

the Wolf



ANNIVERSARY SURPRISES

Furry BDSM & Vore Erotica

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Anniversary Surprises

by the Wolf

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Andrew pulled his oversized SUV into the driveway of the house and killed the engine. The large polar bear took a moment just sitting there in his work clothes to think about the evening to come and hoping they could make it a good one. He could hardly believe that he and Sheila had been together for five years at this point. Dating for half of it, finally moving in together for the last couple years. He and the vixen had been so happy for a while, but lately there just seemed to be more and more arguments.

Andrew wanted to make this work, didn't want to have his life be what he watched happen with his parents. In the last few months, he'd seriously been trying to open himself up to Sheila more and reveal some of the things he'd always found embarrassing. That had been one of her constant complaints, that he seemed to love her but wouldn't trust her enough to commit to just telling her everything. It usually helped from what he saw, and he hoped the surprise he had in his briefcase would help out tonight once he revealed it after a nice dinner. A few sultry texts during work had indicated that Sheila had a surprise of her own waiting for him.

Putting on his good mood and pushing aside the fights that *could* happen, Andrew focused on the hot night that *would* happen once they both got into the bedroom. He was already loosening up his tie when he keyed into the door, entered, and locked it behind him. The bear shuffled off his shoes and kicked them under the little rack by the door. Looking to the living room and where he could see the dining room, he didn't see his vixen anywhere. He set his briefcase in its usual spot on the table beside the door and called out to the house.

"Sheila? I'm home. Where are you?"

"Come back to the bedroom, sweetie," said her musical voice. "I'm waiting."

At the last couple words, she'd put a slightly commanding tone into her voice. Andrew shivered a little and hoped she was just being playful. He had stayed a few minutes late at the office to wrap up some final tasks before rushing home. The last thing the polar bear needed was to start off with a fight about his timing. Still, if she was waiting in the bedroom, it must not be too bad.

He went to the dining room and took a right down the hall to their bedroom at the end. The door was closed, and Andrew wondered for a moment what he was going to find. As he pushed it open, his heart skipped a beat. Maybe a few beats. Standing next to their king-sized bed, Sheila was dressed in a leather corset that put her figure and cleavage fully on display. Stockings and garter covered her legs, hooked to a lace belt that left her crotch completely open, the room already smelling like arousal. The vixen was tapping a riding crop in her

paw, wearing a seductive smirk.

That would have been enough to get Andrew's motor running, but the *piece de resistance* was reclining casually on the bed. A full-figured dragoness was staring right at Andrew through glasses perched on her muzzle, her purple scales shining in the light. He could just make out the lighter shade of lavender that covered the underside of her muzzle and dipped down into the white blouse she wore, open just enough to contain her sizeable cleavage but give a good nice view of the cleft there. The plaid skirt that covered her thighs almost to the knee did not give her the effect of the classic school-girl, but more that of a stern librarian. As she slipped off the bed with the grace of a dancer, Andrew could see that her plump frame stood almost half a meter taller than his. The polar bear was all aquiver and couldn't seem to force any words out of his mouth.

Standing, the dragoness smiled and looked over to the vixen. "You weren't lying. He is kind of adorable."

"Isn't he, though?" Sheila said with a cocky, superior air. "Andrew, I'd like you to meet Janine. She's going to be helping me with you tonight."

Janine stalked forward, staring down at the polar bear, and slowly traced a claw across Andrew's muzzle. "Sheila tells me that while you look like a big, strong man, you're really just a soft little subby teddy bear. Is that true?" she said in a husky voice that demanded respect.

It was completely true. One of the confessions he'd finally made to Sheila several months ago was about his massive submissive side, his desire to be used, abused, even objectified. It had always been an embarrassment because of his size and race and had been hard to tell her at first. The vixen had no problem playing the part, and they had some fun games, but her being so much shorter than him had always made it somehow awkward. It had been that way before when he would try to go to clubs and make it clear that he was a sub, but smaller people always saw a buff, broad-shouldered bear.

The dragoness, however, towered above him, making him weak in the knees. And clearly, she knew the power she held, to the point that he could only give a small nod in answer to her question.

"Good," the purple dragoness said with a wicked smile. "Then tonight, I'm going to put you in your place. Let's get one thing clear first of all. You will address me as ma'am or Mistress. My name is only for your girlfriend's lips. Is that understood, boy?"

Andrew shuddered and actually felt himself diminishing before her. "Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Now strip."

"And make it snappy," Sheila chimed in, slapping her crop against the

bed. "Or you'll be punished."

As anniversary gifts went, this one topped the charts, and Andrew tugged furiously at his work clothes, already half hard from the look of them and their talk alone. He stripped the tie up off his head, making his collar flip up awkwardly, and tossed it aside. The impatient glare from the dragoness looming over him made him fumble excitedly with the buttons on his shirt, and he could hear Sheila tapping the leather against her paw as if she were itching for a chance to use it on him. It all sparked deeper arousal, throbbing in his pants as he struggled to slide the sleeves from his arms.

There was a whistle through the air as the crop suddenly whipped across his shoulder just as his shirt fell. "Faster, boy," Sheila said sternly. "Get those pants off."

It wasn't nearly as hard as he knew Sheila could swing when she wanted to, but the light, lingering sting still made him whimper and pushed him deeper into the rising sub space. While Janine gave a deliciously sadistic little chuckle, the polar bear worked at his belt, desperately trying to loosen it. The buckle gave way, and Andrew opened his fly and shuffled his pants and underwear down his legs as fast as he could. As he stepped out of them, heat rose to his cheeks as he realized he'd exposed his full, throbbing erection without permission. The big polar bear tucked his shoulders in and looked from his mistress to his girlfriend for approval as he moved to cover up.

A wicked smile on her face, Janine reached out and traced a claw slowly through the fur of his chest. "Oh, he is so cute!" The claw teased its way up under Andrew's chin, lifting his head to meet her gaze. The dragoness's eyes bored into his, her raw power washing over him. "But of course, our boy did stumble getting undressed. And he exposed himself before properly being told to."

"I-I'm sorry, Mistress..."

Disregarding him for a moment, claw still firmly holding Andrew's muzzle, the dragoness looked around to where Sheila still stood. "I think the boy needs a proper spanking. Would you agree?"

"Definitely. He's been very naughty already. But before we do that, he should be properly restrained." The vixen twirled a pair of handcuffs on one finger as Andrew looked back at the jangling sound. "He has a terrible habit of touching himself before he's told he can cum."

"Yes," Janine said with a nod, "you did mention that." She turned her attention back to Andrew, glaring over her glasses at the polar bear. "Hands behind your back, boy. Now."

It was like he wasn't even in the room, just a plaything or a curiosity that

had to be controlled so it could be properly used. The polar bear had dreamed so often about that feeling before but never truly experienced it. Now, as he dutifully moved his paws behind his back, still throbbing, exposed, and vulnerable, he sank deeper into that incredible sensation of belonging to someone else for their use. Cold metal wrapped around his wrists and clicked into place, holding him tight and further reminding him that he only existed to grant the two ladies' requests. And he loved every incredible second of it.

Sheila ran her paws over his back while Janine slipped her claws down to his shoulder, placing just enough pressure to remind him that he was no longer his own person. The dragoness dragged him toward the foot of the bed where she sat down, keeping a hold on him and forcing him to crouch just a little lower. The vixen was already moving to the small cabinet they'd set up in the room to keep a few extra toys. Andrew tried to look over and see what she was doing, when his mistress roughly grabbed his face and turned it back to her snout.

"That's none of your business, boy," Janine said firmly. "You just bend yourself over my knee and prepare for your punishment. Is that understood?"

In the face of the stern tone and the glare over her glasses, the polar bear could only tremble and nod. He slipped himself up into her lap, held there easily with his paws off the ground, feeling more helpless than he'd ever felt before. His erection rubbed torturously against the soft, purple scales of Mistress's leg, though she showed no notice of it. It all made him whimper and bite his lip while Sheila and the dragoness discussed matters above him like he wasn't even there.

"Hmm, which of these do you think will work, Janine?"

"I say we use the studded leather. It might really remind the boy of his place. If we want to get any use out of him, we can't stop every five seconds to discipline him again."

"I agree. And this one has a little more power to the impact."

Andrew squirmed as he was held tight by his new mistress, handcuffed and spread over her lap.

"Here, I'll hold him while you do the honors," the dragoness almost purred.

The grip on the polar bear tightened as he heard Sheila's typical mischievous giggle. Another moment later, there was a good solid *whack* sound as the studded leather paddle impacted with a harsh sting on his bared rump. A tremor shot through Andrew's body as the pain radiated from his exposed backside all through his lower body. His erection jumped and the sting seemed to dull just before another hit made him tense and moan again.

As hits continued to come, the polar bear could picture his rump

reddening behind his white fur, tears streaming unbidden down his face while his arousal grew. With each smack, Mistress gave a joyous, lusty moan, and Sheila giggled ferociously as the spanking continued. He could feel some ridge on the dragoness's leg that he hadn't noticed before digging up against his hip from under her skirt. It was hard to define, the sensation only noticeable between the sharp stings of the paddle. Trembling on her lap, the pain and pleasure fighting a battle for his body, Andrew noticed for a few moments that the direct swats had actually stopped and Sheila's fur was brushing against his. He could hear both vixen and dragon moaning and tried to crane his head to see just what was happening.

As the polar bear managed to turn his neck and eyes just enough, he gasped at the sight that further enflamed his already tormented body. Sheila's muzzle had met Mistress's larger one, and they were engrossed in a passionate kiss. The buttons on the dragoness's top had already been undone, and the vixen's paw was eagerly gripping and massaging one large breast while their tongues wrestled. He could just barely make out as two fingers tweaked a nipple, while the thick draconic claws still held him tight. Mistress's glasses had been set aside somewhere and her eyes were closed in clear rapture while Sheila leaned into them both. He'd never even imagined his vixen held that kind of desire, but it was now clear as day. Beyond that, as the two females kissed and moaned, Andrew felt that ridge under Mistress's skirt pushing harder against his side, growing in time with their lust. His eyes widened as he realized just what was actually happening.

Through the haze of it all, the polar bear tried to find his voice as the bump dug even harder into his hip. "Uh ... h-honey...?"

The kiss broke slowly, Sheila stroking her paw gently along the dragoness's long muzzle. "Hmm, I think our boy might be noticing one of the things that makes you so special."

"Well, all of this is getting me a little excited," Janine returned with a giggle, barely acknowledging the polar bear. "Maybe we should let him see."

"Oh, I think so. Stand him up, and let's show him."

Andrew could only sputter as the powerful claws pushed him back up and Sheila took easy control of him by gripping the chain of his handcuffs. His ass still felt raw where something brushed against it as the mistress reclined before him. The dragoness grinned wide at him while she moved her claws down to her skirt. Lifting up the material, she displayed herself fully before him, rolling it above her own hard erection.

The polar bear gasped as everything was confirmed in graphic detail. Jutting up from a glistening, otherwise female sex was a large pink phallus that

made Andrew feel small. The dragoness grinned and ran her tongue around her muzzle while one of her scaled hands slowly stroked up and down the slick shaft. She sighed, eyes looking up at Andrew as her breasts were half exposed.

“Mmm, yes. Your mistress has a little something extra. And I think you should suck it, boy.”

Andrew stuttered and stammered as he tried to form words. This was too much. He couldn't have Sheila think that his mouth was already watering from that command. “H-Honey, I didn't ... this isn't—*yow!*”

A vicious swat to his already tender backside silenced him.

“I thought you learned your lesson about being slow and talking back, boy!” Sheila reprimanded. “And good boys don't lie either. I set this up by looking through that porn you try to keep hidden on your computer.” Her paw tugged down a little roughly on his handcuffs while the other reached up to stroke his cheek from behind. “So I know this makes your mistress perfect for both of us. Now ... suck your mistress's dick, and don't make us tell you again!”

“Y-Yes, ma'am. Ma'ams.”

Sighing and feeling the sting of utter humiliation join all the other little punishments laid upon him, Andrew slowly knelt down to get a better angle on Mistress's thick cock. Sheila had looked through his computer; just how much had she seen? It would be so embarrassing if she'd found everything, but he couldn't worry about the deepest things now. He felt so amazingly small and pathetic in that moment and his own erection throbbed in submissive desire. Some folders on his computer were loaded with pictures and stories about females with thick cocks using men, but he'd never before actually touched or sucked another penis. Andrew slowly leaned forward, letting his nose almost touch the throbbing shaft before him. He could hear the dragoness taking deep breaths of anticipation that turned into a pleased little squeal as he took an experimental lick along the tapered head. The first taste was almost as good as the utter subjugation he felt, and the polar bear slowly opened his muzzle.

“That's right, boy,” Sheila said from his side. “Suck it good. Pleasure your mistress.”

Eyes closed, body trembling, Andrew pushed forward and felt the thick, musky shaft enter his mouth. The draconic mistress moaned loudly as his tongue slid along the length and his lips closed around it, careful of his teeth. His duty was to bring her as much pleasure as possible without any interference, and already he was sinking deeper into that space as he bobbed up and down along her length. The polar bear got a feel for every inch sliding between his lips, his own cock still throbbing and untouched as Mistress sighed and cooed at his steady sucking.

He looked up from bobbing along her length, wanting to see her as he found himself enjoying his first taste of cock. The dragoness's breasts heaved as she leaned back on the bed, propping herself on her arms. Andrew felt a swell of mild pride as she seemed to enjoy his ministrations, and Sheila slipped into view just at that moment, her tongue swirling around Janine's nipple before slowly sucking on it. The dragoness let out a high-pitched little gasp and smiled while the vixen just chuckled and chanced a glance down to where Andrew moved back and forth along the length.

"Hmm, our boy is watching, Janine," Sheila said softly. "Shouldn't he focus on what he's doing?"

Through a few pants, Janine replied, "Oh, let him as long as he keeps—ooooh!—sucking like that. A little reward for a ... good job."

His eyes glued to the scene as Sheila shrugged and returned to sucking and groping Mistress's breasts, Andrew stepped up his efforts on her cock, not wanting to miss a moment. He swirled his tongue and sucked as he drew back, occasionally looking down to keep his position steady. Every glance up brought him another bit of the show between the ladies that were using him, Sheila nuzzling now between the breasts while the dragoness moved her own muzzle down to kiss the vixen's head. Eager to please, Andrew remembered something that had been done to him before and gently hummed while sliding back down the slick shaft. He was rewarded with a sharp cry of pleasure from the dragoness, his mistress arching her back and reaching one of her claws up to stroke his head and hold it.

"Oh! Oh yes, that's a good boy!" Mistress said in that pleased yet commanding tone. "Almost ... there! Just a little more!"

"And you swallow every drop she gives you, boy," Sheila added while the dragoness moaned and panted. "That's your mistress's cum; you treasure it like the little cocksucker we always knew you were."

A little jolt of fear-fueled arousal coursed through Andrew at that as he bobbed and hummed in time with Mistress's moaning breaths. He'd craved this for so long, but once it actually happened, he might not actually like the taste. He couldn't risk disappointing either of them though, the conflict only making him throb harder and work to make his mistress cum.

The dragoness pushed her hips up and cried out again. "Oh yes! Here it comes! A treat just for you, so suck it all *down!*"

At that her claw gripped the back of his head like a vice, holding him halfway down her cock while she roared and shot the first warm, thick spurt straight onto his tongue. Andrew couldn't make more than a mumble as his cheeks actually filled with her spunk before he could take a first swallow. The

taste was salty with a bitter undertone, but just a hint of the tang that he would expect to taste from a female. He managed a hard, almost audible gulp before the next wave spurted into his mouth, barely avoiding spilling it in a brief panic.

The polar bear found his rhythm then, swallowing it down in time with the spurts. Sucking it down just like he'd been told, just like a good toy should. The more he had, the more he craved, like a freshly formed addict riding that first incredible high and knowing that he would have to have this again. That he would have to please her again and again just for a taste of her spunk and the knowledge that he'd been a good servant.

"Hey, I think he likes it," Sheila said with a superior smirk in her voice. "I knew we could turn him into a little cumslut."

There was no denying it, and her voice made him shiver as he felt less and less like even a sub and more like a mere object for their use. All he could do was keep drinking that essence down, listening to the intense sounds that Mistress made, until finally the last dribbles crossed his tongue and slipped down his throat.

When the dragoness was done, her claw released his head, and Sheila pushed him back, moving him roughly to sit back on his paws at the foot of the bed. His mistress was laying on the bed catching her breath and rubbing her feminine sex slowly. The vixen stood at the foot of the bed, lazily stroking Janine's thigh and looking down at Andrew.

"You'd do anything for another taste of that, wouldn't you, boy?" she said, taking charge while Mistress recovered.

Andrew slowly nodded, actually licking his muzzle to see if there were any last traces. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Mmm, good boy," Sheila said with a smile. "And lucky for you, Janine comes like a male..." The vixen reached between the dragoness's legs and stroked the diminishing phallus. "...but comes back like a female." Andrew's eyes widened as Mistress laughed and pushed her hips up, her cock already growing again.

"It does make for nice, long sessions," the dragoness said, propping herself up on the bed again. She looked down her muzzle at Andrew and lasciviously licked her lips. "Means I'll have so much use for my boy tonight."

Whimpering just a little, the polar bear found himself already rising up on his knees again. He couldn't help it, he was drawn to that expanding cock, wanting another taste from Mistress even through the aching in his jaw. Before he could position himself to suck again, Shelia's paw landed between his eyes and torturously shoved him back down.

"Ah, ah, ah," the vixen said. "This one's not for you, boy. This time, you

just get to watch and learn.”

Janine chuckled and pulled herself up from the bed, breasts jiggling and cock wobbling teasingly into Andrew’s vision. “Ooooh, time for that, is it?”

Reaching out, Sheila stroked the dragoness’s face and brought it down closer to her own. Janine leaned down, and they kissed again, the two passionately making out and moaning while Andrew could only kneel and watch. Hands still cuffed behind his back, the polar bear panted as his own almost painfully throbbing erection was once again ignored, tormented by what he couldn’t look away from.

Sheila finally broke the kiss. “Mmm, why don’t you take the rest of this off while I get the boy ready?”

As Janine nodded, Andrew felt himself slip even deeper in that objectified space. Sheila pulled a cushioned stool out that they kept in the bedroom while the dragoness slowly stripped and displayed herself. While his own loss of clothing had made the polar bear feel that much more vulnerable, his new mistress wore her nudity with power and pride. It detracted nothing from the sense of awe he felt as she stood before him, hard and grinning down at him. He couldn’t even look away when Sheila leaned down and tugged him up, forcing him by the handcuffs with just a little pain to stand and then sit on the stool.

“That’s good, boy,” the dragoness said to his rapt attention. “You sit there and watch everything while your mistress fucks your girlfriend.”

Another mewling whimper escaped him as Sheila laughed and returned to Janine’s side. Already the two were kissing again, the vixen reaching down to stroke a paw along the dragoness’s thick shaft. Their hands roamed all over each other, showing Andrew just how unneeded he was, the humiliation only adding another layer to the intense experience.

The two females slipped to the bed, the dragoness still dwarfing the vixen as they managed to gently fondle each other. Slowly, Sheila slipped to her back in the midst of the groping and kissing, spreading her legs and rubbing herself with eager fingers. Janine’s claws joined in, and Andrew bit his lip while Sheila moaned and cooed.

“Ooooh, fuck me, Janine!” the vixen groaned out with a glance down to the polar bear. “Fuck me hard! Show me what a *real* cock feels like!”

That extra little sting of the words sent a jolt through Andrew. He couldn’t tell why being so degraded made him feel so amazing, but he just wanted more. With just a single look at him, the new mistress repositioned herself between Sheila’s legs, and Andrew had to watch as she mounted his girlfriend.

Janine thrust hard, gripping Sheila on the bed and holding her close while she quickly entered her. The vixen gasped, slowly sinking into louder moaning and already starting to move in time with the dragoness's hips. Sheila's legs slipped up around Janine's hips, embracing the moment fully while Andrew watched from his handcuffed position, not daring to move.

"Gods, yes, that's it!" the vixen cried as Andrew could tell she was already heading into orgasmic territory. "Oh, you are so much bigger than he is! So much better at this!"

Janine only chuckled as the polar bear sighed. "Sometime it just takes a woman ... to really do it *right*."

They kissed sloppily while the rutting continued, Andrew's eyes wandering from place to place on their bodies as his girlfriend was vigorously taken. The bed squeaked, the women moaned, and the polar bear trembled. He swore he could feel himself rising to the edge of orgasm a few times as he watched them, but each time something pulled him back from the precipice, leaving him tormented while they worked closer to satisfaction.

He knew Sheila was already enjoying some minor orgasms, the rushes of pleasure she could come to easily even if it was not the main event. The moment when Janine came again was obvious, another of those roars as her tail lashed and her hips stopped, still buried in the vixen. Andrew watched while she pumped warm spunk into Sheila, making the fox yowl and claw at the bed. The polar bear's own claws tightened into his grip while he tugged at the handcuffs, trying not to simply make a mess of himself. He knew he was not allowed to come until they said so.

When the quick rutting was done, Janine slowly slipped out of Sheila, maneuvering off to the side and leaving a sticky mess that Andrew could see as the vixen spread her legs again. They were both staring down at him now, even while Mistress caught her breath and Sheila slowly ran her paws against her still engorged clit.

"Mmmm, that feels so good. So much better than his cock." Every word ran up Andrew's spine like electricity. The smell filling the room had his mouth watering, and Sheila seemed to notice. "You don't get to fuck me tonight, boy, but I have a little treat for you." The vixen ran a finger against her lower lips and held it up, covered in the sticky mess. "You want some more of this, don't you?"

The polar bear couldn't even bring himself to speak to them and only nodded furiously.

"Then get up here. Clean me up, you little cumslut. That's what you're good for now."

Deeper and deeper. He relished every little cruelty that he knew a sub

like him deserved as he struggled to stand up after holding position for so long. He waited from them to help, and both Sheila and Mistress only looked at him expectantly.

“Get a move on, boy,” the dragoness said. “Don’t waste a good treat and make us punish you.”

If the scent in the air and the sight of them hadn’t been enough, that command certainly was. Eager to show how good he could be, Andrew slipped himself onto the bed and wiggled his thick body up between Sheila’s stockinged legs. As soon as he was in position, he set his tongue to work, tasting the sensuous combination of Mistress’s cum and Sheila’s own heady essence while hearing his girlfriend moan as she always did. The polar bear had learned a while back in his submissive play just how to hit all the right places in her with only his tongue, and began cleaning with great relish the mix of raw sex between her thighs. As Sheila arched her back and moaned, both women rubbed Andrew’s head slowly.

“That’s a good boy,” Janine cooed. “Lick it all up. It’s all for you now.”

“Mmm, this is something you’ve always been good at, boy,” Sheila followed up in ragged breaths.

Andrew merely continued his service, savoring both the intense flavor and the approval from his girlfriend and the new mistress. He needed it, craved it. He wasn’t a person now, just some object that needed their acceptance as doing well and their punishment if he stepped out of line. And in receiving that affection, his cock throbbed achingly in desire and denial.

“I bet by now, you’d love to fuck one of us wouldn’t you, you little slut boy?” Sheila said.

He could not lie to them as he lifted his head up and smeared a mess over his muzzle. “Y-Yes, ma’am. But only if you’d want me to.”

Sheila leaned up, her paw coming to his cheek and giving it just the barest little tap of a slap. “Poor thing. Like I said, boy-toys like you don’t get to fuck tonight. I’m going to fuck *you*.”

With that press of another one of his buttons, the vixen lifted one leg to sweep it up over his head, gracefully moving herself off the bed to stand beside it. She really had dug deep into all the little fetishes he’d had yet to confess. For a brief moment, Andrew wondered if she’d discovered the deepest, darkest stuff he didn’t show to anyone, but then Mistress was manipulating his body while Sheila leaned under the bed.

“The corner of the bed, boy. There you go, let’s get you into position,” the dragoness said as her powerful claws moved him around. “Mmm, you feel so tender. That’s good.”

An odd jolt ran through him again, and the polar bear looked up at his mistress. She was staring down at him while she knelt on the bed, her tongue just slipping back into her muzzle. Did they know somehow? Did she have any idea what she was teasing him with, or was it just coincidence? No, she couldn't have found those things, he made sure to hide the deepest submissive...

He was distracted from all other thoughts as Sheila crawled back onto the bed to display another new toy. The vixen didn't speak as she showed off the sizable strap-on wrapped around her hips. The model had a piece that inserted into her to help with her own stimulation, while giving the vixen a phallus of her own. Not quite as large as the dragoness's natural organ, but still enough to make Andrew shiver.

All other thoughts vanished as he had to watch his girlfriend slowly pour a generous dose of lube over her faux cock and stroke it up and down. They'd never tried such things before, but it was just one more fantasy coming true tonight. The polar bear didn't know how much more he could take, glancing back over to Mistress's hips and seeing her stroking herself to yet another full erection.

"Such a cute teddy bear," Janine said with a wicked grin. "He's so nervous and excitable. But you know he wants it."

"Oh yes. He's already turned into a greedy little cum slut, but now he really gets to be my little bitch."

His handcuffs jangled as his body twitched, Sheila moving back off the bed now that the show was done. He'd be a good boy once more; knowing he was nothing but a thing for them to use while her paw ran through his fur and back to his rump. He couldn't see what she'd set up to reach the right height; Mistress was holding onto his head now. But he could feel her paws on his rump and something slick and firm pressing between his cheeks.

"Just relax now, boy," Mistress said. "You're going to suck me again while your girlfriend pounds that tight, wide ass of yours."

She loomed over him, her breasts hanging free and her cock jutting up. Mistress wasn't thrusting at his head just yet, waiting as Sheila began to work her way forward. Andrew whimpered and winced as he felt her slowly beginning to enter him, powerless to stop her or even change her pace. He tried to breathe as the slick toy started to stretch him open, the burn something he hadn't expected in all his fantasies.

Mistress stroked and held his head. "Let it go, boy, just breathe out. That's it, exhale and just relax everything."

The polar bear did as he was told, and the pain lessened, giving way to some of that full feeling he'd craved in his fantasies. There was still a way to go,

but hearing Sheila moan behind him, made him feel that erotic sense of being dominated once more, his mind helping his body adjust. The pain became like those swats of the paddle or the crop, a good sort of punishment to mingle with the pleasure.

“Oh yes, that’s good,” Sheila said. “We’re almost there, just a bit more in.”

Andrew’s entire body stiffened as she pushed deeper, then relaxed when he felt that first pleasant tap to his prostate. He almost came in that moment before the vixen pulled back again, bringing some of the old pain.

“Now you know what *we* feel like sometimes, you little bitch,” Sheila said with clear, satisfied glee as she began to push back into him, just one more thing he always longed for.

As Sheila began to slide in and out of him, the dragoness’s hold on his head became firmer and her own shaft pushed into his face. Andrew opened up readily, wrapping his muzzle around the slick, hard meat as his other hole was used. The two females pumped in and out of him, treating him like just another toy as they groaned, yipped, and rumbled.

So many times, he came so close to spraying his load all over the bed, yet every time something shifted and just made him whimper all the more. Did Sheila know she was doing this just right for that, or was she simply enjoying herself without a thought for him? Whatever the reason, the polar bear worked at getting another treat from his mistress while he was mercilessly plowed, but she seemed to be taking longer than before.

In the midst of it all, a loud, growling rumble sounded from the dragoness’s gut. She groaned while they continued working on either side of him, and Andrew quivered and tried to keep his focus, his thoughts drifting to a whole other level of submission.

“Oh ... mmm ... all this fucking has me so hungry,” Janine said, smacking her lips.

Sheila did not miss a thrust or a retreat. “Heh, that happens. Maybe we should get you something to eat after we’re finished with this.”

Everything clenched in Andrew. They couldn’t know what this was doing to him.

“Why wait?” the dragoness said, slowly pulling back and slipping her still hard cock out of his mouth. She knelt on the bed and as Andrew looked up, he could see her staring down at him and licking her chops. “We have a nice, juicy polar bear here that would hit the spot.”

Eyes widening, Andrew could only pant while Sheila continued to pound him.

“Well, I suppose the boy is almost used up. And he’s here for your pleasure, so if you really want to have him...”

Oh gods. They knew. They both knew, and they were both tormenting him on purpose.

Janine’s stomach growled again and she shifted on the huge bed onto all fours, moving her head closer to Andrew’s almost as if they might kiss. She took a few sniffs and licked and smacked her chops right in his face.

“Mmm. Yummy in my tummy.”

The large dragoness’s jaws began to slowly open wide, giving Andrew a steadily expanding view of the cavernous maw, clearly big enough to fit his head with just a little stretching. He was waiting for it to back away, for her to continue with the teasing that would push him over the edge. Instead the long tongue snaked out and gave a brush along his chin, a first taste followed by a satisfied sigh.

They weren’t just taunting him. His new mistress was actually going to *eat* him.

The rush of arousal was interrupted by a shock of fear. Even despite his fantasies, despite the continued stimulation of his girlfriend working at him, he knew what being devoured really meant. He tried to struggle, only to wince as the toy inside him moved at an odd angle and the handcuffs held his arms, making him fall back to the bed.

“Wait. Wa—!” The polar bear’s words were reduced to incoherent mumbles as a cloth muzzle was suddenly forced over his face. There was no telling where Mistress had stashed it, but it had been soaked in Sheila’s rich scent a while ago. As the cloth held his muzzle tight, the smell permeated his nostrils, making him almost at once docile, reminding him where he belonged while the dragoness’s hot, misty breath continued to wash over his face, just inches away.

“Don’t fight it, boy,” his vixen said from behind, her breath panting while she continued to spear into him. “I looked at all those little things you tried to hide, all those folders you thought you’d buried. I know you want this. To just be a luscious meal for someone stronger. To become part of them. You belong to Janine now, and I’m going to hump you right down her throat.”

Between the words, the thick shaft stuffing him full, and the warm shadow climbing over his face, Andrew couldn’t offer beyond that token resistance. Even though some part at the back of his mind tried to scream at him, this was where his dreams always led. The ultimate submission and objectification to another. To be not just a slave, not just a toy, but to be merely food.

The silken maw slipped around his head with the sound of a soft sigh and a wet slurp. Darkness became his visual world as the scented muzzle holding his face mingled with Mistress's pleasant breath. She'd apparently been kind enough to freshen it just for him, and a wet gulping sound pulled his face down into that dark, hot chasm while the pounding at his rump hit the perfect spots inside him. This was his fate, where he'd always been heading in all his web searches and fantasies, right down the gullet of this lovely dragon.

Another swallow and claws on the side of his body took him deeper. He could hear and feel Mistress's moans vibrating around him while she began to devour him in earnest. The polar bear was no longer afraid; he couldn't summon it up. That scared voice in the back of his mind was just as muzzled as his own jaws. He was more amazed and aroused at how easily Mistress was beginning to gobble down his thick, well-muscled body, making him just a snack for her between other pleasures. And as the thrusting of something thick and hard inside him pushed him even deeper in time with her swallows and the warm flesh enveloped more and more of his body to claim him, he could no longer hold back.

Chest already sinking and pushing into her jaws and a spearing from the toy hitting his prostate just right, Andrew whimpered down her throat as a powerful orgasm finally rocked his entire core. He'd never come so hard in all his life, not with any other item, scenario, or encounter. Every nerve ending was deliciously turned up, the stroke of the tight throat pulling him in and the pressing of the two ladies on either side stimulating seemingly endless pleasure. It felt as if his entire being were pouring out through the spurts of his cock, leaving nothing but a meal for his mistress that she hungrily consumed. Time slipped away and he knew he must have shot rivers onto the bed and the fur of his belly with how long the climax was lasting.

Just as everything seemed to start to diminish, that ravenous maw slipped down to his waist, and the long, slippery tongue lapped greedily around his groin. His body encased in warm slippery flesh, he barely noticed when the handcuffs were clicked off while Mistress was moaning all around him and savoring the taste of his own spunk in his fur. His erection did not even slip down as it normally did, and the bear felt another orgasm slowly brewing as the dragoness gulped and pulled his hips off the thick shaft in his rump and began pushing him into her stomach.

The second climax would take longer and more stimulation, but stimulation was all that existed for the polar bear's mind. Trapped as food for another, he existed in that edge state between orgasms, feeling like the rare second one was just around the corner any moment. The inexorable swallowing

fueled that feeling as the grip rubbed against his groin and he was pushed deeper and deeper into that tight, hot space of the soft sac.

Inside was more pleasant than he might have expected. There was no sudden pain, no burning in the slimy chamber, only constant pressure all around his body as his legs were easily dragged into the jaws of the dragoness. It was the way he'd often dreamed of the experience of being eaten whole, and he could dimly feel Sheila's paws pushing his feet from outside, only adding to it. True to her word, his girlfriend was actually feeding him to his mistress and all he could feel was the orgasmic bliss of being so close to another climax.

His large paws slipped into the jaws, and the bear felt the moment that they snapped closed around them. With one more easy gulp, he was fully claimed, his entire body curled into a tight ball in that warm, cozy stomach. Everything around him was movement, squeezing, swaying, and rolling, and he used his now free paw to continue his pleasure and work himself towards the remaining climax, utterly enraptured by the knowledge that he was right where he belonged.

In a stomach.

In Mistress's belly.

Pleasing and feeding her.

Janine lay fully stretched on the bed, panting and sighing while her huge belly wobbled about with the bouncing motion. She let out a few little belches with all the jostling as the bed squeaked. At her hips, Sheila furiously rode the dragoness's once again erect member, stretching her sex around it and yipping in pleasure. The vixen bounced up and down the large shaft in a steady, perfect rhythm, and the movement of Janine's domed gut with Andrew sloshing around inside occasionally put just the right, delicious extra pressure below her own belly for extra rubbing against her clit.

The toy they'd used on the polar bear was now buried in Janine's feminine sex to give her even more stimulation as well, and while Sheila rode the wave of her second round of some of the most intense orgasms of her life, Janine roared out happily. The vixen relished the jet of warmth that shot up into her, only adding to her own pleasure while she milked the dragoness, squeezing as best she could around the thick cock and rubbing herself against that full, round belly some more.

Sheila could hear it working and churning, every little motion or touch now just adding to their shared pleasure. Enjoying another wave of powerful

climaxes, she leaned down, kissed Janine's belly, and stroked her paws over the stretched surface. Every once in a while she could feel just the slightest impression of Andrew's body, though it barely registered through the pleasure shooting off through her own skin and mind like fireworks.

Janine's own climax subsided, leaving another mess inside the vixen, and Sheila could feel the erection diminishing. With a groan and sigh, she pulled herself off the shaft, enjoying a few lovely little aftershocks in her loins. Knowing that Janine couldn't reach, Sheila slowly moved a paw between the dragoness's legs and carefully removed the toy, eliciting a little sigh from her.

"That was incredible," Sheila panted out while she rested on the side of the bed for a moment.

Still catching her breath and panting, Janine slipped herself up on the bed. Her knees had been dangling over the foot during their rutting, and Sheila watched off to the side as she got herself comfortably propped up to rest against the headboard and sprawl. The dragoness rubbed her engorged tummy and licked her muzzle, letting out another burp, followed by a loud sigh.

"Mmm, what a meal," she muttered with a smile. "Haven't been this full in a long while."

As Janine rubbed her gut, Sheila moved in close to snuggle up to the belly bulge and stroke it along with her. The vixen could feel the occasional kick here and there pushing out at the smooth scales.

"He's not suffering in there, is he?"

Janine shook her head, "No. He pretty much blissed out and passed out from what I can tell. Just moving in his sleep for now."

"You sure?"

Giving the fox a quizzical look, Janine said, "Trust me. I do this enough to know when someone's panicked. He'll sleep through everything."

Sheila rested herself against the belly, listening to the sounds it started to make. "Good. It's not like I want him tortured; I just want him out of the way. Better if he was happy to the end."

"Sounds like you care," Janine said. "You know, you could just break up with the guy. If you're having second thoughts, I can try to let him out and the whole experience can just be a last anniversary present."

"No, no, I think it's better this way. It's over, and I know him. He'll make drama on Muzzbook and with all our friends, and he might even go full stalker if I just ended it. No one needs to deal with that."

"I don't know; he seemed like a nice enough little sub. Not that I'm trying to convince you one way or the other. I mean," the dragoness said with a pat to her massive, wobbling belly, "I'm looking forward to digesting such a

delicious, massive meal. Just don't want you to get buyer's remorse. It's happened before."

"Trust me, this is definitely the best way to end it. One incredibly hot night, then gone nice and clean."

"More or less," Janine said, just before belching up a tuft of white fur. "It'll be environmentally friendly at least."

Still leaning against the belly and stroking it softly while it started to gurgle noisily around her now ex, Sheila sighed. "At first, it was all good. He was sweet and nice, and we liked a lot of the same things. But getting any real, deeper commitment has been like pulling teeth. I mean, we were together for years before he'd even start to let me into any of his little fetishes, like somehow I wouldn't understand. And five years—five *years*—of sharing finances, working towards moving in together, but if I even bring up marriage, he'd skitter under a blanket and talk about how 'maybe we should wait longer' and all that. I mean, a woman needs a sense of security if she's going to share ownership of things and her life."

Sheila sighed and pressed against the belly as a big claw gently rubbed between her ears. "I know," Janine said. "I usually wind up performing this sort of service on basic cheaters or guys who run off with their secretaries after twenty years of marriage to leave their wives with nothing. Never too early to focus on your security."

"Yeah. I mean, there were some good times. It was just lately they were too few and far between, and I didn't know how to get out. Then once I found out he also fantasized about being someone's dinner, this seemed like the best way. Fulfill all his fantasies in one go and be done with it." She stroked and nuzzled along Janine's belly. "And I have to admit, it was amazingly hot to watch you gobble him up and feel him moving in there."

With a grin, Janine chuckled. "Hmm, sounds like I've made you a convert. Your boyfriend was very tasty."

The way she said it made Sheila shiver. "Do you think ... is there any way I can get like, something to remember him and this night by?"

"Not the first person to ask that. There are some things that can be cleaned once I'm all done, but I don't recommend keeping anything incriminating. I'd say keep the handcuffs somewhere special, and maybe I'll send you the muzzle if I belch it up or pass it through."

"That would work just fine." The vixen squeezed the large, soft belly, noting that it was a little more pliant already. "Don't suppose you ever like having a partner in crime after a good meal?"

Janine grinned. "Maybe once in a while, since you seem so into this."

We'll keep in touch."

The next day after Janine had left, her belly a little softer and smaller in the morning, Sheila began moving lazily around the house to get some light clean-up done. There was no rush. It was a Saturday, and she was still feeling some of the warm euphoria from the incredible night before and deciding how she felt about Andrew being gone. When she came down to it, there was a part of her that missed the early days when everything was new, but Sheila couldn't bring herself to truly miss him. As she straightened out the bedroom, she realized her only real concern was keeping the house up on her sole income. Though supposedly there was some insurance in her name once Andrew was officially missing. If she had to, she knew she could manage for a little while.

Rather than Andrew, her thoughts kept turning more to Janine and that huge, round belly that had wobbled on the bed. The way it sloshed and gurgled, the way it had only enhanced their love-making once the polar bear was inside, and the sweet pleasure that the dragoness derived from the motions inside and having it rubbed outside. Sheila's hand slipped to her own belly the more she thought about it, stroking through her soft fur to tease at her skin underneath.

As she walked into the living room to do some general pick-up, she found herself thinking about what it would be like to *be* Janine in that circumstance. Or even better, to be that full and snuggling up to the dragoness after her own meal. Was it something only dragons and reptiles could do or was it possible for a vixen like herself? She had no illusions about ever being able to have a meal as big as Andrew, but maybe with a little coaching it would be possible for her to lure some slender mouse guy into her belly. Thinking about it even more, she could almost picture it. Some hipster rodent from a coffee shop seduced back to her bedroom, then once they had him all tied up, Janine slowly helping and coaching her to get him down her throat, and then ... mmm, that fullness and having her own belly rubbed while he kicked inside.

Sheila shook her head out of the fantasy. The fox was amazed to find how excited the idea already made her feel, down to the pleasant little tingle in her loins. Maybe she'd have to give those ideas some real heavy thought with one of her toys a little later.

Picking up Andrew's briefcase, the vixen heard something rattling around inside that took her out of her musings on the future. With a curious little shrug, she went to the kitchen table and opened it to see what was in among the papers and other items Andrew usually carried.

Sitting there, fallen into a corner, was a small velvet box. Sheila's eyes widened. "Couldn't be..."

Cracking it open, there was a gold band with a diamond inset that could only be an engagement ring. It seemed they'd each had a surprise planned for the anniversary. The vixen picked it up and stared at it. She was most surprised to find that it didn't change anything about how she felt. If anything, it made her feel that her timing had been perfect. If he'd had a chance to offer this to her, she might have been swept up in the moment to say yes and found later that it was even harder to find they really weren't right for each other. This way, they still both had what they really, truly wanted.

Sheila thought about just tossing the ring out, but then had a flash of inspiration. She slipped it out of the box and tried it on. Perfect fit. Now, she could claim that he'd come home, they'd had a lovely time and agreed to get married, and the next day he'd gone out and hadn't come home. And as keepsakes went, this would beat a pair of handcuffs or a patchy old muzzle any day.

Sheila smiled, continuing her clean-up and thinking about her future of eventually moving on while learning whatever she could from Janine, how she'd occasionally rub the dragoness's belly and remember the good times with her one boyfriend. All in all, the best anniversary ever.