

Practice – Summer Patreon Posts

#1 – BDSM Stuff

The pig stood at attention, his arms cross behind his back with his head held up high. The big gorilla smiled to himself as he stood and looked his slave slowly up and down.

"Your workouts are showing some very impressive gains," he praised as he lifted one big paw and ran it along the pig's chest. Maxwell drew in a deep breath and puffed his chest out for his Master to touch and feel over, the pecs showing more definition and firmness than they had in months.

"Thank you Master, I have been doing my regiment every day after work," he answered, both nipples beginning to stand to attention when the gorilla's thick fingers brushed across them. Barry hummed softly, giving a nod as his fingers squeezed over the thick pectorals.

"And your wife hasn't had any issue?" he asked. The pig shook his head.

"No Master. She has been enjoying the gains as well."

The gorilla chuckled a bit and let his hands wander down the pig's chiseled sides.

"Even though you're no longer sleeping with her?" he asked. This got a little color to the pig's cheeks. But again Maxwell shook his head.

"It.. hasn't come up. Not.. not yet, Master. She has noticed I've been getting in shape but still, she hasn't tried anything, we still sleep in separate beds." When Barry had found the pig, he had been miserable, out of shape, and near divorce. Not that the last bit was going to change, but the ape had been curious if their relationship might change once he took control over the pig. He grinned and reached down to cup the pig's bulging thong. The slave sucked in a breath again and stood up straighter, his junk throbbing in the ape's grasp.

"This is mine now anyway," he said. Maxwell shivered and nodded.

"Yes Master. I am your slave, body and mind, every inch," he moaned as those thick gorilla fingers kneaded slowly at his aching package.

"How long has it been since you last came, slave?" Barry quizzed. The pig swallowed, trying to steady himself and resist thrusting his hips into that wonderful grip.

"Two weeks and three days Master, when you rewarded me with time against a vibrator," he answered. Barry nodded. Exactly right.

"What a good slave. That won't be the longest you go without an orgasm. Inferiors should not expect them, especially from their superiors. Unless I fuck them cum out of you," the gorilla grinned and gave the package a firm squeeze. The muscular pig trembled and let out a low, heavy moan.

"Y-yes Master, thank you Master. My cock is yours, I am yours, I love to be fucked by your amazing cock and be blessed with my seed being milked out of me," he recited, another line the gorilla had taught him. Barry released the hard tent to let his fingers wander up higher, feeling over the firm stomach.

"You're learning very well. I may even lock that useless meat in a cage if you're very lucky. Then we can focus on training your hole to accommodate me whenever I wish," he mused, one thick thumb tracing the pig's belly button, the hard body trembling with lust now. Maxwell nodded.

"Y-yes Master," he managed, his control starting to weaken as his body grew warmer and his cock grew harder. The gorilla continued idly rubbing the lone digit over the pig's belly, feeling over each ridge of his abs.

"Turn around slave. Show me the ass I own," he commanded. Maxwell spun in place and threw his hands up to the nearby wall, bending forward and arching his back so his ass would press out. The weeks of squats and biking had indeed paid dividends as the pig's once doughy ass was pert and shapely, two firm hams topped by the curlicue tail. Barry stepped closer and grabbed a handful with both of his big paws, kneading the cheeks around as he teased his bulge up against the crack. His own thick cock was straining against his thong but it wasn't time to fuck the pig just yet. The leather sank

between the fleshy pink mounds and he flexed himself, letting Maxwell feel how hard and ready he was to wreck that butt.

"M-master!" the pig moaned loudly, trying not to beg to be fucked, as he often did at first. The gorilla's hands kneaded the cheeks around and around before they slipped up and began to stroke the pig's sides from hip to pit, caressing over the body he had helped shape and sculpt.

"Slave," the ape growled. He leaned in closer to let his weight press against the pig's backside, grinding his groin until that round ass pressed flesh against it. He cupped the pig's chest in his hands and held him close.

"You haven't earned this privilege yet slave, but don't worry, I will fuck you good and rough soon," he growled into Max's ear. He could feel the heat radiating over the pig's body, the sweat that was starting to bead and roll down those solid muscles. The pig let out another deep, low moan and pressed back with his hips, gently riding his crack up and down the gorilla's package.

"Y-yes Master. Please, let me earn this pounding, my ass aches to be fucked, I need to feel a superior cock splitting me again," he pleaded quietly. "How can I earn the privilege of serving this cock?"

The gorilla's thick fingers pinched the pig's nipples and begin to lightly twist and roll them between his digits. Maxwell sucked in a sharp breath and trembled, trying to push his chest into the attention while keeping his ass planted against the throbbing ape cock.

"Good slave. We have all night, you will do many things to earn this cock," he assured, flattening his fingers against the hard chest so he could rub up and down the pert nubs jutting from them. "First, get down on your knees."

#2 – Boyfriend Blowjob

Warren leaned his head onto the hyena's shoulder.

"Ya? Long day at the office?"

Melvin sighed a little as he sank into the couch and reached on arm over to rest one paw on the otter's.

"Yeah. Just. Man. Running non stop since I came in. I'm glad it's almost the weekend." He leaned his cheek onto the otter's head and they sat quietly a moment, just enjoying each other's warmth.

"What did you want for dinner hon?" the otter asked and sat up a little, lifting his paw from the yena's to settle it on the little bit of exposed belly peeking out from under the button up. Melvin smiled, one deep breath pressing his gut out to pop the half undone button out completely, letting the otter's curious fingers under the shirt to rove over the soft spotted brown fur.

"Mmm, could we just do pizza?" Melvin posed. That paw wandered across his belly and sifted through his fur in slow, sensual circles. The otter gave a long, slightly dramatic 'Hmmmmmm' before he smiled and answered "I suppose we could, you've been good."

Melvin reached one paw down and undid a couple more buttons, opening his shirt.

"Have I? don't feel like I have been. We haven't... you know, in a little while."

Warren's rudder tail gave a little thump against the couch.

"Oh, well, we haven't, but you're always good to me hon. Though.. if you wanted," his webbed fingers wander down to the hyena's belt buckle. Melvin's eyes followed, keeping still.

"I mean, we could, but, I don't think I'd be very good right now..." he murmured, almost digging himself a little deeper into the couch. The otter's paw finger walked across the belt buckle to settle onto the soft bulge.

"You're the one that's had the hard day hon. I want to help you relax." Those webbed digits gave a little squeeze and felt over the yena's groin.

"Ah. Are.. are you sure? I don't want you to feel.." he cut off and bit his lip as Warren's fingers started to work over his groin more intently. Squeeze squeeze rub knead. His toes curled in their socks

and he let out a little whimper.

"Oh babe," he muttered as he started to swell into the attention. Warren's smile grew wider and the otter nuzzled at the hyena's cheek as his paw kept working. Then the zipper was coming down and a little tug got Melvin's cock into the open air. It wasn't the biggest or longest by any means, much less that the otter had played with, but it was his boyfriend's so it was just the perfect size, long enough to not quite fit his paw and thick enough he walked funny after a good buggering. He closed his webbed paw over it and gave it a little squeeze. It was good and stiff already, the plump tip poking up from the ring of his thumb and fore finger. He gently let his palm ride up and down the underside.

"We'll order pizza in a bit," the otter chuckled and lifted himself off the hyena's shoulder so he could go down to kiss the fat cock.

"Too good to me," Melvin whimpered and spread his legs a little wider to let Warren prop one elbow on his thigh. Another kiss, a little nuzzle with his whiskers, then the hyena let out a deep relieved sigh as the wet warmth of the otter's mouth closed over his cock and stroked up and down a few times. When Warren pulled off the hyena's cock was good and wet, letting him stroke his closed paw over it in a gentle, smooth motion.

"Oh man," Melvin let another little moan and rolled his hips.

"Ah ah, you just lay there." Another kiss to the tip. The lithe little otter hopped from the couch until he was set between the hyena's legs and smiling up at him. The tired yena smiled bashfully then groaned again when that tongue flicked across his cock. Warren suckled over the tip with his tongue twirling over the smooth, blunt head while his fingers worked to undo the simple black belt and the button on the slacks. The pants came undone and opened up. A little tug and roll of Melvin's hips drew them down, leaving his groin exposed.

"Does your office know you don't wear underwear?" Warren asked and rubbed his cheek up against the side of the rigid shaft. Melvin stared, mouth open a little, trying not to sit and just moan dumbly but so tired and so turned on watching the otter work. He shook his head, tongue trying to wet his lips.

"N-naw. I mean, I don't think soooooo..." he trailed off into another low moan as his dick disappeared between Warren's lips and pressed toward the otter's throat. "Fuck hon."

#3 Rub It

I settled the little table next to my desk chair and set my camera on it. The house was quiet so it seemed the perfect opportunity. I undid the button and zipper on my shorts, peeling them down along with my underwear. My tail flicked, a little excited, even if it wasn't anything that special beside having the camera for it. I settled my bare bottom into my chair and turned toward the camera.

A quick snap and I pulled it up, double checking the angle was okay. My soft nub and the bottom of my belly looked back at me. Not much I could do to tweak it anyway, but it was acceptable. I hoped, anyway. I set it back down and turned to my computer. A few clicks brought me to the folder I saved everything Master sent me. The folder was full of cock shots, spanning over several years at that point, a few videos and a couple butt shots. Hard, soft, peeking out from jeans, red and angry post stroke, I had shots of the tiger's big cock a dozen different ways, it was something I couldn't really get tired of.

I pulled up the new video. I had already watched it a few times by then, but it was still a thrill seeing that fat cock in action. It started in mid stroke, his paw sliding up and down, standing nearly in profile to let you see it jut out from his crotch, hard and proud. It wasn't a very long vid, just over twenty seconds, the big tiger pausing in the middle to wobble the hard knob at the base to let you see how firm it was before he continued stroking it back and forth. It was gorgeous. One of the best he'd sent me yet.

I let it loop and pulled the jar of coconut oil up from under my desk. It sloshed around as I

settled it on my desktop. The stuff was pretty weird, very temperature sensitive because at cooler temperatures it turned solid, like butter, but get it warm enough and it was silky and wet. I'd picked it up for just a few bucks at a local store, I'd heard about it for a while and decided to try it. It was very, very nice and incredibly slick. Even when it was cool and solid, all you had to do was scoop a little out with your fingers and let the heat of your palm melt it. A little bit went a long way without any real need to reapply unless you wanted it to be even slicker.

I unscrewed the cap and dipped a couple fingers into the slick stuff. It coated easily, so I pulled out, wiping the excess off on the jar lid before drizzling it over my dick, then rubbing it in. I paused to screw the lid back on, knowing my luck I'd bump something the wrong way and spill it all over, which would be just hell to clean.

Once my dick was sufficiently slick I gave it a little squeeze, getting more of the oil onto my palm. I settled back in my chair, spreading my legs a little wider, and glanced at the screen. Stroke, stroke, stroke. Seeing that gorgeous cock rubbed back and forth, wanting to put my lips to it, wanting to be under it, wanting to see it spew a sticky load.

I leaned over and clicked the button on my camera, the little red light flicking on to tell me it was recording. I rested my free paw against the soft padding of my lap and started to squeeze and stroke myself. With the video on loop, it didn't take long to get stiff. I stroked and rubbed over myself, making sure every inch was slick with the smooth oil. I'd done it hundreds of times by now, just about once a day if not more, and it always felt so good. I kept my fingers curled around it so I could keep a nice grip on it, the blunt head poking out the ring of my fingers, as I pumped up and down, letting it grind through my palm and fingers over and over.

I watched the video as I stroked, timing myself a bit with the tiger rubbing off, fantasizing about the fat cock as I often did, so thick and full, so stiff, it really did put mine to shame. I like mine well enough, but there's simply no denying I'm fairly small, I could make it disappear into my paw pretty easily. It wasn't hard to find someone bigger than me, but it always took the right kind of guy that liked having that fact appreciated. As much as people make about dick size, a lot of guys don't really care as long as they're big enough. It was always a treat finding someone that loved hearing his size complimented, even liked teasing me about mine.

I huffed a little, pressing my free paw into the padding of my groin and holding against the base, it made it a little easier to pull and stroke if it was in one spot. When I get hard, I usually get rock hard. It's sort of a byproduct of being stubby. Which could be a blessing and a curse, a lot of guys with softer or looser feels to their cocks could stroke really differently and they always tried it on mine, not super comfortable. I needed to be milked, something smooth, something to grind up against. Really simulating penetrating a hole, to look at it one way.

I slowed up, uncurling some of my fingers so I could alternate my stroke a bit. The only problem with the coconut oil was that, being so slick, it was really really easy to pop too fast. Not that the orgasms felt bad, mind you, but it was always more satisfying to get some build up worked up. Go too quick and I could cum but it'd be a little unsatisfying. I gave my balls a squeeze and worked just the shaft with my thumb and forefinger, sliding up to the tip without touching it, then sliding back down. I couldn't make the video too long, the file size would be kind of annoying to transfer easily. I rolled my hips a little and took a firm grasp again, watching the tiger stroke his fat cock again. Such a hot sight. I daydreamed sometime seeing it in action, thinking of how many holes it had plugged in its time, I liked to think dozens served by its magnificence but the real number wasn't that important. I pumped and pumped, working a little faster. I rocked in my seat and pressed my free paw down, holding my dick in place as I stroked a little faster, feeling that wave of pleasure rise up.

I hoped it was a good enough angle to catch. I leaned forward and let out a little breathy moan, pumping as my cock spasmed in my grip, swelling a little bigger, a little angrier looking, before I spurted onto the towel waiting below. One, two, three strings of creamy pearly goo erupted out, my dick jumping a few more times until I slowed my stroke, giving a couple more throbs as I held it, the

afterglow tickling at the back of my mind. I gave a few little strokes, then gripping the base of my dick and gave a couple more firm squeezes, drawing from the bottom up to the tip and squeezing out a few more pearls of cum, drops that would have just leaked out when I got soft otherwise. They oozed out onto my paw so I took it off my cock and reached up to lick the sticky cream away, leaning over with my free paw to click the camera off. I'd have to review the vid to make sure it looked okay before transferring it over, which mostly just meant popping the smart card out and sticking it in a USB reader I had on my shelf. Then a little conversion and I could send it along to Master. I hoped he liked it. It was the least I could do to repay for the wonderful stroke material he gave.

#4 Domestic

He was doing the dishes. I probably should have left him to finish them, they weren't exactly piled up but with the dishwasher broken they weren't getting done otherwise and he hated having anything like that left to do. But I couldn't really help myself, either.

He just had that butt. Big, round, plump. And he was just wearing an apron to keep himself from getting wet as he worked, scrubbing the few plates and rinsing them down. With the summer heat he was usually going around the apartment naked, so you can understand when I walked into the kitchen I was just dumbstruck by my boyfriend's lovely bare ass. Not that the rest of him was bad, that soft brown fur, his long pink tail hanging over his broad butt, his back I liked to rub and massage from time to time.

He kept his head down and just worked away, always so methodic and precise whatever he had set his mind to. It also meant he had a habit of tuning everything else because he was just focused on the task at hand. He didn't notice me right up until I sidled up beside him and one of my paws went down and grabbed a pawful of butt. he gave a little squeak, his whiskers twitching, but he kept scrubbing.

"Hi," he said, like I could just hear the bit of blush warming his cheeks and ears now.

"Hey beautiful," I said as my paw started to rub and knead the furry ass cheek. His tail tapped against my arm but he otherwise kept working.

"Almost done," he murmured then shifted his stance to press his belly against the counter and press his ass out a bit.

"I'm not," I said and leaned in to nuzzle at his ear. It was warm to the touch. His scent tickled at my nose while I rubbed my muzzle against his soft pink ear.

"Paul..." he let the complaint die on his lips as much muzzle dipped down to rub along his neck. I stepped up closer against him to let my paws wander along his sides. I gave his lovehandles a little squeeze.

"You know what this butt does to me," I tease, cupping both cheeks in my palms and kneading them around in my fingers. There was a gentle clink as he set the plate he was working on down, then peeled his gloves off.

"Handsy raccoon.." he murmured, swaying his hips a little before he leaned back against me.

"You were the one that agreed to move in. You knew what you were getting into. Especially being naked around me so often." I slid my paws down his crack, spreading the cheeks wide as I squeezed them. He rolled his hips a little, rocking back into my grip, biting his lip a little as his whiskers twitched. My own bottlebrush tail wiggled. It was so easy to get him excited like this. I loved it.

He turned around slowly, the apron coming down as he undid it, and looked me eye to eye. The apron slid down but hung off something just below his belly. My smile couldn't have been bigger. He leaned in, his paws running along my arms, and pulled me into a gentle kiss. We pressed belly to belly, his cock digging in against my hip. I was still in my t-shirt and shorts, but where our bare bodies touched it felt so nice. My paws slid over his gut and stroked round and round in small circles.

"Okay, if I let you suck me off," he offered when we finally broke the kiss "Can I finish the dishes?"

I didn't answer. Well, I did, but it was by kneeling down and yanking the apron off. I let it fall to the floor while I pressed my head against his overhanging belly and kissed the big tip of his cock. He started to rub at my head with one hand and leaned back against the counter, spreading his legs apart. I could hear his breathing as he watched, just my head and ears, my snout pressed under his belly, kissing, licking his thick cock. One of my paws cupped under his balls to cradle and roll them around, the other paw resting on his hip.

"F-fuck.." he gasped when I pushed in further, his belly pressing to my forehead as I slid his dick into my mouth and suckled it down to the root. It was fat and warm and if I tried to suck on it too long it made my jaw ache, but I know he loved getting sucked on. I bobbed a few times, using his nuts as a handle, letting nose tap into his padded groin a few times. His one paw became two on my head, his fingers stroking over it, rubbing up my ears. He liked to trace my 'mask' of fur with his thumbs. I kept my eyes closed and sucked up and down his fat cock, happy to taste him, happy to make him tremble and shudder.

"Ah, ah, fuck," he bucked, one leg twitching as he thrust forward, his paws cradling my muzzle in his paws. His cock swelled and jumped, then again and this time it spurt a hot gush against the back of my throat. My paws held at his hips so I could push myself into him, swallowing him to the root, his nuts pressed flush to my chin, and let him cum down my throat. His body trembled, orgasm washing over him while I drank greedily from his cock. He stopped spurting and his tail tapped the cabinets under the sink, his elbows hitting the counter as he leaned back against it for support. I pulled away from him with a wet slurp and a smack of my lips, my paws idly stroking up and down his thighs.

"Okay, you can finish the dishes," I smiled, my ringed tail wiggling happily back and forth. He panted, yellow eyes looking down on me, but he smiled a little, then shifted away from the counter.

"Think I.. need to sit down," he said, pulling himself into one of the kitchen chairs. "Just a.. moment, y'know."

I chuckled and followed him, still down on my knees, one paw sliding up his belly while I nuzzled at his side. He lifted his arm over me, then idly rubbed at my ear.

Finally I stood up and gave his cheek a kiss, then stepped over to the sink and pulled on the rubber gloves.

"I can do that," he said, though didn't get up.

"I know you can. But I'm finishing it. Though I won't look as good doing it as you," I gave him a little wink and a flick of my tail, still dressed of course.

"Thanks hon."

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

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I also maintain accounts on Twitter and Tumblr where I post and advertise a few odds and ends

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