

October '17 Practice Shorts

Hi all, more flash fictions! This month was kind of rocky with some mood swings and stress but I did what I could. 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 – A New You

I don't remember when it happened. I think it was so gradual that by the time I noticed, it was too late. I know what caused it though. That cage. It seemed so simple, so innocuous and innocent (for a sexual chastity device). A friend had recommended it to me, knowing I'd always been curious. I thought it had been weird at the time when he said it'd make me feel like a 'new you'. It felt okay. It was sort of thrilling, seeing myself locked up, getting worked up and not being able to handle it like a normal guy would. It was a little less thrilling doing it on my own though.

I kept going back to it though. I'd get home from work and put it on. I wouldn't even put clothes on, I'd just wear it around the house until bed. It got to the point I was just not taking it off, I even wore it to work and out in town on errands. I quit touching myself altogether, but I started to use toys more and more.

Then, one day, I woke up but I wasn't 'me'. It was like I was right beside me, watching a movie about myself, but I wasn't in control. It was like I had become my shadow, watching the rest of me go about my day. Everything seemed blurred and only 'me' was clear as a bell. I could even hear 'myself' talk, but I had no control over what I was saying. The cage never came off. 'I' started going to a local gym and stopped seeing a lot of friends or doing anything else after work. I didn't quite lose weight, which even in this shadowed existence would have been nice, but I began to put on muscle. 'I' thickened out. 'I' started to wear clothing less and less often. I bought a collar and, like the cage, it never came off.

'I' quit my job. I couldn't even remember what my coworkers looked like, everything seemed blurred now, all I could see clearly was 'me', but I heard my words clearly enough. 'I quit, this place isn't me anymore' the other me said. 'I' started attending a local leather bar and all 'I' would wear was the collar, the cage, and a pair of leather shorts. Most nights, the shorts would disappear. I would peel them off, or they would be stripped from me. I don't want to say I was popular, I honestly couldn't tell, but I could see myself kneeling, dancing, grinding against, serving others. Strangely enough, whoever held my cage's key became clearer to me. They still seemed blurred around the edges, but came in more distinctly than others. I never recognized them. Big, burly males. Often decked in leather, harnesses, chaps, vest, boots. So the new 'me' wasn't -too- different from the old me in some respects, I guess. 'I' would beg to serve them. 'Please, puppy suck? Puppy cummies? Fuck puppy?' the other me would say. The longer this went on, the shorter, less intelligent my words seemed to become. It didn't matter so long as I was getting fucked, it seemed. 'I' just wanted to be a good pup for Master, whoever that seemed to be at the time.

I suppose I miss being in control of myself, in some ways. I think I resisted it more at first but that feels so long ago now I can't remember. I can't remember much, really, everything is just a blur. Only the good dog is solid for me, and the Superiors he serves. I admit it's hot, watching 'me' go, begging, worshipping, sucking, getting fucked with abandon. I don't know that there's any going back though, so now I just watch, my voice growing quieter and quieter, I don't think 'I' am even aware of this me anymore. I don't think I care, I feel like a whole new me, afterall.

#2 – Dust

The wizard sighed quietly and settled back against his divan, one furry arm propping him up. He stared out at the endless wastes below the citadel, seas of sand stretching on for miles, a blanket of darkness waiting for what passed for a sun on what he referred to as ‘the miserable rock’. The first diamond beads of the Sun Shade were just peeking over the horizon now.

“Slave,” the rat clapped his pink hands together. The clack of claws on stone echoed across the room and when the wizard rolled over to his other side the lion was waiting obediently with his arms back and legs spread. Golden chains crisscrossed the massive chest and arms, while his bare cock hung down, naked as the rest of him. A smile curled the rat’s lips and he motioned with his finger for the cat to kneel. Soon the great furry bulk was settled beside him and staring blankly out into the wastes. The Sun Shade was halfway over the horizon and the first fingers of light at its core were finally reaching out over the land.

“You are such a fine specimen,” he cooed and stroked over the cat’s broad chest. He smiled as one nipple became trapped between his fingers. A gentle pinch and the big muscular cat let loose a soft, high mewl. The slave had been conditioned in two things. Utter loyalty to his Master and to respond to such pleasures. It had taken quite a few spells to craft just the right mind for such a perfect slave. Naiman leaned up and closed his lips over the slave’s other nipples. Another low mewl followed by a gasp as he suckled firmly. The nub immediately plumped against his tongue. The brute was massive, hard, but sensitive. He made a perfect playtoy for the rat.

“You’re the only worthwhile thing on this miserable rock,” he muttered as his fingers slowly brushed over the hard chest. “Maybe one day we can escape this arid hell.” Naiman sighed again and rolled back to his other side. “Rub me.” Big, strong paws squeezed on his shoulders and began to massage at the crook of his neck on either side. He sighed again, watching the Sun Shade rise above the sands finally and cast its dreadfully pale light over the land.

#3 – Shootout

“Why do you keep spinning the chamber? I know it looks cool but that’s going to get you killed when it comes up a spent round!” She snapped at Harvil.

The detective grinned and gave his revolver another slap, the chamber whirring loudly.

“Honey, if this were a normal gun, you would be right.” He popped up from behind the crate and fired into the darkness. A loud, unmistakable grunt echoed through the warehouse followed by the loud thump of what was probably a body before the air barked with gunfire again. Harvil ducked back down. He then smiled across the aisle and gave his gun another slap. WHIIRRRR. The chamber spun.

“This, my dear gal, is Professor Pennywick Q Pinkerton’s universal spectromatic realignment utility engine.”

Aubry slapped another magazine into her gun, pulled the slide, and the moment the gunfire paused reached her arm around the corner and let loose with her own volley down the corridor of crates.

“And just what the hell does -that- mean?” she asked, pulling back just as more bullets zinged past them.

“I spin the chamber and it reloads. He says it operates on something called the ‘rule of cool’. I’ve asked him to explain the science behind it but.. right, gun fight! Sorry!” Harvil leapt onto the crate he’d been using as cover, his gun barking into the darkness again, and dove forward onto the next crate, then dropped off to its side.

“God why did you have to be chatty? These idiots barely say a word!” Aubry leapt the corridor and curled into a ball where Harvil had been hiding, covering her ears as bullets ricocheted off the floor nearby.

“Mother used to ask the same thing!” Harvil gave the revolver another slap. “Says dead dad was mute as a stump!”

"Please start taking after him. STAY DOWN!" the reporter hurled something into the darkness. Not one to argue with a woman with a gun, Harvil ducked down, one hand over his head. He really should have been covering his ears, he realized, as something loud went off at the end of the corridor. Loud and bright. Like, so loud and bright he let out quite the expletive that was quickly lost to the sudden crash and ensuing cloud of debris.

"WHAT WAS THAT?" he screamed, completely unaware of his volume as his ears rang. A hand tapped his shoulder and he looked up into Aubry's stern, strong chin. Gal was built like a state of Lincoln, he realized. Only with a perm. She motioned him up with one hand while her gun hand pointed into the roiling grey cloud of dust.

"SURE THING!" he said. "I REALLY HOPE YOU GOT THEM." The well trimmed brows furrowed. Aubrey sighed. She said something that was lost to the ringing. Fortunately, Harvil read 'fucking idiot' on her lips perfectly, despite the low light and choking dust. He stood and, revolver gripped tight, followed behind the stone faced Aubry.

"I THINK YOU GOT THEM," he said, still thinking he was being quiet, as they found the first body.

#4 – Puppy Mil

Marty awoke with a start.

"Wha.. where.. where am I?" he immediately began to struggle.

"Oh, pup is awake. No no, not like that, you might hurt yourself, calm down." A hand grabbed his ear and began to gently rub it.

"I wh.. n.. no.. I... yes...." the effect was immediate, the careful stroking sending a shiver through his body and every muscle relaxed. "Where.. where am I.." he muttered again.

"Somewhere safe pup. Don't you worry. We're just about finished with you."

Marty let out a happy whine, the longer they rubbed his ear the better everything felt. He was blind folded, his paws were bound together and his legs were forced apart, but the panic in his heart was receding and he was even getting... no... his face became flush but the warmth between his legs was undeniable.

"Good boy. Exactly that." The gentle fingers kept stroking, a careful circle from the base of his floppy ear to the tip and back again.

"Wh..where am I?" he asked again, some part of him, deep down, still struggling.

"Your new home. We just have to finish making a new you pup," the hand came away from his ear and carefully stroked across his head. It felt so strange though, not like running their fingers through his fur. Was.. was he bald? Panic blossomed anew but this time it couldn't reach the surface. It still felt too good. Not like the ear-rubbing, but still so good. He whined.

"That's right. Such a good dog. No more bad thoughts in that shiny dome of yours. You're a good dog. And good dogs treats." The hand came away. It slowly stroked its way down his broad back until it got to his round butt.

"Wha..." the question died in his muzzle as a finger stroked down the crack of his ass. An electric chill went up his spine. The warmth between his legs intensified. As if by instinct Marty arched his back and presented his ass.

"Very very good boy." The hand patted one chubby cheek. Then it squeezed it and pulled it aside as the other hand dipped in. The big yellow dog moaned when a finger, cool and slick to the touch, pressed down into his warm valley and stroked at his hole. Panic died buried deep inside him and pleasure washed over everything.

"Just a little lube and we're ready to finish. Good boy, very good boy," the voice cooed as the finger pressed inside him. It was cold and slick and it went in to the knuckle without any resistance. Marty's tongue flopped out and he began to pant.

"That's right, good dogs like their treats." The finger slipped in and out of him while the other

stroked his bald head again. Even blindfolded, his eyes rolled up. His cock was harder than he'd ever felt before. He whined and panted and lifted his cuffed paws up to his chest like he was begging. The finger pulled free, but circled his hole. Then something small and firm slipped inside him.

"One little bullet," the voice assured, still stroking his dome. Suddenly it began to vibrate and the big dog yelped. Not out of pain, just shock. His cheeks clenched down. He didn't want that feeling to ever stop. His tongue lolled out and he panted more and more, his heart racing. He whined and pressed his bald head into the stroking hand. His dick surged. He couldn't see it, but felt the pre suddenly dribbling out freely onto the floor. His hips rolled automatically and he humped the air.

"Haha, silly pup, you don't use that anymore. Oh, but look how nice and big it's getting." The other hand returned and began to squeeze and knead his cheek. "You're filling out nicely all over." The longer the little bullet buzzed inside his hole the more the rest of him tingled. The big dog whined in pleasure. He chest swelled, his nipples puffed up, his ass even grew bigger. Drool spilled off his tongue in ribbons and the big dog moaned. He'd never been hornier in his life and his cock was matching it. Bigger, harder, thicker. It blossomed between his legs and more and more precum dribbled from it as his balls drooped lower, fat and heavy.

"That's right. Almost done." The hand kept stroking his head, his bald, shiny head. Rubbing all those bad thoughts away. He whined. Then the little bullet buzzed harder.

"Puppy cum? Puppy cum?" he begged, hips rolling, not to thrust but to try and press back against that wonderful vibration as much as he could, his cheeks squeezing, trying to keep it in the sweet spot.

"Yes, yes good pup, that's right that's how big dumb dog cums, you may," the palm flattened and stoked across his head in a full circle to massage his scalp. Marty whined and bucked his hips. He felt like he could bust out of the bindings at any moment, as big as he was now. He trumbled and humped his big ass back against the air, bowing his head.

"Rrrf, rrrrf, ARRRRRROOOOOO!" Marty howled loudly as he finally pressed over the edge. His new, big cock surged and jumped and the seed spat out of his fat cock onto the floor. He clamped down on the bullet and his whole body trembled, every thought wiped clean as orgasmic bliss replaced it.

"What a good boy, look at the mess you made. You better clean it up chrome dome." The hand patted his head. A soft click and both his hands and legs came free. The blindfold came free, but the big dog's eyes went right down to the floor, going down to all fours, his ass high, as he buried his nose into the sticky load he'd made and began to eagerly lick it up, the bullet still buzzing merrily away in his ass. The voice laughed.

"What a good dog."

#5 - Red

Gurluc leaned into the spray of water and let out a sigh. The water was getting cooler by the day and his emerald flesh was breaking out in goose pimples every time he'd step into the water. Winter was coming and it would soon be time to head south. He climbed out of the small brook and away from the small outcropping that let it spray down briefly. Water dripped down and beaded on his firm body as he stepped up to the thick rock he had laid his clothes on. A simple rag helped him dry, aided by a chill breeze. He smiled and stretched himself, taking in the grandeur of Autumn's beauty as he scrubbed the rag across his muscles and ample privates; the forest was afire with yellows, oranges, and reds of many hues. A wistful sigh passed his lips as he thought of a past lover, a great red ogre. Gurluc chuckled, imagining the great red ass he had mounted time and again. He was almost surprised he hadn't made a litter with the brute, as often as they'd lain together.

Once dry the orc began to pull on his cloths and furs, laying himself to keep warm.

#6 - Letch

The squire slowly finished stroking the oiled cloth along the fine steel blade and slid it back into its scabbard. The fox let out a quiet sigh and looked to the candle at the table. Over half the wick was gone now, the stars were shining bright through the skylight window above, and Sir Geoffrey was still nowhere to be seen. Riccard stood and stretched out his tall, lithe body until his back cracked. Once again left to do busy work while the knight gallivanted about wooing ladies of the court. He lamented not being picked by a more adventuresome knight. Sir Fendry, Sir Alanor, even Duke Picklewick, were known to be brave and bold beasts for the land, roaming the countryside in search of treasure and foes. Geoffrey, on the other hand, liked to brine himself at the pubs, throw dice with the guards, and sneak off behind husband's backs with their wives.

The knock came suddenly and loudly. The fox sighed.

"What now..." he trotted to the door and undid the latch, keeping the thick chain in place.

"Hullo beautiful," the big bear knight hiccuped at him.

#7 - Cream

The big bull zipped up his fly and smirked down at the leopard. Jerry stared at his coffee cup and then back up at Carl.

"Drink up, kitten. It'll perk you up something fierce." The bull gave a low chuckle and turned back to head out of the breakroom. Jerry watched his khaki clad ass disappear out the door and looked back down at his coffee mug.

"Morning Jerry," Beth smiled to him as she hustled in for her morning donut. The cat was a fright of pink and purple today, her frilly dress swishing as she sauntered past.

"Morning," he said absently and stared at the cup. He quietly drummed his claws along the edge of the table. He couldn't stop thinking about the bull's thick, veiny cock. He dare not stand up without readjusting himself and in front of HR's Beth was likely stupid. Phil wandered in with a slight nod, the gull never much for conversation.

"Oh, better drink that before it cools too much. Need you good and perky today, big meeting with the bosses," Beth chimed.

"Er, right, right," the leopard lifted the mug and slowly brought it up to his lips.

#8 - Tonic

The fox grinned and playfully tapped the bottle with the end of his cane.

"Guaranteed vim and vinegar! You'll have the strength of ten and the stamina of twenty! All for the low low cost of a crisp, fresh dollar!" he stamped his cane down into the stage and smiled at the gaping audience. Farmers, workers, butchers and blacksmiths the lot. His bright green eyes zeroed in on a slim young rottweiler.

"You, my boy!" he pointed the tip of his cane. Floppy ears shot up in surprise. "Come up and have a sample of Professor K's miracle compound, free of charge so you may show these good people the truth of my claims!" The fox bent down and offered a gloved paw with a flourish before pulling the young dog up on stage with him. He swirled the bright, neon green liquid and handed it off. The dog looked nervous, giving it a perfunctory sniff, before knocking it back in one gulp.

"Good lad!" the fox cried. The effect was instantaneous, the dog's eyes going green, then blue, then red and back to green. He hunched forward and growled, clothes splitting suddenly. Fur stretched, his muscles swelled, and people screamed, with one unfortunate lady fainting straight away.

#9 - Butt

"Just look at that ass. Round, toned, spread like a bitch." The bull clapped one leather hand against it and gave it a squeeze. "You're like a fuckin sculpture, cat. I could stare at your body for hours. Lucky you I do more than just stare, eh?" He stroked over the bare cheek and liberally ran his

thumb up and down the exposed valley. The lion moaned into his gag, bound and hooded as he was. It had taken quite a lot to convert the bed, letting the cat dangle from the ceiling with his legs spread and cuffed to the posts. He was completely helpless. Kurt circled his thumb over the dimpled hole and teased a glove tip against it. Allen moaned again, then curled his toes when the glove went lower to squeeze and stroke his plump balls.

"You don't know how hard I get remembering I own this ass. The things I've put in it, the loads I've pumped in you, the things I'm going to put in you." Kurt grinned as his lover whined and squirmed in his bindings. His face was hot to the touch and glowed as the bull whispered into the round, golden ear.

"My sweet kitten,"

#10 - Marked

"What will become of me?" the silverback asked, holding stock still as the rat's tattooing needle carefully pricked against his back. Each careful prick brought a blossom of color, the dark hair turning alabaster white as the rat drew the arcane pattern across the gorilla's back.

"You'll be marked, as you can feel, as the wizard's property. I cannot read the glyphs he has asked for, so I cannot say for certain. Soldier, love slave, cattle. There are many things you can be as a wizard's property." The young ape trembled a little but gave only a slight nod that he understood. He stared at the floor, wincing each time the old rat's needle plunged into his skin.

"I will say, however, it is rare for any but love slaves to be tattooed along their buttocks," the rat added as he started down Arad's lower back. Blood rushed to his ears and his heart skipped a beat. Property, but with a kind of privilege. The wizard's harem was infamously pampered. He curled the long digits of his toes as the needle began to journey down one cheek. He bit his lip and waited.

#11 - Country boy

The lemur fished through one of the many pockets in his vest before he pulled a toothpick free and set it between his teeth.

"Not many with hooves come stomping this way, plainer," he said with the pick jutting on the side of his smile. The horse quirked a brow at the strange beast that lounged in a tree and watched the long striped tail flick and coil through the air.

"Need work," he muttered again, rolling one shoulder as if to emphasize the knapsack slung over it.

"I heard you. Not a lot of work this way. Not for your kind." The lemur fell backward, his legs catching the thick branch until he hung upside down from it and smiled up at the horse. "No fields to plow. Well, no dirt fields." The lemur flipped down to the earth and chuckled before taking the pick between his fingers "Might be plenty of other things to plow, if you look in the right places."

The equine's brow rose, then furrowed in a simmering anger.

"Aint no whore," he muttered and started to clop down the forest road again.

"Not yet my friend!" the lemur called and let out a laugh.

#12 - Politics

Elvil let out a long soft groan as the warm, leather trunk slowly wrapped its way around his long, hard cock until the snout tapped his balls and a pair of soft lips kissed his dickhead.

"Fuck, I love when you do that," he said as he laid his head back and clutched his fingers at the sheets. His hips pressed up just as Orvid's tongue began to polish over the fat purple tip of his donkey dick. As the elephant pushed himself down his lover's shaft his trunk coiled tighter around the length, bunching at the base until he had swallowed a good two thirds of the flesh rod before pulling back. He bobbed his head slowly, mindful of his tusks, and let his coiled trunk stroke along Elvil's cock. It was an old trick he learned in high school. It made one quite the popular water boy, he recalled. The donkey

shuddered beneath him and hissed loving expletives as he suckled carefully. With one hand, he reached down and cradled the fat balls bouncing below and rolled them around in his palm.

His trunk uncoiled and he smiled down at his donkey lover.

“Ready?”

#13 - Cursed Kin

The sign read plainly in blood red letters ‘No Cursed Kin’. The werewolf squinted at it. Then growled and casually hooked a couple claws over it and tore it from the wall with a simple tug.

“Cursed? This look like a curse?” Brin unzipped the sturdy leather shorts and grinned at his packmates as he pulled his impressive cock free. After letting it hang down toward his knees he let out a sigh, followed by the rush of gold that splattered the sign. With the wood soaked through, he re-tucked with his shorts fitting a little tighter, and tossed his head toward the door.

“Let’s show ‘em just how cursed we is, eh boys?” they snickered, a couple paws reaching out to grab the tight, shapely cheeks his shorts cradled so well. His tail hiked and he paused, paw on the door handle, long enough to give them a good feel before he snarled and tore the tore from the frame with a hard pull.

Inside the crowd turned as one and froze, only the music blared overhead until someone had the sense to turn it off.

“Sup bitches! The Pack is back in town!” As one the three of them let loose a howl.

#14 - Photoshoot

“Only -you- can prevent forest fires,” the bear said sternly into the camera.

“Cut! PERFECT. Dead on. Outrageous. You’re gorgeous baby,” the director, a fox, cooed at the shirtless bear. S set the shovel he was holding down, which was quickly picked up by an intern and carted away. Several hands grabbed pieces of the forest set and carted them away, wheeling in pieces of a cabin next.

“So you ready for this next part? You signed the contract afterall,” the fox beamed. The bear let out a sigh, accepting a sipping a bottle of water before handing it off.

“I did. Let’s get this over with. Can I get a fluffer?” the bear rumbled and stepped on the quickly forming cabin stage and set by the bed.

“Oh we’re not going for those shots today Big guy. Today is full on rump!” the fox’s bushy tail beat about excitedly. The bear’s eyes narrowed.

“No wonder you were so eager. Okay, I remember.” He turned, setting his knee on a step by the bed, his other knee on the edge. He turned to look back.

“This?” A nod.

“Now just peel those jeans down a little, yesss...”

#15 - Towel

The werewolf let out a long, low growl as the transformation finished. His claws scraped the ground and his tail beat about as he rose up slowly before he shot up and let loose a loud howl to the moon. He panted and wiped his jowls with the back of one paw, drool leaking from his jaw and dribbling his chin.

“Here sweetheart, you’re leaking again,” the black cat smiled and offered him a towel.

“Thank you,” the big wolf rumbled and wiped his muzzle clean, following the towel with his tongue to lap at his lips and whiskers.

“Lately I just salivate so much at the thought of getting to hunt.”

“Oh uh, no. I mean, yes but that’s uh, not the only place you’re leaking.”

The wolf’s ears perked and he glanced down at the solid, throbbing red rod between his legs that was indeed dribbling a thick thread of precum to the ground.

“Oh!” he cupped the towel to his groin.

“I know love, just excited for the hunt.” the cat chuckled and leaned up on his tiptoes to kiss the werewolf on the cheek. Then he settled on his broom and hovered higher.

“To the party then?”

#16 - Mechanic

Rodney stepped into the doorway and dropped his lunch pail. The horse sighed, leaned into the door with his back and closed his eyes. Another long, rough day done. His jumpsuit was stained with grease and he smelled like gasoline. He didn't hesitate to unzip all the way down to peel it off there in the entryway. He stepped free of the pile of dirty cloth and kicked it aside, he could throw it in the washer after his shower. The horse walked into the kitchen, intent on grabbing a cold bottle of water, when he froze.

“Hi love,” Avery, his squirrel boyfriend, greeted behind the counter. “This is Dirk, a friend of mine from work.”

Dirk, a stoat, stared wide eyed at Rodney's naked body. The horse, for his part, blushed, his own eyes widening. He gave a careful nod to the both of them then turned and continued back into the hall and up the stairs to the bedroom, his face red but otherwise too tired to be properly mortified.

“Dinner in thirty love, take your time though,” the squirrel called up.

“Thanks,” Rodney managed, maybe too quietly, from the upstairs bathroom before turning on the shower.

#17 - Trapped

The bear wiggled his toe, his claw still shiny with the wolf's saliva, and snapped his fingers.

“That will do. Up on your knees,” he growled as he shifted back into his throne. The warrior nodded and sat up on his knees, keeping his eyes down to the floor. The bear smiled and idly stroked a few claws across his broad honey colored belly.

“You can be taught. That is assuring. I had assumed one of your tribe might be too stubborn.” a claw picked between a couple sharp teeth. “I might just brand you as my own, see what that body can do.”

The velvet ears flicked up and golden eyes rose to meet the bear's own emerald ones. Recognition dawned. There would be no deal, he was merely being made a fool of. Rage blossomed in the wolf's chest and he surged up, claws out and teeth bared. The bear's fingers snapped.

Time froze.

“Still haven't learned, have you? Well, at least I know how to goad you.” The wizard chuckled and stroked his belly as the warrior hung in the air before his throne. He reached out & prodded a finger at the wolf's chest.

“Bind,” he growled

#18 - Good dog

He held perfectly still on his hands and knees with his tail hiked.

“What a good dog,” the wolf cooed and stroked one velvety ear. He smiled and traced over the leather hood. One paw stroked down the 'dog's' back all the way down to his ass. A gentle rubbing before fingers teased down the crack. A gentle, needy whine rose from the slave's throat but he otherwise didn't move. The trimmed claws teased over the exposed valley, one dipping down to carefully scratch at the slave's taint.

“That's right. Stay. Good boy.” Fingers cradled and rubbed the furry white balls. They were rolled around in the wolf's palm. Another whine as the other paw came up and grabbed the slave's cock. A light squeeze then a slow caress. Fingers closed around the fox's testicles and shaft and began to knead over the flesh.

“Oh puppy needs to cum bad, feel how full these balls are. But no release today.” the paws withdrew, leaving the aching shaft to dribble onto the padded table. “Good pups have to earn that reward.”

Another tender caress to one buttock.

“Sit.” The dog sat.

#19 - Party Anxiety

The slim leopard lounged at the edge of the bed, laid out straight and dragging a claw slowly back and forth over the dangling sheets.

“Bored?” came the bear’s low, sultry voice. The cat’s tail flicked up and his hip before writhing lightly back onto the sheets.

“Tired,” he said and stroked his face into the cool pillow. A paw lit upon his shoulder and slowly wandered down his back. It slid over his side as the rest of Carlton pulled up behind him. Warm lips found his ear and the paw rubbed its way down to his belly.

“Talk to me,” the bear rumbled, then kissed the round ear.

A low purr tickled up from Hradings’ throat and he leaned back until his back met the bear’s chest & he could settle against the warm, firm body.

“Do we really have to do this party? I barely know anyone.” The wandering paw felt along his belly then down to his hip until it rested on one bare cheek.

“I already agreed we’d host, I’m sorry love. I’ll keep by you, maybe introduce you to some folks. Honestly, I’ll be in the dark a bit m’self, I don’t know half of Ralph’s friends.

#20 - Curse

“Curse? No I think that has far too many negative connotations to it. I’ve been blessed. In fact, I seek to make this change permanent.” The wolf smiled, making sure to show every sharp pearly tooth, as he raised his arm with a flourish “This? Is simply too amazing to give up. Stronger, faster, bigger... In several areas, I might add.” Aldren chuckled, his tail wagging as he casual groped himself through his slacks.

“You’re a monster..” Gabriel gasped and backed into the door. The werewolf quirked a brow.

“Oh do be quiet with that talk, priest. I do not fit your definition of normal but monster? No no, I won’t have it. I am improved, in soo many ways,” Aldren’s claws clicked the floorboards as he stepped to the man in white, leaning in as the priest shivered, wide eyed and pale.

“The biggest bitch, honestly, has been finding a tailor. Well.” he grinned, baring those big teeth

“And a certain.. Hunger..” he leaned in closer to let his breath wash over the irishman.

“N...no..” Gabriel moaned.

“Yes..” Saliva dribbled from the massive jaws. The big muzzle inched closer, closer. Their lips met. They kissed.

#21 - Debts

The lion peeled the zipper on his coat down. Leather and steel greeted the fox’s eye before the coat came away entirely to reveal a thick, defined chest criss crossed by a leather harness. The cat grinned at the fox’s wide eyed reaction and traced a claw across one thick strap.

“I have no intention of collecting my debt in money, fox.” One boot came up on the edge of the nearby chair and the big cat leaned onto the upraised knee.

“You couldn’t afford it any other way, so why don’t we cut the formalities and you show me that pretty twink ass of yours.”

Ronald gulped, face and ears burning, as he took in every inch of Harold’s bulk. He knew the cat was big but this... This was something else. The expensive suits the lion wore hid his frame better than the fox imagined. And he truly did have no other way to pay, the few ragged dollars in his wallet

were the last of his cash.

"If that's how you want it. I'll pay." He pulled off his mesh shirt and shimmied out of the skinny cutoffs.

"Mmm, just like that," the big cat stroked the bulge in his jeans.

#22 - Miner

Something about orcs and leather just set me off. I watched him sit at the bar, shirtless, a pair of leather pants, still wearing the laser goggles the rest of the miner's wore. He got a drink and sat sipping it, just looking utterly gorgeous. No hair, up top or over his muscles, a sign of a miner as you either shaved it all off or had it burned off by the equipment. His green skin rippled as he moved, thick muscles flowing like water and I had to readjust myself. Just the crack of his ass sent my cock into fits.

I don't know how I managed the bravery or clarity of mind to sit beside him, much less how I asked him what he was drinking without stuttering. Something inside my head just clicked and the nervousness died. Til he spoke. His thick lips turned up in a smile around his tusks.

"Aint you cute, sauntering up like mister suave after staring at my ass for ten minutes. Not looking for a chat, 'crat. But you want to suck my green dick put your wallet away and go wait for when I need to take a piss. Otherwise fuck off."

I froze, my heart in my throat.

#23 - Bitch

"Do you want to piss off the volcano god?" Ra snapped. The jackal gave a coy smile.

"Maybe, he sounds kind of hot," Anubis chuckled to himself and peered over the rim again at the hissing, boiling rock far below. The falcon rubbed his eyes and sighed.

"You're impossible. Why did I think you'd be any better sober?" the great sun god cupped his hand across his face.

"Sober?" the jackal queried back as he pulled a hip flask from somewhere. He took a sip and offered it. The bird's eyes narrowed.

"Do you girls always fight like this?" a deep voice rumbled. They both turned to see a golem construct of Lava standing before them on the lip of the crater. It had its arms crossed.

"Nevermind. He's flaming, but not hot. Not my type," the jackal took another swig. The golem's eyes narrowed.

"Don't mind him. Greetings, we came to pay our respects while we stayed. We have no intention of setting up shop."

The golem burbled and leaked liquid rock.

"Wasn't expecting anything from a couple of has been gods."

"You bitch." Anubis snapped back. The golem chuckled.

#24 - Blue Moon

"Wait, you're the priest I was sent to find?"

The werewolf smiled and gave a polite bow.

"Wulfthron Heckret the third, priest of the blue moon, at your service."

The leopard stared, wide eyed, at the hulking beast before him, an easy two heads taller and nearly a hand wider.

"I was... sent to protect you?" the cat said, now wholly unsure of his mission. The wolf smiled and nodded.

"You were. There is a shadow plaguing this city, a creature not of the natural night. We and my fellow holybeasts feel I may be a likely target as I am of a faith most affiliated with the night." The big wolf settled down to sit before the mercenary, his legs crossed and tail swaying across the debris.

"Why me? What could I do to protect.. You?" the cat asked, his hand resting on the hilt of his

silver blade. The wolf chuckled.

"I am physically imposing, yes. But there are terrors even I am helpless against, my friends."

A nod.

"Is there somewhere safe we may discuss this further?"

The wolf sighed "Alas, the temple has been breached and I know of no safer haven than that."

#25 - Looking good, feeling good

Ogluk stepped out of the water and stretched his arms up over his head. The orc let out a deeply satisfied groan as he stretches out, then moaned as his back popped. He held the pose a long moment as he enjoyed the feeling, then let himself relax as the water beaded across his emerald flesh. He grinned to himself in the mirror. His arms went up again and he flexed them, sucking in his gut for a moment before letting it spill out. A little chuckle, then he slapped his green cock against the white marble of the sink and scooted up closer, posing in the mirror this way and then before he ran his thick fingers down his sides and belly. He was half hard at the attention so a light slap of his meat against the cool marble had him stiffening up further.

"What the hell are you doing in there?" came the bear's voice from the bedroom. The orc smirked and stepped away, one hand squeezing his turgid maleness, before he stepped into the doorway

"Admiring the body you can't keep your paws off." There was a laugh, followed by a pillow smacking his gut.

"C'mere," Marcus growled to the orc.

#26 - Forest Facsimile

The buck raised a brow.

"You may," he rumbled after a few moments of consideration. The leopard smiled widely and dropped down to all fours almost immediately. The cat's head bowed down toward the buck's hooves. One leg moved forward to present one hard, shiny hoof. Lips pressed over it, whiskers tickled across his leg as the cat kissed up his shin.

"I'm not your forest god, little one," the buck rumbled quietly as he watched the cat worship. The leopard's tail flicked back and forth as he kissed his way up the leg before he paused and sat on his haunches.

"You are not, but you are as he appears in my dreams, I would serve you as I would he. If only for a night, good Sir," the cat purred with his eye's shining up at the big deer. Almont crossed his arms but quietly considered the eager cat with his great antler's tilted toward one side.

"In any way?" he asked. The cat grinned.

"He has sent me the sign, to serve you is to serve him, my forest Lord."

"For a night. I trek not in the ways of your gods, but I won't deny a warm muzzle for a night."

#27 - Socialites

The big buck leaned back in his seat, even pushing away from his desk and turning to one side. A snap of his fingers sent the tabby scrambling around the desk to almost crash to his knees at the deer's feet. Mr Garibaldi smiled down at the eager cat and slowly unzipped his finely tailored slacks until he could pull out the soft, fat worm of his cock.

"Mr Smith," he said and offered himself. The cat's eyes lit up before he crawled closer, the buck's scent tickling in his nostrils, and draw close to the fleshy tube. Just from the attention, the buck began to swell and grow, barely touched but happy to be seen.

"I think we can keep this from the wives club, no?" the buck chuckled and sighed a little as the cat lifted his manhood delicately to give it a tender lick along the underside.

"Yes Sir. I think Mary has been with the gardner as it is," he muttered, pausing between each word to brush his tongue across the growing cock.

“Yes my Stephanie has similar with our neighbor I believe.” Fingers descended and stroked over the cat’s head. He purred.

#28 - Hungry

“So, like this?” the fox asked as he settled onto all fours. The bear gave him a warm smile before he patted the chubby posterior.

“Almost. Spread your knees a little further apart. Tail up. Up up up.” One paw took the bottlebrush and pulled it up and back to arc over the fox’s back.

“There. Lower your chest a little. You want the focus on that plump rump of yours.” The hand slipped off the fox’s tail and stroked down along the deep crack, now spread wide and exposed. Harold whined a little and bit his lip.

“So, you have a good view now?” he asked as a digit stroked along his most sensitive place. Vincent stood up again and checked the camera they’d set up. The bear smiled widely.

“Perfect. Let me get the lube.” He snatched it from the bedside table and playfully drizzled some between the fox’s cheeks before he applied liberally to his fingers. His index finger stroked across the dimpled pucker and smeared lube around it before sinking in to the knuckle. Harold gasped, curling his toes and squeezing lightly.

“You ok?”

“More,” the fox pressed back.

#29 - Chicken

They kissed. It wasn’t the first drunken snogfest of the night but it was definitely the first one with Lance. The doberman let the raccoon come onto him, but he rarely was so forward if he wasn’t after someone specific. They usually found out why. The dog kissed the handsy raccoon as he sat back against A bookshelf and let him explore. Lance always made a choice hook up target at these things. Young looking, trim, fit, generally accomodating of guys hitting on him.

I sat back and nursed a water. It was entertaining at least. It usually played out like clockwork. Their hands wandered over each other. They kissed, it got deeper. The racoons paws traced down the dogs sides and one cupped to his groin. This was always the moment of truth. I could see the pause. The hand groped. And groped. And groped. This usually got Lance pretty excited, it was snaking down one pant leg.

They broke the kiss. He chickened out, the raccoon muttering some excuse and turning tail. I gave the dog a smile and tipped my water bottle in his direction. Scared off another.

#30 - Heft

The coin hit my paw just before his lips hit mine. His tongue pressed into mouth and his whole weight leaned me into the wall until I was pinned against him.

“Mm big fluffy curves,” he growled as he broke the kiss and pecked my neck, then stroked his muzzle into my chest. His hands caressed my broad stomach. He was hungrier than I expected. His fingers closed around my lovehandles and his mouth kissed across my navel on its way down below. I let out a groan as the bear’s thick fingers cradled my nuts to roll them around in his palm. His wide cold nose sniffed between my legs but his paws wrapped around what he was after. His fingers squeezed my cheeks. Then his shoulder went into my gut and with a heave he picked me up like a sack of grain.

“Hey!” I tried to protest but those big paws squeezed my ass and the rest of my hung off his shoulder.

“I paid for you. Not fucking you in some alley, fox. Got a nice hole in the wall we can get some privacy at,” he squeezed one cheek and a digit teased into my crack.

“I can walk you know.”

“Not for long.”

#31 - Folksy

The bison puffed at the curvy pipe carved to resemble one of his own kind and smiled from the corner of his mouth.

“Don’t get many round these parts, specially not someone of your kind,” he said with an amiable tone. The fox raised an eyebrow.

“My...kind?” he asked, the chill readily in his voice.

The bison chuckled and quietly unbuttoned the straps of his overalls to reveal the dense, hairy chest underneath.

“Don’t go taken offense, I can spot a wizard and a tail raiser a good mile off.” he scratched a couple nails across his rigid pecs, rolling the pipe to one side of his mouth to grin as the fox’s eyes darted down as the overalls continued to slip down and reveal more of the bison’s hirsute form. Toben took a deep breath, his ears glowing with a hard blush, and turned to look down the dusty road.

“Yes well. I’m on business from the castle, farmer.” He side eyed the big chest. One round, fleshy nipple jutted through the hair. His tail flicked.

“I take it you have an offer for the information?”

The bison grinned wider.

“I have a bed, yes.”

#32 - He’ll love it

The big otter grinned, catching the fat cigar between his teeth as he did so.

“Lookin to spice up the love life a little, eh?” he asked. The wolf kept his eyes down, either ashamed or embarrassed to look the leather clad otter in the eye or any other part of his body for that matter. To be fair, he wasn’t hiding anything, from his pierced nipples to his pierced cockhead. He shifted back in his seat and took a long, gentle pull on the cigar.

“Y-yes Sir. I.. I heard you’re.. Something of an expert...” the chubby wolf explained while he tried to look at anything else in the bar. Boss just smiled. Then carefully pulled something shiny and black out. He held the buttplug up to the light.

“Use this. Just lube it up and let him sit on it,” Boss explained matter of factly. “He’ll love it.”

“Oh uh, he’s a top..” the wolf’s ears splayed back. Boss’ eyebrow quirked up and he presented the toy.

“Plenty of lube now. Just suggest it. He’s gonna love it, and love you even more for it.” The chubby paw closed over the toy.

“Thank you Sir so much.”

Boss just grinned.

#33 - Zealot

“In the name of the light I smite you back to hell demon!” the mouse plunged the dagger down, only for the creature to stop him just short with a grip on his wrist.

“Little zealot, I admire your passion,” the lizard hissed “Your trinket caught me off guard, but you have been severely misled.”

The mouse’s brow furrowed and he snarled as he tried to push the curved blade into the scales below. The red lizard stared at the tip, his own teeth bared as the blade came closer by inches.

“To hell you go!” Laden growled as he tried with every fiber of his being.

“The only hell,” the lizard grunted “Is the gem in the pommel. You bear a soulstealer you little fool.” he growled as the tip came close to his chest. “Your holy church is using you.”

Doubt flashed across the mouse’s muzzle and the moment’s hesitation was all that was needed, the lizard’s tail wrapping his ankle. It coiled quickly then yanked as the lizard pushed off with a loud

shout, flinging the would be assassin across the room.

“LIAR!” the mouse struck the wall and tried to launch away from it.

#34 - Foxhole

The bull’s hand slipped past the fox’s waistband, then pulled down until the soft furry white cheeks were exposed.

“Isn’t that a pretty sight?” he said into the black velvet ear as his fingers stroked through the soft fur. Brad winced and shivered. His ears splayed back. The fox let out a shaky little moan as his face glowed with heat and his heart beat faster.

“I’ll go slow,” the bull assured while he lazily dragged his finger up and down the crack. It pressed in slowly.

“I.. Would.. Can we.. My bed?” the chubby red fox managed to get out. Kurt grinned and pulled his hand up, but not before giving the jiggly butt a little pat.

“Sure thing bud. Not that we really need the privacy, but if you’re more comfortable there...” he trailed off but not without letting his hand stroke across the bushy tail.

“I.. Y-yeah. Will you.. Will you bend me over it?” he asked sheepishly, not bothering to pull his shorts or underwear up. The bull grinned.

“I’ll fuck your gorgeous ass any way you want me too.” the fox gulped but his bushy tailed wagged about.

“Upstairs.”

#35 - Presenting

Boss stepped into the backroom. Everyone felt his presence as the room fell quiet and a couple dozen eyes turned to the doorway. The big otter smiled confidently and lazily stroked a paw across the thick fur of his bare belly.

“Okay boys, present. Boss needs a hole.”

every body in the room scrambled from seats, couches, lap to line up in a semi circle, then turned and bent forward. The big otter plucked his cigar from his lips and wiggled it in the air as his cock throbbed in excitement.

“Such good, loyal boys,” his thick boots clopped against the floorboards as he stepped past ass after ass. Fox, otter, pig, bear, many others. He lazily drew his paw over a few tails as he admired his ‘collection’. He stopped and stroked one chubby fox rump, letting his thumb run through the fur. Then he stroked up the tail and continued down the line, every step another little thread of precum leaking off his prince albert.

“Mm so many choices, so many good, eager boys. You all want it?” he grinned as the chorus came. Yes, yes Sir, please boss, we need it so bad.

#36 - Bravado

Gok stood in line with the other slaves. Most cowered and shivered, though most weren’t orcs like he. He stood proud and tall as the warrior he was. More than likely, he would be sold to be used as a soldier rather than labor. Perhaps with a weapon he could earn his freedom from the slavers one way or the other.

An inspector approached the line, a tall lizard whose scales shimmered in the early light of the Sun’s Shade. He looked at each new capture, feeling over them with a methodic claw, appraising muscles, tattoos, size, temperament, as if he was examining cattle. Gok’s eyes narrowed but he stayed quiet until the lizard stood before him. Reptile eyes glanced him up and down, from his bald green head to the pierced nipples of his chest and his solid gut of fat and muscle.

“Few scars. Brutish, angry. Rebellious.” The lizard cupped a hand beneath its chin and stroked it in thought.

“You will escape whatever I sell you as, isn’t that right?” it hissed quietly. Gok made no move except to narrow his eyes. The lizard smiled.

“Love slave it is then.”

#37 - Mine

"Little wizard, do you know what they call me in the Deep Below?" the large and very naked red demon growled down to the little red fox in a blue robe and cloak. "Soulflayer. Bonegnasher. The Walking Terror. They are not my true name but they are close enough."

The fox adjusted his spectacles and looked over the instruments on his table once more, completely ignoring the demon's blather for the umpteenth time. He lifted a small silver dagger up to the light, turned it one way then another in his slender paw. The blade was decorated in a fine filigree, a thin thread of gold that traced over the blade in whimsical shapes. He turned to the horned beast and stepped close to the circle.

"You know what they'll call you next?" the fox smiled politely as he held the dagger up. The demon snarled.

"What?" he had to ask.

"Mine." The wizard thrust the dagger past the circle's threshold and the golden filigree light up like a sun. The big beast's snarl turned to a frightful wail as the light blinded him and wrapped him head to toe in bright glowing bands.

And that's it for this month's! Went with shorter but more pieces as opposed to last week. Being October I went with more 'spooky' or 'monstrous' themes, which are always fun, I love a good werewolf story. Hope you all enjoyed, if there's any you like, let me know! Thanks for reading!