

February - May '18 Shorts

Hey all. I have been just awful getting these collected and posted. If you prefer to see them as I make them they're still posted real time to my tumblr account. Will try to be better about getting these done in the future.

#1 – Treats

The grilled cheese sizzled in the pan. Almost done. Marty let out a quiet, content sigh as he pulled it off the burner and slid it onto the plate, looking golden brown, gooey, and delicious. He set the plate down on the table, then opened the fridge.

“Hm, juice, juice, beer, olives, milk..” he pondered over a moment. It was a treat, why not. He pulled the beer out and walked over to the seat. It was so liberating, he mused. Something as simple as being nude in one’s own house. Letting his broad yellow belly hang out, his fat junk swaying about with every step. He closed the curtains, of course. One had to maintain decency. He popped the tab on the beer and took a little sip, then set it beside the steaming grilled sandwich.

He glanced down at the dildo sitting upright in the seat. Lube still glistened along its fake veiny shaft. His heart beat a little bit faster. A nice little naked romp around the house. A nice little lunch. And a little butt play.

“Treating myself..” he muttered, trying to reassure himself before he turned around and slowly lowered his fat bottom to the seat. He felt the head of the toy probe under him, reaching down to adjust just a little, then gasp as it slid inside slowly. He sank down and bit his lip, his cock stirring as he felt that familiar fullness. All the way down he sat until his big yellow cheeks settled on the cold wood of the chair. He rocked a little bit against it, closing his eyes and taking in the sensation, feeling it knock around inside him, grinding against that one spot.

He picked up the sandwich and took a bite. Thick, gooey, tangy goodness filled his muzzle and stretched from his lips as he pulled away until it snapped off. His tongue twirled and caught it up. So good. The beer washed it down wonderfully and he sat back against the chair with a happy little sigh. His paw gently scratched over his belly and he rocked on top of the rubber toy in his ass. A dog needed his treats. He took another bite, and another, sipping the cool, frothy beer, until both sandwich and beer were gone. He licked his lips and looked at the plate with its crumbs and the empty beer can. He considered, briefly, making another. His paw stroked slowly over his belly.

Naw. Plenty of other things to do. He was getting bigger as it was, maybe he should cut back a bit on the high carb stuff. His belly did feel nice though. He stroked it round and round, fingers running through the soft fur, and his free paw found his growing cock. Mmm, bigger wasn’t soo bad. He rocked back and forth against the toy, rising up in the seat a little only to drop back onto it.

“Ahh...” he shuddered and sticky warmth spilled across his palm as the soft jolt of orgasm tickled up the back of his mind. He looked at the white mess, turning his paw over, watching the way it oozed over his fur and along his paw. He brought it closer and carefully dragged his tongue across the slick goo, drawing up every bead of it from his fur until it was cleaned away.

“Mm, nabad,” he smacked his lips, wiping one last little drizzle from his tip and licking that off his finger. He squeezed on the toy inside him, not quite ready to take it out.

“Wonder what’s on,” he stood with a little flick of his tail, cheeks squeezing the toy and holding it in, as he set above tossing the paper plate in the trash and the beer in the recycling can. The big dog smiled as he walked into the living room.

“Treating myself,” he muttered again, big round cheeks squeezing up once more on the base of the toy.

#2 – Potable

The little fox touched a claw to the water. The tiniest ripple appeared, then grew. He closed his eyes and spoke a quiet, arcane word and the water rippled more and more.

“It’s safe to drink,” he pulled his paw away. The merchants quickly set to filling skins and canteens.

“I admit, apprentice, I doubted you at first,” the fat lion sprayed water into his mouth and smacked his lips. “You are quite the guide, I’ll be sure to make a handsome donation to the Tower.” The fennec scowled a little and batted one big ear.

“I remind you good Sir, I am apprentice in title only. But thank you.” Red took out his own water skin and dipped it into the lake’s cool, clear water. “You concern yourself too much with titles.”

The merchant chuckled and drained his skin before refilling it again.

“A lot can be discerned from one, my good apprentice. Though I admit, there are exceptions as yourself that surprise.”

Smug bastard. The fennec stepped past and climbed back into the wagon.

“You’ll find this world has far more surprises than you think, good Sir.”

#3 - The Falmont Heresy

The great pearl doors opened into the courtroom and a long procession filed in. At its head was Lord Falmont, the stoat looking just as imperial as if he were at the head of a street parade. Behind him followed guards, scribes, and several clergy. The weasel strode up to the Podium of the Accused and seated himself theatrically, pulling his clothes up and sitting butt down before he crossed one leg over the other and set his paws over the top knee. His coy smile glowed over the accusing stares of his jailers, their leaders, and the various periphery of this bureaucratic nightmare they called the Church of the Pristine Doubt. He stood out as a blood clot amidst the vast sea of white and pearl, his clothes a deep crimson.

“Lord Falmont. You stand accused of crimes of a most perverse and dark nature.” The Accuser, a holy role in the church, stood up from his table and unfurled a long scroll. It hit the floor at the muskrat’s feet. The stoat’s smile perked higher.

“These charges include,” he paused, taking a breath “Untoward lust of males, fornication, copulation, unholy use of orifices not intended by the righteous Five, corruption of innocence, and illicit acts I will not deign to voice so as to preserve the sanctity of those present and not sully this holy place with your crimes. How do you plead?”

The stoat smiled wide and his eyes glanced over the room. He took a deep breath, then let it out in a long, slow sigh before he uncrossed his legs and crossed them the other way.

“All true I’m afraid. My staff can attest to every crime and the multiple times I have committed them with them and other guests. I am a sinner of your highest order. I gladly suck the cocks of my lovers, I fondly drain their balls and widen their holes with own ungainly member. I love males and I love the things I do to them,” he declared in a matter-of-fact tone to a stunned silence. The Accuser’s jaw dropped. The Five Judges upon their high seats gawked. Then the stoat continued.

“I am also no longer a part of your disgusting church and I haven’t been in a dog’s year. While I am forced to keep my main estate next to your dreadful Holy Site,” he made sure to spit the last words “I am not bound by your rigid moralities or your outdated ideas anymore. Yes, what you have not accused me of directly is housing the heretical Brothers of the Bough, followers of the Night Stag. They have been paying for their stay by driving out your holier than thou poachers hunting on my land which I am certain is the real reason you have dragged me from my home at this awful hour under the pretense you have any power or jurisdiction over

me.” Falmont uncrossed his legs and stood up, eyes fixed on the Accuser. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a missive for the king regarding this most inconvenient mock trial and then I have a very gorgeous bear with the most interesting tattoos to bed down for several hours.”

He smirked as he stepped down from the podium. Every eye in the courtroom was wide and shocked. The guards parted, looking to their superiors, who likewise stood stunned. The stoat’s boots clicked against the bare marble and echoed as he walked out.

#4 - Red and the Druid

The portal stone’s glyphs flared to life and the air shimmered before a seam split down to the stone floor then widened into a yawning portal. It opened onto a small patch of dirt and grass outside an old wooden building. Red grabbed his napsack and hauled it over his slim shoulder.

“Why do you always choose solo jobs?” the white wolf asked from the doorway, a little smile perking the corner of his muzzle as he leaned against the frame with his arms crossed.

“I prefer to work alone,” the fennec took a few steps toward the shimmering portal. “I know things will be done to my satisfaction.”

The wolf’s smile grew.

“Technically apprentices are supposed to be accompanied by a senior member unless its a very low class request.”

Red’s big ears went back and he gave the wolf a glaring side eye.

“Are you inviting yourself along?” he asked, a step away from the portal.

“No no. Simply ensuring my oldest charge isn’t in over his head.”

The fennec sighed.

“It’s an escort. Near the shadowlands, but I can handle it myself.”

Arwyn’s tail swayed in amusement.

#5 - Red and the Druid (Later on)

Red quirked a brow.

“I understand the hesitation but the naked shaman here,”

“Druid,” Krayvik corrected

“Sorry, the naked Druid here, is everything he claims to be. I will claim sponsorship if you will allow us both passage across.”

The guard gave the fennec a wary eye then glanced at the bear with clear disgust. But Red was a wizard of the Tower and their reputation was well known. The dog gave a slight nod and waved at his compatriots. The great gate groaned as the sound of chains echoed from above and the giant grate pulled up.

“This would be easier if you bothered with a modicum of decency,” the fennec scowled at the bear as they passed into the fort.

“Yes of course, everyone is much more open to the mostly naked tattooed bear rather than an entirely naked tattooed bear,” Krayvik finished with a great laugh. The guards continued to stare, though not all in suspicion and disgust. The fennec sighed a little but kept going.

“I suppose you have a point. Perhaps your brotherhood should learn the value of clothes some day.”

The bear chuckled.

“Why?”

#6 - Pavlovian

The rat leaned back into his plush chair and smiled as he casually stroked one finger back and forth the felt of the chair's arm.

"I'm very skilled in conditioning you see. I enjoy giving trigger actions to all my pets. It isn't even hypnosis really, just training to associate an action with a particular outcome. Watch." He reached over to the nearby table and lifted a small silver bell. He lifted it by its long, polished handle and gave it a little ring. The big rottweiler beside him perked his ears then immediately dropped to his knees and began to pant.

"You see? He's excited. He knows this is my signal that I wanted to be served." He raised up one leg and the dog bent down onto all fours to eagerly nuzzle and rub against it. Adler smiled.

"Rolph is a very good boy," he explained as the dog began to lick carefully across the well manicured toes. "And if he's a very good boy he may get Master's cock, isn't that right?" He reached out and stroked the dog's ear, eliciting a happy whine from him. It looked unusual, the dog still in his 3 piece suit

#7 Red and the Druid (Another time)

Power leapt from the fennec's outstretched paw and the wood ignited with a soft 'whoosh'. He settled onto the log, elbows resting on his knees, and held his hands over the fire as it began to crackle and grow.

"Your skill is impressive for someone with the title of apprentice. I've known apprentices whom would need an hour for something so casual from you."

Red smiled to the bear with his eyes close, pausing only to enjoy the heat a moment.

"It's complicated. But apprentice is only my title. I haven't been a proper one in.. Well, years. Let's say the Tower has a hard time letting go of useless traditions."

Krayvik laughed. The fennec was quickly learning he did that quite a bit. The bear's good humor was mildly infectious.

"About like dealing with fickle Gods and spirits. They do love their rituals and titles. It can be quite a pain in the ass." The bear chuckled and patted his bare rump. The fox had a suspicion he was being literal again.

"I've never dealt with gods," Red admitted. Monsters, spirits, astral and ethereal beings of all sorts, yes. But gods were something he tried to avoid if at all possible. People were bad enough. The bear smiled and nodded.

"Yes, your life fire has not been touched by the divine. You are a strange one though." Red's ears went up. What could the bear find strange?

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Krayvik's smile widened, he was coming to like surprising the fox.

"Well, I can see the power in everything. You might call it an aura. We of the brotherhood call it Life. A fire burning in each being that may be stoked or snuffed. It is not unusual for us to share ours, for healing and other activities. But you, little fox," the bear leaned over his knees, closer to the fire.

"I've seen some that flickered, some that flared, some black as night, others the color of rainbows."

Red listened intently, curiously, and tilted his head slightly.

"And mine?"

"Grey. Solid grey. But steady. Grounded, I would say. There is no color to you. But it is focused. You are.. You. More than any I think I've seen."

Red quirked an eyebrow.

“Is that bad?”

The bear laughed, quite loudly.

“My little friend, to be so sure of oneself, of who are you. It is a very admirable quality. Many go this path we call Life never understanding who they are, who they are meant to be. Their fire flickers and wavers. But you. I sense none of that in you. I see none of it. You do not doubt yourself. It is why I trust you with this. And thank you again, for aiding me in this quest.”

The fennec blinked. It was the most frank the bear had ever been and while he smiled he did not bark his loud, bellowing laugh. He was serious. Red nodded.

“Thank you, I think.”

“Of course. Though, why your fire is grey as an overcast sky, I am entirely baffled. I am not even sure it is accurate to call your light a fire.”

“What is it then?”

“I don’t know! You are a wonderful mystery!” This time Krayvik laughed, a loud full belly laugh. Red’s ears flattened back but he nodded again. He stared into the fire a moment, thinking.

“Are all the druids of your order like you, Krayvik?”

The bear’s smile widened.

“In some ways. We are taught to love the world.” Another laugh.

#8 - Coffee

I stirred my coffee quietly.

“So what’s on your mind? You’re always quiet when you’re thinking.”

I sat back in the seat.

“I just... I dunno. I feel like I’m putting in all the effort. And no matter what I do, I can’t seem to catch his interest anymore. I can count on one paw the number of times we’ve screwed around in the last several months.”

The cat nodded.

“Is he aware it’s been that long?”

I shake my head.

“Don’t think so. I don’t think it crosses his mind at all. He’s focused on work, or being tired from it. And I get it, he works hard. I don’t deny that. But...” I trail off.

“It’d be nice if he considered your needs?”

I let his question hang in the air. I take a sip of my drink then let out a ‘yeah’.

“It isn’t like I don’t make it obvious. Greeting him at the door on my knees, touching him the way he likes. Or at least, the way he used to like. I’m not subtle with the affection or my mood.”

He smirked and shook his head.

“No, you aren’t.”

I blushed a little but nodded. My libido wasn’t a secret in any way, shape, or form.

He sipped his drink.

“Have you tried changing up the routine?”

“Yeah. All sorts of things. Different greetings, trying different conversations, cuddling, rubbing, even groping a few times. He doesn’t react. I just don’t think he’s that interested anymore. Sex was never a priority but he at least showed interest, even small things, giving me a fondle, a goosing, a kiss. He’s stopped all of that. I think he notices when I stop giving him attention but doesn’t seem to get what I want.”

“What about just telling him directly?”

I shift in my seat and trace a claw around the rim of my glass.

"If he says no, he feels bad for turning me down. But if he says sure, he's doing it out of obligation then. I want to have fun with him because he wants to. But getting him in the mood anymore, it's like working a rubik's cube without any colors."

"Are you running out of patience?"

I shook my head.

"Not exactly. Frustrated, sure. I still care for him. He still gets my motor going fierce. He barely even has to do anything. But he doesn't. It's like I'm speaking a different language anymore."

"What do you want then?"

A simple question. Complicated answer. But he liked to make me think.

"I know it'll never go back the way it was. Just, you know, toss me a crumb once in a while. I give him all the space, or all the attention, or just whatever he wants. And just don't feel like I get any reciprocation. Not that he owes me, again if he just isn't interested well... I guess that's my fault. But it feels like he's just forgotten I need that kind of attention now and again. Or like... Well, I worry he psyches himself out too. Or rather, that I have such expectations of him, he doesn't think he can meet them even if he tries hard."

"Did he? I mean, meet them?"

I blush a little more and cross one leg over my other knee.

"I said he gets me going right? I think I'm just conditioned at this point to find whatever he does to me sexy. maybe he just doesn't know that, but again, the hints I drop may as well be neon billboards. I still just get no reaction anymore."

He nods, sipping his drink, while his tail flicked about.

"Well. People change."

"Yeah," I admitted. Knew that intimately.

"Have you considered hooking up elsewhere? Get that itch scratched. You two aren't exactly committed." Also true.

"I have fun every once in a while," I admitted, again. "A rare while, these days. Not that you'd know that the way everyone thinks of me."

He nodded and chuckled a little.

"Not that you do anything to help that." True, again. I shrug a little.

"Comes with the territory I guess. Everyone assumes you're getting laid twenty four seven. I know my palm better than I've known anyone's cock in quite a while now. And yeah, I'm not always in the mood either, I get tired too.."

I trailed off. Maybe I am just making excuses, I considered. I went quiet again and look into my drink. The coffee sat, the cup still mostly full.

"I just want it to work. Just, every once in a while, y'know? I am probably asking too much. Or I just can't turn him on anymore.."

His tail flicked.

"Maybe. But you know its going to be quite a while before you give up, if you do. I mean, you still chase that one guy occasionally."

Old habits. True.

#9 - Kiss

He was warm. Fain's first thought as he settled between his lover's legs. The lion stroked over the shiny black leggings, letting his claws trail down the chaps as he took a moment to admire the shine of the leather in the glow of the candles they had set up around the room. He leaned closer to the bear's ass and dragged his whiskers across the stubbly tail. He

kisses it and settled his chin on Padan's lower back. The bear groaned a little, spread his legs wider, and pressed his butt up against the lion's familiar weight.

"Love you," the cat purred as he squeezed the round, brown cheeks and spread them apart. His thumbs traced up and down the warm valley before his muzzle dipped in. His tongue delicately scraped over the hidden cleft, up one side, down the other, tracing the edge of the dimpled pucker within. Padan shuddered, his head bowed into the pillow, & pressed back against his lover's muzzle. Fain prred in between the bear's cheeks. His tongue dipped down & stroked across the warm hole. It tightened, then relaxed.

"Love you too," Padan moaned.

#10 - Blessings

"It's not safe yet. Hold on." The otter set the bowl on the stone table and settled to his knees. He closed his eyes and set both webbed paws to either side of the bowl's rim.

"Salt and sea, sky and storm, I beseech the Vast Mother, hear my need," he prayed. The bowl hummed. He bent his head low and mumbled more words, like he were whispering to the bowl of salt water itself.

"Please, we thirst!" he said as he thrust his paws into the water. Suddenly a light flared from the basin and it seemed the priest had grabbed hold of something. He snarled, clutching it in both paws, before wrenching it out. The light followed, clasped between his webbed digits, then faded quickly. He opened his paws and carefully set what resembled a crystal sea urchin on the table beside the bowl. He smiled.

"A gift of salt from the Mother. The water is safe to drink now," he said, dipping his own tin cup into the bowl and taking a drink.

"Thank you Father, may the Mother wash away your worries," the little cat bowed and lifted the bowl in both paws. "Bring the skins!"

#11 - The mage and the druid

"So..." Red was still unsure how to address the strange druid "What brings you this far to the edge of the shadowlands?"

The fire crackled as the druid gazed into it for a moment.

"I am on a quest. A hunt, if you will. A particular beast has crossed the border and infected a young otter from a village not too far away. It has coiled its essence around him like a vine. I hope to slay the beast. Or at least break its hold."

The fennec's brows furrowed.

"That is unusual. But not unheard of. The shadows have been restless of late, it isn't the first attack I've heard of."

"You know these lands well?" the druid asked, looking up from the fire. The mage nodded.

"I study them. I have long sought the cause of the shadows. How their corruption works, where they come from, why their influence seems to slowly spread. It is why I escorted those insufferable merchants. Any trip this way is of interest to me."

"Would you help me then?" the bear asked. "I have battled shadowbeasts before, but the lands are unfamiliar, they do not speak to me as most do."

#12 - Shallow

"He's really taking to those skinny jeans," Mike observed as the rabbit flirted at the end of the bar with one of the kitchen staff. The bear quietly cleaned a glass as he watched and

stared at the denim hugging his legs like he'd been poured into them.

"Yeah his ass looks great on them. Mind you, I think his ass looks great split on my cock too so I'm biased." Looper plucked the olive out of his drink and slurped it off the toothpick before chewing loudly. Mike glared at the doberman.

"You gonna keep rubbing that in my face?" the barman asked. The dog's ears perked up.

"I forget you've been into him. I mean, everyone has right? He hasn't exactly been subtle slinging his ass at everything close to his type." The bear's ears drooped a little and he gave a quiet nod.

"Yeah. Says he's not into bears. Much less," he waved a paw at his apron hanging off his gut "This."

"Yeah he likes big muscles and big dicks." The dog swallowed his treat before plucking the crispy strip of bacon and biting it in half.

"He's a bit shallow, you're not missing too much."

#13 - Sidegig

The dragon sat back in the chair and closed his eyes. He listened to the plates of his arm open as the cydoc got to work adjusting the internal circuitry and servos.

"You've been pushing yourself beyond your limits again," the cat observed as he adjusted the lens over his eyes and flicked on a small light above them. The dragon's tail coiled in the air one way, then the other. He opened his eyes to look out over the brilliant lights of the city below.

"I've been doing a few side jobs."

The cat nodded, pulling a claw out of the circuitry, followed by several twigs and rocks.

"I can see that." The doctor set his probes down and picked up a soldering gun. There were a few sparks. "You're fortunate this model is so sturdy. Something with cheaper parts you would have been dragging this as dead weight." He paused, adjusting lenses and lighting.

"Only the best," he said as he laid his head back.

"Well certainly the best on the legal market," a few more sparks, then the cat was setting the plates back. He paused to run a thumb over the deep gouge nearby.

#14 - Au Naturel

The tiger slowly drew his zipper down. A couple fingers dipped in to pull out the soft pink work of his cock. He let it hang out with his hands set to his hips. He looked out over the valley below and gave a content little sigh as the cool air played over his body and the morning sun rose above the horizon.

"Great sight," Marvin said, but his eyes were on the piece of meat. The tiger smiled to the lion.

"Yeah it is. Even better view up close." Darwin closed his eyes and leaned his head back like he were soaking in the sun. Marvin grinned and pulled his pack off, drawing out a bedroll to lay down before he settled his knees across it. He purred deeply and nuzzled the soft prick. It responded immediately and began to rise up at the attention.

"So, worth the hike?" the striped cat asked as he glanced down at the young cat starting to toy with his dick.

"Mmm, it is a great view." Whiskers tickled along the fleshy sock before it rose up and started to firm.

"Wait til dinner," he grinned "Gonna make you walk funny"

Marvin blushed but kissed the cat's tip

#15 - Golden cheeks

The finger dipped down and slowly stroked up and down one golden furred cheek. Harlen shivered a little and arched his back. The leather digit probed between the lion's cheeks before the tip wiggled against his hole.

"I love you in chaps. Makes your cheeks stand out," Deny cooed in his ear. The wolf nuzzled it, then nipped it a little as he pressed his finger in. Harlen let out a low, needy mew then gasped as the lubed finger pushed in to the hilt, then slowly sawed in and out. The second finger went in easily and Deny took the time to suckle the cat's eartip.

"I can't get enough of this ass," he said quietly as he took his lips off the round ear. His fingers felt around inside the warm chute, aiming at that special bump. Harlen shuddered, gasped, hung his head a little and groaned.

"Just gonna keep putting stuff in it til one of us creams," Deny cooed. He loved teasing the lion. He loved feeling the warmth of the cat's red face. He slid his fingers free then took the cat's ass in both paws to slowly knead the cheeks around.

"How bad you want it?"

"Bad," Harlen moaned.

#16 - Nips

"So... have they healed yet?" Marco asked. He had been fairly quiet about them since the piercing. It had been a few weeks now and Marty was still visibly shy about them, even as they had become more prominent as he began wearing shirts that seemed meant to highlight them. The big dog chuckled a little and scrubbed the back of his head.

"Oh, sort of, I guess? They feel a lot better. I still have to keep cleaning them but yeah, there's no pain." He glanced down at his chest, the small mounds standing out on his pecs, the shapes obvious against the white cotton. "I think they'll be all healed in a couple more weeks."

"So..." the blue cat looked down at the steaming mug of tea between his paws, then glanced up at his boyfriend. "Can I.. touch them yet?"

Marty's ears went up and he blushed deeper.

"Oh I.. I didn't think you were interested. I mean, you haven't said much, I know it was kind of a surprise.." He leaned back against the kitchen counter and chuckled a little, still rubbing the back of his head. Marco chuckled a little, a little blush going in his ears.

"Well, I admit I wasn't.. thrilled. It's not like you, I guess. it's just something, you know. But.. well, they.. they look good hon." There was a long pause as the two of them shuffled a little, not able to meet eyes. Marty smiled though and beat his tail against the counter-top.

"Well, if you want to, I'd.. yeah.." He reached both paws behind his back and pulled the white shirt off over his head. Marco's eyes took in the dog's body and he slowly stood up from the table. Marty seemed like he'd put on a little weight, his broad gut a little bigger than the cat remembered. It had been a while since the dog had really gotten even half naked in the light, usually just before bed when the lights were off.

The big silver rings stood out against the yellow fur. His nipples even seemed bigger. Not swollen, not in the bad way, anyhow. But they were thick, round, supple even. They topped the chubby pecks, the rings highlighting them more so. Marco stepped closer.

"They really do look good," he said as he reached out carefully. His fingers carefully grazed the dog's love handles, moving higher. Marty blushed deeper, his face and ears glowing with heat. Their hearts beat in their throat. The blue cat's fingers wandered over the broad belly and teased higher. He took the thick silver rings between his fingertips and stroked his thumbs along them and the nipples they pierced.

"Grruuuu..." Marty growled deeply and his eyes fluttered up a little. Marco's hands pulled back.

"Hon.. you.. you ok?" he asked. The big dog chuckled and scrubbed the back of his head, seeming to snap out of it.

"Er, sorry, yeah they're.. I mean, they're healed but they're sensitive? Don't.. don't stop.." he shuffled a little, but pressed his gut and chest out for the cat. Marco smiled and grabbed them again, carefully, and started to rub the rings between his thumb and forefinger.

"Grrrruu..." Marty groaned again and pushed his chest out more. His eyelids lowered and the growl rumbled up from his chest so Marco could feel it through the rings.

"Wow, it's like they're connected to your brain," the cat observed as he let his thumbs rub against the nubs, feeling the metal running underneath. He hooked his claws into the rings and gave a gentle tug.

"Ggrrrrrrr..." Marty's breathing began to deepen til he was nearly panting, licking his lips. He reached down and braced his paws against the counter top.

"Wow.." the cat tugged again, pulling down slowly on both and watching the chubby pecs stretch down. Marty shuddered and his eyes rolled up completely.

"Don't.. stop... grrrrrr..." the big dog gasped and growled louder, the front of his jeans begining to tent. Marco stared wide eyed but the more he handled the rings the more confident he began to feel. These meaty tits were fun. The rings made them even more so. He stroked his thumbs across the rings before gripping them and pulling down gently but firmly until he was pulling his boyfriend into a kiss.

Marty moaned and pressed into it. His tongue probed against Marco's lips, needy, hungry, the big dog's body trembling as they frenched suddenly. They pulled back, looking eye to eye, but the dog's pupils were dilated wide, his stare vacant.

"Grruuu..." he growled, lips trying to get back into the kiss. He was turning into a real horn dog the more the cat played with the thick rings. Every little squeeze and tug was making Marty hornier and... more mindless? It was like the thick nipples were buttons. The more they were pressed the dumber he got and harder his dick got. He ground the tent of his jeans into the blue cat's,

"Grruuu... fuck..." he growled deeply as his muzzle rubbed whisker to whisker.

"Mmm, they feel so good. They look so good. I want more," Marco's voice began to grow husky, giving the thick nips another sharp tug and pressing into a second kiss. Marty began to whimper in between his growls, his nipples standing at attention in the cat's grip.

"Strip," Marco growled now. The dog didn't hesitate, whipping his belt off and peeling the denim off his chubby legs. His fat stiffy bobbed into the open air as he pulled his underwear off, a thick wet spot dotting the front of them while more precum drooled out of the tip. Marco's paw teased along the top.

"This would look good pierced too.." Yeah. More metal. Maybe leather. He could mold his big dog. He squeezed the fat, hard cock and Marty's eyes rolled up again, growling lowly in that mindless, horny tone, his thick hips bucking.

"Good dog." One paw reached up and tugged at one thick, silver ring. Marco licked his lips. His big, tasty slave dog. Metal, leather, he could make him into something beyond sexy. Obedient. Marty lowered his head and closed his lips over the thick nipple and the silver ring. His tongue teased over it carefully as he sucked. It tasted wonderful, the metal and flesh intermingling over his tongue. He sucked harder and Marty whimpered. He started to pant and growl in equal turns, not even forming words now. It sent a flutter through Marco's heart. He wanted to make his big dog make these noises every day. He wanted to stick a collar on him, lead him around on a leash, to see his big, thick cock drool over the carpet. To present his fat ass for a good pounding. Marco's head swam with so many images, enslaving his boyfriend, bulking the both of them up, leather, metal, nipple rings, a prince Albert, butt plugs. He growled around the mouthful of nipple and sucked harder to make the big dog

whimper louder. His paw gripped around the big fat cock, his own aching inside his slacks, and started to stroke and tug.

“Ggrrruuuuu...” Marty growled, starting to whine and whimper helplessly more and more. Marco sucked harder, lashing his tongue over the silver ring again and again, compressing the thick nub carefully. He closed both paws around the dog’s drooling cock and started to stroke. He pumped up and down, more and more pre wetting his palms until they were slurping across the throbbing bone and making lewd squish noises every time it thrust between them. Marty whined and rocked on his heels as he pushed his hips out. His paws gripped tightly to the counter top, eyes rolled completely up into his head, completely lost to the feeling.

“Gonna pierce you, gonna collar you,” Marco growled as he finally popped his mouth off the thick nipple and stroked his muzzle against the dog’s. “Maybe a nose ring. Another earring or two. More metal. More leather, gonna make you a good dog.”

Marty whimpered. His hips pumped and pumped into Marco’s grip. The two of them kissed again. Their tongues played against each other again and again, probing into each other’s mouths. The big dog was panting hard now, pierced only by a steady whine.

Suddenly he shuddered. Marco’s paws gripped tighter and formed a tunnel around the fat cock as it thrust and thrust and thrust before the big yellow balls pulled up tight and thick ropes of sticky, creamy spunk began to splatter over the cat’s shirt. They kept kissing and Marco kept stroking. Good dogs needed their treats. They needed empty balls. And full butts. He stroked the cock until it stopped spurting then immediately slid his paws around and grabbed the chubby ass.

“Grrruuuu...” Marty nearly snarled as he broke the kiss. He stood up straighter and pressed his ass into the cat’s grip. His own paws reached up and settled on Marco’s shoulders. The blue cat’s fingers squeezed and kneaded the fat cheeks, barely able to cover each even with his paws spread wide. He curled his fingers into the furry, fat cheeks and squeezed and kneaded around and around. Marty growled and rolled his hips, his cock even going from half hard to rock solid again. Marco grinned.

“Shower,” he said, his voice husky, lustful. Marty nodded, his eyes glazed over, staring at nothing, his tongue lolling out freely now as he panted. He pulled away from the counter and began to head into the bathroom, trying to keep going forward while backing into the cat’s grip. Marco grinned widely, giving the fat ass a smack to watch the golden cheeks wobble from the blow, before he stepped up behind the big dog and pressed the tent of his slacks between the big cheeks. Marty whined louder than ever.

“Good dogs get washed,” he growled into the round, yellow ear, giving it a nip, then giving the big ass another smack.

“Grrruuu...” the dog growled and the two of them hurried into the bathroom.

#17 - Choice

“You’re monsters. Why would you choose this?” Abrams sighed as he looked down at his shaggy paws. The priest did not move, the great wolf locked in a meditative position with his legs crossed and fingers touching tips.

“You assume it was choice.”

“You worship a deity. Faith is a choice. It turned you into... This. Turned me into this.”

“The blessing of the Blue Moon is not the transformation. It supports us, keeps us ourselves.”

“Then why did it change us?” Abrams growled, clutching at the wall until his claws sank into the stone. “We’re killing machines.”

“We’re as the gods made us. For many of us, this is our true selves, the Blue Moon allows us this freedom.”

“Are you saying I was always.. This thing?” the new wolf snarled, tearing a gouge in the wall and hurling it past the priest’s head. The great wolf remained still.

“You had the potential inside you. To save you, I had to draw it out. Your life was in danger.”

“So you save me by turning me to a beast?! I would rather the sweet kiss of death than I might ascend and instead you bind me!”

#18 - Earned

He was statuesque. He stood basking in the golden morning glow as the sun peeked through the windows. A soft sigh of contentment swelled his hairy chest as he finished sliding on the shiny black leather. A vest, chaps, straps across his thick muscles, while his ass and cock hung out in the open air. He pulled form fitting gloves on then ran his fingers down his chest and the edge of the vest.

“How do I look?” he asked and turned his horned head to glance down at the cat at his feet. Dennis looked up with wide, needy eyes and nodded vigorously. The gag in the leopard’s muzzle kept him from answering in anything more than a muffled ‘mmphh’ but it got the message across. Master smiled and stroked a shiny hand across the cat’s spotted head.

“You earned this weekend,” he reached a digit under the cat’s chin and gently stroked it. “I’m going to work every hole on you. And I have friends over tonight.”

The leopard trembled and nodded again, his tail flicking about with a nervous energy. His caged cock swung back and forth a little, swollen and aching to be free.

#19 - Rubdown

The big ape laid across the table and rested his chin on his crossed arms. The servants went to work immediately, deft fingers pressing into the dense pelt to stroke into firm muscles beneath. He let out a pleasant sigh and tried to relax. They worked silently and diligently as they stroked over the naked ape. Slender paws worked across his arms and broad shoulders then down his back. The ape smiled and spread his legs as they rubbed over his ass and began to massage the great dark curves. A second set joined in to rub down his legs as the first pair continued rubbing over his thick rump. He let out a low growl and rolled his hips to grind against the silk sheet beneath him.

“Master?” a slave asked. The ape rose his head and nodded to the scantily clad fox. He smiled and bowed slightly. “Would you prefer oil?” A nod. He felt the gentle drizzle immediately before the paws began to work it into his flesh and fur. He growled a little as it was poured off his cheeks and they were kneaded like dough. His valley was spread wide and more oil drizzled in.

#20 - Harder

Fenton sighed comfortably as he pulled his arm back under the covers. Too early to get up, he grouched to himself. The ferret curled up under the blanket and settled against his lover. The lion was glowing like a small sun under the covers but the cold air made it tolerable. He rumbled a low growl that turned into a purr as one meaty arm wrapped around him and pulled the ferret close.

“Too early to move,” Waldo grumbled. He squeezed the ferret to his chest and smiled as their bodies pressed together, his x-harness between them.

“How’s your ass?” the big cat purred into his ear and carefully drew a claw along the ferret’s collar. Fenton blushed, feeling hotter still under the covers, before he stretched out a little. Under his tail was indeed sore.

“I can walk. I think.” The cat grinned and took the ferret’s ear between his lips.

“I’ll have to fuck you harder next time.” To be fair, Fenton considered, they had been exhausted enough to simply crash to bed in their gear. But his toes curled at the thought.

“Yes Master, thank you Master,” he chuffed.

#21 - Reverence

Delicate fingers unsnapped each clasp with a solemn reverence. The last came undone and the leather codpiece came away to reveal the coyote's sleeping member. It was flopped over to one side and the coyote's scent filled the mouse's nose. His whiskers twitched but he stared at Master's member as he always did, with hunger. He licked his lips and watched as, with Master staring down at him, the fleshy worm began to rise up until it stood up from the well trimmed groin and throbbed.

"You may," Master granted the unasked question. Isaac didn't hesitate to open his mouth and take the solid member onto his tongue. He nursed at it happily as it got firmer and leaked into his mouth. His tongue swirled the tip and he worked his lips over it and down the first few inches. Master let out a content sigh, his toes curling as the sweet pleasure tickled up from his lap, and made a few more noises of encouragement. Isaac took a paw and rolled the heavy balls around in his fingers. He could rub and lick and suck them for hours at a time, which was fine by Master.

#22 - Sensitive

"Really? They don't do anything for you?" the cat hooked a claw into the thick nipple ring and gave a few casual tugs. The bear shrugged as he watched his nipple pull out.

"Yeah. I mean, I feel it but it's just like.. Tugging my ear or a finger or whatever? It's not really that sensitive. I heard doing it made them more sensitive but mine weren't all that sensitive to begin with?"

Diktor nodded but continued tugging idly at it. He took the other ring in his fingers and rubbed along it with one thumb.

"Shame. They look gorgeous on you," he traced his thumbclaws along both and even tried teasing at the nipples.

"Thanks. Better than nothing, right?"

The tabby leaned in. "You mind if I...?"

Henry shrugged again.

"Knock yourself out."

Diktor smiled wide, his tail flicking excitedly, before he opened up and took the bear's right nipple into his mouth.

"Woah. Hello." The wet, raspy tongue scraped over his tit and toyed with the silver ring. The cat purred loudly around his treat.

"Don't stop," Henry growled and cupped a paw to the back of the cat's head.

#23 - Dumb Meat

The bull gave a playful scowl as he set his drink down.

"You're not sleeping with the help again, are you?" he asked point blank. The doberman arched one eyebrow as the corner of his mouth turned up in a slight smirk.

"I wouldn't exactly call them 'the help', that would imply they were actually helpful. Lately the agency seems to think it can suck up to me sending me gorgeous bodies when I really just need somebody that knows how to work a vacuum and wash windows without drawing smiley faces in the streaks they leave."

Falour let out a loud guffaw and dabbed at his eyes with his napkin.

"Well you knew the risks of coming out in the news. Now they're going to keep even more eyes on you to see what your type is and what shenanigans you get up to with your workers. I'm sure more than one of them is a honey trap."

The dog nodded while he nibbled some of his salad.

"Oh for sure. most of them are too obvious, mugging around like they're already on camera. I mean, they are, in a way. But no, I don't touch those idiots. I have been dipping into the low end of the gene pool I am only slightly ashamed to admit. Starstruck but dumb enough to not be able to scheme for fame. Great lays, can go for hours. But not much for conversation and can't fold a napkin for crap."

The bull chuckled. He carefully bit the finger sandwich and sat back like he was considering the thought.

"Something to be said for that though. They bring about their own sort of dramas but you can rely on them for the old animal instinct. Used to have a neighbor, some low level executive flunky, lucked up into everything but about as smart as a brick. Nice enough at least. But you unzipped and his mouth would just go to town. Divine, really." He took another delicate bite.

"You didn't keep him around?" Yarden asked. A slight shake of the great horned head.

"No. His wife was quite upset to find he'd been sleeping around. Course she never assumed I was the 'other woman' so to speak. We still trade recipes now and again."

Yarden rolled his eyes a little.

"You're worse than I am."

The bull smiled.

"I know. That's why I give advice."

#24 - Boss

Edwin sighed as he closed his bedroom door and leaned against it. It was both tired and triumphant. Another long day done while a hopefully long night to look ahead to. He stepped toward his bed and pulled the work shirt over his head before he dropped it to the floor. His belt and pants came next, all dropped into a pile before he neatly peeled his underwear off his lithe body. He gave it a little sniff, then dropped it with the rest and picked it up to stuff it into his hamper. He took a moment to stretch out until his back popped, which elicited a half moan from him. He slid his paws down his body to just enjoy the feeling and savor the open air on his body.

"Showtime," he grinned into his bedroom mirror. He opened the bottom drawer of the dresser it was attached to and withdrew the slender domino mask hidden under his socks. He smiled at it, turned it over in his fingers a few times, then traced his claws along it. No matter how many times he held it, the mask still felt completely ordinary. But the tickle in the pit of the otter's stomach always told him otherwise. His heart beat a little faster. He licked his whiskers before bringing the mask up. It wasn't really shaped for his head but that didn't matter. The magic always did its work anyway. He pressed it between his eyes and felt the familiar tingle. He sucked in a deep breath and let it out nice and slow as the feeling worked its way down his body. His belly swelled out, his arms filled in, his sheath and balls grew fatter like plumping fruit and his muzzle fur grew thicker and fuller. It only took moments and when he blinked at the big otter in the mirror the mask was gone, the only sign of its presence the gold ring around his pupils.

He grinned to himself and stroked over his broader body, feeling over the heavy gut, his thicker chest, even over his biceps with each arm feeling the other. His rudder tail swayed in excitement and one roll of his hips plopped his half excited cock on top of the dresser. He sawed back and forth a little, thrilled at the cold wood against his growing, firming cock.

"Mmm yeah. Boss is back," he growled

#25 - Hypnotic

"Evan," Neil sighed as the cat strode into the living room "I've asked you before not to just wear a...a..."

The words died as the otter stared at the lion's bare, round rump. The cat simply smirked as he knelt down then sprawled onto his belly before the television, wearing nothing but a jockstrap. The long tail flopped from one side to another as he snatched the remote from the shelf beneath the TV and began to channel surf. The otter stared at the bare rump and licked his lips.

"Sorry, what was that?" the cat asked casually, flicking channel to channel before he slowly spread his legs wider. The otter mumbled something unintelligible before he crawled to his paws and knees. He crept closer then promptly buried his muzzle between the flesh golden cheeks. Evan gave a slight jump from the force but chuckled and lifted up against the probing muzzle, letting out a deep rumbling purr as the otter's tongue began swabbing and swirling around his open crack.

"Mmm, lil hungry? Knew you wanted my ass. Just needed a lil encouragement..Ohh yah, french it!"

#26- Ball Bra

"Ugh. I have let myself go so bad," Marty fretted at his naked body in the mirror once again. He turned one way, running a paw over his prodigious yellow gut, then turned to the side to check his profile. He frowned at both views. "My ass is its own zip code..."

Blake chuckled a little.

"Nonsense. You look fine. You are," he stepped up closer, slipping his paws around the dog's middle and turning him toward the mirror "A very handsome, very sweet canine. You look fabulous," he said, stroking both paws slowly around and around the broad belly. Marty stared, but the rubbing seemed to relax him, at the least, and he nodded.

"I just... thanks. I.. I'm sorry I asked you over. It's just... Marco has been gone a month now, he's coming back this weekend and I.. god I want to surprise him but I look so bad..."

The red cat smiled widely and patted the dog's gut.

"Again, nonsense. You look fine. More of you for him to love. I can help." Blake pulled away and fished something out of his jacket pocket. "Here. Put this on."

The cat held up something in his paw that resembled dental floss, only slightly thicker. Marty's brow furrowed.

"Put it on where??" He still took it and held it up. A.. thong? of sorts? it looked too short and too small. Maybe an eye patch? Blake let out a low chuckle.

"C'mere." He took it from the dog's paws then bent down, getting him to lift one foot, then the other, as he slipped it on and helped pull it up Marty's legs. It was indeed a little snug. The red string slid up his thick thighs until it nestled around his waistline.

"Oh!" the dog yipped as Blake yanked the string up his backside and it disappeared between his cheeks.

"Uh. Yeah. This is too small," Marty noted flatly as he looked at it in the mirror. The biggest patch of material covered, barely, his big balls, but even they threatened to pop out of either side at any moment, while his soft cock flopped over them.

"Not at all! It's a ball bra!"

Marty's brows furrowed.

"It's very... european."

"Not at all! They have a little more modesty." Blake chuckled and reached up to trace the dog's love handles. He gave them a little squeeze and perched his head Marty's shoulder. "This looks great

on you, just look at those big balls.”

“Right but.. it doesn’t cover.. everything. I mean,” Marty gave a wiggle of his hips to shake his limp cock for emphasis. Blake simply smiled wider.

“Oh you just aren’t hard. Watch, you’ll love how it looks and feels,” the cat reached down low and gripped the dog’s shaft.

“I er, w-wait...” a few pumps of the cat’s paw and the dog gasped and groaned a little until he was swelling into Blake’s grip.

“There, see, nice big balls held up, big firm dog cock. Handsome as hell.” Blake grinned into the mirror.

“I.. I guess. I... yeah I.. kinda see it, I guess.” Marty spread his legs and set his paws to his hips. His erection bobbed in the air with his balls barely held up by the patch of material, the strings wrapping around his waistline and disappearing under him to rub up his crack behind. It still looked ridiculous. But the red did look fetching against his yellow fur. He turned a little one way, then the other, looking at it in profile, then straight on. Blake kept close, bringing his paw around to start stroking the dog.

“Yeah, see? Nice handsome boy. Your boyfriend is going to come home and just swoon over you. See your nice big bottom in this thing. Those big balls just about popping out. Your big puppy bone greeting him.” As he spoke he stroked and stroked and stroked, letting his fingers run up and down the firm shaft while his palm glided along the underside. Marty stared at himself, his fatty pecs, his broad gut, his erection in the cat’s paw, and the skimpy little ball bra. He panted a little. It felt good. He looked good. He wanted to look good for Marco. Be sexy for Marco.

“Y-yeah. Big. Big boy. Big handsome boy,” he panted a little as that paw kept stroking and stroking. The cat’s other paw slipped around to stroke over his gut.

“That’s right. You’re a big sexy puppy. You want to bounce that nice fat ass off your boyfriend’s lap after you give him a little striptease. A nice big dumb sex toy for your sweet loyal boyfriend,” Blake kept speaking into the dog’s ear as his paws continued to stroke the aching cock and big belly. Marty nodded, his eyes growing a little vacant.

“Big.. sex.. toy..” he muttered, his tongue lolling out, panting a little bit. He wanted to be sexy. He was sexy. He stood up a little straighter, growling at himself in the mirror. He’d be sexy for Marco. So slutty and sexy. He rolled his hips to pump into Blake’s paw. The cat grinned and kept working.

“Yeah. No brains. Just a nice cock. That round fat ass for fucking. Maybe you’ll get these pierced. Big dog, big collar. Some big rings.” His paw stroked round and round over soft furry belly then rose, trailing along the dog’s chest before squeezing at one pec. It squished pleasantly in his fingers, which found one big nipple and pitched it.

“Rrrrrghhh,” the dog growled, picturing himself. His hips pumped back and forth into the cat’s paw, a dumb smile perking his muzzle as his tongue hung out one side.

“Sex. Sex. Toy. Sex,” he managed to grunt. “Bald.”

Blake’s eyes lit up and he squeezed the drooling shaft, starting to work faster.

“Ohh yes. We’ll get you looking so good, your boyfriend is just going to bugger you the moment you come in the door. Just the biggest, dumbest piece of fuck meat he’s seen. He’ll be plowing you for days,” he kept talking into the dog’s ear, looking into the mirror. His fingers pinched and twisted the nipple, working it stiff as he rubbed it around and around “Get some nice thick rings for these. A nice big nose ring. You’ll be a nice shiny mutt, so fuckable,”

“Fuckable,” Marty growled. He leaned forward until both of his paws were set to either side of the mirror. Blake stepped to one side but stayed close, keeping his paw wrapped around the dog’s cock.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” Marty growled again and again as he pumped his thick hips to keep fucking at the cat’s paw, his eyes clouded over and distant, staring at himself in the mirror and nothing at all, completely lost into the rhythm. “Bald. Pierced. Fuck. Toy.”

He snarled as he bucked his hips rapidly and suddenly he was spurting all over the mirror. The

thick jizz splattered against the polished glass and rope after rope of it hit then ran down in long runny streaks. His tongue hanging out completely, the dog licked at his muzzle and panted heavily.

"Fuck. Toy. Fuck. Toy," he kept repeating. Blake rang out the last of Marty's load, letting it fall to the floor where it made a thick wet spot, then pulled away and flicked the goo from his paw.

"That's right, that's all you are, that's all you need to be. Good boy. Now SIT."

Immediately the dog squatted down, spreading his broad cheeks, his cock hard, jutting out and red. His tail whipped back and forth happily as he panted into the mirror. Blake smiled and pat the dog.

"Good boy. By the time Marco gets home we'll have you nice and trained and you'll just be the best little fuck puppy." He stroked one of the dogs ears. "Mmm, I guess I'll go get my straight razor."

Marty panted into the mirror, like he was looking off into the distance but still staring at himself, thick, fat, spent, the little ball bra threatening to snap off at any moment, or his balls ready to pop out.

"Fuck. Toy."

#27 Ball Bra Part 2

"Mmmf, yeah, fuck me," the big dog groaned as the cat impacted into him again and again. Marco bent over him and panted, his paws settled on the dog's hips as he thrust into the plush ass and watched the cheeks jiggle every time his groin slapped against the big yellow cheeks. Marty's tail whipped about excitedly and his paws gripped the sheets tight while he hung his head low and grunted every time his lover thrust inside him. The cat panted hot and heavy as he leaned back, closing his eyes and letting his hips do the work, the sound of furry flesh smacking together filling the air as he pumped faster and faster into the willing butt.

"Fffffff," the cat grimaced and hunched forward, pulling out with a yank of his hips, his cock giving a sticky spurt that hit the back of the dog's balls, before burying himself back between the yellow cheeks and gripping tight against the big dog. The two of them let out loud, low groans as the Marco came, mashing himself as deep inside as he could go, every delightful pulse of his cock sending another blast of seed inside Marty. It felt like it dragged on but really only lasted a few moments, enough for the cat to kiss between the dog's shoulderblades and stroke along his pudgy sides. He withdrew slowly and flopped onto the bed, the dog still up on all fours and panting happily.

"Oh, god, that was so good," the cat let out a sigh, his arms and legs feeling like wet noodles. Marty grunted, his head moving over slowly before stroking his cheek to the cat's. The rough five o'clock shadow peeking through the soft golden fur felt a little sand papery, but the cat smiled and turned his head to nuzzle back, giving a kiss.

"Again," the dog grunted, his tail giving another little whipflick. Marco's eyed bugged a little.

"Oh hon you're insatiable. We've already done it three times and I haven't even been back a day. I don't think I can go another without a bit of a recharge," he lamented as he laid back into the bed, the energy to move much more simply not there, though his groin did ache in a wonderful kind of way he hadn't felt since being a wank happy teen.

"Mmm, fuck me," the dog let out a low, needy whine, rolling his hips and letting his belly drag against the sheets "Uh, need it bad."

Marco stared a moment. This wasn't normal for Marty. He was never -this- horny. Maybe.. that tiny sling his balls had been it? It was the only thing different. Well, aside from the weight the dog had managed to put on in the weeks he'd been gone. The dog panted, his tongue hanging out with his cock still hard and drooling into the sheets.

"Mmm, maybe I can help?" a voice came from the doorway. The cat lifted his head, with a little effort, and stared down his spent body at Blake. The red cat smiled widely, his arms crossed as he leaned into the door frame.

"How do you keep getting in our house?" was the first thing out of Marco's mouth. The cat's golden eyes narrowed but he smiled and walked the distance from the door to the bed.

"Looks like your bitch is in heat," the cat chuckled and smacked a paw down on Marty's ass. The dog bellowed a loud moan and arched his back, pressing his round ass toward the cat.

"And you have been busy," one finger trailed down the dog's crack, wiping away some of the spunk dribbling from the hole still trying to close shut. It 'winked' at Blake as he flicked the goo off his finger.

"Mmmfff, fuck me," the dog begged, wiggling his fat ass and whipping his tail about.

"See? He aint picky," Blake chuckled and stroked his paw idly up and down one cheek.

"Oh, you did this to him didn't you?" Marty lifted up on his elbows, but quickly fell back, so tired. Again the red cat ignored the blue, instead turning and picking something off the floor. The micro thong.

"Here buttercup, this'll make you feel better," he tossed it onto the cat's face. Marco opened his mouth to complain but the scent of the dog overpowered everything. He groaned and lay back, breathing in his boyfriend's smell.

"Oh fuck," he muttered. His limp, wet cock suddenly stirred.

"See, all you boys need is just a little change of wardrobe from time to time," Blake said as he unzipped his jeans and let them slide off. Marty wiggled his ass, grunting another 'fuck me' and sinking his chest to the sheets. "Opens up a whole new set of posssssss," Blake hissed as he pressed his hard cock into the dog's waiting hole "Sssibilities. Oh fuck yeah, you are hungry. Mm thanks for lube cupcake."

One thrust and the cat hilted inside. Marty let out a long, happy groan and started to rock on his knees, thrusting his fat ass back into Blake.

"Fuck, I barely have to do anything, just let you go to town," the cocky red cat smirked and spread his legs, both paws settling onto the dog's hips as the big ass pressed back, then pulled forward, and pressed back, starting to bounce against the cat's lap. Marty still lay still, panting a bit but taking long, deep breaths of the micro thong. Soon the fleshy slaps grew louder and faster as the big cat got into the rhythm of slamming into the padded yellow cheeks.

"Mmm, how you doin sunshine?" he glanced down at the blue cat. Marco's cock stood upright in the air and throbbed.

"Mmfff, fuck me," the cat whined. Blake let out a little laugh.

"Ohh soon puddin, soon, gotta get your buddy here good and set," he growled and picked up his pace, starting to slam into the dog's butt that every impact sent a little jostle through the pudgy body.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," the dog started to growl in between every thrust

#28 - Tug and Mug

Tugron was already lounging in the hot spring when the warrior orc approached its edge.

"You undress quick, mage," Mu'grok grinned down at his companion as he began to shuck off pieces of his thick hide armor. Tugron sat back against the stone shelf and watched as it came away and more and more green flesh came to be bared in the humid open air. His tusked smile perked up wider and he idly toyed with the long braided goatee dipped into the water.

"Robes make for easy removal, though they leave less to the imagination than yours."

Mu'grok's brows perked up and he began to peel the armor off slowly, his thick arms freed, then his wide chest. He slapped thick fingers across one pec, a loud wet slap echoing through the spring cave. He stood, just boots and loincloth, looking ready to simply dive in to get at his naked lover. The heavy fur boots came free before he paused and slid his fat green digits over the tented cloth. Bushy black pubes poked free from around the edges as the cloth

stretched, barely fitting the orc's groin.

The two orcs smiled widely at each other, the tent a familiar sight between them. The warrior gripped around the shape and idly stroked himself through the rough cotton cloth.

"You are a shameful tease. Strip and join me or let me climb out and wrap my lips around it but do neither and I'll take matters into my own hands!" Tugron playfully threatened and illustrated with a little dance of lightning playing along his fingers.

"Ha, always with your little sparks," Mu'grok teased, but nonetheless he hooked a thick finger at the knot binding the cloth around him and gave it a hard yank until it came away. His cock sprang into the open, fat and hard and proud as any other weapon of his. He dumped the cloth beside him and made a point to wag his hips, sending a light thread of precum flicking over the water as his dick wobbled about. He grinned and fondled his heavy green balls as he lowered himself into the water, watching the mage's eyes lock onto his tall prick.

"I'll give you more than sparks, meathead," he challenged as he stood up slowly.

Tugron's body was not as hefty as the warrior's, his arms, legs, and chest were not the thick, developed muscles earned from years of training and battle and travel, but he carried the wider, taller frame and his muscles were still well formed and defined. He grinned widely and walked through the water until he stood near face to face with the imposing warrior.

"Always challenging me when I have no weapons, coward," Mu'grok growled lowly through an excited smirk.

"Never without the weapon you're best at," they both chuckled as they stepped closer and let their aching rods touch, rubbing side to side before being mashed together as they pressed in close for a kiss. Their tusks clacked lightly together and their tongues and lips met. Calloused fingers drew down Tugron's back until cupping his bare cheeks in a tight grip to pull the mage closer. Sweaty green flesh ground up against sweaty green flesh and the orcs kissed deeply.

"We came here to clean," Tugron muttered as they broke the kiss.

Mu'grok squeezed firmly and growled.

"It will be a deep clean."

#29 - Safety

The slaves stepped back as they finished applying the last of the ceremonial paint. The big otter stood upright and waited as the wizard approached and began to look him over. The weasel smiled widely, stroking his chin as he looked over the hard muscles, the wide chest, and the thick rudder tail, all covered in fine golden script painted on to his exact specifications.

"You've done well servants," he nodded to the two. They bowed low, then stayed there. A snap of his fingers brought them back up to attention.

"Enjoy the night," he ordered and waved them away. The fox and rabbit smiled and scurried out of the open temple, likely off to the gardens again where they had been making passion repeatedly every chance they got. The weasel smiled a little then turned back to his prize. He slowly waved a paw in front of the blunt muzzle. Clouded eyes stared on straight ahead.

"Good. Still under control," he muttered to himself before fetching a small clay pot from beside the alter. He opened it and slowly stirred a finger into it, a white goop within.

"You're too dangerous to leave roving the kingdom. All those murders. Ah, I suppose you were made for it. Still. You're the wrong kind of beast. Too wild, angry, uncontrollable," he rambled as he stroked his finger round and round the sticky goo. He pulled it out to watch it slough off back into the pot. "I don't even know why I'm bothering to explain. You wouldn't understand what I'm going to do. But... This is for everyone's good." He stirred inside the pot

a little longer, then upended it over the otter, letting the thick goop ooze over his head and shoulders. Immediately it began attracting to the fine golden paint, binding up against the warrior's fur.

"This sap is from a particular kind of tree. You can make all sorts of wonderful things with it. For you though, it will be the chains that bind you to me." The wizard stepped back and set the pot down, raising his paws up. The goo crawled along the intricate runes and slowly turned black as it melded with the paint.

"Damn well hope this works," he muttered before beginning a low, droning chant. The now black goo stuck to the runes traced all along the big otter's body and as the weasel chanted the otter's eyes unclouded. They slowly came in to focus but only his head moved. He stared down at the wizard. Then snarled.

"Feckless craven dog! Why can I not move? Where is my sword? Where is..?" a flick of the weasel's hand sent a strip of the black goo up the otter's neck to wrap his muzzle shut. His eyes widened and his muscles tensed but he didn't budge. The goo trembled but the big warrior held. Then it began to flatten out and spread, climbing over the fur, covering it in a growing black sheen. The otter glanced down, then up, trying to bare his teeth.

"I can't control you. Not without.. Help. This will make you more pliable. I'm going to take all that rage of yours and.. Shift it.." the weasel explained, power dancing along his clawtips as he directed the dark goo to flow over the wide muscles. Soon the otter's body was encased, up to the neck. The wizard continued to chant and it crawled higher until the warrior was a great black statue.

A snap of his fingers and the goo contoured itself around the warrior's features, perfectly molding itself to the hard body. It trembled and shuddered, particularly as the goo slid inside every orifice, before the big shiny form stood still.

"Well. That's done. Now.." he snapped his fingers and the rubber goliath dropped to its knees. The weasel stepped closer and settled his paws on the shiny black head, tracing along the small round ears as he stroked a thumbclaw across the otter's forehead. The goo was smooth and firm but still slightly pliable, letting him scratch a rune into it. He chanted. The big body thrummed, the last struggle going out as two black rubber eyes stared up blankly. A long black protrusion jutted up from the warrior's legs and the wizard couldn't help but blush.

"No more rage. Just.. Lust. Right. You'll be an obedient slave now, won't you? No more killing, just love making?" the rubbered head nodded once. The weasel smiled and gave it a light pat.

"Good slave. Good. Its best for the kingdom."

#30 - I don't know how relationships actually work

Marcus pulled the thong on. The bull paused, looking at himself in the mirror one way, then another, before yanking up on the thong to wedge the string up his backside.

"You're not serious," the wolf said from the bed, though his flat tone didn't make it sound like a question. The big bull grinned a little bit.

"Perfectly serious." He reached down and readjusted his front. It was a delicate balance as too much to one side and a nut threatened to pop out the other.

"You're going to draw every fuck boy in the party wearing that. It's obscene." Ardale stretched out against the bed but continued eyeing over the bull.

"Right? They come in a twenty back." He bobbed his hips, his package bouncing lightly before flopping out of one side.

"Did you get a bulk order of extra small?" the wolf drolled, catching the cock in the mirror.

"This is their triple extra large actually," Marcus worked his thick fingers trying to stuff himself back into the tiny thong.

"It must be clothing for fennecs. Its also ridiculous."

"That's the point."

"Ugh. You're impossible."

"Impossible, says the wolf with a new boyfriend every month," the bull chuckled a bit and turned to the side, looking at the low hanging bulge in profile. The spandex stretched to fit the long sausage even soft and would likely snap if he go hard. Ardale huffed.

"My business. That's not me dangling my cock out of a napkin held by floss like bait and tackle at our pool party."

Marcus lifted his arms up and flexed, watching his chest swell and taking in the solid rock slab that was his front. The thong did look ridiculous. Being neon pink didn't help. Nor did the way his pubes wanted to poke out every side. Maybe he needed a shave.

"Oh so it's different than wearing assless chaps to every gear night and coming home with whatever is attached to the fist up you?"

Ardale narrowed his eyes but propped his head on his arm.

"That was one time. You liked Steve."

The bull scoffed.

"Til we found out he was a married exec with three kids and a sunday pastor group. Good kisser though."

The wolf sighed a little and stared up at the ceiling.

"He was. Bastard."

"I don't think his wife knew that." Marcus sighed a little bit and twisted his fingers, snapping the thong off and letting his cock hang free. He scratched a couple fingers through the dense bush around the base. A shave was definitely needed.

"Oh she knew he was a bastard. And a good kisser, just not good at kissing -her-. I think that's what really topped it, catching him with his tongue down someone's throat."

Marcus idly rubbed his hands up his front, turning one way, then the other.

"At least she missed your head. Looked like she could swing a solid punch."

Ardale smiled.

"I still see her from time to time. We trade recipes. Her fudge is to die for. Are you about done or should I get a mop for the mirror?"

The bull smirked and turned back to the wolf before walking to the bed and climbing on it and over the wolf.

"You're bitchy today," the bull chuckled, looking the him eye to eye. Ardale's eyes narrowed again but his paws reached up and traced along the bull's sides as they sank deep in the bed under their combined weight.

"I just want this party to go well."

"It will!"

"I just think it would go better if you weren't strutting your dick around like some peacock."

Marcus leaned in close and bumped noses.

"I thought you liked Norman. I mean, that bird had quite the dick."

Ardale chuckled and lightly tapped the bull's side with one palm.

"Not what I meant. I just don't want to be managing food and drinks and two dozen people while some new boy toy gets you down his throat behind the shed."

They brushed muzzles, then lips. Marcus rolled his hips and let his long soft cock rest against the wolf's stomach.

"So I get stuck with all that while you go ride someone's lap? Double standards much?"

they kissed, briefly. The wolf's fingers slid along his back.

"You know I don't do crowds."

"Not unless you're on stage at the Wet Buckle." Another scowl.

"Just promise me you're not slamming someone until its past 9. I at least want the food cooked and leftovers put away."

"Mmm, deal. Til that's done, I'm just eye candy."

The wolf's paws stroked down & settled on the bull's bare ass.

"Thank you. Maybe we could do a little show?"

Marcus grinned widely.

"I think that could be arranged."

#31 - Ape & Bear (Note: Cub is just meant as demeaning here)

The gorilla's big cock shuddered and jumped suddenly. The thick veins swelled and the whole thing turned a darker, angrier shade before it pulsed and began to spit rope after rope of sticky seed all over the bear's face. He gasped a little but quickly leaned in to let the gooey jizz splatter his face, semi successfully trying to let it go in his mouth and over his waiting tongue. Randal sighed contently and kept stroking his big hand across it, aiming the purpled tip against the bear's nose and lips. The strong spurts gave way to weaker pulses until the last of it dribbled up out of the slit to run down the swollen shafts. One big hand reached out and stroked the small, round ears.

"Good boy," Randal commended before chuckling a little as he smeared the tip across the blunt snout and spread a sheen of cum across one side of the bear's muzzle.

"Th-thank you S-Si..mmphh," the ape plugged his muzzle with a gentle push, spearing the still hard bone between soft lips and against the velvety tongue.

"I didn't say you were done. Clean," the ape rumbled.

Rough fingers curled around the bear's head before pulling him forward to impale him over the hard prick. It held the grip and pulled up, then back down, swabbing the wet mouth up and down the pole all the way, Tim's chin tapping the heavy, dark balls more than once. Randal sighed happily as he let the bear up for air and his wet, glistening cock sagged down, finally beginning to soften.

"Th-thank you Sir," Tim coughed a little, the gorilla always managed to tap just the right spot to still his gag reflex, though it was getting better each time. Randal smiled down at the little bear and caressed one thumb down his dry cheek, the other still stuck and oozing with semen.

"We'll get you trained yet cub," he said before casually resting his softening cock across the bridge of the bear's muzzle. Tim glanced at it cross eyed a moment before leaning in, his lips touching to the fat hairless balls as the shaft grew limper by the moment across his face. Randal grinned and stroked over one of the bear's small round ears.

"Still hard?" he asked

"Yes Sir."

"Good. No touching." Another low chuckle rumbled up from the ape's throat and he settled his palm to the bear's head before pressing in and grinding that blunt muzzle into his groin. His thighs came up and closed around Tim's head, squeezing and trapping him for a long few moments. The little bear whimpered but held still, even rubbing his face into the limping cock and thick, hairless sac. Randal cooed as the familiar tongue began brushing across his sac. His legs opened, both hands cupping the bear's muzzle to stroke his thumbs across the furry cheeks. He lifted gently, raising Tim's muzzle up as he bent forward and grinned eye to eye with him.

“You’re my kind of slut, cub,” he growled, pressing their lips together. The bear let out a surprised moan when the ape’s thick tongue pressed in without warning and filled his mouth. One foot smacked the floor, a soft sort of gasp hissing free as the ape tilted his head and locked their mouths in a very sloppy french kiss. Tim whimpered, which got louder as they broke the kiss with a gasp. Randal smirked.

Carefully moving the bear aside, the big ape stood up and tapped the edge of the chair. As he was trained, Tim stood and bent forward, placing both paws on the spot the ape had tapped. Randal rewarded him with a little nip to his ear, finishing it with a messy slurp of his tongue that made the bear shudder.

“Mm very good boy,” he patted one bare ass cheek before walking to the dresser. He pulled something out, then returned to Tim.

“Time you went one gauge higher,” he explained as he pressed the cold, slicked rubber tip of a toy between the bear’s cheeks.

“Ah!” was all the bear said, which then turned into a moan through his teeth as Randal pressed the butt plug in while simultaneously teasing his still aching cock with a few fingers.

“That’s it.. That’s it.. Open up,” the ape cooed in the little round ear as the cheeks parted and the widest part of the toy began pressing at the hole. Tim whimpered and hung his head a little, caught between those magic fingers and the invading plug, wanting to press against both at the same time.

“Relax, cub,”

There was a soft sort of *pop* as the plug’s widest point passed the bear’s ring and the rest of it slid inside to the wide base. Tim gasped a lil, turning to a moan as Randal’s thick fingers curled around his aching member.

“How’sat feel cub?” the ape growled in his ear as he carefully squeezed the throbbing little prick.

“Nnff.. M..more lube, please?” the ape didn’t wait and yanked the plug free, eliciting a gasp, before squeezing out more lube from a tube on the nearby nightstand. He replaced the toy and it slipped in without resistance, the bear giving an appreciative whimper.

“That’s right, feels good to be stuffed, no? Gonna take a fat ape dick any time I want, right?” the gorilla emphasized his words with little squeezes and a couple fingers pressed against the base of the plug to very gently grind it around inside the bear. Tim hissed and moaned and shook his head vigorously in agreement. The ape smiled, then tapped his fingers, the bear shivering as it reverberated through the plug.

“Mmm getting good and sticky,” he observed as pre dribbled freely from the stubby cock. He smiled and stroked one finger along the underside before carefully cupping the brown furry balls in one palm and rolling them around with his fingers. Tim quivered and sucked in a breath.

“How many days since you came like a real male?” the gorilla growled lowly, giving the balls a light squeeze.

“Nnff.. T-two weeks Sir. Y-you let me st-stroke as a r-reward,” he stammered out and panted, starting to roll his hips to grind against the rough hand while squeezing down on the plug, as he’d been trained.

“Mmm. Too soon to give you another. But no worries. You’ll know how good cubs get to cum,” the gorilla chuckled again and tapped the plug again, pressing it in and giving it a wriggle. Tim’s eyes widened and he gasped again, going up on his tiptoes and whining loud. “That’s right. Nice and sensitive. Mm and leaking even more,” he took his fingers away and cupped one cheek to knead & squeeze it.

“Gonna learn how to get the cum fucked out of you,” the ape let out a guffaw before pulling his hand back to swat the bear’s ass.

#32 – Perfect fit

Bailey felt over the hood after it slid on. It was perfectly fitted to his head, a little cool to the touch but it covered everything down to his neck. He fingered over the zipper in the back and along the eye holes. Just enough to see forward but not so much side to side and patches could be attached to completely blind him. It felt so strange being naked and hooded. Well, collared too, but it had become so normal to him he didn't think of it as clothing anymore. The big sucked in a deep breath, grabbed the little padlock from the shelf and carefully got down to his hands and knees. As expected, he crawled out of the walk in closet on all fours and gave a low yip. Master smiled widely down at him, sitting on the edge of the bed with legs crossed.

"My little piggy a good little pup now. So cute," he chuckled and reached down with his paw open. Bailey crawled forward and gingerly placed the lock in the waiting palm. "Good boy. Turn around." He did. He shivered a little. Even more when he felt the padlock slip into the juncture of the hood's zipper and his collar. His fingers and toes curled, grabbing up the carpet before he felt the slight tug then heard the unmistakable click as the hood was locked on.

"There's a copy of the key in the drawer where you pulled it from. And the other copy, right here." The wolf dangled a chain from his paw, a single, small brass key hanging from it.

"I'm going to add to it soon," he promised. "But that comes later. Going to train you to be a good pup." the paw withdrew and it sounded like he put the chain back around his neck before a paw stroked down his back, petting between his shoulder blades a few times before running all the way down his back and down the curve of his butt. He shivered and flexed. Such a light, gentle caress. The wolf's blunt claws teased down his naked skin and made him break out in goosepimples as a shiver went up his spine.

"So eager," the wolf praised, stroking slowly up and down the curvy cheek of one buttock before his finger tips brushed along the crack. Then the paw dipped down to cup and squeeze his big balls. Baily moaned.

"Can't be a pup without a proper tail though. Cute as yours is." A finger twirled the corkscrew of his tail. "Now. Chest down ass up."

A paw gently patted his rump so Bailey bent down until his chest pressed his hands to the floor and his ass pressed up into the air, spreading his legs a little. He moaned when a wet digit rubbed around his crack and even louder when it pushed inside. There was no resistance, the slick lube let him slide in to the knuckle with no trouble. It stroked in and out a few times to make the pig's toes curl before it came away and something much wider but just as slicked up pressed in. He gasped then whined a little as it pushed against his ring. The pressure eased, then was applied again, pressing it in by degrees as the pig tried to breathe deep and relax.

"Gonna have to get used to this one pup. Can't have you without a proper tail," Master said, though he began to stroke his free paw slowly across Bailey's bare back. The plug pressed in further until the thickest part popped inside and his cheeks clamped down around it. Bailey panted a little, his hole wanting to press the intruder out, but the pressure subsided and he sat with it up his butt, squeezing down on it as he got used to it. Until Master gave his bare ass a moderate smack.

"Wag," he commanded. So the pig rocked his hips side to side, his face red, and feeling the weight of the tail sticking out the other end as it waved back and forth.

"Too cute. Up." Master snapped his fingers and Bailey got back up onto all fours, still getting used to the plug. The wolf sat back on the edge of the bed and snapped his fingers. As Bailey turned he wiggled his hips again, flicking the rubber tail back and forth as the wolf spread his legs wide. One motion of his paw directed the pig to the thick bulge of Master's jockstrap. Bailey needed no command. He buried his hooded snout into the musky lap and

eagerly sniffed and whined. The cotton was soft and warm to the touch as he stroked and rubbed his leathery face against it. The fat dick was tucked down over the wolf's heavy balls in a delightful mooseknuckle.

"Good boy."

Cautiously, Bailey slipped his tongue free and licked against the warm bulge. It throbbed in appreciation as Master reached a paw down to rub at one of his ears. One leg shifted forward to present a shiny black boot to the 'pup'. Without hesitation Bailey bent down and began to lick against the dark leather.

"My eager pup," Master praised. The wolf leaned forward as the pig licked his boot over and over and ran his paws along Bailey's bare sides, stroking over his back and along the broad sides of his belly that hung down. Master gave the plump love handles a little squeeze before running his claws along the pig's underside. They cupped the soft pecs a moment then squeezed and rolled them around. Bailey spread his arms wider to give the wolf room then whined as those practiced fingers found his nipples to pinch and tug. His toes curled and he continued licking. Finally the fingers came away from his chest and one paw patted him to rise up. He lifted up, then groaned as the same paw cupped the back of his head and buried him back against the jock.

His snout was ground against the soft cotton, the dick underneath surging up to tent the jock out. Bailey let out a hopeful whine as he sniffed over and around the growing bone.

"Dogs do love their sausage. You want a treat boy? Mmm? You want a big meaty treat?" Master chuckled a bit, his paw playfully scrubbing over the top of the pup hood.

"Alright pup, roll over, let's see that belly." As commanded Bailey pulled back, turned around and rolled over, putting his hands up and spreading his legs. Master smiled widely and knelt down beside him to reach one paw out and stroke across his fat, bare belly.

"Such a good dog. Gonna train you right, make you a better dog." The paw stroked round and round his gut and Bailey let out a happy sigh. He wiggled his legs to try and 'wag' his rubber tail but it was too pressed in to the floor to move much. The wolf's fingers traced his navel before running down the lip of his gut and letting his blunt claws trace around his hard, stubby cock and his fat balls. He gave them a squeeze so Bailey let his tongue loll out. He gasped and froze up as the wolf's paw closed around his cock. The other paw kept stroking round and round his belly and he relaxed again even as he throbbed into Master's paw.

"That's right, that's a good pup, pup loves his belly rubs," he soothed, punctuating every other word with a little squeeze. The wolf's whole paw gripped around it, hiding everything but the plump purpled tip. Squeeze squeeze squeeze, rub rub rub. Bailey laid his head back and moaned in appreciation, play kicking one foot out. Master chuckled.

"Mm so leaky, such a messy sticky pup." His paw came away from the pig's cock and was presented to his muzzle instead. Bailey eagerly licked it clean as he continued to get his belly rubbed.

"Mm that's it pup." Master opened his palm and let the pig lap at it until the dark pad was wet and glistening, then he reached down and gripped the pig's cock again. It squished as Master gave a few gentle strokes & Bailey openly moaned again.

"No cumming this time" the paw was pulled away & the wolf leaned down to gently blow air on the wet prick.

Bailey jumped at the feeling then lay still and panted a little, his saliva making the little rush of air feel all the cooler. His cock throbbed several times, aching to be touched again, but Master instead reached down and grabbed the plug tail, wriggling it back and forth and rolling it round and round. The pig's toes curled up and he let out a long low groan as the slick toy shifted around inside him. It popped free with a little yank and he watched the wolf add more lube before sliding it back home, taking his time to rub the wet tip round and round his open

hole. Bailey whined, raising his legs up to expose his wide bottom to his owner and the teasing toy.

“Very good pup,” a light pat to his fat balls, then the plugged popped all the way in. The pig grunted but wiggled again, trying to wag. Master chuckled at this but kept squeezing the round, fat balls.

“Okay pup. Here.” He patted Bailey’s side for him to roll over just as he hooked one finger into the pouch of his jock and yanked it aside, letting his cock spring out into the open air.

The pig rolled back over onto all fours, tail waving about, to scramble and plant a wet kiss on the drooling tip. Master wasted no time and grabbed the pup hood on each side as he thrust into the waiting, hungry mouth. His thick cock pressed past Bailey’s lips before sawing against his tongue, the wolf pumping his hips as he held the pig in place.

“That’s it pup, suck your treat, yeah, suck it good and hard,” Master growled above and thrust again and again. Wiggling his fat ass and the tail by extension, Bailey suckled happily at the hot prick, holding still and letting the wolf fuck his face. The loud suckling slurp filled the air and everything just became that big dick sliding in and out of the pig’s mouth. He closed his eyes and moaned, happy and horny to be used by Master. The wolf continued pumping, letting out the occasional grunt, running his fingers over the hood and down his neck. When the wolf pulled free with a wet slurp, his dick oozing with the pig’s saliva and his own pre, he grabbed it and lightly tapped at Bailey’s chin and snout.

“Hungry little pup. I’m not ready to blow yet. Turn around, ass up.” Bailey’s tail wiggled again and he did as he was told, bending his chest down to the ground and raising his curvy ass up. The plug came free with a light pop. He didn’t see what the wolf did with it but he felt the two fingers feeling around his hole. They pushed in and he groaned deeply. “That’s a good boy. Gotta find that special spot.” the fingers dug in to the hilt and massaged back and forth. Baily whined, curling his fingers into the carpet. The wolf’s fingers hilted inside him again and again, every stroke trying to angle against his prostate. Master’s free paw reached underneath and began fondling the pig’s stubby cock. Bailey curled his toes and spread his legs wider, gasping as the paw closed around and tugged lightly. “That’s it pup, relax, let that little doggy tongue hang out.” bailey squirmed and groaned, both fingers pressed in deep, followed by a light stroke down his cock, one thumb idly teasing at his hanging balls. “Gonna get used to this pup, keep you prepped.”

Bailey whined and let his tongue hang out. It was bliss. Holding still and being used. The fingers pulled out of his butt only to rub around the open rim of his hole. “Such a damn nice ass,” Master commented and gave each cheek a squeeze. “Gonna use this ass for days.” Bailey blushed, his heart already racing, more excited than he’d been in ages. The fingers came away only to be replaced by a firm rubber tip. For a moment he thought it was the plug, but as inch after inch slid inside him it was too big for that. He groaned. Master was pushing a dildo inside him. he couldn’t tell how big it was but it felt big. It pushed in til something thick at the base pressed against his taint then slowly began pulling out.

“Aahhh,” Bailey moaned. It withdrew almost completely then sank back in. Every thrust Master’s fingers would tease along the pig’s drooling cock. “That’s it, relax, enjoy your new toy pup.” The dildo started sawing in faster, slurping between his cheeks as the wolf set one paw to the small of the pig’s back and started to hammer away with the toy.

The pig’s fingers and toes curled up and he groaned long and loud as the wet slurp of the toy turned into a light slapping noise, the base of it tapping his taint over and over.

“Mmm, not full enough to pop yet, but that’s okay, we’ll get you used to milking,” the wolf chuckled as he drew the toy out, giving Bailey’s dick a last little tug. The pig pumped his hips a little, getting close but nowhere near the edge, desperately wanting the satisfaction. The

wolf chuckled a little more. “Too damn cute.” He rose slowly and peeled his jock off all the way, tossing it onto bailey’s hood, who proceeded to sniff it vigorously.

“Come, pup,” Master lead him into the living room where he sat down and patted his thighs. “Suck.” Baily licked his lips, panting a little bit, and got to his knees before the chair. With his hands up on Master’s thighs he leaned in and slid the wet cock back in his mouth.

“Mm good boy. Master is going to watch some TV. You just keep sucking that cock and we’ll wash up when I’m ready.” Bailey whined and nodded, slurping happily.

#33 - Paradox

Red leaned back against the cushy inn chair and stared into the fireplace for a few quiet moments. The fennec’s hand dipped inside his robe to pull out the small pendant. Even in the low light, it glittered in a way it shouldn’t have been able to, a weird little blob of blue green wrapped in lacquered wood, it was hard to tell where the gem began and the wood ended. it was an oddity, like the druid that had given it to him. He traced a thumb claw across the polished surface and thought back to when it had been gifted.

“Where were you hiding this? You don’t have any clothes,” had been his immediate question. Krayvik had grinned and laughed in his loud, mirthful way but answered only with ‘Not where you think I did’. The small fox smiled a little. Open and secret all at once. he had followed with “what is it?” only for the druid to laugh and close the fox’s paw over it with a simple 'yours'. He stared into the depths, shades of blue and green fading into one another, sea and sky, cradled in hard wood. He tucked it back into his robes and sighed.

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

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