

May Patreon Works

Everything I posted to my Patreon in May.

1. Wizard's Tryst

The lion set his glass on the table and quirked a brow to the dragon.

"That's an interesting proposal. You know the head master frowns on instructors... fraternizing," he tried to phase it diplomatically. The dragon's lips curled up in a smirk.

"Frowns on, but doesn't forbid. We don't all waste our power opening doorways to the nearest city so we can indulge in a brothel like the old goat. That's not even your expertise. Doorways, that is," he clarified with a little chuckle. Raflin blushed and twitched one ear, his eyes going down to his wine glass. The lion's powers were focused around transmutation, teleportation and portals was a little beyond his field.

"It would still be improper in front of the students..." he muttered, lifting up his glass and swirling the red wine around a little. Synos let out a guffaw.

"I'm not asking you to fuck in front of the apprentices Raffy. You and I both have... needs. If you're truly that wary, we keep it entirely private," the black dragon paused to cross one leg over the other, then he leaned forward to settle his elbows over his upturned leg. "Outside of private encounters, we say nothing of it. Just a simple arrangement among colleagues."

Raflin tried to swallow the lump in his throat and opted to wash it down with another sip of wine, already his second glass of the night. He met the dragon's emerald gaze, considering the long, equine like muzzle ending in a sharp point and the confident smile.

"It's true. It's... lonely, teaching here. I know some of the others have found ways of coping, like the headmaster. But I still..." he trailed off, unsure what to say next. His face felt hot and his heartbeat pulsed in his ears. Synos' smirk grew wider and the dragon rose from his chair. He was nearly a head taller than Raflin when they were standing, so the shadow master absolutely towered over him seated. The lion's eyes drew up and down the large frame, made seemingly all the larger by the dragon's wings at his back. The dragon's long black tail gave a flick against the floor.

"Still have needs you can't deny. This needn't be so... transactional," Synos spoke as he stepped around the table, getting closer. The lion blanched and leaned back in his seat, then held still. The black dragon smiled, then knelt down beside the chair, meeting the cat eye to eye. "Trust me," the dragon nearly purred and reached one black claw up to draw along Raflin's cheek. The pudgy wizard let out a weak exhale. His heart pounded in his chest and his legs felt like jelly, he wasn't sure he could stand. Synos leaned in closer, his breath smelling faintly smokey. Raflin's nose twitched. He let out a little whimpered moan, then pressed his cheek to the offered claw and nuzzled at the dragon's palm.

"You'll.. be gentle?" he asked, his eyes closed as his cheek came against the smooth scales of the dragon's palm. Synos' thumb carefully rubbed up and down the cat's muzzle.

"At first," he teased with a little chuckle. Raflin sucked in a sharp breath, but otherwise kept rubbing at that warm scaly paw.

"Yes..." the cat hissed in a whisper. The dragon's claw gave a gentle squeeze to hold the lion in place and their lips met. Raflin's lips were soft and warm, Synos' smooth and almost cool. The lion let out a soft sigh as his body relaxed into the chair. The dragon pulled back, keeping close, lips almost touching as he said "Let's move to the bed."

Raflin nodded. The scaled hand moved from his face to his paw and helped him stand. He swayed, legs indeed like jelly, but the dragon's tall frame kept him steady.

"I... I still don't know..." he muttered as they stepped from the small antechamber into the lion's bedroom. The space opened wide, the stone floor covered by several different rugs, a large four poster bed dominating the far wall while chests and drawers occupied the rest, save for the alcove for the

fireplace to their right. The dragon reached one paw down and settled it on the lion's rump.

"Relax. This is just between us. Not a word to another soul." Synos' long muzzle leaned over and rubbed at the cat's round ear, then tickled into the curly mane around it. The cat let out another soft, whimpery moan. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been touched so intimately. "And I've oft wondered what you looked like under the robes," the dragon admitted with a chuckle.

They stepped closer to the large bed and the lion took a couple steps away, face and ears pulsing with heat.

"I.. well.. if we are to.." he stumbled over his words, his tongue tripping over itself. Instead he fell silent and just pulled at his robes, drawing them off and letting them pile onto the floor. "I'm.. I'm not much.. I know."

The dragon's green eyes widened, much like his smile, as he took in Raflin's naked body. The wizard was soft, carrying a round belly and wide hips, the tip of his dick visible over a pair of fat balls. Synos licked his lips.

"Gorgeous. Better than I could have hoped for," he complimented, making Raflin's ears burn all the worse. The dragon stepped up, claws carefully reaching up before they ran through the cat's belly fur. They left little trails in the golden fur and Raflin let another whimper as the dragon explored his round body. The obsidian claws stroked circles over the soft gut and squeezed at the wizard's love handles, before dipping back to caress his broad back and tease down the sides of his cheeks. The black dragon stepped even closer, almost pressed against the fat cat, until Raflin could hear and feel the dragon's breath as it washed over him. He gasped as those claws sank down and grabbed each a handful of his ass.

"You won't regret this," the dragon whispered into his ear, kneading his cheeks around and around. Then he chuckled darkly. "Well, maybe when you try to sit."

Raflin inhaled sharply, letting it out in a long, embarrassed moan which made the black dragon smile all the wider. The claws came away from his backside and Synos took one step back.

"Fair'ss fair," he said, then began to disrobe himself. The light peeking from the curtains fell on a hard, defined body, Synos' obsidian scales glistening while a set from his chin down to his groin shimmered a dark purple, nearly indistinguishable if you didn't look right at it. The dragon's muscles tensed and flowed under the dark scales, the cat's eyes taking in the firm chest until they drew down to stare at the thick black cock hanging between his legs.

"Ah," Raflin moaned, his own cock perking up from under his belly. The black dragon came closer again, dipping a claw under the cat's gut to trace at that fat pink cock. It jumped and rewarded the lewd shadow wizard with a pearl of pre, which he dipped his claw into and brought it up to the lion's lips. Raflin stared at the wet claw tip, then opened his lips and sucked at the digit, pleasing the dragon greatly. The claw slipped free only to be replaced with the dragon's lips again. The kiss was deeper, longer, their tongues playing against each other as Synos slipped his long serpentine muscle to explore the cat's mouth. Raflin moaned into it. Their bodies pressed closer and ground against each other, the dragon's growing endowment rising up to press to the cat's fat cock, nearly the same girth but dwarfing the lion in length nearly twofold.

"Bend over the bed," the dragon growled as he broke the kiss. Another sharp inhale. But then a nod, the wizard pulling away so he could turn to the bed and slide onto it, resting on his fat belly as his legs dangled over the edge. The dragon eyed him hungrily, Raflin suddenly feeling much like a piece of meat, exposed and vulnerable under the predator's gaze.

Then the dragon knelt down, his claws running up the wide thighs until they cupped at the broad cheeks. Even with the dragon's big size, the cat's ass proved more than a handful as he squeezed each cheek. They flexed and the cat trembled at the intimate touch, his long tail flicking over to one side but keeping up and out of the way.

"It's been so long..." the dragon whispered. He spread the golden cheeks apart, revealing the tight pink pucker nestled within. The long scaled snout dipped down and that long serpentine tongue

flicked eagerly at the hole. It tensed a few times and the cat let out a heady groan that goaded the dragon further, burying his snout into the warm valley and kissing it.

"Ah!" Raflin half jumped as the pointed snug dug around his ass crack and tickled at his hole with lips and tongue. He bit his lip and with his feet just touching the floor he pressed back against it. Synos chuckled, spreading the cheeks wide and letting his tongue flick at the hole as he pulled his head back just a little.

"Have you any oil?" the shadow mage asked. The golden mane nodded toward one set of shelves and the dragon stood, his thick, veiny cock swinging in the open air with every step and made the lion's heart jump up into his throat. He was going to fit... that in him??? Synos retrieved a stoppered bottle. Then, as if reading the lion's mind, said "It'll fit." The dragon chuckled, pulling the cork, giving the oil a light sniff and, seemingly satisfied, tipped it over the length of his cock until a thin drizzle poured out. With his free hand, Synos smeared and stroked the oil across his cock. It glistened in the light. Then he repeated the action over the lion's ass, letting the oil pour over his cheeks and down his crack. One thumb came down, stroking into the valley and across his wet pucker.

Raflin let out another happy moan and clutched at the sheets, jumping only a little when that same thumb pushed up inside him.

"Ahhh..." he breathed into the sheets. The digit wormed up inside him and drew back and forth, working the oil into his hole and around his inner ring. The golden mane bowed, his eyes closed, as the dragon's free paw worked the oil into the fur of Raflin's cheeks.

Then the thumb withdrew. The dragon stepped up closer to the edge of the bed until he was up against Raflin's back side. The long, black cock laid against the wizard's lower back, right alongside his tail, and Raflin could feel the dragon's steady heartbeat as it throbbed against him.

"Are you ready?" the dragon asked. The cat curled his toes and clenched his jaw a moment.

"Yes," he said, nearly a moan. The veined pole drew back slowly, dragging over one cheek, then the dragon gripped it in one paw and guided it between the broad golden mounds.

"I'll go slow. Say something if it hurts too much," the dragon said, pausing only a moment then he leaned his weight in, the fat, thick tip pushing at the lion's asshole. Raflin hung his head lower until his forehead touched at the mattress. He hissed through gritted teeth as his hole began to stretch, that familiar burning he hadn't felt in what had to be years.

"Should I stop?" the dragon paused, tip still at the entrance.

"Go," the cat growled an affirmative. His claws slipped into the fistfuls of sheets he held and the dragon kept pushing until finally when he thought his asshole might rip in two, the thick cock sank past his outer ring and began to slide inside him.

"Ahhh, more oil," Raflin said in a husky growl. The dragon drizzled more, pulling back, adding another dollop to his tip, then pushed in, easier this time. The two of them groaned together as the long, thick dick slid in and spread the fat golden cheeks wide apart.

"Gods," the lion gasped when he felt the dragon's lap press flush to his ass.

"I told you it would fit," the dragon chuckled and leaned over the cat. The long, pointed snout nuzzled at one round ear. "And that I'd be gentle." His hips pulled back slowly, then pressed in, letting the hard cock saw in and out just a few inches. Raflin's fingers and toes curled again.

"You can go faster," he whimpered happily.

2. Master Bull

The bull lounged back against the mass of pillows and let his heavy body sprawl out. He smiled to the rabbit at the edge of the bed and beckoned him closer with one finger.

"You may approach, slave," he ordered, then waved his fingers toward the nearby table. "Bring the oil. I desire a rub."

"Y-yes Sir," the little black rabbit obeyed, taking the small ornate pitcher of oil. The big bull set

his arms up behind his head and spread his leg, his dark body covered in thick, fine hair and a blood red thong that hid nothing to the imagination.

"Chest," he ordered. The rabbit unstopped the pitcher, pouring out a thin drizzle across the wide chest then set it down so he could use both paws to stroke the oil into the firm muscles. Master let out a content sigh. He closed his eyes as the naked rabbit fanned his fingers out and stroked over his chest in broad circles, rubbing in against his pectorals while spreading the oil into his pelt. The motion was practiced and even, but a tremble ran through the rabbit's fingers.

"Nervous, slave?" Master asked when the rabbit began to work lower, drizzling a touch more oil onto the rigid abs.

"Y-yes Sir, it is my first day getting to serve you personally," he answered honestly, Master was not one to have his time wasted with dishonesty or pointless flattery. The big bull nodded, accepting the answer, and brought one arm around. He hooks his hand behind the small of the rabbit's back and pulled him onto the bed while a couple fingers idly played with the little leafy tuft of his tail. The rabbit gasped, but made no move to resist.

"You are right to be nervous," he started, one digit circling round and round the little tail. "And wrong. I am, afterall, partial to rabbits." He chuckled, watching the rabbit's eyes go wide, the little tremble running down his spine as a finger drew down his crack.

"Y-yes Sir," he answered and pressed against that probing digit. It stroked up and down his valley, the whole hand gripping around one cheek to squeeze at it.

"Of course, if you aren't up to the task of pleasing me, the captain of the guard regularly needs a new slave." The bull brought both arms around to cup the rabbit's ass. he sat up slowly, looking eye to eye with his servant.

"Y-yes Sir, I.. I don't want to fail you," he whimpered, which turned to a moan as those thick fingers started to knead at his cheek.

"No, you don't," the bull chuckled darkly. The captain's tastes were well known. The hands came away and Master laid back again.

"I don't expect you to fail. But you should see what it is you serve," he gestured down to his thong, stretched and swollen with his maleness.

3. Predators

I slid the harness over my head and put my arms through it. It settled over my frame and a little flex let me feel it tighten up against my chest. I always liked to put it on last, make it sort of the 'finishing piece' of my gear. I couldn't deny how good it looked criss crossing my chest; something about the hard black lines of it separating my pecs just made them look that much more defined. It certainly caught every eye when I wore it out to the club.

But that night there was only one set of eyes I cared about watching me. They stared up at me as he knelt before me on the floor. I always made him watch when I put my gear on, it was a part of the process, building anticipation for the night. Something about him made me feel like he always got his way, that he was used to just jumping right into whatever he wanted. It made him absolutely quiver to have to be patient and wait, so I made sure he did.

He was gorgeous. About as tall as I was, which was uncommon to find, and just about as muscular. My tiger. My big, gorgeous tiger. His green eyes took in every inch of me as I pulled on my gear and his tail flicked back and forth like he was ready to just pounce on me. But he was a good sub, he obeyed and listened to his Master's every word.

We'd met at an upscale club I liked to go to now and again. It was decent hunting, though more often than not I just brought a rich brat home, paddled and pounded their ass and sent them packing back to Mommy and Daddy the next day. They wanted to stay, sure, but I'm not into spoiled subs. Too much upkeep.

When I saw him, though, it was just electric. I was sitting at one of my favorite spots with a couple of twinkies fawning over me. Everybody loves King Leo in his Leathers. Especially the little boy toys. They're fun for the odd thrill, as I've said, but toys are just that. No, my tiger was something else. He'd gone bare chested that night, squeezed into a pair of jeans that left little to the imagination and for affectation a couple of bicep straps. It was clear he was on the prowl, though I never asked what he had been looking for. I didn't need to think about it because when he saw me he stopped and approached the table.

He said nothing. He took me in, relaxed against the back of the booth with my arms across the top, my harness stretched across my bare chest, then he quietly brought his legs apart and set his arms behind his back. His chin tilted up, while his chest swelled and pressed out. He stood and waited. I remember looking up at him, looking over him. That hard body. That chiseled chin. His eyes next left mine. It wasn't until we got out of the club lights I found they were such a brilliant shade of green. But I stared back up at him and quietly shooed my little fan boys away. I think one of them whined but a low, rumbling growl sent the both of them scrambling.

I stood up from the table slowly and got in his face. We stared, eye to eye, for a long moment. It was like the whole club fell away, no other bodies, no lights, no bar, just myself and my tiger. I wanted to fuck him right there at the table. But the club looked down on that; not on the main floor anyhow. Instead I snatched the collar off the table, I always brought one as a way to 'announce' who I would be bringing home. I presented it to him. His eyes took it in just a moment before he lifted his chin just a fraction more. I slid the collar over that lovely neck, took him home that night, and we fucked the entire night. I would never forget his expression when he saw I had my own dungeon room. We made very good use of it.

When I woke the next morning he fixed breakfast, we fucked in the shower, and then he called a cab, his number in my phone. From then on, one or the other of us would text, he would show up and we would have a session. He was perfect. He would arrive at my home, bow his head once, then strip himself down and I would have gear ready for the both of us. I took time to dress him, then I would dress myself while he watched. It never failed to get his cock hard.

We didn't talk much. There was little need. Every time between us, it was absolutely electric. I could draw my claws across his body and feel every shiver of that big body. We knew every inch of each other's bodies and knew what we wanted.

So I made sure he waited while I put my gear on. When I finished, I looked down at him on his knees and reached one paw under to cup his chin. I tilted his head up to look eye to eye with him, my cock jutting out between us. Sometimes I'd make him suck me right there. Sometimes I would just stroke his chin, making him wait a little longer.

"Down," I growled, taking my paw away and putting one boot forward. Immediately, he went down onto all fours to bow his head down to my boot. He waited quietly, his tail flicking back and forth, as I admired that gorgeous body stretched before me.

"Kiss," I commanded. My eyes drew over his striped back, firey orange ribbed with sharp black streaks leading down to that plump, curvy ass. I never grew tired of playing with those cheeks. Fingers, tongue, cock, toys. His ass was always eager and hungry for attention. He loved to be completely bound up and fucked over and over. His lips pressed to my boot over and over and I rewarded him by reaching down to smack one gloved paw down on that striped ass, cupping a cheek to knead over it in my palm.

(The end, for now! Hope you enjoyed. And that's everything for May. June is going to be a bit more sparse, I'll likely combine an upload post with July, depending on how that month goes.)

If you enjoy my work, please consider checking out my galleries here:

<https://www.patreon.com/Tredain>

<http://www.furaffinity.net/user/tredain/>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~tredain>
<https://tredain.sofurry.com/>
<https://inkbunny.net/Tredain>

I also maintain an account on Twitter where I post and advertise a few odds and ends
<https://twitter.com/Tredain>

And if you'd like to support my work with a tip, consider submitting to my Ko-Fi
<https://ko-fi.com/tredain>

Every little bit helps support me and my work! Thank you!