

The wolf's brows furrowed and he asked, "Uh, I, I don't quite follow... what.. does the ritual involve, exactly?" His tail beat nervously back and forth. The bear let out a belly jiggling laugh then slapped it with one open palm.

"You want potency? You want virility? Then I must infuse it into you! We will share a tryst and my energy will restore you." He smiled widely and made a point to lick his lips. Enjjin frowned.

"Can't you... can't you say words or.. something? I.. this is.. for my wife," he stuttered, inching back from the burly druid. Another belly laugh.

"I am no mage, boy! I am sure you can find some hedge wizard to give you some vile concoction or wave his paws over your privates. Or pay through the nose from some city mage. Druidic magic is not WORDS, it is feeling, energy, life!" He let out a low rumbling growl with a smile as he flexed his arms up, his gut and genital bouncing.

"How.. how do I know you're not simply a forest pervert looking to bed a naive male?" This time it was the bear's turn to furrow his brow. He scowled and extended one large paw with his claws slightly curled. He clenched his fist.

The earth suddenly cracked beneath the wolf's feet as vines burst forth from the grass and mud below. Enjjin yelped and fell backward as they wrapped his legs and then his arms.

"Can a forest pervert do..." Brother Kaivik trailed off "Actually I suppose they could." He snapped his claws and the vines receded. "But my power is not to be questioned, boy. As you can see."

Enjjin yipped as a vine pressed under his tail, then another his back, until he was lifted back to his feet. He glanced back but only caught the vines sinking back beneath the earth.

"I... I believe you. If you can do that, you can... you can.. heal.. me?" he waved a paw at his own groin. The wolf and his blushing bride had tried for weeks to concieve but each time the wolf had utterly failed to complete their mating. He splayed his ears at the thought and bowed his head to the naked druid.

"Of course, I am full of the life you wish to give! Now, undress and we will begin." He watched with eager eyes as the wolf, still unsure, quietly unbuttoned his shirt and peeled off his pants and boots, standing before the excited bear, his face and ears red with blush.

Brother Kaivik smiled and reached out to carefully brush the wolf's cheek.

"I promise you, you will be able to have child with your mate when I am done, within the next God's eye," the bear smiled, refering to the next full moon. Enjjin nodded, muzzle turning to a determined grimace. The bear chuckled and drew his paw down before grabbed the wolf's groin. Enjjin yipped, but held still. He gasped and stared down as his balls began to tingle.

"Mmm, yes, the life stirs in you, but it is quiet," Kaivik said as he fondled and rolled the swollen orbs in his fingers. One thumb gently stroked the side of the wolf's soft cock. Then the bear knelt down and took Enjjin's maleness into his mouth. The wolf gasped again and gripped at the bear's head. His fingers trembled but he let the bear work. He trembled. His whole face glowed and fire blossomed between his legs as the soft tongue and lips took him inside and slathered him in wet warmth.

"G-gods," he shuddered and sighed as the talented mouth coaxed him to hardness. Even in her estrus his dear mate had never enticed him so quickly. His toes curled into the soft soil beneath them. Kaivik pulled away with a wet slurp and smacked his lips.

"Are.. are you done?" he asked the bear shyly, even as he throbbed and ached with need. The bear laughed again and kissed his tip.

"You are awake, the life stirs in you, but it will sleep again if we do not finish." He turned away and knelt onto the grass, settling down onto all fours and smiling back over his shoulder as he continued, "You must mount me."

Enjjin stared at the big, round bear rump. Like two boulders topped with a tiny pebble, all covered in soft brown fur. He gulped. He throbbed. He ached.

"I am oiled, if you're concerned," Kaivik said as he reached back to peel one cheek aside, his crack glistening in the grove's light. Enjjin shuddered and went forward onto his knees until he slid his paws over the presented rump. Even the broad round cheeks had runes painted into the fur. He stroked through the fur slowly and stared down as the bear turned back, still smiling. Carefully the druid bent himself lower, sinking his chest toward the forest floor as he raised his ass toward the wolf's rigid malehood.

"You're... you're certain?" the wolf hesitated even as the fire in his legs screamed 'THRUST'. Brother Kaivik nodded solemnly.

"I would lose my powers, my body broken, and exiled from my home, this forest, were I to lie to you about such an intimate and sacred ritual," he explained. Then he wiggled his ass. Enjjin took a deep breath. Perhaps, he considered, if he closed his eyes, he might imagine Trajina, his beautiful, kind wife. With one paw resting on the bear's butt, he took himself in his free paw and guided in slowly.

"Gods," he muttered as he met the entrance and pushed in. Tight warmth slipped around him and he sank into the willing, wanting hole. The two of them groaned into the open air. The druid growled and sank his claws into the soft earth as the wolf's hard, hot cock buried deep inside him.

"Mmm, that's it," he rumbled. The glyphs across his body glowed. "Awaken the life, feel it burning, share it with me." He groaned again and pulled forward, then back, sliding himself against the wolf's rigid maleness. Enjjin obliged and shuddered as his hips pumped automatically. The wet, tight hole, the big round cheeks riding up on either side before they impacted his lap, the warmth of the big body against him. A growl rumbled from his throat and he thrust harder and faster. His paws dug gently into the bear's thick thighs until he was gripping tightly and letting his body work. They collided again

and again, heat and passion intermingling as the bear's body jiggled with every hard thrust and grunt.

"Ahh!" the wolf yelled as he pulled free and thrust up against the wet crack, his seed flying into the air before landing against the druid's bare back. He pressed up close and firm into the body while both glowed hotly, the druid more literally than he. Kaivik stirred, his bottom still gaping, and climbed to his knees. He turned, smiling at the wolf, and offered a gentle kiss. Enjinn moaned, then sighed as the bear fondled him once more.

"Your life stirs, fresh and new," he said after pulling from the kiss. His paw gave the wolf's spent balls a light squeeze. "Go, see your wife. Spread your life." The druid chuckled and helped Enjinn stand, his legs still shaky.

"Th-thank you, Druid." Still weak kneed, the wolf, collected his clothes and pulled them on. He bowed deeply to Brother Kaivik and turned, walking from the glade. The bear hmm'ed to himself, squeezing his own turgid cock.

"Perhaps a trip to the waterfall. A bath and a warm hole would feel nice," he said aloud to no one in particular.

#13 Business

"Yeah, I'm doing fine hon, it's just been boring. You know how these business trips are. Company sends me out just to listen, get some swag, hand out business cards. I've got some panels I have to attend. No, I don't have to present this time, thank god. Yeah, I'll be home Monday. Okay, Love you too. Bye." I click the call off and stare into my phone as the screen lights up, idles a moment, then goes black. I hold it a little longer, listening to the rush of the shower. There's a squeak and a hiss as the water shuts off. I set my phone down and get up from the small desk to walk over and lay on the bed.

The single king is huge for me, easily able holding four people, even as we had eight on it last night. I sink against the mattress and sigh contently as I settle in against the couple of pillows. I lounge, naked, in the middle of the bed and smile at him as the bathroom door slides open. A cloud of steam billows out first before his damp head pokes around the corner and smiles at me. Windam is bronze, head to toe, with an athletic build, his abs rippling just above the towel he's wrapped around his waist.

"So modest," I giggle at him as I coyly trace a claw around the bed spread. He grins.

"Oh, I forgot, foxes have no shame." He drops the towel in a pile and I get to see the glory of his horse cock one more time. It hangs down thick and low, already starting to stir as he looks me over. It's a bubblegum pink and veins the size of my pinky. I swear my throat already has an imprint of it from how much I've had it in me already this weekend. He gives a playful shake of his hips and lets it bounce and slap his thighs.

"Were you talking to someone?" he asks as he climbs onto the bed. His fur glistens, still damp, a few beads rolling off on the bed. I turn to lay on my back and let him climb over me until we can kiss.

"Harriet. She's always paranoid when I go on trips." We kiss again and he settles his weight on top of me. He's warm, wet, and firm in so many places. I stroke my paws along his sides and he grinds into me with slow, deliberate rolls of his hips. He pulls away from the kiss.

"Worried some other woman is going to steal you? I don't think she has that much to worry about there," he chuckles and kisses me again. I sigh, a little wistful. He feels so wonderful.

#14 Cleansing

Brother Kaivik pushed past the underbrush and stepped out onto the large flat rocks that lined the cleansing pond, initiates lounging around and playing in the water while some stood under the small waterfall. His hard cock led the way as he approached and smiled to them.

"Was the ritual a success?" Brother Andov, a ferret, asked as he carefully inscribed glyphs down the arm of Initiate Bevin, a handsome lion readying to become a Brother. The big bear laughed and stroked his stomach.

"My ass is sore in the way I like and the young wolf will sire a healthy cub, if not more," he

boasted and climbed into the water, jumping only slightly at the cool feeling. His dick still bobbed above the water. He stretched and dipped deeper until he squatted into the water. Their eyes followed him. Several initiates followed suit and soon a dozen sets of eyes watched the big bear sink into the water only to burst up in a wide spray, his fur clinging to his thick body.

Bevin spoke up, "You are not sated though, Brother." The bear grinned and held his cock, aiming at the young lion.

"It was not part of the ritual and he was not interested to repeat the ritual in kind," the big bear let out a raucous laugh "And as you can see I am already quite virile!"

The brothers laughed while the initiates stared over the bear's body and his prominent fat cock splashing in the water. He waded deeper into the water and came up underneath the small waterfall that fed it. He let out a low, rumbling groan as the cool water sprayed over him. He stretched his arms up and leaned into the spray.

A head bobbed up in the water before him.

"Brother, may I satisfy you then? My glyphs are done," Initiate Bevin said with a wide smile, even as his eyes stared at the bear's thick tool. Kaivik chuckled.

"You may. I will make your glyphs glow like the sun!" the bear let out another bellowing laugh as he thrust forward and tapped the lion's nose with his dick.

#15

I was blindfolded and led into one of the dungeon rooms. I could hear a couple other slaves with me, and it sounded like one or two more were already in the room with us. The attendant, one of the many veteran slaves the Master had trained to train other slaves, led us along one wall, then stretched our arms up and locked our wrists together by hanging chains, then attached a set of manacles to our anklets. The attendant left us there, the only sign he left the door clicking shut. We stood quietly, only the soft groan of another slave filling the silence and he had been making the noise since we arrived. He was in the middle of the room, whoever he was.

It wasn't long before the door creaked open again.

"Oh, such good looking slaves," the Master cooed, clapping his paws together as he came in. I wish I could have seen him. I squirmed a little, my chains jangling from it, and started to grow hard. My heart started to thump faster. The conditioning was already affecting me even with just one night of listening to it in my sleep. Just the thought of him made me feel flush, much less his presence. I wanted to see him badly. He walked over to me and his hands slid over my stretched body. I couldn't help but let out a low moan at his touch. He explored over my muscles, my pits, my arms, stroking down my sides.

"Mmm, I'll have to compliment Joseph, his taste in stock is getting better," he said as he felt over me. "And you've already started to follow your grooming instructions." His fingers traced through my trimmed pubes and under my balls. Every slave in the house was ordered to keep themselves trim and fit to Master's specifications. I blushed as I hardened up fully but his fingers only brushed my erection.

"And so eager. I look forward to breaking you in," he said and my heart skipped a bit.

"Not a bad cock. But it might look better locked," he chuckled and patted my rump before moving on. I could hear him feeling over the slave next to me, though he merely 'hmm'ed' and 'ooh'ed'. I felt jealous just listening, hanging there, aching for him, as he spent minutes inspecting each new slave.

Suddenly hands pulled the blindfold from my head. I moaned again as I looked into Master's violet eyes. He smiled at me then quirked an eyebrow. I averted my eyes, looking down over his firm body. Slaves were to know their place and only meet Master's gaze when he wanted. But it was a treat to see his naked body, his own cock as hard as mine, hovering just inches away from mine in fact.

Behind him, bound to a padded table, was the quietly moaning slave. He was wrapped head to

toe in leather, straps pinning him to the table, a hood covering his head, with a small vibrator tied to his naked cock. It was hard to tell his species with so much black leather covering him. Master turned and walked to the end of the table with the slave's head, flicking his tail as he watched and making sure we each saw his sculpted butt.

"Be good boys and you can enjoy things like this. Number three, lift your head," he commanded. Now I was able to glance beside me to see an otter and bear dangling beside me, all naked save our collars and the bracelets hooked to the chains. We were all rock hard watching Master. The slave on the table tilted his head back, a divot in the end of the table letting him go all the way back, and Master carefully unzipped the hood.

"How is that vibrator, number three?" Master asked.

"Th-thank you Master, thank you, I'm so close," the slave whined softly.

"How long have you been edging?" Master asked as he bent forward and stroked a paw across the slave's chest, looking at the dribbling, thrumming cock.

"Tw-two hours Master. Feels s-so good," came the low whine. Master smiled, reaching all the way down to squeeze the golden, furry balls just below the vibrator. Perhaps a lion.

"You've earned it, being such a good boy. Now, open wide," Master commanded. The muzzle opened wide, the tongue hanging out. Master grabbed his cock and carefully guided it into the open zipper, sinking into the hood with a happy sigh. The slave moaned and suckled eagerly, taking the hard cock to the hilt as Master began to thrust again and again. Envy blossomed in me again. I wanted to be bound to the table. I wanted to wrap my lips around that big, hard cock. I wanted to be edged. I squirmed, my hard cock aching between my legs. I hadn't been allowed to cum since arriving. Slaves were only allowed to cum with Master's permission.

"Ahh, no more gag reflex. Very good number three, I'll make sure your handler rewards you," Master sighed contently as he tapped his balls against the slave's nose. He turned to us, not stopping his pumping, and told us "Pay attention slaves, this is what a good slave looks like."

"Yes Master," we all answered.

#16 Snackrifice (VORE)

May 21, final entry. The journal has been waterlogged and marked with teeth and claw marks but reads as follows:

It is with great trepidation I write these words. We have been captured by the local tribe. Though they were peaceable at our first several encounters we seem to have upset them in some way to drive them to capture our party. I regret not pressing harder early on to find the services of a local guide, but alas it seems too little too late to rectify.

They have penned us up in a small cage on a ledge overlooking the grotto. The walls are painted with all manner of pictogram that I would dearly love to have time to study and decipher, yet I fear our time will be countered in mere hours and minutes than days. There seems to be a recurring figure though, what I can roughly translate as 'He Who Devours'.

They've prepared the cave as in celebration, baskets of food, bright decorations, several torches. I can only surmise a festival of some kind. Young Arthur feared we might be eaten, but we have yet to see any cooking implements, no big pots or spitroasts one might use for such. I have tried to assure him the tribe is not cannibalistic and has shown no tendency toward eating sentient beasts as ourselves. It did little to assuage his fears.

Unfortunately, he was the first to be taken. Some guards arrived with what could only be a village elder, a smiling gecko bedecked in robes and beads. The fellow examined us all and pointed to young Arthur. The lad panicked, of course, but we were helpless to do anything as they extracted him. Curse my aversion to firearms! I was far too confident we could handle the local fauna with non-lethal

methods; it left us at the mercy of the tribe. They dragged the poor boy away cursing and screaming. We sat, listless, depressed, waiting. It was past the time for blame and apologies. Even if we managed to escape the cage, recapture was certain.

Within the hour of poor Arthur's taking the festival seemed to begin. They broke into song and dance as the food seemed to be finished and many left the tables piled high with treats and left their work decorating. Many picked up instruments to play or to simply join in and dance. Something was coming.

A palanquin arrived at the grotto's entrance. A dozen tribesman bore it, the lot of them painted ghost white. It was large enough to house a small car, designed of wood and draped with rich cloths. As it was carried in several of the dancers and musicians paused and hushed to bow down. Many murmured something I dare not try to transcribe for I fear I would only muddle it, suffice to say I believe the translation was 'He Who Devours'. The palanquin was carried toward the back of the grotto, turned, and parked. The revelry picked up again, the music louder, the dancers more joyous.

My pen shakes now but more than my physical limitations I find it harder to describe in words what came next. The curtains on the palanquin were drawn back and my mind races with such newfound horror.

Seated upon the grand seat of the palanquin was something I can only describe as both grotesque and... godly. Should you find these words I know in my heart of hearts they will do no justice to the creature my mortal eyes gaze upon now.

He was massive, in all respects of the word. An alligator, I believe, but the features are almost draconic in their mythic proportions. This was an ancient beast, of days bygone when civilization was young and beasts lived by the claw and tooth.

It was albino. White scales glimmered in the torchlight with a rainbow sheen reflected off of them as it shifted in the light. Runes and glyphs had been transcribed in black upon the scales, symbol I scarcely recognized and, once more, lamented being unable to study in detail.

The greatbeast was nude and clearly male, a massive set of genital tucked between its legs. I wondered idly how it could move in such a state but something in bones told me not to underestimate this creature. He smiled widely as he surveyed his followers and licked that great white snout with a devilishly long tongue that I think each of our remaining party shuddered at its sight.

Someone muttered 'He Who Devours' and the rest of us cringed. Perhaps I had been premature in my assurances to young Arthur. The tribe was not cannibalistic, no. But.. a god. With growing fear we looked over the pictograms again. The great white figure and many small figures. With subsequent images showing fewer and fewer little figures.

"It's Arthur!" Ms Janine cried and pointed to the grotto's entrance. We all looked and, indeed, our young Arthur stood at the entrance. They had stripped the bear of all clothes and draped him in golden chains and flowers, a small wreath of white flowers upon his head. He stood at ease, his eyes wide but distant. I was unsure he was even aware of his surroundings. Two of the guards stood to either side and carefully guided him in. The crowd cheered and let up with an exuberant cry. The poor fellow walked as if in a dream. He smiled airily and his gaze lingered off in the distance, even as more and more I'm sure all he could see was the monstrous beast seated before him.

The creature smiled even wider and stared the little bear down, dwarfing him easily at a ratio of five to one. The beast spread his legs further and we, those of us that still dared watched, recoiled as the creature's phallus rose to life. What resembled a thick worm pulsed to life and peeled back to reveal a wide, blunt head. Before our eyes it transformed from 'worm' to 'battering ram'. I dare say the first thought to cross my mind was horror at what manner of species grew to both wield and accept such a weapon. But then, my rational side took over and I reminded myself I was not looking at a 'species' per se, but perhaps a freak offshoot of evolution or... something of the divine.

Young Arthur's smile widened and he dropped down onto his knees before the great engorged phallus. It seemed to react to his presence, growing even more, the pale, pink shaft smooth. The wide

slit, more a maw, opened and a thick pearl of what I could only imagine was pre-seminal fluid from its clear coloration oozed out. It welled up to the size of a fist before drooling down and pouring all over Arthur's head. The bear seemed delighted. He raised his muzzle and leaned into the stream as it poured over him, sticking the crown of flowers and the chains to his fur. He opened his mouth and let the goop onto his tongue. This seemed to excite the crowd all the more. Ms. Janine and Mr Bradforth cringed away in disgust. I assure you reader, I only continued to watch this horror in the interest of science.

The great beast stroked itself slowly, one immense had brushing and rubbing the shaft, coaxing more and more fluid onto the poor drugged bear. Finally satisfied the beast let his phallus hang down, whereupon it continued to drool copiously into the ground, as he leaned down and bodily lifted Arthur up. It was quite like watching someone lift a doll, there was no effort, the bear simply came up like he weighed nothing.

Again that monstrous tongue appeared to wet the wide lips. The crowd hushed. Only a single drum continued the steady tattoo that echoed through the grotto. Arthur was brought closer until we could see the beast's breath washing across him. That great maw opened again and the tongue slithered free to slather over the bear's pre-ejaculate slicked face. He moaned. Not a sound of fear, a sound of elation. His own phallus was erect now as the beast handled him and... tasted him. His eyes still remained unfocused. I hardly imagine what he believed was happening to him. I only hope, deep down, he was blissfully unaware.

Next. Next. Damn my trembling hands! Next came the obvious. The maw opened wider and Arthur... with one great heave the beast shoved him between its jaws. I admit we all screamed. Poor, poor Arthur. His naked body squirmed, I imagine in natural reaction but I fear at the last moment the spell was broken and the poor fellow finally came to consciousness to realize his plight. I pray I never find out which. The legs kicked, but to no avail as the beast's hands lifted him high and the broad snout tilted back, like a lush knocking back another drink. The throat bulged and... and..

Arthur was gone. The great, snakelike tongue returned and the beast smacked its lips as the bear's feet disappeared down the back of his throat. I know not how I continue to write, only that this must all be recorded for posterity. I admit, the more gruesome details could be omitted for those of faint heart, and perhaps my own fault in being so grotesque in them but I cannot fail my duty as a creature of the sciences.

The rest of them broke into jibbering madness. Cries of 'it ate him' and sobbing filled our cage. I continued to watch the beast. Again it smacked its lips and the tribesmen let out a joyous cry as the music picked up once more. I could only stare at the tremendous belly. It shifted. And in that moment I knew I stared not at some beast, some mere creature of this world, but something of the next. The beyond. I know my words fail to do this justice. I apologize. My mind has simply gone.

'He Who Devours' grinned and looked upon the cage holding us. The tongue snuck free across the broad snout and the great phallus gave a surge, jumping into the air and even flicking some of the tribesmen with its potent goo. The great hands came together and clapped, twice. Immediately the one I had pegged as the elder, the gecko, began to ascend the slope with his guards. I looked back at the pictograms. One great white figure. Fewer and fewer little figures. He Who Devours.

The rest of the journal is indecipherable, too torn and stained to read further.

#17 – Work out

Lance hit the chair with a happy sigh and immediately set about to upending half of a bottle of water over his head and chest before drinking down the rest of it. The doberman flopped back and let his tongue slip free as he panted and let the water dribble down his lean muscles.

"How long?" the raccoon asked as he started to stir the pitcher of lemonade. The dog sat up to check his smart watch.

“Three miles. Pretty good.” He smiled to himself and stretched, his muscles glowing and already promising to be sore soon enough. He wiped down his chest as the water and sweat mixed to dribble off onto the patio cement below.

“Oh you’re a peach,” he said as he accepted a glass of lemonade and sipped at it.

“It’s in my interest to keep you from collapsing. It is date night, after all.” The raccoon smiled and sashayed past with his tail flicking to and fro. Lance knocked the lemonade back, draining half of it, and offered a grin. A light tug to his shorts’ leg sent his ample cock flopping out against his thigh.

“Wanna help with my cool off swim?” he asked, smiling wide.

#18 - The gayborhood

The big skunk grinned and plucked the thick cigar from his teeth.

“I think, little cat, you are deeply unaware of whose den you have wandered into,” he explained in a low growl. He leaned back into the chair and spread his legs to show the thick leather criss-crossing his thick body and the grape fruit sized bulge straining at the leather jock just beneath the extra hairy gut. He quietly tapped the cigar ashes onto the nearby tray before puffing it and letting several smoke rings slowly flit into the air. Winford stared and gulped.

“I er I’m sorry,” he stuttered and wrinkled his nose as the rings splashed over his face. “I didn’t know this was your bar.”

The skunk chuckled.

“Sweetie, this is my gayborhood,” he growled as he unabashedly groped himself. The bulge throbbed and swelled against the shiny leather. Other figures in the shadows of the bar chuckled. Suddenly there were a dozen matches flaring to life lighting up a dozen cigars. Winford stumbled back and hit his ass on the floor, gasping as several leather clad bodies towered over him.

#19 The Party

The panther lounged back on the loveseat and purred quietly as he traced his claws over the leather harness crossing his chest.

“I’m not really sure,” he said as he drew a claw along his semi erect cock and angled it up to expose his balls “Does this make my balls look bigger or smaller?”

The series of leather straps wrapped around the base of his cock and balls spread his nuts apart and lightly bulged them out to each side. Rochfort gave an appraising ‘hmm’ as he pulled on his pair of leather fingerless gloves.

“Bigger, might just seem smaller since you so rarely have them apart.” The fox smiled and got down on his paws and knees to poke his snout between the cat’s legs. His cold black nose touched each nut, followed by a soft kiss.

“Flattery gets you everywhere, slave,” Hyden chuckled and let his tail flick up to tickle the fox’s chin. His paw moved from his groin to his slave’s head and pet along it slowly. Then, gently cupping the back of the fox’s head, he sat up and stuffed the fox between his legs.

“I hope you’re as ready for the party as I am, love.”

#20 The Beach

Lance laid back on the beach towel and set his arms up behind his head. He settled in against the sand beneath him, smiling wide.

“Everyone is staring, aren’t they?” he asked the skunk settling onto his own towel beside the doberman.

“You always ask. You know they are. I know this is why you come here.” the two of them

chuckled and stretched out under the warm sun as it climbed toward noon.

"Well I can't help its a nude beach. I mean, they stare even when I'm in a swimsuit." He grinned to himself and shifted his legs, letting his long soft cock flop off of his knee and lay down his inner thigh. People were definitely staring. Chenshir gave a chuckle.

"You do not get to call that dental floss of a speedo you pack that monster into a 'swimsuit', my dear." Lance let out a playful growl.

"As if you even look at the front," he smiled at the skunk as he rolled onto his side, his dick slapping down against the towel.

"How many people you think will gawk if I pop wood?"

Chenshir laughed.

"Twenty, easily. You're going to get us kicked out."

"Probably!"

#21 - More Lube, Please

"Master?"

"Yes slave?"

"May I have a little more lube?" the big bear quietly wagged his rump, sticking up in the air as he lay on the bed with his knees bent. The rhino smiled.

"Little uncomfortable?" he asked as he walked around to the edge of the bed. A little shake of the spreader bar ensuring the bear couldn't close his legs and the rhino slowly stroked a hand along one brown furry rump cheek. The end of the new toy, a wide black base, jutted from between the round mounds.

"A little... Ah!" he gasped as Master pulled the toy out slowly. The replica cock was long, fat, and covered in fake veins. Gingerly, Master poured more lube, letting it drizzle over the wet black rubber while going along the shaft. A gentle push and pull then the thing was sliding back in up to the hilt.

"Better?" Master asked. The bear sighed and moaned.

"Much, thank you Sir."

"Good. Now, don't clench," the rhino grinned to himself as he grabbed the toy and began to vigorously pump it in and out of the helpless bear ass

"Ah! AH!" slave moaned loudly as his whole body jiggled.

#22 - New Cabin Boy

The one eyed cat ushered the young lion into his state room and smiled as the aquamancer goggled at the various trophies and gewgaws he had collected in his years as ship captain. Velvet curtains hung from the windows and let only a single sheet of light in but it was enough to catch the golden sparkles of treasure. He carefully set his hat atop the stand, gently caressing the broad plume stuck into it, before slipping off his overcoat and hanging it below.

"Fascinating," the scholar gagged at a crystal slowly turning above its golden pedestal. Captain chuckled and snapped his fingers, eliciting a soft glow from the crystal.

"This will be the room we share," he explained as he carefully unbuttoned his shirt.

"But...there's only one bed."

The panther let out a ribald laugh and pulled his shirt open to reveal the hard chest beneath.

"Ye do know what a cabin boy actually -does-, don'tcha?" he asked with a wry smirk perking his muzzle. The lion gaped a little.

"Oh," was all he managed, adjusting his glasses as a blush filled his cheeks and ears.

#23 - Birthday Surprise

The big skunk leans back in his seat and, with one paw, unzips the thick pouch of his thong. He doesn't even need to fish himself out as his already hardening dick presses through the open fly and telescopes out. It's wide and thick, club-like as the mushroom tip surges into the open air and the whole thing throbs. He grins, biting the cigar to hold it in place as he lets the smoke blow through his nose and the thick ring in his septum. It wafts up in a cloud hazing the room. He offers the cake in his free paw, a short, pink affair with a dick shaped candle quietly melting wax in slow, pre-cum like dribbles.

"You can pick one to blow. Or both. Your party," he says with a wide smile and slowly runs a paw down his prominent, hairy gut, the black fur sprinkled with a tinge of silver.

"Just wait til you open your presents. Won't be walking for a week," he chuckles, his fingers reaching down to his drooling cock and openly stroking it. He spreads his legs wider and sets the cake between them, leaning back to let his dick jut upwards like the candle.

(Associated pic: <http://tredain.tumblr.com/post/161114914151/birthday-gift-for-a-friend-from-hypnohepcat>)

#24 - Close

"Twenty two, twenty three, twenty four and.. Done." The mouse smiled and took his gloved hand away from the fox's throbbing cock. "Shame, all that wait and still no pop."

The fox whined.

"M-master, last time you gave me twenty five strokes," he whimpered, he ears splayed back as his toes and fingers clenched. He was closer than he had been in days but still not close enough. He weakly pumped his hips into the air. Master peeled the lubed rubber glove off.

"I know, every time you don't cum you get one less. I want to see how long it takes before you can cum from less stimulation." The mouse yawned and stretched, laying alongside the prone fox, tracing his fingers over the lithe body, up the fox's arms and over to the bracelets locked to the bedposts.

"Bu-but..." was all he could weakly stutter, knowing this wasn't an argument he could win.

"When you soften up we'll put the cage back on. Good night, slave." a peck to the cheek and the mouse pulled the covers up as he nestled up against the poor needy fox.

"G-good night, Master. Thank you."