

Snippets (Number whatever)
By Tredain

#1 – Kinky stuff

The hood slid over him in a snug fit. He bent his head forward and listened to the soft 'click' of the lock securing the hood to his collar. With it, he stopped being Phillip, the junior accountant for Mordheimer Legal Services, and was simply Slave Six. He went forward onto all fours, his paws covered in thick leather mittens, and bowed before Master. The hood was zipped up completely to hide his features, blocking out everything but sound and smell, but he knew Master always stood before him once he was suited up.

A hand descended and rubbed his head slowly, working up his rubber coated ears. The membrane was thin to permit him to hear but stiff enough to keep his ears up.

"Good dog," his Master praised him, though he knew he was truly a wolf. Well, that wasn't true. Phillip knew he was a wolf; proud, good looking, a devil with the ladies. Slave Six, however, was a good, obedient pup. He wiggled his hips to 'wag' the fake tail plugged between his cheeks. His real tail was likewise bound up his back and fixed to his collar, locking him into the suit like the hood.

Light spilled in as Master unzipped the eye holes and detached the covers, letting him see. He wagged happily and took in Master's body once more.

#2 Shower

He stepped out of the shower and into the doorway, smiling down at me as the water ran off his body and onto the small fuzzy floor mat below. Sopping wet, his muscles stood out even more with his fur plastered against them. I couldn't help but get half hard just looking at him, but really that happened any time he stepped into a room now. He was gorgeous, he was sexy, he was confident, and I was his. One arm rose up and beckoned me with a finger before setting both hands to his hips, elbows out, and spread his legs apart.

I slipped off the bed, my head down (though honestly the better to check out his package) and brought the towel up. I glanced up at him, standing a head and a half taller than me, and smiled coyly. His muzzle split in a grin and one wet paw came up to scrub my hair.

"Get to it, fox," he gave in a low, playful growl and extended the arm out for me. I brought the towel and up started at his fingers, gently scrubbing his paw with the soft terrycloth and working down his arm. A simple twist of his wrist and squeeze and his bicep bulged up beneath my fingers and finished the job of getting me hard. I scrubbed over the thick muscle happily and worked up along his broad shoulder and around his neck. He grinned as I crossed in front of him, lupine muzzle leaning in to bump noses playfully, getting a little chuckle out of me before both of his big arms wrapped around me and caught me in a big hug.

"Getting some guns yourself," he growled, grinding chest to chest, squeezing me and lifting me up against him. I blushed and moaned a little. It was true though. The three day a week work out regime was starting to show progress. It was still flattering.

"Yes Sir. Just for you," I managed, knowing full well he could feel my rock hard dick pressing up against his thigh. My face was bright red. He let out a little chuckle and dropped me down again, just raising his other arm up to let me continue drying him. I was starting to lose my paunch and firm up all over. It felt kind of nice. I worked to the ends of his fingers before pressing the towel to his broad front to stroke against his pecs. He always liked when I got to that, he would flex himself up to make them rock solid. I switched to scrubbing with both paws, working the tail up his front and down his abs before going from one side to the next. Both arms went up and flexed so I could get under them.

He turned round when I finished allowing me to get his back. His tail flicked back and forth slowly as I worked the towel into his fur, occasionally tapping up between my legs to tickle my crotch. He always made me achingly hard. I was even allowed to work over his butt, scrubbing over the firm cheeks slowly, taking my time to get all the water off and feel how solid they were. I'd lost count by then how many times I'd had my muzzle between those grey furry mounds.

I settled my knees onto the fuzzy mat beneath us and began scrubbing over his legs. They spread apart and I took little time to go from hip to toe down one, then the other. He paused and leaned to one side, lifting one leg up to let me rub the bottom of his paw dry, shifting to the other and the whole time I can't help but watch his butt and his dick and balls as they come into view.

He turns around and presents himself to me, half hard. His dick hangs over his heavy balls, trying to rise and growing with every beat of his heart. I bring the towel up, cradling his balls, and rub slowly and methodically. First the orbs, then up the sides of his prick.

"Good boy, that's enough." The paw came down again and brushed my hair, rubbing up one ear slowly.

"Thank you Sir," I said and stood up, erection at full mast now. He moved aside to let me pass and I dutifully stuffed the damp towel into the hamper. As I stepped back into the bedroom he was already lubing up my butt plug for the morning. He smiled up at me as he finished, the black rubber of the cone shining wetly in the light, and patted the bed beside me. Obediently, I walked to the bed and bent over it, hiking my tail up.

SWAT! His hand struck out and gave my butt a light slap. Not enough to hurt but certainly enough to feel. I moaned and spread my legs further, arching my back to press my butt out. His paw came down again and squeezed my cheeks before his fingers dug into my crack and stroked up and down the warm valley. I shivered happily and clutched at the sheets.

"Any plans today?" he asks. He pulls his paw away, only for a finger to return a moment later to rub lube into me. I whine a little bit as the digit slips inside and starts to slick me up.

"N-no, Sir, I'm free for the weekend," I answer and let out a little moan as the plug presses against my hole. He's slow, gentle, but persistent, pushing in until he feels resistance, pulling back only half an inch then easing it forward again with the palm of his hand. It's not very big, his dick is bigger when it's completely hard, but he likes to keep me prepped around the house so he can have me any time. It pops inside me and his paw goes lower, slipping between my legs to cup my balls. I arch my back higher and I can't help but groan a little louder. He palms my orbs in his broad paw and rolls them around in his palm, stroking his fingers over my sac.

"I was going to hit the beach this morning I think. Take a peek at some of the lifters, maybe put 'em to shame. Would you care to join me?" It's not even a choice, really. I could, and have before, declined his offer, but I'd never turned down one of Master's offers to watch him show off if I could help it. Before I can even get the 'Yes Sir' out he had already set my speedo onto the bed beside me as he squeezed into his own. It was a bright sky blue and matched his eyes, though mine were drawn down to that hefty bulge. He knew it's where I'd stare so he stroked a paw over it, cupping it and wiggling it. He was still half hard but even soft he could fill them with little difficulty.

I squeezed into mine, still a little tight but it was fitting better now than when he'd first given it to me. It matched his in color if not in size and contrasted sharply against the fiery orange of my fur. He smiled at me again, our chests almost touching, as he brought up my collar. I wasn't required to wear it in public but I know he liked it when I did. I was still a little squeamish about it. I answered his silent question with a simple nod and lifted my chin up to expose myself. The slim leather band slipped around my neck and his cinched it delicately, flicking the tag that read "Pet."

"Good boy," he growled in my ear, reaching a paw down to cup the tent I still had. He squeezed and kneaded over it, making me whimper. "If you're so good at the beach you'll get a reward."

"Y-yes Sir," I moaned.

#3 Hypnosis

"Gimme your money," the bear growled, his tone low and menacing. Fat hairy fingers gripped the hilt of the dagger at his belt and his eyes bore down into the slim pink fox before him.

"Hm? Me?" the fox asked innocently. His bushy tail flicked lightly back and forth as he looked about as if he were unsure. The open road and woods beyond, however, were bare. The bandit growled and pulled the blade free, stepping closer.

"Oh, me. How bout a trade then?" he turned and gave the bear his full attention, smiling and still swishing his tail slowly. The bear gave a low growl and raised the blade up, his other paw reaching palm out. The fox considered it a moment. "No trade eh? Fine. My watch?"

Pulling it from the pouch at his side the little fox dangled the golden fob watch from between two fingers.

"Watch what? Gimme the gold," he growled and snatched at it. The fox, however, bounced just slightly out of reach, still smiling coyly.

"Watch? You know, clock?" he pressed the button to pop it open, displaying the clock face. The bear, however, furrowed his brow before growling "Are you a wizard?"

This made the fox pause. His placid smile broke into a look of consternation.

"Oh hell what time did I wind up in? I was shooting for Victorian. You look.. oh well, I overshot. Fine then," he closed his paws over the watch and when he pulled them apart the watch had become a coin, the chain running through a hole in the middle. He smiled and swung it lazily.

"GIVE ME YOUR GOLD!" the bear roared and lunged forward with his dagger. Again and again he stabbed out but every time the pink fox bobbed and danced away, never turning back toward the road.

"I will I will. Just look at it!" he tried to dangle the coin but the constant jumping and ducking kept it bouncing rapidly in the air. The bandit snarled, trying to snatch at it again and again, always just a hair's breadth too short. After a long moment it was the fox that let out an exasperated growl and snapped his fingers. The bear stopped, frozen in mid lunge and suspended in the air. The pink fox gave a sigh.

"I do hate when I have to cheat, you know, I'd hoped this would be a little more fun. My fault," he told the bear, the bandit's eyes following him still. The shaggy brown brow furrowed angrily. "Just relax big boy and watch the coin."

The little fox dangled it again and began to swing it slowly back and forth, letting the bear's eyes follow it before picking up speed a little.

"Tick tock goes the... oh, right. Um, see the pretty coin of gold, and soon you will do as you are told," he said and began to repeat it softly with every swing of the coin. A soft snap of his fingers and the hulking bruin unfroze, standing dumbly with his hands at his sides, his eyes following the shining coin.

"There we go, much better," the fox chuckled to himself as he continued to swing it. Soon the bear's head started to sway in time with the coin.

"Now watch the pretty coin of gold and you will do as you are told. Take your clothes off," he intoned. He swung the coin slower and slower until it came to a stop. As it did the bandit nodded quietly, his eyes vacant and staring only at the shining golden coin. First came the ratty vest, then the tattered shirt that had likely been white once, and last came the rough scratchy looking pants that looked as if they'd been made from a potato sack. Each piece dropped to the well trodden road until the big bear stood naked before the fox.

"Hm, not bad. Burly," he said as he examined the bear's body, prodding a finger gently into the broad gut. "Very burly," he muttered as his paw dipped down to cup the bear's ample groin. His heavy balls hung low with a fat sheath to match. With a dreamy look on his muzzle the bear grunted and smiled at the gentle touch.

"I suppose you'll do. You must have friends. Yes?" the blank bear gave a slow nod. "Good. We'll get you washed up and go surprise them. Nearest river is...?" the bruin's arm rose, pointing east. "Good boy, let's go."

He snapped his fingers and spun on his heel, walking in the direction the bear had pointed. Slowly the bandit began to lumber after, leaving his clothes and dagger in a pile on the road.

#4 Hypnotic Alien Artifact Superheroes

The crater was still smoking as he landed. The Amazing Mister Renard's boots crunched into a patch of sand, his cape flapping lightly in the gentle breeze. There was nothing out here but dirt and scrub brush for miles and miles around. Good, he considered, since nothing had been damaged. He probably could have left it alone, but since it was a meteor that had granted his powers he felt the need to investigate. A little climbing had him at the lip of the crater; it was wide but fairly shallow and the smoke was already clearing. He glanced back at the moonlit landscape. Authorities, if they came, would be hours away here in the middle of nowhere.

But inside the cloud something green was glowing. The fox's eyes narrowed. The stone that had granted him his powers had glowed too, though blue instead.

"Good thing I came," he muttered to himself, pulling his cape up to cover his mouth and press on toward the meteorite. The glow grew brighter and brighter as he drew closer. And bigger. Was it.. taking shape? It was! The glow brightened and grew tall, taking on a humanoid shape. As he stepped closer the smoke finally blew away, revealing the fallen space rock and a tall, muscular lion. Aside from a green gem around his neck the cat stood completely naked.

"Who..?" the fox began when the cat stared him in the eyes.

"Male. Canis Vulpis. Enhanced. Covered in synthetic elastic fiber," came a voice from the gem. The cat stared him down, giving only a brief nod.

"Inferior," he growled, his voice carrying a heavy echoing quality. No, Renard realized, he was hearing it twice. Once in his ears and again in his "KNEEL". Renard gasped and clutched at his head as the command screamed inside his head. He looked up to find the cat towering over him, suddenly realizing he was on his knees.

"How did you..(SILENCE!)" Renard cried out as the word rang in his head, muzzle snapping shut as ordered. He whimpered softly.

"You will speak when commanded. I am Overlord. You may call me Master, however," the cat purred, a low, deep rumble, the words in his head softer but insistent, 'Master' repeating over and over. Renard nodded slowly. His body trembled. He had no defense against this creature.

"Analysis complete," the gem chimed again. "Code name Amazing Mister Renard. Powers of flight, strength, increased vitality. No threat."

The last words echoed in his head, but not because of the lion's powers. No threat. He whimpered quietly as the naked lion stepped off the smoldering hunk of rock and toward him, 'Master' still whispering in his head over and over.

"Ridiculous," Overlord let out a little chuckle. His thick arms crossed over his chest, his long tufted tail flicking back and forth in amusement. He stood before the fox, his groin level with Renard's head, and stared down at the captive hero. One paw came down to pinch at the spandex suit he wore, pulling at the material. A sharp claw poked through the material before one violent slash tore his suit from shoulder to hip, the lion making no more sound than an arrogant sniff. Renard held still as the lion yanked the torn cloth off of him, stripping him like he were a gift dressed in paper.

"Better. If your overlord does not need clothes, his slave certainly doesn't," the cat chuckled, looking down at the stripped fox, the scraps of his suit strewn about.

"Y-yes, Master," came the words out of his mouth. A small part of him snarled. It wanted to stand up. It wanted to punch this pervy monster in the dick and smash that stupid gem. That small part, however, had no control. The words in his head came over and over.

Master.

Slave.

Obey.

Love.

Pleasure.

Master.

Love.

Master.

Slave.

Obey.

Love Master.

Pleasure Master.

Obey, Slave.

Renard's head swam as the lion stared into him. He whimpered softly. What was wrong? He was hard. Hard as a rock. And so was Master. He stared at the lion's growing phallus and his mouth watered. Yes, he wasn't pleasing Master. That made sense. Overlord stood with his arms akimbo and his legs spread and smiled widely as the naked fox went forward and planted a kiss on his cock.

"There we go. Just what a fox is for," he rumbled in a low growl, one paw reaching down to stroke the former hero's ear and over his head. He purred deeply as the fox's mouth slid over his member and began to hungrily suckle up and down him.

"You should be honored," he purred down as the fox sucked him off "You shall be the first of my harem on this planet."

The fox moaned around the cat's stiff rod and pulled off. He kissed the plump tip and rubbed his face across it. He looked up at the big cat with adoration in his eyes.

"Yes Master. It is an honor to serve such a Prime Male. Thank you," he said, even as that small part in the back of his head protested. But all it could do was watch as his body nuzzled the cat's big balls and slid back down the villain's stiff erection. A cruel smile crept up the cat's muzzle.

"To honor you then, you shall be Zero from now on. No more a hero. Just my horny toy," he chuckled a little and traced a claw over the fox's whiskers. Zero nodded eagerly and continued to suck and bob, moaning happily.

"Good boy," he purred. His hips bucked, thrusting himself into the warm, eager mouth. A low growl rose in his throat as he fucked the fox's muzzle, pumping faster. Both big paws gripped the hero's head as he thrust into the long, narrow snout, his heavy balls tapping the vulpine's chin.

"Mwaha," he started, hips bucking "MwahaAHAHAHAHAHA."

The villain cackled as his cock buried into the fox's muzzle and jumped. The cat's heavy nuts pulled up as they unloaded into the hypnotized hero. Zero, for his part, took it happily, sucking the seed down greedily even as the villain laughed maniacally.

Overlord pulled himself free and grinned down as the fox moaned and whimpered, desperately wanting to serve more.

"Up, slave. We have work to do," the cat grinned and stepped past the hero. Zero watched a moment, staring at the lion's sculpted cheeks, before he climbed to his feet and followed behind, his dick bobbing in the air.

"Yes Master."