

November/December '17 Shorts

#1 - The Real Thing

“That is an imposter!” the bull snarled as he tried to throw himself at the throne, but the blank faced guards held him fast in their steely grip. The little fox beside the throne smiled and adjusted his glasses along the bridge of his muzzle.

“Correct. He is not your brother. Your brother is long gone from this world, Duke Reinhardt, but I never needed the fool anyway. Just a big, strapping bull to play the part. Isn’t that right slave?” The bull on the throne smiled and bowed his great head to the wizard.

“Yes Master, thank you for letting me be king.”

The fox grinned and reached a paw out to pat the ‘king’s’ thigh as the bull returned to gazing off into the distance.

“You killed my brother?!” the duke snarled. The fox shook his head.

“No, a simple accident, in fact. He fell from his mount. A shame, really. I’d have gladly kept him. But now, I have the next best thing,” the wizard began to wave his fingers through the air and his eyes glowed as he looked at the angry bull.

“What? NO I will resis....” the words died on the duke’s lips as his eyes clouded over and his mouth hung slack.

#2 - Tryst

We sat in a plush booth away from the dance floor. The music still blasted out loud and vibrated everything as the mass of dancers leapt and swayed and danced to the beat. I leaned my head onto his shoulder and smiled when his arm came up to wrap behind me.

“They’ll be back. Should we keep playing innocent?” he asked. I reached over and stroked my fingers along his stomach before I trailed down one thigh.

“If you really want them to play matchmaker. They mean well. I wouldn’t bother going on the date though, her sister is... Well, not your type.”

His muzzle brushed mine, then we turned to meet lips a moment. They were warm, supple, and tasted sweet from what he’d been drinking. His fingers ran down my back and past my tail until they dipped under my waistband.

“I do have a pretty firm handle on my type, I think,” he said as he broke the kiss. I laughed a little and poked a finger at his bulge.

“Yeah, I think I know it pretty well.” His fingers slipped deeper into my pants. “My big bear.” He kissed my ear. “Little fox.”

I sat up and scooted back as we both heard Churel’s signature squeal coming as she passed someone cute on the dance floor.

#3 - Bacchanalia

Amel trudged through the snow with his robe hiked up. The fat fox sighed. Studying in the tower had its advantages but it meant foraging in the Hall for food at regular intervals. He climbed down onto the slippery stone path and pulled one of the many wooden doors open to squeeze inside. Heat met him. It washed over his face and down the rest of him as he shut the door behind him, careful not to catch his tail (this time). In fact, it was too warm. Even with the great fireplace and the braziers lit, the sidehalls shouldn’t be this warm. The apprentice made his way into the dining hall and paused in the doorway.

“Gods,” he gasped. A great bonfire had been made, several tables and chairs smashed and used

as kindly. And all across the hall, naked bodies writhed together. The other apprentices kissed, fondled, fucked. Even many of the Masters, there was Sage Darwin the bull, and there Lord Hartie, in his muscular leonine glory. And at the head of the room sat a great red beast. A demon.

“Yes, feast, make love, give me your service!” it growled.

#4 - Workarounds

“You’ve been hacking them? But personality profiles are hardlocked, they’re untouchable!” the detective struggled as the cyborgs gripped him tightly. The rat sat back in his chair and sat his heels up, resting them on the gorilla that bowed down before him.

“It’s a bug in the hardware. I can’t alter the profiles directly, no. But the neurolink lets you, shall we say, tinker at the edges. You can shift things. Confidence becomes paranoia. Jealousy becomes pride. Rage can become.. Lust,” he smiled and stroked a toe at the gorilla ear, eliciting a happy moan from the big bruiser.

“You messed with their minds! Do you know how many laws you’ve broken? Do you realize what this means?”

The Razzer chuckled and tapped quietly into the glowing terminal projected above his wrist.

“Yes, it means I have to employ some cruder methods to hush you up since you don’t have the right kind of mods. Now, you just smile and look into the screen.”

The rat raised his arm up and the projection changed, a dancing, swirling amalgam of lights blasting into the canine’s eyes.

#5 - Pressure

The doctor poured something pink into the flask and the whole solution turned neon green. He took a glass rod and carefully stirred the mixture.

“This should help reduce the... swelling,” the raccoon said as he smiled and continued to stir. “There is.. Well, you’ll have to do something first.”

The mouse’s ears perked.

“W-what is it?” he asked as his paws squeezed the edge of the padded table.

“Well in your current condition, it won’t do much. You need to uh,” he paused his stirring and chuckled as he scrubbed the back of his head.

“You’ll have to relieve the initial pressure. The tincture should fix the rest of your... Issue.” Rawlin blushed and nodded, staring down between his legs at the oversized cock and his elephantine sized balls, not painful but oversized to the point of inconvenience. The potion had worked far, far too well. His organ throbbed and a thick line of precum drooled from the fist sized cockhead onto the floor in a growing pool.

“I uh, don’t follow Sir?”

The doctor let out a little sigh.

“You need to orgasm first so it softens. Then drink this, it should get it back to a relatively normal size”

Rawlin’s eyes went wide but he nodded.

“Oh.”

#6 - Dress to impress

“How’s that fit?” the wolf asked as he pulled the strap closed and hovered the snaps together.

“One notch tighter, I think, it gets uncomfortable when it’s a little loose.” The wolf obliged and pulled the strap one notch tighter, the thick brown balls below stretched in the sac as he closed the

snaps. He chuckled and patted them gently, which produced a low groan from the bear.

"Chaps and boots fit okay. Harness the right size. How are your nipples?" he stood and pulled a finger down on the chain linking the two thick nubs. Edwin groaned deeply but flinched away and cupped an arm across his chest.

"Oh! They're fine, don't mess with them or I'm never going to hide my tent in these sweat pants!" he growled as he pulled said pants on, the soft cotton stretching over his gear and leaving odd bulges.

"Well I'm sorry you couldn't get a ride. The bus is the best we can do. In fact I'm already running late. Be careful and safe, okay love?"

Their lips pressed and Hardy's fingers trailed down the harness.

"You look amazing Ed. I want every picture they take!"

#7 - Mood Weather

The wizard sat with his legs crossed upon the flat stone and watched the rain pour down on the plains from beneath his stone canopy.

"You're sulking," the mist form beside him accused. The fox nudged a few stones before him with a small stick but ignored the specter.

"You're off sulking and we have things we need to get done," the specter crossed its arms.

"I'm not sulking," the fox said as he shifted a few more stones and watched the sheets of water fall in staggered waves. The sea of rolling grass flowed as the wind whipped water across it.

"You only come to the drowned plains when you're upset." The specter solidified a little, the foggiess turning sharper, clearer. A pair of horns almost scraped the stone overhead. The fox took a long, deep breath before it slowly hissed out of him in a quiet sigh.

"I do better by myself. Just let me think."

A hand closed over his shoulder.

"You do not. You overthink and blame yourself. We need you at the tower today. I need you."

The wizard sighed again and shifted another stone with the stick.

"I'm coming."

#8 - Floorshow

The bear's big paw landed with a loud *smack!* across the pig's bare bottom and the chubby sub let out a much louder squeal as he reared up, held back only by the harness and leash the bear gripped tightly in his other paw.

"Good pig," Bowler growled lowly so the audience could hear. Several clapped, others 'oohed' and 'ahhed' while others simply sat back in their chairs and stroked themselves freely.

Bowler grinned and looked down at the bare round ass presented to him, a red paw mark still taking shape in the pink flesh, before gently stroked a paw across one cheek. Bayworth moaned into the horse bit stuck in his mouth and laid his chest to the stage as his ass went up high. The big bear growled as he began smacking his thick cock against the bare, pink cheeks and the curlique tail.

"Who wants to see this pig get fucked?" he roared to the crowd. The excited agreement was unanimous and Bowler made a show of sawing his cock up and down the cleft of the wide cheeks.

"Then lets make him squeal!" the bear reared back and stabbed forward with his cock

#9 – Fuck Machine

"I'm glad it's healed hon but.. do you need to keep checking it?" Marco have a soft sigh as he stood by the door. The dog continued to grin to himself in the mirror with his shirt open, the words

'FUCK MACHINE' across his chest in black script.

"Huh? Oh, sorry, sorry. It's just.. you know, it's so.. different. I'm not used to it yet. It just feels like.. its not really yet, like if I look away it'll be gone?" Marty chuckled a little and rubbed at the back of his head. The blue cat smiled and gave a little roll of his eyes.

"I'll see you later tonight hon, have a good day," a quick kiss on the cheek and Marco was out the door.

"Bye hon!" Marty didn't bother to wave, it wasn't going to be seen, and immediately turned back to the mirror. He reached up and pulled his collar open again. 'Fuck Machine'. No matter how absurd it sounded when he or anyone said it out loud, it still sent a thrill up his spine to see it, really see it, across his chest. He paused to glance at the door. He waited. And waited. No quick rush in to grab anything. Marco was gone for the day. The big yellow dog practically skipped to the bedroom and pulled off his shirt, tossing it to the floor, then peeled his pants off. He'd stopped wearing underwear a week or two ago, it was hard to keep track. Down on his knees, he pulled the big shoe box out from under the bed.

It was a little weird, he admitted to himself, to be hiding things like this, like he was a kid again. There was a certain thrill to it too though. He opened the simple cardboard box and looked at his little secrets. Nothing earth-shattering, he knew, but still, just 'his' things. A small black rubber butt plug. A bottle of lube. A leather collar. And the well worn copy of "Dudez in Dudz" he'd accidentally recieved a copy of in the mail. He picked it up, one thumb already toying at the edge of the cover to peel it open, and chuckled a little to himself. He'd played it off like it was a complete mistake and he'd just toss it in the trash.

Instead, it had gone into the shoe box, to be pulled out when he had a spare moment and privacy. He looked at the cover again. The familiar bear in harness and chaps stared back, a wry grin on his muzzle and one fat paw grabbing a coconut sized bulge. He pulled the mag open, quietly leafing through it as he did every time, a sort of ritual. Big males, leather, chains, collars, tattoos, shaved heads, hoods, gags, sex toys. Every page brought some new debauchery, some new presentation of raw lust and display of pride in it all. Of course, none of it was 'new'. If he did toss it by now he could reproduce it page for page by hand, if needed. The images were burned into his mind, just like Fuck Machine was now scrawled against his chest.

Marty set the mag down and picked up the plug. It was a simple, small thing, almost innocuous being just a little bit of shaped rubber, but it was also another secret, another little thrill. He poured some of the clear lube onto it and messed his fingers as he smeared the gel all over until the rubber glistened. He hadn't been brave enough to wear it outside of the house yet. Yet. It hadn't stopped him from wearing it around the house though. He couldn't forget how nervous he'd been, wearing it during dinner one night. There was no way for Marco to know, but every word, every glance, had made the dog feel paranoid, like the thing in his butt was lit up like sky writing screaming "PERVERT". It did no such thing though and Marco was none the wiser whenever Marty wore it.

He leaned over the edge of the bed and reached the toy back. He felt his crack with the tip and took the time to drag it up and down slowly. It went into the valley and this time there was no hesitation, barely any resistance, before it slid it home. He was getting used to it, used to the sensation of being penetrated, used to the sensation of being filled. It gave him a bit of a chubby now. He pushed it all the way in and stood up, giving his cheeks a couple flexes just to feel his tunnel grip down on the toy. He shivered a little and one paw felt across his chest. Fuck Machine.

He stepped over to the full size mirror against the wall, catching himself, the bed, the box on the bed, and the closed drapes in the view. Part of him said he was still just plain old Marty. Naked, fuzzy, fat. His paws stroked across his belly and even lifted it a little to display his naked dick. Plain old, boring, run of the mill Marty. He let his gut down and scratched a couple fingers through his pubes. He used to hate looking at himself in the mirror, especially once he'd put on weight. He turned to one side, showing his belly and butt in profile. He turned back.

Another part of him, however, zeroed in on his chest. The fine black script. Fuck Machine. Yeah. Plain old Marty wasn't plain old Marty. He was Fuck Machine. One paw stroked across his belly as the other felt across the tattoo again. He squeezed down on the plug inside him and his dick began to stir. It wasn't ugly to be fat. Or tattooed. Or horny. It was sexy. Hot. Liberating. He smiled and growled at himself in the mirror. No shame. No worry. Just Fuck Machine.

He grew harder. The fingers still smeared with lube closed around his growing cock and he reached up to pinch a nipple with his free paw. Yeah. Fuck Machine was hot. He pinched his nipple and toyed with the nub, biting his lip as it perked up under the attention, before he began to stroke himself. The tattoo was just the start. Fuck Machine was just the start. He pinched his other nipple and growled. He'd get them both pierced. Big thick silver rings hanging off his chest. He'd get more ink, maybe 'Daddy' on his arm, or a flaming skull, or both, down his arms, over his belly, over his back. Fuck Machine didn't care what anyone thought. He stroked himself faster. Maybe a prince albert, a big thick ring to make the subby boys whimper as he plowed into them.

Marty's hips rocked. He kept staring at the words. Fuck Machine. His paw stroked harder and harder. More ink. More leather. Maybe a nice pair of leather shorts. Or even a thong, something to give access to his luscious, plump yellow cheeks. He squeezed them down on the plug again and growled. Fuck, be fucked. It didn't matter. Not to Fuck Machine.

He pumped harder, faster. He tugged at his chest, working each nipple with a need, he wanted someone to bite them, suck on them, moan around them. He rocked his hips and clenched against the plug again and again. Riding some leathered up bike, some big burly fuck. Maybe just riding a bigger toy. It all felt so good. Everything felt good for Fuck Machine.

His orgasm crept up and crashed down on him hard. His belly jiggled as the dog hunched forward, one hand pressed to the wall beside the mirror for support, as he growled and kept stroking until his cock swelled up and began to spurt all over the glass. His teeth clenched, his fingers curled, everything in his brain fired off as his cum splattered the mirror, the wall, and all over the carpet. The loads were getting bigger. Marty had never really bothered to notice how much he spooged, but it was getting noticeable how much more he was cumming. Thick creamy strands drooled down the smooth glass and puddled on the floor. He panted, his face glowing red, as he held his spent cock. it was getting more intense every time, even more so now he had the tattoo. His nipples needed to be next.

"God, I'm going to have to start using a mop," he muttered to himself as he pulled the rag from where he'd stashed it in the nightstand and mopped up his sticky mess. He chuckled a little. He was definitely making bigger messes. He hoped Marco didn't notice the stains in the carpet. Maybe it wouldn't matter if he did. Fuck Machine didn't care about making stains.

The rag went into the hamper and Marty went back to the mirror. His spent cock flagged and hung over his balls. Were they getting bigger too? He didn't remember his dick looking quite so engorged after cumming either. His fingers went back to his chest. One pinched a nipple, the other traced over the lettering again.

Fuck Machine. Hell yeah, he grinned to himself.

#10 – Inhibited

The orc rolled the cigar around to the side of his mouth and plucked it out with his thick fingers.

"Off wordler eh? Lookin for a lil of that exotic green meat?" he grinned. The rat gave a sheepish chuckle and scrubbed the back of his head.

"Well, yeah, I mean, you hear stories, out in the trading lanes. I've seen a few of you guys around, but I keep hearing about just how, y'know, big you are. I've got the cash."

Muk chuckled and smiled at the slim rat. He opened his trenchcoat and pulled out a credstick.

"Then I got your meat. Pay up kid, then I'll take you to the biggun."

The rat's eyes grew wide. He couldn't have been more than 20 something, by the orc's reckoning. Lot of kids out on the trading lanes trying to make a bunch of money. The rat pulled his stick out and with a ping the money was transfered. Muk grinned and slipped it back into it coat.

"Much obliged. Now then, if you'll follow me, apartment is just down this level." They stepped off the promenade, away from the hustle and buzz of the crowd, and walked down a bare passage. Around a corner, down a lift, they came to the port's sprawling urban district, squat grey buildings and little houses stretching on in both directions. Foot traffic was light, but the rat still seemed paranoid. Muk, however, strolled along confidently, grinning tusk to tusk as he walked. It was only a few minutes before they rounded one building, went up a back pair of stairs and a door was hissing open.

"Uh, are they.. meeting us?" the client asked as he stepped in behind Muk. The apartment was one simple room, a mattress and some sheets in one corner and a couple chairs, with a chest of drawers against the far wall. Muk smiled at the rat. He stepped over to the mattress and leaned back against the wall.

"Oh, I'm already here." He grinned. The rat's brow perked.

"Yeah dude, I meant like, a -big- orc. Like you hear about. You know. You're not.. I mean, you're kind of hot but..." he trailed off as Muk started to pull off his clothes, first the goggles perched on his bald head, then the trenchcoat, boots, until he was in just his shirt and a pair of boxers. They had hearts printed on them. The rat looked perplexed.

"Oh, yeah I neglected to tell ya kid. See, you're not wrong. We orcs? Fucking huge." He pulled his shirt off to reveal the thick muscles beneath, all coated in a layer of thick black hair. He lifted his chin to reveal the collar around his neck. It had been hard to see with the coat on, but now it was almost too obvious, the slim piece of metal hugged the orcs neck, a small vial attached to the side. "In fact, we're so big, we gotta wear these pain in the ass inhibitors. Else we don't fit in most places."

The rat's brow furrowed. He started to say something, maybe ask for a refund, or an explanation, but Muk had already pressed something on the collar. It unlocked with a hiss and dropped off his neck. The reaction was instant. The big orc sighed as his body suddenly began to swell and the rat's jaw dropped. Everything began to grow. Chest, abs, arms, legs, neck, Muk growled as every part of him stretched and expanded, more and more green flesh filling the room.

"Holy fuck," the rat backed against the door, which stayed closed, as he watched the 5'9" orc grow a solid foot, expanding moment by moment. But he grew wider just as he grew taller, his pecs alone quickly dwarfing even the rat's head in most dimensions. It even seemed like more hair sprouted to accommodate, carpeting the orc's huge body.

Then the boxer's began to strain and tear. The fabric hearts stretched out wide as the boxers stretched to their limit as the orc inside outgrew them. The rat's eyes fixed on the growing bulge. It swelled like a coconut. Then a watermelon. It snaked down one leg and a purple tip peaked out from under one leg.

Then the boxer's gave up and shredded. Muk was expanded in every way, his hips, his waist, his thighs, his ass, his cock, all of them couldn't be contained by the simple cotton fabric so it just tore. Everything exploded out. The cock flopped free into the air, an elephant's trunk hanging over two beach balls.

Finally the growth seemed to stop. The orc rolled his cigar between his fingers and stood, head nearly touching the ceiling, as the rat stared in awe.

"See? Biggun. Think I could fit around this rinky dinky little space port without smashing everything?" he smirked and swayed his hips to send his monster meat swinging back and forth audibly. "So we wear those pain in the ass collars, keep us 'small'. Now, c'mere, get a taste of real green meat."

Muk spread his legs wide and put his thick arms behind his head, grinning wide as the young rat walked forward, awestruck, and hands at the ready to feel over every inch of raw, masculine Orc.

“You’re fucking kidding me,” the rottweiler stared at the fox’s jeans. Riley grinned wide and spread his legs wider, letting the big dog watch the bulge that snaked down his pant leg throb to life.

“No trick,” the fox said as he laid his arms up behind his head. Mitch scowled, ready to toss the kid out on his ass. Roger’s little brother had always been a pain in the ass in high school, trying to tag along, trying to be part of the cool kid’s that his big brother hung out with. And now, here he was, sprawled out on Mitch’s bed, sporting what looked like a baseball bat down one pant leg.

“I gotta call your brother?” Mitch growled. The fox sat up and held his arms up.

“Hey hey, I’m just here to make an offer,” he said as a cocky smirk tugged up one side of his muzzle. The rottie’s eyes narrowed.

“I’m listening,” he growled and set his cellphone down. Then Riley unzipped his pants. “Hey I just said... fuck me...” The fox pulled something out. Something big. Thick. Veiny. It had to be a prop or something off a porno. -Had- to be. Riley laid it out along one leg and the damn thing nearly went down to his knee. SOFT. Mitch stared. Then growled.

“Talk fast or get out.”

Riley grinned wider and laid back again, this time leaving his cock out across his thigh. It throbbed a little.

“Heard you broke up with your boyfriend,” he repeated what he’d said when he first came in. “Horse, right? Hear you like big guys?” Mitch stared at the big soft member. Then shook his head and growled.

“None of your fucking... fuck.” He kept staring. “Okay, what do you want Riley? And how the fuck have you kept that thing hidden?”

The fox grinned like a cheshire cat and reached both paws down to hold his dick upright until it was jutting up to the ceiling and he could squeeze it paw over paw. It was getting harder. And bigger.

“You think Roger is going to cop to the fact his little brother’s dick is more than twice his own? Come on Mitch, Roger was jealous I got my driver’s license faster than he did.” Riley had a point.

“Whatever. So why do I get to be the first to know?” the dog crossed his arms, still ready to throw open door and toss the fox.

“We’ve known each other a while. We’re both legal. You’re the only gay guy I’ve known and that I.. uh, trust,” he didn’t stop squeezing himself. The veins on it stood out against the shaft. It was insane.

“Flat out, I’m not dating you because you have a monster dick. That’s... what do you think this is? Some cheesy internet porno?” Mitch growled, but nonetheless kept staring. “That’s not how you ask someone out!”

“Whoa whoa whoa, meat slab. I never said date. I said deal,” Riley let his cock go and it flopped forward. A little. It mostly stood under its own power now and stuck out of his jeans like a flag pole. “Look I.. yeah I’ve seen videos and porno and all but uh, I want someone to teach me how to fuck. You know. With dudes. I mean, not just fuck but uh, be fucked.” He scooted forward and hopped off the bed, his pants slipping off his thin frame, while his cock hung out like a yardarm. Mitch stared down at it.

“I haven’t had like... good luck. The one guy I was kind of into at school... well, this scared the fuck out of him. And you’ve been with, y’know a horse,” he was suddenly bashful, despite his cock swinging free.

“Yeah, that’s just a stereotype, I assure you,” Mitch tossed out. He chuffed and looked out the window, glad they were up on the third floor of the house. “I.. suppose I can teach you, puke. But there are better ways of asking than pulling your dick out!”

#12

He was standing on the balcony when I came out of the shower. Aside from the towel around my shoulders, the two of us were naked. I paused in the living room and just watched him for a moment. He leaned forward with his arms crossed along the rail and stared out over the city below. The sky was clear and you could see out for miles and miles all the way out to the ocean and beyond. My eyes, however, were drawn to him.

He was slim, toned, athletic. You couldn't find a better example of a twink without looking it up in the dictionary. His bushy red tail swayed back and forth as he watched the traffic below.

#13 - Price

The priest shrieked and clutched at his wrist.

"Ahh! WHAT'S HAPPENING?" He screamed as claws sprouted from under his nails and fur began to grow over his knuckles and fingers.

"I did warn you. The blue moon's blessing is miraculous, it grants much, but at a price. You were healed, Brother," the big wolf leaned against the wall and watched as the man in white hunched over and cursed in many languages. The red hair grew coarser, thicker, as ears rose up on the round head and his face began to stretch. The white habit tore as muscles swelled larger than the cloth could hold. A red tail whipped free into the night air.

"Don't hold back the howl," the great werewolf advised. The priest didn't. With his eyes aimed skyward, he let loose a great howl that echoed into the deep alleys of the city. The great werewolf moved closer and stroked one large paw down the new wolf's back.

"That's right brother, accept the change, there's no fighting this magic."

The red wolf shuddered and gasped. Finally, he held still, his heart beating hard and heavy as he panted for breath.

"You did not warn me," came the low, husky growl.

"I did. Emphatically."

#14 - Overhead

Edil lifted the clay jug over his head and slowly tipped it over. The dwarf sighed contently as the water spilled over him and ran down the fiery red mane of his hair and beard. The water was a little cool but after days on the road a bath with clean water was welcome. He dipped the jug again and casually slopped water down his shoulders and arms.

"Dunno why ya bother, grounder, just take a step forward and the water will come up over your head," mocked a low rumbling voice. Edil looked up with a sneer at a blue orc at the bath's edge, a towel at the brute's waist covering absolutely nothing. He smirked down at Edil.

"Come over here and I'll show ye who will be in over their head," he growled back as he made a show of pouring water down his thick chest. Thick lips twisted into a smirk and the orc climbed down to settle his feet into the water as he sat at the edge. He, likewise, made a show to keep his legs wide open. White hair bunched around the thick blue tube of his cock, which almost touched the water by its tip.

"Always so fiery, grounders"

#15 - Think about it

The ape sat back against the cool stone altar and smiled at the initiates. A strapping young buck, a round and supple fox, and a lithe tabby stood before the great priest. The ceremonial paint had been

applied to their fur, marking each in honor of the valley's gods.

"I am glad to see you all here to honor the festival. You know what is required?" the ape shifted his cloak, revealing the hard muscles and his naked flesh beneath the soft blue. Each nodded, the fox's eyes eagerly looking over the priest's body. The ape descended the dais and smiled.

"Lord of the hunt," he told the buck. A nod.

"Pleasure's King," he told the fox. Nearly a bow that took his head down to the gorilla's groin.

"And the Clever Trickster," he stood before the cat, who merely purred with a satisfied smirk.

"Good. The ceremony will be at the high moon. We all know the tale, yes?" the three nodded.

All knew of the Huntsman's Wife. He looked to the fox.

"You are ready?"

"Oh yes Priest Urvada. Though, the Lord is quite well endowed this year, perhaps you and I could.. practice?"

The ape grinned widely.

"You are dedicated indeed, the Pleasure King will be quite pleased by your role, I imagine." The buck, too, smiled at this.

#16 - Absence

Amda growled pleasantly as he sat back on his lover. The big dog's cock slid up between the cat's cheeks until the round furry rump nestled in the dog's lap. His tail coiled and flicked over the lab's chest and round gut. He clenched gently on the warm stiffness splitting him before he sat up and let it slide free. Dalen let loose a low, pleasant growl as he reached his paws out to squeeze and knead his cat's cheeks.

"A long journey?" he asked of the cat as the big cheeks rose up then sat back into his lap. It was bliss. It was torture. Three months on the road without the merchant, the dog wanted to pin him to the ground and rut him until a crater formed. Instead he grunted as the big cat slowly rode his member.

"Longer without you," the silver cheeks ground down into the warm lap. It sat up again, slowly picking up speed as the dog's paws continued to caress.

"Devil cat," the dog groaned as the tail tickled across his cheek and down his neck. "Kiss me, my lips ache near as bad as my groin," he growled and gave one thick cheek a playful slap.

#17 - Clack

They kissed. Tusks clacked together quietly as the boar's snout pressed to the orc's lips. They held it for a long moment as hands groped for purchase on the other's body. Finally, they broke it but kept close, their breath washing over each other, and smiled as they looked eye to eye.

"Shower?" Rud suggested.

"Bedroom," Arn growled as he gripped the pig's lovehandles.

"Yours or mine?"

"Closest." Another kiss. Another clack. They ground against each other and rubbed tusk to tusk as their tongues played a mock duel. One green hand dipped into the boar's jump suit to stroke at the thick pelt of hair across the soft chest. One fatty pec was squeezed and a broad thumb stroked the nipple topping it.

"Bragger's is closest," the boar finally answered when he got a chance to breathe. Arn grinned widely, then clapped a hand down on the boar's behind. Thick green fingers squeezed up a handful of porkbutt.

"I hope he catches us then," They kissed again but detached from the wall, lips together while arms and legs stumbled in a kind of motion, pressing into the walls, each other, finally hitting a door that hissed open and stumbling through.

#18 - Zipper

Fred smiled to his boyfriend as he stepped out of the changing room. The monkey struck a pose and asked “Whaddya think?”

The mesh shirt hugged his lithe frame to show off his toned stomach and firm chest, while the cut off shorts left little to the imagination. The St Bernard’s eyes went wide and he nodded vigorously.

“Really hot hon,” he said, pushing his glasses up his snout. Fred stepped up closer to plant a kiss on the dog’s wide nose.

“Haven’t seen the best part,” he whispered into one big floppy ear. The monkey smiled wide and turned around, leaning both hands against the wall as he hiked his tail up. The tight denim hugged his round bottom closely and in between the two cheeks was nestled a long zipper starting at the base of his tail and going down to his taint. Tom’s eyes went wide and his ears went up as his tail began to beat against his chair.

“Oh my, they really make those?”

Fred grinned widely and shook his ass back and forth as his tail waved about the air.

“Pull the zipper down and find out.”

The dog didn’t hesitate to reach one paw out.

#19 - Pure Beef Hotdog

“You’re sure?” the otter asked again as he looked at the near footlong dildo in his paws. The bull wiggled his thick ass in response and spread his legs wider.

“Yeah, positive. Just feed it on up,” he smiled over his shoulder. Devin was on the bed, on his knees, with his hands gripping the banister as he presented his ass. Nathan stared, wanting to bury his face or his cock between those big bronze cheeks but he had the rubber weapon. He smacked it against his palm again to feel the weight and heft of it. Thick black veins stood out against the shaft and the whole thing glistened with lube. He stepped up to the edge of the bed and eased the wide tip against the bull’s dimpled hole.

“Yyyeah. Been a lil while since I rode this one,” the bull said as he pressed his ass back. Nathan pushed and was surprised as it sank in, the hole stretching to accept it. He pushed, holding it in both paws as he started to feed it in slowly with little pauses to pull out then work it back in. The bull groaned and pressed back as he was stuffed.

“Fffuuucck yeah,”

#20 - Sight Unseen

Harnem quietly munched his sweet roll. The chubby tabby sat alone in the meal hall, a common sight when Far was busy experimenting with something and the rat couldn’t be bothered to come down. Harnem still gave a soft sigh as he chewed and listened to the general noise of the hall.

“Psst. Har,” a familiar voice whispered in his ear. The cat perked up and turned around, only to find empty space.

“Far? That you?” he whispered back. Something brushed his cheek. Then something else rubbed up against his ear. He trembled and blushed. It was just the way Far usually nuzzled him.

“I’m invisible. It worked,” the rat whispered. The cat’s ears perked and he smiled.

“That’s greaaaa...mmmpphh.” He squished the remaining bit of roll in his paw as Far began to slide a paw inside his robe and closed warm lips around his ear to begin suckling.

“Faaarr... There’s.. There’s people,” the cat whispered as he turned back like he was going to resume eating, his face red and heart beating faster in his chest.

“That’s what makes it so fun,” the rat teased and dug his paw down to stroke across the cat’s

belly.

#21 - Skinny dip

The bear bent forward and slowly peeled his jeans down to reveal the round, brown cheeks of his ass and the thick trunks of his furry thighs.

“Oh you’re.. commando,” Rufford noted as he stared at the bare ass.

“Oh.” Mike stood up, the jeans pooling around his ankles, and saw the fox’s swim trunks.

“Sorry, didn’t think we needed a suit. I guess I can swim in my jeans...” the big bear bent down and started to pull them back up.

“No! No no no that’s.. That’s fine,” the fennec sputtered and waved his paws, even as his ears started to glow with heat.

“I.. I mean, we are alone, not like we need to hide anything from anyone..” he fidgeted a moment then stepped out of his own trunks. Mike smiled and stepped closer.

“Yeah, just us, bud,” a light tap to the fox’s forearm. Rufford tried his damndest not to look down but the fat, half stiff bear cock bouncing beneath Mike’s belly was hard to not see.

“Y-yeah!” the fennec was in full blush but he turned with the bear to the lake and they started to walk down the short pier.

“I’ll bring trunks next time.”

“Oh, d-don’t bother, it’s okay, really.”

#22 -

Myron rolled over onto his belly and smiled at me as he nestled into his pillow. I took my time tracing my fingers down his broad back, circling his shoulder blades and going up and down his spine a couple times before my fingers wandered along the curve of his right ass cheek. I slid my free paw underneath him to cradle a pawful of his soft furry belly while I let a couple claws trace the curve of his cheek then slowly wander up his crack until I was twirling a digit around his stubby tail.

“I’m lubed,” he said, eyes closed as he focused on the feel of my touch with a happy sigh. I scooted a little closer and dragged my finger down his crack, angling a little bit before I pressed in. The furry valley was warm to the touch and slick so I pressed in deeper until I found his hole. A little teasing rub made him groan and press his butt up into the attention. I sank my finger in and it went in to the knuckle. His warmth surrounded my finger. He gave me a squeeze then relaxed with a low moan as I started to slide in and out.

“Big bear,” I kissed his cheek as I sheathed my finger inside him.

#23 - Practical Uses

The otter chuffed and tugged at the cuffs locking him to the pole.

“They’re good quality, you’re not going to break them. Relax, you know I won’t hurt you. You’re a prisoner of war,” the badger spoke as he prepped something on the table. “In the meantime, however...”

He knelt down before Marlo and smiled at him as he held up a couple objects that looked like clear thimbles.

“What are those?” Marlo growled.

Commander Stibbons rolled them between his fingers.

“Oh just suction cups, used for snake bites, I think. They have other practical uses.” A quick lick to one of them and the commander brought it to Marlo’s chest, popping it on the otter’s right nipple. He gasped.

“Ah.. Weird, weird!” he growled and shook his chest but the suction cup merely stuck to his nub. Stibbons smiled widely, then stuck the other one on. Marlo gasped again and gritted his teeth as he watched his nipples swell into the clear cups.

“We’ll leave those on a little while. Just wait,” the badger chuckled and sifted a couple fingers through the otter’s chest fur. “Good boy.”

#24 – Ghost Story

I startled him. I probably should have expected it, you don’t break into a detective’s office unarmed unless you’re stupid or ignorant of what it is, and I have my name and agency name on the door so...

Anyway, he popped me between the eyes. It was my fault. I opened the door and there he was, probably only a half minute inside, when I said “Hey,” which made him turn and fire. Pretty good shot, really. It caught me right above my nose and I crumpled to the floor like a ragdoll. Well, my body did anyway. I looked down at what was left of me, then up at him.

“Well that was rude,” I said. “I was using that.” You should’ve seen his eyes. It really is my favorite part, I’d say, when someone manages to kill me. I mean it isn’t hard, I’m 33, chubby, I don’t work out, like there’s really a lot of ways to kill me. Not many ways to make it stick though. He stared at my ghost with wide eyes and mouth wide. It’s usually pretty surprising seeing a glowing blue version of the guy you just wasted. He screamed. It was followed by a few more gun shots than just whizzed through me and into the hall behind me. I hoped no one was out there, but it wasn’t exactly my top concern.

“Rude,” I said again and grabbed the gun. It takes a lot of effort and practice to manipulate anything when you’re a ghost, you have to focus your will and kind of flow yourself into whatever part of your body you’re trying to use, you’re sort of condensing your essence into something solid enough to interact with corporeal reality. Luckily, I’ve had a lot of practice and it helps a lot when they’re not expecting it. I wrenched it out of the idiot’s hand and tossed it out the nearby window.

“AAAAHHHH,” he screamed in my face and tried to run past me. Well, through me. You never get used to being incorporeal and having shit go through you. You get too used to being made of meat, it’s so hard wired into you even when you’re not meat anymore it feels wrong. He went through me so I whipped around and grabbed him, kind of around the neck and between his shoulder blades. Again, when you’re not solid and you grab at something you don’t really grip it like you would when you’re made of meat, you just kind of close your fingers around it.

“NNNNGGHH,” was the noise I got out of him, which is pretty normal. A ghost grabbing you is sort of like the reverse of passing through a ghost, it feels weird and unnatural because it’s not solid like everything else. It’s also cold, really really cold. I’ve had a ghost squeeze my heart. Boy was he surprised when I socked him. I mean, he killed me, so I ghost punched him, but a ghost hitting another ghost feels right because it feels like good old meat space, ghosts feel solid to each other. This idiot, however, was not solid to me, so I gripped into him and he cried out again.

“What the hell are you doing in my office?” I asked him.

“NNNNGGGHHH,” he replied. So I squeezed harder. I dunno exactly what part of him I was really gripping since I could only phase through him, I couldn’t see inside him. It seemed to get my point across though.

“NNNnnotebook!” He managed. I yanked him back, one so I could get him off balance and two so I could talk right into his ear. “You listen to me, sleezeball, you tell whoever hired you they can’t scare me from this case,” I tried to sound tough. It’s a bit harder when they walk through you.

“You’re dead!” he said through chattering teeth.

“I don’t stay this way puddin,” I shoved him, not through the doorway but right into the wall. He smacked into it with enough strength to dent it in before he collapsed to the floor with a sigh. I

sighed too. It'd be a while before I became corporeal again. I stared at the schmuck. Red hair, freckles, pasty white and missing teeth which I don't think I'd caused. His clothes were dirty and dark, clearly worn in places. Guy was not top class hitman material. I still should have felt a little embarrassed I let him pop me so easily but I needed someone to come nab him before he woke up and slunk off. I looked at my old rotary phone and sighed again. Biggest issue with going spectral is that technology has a hate on for you. A big, solid one. Ghosts interfere with electronics, so I tried to keep basic equipment around. I walked to my desk and focused on picking up the phone. It crackled at me even as I started to pull the ring, plugging in my contact at the police department.

#24 – Not on the Table

It was a butt plug. Not very big, it was maybe 6 inches from the tip to the base of the cone, then a inch or so stem and a wide, flat base. Blake had left it during one of his many visits. Marty kept meaning to return it, ask him to quit leaving his sleazy sex toys around, and his underwear, but for whatever reason when he had the chance Marty had refrained. Blake was a cool enough guy at least, he and Marco and known him quite a while. He had a habit of hanging around.

So it happened one weekend with Marco out of the house on a small trip, Marty had taken the thing from the drawer he'd been keeping it in and set it on the table. He laughed a little to himself over how silly it looked as an ornament.

"Yeah, only the best table decorations for us!" he could imagine himself joking to Marco. He could also see the cat rolling his eyes and letting out a weak chuckle and a sigh. Blake always seemed to push his buttons a little more than the yellow dog's.

So Marty sat. And he stared. He could probably just toss it, he figured. Blake probably had a lot of them. He was always pulling something out of that leather jacket of his, wobbling it at one of them or offering, smokes, a blunt, a flask, the occasional sex toy.

What would someone say if they walked in, seeing him at his table with a butt plug on it? Well, probably 'is that a butt plug?', but it would certainly be awkward.

"Well I guess I.. can't have it on the table.." he snatched it up and held it in his paws. It was small but solid, probably rubber all the way through. They were probably all like that, he guessed, not that he would really become a connoisseur of butt plugs any time soon. It did feel nice the few times when Marco had topped him though so... maybe. He turned it over. Such a simple thing. Smooth, It wobbled a little as he held it at the base and shook it.

"Nope. Can't... can't have it on the table..." he stood up. It felt heavier in his paw. He glanced at the cabinets. They probably still had some olive oil...

Marty shook his head. This was ridiculous. He didn't... well, they did have that cheap lube too. Before he realized what he was doing he had already taken the bottle of oil out of the cabinet and opened the cap. It smelled wonderful.

"Well I mean.. just a taste," he tipped the bottle over in his paw and let it dribble on his finger. It was slick. So, so slick. He licked it clean. Then dabbed a little more. He looked at it ooze off his finger. Then he rubbed it on the tip of the plug, which made the rubber glisten.

"Well it.. it can't be on the table, afterall," he tipped the bottle over the plug and slid his paw across it and the whole cone shimmered with the slick oil. He pulled his jeans down, just enough to expose his butt, and brought the plug down. Marty bit his lip as the tip brushed between his cheeks. He pushed.

"Ah." He grunted. He arched his back a little and pushed it higher. The oil made it feel a lot better, it slid in so easily. He pushed in and out a little, slicking his hole up, before pushing it in.

"Ah!" he yipped as the widest part popped inside and his ring squeezed around the small stem above the base. It was all the way inside him. He squeezed himself down on it.

"Oh.. oh yeah," he rocked his hips a little. His face was hot, his ears pounded with his heart

beat. It felt so secret, so dirty. He pulled his jeans back up. He squeezed down on it again. It was a kind of pressure. But good, in a way.

Marty went back to the table and sat down.

“OH!” he pressed his weight down on the base of the plug and it ground up inside him. it was hitting the right spot. He rocked back and forth, pressing his broad butt into the seat and grinding down. He could see why people liked these things so much. Being filled felt so good, once you adjusted to it. Like when Marco mounted him. Those few times. He rocked against it a little more.

The big dog took a deep breath and closed his eyes as he worked his butt on it, just clenching and unclenching on it, imagining it as someone inside him.

“Fuck yeah,” he sighed. He unzipped himself and squeezed his member in his paw. He leaned back into the chair and kept flexing himself on the toy. Maybe he could be a slut. Get a nice pounding every week, no every day, bending his fat ass over, plowed by nice, firm cocks. He trembled a little and stroked himself, his paw still slick from the olive oil.

“Yeah, fuck me,” he whimpered, eyes still closed, grinding down on the toy more and more as he swelled into his paw and throbbed.

“Ffffuck,” he shuddered, his orgasm coming on fast and unexpectedly, the toy pushing him over the edge so much quicker. He whimpered and felt the hot stickiness of his seed spurt and dribble all over his paw. He kept himself squeezed down on the toy and rocked on top of it a little more. Yeah. Just get pounded, feel that every day. His paw came up and he licked away the olive oil and spunk, sucking his fingers. Maybe marco could mount him a little more often. Maybe.. when he got back.

Or Blake. Maybe. He paused to tuck his softening member back into his jeans and zip up, which is when he spotted the long, thick semen stain raining down one leg.

“Shit,” he muttered as he got up and scrambled to wipe it off with a handful of napkins, getting up most of the sticky white but the wet stain had already set. “I hope that’s not all white when it dries..” He’d have to watch it, how embarrassing it would be to have to explain...

“Well, that... that was.. fun,” he said to no one in particular. He hesitated with his paws at his fly, still holding the toy inside him. He could take it. Wash it, of course. It couldn’t go back on the table, that would be silly. Or it could go back in the drawer.

Or... he could wear it, a little longer. Just, a little while longer. He flexed his cheeks again and shivered at the feeling of it inside him.

Just a little longer. Maybe he could... call Blake, to come over. To take it back, of course.

#25 - Glasses

“It’s the glasses, isn’t it? They just don’t go with the suit. They’re distracting,” Edward sighed. Matthias quietly chewed his sandwich but shook his head as the lion sat back in his seat. His shirt creaked, buttons straining to contain the lion’s colossal chest.

“No. It’s not the glasses,” the rat said after he swallowed. Edward’s brows perked.

“It’s not? Are you sure?” he sat up, one button threatening to snap off and fling into the air.

“Well, why is everybody staring since I got back?”

It had been a few months since Edward had taught anything, due to a small skiing accident that left him laid up at home until everything had healed. He had apparently taken the time to work out while he was recovery, but he didn’t seem to realize just how much he had gained from it. The big lion got up from his chair and grabbed his sack lunch from the lounge counter. Matthias again stared, even as he tried to not make it obvious by focusing on taking oversized bites of his sandwich.

Edward had not been small by any means before the accident. A solid six feet, not including his mane, but he had been more athletically build. Now... Now he was huge. His biceps were like solid coconuts, his chest was a brick wall, and he hadn’t seemed to notice how tight his suit was. It looked like he could burst out of everything if he sneezed wrong.

For Matthias, it was heaven. The rat chewed quietly, helpfully avoiding talking about it, but he couldn't help but stare, pretty much like everyone else. Even the cat's ass was toned, the thick curves squeezed into black slacks. He took another big bite of his quickly disappearing sandwich. He watched the cat sit back down and the chair creaked under the weight.

"I still think its the glasses, I should go back to contacts,"

Matthias nodded. And chewed. And took another bite.

"Sssure. Oh, hey, I think I dropped my pen, could you grab it?" he discreetly dropped it under the table. "Wait maybe I can get it with my... oh, shit," he purposely kicked it across the floor, right past Edward.

"Oh, certainly Matt," the lion smiled and got up again, turning around. He bent down and Matthias squeezed what was left of his sandwich. That dress shirt was ready to tear itself to shreds, stretched across those solid back muscles. He moaned into his mouthful of sandwich as Edward bent down and those taut pants stretched tightly over the round, full butt.

"Here ya go," the lion turned around, offering the pen. The rat smiled, reaching his hand out. Just as he closed his paw around the pen, Edward let out a soft 'oops', glancing down at his chest as a button suddenly let fly, springing through the air, hitting the ceiling, the table, then flipping into Matthias' coffee. The rat stared down at it, then up at the lion's chest, thick, dark hair poking through the open shirt.

"Don't know why that keeps happening. Cheap shir.... you ok Matt?"

#26 - Dress for success

The lion sat back on his throne and smiled quietly to himself as the attendants groomed him. Brushes carefully stroked through his golden fur and thick, curly mane, as others filed his claws to a fine point before carefully painting them with a golden lacquer. He closed his eyes as another slave brought a black eyeliner to mark him with the eye of the sun god. A low purr rumbled from his barrel chest and as they settled his ceremonial head dress, the golden falcon of the sun perched atop, onto his head he stood slowly. His nipples were similarly painted as his claws while the thinnest of cloths was draped across his immense manhood to be held up by a thin gold cord. The white cloth hid nothing to the imagination. Satisfied, the pharaoh sat his bare golden bottom back to the purple cushion of his throne and clicked his claws against the golden arm.

"Allow them in, I will grant audience," he intoned. Several dozen slaves bowed at his command, the word of a living god, then opened the grand door to the throne room. A parade of bodies awaited outside.

#27 - Footlong

"You didn't have to make me lunch," the fox insisted as the bear continued making the sub. He smiled down as he worked, cutting the bread, flipping it open and stuffing it with the fox's favorites, a couple deli meats, olives, cheese, a healthy dose of brown mustard. Vincent wiggled his little stub tail.

"Of course, I can give you more than just eight inches," he said with a low chuckle.

"Well you're giving me a couple hams right now," the fox giggled and reached a paw out to slap one of the bear's bare cheeks. "You didn't have to make me lunch naked either."

Vincent smirked and shook his ass with a wiggle of his hips as he pressed the bread together.

"I'm in an apron," he said, turning round to reveal the tent he was making in it. In big letters across it the apron read 'kiss the cock'. He set the sandwich down on the table.

"Chips?" he asked. The white fox smiled up at him.

"I have a side already," he said before flipping the apron up with a quick flick of his paw. It fell back down over his head as he leaned in to kiss the big belly.

“Oh!” the bear gasped as the fox’s paw closed around his stiffy.

#28 - Half Baked

The dog jumped awake. He gasped and tried to sit up but his arms and legs were held tight. It was mostly upright and bound to some kind of table.

“Wha.. Where am I?” he asked, vision slowly blurring into focus.

“Hm. Not the first words I expected. Your programming must not have taken,” a cold voice noted. A brown form took shape until Nicky could make out a Rat. He was tall, well developed, a lab coat draped around his form, and little else. Dark eyes peered closer before shining a light. The dog winced.

“W..who..?” he asked.

“Your name?” the rat asked as he clicked the light off and put it in his pocket.

“N..nicky... S.. Can’t remember..” he struggled to think, but everything was foggy.

“So it half worked.” a paw reached out to stroke the dog’s chest. His firm, broad chest. Nicky looked down in confusion. It wasn’t his chest. He’d been skinny, a little whisp of spots and nothing. He flexed an arm, bound tight, but he could feel thick muscles.

“No worries Nicky. A minor fix,” the rat patted the solid chest “Soon you won’t have a care in the world.”

#29 - Shadowlands

The little mage sat in the bare, open room clutching to his staff and leaning against it with his eyes half closed. Long. Such a long watch. Just a little sleep would be heaven.

Then the wards sparked. A window crackled and something screamed in the night. The little fox jerked awake and gripped the long gnarled wood tighter. His big ears flipped up as he listened to the shadow beast wail, undoubtedly slightly wiser. Farnem sighed and pressed a paw to the sigil scratched into the floor with his very claw. A little trickle of power and the wards resealed. They hadn’t suffered from the attack, but even the faintest weakness could be an opening. Power buzzed in his head as he flowed himself into them and looked outside with his senses.

Nearly dawn. Nearly time for real rest. He sighed and withdrew, not wanting to burn more power than he needed. He could not wait to get far away from these accursed shadowlands. Something growled from outside, likely the wounded beast, but no attack sparked the wards. It was waiting. But so was Farnem. The fennec sighed.

#30 - You Shouldn’t Have

The fox carefully opened the red envelope and pulled out the card. It was a generic little christmas card, a picture of a wreath with some snow drifting down. He opened the card. Then narrowed his eyes.

“You shouldn’t have.” he said, quite matter of factly. The deer grinned ear to ear at him and took a pull on his thirs eggnog. He wrapped an arm around the chubby vulpine and squeezed him.

“You deserve it buddy, I’m sorry I’m so busy all the time,” Terry slurred, taking another pull of egg nog.

“Yes. Well. Thank you.” Kerrigan snapped the card closed, still seeing the sloppily scrawled

“Eye Oh You. ONE prostate massage” beneath the neatly printed ‘happy holiday’. “It’s very thoughtful for you.”

Terry squeezed him and smiled. “I know right? I KNOW you been thinking bout my big cock all the time, I dun mean to just let ya ssshtroke it and pop before I stick it in your butt.”

They hadn't actually done anything together in weeks. Kerrigan put on a polite smile, readjusted his glasses & patted his friend's chest

"Yes well, it's the thought that counts."

#31 - Needs

Santa sat on the curb with a cigarette and plastic cup of ice cold water. His fake beard was pulled down to his chin so nothing caught in his mouth.

"Those kids are brutal," the bear sighed and took a small sip on his too cold water, following with a puff.

"Yeah," his helper reindeer commiserated, foregoing the refreshments to just be away from the hostile crowds on the loading dock.

"Hey. Mind fingering me?" the bear asked as he stubbed out the remains of the cigarette.

"W.what? John, here?" the reindeer stuttered which made the strap on red nose wiggled. The big bear grinned and peeled the red pants just enough to expose his broad brown furry ass.

"Yeah. I'm lubed. I wanted to bring a plug but it got left in the rush. I just wanna feel something down there, please?" his stubby tail wiggled. Logan blinked at his friend.

"I.." he stared at the round, furry rump and licked his lips. He and John were already planning to screw like monkeys the moment they got off.

"S-sure," he scooted closer and slid his paw down, one digit delving into the deep crack

#32 - Trading Places

"Ho ho hooo, Meerrrryyy... Uh," the bear stopped as he looked at over the crowd. No little kids, the room was full of males. Males in leather gear. Dozens of eyes took in his santa suit and more than a few looked confused, while some looked eager.

"Uh.. Think... There's been a mix up..." the bear looked offstage to the coordinator, who seemed to be having a very heated whispered screaming match over the phone.

"What do you mean you sent the wrong Santa?! Where the fuck is my slutty doberman?! Kids party?!" was heard very plainly as the tabby tried to whisper but ended up louder. Mitch turned back to the crowd, neither of them really knowing what to do or expect. So many hungry eyes. So much shiny black leather. Well, may as well get paid.

"Who wants to sit in Santa's lap?!" he let out the loudest, deepest growl he could and tore the shirt off his head, managing to keep his fake beard on. The crowd erupted into a cheer and the bear swung the shirt around as his broad belly jiggled. He swayed, he stamped his big boots, he danced as music came up

#33 - Product Placement

"You're kidding me," Charles let out a little laugh. Millard chuckled too but held up the candy cane dildo so his lover could see. It was really a double ended dildo, covered in the red and white candy striping and curved on one end to resemble a hook.

"Told you I'd find one," the little weasel chuckled as the lion swung back and forth in the sling. He stepped to the end with the cat's ass, his legs strapped up while his tail hung down, and started to apply a generous coat of lube to the long end of the 'cane'.

"At least this candy is low calorie," he teased the big lion as he reached down with the toy and slowly rubbed it up and down the wide open crack.

"Mmph we agreed no teasing me about my diet during playtime," the cat whined, then gasped as the big blunt head pressed in and opened up his pink ring.

"You're right, I'm sorry," Millard said as he reached up to stroke one paw across the lion's big belly while his other paw grasped the 'hook' of the cane and slowly fed it between the fat golden cheeks.

"Nnngh fuck, couldn't find a smaller one?"

#34 - Trading Places 2

"Again, I am so sorry about the mix up Mr Needlemeyer," the doberman apologized again as he readjusted the very skimpy santa outfit. "The agency is getting you a full refund."

"No, no it's fine. The kids seemed happy you were one of santa's helpers, thank you again for improvising," The grey tabby smiled and offered the bottle of water. The dog smiled and accepted, taking a long sip. Kid's parties were hell.

"Actually, I was wondering, Mr Houser, about what show you were supposed to give," the tabby sat back against the kitchen sink and smiled at the dog, his tail flicking. Rob blushed.

"Oh, it's, well, a strip show. I'm a dancer, as you guessed," the dog chuckled and readjusted the red and white short-shorts he was squeezed into.

"Well, Mrs Needlemeyer has all the kids out for ice cream," he pushed his glasses up and with a dead serious expression said "Would you mind giving me a performance?"

The dog's mouth gaped. The tabby smiled.

"I, Sir, well..." the dog sipped his water.

"It would be.. Uh, your wife..."

"Doesn't have to know." The cat grinned.

#35 - Ho Ho Ho

"You're serious." The rottweiler stood in the doorway. The reindeer grinned back at him and flexed one bicep. The bells on the strap ringing it jingled.

"Completely. I said it was a Christmas party. Come on, you know I have to go all out."

By 'all out' Mitch apparently meant dressing in leather straps and harnesses colored red and decorated with jingle bells. He wore a thong with a holly leaf stretched across the front

"I just thought you meant like, ugly sweaters..." the dog stood there, a sweater stretched across his thick frame, it read "kiss me I'm a ho ho ho".

The big reindeer laughed.

"I think it's kind of a free for all. But you know, someone has to bring the beef," the big reindeer grinned and flexed his chest, making the harness tighten and jingle. Eric narrowed his eyes.

"You are not challenging me to a who is bigger pissing contest while I'm wearing this," he threatened. Mitch grinned.

"I know I'm not. Because it isn't a competition. Now come on. You did bring a gift right?" The dog lifted up a pink and white striped bag.

"Yes."

#36 - Hole in the wall

Marty sighed. Great. Just great. No stop for another twenty miles and it had to be a biker bar. The lone, squat building sat beside the highway turn off, a gas pump next to it and then nothing but miles and miles of flat grassland as far as the eye could see. His bladder, however, did not care. The uncomfortable pressure nagged at him so he pulled off, a few stray cars whipping past as he drove down the off ramp and pulled in.

It was called the Steak n Stud, written across a black billboard made to look like leather with

studs through it. A long line of bikes sat outside.

"Any port in a storm..." the dog muttered to himself as he parked opposite the bikes. Gas probably wouldn't hurt either, but more pressing needs called his attention. He got out, gasping a little as his legs unfurled for the first time in a couple hours and the pressure got a little worse. He slammed the door and went inside. It was actually brightly lit inside, which made all the black leather shine. Heavy metal was blasting on speakers overhead. And every one of them was male. Big, thick, hairy brutes, grunting, grinning, some chugging frosty mugs of beer, some taking shots, more than a couple arm wrestling at nearby tables. He paused a little to take it all in. So much leather. Cigar smoke, sweat, polished leather, gasoline, so many scents. Several eyes looked at the big yellow dog but the 'Restroom' sign was displayed prominently enough he zeroed in on it and picked his way around a half dozen tables and several large bodies. He pushed through the door, barely noticing both doors were marked "Men".

The bathroom was big, clean, tiled floor to ceiling. Only two urinals, a large one and a kid one, sat side by side next to a long line of stalls.

"Odd men's room..." he muttered, but he was already unzipped his jeans. He nearly couldn't fish himself fast enough, the spray starting the moment he met open air. "Fffuuuuuccckkk," he hissed as he emptied the last two hours into the big urinal. He closed his eyes in bliss as he let it flow. It echoed a little.

Finally he emptied out. He held still with one paw on the top of the urinal, while the other held himself. He panted a little, the relief washing over him.

"Psst." His ears perked up. He glanced around. No one... wait. The stall next to him had a hole in its wall.

"Yeah. Doggo. Hey." A muzzle poked through it. It was small, stubby, perhaps an otter from the whiskers. Or a cat. It was hard to tell, just lips and a nose and fur. A long, pink tongue slid free and wiggled. "Come find the glory in the hole doggo."

Marty quirked a brow. He shook his head, the thought... well, not quite disgust. More, shock, he figured. A gloryhole. Of course he had heard the term. You didn't know about gay porn without hearing about gloryholes. Anonymous sex in... bathrooms. Like this one. He glanced down, a set of bare knees on the floor. A soft brown fur. Was the guy naked on the other side?

"Doggo." The tongue flashed again before the muzzle pulled back. A green eye flashed one, then he couldn't see anything.

That was when Marty realized he was still holding his cock. It was soft, of course, though he was a bit of a shower than a grower. He blushed. The thought was just ludicrous. Stick your dick in a hole with some stranger. Get sucked off. Go. Ride. Be free. He throbbed in his paw and he looked down past his gut to realize he had gotten hard at the thought. He squeezed himself.

He was on the road by himself. It'd be hours still before he was home. He squeezed again. He glanced at the hole. Then he looked at the door. The metal stilled blasted though, muted by the thick door, but no one was coming in. He looked at the hole again.

"God..." Marty muttered as he turned and suddenly plunged his erect cock into the open hole. Just... just a feel. You know. A quick thrill. He throbbed harder, he was rock hard. He waited, staring down where he groin met the white wall. Maybe it wasn't...

He shuddered as a paw gripped him. A tongue brushed across his tip.

"Ffff..." he bit his lip. His ears and cheeks burned red. He curled his toes as that tongue licked him like a lollipop. That paw squeezed him and tugged slowly up and down his shaft. He closed his eyes, unable to see anything anyway, and whimpered a little as the stranger sucked at his tip. Then those lips closed over him and starts to glide up and down.

"God..." he gasped and bucked his hips, pounding a little at the dividing wall. He reached up and grabbed the top of it to hold himself still. That muzzle slurped up and down his cock. A new bliss blossom between his legs. The pressure of his bladder was now the pressure in his balls. He tapped

them against the wall and sighed. He hadn't stroked the whole weekend. He hadn't been with Marty in days. He'd had so little drive on this trip even in bed, alone. He gritted his teeth and growled as he rolled his hips. He didn't need a warm paw. he had a gloryhole. A nice, warm, willing, anonymous mouth. He pumped slowly and growled louder as that warm slickness took him to the root. He pushed in again and again and listened to the lewd, wet slurp of the guy's mouth on his cock. It felt so dirty. So freeing.

Marty pressed his paws to the divider and growled, loudly, as he started to fuck the hole. That's all it was. A hole. It didn't matter who was on the other side. It could be Marco. It could be Blake. it could be Mr. Stewbens from the Science department. It could be anyone but it didn't matter because they were just there to service is cock. They were just a hole.

Release came suddenly and violently. Marty growled, snarled really, and thrust hard into the hole. The mouth complied, feeling his urgency, feeling how he throbbed and jumped. His balls pressed flush against the stall wall and he hunched against it with a deep moan as he exploded. Thick ropes of sticky juice spilled out of him and right down the stranger's throat. The mouth sealed over his cock and sucked down every drop obediently. It was a hundred times better than the sheer relief of the earlier piss. He shuddered and pulled free with a wet slurp, his fat cock an angry shade that glistened with saliva and semen. He didn't bother to wipe it dry, he just tucked it back inside his pants and zipped up. He didn't bother to look back at the hole. It got what it wanted.

A little sigh of relief, like a weight off his shoulders, a small part in the back of his head absolutely stunned at what he'd just done, and Marty stroke back out into the bar. A few heads turned, a couple knowing smiles, a few interested looks. He walked halfway through the bar, taking in the sight, the smell, the scent of it all tickling inside his snout. He paused.

"Beer and a shot," he growled to the bartender as he slapped down a bill. There were a couple "EEEEYYY!" from the surrounding bikers, a hand clapping to his back. He glanced at the clock. He had time. He was free riding, afterall. And after a good drink he might need another piss. The dog climbed up on a bar stool and smiled as a cold brew and a shot slid his way.

(The end, for now! Hope you enjoyed.)

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