

August '17 Practice Shorts

Hi all! Another month, another collection of my daily flash fictions. Pretty happy with my output and proving a lot of things to myself. Please let me know if there's any particular entries you like! Feedback always appreciated. And if you like what you read, please help support my work by sending a tip: <https://ko-fi.com/tredain>

#1 – New Lord

The barbarian lord lounged back on a bed piled with furs. He purred luxuriously and let his thick muscles relax, his big body splayed out. I'd never seen a lion so big before, even here in the northern plains. He was a head and a half taller than any of my poor unfortunate guards, with their helmets, and the broad sword he wielded was simply ludicrous. The weapon could take the legs out from under a rider lizard.

"What do you intend for me?" I asked after a long pause filled only with his low rumbling purrs. He lifted his great head and smiled at me.

"I plan to use you, book worm," the smile turned toothy and one massive paw ran down the mountainous chest in small circles.

"The king's pet scholar can help me identify relics we may unearth. I have a collection, you see. As well, you'll make a fine actual pet." The paw descended lower & the lion grabbed himself through his loincloth. My eyes went wide. It was quite a handful.

"Understood?"

Protest meant death. Or punishment, at the least. I bowed my head.

"Yes Sir, as you wish." I could escape later.

The big maned head laid back once again, then lifted one leg up to point at me.

"Undress me then, pet." His big arms went behind his head and he propped himself up just enough for those golden eyes to drill into me. I didn't hesitate. Stepping forward, I grasped the crude boot, made of fur and scales it seemed with an unidentifiable leather, and pulled. There was a moment of resistance then it came free, leaving me staring at a golden paw. He wiggled his toes, then lifted the other foot as the first dropped to dangle off the edge. I pulled it free, then set both boots down by the side of the bed. As I did, he set both paws on my shoulders.

"Stay," he commanded. I pressed a paw to the bedside, staying hunched over. I couldn't see him but I could certainly hear him purring. It rumbled the air.

"Kneel," he commanded. I knelt. His paws moved to my shoulders. One gently stroked the side of my face. Luckily, they were moist from the boots but he clearly had not been wearing them long as there was little scent. I marveled at how well groomed it was.

He squeezed my face with his paws then ordered me to 'Rise, pet'. I stood slowly as both paws dragged down my front. He set them against my belly and I could feel the pin pricks of his claws. He smiled widely then slowly spread his legs. I hadn't been that close to him yet so it gave me time to admire how simply huge he was. Muscles bulged just under his fine golden pelt, to the point I could make out the individual veins. His abs were like miniature crags below the shadow of his enormous chest. I surmised both his biceps and thighs were each bigger than my head.

"Loincloth," he purred. He didn't threaten. There was no violence implicit in his commands. He knew that I knew I was helpless here. And probably knew I wasn't wholly disinterested. I was a plaything that amused him, for the time being. I hoped he wasn't the temperamental type nor grew bored easily. I leaned over the edge of the bed and took the opportunity to feel up his legs, drawing my paws toward his groin. He was warm to the touch, almost glowing with heat. I traced my fingers to his belt.

It was old and worn, the buckle was a polished silver medallion that seemed to depict gods I

was unfamiliar with. I circled a claw around it then worked to undo it, pulling it free and leaving me to remove the cloth. I peeled it off of his body, pulling it out from under him as it came undone. He let out a big, happy sigh as it came free, his soft phallus flopping to one side of his thigh. I paused, only to admire the size of it then idly wondered if somehow it had grown to match his body or he had been blessed from birth and worked to have a body worthy of such a weapon. Even soft, I imagined it could go from my wrist and reach halfway down to my elbow. Equally impressive were the heavy eggs hanging below. One looked like it would barely fit into my palm, much less the duo. I looked up at him and he met me with those golden eyes and a knowing grin. He unhooked one arm from behind his mane and scratched idly at his pubes, causing his cock to rise and bob in the air. Like the rest of him, veins stood out along the growing shaft.

“You’ll become well acquainted with him in coming days, have no doubt, pet,” he purred. His arm returned behind his head and he took the time to stretch, groaning lowly as his back popped and he pressed deeper into his pile of furs. It was like I wasn’t even there.

“Massage me,” he ordered. His chest swelled, stomach rising as he drew in a deep breath and let his muscles tighten up. No choice. I brought my paws down to those rigid abs and let my fingers stroke over them. My thumbs traced the wide navel and stroked up and down his hard belly. He still glowed heat and his fur was soft to the touch. I had to imagine he bathed frequently. No tribal like him was this clean or soft. I leaned over his groin, conscious of the fat tube of his cock as it flopped up toward my paws, and slid my paws over his pecs. It would take both paws to cup one. His nipples alone were each the size of the tip of my index finger. I stroked over the fur, soft but taut across the hard muscles. His body left little to the imagination.

“You’ll learn every inch,” he promised.

I started to stroke up and down his chest before one arm reached up, cupped the back of my head, and suddenly dragged me down on top of him. I made a noise of surprise as that paw grabbed me and shoved me between the hard pecs, grinding me into the deep valley. The rest of me fell atop the rest of his body, it was like landing on warm, furry rocks. Except that slap of cock poking out to one side, I could feel that throbbing against my belly as it jutted out between us. His purr rumbled through my head and vibrated me. It felt like the whole world rumbled around me, the heavy tattoo of his heartbeat underlying it all.

“Lick,” he commanded as his claws stroked along the back of my head. I let my tongue slide out and into the warm crevice. There was little taste, his natural scent drowned out everything else. I could feel the heat coming off him. He had to feel like the sun when he actually exerted himself. His paw pressed flatly against me, stroking and kneading me before closing around my hair and guiding my mouth across one pec.

“How do I taste?”

I know he didn’t expect me to answer, particularly when he shoved his nipple against my lips. I didn’t hesitate to close around it and suckle. The nub firmed against my tongue and his purring intensified. His paw pressed down and pinned me to his chest, forcing me to ‘nurse’. I sucked harder.

“Hungry pet. I’ll make sure you get plenty of milk,” he teased with a roll of his hips, his dick getting harder by the moment. He pulled me off with a loud *pop* as I was still sucking and planted me down on the other tit, giving it the same treatment. He smiled and watched me, easing his grip and slowly stroking across my head. I admit, it felt good. I suckled harder and let my tongue swirl around the tip of his nub.

“Better than I expected, little book worm. You might be more useful than I anticipated.” His paw stroked down my neck and ran along my spine before thick fingers closing over one ass cheek. I couldn’t help but moan and his reaction was instant, his muzzle breaking into a wider smile. His tail flicked and curled up one of my legs. I moaned again.

#2 Scarecrow

“Professor Brainbender, why do you never take my mind?” the dalmation asked. The supervillain paused working on his latest device and pulled his goggles up to stare at the dog.

“You have to have a mind to take in the first place,” he answered, turning back to his device. He waited.

“Oh, okay.” The dog smiled and wagged. The rat waited a little more as the question worked its way through the dog. “Wait, I don’t have a mind?”

The rat sighed a little and pulled off a glove, extending his index finger.

“Suck.” The dog didn’t hesitate and closed his lips over it, suckling happily.

“Kneel.” The dog dropped down and wagged as the rat pet over his head.

“Sandy, what you lack in intelligence, you make up for in obedience. You’re an adequate minion,” he explained before patting the dog.

“Thank you Professor,” the dog thumped his tail and leaned in close. The rat brushed him slowly then produced a bone shaped butt plug from his coat.

“Stick this inside you and wait in the bedroom. I’m working.”

“Yes Sir!” the dalmation snatched the toy and scurried away. Brainbender sighed, but watched the dalmation’s ass as he went.

“Good help is so hard to find...”

#3 Otter Water

He sat in a big chair that in the right light could have been mistaken for a throne. Even decked in leather, the big otter cut a kingly figure. He settled into his chair and stroked a gloved paw through the thick fur of his belly. Half a cigar jutted out of one side of his muzzle. He pushed one boot forward.

“Kiss.” The command rumbled out of him, his voice deep and velvety. Hands grasped my arms and ‘helped’ me down. I stared at the polished black boot, then looked up at him. Golden eyes stared down at me and a plume of smoke hissed from his nostrils.

“Bring de ottah wottah,” he growled. Another pair of brutes, decked in leather like the rest, carried a golden bowl over to him. It hung above my head and I could make out carvings, otters covered it like odd hieroglyphics. One thick paw dipped in and swirled a claw through whatever it held.

“Poifect,” he growled and tipped it over me. I yelped in surprise, not sure what to expect. Mostly, it was wet. Clear water splashed over me and ran over the floor.

“Kiss,” came the command again.

My lips met his boot before I was aware I was moving. I kissed and then carefully licked the boot.

“Mmm. Good boy,” Daddy said above me. I wanted to please him. Deep down something inside me screamed and was overcome as a wave of new thoughts flooded into me. The big otter was Daddy. Leather looked good. Pleasing Daddy was good. Being an otter was good.

I kissed my way up his boot and moaned a little. I didn’t notice my claws changing, my fur shifting from grey to a soft earthy brown or the swell of my belly and ass. I could only think about kissing the big otter. I got up to my knees, kissing one, letting my paws stroke up his legs.

Golden eyes stared down at me and his muzzle turned up in a smirk. Thick fingers descended again and dragged the zipper on his bulging thong down. A fat pink mushroom popped free and my lips met it eagerly, kissing Daddy’s dick happily.

“Good boy,” he almost purred. One paw stroked my head then pushed me down onto his growing erection. It slid across my tongue and pleasure sparked down my spine and along my newly thickened tail.

#4 Headmaster 2

Warning: S&M content. Characters are of age, but referred to as 'boys' as a means of humiliation/training.

The two glanced at one another, then back at the wolf.

"T-together?" they said. The wolf stared them down with his arms crossed, giving a curt nod.

"You have both been little fools, if you will commit crimes together, you will take your punishment together." He patted the edge of his desk. "Bend here boys. Now, or it will be much worse."

The fox and lion whimpered together, their ears splayed back, looking at the desk, then up to the wolf. First the lion rose, laying his belly against the desk and obediently pulling his uniform down, exposing his pert, golden butt. The fox blushed, seeing his friend's ass, before he quickly followed, not wanting a worse punishment.

The headmaster smiled a little. "Good boys. This is for your own good," he said, going to the cabinet beside his desk, pulling out a stiff cane. He slapped it into his palm a few times, stroking slowly up and down the shaft.

"You will count each other's strikes. If you fail to count correctly, they will get a double strike. Understood?" Both nodded, hiking their tails up, both trembling as the wolf walked around. He paused, admiring the naked behinds, before stepping to one side. Carefully, he laid the cane across both sets of cheeks. He slid it back and forth slowly letting them feel how long and solid it was. The cane rose up high, then landed down on the fox's ass. The fox gave a loud yelp!

"O-one!" the lion called.

"Yes, just like that. Keep track, or your friend will hurt," the wolf explained before striking down again across the lion's ass.

"One!" the fox winced as his friend yelped.

#5 Rutting

Durg let out a low, guttural moan as the rough hand clapped down on his bare ass and squeezed. The orc beside him grinned.

"Never been with a Thunder Rock," he said as his fingers kneaded over the hairy green flesh. Durg didn't hide his moans, pressing into the grip eagerly.

"No reason to come to the plains. We hear you Wind Stokers full of hot air," he chuckled. He recieved a firm slap to his emerald behind and moaned again.

"We hear you Thunder Rocks are as dumb as your boulders. Guess we were both wrong," Crad said as he let one digit slide into the orc's ass crack. He found the tight bud and stroked slowly up and down the warm valley.

"That remains to be seen," Durg grinned and spread his legs to brace himself before slipping over the plains runner's abs

"That a challenge, rock rutter?" Crad growled, playfully. The mountain orc leaned forward and pressed his hands to the bathhouse wall.

"Aye, put your cock where your mouth is," he teased.

"Mm, better stick my mouth somewhere good then," he said as he knelt down behind Durg and spread the cheeks,

Both orcs growled and groaned as Crad's tusks pressed into Durg's cheeks and his tongue slid into the warm, hairy valley. Thick fingers squeezed and spread the cheeks aside as he dug his tongue into the deep crevice and swabbed up and down. Durg shuddered. The big orc rolled his hips and ground himself back into Crad's face. Both of them reached between their legs and began to squeeze

and stroke their cocks.

"Rut me, plains runner," Durg growled loudly. The other orc pulled his face away and smacked his lips, then gave the bare ass a firm squeeze. He stood up and pressed against his companion, his dick throbbing with need as it sank between the hairy cheeks. Big arms wrapped Durg and those thick fingers pressed to his chest to stroke and massage as the hard cock teased up and down his crack.

"Spear me!" Durg growled, bracing himself against the wall. Tusks grazed his bare neck and Crad growled into a pointed ear.

"Beg me. Beg me to fuck your gorgeous ass rock thrower," he demanded, his hands sliding down to squeeze Durg's hips.

"Fuck me. Fuck me now!"

There was no hesitation as Crad grabbed his drooling member and pushed between Durg's cheeks. The two emerald bodies pressed together and for a moment there was a singular tension between them before the wide head opened the orc's ass and slid in to the hilt. Both snarled and ground against each other. Durg clung to the wall even as he sat back against the plainsorc's hard cock. They paused only to feel the other's body, the warmth and scent, before Crad withdrew slowly.

"Full of hot air now?" he grunted into Durg's ear. Durg shook his head and clenched himself down on the hard bone inside him.

"Mmph, just like fucking boulders," Crad teased. He gave the warm ass a slap and thrust in again, hard cheeks slapping his lap. Big hand's grabbed Durg's shoulders and pressed him to the bathhouse wall, bending him forward as he started to thrust in earnest. Both growled again, filling the air with snarls and the sound of flesh slapping together. Durg shuddered. He'd missed taking a lover, and happily drizzled his joy all over the floor as it was pounded out of him.

Crad came with a loud snarl and dug his fingers into the broad shoulders he was already gripping like a vice. He pulled back once, thrust up against Durg and let loose a thick gush up his spine before the second thrust jammed him back inside the warm gaping hole. Durg gritted his teeth and bowed his head as he was filled once more. He let his hard cock swing free with both of his hands pressed to the cool tile of the wall. A heavy thread drooled to the floor and added to the clear puddle he had already made.

Crad let out a relieved sigh and pulled free, dick dripping with their love making, & patted the spread butt. A finger dipped in to circle the gaping hole. He flicked the drooling spunk to the floor. "As tough as your clan's reputation claims. Color me impressed, rock thrower." Crad grinned. The mountain orc stood slowly and smiled as the plainsorc's seed ran down his thighs.

"Not so bad yourself, grass runner. Those legs are good for something." They chuckled. "Care to help me wash?"

With one hand gripping each other's member, they walked to the baths together.

#6 Shame

He was gorgeous. The duke smiled widely as he saw my reaction. His dancer stepped to the middle of the hall and gave a low bow. Chains jingled over the zebra's body as he did. I couldn't take my eyes off of him, the black and white highlighted by the gold criss crossing his arms, his chest, his waist. Gold paint adorned his nails and lips while a thin gold cloth hid his groin. He smiled and as the musicians started to play he began to thrust and sway, his chains adding to the melody.

"A slave?" I asked the fox, leaning in to be polite. The duke chuckled and took a sip of his wine.

"Hardly. A scholar. He is traveling the courts. He does this as a hobby. Apparently, he enjoys entertaining."

I nodded and continued to stare. He twirled, he bumped, he danced for the hall. His body was gorgeous. Neither slim nor muscular, he was toned and athletic, able to twirl on one foot even flip forward up on one arm. I casually crunched a piece of food, I think a vegetable, and watched. The hall

whispered.

“Barbaric. Has he no shame?”

“I hope not,” I said aloud.

#7 – FatDog

The fox settled beside me and I smiled a little. His bushy tail thumped the couch and he settled up against me.

“Wild party huh?” he said, as the music boomed from the back of the house.

“Yeah, Denver usually throws some big ones.” I leaned back against the seat and laid my arm along the back. He smiled, took the hint, and leaned up against the crook of my arm. My paw slipped down to stroke along his back, then up to his shoulder and arm.

“Known him long?” he asks and his claws start to trace along my belly.

“We used to date. He’s kind of a bitch though when he’s not entertaining.” No need to lie, I figured. The rottweiler was a total diva at times.

“I can see that,” he said, slipping his fingers under my shirt. “Didn’t know he was into big guys.”

I coughed a little. Yeah, no need to lie.

“I wasn’t always this big. After we broke up, I went to a different college, quit working out. Weight came on.”

“I like it. Big dogs are hot,” he chuckled and rested his head on my gut as his fingers traced lower.

“Ya? Lil fox likes the big shep?” I growled in a low, playful tone.

#8 – Pup

“Squat,” the bull commanded. Aaron did so, to the best of his ability with the spreader bar and mits on his paws. He settled his elbows onto his knees and balanced himself, feeling even more exposed. Kurt smiled and knelt beside him.

“We’ll make a pup out of you yet,” he rumbled and reached between the bear’s legs to squeeze and stroke Aaron’s hard cock. The bear moaned into the hood and nodded eagerly. The gloved hand squeezed firmly, then pumped up and down, smearing the bear’s pre. It felt so good, he thought. Feeling someone else’s hand on him and the smooth leather. He whined when the bull’s hand came away but moaned louder when one of the gloved digits touched against exposed hole. He flexed once out of reaction and recieved a soft flick from the finger.

“Relax pup,” Kurt commanded. Aaron whimpered playfully and nodded, taking a deep breath. The finger returned and rubbed around and around his hole. He couldn’t help himself moaning lowly. the finger pressed in & slid up easily, it felt slick. When it pushed in to the hilt and slid back out he groaned.

#9 The Ladder

“I’m fine,” he lied as he poured the drink. The amber liquid sloshed over the ice cubes and nearly over the rim of the glass. He lifted it and sipped it back from the brink.

“You’re drinking bourbon in your kitchen, naked, at nine a.m.. Nothing about that is fine,” the fox growled. Carter quirked an eyebrow and spread his legs apart.

“Nothing?” he said with a smirk and took a pull on his drink.

“Yes, nothing,” Milton checked his watch and adjusted his tie. “I don’t care how nice your dick

is, we need you dressed and in the office. Or do you think the Board is just going to wait for you?"

The horse scowled and set the drink on the counter before walking past the fox.

"Fuck the Board."

"I know, we've been trying. You could try putting that dick to better use."

"No!" Carter called from the bathroom. The fox followed.

"Either way, its we get fucked or them, it would help if you stopped helping their cause," he said as he leaned in the doorway, quietly looking over his small purple glasses.

"I'm fine," Aaron lied again as he got into the shower.

#10 – Army

Hyde snarled as the rune bindings flared to life and slammed him back to the wall.

"I did warn you. You're under my command," the leopard smiled over his shoulder. He turned to face the hyena, his paws behind his back, and stepped up until they were muzzle to muzzle. Red eyes glared back at him.

"So long as you are in this unit you will follow my every order explicitly or we'll leave you for the bugs to feast on. Is that clear?"

Hyde said nothing. He simply glared. The lieutenant commander looked back impassively, tilting his head to one side as if examining an insect. One paw reached out and slowly stroked up the bare chest. Hyde froze. The slim fingers traced through the rough fur slowly and felt along the thick, taut muscles.

"You really are a beast," he said as if commenting on the weather. Then the fingers went higher, feeling on the inscribed collar.

"We're not enemies, warrior. You are a captive and an asset. We can come to...mutual terms without this brute friction, no?"

Hyde's brow furrowed but he remained still.

"Listening," he grunted.

#11 Another Fat Dog

I stroke a paw up his chest and squeeze one pec. Its soft and warm to the touch and plush like the rest of him. I stroke both paws through his fur and he growls playfully with me.

"Pretty handsy, fox," he chuckles and presses in against me, letting his paws wander up my arms as he grinds his gut and groin against me to pin me to the wall.

"Lot to get my hands on," I tease and squeeze his lovehandles. The big husky growls again, bushy tail swaying back and forth as his muzzle pokes into the crook of my neck. He sniffs me eagerly and returns the squeeze, rolling his hips as he does. We're both hot and hard now so I whine into his ear and give it a nuzzle. With one paw, I stroke the back of his head and he lets his nose wander down until he bites one of my nipples. I gasp, he's not gentle, and he rubs his paws across my belly.

"Can say the same for you," he replies with his lips & tongue teasing my chest. He bites again, suckling with a low 'mmm' before he pulls off & stands up straight, pressing himself against my thigh.

"Get down," he growls.

I press my back to the wall and sink down onto my knees, planting kisses on him as I go. I stroke my face against his big belly and let out a happy sigh, even as his dick prods along my neck and cheek. I take it in one paw, though I'd need two to cover it all, and starts to lightly stroke along it. He groans above me, leaning in until his gut is pressing me to the wall again and rolling his hips. He's already leaking but I pull his cock up and press into the warm pillow of his nuts. He's clean but even so he smells heavenly, a slightly salty muskiness tickling my nose. He press in and rub back and forth across his balls as his dick leaks above me.

“Yyyyeah,” the big dog groans above, tail still whipping about. His fur is silky soft against me, like I’m molesting a plush toy. I lick across his balls a few times before letting my nose and lips peck their way up his stiffness. He pulls back from the wall to watch me, smiling down as I kiss the tip.

“Damn that’s beautiful,” he says, thrusting coyly to tap himself against my muzzle and nose. I giggle.

I lick over him and let him rub that slicked cock over my muzzle, my fur getting stick with pre and saliva before I close my lips around that plum tip and start to suckle.

“Ooohhh yeah,” he groans above, setting his paws against the wall so he can gently thrust against me. Its awkward at first, I’m not quite the right height for it, so I back into the wall and go from kneeling to a squat, giving him just the right angle to start pumping. I can hear him mumble more above me but his gut presses down on my muzzle and most of what I can hear is the fleshy slap as he thrusts and slides in and out of my mouth. I suck happily at him, he’s a good size for it, and start to grab his plush hips. He groans and settles into an easy rhythm, pulling out to the tip before sinking in to the hilt. I shift one paw over and grabs his balls. They feel wonderful, big, long hanging, soft to the touch, and I can get a good grip on them. He growls and thrusts a little faster, clearly encouraged. Then he slips out of my mouth and growls down at me.

“Paw.” So I wrap both around him.

He takes a step back with his paws still flat to the wall and starts to thrust into my paws. He smiles down at me, tongue slipping free as he starts to pant and lick his lips.

“Gotta mark you,” he teases, thrusting in and out of the slick junction of my paws. I grip him firmly and watch the fat tip disappear and reappear at me as it slides in and out. “Gonna make you smell like dog all week.”

He grunts and thrusts faster, making me glad he wasn’t piledriving my muzzle like this, I’d probably be hitting the wall again and again otherwise.

“Fffyyeaaaaahhh!” he cries as he thrusts harder and the big tip swells, pressing all the way through my paws before it erupts. Long thick strands of creamy husky cum spit over me and I keep pumping, feeling him surge and shudder. I aim him up, trying to get more on my face but his pumping sends it everywhere. Finally, he gives one last thrust and holds still, cock throbbing, standing on his toes hunched over me.

“That’s a good fox,” he coos before slowly extracting himself from my paws. He pants happily, glowing.

He hooks his arms under mine and helps me up to my feet, my legs a little wobbly from squatting. He leans me back against the wall and licks some of his spunk off my cheek as he leans in gut to gut again.

“Gotta get you cleaned up. Then maybe.. Grab some pizza? Maybe a drink?” he grinned at me and licks my cheek, giving my lovehandles a squeeze. “Maybe more later?”

“Sure,” I smile, then he leans in and kisses back. My paws slip up his arms to squeeze his shoulders and pull him into me. Its not long before his tongue presses into my mouth and we french as his cum cools in my fur. One of his paws reaches down and wraps around my cock, still hard and unattended. He squeezes the ring of his index and thumb up and down it slowly, which gets me to gasp and go up on my toes.

“Still plenty eager. We can take care of that too. Shower?” he doesn’t let me answer by pressing in to another kiss and squeezing my cock like he’s testing my blood pressure. I whine and try my best to nod. He turns his muzzle and there’s his tongue again, dueling with mine. I moan.

With his paw still gripping me, he tugs me through the living room and into one of the bathrooms.

“Sure they won’t be back soon?” I ask, glancing toward the front of the house.

“Naw. Morris can’t help but tie one on. We’ve got hours. May not see them til tomorrow, if they stop for munchies.” He lets go of my cock to turn around and get the shower going. It’s a pretty big walk in, tiled, with a glass door. A toilet and sink top sat beside it. I take the pause to admire his ass, his

fluffy tail still perked up, curled just a bit in that husky way. It made a nice accent for his butt. His cheeks were big and round, though part of that was his fur making them fluffier than they were. I reach out and cop a feel as he fiddles with the knobs. He jumps, slightly, but grins over his shoulder.

“Handsy fox,” he chuckles and wiggles his fat ass into my paws. I squeeze both and stroke slowly over them like I’m kneading dough. I step forward to let my hardness tease up against one cheek and his tail bats at my belly.

“C'mere,” he drags me into the spray and kisses me.

#12 - Pina Colada

I have to admit, it was a good pina colada. Mind you, I only discovered this well after it was in my paw for quite a while. But could you really blame me? A private beach for the resort and they hire all these buff dudes to play bartender and wait staff. I’m not even fond of pina coladas but when a wolf that looks like he could pop me like a balloon between any number of his large muscles offers it as the special of the afternoon and doesn’t shy away from me scoping out his girkin, I’m not so inclined to decline whatever he offers.

I couldn’t even tell you what else I did at the beach except stare at these towering gods in small bow ties and nothing else carrying trays of drinks or the couple bartenders, a lizard and a toucan, that managed some acrobatics while mixing. I’d report I didn’t embarrass myself but shame refrains me from that dishonesty. These guys were huge, they were polite, and I wanted them all to bearhug me in one group until I melted into a puddle of happy and horny. To say the least, it was a very pleasant distraction for the trip.

#13 - Psychopompous

“He’s good.” The jackal smiled as he sipped his cocktail. “Lot of years left on him too.” The trio watched as the wolf gyrated on stage, grinding against the dancer’s pole and mock humping it.

“Don’t do that,” the great hawk sighed and rubbed at his eyes.

“Like I can help it,” Anubis smiled and kept drinking, his eyes watching the wolf’s pecs bounce.

“You can. We don’t need to hear how long every mortal has to live. It’s depressing.”

The jackal set his drink down.

“So you’d rather be uncertain as to when your new plaything might be joining me?” he smirked. The hawk scowled. Set, for his part, stayed quiet and glanced askance, neither wanting to sit in on another lover’s qaurel nor look to eager to be watching a stripper, however talented and endowed he was. Which was quite a lot, in both regards.

“You’re impossible,” Ra sighed and sucked at his straw, quickly draining the tall tequila sunrise.

“Slow down. I’d at least like to see the next dancer before we’re picking you off the floor,” the jackal said as he lifted his own glass and drained the rest of it in one gulp.

#14 – Tip Dip

Lance smiled quietly to himself as he stepped out on the back patio. Every eye in the backyard was drawn to him, or rather drawn to the naked weapon swinging between his legs.

“Great weather, ya?” he said to the crowd. Some of the guys rolled their eyes and returned to their conversation, still others stared openly. Lance was something to be seen to be believed and he knew it.

“Margarita?” Hender asked as he stepped up beside the doberman brandishing two red cups.

“Delighted,” the dog smiled at the wolf and accepted it, walking with him to the pool side. Both

settled down on the stone outcrop and let their feet dip into the water, along with Lance's tip.

"And here I thought you'd miss making a spectacle," the wolf noted wryly before he sipped at his straw. The dog grinned, noting every eye on him as many played in the water.

"Well I might have, but clothing optional sealed the deal."

"Of course it did. I imagine you'll take to the diving board soon?"

The dog chuckled.

"I was considering it. After a drink or two." He wrapped his lips on his straw.

#15 – Dino

He was a sculpture in scales and leather. The rex smiled as the fox stepped into his room and promptly knelt down without being commanded.

"You're learning, mammal," he spoke in a low rumble. One leg lifted and dragged a toe claw through the soft fur of the fox's belly.

"Obedience or the air lock. Not much of a choice," Captain Tuler replied, keeping his head bowed low. The foot came down between his legs and the rex stepped closer.

"Still a problem with that mouth. You'll learn that too." A clawed hand descended and gripped the fox by the back of his head then pulled him into the bulging thong wrapping the rex's groin.

"Respect your betters, mammal."

The bulge throbbed against his snout, smelling of sweat and leather. It ground back and forth across his snout. There was little he could do, so the fox didn't resist. He pressed in, not eagerly but not hesitantly. His lips pressed to the fabric and kissed.

"Down boy," the rex growled and pressed him to the floor, one clawed foot under his chin. The other foot lifted and planted against his back.

#16 – Hypno Hump

The wolf smiled at the ass presented before him. He looked over the bear's body, head and chest down, knees bent, butt up, the cheeks spread just enough to reveal the tight hole.

"You like to submit to your Master, don't you slave?" he asked. David let out a little moan.

"Yes Master, it feels good to submit to you. Thank you for showing me what it's like to give myself to a better male," came the trained response. The hypnosis had taken like a charm. Michael smiled to himself and leaned down to gently stroke the bear's fat low hanging balls. Another moan.

"You're glad I changed out your relaxation tapes for my own, aren't you?" he asked, knowing the answer.

"Yes, thank you Master. I'm more relaxed now than I could have ever been. No job, no nagging girlfriend, no need to worry about anything but serving your cock," the bear droned with a happy tone. The fingers continued to knead and massage his big balls before a thumb stroked up and down the exposed crack.

"You've become a very good boy, slave. You're very welcome." He pressed a thumb against his former roommate's asshole and smiled wider as the big bear moaned. The hole flexed. He was insatiable now. He could be fucked two, three, or more times in a row and still be ready for more. "Do you want me to fuck you tonight?"

The big bear moaned loudly and arched his back, pressing his ass higher into the air.

"Yes, yes please Master. Fuck my ass. I want to feel your cock in me so badly." It was music to Michael's ears.

"Have you touched yourself today?" he asked, tracing his thumb round and round the twitching hole. He stroked himself slowly in his free paw.

"No Master. I've been a good boy for you. I have gotten very hard thinking of you all day, but

only you may give me release,” he answered.

“You’ve been listening to all your new tapes then. Such a good boy. For your reward, I’m going to fuck your ass as rough as I please.”

“Yes, please, fuck my ass Sir, please, I need it bad.” The muscular cheeks wiggled, squeezing and relaxing. Michael snatched the bottle of lube from the dresser and squirted a healthy amount in his palm, lathering up his hard cock until it glistened and smearing the excess into the bear’s hole.

“Very well slave,” he grinned and tapped his dick against the glistening hole. David moaned louder than before. He was getting more sensitive. The wolf’s dick pressed in and thrust slowly, sinking in between the cheeks and both moaned deeply.

#17 – Statues

The doors swung open slowly to reveal a grand hall covered in gold and red silks, statues lining each side of the great carpet that lead to an opulent throne. The lion laid back in it quietly, one leg draped over the arm, and smiled at the adventurers as they stepped inside.

“Welcome, heroes,” he slurred. He swirled the goblet in his paw and took another sip. They paused in the doorway, scanning for threats.

“Too easy,” Harled the stoat growled. He tightened his grip on his daggers.

“Come, come, you came here to defeat me, no?” Lord Vardevax roared with a laugh. He drained the goblet and tossed it to the floor, letting it clack and roll away.

“Should we?” Maldo whispered. The cleric bear scanned the hall. No spells. No specters. The warlock had no wards. The hall was empty, save the statues, and the spellcaster.

The cat sat up and swayed, smirking to the adventurers.

“Come! Here, I shall make it more enticing,” he stood slowly and pulled off the simple loincloth he wore. He lifted it and tossed it aside, leaving himself completely naked. Verin gave a whistle. The muscular lord laughed and swayed his hips until his dick swayed back and forth.

“Maybe he’s given up? Tired of power?” the wolf offered as he pulled his sword and stepped forward.

“It.. seems safe..” Maldo cautioned, his mace at the ready. The trio stepped into the grand hall and slowly walked toward the drunken lion. Dozens of frozen eyes stared at them, each statue a hulking, muscular beast.

“Fools,” Vardevax drawled. As they crossed the middle of the hall he raised one arm and snapped his claws. With a great woosh the massive doors swung shut.

“The statues!” Harled cried as he threw one dagger at the nearest. Even the rogue’s lightning reflexes were no match, however, as the wolf he had targeted almost blurred through the air, snatching the blade in the blink of an eye. Every statue sprung forward as one and closed in on the trio.

“Damn!” Verin cried, the sword twisted out of his paw, Fists rained on them and swatted aside weapons. Maldo tried a spell but one hard chop stunned the cleric. In no time at all, the three crumpled to the floor, pinned under the dozen stone bodies.

Lord Vardevax chuckled.

“As obvious as I could make it, and you still just waltzed in,” the lion gloated, still naked as he approached them. He smiled down to them and sway his hips again.

“There was no spell..” Maldo gasped. “What.. what did you do to them?”

The lion smirked. He reached out and gently stroked the ear of one ‘statue’, a thick tiger standing ready. The cat shuddered and let out a low moan at the barest touch.

“Mind control. No spells. I control them so strongly, so finely, I can slow their metabolism. Living statues. Or close enough. And I’ve enhanced them.” The big cat purred then sank to his knees before the lion, bowing his head down. “Faster, stronger, these are my elite guards. Loyal beyond doubt. And horny for only me.”

Verin sighed. "Are you going to keep monologuing or is this going to wrap up soon?"

The smirk turned to a sneer.

"You're first then." He snapped his paws again, two beasts lifting the wolf up to his feet.

"You'll like being my slave, I assure you. I'll treat you... very well," he stroked the tiger's head, who shuddered and moaned again.

#18 - Face

They pressed in close and kissed, the fox on his tiptoes while the shepherd bent down to meet him. Their paws slid over each other, stroking, caressing, while their tongues toyed together. They both cooed into the kiss, pressing closer. Percy pulled away first, looking down at Kurt and smiling widely.

"I love your butt," the big dog rumbled.

Kurt furrowed his brow, looking up through his cokebottle glasses.

"Try again, meatpile."

The big dog paused, his paws still resting on the fox's ass.

"I love your... face?" he ventured. Kurt rolled his eyes, then reached up and hooked a paw behind the dog's head.

"Close enough," he said, pulling Percy into another kiss.

#19 - Gear Night

"You're late," Bertrand sighed. The rat leaned into the seat and toyed with the umbrella in his drink as the lights flashed overhead and the music blasted.

"Yeah well, you didn't tell us gear night meant you came in gear or they turned you away," Royland growled back. "You're lucky I had this crap tucked in my closet still."

The beaver snapped at one of the suspenders crossing up his body, one of the few things covering it aside from the bright yellow lycra short shorts that almost disappeared between his round gut and thick thighs.

"You look like a gay firefighter," the rat chuckled. Royland sneered.

"Well that was the halloween costume, yes. Did you order me a drink?" he pushed into one side of the booth, then yelped. "Oh, hello Darren."

The ferret popped his head up from below the table, licking his lips as he smiled up from between Royland's legs.

"Hi gorgeous. My drink just arrived." He grinned up. The beaver stared down, then quietly put a thumb to the weasel's forehead and casually pressed him back under the table.

"Maybe after I've had a few." He turned to the rat. "So, was it worth dragging us out here? Where the hell is Trently?"

Bertrand lifted his glass and nodded his head to the stage.

"He's on in like five minutes. Wait til you see what he's wearing. The peacock feathers were an absolute pain to glue on."

#20 – Hairy

"Alright ye great green brute, why do ye keep staring at me arm an' beard? Ye've never seen a dwarf before?" Ardor growled at the orc. Thalnoth jumped and looked away as his ears and cheeks turned a darker shade. Ardor quirked a brow. "Wait, are ye blushing?"

The dwarf stared as his barmate shifted away from him nervously, then looked back at him with eyes down.

"No! No. Seen.. Seen dwarf before. Just, not upclose..." the orc stumbled his way in common.

“Never seen hair like yours.”

Ardor's beard bristled as he smirked.

“Oh?” he raised an arm up, showing the thick pelt of hair across the hard muscles, and flexed.

“Ye think this is hairy, ye ought to see under me tunic!”

The dwarf meant it as a boast but the orc perked up instantly.

“Can... Can me see?” he asked as he fingered over his tankard. Ardor's brows went up.

“Well I was jes jestin', ye thick green bag o' hammers. But..., if yer really interested in seein what a real male looks like... Nice bathhouse on the edge of town, the Shiny Knob.” He let the offer linger in the air before taking a deep pull and draining the beer from his tankard. The orc fidgeted, drinking too. He wiped his mouth with one thick, emerald arm.

“Yes.”

#21 – Park

He leaned in slowly until their lips met and he pressed into it gently. They both closed their eyes and settled against each other, each letting out a low, happy moan. Darren's paws slid up the rabbit's arms to slowly stroke up and down before slipping around his shoulders. Their muzzles turned and pressed deeper into the kiss. Lips parted, tongues teased together, fingers wandered through fur. They parted.

“I haven't done this before...” the rabbit said with a breathy gasp as his face and ears reddened and warmed. The big lion grinned.

“First time huh? I'll be gentle,” he kissed Bill's nose, then slipped one paw under the rabbit's shirt. Claws carefully raked through soft fur. Bill squirmed and blushed deeper, but let out a little chuckle.

“Er, no, I mean, I haven't fucked around in public before, I mean, not in the open like this...” his whiskers wiggled and he leaned into the tree, but not before slipping his paws around the lion's waist and pulling him closer. Darren grinned wider.

“Oh, okay. I mean, I can still be gentle,” he purred into the rabbit's ear as both paws slipped under his shirt now. The bunny moaned.

“Don't be, please,” he begged.

“Mmm, as you wish,” the big cat growled deeply, letting it rumble in the long ear as his paws slipped down, then yanked Bill's pants down to grab the rabbit's pudgy cheeks. Bill said nothing, but gasped and moaned lowly.

#22 – Hungry Shadows

Brother Krayvik sighed contently as the water poured over him. The bear sat cross-legged beneath the waterfall, a large round stone under his bare ass, as he meditated. The world washed away beneath the falls, only the sound of the rushing water filling his ears as it poured over his body and matted his fur down. The druid hummed in time with the downpour while his mind wandered. He couldn't help but smile to himself as his latest rituals came to mind. Life energy burned within his loins, still fresh from cleansing the priest of the Queen of Sorrows. He looked forward to the next season and the next cleansing.

With another happy sigh the bear leaned his head back, splitting the falls around his muzzle and letting it run down him another way.

“I see you, Shadow That Walks,” he said aloud. Another moment under the falls, then the bear climbed to his feet and stepped out into the stream. He dropped into the soft mud below, squishing it pleasantly between his toes, and made a big splash as his belly hit the water.

The tiger stood at the water's edge and stared down at the druid. Red eyes like rubies bore into

the druid, to no avail. Krayvik simply smiled back at the big black tiger as he trudged toward the shore and stepped out of the water completely clean.

“What brings you to the grove, friend?” He opened his arms wide in greeting. The cat’s tail flicked back and forth but he continued to watch the bear, stepping back slightly to avoid being dripped on.

“You’re a fool,” came the rich, low rumble. But the cat smiled as the bear laughed loudly.

“I am! Most, I assume, would tremble and kneel before you, if not try to flee. No?” A knowing nod. “I do not fear you shadow. The light has no reason to fear the shadow.”

The black cat smirked, his tail still flicking. He turned to glance over his shoulder and then back to the druid before his claws slipped free from his fingers, sharp and wicked as daggers.

“I could show you why you should fear me,” he made a show of his claws, bringing one down the bear’s chest. A visible tremor ran down the druid’s body but he smiled.

“I am unused to fear, friend.” Carefully he gripped the tiger’s wrist and brought the dangerous paw higher, stroking his cheek into the palm. Pin pricks touched against his cheek as fingers closed over the side of his muzzle. “Perhaps instead you could answer my question. What brings the Shadow That Walks to my grove?”

A thumbclaw traced the bear’s lips and Krayvik’s loins stirred.

“I can smell you, druid. Your life burns bright. So, so bright.” The cat purred and ran a sickle claw down the bear’s chin. Krayvik’s chest trembled as the claw traced between his pecs. “I want a taste.” The claw carefully dragged across one thick, slab-like pec to circle around the bear’s nipple.

“Feed me that light,” the cat growled and the very air rumbled. Krayvik’s heart beat in his ears and, though he still smiled, the words caught in his throat. The cat grinned and the darkness of his mouth was split by pearl daggers like the white stripes lining his body.

“Ah!” Krayvik moaned loudly as the cat’s free paw reached down and grabbed his aching cock. It squeezed, none too gently, and the tiger’s head moved closer.

“Just a taste,” he growled again.

#23 – Buddies

Their fingers touched, then slowly intertwined. Neither of them looked away from the tv but they held their hands together like that for a long moment.

“Dude.” Arthur was the first one to speak, but kept watching the movie.

“Yeah?” Bently leaned back into the couch but kept his fingers locked. His thumb casually stroked along the lion’s.

“Is this... uh, are you...?” Arthur trailed off. They were getting to one of the really cool scenes in the movie, both of them always raved about it. The car flipped and the raccoon rolled out, uzis blazing. Bently leaned in closer until his mouth was close to the lion’s ear.

“I love this part,” he whispered. The lion didn’t move as the otter’s lips closed over his ear, but he did close his eyes and let out a low moan. Then he turned his head and their lips met. They both turned toward each other and scooted closer until both paws entwined together and their tongues began to play against each other. One set of paws came apart and Bentley slid his down Arthur’s belly until he could slip under the wide white t-shirt. They turned their heads one way, then the other, trying to find the best way to lock lips. They moaned in turns, pressing close against each other. The otter’s hand slipped lower, it pressed under Arthur’s waistband and into his underwear. It closed around the lion’s stiffness.

“Dude.” Arthur pulled back from the kiss to look at his best friend.

“Yeah?” Bentley squeezed the stiff member again and again. The lion lifted up on his heels enough to pull his sweatpants down all the way, exposing himself and Bentley’s paw wrapped around him. The otter grinned widely before he leaned in and pecked the lion’s lips, then bent down all the

way. Arthur leaned back into the couch and watched as the otter stroked his whiskers across his big belly then across his cock.

"Ffff..." was all he could hiss before it turned into a low gasp when the blunt muzzle closed over the tip of his cock and slid down. His paw pressed flat to Bentley's head and gently urged him lower. The otter obliged by going down to the root and back to the tip, bobbing over and over. Arthur's head rolled back and he couldn't help but curl his fingers and toes.

"Dude..." he gasped.

#24 - Orc/Dwarf 3

They stared at the small fire between them. Both listened intently for the sound of pursuit but only the crackle of the fire and the natural sounds of the night greeted them.

"Og'dk, Ah cannae tell ya how sorry Ah am. Ah never thought there'd be a patrol out this way." The orc didn't speak, at first. He stared into the fire, his face still bruised, several parts of him aching.

"Me know," he said eventually. The big orc hunched forward and laid his arms across his knees as his head bowed down. "They bad dwarves. You not."

"Aye..." Iden nodded, thinking of all the nasty orc jokes he'd told that very morning. Too, too common, he thought. He climbed to his feet and walked over to his friend. "Ah'll take ye wherever ye want to go, will do whatever ah can to keep ya safe,"

Og'dk said nothing but continued to stare down. Then one thick hand lifted and reached up to cup the dwarf between his legs. Iden froze and offered only a light grunt.

"Including payback?" The green head tilted up and the thick lips turned up in a wry smile as those big fingers kneaded around the dwarf's loincloth. Iden grinned back and thrust his hips out.

"Ye've got a one track mind, ye big sack o' hammers," he chuckled and grunted as the orc pulled him closer. One thick finger hooked into the loincloth's waist before yanking it down all the way.

"Tougher than I look," Og'dk grunted as his head bowed down and pressed into the dwarf's gut. Iden stepped closer still and let out a groan as rough fingers grasped his balls and soft cock. Those tusks stroked across his gut until they dipped lower to brush through his pubes. He smiled and stroked across the bald green head as he hardened into the orc's grip. That now familiar tongue scrapped across his hooded tip and his hips bucked forward into those calloused fingers.

"Ye're too good at that," he groaned.

#25 - Super Bondage

The doberman woke up. Everything was dark and his head still spun.

"Where.." he muttered. He tried to think. He tried to move. His arms and legs were spread apart but he hung upright. Where was he? What had he been doing? He squirmed to test the bindings and found very little slack, but it mattered little. He was Danger Doberman. One loud growl and the dog flexed, pulling hard at the restraints. For one long moment nothing happened, the air filled with his groaning, before something snapped and his arms came away. He reached up and pulled the cover off of his head, finding some kind of hood, though his mask remained in place. He blinked, only a single low shone down from above.

"A sex dungeon?" he said aloud. With another low growl the hero pulled his legs free, the manacles snapping like the first set. All around him were sex toys and restraints, they lined the two tables near the wall and sat on hooks and shelves all around, several padded fixtures nearby. Everything in the room was in black padding, except for the floor, which was cement with a drain in the middle. A stairway opened on the far wall, leading up.

Pausing only to try to recollect how he might have wound up in such a perverted place, Danger Doberman strode up to the stairway and... froze. He looked at the threshold and tried to put his foot forward. He growled and strained but as much as tried, he couldn't put his foot onto the first step.

"Oh, you're awake!" A voice came from above. A figure appeared in the doorway at the top of the stairs. "I was hoping you would be awake by now, I just changed."

The figure strode down, a tall horse in a heavy coat, smiling as he walked. The hero growled.

"Who are you?" he asked, stepping back with his fists raised, ready for anything. The horse grinned.

"Well, I go by Mental Master but you can just call me Master."

Danger Doberman scowled.

"Why can't I leave?" he asked. The horse smiled and stroked his chin.

"Oh, you tried? You don't have permission," the chuckled and leaned against the doorframe. The dog snarled and pounced, throwing one super strength punch as hard as he could. Only to pull the punch, inches away from horse's face.

"You don't have permission to hit me either. Or escape." The dog stared at his fist, still clenched, and tried as hard as he could to push just the few inches toward the horse but his fist hung in the air as if held by force.

"What did you do to me?" he growled as he finally gave up. Mental Master smiled and walked past him, slowly unbuttoning the heavy coat he wore. He stripped it from his shoulders and let it fall to the floor with a soft flump. The hero moaned at the sight. Head to toe, the horse was adorned in leather. He was tall, muscular, and several black straps crossed his arms and chest, a set of chaps covering his legs, leaving his ass bare except for the single string of a thong up between the cheeks. The horse turned and smiled.

"Your programming went just as I hoped," he said, grinning as the dog's speedo began to tent up. Danger Doberman gasped and stared down at his lap, his heart beating faster and his ears going flush with heat.

"I'm not... I don't..." he gasped as he got stiffer than he'd ever felt in his life.

"You are, you do," the leathered horse stepped up to him and cupped his chin in one hand. A thumb stroked the dog's lips. "You're mine now. That hood you were wearing is a special one I designed, you've been listening to my programming since I captured you on your patrol. You're mine, hero."

A tremor ran through the dog as the big fingers caressed his muzzle. He let out a low, quiet moan.

"Every time you see me like this, you're going to get aroused. You can't help it now." Mental Master reached down and grasped the tent. He squeezed.

"Oh gods!" The hero shuddered. Pleasure exploded in his head, better than the hardest orgasm he'd ever had, and he hadn't even cum yet. The horse smiled widely.

"Yes, feels good, doesn't it? Everything I do to you is magnified. Sex with me will be mind blowing, but you have to earn that pleasure." He squeezed again and the dog shuddered.

"Oh, please, please, Master," the dog begged. As the horse let go he dropped to his knees.

"Please, don't stop," he whined. The horse chuckled and stroked the dog's head.

"That's a good slave. Let's plug you and put you back up on the cross. Then we can begin." Mental Master snapped his fingers and pointed to the nearest table. It was lined with bottles, plugs, and dildos.

"Ye-yes, Sir," the words stumbled out of Danger Doberman's mouth, feeling strange but... right. He climbed to his feet and knew to place his paws on the table and spread his legs. The horse paused to admire the hero's muscular body, the curves and hard lines of a hero at his physical peak, the skimpy costume that made him resemble a luchador. He approached the dog and hooked a finger into his thong, just enough to pull it down and reveal the dog's ass crack.

"That's a good boy. The more you're around me, the more you hear my voice, the deeper under my control you go," he whispered into the dog's ear. One lubed finger pressed under the stubby tail and Danger Doberman let out a low, needy whine. His back arched and he pressed against the digit, moaning lowly when it pressed inside him. It worked around only a moment, sliding in and out easily, before it pulled out and a small plug slid in to replace it. The thong went back up and Mental Master gave the rump a nice pat.

"Can't wait to work this ass every day," he said, mostly to himself, but the dog panted and nodded before giving his toned ass a wiggle.

"Now then, let's get you back on your st. andrew's cross. You're lucky I used the break away manacles, I knew you'd pull them off, you naughty pup," he stepped over to the big X the dog had been tied to. Obediently, Danger Doberman stepped up and backed into it, his ears down but his tent still throbbing.

"I'm sorry Master, I didn't know." The horse smiled and patted the bulging speedo, eliciting another loud moan.

"It's okay. I'll make sure you don't cum for a long time to make up for it," he chuckled and began to snap the dog's wrists to the cross with new restraints. Danger Doberman smiled happily and let his tongue loll out.

"Yes Master, thank you Master." He was going to be a good slave for Master. A very good slave.

#26 - Making Music

Milton climbed up on the bed and bent down into the pillow with his ass still up. The big cat grabbed his waistband and pulled his jeanshorts down slowly to expose his thick rump.

"Ah ah, that's fine," Frank ordered as Milton got his shorts down to his knees. The wolf grinned and sat beside him before reaching one paw out to rub over the exposed golden cheeks.

"Ah..." the cat let out a little moan and held still.

"Such a good look for you," Frank cooed. He stroked his paw up and down one cheek, feeling over the furry curve, then moving to the other. He squeezed firmly and slowly kneaded it around.

"Gods..." Milton gasped into the pillow. He buried his face into it, his face glowing red and warm. He still held onto his waistband and with his shorts at his knees he couldn't move his legs much. He moaned again and held still as Frank toyed with his ass. The wolf took his thumb and slowly dragged it up and down the deep crevice.

"Like your ass played with, ya?" he asked, already knowing the answer but he liked making the lion have to speak, it was cute how embarrassed he was.

"Ya..." Another moan. The wolf's paw dipped lower and squeezed between the chubby thighs to grip around the lion's heavy balls. He pulled them back carefully and perched them on the waistband as his fingers stroked over them. That thumb went back up and wedged into the warm crack.

"Riiight... about... theerrreee..." again Frank cooed. He presses his thumb in and slowly rolled it around. Milton curled his toes and tightened his grip on his shorts.

"Nnnnn..." the lion groaned, eyes squeezed shut. The thumb pressed in more, stroking slowly back and forth. "Nnn... more... please..."

"Well, since you asked so nicely." Frank scooted himself closer to the fat lion and reached up with both paws to squeeze the broad bottom and spread the big cheeks wide. He paused. He couldn't help but admire the tight pucker and just how pink it was in contrast to the golden yellow of the surrounding fur. He squeezed both cheeks and stroked his thumbs up and down each side of the deep crack.

Frank dipped his muzzle in and presses his nose into the tight bud. Milton moaned again and trembled as his friend dug that cold snout around in his asscrack. One gentle lick across the hole sent the lion into another loud moan and flexing his ass and cheeks.

“Nnnn...” Milton whined. The big cat buried his face into the pillow and let out a long, deep groan as Frank’s tongue teased around the rim of his hole and brushed across it again and again.

“God I can play you like an instrument,” Frank chuckled as he pulled back, smacking his lips, and playfully tapped one thumb against the glistening hole.

#27 – Curvacious

Lion. Rhino. Bear. Three round, curvacious asses with their tails hiked and cheeks spread greeted Luther as he stepped into the room, his boots clapping against the cement floor.

“What good subs you all are,” the rabbit said as he reached out and gently caressed two cheeks. Vander and Morgain, the lion and bear, moaned into their gags. They all three sat on their paws and knees on the great padded table in the center of the room. Vander was in his hood, Bertram had a ball gag and Morgan was muzzled. Each of them wore their padded mits and leather collars. Each had their own favorite accessories. The rhino had his ball stretchers on, making his grey orbs resemble a pair of goose eggs. Vander’s tail was tied to the back of his harness.

“Now,” Luther slowly stroked and traced over their bare butts, alternating between all three, “Are we ready for some fun tonight?”

All three groaned a muffled “Yes Sir!” and pressed their asses higher. The rabbit smiled and snapped on a glove.

“Good. I hope you warmed the lube up.”

That's all for this month. Feeling pretty happy with these. I didn't do quite as much as last month (though that collection including what little I did for June) But I feel like I'm getting better at longer pieces and I think at this point you can see a lot of themes emerging on where my mind goes most of the time. This has been a fun exercise and I'll keep trying at it. Thanks for reading!