

SMALLS, TALLS, AND ALL



JOSHIAH WARBAUM

Smalls, Talls and All

Joshiah Warbaum

Joshiah's Written Works

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Joshiah's Written Works

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Foreword

So, I finally made it out to BLFC this last year and learned how to play craps.

That probably sounds like a really irrelevant thing to start off a book about size difference with, but if you know anything about the game, then you know that there's several different side bets you can make after the first roll. Among these are smalls, tall, and all...and yes, that was the direct inspiration for the title of this book, partially because it was clever, and partially because this book went through more name changes than an international prostitute.

More importantly, this book went through a lot of work before I finally sent it out for print. It's been a while since I was so passionate about something that I wrote, and though I wasn't aware how much I enjoyed size difference as a general topic, I think you'll all be able to tell how much I've come to love it as you read through the pages.

There's a wide variety of different scenarios in here, from tiny prey being picked on by vicious predators, to two people of assorted sizes who happen to live very similar lives, to a monster exacting revenge on a small city for a missed flight.

This one really goes all over the place but as far as anthologies go, I think it's one of the best I've ever mustered. When I say that there's something for everyone, I really mean it...there's macro, micro, realistic size difference, and just about everything in between.

I hope that you connect with a few of these stories on a personal level; some of them really do have rich, enjoyable plots that are deeper than the basis for the book itself.

Whatever pleasure you take in reading this book, I do hope it sticks with you for a long, long time. No pressure, though! It's not like there's a paw descending on you at this very moment, waiting to hear how much you enjoyed this text.

If that's what you want to imagine, however...read on. You won't be disappointed.

Dedications

A lot of people deserve some thanks for this book coming to completion. First, I'd like to thank my Patreon subscribers for their continual support! Those monthly donations really add up.

Thanks are also due to anyone who commissioned one of the stories that filled this book up to the brim, making it our longest and thickest text to date. I can already imagine how great this is going to look when it arrives, and how much people will enjoy seeing that extra bit of girth in the pages. It sounds silly, but trust me, folks notice when a book is just a bit longer than all the others.

Final thanks go out to my family for being okay (mostly) with my crazy dream, and to Rosie, for always being there to help me achieve it.

Contents

Chapter 1.....	9
Chapter 2.....	29
Chapter 3.....	54
Chapter 4.....	72
Chapter 5.....	93
Chapter 6.....	129
Chapter 7.....	159
Chapter 8.....	191
Chapter 9.....	221
Chapter 10.....	247
Chapter 11.....	267
Chapter 12.....	278
Chapter 13.....	289
Chapter 14.....	304
Chapter 15.....	326
Chapter 16.....	340

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-1-

If you were trying to avoid traffic, be it in the form of cars on the road, or lines at the airport, Atlanta was probably on your list of top places to never visit.

When it came time for a convention, however, exceptions had to be made, and Aaron was already frustrated with just how much waiting he had to do that weekend.

Running several panels and helping to organize a few others could take a toll on you fairly quickly. Aaron was familiar with this just as much as anyone else was, and in the heat of the early Atlanta summer, the whole trip was beginning to turn into a serious drag. Though the convention itself was a good enough time for most people, there was something of a lack of appeal to Aaron.

Of course, that could also be blamed on the fact that his flight was cancelled for what seemed to be no reason, and there was no offered alternative for him to get back home.

Sunday afternoon meant that the convention was winding down, and as he was wont to do, Aaron was sitting at the hotel bar, enjoying a full, tall glass of bourbon. He was running out of ways to kill the time, now that he didn't have any other options of what was left to do, and though it didn't sound too bad to try and crash a party or two, he was still sober enough to be responsible about his choices, and that meant figuring out a flight home, first.

His laptop, despite being his window to the internet, and thus, the world, wasn't helping too much with that.

"T...That **can't** be right," he muttered, trying to ignore the impending feeling of frustration that came along with seeing the prices of the flights he had to take. It seemed that the price of every flight was going up each time he refreshed the page to find a better option, and by the time he found a flight that was at a time and a price that worked for him, he was nearly out of bourbon once again. "The hell is the deal? Flights out of Atlanta are **never** this expensive!"

Depending on where you were flying to, Atlanta was generally an excellent

choice for finding cheap flights, because it was such a busy airport hub. An international airport, and one that had flights to just about every major destination within the continental United States, it was surprising when flights to or from the land of Southern comfort were more than a couple hundred bucks.

Aaron didn't want to spend anywhere near that much to begin with, and his expensive flight was already a bitter pill to swallow, but things only got worse when he tried to confirm his ticket for the evening.

"Why is my flight gone?"

He slammed the refresh button and leaned a little further into his laptop screen, as if putting his eyes that much closer would help him to see some minor detail that he missed.

He hadn't missed anything. The flight was completely booked before he even had a chance to confirm his seats, and more than usual, Aaron couldn't help feeling like the entire world was out to get him.

"Sounds like you're gonna need another, sir," the bartender told him, as he overheard the frustrations coming from the edge of the bar. "I'll get you a tall glass for half price, if you can't find a flight out of here. I know what a pain in the ass that can be."

Though Aaron was trying to be a bit more responsible, those days, he wasn't going to turn down such a generous offer, and it seemed that he was going to be stuck at the hotel for a little while. He might even end up having to book another night, and if that was the case, he was going to be losing a large chunk of money, no matter when his flight went through.

A quiet nod to the bartender was all that Aaron had to offer in order to get his drink started, while he refreshed the page again and tried to find a backup flight.

"Is there...something going on around here? Y'know, other than this ridiculous convention?" he asked the bartender, as each time he refreshed the page, another flight was booked full, or, strangely enough, it simply disappeared. "Because it seems like everyone is trying to leave Atlanta at the same time for no apparent fucking reason."

The calming, bubbly sound of bourbon splashing around in the bottom of a freshly cleaned glass was music to Aaron's ears, but the bartender could only shake his head. "Nothing that I've heard of, pal. Dunno what to tell ya."

It was tough for Aaron not to squeeze the glass to the point of breaking in his palm, but sometimes, luck just took a while to find him. A fresh sip of his new drink was enough to calm his nerves for a few seconds and prompt him to refresh the list of flights one more time.

A web page that loaded to show that literally **every single flight** out of Atlanta that evening was booked ended up being the final straw, and the glass began to crack as Aaron's eyes winced shut.

"Woah, buddy! Take it easy, would you? I'm gonna have to charge you for that glass, now!"

The bartender could see that Aaron was in obvious distress, and he was getting ready to call hotel management when Aaron's eyes began to crack back open. They were burning with hatred so intense that his irises carried a subtle hue of red to them, and his teeth, while gritted, were pushing back against each other with a reaction that he didn't know was coming.

"Go ahead. Charge me for the fucking glass, pal. Do you **really** think I'm worried about that right now?"

"Sir, I know you're having a rough time, bu-

"You don't know **jack shit!** I swear, every time I try to leave a convention on good terms, something ridiculous happens, as if there's some kind of cosmic force that just *knows* that I'm trying to go home and relax, and it won't let me! Do you know how annoying and frustrating that is? Do you have any idea how much money I've spent?!"

The bartender took a step back from the counter and reached to his side to grab the phone, but soon, there would be no amount of safe distance between himself and Aaron. He was going to be caught in the crossfire, the same as everyone else.

"No...you never bothered to think about that, did you? No one ever does...so,

y'know what? Fuck you and fuck this hotel!"

Other customers were beginning to step away from the bar in their discomfort, and hotel security was already on their way, having been notified by a few others that were disturbed by the whole scene. A pair of large, broad men stepped up behind Aaron, and he could feel their presence, as the hairs on the back of his neck stood up.

It was a strange sensation, especially amidst all the other confusion that Aaron was dealing with, but he didn't question it. He just stood up from his stool at the bar and turned around to face the men, expecting them to tower over him...

...And instead, he stood a full foot taller than both of them, and that height was only growing.

"The hell do you two want?"

Hotel security was used to the occasional rowdy drunk, and they figured that this would be an ordinary call, where they would just casually toss some out to the street, so the police could deal with them later.

They were also used to being the tallest guys around, and seeing Aaron literally growing larger and larger before their eyes was a bit above their pay grade.

"U-uh, sir...could y-you please keep it down?" the guard on the right asked, his voice coming across rather quiet and polite, given how aggressive he appeared to be.

Aaron rolled his eyes, not even bothering to notice how much taller he was...at first. "Really? You guys aren't going to try and throw me out? You're just gonna come up here and let me keep ruining everyone's good time?"

"You..." the second guard trailed off for a moment, before pointing a finger up at Aaron. "You're aware that you're growing, right?"

"I am?"

"Yeah. Like...**a lot.**"

Aaron blinked and shook his head. His anger was so great that nothing registered to him at first, and while the sudden transformation would have been startling and frightening to some, for Aaron, it was cause for celebration.

Unsure if he was in a dream, but suddenly feeling like he was, Aaron felt the hairs on the back of his neck settling down but growing thicker in the process. His entire body was riddled with an itch that crawled under his skin, leaving wakes of thicker hair across his body. "What's the matter, guys? Afraid of a little werewolf?"

Even if he was as small as he implied, the guards would have been terrified of Aaron, and deciding that this line of work wasn't right for them, they shared a glance of unified surrender before turning and running for the stairs.

"Pussies," Aaron muttered, as his body continued stretching up in the wide, open atrium of the hotel. It was one of the few places that could have accommodated Aaron's new form without his body bursting through the sides of it, and he wasn't nearly done yet, as his arms and legs grew thicker and wider with each passing moment.

People began nervously backing away from the bar, before they took off in full sprints of terror. Aaron's face stayed in a wide, cheeky grin, but fangs began to poke into his own lips as the bones in his face elongated, and teeth that once stopped in line with each other turned jagged and deadly sharp.

The hell was in that drink? he wondered, and though he couldn't be sure the drink was at fault, he didn't much care what the root cause was, anymore. He cared only about the warm, snug feeling of fur spreading across his chest as the last fibers of his clothing failed to restrain his changing body. His shirt ripped into tatters, and his jeans burst at the seams, leaving his lower half exposed, just in time for his hanging manhood to begin shrinking back into a modesty-preserving sheath.

The atrium around Aaron was over forty stories high, and though he wasn't quite tall enough to stand above the massive building yet, he was already planning for that eventuality. He knew that he'd have to escape the area sooner or later, and the more people that he allowed to flee from the hotel, the more targets he was releasing into the open air.

That wasn't all bad, of course. He was excited at the prospect of having a little sport to hunt.

"Still wanna charge me for that glass?!" He yelled down at the bar, though the bartender had long jumped ship. Aaron's voice thundered in the atrium and echoed up toward the top, drawing the attention of those who weren't already aware of the situation.

Patches of fur were filling in, claws were growing out from stubby fingernails, and the long, thick bump at the base of Aaron's spine would all make it clear what was happening to him, as his body continued to grow to fit the space of the atrium. One slow, easy flicker of his growing tail was enough to topple the bar in the middle of the atrium, and on the back swing, he destroyed one of the lower sets of elevators, trapping people on the higher floors and cascading rubble and debris toward the lobby.

Broken concrete and rebar crashed against the floor and cracked it in multiple places as Aaron chuckled with glee. His transformation was nearly complete, as he felt the flesh on the back of his head tightening, so that once human ears could settle upon the top of his head and sharpen into the tall, receptive triangles that a wolf should be accustomed to.

For some furries, it would have been a dream come true, to see a literal, gigantic werewolf hanging out in the lobby of the hotel.

It was quick to turn into a nightmare, as Aaron punched a massive hole in the front wall of the building and began working his way out, having to create a door that could handle a creature of his size.

Aaron was **not** content to hang out any longer.

"Remember when I said 'fuck your hotel?'" he asked, knowing that the bartender could hear him, even if he wasn't in visual range anymore. "I wasn't joking, buddy!"

Concrete was turned to dust by massive, thick paws as Aaron tore his way through the front wall of the hotel. The atrium style of the building allowed it to stand despite the terrible damage, but that *wasn't* the blessing in disguise that some people thought it was. They'd treat it as such, as they flooded into the stairs

and ran for the emergency exits, but for most, it was too late to avoid perhaps the worst part of the entire experience.

The destruction of the hotel would have been bad enough, as a massive, transformed werewolf stood in the middle of the street, bracing his footpaws against a few of the cars that the valet had yet to park.

When a few of the guests inside the hotel looked out the window and saw a giant, throbbing mass of pink, veiny flesh, they had only seconds to acquiesce to a fate that some would find worse than death...and other, more twisted minds would find greater than any other pleasure they'd ever known.

Tapered at the tip and complete with a thick, bulbous knot, Aaron gripped the top of the building with his paws and slammed his canine cock forward, pumping it into the side of the building and literally smashing several guest rooms into dust in the process.

People were thrown away by the force of the incoming thrust and shot into the hallway outside of their rooms, and some of the less fortunate few grabbed onto whatever they thought the member was and held on for dear life, hoping that they might be low enough in the building to risk a fall from that height.

Aaron wasn't done growing just yet, and though he was fully transformed, his manhood was far too high on the building for anyone to safely drop from. Hands and feet rubbed all over his length like a series of ticklish fingertips as people grabbed on and clung to the massive, throbbing rod, and the top of the building began to crumble as Aaron tightened his grip around the very height of the tower.

Emergency alarms were going off in all corners of the hotel by then, but it was already too late. Authorities were arriving on the scene, and foolishly, they tried to draw Aaron's attention, as bullets fired from pistols and shotguns felt like nothing more than bug bites against the thick, armor-like flesh that the werewolf was blessed with.

"Can't you assholes see that I'm tryin' to get my rocks off, here?!" he yelled down at the hopeless police officers. They were shocked that the beast could speak in human tongues, but naturally, that was nothing compared to the initial surprise they felt when they heard reports that a giant monster was destroying a

building downtown. "Knock it off, or you're gonna regret it!"

Dedicated to the end, the police continued to fire on Aaron, who released the top of the building as he pulled back. It fell behind the hotel and crushed the building next door, and Aaron lifted a leg up to plant it in some of the rubble as he gripped his own cock, rubbing it vigorously in front of the officers.

They barely had a chance to run for their cars before they saw a tight clench of the fur around his massive, swollen orbs, and in the very next moment, a thick, creamy gush erupted from his cock, offering so much cum that it was akin to a tidal wave slamming into a coastal town.

Peach Tree Drive was immediately flooded over with a thick, inescapable river of seed, and cars were completely overrun with the mess as Aaron continued to jerk himself off. "F-fuck...I warned you...n-now you're just gonna have to t-take it all!" He stammered out, his voice echoing across the whole of Atlanta as he stood above the buildings, raining his seed down onto the streets and covering cars and buildings with it. The wagging of his tail was rapid enough to kick up wind and flip the cars unlucky enough to be behind him, and under his footpaws, the streets cracked, and cars were turned to little more than twisted piles of metal.

Aaron kept stroking until his body was too sensitive to touch, and even then, he held the knot at the base of his member, allowing the last of his seed to coat the windows of a few nearby buildings. The center of downtown Atlanta was nearly destroyed by his orgasm, but it was only his first, and Atlanta was a big city...there were plenty of other buildings that would still be filled with victims, if he just moved fast enough.

"Reports are coming in of a giant, werewolf-like monster that's terrorizing downtown Atlanta! If you can see or hear this broadcast, you need to evacuate the city immediately! I repeat, clear out of the city **immediately!**"

The first helicopters on the scene were displaying images that would have been censored on normal television screens, as Aaron's rod continued drizzling heavy waterfalls of seed onto the streets. The sky-bridge between the hotel and the destroyed building next door was pulverized by his legs as he walked through the trail of his own mess, picking up small people with his footpaws as he stomped them down into his seed and kept walking without a second thought.

He knew that the airport wasn't too far outside of town, and perhaps, there would be a small flood in the future to justify all those delayed flights...

While they could be found in a number of different places around the world, and appeared in a number of different forms, almost everyone was familiar with the concept of a desert.

An endless field of sand, devoid of almost any water, with only the heartiest of creatures calling it home, the desert was a place that few people dared to venture without the proper preparations. It was a harsh and unforgiving environment, and the lack of plentiful water made it a place that one could easily die of heat stroke, if they weren't careful.

Despite all those dangers, however, and perhaps even **because** of them, explorers were still drawn to the desert like a magnet, believing that there were things waiting to be discovered there that were beyond the reach of mortal understanding. Documenting new species of flora, completing the final sections of a map, and even looking for a place to be alone were all rather docile reasons to enter the desert.

Searching for treasures that were supposedly buried there thousands of years ago was a more aggressive reason to pay a visit, and though he was running low on supplies, Duhey was never low on confidence.

"Getting dark enough that I should start looking to set up a shelter," Duhey muttered to himself. He gave his chin a thoughtful stroke and looked around, trying to find the sand dune that was the best combination of coverage from the elements, and yet, the right height to be practical for a shelter that evening. The reputation for how warm a desert was fooled most people into believing that sleeping out in the open was a good idea; an experienced explorer like Duhey wasn't so easily tricked.

Temperatures in the desert could reach into the negatives during the wrong time of year, and though Duhey was traveling in the better part of the year for such actions, it was still getting desperately cold in the evenings. A fennec fox with heritage in the very sands that he was scouring, Duhey knew **all** too well that he had to craft himself a shelter and put up a small fire before it got too much darker.

Almost a week into his journey, Duhey was still empty handed, and it was a shame; the amount of time and effort he expended into making the trip possible was impressive, at the very least, but to come home empty-handed would be a greater disappointment than any other that Duhey could imagine. "I'm *sure* I read the map right. I've seen all of the checkpoints along the way, I've stopped and made marks at every single one...the treasure is supposed to be in the dead center of the Basin of Kings, but I can't seem to find it!"

Normally, desert sand was whipped into a certain shape and pattern by the wind, but Duhey left the sands behind him tarnished and tattered by the blade of his shovel. Holes that looked entirely out of place covered the sands around him, and though he was unsure of how far down he should dig, Duhey was running out of places to start, if he was supposed to be in the center of the basin.

The first hole he struck was dead center, according to the latitude and longitude of the map. "Hell...I can't worry about it right now. I've got enough food and water left for a couple days out here," he reminded himself, "But none of that matters if I freeze to death. Better get started."

Cargo shorts allowed Duhey to ventilate just a little bit, but his normally stylized headfur of bright, neon green was flopped over in his face, and his brow was beaded with sweat from the harsh environment around him. He'd been drinking water constantly, and yet, he couldn't seem to cool down. Just like that, however, he knew he'd be shivering in moments, as the desert sun finally faded beyond the horizon.

Paws that were already dirty began burrowing rapidly into the side of the best dune that he could find, deciding it would be just the right height for him to carve a small cave out of. A fennec fox, and thus, a natural burrower, it didn't take Duhey much time or effort to carve out a small hole, and his body was slim enough that he didn't need a lot of room to move around. His fur was the perfect shade of tan to blend in with the desert sand around him, save for the brown tip of his tail, which would be covered up within the hole.

He'd blend right into the world, and the warmth that the sand absorbed throughout the day would keep him toasty throughout the night, if he were able to find sleep.

"Maybe it's because I read the map wrong?" Duhey asked himself, as the gorgeous sunset faded slowly from his view. Clouds slipped across the skyline, taking on a hue of cotton candy pink as they absorbed the last of the sunlight, and the once blue sky shifted between shades of bright orange and fleeting gold as more distant stars began to replace the sun. "Or did I read the numbers wrong? Am I not really in the Basin of Kings?"

Missing out on the kind of beauty that most people would never be able to see in their lives, Duhey ignored that sunset and wrapped himself up in his own thoughts as he crawled into his hole and pondered what had gone wrong in the trip, so far.

**

At first, Duhey was worried that he'd never get to sleep, and that he'd been uneasy and tired the next day, when he awoke.

Instead, he felt great, but there was a bit of a bouncing sensation in his head.

"Wow...sun is **really** bright today..." he murmured, his voice still groggy with sleep as he tried to rub his eyes, but found that he couldn't move his arms. His worst fear of the sand dune collapsing on him might have come true, and immediately, Duhey scrambled into a panic, trying to get his arms free so that the fluids in his body could get moving again; there was still time to prevent a clot.

His struggles were completely for naught, however, as there was no sand to move away from his body...even his fur was relatively clean and clear of the grains. "I...I don't...what the hell?" he asked, not aware that there was actually someone around to answer him. He couldn't quite rub the sleep out of his eyes, thanks to his lack of mobility, but the keen, blue orbs adjusted rather quickly to the bright sunlight overhead and noticed that the bouncing sensation wasn't just something from the way he slept.

He was bouncing along with every step that was taken, but his body wasn't moving one bit, and certainly, it still **couldn't**.

"Wa...wait a minute. Put me down!" he yelled, as he noticed something of a shadow casting over his head, but it wasn't because he was being moved under

some sort of a structure. Instead, the creature that was carrying him simply looked down to see what all the commotion was about, and Duhey, despite all the heated air around him, froze up in an instant, save for the nervous, chattering sound of his fangs clacking together.

"Noisy...too noisy!" the creature mumbled, or at least, it sounded as such, thanks to the series of bandages that were wrapped around the bridge of its muzzle. "You're going to give me a headache, little one."

It was rare that something so large could actually talk, and even rarer still that the creature would be eloquent, and though it was a nice surprise to Duhey, it didn't relieve his stress at all, when he realized that whatever it was, it was carrying him through the desert, likely far away from his backpack, and all of the food and supplies he brought.

Whatever it was, there was a certain beauty to it, despite the fact that it was a bit terrifying in size alone. Eyes that were a thoughtful shade of yellow-gold gazed down on Duhey, partially lidded, as if the creature wanted him to see how frustrated it was with his constant badgering. Dark, curled horns of brown fell off to either side of its head, and framed up a face that grew slimmer as it moved toward the muzzle.

Soft, cushy breasts sat behind Duhey, keeping his ride fairly smooth and comfortable, all things told, while a set of arms kept his own from moving, but somehow, the creature carried onward, and by Duhey's count, he couldn't think of any mortal thing that had six limbs at such an incredible size.

He'd counted wrong, in his panic; there were six arms, not just limbs, and only one pair of them was actually engaged in keeping the fennec restrained. Somehow, that thought didn't ease his panic either, though the creature easily could have killed Duhey by now, if it really wanted to. For whatever reason, it didn't seem terribly interested in taking his life, or much about him at all, all things told.

"I'm gonna give you a lot more than a headache if you don't tell me what's going on!" Duhey finally shouted back at the much larger creature. It took him that long just to find the courage to speak again, and when he finally had it, the first thing he did was yell something agitating at the creature, and only after he spoke did he realize what a foolish mistake that might have been.

Instead of pain, or some kind of a punishment, however, he felt little more than the ticklish sensation of bare nipples teasing along the fur upon his back, as the creature giggled at him. "That's very sweet of you to offer, little one, but I don't think you're quite *equipped* for that."

Clearly, the creature understood humor, and was even skilled at playing around with innuendo a little bit. Though Duhey wanted to treat her as a large, mindless beast, it was becoming clear that he couldn't do that, and clearer still that there had to be some deeper reason that she'd stolen him in the middle of the night.

Why his clothes were all left behind was another story, though he had a feeling the two were directly related. "Did...did you just make a joke out of that?" Duhey asked, as he gave his head a tilt, trying to get another glance into a pair of eyes that twinkled with an intelligence he hadn't anticipated.

"It's no joke. You're **far** too small to get the job done, but that's not your fault. It's your anatomy," she replied, and no matter how much she spoke, she managed to keep the wrappings tight around her muzzle, refusing to expose it for reasons untold. "I am certain that **someone** could make good use of it, however. You're a cute little man. You'll fetch a high price at the market."

"The **market**?!"

"It's not so bad," she cut in, before Duhey had a chance to panic further. "They take good care of their slaves, treat them well, feed them and clothe them...your life will improve dramatically. Count on it."

Though it was left open to blow in the wind, there was a cloak that the creature no doubt used to conceal her possessions while traveling across the more treacherous reaches of the desert, and in some of the pockets, Duhey could see a number of different items that would have concerned any capture: Blindfolds, ropes, gags and more were kept in plentiful numbers, and that was in addition to the ropes that already kept his ankles and knees bound tightly together.

Suddenly, the thought of only having his arms held down wasn't so bad, though the sight of more bondage gear left him without even a sliver of hope to escape the clutches of the creature.

"L-look, ma'am...I...I can't be taken to a market. I've got a life to go back to! You can't just steal people like this!" Duhey tried to explain, though it was clear that his words were falling on deaf ears. "There are laws against this! You'll get in terrible trouble if you're caught!"

"Your people have laws against it...not ours," she explained, "And I've never been caught, in all my life as a slave runner. I will not be caught today, either."

Her voice was confident without being arrogant, and even if she was just playing the part, she played it so well that Duhey couldn't help believing in her reputation, even if he didn't know of it.

"Listen, miss...?"

"Yarinya."

"Yarinya...lovely name...look. I need you to let me go, okay? I have a house to get back to, and an excavation to finish, and I don't think that people would smile on the whole...y'know, you **kidnapping** me thing."

Letting out a quiet huff and pausing her casual stroll through the sand, Yarinya gazed down across her own nude figure to the equally nude fennec that was held in one set of her arms. "You beg more than any other man I've ever met. Do you really think I'll give in to that, after so many years of dealing with your kind?"

Duhey already knew that he was beyond hope, but before he could try to protest further, he was cut off by a terrible truth. "Besides, I saw your map. I'm not sure who gave it to you, but the Basin of Kings, and the supposed treasure, are just what we call it to lure wayward adventurers into our trap. You did quite a fair bit of damage to our lands, stranger...I think this is only fair."

From the very beginning, Duhey was set up, and though he had only himself to blame for taking the opportunity, he was furious with those who'd traded him legitimate money for a map that did nothing more than get him captured.

"So you're saying the whole thing was just a big, dumb hoax?!"

"It's not dumb. It works quite well, and keeps our market filled with fresh, new faces like yours. It's a shame you're so whiny, really. A cutie like you is sure to

fetch a high price."

"Find someone else. I'm **not** going."

"You have no choice. You were basically a slave the moment you entered the desert, stranger."

"The name's Duhey, and I already told you a bunch of times, you **can't** sell me, damn it!"

It would have been easy for Yarinya to take one of the gags from her cloak and stuff it into Duhey's muzzle, and certainly, that was a tempting thought for her, at the moment, but she'd have a lot more fun with the fennec if she was able to hear him screaming, after she initiated him.

"Perhaps you'll feel a bit differently about this whole arrangement after I give you your first rights."

"I'd rather you gave me directions back to my things!"

"You say that," Yarinya murmured, "But you don't know what you would be missing out on. I'm only here to give you a *sample* of the life that you could be missing out on."

The pair of arms that held Duhey released him for a mere moment, and though he saw it as the perfect opportunity to escape, two more arms gripped him by his bound legs and flipped him over, leaving him to get a face full of the multiple breasts that sat upon Yarinya's torso. Two large, full breasts sat just below her collarbone, followed by the tantalizing trail of a smaller set, moving down toward the rather slim berth of her hips.

He hated to admit it, but Duhey was enjoying the view, as his attention was snapped back by the feel of another, open palm stroking over the base of his sack.

"I would never kidnap and sell a creature into slavery that I didn't think would enjoy it, and I've seen your kind, Duhey. You quite enjoy the pleasures of the flesh, hm?" she asked, as her palm displayed an impressive dexterity. Resting flat against the full, untapped orbs within, she delicately swirled her paws in tiny,

teasing circles, knowing that it was a touch that could bring even the most nervous man to an erection in seconds. "Look...you're already getting hard. It would seem that I was right about you after all."

There was a moment of disconnect between Duhey and the pleasure that his body felt. On first glance, he thought that this creature was going to eat him, and now, Yarinya was gently stroking her pawtips through the gap between his full, swollen testes as with all the same tender care as a lover would, with no intention more than bringing him ecstasy. "Th-this...this is kind of a *weird* way to convince me to go with you..."

Early resistance to the delightful sensation was fading fast as Yarinya continued playfully massaging Duhey's sack, but another one of her arms joined in the fun, and another paw, perhaps a bit too large for the job, wrapped a pair of digits around the base of the fennec's cock. Already, it was beginning to throb with the blood that filled it, and with just one easy, slow stroke, Yarinya was able to milk a whimpering moan out of Duhey.

Though he couldn't see it, her muzzle was grinning under the tight, thick wraps, and he even heard a muffled giggle as his lips tried to seal back closed. "You can play the silent game with me all you want, little one. Your body is **very** receptive. I can tell so much about you with just a single *strooooooke*," she said, her voice fading to a long, teasing whisper at the end, "That you don't have to say another word. I'll know if you belong at the market when we're finished here."

Duhey truly couldn't believe his ears, no matter how receptive they were. His fangs were gritted together, and he tried to purse his lips into a pout, but he was almost out of resilience, and Yarinya wasn't nearly out of arms. She could have easily tossed him between the arms to give them a break, if she wanted, but she was plenty strong enough to hold him upside down, allowing one of her own twisted desires to be fulfilled, as she watched the first tiny, thin strands of glistening precum spill from the tip of his fully erect manhood, until they dripped down into the fur of his own chest and neck, thanks to the angle.

"Just so you know, plentiful seed means that you'll fetch even **more** money at the market," Yarinya pointed out, followed by another quiet giggle. She knew it wouldn't help Duhey accept his fate, but he was finally relegating to it, as his own precum was used as a lubricant on the underside of his shaft. Expertly

skilled paws continued to work on his body as the pace increased, and Duhey watched helplessly as Yarinya worked his cock that much faster, edging him closer and closer to an orgasm that he couldn't possibly control.

He tensed his tummy all the same, and gave it one last effort, as he winced his eyes shut, fighting the pleasure that the larger creature was so easily able to provide him. "Y-you...you don't h-have to do this, Yarinya! J-just let me go, **please!**"

The final set of arms reached out and around to gently stroke and massage at the tired muscles of Duhey's chest, and final pawtips made their way to his nipples, touching and teasing the fennec in a way that he couldn't remember anyone else doing before. Everything was done with such a gentle touch that it allowed the pleasure to well up inside of his body, and Yarinya was a true master of her craft; she knew what kind of a pace to take so that anyone she captured would get to feel a mind-blowing orgasm before they were sold.

It was effective in a number of ways, and though she wouldn't tell Duhey right then, she knew that it would make him a more obedient slave, if the idea of being treated as a sexual tool was thrown into the mix.

"You beg for freedom with your voice," Yarinya teased, "But your body begs for the ultimate release of the slavery that awaits. Which one do you think I should listen to, Duhey?"

Perhaps it was just how skillful Yarinya was with her body. Perhaps it was the way that she truly seemed to care about Duhey, and his wellbeing. It even could have been the fact that the fennec was quietly into the idea of being used against his will, and this was as close as he could get to living out that fantasy.

Whatever it might have been, the fennec was already beginning to shudder helpless against Yarinya's arms as the familiar, delightful tension of orgasm tightened up the muscles throughout his body.

"That's it...give in, Duhey! Let your body guide you!" she cheered, as she felt the first ropes of cum spilling against her pawtips. The poor fennec could only keep his eyes winced shut and try, all in vain, to dodge the long, bursting streaks of his own seed as it was jerked toward him, and his chest and neck were soaked with the same in seconds. His muzzle caught only minor drops, but the fennec

was making a terrible mess of himself, thanks to the skillful paws of the larger creature, and no matter how he shook and trembled with ecstasy, Yarinya refused to let him budge even an inch, controlling every aspect of his sexual destiny.

She even seemed to be enjoying herself in the process, as her nipples stood firm, wishing that they could enjoy their own attention, and if Duhey were able to get just a little bit closer, he might have been able to offer her that service, but Yarinya took a strict oath not to create a proper connection with her captures...that kind of softness would cost her a lot of profits, and Duhey was going to fetch her a gold mine.

"Nnnngh...nnyes... f-fuck yes!" Duhey finally allowed his voice to say what his body was saying all along, and as he writhed against Yarinya's powerful arms, his messy yield finally slowed to a trickle that poured lazily across the valley of his crotch. The last drops made it as far as his tummy before they ran out of steam, and the fennec was left there, hanging, panting, and helpless...just the way a slave was meant to be.

Yarinya could already feel herself developing a soft spot for the fennec, as she pulled her cloak closed around him, despite the mess.

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The auctions were always a lively event, and people of all different walks of life were present there. Creatures big and small, some common, some downright mythical, populated the auction hall, a place hidden not too far from the center of the desert, near ruins that were thought to be abandoned.

During the trip, Duhey had fallen asleep, but he was going to get a rude awakening, as Yarinya finally made her way onto the stage.

"Our next slave for bid is a fennec fox with a bit of a spicy personality, as told by his captor, Yarinya! His feisty nature, vibrant green hair and slim, toned body make him an attractive slave for any household, whether you want cheap labor, or perhaps, a cheap thrill!"

Standing upon the stage, grinning at what was about to happen, Yarinya threw her cloak open, exposing her body to the crowd...and in front of it, the wide, spread tailhole of a fennec fox, who started awake as the lights flew over his

eyes. He gasped and looked out at the faces all around him as they admired the sight of the back of his sack, his tight, clenching pucker, and the still-drooling head of his cock, all from behind.

Oh yes, little one...you'll fetch me more money than I could ever need.

"I dunno...I...I really don't think it's gonna fit, Zech."

It was easy to keep a tail up and out of the way for sexual activity when it had a natural curl, and Exile was always happy with just how useful his proved to be in the bedroom. His cheeks were easy to spread, and his tail stayed far out of the way so that a paw was always free to roam across the taut, toned surface of his rear end.

The warm, tight berth of his pucker was readily exposed for Zechariah, who gave it a long, drawn gaze of appreciation, not worried about just how bashful the huscoon on the other end might be. Dark eyes of stern, controlling brown looked down upon Exile with appreciation, as the hybrid was easy enough to pick up from the bar, but even easier was the process of getting him undressed, and now, Zech was just a few drops of lube short from gripping the base of his long, thick cock and jabbing it into Exile's waiting ass.

"You think I'm gonna take you **dry** or something?" Zech asked, raising a brow behind Exile and shooting daggers at the hybrid the moment he looked back over his shoulder. A coywolf who was every bit as domineering in the bedroom as Exile would have liked, Zech didn't give the hybrid an option about his fate, now that he was relegated to it. Even just letting the bright, vein-riddled flesh of his canine member sit on the curve of Exile's cheeks was enough to remind the hybrid of his place, and with each tiny, heated spurt of precum into his fur, Exile shuddered with delight for what was still to come.

The idea of going in without lubrication wasn't that enticing, of course, but Exile could already feel cold, yet plentiful lubricant spilling from a bottle and pooling in the squeezing pucker of his asshole. "N-n-no, I know you w-wouldn't!" he replied, shivering with the chill of the sensual liquid, and the delightful tickle it supplied as excess dripped down through the back of his thighs and trickled over the bottom of his sack.

"Good. I'd keep any unkind words to myself, if I were you," Zech warned his submissive partner. A punishment would have been just what Exile wanted, so Zech took the higher route, knowing that there was a greater mental anguish to

never feeling the slap of an open palm against his ass cheeks, or the tight, forceful tug of pawtips against the scruff upon his neck. Instead, he only felt the less painful, but equally satisfying sensation of a pawtip dipping right into the mess of lubrication and pushing it forth, forcing the slippery fluids to gather inside of Exile's passage. A hooked digit spread as much of the liquid around that he could, and Exile tried not to be **too** obvious about his squirming as Zech fingered him, rather gently to start.

Rolling his eyes back in delight and gripping the plain, white sheets upon the bed in clenching palms, Exile bit down on his lower lip for good measure and tried not to cry out with delight, but he utterly failed as he felt a second pawtip joining the first with a sharp, powerful thrust. "*Nnnff...f-fuck!* Y-you're being so fuckin' rough!"

Snickering quietly, undeterred by Exile's praises, Zech lifted the bottle of lube once more and used his pawtips to pry the hybrid's backdoor open as wide as he could. More of the slick, clear liquid was poured right into the source, and as Exile trembled, Zech drew the bottle back toward his own flesh, making sure that his cock was coated with a healthy amount of the same. "I don't hear you complaining," Zech replied calmly, allowing an unnecessary amount of lubrication to spill from the bottle, just so that excess could soak into Exile's fur and leave him chilled all the way down to his footpaws.

There was almost enough of the mess to achieve that goal, but it turned out that there would be plenty, as Zech felt a tight grip around his pawtips. Furrowing his brow and readying his paw, he prepared to strike the huscoon for getting too excited too quickly, but he was shocked when, after about ten seconds of constant, full-force clenching, Exile didn't seem exhausted in the least.

"Exile, are you...are you clenching down on me?"

"N-no," Exile replied through gritted fangs, as pleasure ran up the base of his spine from being so entirely stuffed with slick, eager paws. "Did y-you add a third finger?"

Looking troubled, Zech slowly pulled a digit back and out of Exile's ass, but instead of seeing the gape that he expected, he watched as Exile bucked his hips back toward an open palm, and under the curl of his hybrid tail, his tailhole continued to shrink back down to size.

It wasn't until Zech noticed that Exile's backside looked a little bit smaller that he was starting to put the pieces together, and with a pair of startled eyes, he gazed at the label on the bottle of lube.

"Where did you get this stuff?" Zech asked, as he pulled his paw all the way back, much to Exile's dismay. "I...I don't think it's safe to use."

Letting his inner power bottom shine through, Exile looked back at the coywolf with a huff, ignorant of the slow change across his body. "You used damn near half the bottle, so I'm sure it's fine, if you'd just stick your paws back in there already!"

"Yeah...that might have been a **bad** thing," Zech tried to explain, as he set the bottle aside. Curious of how Exile's physicality might have changed, he tried to stuff just a single pawtip into Exile's ass, and though the hybrid squirmed with untold delight under the pressure, no matter how Zech tried, he couldn't get the digit to fit. Exile was **still** shrinking, and the process was speeding up, as the hybrid was taking up less and less of the bed by the minute. "Don't you **feel** that? I can't even get a single finger in there!"

Snickering and feeling full of himself, Exile smirked and rolled his eyes. "Well, I **am** awfully tight back there."

"No, you're small."

"Same thing."

Letting out a huff and laying a smack upon Exile's backside that covered the entirety of it, instead of just one cheek, Zech launched the hybrid forward with the force of his blow, and as Exile cried out in pain, he tried to reach back and cover his rump, only to have to put a paw out to stop his muzzle from hitting the wall.

"*Ahhhn!* Damn...th-that...that was a little rough, don't you think?" Exile asked through whimpers of pain, shocked at how far he'd been launched. He was nearly buried in the sheets, and no matter how he tried to get up on all fours, it didn't seem to make a difference. Everything was in perfect proportion, but his body was still shrinking down, and finally, he was able to grasp just how serious

it was. He wasn't much larger than the pillows at the end of the bed, and his thoughtful, curious pools of blue went wide in shock as he turned back, only to see Zech looming over him in every sense of the word.

Arms crossed over his chest, Zech frowned and watched as Exile continued to shrink. Thrown into a panic, the hybrid scrambled onto his backside and watched his footpaws in disbelief, but with each second that passed, they took up less and less of the bed, until they were comically small, just like the rest of his body. "Well, this *sucks*," Zech groaned, as he looked down over a continually shrinking huscoon, one who was just barely larger than the thick, still-pulsing cock that jutted out with need from Zech's crotch. "I was really looking forward to spearing you on my cock...what the hell am I gonna do with you now?"

While the idea of being treated like a sexual object appealed to Exile in ways that he couldn't properly admit in the midst of a panic, the practice didn't seem like such a good idea, and even with a plentiful amount of lube still covering the lower half of his body, the hybrid wasn't sure how Zech could still be thinking of sex.

"Don't you think we should be figuring out how to **cure** this?!" he exclaimed, though his yell was little more than a speaking voice to Zech, thanks to a tiny set of lungs. "I need some help, here!"

Zech nodded in agreement. "You sure do," he replied, his voice a river of calm in what was otherwise a valley of panic. "You're addressing me with **no** respect, and as far as I'm concerned, you're still my little bitch...you're just a lot smaller, now."

Gulping quietly, Exile looked down at his lap again and poked his index fingers together, doing his best to look innocent in his tiny form. "W-well, I figured that this was a little outside of the norm, so I didn't think-

"No, you didn't think at all," Zech cut in, as he waited for Exile to finish shrinking. The process was slowing to a crawl, and thanks to the excess that fell upon his bed, there was enough that Exile's body could easily be coated from head to toe in the mess, if Zech were so inclined to force it on him. "You were being a selfish little bitch, without giving a single thought to the needs of your partner!"

Ears went flat as Exile realized that there was some truth to the words, but further, he knew that logic wasn't a part of the equation anymore. Zech was determined to punish the miniature huscoon, and with his legs soaked with a slippery liquid, there was no way he could make a run for it; even if he could, he wouldn't be able to outrun someone who was that much larger than him.

"I'm...I'm sorry, Zech."

"Your words are **meaningless**...and a little bit hard to hear, actually," Zech admitted, as he leaned over the bed. Exile immediately cowered and tried to lean back, but it was no use, as the coywolf wrapped a lubricant soaked paw around the tiny hybrid and snickered at him. The warmth of the breath leaking from his muzzle left Exile's face soaked with steamy moisture, and he winced his eyes shut tightly as he feared the worst, thinking that Zech might be turning him into a morsel, instead of a mate.

His fate wasn't *quite* so bad, but it wasn't too much better, either.

"I'm still stiff as a board, and you've been the one having all the fun, so far. I think it's about time we put that lubricated little body to work and gave your master his due...wouldn't you agree?" Zech asked, mindful that his voice would deafening to such small ears.

Those same ears were folded back submissively as Exile tried to look cute and appeal to sympathy, but there was none to be found. Timidly, he nodded, though his response and his willingness were both moot points.

A rush of air flew past Exile's face, and he felt as though he were going over and down the first, massive hill of a roller coaster. Wind rushed through his eyes and forced them open, only to see his destination below, glowing a satisfying shade of red and looking positively appetizing, even if Exile couldn't possibly fit his maw around it, anymore.

Schplick! A body soaked with lubrication landed forcefully on the stiff, throbbing length, and almost knocked the wind right out of Exile's lungs. He gasped with shock as he landed, worried that he might fall even further, but he wasn't given time to be fearful; Zech was already wrapping the arms of the tiny being around the underside of his cock and locking him in, as a massive palm stayed flat against Exile's back, pinning him in place. It was a simple, yet

impressively effective form of bondage for the micro-sized hybrid, and with a devious grin, Zech set him in motion with a long, *slow* stroke.

A variety of different sensations ran through the coywolf, as he felt the smooth, slick texture of fur sliding along the top of his length, and a slightly rougher feel of tiny, lubricated paws on the underside of his shaft. Exile's own cock stood stiff and at attention, but it was pinned to his stomach from his position, acting more as a device for Zech's pleasure than his own.

"Y-you sure make an *interesting* little cock sleeve," Zech admitted through a quiet gasp, as he rapidly pushed Exile back to the top of his tapered, canine length. "But you come with a few extra features, right? I know it's tiny, but you've still got a tongue...better put it to work, or I'll stick you somewhere **a lot** worse."

Exile didn't need any further warning. Gulping back his instant fear and getting a hold of himself, he opened his muzzle as wide as he could and slurped his tongue across the very tip of Zech's manhood, and thanks to his tiny size, he was able to just barely insert the slippery, wet muscle into Zech's urethra, tasting the coywolf in a way that he never would have been able to at his full size. Tones of salt and earth ran across Exile's taste buds as he slipped his tongue free and kept it out, knowing that Zech would want exactly that.

Satisfied with the treatment, Zech grinned and drew Exile back down again, making sure that his arms never budged loose, and that his tongue was out on every pass. The pace was slow, but perfectly effective, as Zech paused at the top of every stroke so that Exile could taste his tip, and after just a few motions, the micro hybrid could taste the familiar, salty-sweet flavors of precum in his muzzle. There was already plenty to go around, but in his tiny form, Exile could barely keep up with the flow of the stuff, as it began to trickle down the underside of Zech's cock, right into Exile's paws.

"Keep...k-keep holding on," Zech ordered, knowing that Exile would obey, be it from his submissive nature, or his own sense of self-preservation. "I'm gonna cum soon...and w-when I do, you're gonna drink it s-straight from the tap, you little **bitch**."

No matter how his voice wavered with pleasure, Zech kept a sincerely dominant tone, and Exile's ears stayed flat with submission as he was thoroughly used. He

could feel a small pleasure building in his own member as it was forced to glide along the lubricated length below, but he actually derived *more* pleasure from the way that he was treated like a living, breathing sex toy, and in effect, that's what he was, and a damn good one, at that.

After all, Exile couldn't think of any sex toys that helped to clean up and dispose of the mess, when all was said and done.

Powerful, deep throbs rattled through Zech's cock, and Exile gripped the canine length even tighter as Zech moved him along. "F-fuck...gonna cum...I'm...**I'm cumming!**" Zech shouted out as he threw his head back, fighting the urge to howl with delight as the first long, thin rope of his cum burst from the tip of his cock. Exile was forced to the top just in time to catch the creamy treat with his face, and he only just barely closed his eyes in time to avoid sincerely wasting it. A tiny, wide open muzzle was immediately painted white and filled with seed, but ever the obedient little hybrid, Exile swallowed immediately and worked his arms over the tip of the length, trying to milk the larger hybrid for every drop that he could manage, even at the risk of drowning himself.

Semen poured back down over the length of Zech's own shaft as Exile helplessly struggled against the flood, and no matter how often he gulped, more of the same mess covered his muzzle and face, leaving the patches of brown and his mask painted white for the moment as Zech humped at the air, his body acting of purely instinctive accord. Holding on for the ride and getting coated in the mess, Exile finally lost his grip and fell down to the soft, cushy bed below, but there was no safety to be had; thick, healthy streams of ejaculate spilled down as Zech rode out of his orgasm, leaving Exile's tummy and legs thick with the same, creamy mess as his throat.

His tummy nearly bulged with what he was able to swallow, and finally, as it passed, Exile panted upon the bed, hoping that the larger creature might have mercy on him, for his efforts.

"Ah...ha... whew! Hell of a job there, Exile," Zech offered a rare compliment through a series of panting breaths. "But you sure did make an awful mess of my bed...and my cock...and yourself, for that matter."

Flattening his ears just slightly, Exile looked up and saw a terrible grin upon Zech's muzzle and didn't even have to guess at what was coming next.

"That's okay. I suppose I can shower off the mess...but...I need a new loofah. Think you're up for the task?"

Staying silent, Exile felt a paw clutch around his middle, and started holding his breath for the inevitable shower. It seemed he was going to a lot of things, that evening.

The amount of freedom that one could have in their own home was always delightful, and it was the same reason that Rosa always decided to invite Julia to her house for their weekly tea dates, instead of out to one of the many local coffee shops and brew houses.

After all, in her own home, Rosa could show off the full spectrum of brilliant and vibrant colors that cast a number of different shades across her fur, without clothing impeding them, and of course, Julia knew that she was free to do the same in the safe space of a friend's residence. For someone as small as Julia, safety was quite the priority, and around Rosa, she always felt like she could be herself, as if no harm would ever come to her, no matter what...

The teacup fox didn't realize just how much danger she might actually be in, this time around.

Ding-dong! Rosa's tail started to swish back and forth with excitement, and the bright, pink stripes that cut down across the fur on her bare thighs started to glow even more brilliantly as she bounded across the kitchen, naked as the day she was born, and came right to the front door.

"Yes, who is it...?" she asked, not bothering to dress up to answer the door even if it **wasn't** the guest she was expecting. She leaned over slightly and put an eye to the peephole on her front door, and despite only actually standing a little over a foot tall, there was Julia, fluttering her tiny, cyan blue wings as fast as they would move, just barely keeping herself afloat. Her lungs were on fire, and her chest was heaving just from her brief time in the air, but her wings, like all teacup foxes, were a little bit undersized, and were really more intended for gliding and gentle landings, not proper flight.

Rosa rapidly opened the door, and the inward rush of air was so strong that it actually pulled Julia in like a vacuum. The tiny, fluttering fox squeaked in panic as her wings stood no chance against the wind, and she rapidly flew in...only to land face first in perhaps the softest place that she could, right between Rosa's bare breasts.

"Well, I *knew* you were excited to see me, Julia, but I think you're being a little **too** forward right now," Rosa teased. Even before she finished joking with the teacup fox, Rosa could feel Julia grumbling against her cleavage and trying to pry her head out of the small gap. She came free rather easily when she finally pushed, and Rosa made a platform with her arms for Julia to sit upon...and for the moment, the tiny vulpine merely glared up at Rosa with a bright, pink flush under her dark blue cheeks, one that shined nearly as bright as the neon glow that radiated from Rosa's more tender flesh; her nipples, her inner ears, and even her labia all shared the same warm, supernatural glow, and all were exposed for the whole world to see...at least, until Rosa slowly closed the door and carried Julia back to the kitchen.

"**You're** the one who got too excited! I can't believe you opened the door so hard you nearly took me out of flight!" Julia shot back, still huffing and crossing her arms over her own chest. Julia never wore clothes, even when she did go out, so there was never anything to cover up the bright, iridescent stone that jutted out from just above and between her breasts, a literal indicator of her mood for those who would think to approach her. Julia was carefree, so the stone was usually seen glowing a soft, calm shade of blue, but in her irritation, it was starting to burn a brighter shade of red, one that didn't fade away until Rosa finally set Julia down on the kitchen table and flattened her ears.

"I know, I know...sorry about that," Rosa apologized, keeping her ears flat and managing a nervous smile. Julia **couldn't** stay mad, knowing that Rosa had the best of intentions, and slowly, the stone in her chest faded between red, purple, and back to the normal, cool blue color it was meant to have, as Julia smiled up at her friend. Long, curling tresses of bouncing, brunette hair tumbled down around Rosa's shoulders, and she brushed the bright, lavender locks of her bangs out of her amethyst eyes so that she could look, unobstructed, upon her diminutive companion. "Think a cup of tea is enough to help you forgive me?"

True to her namesake, it wasn't hard to find Julia sitting around a cup of tea...whether she was literally sitting right around the cup and clinging to the base of it for warmth, or sitting on the rim of the cup, dangling her footpaws just over the liquid, of course, depended on what she was in the mood for. "I'll definitely give it some thought, anyway," Julia teased back, reminding her taller vixen friend that she was just as talented at being mischievous when she wanted to be. She gave a quick, friendly swish with her tail, and the ring of beads near the middle of the long, fluffy appendage rang out in the tiniest, quietest **clack**

you could imagine, just a reminder to Julia that they hadn't fallen off.

Bright eyes of orange and amber were hard to resist, and as usual, Rosa was a sucker for the smaller, cuter things in life. She smiled down at all the soft, blue and navy locks of hair that fell around Julia's lovely visage and rolled her eyes, knowing that the hybrid of a fox and a bat was just putting on the looks to get her way. "I guess I'd better get the pot brewing, then," Rosa finally gave in, half wondering if she could have waited it out and forced Julia to go in and do the brewing for once. "Fancy a *small* snack while you wait?"

Julia rolled her eyes. "Like I haven't heard **that** one a million times before," she groaned, flopping onto her rump on the table and huffing at the endless sarcasm Rosa supplied. "Though, if you're offering, I really could use a little something to nibble on."

Rosa felt right at home in the kitchen, but it wasn't that she loved to cook. She just loved making her friends happy and sharing time with them, and often, that meant fixing up a quick, simple snack, a pot of tea, and sitting around in the comfy chairs of her kitchen table and discussing their lives...at least, **most** guests would actually sit in a chair. Julia was allowed to sit on the table, of course, and it made it much easier for the tiny hybrid to wrap her paws around the tiny 'sandwich' that Rosa had prepared: two small cutouts from actual pieces of bread, with equally small portions of meat and cheese cut out to fit between them, making a brunch sandwich the perfect size for a teacup fox.

"The tea will be ready in a couple minutes," Rosa said, as she came back to the table again, this time carrying a plate for herself, with an appropriately sized sandwich on it. She was quick to take a bite, making it clear just how hungry she'd really been, and her lips curled up into a silly smile as she chewed her food. Julia was happy to see her friend in such a good mood, and a bright, powerful blue glow radiated from her chest as she took a couple quick bites from the tiny sandwich she was granted. "*Mnnn...* I've really outdone myself this time!"

Julia gulped down a bite rather quickly and nodded her agreement. "You really did! Shame that you couldn't have the tea ready for us on time..."

Rosa was about to twist her face up in offense when Julia snuck in a quick wink, one that someone else might have missed, but when they chatted, Rosa gave

Julia her full attention, and she was quick to notice it. "*Hmmph. Ungrateful little punk,*" she muttered, shaking her head at Julia and taking another bite of her sandwich with a telltale smirk. *She sure is looking good today...good enough to eat, that's for sure.*

A pair of rather attractive females, Rosa and Julia had the mutual respect to acknowledge each other's lovely appearances, and though there wasn't necessarily an attraction, Rosa often wondered if things might be different if they were closer in size. The feeling was at least slightly returned by Julia, who was truly just happy to have Rosa as a friend...and as a personal chef, when the occasion called for it.

"Hey, you're the one who invited me over. Can't expect me to be a good guest if you're gonna be a rude host!" Julia teased, sticking out the very tip of her bright, pink tongue, and nearly biting it thereafter as she got near to the end of her sandwich. Rosa perked one of her ears in the meantime, simply snickering at her friend and her playful comments, as she overheard the tea starting to boil across the kitchen, and she politely stood up, stepping over to the counter to gather it.

As Rosa turned around, Julia gave a quick, playful wave to the set of lips that some people might not notice were a part of Rosa's body. She was no ordinary vixen, at the very tip of her tail, there wasn't a tuft of fur, but rather, a round and thick ending, one that looked slightly more like the end of a red panda tail. If one were to look deep enough into the fur, however, they'd start to see a seam...and if they looked appetizing enough, they'd likely see **fangs** starting to emerge, and a long, glowing pink tongue that slithered between jagged teeth like a snake through a rocky cave. To many, it would be an eerie, and at least unsettling sight...to Julia, it was just another part of what made Rosa who she was and seeing as the tail had something of its own will, Julia thought of it as just another friend at the table.

"Piping hot and ready to sip, just the way you like it!" Rosa declared cheerfully, pouring a helping of the boiling water into Julia's cup first to be polite, and then, a small serving into her own small tea cup, watching as the off-green fluid filled each piece of dishware, and long trails of steam snaked their way up into the air before they dissipated. "Or, y'know, you can always just dip your paws in, if you're cold."

"Joke about that all you want," Julia quickly jabbed, "But don't knock it 'til

you've tried it..."

"I **still** can't believe that you have! It's a waste of perfectly good tea!"

Julia moved across the table to sit next to her glass, giving it a moment longer to cool down. "Like I said...don't knock it 'til you've tried it..."

Rosa could feel a small rumbling in her stomach at that sentiment, and a certain part of her body echoed the idea...and for years, she'd tried not to listen. Today, she was done resisting...she was going to try something that she'd been wanting to do since she first laid eyes on the adorable Julia. "Certainly, words to live by," she agreed, as she grinned down at her cute, tiny friend. "Now then...shall we have our meal?"

"Uhm...w-we just ate, Rosa," Julia replied, tilting her head at her larger friend and leaning over the edge of her cup to take a quick, refreshing sip of her tea. "We're a bit young to be getting so forgetful, aren't we?"

"I don't think you quite understood what I meant."

Rosa started to lean further over the table, and her eyes, always filled with a warmth for Julia that spoke the depth of their friendship, started to narrow upon her small, slim body as if she were nothing more than a morsel, waiting to be snatched from the plate. "**We** already ate, my darling friend...but I'm afraid **my tail** hasn't had anything to eat all day..."

Julia thought that she knew Rosa inside and out. Until this very moment, she was sure that nothing like this could ever happen to her...that Rosa was in full control of her devious tail, and she had nothing to fear from it.

As the long, prehensile appendage flung upward, peering over Rosa's shoulder and opening up at the very end to turn its fangs on her, Julia felt an overwhelming sense of betrayal that was shadowed only by a crippling, paralyzing fear.

"R-Rosa...no...d-don't...you **can't**... you **wouldn't**!"

Julia's lower lip trembled with helplessness, knowing that the tail would be able to snap at her faster than she could fly away.

"You're right, Julia...**I** wouldn't."

The tail lunged forward, moving with all of the speed of a deadly predator in the wild, finally gunning for the kill. Julia froze up, the stone in her chest turning a dark, onyx black to echo her fear as the jaws on the tail easily spread around her body...and swallowed her up.

"But **he** would."

Julia heard no remorse in the voice of her friend as she was eaten whole, and she was riddled with disgust as she knelt, forced into such a tight, cramped space. She was only fortunate that Rosa took very good care of herself, or the smell might have been overbearing...but in the end, it was rather neutral, and left Julia able to focus on a way out. She could barely see any light coming through the tiny cracks in the jagged fangs that she'd luckily dodged, and if she looked the other way, she could only see endless darkness ahead of her. Within seconds, her thick, plush coat of fur and the long, flowing tresses of her hair were soaked with saliva...and the further she slumped, leaving her legs to spread slightly as she lowered to the floor, the closer and closer the warm, slick substance got to her exposed womanhood, something that she hadn't accounted for.

On the outside, Rosa truly **didn't** feel any remorse for her actions, and she took at least a little solace in knowing that Julia was still alive inside of her. Some people might think it *uncouth* to masturbate at the kitchen table...and downright **horrible** to do such to the thought of a close friend being literally swallowed alive.

For Rosa, it was nothing more than a natural libido booster, and an excuse to soak the cushion on her chair, so she'd have a reason to go out and buy a new one.

"T-trust me, Julia...you'll thank me for this..." Rosa grunted quietly, as her paws rapidly flew down to her labia. Even before she'd swallowed Julia, Rosa could feel feminine moisture beading up on the edges of her folds, and Julia was none the wiser to that growing arousal until it was too late...and now, having no taboo left to cross, Rosa was shameless in probing her slim, delicate pawtips into her snatch, using one paw to easily spread her pouting lips apart, and the other to greedily stuff two pawtips right into the waiting opening, uncaring of the way

that her overflowing cunt was already spilling and dripping liquid desire down to the floor.

Julia, on the other hand, was taking a bit longer to warm up to the idea. Her overwhelming sensation of betrayal was making it rather tough to enjoy the fact that an endless river of warm, slick saliva was passing right between her spread thighs and occasionally, some excess would bubble up, tickling and splattering against her own womanhood. It was obvious that the tail was enjoying her natural flavors, as the long, snake-like tongue suddenly fluttered up under her body and slipped along her most delicate flesh, like a long, slimy, massive tentacle...one that went between her open thighs, coating her sex with slick juices, before passing up over her rump and under her tail, back down over her shoulder, and across her breasts. "Nnnngh... s-stop...stop it...that feels so...so weird!" Julia protested, helplessly, and at that, rather weakly. She couldn't believe that she was actually getting into the sensation of the tongue coating her body with saliva and spreading it around, especially knowing that nothing more than death waited on the other side of the darkness...

But if I'm gonna go now, I guess I'll at least enjoy myself...

The teacup fox was still reluctant, but finally starting to moan as the tongue, now wrapped around her body in such a way that it could pull her in, started to yank her back towards that same darkness, and against the strength of the long, skillful muscle, Julia was helpless to escape...and helpless against the growing pleasure that ran through her body. Even at her small size, she'd never known anything big, slick **and** flexible enough to tease her pussy, her tailhole, and her breasts, all at the same time, all in such *perfect* unison...and it made the process of being smashed into an even tighter space, down into the throat of the tail-mouth, at least a little more pleasant.

Rosa hadn't forgotten about the fate of her dear, close friend, but she was rather busy pinching her cute, erect clit between a pair of pawtips when she felt something rather unusual inside of the middle of her tail, just a little bit lower than where the throat would be.

A bit shameless herself, but unaware it would save her life, Julia was starting to flutter her cute, tiny wings, the same way that she always did when her body was approaching a climax; a rather adorable habit to have. The further the tongue tried to pull her in, however, the more that she ended up tickling the sensitive

throat, and unknowingly...unlocking the key to her freedom. "Hehe...s-stop! I think...I think I'm gonna **cum!**" called out in downright shock, disgusted with herself for being able to get aroused in such a terrible situation, but just as she was about to cross that threshold into untold pleasures...

SPLURT! The ticklish sensation inside of the throat was too much for the tail to handle, and if a tail could giggle and laugh, it could spit, as well...and it did **exactly** that, as Julia was launched back onto the table, dripping from the tips of her tall ears, down to her tiny footpaws with a thin coat of saliva, leaving her to glisten rather similarly to the way that Rosa's womanhood was.

"C-cumming...I'm c-...oooooh. H-hi, Julia..."

Julia wasn't allowed to have or finish her own climax, and as she crossed her arms and impatiently tapped a footpaw at Rosa, it was clear that the bright pink troublemaker wouldn't be finishing her own, either.

"I'd give you a minute to explain yourself," Julia started off, "But nothing you can say is going to make up for the fact that **YOU JUST TRIED TO EAT ME!**"

Rosa was always caught off guard at just how loud Julia could be, when she wanted to make a point. "Heh...he...he. W-well, no...I didn't do it! My tail-

"Is a part of **your** body!" Julia cut her off, refusing to let Rosa finish a thought. "And if you don't have a proper sense of control over it yet, maybe I should give you a *little* assistance..."

It was one thing for Rosa to make a joke about Julia being little.

When the teacup fox did it to herself, Rosa **knew** it was time to worry.

"J-just what could you do to discipline **me**, Julia?" Rosa asked, trying to feign toughness, but her voice was still wobbling and stammering at the start.

Julia shook her head just a little bit, and started to flutter right up to Rosa. She came to settle her nether regions right on the bridge of Rosa's muzzle, making sure the pink vixen couldn't look away.

"I know **exactly** what I *can* do to you, Rosa..." Julia explained, as the stone in her chest radiated a swirling storm of pink arousal and red fury.

"Let's find out what I **can't** do to you...and I promise, it's going to be a very, **very** short list!"

In the modern age, the night life was **truly** a wild one, and the spirit of free love in the 60's and 70's was alive and well; sex was **everywhere**, and it didn't take a lot of looking to find a willing partner.

To find a willing partner who shared every single one of your preferences, however? That was a little bit more difficult.

The internet was a great avenue to use for hooking up with random strangers, and with the dawn of the information age, it was rare that people had a list of fetishes that wasn't populated by something that was once considered out of the ordinary. You could search for a partner by preference of dominance, whether or not they were into a certain kind of play, if they preferred sex to be bareback...just by the click of a button, or tapping on a smartphone, you could set up your profile, and be off to the most unusual sex you'd ever had in your life.

Alex, however, wasn't looking for anything too far out of the ordinary, and despite his age of 19 years old, he was took after the old school: meeting someone, even if it was just for a one night stand, meant going out to the bar and finding them firsthand, instead of going onto an app like Grindr and waiting around for them to show up.

Something about that always felt rather *awkward* to him. The meetings felt too forced and unusual.

Meeting someone at a bar, though? For Alex, it felt organic. There had to be at least something of a real spark of attraction between him and the person he saw, and it was something that couldn't be described in data. In his mind, the only real way to forge a connection was by seeing it in someone else at random, rather than building himself a perfect boyfriend through an app.

There was only one problem with his approach, when it came to bars: he wasn't old enough to get into most of the bars downtown, and even if he was, he couldn't order himself a drink.

He was lucky, however, to live in the downtown of a large city, which meant that main street was lined with hotels, and in the lobby of almost every single hotel was a bar that would at least let him sit at the counter and snack on peanuts and posture. He could wear whatever outfit he wanted to fit the occasion of the day, and though his personality was slightly fluid, he was almost always the same person...

...A slightly taller than average lynx, brimming with enough confidence that he occasionally had to hide it, and a dominant streak that he found it somewhat difficult to control. His fur was a shade of tawny that was pleasing to the eyes, and the darker shaded spots gave his fur a contrast that was fun to look at, but not unnatural or painful. That night specifically, his underbelly of cream was covered up by a nice, tucked in shirt of white, with a classy vest of black worn over it, hanging open to avoid looking too professional.

After all, he was at the biggest party of the year, and there was no doubt that someone would be looking his way.

"They're starting to hand out the champagne!" the bartender declared, as everyone at the overcrowded bar cheered. It was New Year's Eve, and the hotel was almost entirely booked up with tourists looking to see the city and fireworks, and couples that had nowhere else to go to get some privacy away from their kids. Amid all that culture was Alex, occasionally adjusting the thin, sophisticated lenses of his glasses, and playing with the barbell piercings in his sharp, left ear anytime somebody cute walked by.

Tonight, he wanted to lure someone in. He wasn't looking for a kinky romp by any means, but he wasn't looking to be entirely vanilla...he wanted to switch things up a bit.

He was going to find the cutest, sexiest guy at the bar and win them over, wanting to ring in the new year with a lustful session to top every other encounter of yesteryear, and dominate them until the morning sun was shining through the windows of their hotel room. Alex had just enough money to pay for the cost of a room himself if he needed to, and as the bartender passed him a glass of what might have been champagne, he smiled, said "Thank you," and turned his attention back to the roaming crowd.

A party like this one was in no short supply of sensual males to gaze upon, and

Alex had been window shopping since the moment he walked in the door. He was finding himself a bit indecisive at the selection that he had to choose from, only discounting a male if they were clearly taken by a female, or clearly too drunk to perform.

Even **after** he narrowed down his field of vision that way, he was having trouble picking just one target to nail down on, and it left him distant and distracted, even as people throughout the crowd ran around, giddy with excitement for the countdown to start.

"Don't tell me...you're alone to start the new year, too...?"

The voice that managed to snap Alex back to reality was only successful due to how timid and subdued it was. There was a wobble of uncertainty to the words, and Alex raised a brow as he turned to his left side and saw a deer towering over him physically, and yet, standing beneath him, emotionally.

"I like to leave my options open at a party like this," Alex admitted, trying to play rather cool and calm to start with. This deer seemed a lot like the average variety; come at him too fast, and he'd likely disappear into the woods. "Though it would be a shame if I made it all the way to midnight without someone to share a kiss with."

"It must be nice to be that popular," Robin said, clearing appearing flustered at the thought. "I can't remember the last time I had someone to kiss at midnight...on New Year's or otherwise."

Alex could feel the slight sadness from the deer, and while it wasn't quite what he was looking for, he was more than happy to full turn and admire the cervine creature. He stood not quite a foot taller than Alex, but his warm, chocolate brown eyes held an emotional honesty to them, one that Alex could easily read with his own green orbs. The deer had no reason to be timid, as the tight, thin, V-neck sweater around his torso did nothing to obscure the powerful muscles upon his arms, or even the way his abdomen was gilded with layers of thick, brawny mass. Alex knew that he'd start blushing if he gazed too deeply, and yet, the lynx couldn't help wondering just how firm the deer's rump was in the black slacks that acted like a second fur coat on his legs.

"I wouldn't call myself *popular*," Alex suggested, "I just do my best to be a warm

and welcoming guy! I'm sure it'd work out just as well for you if you tried it, Mr...?"

"O-oh, please. Call me Robin," the deer replied, managing a cheesy, nervous smile and offering his paw to Alex. The lynx happily shook it, and then, perked his ears up to the sound of the countdown, starting from ten and moving fast. Just like that, the party had disappeared for the lynx, all the gaze of this tall, handsome deer.

Well, I guess we have our winner...

"It's very nice to meet you, Robin," Alex replied. "You can call me Alex...all of my friends do."

The question prying at Robin's mind was so obvious that Alex could practically hear the thoughts jumping from him, but he decided to take the initiative and tug Robin's paw closer, while he still had it in his grasp.

"It'd be a crime to let someone as cute and sweet as yourself go without a midnight kiss," Alex suggested, finally laying the charm on Robin and taking a step closer to him. The deer trembled just a tiny bit and let out a gasp as the countdown hit five, and the cheering of the crowd nearly drowned out their words. "Might I have the honor...?"

Robin's shy, inward smile grew a little wider, and the lighter fur upon his cheeks burned red as he leaned down a little bit, and Alex leaned up into his body. The lynx rested his free paw on Robin's hip as he came in closer, flashed the deer the quickest of winks, and closed his eyes for the kiss, just in time for the crowd to usher in the new year.

Their lips met just at the count of "ONE!", and Robin's eyes took a moment longer to close as he gasped in shocked delight. He never expected Alex to be so forward, but he couldn't have been happier with the result, as he slowly settled into the kiss, letting Alex take the lead in spreading his lips open just slightly.

Be it the heat of the moment, or the growing passion Alex felt for Robin, this was a first kiss the deer would never forget.

"Mnnn..nff...I..." Robin tried to speak, regrettably pulling his lips back, just a

breath from the advancing lynx, "I...I *really* like this, Alex, but...I'm not such a public person..."

Alex snickered at the shy deer and kept a grip on his paw, something Robin didn't seem to mind one bit. "It's **just** a kiss, Robin...but I understand. Some people like to keep things behind closed doors...is that what you're getting at?"

Robin's cheeks flushed a fresh shade of red at the question, but the tall, stout deer couldn't possibly resist the clever wiles, charm, good looks, and breathtaking kiss of the lynx before him.

"I've...I mean...I've got a room, if that's what you're really getting at..."

Alex nodded firmly. "I am."

Robin felt a hint of disbelief in himself as he gave a quick tug on Alex's paw, toward the elevators. "L-let's go..."

**

Robin looked a little bit younger than his age would tell, even at the youthful age of 28, but it seemed that Alex was the far more experienced, and certainly far more amorous of the two.

The lynx did his best to be respectful the entire elevator ride up to the 17th floor, where Robin was staying. He kept his free paw to himself almost the entire time, resisting the urge to give the firm, squeezable rump of the deer a quick swat. It looked like it had been **painted** onto his body...despite being so shy, the deer was chiseled right out of a block of marble, and Alex couldn't believe his good fortune that he was turning out so timid.

I'll be able to make this big lug do whatever I want...and he's gonna look damn good doing it...

Still, with that thought, Alex wanted to confirm a thing or two as Robin pressed his key to the RF lock and opened the door to his room. "It's very sweet of you to invite me in, Robin, but...are we on the same page about why I'm here?"

Robin giggled quietly and ushered Alex in, closing the door behind him and

locking the dead bolt. "I already **told** you, Alex...I'm just not a very public person. I know *exactly* what you were getting at..."

Grinning from ear to ear at that, Alex started to unbutton the dress shirt that clung to his chest, revealing nothing but his bare fur underneath. His vest hung open around it, and each time he undid a button, more and more of his slim, toned tummy was revealed, a sight that had Robin ogling him rather shamelessly for such a bashful creature. "Glad we're in agreement, Robin...I guess it's pretty lucky that you stumbled upon me at the bar. Seems like you could use a nice, domineering guy to show you the ropes. That kiss was so innocent, I'd bet no one's ever really worked you over..."

A tiny grin started to appear on Robin's muzzle as he crossed his arms over his chest and hoisted the tight sweater off his body, peeling fabric away from rippling muscle and providing Alex with quite the show in the process. "I suppose you could say that..." he admitted, as he tossed his sweater aside and turned away from Alex. The tiny, bushy tuft of a tail above his rear flickered with curiosity as he stepped out of the main area of the small hotel room, and over to the bed in the far area. He leaned over the edge of the king size bed and flickered his tail again, sticking out his rump with nothing more than intentions to entice Alex to following him over.

"And why is that the case?" Alex asked, stripping the vest away from his body as he followed Robin over to the bed. He un-tucked his dress shirt, making sure to give his paws extra time in the waistband of his slacks, teasing them down ever so slowly to give Robin a quick, carefree glance at the thinner fur above his manhood...but never quite revealing the whole package. "If you were mine, Robin, I'd put you through the ringer **every single night**."

Robin fluttered his tail one last time as Alex stood just out of the reach of his arms. "Would you now...?" he questioned, the tone of his voice shifting noticeably as the lynx moved in closer. "That's *awfully* sweet of you to offer, Alex...but maybe we aren't on the same page after all."

Alex finally stepped right behind the prone deer and rested his paws on the small of Robin's exposed back, hooking a clawtip into the backside of his pants. "And what makes you say that?"

"The fact that you fell for it...just like **everyone else**."

The lynx barely had time to blink in surprise before he felt the tight grip of a powerful paw around his straying wrist. Robin proved that his muscles weren't just for show, as he yanked Alex around with such force that it nearly gave him whiplash, and easily tossed the lynx into the soft, welcoming comforts of the bed. "Thought you were going to have yourself a nice, *easy* little boytoy to fuck around with this evening?" Robin taunted him, as the change in the tone of his voice became impossible to ignore. "Shame that I have to disappoint you, but we had the same end goal, Alex, and only one of us is getting our way tonight!"

"Wooooooooooah!" Alex cried out in despair as he was easily flung into the boring, plain white covers of the hotel bed. They were at least plenty soft enough to break his fall, but that didn't keep him from being disoriented at the sudden toss. He tried to steady his eyes and put on a fierce face, but he could do nothing to dissuade Robin, and he certainly wasn't going to intimidate the larger male. "W-what...what the fuck, man?! That's **not** what I came up here for!"

"That's not my problem," Robin replied rather dryly, standing over Alex from the edge of the bed. The lynx was still wearing his pants...that was quite the issue for him. "Fact of the matter is, I picked you out *exclusively* because you had a dominating nature...I was looking for a real challenge tonight, Alex, but you ended up making it so easy for me that I'm not inclined to woo you any further...I'll just take my prize now, since I can still smell the arousal wafting from your body..."

Alex had never been played like this before, and he was sure that he'd gone to bed with the best of them, but this time, it was a male that he couldn't even *hope* to overpower, and one that, despite the way the tables were suddenly turned, he was still painfully aroused by. He didn't want to admit that his cock was straining up against his boxers and tenting through his jeans, but as Robin set his eyes on the same, he couldn't really deny it, either.

"But...but I'm **not** a sub!" Alex protested, knowing that his words were falling on deaf ears as Robin started his way into the bed. He climbed up over the edge on his paws and his knees, looming over Alex with an inevitability that simply didn't rub him the right way. This was supposed to be **his** power. He was supposed to do this to **other** people.

Now, as Robin rather carefully pulled the glasses from the bridge of Alex's

muzzle and then carelessly tossed them into the pile of clothes, the lynx could tell his preferences were getting thrown away just as thoughtlessly.

"I'll admit, you do put up a pretty good *front*, but you're not putting up much of a **fight**. Are you sure you just haven't found the right guy to dominate you yet, Alex?"

Alex narrowed his eyes at the overwhelming presence that Robin carried with his body, glaring at the once comforting gaze of the muscular deer. "I could ask you the same, Robin...you little sneak."

Robin snickered as Alex tried to stay curled into himself on the bed, though to no avail. "First of all," Robin stated, as he gripped Alex by each of his wrists and easily pried his arms apart, "No one has **ever** called me little and gotten away with it, and second," he continued, pinning Alex's arms on either side of his head with no further struggle, "You were being just as sneaky as I was, acting like a warm port in a storm, just so you could dominate some poor, unsuspecting fellow. That act **alone** warrants a little punishment for my new submissive..."

"I am **NOT** your submissive!" Alex continued to fight back verbally, but physically, he was already beaten, and though he was plenty well-endowed himself, he couldn't help widening his eyes and gulping as he watched Robin start to unzip his tight, clinging slacks...revealing not a single thread of clothing underneath, but instead, a long, thick rod of flesh, pressed into the side of Robin's thigh, forced into an uncomfortable position by his tight pants. It was only then that Alex realized he'd been polite, and not stolen a glance at Robin's crotch earlier.

The deer was **hung**, and not at all ashamed to throw that extra weight around.

"It's rare that I meet someone who puts up the kind of fight that you do," Robin admitted, "And I've gotta say, I'm simply *loving* that feisty attitude...but you're still confused about who is in charge here. **I'm** on top," Robin confirmed, finding he was able to sneak his pants further down his frame just a little bit, without having to keep Alex's arms pinned anymore, "And you're going to swallow every inch of this cock, because that's what a good little sub is *supposed* to do."

Robin was a bit lacking in the department of mentally controlling a submissive, but his physical dominance over anyone he so desired couldn't be argued. He

was blessed with a physicality that was hard for anyone to turn down, and even if Alex wasn't satisfied with his current position, he couldn't deny the overwhelming attraction he had to the deer that was now pinning him with nothing more than a stare. "B-but...no...that's supposed to be **my** line," the lynx tried to argue, but his voice was wavering, and he knew that his pleas would do all be in vain. Robin was intent on getting his way, but clearly didn't mean to harm the captured Alex...

...He was just going to wreck Alex's smaller, weaker body.

"There there, my little lynx...I'm sure if you just give it a chance, being on bottom, you won't think it's so bad after all!" Robin theorized, though he was really just trying to persuade Alex further into the act of depravity. His cock wasn't quite stiff, but it was certainly throbbing and growing as it was finally freed from a pair of jeans much too tight for it, and Robin skillfully kicked his legs up, casting his jeans aside and leaving him nude atop of Alex, with his member hanging in the face of the lynx, carrying a weight to it that was greater than the sum of its mass.

If I do this...I lose, Alex thought, as his eyes stared down the impressive cock that lightly bounced in the air before him. If I so much as go for a taste, I'm admitting defeat here...I'll be on bottom for sure...what...what do I do...?

Precum was already beading from the tip of the massive, thick manhood and dripping down into the fur on Alex's neck, as his resistance followed suit: a slow, gathering bead that eventually trickled down and faded away.

"I..."

Alex still wouldn't let himself say it. He leaned up and wrapped his lips around the very tip of the shaft, finding even **that** to be a task, but he refused to say that he was the bottom. He refused to vocalize that he was submissive to Robin...but he was quick to enjoy the fruits of his labor. He pushed his muzzle further onto Robin's length and started to soak the very end in a thin, glistening layer of his saliva, leaving his mark upon it as Robin merely looked upon the lynx with a devious grin, knowing that, even if Alex wouldn't say that he'd lost the war, it was all over but the blissful intercourse to follow.

"N-No shame in just admitting the truth," Robin grunted, as he found the lynx to

be a rather tight fit for his member, and yet, it was just what he was looking for. There was no way for Alex to avoid slobbering all over the thick meat in his maw, and after just a few inches, the lynx was nearly gagging on it, doing his best to at least demonstrate his skills if he couldn't be in control. Tiny strands of drool poured out of the corners of his muzzle, and small droplets fell from the underside of Robin's humanoid shaft, dripping down onto Alex, right upon his chest and neck. Things were getting messy awfully quick for the poor, defeated lynx, and it only looked to get a whole lot worse before the night was over.

After all, he could feel his own pre-seed starting to spill into the crotch of his boxers, and no doubt, Robin could feel the pressure poking at the back of his leg as he leaned over his new submissive.

"Seems to me you'd like to be let out of your cage," the deer taunted Alex as the latter did his best to push his throat further onto the biggest member he'd ever tasted. "Well, if I release that pressure for you, I'm afraid I'll have to put this cock somewhere else...you've got an *exquisite* little mouth, Alex, but until I pound your cute, tight ass, I don't think my conquest will be complete..."

Thin streams of clear, slick saliva were dripping down Alex's cheeks as he winced his eyes shut tight, trying to take just a little bit over half of the girth that Robin could provide. The deer could feel the poor lynx coughing and swallowing his throat muscles over the sensitive flesh, working his spittle into it the best that he could, until Robin finally gave him a break. He pulled his hips back and his cock sprang free, with a couple small strands of saliva still clinging to the tip, keeping a nearly ethereal connection between the deer and the lynx as the former let out a groan of delight, and the latter gasped heavily, looking upon the cock with a newly discovered hunger for it.

His biggest fear was that taste alone might **not** be enough to satisfy his curiosity.

"Ahn...ha..hah... W-wow..." Alex panted, as his tongue dangled through the front of his muzzle, right between his fangs. He barely had time to catch his breath before Robin stole it right back from him, as the aggressive deer was already going about undoing the pants from Alex's hips and tugging them down, dragging the black boxers underneath right with the matching pants in one fell swoop. Alex could feel warmth rushing through his cheeks and all the way up to his ear tips as his member sprung straight up once it was freed, bouncing with the sudden rush of vitality to his crotch. "Hey! W-wait!"

"Wait for you to be ready for me to see your cock? We'll be waiting **all** night if we do that..." Robin teased. He winked at the lynx, making just enough eye contact to paralyze Alex once more, before his eyes came to rest upon the tiny spines on the narrow head of Alex's unique member. "It looks ready to me, for what it's worth...I bet there are a lot of lucky guys out there who would love to be speared on the end of something so *exotic*... shame that won't be happening this evening."

The way that Robin spoke, he was leading Alex on, and the lynx felt a moment of hope, before the deer completely dashed any hopes that might be left. There was to be no easy way out of the predicament, and as much as he still wanted to be the dominant one in the room, Alex found it impossible to deny that Robin had a hold on him...and it was **growing**. The poor lynx could feel the last vestiges of his resistance starting to fade away as Robin simply grinned at him, able to see right through the facade that his lynx was putting up.

"Then...please, take me..."

It was the faintest of whispers from Alex, quiet enough for Robin to have to flicker his long, thin ears toward the sound to know for sure what he heard. "Still a bit shy about being my cute, sweet little bitch?" he asked, resisting the urge to grin from ear to ear, but he was quickly losing to the giddy feeling in the pit of his tummy. "That's okay...I don't mind being a bit forceful with you until you learn your place."

Please, be forceful with me! Throw me down and fuck me in the ass! Alex mentally pleaded, but he was still just barely too proud to let his mouth make such sounds, and he still couldn't quite believe that he was having such a thought. He swallowed down a lump of stark, painful realization as Robin gripped him by the hips and quickly turned his body over, before pressing a large, firm paw into his lower back and pinning him with the greatest of ease. Alex yelped, but the sound faded into a low, somewhat confused moan as he felt the warm, thick flesh of Robin's cock settling in between the two round, subtle curves of his rump, and the tiny drool of precum that was pooling on his lower back after just a few moments.

He couldn't even hope to deny it anymore. He was actually *enjoying* it.

"There's a cock hungry little slut in you, Alex...I'm quite sure of it," the deer explained, as he reached into the nightstand from his position and grabbed a small bottle of lube. It was only then that Alex could start to guess how long Robin had been staying at the hotel, and how many other males he might have done this to. "But sometimes, subby little boys like yourself can be a little too shy to own up to it, so you have to...coax it out of them, so to speak..."

Schlip! Alex bit down on his lower lip as he felt a cold, chilling pawtip slide under the base of his tail and right into his tailhole, without so much as a proper warning. He could feel the inner muscles of his anus clenching around the digit, perhaps giving some credence to what Robin was saying...but the gentle glow in his cheeks and the quiet panting from his lungs spoke a volume more than a simple clench ever could.

"N-no...you...you've got me all wrong..." Alex tried one last protest, but his voice was weak and wobbling as Robin started to pump the pawtip in and out of his tight, tiny asshole. Wealthy enough to afford all the lubrication he wanted, Robin was sure to be generous with the cool, slick fluid, pouring a little excess onto his pawtip to make sure that Alex would spread open nice and easy when he finally admitted how much he was enjoying himself. Under his abdomen, Alex could feel his own cock, smashed into his body by the bed and throbbing as tiny jets of precum sprayed upon the covers, and what couldn't escape stuck to his own fur as Robin inserted a second pawtip...and Alex, underestimating the kind of pleasure a submissive could receive, had no answer for the sudden rush of ecstasy that filled his entire body.

Robin could only snicker as he poured a healthy serving of the lube onto his own member, completely uncaring if he ended up staining the sheets in his excess. "All wrong, huh...?" he asked, as he started to work the cool gel into his flesh, getting it nice and slick for Alex. The lynx was easily taking his two pawtips up to the knuckle, and Robin could see a tiny strand of drool coming out of the corner of Alex's mouth, despite his trying to deny his enjoyment. "Why don't we finish what we started, then, and I put that sentiment to the test?"

Alex bit down on his lower lip, anticipating an untold amount of pain, just at the sheer size of Robin...but the deer was surprisingly gentle, after all his talk, and he only allowed the tip of his cock to come to rest against Alex's moist, lubricated pucker. Each time the deer started to press, he waited to see how Alex would react, and each time the lynx started to grimace or shudder, Robin slowed

the pace of his entry...he looked down and watched as inch after inch of his member disappeared inside of the smaller, skinnier animal, taking pride in the way that Alex was almost literally speared on the cervine cock. It wasn't until Robin felt hardly any resistance to his hips that he finally did let the lynx have it...and with a bed-rocking thrust, he broke Alex, and his will, **entirely**.

"...!" Alex felt his jaw dropping as he tried to gasp, but all that escaped his lips was a tiny, pathetic squeak. Robin didn't wait for him to look back with eyes that told a story of lust and satisfaction, however; he simply drew his hips back and pounded in again, slapping his large, fuzzy sack up against Alex's thighs with the force of his advance. "T-that's...*holy shit*... that's a-amazing, Robin...I...I n-need it..."

The last words came out low and weak, and in secret, Alex wished that Robin didn't hear them...he'd come to regret that wish, as the deer leaned over Alex and gripped the lynx by the hips, pounding his smaller body with his long, thick manhood and literally forcing the more diminutive male into submission. "Nnngh...*tight little slut*... W-what did you just say?"

Alex knew that he couldn't dodge the question forever, but as he felt Robin plunging depths inside of his tailhole that he didn't even know could be reached, unlocking a new kind of pleasure in him, the words simply came from his muzzle without thought. "I *need* it!" Alex grunted, as he clenched his paws together into fists, taking up large handfuls of the covers and digging his claws into the soft sheets as he tried, in vain, to adjust to the sensation of being so completely, so *entirely* full of another man's flesh. "Pl-please make me your bitch...take me...**claim me**..."

"Submissives don't give orders!" Robin shot back, his teeth gritted in a playful grin. He couldn't help reaching down and smacking the poor lynx right across the ass, however, leaving a deep, bright red mark where his paw struck. The echoing **SWAT** could likely be heard in the next room over, but no doubt, so could the shaking of the bed, the slapping of hips against a taut, firm ass, and the cries of a new-found delight from a suddenly submissive lynx as his ass was completely filled. "I **will** claim you...you're **my** bitch now...but if you make an order again...nngh... next time, I won't use **any** lube..."

The thought of taking something so massive without any lubrication alone was enough to make Alex clench up around the thick, throbbing deer meat in his

tailhole, and given the skillful blowjob from before, Robin couldn't keep at his rapid, powerful pace...not without filling his lynx to the brim with something more than flesh.

Alex, on the other end, didn't know anything about having a prostate orgasm before that evening, but he had a crash course in the same as he felt the tip of Robin's cock brushing against the insanely sensitive organ and bringing him to a sudden, jarring climax, one that left the lynx a terrible mess as his cum had nowhere to go but his own stomach and chest.

"Oooh... D-damn, I felt **that!**" Robin chided, as he could feel the sudden wave of muscle spasms around his cock. It treated his flesh like a pair of massaging paws, gripping the head of his member when he rammed in, and trying to tug it back inside when he would pull out. He couldn't hope to resist such a sensation, and wanting to give his new submissive a proper christening, he happily buried his cock inside one more time, literally going balls deep into the lynx as he impaled Alex and started to flood his tailhole, soaking his insides with a torrential flow of thick, creamy, sticky cum. "Nnngh...rr...*f-fuck*... M-milk me, Alex...g-good little bitch...take it...take **all** of my f-fucking cum!"

Alex could feel his own member mirroring the action inside of him, as smaller, warmer spurts of his own seed sprayed across his chest and his tummy, soaking into his tawny fur rapidly and leaving a web of seed upon the bed, one that kept him linked to the sheets even as his body thrashed with uncontrollable pleasure. "I'm c-cumming too, Robin...*fuuuuuuck*...*I'm cumming, j-just for you, my n-new master*..." he whined, sounding just as submissive as his words would dictate. He simply *writhed* with pleasure as he found himself nearly hanging from the thick, pulsing cock inside of him, and he was sure that he could feel the last of Robin's seed spilling inside of him...

...He was entirely wrong.

Robin suddenly pulled his cock free, leaving Alex's asshole to gape wide open and ooze a slow, steady stream of overflowing mess onto the bed, all while the deer showed off the kind of volume that he was really capable of. Streams of the same hot, sticky ejaculate sprayed across Alex's back, leaving his tawny fur with a new set of fluid stripes, ones that started to splatter and spread as the lynx shuddered under the simply heavenly feeling of another man's heated cum spreading over his fur. Errant streams started to land upon the sheets and even a

couple upon the floor as Robin focused only on the pleasure of the moment, uncaring of the mess...and Alex, covered in that seed beneath him, marveled at the feeling of it on his back, in his tailhole, and even pouring out onto the back of his sack...

It was a pleasure like none other he'd ever imagined possible before.

"You're *still* squirming..." Robin happily pointed out, as he leaned down over Alex and rested against his flattened body, uncaring of if he would fall prey to his own mess. "I'd d-dare to say that means you...*mmn*... you enjoyed being my subby little bitch after all..."

Alex could have tried to cling to his pride...but it, his shame, and his reluctance had all long since drowned in the puddles of cum that now surrounded his body. "Oooohyes..." he replied in a low, breathless, panting sigh. "I...I t-think I could get used to this, Robin...but only...only from **you**."

The words might have taken the breath away from a softer dominatrix, but for Robin, it was just another boost to his pride, and just what he needed to hear to get the blood flowing to his nethers once again.

"Well, I do have this hotel room **all** weekend, Alex..."

The lynx perked his ears up and looked back at his new master with a nervous, yet excited smile, and a curiosity in his eyes, still yet to be fully sated.

"Let's see how long it takes for me to *really* break you in..."

It was all too common in medieval times that there would be a peaceful countryside of rolling, green pastures and endless fields of crops, bathed perfectly in the midday sun, rained upon with golden beams of life in the midafternoon.

It was almost as common, however, that this little slice of paradise was being terrified by the likes of an evil and sadistic dragon, and the green pastures were more like patchy, black and brown areas that had been burned countless times by fire and torn asunder by the ripping of claws and fangs.

In Valeborn, once a peaceful and pleasant countryside that fit the former description, a dragon was just starting to descend on the farms outside of the common area, but while sightings of a large, red, winged creature were becoming all the more commonplace, there was yet to be any damage to the fields, the farmhouses were almost completely untouched, and the thatched-roof cottages were left without a scratch. It was enough to leave villagers to do the scratching upon their own heads as they tried to piece things together.

After all, **why** would a dragon continue to terrorize a village if he wasn't going to destroy everything in his path for the joy of it? What other motivation could cause a dragon to continually ravage the same village, over and over again, with scarcely a trace that he'd been there when the morning came?

Large, feral and armed to the teeth with razor sharp fangs, impregnable red scales, an onyx underbelly, and claws that could rend flesh from bone with the greatest of ease, the dragon that was seen flying over Valeborn at night was one that struck fear into the hearts of anyone who might lay eyes on it, but so far, there wasn't a single wound to be found on a villager, and not a bit of damage to report anywhere else. There was only the unusual sound of panic that came from the farms at night...but every time, by the time the farmers would make it out to the barns, the noise would be silenced, and sure enough, one of his cattle would be missing.

A dragon has to eat, doesn't he? The red and black monster thought, as he slowed the flapping of his wings and descended onto yet another barn, having no

qualms about which barn or which farmer he was going to go after next. *But that's no reason he can't have a little fun in town first.*

Naturally, the villagers always feared the worst when the dragon was sighted, and they were sure that his fun was the kind that would leave hundreds injured or worse, and without homes.

He had something **entirely** different in mind.

This would all be a whole lot more fun for me if you ladies would keep quiet when I showed up, The dragon, who had only ever been called "Seymour," thought to himself. As a feral beast, he was scarcely capable of speaking in the tongues of upright animals, but small talk was never his real concern when he arrived at a new farm.

It was nothing more than finding the best exit in case things got a little dangerous and finding which female bovine would provide the best meal for him...and the most fun.

"I-it's true! The rumors are **true!**" cried out a panicked voice among the cattle. Wide, brown eyes shrunk down in fear as the female looked up from her bed of hay, kicking up a little bit of dust from the floor as Seymour approached her stable. The other cows, believing that their best defense was to stay silent, did **exactly** that, terrified beyond words, or even making a sound as Seymour scanned over the small, wooden confines of the barn. There was nowhere for the girls to run if Seymour decided to be greedy, but right now, there was only one bovine making a sound, and thus, only one bovine that he had to silence.

She'll do just fine, Seymour thought, as he quickly marched over to the stable where he heard the sound. Dust kicked up around the weight of his massive paws, dulling the bright red coat of his scales and sending a message of danger to the waiting cattle, who was already violently shaking against the hay and wishing that she could settle her body, but no matter how she tried, her limbs refused to still. Her paws shook, her brow wept with sweat, and her heart thumped wildly in her chest as Seymour simply kept creeping closer.

She was quite the looker, and while Seymour didn't quite understand the way that upright animals behaved, he could tell that some species seemed to be of a lower class than others, and for the most part, he'd seen bovine males relegated

to a role that bordered on slavery, doing work in the village for next to nothing, while the females were kept in barns and forced to produce breast milk for the better of others. Seymour was the primary beneficiary in all of this; the males were too far away to protect their mates, and the females had a nice, tender marbling to them when Seymour finally had the chance to appreciate their flavor.

Before he did that, however...

"Please...**please** don't eat me..." the female whimpered as hay stuck into her fur from her violent shaking. "There's **no** reason for this..." *I wouldn't taste that good anyway, I promise...*

Eat you? Not yet... Seymour thought. His eyes, giving an icy stare of empty blue, and his fangs, born in a devious grin, did nothing to reassure the female that this was her last day of life. She was only all the more terrified as the dragon loomed closer to her, and the other females, paralyzed beyond reason in their fear, could only huddle into the hay as the dragon stood over the once resting upright. *You have a much greater purpose to serve, first.*

The female cow, a scared little cattle by the name of Clarice, wasn't sure if there was anything she could do to help herself, but if she could read Seymour's mind, she likely wouldn't be relieved by the thoughts she saw. She was sure that he was already imagining the feeling of her raw flesh in his stomach, fulfilling his seemingly insatiable hunger.

She had **no** idea that there was a different hunger that he needed to fulfill, and her nude body, resting on the hay and still shuddering with fear, was all that he needed to satiate himself, in every way thinkable.

"No...n-no..."

The trembling plea of Clarice did nothing to dissuade Seymour. He moved forward still, his massive paws resting on either side of her laying form, just on the sides of her hips. She thought perhaps to kick the dragon or squirm back to the wall, but every nerve in her body was completely locked up as she simply looked up at the dragon. His maw opened, fangs drooling and tongue flickering at the air to collect her taste, as Clarice prepared for the worst.

What came instead was something she never expected.

"I beg you, p-please don't..." Clarice tried to plea one last time, but it was all for naught as the dragon lunged forward with his maw wide open...and slid the long, flat flesh of his tongue against her exposed, nude sex, slathering it in a thin coat of heated saliva. "Wh...what are you **doing?!"**

A little dinner before dessert, of course, Seymour thought, though his reply came out to Clarice in an unintelligible grunt. Still squirming, but now for an entirely different reason, Clarice wiggled against the offending tongue and tried to get a grip on what was really happening. She tried to clamp her legs tightly closed together, but as soon as he was denied his treat, Seymour gripped Clarice by the thighs and easily pried them back apart. There was no amount of force that Clarice could generate to overpower him, and her body and mind were in just as strong of a conflict as the physical pleasures of being licked by such a heated, slick tongue started to overpower the fear that refused to leave her mind. Little by little, her thighs started to stay open of their own accord, but Seymour kept her overpowered, pinning her legs into the hay as he enjoyed his sweet, tasty treat, enjoying the faint musk that filled his nostrils as he buried his rather large muzzle into Clarice's folds.

The other cattle watched on in shock and confusion as Seymour made a meal of Clarice, but not nearly in the literal sense that they expected. As many of the females that were put into a state of near slavery were, Clarice was sexually starved and without a mate, so her body reacted as strongly as it could to the feeling of a long and wet tongue probing her depths, literally flickering inside of her so deeply that she could feel the fiery red appendage tickling at her cervix, a sensation that started out as unusual, but quickly turned heavenly. Seymour was going to have trouble keeping Clarice quiet all over again, but this time, it was just to keep her moans in check.

"So **that's** why you've been b-breaking into barns?" Clarice tried to ask, though her voice was interrupted with a soft gasp. "You...*mnnn*... you just should have said so! Damn...you really **are** insatiable...well...eat up, baby! Eat my sweet little cunt!"

The shift in demeanor might have seemed outlandish to Seymour, but he knew that the female cattle of the village were sexually starved, more often than not, which meant that all he had to do was let instinct take over, and every time it did,

females came to bend to his whims rather easily. Clarice was no exception, and her legs were already shaking as she felt the bulk of the tongue that teased her pressing up to the erect, cute little nub that was her clit. Her whole body stiffened up for a moment in near-orgasmic bliss as the moist flesh simply rumbled against her entire sex, giving her a thrill that she could only ever have imagined before, and as her mind completely shifted to satisfying her own needs, her eyes shamelessly crept between Seymour's legs, locking onto the massive, draconic sheathe upon his crotch, and the large, blue member, matching the shade of his eyes, that was already poking out, throbbing, and dripping precum onto the dusty floor.

"Is that for me...? How *thoughtful!*" Clarice cheered. Fear was all but an afterthought anymore, and without a scrap of shame, she reached a paw up to her chest and took one of her breasts within it, squeezing the milk right out of one of her nipples and smoothing it into the black and white spots of her fur. Seymour had *quite* a way with the ladies, and Clarice was perhaps the most eager little bovine he'd ever picked out of a crowd. "Don't be shy, big guy...go ahead and do what you came here to do...stuff me up with that fat cock!"

No doubt, that was still in the plans for Seymour, but as his tongue slithered and snaked back and forth over Clarice's heated sex, slurping and lapping up at the sudden flow of juices that her body offered to the larger male, he knew he wouldn't be satisfied with just a simple sample of the young cattle. An eager and skillful tongue was more than happy to pull free from Clarice, his tongue dripping with the sweet, liquid arousal from her snatch, but it was only going to get messier before all was said and done.

"Th-that's it, boy...get over here and mount me..."

Not yet... Seymour mentally spoke, grunting curiously as he moved his large, powerful muzzle up along the fur of her tummy and watched as milk flowed from the one of Clarice's breasts. Ever the glutton, Seymour became even more curious as to the taste of a cow's milk, and his tongue sated that curiosity for him, as it slurped all the way up from her navel, past the underside of her breasts and right to the nipple of the free tit, pressing against it and slurping around it hungrily. Milk gently spurted from the very tip of the nipple, coating Seymour's tongue and filling his maw with a whole new world of sweet, silky sensations, ones that he'd never even dreamed possible as his hunger got the better of him.

"Ooooooh my gosh..." Clarice moaned with delight, biting her lower lip as she felt her whole form going rigid. "Go on, boy...d-drink up...drink as much of my sweet, tasty milk as you want..."

When your entire life's purpose was being an animal to be harvested, your body did the best it could do to provide a solid yield, and Clarice did exactly that for Seymour. Her nipple spurted wildly, dribbling excess milk upon his lips as he tried in vain to contain the mess with his tongue. It was a sensual effort for Clarice, who shuddered again with renewed delight at the sensation, never having had such a skillful male to work on her breasts before. Somehow, Seymour knew just how to move his tongue along her flesh to draw out the milk, and if he wasn't worried about spoiling his appetite, he might have drunk her dry.

I'll have to remember that when she's going down, Seymour kept a mental note for later, slowly retracting his tongue from her breast again and going back to his earlier delicacy. Just as Clarice was about to get to work on her womanhood manually, Seymour reminded her of how she got so wet in the first place by slurping his milk-soaked tongue over her delicate folds.

Slowly but surely, Clarice was **losing** it.

"E...enough, dragon...I need t-that cock...gimme that big, fat cock! **Fill me up, now!**"

The difference in size between the two was more than apparent as Seymour hovered over Clarice, but even he could understand the amount of need she truly felt; it might have been even greater than his own. In an act of equal parts mercy and lust, Seymour retracted his tongue, savoring every drop of the sweet, earthy flavor that Clarice had to offer, before he crawled further up over her body. When he was finally in place, Clarice was looking up into his black underbelly and chest, but she wasn't concerned with eye contact.

She was concerned with seeing how much of a dragon she could take.

"Ooooh...**OH! BY THE GODS!**"

She was also quick to discover that her eyes were bigger than her stomach, so to speak.

Seymour had quite the intricate manhood: the tip of his member was just slightly pointed, and near the base of his length was a number of gentle studs of flesh, though it was rare any female he encountered could take that much of him. Just from the head and the first eight inches, Clarice found herself so full that breathing became a strain...and she couldn't be happier.

"Y-yes...yes! This is **just** what I needed!" Clarice praised her dragon lover, her paws reaching up to try and grasp at his scales, holding on for the ride of her life. She knew her legs wouldn't properly wrap around his back, but she did her best to thrust her hips back against the Seymour as he speared her, his pace erratic and overly excited, but effective for giving Clarice exactly what she needed. Her every nerve ending was ablaze with pleasure as she continued to squeeze one of her swollen, sensitive breasts, milking it and giving herself a small massage with the excess as hedonism completely took control of her body. There was nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be afraid of, and only a long-needed release to gain.

Everything was **perfect** for her.

Seymour wasn't complaining, either.

Damn! She's tight...I'd almost wonder if I bagged a virgin somehow! He thought, wondering just how fortune could smile so heavily on him. He wished that he could speak the language, to meet with Clarice's praise and heavenly moans, but his deep, feral grunting and rumbling was a sign enough to the helpless cattle beneath him that he was enjoying himself. Of course, it didn't hurt that he was filling her well beyond the capacity of what her body could handle with each pass of his hips, and as the pace increase, Clarice widened her eyes in shock as her g-spot was simply **assaulted**.

The orgasms started coming, right out of nowhere, and they simply didn't stop.

Mindlessly thrusting her hips up into the air against Seymour as her inner walls contracted and convulsed around him, Clarice felt the tiniest strand of drool creeping out of the side of her muzzle as she managed to take even a ninth and tenth inch of the dragon that was so fully mating her, as pleasure overwhelmed her body and made something normally painful into a delightful experience. There wasn't even the slightest hesitation on her part to try and take even more, but her body had truly reached a capacity, and with every powerful thrust, Seymour gave her body literally everything it could handle. With inner muscles

fluttering and a never-ending wave of climaxes rocking her body, Clarice had forgotten what she was ever worried about in the first place. She simply rolled her eyes back and grinned a silly, proud grin as she rested back, took the best fuck that she'd ever known, and waited expectantly for the gush of seed that was sure to fill her in mere moments.

She might have had to wait longer, but Seymour was a younger and more excitable dragon, and the young adult dragons were always known for having a little trouble keeping things under control. Clarice, already losing count after her tenth climax sent an even greater flood of her juices into the hay, wasn't about to complain about the male not lasting long enough for her. She was just hoping to be conscious of the feeling when it happened.

She just keeps gripping me inside...that feels amazing! I can't...I can't hold out any longer! Seymour mentally cried, wishing that he could make the moment last even a few seconds more, but Clarice demonstrated just how skillful her body was inside. Seymour could only imagine the sensation was a bit like having two paws around his length, one near the base, and one near the head, each squeezing his member at random and trying to milk it from either end, and no matter how hard he tried, there was no way to get used to the feeling. It proved too much, and with a loud, furious grunt that startled every other cattle in the barn, Seymour finally climaxed, releasing a literal flood of his cum inside of the waiting cow. Clarice lost her voice to elation as she could feel hot, thick seed pouring inside of her, completely filling her womb and spraying out of her folds, making a terrible mess of the hay and the floor. The volume was so great that it started to puddle around Clarice's thighs, and she had no shame about dragging a pawtip through the mess and bringing it to her lips, just to see if a dragon could taste every bit as amazing as it could feel.

Seymour didn't disappoint, and her lips curled back into a lustful smile as she gulped down her sample.

"Oh...my...**goodness**..." Clarice gasped, panting between ever word she could manage. Her head was still spinning as she tried to catch her breath, and her body was still writhing with delight, even as Seymour's hips finally came to a halt. A slow, leaking stream of excess juices continued to spill out of her abused sex as their mating came to an end, and Clarice, wanting to test Seymour's endurance, decided to put on the charms. "I...*mnn*... I noticed...we've all been disappearing...after you've come to visit," she pointed out, slowly and finally

catching her breath. "Is that because you keep taking us back to your lair to keep us as your personal sex slaves? Certainly, can't be any worse of a life than **this...**"

For someone like you, it's a tempting thought, Seymour pondered. After all, Clarice had been perhaps the best lay that he'd ever had, and her body was rather alluring...curvy hips, a full, squeezable rear and breasts that were full of milk and prime to be tasted... But I'm awfully hungry...

Clarice felt the grip of Seymour's front paws on her shoulders, and at first, she actually wiggled with excitement at the prospect of what was to come. She would be freed from her life of being a slave for her milk, given a fresh start at life, and all of that with the best sexual partner she'd ever encountered. There was still no concern, but only excitement in her eyes as Seymour lifted her from the bed of hay and gazed upon her with narrowed blue eyes. As she hung, the last of the spilling seed dripped from her labia, and Clarice felt a tiny flush in her cheeks at the thought of just how full she'd actually been.

And a cream filled cow sounds like quite a tasty delicacy.

"Looks like someone has decided to add me to his stable!" Clarice said with a dainty giggle, trying to look the part of a servant to a powerful, dangerous dragon.

Not quite, my dear.

The other cattle were watching with a sense of jealousy as Clarice was given the kind of deep, hard pounding that all of them had been deprived of for so long, but when they saw Seymour licking his lips, that excitement slowly faded back into fear, even if Clarice didn't quite realize what was going on just yet. The other girls started to whisper to each other in hushed tones as Seymour stood upright, still holding Clarice in his clutches...

...And his jaw unhinged.

"Wait...wait a minute! Aren't you...aren't you supposed to whisk me away to your mountain hideout, now?" Clarice asked, her lower lip starting to tremble with fear once again as she could see Seymour's jaw starting to open wider than she realized it could.

Afraid that isn't in the plans, Seymour thought, as Clarice started to wiggle about in his grasp. She still couldn't be sure if he was just taunting her with the prospect of being eaten, or, perhaps, if he was finally just going to speak. There was no way for her to be sure, right then...though her answer didn't come with a voice.

It came with razor sharp fangs, smoky breath, and a wide, open maw, looking every bit like a moist, fleshy cave that Clarice knew she wouldn't be coming back up from.

"You...you **can't** be serious!" Clarice protested, about to reach out and smack the dragon in the face, until she felt Seymour squeeze her arms into her side, trying to narrow her body as much as possible. "A-after we just had **sex**, you're **still** going to eat me?! But...but I'm full of your seed! That's **vile!**"

Every word of protest may as well have been left unsaid. Seymour had no concerns for the fear of the cattle he held, and in his mind, everyone had to eat; Clarice just had the misfortune of being both his fun, and his meal for the day. Her legs, dotted at the end with powerful, solid hooves, tried to kick Seymour in the chest, but her struggles were meaningless. With his long limbs, Seymour was easily able to hold her body far away enough from his own that all the struggling in the world would just exhaust Clarice. She only had the option now to relax her body and go easily, or to squirm the whole way through the experience.

I'll be damned if I'm going down easy, Clarice thought, making up her mind on the matter, even as Seymour pulled her upper body that much closer to his waiting muzzle. The charred smoke of his breath nearly brought tears to her eyes, stinging at the corners of her bright browns and making her wheeze as Seymour opened his jaws just the tiniest bit wider.

What was once a slimy and slick delight upon her sex was now a terrifying appendage that only spelled her doom, and Clarice shuddered as the long, draconic tongue darted forth to taste the fur upon her cheeks. She really had been reduced to nothing more than a piece of meat, then, and while she squirmed and made a disgusted face at the thought of being eaten, Seymour just rumbled in delight at the subtle flavors that filled the coat of her fur as he licked it. There was nothing to stop him, now...no amount of wiggling about, no amount of helpless struggle was going to break Clarice free, even as Seymour pulled her further into his maw, into the warm, moist depths that awaited her.

The tiny nubs that were her horns didn't slow Seymour down one bit. He felt them pressing to the back of his throat as he stuffed Clarice right into his gaping mouth, face first, and even as her vision was completely taken away, she still writhed and kicked. Her hooves were flailing about in the open air of the bar as horror gripped the other cattle once more, and they watched in silent terror as Clarice was swallowed all the way up to the soft, supple flesh of her breasts, still dripping tiny, twin trails of milk from their stimulation earlier. It dribbled down the front of Seymour's body, shining brightly upon his neck and his onyx underbelly as he shamelessly gorged himself, soaking up all of the different flavors that he could with his long, slimy tongue.

It was bad enough that the other cattle had to watch in helpless fear as Clarice was sucked even further into Seymour's throat.

It was perhaps **worse** that Clarice was being swallowed whole...and was still alive to appreciate the whole experience, without missing a beat.

Gross gross gross gross gross!!! Clarice thought, as her fur and flesh was matted down with a thin coat of saliva. The once pleasant rumblings of the dragon who had surprised her with a vigorous and powerful mating were now a creepy and unsettling sensation upon her skin as she was sucked further down into his throat. There was no hope for escape now, and the people she once called her friends were of no help to her as her hooves wiggled about wildly one last time. Her ankles, spotted black and white like so many other cattle, were just barely visible, and kicking about angrily as Seymour started to rub his stomach, even before he'd finished swallowing his morsel.

She just doesn't know when to give up...not like it's so bad! I'm just eating her...and I didn't even chew! Seymour pondered, wondering just why Clarice was making such a big fuss about everything. Of course, he simply didn't have the comprehension of the situation that Clarice did, and he could have cared less about figuring it out as he swallowed her down far enough to feel his own seed spilling down into his throat. The hooves finally disappeared in the dark, dingy barn, and with a quiet burp, Seymour closed his maw fully, his throat swallowing reflexively to kick Clarice all the way down into the pit of his stomach.

Clarice sat upright against the lining of Seymour's stomach, coated in juices that she didn't even want to think about the contents of. She pressed her paws into

each and every conceivable surface, hoping for a miraculous escape from the dragon's belly, but with just a few presses against the surprisingly tough lining of his stomach, reality set in, and she hung her head slightly, wondering if this was all a punishment for her lustful nature.

It was just a matter of time, now.

**

The months continued on, and sure enough, Clarice wasn't the last of the cattle to disappear from the barns around the village of Valeborn. The local citizens remained too paralyzed with fear to do anything to stop the dragon, even when they saw it, but so long as he only seemed to take cattle from the barns, the citizens weren't going to do anything about it, anyway. In a way, it kept the village safe from danger; if Seymour could pick and choose his meals from a barn around Valeborn once or twice a week, he didn't ever do any kind of property damage, and the crops in the area grew as fruitfully as they ever did.

The cattle didn't mind either...at least, not at first. The story of what happened to Clarice was passed around the young, female cows that were harvested for their milk, but the story always ended after they spoke about how Seymour ravaged her body in a way that no male ever had before.

Whenever they were asked what came after...they froze. The rest was terrible, terrible, **terrible**, they would claim. Too terrible to tell.

What they didn't know is that keeping the second half of the story under wraps meant Seymour could satiate his appetite any time he wanted.

"You're really every bit as w-wonderful as they say!" cried out Wanda, another young cattle who had heard the first half of the legend of the dangerous dragon. She was on all fours in the barn, having quite literally invited Seymour to come and ravage her body when he made his way into her barn.

You won't be saying that in a moment, Seymour thought, as he slammed his hips into the young cow, pounding her body down into the dusty floor of another barn.

In a moment, you won't be saying anything at all...

Friday night at any sort of fandom based convention was a surefire time to find people drinking copious amounts of alcohol for no real reason, but when good friends were around and visiting for the first time in months, there was no need for a reason; there was only a question of how much booze would be enough to get everyone through the evening.

The sun had been shining bright for hours on what was a blessed day in Florida, the opening day of the Megaplex convention, and one that saw convention goers outside just as much as they were inside, enjoying the lovely weather that the Sunshine State had to offer in the fullest. The pool was filled to the borders with furs looking to take a dip, cool off, or just mess around with each other in the cool, soothing water, and a timely breeze coming in from the west was keeping the humidity at tolerable levels.

Of course, when a refreshing dip in the pool and cool breezes failed, there was the magic of air conditioning and hotel room parties.

"Who wants another shot?"

For perhaps the first time in his entire life, Exile Huscoon had to repeat himself.

"I said, **who wants another shot?!**"

That time, he got the attention of his friends.

Two rooms, joined by a door in the middle that allowed for easy access, were currently overflowing with drunken furs having a good time and enjoying catching up with old friends. Most of them weren't that far gone yet, but it was only 11:30 at night, and the party was really just reaching full swing.

That made it the perfect time for Exile to put his plan into action, knowing that the air of suspicion around his secret concoction would finally have died down.

"I do!" Nbowa called out, the lion stumbling over in his trademark red shorts and leaning over on the counter. Being a pair of joined hotel rooms, there really

wasn't a bar to speak of, but a makeshift gathering place to drink was set up in the room to the right, with tables and beds rearranged so that people could lean across the table and wait for their drinks to be served to them...or in the case of the blonde-banged lion, try to jump over the counter and take them from the hybrid bartender.

Exile swung the jug up and out of the reach of his friend, the light blue fluid within swishing around and frothing as it was moved so rapidly. Nbowa drooped his ears as he sprawled out over the counter, wishing that he could even take a sip of the magical mixture that Exile had been bragging about for the entire day. "You get **one** shot of it, Nbowa. I want to make sure there's enough of this stuff to go around."

A pair of spotted paws wrapped around the jug next, as Orio got a grip on the bottle, but Exile was able to easily lift it up out of his grasp. "So stop lording it over us and pour some friggin' shots already!" he exclaimed, slurring his words just a bit already and gnashing his fangs at his friend, trying to give him a nibble that was meant to be affectionate, but alcohol took away his sense of what might be a bit too fierce of a bite.

Small packages of plastic shot glasses were strewn about the two hotel rooms, still filled with the sound of furs partying as the evening pushed onward. Exile picked up a set of them as Shyy came over from the other room, his ears perked up high to the call for alcohol. The speedy hybrid, a bunnolf, was in standing in front of the table in a flash, almost knocking Orio over in his haste to get in line for a drink, but as he looked over the mysterious blue liquid in the gallon container, he narrowed his eyes at Exile and shook his head.

"No way, dude. You're not fooling me that easily."

Exile was already pouring the second and third shots into glasses as he paused, looking up from the makeshift bar top at Shyy and tilting his head a little bit. "What do you mean...?"

"I know you way too well to just trust you pouring some mystery juice into a shot!" he quickly replied, as Exile went about pouring the fourth shot into a glass. He capped the gallon container and hid it in the corner of the room among his effects immediately afterward, trying to keep a guilty, suspicious smile from his face. "I don't have a clue *what* you could be talking about, Shyy. This is just

some booze that I brought from home!"

Even in his drunken state, Orio started to gain a little suspicion. "But it's blue..."

"So?"

"Unless that's a whole bottle of Curacao...it shouldn't be **that** blue..."

Nbowa was only a bit tipsy, far soberer than the cheetah-lynx hybrid next to him, and that same curiosity was spreading, until three sets of eyes were all trained on Exile, and not one of them had *any* trust for the bartender. "If there's really nothing funky about your homemade stuff, why don't you do a shot of it first to show us?"

Exile suddenly had a blank stare, trying hard to look in the back of his mind for a good excuse. "...C'mon, guys! You can trust me! This stuff is delicious, I mean it!"

Orio was dangerously close to picking up one of the shot glasses, but he couldn't bring himself to lift it now. It carried with it an ethereal weight, knowing how Exile had messed with him in the past, and his better judgment kept him from taking the drink. "No way, dude. Those are all you."

The college mentality was starting to take over. Close friends that were in for a visit, having no idea what the liquid would do, were starting to gather around the table to cheer Exile on, thinking it was nothing more than the husky-raccoon hybrid challenging himself to a little drinking contest.

Atimist and Rruff closed in behind the group, and even Tirrel helped to round out the circle that now enclosed Exile to his own fate. Peer pressure was starting to get to him, and the hybrid was never one to back down from a challenge. He was the author of his own fate, to be sure, and the cheers roaring out from the crowd around him were so great, there was a noise complaint from other rooms in the near future, no doubt.

"DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!" everyone cheered, and Exile lost his nerves as the circle tightened up around him. No one was even remotely concerned with tasting the liquid, now; they simply wanted to see Exile drink all four of the shot glasses. Higsby was keeping an eye on the door, making sure that the party

wouldn't get in any trouble as Exile finally gave in, and the chants turned to a collective cheer as the hybrid took his first shot without a moment of further hesitation. The plastic shot glass was set down hard, spinning away from the table as Exile took the second one with ease, tossing the glass into the crowd for taunting him before. Knowing just how dangerous this would be for him later, Exile took the third shot right after, and having already gone to such lengths of abandon against himself, he grabbed the fourth, took a deep, nervous breath, combed the crowd over and took the shot, feeling the cool, sweet liquid pour down his throat and into his tummy in a quick, painless shot.

The cheers and applause were thunderous, and perhaps, if anyone knew just what Exile had consumed, they wouldn't have been quite as impressed. It wasn't a tough shot to take, seeing as how it had very minimal alcohol in it whatsoever, but even as the fourth shot glass was settling down on the makeshift bar, Exile could already feel his insides churning unnaturally, and he knew that he shouldn't have consumed quite as much as he did.

"Duuuuuude, I think he's gonna blow chunks!" Atimist sneered, taking a sip of his own beer and leaning over the crowd of people, able to see Exile stumbling on his footpaws already, but it wasn't due to the miniscule amount of alcohol in the drinks. Anyone who knew just what was in the jug, the contents of which were known only to Exile and one other hybrid, would be extremely worried about the huscoon already. His wobbling wasn't due to alcohol, of course, but due to the sudden change in his center of gravity, which was changing in ways that people couldn't physically see yet. Pushing out a powerful paw and tearing a path through his friends, Exile stumbled his way toward one of the open bathrooms and closed the door, completely forgetting to lock it in his haste. He immediately slumped over the counter, trying to get a grip on anything to put himself upright, but his balance was completely thrown off. He didn't have a hope in the world of staying standing, and eventually fell to the floor, holding his head in his paws and groaning in disgust, as his stomach continued to turn against his will.

Joshiah didn't tell me this stuff had such a terrible side effect, Exile thought, trying to keep his sounds of displeasure to a minimum, not wanting to rouse any concern, and more specifically, not wanting to give anyone further reason to make fun of him. The harsh reality was that the potion wasn't supposed to have such an effect, but Exile had taken far too great of a dose all at once, speeding up the process of what was already quick to occur.

He knew he was out of luck when he tried to reach up for the counter, and couldn't even get a paw on it, finding it just out of his grasp from height.
"...Ooooooh *shit*."

No one had come in to check on Exile yet, and he was grateful for the fact as he felt his trademark red and white jersey growing baggy on him. It was already a bit too large anyway, being a size too much, but he almost slipped out of the thing entirely as he tried to sit himself upright, just managing to do so as his equilibrium finally re-established itself. He had his balance back, but even then, Exile felt a bit disoriented, just watching the bathroom grow larger around him. He sat next to the toilet and cursed his own foolishness, wishing that he could have ignored peer pressure. He was thinking back over what else he could have done differently, trying to distract himself from the changes that continued to occur. His paws, once broad and powerful, shrunk down in size, retracting to the point that Exile struggled to get the jersey off his body before it became a smock on his torso. He tossed it across the bathroom as his jeans started deflating, without thick enough legs to fill them out any longer. Powerful, proud thighs were already shrinking down and withering, and his hips followed suit, until the belt around his waist did nothing to keep his pants on his body. They sat on the floor, and Exile watched his footpaws as they pushed up the denim, shrinking backwards toward his body. He wasn't just getting smaller in general, he was getting *shorter*, to the point that Atimist might be able to make fun of him soon. His eyes widened with fear at how rapidly he was changing, thinking that there might be a side effect far worse than just the shrinking he was enduring. The fear lingered in his mind as he scooted back, crawling out of his jeans and leaving his orange briefs behind, sliding right out of them just by taking a step back toward the toilet. He stood up tall again, only to find that he was literally only a foot taller than the edge of the toilet seat.

"I swear, I am gonna string that stinkin' coyofolf up by his balls when I-

"When you what?"

Nbowa was the first one to finally come and check on Exile, who only then realized that he never locked the door behind himself. The funny thing of it all was that the lion didn't seem at all distraught by the fact that Exile was less than half his normal size, rather, he was grinning down at the shrinking hybrid, his tail giving a swish of curiosity at what Exile was talking about when he entered.

"Well? When you *what*?"

"When I get my paws on him for...uhm. For..."

Exile knew he was only going to talk himself further into a corner at that point, and he didn't need a shovel to dig his own grave. He'd been going plotting to shrink the lot of his party guests since the beginning, only to have the plan backfire on him, and now, a lion was looking over him as if he was nothing more than a savory morsel...and he was just *barely* too big to be called such.

"I don't think he made you take those shots," Nbowa pointed out, "And by the looks of it, I'm *really* glad he didn't force me to, either. You were seriously trying to sneak that on me?"

"Heh...uhm...not *just* you? Does that make it better?"

Nbowa was about to close the door behind him when Shyy and Orio came in to check on their friend as well, only to see that he was still shrinking rapidly, now so small that he had to climb up onto the seat of the toilet if he wanted to use it.

"No," Shyy said with a quick shake of his head, "That really doesn't make it any better."

Orio was nearly salivating with delight as he looked down upon the shrunken huscoon. Revenge had finally presented itself for the usually girly hybrid, and this time, there wasn't a thing Exile could do to prevent it. "So **that's** what the stuff would have done! You're a serious asshole, Exile...thinkin' that we'd fall for that!"

Exile was still trying to find the words to excuse his actions when Nbowa leaned down by the edge of the toilet and picked him up. "Lock the door behind us, guys. Four is a party, after all...I don't think we need anyone else barging in on this."

Shyy and Orio pushed the door shut quickly and locked it, damning anyone who actually needed to use the bathroom. There was no way for the trio to block out the noise they'd make, other than staying quiet, but under the influence of a couple drinks each and seeing an opportunity that they simply couldn't pass up, not even one of them was going to hold back, which meant a long, rough night

for Exile was in store.

"Guuuuuuuys...lemme go please?" Exile asked, trying his best to wear an innocent smile, but it was forced to the point that it nearly looked painful, and he wasn't fooling anyone. He'd simply had to turn his own plan on himself, and in doing so, he'd trapped himself in the bathroom with three people who all had something they could dig up from the past and call out for revenge.

The lion, bunnolf and chynx all locked eyes with each other, thinking it over for a literal moment, and all shaking their heads in unison. "The council votes you must be punished," Nbowa muttered in a damning voice, as if he felt even a modicum of regret for what he was about to do. "And I think we all know what a fitting punishment would be for someone like you...must be pretty eager for it, too. You already took all of your clothes off!"

"They **fell** off!" Exile argued, but the protest was ignored entirely. A grin of fangs that were almost as large as his head loomed over him, and now, the tiny hybrid was a bit fearful for his life as Nbowa gave him a firm squeeze. "C'mon guys, seriously! It was all gonna be in good fun!"

Shyy rubbed his paws together, glancing up at the ceiling in thought, his mind lingering on those last words. "I'm sure we can come up with a punishment that will be good fun for all of us, too...not sure how much *you'll* enjoy it, but...that's kind of the idea behind a punishment, right?"

"As long as he suffers, I'm good with it," Orio mentioned, showing off an unusual flair of dominance that betrayed his entire personality. He didn't know that Nbowa was going to be the ringleader for the whole act, which meant that he'd be on the bottom of whatever was about to happen, but surer still was the fact that Exile was going to suffer, and that his diminutive size was going to be used against him.

Exile could feel the color running from his face, and curl fading from his tail as he knew there was no talking his giant friends out of their devious intentions. Small as he was, he couldn't escape the powerful paws of the lion that held him, and he was so concerned with his fate that he'd all but forgotten his being entirely nude until it was mentioned to him again. "But...guys...nothing bad happened to you?"

Nbowa shook his head as he passed Exile off to Shyy, who held him up like an action figure, thinking of all the diverse ways he could pose the micro-sized hybrid. "No, this was actually a blessing in disguise," Nbowa admitted, as he used his now free paws to slide his shorts and boxers down to the bathroom floor, exposing that his length was already starting to stiffen at whatever depraved thoughts he had mulling around in his noggin. "I'd been looking for a new sex toy to share with my buddies, after all, and look to be just the *perfect* size for a cock sleeve..."

Seven stiff inches of lion cock were standing proud and throbbing gently against the empty air, looking for something to penetrate, and Exile knew that he was the target. Shyy passed Exile off to Orio while he stripped the thin, black mesh muscle shirt from his torso and tossed it aside, with his cargo shorts quick to follow to the floor. Tight, thin briefs were already tented around his hybrid length, causing Shyy discomfort and prompting him to drop them down to his ankles. "I hope I'm included in that group?" he asked, his member growing without any further prompting now that it was free from the confines of his tight fabric.

"**You** are...but Orio **isn't**," Nbowa quickly replied, giving the chynx a grin and taking Exile back from him by force, scaring the living daylight out of the micro hybrid by moving him around so rapidly. "I think I have a great idea for the three of us, if you're all game...and Orio doesn't have a choice anyway."

Orio flattened his ears all the way to the back of his head, his bright blue eyes widening, trying to give Nbowa the most pathetic look that he possibly could. "Why don't *I* get to play with the huscoon toy?"

"Because I **said so**," Nbowa responded sternly. "Shyy and I will give this hybrid punk a proper punishment for trying to trick all of us...and you get to help set up the *bath*."

Exile gulped at the thought, his worst nightmares coming to the front of his mind and making his body shake in the tight hold of Nbowa's paws. He squirmed about rapidly, pushing with both paws and trying to force his body out, but it was all for naught. His smaller body was just too weak to fight back, and the very thought of what they could do to him terrified him to the point of shivering around, despite the warm fur that touched literally every part of his body.

I don't think I'm gonna like any bath that they have planned for me... Exile worried mentally, not wanting to incriminate himself any further with his words. He could only force that faux-innocent smile and try to keep looking like the whole situation didn't make him so nervous that he worried he might wet himself. It was even harder to maintain that look as Nbowa lowered Exile down onto his cock, letting his body sit upon it like it were a bench in a park, but a paw kept him pressed down to it, ever conscious of the fact that he might try to run. "I think Shyy and I can share this new little cocksleeve...smash him between our dicks and grind up against him until we shower him in cum and make him drink it all up, that is, if he can handle such a big meal in such a small body...sound like a plan, Shyy?"

The bunnolf was already gripping his own length in a white furred paw, guiding it to press against Nbowa's length. The two stiff cocks pressed up to each other vertically until there was a small spot for Exile to rest in, and Nbowa lifted him right into that spot. "If you try and escape, little huscoon...we'll force-feed you more of that blue stuff until you're small enough to use as a plug and shove you in Orio's ass! Understood?"

Exile was used to Nbowa being a dominant partner, but that threat was on a level that he wasn't used to, and Orio looked at Exile with pleading eyes until Exile finally nodded, accepting his fate. He still *could* try and run, hoping to find a place to hide in the hotel, or perhaps even just in the room...there were piles of clothes everywhere, extra sheets, blankets and pillows that he could bury himself into...but all they'd have to do was tell anyone there about what Exile was planning, and suddenly, the whole party would be trying to find him. Much as he hated the fact, he was relegated to his fate...

...That didn't mean he had to like it.

"Glad we're all in agreement here," Nbowa murmured. "Orio, be a doll, get on your knees and put that slutty mouth of yours to work...my sack could really use a tongue bath right about now, and I'm sure Shyy wouldn't mind the same treatment..."

Orio made a quick pout, but he knew that he was going to get bossed around from the very beginning, and his nub tail was fluttering about, betraying his pouting and revealing just how much he loved the idea. He was on his knees in a flash, resting his knees on the pile of clothes below and immediately burying his

face into Nbowa's lightly fuzzed sack, the rough texture of his tongue providing a new sort of pleasure for Nbowa as it circled slowly over each individual orb, as if he were inspecting them with his tongue. Shyy couldn't only watch the display and wait for his turn, but he had plenty to keep him occupied in the meantime, as he started the countdown.

"Three...two...one..."

Shyy and Nbowa thrust their cocks at each other at the same time, pinning Exile between them and using the soft, smooth fur upon his tummy and his back as a masturbatory aid. Exile was literally a living, breathing sex toy, and he had only a second to get used to being squished between two massive cocks before they pulled back slightly, giving him a chance to breath. It didn't last, of course, as the pair humped at each other once more, frothing each other and grinding their lengths against Exile with no shame, and no concern for the hybrid they were crushing. It wasn't painful for Exile, but his cheeks were flushed bright red with a blush as he tried to resist what his mind was telling him...that all of this, as unusual as it was, was a **massive** turn on for him.

"He's so *soft*...feels great against the underside of my cock," Nbowa groaned, as Orio continued working on his sack, wetting the once smooth, soft fur with a thin layer of saliva and making it difficult for Nbowa to stay standing. Shyy grinned as he gripped Nbowa behind the arms, helping to keep him upright so they could keep Exile pinned between their members. Exile was still trying to resist just how wrong all of it should feel, but he couldn't deny the physical pleasure of having his shrunken cock pressed up to Shyy's, and the way that the flesh was able to so easily glide along his own, it was like someone was pawing him off without anyone trying to pleasure him, and though it would never fit, feeling Nbowa's impressive length gliding over his back, the head of his member pressing and teasing at Exile's rump every time it slid over his back was a strange sensation, but one that he found himself enjoying more than he should. His mind still resisted, but his body was giving in to the physical pleasure of it all, and his cock started to grow stiff between his legs, still rubbing against Shyy every time that the bunnolf thrust his cock over the front side.

"He's starting to get stiff against me, I can *feel* it," Shyy replied in a low, pleased grunt, his lips curling into a teasing grin as he looked down over Exile, still able to see a hint of panic in his eyes. "Y-you can calm down, y'know...long as you do what we say, you'll...*Damn, that's good*...you'll be okay...and speaking

of, h-how about you put that mouth of yours to work?"

Exile didn't need any further instructions. He didn't want to risk incurring more wrath, and even if he could barely get his lips to touch the offending length with how rapidly it moved, Exile tried his best to wrap his paws around it, hugging onto it like it was a tree trunk and slurping his tongue at the thick, fat head of Shyy's cock whenever it got close enough. His tongue was so small, just like the rest of him, that Shyy could just barely feel it, but that tiny sensation alone added enough pleasure for Shyy to let loose a little precum, but an amount that flooded over Exile's muzzle easily and soaked the front of his face.

Getting close to a climax as his cock brushed through the soft fur of Exile's back, Nbowa hesitated for just a moment, wanting to steal as much pleasure as he could from the situation. "Go...mnnn...go work your magic on Shyy," Nbowa ordered to Orio, glaring down at the submissive feline and moving him across just through the look in his vibrant, green eyes. The lion kept himself busy, taking the small curl that was Exile's tail and wrapping it around the base of his length, letting it act like a cock ring for him and giving Nbowa a perfect angle to brush the head of his cock rapidly between Exile's tiny, shrunken rump. The silly fear in the huscoon's mind that somehow, Nbowa could end up impaling him still rested in the back of his mind, but likewise, he wished that he could be penetrated for even just a moment, full well knowing that he could never handle having Nbowa's length inside of him at that size. Precum already stained the fur upon his back, streaking through it and leaving it sticking up each time that Nbowa pumped his hips and pressed Exile to Shyy's cock, which was throbbing hard against Exile's chest, especially when Orio finally wrapped his lips around just one of his soft, fur-coated orbs and suckled tightly upon it, trying to milk the cum right out of the bunnolf and moaning with delight around his mouthful. Nbowa reached down to swat the chynx hard across the ass, making him whimper for more of the same, but a worse punishment was to *deny* him exactly that, and Nbowa knew it. Orio whined for another firm spanking, even as other furs were gathering around the door, knowing exactly what was going on by now, judging by the cries of pleasure that seeped through the thin walls of the hotel room.

"Good boy, Orio! Harder...suck **harder**, right there! Keep going!" Shyy cried out as Orio put his legendary oral skills to work, doing just as he was told and sucking desperately at Shyy's sack like he was a child trying to suckle nourishment from a breast. It yielded another soft spray of precum, one that

coated Exile's entire head, matting down his fur with the slick, clear fluid and leaving him a mess, as he was already dampened, front and back with the stuff. Both males were drawing near to a climax, and even Exile felt himself getting closer, as Orio reached across, squeezing Nbowa's sack to coax the cum right out of it. The poor micro huscoon simply held his breath as he felt the first hot, thick strands of cum shooting out over his back, completely soaking him in a cumshot that was huge compared to his diminutive size.

Nbowa gripped onto Shyy's shoulders tightly, leaving Exile suspended purely by the cocks that were humping against him as the act came to a feverish peak. "*Nnnnngh yes... keep squeezing, Orio! It's m-making me cum! Yes! I'm cumming!*" the lion roared out, shaking the mirror in the bathroom with the ferocity of his orgasm. Exile was coated in thick strands of cum from the back, able to feel the veins in the lion's member literally throbbing and bulging out into the small of his back as it was coated with heated seed. Semen poured down his rump and over the back of his thighs as the mess got everywhere, dripping down to the floor and even hitting Shyy in the tummy from such an intense climax. Orio never stopped squeezing, and he never let Shyy free from his muzzle, licking and teasing at the tasty sack in front of him until he could feel it tightening up.

It was only a moment after Shyy felt the lion spunk streaking across the tense muscles of his lower abdomen that his own orgasm set in, his cock rubbing rapidly over Exile and his torso, gliding against his cheek and spraying him right in the face with a sudden rush of seed that he couldn't even hope to swallow. He gulped as much as he could while the cock in front of him spurted again, painting his face white with the build up from a massive climax. "*R-ready for your bath, Exile? Cause I'm...c-cumming...fuckin' cumming!*" Shyy grunted out, his sack going tense to the touch of Orio's tongue and giving Exile every bit more than he could handle, coating the front of the hybrid's brown overcoat with a thick spray of tasty, sticky cum. Lion and bunnolf seed mixed together and dripped down over Exile, leaving him literally coated between his two friends, and giving the submissive kitty that was Orio something to lick up from the floor, and seeing it drip down, he did exactly that, slurping the excess up from the bathroom tiles with a rapidly wagging nub.

Two thick, veiny cocks kept Exile pinned through the end of their respective orgasms, and he couldn't deny just how hot it was to be able to see every little detail of the heads and shafts of those lengths, and literally feel them throbbing

against him, his paws just the right size to trace over those veins as they bulged out against him. As far as punishments went, he figured he got off easy...

...But they weren't quite done yet.

"That got *really* messy..." Nbowa said with a soft, pleased sigh. "I think we should wash him off, lather him up and use him as a loofah...since we could all use a shower. Sound like a plan, guys?"

Orio and Shyy were already rapidly nodding as Exile wilted his ears, small drips of cum falling down from them.

"And I bet you thought you were getting off easy!" Nbowa chided, gripping the cum-soaked hybrid in a paw and lifting him into the sink for a quick rinse.

I didn't get off at all... Exile mentally pouted, trying to wipe some of the excess seed from his eyes. Orio was finally stripping his clothes away, ready to join the others in the shower as Shyy turned up the water, filling the bathroom with billows of steam that made it hard for Exile to see his own fate.

Three giant furs waited by the shower door, ready to take the micro-sized huscoon to the second half of his punishment.

Exile simply sighed, still relegated to his fate, and knowing things were only going to get worse.

I'll just put it in their damn water bottles next time.

It was all *too* typical that when Tango Zulu was nearing the end of his work week, late on a Friday afternoon, there were projects piling up that would have to wait until Monday. Ever the efficient worker, however, Tango was determined to get as much work done as physically possible, so he could actually relax and enjoy his weekend, rather than stressing about the work week ahead on the following Monday.

The fact that this Friday was the hottest day of the summer thus far, and that the air was rife with humidity certainly wasn't helping the exotic looking dragon focus on his work. If anything, as sweat beaded down over the red scales of his chest, and the vibrant green scales of his arms, the dragon was losing his focus, a far reach from the normally calm and collected personality that he held.

A particularly challenging order was the current bane of Tango's existence, and though he was an extremely skillful apprentice at his father's smithy, he was still having just the slightest bit of a challenge getting the sword before him to bend just to the right specifications of the customer. It wasn't *just* a curve in the blade that was giving him trouble; it was that the way that the blade of the sword curved out, then back, and straightened out right at the tip in such an unnatural pattern, it was amazing that Tango was able to work it into anything close to the right shape.

"That'll show me for trying to take on a project like this right before closing time on a Friday..." he muttered quietly, once again doing his best to keep his cool. As tall and domineering as he appeared, Tango was actually a very modest dragon, and his voice always failed to carry against the louder sounds of clanging hammers and roaring fires in the smithy. It was all too common that Tango would be in the shop a little after closing time, just because nobody would notice that he was still there, thanks to his quiet voice and demeanor. Late on a Friday, of course, he would normally be one of the only people in the shop anyway, but there was one other in the shop that evening, and no matter how quiet Tango was, she always seemed to be able to find him.

As sweat dripped and beaded through the bright, cyan blue hair on Tango's head, dripping down to the fire before him and sizzling as it evaporated on the coals

and bricks, something grey was coming closer and closer, something that, even if Tango couldn't see, he could almost certainly feel. Already a unique dragon in his own right, Tango was blessed with the companionship of having his own familiar.

"It'll show you indeed," Erna, the small, grey Celtic dragon whispered, sneaking all the way up behind Tango and hovering just behind his right shoulder. Tango did his best to try to stay focused on the task at hand, keeping his eyes down on the piece of unusually twisted and gnarled steel in front of him. "You really work too hard for your own good, Tango. Maybe you can knock off a bit early tonight? You've only got five minutes left on the clock anyway, and there's no one else around..."

Tango was always the type to let his actions speak for themselves, and his dedication around the shop was beyond contest. What else was true, however, was that Erna knew the taller dragon inside and out and knew all the right buttons to push to get him in the mood for fun, instead of work. "I'd rather deal with this now than later, Erna. I've got way too much on my plate right now to end the night early, even if it were just five minutes."

Erna was, in some ways, more than happy to watch her friend work. Just fluttering behind him there, she could see the muscles in his shoulders tense up each time he lifted a hefty hammer over his head and swung it down, the peaks of his muscles rising to the occasion and standing firm against each impact. The definition in his biceps was just as exciting to her, as Tango re-gripped the hammer time and time again, causing his arms to flare up and tense, small veins coming up to the surface of his scales and showing off the body that could be achieved through hard work in a labor intensive, demanding job.

If Erna wasn't already aroused, just watching Tango work was lighting a fire within her, far more intense than the one Tango worked at. "Come now, Tango. You can pick up on this project on Monday morning. You've been working **so** hard all week, and you're obviously in need of some relief from all this work. You're so tense..." Erna murmured quietly at the back of his ear, letting her wings drape over his warm, moistened shoulder and gently flicker against it, trying to cool off some of the no doubt roaring passion for his work. "I can feel it. I can literally feel **all** of it, Tango. You've been harboring so much tension and drive for your job that it's eating you up inside...through our connection, I can feel all of it, and you know I just want to help..."

"Of course you do," Tango replied quickly, a small smile forming in the corner of his muzzle, "But that doesn't mean I can just quit in the middle of this."

The clock struck 7 PM just then, signaling the end of the work day with a pleasant chorus of chimes from the small clock at the front desk of the shop, but there was no one else there to hear it. Once again, Tango let his dedication shine through, even if there was only one soul around to see it. "Sure you can! You have other projects to attend to, y'know...namely, me!"

Erna had such a playful attitude, and such a way with words that Tango couldn't help a small chuckle at that. "You're not a project, you're a dragon...and I don't think hitting you with a hammer would be good for your health."

"Who said anything about a hammer?" Erna teased, crawling over Tango to the front of his body, her own, nude figure pressing down against his shoulder and then his chest as she crawled down, but looked back up at him. Erna was certainly quite a bit smaller than Tango, but that didn't stop them from exploring each other in a sexual way before. Erna knew it was just a matter of getting Tango to switch gears. "Unless you're talking about *this* hammer, of course..."

Tango wanted to groan, but the feel of Erna's cool, soothing scales against his heated body kept him from being too upset. "E-Erna! *Mnn*...I really, **really** need to focus here!"

"There's plenty for you to focus on if you'd put that hammer down and put this one to use instead." Erna brushed the soft, velvety flesh of her wing over Tango's covered manhood, still looking back at him as she did. "I know you'd love to try and fit this thing inside me again, after how much you enjoyed it last time."

There was certainly no denying that. Tango tried desperately to keep hammering away at the steel before him. He gripped the hammer tighter, gritted his fangs and slammed away at the blade, even as Erna slowly swiped her wing back and forth over the front of his shorts. He tried to think about something, **anything** else, keeping his eyes on the fire he worked in...until he felt just the tiniest bit of wetness upon his tummy.

Turning his gaze downward, Tango saw Erna reaching back with her other wing, the claws upon her forelimbs spreading open her treasured womanhood and

revealing a tiny trickle of arousal, one that dripped right down to his navel and settled there. It truly spoke to the focus and dedication to his father's business that Tango wasn't already in a frenzy for Erna, but in their connection, she knew that about him, and respected him for it.

She was just more interested in his dedication to her right now.

"C'mon, Tango...I *know* I've got your attention now."

Displaying a level of restraint that could put any caged submissive to shame, Tango still managed to take one more swing with the hammer, trying to keep his focus on his work for one moment longer, but it would all be for naught.

"Not gonna fuck me, hm? That's fine...I'll just take what I want, then."

Tango dropped the hammer immediately as he watched Erna dive into his shorts, the much smaller dragon easily sneaking through his waistband and right into his briefs. She was determined, she was aroused, and thanks to their connection, Tango could sense just how serious it was, even if he didn't feel Erna wrapping her wings around his long, thick draconian member.

"E-Erna! What're you..."

"You know damn well what I'm doing, Tango. I just told you!" She replied rather playfully, encasing his heated member in her cool wings and giving it a quick, soothing brush. The softer, velvety flesh within her wingspan teased against a growing length, and Tango silently mused just how lucky he was. That softer flesh was so gentle, so *smooth* that no set of paws in the world could compare. A wingjob from Erna was more pleasurable than a hand job from any other being, and she could feel it, deep within her, just how much Tango enjoyed it. Even unable to see his face, she knew he was smiling, and it brought a smile to her muzzle as well. There was no sexual encounter between the two where Erna didn't take Tango's feelings into consideration, and at the end of it, if she knew he really hadn't wanted this, she would have stopped from the very beginning.

She was his friend. She was his familiar. She was his lover. No matter what she was to him, she cared for him deeply, and the connection they shared was about to be culminated once again, right there in the shop.

The cooling caress of Erna's wings finally broke Tango, and his will to try and keep working. He couldn't lean against the hot bricks of the forge in front of him, but the delightful feel of his familiar clinging around his cock was making his knees weak. He simply *needed* to lean on something, but having nothing to go to, he slowly fell back and lowered himself to the floor, and Erna expertly held onto his erect shaft the whole way, brushing her wings up and down over the length, and slowly swirling them from side to side with remarkable dexterity. What started as a slow, guided move to the floor turned into Tango simply falling onto his back, his cock tenting his shorts up and creating a small space for Erna to move around in. She couldn't help a small giggle as she noticed the sudden increase in space, and she only stifled the noise by guiding her small muzzle to the tip of his sizable length and gently lapping at it with the flat of her forked tongue.

"Only y-you, Erna," Tango whispered, but in the empty store, with the forges settling down and the fires dying, Erna could hear him clear as a bell. "Only you could...*nnggh*...get me to do this right here in the shop...it's so naughty..."

Rumbling quietly from the back of her throat in appreciation for his delicious flavor, Erna smiled against her treat, one that was far more than a mouthful. "That's the point," she replied, her voice becoming thick with lust as their interlude carried on, but still, there was a playful air about it that Tango simply loved. "Seems to me that you're enjoying this quite a bit, now that you finally got that stick out of your butt..."

A small splash of precum coated Erna's entire muzzle, a result of their difference in size. Erna made it no secret to Tango that while she could shift sizes whenever she pleased, and usually with relative ease, she had a huge kink for size difference in their play, and currently just barely bigger than the massive erection she was teasing, even a small burst of liquid would be a full drink for her. "How could I not? You're...*so good*..." Tango murmured, his voice melting away into a low, pleased moan. Not one to deny himself a show, the larger dragon reached down and gripped his claws into his shorts, giving them a quick tug down until they sat around his ankles. His briefs, he removed more carefully as to not hurt his smaller lover, but as he pulled them free, he was greeted with the sight of Erna narrowing her eyes at him, grinning a devious, sultry grin and slurping her forked tongue along the tip of his length, slurping and lapping greedily at all the precum she could handle. Having tested the limits of what her smaller form can take before, Tango had no concerns about her having too much to drink.

"What a little flatterer..." Erna crooned, her voice almost sing-songish as she taunted her spiritual partner. She was having all the fun in the world, now, and each gentle brush, each delicate stroke of her wings against the now throbbing flesh of his cock drew forth just a little more liquid for her to indulge. "Tango, my goodness! You're leaking like a faucet down here...don't tell me you're getting close already..."

Whereas Tango was always filled with heat and fire, born with the gift of being an elemental, Erna was the very embodiment of an ice drake, her body literally cold to the touch, and as a result, the flicker of her tongue was akin to Erna rubbing an ice cube against Tango's heated flesh. It was a stark sensation that would bring any male to climax before too long, and given their special connection, Tango knew that Erna could easily rush him into his own if he wasn't careful. Tango bit down on his lower lip, trying to fight against the sensations, perhaps even still fighting the battle he'd already lost for his work ethic, but it was all be meaningless in the face of Erna's delicate touch and clever wiles. Her icy tongue swirled around the head of his cock once more, sending a deep shiver into his groin and all the way up into his stomach, nearly ending his fight right then and there. "C-can't...help it..." Tango said, his voice riddled with the strain of fighting against an impending release. The large, shimmering claws upon his feet and tail were already scraping at the brickwork floor of the smithy, scratching along the surface and leaving behind the story of a lustful encounter that neither of the pair would soon forget.

Tango certainly wouldn't forget the next moment, when Erna suddenly unwrapped her wings and left his heated cock standing erect, still dripping, but entirely untouched. She licked the last remnants of his juices from her muzzle and simply admired his length, still loving that she was almost dwarfed by it. It was just a bit taller than she was, and **much** thicker. She wanted to hug and squeeze it, to hold onto it tightly as it literally bathed her in the warm, thick seed that she so desperately desired...but she needed her own release, as well.

"If that's the case, Tango, then I think you'd better give me mine first. Can't have you finishing ahead of me, can we?" she asked, giving her friend a flirtatious wink and flapping her wings, slowly fluttering up to rest herself upon his broad chest. Her whole body fit upon the length of his torso in her current form, and the ridges of his scales made a delightful improvised sex toy for Erna. Resting her forelimbs against his collarbone, Erna spread her thighs and straddled against

him, letting the proudly erect nub of her clit grind against the distinct levels of scales and send pleasure coursing through her body. "Mmnn...how 'bout it, stud? Think you can handle satisfying one more customer before the end of your shift?"

"Since you're my favorite customer, I suppose I can make an exception," Tango shot back, hypnotized by the lewd, private show that Erna was putting on for him. It was rare that he would be so playful, even in the midst of a lustful affair, but Erna knew just how to bring it out of him, and with his obligation, she whirled herself around and flickered her long, whip-like tail up and out of the way. Her glistening sex was already pouting with need, and now that Tango was turned on as well, he happily guided the tip of a single, clawed finger to her drooling treasure, putting a small amount of pressure right upon her clit and drawing a pleading gasp out from the teasing dragoness.

"T-Tango! That's it! *R-right there!*" Erna cried out in elation, wincing her eyes shut tight as a silly grin spread across her lips. She was as playful as ever, even in the heat of the moment, but she knew how to take control of a situation, despite her diminutive size, and she had Tango on a string, fulfilling her every sexual desire right then. As small as she was, that single pawtip could only just barely penetrate her soaked folds, but with another gentle push, Tango penetrated her, fingering his cute little familiar right upon his chest and grinning as he did, watching her small form writhe with delight against his scales. She braced her wings down against his chest, groaning with a need that Tango's warm, long fingers wouldn't quite satisfy.

She needed him to take things one step further, and knowing their connection, the trust, friendship and love that they shared, by any name, she knew he'd pick up on that need easily.

That's it, Tango...do it...

Aided by the fiery skills that made him a living furnace, Tango drew his clawed finger back, only to replace it with exactly what Erna wanted: his long, slick, heated tongue. Pressing up against the unnaturally cool flesh of her body, Erna felt a shock run through the entirety of her being as the skillful tongue, bigger than her whole torso, brushed down from her chest, down across the small, rigid scales of her tummy, and further, all the way down until it reached her nether region, soaking her body, and most importantly to her, her clit in a small trickle

of saliva. Erna could feel her mind going blank with pleasure as the sensations simply flooded her body, her nerves lighting ablaze as her talented partner feasted upon her delicious folds. It wasn't just a sexual act; Tango was tender with Erna, his tongue gliding over her glistening sex in just the right way, knowing exactly how she liked to be touched, and as usual, his actions spoke louder than his words, as Erna could feel his care for her in every gentle passing of the tongue.

"*Tango! Yeeeeeees...that's it! Please don't stop!*" Erna was already nearing her own climax now, as the Tango's sizable tongue could hit every one of her hotspots in a single stroke, and he didn't just focus on her clit. The skillful dragon pushed his tongue up against her labia, right along her clit, and then forced the rest of the length up, tickling over her chest and the sensitive nerve endings that rested under her scales. Her silver cheeks were flushed under the scales with pink and crimson as she shamelessly rode against the tongue, knowing it would make a mess of her and not having a care in the world if it did. Erna wrapped her wings around the tongue, clinging to it just the same as she had his cock before, and held on for dear life as the constant heat against her cool, slippery clit drove her up the wall, closer and closer to a rapid and powerful orgasm. In a way, she felt selfish for taking hers first, and Tango could sense it, but he also knew she had something more in store for him, and wanting to satisfy his adorable little familiar, he gave her clit one more hard thrust with the tip of his tongue.

His reward was a thin, cold stream of female ejaculate, coating the flesh of his tongue with her most hidden and delicious flavors. Tango couldn't properly speak, quite literally tongue tied, but he rumbled lowly in delight as a second streak of feminine juices squirted across his tongue and Erna tensed up, clinging tight around his tongue and freezing in place, her hips thrusting down against the offending tongue in jagged, sudden movements. "*YES! T-Tango...that's the spot! I'm cumming!*"

Tango tilted his head up and back just a little, letting the delightfully sweet stream of cool juices pour down over the length of his tongue and into his muzzle, drinking up his familiar's desire and still tickling her netherlips with the tip of his tongue, letting her ride out the last waves of her orgasm and pleasuring her deeply as thanks for helping him to relax and unwind after a long day. Of course, watching such a lewd display, Tango was still stiff, and a small stream of precum was still pouring down the underside of his shaft as his length throbbed

helplessly at the air, still waiting for a release, and still being hit by the aftershocks of her own orgasm, Erna got a terribly naughty idea.

"Looks like...*ha...ah...*...someone still needs to get off. My poor T-Tango...all pent up and no climax to be had...*yet.*" As delightful as her tongue ride was, Erna finally pulled away from the slick, hot muscle and fluttered down toward the shaft she'd been teasing before, the cool breeze from the flapping of her wings teasing and tickling Tango as she moved across his tummy. It was all part of her plan to rile him up all over again, and the cool, soothing breath that she let out over the tip when she landed was downright devious. The chill traveled through his precum, teasing all the way down the underside of his shaft and onto his sack, until he felt like his member was nearly frozen on the outside. Tango shuddered, shivering as Erna pressed her body, still slick with his saliva, up against his cock. "Mind if I make myself comfortable down here?"

"Not a bit!" Tango shouted out suddenly, his body sent into a deep shiver by the cooling sensation spreading all throughout his crotch. He hadn't intended to yell, always a bit of a reserved dragon, but Erna surprised him so that he couldn't help it, and the more it dawned on him just how alone they were, the more he became comfortable with the idea of having sex in the smithy, even if it was a terribly naughty concept. It was fun, it was playful, and it was dirty...and that was what Erna was all about. "Just b-be careful down there...you might g-get a little wet..."

That was exactly what Erna wanted, of course. "Why all the stuttering, Tango? A little chilly, even here in this hot workshop?" she teased him, but this time, she didn't look back at him when she did. She was drawing every bit as much pleasure out of the moment as he was, and still hanging on the coattails of her last orgasm, she could feel another one rapidly building, trying to expand on the first one. As her clit brushed up and down against the warm, fiery flesh of his cock, Erna was giddy with pleasure, taking full advantage of that delightful heat against her sex. She familiarized herself repeatedly with the delicate flesh of his throbbing arousal, and each time she brushed the peak of her wetness against his flesh, the pair cried out in delight together. Though Erna was apt to tease Tango more often than not, and more often just tease him than satisfy him, their connection seemed to grow every time they played, each time they interacted, and most of all, each time they mated. She still felt as playful as ever, but now, rising to the peak of another orgasm and seeing her closest friend on the same wavelength, she wouldn't dream of just teasing him. She wanted to share in his pleasure in the most intimate way that she could.

Tango could have easily replied with a taunt of his own, mentioning that it was *entirely* Erna's fault that he was chilled, and that she was doing it on purpose, but he truly was the softer spoken of the two, and as usual, he let his actions do the talking instead. He only had a limited number of ways to enhance the experience for the moment, but a gentle press against Erna's back, keeping her as close as physically possible to his girthy member, was an affectionate and exciting touch that Erna desperately needed to reach her second climax. As she felt fresh streams of precum pouring out, soaking her chest and trailing down towards her labia, spread proudly over the shaft of his arousal, Erna tried in vain to prolong the experience for herself, but she was just seconds away, with the only solace being that Tango was right there with her, finally about to achieve his own climactic bliss.

"I'm...I'm a-almost there!" Erna whimpered, her voice a song that told of pure need, as the small familiar worked her entire body, slick with a combination of saliva and precum, up against his proud manhood. Her own arousal joined the mixture of sensual fluids, another messy finish impending, and a much messier finish was on the horizon for Tango, who dug the claws on his fingertips into the floor and braced himself. His whole body shuddered as he tensed up, pleasure wracking his body from head to toe and paralyzing him in the moment; only his hips were still able to move with any fluidity, and they bucked **hard** against the brave rider that was Erna. She clung to his cock and giggled with glee as she could feel pleasure welling up in her tummy and making its way just a little further down into her body, centering around her over-stimulated clit and finally pushing her over the edge once again. Not one to want to have her climax alone, the playful, devious familiar changed her internal body temperature just as she'd done in previous encounters, until the surface of her scales was akin to ice. Like an ice pop that wrapped around the entirety of his impressive girth, Erna helped to send Tango over the edge, right as she flooded his scales with the second of her orgasms, and by far the more powerful climax, as she ejaculated down across his most private region. The chilling sensation she gave to Tango was just enough for him, as well, and she looked up to see a sudden, long rope of dragon cum spraying up into the air. She was riddled with pleasure at her own finish, but she still struggled her way to the top of his length, putting her mouth over the geyser of his seed and taking as much of it as she could in her smaller muzzle, the excess seed splashing across her face and soaking her tiny form in a thin coating of the spray.

Just when Erna didn't think she could be anymore turned on, she was proven wrong, and her orgasm intensified as she was bathed in her lover's seed.

"Erna...I c-can't..."

"T-Tango, please!"

The smaller dragoness was nearly drowning in the excess spray that kept hosing her down, and no matter how hard she tried to contain it, she was completely coated by the sheer volume. It muffled her words, even as she pleaded with Tango to keep filling her up, and each audible gulp of his seed seemed to spur another fresh burst out of him. The excess spilled over, drizzling down the underside of his cock and over his sack, until it pooled down on the floor of the workshop, leaving behind a mess that they'd have to clean up...eventually.

Right then, the cool, collected, reserved dragon was finally empty, his aching sack drained, and his cute, playful familiar was happy to rest against the stiff length that she embraced, soaked in the seed of his love and panting in orgasmic delight, even as her second climax finally started to fade.

"I still can't believe you made me do that," Tango said, as his thoughts started to clear up, finally free from the blissful wiles of his release. "I never thought I'd ever do something like that right here in the shop."

Erna was worn out from having such great peaks of pleasure, and so close together, as well, but she still had the energy to finally release Tango's cock as it started to deflate and relax. Knowing she'd get him nice and messy, Erna crawled up to his chest, smearing his own mess across his tummy and torso, and leaving her body in a cool, chilled state so that the remaining seed acted like an icy gel against his scales. She would never be done teasing the larger dragon, that much was certain. "I thought it would be *much* more fun ending to your work week than busying yourself with that silly sword...besides, isn't it much more fun when you work with that one?" she asked, gesturing down at his manhood.

Tango nodded quietly with a shy, bashful smile. Around the red scales that covered his muzzle, even some of the green scales seemed to turn a faint shade of rose red as he blushed at the mention of his member. "Of course it is...sometimes I just need you to remind me of that."

"Lucky for you, I don't think I'll ever tire of doing exactly that," Erna admitted. She curled up right upon the peak of his chest, but not until she pressed a very small kiss to the underside of his neck, leaving him with an affectionate little gesture before she knew she would succumb to the need for sleep, or at the very least, a nap.

"We've really gotta clean up this mess, though..."

Erna giggled and flickered the tip of her long, whip-like tail at Tango's nose. "The store doesn't open again until Monday, silly...just add it to your list of projects."

Cleaning up after such a session certainly wasn't a project, but Tango wasn't one to argue with Erna, not right then.

Instead, he just smiled and rested a paw over the small familiar, keeping her warm in his presence, even as she intentionally chilled him.

"Only if we get to work on another 'project' over the weekend, Erna..."

Erna smiled and kissed the scales upon his chest. "Tango...you can count on that."

Rosa knew that she was in trouble now...she just wasn't sure **how much**.

After all, one could only expect that if they tried to allow the devious mouth on their tail to eat somebody, and that plan happened to fail, that the person on the other end of it might be a little bit vengeful, and as nice as Julia could be...she was an absolute **demon** when provoked, and Rosa knew better than to judge her by her small size.

"L-listen, Julia...let's not do anything too hasty, okay? I know this probably seemed like a big deal, but...my tail just got a little carried away!" Rosa tried to explain, as she hugged the long, fluffy bulk to her chest and gently stroke over the end of it. "I'm sure he didn't mean any harm!"

Julia was still bathed in a thin coating of saliva from the attempt, and the way that it glistened on her nude for might be arousing for some; it was quite the turn on for Rosa, but Julia herself was a few steps too angry to be thinking about sex right then.

"**You** were the one behind it the whole time!" Julia reminded Rosa, as she fluttered her wings angrily, so much that it nearly lifted her off the table. "You could have stopped your tail at any time and had it spit me out...hell, you could have even just kept it from **eating me** in the first place!"

"B-but...it has a mind of i-

"Don't you **DARE** give me that 'mind of its own' garbage!" Julia yelled, the gem in the center of her breasts glowing a deep, ominous blood red. "You've **always** had more control than that, Rosa, and while I was busy fighting for my life, you were out here fingering yourself and trying to get off!"

Rosa glanced aside, trying to look innocent. "Well...I mean, I almost *did* get off, but-

"That is **not** helping."

While it was true that Rosa was much larger than Julia, and that, at the distance that separated them, her tail could still easily snatch the teacup fox up and try to eat her again, she knew better than to cross Julia another time. There was a level of mysticism about her that frightened Rosa, even when she hadn't done anything to upset Julia, and she often wondered just how dangerous the diminutive hybrid could be if she were provoked too far.

"I...I'm sorry, Julia. I don't know what I could have been thinking," Rosa finally offered up. She was usually so playful and silly that it was hard for her to come down to earth and be serious, even just long enough to make a proper apology to a dear friend. "I guess the idea of you being swallowed by my tail was just...well...it was *really hot*...and I couldn't possibly ask you to just try it. I knew you wouldn't say yes, and I was worried about scaring off a really good friend."

Julia could tell just by the tone of her voice that Rosa was being sincere, but that didn't quell her anger, and when the explanation was done, Julia felt her ears drooping in disappointment. "...So, your plan was to just try eating me?! We can't really be friends anymore if you digest me, Rosa!"

"I know, I know! I didn't think any of it through! I...I acted irrationally, and that was really stupid...I'm sorry if I hurt you at all, Julia, and I didn't mean to let lust cloud my judgment..."

The teacup fox was rather very well in tune with her own sexuality, so she knew how hard it could be to reconcile with a certain topic or fetish causing lust, especially one that the person didn't understand. Though it was slight, the intense glow of the gem in her chest faded, though the color still held a thick crimson shade. "Well...kinks can be kind of tough, Rosa, and I have to admit, I'm surprised you think of me that way," Julia replied, trying to be sensitive of Rosa's feelings. "But I really wish you would have just **asked** me about all of this instead of just trying to do it without my consent!"

Rosa frowned a little bit as she slowly turned back to face Julia. It was hard to look her in the eyes after what happened. "And would you have said yes?"

"...I wouldn't say that being eaten alive is really my thing, Rosa, so...no, I wouldn't have just *let you* eat me. I might have thought about roleplaying the scenario and dancing around inside of the mouth of your tail for your bemusement, I suppose, but...I need some serious time to think about that. This

isn't the kind of thing you can just spring on someone else, especially if you spent so much time thinking about it yourself."

"I understand, Julia...I...I'm sorry I did this to you, and to our friendship...if you're heading home now, I fully understand..."

Julia crossed her arms over her chest and glanced down at the table in thought. She needed a shower, for sure, and she needed a little time to re-evaluate just how much she trusted Rosa, but she could see, just by the way the bright, intense pink glow in her eyes was dulled that Rosa truly was sorry for what she'd done, and while this was a **massive** misstep, Julia wasn't going to throw away their friendship in a day over something like this.

That didn't mean she was going to let Rosa have an easy time of it, however.

"I'm afraid not...I can't leave right now, Rosa. Not just yet."

Rosa tilted her head just slightly as she looked down at Julia. She kept her paws upon the front of her womanhood, both as a habit of appearing polite, and to keep her from seeing the slow trickle of juices that were still dripping from her sex...she'd been seconds from a climax when Julia was spit out, and her body was still sensitive to the very touch. "W-what? Are you sure, Julia?"

"I'm **very** sure," the teacup fox suggested. The gem on her chest turned back to a swirling shade of pink and red, fighting between the two and showing the dichotomy of emotions that Julia felt about the moment right now; she was almost as confused as Rosa was. "You see, we have some unfinished business here, and I'm not going anywhere until you've learned your lesson, and until **I've** reached my climax..."

The taller vixen couldn't believe what she was hearing. Her ears actually flattened and flickered back up at the words she heard, completely confused.

"Y-you...you mean it?"

"I was right on the brink of squirting all over that tongue when it spit me out, Rosa, and it's *very* rude to leave a woman in such a needy position...and if I'm not mistaken, it's the same one you're still in, right?"

Rosa didn't want to admit that to Julia yet, but she wasn't going to hide anything from her ever again, so she slowly nodded. "Yes...I was right about to cum..."

Julia finally made up her mind as she grinned up at Rosa. She didn't know how she felt romantically about Rosa, and right now wasn't the time to figure that out...she'd worry about it another time, but for now, one thing was very clear to the teacup fox: Rosa needed to be **punished**.

"I hope you didn't plan on cumming anytime soon, Rosa...but I'm curious to see just how far you can be pushed without going over that edge."

The teacup fox lunged forward and dug her claws into the Rosa's belly, treating her body like the face of a mountain and using the flutter of her wings to help propel her up the body of the taller female. Julia was small, but it didn't take her long to end up between Rosa's cleavage, soaking her fur along the way with a thin coat of her own saliva...and naturally, Julia showed no remorse for the fact. "**Julia!** Wait! W-what...what are you doing to me?"

"You didn't wait for me to be ready, Rosa...I'm afraid I can't return the favor, my dearest friend," Julia replied, as her head popped up between the full, supple cleavage of Rosa's bosom. The very sight was actually quite adorable, and Rosa had to resist the urge to make a cute, squeaky noise as she watched, but it was clear that Julia wasn't there to be cute...not when she was brushing the slick, thin webbing between her wings upon the sensitive tips of Rosa's glowing nipples. "You'll just have to sit back and deal with your punishment..."

It was weird for Rosa to be in a position of weakness against someone so small, and yet, when she tried to reach in and grip her friend, hoping to rend her body from the ticklish flesh between her own breasts, her arms refused to listen...they stayed at her side, merely trembling.

What...what is this? I can't grab her?!

Rosa was still unsure of the magical capabilities that waited in Julia's body, but there was no aura to signal that a spell had been cast, and Julia didn't seem to be straining at all to control her friend with magical energies. Far as Rosa knew, it could just be her own guilt that kept her from striking back, knowing that she had this coming for what she did...

...Julia knew the truth, but she wasn't about to say a word of it. She just kept sliding the smooth, thin velvet of her wings over Rosa's nipples, tickling and teasing them with a soft, silky touch. The teacup fox couldn't help grinning deviously as she watched Rosa tremble and squirm from the sensations, but no matter how the glowing pink vixen tried, she couldn't move her legs, and she couldn't lift her arms...she was *completely* immobilized, and it left Julia free to torture her body as rapidly or as slowly as she desired.

"You're *awfully* jumpy, Rosa...what's the matter? Why don't you just reach up and stop me if you're so sensitive here..." she paused, tickling the tip of a wing over her left nipple, "And here...?" she completed her thought, as her right wing mimicked the action.

"I...I c-can't...and you **know** I can't!" Rosa claimed, sure that Julia was behind her being paralyzed somehow, even if she couldn't prove it, and Julia looked completely careless to the fact as her wings finally came to simply rest upon the perky, stiffened peaks of flesh. Just under the warm touch of Julia's wings, however, Rosa still shuddered with a delight that she couldn't control. "D-damn...Julia, they're *too* sensitive! It...it almost hurts..."

Julia rested her chin in a paw as she gazed up at Rosa from the cozy, soft cushioning of her own breasts. The teacup fox looked right at home where she was, teasing the taller vixen without a scrap of remorse or regret to show for it...and Rosa could feel a new wetness gathering between her cleavage, as Julia dipped her free paw in between her own tiny legs and started playfully rubbing her moistened folds. "**Too** sensitive? What an awful problem to have...I'm afraid I don't know how to help with that, Rosa..." Julia admitted, as she gave her wings a quick, devilish flap, letting a cool air gather and brush against Rosa's nipples. "But if they're *that* sensitive, I bet I could make you cum without touching **anything** else!"

Rosa couldn't begin to deny just how heavenly this treatment was, to the point that she almost wanted Julia to **stop**, but she knew she couldn't climax from the teasing alone, even if her body was rapidly approaching the same point it was at before. The fact that Julia could sit and finger herself to the content of her own lust while Rosa was paralyzed was a form of mental torture that Rosa didn't think Julia was devious enough to come up with...but there was no way it wasn't a calculated move. Rosa made the mistake of crossing her friend, and now, all she could do was writhe in place, wishing she could brush even **one** pawtip over

her standing, erect clit, thinking it might be the only push she needed to get off.

Julia could sense the same, and she was downright devilish in the way that she played with her friend.

"Just look at the way your legs are shaking...and all of that slick, sticky juice pouring out of your cunt...you must really be enjoying this, hm?" Julia asked, not wanting to give Rosa the satisfaction of being able to climax just yet. She had no problem, however, with draping her tail over the slim, taut muscles of Rosa's tummy and letting it sway back and forth over the fur, tickling Rosa and leaving the very tip of her tail only inches above the perked, erect nub that was Rosa's clit...even a *slight* dip by Julia might be enough for her tail to brush over the sensitive spot, and yet, the teacup fox stayed right where she was, knowing **exactly** what she was doing, and just what Rosa needed to reach her peak.

If it was up to her, Rosa would be begging for a release long before it was actually granted.

"T-that's your fault...that's **all** your fault!" Rosa claimed, glaring down at Julia with a frustration in her eyes that could only be built upon with sexual tension, and her body was drowning in it at the moment. "You always get me so f-fucking hot and bothered, Julia...coming over here, n-naked and exposed...I just...I **couldn't** help myself!" Rosa cried out as she bit down on her lip, wishing that the hybrid foxbat would move her wings from the sensitive flesh of her sweet, delicate nipples, but the wish was to go unanswered. Julia wasn't going to stop teasing and tickling every part of Rosa's body until she was content, and she had more than a few tricks left up her non-existent sleeves...one of which was soon to reach Rosa in the most sensual of ways.

Wet...Well, of course I'm wet, I need Julia to just fuck me already, but...it's...it's coming from above?

Rosa's mental observation was entirely accurate, as she looked down past Julia and saw a small trickle of wetness, leaking down from the lustful teacup fox and spilling through Rosa's fur, en route to the small, buzzing nub of pleasure that waited atop of her womanhood. It almost seemed too evil a move from sweet little Julia, but Rosa knew now that the teacup fox was capable of anything, and though it seemed impossible...Julia found a way to make contact with Rosa's clit, and yet, keep her from reaching an orgasm.

The mingling of their feminine juices was a near-orgasmic experience, but Julia's own fluids were so minor in quantity, thanks to her small size, that Rosa could only just barely feel the slick, silky warmth drooling down over her needy clit. She could feel the familiar contractions in her inner walls, ones that even Julia couldn't stop from happening, and yet, she needed more of the same to reach her climax, and Julia simply wasn't going to give it to her.

She was just going to sit in Rosa's breasts, masturbating and letting her moisture trickle down to Rosa's clit, bringing her so **very** close to the edge...but still, she refused to give the taller vixen what she truly needed.

"D-damn it! **Julia!**" Rosa called out, in a cry that was half of a moan, and half of a frustrated growl. It only widened the grin on Julia's muzzle as the tiny hybrid spread her own small, thin vaginal lips to Rosa and showed off just how wet she was, and how close she happened to be. "I can't take this anymore! I...I n-need to **cum!**"

Julia giggled as she rubbed her tiny paws over the peak of her own clitoral hood, working her body in just the right way, using gentle and skillful touches upon her most sensitive spots, places that only **she** knew. "It's...such a s-shame, Rosa. I could cum *anytime I want...* I could finish on y-your big, *soft* breasts and b-be on my way," she taunted Rosa, leaning back against the cleavage just a little bit to bring the swishing of her long, fluffy tail that much closer to Rosa's clit, so that each little swipe would send a cool, teasing breeze to the heated peak of her sex. "And you...you'd be stuck here, l-left on the brink..."

Rosa couldn't remember the last time she heard such a terrible threat. "Y-you...you **wouldn't!**"

"Try me, bitch..."

It wasn't the response that Rosa expected, but when her ears flickered up to the sound, especially that very last word, she could feel fresh, slick arousal spilling from her aching slit and staining her thighs that much further; even the **floor** was starting to get in on the action, as errant drips, flung from Rosa's shaking, trembling body, made their way to the kitchen tiles.

"J-Julia...?"

"Here's how this is going to work, Rosa..." Julia started to speak, her tone becoming a bit less playful, and far more stern with the taller, paralyzed vixen. "I'm feeling unusually generous...probably because I'm about to squirt a-all over your tits, s-so...I'll go down there and m-make you cum, but...*fucking yes, that's good...* but you **still** aren't allowed to move!"

It wasn't like Rosa had a choice in the matter either way, but if she was going to be trapped, she might as well be trapped and enjoying herself, instead of trapped and teetering painfully close to an orgasm that was now long overdue.

Without a bargaining chip to offer, Rosa shuddered at the feeling of Julia's tail getting that much closer to her clit, and the delicate breeze that carried over her tingling flesh as it did. "I...o-okay! I give, I give! Just please...Julia...m-make me cum, please! **I beg you!**"

Julia immediately halted her southern progress. "...I'm sorry, what was that, Rosa...?"

"**Make me cum!**" Rosa screamed out again, shaking so feverishly that it nearly tossed Julia down to the table below, but the teacup fox managed to hold on...and narrow the mischievous orbs of swirling amber and orange at Rosa.

"Let me make this very clear, Rosa..." she started to explain, as she took her paw away from her own sex and poked it right into Rosa's sternum. "**I** am in control here...you gave that right up the moment that you tried to eat me, and it's up to **me** if I make you cum or not...you're not giving the orders around here, got it?"

Rosa gulped quietly to herself, seeing how quickly the gem in Julia's chest was changing color again, to a darker pink, and back toward a red shade. "I...I...yes, Julia..."

"Good girl...now...**beg.**"

"Huh...?"

Julia jumped down from Rosa's bosom and fluttered in front of the sex that waited so patiently between her thighs, still trembling and dripping with desire, as it had been all along. "**Beg** me to do this...**beg** me to make you cum, Rosa, or

I'll never so much as *touch* you ever again!"

Rosa still wasn't entirely sure what the teacup fox was planning, but she if she didn't reach her climax soon, she was worried she really might lose her mind. She was just getting what she deserved, after all...and Julia was being kind enough to grant her the release she so deeply yearned for. "P-please, Julia...please, grant me mercy and make me cum...I...I b-beg of you!"

Thinking the statement over, Julia fluttered in place for just a moment longer, knowing the kind of mental strain it would put on Rosa to have to keep on waiting, paralyzed from fingering herself...

...But her answer, in the form of pressing a delicate, affectionate kiss to the erect, proud nub and then sealing her lips around it, more than made up for everything Julia was doing. That one touch alone was enough to bring Rosa to her climax...but Julia had special plans for her own finale, and to make them come true, she had to be *extremely* quick.

"**FINALLY! Yes!** T-that's it, Julia! P-please don't stop...nnnnngh! I'm gonna cum, *I'm gonna cum!*" Rosa cried out for the second time that afternoon, and this time, her body would actually be able to experience all the pleasure that it was teased with before, but not before Julia tried to do something that Rosa herself might not have approved of...just to make sure that they were perfectly even. "Julia?! W-what...what are you...*oh my goodness...*"

Because of the difference in their sizes, Julia inserting her whole arm up to the shoulder into Rosa's womanhood didn't feel like much more than a pair of pawtips, trying to probe and reach for her g-spot...but Julia wasn't content to stop there. She forcefully pressed her other arm in as well, filling the taller vixen with both of her front limbs and giving her inner walls something extra to contract around, just to give Rosa an idea of what to expect...but the poor, bright eyed vixen could never have prepared for what came next.

Julia wasn't just trying to fit her arms into Rosa, hoping to simulate the feel of a powerful fist inside of her gripping, squeezing passage.

She was trying to fit her **entire body** within the tight, moist, *burning* hot confines.

"Julia, no! You c-can't!" Rosa cried out, but the last thing that she saw was the teacup fox winking up at Rosa, as if she truly knew what she was doing, and the potential dangers involved. That head then disappeared as Julia forced her head up and forward, squirming around halfway inside of Rosa and pressing her paws up against the inner walls of her friend, trying to find a way to climb further up into the inviting muscles of her cunt.

Rosa wanted to be worried about Julia, and the pressure she might be under.

Instead, she could only squirm in place, still paralyzed by Julia's magic, not knowing that the convulsions of her inner walls were acting like a full body massage for her diminutive dominatrix. Julia's legs just managed to wiggle up inside of Rosa's body, and while it was Julia who finally did climax from the feeling of her every muscle being massaged and worked so perfectly by unknowing walls, it was Rosa who finally felt a force within her body so powerful that she **overwhelmed** Julia's magic...but she could do nothing more than fall to her knees and press her paws to the kitchen floor, staining her pawtips with errant drops of her own messy wetness. She struggled to move any further, but even if she could...she didn't *want* to. She just wanted to feel Julia wiggling around inside of her snatch, poking, teasing and squirming against every conceivable surface...and rocking Rosa to the most fulfilling orgasm she could hope to remember.

"U-unreal...it's so...f-fucking good, I can't **stand it!**" Rosa groaned with pure elation as she felt Julia's climax within her own body, a sensation that transcended her own description. Thanks to the smooth, velvety wings that tickled and teased repeatedly at Rosa's inner walls, she couldn't help the stronger contractions that came after, and the sudden, violent jettisoning of Julia out of her body, sending her to the floor rather harshly, covered in a thin, glistening film of the most pure, liquid desire that Rosa could muster. Her body continued to tremble afterwards as streaks of female ejaculate cascaded over the floor, soaking the tiles of her own kitchen and leaving a mess that she would have to clean up at some point...just not right then.

Right then, she could only collapse down to the floor as Julia finally released Rosa from her magic, leaving the pair of exhausted vulpines to rest upon the floor...Rosa on her chest and stomach, and Julia on her back, resting right next to Rosa's muzzle so that the punished vixen could drink in all of the sweet aroma of her own natural scent.

"J-Julia..." Rosa stammered, as she tried to let her eyes rest upon the teacup fox, "You...you didn't **ask** me first, either..."

Julia just grinned up at her friend, her breasts heaving ever so slightly with each pant of her lungs. "*Exactly*, Rosa...I think that makes us just about even...don't you?"

Rosa rolled her eyes a little bit, but deep in the pits of her heart, she couldn't express how relieved she was. She was worried that Julia might have **never** forgiven her for what happened, and yet, Julia was already back to her old, sneaky, playful self. "I didn't tie you down when I tried to eat you..."

"I'm not even half your size, Rosa...would that really be necessary?"

"Who cares about necessary? Maybe I'd find it kinda fun..."

Julia tapped her chin in thought as she gazed up at Rosa, looking up at her upside down from her current position. "Yeah...maybe it would be..."

Whether it would be Julia who was paralyzed next time, or if she just had further plans for Rosa wasn't clear right then.

Only one thing was abundantly clear to Rosa, and she'd learned her lesson well...she'd **never** underestimate Julia again, no matter who *thought* they were in charge.

"Hope you're ready to lick me clean, Rosa. You've made quite a mess of me..."

For a village, no matter how small, to achieve a level of peace so great that there was no need for weapons, a government, police or a military would be considered an incredible feat, and if that village were able to stay off of the radar of those who would want to control the world, it was possible that they really would have created a utopia.

It was a shocking concept, but indeed, a small village in the wilderness outside of Makusa was able to achieve exactly that, and for a little over a decade, the village ran with common sense, and good will to fellow creatures as the only real *laws*. There was no need for any sort of policing, as those who would step out of line were always politely escorted away from the village, and the majority of the residents were small, weak herbivores, with little means of defense in the first place.

Truly, it was a paradise that most people couldn't fathom existing, and those who took up residence within it never wanted things to change.

The planting season was just beginning, as the thaw of spring began. On Mid Isle, there were only two seasons, and in terms of a full, calendar year, spring was only a passing moment, lasting a week, at best. That made it **imperative** for the herbivores of the village to plant their crops right away, as missing those first few days of moist, plentiful rainfall meant that the entire season could be ruined, and the people who'd become used to the peaceful surroundings of the village would have to travel to Makusa to try and trade their wares, there.

Makusa carried a terrible reputation for stealing upright animals and forcing them into slavery, however, and even the bravest of carnivorous creatures didn't like to set a paw inside the walls of the city.

"Clouds are gathering heavily in the west. We should probably get everyone into their houses and get the town closed up," suggested one of the farmers, out by

the far edges of the fields that surrounded the village. "I don't suppose that we'll be able to get the crops all planted before this rain comes..."

Being a species that was typically a carnivore didn't mean much of anything on Mid Isle. Most people allowed their diets to be dictated by where they lived, and beyond that, what their abilities were. There was no shame in a failed hunter having to resort to farming or eating vegetables and berries instead of meat.

That was the way of life for Milla and Nikki. The former was a bunny, making her predisposition for farming and eating greens entirely natural. Nikki, on the other hand, was a feline who simply wasn't large or fast enough to take down some of the prey species in the forests around Makusa and knowing how heavily the areas were populated with other, more dangerous hunters, she opted for a life of peace and tranquility in the villages, instead.

If the village were ever to be exposed, it would likely be catastrophic; there was no system of self-defense, and there was no village champion who would take on the challenge of dealing with a larger creature, or worse still, an advancing militia. Everyone simply got along, and the idea of having to fight, or fighting with anyone else, was downright silly to those who lived there.

"What's the matter? Scared of a little rain?"

Living in a world where certain creatures simply took what they wanted, and lived their lives without regard for the law, there was always an inherent risk, no matter how peaceful your lands might seem. Across the lush jungles of Mid Isle, the lone wolf Varas was a legend, regarded for his incredible strength and sexual appetite.

Closer to the coasts of the continent, he had a worthy rival, and that same beast was staring down over a pair of smaller creatures. His lips were curled up into a terrible smirk at the sight of their trembling bodies, and his wings flew out wide behind him, blocking out what little bit of sunlight was left upon the field.

A small, but rarely timid Siamese, Kitten wasn't afraid to get her paws dirty for the benefit of the village. Her eyes were sometimes bigger than her stomach, however, and her heart was stronger than the muscles it fed, as she gritted her fangs and glared up at the looming creature.

His name was Serathin, and he was gaining a reputation across the western beaches for thinking himself above the law. It was rare that he strayed so far inland, leaving the villagers with no reason to assume that he would come and attack, but there he was, licking his lips and standing tall and proud over his two new targets.

"Get lost, stranger. There's no refuge for **your** kind here."

Kitten's threat was vicious, but her words bounced off the thick flesh of the draconic wolf, carrying all of the same danger to Serathin as a calm, cooling breeze. "You don't even know what my kind is, darling," Serathin spoke down to the smaller creature as he leaned over. She was small enough that he could easily have knocked her away with a single flap of one of his wings, but the dark, purple membrane folded onto his back instead, as he looked past the two villagers, toward their small settlement.

It wouldn't take him more than a few minutes to tear the entire place apart and assert himself as the new king, but he wasn't necessarily looking to rule over a bunch of pathetic subjects. He'd only go so far if such an end was to his benefit.

"Y-you're big...and mean," Milla cut in, though her long, tall ears were starting to flop back as her bravery was revealed to be little more than false bravado. "And it l-looks like you...**eat** people..."

Fangs were already visible, but they glistened at Milla, as if to mock her when

Serathin flashed a wide, devious grin. "I eat whatever I feel like, and I'm sorry, but before you even ask, I'm **not** in the mood to try your produce."

"That's a shame," Kitten replied, as she gave Milla a quick nudge. She was trying to get the bunny to run back to the village so that they could evacuate, but Serathin was watching the pair of females closely, and the long, heavy slack of his tail whipped around the pair, acting as a small, but effective hurdle to deter them from running. "I've been told we have some of the best fruits and veggies in the countryside. We'd be happy to trade with you, if you'll just **leave**."

"I'm not really interested in trading, either."

There was a familiar glow of gold in the eyes of the hybrid, and Kitten was fearful of their intent. Though she and Milla wore only loincloths and small rags upon their chests to preserve a sense of modesty, Serathin wore nothing whatsoever, and the familiar scent of a lustful male simply *poured* from the delicate, soft layer of fuzz around his sheath.

Milla was picking up on the same, and she gulped nervously as she tried to fathom how either she or Kitten would even be able to handle such a large male, if that was to be their fate.

"W...what exactly do you want, stranger?" Kitten asked, even if she felt like it was a pointless question. She was only trying to buy time for the others in the village, hoping that they might have taken notice to what was going on just outside of their small, pitiful walls.

Serathin dialed his smirk back just a bit as he crossed his arms over the amethyst fur upon his chest and tickled Milla with the very end of his tail. "I was hoping to sneak a quick meal from this village, but it seems that you don't really feel like offering anyone up as a sacrifice for me...and I don't suppose you've got a supply of meat anywhere, do you?"

Kitten shook her head defiantly as Milla tried to resist but failed and jumped upright as the sneaky tip of the draconic tail brushed under her loincloth, tickling and stroking her rump all in one move.

"No meat, and no one you're willing to give up...sounds like you've got nothing to offer me, even if I *wanted* to trade with you!" Serathin insulted his captives as he leaned down a little lower, almost reaching eye-level with the villagers.

"Though, I'm a reasonable man. I might spare your pitiful village, if you can come up with a good reason why I **should**."

Milla and Kitten glanced at each other, knowing that the offer was an empty one. They were out of options, and Serathin was stronger than they could ever hope to be...

...His sense of passion might have been his only weakness, and they had to try to exploit it.

"If you let the rest of them go, you can have us," Milla suggested, finding the last remaining shards of her shattered resolve.

"Have you? The two of you would barely make a meal for me!" Serathin pointed out, but his eyes, arrogant in their gaze, showed a glint of surprise as he felt Milla pulling the tip of his tail further between her legs.

For the sake of the village that had given her a peaceful place to live, she was willing to do nearly anything. "That's...not quite what I meant," she explained, though she knew the warmth of her sex brushing against his long, thick tail would convey the message far better than her meager words.

Whereas many of the beasts across Mid Isle were willing to trade away their assaults for the so-called *spoils* of war, Serathin took pride in his ability to resist

such urges, though he wasn't above having them in the first place.

In the midst of a dry spell, it was a battle between his stomach and his manhood, and though he was hungry, his manhood was already winning the battle when Kitten walked right up to his thigh. She stood just barely taller than his waist, setting her lips right in line with the very entrance of his sheath, and catching onto Milla's plan, she playfully slurped her tongue against the opening and gazed up at Serathin with the kind of wide, innocent eyes that only a feline could properly muster.

"I suppose there are worse things in the world than l-letting your village off t-the hook," Serathin tried to speak, though his voice struggled to boast when a wealth of pleasure swept across his crotch. Feminine warmth upon his tail was joined by a certain moisture as Milla worked herself up to the task at hand, and she gave Kitten a knowing look as the Siamese feline swirled her tongue around the wide, open sheath, urging the thick, lengthy cock within to make an appearance.

Neither female was of a size that they could properly handle the full flesh of the hybrid, but for the sake of the village, they were going to try, as the tip crept forth and began spitting precum upon Kitten's cheek.

"We're sorry that we can't offer you any food," Milla admitted, as she allowed the juices of her womanhood to soak into the flesh of Serathin's tail, "But I do hope you'll accept us as an...appetizer, if you will?"

The village had no way to defend itself, and Serathin was keeping a watchful eye out, wanting to be sure that there wasn't some kind of a sneak attack waiting in the shadows. His body was more than able to perform under pressure, but when he was able to relax and settle into the act, he found it **much** more enjoyable.

As far as he could tell, these two might be the biggest threat to his conquest, and he saw them as little more than a pleasurable aside.

"An appetizer, hm? You make yourselves sound so *tasty*," the hybrid suggested.

"Are you the finest cuts that this village has to offer?"

A cunning beast if there ever was one, Serathin was skilled at putting people at ease, despite the domineering appearance that he carried around when he approached. Even Kitten and Milla, despite their nerves when the dragon-wolf approached, were beginning to get into the mood of the moment, thinking that perhaps he was just looking for a little fun after all.

I get to ransack this little village, and I get laid for it? He thought, as his mind betrayed the trust the girls were putting into him. *Could be the best day I've had in years!*

The grisly creature found his day was only getting better as he felt a gentle nudge against his knee. Kitten was urging him to settle onto his back, and normally, he would have been worried to be in such a compromised position, but against the pair of females beneath him, it was hard to feel threatened.

He was more than happy to slump down to his rump and go flat onto his back as Kitten crawled right up into his lap, and his tail, still being given a sensual ride by Milla, bumped up into her nethers and urged her forward.

"Seems that your body has plenty of ways to show us how eager you are," the bunny murmured through a quiet giggle. She stepped off the tail and allowed it to roam free again as a few delicate, thin strands of her natural liquids stuck to the flesh of the length and pulled away with it. "And your tail feels *awfully* nice, but I get the feeling you've got something a little bit better for us..."

Kitten was already sitting with her back to Serathin, her tail lifted just enough to allow the hybrid to see the curves of her rump, settled against his lower abdomen. "He's been trying to hide it...after all of that big talk, I think he's just a

big softie!" she claimed, even as her paws wrapped around something that might argue her statement. "At least, he's soft on the inside. He's pretty damned **hard** on the outside."

"Don't hog it!" Milla hopped right into Serathin's lap, and the dragon-wolf couldn't wipe the grin from his muzzle as a pair of loincloths went flying. His tail was already soaked with Milla's liquid desire, but now, the same trickling, heated juices were spilling over the top of his sack as the bunny settled in. Her breasts wrapped around the tip of Serathin's member, and her nipples, quickly standing erect, came to brush against Kitten's own as she picked up on the plan and wrapped her arms fully around the girth of the fallen beast.

If we can wipe him out, perhaps there's a chance for us, after all! the feline rationalized. She knew that Milla was following along, and with a wink at her fellow villager, she leaned forth and did all that she could to open her maw wide and take the thick, impressive tip of the hybrid into her throat.

She never even came close, as her eyes squinted tightly shut, and her tongue swirled around as much of the tip as it could reach.

"There's p-plenty to go around, little bunny..." Serathin assured Milla, as she settled in to slurp her tongue along the underside of the massive cock. Her smaller body didn't have a chance to take the hybrid inside, but her folds spread around the base of his member as she bucked her hips gently, and the thick, throbbing vein upon the base filled the tiny gap left by her labia with each and every pulse of his heart.

In the back of her mind, Milla felt the last of her guilt of melting away, carried off by the flow of her feminine juices, right over the base of Serathin's full, swollen orbs.

Kitten kept her eyes mostly lidded over as she bounced and bobbed her head, allowing long, flowing streams of saliva to drip further down on the monster's cock so that her paws could work it into his dry, tired flesh. She could feel just

how heavily his member was throbbing against her bare chest, and the impressive volume of precum that spilled over into her modest cleavage filled her with a new-found sense of concern, as she tried to figure out just where she was going to put all the mess, when the hybrid finally did give in to the attention of his tiny captors.

"F-fuck...there's...a b-bit too much to go around!" Serathin was barely able to muster a warning, though Milla was able to feel a delightful rumbling against her womanhood as his thick, heavy orbs churned with the coming of his climax. Kitten's eyes flew open in shock as she felt the first gush of seed against the roof of her mouth, and she was nearly thrown back to his chest by the force of the blast. She managed to hold on only a few moments longer as she fell flat upon her back, resting on Serathin's abdomen as his cum sprayed up into the air like a geyser, only to come crashing back down onto her bare torso. Her breasts were covered with the thick, slightly sweet mess, and Milla only had time to blink before her long, tall ears were coated with their own helping of the mess, as she tried licking up the wide, trickling river of excess that ran down the underside of the shaft.

Her tongue was immediately painted white as Serathin panted with orgasmic bliss, soaking each of the tiny villagers with a greater helping of seed than either one of them had ever imagined possible. Even as her body was riddled with arousal, trying to match the heavy, rapid throbbing of Serathin's cock, Milla couldn't possibly hope to keep up with the flood of ejaculate, and as she pressed her breasts up to his member once more, the plentiful seed began to pool just below her neck, until she allowed the seal to break, soaking herself with all the remains that Serathin had to offer.

Wearing a bright smile and convincing herself that she'd done the right thing, Kitten didn't mind being covered in the massive helping of cum, or the fact that the falling hybrid destroyed a few crops in the process. She was content to rest

against the warmth of his chest and rub her pawtips around the crest of her womanhood, using his seed as a plentiful source of lubricant.

Her contentment was shot, however, as Serathin caught his breath, and grabbed one of the villagers in each of his paws.

"H-hey! What's the big idea?!" she yelled up at him, frustrated that he'd interrupt her in the middle of such a sensual act. "Where do you think you're taking us?"

"To the village, of course."

"But...b-but that wasn't the deal!" Milla protested, as she was pried away from Serathin's cock. "I thought you agreed to leave the others out of this!"

"I don't remember agreeing to anything," Serathin admitted, as he started walking for the center of the village. "Besides...you two said you were just the *appetizer*, right?"

"..."

"That's what I recall, and now, I'm **starving**."

Size and perspective were everything when it came to appreciating the feeling of soft, cushy grass under your back.

As a child, you might notice some of the blades to be a little bit sharper than others, but as you grow, your skin becomes tougher, your fur becomes thicker, and the grass turns to little more than nature's bed for you to rest upon at will.

If you happened to *shrink*, however, you'd start to notice the fine ridges in the blades; the grass **isn't** perfectly smooth, and the smaller you get, the more you notice just how intricate and detailed a single piece of greenery can be, especially when you're forced to look at it up close.

Joshiah didn't relish the idea of watching the once minuscule grass grow into a forest of impossibly tall vegetation, but he wasn't a fan of suddenly being too short to sit in his chair any longer, either. It was bad enough having to hop down from the seat to the hardwood floor, and if that hadn't been frightening enough, there was a kixen towering over him with a sinister grin, and fangs that easily could have chewed him into tiny bits, if she got her paws on him.

Now, he was becoming **very** familiar with the blades of grass in his backyard.

"Did you like your coffee, darling? You're acting rather energetic. I guess it must have done the trick to wake you up!"

Joshiah wasn't a morning person in the least, and over the previous weeks, his inability to pull himself from the figurative shackles of his bed was causing Rose just a bit of distress in their morning routine. Nothing seemed to work to bring him around, but he was wide awake and gasping for breath that day; no matter how fast his legs moved, his pace would never be able to keep up with a kixen who was just as tall as she always was.

I am never drinking coffee ever again, he thought, not having enough air left in his lungs to announce the thought. He wouldn't have anything nice to say when he decided to open his mouth again, and the next sound he made wasn't just a profanity.

It was several, as the grooves of a footpaw came into sight and hovered over him, descending rather slowly, as if to taunt him with the inevitability of his situation.

"Shit...s...shit! *Shitshitshit-*

His panicked cursing ended abruptly as he turned back to look at his fate, and the weight of a kixen's pawpads crushed him into the ground. She knew that his smaller body would be a bit frailer than his usual, rugged form, but even at her gentlest, she couldn't keep from knocking the wind out of the shrunken hybrid and leaving his eyes bulging up from his skull.

"We've really gotta do *something* about your language," Rose taunted him, knowing that there was no threat to her for doing so. "Though, it would appear my idea for getting you to move a little faster in the mornings was a perfect success!"

Adjusting her stance meant that Joshiah had just a little more room to breathe, and he sucked in a gasp of fresh air as the weight lifted from his body just slightly, and yet, not nearly enough for him to be able to crawl out from under her. The fluff upon her toes seemed every bit as long and luxurious as the neatly combed fur upon her head, and her pawpads were rather soft, treated with expert care.

The coyofolf hated to admit that he was enjoying himself a little bit, but he didn't have to say anything about it.

Rose was able to feel it just seconds later, and her muzzle twisted up in confusion, at first.

"...Are...are you..."

If he could have, Joshiah would have brought his paws forth to cover his face, but his arms were pinned, along with the rest of his body. Only his head was sticking out from between her claws, and under the guise of his own fur, there was a warmth gathering on his cheeks.

The poor, trapped hybrid couldn't control his reaction, and from the birth of a warm, fuzzy sheath, the tip of his cock was pressing at the middle of her footpaw, right in the gap between her toes and her heel.

"You're **enjoying** this, aren't you?"

Rose was rather infamous for being a tease, and once the shock of her lover's reaction subsided, a grin befell her expression, and her fangs peeked out as she bent over at the hip, her eyes boring into the very soul of the trapped hybrid. "Goodness...who would have thought that you'd be the type to enjoy this kind of treatment? Being so *tiny* and *helpless* under my paw..."

She knew that she was making it worse for him, and her words prompted more of his flesh to grow stiff and emerge from the sheath, brushing along the thin

plumes of fur that coated the underside of her paw.

Words would have been enough to bring him to a full hard-on, but she knew that she'd completely trapped him, and the idea of gently wiggling her footpaw back and forth was a bit more enticing.

Pinned down to the cool, moist blades of grass that bent under his body, Joshiah whipped his head around, praying that the neighbors couldn't see any of what was going on. His mind *wanted* to be humiliated at the treatment, but his body was winning the argument, and even the tiniest shift of Rose's leg was enough to brush all the plush, ticklish fibers of her fur around the flesh of his shaft, as if it were being teased with a dozen ropes of warm, comforting silk.

His resistance, weak as it already could be, was broken by the sensation, and a quiet, shrill moan slipped past his lips, despite his best efforts to keep it contained.

"You're *squirming*. You really think I can't tell how much you're enjoying this?" Rose asked, and in a bold move, she allowed Joshiah the very faintest taste of freedom, lifting her paw in the slightest...but only so the twitching, pulsing length of his member could slip between the gaps in her toes. Her pawpads kept his lower half crushed into the ground as she tapped her foot, a seemingly innocuous gesture.

The amount of pleasure that Joshiah garnered from it wasn't something that he'd prepared for, and his recently freed arms took very little solace in gripping a few blades of grass at his side, hoping that a quick and decisive clench might dull the sensations.

"I...I d-don't-

"You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

Honesty was the best policy in keeping a relationship alive and well, and Joshiah's denial would only have served his own sense of shame, which was long since a thing of the past. In his mind, he could easily admit that he was loving the fact that a tall, gorgeous kixen was effectively pawing him off with her toes, but his muzzle tried to stay strong, resisting the urge to tell her just what she wanted to hear.

"I wouldn't, n-no."

Getting through those simple words was a struggle, and Joshiah began panting, his chest heaving in place as Rose tapped her toes a little faster. It was such a minimal effort on her part, but the long, slow swish of her tail made it clear how

much she was enjoying the power she had over her lover, and even then, she was just having fun doing what she did best: teasing him into a frenzy.

"So, you admit that you like being a helpless, *adorable* little micro?"

If he didn't admit it, Joshiah knew he was never going to reach his peak, and already, tiny streams of precum were drizzling down from the tip of his cock. "Y-yes, I...I **love** it!"

"Louder."

"I've loved every s-second of it!" he carried on, hopeful that his honesty would be justly rewarded. "It feels so good...I can't f-fuckin' take it!"

If her smile had softened, Joshiah might have felt a sense of relief, but instead, her grin grew that much sharper, aided by the company of her fangs peeking out past her muzzle.

"Good. I'll make a note of that for later," she said, as her paw lifted, and she turned back toward the house. "I need to leave for work in like...five minutes, so we'd better figure out how you're going to drive at that size."

Joshiah's ears flattened to his head as Rose smiled back at him over her shoulder, looking every bit as cheerful as she ever could. There was a glimmer of mischief in the pits of her emerald eyes, and an extra bounce in her step that always showed itself when she was happy with what she'd done.

Ruffled fur, twitching muscles and an aching cock followed her back to the house, wondering if she'd actually follow through on her words, or if she'd keep him waiting that much longer...

"L...look, you know I was just teasing you, right? This really isn't n-necessary..."

Just as her lover experienced the fear of shrinking before, it was Rose's turn to fall through a vortex of her own gigantic clothing and fabric, at the behest of a transformative substance. She'd been cautious the whole week, knowing that Joshiah had to have *some* kind of revenge in his back pocket, but after making it through Friday and waking up to the smell of delicious waffles Saturday morning, she'd completely forgotten about her potential troubles.

That made it so much more satisfying for her favorite hybrid to watch, as her expression went fearful, and her body began to shrink into itself. The long, oversized t-shirt that acted as her pajamas was like a blanket in seconds, but she knew just how effective the potion was; she didn't sit and wallow in the fabric of her panties as she literally fell into them.

She was off and running even before Joshiah reacted to the sight of her change, but somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew that her efforts would be too little, too late.

"Of course, you were just teasing me. I **still** haven't gotten off," Joshiah was all too happy to point out, as he loomed menacingly over her tiny form. Every part of her body was still in a proper distribution, but she was so tiny that she couldn't possibly have gotten up the speed to escape, even when she dove for the couch.

She felt the weight of his footpaw upon her back as she tried to slide under, and no matter how she pushed on her hands and knees, she couldn't move from under the weight of his pads.

"Seems like a pretty extreme way to take revenge," she continued to protest her situation as bare breasts pushed down against the cool hardwood of the floor.

"Whatever happened to showing a little mercy?!"

"Oh...I'm **very** merciful," he argued. "I could have put something in our dinner anytime this week, if I wanted to. I just know how stressful the average day can be for you, and I didn't figure you'd mind a little game of chase to get the weekend started."

Rose rolled her eyes. "Well, you got me. You can let me go now, dork."

"I said I was merciful. I didn't say I was stupid enough to pass up this chance at revenge."

Kneeling and keeping his footpaw in place wasn't easy, but Joshiah managed the feat, keeping his pressure consistent upon her form. He didn't want to cause her any pain, or even any discomfort, but she clearly didn't trust his intentions just yet, given what she'd done to him before.

Knowing how cruel the coyofolf was in his stories, Rose tried scrambling forth again the moment that she felt the pressure ease off her back. She made it as far as kneeling over in front of the giant hybrid, her paws pressed helplessly into the floor, doing nothing to dissuade his advances.

"You're just *determined* to do this, aren't you?"

"You have no idea what I'm gonna do, dear."

"If it involves crushing me under your paws, I don't think I'm gonna like it."

Joshiah's paw kept a constant and even pressure down on Rose, allowing her to squirm, but she couldn't even **hope** to break free. She could glare back over her shoulder at him as he leaned over and set the ethereal weight of his eyes upon her, but she couldn't do anything to overwhelm the very real weight of his digits upon her body.

She could only try to control the subtle, nervous quivers of her thighs as Joshiah leered between them, admiring her naked form with all the shamelessness and lust that a giant would be allowed to have.

"Crushing you would be a pretty stupid thing to do, dontcha think? I kinda *like* you," he replied, teasing her in such a way that she often did to him. "Still, you crushed me in the yard, rubbed my cock with your feet and then **never** let me get off...and for that, you do need to be punished."

Perhaps it was his career that gave the hybrid such a broad idea of what a punishment was, but Rose was gulping back a nervous lump as she looked over her shoulder, watching his muzzle descend that much closer to her. She wasn't the smallest micro he'd ever seen, but she'd fit *just* within the confines of his maw, if he decided to open it.

She could feel the moist warmth of his breath drowning over her as his fangs parted, and while she feared the worst, she couldn't decide if it was relief, or confusion that washed over her body as his massive tongue brushed along the back of her legs, forcing her tail upward and coating her rump in a thin layer of saliva.

The long, delicate fluff of the appendage stayed up and out of the way as Rose cocked a brow at her monstrous captor, expressing her concerns even then,

though she was starting to doubt she was in any real danger. "A tongue bath is your idea of a punishment these days?"

"I could hear you whimpering...I just wanted to give you a quick scare."

"Buttmunch."

"If you're not careful, I'll keep you honest for calling me that," Joshiah reminded her of their respective positions in the moment, but he didn't allow her a chance to reply. It was sloppy, unable to be precise given their difference in size, but Rose couldn't deny a rush of eager pleasure running through her womanhood as the flat of his tongue brushed back down over the whole of her lower half, tickling and teasing every sensitive nerve that she had, and a couple that she'd never bothered to try stimulating before.

She found it impossible to stay still, but a quiver of fear was no longer the cause. She was squirming with a delight that she hadn't planned on, and though her body wasn't quite *that* quick to adjust, she was warming up to the idea of a proper tongue bath awfully fast.

"S-still...don't think this is a p-punishment..." she did her best not to groan with delight as his tongue pressed up against the back of her body, curling up against her rump and leaving that delicious warmth right along the thin, beautiful slit of her sex.

Any lack of moisture was quickly erased by the presence of his slick, oozing saliva, and while the excess trickled down between her thighs and dripped down to the floor, the tiniest little strand of the same snuck out from the side of her lips and began running down the side of her chin. The fear she once felt was melting just as quickly as she was, and though she couldn't reach back to tickle her clit, or reach forth to grip at her breasts, it seemed her lover was intent on giving her quite the experience.

I told him that being micro was better. Glad he's starting to see the light, she thought, though her mind's words carried a little hubris with them.

"Hold still, little girl. I know you love the feel of my tongue, but if you squirm too much..."

He trailed off from there. The false element of danger was always an exciting one, and Rose couldn't help her trembling rump and quivering thighs against the warm, massive weight of the wet muscle. Somehow, the threat of his fangs was just a tiny bit *more* enticing, knowing that he wasn't actually going to use them...but his tongue refused to leave any part of her body untouched, as the length squeezed through the gap of her thighs and slicked across her tummy,

right up to the soft, full orbs of her breasts.

Being so wet was almost never a bad thing, and Rose came to wish that she had more freedom to move and tease herself as the tongue began passing back and forth across the whole of her form. All the while, Joshiah's hot, enticing breath caressed over every inch of her being and poured down against her cunt, making it impossible for her body to sit entirely still...and she wasn't going to complain about his paws acting like a form of bondage on her body.

She was going to complain *dearly* as she felt his tongue pulling back from her stiff, perked nipples and glistening folds.

"W...w-wait a minute! Why'd you stop?!"

"Hm? Oh, that's right! I never told you what your punishment was," he replied with an utterly nonchalant tone. He wiped a little of the drool from his muzzle with the back of his free paw, and without so much as a shrug, he released his lover and stood upright. "You saw it fit to leave me hanging for the rest of the week, so..."

"Don't. You. **Dare.**"

Even though she was the much, much smaller of the pair at the moment, Joshiah felt a legitimate fear at her tiny, angry voice. "I mean...all's fair, isn't it?"

Rose knew that she couldn't rightly force him to finish servicing her, in her current state...but she knew that he could be *reasoned* with.

The inherent risks of wandering up a mountain trail weren't *always* listed at the start of the trail. Sometimes, you didn't see any sign of danger until you were already halfway up the mountain, and others, by the time you realized that there was a problem, it was already too late.

Tama would have been truly grateful for the shade from the blistering, unbridled sun, if it wasn't coming from the underbelly of a massive creature, diving down at him and pinning his chest to the unwelcoming and uneven surface of the mountain pass.

"You know, when they told me that the locals were friendly, this is **not** the kind of greeting I was expecting!"

A clawed talon covered the whole of his back and kept Tama easily pinned, while a pair of rear talons straddled over his ankles. The weight of the beast was more than Tama could ever hope to overthrow, but the claws were sitting delicately enough that he didn't feel like he was being crushed.

The sense of helplessness that came with being so utterly defeated without even having a chance to fight back stung worse than any of the minor cuts and abrasions the poor coyote collected on his way to the ground.

"Well, when you've got a few coins in the back pocket of the tour guide, you can get him to spread some pretty wonderful things about your species," the creature spoke, and unlike the horrifying screech that Tama was expecting, his voice was thick and smooth, like fresh honey dripping from the cusp of a honeycomb. "It's amazing how far he's willing to stretch the truth, if the price is right."

Like so many others before him, Tama was drawn to the Featherback Mountains by the allure of seeing a gryphon in the flesh, and the travel guide he passed at the foothills of the mountain range was *concerningly* delighted to see a new face on the trail. He'd very quickly learned why so few people bothered to try and see the gryphons anymore, and apparently, the board of tourism had their price.

Gryphons didn't have any use for their money, and the board wasn't about to try and stop the mythical creatures from doing what came naturally to them.

"Damned shifty felines," Tama muttered under his breath, barely able to fill his lungs with air under the weight of the thick, sprawling talons on his back. He could feel the light, airy athletic shirt that he'd picked for the heat of the day

being torn effortlessly by the presence of the hooked chitin, and his fear caused a delay in asking what should have been an obvious question. "...W-wait a minute. You can **talk?!?**"

"Of course, I can."

The response was so nonchalant that Tama felt like a fool for asking in the first place. "But I thought that gryphons were just big, dumb hybrids that flew around in the air and squawked at everything on the ground!"

"If you've been paying attention, then you've already figured out you shouldn't believe every rumor you hear," the gryphon reminded him. "Those kinds of stereotypes are horribly offensive, you know."

"I'd feel a lot worse about offending you if I wasn't pinned to the ground and **about to be eaten!**"

A long, thick neck, decorated with delicate feathers of brown bent at the chest, and the gryphon looked down between his front legs, one eyebrow cocked at the pinned coyote. "Eat you? Is that another one of the rumors you heard about us?"

Admitting that seemed like a poor idea, but as Tama's ears folded back, he nodded all the same.

"Desperate times call for desperate measures, but I wouldn't eat a coyote. I've already got a full belly, and you guys eat garbage...probably not the best thing for me to partake in," he suggested. "Although, you could be of some other use to me."

The subtle *riiiiiip* that tickled over Tama's ears all the while finally came to a stop as his shirt was completely torn apart, and claws moved with a surprisingly light touch over his fur as they crept toward the waistline of his rugged shorts.

"Yooooooooou can't be serious," Tama muttered, his voice escaping in a low drawl as the claws tickled his spine on the way down. "Are you r-really about to do what I think you are?"

A normal sized coyote, Tama was dwarfed under the weight of the quadruped above him, and he had to imagine that the gryphon was easily three times his size. The mere flapping adjustments of his wings caused gales of air that brushed away the tattered remains of Tama's shirt, and between thighs that looked like the trunks of mighty oaks, the naturally unclothed beast was glad to reveal his intentions without another word.

"The smell of fear has faded from you entirely," the gryphon claimed. "But, you do still seem a bit hesitant. Consent is important, you know."

“...Did you really just say that?”

“If you’d prefer, I can just shove it in there, but I don’t think you’d find that sensation to your liking.”

“**Not** what I meant!” Tama groaned, and while he mulled over his options, his partially lifted tail twitched at the sensation of a long, thick strand of precum drizzling into the fur. The heated glob spilled all the way down to his covered rump, where the seat of his shorts was almost immediately soaked through, and regretfully, the coyote shivered with delight. “But the idea is kinda hot...”

“You aren’t the first coyote I’ve ever pinned this way. The scent of desire is quite recognizable, and **very** alluring.”

Tama had no idea what he would have done to arouse the gryphon, but he didn’t realize that it was all part of the deal that was made with the travel guide. The gryphons had rather limited prospects when it came to mates, and many of them preferred the freedom of an open relationship to the marriage of their own kind.

It just so happened that Tama was exactly what this gryphon was looking for, and another pulse through his massive, hanging length sent a fresh burst of precum onto the coyote, leaving the back of his thighs a terrible mess.

“You’re quite the smooth talker,” Tama admitted, “But...t-there’s no way that thing is gonna fit, you know.”

It was a very mild oversight, but one none the less that the gryphon didn’t notice Tama being a male when he went for the divebomb. It wasn’t slowing his approach at all, but as his deadly, sharp claws made easy work of the supposedly rugged cargo shorts and left them to fall away in ribbons of defeated fabric, he saw a pair of swollen orbs pushed back against the underside of a smooth rump, pinned between a pair of thighs.

All told, it would have been quite the arousing sight, were the gryphon able to lean back far enough to see it. “I find your species is particularly flexible under pressure,” the gryphon argued. Without clothing in the way, the next gush of precum spilled easily into Tama’s pucker, and the warm, tight orifice relaxed just at the presence of the fluid. “You’d be amazed what you’re capable of taking when you work into it.”

“Well, n-not the whole thing-

“Of course not,” the gryphon interrupted. “But let’s start with the tip and see where it goes from there, hm?”

The poor, pinned coyote was just able to turn back enough to see the wide, thick

tip of the gryphon's length, adorned with smooth, ticklish barbs and a tapered head. It carried a warmth that stoked an already growing fire within his body, and the first contact of the exotic looking cock against his tailhole left him to tremble in place.

He tried not to tense up against it, but he was already wincing as the first inch of the impressive member wiggled from side to side, seeking entrance.

"For the l-love of...f-fuck...just eat me instead, would you?" Tama gritted his fangs together and held still, able to feel the first couple of inches struggling into his rear entrance. He could feel the weight of the rest of the pinkish red length even before it ever had a chance to penetrate him, and his paws curled up in tight, snug fists as his asshole was *completely* stretched.

It wasn't until he felt a delicate bite upon the scruff of his neck that he started to settle, and his eyes opened with a curious glint in each orb, trying to make eye contact with the domineering beast.

"Relax. Just because I could tear you apart doesn't mean that I'm going to. I don't need much," the mythical hybrid claimed, as his rear talons steadied his form. "It's just been **so** long since I had anyone around for this..."

Being so greatly desired that a gigantic beast was willing to capture him and pin him to the ground filled Tama with a bashful sense of appreciation, and as his ears perked to the explanation, his entrance relaxed, little by little, until the gryphon's knees grew weak, and nearly half a foot of his length spilled forth, penetrating the tiny coyote with only precum to act as a lubricant...but where preparation was forgotten, the slippery fluid was plentiful enough that Tama groaned with delight, and the gryphon, despite his recoil of concern, felt a tail winding around his ankle.

"Don't pull out j-just yet," the coyote panted quietly, a small grin forming in the corner of his muzzle. "You don't need much, right? I can...*hnf*...I can handle this!"

Such a generous offer from a canine that didn't owe him anything was the kind of generosity the gryphon wasn't used to, and he was still fearful of the damage he'd done with the sudden drop of his legs, but Tama did all that he could to delicately push his rump back onto the length, showing the gryphon that there was just a little more capacity to be filled.

In total, it was only the first few inches of a cock that was nearly the size of Tama's leg, but the hybrid was desperate, and the coyote was more than willing to help him out, once he adjusted to the curious tickle of the barbs against his

inner muscles.

“If there’s a-anything I can do to repay you,” the gryphon paused to gasp, able to feel a couple more inches of his shaft finding a home inside of the warm, accommodating coyote, “Just s-say the word, little yote...”

The flood of excess precum alone was giving Tama a small bulge inside, and he could feel the pressure building against the end of his anal passage as the gryphon neared a quick and desperately needed orgasm.

He knew he’d never be able to keep the contents inside, but it did give him an idea, as he nuzzled his cheek into the downy feathers of the gryphon and felt his own precum spilling into his tummy. “When you’re done with me, g-go fuck the brains right out of that d-damned cat...”

Part of the deal with the feline travel guide was that he wouldn’t be subjected to this treatment, but the gryphon was seeing fewer targets in the mountains every year.

There wouldn’t be any harm in altering the deal a little bit.

“Sounds good to me,” the gryphon said in a low, lusty tone. “But you have to promise to make a r-return trip.”

Tama was happy to live up to that caveat. “Deal, but you have to pin me like this again...and f-fuck me **harder** next time.”

Showing how quickly he was able to adapt to the downright impressive girth of the gryphon, Tama snickered as he felt throbs so deep inside that they shook him to the very core of his being. He didn’t quite manage to make the turn in time, and the panting, hurried cry, “I’m cumming! Oh f-fuck, I’m cumming!” tortured his ears with glorious sound as he felt the first spurt of seed spilling across his insides. He could just imagine the bulge that would form in his stomach if he stayed put, and as his feral partner released his smaller form, he rolled over onto his back and scooted as close as he could, having a new home in mind for the gryphon’s cock.

If his backside couldn’t take it, his muzzle wouldn’t be, either, but that didn’t stop him from opening wide, sticking out his tongue and holding still as the massive creature simply **painted** him with cum, splashing thick, messy strands of the creamy treat over his chin and neck, leaving his chest and torso soaked, and even making small puddles in the ground around him.

Just **looking** at the volume of the yield made Tama feel full inside, and as he swallowed the hefty load that ended up in his mouth, he was left to marvel at just

how sweet the fluid really was; he didn't even notice his own rumbles of delight.

"Ha...he...heavy fruit diet?" Tama asked, teasing the spent gryphon. The beast was polite enough not to fall right on top of him, but quivering hind legs slowly fell to the ground, and Tama was left in the grasp of his front legs, with the rest of his weight looming, like a giant shield of flesh.

Still panting as well, the gryphon nodded and looked to Tama with appreciative eyes, releasing the scruff of his neck in the process. "And you t-thought I was gonna eat you..."

Gulping down the last of his treat, Tama winked at the giant beast. "Let's not rule anything out, hm?"

He might have been teasing, but teasing or not, he was stoking the fires of a creature that could easily go again, if he really wanted to.

Say whatever you wanted about Zack the Doberman; you were probably justified in both the best, and the worst descriptions that you could come up with.

No matter how you felt about him, there was no denying his generous nature when it came to bartending, and his reputation was certainly at its best when he was using his sway as the manager of a college bar to hand out more free drinks than people could reasonably consume.

“All right, guys! I’m gonna take five but be sure to tip your bartenders and get your drinks in before last call!” The Doberman somehow had control over the bar even when he wasn’t working, and he wiped his paws on a towel and tugged his plain, tight t-shirt of white down, covered up the musculature on the small of his lower back.

He wanted to do his best to look presentable as he walked around the edge of the bar, pulled up a stool next to a pouty looking canine, and rested his elbow on the counter.

“You know, I don’t think I’ve ever seen someone sit at a bar for this long without ordering something.”

Zack worked quickly, no matter who he was after. It wasn’t often that he ended up with a wolf, for whatever the reason, but this made his current catch an exotic target, and he offered the usual grin, complete with all of the arrogance and smarm that were the root of his true personality.

“I ordered food a little while ago,” the wolf replied without so much as gazing up from the empty plate in front of him. “I guess they must be pretty backed up with meal orders.”

“Yeah...the food service here kinda sucks,” Zack admitted, pretending that the wolf hadn’t seen him working behind the bar, while not knowing that the wolf really **hadn’t** seen him there. “The drink service is way better, though. Did you get any of the free shots that were being passed around?”

With a hint of irritation in his flickered ear, the wolf shook his head. “I’m afraid that I didn’t.”

Zack wasn’t used to getting the cold shoulder, given his sense of charisma. He leaned over just a bit further in his bar stool and waved over to the barkeep,

knowing that he'd get a free drink just for the act. "Well that's no fun! Here, take one on me, dude."

Hunger was a powerful motivator, but the offer of a free drink was more than enough to distract the wolf from his plate. Rusty red fur on the back of curious ears perked up, and the wolf looked from his empty plate with a tiny smile.

"That's...very generous of you," he replied, a nervous hesitation in his voice. It seemed he wasn't used to being approached when he was at the bar, and his expression was kind enough, even if it was still a bit concerned. "What do I owe you?"

"I said it was free," Zack reminded him.

A long, double shot glass was set in front of him, and the bartender walked away from Zack without a word. "If y-you're sure," the wolf reached out a shaky paw and took the thin container between a pair of pawtips. "My name's Rudolf, and the next one is on me, okay?"

Zack was turning on the charm heavily, and even if Rudolf could see through the fact that the Doberman was hitting on him, he wasn't going to turn down the free drink. Zack took his own, and a quiet *tink* signified a new connection made, as the pair downed their shots, and set their glasses back on the counter.

"It's on me," Zack took charge, and he chuckled as he heard Rudolf coughing from the rough burn of the alcohol in his throat. "Don't tell me that was the first drink you ever had!"

Rudolf winced, and did his best to turn his head away, bashfully hiding his reaction. "N-no!" he argued, but his nerves were shaken as he saw the bartender returning with yet another round of glasses. "Wait, you wanted to do those right away? Don't you ever pace yourself?"

Zack took the second glass that was set in front of him, and still, Rudolf noticed that he wasn't paying for anything. "This is pacing myself! I take two or three to start the night, wait a few hours, and enjoy the buzz. Keeps me from getting a hangover, y'know?"

"Huh. I never thought of it that way," Rudolf claimed, as he looked at the second shot glass. His stomach was still ablaze from the first drink, but he hated to turn down such a generous act, and though he was hungry for food, liquid was going to have to suffice. "This is really kind of you, mister...?"

"You can call me Zack...everyone else does," he offered. "Or at least, everyone I like calls me that."

“Bit early to tell if I like you or not,” Rudolf suggested. He was keen enough to see that Zack was going through the motions of a pickup attempt, but the Doberman was *quite* an attractive man; tall, coated in slim and athletic muscle, and wearing a smile that could melt away the concerns of even the most worrisome drunk. “I just hope this isn’t how you win over every guy that you hit on.”

“Who said anything about hitting on you? Maybe I was just looking for a drinking partner,” Zack claimed, but he knew that he’d been figured out, and his grin, cheesy as it was, gave away that Rudolf was right. “I’m Zack, by the way. Sorry for not saying so earlier.”

Rudolf reached out for the second shot and held it delicately in his pawtips. He could only guess that the first glass was some kind of grain alcohol, given the passable flavor and heavy burn, but the second glass was filled with a swirling, purple liquid that was enchanting to look at.

“Nice to make your acquaintance, Zack. Thanks again for the drinks.”

Gray pawtips gripped a little too tightly around the shot glass, causing a brief shake in his movement before Rudolf lifted the glass to his muzzle. The shot was *delicious*, and he quickly gathered that the swirling color in the glass was some kind of sugar that was used in an equally decorative and purposeful sense.

“Man...I wish you’d gotten me that the first time around! I could drink those all night!” Rudolf exclaimed, but his comforted eyes of cobalt followed the sight of a little bit of spilled liquid, rolling down the front of his shirt. “Guess I rushed it a little bit, heh.”

Zack was still holding his second drink, made of the same mysterious liquid as the one that Rudolf had taken. “It happens. If that was the worst spill I ever had to clean up while working here, my job would be **a lot** easier.”

Thanks to his focus on the empty plate, Rudolf never saw Zack working behind the bar, and he was just starting to make the connection that the Doberman wasn’t paying for drinks because he was an employee. “I bet. This place gets pretty rowdy, sometimes. I’m sure you’ve got all kinds of messed up stories to tell.”

“And only so many that I’m actually at liberty to divulge.”

“Think a couple more drinks will help loosen you up?” Rudolf asked, now legitimately curious to know what it was like to run such an exciting tavern. “I’d be glad to actually pay for the next round, if that’s the case. I’m sure your boss would like to make *some* money tonight.”

“That old asshole makes money hand over fist and never works a day in his life,” Zack admitted, his voice turning sour for the first time that evening. “I’d rather you **not** buy the drinks, if it means that we’re sticking it to him.”

Rudolf snickered. “Fair enough, man. You gonna drink your second one or not?”

The wolf wasn’t expecting to see a grin forming on Zack’s muzzle so soon after he vented a frustration, but indeed, the Doberman was just looking at his shot and grinning over it.

“Naaah...I think I’ve changed my mind,” Zack replied. “These are nice and all, but they’re a little too sweet for me. I think I’ll pass.”

Rudolf perked an ear as he looked hungrily upon the swirling, liquid amethyst. “Do you mind if I have it, then?”

“You *might* not wanna do that, actually.”

Zack was taller than Rudolf; that much was clear when the Doberman took a seat next to the shorter wolf. The fact that he appeared to be getting even taller, Rudolf just blamed on the presence of the domineering canine, but the longer he looked, the higher Zack’s gaze seemed to be.

Ignoring the warning and thinking another drink might be the cure to his sudden and revamped concerns, Rudolf reached for the drink in front of Zack, and noticed that a glass he could once hold between two pawtips was now enough to fill his entire palm, and it simply **looked** huge in his grasp, as much as it felt so.

“Did...d-did they give you a bigger glass or something?”

“No, they’re the same size,” Zack claimed, as he took the shot rather easily from Rudolf’s paws. The wolf was trembling anew, and a frown was quickly spreading under the smooth, snow-white fur upon his muzzle. “And so am I, but *you* look like you’re too young to be in the bar all the sudden. What’s the deal with that?”

Rudolf didn’t need the burn of the alcohol in his system to get fired up at Zack, who was starting to look impossibly tall, even in the seat of a bar stool. “Oh, don’t give me that bullshit! You put something in my drink, didn’t you?”

“As the manager of a bar, it would be *highly* unprofessional of me to slip anything into the drink of any paying customers,” Zack commented. “But I’m off duty, and I couldn’t have stopped one of my employees from doing that, if they were stupid enough to try.”

“...But you never had your drink, Zack.”

The Doberman snickered for a moment and reached right over the counter of the bar, having no shame about the way that he manhandled the bottles on the other side. He didn't even bother with a glass for his drink, opting to pop the top of a container of whiskey and sip right from the source as he watched Rudolf continue to shrink in place, until the black t-shirt he'd picked for the evening looked like a blanket on his body, reaching all the way down to his ankles.

"No, I sure didn't! Just didn't feel like the best idea."

Rudolf narrowed his eyes in a frustrated glare at his new companion. "Gee, I frickin' wonder why!"

There was no point in trying to draw remorse out of Zack, and Rudolf would figure that much out soon enough, but he was looking at the back wall of the bar, trying to figure out what drink could stop the rapid decrease of his size. It was getting harder and harder to see over the bar, and he had to go so far as to jump upright on the pad of the stool and look over the counter.

He didn't even think about the repercussions when he jumped, and while the act did reveal the black, sock-like pattern around his footpaws, it showed off the pristine white of his underbelly, as well, and between his legs, something a little more *intimate*.

"This isn't a nudie bar, Rudolf. That kind of stuff is grounds for being kicked out."

Nothing Zack said had anything serious weight to it, and even his threat of eviction was muttered with some amount of sarcasm to his words, but Rudolf was having trouble seeing the fun in it. Other people further down the bar were starting to look and snicker as they watched Rudolf move around in what was effectively a cloak of a t-shirt, and even that was getting ready to fall to the wayside, as his narrowing shoulders and shrinking form began popping up through the neck of the shirt.

"Do you think this is **funny**? Is this supposed to be fucking joke you play on new guys?"

Zack shook his head as he took another sip right from the bottle. "I'm not really into hazing people just for being new," he claimed. "You just looked like a fun guy to mess with. Gotta admit that it's kinda hot seeing you all put out there like that, though."

Rudolf pushed his claws right into the fabric of his shirt and tried holding it over his body, but as he continued to shrink down, he felt like he might drown in the growing ocean of cotton, and his face was burning with embarrassment as he did

everything he could to keep his sheath from being exposed.

He knew it was a wasted effort, and though he wanted to stare daggers at Zack for as long as he could, there was something more important for him to look for.

Not even gonna bother asking him where the bathrooms are, Rudolf thought. Knowing this asshole, I'd probably end up getting stuffed into a keg to flavor the drinks or something.

"You sure you don't want my shot?" Zack asked, calling out after Rudolf as the poor, still-shrinking wolf hopped out of his shirt, fully exposed, and scrambled down the legs of the bar stool. "I changed my mind; it's all yours if you want it!"

Naturally, Zack could see the frustration in the soft, blue eyes of the wolf, but he was too busy enjoying his drink to go after Rudolf right away. He sat in place and watched as Rudolf dodged the stamping footpaws of customers on the way across the bar, the black tip of his tail swishing about with frustration as he became very well acquainted with just how sticky the floor was in some spots, and how slippery it was in others.

Poor Rudolf was riddled with spilled drinks by the time he finally made his way into the surprisingly well-kept men's room of the dive bar, and his ears were drooped, heavy with the weight of alcohol and soda that dripped down from their long, velvety flesh.

"That's the **last** time I let a supposedly friendly stranger buy me a drink," Rudolf groaned. He crossed his arms as he walked across the floor, finding that he was *still* continuing to shrink. A beer bottle that was left on the floor now stood as tall as he did, but even as he stood next to it and tried to compare his own height to it, he found the lip of the bottle stood just taller than he was, and it was only getting worse. "When does this stop? How do I **turn this off?!"**

Luck would have it that no other men were using the restroom, but the door hung open on a busted hinge, the floors were in a state of utter disrepair, and Rudolf was quickly starting to feel more like he was in a dystopian wasteland than in the bathroom of a dive bar. His decreasing form was *finally* coming to a halt, as he used the beer bottle as a metric for his size, but he was already standing just shorter than the label around the middle, even with his ears adding to his height just slightly.

The footsteps of the patrons just outside the door were like claps of thunder in the distance, and Rudolf could feel a terrible disorientation spreading through his mind as he tried to grasp the difference of scale that his new size gave. He wanted to get up to the sink just to try and wash himself off, but he couldn't see

anything that would be easy to climb, and his sense of balance was completely thrown off by the transformation, regardless.

He'd need someone to come into the bathroom and help him up to the ledge of the sink, but the person who arrived to help would have been the last person he asked.

"Rudolf? Rudolf! *Come on*, man! It was all in good fun!"

For some reason, Zack didn't think to look straight down as he rushed into the bathroom, and the swinging of the door may have been an entirely casual thing to the Doberman, but the air that was displaced felt like a gust of wind to Rudolf, and nearly toppled the tiny wolf over.

He hated the idea of having to rely on Zack for help, but with a roll of the eyes, Rudolf looked up from the floor and yelled back, "What the hell about this is fun to you, exactly?!"

"Well...uhm. You're adorable?" Zack posited the thought, even if he knew it wouldn't stick. "And I'm sure that everyone else had a great time watching you swing your junk around as you ran through the bar, if that counts for anything."

An already hateful glare only narrowed as Rudolf crossed his arms over his chest. "Yeah, because that's *exactly* what I was looking to do when I came here tonight."

Perhaps for the first time in years, Zack had the slightest bit of remorse in his expression, and as he knelt before Rudolf, he noticed that the poor wolf was soaked in spilled drinks, not to mention the other messes that had come from slipping and sliding all over the floor. The normally clean and stark white of his underbelly was a mess, and though that would wash back to normal, it was going to take a greater effort to put a smile back on his face.

"Tell you what...your next meal here is on me, for starters," Zack offered. "And if you want, I can run you back to my place really quick, so you can take a bath in a sink that hasn't been peed in."

It wasn't nearly enough to make up for all the trouble that Rudolf had to deal with that evening, and clearly, he was still too frustrated at Zack to just forgive him. The tiny, messy wolf was wrapped up with his tail, doing all that he could to preserve what modesty he had left, but his arms wouldn't uncross, and his scowl wouldn't fade.

"Make it a week's worth of meals, and I *might* consider not calling the cops on your crooked asses."

“Deal!” Zack cheered, and without warning, he snatched up Rudolf in a paw. The wolf fit easily in the palm of the Doberman’s powerful grip, and Rudolf was left to pound his miniature fists on Zack’s index finger as he struggled to be released. “I’ll get you back to my place in a jiffy, then!”

“Can you **n-not** squeeze me to death before we get there?” Rudolf argued, finding the paw to be a less than comfortable form of travel.

He would have been glad to deal with that than the plan that arose, as Zack tapped his chin in thought with his free paw. “I guess it is for the best that we don’t let everyone see what’s happened to you,” he agreed. “I’ve got just the place for ya.”

Zack’s jeans had a pair of deep pockets on either side of his hips. They were readily ignored, as he began unbuttoning his pants and loosening up the waistband.

“You *can*’t be serious.”

“Can, and am!” Zack replied cheerfully, a telltale grin on his muzzle once more as he carelessly dropped Rudolf into the stretched elastic of his boxers.

Immediately, a rush of warmth overtook the minuscule wolf, and a mix of moisture and musk became his atmosphere as his protests were drowned out by the sound of a zipper being pulled up. “It should be plenty spacious in there for you, little guy. Try not to make too much of a ruckus on the way out.”

Pinned between the smooth, silky fabric of boxers and the thick, swollen orbs of the canine’s sack, Rudolf winced his eyes shut and tried to get comfortable, but every step that Zack took shifted his body around in the cotton trap, providing the selfish Doberman with a subtle and ticklish pleasure that Rudolf couldn’t prevent, no matter how badly he wanted to.

“Just another two miles to go,” Zack claimed, without any other measure of just how long the trip was really going to take...

“I’ve heard you aren’t really into other vulpines, Stacy.”

“You heard right.”

“You’re down with interspecies stuff?”

The vixen giggled quietly. Subtlety clearly wasn’t in the repertoire of the taller, thicker wolf. “I am, yes.”

“I’ve heard your boys are a little bit...*thinner* where it counts. Perhaps you need something a little **thicker** to suit your needs.”

“I’ve got no doubt that you’re plenty thick enough for the both of us,” she replied, almost certain that the jab would go clear over the lupine’s head, “But... I’ve already got a boyfriend, anyway. Sorry.”

The wolf let out a grunt of annoyance. “*Hmmph*. Should have just told me that up front, skank.”

Giving a quick, simple flick of her blonde ponytail, Stacy rolled her eyes and started walking the other direction, right past the wolf and into the park. She was used to being hit on by almost every big, beefy guy that she walked past when she was taking a stroll through the city, and her rejections were almost always met with hostility.

She’d become so dull to them that she wasn’t even annoyed by the offensive name she was given; she had more important things to focus on, and her long, white-tipped tail was already beginning to wag as she snuck through the thick, heavy trees to the side of the *usual* park path, to one that was so faintly pressed into the grass and ferns that it would leave a passerby wondering if they were imagining it.

Stacy came through this way almost every single day after work, and though she made her living exposing her body to the rich men and women who could afford entry into The Lifted Tail, she was beyond strict about her code of ethics, and her rule that no one; male, female or otherwise, was allowed to touch her figure.

There was only one male she’d ever allow to do such a thing, and though he wasn’t easy for anyone else to find, she came right up to his front door, and tapped on the ground.

His front door was a hole, after all, and from the hole, a teeny head popped out,

with long, dirty locks of brown that flopped down in front of small, kind eyes of green.

“I love that you always answer so rapidly when I come knocking,” Stacy whispered, having learned by then that her larger body and louder voice could easily cause discomfort to the poor, tiny creature. “It’s as if you’re just sitting by the entrance, waiting for me!”

The mouse could still remember the very first time that he happened upon Stacy wandering through the woods, stumble drunk and crying a river of tears from each eye. Keeping a boyfriend in her line of work was difficult, and all too often, the males that she decided to keep as close company became jealous of her clients, sometimes with good reason, and others, with no reason at all.

Little Ren happened to pop his head out of his hole that day and gazed upon a woman who was still beautiful to look at, even in her moment of greatest weakness, and being the caring soul that he was, it wouldn’t have mattered what she looked like. He was always filled with a need to make others happy, and though it wasn’t easy to draw her attention, Ren was able to distract Stacy that evening, and take her mind off the men who would try to destroy her, as a person.

It took weeks before she was able to make it through a talk without crying, but each time, he crawled up to her cheeks and brushed away her tears with his shoulders. When she’d start losing it again, he’d crawl across her collarbone and run circles around her neck, tickling and teasing her to bring laughter to her day, and make her smile with a level of care and concern that no man ever showed for her before.

The fact that he was a tiny mouse and that she was a tall vixen didn’t seem to matter to him, and though she stood on two legs while he crawled on four, they found companionship in each other, in a world that might have found their love to be a little strange.

“There’s nowhere else I’d rather be,” Ren admitted, as he crawled up and out of the hole and nuzzled the end of his tiny, cute muzzle to Stacy’s own. “Were you followed again? Do you need to be hidden?”

Stacy was giving Ren quite a show just by leaning over, as the cut at the top of her dress was fairly low, allowing her cleavage to nearly spill over, but she was hoping that her little mouse would sneak a peek, and when she could nearly feel the roaming of his eyes on her flesh for a moment, she giggled inwardly with delight.

“I’m perfectly safe tonight, Ren. You and I are all alone, and you’ve been such a good boyfriend this week that I think you deserve a little *treat* from me.”

Almost every day, and usually multiple times a day, Stacy was confronted by a male who was far larger than she was, and always told her that they were larger than she’d ever seen, regarding certain areas of their bodies.

In her line of work, Stacy saw more dicks than she ever wanted to, literally and figuratively, but there was one that she always found enticing, no matter how many times her brilliant sapphires gazed upon it.

“A t-treat? Stacy, you...you know you d-don’t have to-

A single pawtip came down to touch against Ren’s muzzle, silencing him with ease. “But I **want** to, and because you’re a naughty little mouse who never wears any clothes, I know that **you** want me to...”

Living in a hole in the ground and rarely having to venture out into society meant that Ren didn’t abide by most of the common rules of the thing he avoided, and though he had some clothing, it seemed a waste to dirty it when he wasn’t planning on venturing out.

It also allowed Stacy to cut right to the chase and gaze down upon the length of his member, standing erect between his thighs and pulsing a little bit as each warm, heavy breath from the vixen coated his body in a steamy moisture.

“Stacy, I...I mean...you don’t *have* to, though!”

“Dozens of men throw their affection at me every single day,” Stacy began to explain herself, as she’d done plenty of times before. She reached out with a second pawtip and poked Ren gently in the pit of his tummy, and though he was acting shy, he allowed himself to be easily knocked over. “I admit, I kinda like the attention sometimes, and I even get a little bit *hot* at work, but...I only want you, Ren. I save all of the love I have for **you**.”

Given the difference in their sizes, Ren knew and accepted that it was impossible for him to penetrate Stacy in the traditional way, but tonight, it was clear that she was focused on his pleasure, and he could feel one of her soft, smooth digits brushing against his tiny prick and curling around it as she leaned over on all fours.

He simply *knew* that her spare paw was going back between her legs to sneak under her panties and rub against her sex as she worked, and as if he wasn’t stiff enough to begin with, Stacy could feel the absolutely tiniest bit of precum spilling from the tip of Ren’s cock as he imagined what a delightful, erotic show

it would be to see her cunt spread around her fingers.

“I love y-you too, Stacy,” Ren admitted, though a gasp parted his words as he felt breath after breath panting down on his body. The heated moisture began to condense around his member as she gazed at her lover with narrowed, sensual eyes, and though most prey species would have been terribly nervous to be in such a position, Ren couldn’t imagine ever being afraid of Stacy, not even for a moment.

He’d happily play along, however, if she were into such a thing.

“You know that words aren’t enough for me, Ren,” Stacy reminded him, having heard those **exact** words from at least ten men earlier in the day. “I need something more than that from you!”

The difference in their respective sizes made Ren particularly sensitive to the noises that Stacy made, and though others walking through the park might not hear the subtle moisture of the vixen’s slit as her pawtips slipped up and down over her own folds, Ren’s ears were filled with the sound, as if he were drowning in the glistening flow of her arousal.

One day, he’d find the courage to tell her just how much of a turn-on that was for him, but right then, he was having trouble speaking at all, as Stacy finally gave up teasing the poor mouse, and leaned in close enough that her wide, flat tongue could tease along the underside of his cock.

Naturally, Stacy had experience enough to take even the largest of males in her muzzle, and there was hardly enough for the tip of her tongue when it came to Ren, but their shared attraction more than made up for the difference, and since she could inspect every nook and cranny of her lover’s sex with ease, Stacy felt a certain comfort and familiarity anytime that she was slurping back and forth over Ren’s tool.

On his own end, the lucky mouse was getting soaked across the whole of his crotch, and plentiful saliva coated him from the bottom of his tummy down to the insides of his thighs; even his sack was dripping with the clear fluid, and to be stimulated in so many places at once, it was a wonder that he could even **try** to hold out.

His attempts were in vain, but Stacy could tell he was struggling, and she smiled warmly at the gesture as she tapped a single pawtip as delicately as she could against his swollen orbs. “Go on, baby. Cum for me...I need a little dessert after the main course!”

“Does...d-does my vixen have a sweet tooth?” Ren managed to ask, and Stacy

nearly gasped; it was perhaps the boldest statement the little mouse had ever made, and she found her knees growing a little weak as he opened up to her, sexually.

“One that only **you** can sate, my love,” she replied, and it did her heart well to see Ren smiling with just as much genuine affection as she held. Even when his cock finally erupted and cum sprayed across her lower lip and the tip of her long, moist tongue, Stacy was filled with love for her tiny partner, and Ren was filled with the same as his body seized up with delight.

“I’m c-cumming...Stacy, I’m **cumming for you!**” Ren declared his affections for the amorous vixen as his legs trembled and his body quaked. Naturally, it was easy for her to take the entirety of his load and swallow it down, but it was still an impressive amount for a tiny mouse, and she let out a rumble of delight as she slurped the sweet cream from her own lower lip.

Heavy, desperate panting sounded like little more than the humming of a quiet appliance as Ren shivered in place and tried to catch his breath. “Hehe...such a little *cutie*,” Stacy teased her lover, as she pulled her spare paw forward and revealed it to him. She separated her two pawtips, and a web of her delicious juices slowly parted between the two digits, leaving each one tipped with a tasty treat for the mouse to savor. “I came for you just a little bit, too. Would you like some...?”

Flustered warmth was gathering under Ren’s cheeks, but he still managed a very subtle nod. “More t-than anything, Stacy...please?”

“Of course, baby.”

It might have seemed weird to the larger males; the relationship that Stacy held with her cute, tiny mouse...but as she watched him suckling eagerly upon her pawtip, cleaning all the juices from it that his tiny stomach could hold, she couldn’t think of a man who could *possibly* love her more, or a man that she could ever love as much as Ren.

In a society where most people were just looking to fit in and find a place that they thought they belonged, there were those who were already content with who they were, and what they did.

There might not have been a truer statement to describe the relationship between Portia and Lucas.

Portia wasn't the type to ask a lot of questions if they didn't serve a purpose, and while most would have been curious how such a tiny feline could exist, she didn't allow herself to get hung up on the fact. She had her uses for Lucas, and his diminutive size made him less of a threat than any other male she'd ever met; she found a comfort in him that no other man had been able to provide.

Lucas, for his part, spent most of his time trying not to get stepped on when he wasn't hanging out with Portia, but when he was around her, he knew that she always took care to check around under her footpaws, and he could always feel the weight of her smile upon him when she gazed down to see his presence.

He helped her with the daily routine of getting ready for work in the morning and cleaning up after her messes, and in return, though she always emphasized how platonic their relationship was, she allowed him to assist her in a way that might not have been **entirely** necessary...but that didn't mean that they didn't both enjoy it.

"You almost done with the dishes, Lucas?" Portia would often call from the restroom, leaning halfway out the door and calling out with a voice that was nothing short of thundering to the minuscule feline.

A typical, gray shorthair, Lucas had come to know the call of the Doberman as if it was his own voice, and he found a certain delight in knowing that she was eager for his company in another room.

After all, he was more than happy to help her in return for her shelter, but while she stood at an average height for the world around her, Lucas was tiny enough to literally use his own body and fur to scrub the dishes clean, and it just so happened that his fur was textured like tiny bristles, making it *perfectly* effective at getting the little crumbs off her breakfast plates.

Her ears were usually perked in the morning, but they stood upright and flickered slightly when they heard the faint, quiet sound of tiny paws scrambling

down the side of her kitchen cabinets. She knew that Lucas was running to her as quickly as he could, and though he'd never compare to her size, she was glad that he was so faithful in adhering to the dress code.

"You're such a little exhibitionist," she teased, able to see the dangling length of his manhood hanging between his legs, amid the mess of excess syrup and bacon grease that made a terrible mess out of the living sponge. "It's like you **want** me to see you naked or something!"

Of course, fair was fair, and even though it was her household, Portia never wore her own clothes when Lucas was naked. The top of his head barely reached to her shin, but that didn't mean he couldn't appreciate the perfect, supple flesh of her breasts and the way that they sat so proudly upon her chest, or the bare mound of her womanhood, just slightly parted, and no doubt, entirely intentional.

"I'm **not** gonna wear my nice clothes in your sink, no matter how many times you ask me!" Lucas replied, turning the tables back on Portia and calling her out for her own twisted desires. "Besides, that's tall talk for someone who parades around her house in her birthday suit..."

"Anything I say is tall talk to **you**, Lucas."

"Touché."

"And, you said it yourself: This is **my** house. I'll wear whatever I want...or nothing at all, if the mood strikes."

Lucas rolled his eyes as Portia leaned over to pick him up in her paws. He could see the stark, bright purple locks of her headfur flopping over to the side as she moved, and he tried to hide just how wide his smile grew at the sight. "Not many people shower with their clothes on, Portia."

"Not many people have a walking, talking loofah, either...but I got a head start on my shower, Lucas."

"You...you did? You didn't need my help today?"

"It would have been nice," Portia admitted, "But...you've been working so hard this week that I figured you deserved a break. It's Friday, and as your de facto boss, I felt it was only right to...*recognize* you for your efforts recently."

In his line of work, Lucas had seen every part of Portia's body, and though she constantly reminded him that their relationship was entirely platonic, no one could possibly deny the sexual tension between them, or the way that they teased each other at every turn. Their lives were so intertwined, and at such an *intimate*

level, that they were dating in every sense of the word, except for the word itself.

“If you were planning on giving me the shower all to myself, I hope you know that I’d probably end up drowning that way...”

“That’s not really much of a reward, now...is it?” Portia asked, as she stepped into the bathroom and closed the door behind her, entirely out of habit. “A reward is something that you deserve for all of your arduous work, Lucas...like my offering a bath to **you** for a change.”

There wasn’t much that Lucas was opposed to doing, when it came to work around Portia’s house. He was used to allowing his soft, clingy fur to be turned into a dust cloth, a dish rag, and in some cases, he was even used as scrubbing device for Portia’s own body, as she found his tiny arms and paws were able to wiggle into the toughest, *tightest* spots.

Though she would always maintain how platonic their relationship was, Lucas knew that Portia’s womanhood grew wet with anticipation before he was used to brush against it, and for his part, he’d often feel warmth rushing to his cock, and though she was of a much larger body, he knew that she was able to feel it every time.

This time around, Lucas was sure that he could feel Portia’s eyes running over his naked length as he stood in the doorway to her bathroom. There was something narrowed, something **sensual** about her gaze, and though he was still a terrible mess from his previous work, Portia was more than happy to bend over before him, letting her full, supple breasts hang right in front of his face, before she wrapped a paw around him and carried him to the sink.

“I...I can clean myself up; really!” Lucas tried to protest, feeling just a little bit nervous as the mess in his fur was squished around by Portia’s comfortably tight grip. “You don’t have to do all of that for me!”

Portia giggled, knowing just how timid Lucas could be when the time came for the more intimate part of their work. “But I **want** to, and I can’t have you tracking grease and food bits all over my house!”

Paws that were clean only moments before became messy once again as Portia held Lucas still under the faucet and turned on the water. It was already warm, and shy as he might have been, Lucas couldn’t help letting out a sigh of relief as the refreshing fluid poured over his head.

“Ahhnnn...o-okay, but just this once...”

Portia knew that Lucas would change his mind about that condition before all

was said and done, but for the time, she nodded.

“Whatever you say, little guy. Just lean back and enjoy yourself.”

Brilliant eyes of amethyst watched closely as Lucas eased into the stream of water, and a wide, fang-filled grin that would have terrified most smaller species came as a sign of comfort for the tiny feline. His eyes were still closed as the water poured over him, but he could just imagine Portia’s breasts swaying back and forth slightly with their natural weight as she began massaging her pawtips over his body, and a cool, gooey stream of soap began spilling into his fur as the canine went to work.

A delightful, radiant aroma of vanilla and strawberries filled Lucas’ nostrils, and he took in another deep, heavy breath as Portia teased her digits across the mess upon his chest and tummy. “I always enjoy myself around you, Portia,” he whispered, and though he was confident that his tiny voice wouldn’t carry so far, he underestimated the quality of her canine sense of hearing.

For once, it was the usually indomitable Portia who felt bashful warmth spreading under her cheeks. She was glad that Lucas couldn’t see the expression of shock and surprise as it spread across her muzzle, and for her own part, she didn’t know why she was so caught off-guard by it.

She always suspected it of him, even if he would never admit to it, and as always, she could feel his cock starting to throb and grow between his legs, as soap-covered pawtips brushed against it with innocent, grooming intent...*at first.*

“Would...would you like to enjoy yourself even more, Lucas?”

Almost completely clean of all the excess soap, Lucas was fortunate not to have his eyes stung as they flew open in shock. He gazed straight up, shielded the water from his eyes, and saw Portia’s expression telling a tale of a woman caught between her desire for him, and yet, a subtle fear that she might scare him off with the prospect of taking their already intimate relationship to the next level.

“P-Portia?”

“I mean...y’know, as a reward. For all of your hard work!”

The excuse was as quick and ham-fisted as they came, and though Lucas was the one who made the confession first, he could see that Portia was revealing her bedroom demeanor to be a bit quitter, despite her brash and passionate approach to the rest of her life.

She's never had a man over in all the time I've worked for her. This must be hard for her...I can't believe how lucky I really am.

"If you're comfortable giving such a reward," Lucas began to respond, after a moment of thought, "Then I'd be honored to accept."

Portia managed a tiny, but heartfelt smile as she turned off the faucet and lifted Lucas from the basin of the sink. She knew that there was an unspoken thing between them, and for the moment, where they couldn't find the words, she knew that actions would suffice.

"Lie back...and relax."

Setting Lucas on the drying mat just outside of the shower, Portia quickly went to her knees and dwarfed over his smaller form. Lucas wanted to have some semblance of shame about the fact that his member was throbbing uncontrollably, but Portia's smile was tainted with a comforted lust, and her womanhood, despite being too large for him to properly penetrate, was still glistening with an obvious shimmer of arousal.

"Portia, w-wait...I know that this isn't-

A single pawtip was plenty large enough to block Lucas' entire muzzle and silence him, and the canine giggled as she spread her knees a little wider, forcing her sex to lower toward his own.

Their genitals had brushed together incidentally in the shower before, and though each one was happy to try and deny the pleasure it brought, they knew the truth in the back of their minds, greater than the lies they told themselves.

To feel the warm, slick folds of Portia's cunt teasing over the tiny, barbed tip of his cock with *intention* was a pleasure that he worried nothing else in life would ever compare to.

"P...**Portia!** It's...it's so wet..."

Giggling quietly and rocking her hips, deriving her own ecstasy from the pleasure that she caused to Lucas, Portia halted her body for a moment and touched the proud, erect nub of her clit to the tip of his rod. She moved in the tiniest circles she could muster, and her ears folded back with delight as she felt his tiny, teasing barbs glancing at her most sensitive area.

For just a moment, Lucas was sure that he could feel the floor shaking as her thighs quaked and trembled on either side of him.

"All **your** fault," she whispered, her breath hushed and hurried as she sucked in

another gasp. The moisture dripping from her sex was making a fresh mess of the recently cleaned feline, but Lucas would happily drown in the same if she so much as said he word, and for her part, Portia would happily do the deed if he simply asked.

Their dedication to each other could be felt in every tiny, but profound swirl of her hips. His cock was just large enough to feel a sense of penetration from her clitoral hood and her labia around it, and though it was a subtle sensation, Portia felt every single pulse and throb of Lucas' heart, right through the very tip of his soaked, desperate member.

It became all too obvious why Portia started early on her shower, as Lucas could feel a series of sharp, heavy spasms, just on the edge of the canine's sex, and it came as a sense of relief; he wasn't sure how much longer he could possibly resist his orgasm when the entirety of her outer folds could envelope and tease him with even the tiniest bit of effort.

"If you're w-willing to help me c-clean it up," Portia gasped between her words, but she was determined to make her offer, "You can...nnyes...you can cum on my clit, L-Lucas!"

It was rare that Lucas would jump at the prospect of being covered in his own seed, but the feline nodded rapidly as he put his tiny paws on Portia's inner thighs, wanting her to feel the sensation of a man embracing her, even if that was all he could manage.

What his body lacked in size, his intention made up for ten-fold, and Portia's short, bobbed tail began flickering in delight as she felt the familiar tightening of her pubic muscles controlling her hips.

She slammed down, and for just a moment, Lucas was actually inside of her, *penetrating* her as he'd always dreamed he'd get to.

He was only able to reach the front of her womanhood, but that was her most sensitive region, and the single thrust was enough to send Portia tumbling over the edge as she felt a tiny and subtle, yet *delightful* warmth spilling against her silky folds. She knew the tiny feline was cumming, and her smile twisted into a lustful, silly grin as she looked down and saw the miniature rivers of white, sticky mess spilling back over his own fur.

"Th...that's it, baby...cum inside me...gimme all you got!" Portia cried out for him, wanting him to feel every bit as needed as he actually was. She truly thought she'd be lost without him in her life, and now, she had another service for him to take care of...and an even better method of paying him.

For only a split moment did Lucas doubt the earthly delights he was giving to Portia, but he could feel her body involuntarily clenching around him, and despite his smaller size, it was as if the very end of her vaginal passage was still trying to milk him. “It’s...it’s so *good*! Portia, I can’t take it...I can’t s-stop cumming!”

“**Good!**” she replied rather simply, as she held her hips completely still, opting to just enjoy the warm sensation of thick, creamy ejaculate spilling around her labia and dripping toward her clit. “Just...j-just let it flow, Lucas...let it **all** out.”

For the tiny feline, it was an impressive yield, and even Portia, who was so much larger by comparison, found herself surprised by what the cat could produce with such a small body.

Ever eager to tease him, now that the seal of their friendship was broken, she grinned and reached a paw down between their bodies and swiped a single digit through the mingled juices of her cunt, and the plentiful seed that Lucas left behind for her.

Making sure that Lucas could see every moment of it, she brought the pawtip to her lips, fluids still dangling from it, and sealed her muzzle around it, slurping the tasty mess right off.

“*Mmm...wonderful...*” she murmured, the subtle lust in her voice speaking volumes to how Lucas was affecting her. “Turns out I need your help in the shower after all, if you’re up to working a little overtime?”

The worst part of Lucas’ day was leaving Portia’s residence and heading out into the world to find something else to do.

His head nearly bounced off his shoulders from his eager nodding, and he was standing by the shower stall in a flash. “I’ll even work the weekend if you want me to!”

Portia blinked as Lucas disappeared, but then giggled happily as she found him by the shower. “Weekends **and** overnights?”

Lucas managed a cheeky grin as Portia stood above him, making sure her legs were spread just enough that he’d be able to see what a mess they’d made of her womanhood.

“If you really need me to do that much work-

“Oh, I *certainly* do.”

“Then my weekend is your weekend,” Lucas gave himself over, and in the next

moment, he was scooped right up to Portia's folds...

...She never even turned on the head of the shower. She just gave the back of his head a delicate push, and like clockwork, his tongue began swirling around her clit, leaving her trembling against the shower door.

Fantastic job making it this far without getting stepped on or swallowed!

Thanks for picking up “Smalls, Talls and All!” I do hope you enjoyed it. I’d love to put out another book in this anthology series next year, so if you loved it, please leave a review on the Kindle store!

If you need a little more size difference to fill the gap between now and the next book, we’ve got a bunch of different galleries to keep you satisfied. Until then, thank you so much for being a reader, a fan, and a friend!

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