

January '18 Shorts

Hey all! Not too much to say here, been doing these since April of '17, pretty pleased with everything I've managed. Lot of new characters and some fun ideas along the way, hoping to keep things going into '18. January wasn't super productive because of some work stress and the con eating up time (though I managed a few of these during the con trip!) February is looking a little more sparse but we'll see. Thanks for reading along!

#1 - They call me Red

“Ah, you must be the apprentice the Tower sent,” the tiger smiled down at the little fennec. The mage pushed the small square spectacles up the bridge of his nose and nods.

“Apprentice Redondor Percividiu Harcourt the third. A pleasure,” he drolled, indicating it was anything but a pleasure. The cat ignored it and pressed on.

“Thank you for coming. I understand you are well versed for an.. Apprentice.”

The fox's eyes narrowed.

“I assure you Magister, apprentice is a title. I am well versed in the arts comparable to any wizard you've heard of. Now, what is the issue? Something about a haunting?”

The tiger eyed the little mage with an appraising gaze while he quietly fingered his badge of office.

“Yes. Well. We've always had.. Sightings. Sounds in the night. But recently.. Well...” He bit his lip and a shiver visibly ran down the big mammal. “It's been... Wandering. Before it was easy enough, simply avoid a certain room. Now though, strange lights and ghostly screams all across the manor.” The fox listened intently while he leaned on his staff that stood nearly two heads taller than even his great ears.

#2 - Butt

The bull pulled at the glove to ensure it was on tight.

“Earlier, you asked me something,” he said as he double checked the straps and harness adorning his body.

“Y-yes Sir. I... I asked you to fuck my p-pussy..” the german shepherd kept his head bowed with his ears splayed back. The bull hmm'ed and stroked his chin as he stood before the dog.

“And you have a pussy?” he asked.

A gentle head shake.

“I meant my ass, Sir.”

The bull smiled a little and stroked a hand over the dog's head.

“Then you will beg me to fuck your ass next time, slave.” He rubbed the dog's ears between thumb and forefinger. The dog shivered and nodded, his ears practically glowing as he fidgeted and blushed.

“Yes Sir,” he answered. The hand dipped down and cupped his chin, one digit gently stroking it as he tilted the dog's muzzle up. They looked eye to eye.

“Now, I will not fuck your ass this session, that is your punishment for your poor etiquette. You will, however, lube and plug yourself so I may fuck you when I choose. Understood?”

“Yes sir,” the dog's tail waved and he bowed down to kiss one boot.

#3 - Looking good, feeling good

Drum cinched the belt closed and smiled at himself in the mirror. The chaps were just the right

size for his broad frame, the black of the leather contrasting against the dark honey brown of his fur. He stroked a paw over his gut as he grinned at himself.

"Yeah, that's Master to you slave. You want this?" he groped himself, already starting to tent the leather pouch of his thong. He fondled the zipper and sighed happily at the look. He turned, the bare cheeks of his ass hanging out with only the string of the thong separating them. His stub tail wiggled atop his thick mounds.

"That's right slave, beg to kiss my ass," he spoke aloud, one paw reaching back to squeeze and pull his cheek aside. "Now lick my boot."

He chuckled and faced himself again, his paws wandering over his gut again then up his chest.

"Hm, I wonder if they make clip on nipple rings..." he was still squeamish about needles, but the look was undeniably hot. He stroked a few fingers across one nipple then pinched it lightly.

"Yeah. I look damn good in this. Now to find a slave..."

#4 - Land dwellers

Thunder boomed below as lightning arced along the clouds. The fox stared down from the bow of the airship and watched as nature's power danced along. He briefly wondered what it would be like beneath it. He'd been in storms before. Wind, rain, lightning. But they were less severe up above. Down below, there was little escape. The storms would pound the land so hard they would reshape it. It was hard to imagine living somewhere that changed so drastically so quickly. He gripped the guard railing as a particularly loud boom rumbled from below. The airship didn't waver, it was safe enough.

"Quite the light show, eh?" a low voice observed. He turned.

"Captain," the fox greeted with a slight nod. The cat smiled widely, dressed in a great overcoat and wide brimmed hat he struck quite the dashing figure. Fabero's ears splayed back but he smiled. The lion stepped to the rails and looked below.

"Poor devils. There's a tribe of nomads that live down in that chaos. They actually draw up whatever the earth churns up. They call it Gifts from the Gods. Crazy buggers."

#5 - Bodyguards

"That's quite an... Interesting uniform your guards are wearing," the lynx noted as he tucked into the steaming bowl of soup before him. The dog smiled across the table.

"Oh love, they're not guards," he said as he settled a paw on the rottweiler's bulging bicep. The dog didn't react, he just stood quietly as they ate. "They're scenery. I mean, they may be good in a fight. It's never really come up," Anthony chuckled. The cat nodded, tearing a hot roll in half as he looked at the big dog again, taking in the bulging denim cut offs and the t-shirt at least a size too small that hugged his broad chest. It looked quite like he'd been poured into the clothes, or that they'd been sprayed onto him. Every guard in the complex was like that. Big, muscular, dressed in skimpy, revealing wear, and silent and grim as gargoyles. Barry buttered his roll and took a bite.

"Do they talk?" he asked as he munched. It was quite good.

"Oh they swear up a storm," the doberman chuckled "I mean, only when my back is turned."

Anthony guffawed and gave the rottie a tap.

#6 - How much?

The dildo shoved forward again and sunk between the twin emerald cheeks. Gruk jumped and snarled, bringing forth a fresh surge of drool through the gag.

"He sounds pissed," the rabbit observed as the fox began to withdraw the toy slowly. "He gets off on being helpless, pretends to struggle. The big butt slut," a paw smacked the jiggly green butt and

something like an embarrassed moan rose out of the gagged orc and he squirmed against the wooden gym horse.

“Wow. Really into it,” Clyde observed as Malcolm proceeded to pull the slick rubber cock out then force it back in again and again until the fake rubber balls were smacking a steady rhythm against Gruk’s taint. The big orc trembled and snarled again, squirming but always backing into the hard rubber cock as it pounded him wide open. Malcom pulled it out abruptly, letting Clyde see the gaped ring, the orc’s tunnel a bubblegum pink inside, before he shoved it back in to the hilt. Gruk moaned and a fresh surge of pre drooled onto the floor from his free hanging cock.

“Sorry we’re almost done here.”

“Oh don’t mind me, no need to rush on my account,” Clyde chuckled as the fox withdrew the toy again then smacked across the wide cheeks with it. It wobbled about in the air, quite a length.

“Naw, once we get up to Bertha here,” he wobbled the purple dildo to illustrate “He doesn’t last long. He doesn’t jerk off, saves it up so I can milk it out.” Another smack with Bertha sent the orc into a shudder, his toes curling as his asshole gaped wide, empty and hungry to be filled again.

“Really, how much do you charge?” Clyde stared at the gaping hole, never having seen a naked orc before. Gruk was a perfect grass green, barely a hair on his body but every inch was firm and curvy. His round butt shook, the orc begging to be filled. Malcom slid the big rubber cock back inside and started to saw it back and forth with little pause, Gruk’s hole slurping over the toy lewdly. The orc shuddered harder and snarled into the gag causing both mouth and cock to leak.

“Here he goes, watch,” the fox pointed to the stubby green cock just as surge after surge of white began leaking out onto the cement floor below. Malcom continued pounding away, seeming to angle the toy a certain way as he hilted into the emerald butt over and over. The orc went wild and shuddered and squirmed, the wrist and ankle restraints snapping taut as the big body tried to ride against the toy while trying to get away from it, all the while a long string of cum oozing steadily onto the floor. Finally Gruk let out a deep gasp and went slack against the gym horse. Malcom continued to plug away, the pink hole still gripping at the toy, before he slowed and pulled out. He tossed Bertha into a bin marked ‘washing’ and pulled a towel from the nearby bench to wipe his hands.

“There. Now I have some time to talk, he’s going to be in afterglow for a little bit. I’ll hose him down when we’re done,” the fox smiled and clapped his hands together. Clyde looked at him, then the sweaty green body resting, a last string of cum still drooling out of the orc.

“I was told you know how to get a ship out to the dracon cluster.”

The fox’s face grew serious.

#7 - Gold

The portal gave off a soft white glow, only the occasional spark throwing from the edge of it. “Where does it go?” the fat tiger peered in. Beyond stretched what appeared to be a rolling green plain dotted with wild flowers and occasional tree. It looked idyllic with a noon sun shining a golden light down from a clear blue sky. The fennec squinted at the portal then at the storm stained windows looking out on the moor as rain pattered heavily down. “Not where it appears,” Red surmised. “We’re close to the shadowlands. This is a trap. Step back.” The merchants stepped away, leaving the little fennec mage beside it as he leaned on his slightly too tall staff. Red squinted. He reached a small paw out and could feel tendrils of power thinner than spider’s silk dancing along his claws. He let out a low sigh then grabbed at the air. The tendrils pulled tight and he tore them away. Suddenly the golden glow turned red and horrible, the rolling hills gone black and charred with dark bubbling pools scarring the landscape.

“Ye gods!” a merchant gasped.

Red pulled the gathered energy away, the illusion condensed down to a tiny golden speck in his paw, before he let it scatter silently into the air.

"No gods here. Just shadows." He jammed the head of his old wooden staff into the portal and barked an ancient word of power. A horrible unworldly scream rent the air before it was cut short by a sound much like tearing cloth. The red gash in reality wavered then collapsed in, leaving nothing but the old dried wood of the wall.

"A trap?" the fat tiger asked, the rest of them stunned.

"Yes. Exactly that," Red stamped his staff into the floor, the runes along its shaft flashing red once then going dark again.

"Trust nothing you see. The shadows are hungry, the storm has driven them together." Quiet, uneasy nods and glances. The three bunched together. The tiger sighed.

"Such a route. I am a fool," he patted at his whiskers with an embroidered cloth. "This is not worth the gold."

"Gold?! YOU DOG," the pig snapped "You claimed silver!"

The tiger blanched and crushed the kerchief in his fist. "I misspoke."

8 - Midnight Flower

The knife pressed against his throat. He held stock still, staring into the rat's golden eyes and said "The midnight flower wilts in the dawn." The thug's eyes narrowed and any moment Rutherford expected the white hot sting followed by his life blood soaking his shirt. The scarred rat took the knife away but still eyed him warily as he said "So we must water it with shade." He sighed. Together they said "May the emperor's light die in our darkness." They were brothers, of a sort. The rat growled at the raccoon. "No one sent word you were coming. I could have sliced you jowls to groin you damn fool," the rat grouched but grabbed him by the collar and shoved him into an alcove in the alley. "No time. I have a message for the magistrate, we're all in danger." The rat seemed to wave it away. "Always in danger mate." He tapped against several bricks before the wall opened and slid away. "Really in danger then. Dungharth's cell was found and wiped out to the beast." This gave the rat pause. "Had a cousin there.." he mumbled and led the way deeper down.

#9 - Eggs

The weasel stared at the great brown orbs. They were humongous! Bigger than the delicious eggs he ate every day. So plump and round and soft looking. He leaned in close and sniffed the bear's aroma, a spiced mix of earth and sweat and some tang he could only attribute to the bear's natural musk. His whiskers twitched as he leaned in closer and drew his tongue up one tremendous nut. Garvin rumbled in appreciation and spread his legs wider as one big paw descended to stroke Maxwell's ears. The weasel chittered back and began licking over the fat balls, the soft short fur tickling his tongue as he groomed over each orb. His mouth watered, he could nibble these eggs all day, watching the fat staff growing above, a wide pink mushroom to go with his eggs. He kissed the tip and lashed his tongue across it, pressing into a kiss that turned french as his tongue dove into the deep, drooling slit.

"Eager lil fellah," the bear rumbled and continued stroking his silky soft ears. "Go on, give it a deeper kiss."

A paw pressed to the back of Maxwell's head.

#10 - Paddle

The paddle rose up high then came down with an audible *smack* across both of Curran's cheeks. The wolf let out a loud yelp but otherwise held still even as it stung. He wanted to pull his t-shirt down all the way and cover his butt but he knew if he did he'd get a worse punishment later. So he hung off the edge of the couch and whined as another swat landed, the big cheetah counting out 'Two'.

By 'four' his ass was feeling it, the paddle was a thick wood and Harry liked to make his ass red. "It's a good color on you," he'd say, usually before fucking him. Curran gasped as each blow landed and squirmed.

"Now, will you leave the empty milk carton in the fridge again?" his boyfriend asked in a serious tone. The lithe wolf whined and shook his head.

"No Sir!" he yelped. The paddle was set down on the coffee table and replaced with one leather gloved paw. Curran gritted his teeth, his butt glowing, but the paw stroked and rubbed him. It hurt but it felt good too. Especially when one digit poked into his crack.

"Good boy, I know you won't."

#11 - Service

The moose stepped from the shower, water running in rivulets from his thick fur, and began to dry himself with a towel.

"I'm looking for a personal servant willing to dedicate himself, as you can see, there's quite a lot of me," he flashed a grin, fully aware the mouse had been staring between his legs. Biron squeaked and blushed hard but nodded.

"Y-yes Sir. W-would you like me to...?" He motioned toward the towel. The moose's grin widened.

"I like your initiative, but no. That might take a little too long. This time," he chuckled and finished scrubbing down his legs before wrapping the towel around his waist. "I wouldn't expect you to do many chores. Afterall I have actual servants for that."

Biron followed him as he spoke and walked into the Master bedroom.

"No, little mouse, I want you as a fuck toy. My libido is... Let's say distracting. If I want to perform at the top of my game, I need it to be less of a distraction." The towel hit the floor and the moose began to pull clothes out. A black suit and tie. "Anywhere, any time. You will sate my urges."

#12 – On Demand

"So, it wore off?" the rabbit asked as he leaned against the door frame with his arms crossed. He looked skeptically at the big bear but Clyde just grinned back at him.

"Sort of." He flexed an arm up to show how hard his bicep was. "Just watch." Clyde bent down a little to peel off his speedos, his flaccid cock hanging low, before he climbed up onto his bed. He glanced over his shoulder, noting the rabbit checking out his toned ass, then turned around.

"It's not permanent, but I can bring it out on command. Watch." The big bear faced his friend and growled. He hunched forward, rolling his hips to let his soft cock smack up against his belly.

"Whoa..." the rabbit gasped as the bear's muscles began to swell, more hair sprouting along his arms. He kept rocking, growling huskily, as his cock began to swell and thicken, already beginning to drool onto the sheets as it telescoped out, smacking up against his pecs as it hardened up. Clyde panted and grinned as the bed creaked under the added weight. "See?" he smirked as the rabbit stared, mouth open.

"You know that won't fit in any part of me right?" the rabbit asked as his senses finally returned. Clyde grinned and flexed his cock, the long veiny prick bouncing from the bed sheets up against his chin and chest. "Doesn't have to fit in you dude," he said with a little chuckle. "Can slide you right underneath, feel how hot it is, let it drool all over you." The rabbit's eyes went wide and his shorts started to tent up. He seemed receptive to the idea. "What if I.. rode you?" Clyde's ears perked up. "Ride as in...?"

"Your ass... I wanna fuck that big muscle butt," he managed to say, clearly pushing his courage. His ears had turned a deep shade of red as he stared at the huge body and that monster cock as it drooled onto the bed and started to soak into the sheets. The big bear pressed his chest down, the tip of his cock

pressed between his pecs, and raised his ass up. "I'm good to go bud," he said, wiggling his stub tail. Cordryn looked shocked. But his shorts dropped and the rabbit hopped on the bed as fast as he could, running his paws over Clyde's hard body until he was gripping the bear's cheeks in each palm.

#13 - Growth continued

Clyde pressed into the bed and growled happily, grinding down against his hard prick pinned to the sheets and his pecs. His claws curled against the sheets and he huffed as the rabbit's hands slid up and down his firm, muscled ass. Cornryn's cock slapped down against his lower back. Clyde's ears perked.

"Not the only one taking supplements, bear butt," the rabbit laughed as he gripped his cock and slapped it down on the bear's ass again and again, lengthening, thickening, tapping past the bear's tail. He leaned his hips in closer, his cock wedging up the crack before he began grinding up and down.

"Fuck!" Clyde growled as the rabbit's long cock dragged down his crack and the fat tip pushed between his cheeks.

"Said you were ready," the rabbit chuckled with one paw gripped around the base of his cock. He thrust. They both moaned as the meaty lance opened the bear up and sank between the spread cheeks. Clyde's eyes rolled up and a surge of precum spat out the fat mushroom of his cock, just beneath his chin. "Yyyeah," Cornryn sighed and leaned his weight in.

#14 - Big Rats

A hand settled on the tiger's shoulder and gripped it tightly.

"What do we do wit 'im boss?" the rat growled over the cat's head.

"What else ya think he's good for?" the black rat sneered, already unzipping his fly. The cat's eyes went wide and he opened his mouth to yelp before it was shoved forward, the rat behind him folding him up and pressing him into the boss rat's growing pick. He managed a muffled 'mmp!' of surprise as the rat stripped his clothes off and a second cock ground up against his ass.

"Cats aint gonna learn not ta come to da territory widout payin' a price," the thug rat growled as he pistol whipped his hardening tool against the white stripey cheeks. Boss groaned, bucking his hips and gripping the tiger's head with one paw. The thug pressed in and for a moment both rats were thrusting in, splitting the cat end to end as both cocks went deep before they each set into their own rythm. Thug would buck hard into the plush rump and drive him into the boss's cock, the two seeing the cat between them with feral abandon.

#15 – Games and Thrones and Things

The lion smiled at the little raccoon courier. He was a nervous little fellow, his type tended to be when carrying sensitive information, and he seemed a little agitated to wait. But wait he would as the duke was scrubbed head to toe by his many servants. They took their time to ensure their lord was immaculately clean and they enjoyed feeling over his hard muscles. Every one dedicated to him. He watched the little raccoon stare, crossed between impatience and wonder at the lion's big body. Duke Lorr would raise an arm, even flexing it occasionally, then a leg, even his tail. His servants were very thorough, every inch of their golden lord must be clean and comfortable. They even polished and sharpened his claws, a point he made sure the courier noticed. As the servants finished and began to go one by one he purred and stretched, still naked.

"Alright what boring news do you have from your dreadful master?" he asked in a soft drawl. This set the raccoon's brows down hard but his eyes stayed below the lion's beltline.

"His radiance invites you, Sir"

"Is that all?" the duke sighed. "He wasted one of you currs on that? He knows modern beasts can communicate in more civilized ways, yes?" The raccoon's scowl deepened. A little wiggle of the duke's hips showed his eyes were still only for one thing.

"His Glory requested a courier, I cannot deny my shining.." Lorr snapped his fingers.

"I will not hear your prattle about that ghastly bore in my house. For that, you will kiss my feet." The lion snapped his fingers again and pointed down to his freshly groomed toes. The courier looked ready to say something that would lose him his low born head. He stayed his tongue and instead said "I am on official business my lord," with as much petulance as he could muster.

"You are and it would be wise for you to officially press those kiss ass lips of yours to my feet or my guards may take offense and wonder if you're an ill tempered assassin." Their eyes met and both glared at each other. But the Duke had heritage on his side. The courier knelt down.

"All fours," the cat purred and extended one paw forward.

Later...

The fox gave a bored little sigh.

"I don't see why you antagonize them like that. One day your brother's men are liable to slip a knife between your ribs." He stretched out against the bed and let his tail thump gently up and down as the lion stared hungrily at his ass. Duke Lorr chuckled as he reached a paw down and traced a claw over each round cheek just to watch the tight hole pucker in.

"They wouldn't dare. It would be open war. Fools swore to him, I have every right to torment them. They're like a cult." His thumb teased up and down the open crack, even brushed against the oiled hole a few times. The fox sighed and lifted a leg up, urging more.

"They had a choice of swear or die. But it is.. Unnerving the way they treat him as some sort of savior. I hear he takes half their fields." the thumb pushed in slowly, teasing the tight pucker.

"Half and more. Keeps them half starved then rewards them with their own bounty for his service. My brother is a monster." The thumb pressed one cheek aside as the golden muzzle dipped down and lapped at the warm hole.

"All the more reason not to.." Liwyn gasped as his lover flipped him onto his back and curled his legs back until his knees nearly touched his chest. With rump upraised, the lion took a deep kiss with the fox's asshole such that the curved white cheeks rested against his own golden. His tongue danced against the oiled hole and probed him. Liwyn gasped and grasped at the sheets by the pawful.

"I see it as all the more reason to," the lion lifted his mouth and licked at his lips and whiskers. He nipped one supple cheek. "They will go running back to him to tell them all the horrible things I did. It'll drive him up the walls for a day," one finger probed into the hole. It pressed in and wriggled, forcing another gasp from the fox. Carefully the lion climbed up, looming over the smaller male with his hard, dribbling cock resting in the open valley.

"I'd spit on him myself if I could. My brother is a monster." He thrust in and Liwyn let out a happy moan, watching his lover sink between his cheeks and fill him.

"I worry. They're zealots," he sighed.

#16 - Dribble

The bull tried to say something but it was muffled by the ballgag, nothing but a little more drool running down his chin and off onto his chest. Master chuckled and carefully wiped it away as the bull hung between the two poles. Thick chains kept his arms up and his legs spread. The rabbit smiled and stroked a paw across the slave's expansive chest.

"A bit messy isn't it? We'll fit you with a better gag, less saliva all over," he said as he cradled the bull's muzzle in his fingers and slowly stroked along the square jaw. The horned head nodded,

another noise that resembled ‘thank you Master’, and the rabbit continued to stroke and fondle down his body.

“Perhaps a hood, a few zippers,” a thumb claw traced his spread lips. His tail flicked excitedly. The paw stroked down his chest again to find one pert nipple. Deft fingers brushed back and forth.

“We’ll get you nice and trussed up slave, so you can be ready for milking any time,” he smiled into the bull’s eyes and closed one paw around the slave’s hard cock. He moaned loudly into the gag.

#17 - Multi-purpose Pump

Even with the ballgag in, the bull’s moan was loud and clear as the hum of the pump began to fill the room. His hard body shuddered between the poles he was chained to and he stared down in fascination as his cock began to fill the clear plastic tube strapped to his groin.

“Tingles a little, right? Have to have you at your best looking,” Master smiled and casually stroked a paw across the broad chest. Little beads of sweat started to dot the hard pecs; Slave was very excited tonight and the new pump seemed to be pushing him into overdrive. He gasped and moaned again as the pump got him rock hard and beyond, not filling the tube but certainly making an effort as his mushroom tip flared and his veins stood out against the chocolate brown shaft.

“Now the fun part” the fox chuckled as he switched something on at the base. Suddenly a padded ring at the base of the tube slid up along his cock, past the tip, then pushed all the way back down. The Slave squirmed. He was being milked! He let out another deep moan and his muscles trembled as the tube sucked at him mechanically, relentlessly pumping at a steady speed.

#18 – Oddity

Lemont smiled as he worked the oiled rag across his sword. Diryn quietly played his lyre as he hummed a new tune he had been working on while Talbot marched alongside the cart. The dog still carried his great morning star and shield.

“Talbot, put that stuff away. It’s a gorgeous day, come into the cart and take a breather.”

The dog smiled, his curly tail flicking about as it did whenever he spoke to his friends.

“I am good my friend, it is a fine day for a walk,” the dog answered with a wide smile.

“At least take that blasted coat off, you’re making me sweat just looking at it,” the otter teased back. The dog let out one of his big belly laughs.

“I apologize then, but I am fine. It is.. Nice, today,” he chuckled and looked up into the clear sky. Even with the sun shining on him the dog wore the thick fur lined coat. He was rarely without it. He never seemed to overheat though.

“As you wish my friend,” Lemont finished with wiping one sword then preceded to clean the next. Diryn continued to pluck away.

“He’s not that strange,” the fox offered.

“You’re doing that thing again,” the otter smiled at the bard. Diryn’s ears went up and he blushed.

“It’s not like I do it intentionally...” the fox murmured. Lemont chuckled.

“I know. You’re just too good at reading my mind.” The fox nodded and continued to pluck at his lyre. He watched Talbot striding along, the dog’s tail swaying in the breeze as he clutched his weapons.

“He looks like a caravan guard,” he observed. Lemont set his sword across his knees and said

“Damn odd guard, using a morning star and dressed like it’s the dead of winter.”

“He said he was a priest. That’s why his weapons look like they do.” it was hard not to see the great snowflake across the shield and the shape of the morning star. The otter sat back and watched the dog too.

"Ever heard of an Ice Goddess? New one to me." The fox shook his head.

"New to me. But my village didn't have speak of other gods. There was the harvest and the mountain, that's all they ever prayed to. Bountiful food & stable mines. We never got much snow. Yourself?"

The otter grew quiet.

"I've met gods."

The fox's ears went up again.

"You have?" he leaned in, like he could see something on the otter that would prove it. Lemont glanced down at the sword across his lap then slowly began to wipe the oiled skin across it again.

"I'll.. tell you another time. You meet a lot of things on the high seas." the fox nodded and settled a paw on his friend's shoulder. Lemont's smile returned so he nuzzled the fox's fingers to tickle his whiskers across them. The fox chuckled. He tapped the otter's nose with a claw before he settled back and plucked across the lyre again.

"He seems to want to travel with us." he looked over at the dog, still striding along. "I think we should trust him."

"He seems the friendly sort. Until he's fighting something."

Diryn nodded, idly plucking, and thought back to the spiders Talbot had helped fend off. Even in combat the big husky was joyous, but he fought like a beast unleashed, snarling and growling as his morning star swung into body after body. Limbs crunched, fangs shattered. The fox had nearly felt sorry for the spiders, Almost.

#19 - Courtship

Frank settled on the cold steel bench and waited. He was done with his work out, done showering, he could simply get dressed and leave. But the big boar waited quietly, his ass getting cold against the frigid metal. He dug a finger against his belly button and itched it idly. He hated waiting. He'd never been one to wait on anyone, they all waited on -him-. Yet here he was, waiting. His heart felt like it was going to climb out of his throat. So he took a long deep breath and tried to calm himself.

"Taking your time buddy?" the bull's deep rumble made him jump and the towel nearly came off him.

"Oh uh no, no I was uh, thinking about something," he chuckled his panic away and opened up his locker, his clothes neatly folded within, like he had just sat down to do so. Terry stood beside him, a towel barely around his waist too, and popped his own locker open. Now or never.

"Say uh, Terry, you think you'd wanna go get a drink after?" he asked with one arm reaching in and just pretending to grab his stack of clothes. Terry had already pulled on his tanktop, which Frank thought made a nice combo with the towel, though he felt it would look better minus the towel altogether. The bull paused and gave a snort.

"Naw," he answered, but did toss his jeans back into the locker and plant his ass down on the bench. The pig's heart froze. His face felt hot. He wanted to charge out of there, whatever was in his way, and go die in a hole.

"Oh uh, no prob.." he started, trying not to choke on the words. But Terry cut him off.

"I don't really do that whole courtship bullshit dude. You wanna fuck me, ask me out that way. Kay?" Terry stood up abruptly and the towel hit the floor with a wet smack. Frank's heart exploded. He stared in stunned silence at the big bull's firm, round cheeks and the fat bait and tackle that swung between his hips. Terry took his time, standing with the locker open and swaying his hips a little, not looking but fully aware of the boar's eyes on him. His fat cock swayed a little. Frank's own towel split side to side as his cock rose up in his lap.

"Oh. Y-yeah. You wanna...?" His mouth was dry and the next word wouldn't come out. Terry gave a snort that followed through into a chuckle. He clapped a hand down on Frank's shoulder and

smiled down at him.

“Ride your fat ass like I own it? I been waiting for you to make a move for about a week, you’re not that subtle at looking bud. Follow me home, I’m heading straight there.” And then that fat dick was covered up by the bull’s jock and that was covered by the tight denim that hugged him like it’d been molded into it. Terry leaned down and whispered a little.

“Might wanna take care of that or cover it up before anyone sees, don’t wanna get a reputation round here dude,” he chuckled a little, his breath smelling of mint, and patted the boar. That was when Frank realized his dick was poking out of the towel and he yelped, trying to pull the towel out from under him to cover it.

“S-sure, sure, I mean, I’ll meet you there!” he felt like he was 13 again when he’d tried to ask out Mary Beth Williams, a girl he’d liked. His face was red and his fingers twitched and he couldn’t get a hold of a damn thing. He pulled his clothes out, dropped them, then snagged his shirt and tried to pull it on backwards.

“I’ll be waiting,” the bull teased and slapped his hand across Frank’s back. Gods he couldn’t pull his clothes on fast enough as the big bull clopped away. He skipped the underwear, only got one sock on, but damnit if he didn’t scramble out of there as fast as he could so Terry wouldn’t be waiting too long.

#20 - The interview

“Thank you for coming in, I’m Mister Peterson,” the fox shook Marty’s hand “If you’d like to take a seat we can begin right away.”

“Thanks, thank you, thanks,” Marty tripped over his words and managed to stop as he pulled the chair back. His chest was pounding away. Here was someone that could very well decide his future. He had to make this count, give a good impression, hell he needed to blow the guy and get in good with him. No, no, he scrubbed that last thought. The fox in the business suit sat across from him and gave a polite smile before clasping his hands together over a small stack of papers, the top of which looked to be a resume. Marty’s resume.

“Thank you for coming,” the fox repeated. “I just had to meet someone that would turn in such an... interesting resume.” The yellow dog’s ears perked.

“Oh? Uh, thanks?” Interesting? Why was his resume interesting? It was as vanilla as they came. He was boring. Uninteresting. Hell he’d exaggerated half of the damn thing. What the hell was the fox talking about? He picked up the resume and pushed up the glasses on his snout.

“Yes well, not every applicant lists that they can ‘chug twelve beers in a row’,” Mister Peterson seemed to be reading off the page. Marty froze. His eyes widened and his fingers slowly curled up. That wasn’t what he’d put on his resume. That wasn’t what any sane person would put on a resume. A beer did sound good about now though. He shook the thought away.

“I uh, I mean, that is,” his mouth tried to work but stumbled over itself. The fox continued.

“Or that you could ‘pound five guys straight in a row and maybe a sixth if I was that primed’.” Marty’s mouth dropped open. That.. sounded hot. But horror blossomed up first and foremost.

“Sir I am.. I am so so so sorry, I don’t..” his mouth got to working again, but the fox gave a wide smile.

“Oh no no, there’s more. You even listed your measurements. I have to say, good for you. Not everyone is going to boast about their dick like that. Or call it the ‘butt pounder’.”

Marty stared like the fox was speaking a foreign language and had probably insulted him. It was like he was in a completely different universe. That was a pretty good name though. And god, a twelve pack would hit the spot now.

“I.. this.. someone must have played a joke on me!” his panic took over. “I, I would never..”

“This IS your hand writing isn’t it? You signed it here at the bottom,” Mister Peterson turned the

paper over to show him. Something in the back of his head tingled. It was his hand writing. Line after line. Thick, neat script detailing some of the worst behavior he could think to report on a resume. The beers, his dick size, his love for ass. God, it sounded so hot.

No! No this was... this was right. His eyes scanned over the writing again and again. He took the paper in hand. He only shaved once every couple weeks. He was a top. He could drink you under the table and fuck you right there. Every sordid, perverted detail was there, in his unlikely future employer's hands. He looked up at the fox again but everything seemed in a haze. The fox smiled politely again, that same tight, coy smile only a fox could do.

"So, this is yours?" he asked. Marty nodded dumbly. Horror and shock had gone numb. But something stirred behind it. Something warm that started between his legs. Everything came through, both his words and the fox's, like it was filtered through a fog. But that warmth kept growing.

"I thought as much. Yes, a very.. interesting resume. Would you.. care for a beer?" the fox offered and reached under the table to pull a can out and set it before the big dog. God a beer would be so good right now.

"Hell yeah!" he heard his voice. The fox smiled again, watching as the big dog pulled the can toward him, ripped it open and knocked it back, rivulets of frothy, foamy cold beer running down his cheek. Gotta leave a good impression right? He drained it in one go, wiping his mouth clean with his sleeve before letting out the loudest, growliest belch he could manage. The fox kept smiling.

"Good. Have another Marty," he produced another can. Marty growled and smashed the empty against his forehead, crumpling it up like paper. Something inside him, a little voice of worry and panic, that something was wrong, tried to cry out but it was drowned, suddenly washed down by a second chugging of cold, crisp beer.

"Fuck yeah man," Marty said and growled as he crushed the second can. "Got any more?"

"Plenty." The fox smiled. "I think you'll work out quite well here Marty. Now, why don't we go find some nice plump ass for you to fuck, shall we?"

Marty's tail beat against the chair, that tiny little voice of panic, the tiniest little mote that none of this should be happening, snuffed out by a cascade of thoughts. Asses, beer, maybe a nice leather jacket. He had to leave a good impression. he had to impress. He had to show them his resume wasn't a big pile of bullshit. The fox in the suit stood up and the dog followed, panting and growling, the bulge in his pants thickening, tenting up. Good impression. He'd fuck so many dudes. He had to show them, right?

#21 - Weekend at the Cabin

The axe rose up high before it crashed down and thunked into the upright log. It sank into the wood then the badger lifted up axe and logged together. Not as high this time, he brought the log back down against the stump with another swing and the log split in half. That seemed like enough, he thought. He rubbed his palms together, even with the thick gloves the cold was seeping through and standing out in the morning cutting wood wasn't helping. He took the axe back to the shed then gathered up the last couple pieces of wood into the bundle he'd made, tying it off and hefting it all over his shoulder.

"Sorry, that took a little longer than I thought," he apologized as he brought the wood inside the cabin and dropped the bundle beside the fireplace. He immediately pulled one log out and carefully laid it onto the fire. The small blaze crackled and lapped at the new log hungrily. The dog whimpered a little. The badger smiled and pulled his gloves off before holding it paws over the fire.

"There, that's better. Won't need more wood for a while, maybe the rest of the weekend. Fewer interruptions. Isn't that right, pup?" He smiled over at the dog. The dog, in turn, whimpered again and squirmed against the chair. The telltale hum of the vibrator going in his ass filled the air, interrupted only by the gentle crackle of the flames.

“Poor pup, so needy and pent up. You’ve been waiting a while, haven’t you?” the badger peeled his coat off and tossed it aside as he walked over to the chair, the dog’s wrists and ankles strapped down to it by padded leather cuffs built into it. He smiled again and reached down to stroke a paw across the dog’s soft brown fur. Again the dog whimpered through his cloth gag. His eyes rolled up a little and his hard cock jumped in his lap.

“That’s a good boy. Such a good boy. Good boys get tummy rubs don’t they?” he stroked his fingers through the soft fur and let his claws gently rove across the slightly pudgy belly. The mutt’s tail, jutting out the back of the wood chair, beat back and forth as he was praised. His whole body squirmed as that paw stroked across his belly.

“Mmm, let’s get this out of you don’t want you getting that release too soon, do we?” the badger reached under and the dog seemed to clench down as the fingers dug around, then pulled a long white vibrator from out of the dog’s ass. It buzzed quietly. The dog whined a little more.

“Oh poor puppy, want your butt filled so bad. But we can’t let you lose all that cum yet, no, you have to earn that,” he switched the vibe off and set it aside before his hand reached down and caressed the dog’s waiting, hard cock.

“Such a messy puppy, look at all that drool on the floor,” he appraised as he gave the dick the barest of brushes, letting the hard, hot flesh just rub against his palm without giving it too much friction. it jumped again and again, the hips pressing up, anything to try to get in contact with something, anything.

“Haha, so eager. I bet if I let you you’d hump a hole in the floor,” the big badger chuckled and took his paw away. “I mean, after you lick up all the messy pre you’ve drooled.” The dog whimpered. And wagged. And a little more pre drooled out of his cock. It had been a long weekend. It was going to feel a lot longer before it was done. The badger reached down and stroked over the dog’s belly again.

“Such a good, patient boy.”

#22 - Dog Bone

The door creaked open then quickly swung shut.

“Sorry for the wait, wanted the lube just the right temperature,” the big bear explained with a little chuckle. The dog gave a little whine. Not allowed to talk. Good dogs didn’t talk. he wagged his tail though, which was the only thing not bend by a cuff and chain. He hung suspended in the air, arms over his head, his legs spread wide and cuffed to the floor.

Master’s paws slid along his bare sides, stroking from his pits down to his hips and back up, feeling over the dog. Pup whined happily, squirming a little as the paws wandered over his body, stroking his muscles, brushing his sides, making him shiver as one paw stroked round and round his belly.

“That’s right, pup likes his belly rubs, good pup,” the bear cooed into his ear. Pup shivered, whined, and let his tongue loll out of his muzzle as his cock rose up between his legs. The bear chuckled, still stroking round and round slowly.

“Pup found his bone. What a good doggy,” he kept stroking but let his other paw brush the stiff cock. It wasn’t big by any standard but neither was it too small, something you could wrap your paw around and give a good tug. Not that the dog got to do that anymore. Master smiled and as he kept rubbing he teased the hard flesh rod, dragging his fingers over it, first up one side, then down the other, lightly scratching a finger between the fuzzy balls.

“Bet pup wants to cum, doesn’t he? But only good dogs come, isn’t that right?” Pup nodded vigorously, tongue hanging free and tail hiking up. “Yes you want to be a very good pup don’t you?” The hand came away from his belly for a moment. But only a moment, as it returned and something firm and slick pressed between the dog’s cheeks. He sucked in a breath then let out a low, happy moan as a vibrator slid inside him.

“Ohh, leaking already, pup is getting used to this. Good, this is how good dogs get to cum.” Round and round the paw went through his belly. Almost hypnotic. Pup shivered and relaxed, arching his back a little as the slick vibrator slid deeper and deeper. His cock throbbed and more and more precum began to dribble out onto the floor, pearl after pearl of clear fluid oozing out.

“That’s a good pup, you just let Master work that hole,” the bear cooed as he pushed the toy all the way in, just the knob at the base sticking out between the brown furry cheeks. Pup moaned, his cheeks squeezing together, and every squeeze made his cock jump, another dribble of pre leaking out.

“That’s it, work that butt on that toy. Messy messy pup,” master chuckled and started to pull the toy out slowly, the buzz getting a little louder as more of it came out, then sank it back in. He rubbed around and around the soft belly and again the dog relaxed.

“Yes, just like that, relax all over, let Master milk his good pup,” he started to pump the toy in and out faster and faster, pausing only to reapply more lube. Pup moaned. He squirmed a little but otherwise held still, hanging in the air, helpless. The bear’s fingers descended again and tenderly caressed the hard cock, harder than it was and throbbing, almost angrily, as more and more pre dribbled free.

“Mmm, love how wet you get. You’ve been such a good boy, taking so well to your training, haven’t touched yourself in a month now, have you pup?” he asked. The dog shook his head, tail wiggling as the toy slid out from under it again and again.

“That’s right, only Master gets to play with the doggy’s bone. Good boy. Let’s get you that reward,” he started to twist and thrust the toy, sinking it in until his fingers met the spread cheeks, then pulling back, angling at that perfect spot, his free paw braced gently against the dog’s belly. Pup whined. His heart beat in his chest and he breathed faster and faster, groaning a little as his butt was worked over by the buzzing toy.

“Ahhh,” Pup couldn’t help but groan, closing his eyes and whining a little louder, Master’s fingers tapping his cheeks as the toy hilted again and again.

“Oohh, there we go, look at that,” the bear started rubbing the warm belly again, thumping the ass in a steady rhythm and watched as the first white pearl oozed out of the dog’s stiff rod. “That’s how good puppies come, nice messy, drippy pup,” he started to pump the toy faster, keeping up the steady, slow rubbing. Pup licked his lips and squeezed his eyes shut, mouth open as he couldn’t help but shudder and moan, feeling that toy jabbing into him again and again. Suddenly cum was flowing freely, long strings of it oozing out of the dog’s cock, surging every time the buzzing toy hilted inside him.

“Oh so much cum, that’s right pup, let it out, let it all out, you’ve earned this,” the bear cooed, slowing the thrusting but keeping the rhythm, pressing the toy all the way under the dog’s tail then pulling all the way out to the tip. He pushed, grinding it in, aiming for that special spot as he kept rubbing round and round. Finally, the dog let out a low gasp, his toes curling, and no more of the sticky cream oozed out, leaving his cock still rock hard but the floor wet with seed. Master pulled the buzzing toy out, wiping it off with a small rag.

“What a good pup, we’re going to teach you to cum like that more often,” he chuckled and patted the lube slicked ass, rubbing one cheek before teasing a finger between them. Pup shuddered, arching his back and pressing back against the digit. The bear smiled wide, his own cock hard and oozing pre.

“Now look at what you did, you naughty dog, you got me all excited too.” He bent down, unhooking one leg, then the other. He leaned in closer as the dog dangled straight down and brushed along the long, athletic sides again. He sighed happily, cock rubbing against the dog’s hip, then over one brown, furry cheek. He stepped around and ground his cock up and down the lube slicked crack.

“Good pup, that’s it,” he sighed as he pressed in, his fat cock spreading and sinking between the wet cheeks. Pup whined, happily, and wiggled his tail. They pressed closed together and the bear wrapped his arms around the dangling dog’s middle.

“Such a perfect fit. My good dog,” the bear cooed in Pup’s ear as he began to slowly pump his

hips.

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

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