

September '17 Practice Shorts

Hi all, another month come and gone so more writing. I think at this point I've surpassed 100 flash fictions, but I haven't been keeping too much count. Still, proud of myself and what I've been able to churn out. 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 – Shadows

“How do you manage in these things?” Brother Krayvik picked at the robe for the umpteenth time. The raccoon rolled his eyes at the bear, tired of the complaint after so many hours on the road.

“You’re not going into town naked brother. Your order may feel clothes are unnecessary but I assure you, most of civilized society frowns upon what you do with your body so freely,” he tried to explain, hoping it might get through to the bear. Krayvik leaned into his seat and crossed his arms with a huff.

“Precisely why I joined the order, to get away from such small minded attitudes. Our bodies are things of beauty, brimming with fire and light. Yours included, my friend,” he said, offering a smile and a wink. Another eye roll.

“I’ve yet to see a ‘body’ you find unattractive, Brother, at least no male body. Please, just behave yourself in town. Most worship the Stern Eye and the Open Hand. They will tolerate your presence, they will not tolerate your practices.”

The bear threw his head back and let out a raucous laugh.

“Ah yes, the famous congenialty of the Open Hand. Everyone may be seen, but only heard if they’re approved of. Stern Eye indeed. I’ll behave, friend Athan, until my task is done.”

Athan gave a solid nod and quietly tugged the reins to urge the raptors on faster, their dingy cart trundling over the smooth stones of the road. The druid pulled his legs up and sat cross legged, his paws in his laps, and quietly meditated the rest of the ride. Athan let him, happy to not hear him complain about clothing for a while.

They reached the little town just an hour past noon. It came into view as they crested one small, green hill; Roseshire sat in the bowl of a soft incline, surrounded by rolling fields of green grass and its own shining white wall. Guards at the roadside waved them through while Krayvik continued to meditate. It took but a few moments for the townfolks to notice the stranger and begin to whisper, curious who Athan had brought to town.

“Here we are, brother. He is inside. I will join you shortly once I park the cart.” They slowed to a stop beside a squat wood building. The bear unfolded himself and hopped down before giving a theatrical stretch. He smiled to Athan and gave a quiet nod as the cart pulled around to the back of the building.

“Greetings,” a small, bent old cat greeted the druid as he stepped inside. She cupped her right paw over her eye, held her left paw palm out, and bowed her head.

“Greetings, little sister. Where is he?” he bowed his head, then followed as the old cat led him to a back room.

“He has been like this a week. Athan said.. you might help..” the old cat looked the bear up and down with a weary eye as he stepped closer to the prone raccoon. He looked much like Athan, the same fur, except this male was clearly taller and thicker. Clearly the bigger brother he had described. “We can get water down his throat, but he cannot eat and has not awoken in... what are you doing?!”

Krayvik grabbed the back of his robe and with one great yank pulled it off completely. He stood naked beside the still body and bent over the raccoon, first pressing his ear to the broad chest.

“Wh-what is the...” the elder was stunned and stared, mouth agape, as the bear quietly examined his patient.

“Sorry, I was uncomfortable, sister,” he sat up and carefully peeled one of the raccoon’s eyelids

back. Black, flecked with gold. Krayvik let out a low growl.

“Is something.. BROTHER!” Athan cried as he stepped into the room.

“Athan! You’ve brought a wilder into this house? Into this town?!” the old cat snapped at him. The raccoon stuttered.

“Elder Winthouse, I thought.. I heard.. please, he can help Ery..” he tried to explain, but snapped his mouth shut, his eyes wide, as Krayvik leaned in and pressed his lips to the big raccoon’s mouth.

“FILTH!” Winthouse screamed. The cat turned and shoved herself past Athan, crying loudly as she could as she dashed out of the house.

“What.. what..” Athan stuttered and stared. Krayvik pressed into the deep kiss as if the raccoon and the old cat hadn’t be there at all. The turned his head to one side, then the other, his tongue clearly digging into the still mouth.

Suddenly the bear stood up straight. He turned his head, scowling down at the stunned raccoon, before rearing up and spewing a thick, blackness onto the floor.

“Sm-smoke?!” Athan stumbled back and stared as the blackness pooled on the floorboards and writhed.

“BEGONE!” the druid roared and slammed a glowing paw into the strangeness. There was a loud shriek, a noise unlike any Athan had ever heard before, before the darkness shuddered and scattered into a thousand tiny threads. The druid stood up slowly, solemnly, and glanced at the older raccoon still lying flat. The body twitched and, for the first time in a week, his mouth opened and coughed, slightly.

“Eryn?!” Athan stepped beside him, hoping to see his brother’s eyes open, but the raccoon laid still again.

“Your brother has a darkness in him. Something has... invaded him. It suffocates his light. He can be cleansed. But it will take time and if we do not know what caused it, it could consume him again. It might kill him.”

“Please,” Athan gripped his paw around his brother’s. The slightest squeeze in return sent a tremor through the young raccoon, Tears welled in his eyes.

“I will do what I can, friend, but I don’t believe we have the time.”

“What?” Athan looked up and tightened his grip around his brother’s paw. The druid raised his paws.

“No, no. He will live a while yet. I think your townfolks, however, are not happy.”

Neither spoke and it was then Athan heard the angry rumble from outside. Elder Winthouse had fetched a crowd.

#2 – Walkies

“Are you ready?” Master asked. Ken gave a solemn nod and settled down to his knees. The panther smiled and bent his head down to expose the back of his neck to the wolf.

“Good boy. Here is your reward.” Soft leather slid around his neck until it looped around and Master carefully cinched it close. A gentle tug set the tags dangling down and Ken was no more, he was Slave now.

“How does it feel?” Master asked as he carefully drew his paws along his new slave’s shoulders. Slave leaned his head back and purred softly. He set his paws behind his back and puffed his chest out. Master’s paws slid over his solid pecs.

“Amazing, Master,” he purred, then gasped as fingers gently pinched his nipples. His toes curled and he held still as the wolf squeezed and rolled the pert nubs between his fingers. Something warm pressed into the back of his head and he let out a low moan as he realized Master was grinding against him.

“Just what I wanted to hear.” A soft click signaled a leash hooked to the collar and the wolf stepped around, holding the leash and smiling down. “Ready for your first walk, Slave?”

Slave gulped. His heart pounded in his ears and his dick swelled to a tent in his tight, lycra shorts. He hadn't expected to go in public so soon. The wolf grinned and produced a small butt plug.

"Be good for it, and you'll get to wear this the next time."

Slave's tail flicked eagerly and he let out another little moan.

"Yes, please Master, may I go on a walk?"

#3 – Business

Mr. Brander clicked the lock on his door and walked back to his desk, his hooves clicking lightly against the smooth tile of his office. The big horse carefully undid his cuff links before he rolled his shoulders and slipped the custom tailored jacket off. A little flourish and he draped it atop the back of his leather chair.

"It's been quite a week, you understand. Even executives look forward to Friday," he explained, pulling his tie off and laying it over his jacket. Mr. Abjur sat quietly in the small seat before the desk and just nodded. The horse gave a little smile to him as he carefully unbuttoned his dress shirt. "How is your wife doing? She came to the potluck last week, yes?"

A little nod. The ram fidgeted and crossed his legs.

"She's fine, Sir. She enjoyed your wife's quiche."

Mr. Brander smiled wider.

"She did? Good. Gertrude is very proud of that quiche. Family recipe, or so she claims. Really, I think it's just from an old Betty Crocker book, but who am I to argue?" the horse peeled his shirt off and folded it over his jacket and tie. Next came the belt, whipped off with a flourish, and he bent down to open his desk drawer. Mr. Abjur nodded again. He crossed his legs again. He set his hands in his lap and idly toyed with the knot of his tie.

Leather quickly piled onto the desk as Mr. Brander pulled out several pieces; to the ram it was just all black straps and steel rings. The horse pulled his pants off, leaving himself in just his dress socks. Mr. Abjur glanced at the floor but his eyes flicked up every few moments.

"We should get Gertrude and Amy together sometime, I'm sure they'd make good friends. Give them a little girls night out every so often, so to speak." He wrapped straps over his biceps and pulled on a pair of gloves. Next came a harness across his chiseled chest. He kept making small talk but Abjur tuned out, giving only perfunctory nods, his eyes taking in the horse's body as more and more leather adorned it.

Finally, Mr. Brander walked around to the front of his desk and set his bare ass against the edge of it. Mr. Abjur stared, then, realizing he was staring, bowed his head and looked to the floor as the horse's hooves.

"What do you think, thong? Or nothing?" he held up the skinny latex thong, resembling something very much like thick black floss. The ram glanced up at the horse's naked groin. His dick was thick, soft, and dangled over his big balls. The ram quietly licked his lips.

"Nothing it is," Mr. Brander chuckled and tossed the thong over his shoulder. He spread his legs and set his hands to the edge of the desk. The ram climbed out of his tiny chair and crawled forward on all fours until he was just beneath the horse's groin. Mr. Brander smiled widely and pressed one hoof forward. The ram bowed lower and kissed it.

#4 – Meese

I knew I shouldn't stare. It was rude. It was probably a little specist too, but I had never seen a mouse quite so... Big. He stood only a few inches shorter than myself (and I'm 5'9") but he easily had a hundred pounds on me and it was all muscle.

I had been checking out the campus gym on and off for a few weeks to see when it wasn't too busy and if there was any equipment I liked. (Spoilers: Never and there wasn't) There were, however, a bunch of gorgeous guys working on making themselves bigger so that was a certain plus. This mouse,

in particular, caught my eye. Beyond the novelty of a mouse with muscles, he was just handsome and dressed like he knew it. Skinny jeans stuck to his legs and ass like a second skin while he usually wore a black muscle shirt that hugged his chest in a way that made me jealous.

He came on Wednesday nights so, despite my class schedule, this scrawny wolf was there every Wednesday night. It was impressive watching him work, I oggled as he pumped hand weights and watched his biceps swell as big as my head and stared openly as he benched. It was like he was sculpted from stone or had just been poured into his clothes.

It was pretty awkward hiding my stiffy but worth the effort.

#5 – King's Man

Aigen smiled as the human trembled visibly. The rat stepped closer and pulled his hood back before smiling as the chubby male's eyes went wider at the sight of the rune's burnt into his fur.

"Please, please I am but a good king's man. Let me go, I know the king will entreat with your kind!" he begged once more. Aigen stroked the tuft of his small beard and smiled thoughtfully as he appraised the man. Auburn hair covered most of his body, a thick beard turned to chest hair turned to a thick treasure trail turned to a bush around his naked groin. The big belly trembled.

"I have little interest in your king. Even less in you being a king's man," he spat the final word out. Several of the guards sniggered. "Don't fear. I won't harm you. We don't harm our own." He stepped closer still to the naked, bound human and very carefully brushed his fleshy pink fingers over the line of hair trailing down his captive's gut.

"I'm.. I'm not one of you..."

"Yet." Aigen stared into the man's eyes as he poked a finger into the deep navel and began to trace a pattern across the human's belly. Trails of light followed his pink digits until the rat was drawing a sigil across the pale flesh. The farmer stared down in fright and struggled at the bonds holding his arms and legs bound behind his back but to no avail.

"No! NO please no!" he quickly devolved into panicked jibbering as the light flared and the sigil began to tingle and spread tiny tendrils like cracks across his hairy belly. Aigen stepped back, paws behind him, and watched his magic work. The soft white light turned a dark green, then a vibrant blue, before it settled into a muddied brown. The human screamed, not in pain but merely bewilderment, trying his damndest to break the ropes. The brown light turned a shade toward honey and suddenly where the sigil lit his skin began to sprout soft looking fur. The farmer fell mute and sat in shock as the light faded but the fur continued to sprout and spread along his body.

"No!" he screamed once more as it spread along his neck. He made another noise, but this time it was a loud, rumbling growl. As the fur spread higher the human's eyes went wide, staring up at Aigen as they changed from a ruddy hazel to a rich golden brown like his fur. The beard receded, slightly, into a thick patch of fur and the wide, flat nose turned black and began to stretch. The human snarled once just as his face stretched and changed, thickening, elongating into a bear's muzzle. The rest of him thickened as well, his jiggly gut turned to a thick muscle gut, arms swollen and even the man's cock thickened. Aigen admired his handiwork, even glancing at the guard's with raised brow. They licked thier chops at the new recruit and gave approving nods.

The rat strode forward and settled his pink paws on the robust belly, stroking it idly as he looked into the bear's eyes.

"Are you a king's man?" he asked. The shaggy head shook and the new beast growled.

"I am the forest's beast. I pledge to you, wizard." The big head bowed once. "Thank you."

Aigen grinned and toyed with the rich honey brown fur between his fingers.

"Welcome to the fold, brother bear." A snap of his fingers and the binding ropes fell away. The new bear climbed from the stone alter and flexed his new arms and legs. He grunted once then glanced between his legs at his engorged cock.

"A side effect of the nature magic. Beasts rut," the rat explained as his pink fingers closed over

the thick phallus and gave it a squeeze. The bear gave a hearty moan, his eyes rolling up as his hips thrust eagerly into the rat's grip.

"Your new brothers will take care of your needs. In the barracks," he pulled his paw away and guided the bear forward, toward his guards. They smiled then laughed as the wizard struck one playful blow against their brother's large, naked ass. The bear yelped in surprise but smiled wickedly as the hot rush of his arousal filled him. The rabbit and tiger took him hand in hand and led him away, leaving the wizard to watch that thick, round ass jiggle as his newest follower left. Perhaps when the guards were done he could take a personal interest, for the night at least, in training the new brother. Aigen smiled to himself and followed them.

#6 – Morning Wood

The ogre groaned lowly and shifted under his sheets. The bed was soft and comfortable, but the season was changing and mornings were getting cooler while the nights were still warm enough to forego a blanket. He stretched thick arms up and pressed them against the headboard and gave a low, hearty groan as the sheet slipped lower to reveal his wide, hairy pecs. The chill air bit his nipples and they rose up from his chest like small stone monuments, thick and rigid. A low grunt. His arms came down and idly scratched his chest before gripping one thick nipple and giving it a squeeze.

"Like diamond," he chuckled to himself as he idly thumbed across both then slid his thick fingers down over his hairy curves. He scratched up and slowly and debated whether to climb out of bed to risk the cold so he could fetch his robe or sit in his body heat and enjoy the bed for a little while longer.

"Ooohh, you trickster!" he growled as his morning wood gave him a third option. The sheets tented up slowly, drawing in the cool air and sending his skin into goose pimples. He gritted his teeth and pulled at the sheets, drawing them over his wide body and making the bed creak beneath his weight but it was too late, he was at half mast and the sheet hung off of him.

"Can't do anything with you," he grunted and slipped a hand under the sheet to squeeze and stroke himself. His cheeks became flush, exacerbating the feel of the cool air on his skin, but the excitement drowned out any discomfort. He closed his eyes and felt over the growing pole, feeling the thick veins, his fat hairy balls below, and chuckling to himself as the sheet drew higher and higher like a ghost rising from his bed.

He laid his head back into the deep pile of pillows and let out a content sigh as one hand stroked over his chest, feeling his own thick curves and the dense, soft hair, while he casually stroked the underside of his cock with his other. He spread his powerful legs wider, his dick getting to full mast and literally tenting the sheet up high. The tip of the tent was already wet with pre and growing wetter by the moment.

Pleasure tickled the back of his head. Everything felt perfect. The cool of the air, the few rays of sun starting to peek around the curtains, the heat of his flesh and everything feeling centered around his massive cock. It was a moment worth savoring. He pinched one fat nipple and stroked over his veiny flesh, brushing underneath and over the top, moving all around being unable to grip the whole thing in one hand.

He stretched out luxuriously, horns scraping the headboard once again, and letting his stiffness wag back and forth.

"Mmm, not laundry day. I'd best take care of you in the shower," he said down to the tent. The tip leaked a little more, the cloth so soaked the clear pre began to bead up on top of it. One hairy hand gripped the sheet and yanked it off, exposing his hot, throbbing tower to the air. Even in low light he could see the thick veins running down the shaft, his beach ball liked nuts pulled up tight to the base from the cool air.

"C'mon you," he patted the pole and swung his legs over the side of the bed, his stiffness swinging by itself and flicking a string of precum against the curtains and drooling a thread onto the

floor. He shivered a little as his feet pressed hit the carpet, everything was cold, so, dick swinging as he stepped, the big ogre hobbled his way into the bathroom.

#7 – Watering the Wood

The big ogre squeezed his way through the bathroom door and stepped onto the cold, white tile with his turgid cock jutting forward like a perverse lance, still drooling as he walked. He chuckled and carefully patted the veiny shaft.

“Best watch my step with you eh? How embarrassing to slip and fall on my own precum.” He chuckled at the thought and pulled open the glass door to the shower. With a quick twist of the knobs the water came on with a soft hiss and splash against the white tile. He turned to step inside when he paused to look down out his hard cock tapping the wall. He glanced at the dimensions of the shower stall and grunted as he reached down, pulling his cock upright until he could squeeze into the stall. He let it go and it smacked against the cold tile.

“Oh!” he yelped. Even with the water splashing down his hairy chest the tile was cold as ice against his poor tip. It throbbed and spat a glob of pre against the wall where it drooled down slowly. After a moment, however, he adjusted, leaning back into the wall and sighing contently as the water sprayed over his massive pecs and down his abs. One hand reached up to stroke across his chest and help wet the hair down, dense black patches sticking to his muscles as the water ran over them. He leaned forward into the spray until it splashed over his face and tusks, then dipped his head completely in to wet his hair down. The hot water felt amazing and he stayed like that for a long minute, closing his eyes to savor the feeling of the heat and the cool of the tile against his cock. Everything in the world disappeared save for the water running past his ears and the feel of everything against his skin.

He pulled back and slowly scrubbed his hands up and down his meaty chest. His nipples, still perky, made him grunt and smile, still sensitive as he pinched them carefully. He laid back against the wall behind him and toyed with them for a bit, rolling them between his fingers and tugging carefully.

“No I haven’t forgotten about you,” he chuckled to his cock, pinching his nubs and watching the oversized pole pulse and throb against the wall as it spat another thick glob of pre. “Have to get good and clean to get dirty,” he muttered to himself as he stood up straight and began to rub his hands down his body. A little squirt of oil into his palm and he began to spread and smear it down his hairy abs and up his chest, something to smell sweet for later. Down his broad sides and pausing only to itch the thick bush of his wet pubes before he was twisting to one side, one thick hand brushing across his cheeks. Thick fingers probed down his crack and he shamelessly scrubbed up and down, every inch of him needed to be good and clean. Another sigh and he wriggled one finger against his hole, rubbing in a circle before he extracted it and continued his way down his legs, pausing only when he realized with his dick this hard he couldn’t quite bend down to clean his legs.

“Ugh..” he chuckled to himself, rolling his hips and sliding his cock up and down the slick patch he had made against the tile. “You’re impossible.” So he lifted one leg instead, scrubbing it with a little more oil into the dense hair along his shins. He’d have to consider a remodel to accommodate his... unique needs, if he planned to stay long term.

With his body scrubbed, the ogre leaned into the spray once more and let out a happy sigh.

“Alright, your turn,” he spoke to his cock, more oil into both palms before he reached down, one stroking the oil into his hefty, hairy balls with water running off them like a mini waterfall, and the other rubbing into the thick veins of his shaft. He shivered in delight, reaching both hands down to cradle and stroke his balls a moment. Then both hands were rubbing up the wide shaft and tracing along the thumb thick veins.

He growled, one hand reaching up to press against the bulbous tip as it continued oozing precum, while the other cradled under and stroked up and down the underside of the shaft.

“Mmmph, yeah, there’s the sweet spot,” he angled his hips and pressed his hand into the wall,

pinning his tip against his palm. A roll of his hips and he began to hump into the tile, holding his dick in place between his hands, trapping it and increasing the friction as he pumped again and again. He bit his lip, snorting into the wet, warm spray. It didn't compare to sinking his lance into another big, willing male but it sure felt good to let off some steam like this. Both hands went to the wall and he leaned in closer, letting his hips use full strokes now as he formed a tunnel for his dick to grind through, pressing into the tile and stroking past his palms.

"Mmph, yeah, yeah, take it," he mumbled and closed his eyes as he thrust and shuddered and pumped faster. Through gritted teeth he growled and leaned all the way into the spray, letting the water run down him as he humped the slicked up wall and came closer and closer.

"Ohhh fuck!" his knees went weak and his big frame hunched forward as he tensed up and gave one final thrust. He could feel rather than see his big cock flare before it gave one hard pulse and suddenly the shower's spray was joined by a gush of thick, sticky cum as the geyser splashed all the way up the tile wall, hit the ceiling, and splashed back down. The ogre froze as his shaft trembled and his big balls pulled up tight in a blissful contraction, blasting gout after gout of semen into the ceiling as the pleasure rocketed up his spine.

It felt much longer than it actually lasted but there was never denying how wonderful a good hard cum was. He fell back against the wall behind him and sat, glowing, as the water suddenly felt cool against his hot skin. His dick jutted up, harder and angrier looking but the ache in his balls said it was pure satisfaction.

The ogre chuckled to himself as he panted and took in the mess lining the wall and slowly oozing its way down the ceiling. Better here where there was a drain than in the bed where the sheets and mattress would suck up everything, he considered. He closed his eyes and just sat as the water sprayed over him. It was going to be a chore to get out of the stall now, his dick harder and stiffer than when he's climbed in, so he would have to just sit back, enjoy the shower, and wait to go soft. It was a lovely feeling.

#8 – Droning

"Heh, so, what's the surprise hon?" Marco sat in the chair and fidgeted quietly. He wanted to pull the blindfold off and see what the dog was up to but he sat and waited.

"You'll love it," Marty said, which he had been saying since the cat had gotten home.

"Ok Ok. I'll love it. Is it going to take much.. OH!" Something warm and gooey dribbled down his ears and the back of his neck. "Oh what is, what is..." words came harder, the warm goo was tingling. More and more of it oozed down over him. It felt.. good? He reached a paw up to feel it. His fingers squished into the substance, just as warm and gooey as it felt dribbling down his fur. It stuck to his fingers and seemed to cling and climb up them.

"Wha..." words failed, only sounds. A thumb hooked into his blindfold, pulled it up, one eye open, he glanced at the mirror against the nearby wall.

"Wh..." his eye went wide. Rather than his big doggy love stood a tall, dark being. It was roughly Marty shaped, he thought, but smooth, dark... rubber? The thing held its paws over him and the rubber was drooling off onto his head.

"Nnnnn.." he tried to shake his head, tried to move, the stuff was already making its way down his back and.. up his arm? It was covering him more and more by the moment. Turning his head only ended up spreading the oozing black substance until it covered over the blindfold.

"Nnn!" it oozed over his mouth and eyes and the world went black. Warmth spread across his body and it felt like being cocooned. His head swam and consciousness faded. A voice buzzed in his head.

(DRONE CONVERSION COMPLETE. ACTIVATING)

Light. Of a sort. His eyes opened. What were his eyes now, that is. He still sat in the chair while statistics and code ran in long strings across his vision. Before him, Drone 2A77 stood before him. The

big rubber dog glistened in the low light, a big rubber protrusion jutting from between his legs. Drone 2B78 rose from the chair and stood eye to eye with his fellow drone.

“Orders; Await Master.” He nodded. The two of them, in tandem, turned toward the door and dropped to their knees, their paws going behind their back. The light faded as the two drones went into standby mode. They waited.

#9 – Who Am I

Clive fidgeted. He sat on the bed. Then he knelt on the floor. Then he stood and paced, pausing only to try different poses of standing at attention. Which would be good, he wondered. Singles night at the club was always so stressful. It was like Russian roulette, only with dicks and leather. He paced. He thought about the beaver from last week, who had been incredibly hot but had gotten off more about discussing domination ideas than actually doing them. That was one set of blue balls the dalmatian had not been pleased to deal with.

He paced over to the mirror and checked himself again for the umpteenth time. The red leather really popped against black and white spotted fur. He lifted his arms and flexed his chest to watch the red harness tighten up across his pecs and to feel the straps around his biceps tighten up. It felt so good. He readjusted his collar carefully and shifted his package around with one paw. He wanted to look just perfect. Even if it was another fluke, it was important to maintain an image.

“What are you doing?” a low voice rumbled from the door. Clive froze, his eyes wide. He hadn’t heard the door open at all. Without looking he turned around to face the newcomer and dropped down to his knees.

“Sir I..”

“I didn’t give you permission to move, slave,” the voice growled deeply. The figure stepped into the room and Clive’s heart jumped into his throat. It was Adam. The bear stood over six feet and was one of the club’s biggest, most well known doms. Every inch of him was thick, muscular, and wrapped in tight black leather that showed off over curve and bulge. Tonight he was in gloves, a harness, chaps, a thong, and shiny black boots that glistened in the light. He growled and stared the dog down.

“Sir I’m..” *CLAP* the bear smacked his paws together and kicked the door closed.

“I didn’t give you permission to talk either.” The big bear strode forward until he stood before the dog and stared him down with arms akimbo and paws settled on his hips. The big dog trembled and stared up, heart in his throat, with it beating a deep tattoo in his ears. Adam scowled.

“Up walking around like a person, dressed in clothes like you deserve them, talking and moving out of turn. Pup, you’re in for a very, very rough night,” the bear growled lowly and openly groped himself with one paw. Clive stared at that big bulge and thought of the infamous cock within. The other slaves tripped over themselves just to get a glimpse of that dick and begged to kiss the ground the bear walked on and here he was, fucking up in the worst way before him. He splayed his ears and tried to look properly cowed, hoping he had for permission for at least this much.

“Strip, slut. Slaves earn what little they get to wear,” Adam growled and continued groping himself. The dalmatian nodded and immediately began to pull at the strap and wraps. Stripping his collar and harness off easily, he paused, looking up with his paws at the waistband of the tight, red shorts that hugged his body.

“Are you hesitating to follow an order, slave?” the bear quirked a brow. A vigorous shake of his head and Clive was pulling the shorts off, which was made awkward being on his knees but he managed to peel them off and set his gear in one pile beside him. He kneeled, naked and hard, before the big bear and assumed what he thought was the most obedient looking pose, his back straight, knees apart, and paws behind his back.

Adam stroked his chin thoughtfully and looked the dog over.

“That was acceptable, I suppose.” One black boot went forward. “Lick.”

Clive went down onto all fours and his lips met the well polished leather. His long, floppy

tongue scraped over the footwear carefully and the bear watched him silently.

"There is hope for you then." The boot withdrew and one gloved paw came down and grabbed him by the nape of his neck to haul him up to his feet. He shuddered, gasped, but didn't resist. He didn't have permission.

"Not bad, meat," Adam growled quietly as he felt over Clive's chest and abs. Leather fingers probed over his muscles and felt along his curves. The dog's face was flush and every little touch of that soft leather sent a shiver through him that ended in his cock throbbing madly. He'd never been harder in his life.

Which made the gloved hand grabbing his dick and squeezing roughly all the more powerful. He moaned loudly then clapped his muzzle shut, mortified.

"You have permission to moan slut. I like my toys to make sounds," the bear's muzzle perked into a grin and he squeezes again. Clive sucked in a shuddery breath. He nodded, whining lowly, and pressed his hips forward into that grip. Suddenly the paw released, pulled back, and delivered a light swat to his cock that made it swing. He yelped.

"Mmm, yeah. You make good sounds, slave." That paw reached under and grabbed his balls to roll them round and round in the gloved palm. He whined happily. His dick was harder than he'd ever felt.

"You know who I am, yes slave?" Adam asked and gently squeezed the dalmatian's balls. The dog's toes curled into the carpet. He nodded. Then the glove squeezed a little harder, not painfully but there was no doubt how strong the bear could be if he wanted.

"Who am I, slave?" he growled into Clive's face. 'Adam' leapt to mind. 'The sexiest, most gorgeous bear I've seen, please fuck me' came next.

"Master," passed his lips, however, and Adam smiled widely.

"That's right bitch." The bear's lips lunged forward and pressed to the dog's muzzle. They kissed, hot, hard, and heavy, and every moment of it was heaven to Clive.

#10 – King

Anthony hissed through his teeth and pulled at the ropes tying his arms to the chair.

"Aw, poor kitty want to cum?" the mouse chuckled and he kept his hand off the lion's hard cock to watch it throb needily. Anthony whined and squirmed in his chair again. He thrusts his hips into the air uselessly trying to touch anything. He was so, so close. He wanted it so badly. Gary reached down and gently squeezed the big golden balls.

"Big kitty so full. How many days has it been?" he asked as he stroked his fingers round and round the big round balls. The cat's tail flicked, beating against the side of the chair. He squirmed against the ropes again.

"F-five Sir." He leaned his head back, The blindfold made it all so much worse. Couldn't see, couldn't move. He was completely helpless to the mouse. Just how Gary liked it. And, deep down, Anthony did too. As much as he gritted his teeth and whined and panted, he never objected. The little mouse felt so much bigger than him, in so many ways, despite dwarfing him in every physical aspect.

"Good. Maybe we can build on that record." The soft pink hand grasped the hard cock and friggied it suddenly, making the cat hiss and thrust into it before it let go again. The big lion whined. His muscles trembled and he wanted nothing more than to bury himself in something tight and warm. Instead his cock throbbed in the open air and drooled another long string of pre cum to the chair, which oozed with the night's session.

"Please. Please Sir. Let me cum." He curled his fingers and gritted his teeth as the mouse's thumb very gently stroked a couple slow circles around his big bulbous dickhead.

"I think I like you needy though. Maybe we should lock this naughty cock up. Would you like that? Do you want me to own your cock even more than I do now?" Gary's fingers grazed up and down the shaft. He nuzzled the lion's ear before letting his breath wash over it, whispering into it. Anthony

shuddered and blushed and squirmed harder.

"Nnnn... n... May..be.." he answered weakly. He bent his head toward the mouse as Gary's tongue slid free and traced along his round ear.

"I think it might be fun. Big proud king of the jungle, locked up tight." He nipped the ear. His paw stroked slowly over Anthony's taut chest, feeling the heady rhythm of the lion's heart. "Cock completely owned by a gay little mouse."

Anthony whined. His head bent down. He couldn't see his dick through the blindfold, but he stared down at it just the same. Thinking.

#11 – Love Magic

Ozric and Fidran gasped and stumbled to the floor in a heap of orc as the pink energy washed over them.

"Oi. you okay Oz?" Fid asked.

"Aye. You Fid?" they squirmed and shuffled, trying to pick themselves apart. Both grunted and growled.

"Stupid wizard, your spell no work!" Oz snapped loudly. The rabbit stepped back slowly, ready to run if needed, but he hesitated, watching the two. The big orcs growled, distenagling themselves, when Oz's hand settled on Fid's chest and paused. The green brute looked down at the solid chest, how broad the pecs were, solid, smooth, hot to the touch.

"Uh, Oz?" Fid looked up at him with one brow perked. Thick finger's closed around Oz's wrist... then paused too. His expression softened. His lips curled up and his growl changed. The two orcs stared down into each other's eyes until Ozric was lowering himself down onto his friend. Their tusks clacked quietly together as their lips met and they kissed deeply.

"Definitely a good spell," Haiden chuckled to himself as he settled down onto the cold stone of the outcropping they had been fighting on. The rabbit crossed his legs then watched as the two warriors growled at each other and began to grind their heavy bodies against one another.

Armor was stripped, piece by piece, then torn away with hungry fervor until they were down to loincloths and practically dry humping. Their emerald skins glistened in the morning light and soon the loincloths were gone, their green rods hard and bare asses open to the breeze. Haiden sat back and squeezed his own maleness until he was stroking himself slowly at the show.

"Oz.." Fid grunted as they frothed, their hard cocks stiff and dribbling.

"Ya Fid?" they kissed again, tongues lashing against each other, thick fingers wandering over hard muscles. Fid's big hands gripped at Oz's shoulders and suddenly they rolled together until Ozric was pinned to the stone, Fidran staring down at his longtime companion. He straddled the orc's waist until Oz's hard green cock was resting against his thick, curvy rump.

"Rut me," Fid growled. Oz's smiled widened and his hands slapped down on his friend's rump, squeezing the cheeks and spreading them wide.

"Oi, ya got it." He pulled up, Fid helping by raising himself, one calloused hand reaching down to guide the hard tool into his hairy green valley.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to have to memorize this spell..." Haiden goggled as the orcs began to straight up fuck. It was meant as a simple romance spell, maybe he had put more power into it than he'd expected. He lounged back and tugged himself faster, watching as Fidran bounced on Ozric's lap with loud, meaty slaps.

#12 – Equinox

Brother Krayvik took in a long, deep breath to feel the cooling autumn air in his lungs and let out a long, low sigh. The full moon was peaking over the Grove and the initiates were busy preparing for the night's celebration. They stood within the biggest clearing and set up tables along the rim, piling them high with foods of all kinds, most scavenged but even some fresh pastries and breads donated by

the nearby monastery. Everyone was smiling and talking animatedly.

Not a scrap of cloth could be seen among any member, tonight was not a night for modesty be they Brother or Initiate. Krayvik stood before the great wicker figure they had erected at one end of the clearing and smiled as he surveyed across the grove. It was a perfect night. The mere thought of the festival sent his tattoos flickering and glowing as they writhed across his arms and chest. Whorls of light adorned his shoulders as glowing vines wrapped down his biceps and forearms until they ended at his palms. His back blossomed with a great golden chrysanthemum. Many watched with delight as the night's shapes took form and the great druid's smile was infectious. He laughed and swatted shoulders and asses alike as they prepared.

When the last golden rays of the sun died away and the purple hue of the sky began to twinkle with starlight, the druids of the grove took up torches, enough to cast the whole clearing in their fiery glow.

"Brothers!" Krayvik greeted the assembly with booming voice and arms thrown wide. He stood before the wicker figure and set his legs apart, showing his excitement for one and all. The bear grinned as every eye looked to him, noting every pair that glanced down at the firm erection jutting from beneath his stout belly. "We all know why we are gathered here. Tonight is the last day of summer, the first day of the coming cold. Tonight, we celebrate! The moon is full, the season changes, but we remain united in our brotherhood. Though Mother Winter comes to blanket the land with her chill, we affirm our bonds and prove we survive together, as we have for generations!"

A great cheer rose from the crowd. Tonight everyone was equal, there was no training, no strength, everyone was Brother to one another. Krayvik smiled at the excitement that buzzed through the air, the writhing tattoos of the full brothers mimicking his own in their excitement. He raised his paw up high, the signal for silence, and the crowd fell quiet.

"And that is why we must remind ourselves, Brothers." His paw descended and wrapped around his oiled erection. His flesh glistened in the bright torchlight and he smiled widely as he began to rapidly stroke himself. Some sniggered, some stared, others waited quietly, but all watched the great druid touch himself so flagrantly. His thick cock swelled and with a great roar Kravyik cupped his free paw over the tip and lurched forward as he came into his paw. He had prepped himself all evening, teasing himself, grinding against some of his favorite Brothers, all to make it seem so easy to them all. He held up his sticky palm and grinned as his dick drooled the rest into the bare earth.

"This, Brothers, is my shame!" He opened his paw wide to show the great glob of sticky whiteness oozing in his palm. "And shame has no place in this brotherhood! Shame that drives us apart, shame that drives us to jealousy, shame that dares us hide from our brothers, shame that makes us fear and hate our bodies!"

Growls and shouts rose from the crowd.

"That is why tonight, we rid ourselves of our shame!" He turned and threw the pawful of seed against the wicker figure. It splattered across its chest and quickly began to ooze down the bundled sticks. A sharp nod from the druid and two initiates bearing torches approached the figure and bowed their flames down to its feet. With a hard crackle the figure caught.

"We have no need for shame in the brotherhood! We are united! We are proud! We are Brothers! Now every one of you, release your shame and throw it to the flame! We will survive Mother Winter's trial as we have year after year, as one, without shame! When each of you has given your offering, come, eat, drink, and show you have no shame!"

Kravyik gave one final roar to the crowd, his tattoos flaring to almost sun brightness before he yanked the nearest brother to him and planted a hungry, deep kiss. The lion gasped, eyes wide, then moaned and melted against the bear as a thick pink tongue invaded his mouth and a warm, sticky hand grasped his erection. The crowd roared, they cheered, and they quickly fell upon one another. Many were eager to give their first offering to the wicker figure so the rest of their seed could be gifted to their brothers. It was a long, hard celebration.

#13 – Gods

The campfire crackled into the evening air. The wood was old and dry so it cracked and split to send sparks up. Krayvik carefully prodded the pieces into place with his bare paw so nothing would spray onto the initiates. Though the flames licked her furry fingers they would not burn. The three initiates eyed the druid's simple feat with wide eyes.

The big bear smiled widely and sat back on the log he had been using for a bench.

"Too early to sleep. How about some tales?" he asked. The three initiates glanced at each other. There was Errylyn, the slim mouse with a single tattoo over his chest, a golden crescent with the prongs aimed down. Beside him sat Varden, the oldest, a burly owl from the deep woods, tattoos lined along the feathers of his arms and the scales of his legs that took the shape of runes. Lastly, on the other end, was Daiden, the stoat. A star graced his forehead, another between his shoulder-blades, while his belly was marked with lines resembling golden filigree.

"Brother," the mouse asked "How did you join the brotherhood?"

The bear's muzzle split into a wide smile and he set his paws upon his knees, his dick limp and hanging down over his fat balls, quiet for once. His tattoos writhed across his arms, vines wrapping his biceps and forearms, while the markings on his chest turned to a silver ouroboros.

"Ah, curious initiates. But a good question. It was many seasons ago, I had completed my eighteenth year and had moved to a quiet logging village. My father had cast me out after certain..." he paused to waggle his eyebrows "Indiscretions with some of the other boys my age. The baker's son was turned out for quite the same reason, though he preferred the comfort of city life. As I've heard he's currently the prince of Daganthrel's personal chef. A very, very personal chef." The initiates sniggered but listened with rapt attention. "I have always preferred the wild. City trappings are so... Stifling." Three heads bobbed in agreement.

"One day, I was scouting a grove for older trees we could cut. We always left young to grow for later harvest. And as I crested a short incline to inspect them, I saw him standing there. Waiting for me, I think. As soon as I stepped within the clearing where he stood the morning light winked out and the light of a thousand stars stood above my head, a night's sky I have never seen so beautiful in my lifetime. I stood before Cam'rel."

Three pairs of eyes widened and the owl gave a gasped 'The Night's Stag!'. Krayvik smiled wider. "Yes, you know him then. The Hart of the Forest at Twilight. He stood taller than anyone I had known. A crown of three flames hung between his antlers and his eyes were like the starry sky above. He smiled and welcomed me by name. His muscles were like boulders and his cock nearly hung to his knee like a sleeping python. He told me 'Krayvik, I would bless you as one of my own. Submit to me, join my brotherhood, and know joy and freedom like you have never felt before! You will run like the wind, you will be hale and harty as the earth, joyful and bright like the flame, and free and strong as the ocean. Be mine', he asked."

The bear rocked lightly on the log, a knot under his rump rubbing between his cheeks in the most pleasant of ways. The memories clearly stirred something in the druid as his dick slowly drew up to attention.

"And then?" Varden asked. Krayvik's paw closed absently around his hard member.

"When a God asks you to be his, you don't say no. The horny bastard stripped me then and there and had his tongue down my throat the moment I muttered 'yes'. I walked funny for days after. We made love for just as long, though when I stumbled from the grove with my first tattoo glowing across my lower back I found it was only noon." The bear let a low sigh and ground his bare rump over that wooden knot. "I left the loggers without a word and traveled to our grove. The brothers expected me. They were eager to hear every detail of Cam'rel. And I have been with the brotherhood since." The three looked down into the low flame, both mouse and stoat aroused, while the owl looked contemplative.

"Have you seen him since then?" the burly owl asked. Krayvik chuckled.

"Mostly in dreams. He likes to.. keep in touch with his most devout disciples. Physically? He has manifested a few times before." With one paw idly stroking himself, Krayvik leaned over and prodded the fire once more with his free paw.

"Those are tales left for another night though. The hour is late and we have a long day ahead of us tomorrow. We should rest."

The three initiates nodded. Daiden and Errylyn rose together and stepped aside to lie down in a soft patch of grass, together. The owl stayed seated and watched the bear.

"Yes?" Krayvik asked of him.

"You've met more than Cam'rel, haven't you?" Varden asked in a low, quiet voice.

"I have. There are many gods out there. You've been touched by one as well, haven't you?"

The owl's brows perked.

"How did you.."

An upheld finger cut off the question.

"I can see it in your light. It's wrapped around you, like twine. I cannot see who."

Feathered fingers idly brushed a broad chest and the owl glanced to the flames again.

"A tale for another time, Brother."

Krayvik gave a solemn nod.

"Rest then. We'll speak of gods another time. Good night initiate Varden."

#14 – Engineers

He was huge. I shamefully admit I hadn't seen that many non-terrans until I joined up with the crew but I quickly had a crash course in orienting oneself to being around aliens. It was easier when you realized you were just as alien to them as they were to you. Humanoids made it a little easier too. But Baldruk, particularly, caught my eye. The orc was one of the engineers and he frequented the ship gym quite often. He was also huge and utterly shameless about it.

To this day I'm still not entirely sure if he wore such small undergarments on purpose or not. His jumpsuits fit well enough, though his big green barrel gut often pressed tight to the suit. I think that's what first caught my eye about the big green guy. I was just coming from the shower and getting dressed when I saw him unzip out of his oil stained jumpsuit and the first thing that caught my eye was the big, round, hairy green gut that spilled free as he pulled the zipper all the way down.

He wasn't fat, mind you. I mean, he had some fat on him, but he, like most space faring orcs, were muscle head to toe. And as I said, totally shameless. He peeled off that jumpsuit like I wasn't gawking in front of him and all he had underneath was what I generally call a jockstrap but was really more like an artful shoestring. His balls jutted out the sides and if his dick hadn't been tucked down it probably would have flopped out. Any kind of underwear he wore always seemed two sizes too small and he'd walk around the gym in just them, sweat glistening off of him. It was amazing.

I would sit on the bench and just watch. He paid me no mind. No one, really. I'm not even sure he was aware we were watching unless he was ribbing you. He'd always make some playful jab then laugh, a big belly rolling noise before he smacked his chest to punctuate it. It was always glorious watching him peel off those dirty jump suits. His broad, bare back was mostly hairy, only some lining his side, until you got to the crack of his ass. A light, dark fuzz graced his crack and went down to his taint where it joined his pubes and the dark hair running down his legs.

I could have stared at his ass for hours. I wanted to stroke through that short fuzz and squeeze those cheeks. I wanted him to pin me down and just rut me, which became a frequent stroke fantasy. Sadly he wasn't that into me. Which is fair. Skinny, freckled, pale, and orange hair like I was one fire. I just wasn't his type. Apparently he was into the bear he worked with. Like, an actual bear, not the gay hairy type. I mean, he was hairy but more.. furry? He was an Ursine from the outer planets, we had animals like him on Terra but these had evolved toward humanoids. I can't say I was too into him,

though he liked to shake his bare (bear?) ass at me and ask if I'd like a dip in the honeypot. He was a shameless tease but then he was like that to everyone. Not that it stopped me from walking in on him more than a few times snogging some poor fellow he'd snagged when he happened to get in the mood. He and Baldruk made quite the pair, though I'm never sure if they ever got down and dirty. I know I saw the orc grab at that great big furry butt more than a few times but never saw them scoot off to a corner.

So yeah my first tour in space was something else.

#15 – Nuts

It was spinner week, which meant every morning Master would give it a spin and the rest of the day was dedicated to whatever it landed on. Yesterday had been foot day. Today was nuts.

Master sat back in his recliner, his polished boots shining in the living room light, and spread his legs wide apart. He casually stroked his cock and pulled it upright to expose his big grey furry balls.

"Come on then pup, you know you want them," he ordered. He smiled widely as Slave took a few careful steps, crawling on all fours with a humbler gently stretching his nuts back so he couldn't stand. The fox splayed his ears, his face red, but his eyes focused on the wolf's orbs and nothing else mattered. Slave's cool black nose pressed into the round orbs, quickly followed by the long pink ribbon of his tongue. He kissed Master's balls and tenderly licked over them. The wolf sighed contently and stroked himself.

"Nice and full, just for you pup. Do you want this load?" he asked, listening to the fox whine as he looked up at the hard, throbbing cock he couldn't touch

#16 – Normal

Normal. Everything was normal. He had to act normal. Perfectly normal. Simon was a normal fox, on a normal day, doing normal errands. Sooo normal. He tried to think of how normal everything was, despite the constant feel of the leather wrapped around him, hiding just under his clothes and bulging them just so. It was perfectly normal, never mind the butt plug that Master was remotely vibrating randomly. The jockstrap... actually was fairly normal and did not show, since they were technically normal underwear despite being rubber.

He tried to take long, slow, deep breaths as he pushed the shopping cart down the aisle and tried to concentrate on his list. He needed everything on the list or else he'd get punished. He wished he had been allowed to write it down, twenty some items was so hard to remember, more so when distracted by his gear rubbing against him and that damned plug.

Suddenly it buzzed again. A strong, rumble that he swore you could hear if you were right next to him. Fortunately, no one was, but it made him gasp and clutch the cart's bar tightly. He couldn't hold still too long, he was never sure how long the thing was going to buzz and the longer he took, the more he was going to forget. He reached up and pulled a bottle of juice down, setting it carefully in the cart. His harness pressed tight against his fur; it felt amazing and frightening at once. He couldn't help but be hyper aware of his gear.

He pushed again and turned onto the next aisle. Simon whimpered quietly to himself. His jock was starting to swim, his dick dribbling pre freely. He'd have to hurry if he didn't want to make a wet spot in his pants. How mortifying!

Every person he passed he was sure they knew. How could they not? That infernal, wonderful buzz in his rump. The feel of the tight straps around his body, the way they bulged his clothes. They had to be staring when he wasn't looking.

Simon crept his way down, grabbing items as he passed them, going over the list in his head again and again so he wouldn't miss anything. Master had already warned punishment would not be easy. He pulled out of the aisle and rolled up to the deli.

"A h-half pound of pro-sc-sciutto, please." He needed to work on his stutter. It had always been

an issue, even before walking around in public in gear, but the gear made it worse, he couldn't focus enough. The worker smiled wide though and went to work, weighing out what he had requested.

"That's a nice outfit," the badger said as he handed off the wrapped deli meat.

"What?!" Simon jumped, every muscle in his body tensing up (which just made him squeeze down on the plug all the harder, just in time as it went *BZZZZ* inside him).

"Sorry, I like that jacket. I used to have one like that in college," the worker smiled warmly and Simon realized he meant his actual outfit.

"OH! Oh, why thank you. Yes, my ma...friend picked it out for me." He dropped the prosciutto into his cart and smiled back, turning away and immediately gripping the cart again as his plug BZZZZ'ed merrily away inside him. He gritted his teeth and thought 'Normal. Act normal. Perfectly normal.'

#17 – Familiar

Blood. Fresh meat. Wolf's nose twitched as the moon rose high overhead and the mists began to crawl along the ground. There was new prey in the forest. Something that did not know he prowled the woods.

One quick leap and his claws dug into the wood of a fresh young tree, another leap and he swung from one sturdy branch and flipped through the air. He landed on a well worn path and took low to the ground, letting his nose lead him as he bounded over the packed earth in great strides. No beast was foolish enough to be out at this hour, not in his woods. They hunkered down in their dens and shelters, frightened of the wolf that walked like a man.

The scent left the path and branched toward an open glade. He slowed his steps and slunk down low to the ground, keeping near the bushes as he crept close.

The slight figure stood, waiting. His nose twitched. A female. Human. A bright red cloth draped her head and shoulders. He smelled old leather. But all that mattered was that she was made of meat. He crawled close to the edge, out of her field of view. He waited. She waited. Moments passed. His muscles bunched and he leaped forward, high and far. He wouldn't reach the female, but the distance would be so short she'd have little time to react. He hit the soft earth and leapt again, claws outstretched.

"DOWN." The words echoed in his head and he felt as if a great hand swatted him down into the earth. He yelped and hit the soft earth with a loud thud. He was stunned for a long moment and when his senses came back to him, a pair of tall black boots stood before his muzzle. He snarled and tried to lash out with one paw, but hard as he tried he couldn't finish the strike. His claws hung in the air, inches from her, but he could go no further.

He looked up. Raven hair spilled down over pale flesh. Red, ruby lips that matched the red hood she wore seemed like blood in the moonlight. She smiled quietly at him. He snarled again and rose to his feet, trying to slash, bite, anything.

"DOWN," she commanded again and once more that hand struck him into the earth.

"Dogs walk on their fours. You will not rise to your feet like a man again until I say so." He could hear the words in his ears, but they thrummed in his mind.

A witch. He had come upon a witch. The wolf kicked himself in his head, what little of it he could still control. He stood again, but only on his hands and knees this time, his ears splayed back and his face hot with shame. She squatted down beside him and one lacquered nail stroked his chin as her other hand stroked across his head.

"What a good doggy. I've been looking for a new familiar."

That's all for this month. Feeling pretty happy with these, more long pieces. I feel like I'm getting better at longer pieces and its been fun writing these for friends. I feel like doing these has really helped my skills. Thanks for reading!