

TWISTED TALES



JOSHIAH WARBAUM

Twisted Tales

Joshiah Warbaum

Joshiah's Written Works, 2017

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Preface

Once upon a time, there was an ignorant little girl who decided to wander into the home of a bunch of strangers, eat their food, and then try to break out of a second story window.

Once upon a time, some dumbass decided to trade a bunch of beans for pretty much the only worldly possessions that his family still had, and ended up getting insanely lucky, as a result.

You've probably heard a few stories that start this way (albeit with a hint less sarcasm,) and if you've picked up this book in the hopes that you'll be seeing "Once upon a time" at the start of any of the stories, I'll just put it here as a general introduction, because that would be redundant and wasteful.

Once upon a time, you see, there was an author who heard of an upcoming convention that was based around a fairy tale theme, and being of the twisted mind that he was, he couldn't fathom passing up the opportunity to bend these famous fables to his own perverted whims.

The stories he would come to create wouldn't hold the same bitter, cruel lessons as the fairy tales of old, but instead, a sensual message of earthly delights would be woven into each story. Endings that would have involved brutal murder, kidnapped children and petrified monsters didn't hold the same interest to the author as a pair of fantasy characters embracing each other in the throes of passion, somehow aware of the fact that they were merely putting on a show for the eager readers of the pages that were their homes, and finding a sense of bliss in their exhibitionist tendencies.

A dozen different fairy tales and fables are lampooned in this collection, some of them known to the general public at large, while some of them are hidden gems that merely had convenient names for a piece of furry literature to parody. I'd suggest that you go look all of them up, however, and review them; they're a part of the literary history of their respective countries of origin, and though the extent to which they drive a lesson home might be unnecessary, there's always something to be learned from them.

If lessons simply aren't for you, the good news is that this book is free of them (mostly,) and that you won't feel an ounce of guilt for enjoying what you find. You won't be turned to stone (unless that's what you want,) or be eaten by a

mischievous wolf (unless you're into that.) You'll simply come to find that you're in a fantasy realm, wherein the hedonistic pleasures of the flesh are the main concern of the characters, rather than the lessons they could stand to learn from their encounters.

Fairly twisted, delightfully perverted and eagerly awaiting your attention, these tales are so ripe for the picking that they could pass as an enchanted beanstalk, with every bean collected on the way bearing a different carnal delight. We're sure that you'll find at least one or two that are to your liking, and no one is going to scold you for eating your fill; gorge yourself, if it pleases you!

Dedications

As always, this book is dedicated first to my generous patrons, who make everything that I do a reality.

Second, I make a dedication to all of those who purchased chapters within the book itself, as your extra contributions allowed me to pay the majority of my publishing costs, and kept me warm and fed.

Third, Nbowa gets a shout out directly, for putting more money into my pocket through Patreon than perhaps anyone else ever will.

And of course, I'd like to dedicate all of my efforts to my loving girlfriend, and now, my fiancé, Rose.

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Twisted Tales

Three Bi Mice

“And you’re sure that you’re okay with this?”

“If you ask me one more time, I’m gonna **gag** you.”

The prospect of adding a third person into an otherwise monogamous relationship, even if just for one night, was something that many relationships simply couldn’t handle. The idea that you’d only ever been sexually intimate with one other person, and now, a second person was suddenly going to be thrown into the mix could be downright *terrifying*, and in some cases, just bring up the idea would be enough to kill a relationship.

When Ronnie brought up the idea to Sarah, she was immediately accepting of the idea, as long as the third partner was a male, and a mouse, just like he was.

“You should gag him anyway. It could be fun.”

The third mouse, Martin, was kneeling behind Ronnie, who was playing the role of the ‘Lucky Pierre.’ Behind him, a larger, stronger male was kneeling, looming just over the span of his shoulders, and in front of him, his lover of half a decade, Sarah, was kneeling down, with the long, thin pink of her tail pulled to the side, held away from her nethers by her paw.

“O-one step at a time, Martin,” Ronnie turned his head slightly and trembled over his words as he addressed his fellow man, wondering if the concept of jumping right into a threesome meant that the cuffs were off for any other kinks that he and his girlfriend might have had in mind. “How about we just see if I can handle you, first?”

The initial meeting between the trio of mice wasn’t awkward, by any stretch, and comfort levels were very important to both Ronnie and Sarah, who’d been over the concept of a threesome before, but were never quite sure if it was right for them. Ronnie was the one who pushed harder for it, and from the beginning of their relationship, Sarah had accepted that Ronnie was bisexual, and she was flexible in her heterosexuality, to say the least.

What cemented the point home for her was being at the gym with Ronnie and watching as Martin helped to spot him on the bench press. A tightly wrapped member, barely contained by a pair of compression shorts was bulging into Ronnie’s view as he pressed the bar, and from just a few feet away, Sarah could

imagine how delightful it might be to watch her longtime lover interacting with another male in a more *private* setting.

A few dinner dates and long, uncomfortable conversations later, Ronnie and Sarah were finally ready to welcome Martin into their bedroom, and that night, the clothes were off only seconds after Martin walked in the door.

Spending the evening in the nude together helped to relax the trio, and set the tone for what was going to happen. If there was any hesitance, Martin swore that he gladly put his clothes back on and show himself the door, and to that point, neither Ronnie, nor Sarah had a reason to doubt him.

Even at the precipice of their first threesome, with his cock growing and brushing along the underside of Ronnie's tail, Martin was exercising *incredible* restraint, refusing to buck his hips forward until the word was given.

He knew that he wouldn't be given the chance until Ronnie was fully within his girlfriend, and being just a bit taller than the middle mouse, Martin was treated to the perfect view, looking right over the shoulder as Ronnie nervously leaned over Sarah's slim, snowy figure.

"Take it from someone who knows," Sarah finally murmured, as she felt the warmth of her boyfriend leaning down upon her back, "It *really* helps if you relax before they go in."

Lucky enough to have sampled Sarah's ass, Ronnie felt a bit of inward guilt at any pain he might have caused, but if it was present, Sarah did a great job of hiding that fact from him when the tight, inner workings of her asshole clenched down around his length.

This time, it was her womanhood that he was after, and he knew what a lucky guy he was; Sarah's vaginal cavity was almost *painfully* sensitive, to the point that just a few minutes of gentle penetration would leave her teetering on the edge of a powerful orgasm.

"Easy for you to say," Ronnie whispered, his voice turning breathless as he gripped the base of his own manhood and held it. Even when his nerves left his body trembling, his excitement was undeniable, taking the form of a delicately throbbing member, leaking the tiniest stream of precum as it aligned with Sarah's moistened folds. "He's a bit **bigger** than I am..."

Sarah giggled as she felt the pleasurable tickle of her lover's tip against the slit of her womanhood, and she cast a teasing glare back over her shoulder at him as her hips rolled, easing the head inside. "You've taken bigger than that in

practice, honey.”

Her reminder left a flush of warmth hiding under the gray coat of Ronnie’s fur, but it was easy enough for him to get distracted from the taunting when he felt the smooth, sensitive tip of his cock sliding into her sex. She was *deliciously* wet, and the same as it was the first time that they made love, her womanhood seemed to be made for his flesh, fitting so perfectly around it that despite her being so full, and despite the tight clench around his shaft, the pair could move fluidly with each other, pressing their hips together in the way that they best knew would bring about a satisfying climax.

Their usual routine, however, was soon to be broken up by the introduction of Martin’s variable, and with Ronnie leaned over his girlfriend and fully penetrating her, it was finally Martin’s turn to give, and Ronnie’s turn to receive.

Foreplay and preparations weren’t forgotten by Ronnie, who was happy to be done with the cold and uninviting sensation of lubricant upon the pucker of his tailhole. His own bodily warmth meant that the clear, helpful gel was just a slippery memory now, but Martin brought it back to the forefront of his thoughts as the wider, thicker tip of his cock pressed in against the lubricated, loosened entrance of the middle mouse.

The steady and gentle pace that Ronnie started was brought to a halt that would have frustrated some, but Sarah was grinning beneath her lover, keeping one of her ruby red eyes cast back to him the entire time. Her smirk only spread wider over her muzzle as she watched his already pleased expression continue to twist, and as his own eyes of honey brown winced shut, he gripped Sarah tightly around the hips and squeezed at her body to adjust to the advances of the largest mouse of the bunch.

“D-don’t...don’t clench up on h-him, Ronnie!”

Sarah’s advice might have been redundant, but it was necessary for Ronnie, who was struggling to remember just to *breathe*. All of the toys that Sarah gleefully stuffed into his ass before were a good warm up, but they simply couldn’t prepare Ronnie for the real thing; toys were usually harder by the virtue of their material, and Martin was **firm**, but there was still a certain pliability to his flesh, and it took a few wiggling adjustments from the smaller mouse to fully accept the tip of his new friend with benefits.

That subtle, delicate *schlip* of the glans of Martin’s tip passing into Ronnie was a source of utter delight for the pair, and just like that, Ronnie was moving again, much to the delight of Sarah, who felt his body fall forward into hers, and his

length press as deep as it could reach, teasing the deepest regions of her womanhood.

“That’s it...t-take him like a champ, baby!” Sarah called back to her lover, ever the encouraging mate, and ever excited to see what Ronnie would be into next. Their sex lives were always satisfying, perhaps to a fault, but after over five years of keeping their bedroom a private place, there was still something to be gained by sharing the experience with an outside party, and already, Sarah thought she might be enjoying the thrill even more than Ronnie was.

Had he been able to speak properly, Ronnie would have argued, but his voice was scant more than a whimper, and his large, hooped ears were folded back against his head as he struggled to keep from crying out in unparalleled bliss.

“Bet he clenches up *really* tight when you peg him like this,” Martin suggested, prying a little deeper into the sex lives of the happy couple, as he took his turn pounding into Ronnie. He could feel the middle mouse beginning to stretch properly around his length, and with a few delicate, guiding thrusts to start, Martin was able to pick up the pace, slowly but surely. “I can barely move, b-but damn...I am **not** complaining!”

Sarah could feel Ronnie struggling to move properly against her body, but with Martin running the show from the far back, the force of each hump ended up reaching her backside as her lover was eased onto her, and she couldn’t hide just how eager she was to take part, as she began pushing her hips back, making use of every plentiful inch of Ronnie’s length. “He likes to seize up when he’s about to cum. Y-you’ll know when he’s there!”

None of the three mice could manage a statement without a moan or a gasp cutting up their words; least of all Ronnie, who was burying his cheek and muzzle into Sarah’s shoulder in a helpless, near-orgasmic display of affection. Whether it was with two men or two women, his fantasy of a threesome was being realized, and despite all of the horror stories he heard about what might go wrong, he was loving every moment of it, and the tight, powerful contractions of Sarah’s cunt around his throbbing manhood made it clear that she was just as happy with the idea.

Ronnie tried not to get ahead of himself, thinking of how things might go the next time around, as he noticed a familiar tingling running up the base of his shaft toward the tip of his cock, but this time, when his inner muscles tried to clench down, the obstruction of Martin’s own flesh provided an unusual, but *delightful* layer of pleasure that he’d never known before. It was what he’d

always imagined when Sarah was begging him and holding the base of his member, but to be buried inside of her and feel that extra sense of ecstasy was beyond his ability to describe...and almost beyond his ability to tolerate.

“S-stop...pl-please, stop!” he started to cry, unsure that he could handle to sudden rush of sensations. His knees shook and his thighs trembled as he did all that he could just to stay arched up for Martin, but when he felt Sarah pushing up her rump and reaching back to support him, he was able to **fully** relax, and in the pinnacle of the moment, it made all of the difference. “W-wait...keep going, Martin!”

The larger mouse was already hesitating, but against the inner walls of Ronnie’s tight, punished tailhole, a heavy and throbbing vein was starting to press; Martin wouldn’t last much longer. “Dunno if I c-can stop!” he cried out, wincing his eyes shut with his effort, but the moment he was given the proverbial green light by the smaller mouse, his own body relaxed, the flood gates opened, and the tip of his cock erupted within Ronnie’s tight, well-fucked tunnel.

Nothing could have prepared Ronnie for that sensation, and to know what it felt like gave him a special appreciation for all of the times that Sarah allowed him to do such a thing...granted, he was loving every moment of the act, and couldn’t get over how amazing it felt to have every inch of his inner walls coated with heated, sticky cum.

“A little *warning* would be nice next time!” Sarah cried back at her mate, and Ronnie knew just what he’d done wrong as he felt the wonderful and familiar spasm of her inner, vaginal muscles around his member. To be stimulated from both sides produced an orgasm in Ronnie that he’d never known before, and already, the impressive volume of his ejaculate was pouring across her passage and splashing up into her womb, filling her with the comforting warmth that she’d become so accustomed to. “Ronnie...b-baby, there’s so fucking much!”

“J-just you wait!” Martin groaned from the back, as he pressed a paw into Ronnie’s back and yanked his member free. Naturally, Ronnie’s inexperience left him a terrible mess, and thick, creamy seed poured from his gaping tailhole as Martin broke the seal, but when he pulled free, the release of pressure on the smaller mouse allowed his body to clench to the fullest, and a final, sudden burst of Ronnie’s mess streaked across Sarah’s insides, leaving her to tremble with the aftershock of her own orgasm, already spent and dripping down over the sack of her exhausted lover.

A small puddle of juices was forming against the otherwise clean sheets upon the

bed, and if not for the fur upon Ronnie's thighs, a second gathering might have formed. There was something inwardly naughty about being marked by someone else, but at the end of the experience, Sarah was still reaching back to hold his paw with her own, and he was still squeezing hers, panting with a wonderful mingle of effort and elation.

"Can't thank you enough for that," Sarah found her voice again after a few breathless moments, wherein she did little more than rest her cheek against the down comforter and watch her own breasts as they heaved with the effort of her lungs. "Guess it was just good luck for us that you were the kind of guy who could be gay, but still comfortable with having sex near a woman..."

Ronnie was nodding his agreed thanks to Martin, when the larger male cocked a brow, his eyes of delicate, cloudy blue looking surprised. "...When did I ever say that I was gay?"

Sarah's eyes went wide, and for though it was brief, her tongue smoothed over her lips as she got an idea.

"If that's the case...can I be in the middle, next time?"

The Fox Sister

Once upon a time (because it had to be said, even if only once,) there was a young fox, just beyond the age of 18, who spent the entirety of his youth as a single child. His mother and father loved him very much, and they gave him all of the love and care that a son could ever hope for, but there was a certain void in his life that no amount of parenting could fill.

Through his childhood years, young Joffrey would hold paws with his mother and father as they escorted him to the playground, instead of sharing the embrace with a sibling. At the park, he would watch as the other little foxes ran gleefully around with their brothers and sisters, playing games of tag and chase, and often having enough family that they didn't need anyone else to join them.

Poor Joffrey would sit upon the swing sets by himself, his tail dragging through the muddied sands below his paws and wonder why all of the other red foxes had brothers and sisters, but he was born alone.

As a teenager, Joffrey came into his own, and made plenty of new friends as he grew. His fur was a proud shade of burning, bright red-orange, and his smile was sure to brighten the day of anyone he met, but at the end of the day, his friends would always return to their homes, walking side by side with their brothers and sisters, to completed families. His mother and father would greet him whenever he came home, and that smile would fade from his muzzle, as he was too bashful to ask his parents why he seemed to be the only red fox without a brother or sister to grow up with.

Finally braving the stormy seas of adulthood, Joffrey didn't much have the time to worry and wonder about why he was different, and why he wasn't blessed with the same graces as the other foxes. He could only curl up in his bed, staring blankly into the aging, white paint upon the ceiling of his bedroom and struggle to sleep, thinking that there must have been something wrong with him to be living such a life, when really, there was nothing wrong with *him*; he never would have known that his parents always wanted to have another child, but could never conceive one.

"How different would my life have been if I had a brother or sister to call my own?" Joffrey spoke to himself in the still of the night, his room coated with the silvery glow of an ocean of moonlight. "What wonders was I denied in life

because I had to walk the path of adolescence on my own?”

Poor Joffrey was the type to beat himself up before blaming others for his problems. It made him an honest and noble man in his adulthood, but under such nobility was bitterness, and the obsession that surely, his life would have been different, and further, so much **better** if he'd ever been blessed with a brother or sister to call his own.

Between family, and siblings especially, obsession was never a healthy emotion to have. “So many cold nights in this bed, no friend or girlfriend to hold me... but a *sibling* would have done just as well!” Joffrey barked up at the moon as it rained down upon him. The sea of mercurial light upon him was a beacon of comfort, but Joffrey refused it, turning into himself and his obsession, seeking comfort from only one person, then and there. “I need a sibling; I **deserve** a sibling, to have and hold for my own, **forever!**”

All of those years, and all of those lonely, sleepless nights, Joffrey thought that no one was listening to his cries and complaints. Down the hall, his parents were asleep, and his voice didn't have the carry to reach his neighbors, but upon moonbeams, words could travel, and the Moon, ever watching over Joffrey, was just as obsessed with his approval as he was with what he thought he was entitled to.

A tired and frustrated Joffrey pulled the spare pillow in his bed over his muzzle and groaned into it, blocking the light of the Moon from his eyes and angering it further. He rejected the advances of the comforting light, even when it was all around him and bathing him in nightly beauty, and scorned the gift that the Moon had offered to him.

The beams of silver began collecting in a concentrated spot upon the floor; it seemed that the mischievous Moon was up to something, and the self-centered Joffrey continued wincing into the feathers and stuffing of his pillow as a silhouette of paws appeared on the tired, old carpet of his bedroom. Smooth, thin legs grew up from there as if a statue was being carved out of the very air, and upon each length and curve, the thinnest, most delicate fur of dazzling white adorned the growing body with a gorgeous coat.

“Forever...?”

The voice was so faint and distant that Joffrey was sure that it was merely the sound of a television set being left on in the living room, but that was all the way downstairs, and his parents rarely bothered with watching it in the first place. His moaning complaints hesitated for a moment, and he began pulling the pillow

from his eyes, to see a bare set of footpaws standing upon the floor, next to his bed.

His tired, but curious eyes of hazel traveled up past the paws, following the pristine coat of fur as it grew upon long, slender calves and moved up to soft, petite thighs. The Moon knew nothing of modesty, and brought no clothes for the new form to wear, revealing the womanhood of the growing body to Joffrey, who covered his muzzle with both of his paws in embarrassment.

His eyes, however, were glued to the sight of the forming woman; a slender, delicate vixen that, save for the silvery fur, was just what he'd always imagined his sister to be. To have such perverted thoughts might raise a few questions about Joffrey, but the envious Moon was giving him what it thought he always wanted: the stunning, obsessive sibling to match his own appetite for companionship.

"Wh-what...no; **who** are you?!" he asked, struggling to keep his voice lowered.

Breasts of modest, but supple flesh were already forming upon a narrow and thin torso, and above them, the neck, collarbone and underside of the chin were already complete. The process was hauntingly beautiful, and eyes of pure, uncut ice were soon gazing down upon Joffrey with all of the same possession that he held for his imaginary sibling.

"You may call me Luna, my dear brother," she replied. Her voice was calming and soft, but echoed with an other-worldly presence that no mortal being could ever make. "I am your dream, brought to life...your sister to have and hold, *forever.*"

The name was striking to say the very least, and though the creature claimed to be born from Joffrey's own mother, she looked as though she was born of the moonlight itself. "Are you...am I imagining things? Are you real?" words poured from his muzzle like water from a leaking faucet. He forgot his own modesty as he leapt from his bed, unclothed, and stood before the sister that the Moon brought to him as a gift. "If I touch you, will my paws feel fur and flesh, or will this all be a dream?"

Small, dainty pawtips reached forth and gripped Joffrey by the wrist and pulled his paw in, so that his palm would cup Luna's cheek. "A dream come to life, this is, but a dream of the sleeping mind, it is **not**. I am as real as you've always wanted me to be, Joffrey, and now, you'll never have to live without me."

Joffrey's lower lip was trembling with the last tremors of the initial fear he felt from his bedroom being invaded, but they continued on with untold joy as he

tried not to weep before his new sibling. “You *are* real...real as the day is long, you are! I can hardly believe it! You’re honestly a blessing come to life, Luna! We **must** tell mother and father at once!”

“There will be time for mother and father after you’ve embraced me, dear brother. You’ve wanted to hold me forever; would you delay your dreams for another moment, just to wake your parents from their restful sleep?”

Accepting reality, Joffrey knew that he should have at least slipped back into his pajamas before embracing his own kin, but Luna released his paw and stood before him with open arms, revealing the whole of her naked glory to him. Obsession overwhelmed his better judgment, and though a bashful warmth ran wild under the fur upon his cheeks, he lunged forth and hugged Luna into his body, their chests pressing tightly to each other.

His uncovered sheath brushed dangerously close to her naked sex, and despite the gasp that ran from his muzzle at the forbidden touch, Luna simply giggled into his ear as her arms came to settle around his lower back. “Oh, g-goodness me...I’m terribly sorry, Luna!”

“Sorry?” she asked, being sure to lean past his cheek so that her narrow, smooth muzzle could tickle against the base of his tall, sharp ears. “This is what you’ve wanted all along, my dear brother, and I’m *more* than happy to oblige...”

The words were uttered with such a passion and lust that Joffrey, no matter how foolish he was, couldn’t ignore them. His maw hung open for a moment as he tried to ignore the heavenly chill that ran down the entire length of his spine, but Luna knew him inside and out, born with the blessed knowledge of the Moon, having watched over him his entire life.

Even before she felt the tip of his vulpine length tickling at the fur below her navel, she knew that he was putty in her hands, and that an act that should have been forbidden would be easy to steal from him.

“To have and h-hold you, yes,” Joffrey winced his eyes closed as he felt the faintest touch of a tongue against the rim of his ear. “That was what I s-said! I didn’t ask for all of *this*!”

Skillful and deadly accurate, the tip of Luna’s tongue trailed down from the rim of Joffrey’s ear and came to a halt along the side of his chin, just below his cheek. “I’ve seen you playing with yourself for many a year, Joffrey. I’ve heard the way that you moan with ecstasy for your sister, and now that she’s here...you dare to hesitate?”

Playtime and masturbation that Joffrey once thought was private was being watched all along, and though his brain was still crying out at his body to stop, inch after inch of his member continued jumping free from the warm confines of his sheath. Precum spilled and mingled into the cloudy-soft fur of his newly made sister, and Luna giggled against his cheek as she felt the warmth of it trickling down along the inside of her thigh.

“I’m not hesitating, Luna! I’m trying to do what is right, and this...t-this is-

Lips that carried an ethereal passion sealed against Joffrey’s own and silenced his doubts. He still tried to plead his case in muffled tones, but Luna moved her lips over his own in desperate, pleading strokes, reducing his argument further and further. Each touch of their sensitive flesh sent another throb into his cock, and Luna made sure to be good on her word as she pushed against her new brother, easing him back to the edge of his bed.

His bare rump fell into the covers, and Luna hopped right into the seat of his lap, pressing the glistening, eager folds of her cunt to the slim, tapered tip of his manhood.

“This is what you always wanted, dear brother,” she whispered into the tickled flesh of his lips, allowing her very words to send a fresh wealth of sensations through him. “How could that possibly be wrong? To have and hold your sister...*forever*?”

Joffrey had no sense of protest left in him. He was in a daze when he felt a healthy stream of juices spilling down the underside of his shaft, and he was in heaven the moment that Luna took his virginity in exchange for her own.

Her words, however, were damning beyond what Joffrey could imagine.

Such soft and delicate paws upon the back of the eager and lustful male would never give him a sense of danger: instead, they filled him with warmth and comfort, and though his mind still knew society would forbid it, he couldn’t keep his hips from bumping gently as Luna slid further and further down upon his impressive length. The fit was *perfect*, cementing the fact that Luna was literally made for him, but her existence came at a certain price.

“This is s-so much better...so much better than I **ever** could have imagined!” Joffrey cried out as he threw his head back. His open palms stroked down the length of Luna’s back, and came to cup the small, soft curves of her delicate rump, where his pawtips and claws ruffled the once smooth, pure coat of her fur. “Why did I e-ever try to stop you, my dear sister?”

Inexperience left Joffrey rushing toward what could only be called a damning orgasm for him, and a blessing of an orgasm for Luna, who gleefully bounced herself upon his cock, once her inner walls adjusted to the feel of his size and girth. “You just didn’t know what you were missing, Joffrey. Now that you know how wonderful a sibling can be, you’ll never let me go, right?”

How Luna could manage her words without so much as a gasp or a groan was beyond Joffrey, but earthly pleasure overwhelmed his every thought, and began to control his body, as well. His paws clenched tighter at the absolutely delicious handfuls of her ass that he held, and slowly, he could feel the knot at the base of his vulpine length pressing and spreading at Luna’s moist, tight folds, begging to be inside of her.

Social rejection, being kicked out of his house, and even the risk of pregnancy were far from Joffrey’s foolish thoughts as he didn’t even bother trying to outlast Luna. Her expression was pure bliss, and her eyes were glowing a brighter blue as she felt the first wonderful, heated burst of incestuous cum inside of her womanhood. “You **do** love me, Joffrey! Y-yes! Share your love with me...give it to me, *only me, forever!*”

Such a promise was too much to ask of a man who’d only just had his first romp, but Joffrey was poisoned, drinking from the cup of lust and guzzling down more than any person ever should.

The ecstasy running through his body helped him to ignore the fact that he could no longer move his paws, and the quiet ***schlip*** of his knot sinking into the depths of his own sister was a sound that he was expecting to hear. It all seemed to right and proper that he never questioned it, even when Luna continued bouncing the little bit that she could, riding upon her brother’s knot and allowing it to stretch her sex, just to earn his affection. Excess streams of warm, sticky seed poured from around the bulbous knot, and Luna giggled as she watched them stain against her pristine fur.

“O-only yours,” Joffrey tried to groan. His eyes were winced tightly shut, and his breathing was heavy as Luna drew every last ounce of delight from his body that her hips would allow. “*Forever!*”

How long ago that day was, Joffrey still wasn’t sure. Time seemed to stand still, and he could only remember the joy of seeing and feeling his sister for the first time. It was as if that moment never ended, as he sat inside of Luna, his knot keeping them bound for what he didn’t know was an eternity.

The envious Moon had her prize, and Joffrey had his sibling, after all.

Puss In Butts

“You’re really going to pick her, first? You must not have any taste at all, then.”

Maria and Valerie Suvel had more in common than a last name, and it didn’t end at their patterns of behavior. Though Maria was the kind of woman who could control any man with little more than the toss of her hair and a lustful gaze, there was someone who held **her** in check, and that woman was kneeling down next to her, barren of clothing and spreading the full, supple cheeks of her rump apart.

“If she gets too mouthy for you, just let me know. I’ll *gladly* put her back in her place,” Valerie offered, putting the care and comfort of their guest in the highest regard. “She allows her jealousy to get in the way of her better judgment, sometimes.”

It would have been easy for Maria to keep arguing, but the moment that Valerie turned her cute, puffy expression toward the kneeling vixen, her seemingly harmless eyes narrowed, and Maria stiffened up in place, having seen such a glare very rarely before, and instantly remembering the pain that followed.

Manick wasn’t expecting to be in such a lucky position. “I r-really did just come in here for a haircut and a massage,” he reminded Valerie, who was eagerly pushing her hips back toward the waist of the standing feline. “Is this *really* part of your standard package?”

“It is when I find my customers attractive.”

A squirrel with a little more hip and bust than she needed and a vixen with a slender, womanly body, the Suvel Sisters did have *some* relation, and Manick was able to see it in what should have been the most forbidden of ways. Their salon had a small, private room in the back, and while the front door to the business was locked, this door was left open, with a few different pieces of furniture to lounge upon.

Both Valerie and Maria were kneeling against a long, wide ottoman, presenting themselves to the curious feline with such an air of normalcy that he couldn’t help feeling that **he** was the weird one for being unsettled.

“That’s very flattering. I guess your customer service reviews were pretty accurate...”

Rolling her eyes and lifting the bouncy, fluffy curl of her tail, Valerie cast her calming, blue eyes upon Manick once more. “Did anyone ever tell you that you’re *terrible* at talking dirty?”

He shouldn’t have been surprised by the rush the girls were putting on the act. No doubt, they had other appointments to fill, and they were likely starting to wonder why he wasn’t doing his own end of the filling, at that.

After all, he put up very little fight when Valerie was sneaking his jeans down to his ankles, and it took little more than a breath from her short, stubby muzzle upon his cock to bring it to life. Now it was pulsing just above the curvature of her ass, and her pucker was being spread by eager pawtips, displaying both her asshole and her womanhood without a hint of shame.

“I didn’t exactly come prepared-

“But you are now,” Valerie interrupted, as the tufted end of her tail flickered up and brushed the leaking, messy tip of Manick’s length. She could feel the delicious warmth of the precum sinking into her fur and the flesh beneath, and her eyes rolled back with the anticipation of what was soon to come, if the cat would just give in to temptation. “Besides, I’m more worried about your actions than your words...at least, until it’s time for you to give your review.”

The stroking never stopped, and Manick reached across his own chest, gripping one arm with the other to fight the sensations; he easily could have achieved a climax through Valerie’s tail alone, but he didn’t want to disappoint her, and Maria was still watching the entire display, her eyes narrowed and desperate for attention, her womanhood glistening with the arousal that continued to build.

It was quite a bit of pressure for Manick, but he did all that he could to keep his calm and maintain his composure. He reached up with a paw and gripped the corner of his glasses, righting the frames upon his muzzle and renewing the clarity in his emerald orbs, before sliding the pawtips through the tuft of reddish hair between his ears.

He was sure that the girls knew he was putting on a front, but before Valerie could field another complaint, he shored up his resolve and released his own arm, opting to grip the base of the fluffy tail presented to him; the sight beneath was **very** motivating, and though her cunt looked rather enticing as well, the squirrel was already plenty stern about how the feline was to penetrate her.

The tip of his member kissed against the warm, lubricated entrance of her tailhole, and precum mingled with the artificial liquids as he pressed gently against the opening. “J-just before the coupon expired,” she teased, obviously

having no intention of stopping Manick whatsoever. “So sticky and wet already...you really think you can handle the two-for-one offer?”

There was no such thing as ordinary sex for Valerie, who could stay dedicated to a role or silly game throughout the entirety of sex, all the way past her orgasm if she was so inclined. Manick wasn't foolish enough to believe that he was in any ordinary salon any longer, but her words did remind him of an important point: Maria would need to be satisfied, as well, and he couldn't imagine there was enough time for him to climax, rest, and grow hard once more.

Well, getting a service like this for free demands my best performance, doesn't it?

“Hard to help getting excited around such gorgeous ladies,” Manick offered a compliment to help ease the penetration of Valerie's ass; he couldn't see it, but could hear in her voice that she was wincing, just a little bit. He didn't know how much of that was the squirrel biting back on her own pleasure, but the pair of eager digits that were settled between her thighs, rubbing and tickling her own clit were a fairly obvious hint. “You sure know how to make your customers feel welcome!”

It was a slow and steady push from Manick, who could feel Valerie reaching back and stroking her arousal-soaked pawtips through the fur upon the feline's hips. She cast a gaze back and admired the unique striping upon his coat, always finding an appreciation for those who were a little bit different, the same way that she was.

Making sure that Manick could see her affections as she tossed a gaze up at him, she giggled and pushed back, rapidly picking up the pace without an ounce of warning. “That's why our customers keep coming back, cutie! Emphasis on cumming, of c-course...”

The ability of the squirrel to change gears on a dime was impressive, and literally took Manick's breath away. His hips were just barely churning, but her soft, thick rump was pushing back at his body with a rapid sense of urgency, bouncing against his crotch and enveloping the whole of his cock in her tight, welcoming confines with just the right amount of effort for Valerie to feel a sense of fullness and satisfaction.

She happily oversold that sexual bliss on her face, making sure that Maria could see how pleasurable it felt to bounce herself closer and closer to orgasm, treating Manick as a standing sex toy.

“Would it kill you to go **one** appointment without teasing me about how much you're enjoying yourself?!” Maria finally barked at her sister, knowing that

she'd be punished for it later. To the vixen, to be able to finally vent her frustrations was worth the eventual torture. "You're going to drain him dry and leave me hanging again, I can just *feel* it!"

Struggling to keep his footing and digging his claws into the wooden floors beneath his paws, Manick bent over at the hip and tried to grip on Valerie's haunches, but her body came to a particularly sudden rest, and eyes that couldn't have been more playful and innocent immediately turned dark. "You speak so ill of your darling sister! Am I really that mean to you, Maria?"

The vixen's lower lip trembled, and her sharp, devious eyes quickly softened. "Y-you...you're just being v-very selfish, is al-

"So I'm not generous enough? Is that it?"

Maria fell silent, and Manick, despite being on the verge of an orgasm, could feel the tension in the air as his tail whipped back and forth through it.

"Well, why didn't you just *say so*, my darling sister?" Valerie asked, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Surely, I'd be remiss if I didn't let you enjoy this kitty's delicious cock!"

Valerie leaned forward just far enough for the glans of Manick's tip to slip free of her tailhole, and quickly, she bounded off of the ottoman. "L-look, I can just go, if that would be better for you two," he murmured, trying to put his own physical needs aside.

"You aren't going **anywhere**," Valerie cast a defiant glare his way, but somehow, she was grinning through it all; Maria had unleashed the beast in her otherwise bubbly sister, and now, she'd be paying the price for it, while Manick reaped the fruits of her labor. "We're going to treat Maria to what she's always wanted: An asshole full of feline cum, and just a *little* bit of spanking."

Maria gulped. She could have run for the door, but going out in broad daylight without a scrap of clothing didn't seem the best idea, and Valerie was on top of her in a flash, straddling her womanhood over the spine of the slender vixen.

"Sister, darling, this *really* isn't necessary!"

"Oh, but it is!" Valerie reached forth and gripped the base of the vixen's lengthy, exotic tail and yanked forcefully, pulling it up and out of the way of her previously teased pucker and glistening, pouted folds. "Manick, would you be a gentleman and fuck my needy little sister? I'm afraid I've left her desires neglected as of late, and we've got to make it up to her!"

"I...I mean, if you're sure about this-

“Fuck my sister **now**, or I’m going up your ass, kitty...and I **won’t** be gentle.”

While the prospect was exciting to Manick for entirely different reasons, his nervous gulp and suddenly eager hips made it clear that he wouldn’t dare to cross Valerie. He leaned forward once more and gripped tightly around the front of Maria’s thighs, his claws digging and stroking along the soft, smooth coat of her fur as he found a solid place to hold. He could feel a tremble from Maria, but the subtle, side-to-side wiggle of her rump made it clear that she was shaking with *excitement*, rather than fear.

With all of the ease that he’d taken her sister, Manick leaned forth and slipped the tip of his cock into Maria’s ass, but seeing the sinister gaze of Valerie into his eyes, he knew that he couldn’t afford to take it easy. The moment he felt the entire head of his member slip into her tight, eager entrance, his hips juttled forth, and the bulk of his shaft filled the vixen, forcing a desperate cry of the faintest pain, and the most satisfying pleasure from her lungs.

“Y-you didn’t tell me he’d be s-so **big!**” Maria cried out with such a delight that potential customers walking by the storefront might have heard her elation.

“Damn, t-that’s...that’s a good kitty! Fuck me *deeper!*”

The charismatic lust radiating from the Suvel Sisters was enough to corrupt even the most timid of characters, and the pecking order was established, as Maria ordered Manick into satisfying her, while Valerie sat atop of her back and orchestrated the entire show, smoothing her open palms upon the smooth, slim curves of Maria’s rump.

“Mind your manners, Maria. You have to *ask* the customer if he’s comfortable with that!” Valerie needlessly reminded her, and finally, the sting came, with Maria unable to prepare for it. Even Manick gasped when his ears picked up the powerful **SMACK**, but he didn’t dare to stop, wondering just what kind of wrath he might incur from Valerie. “Would you be a dear, Manick, and pound her slutty little ass just a *bit* harder?”

Already, Maria could feel Manick’s heavy, needy orbs swinging up and slapping against the back of her thighs, and Valerie watched with wide, fascinated eyes, drinking in the entire show and grinding her cunt against the curvature of her own sister’s spine. If Valerie gave the order, however, Manick couldn’t defy her, and his already tired hips picked up their pace, burying the entirety of his cock within the eager vixen and spilling precum deeper and deeper into the confines of her tailhole.

“I’m not s-sure I can...t-take much more of this treatment!” he warned. His

claws were already raking against Maria's thighs, and his breath was heated as it blew across Valerie's expression, much to her added delight. "I th-think I'm gonna cum...nnn...fuck..."

Valerie's eyes lit up at the declaration, and she even went so far as to clap her paws together in excitement. "Fill 'er up, then! Drown this little vixen in your seed, and I'll give you a special discount on one of our other services!" she offered, and though it sounded crazy in the heat of the moment, Manick couldn't tell if she was being serious or not.

That all didn't matter much, when his sack was already contracting around his balls, and the thick, heavy vein upon the underside was throbbing against Maria's inner walls, drawing out a low and desperate plea from her.

"D-do it, Manick...pleeeeee do it! Gimme a-all you got!"

The vixen buried her face into the side of the ottoman as she cried out with lustful satisfaction, and Manick leaned a little further over her body as she did. Valerie knelt up a bit higher and stroked a comforting paw upon the feline's cheek, hoping to entice him that last little bit, as his plentiful, sticky seed began pumping into the vixen's ass.

"Atta boy...gonna cum for my sister, Manick?"

His eyes winced shut, even as he felt the delicate, cloud-like touch of Valerie's pawtips running down his chin, to the side of his neck. "Nnyeah, I'm c-cumming! She's squeezing it s-so hard...it's so **good!**"

Saving her greatest skills for the very end, Maria clenched and gripped at Manick's shaft with her inner muscles, forcing the feline to actually struggle to pull free. Cum was already pouring out of her stretched, well-fucked asshole when his tip finally popped out, and an eager, snickering Valerie slumped over her sister's rump and opened her muzzle wide, knowing that a few, errant strands of ejaculate would be waiting for her.

Her moans vibrated all the way across Valerie's ass as she greedily slurped the long, creamy strands from the end of her own muzzle, and swallowed the salty-sweet mess down into her tummy. "Now...a finish like that *has* to be worth a five star review, right?" she asked, gazing up at Manick, who finally did pry his own eyes open to the view of Maria, collapsed and panting, the cheeks of her slender rump painted with seed, while tiny rivers of cum spilled down from Valerie's soft, fluffy cheeks and sunk into her ample, presented cleavage.

It would take Manick a few moments to be able to answer, but even as he panted

desperately for air, he nodded, and even winced against as Valerie drew a couple of pawtips along the top of his shaft and over the tip of his member, giving it a final, deal-sealing tease.

“Good boy...keep this cock warm for us, okay? We’d better see you again, and don’t forget to review. We take our stars **very** seriously.”

There was a final hint of that deadly, sinister glare in Valerie’s eyes, before it all faded back to the bubbly and adorable façade that she often wore. Even in the waning moments of his orgasm, it was enough to leave Manick nodding rapidly and looking around for his smart phone.

The girls would have five stars before he was out the door, and no doubt, the review would bring them a few new customers.

Fairy Ointment

So many of the old tales that Cid thumbed through led him to believe that fairies were actually rather **easy** to find, and like a fool, he believed every single one of them.

Naturally, the struggle of finding a fairy out in the wild was one of the greatest that a man could endure, given the magical properties that they held. Fairies were among the most highly sought creatures in the fantasy world, believed to hold incredible magical prowess. The myths ranged from the ability to grant wishes, all the way across the spectrum to healing wounds and reviving the dead, but one thing that Cid noticed is that none of the stories he read ever confirmed if any of these things were true.

Everything was a rumor, including the possibility that they even existed, but he was running out of time, and goodness, was he *desperate*.

“I won’t have my mother try and marry me off to that wench, Hilda!” he cried, ignoring the burrs that continued sticking into the worn, aged fabric of his blue jeans. An otter with a bit of a checkered sexual past, Cid wasn’t the type to be held down to anyone, but after spending the entirety of his young adulthood cavorting about with men and women alike, his mother was growing tired of waiting for a grandchild, and she just happened to have a mutual friend with a similar problem, and a ghastly daughter with an empty ring hand. “I won’t be tied down to anyone! If I can just find a fairy, I can wish my way out of this mess, and live my life the way that I want to!”

His pursuits weren’t entirely selfish; Cid just wanted to live his life on his own terms, and though it meant he would likely never have children, it certainly wasn’t fair for someone to expect him to take on that kind of responsibility if he wasn’t ready for it. He wasn’t getting any younger, and the thought of settling down had crossed his mind before, and not with someone like Hilda.

“Look at this cute Winterest project idea! You can *totally* do that for me!”

“I sure hope you’ve enjoyed going out to the clubs, because your weekends belong to me now, cutie!”

“Are you really going to wear that outside?”

Cid covered his ears and shook his head from side to side, tussling the locks of

brilliantly dyed blue upon his head. “Even in the silence of the forest, her voice refuses to leave me alone! What fresh hell is this that even nature can’t be my escape?!”

Cid and Hilda weren’t a couple by any means, but their mothers treated them as if they were, and where Cid was constantly rejecting her affections and expressing his distaste in the whole arrangement, Hilda took to the treatment like a child to candy, guzzling down as much of it as she could and constantly asking for more. She seemed to think that the approval of the parents was more important than the approval of her own lover, and since she already had it, she was ready to move forward with wedding bells, full speed ahead.

If it were up to Cid, he wouldn’t know what those sounded like for a **very** long time, but his mother had given him the ultimatum to find a nice girl to settle down with by the end of the week before she’d start setting him up on blind dates, and naturally, Hilda was the first one in line, even if his mother wouldn’t admit it.

“Whatever god smiles on those who wish to love freely, I beseech you, *please* deliver me a fairy so I can escape from this mess!”

Hours and hours of wandering around in the parks around his neighborhood was making Cid look like a creeper more than anything, and it was leaving his clothes a tattered, burr-riddled jumble. He knew that his search was just a form of clinging to childhood dreams, believing that there could still be some kind of a magical creature out there to whisk him away from all of his problems.

He never would have guessed that the prayers of his inner child were about to be answered, and even when something bounced upon the end of his muzzle and flittered about in front of his curious, bewildered eyes of blue, he didn’t believe what he was seeing.

“One fairy, coming right up!”

Cid’s jaw dropped, and his tongue actually fell from the side of his muzzle as the wide pools of his blue eyes shrunk down to tiny dots. “F...f...f-fairy?”

“Well, you did come to the grove of fairies and beg for my appearance, so...here I am!”

The otter rapidly shook his head, tossing it from side to side with such velocity that he had to grip his own cheeks to stop his mind from spinning. “N...No. No way, no way, I am imagining **all** of this. I tripped and fell and cracked my head open or something, which is actually a blessing in disguise, and this is all some

kind of fucked up, comatose dream.”

A tank top of black mesh could have been mistaken for a piece of tattered armor, and blue jeans looked rugged enough with dirt upon the cuffs of the ankles, and burrs coating the legs. If the fairy didn’t know any better, she would assume that she’d been awakened in the age that she was born.

“You’re not imagining a thing, dearie! The people who built your neighborhood around this forest had no idea that they were actually building their homes around a fairy grove!”

“I don’t believe you.”

“It doesn’t matter if you do or not, pal,” the fairy was growing short with Cid already, as she flittered out in front of his nose. She was hardly six inches in height, but her body was completely proportionate, with long, slender legs that were covered to the thigh by a skirt of delicate ferns, and a brilliant, pink rose petal covered up her torso, cutting upward so that she didn’t have an ounce of cleavage to show, but the sides of her breasts were spilling from the makeshift outfit. Wings flickered with a rapid buzz, keeping her elevated to his eye level, and long, mingled locks of pink and viridian spilled over her face, framing pearlescent eyes. “You asked for me, so I’m here, and that means I can’t go back to my nap until I help you out!”

Cid tilted his head. “And just how long is a nap for a fairy? I can’t imagine people come in here begging for help that often...”

“Other than some weird, homeless guy that occasionally makes his drunken way into the park, no...but I’ve been napping for a little over 400 years.”

“Uh huh,” Cid made his dejection with the moment clear in his monotone reply. “And I suppose that you’re just going to magically fix my problems by sprinkling me with some fairy dust and sending me on my way?”

“Sounds to me like you’ve been reading too many children’s books, buddy!” the fairy put her hands on her hips and turned her once beautiful smile into a scowl. “I didn’t **have** to wake up to help you, y’know! I could have just continued with my nap and left you to rot!”

There were a lot of things about the way that fairies behaved in the short stories and dusty texts that Cid read, but nothing about them being snappy with the people they appeared to. They were often dainty and demure, and at the very least, grateful for being awakened.

This one didn’t have time for Cid to be so unappreciative, and her attitude

quickly turned his own around, as he accepted the reality that he really **was** talking to someone who could help him out.

“Okay, okay! I’m sorry; *jeez...*”

“Just tone down the sass a little bit and show some appreciation, hm?”

Cid nodded. “I will. I’m just really stressed out right now.”

The fairy rested her wings for a moment, and sat down on the bridge of Cid’s muzzle, crossing her legs over his fur. “Well, that’s what I’m here to help with. What’s got you down, big guy?”

Usually not the larger person in a conversation, Cid tried not to chuckle at the name, not wanting to buck the fairy away. “There’s a girl-

“There usually is.”

“And she’s mean, and ugly, and rude, and she’s trying to take control of my life, and our parents are conspiring to have us married against my will, and I want **nothing** to do with her, so...I need some help getting out of it.”

This time, the fairy crossed her arms. “She’s ugly, huh? Have you ever tried getting to know her?”

“I just said that she’s mean and rude! Trust me, I can appreciate a good personality, but if her looks are rough, then her personality is downright hideous! There’s nothing redeemable about her!”

“*Hmm...*well, you do seem like a fairly honest guy, so maybe she really is that bad. You sure you don’t want to try and make things work with her?”

“Pretty positive about that.”

“And you really think your parents will force you to marry her?”

Cid shrugged. “I mean, they can’t really do that legally in this day and age, but they can keep throwing her at me and ruining my life in the meantime.”

“So why don’t you just leave?”

“I don’t really have the funds to move out on my own just yet...and what’s with all of the questions?”

The fairy giggled. “The first job of a fairy is to make sure that the person who summoned them actually *needs* help. By the sound of it, you’re all out of options, so now, we have to decide *how* we’re going to get you out of this, and then, you can collect your fairy ointment.”

“Fairy ointment?”

“Like I said, you’ve been reading too many children’s books, and clearly, you have **no** idea how any of this works...now then; tell me your name, and what exactly it is you want from me.”

“My name is Cid,” he replied sharply, “And I don’t care how you do it, but I want to be out of this mess, and fast...don’t care if you give me a bunch of money so I can buy my own place, or if you make me fall in love with someone else for a bit to get Hilda off of my back, or if you just want to make her fall off of a cliff, that would work for me...”

“It’s nice to meet you, Cid. I’m Celia, and murder is out of the question, so you can forget about that option.”

“Damn.”

“Moving away with the money I could grant to you wouldn’t really solve the problem, either, as I’m sure that your mother would continue to pester you, so it seems that finding you a new lover will be the best option, and fairy ointment will certainly grant you that.”

As rude as he was to her before, it seemed that the fairy really **was** intent on helping Cid, but his lack of manners wasn’t entirely overlooked. “You seem pretty intent on giving me this stuff. How do I get it, exactly?”

“You need to finger me.”

Cid was already pointing a finger upward to articulate his reply, but his eyes went blank at the statement, and his pawtip curled back into his loosely clenched fist.

“Is that going to be a problem?”

“Aren’t you...kinda *small*?” Cid finally jumbled some words out of his unbelieving maw.

“I asked you to finger me, Cid. I’m not trying to go for a ride on your cock or anything.”

Just looking at Celia, Cid didn’t have a clue where he would be able to insert an entire digit, but he didn’t know anything about fairies, or their inner workings. Believing that some kind of magic might be at work, Cid glanced down at his own index pawtip and held it up in front of Celia. “Will this work, then?”

In a frightfully gorgeous display, the pleasant greenery that wrapped Celia’s hips in a bouquet of modesty began to blossom, and as flowers formed upon her

thighs, the petals fell to the ground, and left her womanhood exposed to his view.

“It will work just fine, if you’d hurry up and *put it to work*.”

For how eager Cid was to rid himself of a problematic situation, he was awfully hesitant to go through with Celia’s idea. Despite her comparatively small stature, her legs were quick to spread, and her translucent wings fluttered with a unique haste, as if to say that she was more excited to grant Cid’s wish than he was to have it granted.

“Well, h-here...here goes, I guess?”

Neatly trimmed claws posed no threat to Celia, and a smooth, rounded pawtip, coated in warming, comforting fur spread a delightful sensations across her nethers the moment that it pressed against her sex.

“Oh, y-yes...that will do just *fine*. You’re going to get **a lot** of ointment, Cid.”

A sexually charged creature himself, Cid was starting to get the idea of what Celia was really going for, and though he’d shared a bed with plenty of partners, ranging all different species, he’d never guessed that he’d interact in such a way with a mythical creature.

For just a moment, he cursed the difference in their respective sizes; her folds were tiny and delicately smooth, and even against his fur, he could feel an impressive moisture building upon her body, spreading already down to her thighs. Drops so small that they could be mistaken for beads of mist in the air fell from her spilling treasure, and wherever they landed in the grass, vines began to spread, and from them, flowers would immediately grow and bloom, creating a meadow of passionate roses and deep, gorgeous violets beneath Cid’s footpaws.

Small, tender roots of white actually crawled across the webbing of his toes and kept him in place as Celia allowed her wings to relax, forcing her outer lips to press down against Cid’s pawtip with a bit more force. She didn’t want him running off before she did what needed to be done, and the otter was still just a little bit hesitant, even when her brilliant, pearlescent eyes were *begging* him to apply just a bit more pressure.

“Each fiber of your fur is like a gentle feather, teasing over my clit...they’re the *perfect* size,” she whispered, casting a gaze at the bewildered otter that would have left a lesser man clenching his member with desperation. “If you’d move them just a little f-faster, I could...c-could cum...”

Suspicions were confirmed for Cid, who knew what he was getting into by then, and though she wasn't focused on it, Celia could tell that his jeans were tenting around his growing cock from the corner of her eye. She'd happily take the memory of the sight with her when the otter left, but for the moment, he was her plaything, and her arms greedily wrapped around Cid's middle digit the best that they could, fighting with his natural webbing for a place to grip.

It made things much easier for her, as she bounced and rocked her hips, grinding the whole of her sex back and forth, soaking more and more of her plentiful juices into his flesh and fur.

"Before I do that for you-

"Don't you **dare** stop, Cid!"

"I won't, I won't!" he replied, his voice riddled with the panic of what an angry fairy might be able to do to him. "I just need to know, before I do it...you're really gonna grant my wish, right?"

Celia feverishly bucked her hips at the tip of Cid's index finger and wrapped her thighs around the knuckle, refusing to let the smooth and pleasant brush of his fur be away from her flesh. "I t-told you that my ointment would solve your problems...h-how about a little faith?" she asked of him, and as she bit down on her lower lip, she added, "And some d-damned pressure?!"

The fairy had nothing to gain from lying, and Cid had nothing to gain from holding out. Reaching down and gently squeezing his own member in time, he groped his shaft through his jeans, and each time he did, his pawtip pressed up and rubbed along the length of Celia's eager folds. Her proud, erect clit couldn't hide from the swirling fibers of his moist, matted fur, and the impressive volume of her liquid arousal *paled* in comparison to the flood that followed.

Just as the tip of his finger began easing into the impossibly small, tight entrance, Celia clenched around Cid's middle digit and threw her head back. "K-kneel before me, mortal, and t-take my ointment!" she ordered him, and Cid, like a scolded child, fell right to his knees and obeyed. A garden of flowers that defied the most colorful reaches of Cid's imagination continued to bloom around them as he allowed Celia to hover over his open muzzle, and his tongue extended to catch any excess drops, mournful at the idea of wasting them.

Warm, slick, and sweeter than the sweetest honey that a bee could ever muster, Celia's orgasm blessed Cid's tongue in an impressive, thin cascade of clear liquid. His pawtip was actually *pushed back* by the force of her clenching entrance, and though her body was small, she made quite the mess of Cid's

lower lip, even as he collected her offering upon his tongue and swallowed it down. “Y-yes, **yes!** That’s it, Cid! Don’t you w-waste a drop of my blessing!”

Bringing a fairy to orgasm was an odd thing to check off of the list of Cid’s sexual conquests, but he was already making a mental note to do so, as the very last drops of glistening ejaculate drizzled down to his satisfied muzzle.

**

“Cid, honey! Come downstairs, would you? Hilda is here to see you again!”

Go home, and wait for the blessings of the flowers, Cid couldn’t shake the last words of the fairy from his mind, and the delicious flavor of her feminine juices refused to leave his taste buds, though the latter was a delightful problem to have. *All will make sense in due time.*

Pleasant as it was to drink from the fairies’ cup, Cid was questioning his trust for her, as his mother was still pushing him to date Hilda, and naturally, Hilda was sitting in their living room first thing in the morning, trying to pamper herself up for the occasion.

“Coming, mother.”

His voice was venom on the air, but still music to Hilda’s ears, who jumped from the couch as Cid came down from his bedroom. The beastly Hilda was about to run across the living room and smother the poor otter, when...

Knock knock.

Everyone halted, and Cid’s mother looked to the door with a furrowed brow.

“Now, who could that be at such an hour?”

“She said, ignoring the fact that Hilda is already here,” Cid muttered.

Ever a pleasant host, she made her way to the door and opened it cautiously, and before her stood what appeared to be a slim, slender bat, though her wings were so thin that the bushes in the front yard were still visible through the membranes. Her eyes were drops of liquid stolen right from the glare of a rainbow, and though her fur was a soft, charcoal gray, the short locks of hair that just fell in front of her eyes were a mingled pattern of bubblegum pink and lime green...

“I’m terribly sorry to interrupt, but, can Cid come out and play? It isn’t like him to forget when we have a date.”

Cid’s mother couldn’t imagine the girl to be someone she’d approve of, given the short, tight cut of her pleated skirt, and the petal pattern upon her tank top barely reached her navel. “A date? Why haven’t I been told of this?”

“You? What about **me?!** ” Hilda stomped her foot to the floor, and Cid, seeing that Celia had an odd way of granting wishes, scooted over to the door, still dressed only in his pajama pants and a plain t-shirt. “**Hey!** Where do you think you’re going?”

“I tried to tell you that I was working on it, mom! This is Celia, and if you ever listened to me, you’d know that I was already involved with someone...but you two can sit and have some coffee if you want. I’ve got places to be.”

Reaching out and taking his paw, the disguised Celia tugged Cid through the doorway with a giggle, even as his mother tried to tug him right back in. He was off and running with her, and through the window, he could see a dejected Hilda, and a truly disappointed mother, but he was thinking about his own happiness first, just as the fairy taught him to.

“Didn’t think you’d ever see me again, did you?” she asked, as they ran down the street together, their paws still clasped.

“You definitely had me worried!”

“I have a thing for being theatrical with my wishes,” Celia admitted. “Sorry if you were really on edge, but a fairy’s word is better than that of any mortal man.”

“So you’re gonna take care of my problem, still?”

Celia looked away from Cid with a bit of a grin on her short, narrow muzzle. “I think I might have just caused a few more of them for you, actually...but I’ll be happy to take care of all of them, if you’re willing to earn it.”

Cid rolled his eyes, but he knew that he was smiling. “A little more ointment, then?”

“**A lot** more.”

Princess Vasilisa

In the Kingdom of Vulcania, oligarchy ruled: Only those who were strong and wise enough were considered qualified to hold the throne, and as such, there was no proper lineage, and the kingdom itself was not handed down from father to son, but from the last one to pass the ultimate test, to the next one who could accomplish the task, when their opportunity came.

Age makes dust of all things, and in a land that was filled with fiery passion, it was only fitting that both the mascot, and the subject of the kingly task was a phoenix, thought to be the last one in existence. Bright, volcanic feathers of red adorned every flag, every home, and every garment in the kingdom, and while there were other roles that needed to be filled for a society to work, most of the young boys in the land, regardless of their species, grew up with the dream that they could one day become king, if they simply had the strength and wits.

In truth, it was a brilliant way to make for a strong, educated people: Kingship knew no gender, and as such, men and women alike worked to be as strong as intelligent as they could from a young age, with the pinnacle of their people being elected not because of political views, but because of outright qualification. A strong and healthy people meant a fierce militia, and an educated people promoted free thoughts and speech, with fruitful and pleasant (albeit, occasionally heated) discussion.

To the victor went the spoils, however, and while most in the land of Vulcania were happy to settle into their roles when a new king was crowned, there were none happier than the royal family. Since the beginning of their society, the member of the family, be it father, mother, son or daughter, who tamed the mythical phoenix to be their pet became the king, and their family were all deemed of the highest nobility, invited to live in the palace at the center of the Vulcanian kingdom, which was said to be made from the very shell of the first phoenix ever born.

The people of the kingdom made their pleasantries with the royal family whenever a new one was made, and though they lived with benefits that commoners could never even fathom, it was a rule, passed down across generations that the royal family share their wealth, and do their best to see themselves not as superior to the commoners, but as *fortunate* equals. This kept

tensions at a minimum, and prevented the royal family from living in a state of constant fear, and danger.

It was customary to ask a prince or princess how they were doing, when passing them in the street; keeping the royal family “down to earth” was the duty of all citizens.

No one ever asked how the phoenix, was, however.

A truly magnificent beast if there ever was one, the phoenix was the ultimate symbol of the cycle of life, encompassing birth, the burning passion of a life well lived, the slow, painful smolder of inevitable death, and once again, a life renewed from what once was. Heat radiated from the body of the creature that only the truly worthy could stand to be around, and those fortunate few to ever so much as see the bird would lay claim that the plumes of rainbow feathers upon its wings were a sight of such beauty, no mortal tongue could do them justice.

It was also, as Princess Vasilisa was quickly learning, a terribly horny creature, and one that wasn't afraid to make that fact known.

“Y'know, any old time that you wanted to unchain me from this wall and let me go and see my family, that'd be awfully nice, Princess.”

Among the few who'd ever been able to stand the presence of the phoenix was Princess Vasilisa, a jackal, and the daughter of the current ruler, King Gaea. To be the nearly molten presence of the beast was supposed to be a blessing, but the princess was quickly learning to curse her unique ability, finding that the phoenix was a lecher, and worse still, he never stopped complaining about getting to go see his family, despite the seemingly common knowledge that there was only one phoenix left in the world.

“I'm not sure how many times I have to tell you that your family is gone before you'll accept those words as fact, but I'm sure that I've lost count, by now,” she admitted. “Do you have any other requests this evening?”

It was the duty of the royal family to tend to the needs of the phoenix, and naturally, such a wild beast was unruly, even if it was granted the finest room in the palace. A room made literally of the finest marble and limestone, carved right out of the side of the small mountain that overlooked the kingdom, it was the only place that the phoenix could safely rest, and with ceilings over four stories high, it could easily fly around in the massive expanse...but those days, it was chained to the wall under the order of King Gaea, for fear that it might flee the land, and bring the kingdom to utter ruin.

The perverted nature of the bird made dealing with it a chore for Princess Vasilisa, who adhered to a strict, royal dress code: Little more than a burning scarf of red covered her breasts, and around her navel, a string of silver hung with coins of gold dangling in adornment. Her womanhood was considered to be sacred, but even so, the loose, almost billowy sarong that wrapped around her lower half did little to protect it from those who might be tempted, and naturally, every time the phoenix set eyes upon her body, it took very little effort for him to mentally undress her.

Of all the royalty he'd ever seen, Princess Vasilisa was the most beautiful one, by far. Her eyes were a cold, dusty blue, but her lips were kindly, even to those who she despised, and her body was the most wonderful blend of her father's athleticism, and her mother's curvaceous figure...breasts were full and supple, but not so large as to be a burden, and though hips were a little wide and delightfully curvy, they were proper within her frame, and made the slim, inward slope of her thighs that much **more** alluring.

Many nights, the phoenix had dreamed of his beak finding its way under her tail and drinking from the royal challis, and more than a few times, when she was tending to him, his very essence spilled from the throbbing and erect tip of his member, exposed just faintly from the slit between his legs.

For all of the years I've been trapped in this domicile, waiting for someone to finally release me...is it so wrong that I desire this woman, when I've had none for literal centuries?

"Actually, I do have one," the phoenix suggested, as a plan began to come to life in the darker reaches of his mind. "Though I fully understand if you deny my request."

Princess Vasilisa crossed her arms under her breasts and sighed. "If you ask me to service you again, I swear-

"While the pain of my backup is most unpleasant, I wasn't going to make such a simple request, princess, even if it is in that vein."

"Then what do you think I'm going to say?"

In the presence of his magical heat, Princess Vasilisa was an even more gorgeous specimen than usual, as her fur, a rather plain and soft shade of brown, came alive in the rainbows of his feathers. Her smooth, creamy underbelly reflected all of the passionate reds, fruitful greens and ocean blues of his wings, as if he could already envision how he would look upon her.

“I’m not asking for a mere *service*, princess. If I may be honest with you for once, I...I know that my family has long since passed, and resurrected into new lives,” the phoenix suggested. “As the last member of their lineage, my request to you is not for a simple service, but to *mate* with me.”

“...You **cannot** be serious.”

“To have such a beautiful woman as my wife would be a true and wonderful blessing,” the phoenix replied, as if she’d accepted his request, “And together, we could rebuild the family that I have lost because of **your** family, and their unusual rituals.”

In her heart of hearts, Princess Vasilisa always felt some kind of inward guilt and blame for the fact that they kept the phoenix cooped up inside of the castle, and naturally, to be the only one of your kind was a lonely life, at best.

“You can’t really ask me to consider this, can you?” she asked, trying not to let her emotions shine through. “I am to give myself only to those who are worthy-

“There are none as worthy as I am.”

“And to mother your child would completely destroy the temple that is my body-

“A mere egg will fall from your womb, princess, no greater than that of a chicken. It will not be the process that you’ve seen in your mother before you.”

“And you’re...w-well, you’re **huge**.”

With each statement, it seemed the princess was getting further and further into the idea. To be in such intimate contact with the phoenix so often, acting as the sole caretaker of it, Princess Vasilisa would be a liar to ignore the sexual tension that built between them over the years, but the phoenix had her father to thank; his strict orders about her sexual destiny meant that she was *never* satisfied with her love life, and in the palace, objects to replace a male were nigh impossible to come by.

In the regards of girth and length alone, the phoenix wasn’t lying when he said that he was the most worthy.

“Your womanhood is both a beautiful and powerful treasure, princess. If you desire to take me, your body will surely accommodate.”

“But...b-but if father finds out, what will he say?”

“How could the very man who captured me and returned me to this prison have issue with his daughter finding favor with me? This, I would think, would be his proudest moment!”

In Vulcanian society, the phoenix was thought to be more of a pet to the king than a companion, but Vasilisa was blinded by the strongest magic of all: her own guilt over the family that the phoenix lost. She'd never imagined that her lover would be the avatar of the royal family, but then again, she'd never put much thought into just who her husband would be.

As odd a couple as they might have been, the princess couldn't deny what a majestic and wonderful specimen the phoenix was, and acting as his caregiver, they'd shared more together than she had with any other man.

To say that she'd never imagined what it would be like to spread her sex around his cock would have been an outright **lie**.

"The pride of one's father isn't the right reason to bed a man," Princess Vasilisa pointed out. "Be it once, or for the rest of their lives, a woman should only ever bed a man if she truly feels *passion* for him. You are a truly beautiful creature, but...lust isn't the only expression of passion, you know."

"It isn't the only, but it is the *strongest*, and I've seen it in your eyes, princess. You despise me for my advances, but you are the only woman I've seen in years...and the only woman to ever rival the beauty of my former beloved."

The phoenix was laying it on thick, and Vasilisa, for her part, could tell that she was falling under the spell of the massive bird. A being of pure heat and untold lust, there were few that could be trusted in the presence of it, and Princess Vasilisa wore her restraint like a badge of honor.

The same couldn't be said for the thin, revealing fabric of her top, as she pinched the metal clasp between her cleavage together, and held the brilliant, bright red garment to the side.

"You do have quite a way with words, avian...I can count on one paw the number of men who've had the pleasure of seeing my breasts," she admitted, and though she was bold enough to allow the over glorified scarf to fall to the floor, she still swept her arm under her breasts and propped them up in a vain attempt to cover them. "But none have ever been so lucky as to touch them. Do your kind appreciate the finer points of pleasure, or do you see me as a mere vessel to rekindle your species?"

Though she was watching her own actions through a filter of arousal, it seemed that the princess still had the wherewithal to ensure her own pleasure, and in the terrible, steaming heat of the phoenix's chambers, her nipples couldn't keep from standing erect, tickled awake by the warmth.

The phoenix couldn't remember the number of caretakers he'd bedded before, and even on all of his immortal feathers, he wasn't sure he could count them all. "You are the vessel by which all of my pleasure will be delivered, and to deny you your own would be an insult I can't fathom..."

His words were flowery, but his intentions still underhanded.

"Then tell me your name, and I'll take it as my own."

Nobility in Vulcania was more progressive than most worlds, with the possibility of anyone being able to be king, but the royal family was still raised with many traditional values, and Princess Vasilisa knew that she was meant to have a strong and wealthy husband to provide for her, even after her family descended from noble ranks.

She could think of no man wealthier than the phoenix: His home would be the palace for eternity, and with that security, *she* would be granted permanent royalty.

With both sides playing each other for the wrong reasons, the phoenix trembled against his shackles, trying to move closer to the eager princess. "I am Zafin... Zafin Rana, last of the great phoenixes that once blessed the lands of Vulcania, and I would have no other as my wife."

"This princess would be honored to be Princess Vasilisa Rana, if you would have me."

"Release me from these shackles, and you will have all that I have to offer, my sweet princess."

Already, the act would have been forbidden enough to bring moisture upon Vasilisa's womanhood, if only for how taboo the moment was. To release Zafin from his bondage, however, was **completely** forbidden, and her punishment would be as lengthy as it was brutal, if she was caught.

"Prove your love for me, first," she countered, "And your freedom will be eternal."

Such heat poured from the phoenix that as Vasilisa shed her sarong, it began disintegrating into the floor, but as if fate handpicked them to be a pair, the princess was gifted with a resistance to the mythical warmth, making her the only mortal who could ever handle the love that he had to offer.

Whether her body could physically *take* all of his love was a different prospect, and though she her gait was falling on nervous footpaws, her body was nude before the phoenix, save for the jewelry at her waist. Like a proper princess, she

was offering herself to the man who would dare to court her, now that his worth was proven.

The dusty blue pits of her eyes looked past his gaze, and his own eyes that were such a brilliant shade of jade, they were *painful* to look into. Her own obsession was growing in front of her, and though the phoenix was chained to the wall by his neck and his legs, his thighs were spread, and his manhood, emerging proudly from the end of his genital slit, was throbbing and poised to split her body in half.

“It will be brief; too long has it been since I’ve been with a woman, and **never** have I been with such a pristine beauty.”

“Your words need no more flowers, Zafin. I’m more worried about the *stem*.”

Drunk with lust and entirely the fault of the phoenix himself, Vasilisa was quick to stand between the legs of the bird. His underbelly was coated with a thin, fur-like tuft of shorter feathers, and the princess ran her pawtips through the smooth and delicate pattern, admiring just how pleasant it felt against her digits.

It was but a momentary distraction for her, as her own soft, svelte thighs stepped around either side of the impossibly thick cock and squeezed at it playfully. “Just between your legs, I t-think I could cum!”

His cries of delight weren’t a false warning, and his advertised backup of seed wasn’t a falsehood, either. Precum of concerning volume began spilling into her fur, and it quickly ran down the back of her thighs, even gushing through and messing the underside of her tail.

“Don’t you **dare** waste that virile blessing, Zafin!” the princess warned him, as she gripped her claws into the breast of the bird and held on tightly, using his chest as leverage to grind her folds back and forth over a member that she still wasn’t sure that she could take. “Let not another drop spill, u-unless it spills within me!”

Zafin had seen a number of different species rise to the occasion of becoming nobility, but Princess Vasilisa was the first jackal he’d ever been close to, and of all the species that dared to try him on for size, she was the *smallest*. His wings dwarfed over her body and hid her presence from the rest of the room, and even the smaller, fluffier feathers upon his chest would look like a quill in her paws, filling them completely and tickling the soft, sensitive nipples upon her breasts as she pushed them into her chosen lover.

It seemed the phoenix had ignited her passion, and now, he had his own cross to

bear; he knew that he'd never last long enough to satisfy her, and already, drool was spilling from the corner of his beak, dripping down to the floor and rising up once again in plumes of steam as Vasilisa pulled the tip of his emerging length up, toward her pouted folds.

"A-as you w-wish," he trembled, his voice a garbled mess. He was actually *grateful* for the chains; without them, he would already be slumped over her body, and he couldn't imagine that she would relish the thought of being crushed while she was penetrated.

Sexually liberated and fully awakened, the princess continued to run the show, and though her face twisted up in wincing effort, she continued prodding at her own slit with the tip of Zafin's impressively large tool, running the narrowed point between her outer folds over and over again, trying to stretch them, in order to fit the magnificent beast.

The messy, slick sound of a frustrating penetration filled the otherwise empty chamber, and Zafin's whimpering cries of delight cued the lusty jackal into just how close he really was. If she were in her right of mind, she would have been disappointed, but she was trapped under the spell of the mischievous bird, and cared only about one thing.

The object of her affection was *hot*, and plentiful as it finally erupted inside of her cunt. Just as the tip of Zafin's manhood finally did sneak inside of her entrance, between her quivering thighs, the pent up avian released a torrent of seed, finding that no matter how great his desire was for the princess, he couldn't change the way that his anatomy worked: birds were *extremely* sensitive, and despite his place at the top of the winged kingdom, he fell prey to the same weaknesses, as just a few delicate, probing thrusts were all it took for the tip of his cock to boil over with cum.

"Such a *wonderful* load! Y-yes, that's it, Zafin! Keep pumping me full of it! M-more...**more!**"

Zafin could never be sure what kind of effect his spells would have on a mortal being, and he'd never tried inducing lust in a jackal, before. Princess Vasilisa had a perfectly healthy sex drive before, and didn't really need the assistance, but with the added boost, her eyes were turning into bottomless pits of blue lust, and her muzzle hung open, uncaring of the way that drool dripped from the end of her lengthy tongue, or the fact that she was behaving rather poorly for a princess.

She cared only about bouncing, her footpaws barely able to keep her body upright, and her thighs unable to stop quaking with delight. The fur below her

hips was *soaked* with excess, avian cum, and Zafin was trying to find the words to stop her, but he was too sensitive to properly form a sentence, and the poisoned jackal took it all as a sign that she should just keep on going, despite her own exhaustion.

A small bulge was already forming in her tummy from the simply incredible volume of seed that was pumped into her womb, and the warmth that it offered inside was so comforting that it created a quick addiction within the princess... one that Zafin would find difficult to satiate, as Vasilisa made a sudden decision.

Zafin could feel the shackles around his thin, brittle legs sliding away. The princess was foolish enough to grant him his freedom, and that night, when he was finally done exhausting her body, he would make his escape, steal away into the darkness, and return to his family once more.

These poor fools have no idea how long a phoenix can live, or where we call our home...my wife and child will be so excited to see me, and better yet, I get to fuck this silly, horny canine until she can't even walk!

In his mind, it was the perfect plan, and couldn't possibly fail.

Princess Vasilisa took after her father, being stubborn as a rock, and physically fit to the point that exhaustion wasn't something she was familiar with.

Though it was hard to feel sorry for him, Zafin made his own bed, and he only *wished* that he could lay it in; flying was a terrible struggle with the hours and hours of thrusting, humping and climaxing, but the princess was finally put down to sleep, coated in seed and filled up with more cum than her body could ever rightly contain.

"S-so...so good to b-be home!" he was panting with every flap of his wings, as he made his way up to the top of a mountain range that was miles and miles away from the edges of the Vulcanian Kingdom. "Can't w-wait to see m-my wife!"

The world became blurry as Zafin nearly passed out in midair. His own greed for Princess Vasilisa was nearly his undoing, and so tired was his mind that he didn't entirely remember the embrace of his wife as he returned home, or the giddy cheers from his child, glad to see their father again. It all seemed to be a distant, wonderful dream...

...The painful reality of a metal pot against the top of his head was easier for him to remember, even if it left the room around him spinning.

“YOU FUCKED A JACKAL?!”

Still naked and wagging her tail about rapidly, it seemed that the princess decided it was her turn to be the king: she'd followed a trail of Zafin's feathers up to the very place that he once called home, and given the athletic history of her family, she still had energy to spare, physically and sexually.

“More than once, ma'am. And from what I understand, I'm not the only one... but I think I'm the only one with an egg inside of me.”

“WHAT?!”

There was an old saying that Zafin never heard during all of his years in the castle: Be careful what you wish for.

He wished for his freedom, to return to his family, but in his lustful greed, he made passes at every woman he ever met in the castle. His freedom was finally granted, but Vasilisa came back with him, like a badge of dishonor, bringing everything his wife ever knew about him into question.

“This girl says that you told her we were dead, Zafin. Mind explaining that to me?!”

Still completely exhausted from his journey and reeling from the blow to his head, the phoenix quietly wished he was back in the castle once more, shackled to a wall with no problems to worry about.

Little Red 'Riding' Hood

“My, what big **eyes** you have...”

“I’m pretty sure that’s the first time you’ve ever looked at them.”

“There’s a first time for everything, isn’t there?”

“Yes, and if you take any longer to get started, Grandma is gonna start to wonder where I’ve been.”

A wolfish grin curled across a canine muzzle. “You mean, like all of the other times that you’ve been *late* to go see her?”

A red hood and extended cloak were just for show, and already, the flowing fabric was parted just a little bit, revealing soft, smooth breasts and ample cleavage, all for the devious canine to enjoy.

“I told her that I would be on time, for once. I was hoping you might help me honor that?”

“I don’t suppose that’s why you’re wearing such a revealing outfit. Usually, you make me work for it a bit more than this.”

“That’s *exactly* why I am, and yet, here I stand, with the big, bad wolf refusing to even put his paws on me.”

“My name is **Rakan**.”

Little Red, or Sabrith, as it were, set a delicate fingertip against her lips and put on her best innocent expression. “Why, it certainly is, isn’t it? I forgot...you don’t like it when people call you the big, bad wolf, do you?”

“Sabrith, if you’re really just trying to push me-

“I thought I made it pretty clear that I was.”

“Then you’re *definitely* going to be late to see your Grandma.”

It was rare for Sabrith to be so patient with a lover. Her temper was every bit as fiery as the deep, ruby red locks of her hair, and beneath her nearly matching hood, her feline ears were already twitching atop of her head, wondering why Rakan was taking such a long time with her.

She took a step closer to the naked canine, pressed her open palm to the tufts of

fur upon his chest, and looked up at him with narrow, mismatched eyes of aquamarine and gold. “Fine by me, if you’d just hurry up and *fuck me*, Rakan!”

The wolf was being a tease on purpose, and Sabrith knew it. Despite her impressive strength, however, she knew that he could overpower her if it came down to a battle of strength, and if she pressed too hard, the wolf would just restrain her and force her to wait that much *longer*.

When a steady, glistening flow of her feminine arousal was already trickling down over the insides of her thighs, with only the smooth, black fabric of thigh-high cocks to catch it, she knew that she didn’t need any more preparation, and he was just stringing her along.

A large, fur-coated paw came to rest upon Sabrith’s hand, and squeezed it delicately. “Such a demanding little kitten...isn’t Little Red Riding Hood supposed to be all chaste and innocent, or is my memory that foggy?”

“The nice thing about roleplaying a fairy tale is that you get to make your own rules, and this Little Red needs someone to **frost her fucking cookies** before she takes them to Grandma’s house, if you catch my drift!”

The grin would only continue to spread over Rakan’s muzzle as he felt Sabrith taking another step closer to his body. “You weren’t planning on giving them to your grandmother like that, were you? That’s pretty fucked up, if you ask me.”

Rakan was nearly howling with laughter, but the long, thin rope of red that was Sabrith’s tail was quickly puffing up with frustration. She’d normally be outmatched by the sizable canine, but with his own teasing and games acting as a distraction, she saw an opening, and she wasn’t going to waste it.

Sharp, claw-like nails began raking down through Rakan’s fur, as Sabrith fell slowly to her knees. There was no offering there yet, but already, the red haired catgirl could smell the hints of masculine scent and building arousal around the edges of his sheath, and she licked her lips eagerly before sliding the tip of her tongue around the opening in a long, smooth circle.

“I’d let you fuck her right in front of me, if that’s what it took to get you to just fuck me already,” she whispered, knowing that his sensitive ears would pick up on the words, even if they were scarcely uttered. Her breath was warm as she spoke, and it tickled against the softer, shorter fur around the genital opening, daring the tip of his canine length to emerge. “I’d watch you blow your load all over her face, if that’s what it took for me to be next.”

How many of her words were honest, and how many were just fluffing the

canine up to the act, Rakan couldn't rightly tell.

He also didn't give a damn about figuring it out, as his cool, icy blue eyes winced shut, and he reached behind himself, hoping to find a tree to brace up against. Mother Nature seemed to favor him as a thick, plentiful trunk was just behind his back, and he slumped right into it as Sabrith kept teasing his sheath with desperate effort, until his body finally rewarded her with what she'd been after the whole time.

Normally, Sabrith would have sat and watched the canine length as it grew out from the opening, appreciating the narrow, tapered tip, exotic, bright coloration and perfectly rounded knot at the base.

This time, her mouth was like a second home for the tasty morsel, and she sealed her lips eagerly around Rakan's sheath, allowing each inch that grew out from his body to come to rest against her tongue.

"I swear, I c-could push you to the edge all day," Rakan muttered, his words soft and his breathing already rapid, "And y-you'd still find a way to get what you wanted..."

One of his eyes opened faintly, and looked down to see Sabrith on her knees, her palms cupping the underside of her breasts to frame them for the wolf, and her own eyes narrowed, gazing back up at him with a mixture of unbridled lust and sexual frustration. As her oral work ease more and more of his length into her mouth, he gleefully watched her lips spreading around the widening shaft, wondering just how far she'd be able to take it before she had to adjust.

When her head began bobbing on the tasty treat, she caught Rakan off guard once more, and his claws ripped down through the sides of the tree behind him, tearing into the bark and just saving him from falling to his backside.

I always get what I want, Sabrith thought to herself, finding her mouth was a bit too busy, albeit gleefully so, in order to reply. There was a special taste to canines that she was always fond of, as if their flesh was somehow better than that of human males, and the smooth and pleasant texture of the growing rod against her smooth, moist tongue only added to the flow of juices from her needy, dripping cunt. *And if you make me wait much longer, I'm gonna do things to you that you'll never forget, Rakan...*

Even if he couldn't hear them coming from her, Sabrith wasn't the type to make idle threats, and Rakan could see the intensity in her eyes to the point that he was at least *a little* concerned. He'd hesitate to admit that, but knowing that his time was running short, he'd no longer hesitate to satisfy the poor catgirl.

“S-sure seems like you’re eager to make me c-cum this way,” his words tripped over the rapid, panting gasps of air that he released, “But if you do, you’ll have to w-wait even *longer* to get fucked, Little Red!”

Sabrith was pinching her nipples between skillful fingertips and moaning around her mouthful, loving the feeling of Rakan’s plentiful manhood against the back of her throat, and the soft, rhythmic throbbing of his veins against her tongue.

All of that came to a sudden stop when he confessed how close he was, and her head suddenly reeled back, casting strands of saliva down to the forest floor and onto her own breasts, as they dangled from the tip of the lucky member. “You should really be glad you admitted that to me, Rakan. Playtime is over, and if you’d wasted this orgasm...I’d be *riding* you in an entirely different way,” the impassioned catgirl pointed out. “But I’d be glad to show you how I got such a title around these parts, if you’d just slump the rest of the way down to the ground.”

Precum joined the already soft glisten of saliva upon Sabrith’s cleavage, and tempting as it was for Rakan to grab her by the shoulders and thrust his length into her breasts, he knew that his punishment afterwards would be *far* more severe than the pleasure he would gain from such a thrilling act.

He did make a mental note of trying such a thing later, however, as his legs began to relax, and his body slid down the length of the tree trunk, until his normally larger, domineering form looked rather manageable, half-prone against the forest floor, with uncarved lumber making a rather pleasant backrest.

“I’ve certainly got a few ideas of where you’d get such a nickname,” Rakan pointed out, quickly regaining his composure, “But I’d rather just watch a demonstration than throw out pointless guesses.”

Always one to make a spectacle of a sexual act, Sabrith untied the small, thin strands of red fabric at her neck and tossed her hood and cloak away, leaving her body naked, save for the stockings; she *refused* to take those off. “If you think you’re just gonna sit there and get the lesson for free, you’ve got a rude awakening in your future,” she claimed, and she gave him no reason to doubt it, when she crawled forward on her knees, letting the underside of the canine’s tip brush against her smooth, toned abdomen. A slippery trail of saliva and precum streaked across her tummy and pooled in her navel as she crawled right into the lap of the handsome beast, and the entire time, her eyes never left his own, her feline wiles trapping the canine in the ethereal bondage of a web of desire.

His paws felt like they were held to the ground by bags of bricks when he tried

to lift them up to her rump, and he only managed the act when she finally began to wiggle her ass over the tip of his member, teasing it with the prospect of finally getting to penetrate her absolutely soaking womanhood.

“Now **I’m** in control, Rakan...and I have to ask; how does it feel now that the shoe is on the other foot?”

Such arousal dripped from her pouted, lustful folds that a small strand of the mess trickled down and settled right upon the tapered tip of Rakan’s canine tool, giving him the very faintest taste of her delights that she could offer. However she’d done it, the catgirl left him feeling helpless to overpower her once again, and though it *should* have been easy to thrust his hips upward and spear her upon the mighty length of his cock, it sat and throbbed in place, eagerly waiting for **her** to make the move, instead.

If not for her own painfully strong arousal, she would have left him sitting until he begged for release.

“I think you’ve made your point, Sabrith.”

Her face was stern before, but at that, she couldn’t help her lips dancing their way into a playful grin. “Have I, though?” she asked, as her backside wiggled once again, and the smooth fur upon her prehensile tail brushed back and forth along the underside of his glistening shaft.

“Y-yes,” Rakan found it harder and harder to manage his words by the moment, and still, his body was shackled by the imaginary weights of her sexual prowess. “I *definitely* think y-you have!”

*I’m going to have to leave a little earlier next time and actually tie him down. This is **way** too much fun...*

“You’re lucky I’m in such a rush to see Grandma,” she replied, and her eyes narrowed like a predator upon his expression as her rump came steady, and her hips dropped rapidly downward. She felt the pulsing of the tip of his cock immediately at her parted folds, but then, she hesitated once more, opting to glide the tapered head of the canine member between her labia and mingle her arousal with his precum just a little bit further, and drag out the moment as long as possible.

She could have let him slip inside anytime she wanted, and desperately, she wanted it herself, but she wanted to make sure that Rakan learned his lesson for teasing her to such an extent in the first place.

“J-just put it in alre-

Rakan never managed to finish his words. His voice was stolen, and his breath in the next moment, as Sabrith finally bucked her hips downward and impaled herself on the frightfully thick length of the mounted canine. “I ride...w-when I **want** to ride!” she told him, keeping full control of the situation and putting Rakan right in his place. Her womanhood was deliciously tight, but her arousal made for a welcoming, and more importantly, accommodating space, that stretched with relative ease around the incoming flesh.

On the first pass, however, Sabrith’s eyes still rolled back into her head, and she struggled just to *breathe*.

D-damn, he’s huge! I swear he gets bigger every time I fuck him!

Drool fell from the corner of Sabrith’s gaping jaw, and the shoulder length locks of her crimson hair bounced as she came to sudden halt on Rakan’s tool. She was glad to have taken charge this time, as she remembered how sore she’d been in the past from dealing with the lustful canine, but her legs were already quivering, and she didn’t know how much longer her thighs would be able to keep her from sinking further onto the behemoth.

“Something the matter, Little Red?” Rakan managed to tease Sabrith just one more time, keeping his composure even as he felt involuntary clenching around his shaft from Sabrith’s overwhelmed sex. “I c-can’t imagine you earned your nickname by hesitating like this!”

No doubt, Rakan was getting himself into even more trouble, to the point that Sabrith almost wondered if he **wanted** to be punished. She was going to be happy to provide some discipline when she next had the chance, but in the moment, she wouldn’t allow the cocky wolf to hassle her in such a way without some serious repercussions.

Her inner muscles were as skillful as any woman’s could ever hope to be, and though they were being stretched to their limits, Rakan wouldn’t stop her from clenching down tightly upon his manhood and holding him still, refusing to go any further. She could feel him trembling with need beneath her, but her knees were still, and save for her flesh quaking, her thighs and hips refused to buck once more.

“You wanna see the legend, big boy? You’d better s-show a little more respect!”

Rakan caught her off guard, finally finding the strength once more to lash out with his arms. His massive paws caught her wrists and held them in place, but for some reason, his body halted again, and he could go no further.

“Go on, Rakan...Pull me further onto your glorious cock. Use me as your own private sex toy, if you think you *can*.”

The canine knew that he was up to the challenge, and certainly, if he wanted, he could lift her body with her sex still being ravaged by his length, and push her over onto her back. He could pin her to the ground and fuck her missionary until her hips were broken, if he was really so determined, and in the back of his mind, he was having trouble escaping the memory of the times she'd let him be on top: each and every one of them was thrilling and delightful, but she'd always denied him this opportunity, and to control her through it simply wouldn't be the same.

Realizing *why* he found it so hard to take control of her didn't make it any easier for him to overcome the mental block, however, and when Sabrith saw the look of defeat in his eyes, she flashed her fangs at him in a devious grin and began moving her hips in an easy, teasing roll, working slowly to start.

“That's what I thought, puppy...now lay back and let me fuck you, the way you've always dreamed of.”

All of his strength and endurance meant nothing when Rakan looked up at Sabrith and let out quiet, passionate whimper. There was nothing to prove, and even if there was, he didn't think he'd be able to push her body from his own.

He could only wait to feel her womanhood sliding down upon each inch of his cock, engulfing and squeezing it every step of the way with blissful skill and lustful precision, and when her toned, curvy rump finally came to settle against his lap, only then could he move and push back against her, bouncing her smaller, thinner frame upon his own and forcing her breasts to heave upward.

“Is...t-that all you got?”

Sabrith knew the limits of her body, and Rakan thought that he was already pushing them, but it seemed her womanhood was not only able to stretch, but quite fully adapt to the unique, delightful shape of his canine anatomy. Each beat of his heart sent a pulse to his member, and each time it throbbed within her sex, she trembled with delight, nearly drooling with stupefied pleasure as the vibrating sensation radiated outward from her nethers and across the whole of her body.

Rakan hardly *needed* to thrust to bring her to a climax, but he was never one to go halfway, when it came to sexual performances.

“You're one t-to talk,” he stammered out, his words still lined with the pitiful,

canine whimpers that he simply couldn't control. "I still see a few...nnnf...few inches without any juice on them, y'know!"

The pair were playing a game of chicken with their orgasms, each one knowing that the next thrust, the next bump, or even the next delicate touch could be the one that brought their body to the greatest of pleasures. Sabrith was in control of the pace, but now that Rakan was actually pushing back against her, she was quickly losing her stamina, and the familiar tickle of her release sent her inner walls fluttering, even before she actually hit her peak.

She could barely manage to taunt Rakan in return, but she wasn't going to let him have the last word, if she could help it. "That's your *k-knot*, dummy...you just want me to f-fuckin' take it and finish you off?"

A shared sense of competition made for quite the exciting romp in the depths of the forest, and small, clear beads of sweat were already gathering on Sabrith's fair, smooth skin as she bucked upon her favorite canine. She sucked in a deep, desperate gasp as she felt Rakan squeezing at her rump, and again, she went to the very edge of what her body could handle, but she took it all with a cheeky grin, as Rakan sunk his claws into her delicate flesh and gripped her tightly.

"I...win!"

She made her triumphant declaration with just a moment to spare, as her inner walls clamped down around Rakan's massive length like a vice and squeezed with such force that it was nearly pushed right out of her cunt. The poor, exhausted wolf could hardly manage a gasp, and allowed a high-pitched, canine whine to escape his lungs instead, alerting anyone else in the forest not to come too close; it would have been *terribly* unwise to interrupt.

Sabrith took pride in keeping her body slim and healthy, and it created quite the twisted sight, as she could see a tiny, slight bulge of cum filling her up, pushing out her narrow tummy just enough that she and Rakan could share in enjoying the sight of it. Underneath, she could just feel her inner walls being completely soaked with the plentiful seed of the canine, pooling in her womb and slipping back out to help soak the knot of the beast, and with each deep, pumping throb of his tool, she slipped a little further down, until her ears perked up to the most delightful of sounds.

Schlip! The folds of her labia stretched as wide as they possibly could, and within, the knot came to find a new home in the early reaches of her vaginal cavity. Losing her orgasmic cries to her own passionate whimpering, Sabrith tilted her head back and rested against the lifted knees of the wolf, her body

going completely limp and relaxed against it, safe for the occasional spasm of her entire, pleasure-riddled form.

Paws finally slipped from Sabrith's ass and left claw marks in her flesh as Rakan's arms went heavy at his sides, and his head tilted back against the tree. He kept an eye open all the while, refusing to miss even a moment of the erotic show as Sabrith's entire body spelled out her desires: cum spilled in tiny, eager streams from the narrow gap left by his knot, her thighs continued to quake with the last waves of her climax, her breasts bounced lightly with each panting breath she took, and her lips, though parted, were still wearing a smile that only sexual release could bring about.

"Y-you're definitely gonna be late now," Rakan tried catching his breath as he spoke, and through it all, he chuckled, even if he knew that Sabrith would be frustrated about being tied. All of the earthly delights she'd gain from it wouldn't get her to her grandmother's house on time, and Rakan could tell that his body wasn't going to ease up anytime soon, with each contraction around his slowly draining orbs. "*Mnnf*...sorry about that."

Too busy enjoying herself to worry about her sense of timeliness, Sabrith was still grinning when she heard the bad news, but it seemed that she had an idea, as she wiggled from side to side as much as she could on the plentiful, rounded knot.

Her body wouldn't budge until Rakan was deflated, and she knew that he was plenty strong enough to carry her.

"You're mistaken, Rakan. I'm not gonna be late, after all."

**

Sabrith and Rakan made a point of meeting up close to her Grandma's house most of the time, so that if their sessions ran too long, she wouldn't be too far away, and usually, she was able to sneak in right at the last second.

There was no sneaking, this time, as she flung the door open, still settled in Rakan's lap. His knot was still pumping her full, and strands of cum dropped to the wooden floor of the small cabin as the wolf carried her across it, to where her Grandma might be resting.

He was shocked to see a smaller lady sitting on the couch, but she was a catgirl, just like Sabrith, and rather than being old, wrinkled and gray, she was young, gorgeous, and blessed with hair of candy pink.

"Sorry I was late, 'Grandma,' but I wanted to bring you the big, mean wolf that

keeps stopping me along the way! He said he wanted to meet you...and I couldn't help admitting that I wanted to see how you two would *get along*."

Shaking her head on the couch and letting out a quiet sigh, Tayelle crossed her arms over her chest and glanced up at her occupied lover. "You never even bothered to get the cookies, did you?"

"I...m-might have forgotten those," Sabrith replied nervously, "But I did bring you plenty of milk!"

The joke might have fallen flat, but Tayelle wasn't going to say no to a good time. "Wolf's milk is quite a useful ingredient. I guess I'd better sample his and make sure it's up to my standards."

Rakan was already having trouble believing how great his luck was, having found a partner like Sabrith who could actually keep up with his ferocious appetite.

He'd need a little more of that luck to keep her upright as he felt Tayelle's tongue brushing against the base of his sheath, leaving his knees to tremble once more.

The Dirty Shepherdess

“Too damn hot today for these...”

Some people would never learn that it was a good idea to wear *some* form of clothing, regardless of how warm it was outside. Working on a pasture meant that boots, rugged jeans and overalls should have been second nature, and most days, Dizzy would have strapped up, even if she rarely wore a bra or panties underneath.

That day, her tongue was already getting dry from hanging out of her muzzle, and she was panting up a storm before she was even out in the sunlight. She kept hoping for some friendly clouds to come out and block the bastardly ball of light in the sky, but naturally, there wasn't a cloud to be seen.

The sky couldn't have been a more peaceful and open shade of blue, casting a gorgeous view over the field, as if Dizzy was walking right into a professionally drawn landscape painting, come to life just for her to enjoy.

She would have enjoyed it a lot more, of course, if she wasn't dreading the idea of coming out from under the cover of the awning by the barn.

“**Hell** with it. There's no one around for miles, anyway,” she muttered, knowing the kind of privacy that she had in her fields. She was a friendly shepherdess, but once who enjoyed having her own little slice of earth without other people to foul up the place, and she worked hard to keep everything in working order, shearing sheep most nights and weaving all manner of clothing out of their soft, cloudy wool.

Being alone meant that there was no one to tend the sheep throughout the day, however, and for once, she was going to know how they felt, standing in the fields in nothing more than what they were born with.

It was a liberating sensation to feel the sunlight upon her bare chest as she stepped into it, and a paw came over her brow to shield her eyes from the light as she kept moving forward. The Border collie wasn't expecting such a delightful sensation of freedom, but sure enough, as the warmth of the beating sun brushed across her exposed womanhood, she didn't find it to be unpleasant or overbearing, but *exciting*.

“Shame the weather never cooperates. If it wasn't always so cold and rainy out

here, I'd do this more often!"

Keeping only the bandana of red around her neck, Dizzy continued her casual stroll out into the field, finding that the summer sun wasn't quite as harsh as she'd worried it would be. The pristine, soft fur of white upon her underbelly kept her body plenty cool, and as long as the darker, black fur upon her back and shoulders was turned from the light, she'd be able to keep from overheating.

Knowing how warm *she* was, however, she did feel a little sympathy for her sheep, as she began to walk among them, the same as she did every other day of the week.

"I'm gonna have to start putting colder water in your trough, boys and girls. This heat must be unbearable for you!" she said, finding that the sheep always seemed happier when she chatted them up, even if they couldn't properly understand her. "And I'll try to shear your wool more often in the summer so you don't all pass out from heat exhaustion."

In the peak of the summer months, heat seemed to be a common theme, and sheep weren't exactly concerned with the manners and social norms of the society that decided to keep them trapped within wooden fences and grassy knolls. As such, it was all *too* often that Dizzy would emerge in the morning, survey the pasture, and find a couple of her sheep trying to share what should have been a private moment, but without any place to find the privacy for it.

Usually, a bucket of water being tossed would be enough to stop them, or at least distract them for a bit, and this morning, she could already see a few of her flock pairing off and getting rowdy with each other, much to her displeasure.

"I swear, I've only been out here five minutes, and you guys can't keep it in your pants!" she groaned, marching back to the awning to grab a couple of buckets. The ground was dry for the most part, and even around the water trough, the ground wasn't too muddy for her to lose her footing, just yet. "Sometimes I think you like being doused in water more than you like doing each other!"

Filling a pair of buckets perhaps a bit fuller than she needed to, Dizzy grabbed each one by the handle and hauled them out to the field, where she could still see a few of the sheep cavorting with each other, despite her earlier frustrations at the sight. "Okay, you had your chances!" she called out, before she set one bucket down, and heaved the contents of the other at the lustful animals.

A quick **splash** followed, and some of the sheep scrambled across the field, trying to avoid the sudden rush of water. Dizzy nailed her targets, and naturally, the sheep let out a few disgruntled sounds before they began separating from

each other and scattering around.

If she'd just stopped there, perhaps Dizzy wouldn't have ended up having so much more work to do that afternoon, but she still had a second bucket of water, and she didn't want to bring it back to the trough.

"A little extra reminder might drive the point home," she said to herself, as she aimed the second bucket at a few of the males, still in a state of frustrated arousal. She stepped closer and closer to them, and normally, her boots would have provided all of the traction that she needed, even as she began stepping through the forming mud she'd created.

Her bare, uneasy footpaws weren't quite so able to grip the ground, thanks to the dropping slope of her pasture, and one of her legs kicked right out from under her as she threw the bucket of water up in the air. "O-oh *shit!*" The contents splashed back down upon her body, and though the initial shock of being covered in cold liquid quickly gave way to refreshing delight, it didn't change that she was lying flat on her back, naked in the field.

As always, she was **very** grateful for the privacy of her pasture, and she let out a quiet sigh as the bucket landed a few feet from her head, leaving her seemingly without any other threats to worry about.

"Not that I've ever gone a day in the fields without needing to grab a bath, but I think this might be a new record for my earliest bath of the day," her words were slightly bitter as she rolled onto her side, and then onto her paws and knees.

"Hardly seems worth it if I'm just gonna come back out here and get all messy again."

Hesitating for a moment to allow the bright, pleasant sun to warm her back, Dizzy stretched forward and lifted her tail slightly in a natural, canine pose. She was surprised at just how chilly she felt from the spilled water, and a smile began spreading across her muzzle as she closed her eyes and enjoyed the stretch, warming up again fairly quickly.

It seemed that there was still some discord in the fields, however, as the sheep who were stopped in the middle of their fun approached Dizzy, seemingly taking issue with her relaxation.

"Alright, alright...I should really g...g...**hey!** G-get outta there!" she barked as she whirled her head around, her warm, chocolate-amber eyes narrowing on one of the males, who just happened to have his muzzle buried under Dizzy's tail, sniffing curiously at her exposed labia. "If I wouldn't let you bang your little friends out here, what makes you t-think...that...*oooh goodness...*"

Her voice trailed off slowly as she felt a deceptively warm, slippery wet tongue freely gliding between the folds of her cunt, sampling her natural flavors without a hint of shame or remorse. The feral creature truly *didn't* know anything of societal norms, and such an act as this wasn't forbidden or strange for him, but just a way of discovering if it was interested in taking Dizzy as a partner.

Given the deeper, probing slurps of the tongue that came to follow, it seemed that Dizzy was *quite* the match.

“Y-you can't just **do** that!” she continued to try and protest, but her voice was getting weaker, and her angry, exposed fangs were falling hidden behind her jowls once again as she turned her head away. Watching the show was undeniably exciting, but it strained her neck; it was even **more** enjoyable to look ahead and tilt her head back as she felt the sheep blindly, but luckily gliding his tongue over the ticklish, stiffening nub of her clit. “N...no, you dork, you... *damnhe'sgood...*”

Once again, Dizzy's muzzle hung open just slightly and she panted, but a different kind of heat was involved. Warm, eager breath escaped her lips as she dug her paws into the mud and felt her knees sinking further as they trembled, and the rest of the flock began gathering around to watch, never having seen their shepherdess in such a state of lustful duress.

She was going to tell them to disperse, before one of the males she'd interrupted took his revenge, seeing her open mouth as a perfect substitute for the pussy he'd been ravaging before.

The prone, kneeling border collie raised a brow at the sheep that used her shoulders to mount her and gave a look of disdain as she felt the tip of his still glistening member prodding at the end of her muzzle. “I really shouldn't reward this kind of behavior, but...” she trailed off, finding it tough to speak with the tip of a cock jabbing at her lips. She opted instead to welcome the length into the warm, cozy confines of her maw, and though it was messy with mud, she lifted a paw and cupped the hanging, swollen orbs of the poor sheep, knowing how frustrating it must have been for the feral beast to be interrupted in the middle of such a passionate act.

I'm already this far gone, she thought, completing the earlier idea and accepting that what she was doing might have been wrong, but goodness knew that she was enjoying herself. *Can't decide if I'm the lucky one right now, or if they are...*

Remembering just how long it'd been since she last felt the warm, filling presence of someone's manhood inside of her sex, she figured that it was six in

one paw, and half a dozen in the other.

Go on, then. I guess you're the special guy I've been saving myself for.

If the sheep couldn't understand her words, then certainly, it wouldn't be able to read her thoughts, but it was already on the right track, as thin, smooth legs and hooves tried wrapping around Dizzy's curvy, plentiful hips. It was a bit of a struggle for the beast, but she released the front feral so that she could reach back and guide the other one into her, and though she'd groomed and trimmed the sheep so many times before, she'd never paid too much attention to how much flesh they could actually provide.

Her eyes *were* beginning to close, before she felt the sudden and deep stabbing of a long, thin cock against her labia, and on the second attempt, a penetration that left her muffling out a cry of delight against her mouthful. Dark, amber orbs went wide in shock, and then shut tightly once again as the beast picked up right where he left off, giving Dizzy very little time to warm up or adjust to the unique shape.

She didn't want to enjoy it as much as she was, but goodness only knew how **badly** she needed this kind of treatment, even if it was to come from her own flock.

And here I was worried he wouldn't be big enough. I wasn't giving you boys enough credit! Dizzy's thoughts quickly turned from concern to greed, and though her lips were sealed around a dripping rod, still moist from an earlier penetration, they were starting to curl into a cheeky grin. *I suppose I owe you a little 'apology' for that. Perhaps I can do something for you that I bet the ewes have **never** done.*

Sex between ferals was passionate, to be sure, but technique wasn't often at the forefront of their concerns, and usually, a minute or two of mindless thrusting achieved impregnation, or at least a release, as was the only goal.

Dizzy felt a strange, but enjoyable sense of pride swelling up in her chest as she delicately bobbed her head, able to feel the soft, ticklish wool of the sheep's underbelly brushing against her forehead and spreading the long, dirty locks of her black tresses, mingling the different patterns of hair together. She relished in the thought of being able to hold the creature down, but the subtle, back-and-forth motion of her head, pivoting from the neck, was something that the lucky feral was never able to dream of before.

Curious, unskilled licks and fumbling limbs would never compare, after what Dizzy was doing for the beast. Her maw was tightly sealed around the narrow,

but plentiful length, and her tongue smoothed along the underside with expert precision and full contact, leaving the tip to brush up against the roof of her muzzle before it slipped into the back of her throat, dumping generous helpings of precum with every thrust that he offered.

She didn't know that she was so thirsty before, but Dizzy was gulping down every little bit of the juices that she could get, having completely thrown caution to the wind. *Wouldn't care if someone **did** come across this...I'd just tell them to get in line*, she thought, and already, she was making a mental note of when she'd next have a chance to do something so naughty and forbidden, given the kind of privacy her pasture offered.

If she were so inclined, she could go about such a ritual every single day, and it would be a *much* easier way to keep the males in line, if they were going to keep up with their lustful behavior all summer.

If not for the constant bucking against her backside, and the impressively **deep** reach of the determined male, she might have lost herself in the thought of the endless benefits of doing something that most shepherds would never dream of.

That's it...a little deeper, big guy! Don't be afraid to gimme all you got...you can't break me...

A vocal lover no matter who was involved, Dizzy wished that she could actually vocalize her thoughts, but her moans of pleasure escaped as little more than a desperate "Mrnnnf!" as she tried to deal with the throbbing, bouncing length against her tongue. She'd never paid much attention to her sheep when they were in the throes of passion before, and wasn't expecting such a violent and powerful yield from the front male.

His cock was pulsing so heavily that it nearly took the whole of her warm, open confines to contain it, and against her open, eager throat, a flush of cum began spurting, sending the delicious seed to the back of her tongue and right down into her tummy with no effort at all.

It's that good? I've been letting a delicacy go to waste! Her thoughts were nearly hedonistic as she reached forth once more and squeezed the lucky creature's sack with an eager, skillful paw, being sure to milk every last drop out of his balls, hoping to leave him so exhausted that he would simply flop over for a nap when he was all done. Tiny streams of a creamy, white fluid spilled from the edges of her jowls as she failed to contain her desperate moaning, and from the tight, clenching folds of her womanhood, more of the same began to spill. *Both at the same time? What a couple of good boys...I might let you sleep in the bedroom*

with me tonight!

Though it was a bit thinner than she'd hoped it would be, the male upon her back was sporting plenty enough inches to brush and stroke her g-spot on each thrust, not with intentional skill, but with blind lust and ambition. It was just as effective a combination, as Dizzy's throat bulged out from the voluminous yield of the first male, before it slinked away from her, his member slipping from her mouth and leaving a tiny streak of his seed within the fur upon her cheek as he waddled off.

Thin as they were, the tight, powerful clenching of front legs around Dizzy's hips was still a downright *thrilling* sensation, as she knew she wouldn't be released to her means until the male was done pumping inside of her. "K-keep going! Yes! Don't y-you dare waste a fucking drop!" she ordered, her lips curled into an entirely sinister grin now that they were free to move. "Show me that you want me even **more** than the rest of these little s-sluts!"

Passion was a language that nearly every creature understood, and the constant bleating of the male rained down on her ear, an equal reply of the pleasure that he felt from her inner walls clenching the tip of his cock to try and hold it in place, before a similar squeeze gripped the bottom of the shaft on each pull. The ewes had nowhere near such a level of skill, and in the back of her mind, Dizzy wondered if she was going to get herself in over her head by offering this kind of treatment to creatures that were still subservient to her.

After all, the act was drawing quite the crowd, and both males and ewes alike were standing around the erotic commotion, forming a small circle of fluffy, white beasts in the pasture.

"...W-what...you think I've got time for **all** of you?"

It was just before afternoon, and Dizzy was already slurping the excess cum from the side of her muzzle. The pressure on her waist and torso eased up as the second male left the last of his seed inside of her, and a bonus stream trickled down the inside of her thigh as the proverbial plug was pulled, leaving a creampie that most men would have killed just to see, much less to have been the cause of.

"I guess I can try to sneak in a few more before I get back to my chores."

**

The agonizing heat of the afternoon sun was quick to turn into a blessing as the hours piled up, and load after load of cum was poured into Dizzy's cunt. She was

being fucked raw as the hours passed by, and by the end of it, she felt a bit of pity on the males who didn't get a chance to ride her when she was closer to her prime. Each of the ones she was lucky enough to taste had their own unique, but slightly sweet flavor, and her tongue was nearly painted the same shade of white as her underbelly, no matter how much of the stuff she swallowed.

Sensitive, perked nipples were hidden by a thin layer of mud as the border collie slumped into the mess she'd created earlier, surrounded by a small field of exhausted, but *satisfied* beasts. She'd be leaking their seed for the rest of the evening, and perhaps even longer, but she wasn't going to bother to grab a bath, just yet.

The sun was nearly down, and she couldn't remember ever being so completely drained, but there was still work to be done, and chores to handle before she could even think about sleep.

"If I get myself a bath...can I trust you needy punks to look after each other? I think I'm gonna need a little privacy after that..."

Brief as it was, there was the tiniest, quickest bite of remorse in what was otherwise an entire afternoon of hedonistic ecstasy. She'd changed the paradigm in her relationship with the flock, as their owner and caretaker.

Instead of feeling sorry, however, she was happy to embrace the added responsibility of keeping them happy in an entirely new way, and though she couldn't fathom the idea of handling another male that night...

...She'd heal up quick, and the boys would be in for another messy round tomorrow.

The Boy Who Cried ‘More!’

The mean streets of a cold, unwelcoming city could turn even the brightest of smiles into a frown, and kill the most positive spirits you’d ever met.

Rivard wasn’t the type to give up so easily, however, and no matter how many times he was accosted for money, or that someone wouldn’t return a polite favor to him, he was *determined* to try and keep a happy, healthy outlook on the world around him.

During the day, the city was uncaring. People walked past each other with their faces buried in their smartphones. Earbuds kept them from hearing anyone who might bother trying to talk, and even when someone **did** bump into him, Rivard found that most weren’t willing to apologize, even when something was clearly their fault.

That would have been bad enough, but during the day, he’d worked near the top of a very tall skyscraper, which would have had an incredible view, if his boss wasn’t literally using him as a footrest four days out of five.

Most people would have crumbled under the pressure and turned as gray as the buildings of the city they lived in, but Rivard kept his chin up, his brilliant, green hair styled, and his lips curled in a smile, knowing that the end of a tough work week meant Friday night was finally there, and at the club, all of his worries would fade away, buried under the heavy bass of a musical beat.

Streetlights were just buzzing to life, offering little more than a harsh, orange glow to the brown and gray tiles of the sidewalk below, but the world was a brilliant flash of color when Rivard showed his identification to the door man and made his way inside. A plain, painted black door in the side of yet another gray building, the “Twisted Tail” could have easily passed for just another meaningless building, but the club within was an entirely different story.

As if his eyes were a prism to the light, a blinding, yet satisfying beam of color spread across his eyes as he stepped in the narrow entrance, past the dark, useless coat racks and messy bathrooms. The entrance may have left something to be desired, but just on the other side of it, past all of the dingy charms of the first fifteen feet, the dance floor was waiting and open. Electric blues, neon greens and pillars of burning orange flew across the plain, black surface in

random fashion, and within them, people danced away their stresses, leaving the worries of the outside world at the door, where they belonged.

“This...this is *perfect*. This is the place that makes everything right again,” Rivard whispered to himself as he stepped out onto the edge of the dance floor. His heart was already pumping rapidly, and his legs were tingling with the desire to move faster, but he’d made a tradition of going to the bar first and ordering at least one drink.

Of course, it would always end up being **more** than that by the end of the night, but something powerful and sweet was just what he needed to get into a proper, dancing mood.

“I was starting to think that you wouldn’t show tonight!” the bartender called out from the corner. His job was feast or famine, and when a less popular song was on the speakers, he didn’t have a moment to stand still. When something danceable was on, however, he often leaned over the edge of his bar and looked around, bored out of his mind and waiting for someone to order something. “How’s my favorite customer doing this weekend?”

Rivard nearly skipped across the edge of the dance floor, his tight, squeezing jeans having just enough give to flex around his eager pace. “**So** ready for a drink. Doing well on tips tonight, Mick?”

The giddy otter plopped right down on the black leather top of a chrome barstool and rested his elbows on the bar. His chin sat in his paws, and he shot teasing glances at the bartender, who was already mixing up Rivard’s favorite drink for him.

“I could always do better, but it’s still early. If everybody tipped like you, I could’ve retired by now!”

There was hardly room for Rivard to fit his wallet in his back pocket, but he was already fishing it out to leave a twenty dollar bill on the bar top, easily double the price of the drink...and he wouldn’t ask for change. “I wanna keep you happy, Mick, but I don’t want you going anywhere! No one knows how to mix ‘em like you do.”

“Flattering,” Mick replied. The wolf was pouring a number of different colors into a glass, ending with a drink that was a burning, passionate pink, and tasted every bit as sweet as it looked. “But sometimes I think you’re here for more than just a drink, kid.”

The age gap between them was less important than the difference in their

desires, and though Rivard was fairly sure that Mick was straight, he was holding out hope that he'd be wrong, explaining the tight clothing and mesh tank top that he wore almost every time he went out.

"I'm always here for more than a drink, but you've gotta start somewhere, right?"

"I'll cheers to that, Rivard." Mick poured himself a shot of vodka and lifted the tiny glass, clinking it to Rivard's tall drink. "Get out there and have yourself some fun, all right?"

K-tink! Rivard took a long, deep swig of his drink as Mick downed his shot with practiced ease, and though he knew he was overstepping his bounds, Rivard leaned over the counter and pressed a kiss to the side of Mick's cheek, his tail lifted with playful eagerness.

Whether it was business sense or shared attraction, Mick snickered and ruffled the otter's hair before giving him a playful nudge back toward the floor, and in a flash, Rivard was back out under the lights, his body painted with electric color from every conceivable angle.

Trusting his drink to the old bartender, Rivard felt the pleasant, soothing warmth of the alcohol rushing into his stomach and spreading through his body with surprising haste; a trademark of a 'Mick cocktail' if there was one to be had. With it, the last of his inhibitions were quick to fade away, and he closed his eyes as his footpaws began tapping to the beat, feeling it out and getting his body into the rhythm.

Others came to dance closer to him, little by little, as his tail began to sway, and his rump along with it. A slow, easy beat was helping him to get into the mood, and the floor was starting to fill as a popular song brought even the quietest of wallflowers to life, much to the delight of the owners, who were starting to see record attendance on Friday nights.

That impressive attendance number was no coincidence, however, and the owners were too busy enjoying their success to remember that they were **long** overdue to make a payment.

The tired, old coatracks were ripped off of the walls in the entrance. The bouncer outside knew that the trouble was above his paygrade, and he didn't offer any sort of resistance. Bathroom doors were kicked over and knocked onto dirty floors, and even against the thundering sound of the music, the trampling footsteps of a wolf pack couldn't possibly be ignored.

This was no ordinary pack, and the owners of the “Twisted Tail” weren’t being asked to pay an ordinary debt.

“Mick, you piece of fuckin’ **trash!** Where the hell is your boss tonight?!”

All around town, when these men came through, someone in the club would cry “Wolves! **Wolves!**” and normally, you’d never see a dance floor empty faster. They were boisterous, to the point that they often allowed someone to go and announce their presence, so that innocent bystanders had a chance to escape.

When a boy cried wolf in this town, it meant that you still had a chance to make your payment on time. When they came *without* warning...it was too late to save yourself, or the patrons of your establishment.

“The owner hasn’t been here in days,” Mick quickly put his arms up in the air, having no desire for a fight. “Cut the music! **CUT THE FUCKIN’ MUSIC!**”

Rugged, dirty jeans, leather coats of onyx and thick, dark shades were the trademark of the “Dire Wolves,” a roaming pack that offered protection services to downtown businesses. Many would claim that their rates were fair, but it was an easy statement to make with a blade to your throat as the alternative.

“Atta boy, Mick...don’t want any trouble, do you? Be a *real shame* if a nice family man like you got caught up in all this mess.”

A steady job that kept bread on the table wasn’t something Mick was willing to give up, but when the owners were out, he was the manager, and right then, the only target of the small pack of wolves that had intruded.

The dance floor was silent as the music stopped dead, and the spinning, whirling lights went completely still, bathing the shaking patrons in a rainbow of different, but motionless colors.

“I don’t know why the boss hasn’t been paying you guys, Aaron! I’m sorry!”

“Sorry doesn’t put money in my pocket, Mick.”

Keeping his other paw elevated, Mick reached into the cash register and fished out all of the larger bills that he could manage with just one set of digits, and held it out to the titular Aaron, who stepped toward the bar and swiped it angrily. “This is barely a down payment on what the damn fool owes us! You tryin’ to insult me, Mick?!”

Rivard couldn’t remember a time that he saw fear in Mick’s eyes. The man was always in total control of the club, and even when a fight broke out among the customers, he was always able to keep everyone in line and resolve the situation

as peacefully as anyone he knew.

In that moment, he was reduced to a trembling shell of his former self, and a few whimpers and groans could be heard from the captive crowd, overrun with their own fear.

“It’s...it’s all I’ve got back here, Aaron!”

“Your boss got a safe?”

Mick gulped down a heavy lump. He **knew** that was coming. “I...in the back, y-yeah, he does, but if you guys take that, I’ll lose my job!”

“You’ve got a loving wife, Mick. I’m sure she’d rather see you come home jobless than dead, wouldn’t she?”

No one was daring to move from the dance floor. A few other wolves were blocking the only exit other than the emergency, and if someone were to cause such a commotion, *no one* would be safe, least of all Mick himself.

The poor, trapped bartender was trying to buy as much time as he could with his nervous silence, but it was the foolhardy, brave otter who finally stepped from the dance floor, dwarfed by the pack of wolves he was staring down. “You guys...y-you can’t do this to Mick! He’s the only reason this place stays open!”

“**We** are the only reason this place stays open,” Aaron turned his head on a swivel and narrowed his eyes at Rivard, like a pair of golden orbs peering out from the darkness of space. “And if you like being a customer here, you’d better shut your sorry ass up and get back on that dance floor with the rest of ‘em!”

Perhaps, it was the strong, alcoholic blend in his stomach talking.

It might have even been the dismay of his average week, putting him to his breaking point, where nothing seemed to matter anymore.

Even as a trio of massive, burly wolves descended on him with fangs exposed and claws primed to rip into the poor otter, he didn’t move, but before he could be torn to shreds, Aaron raised a paw, and everyone hesitated once more.

“...I like this one. He’s spunky...you two; grab him and take him into the back. Zech, why don’t you and I help Mick find the combination to the safe back there?”

Rivard didn’t see any point to trying to fend off the massive canines. They each took a grip on his arm and yanked, nearly pulling his bones right out of their sockets, and obediently, he walked along, hoping that his sacrifice might pay off some day, for Mick’s benefit.

“Turn the stupid fuckin’ music back on. Come on, kids! Dance! This is good thing!” Aaron yelled at the DJ and his constituents, acting as if kidnapping a pair of people and forcing them into the back of the club was nothing out of the ordinary.

Awkward, slowly moving bodies tried to shake their fear, and under the watchful eye of a few more members of the Dire Wolves, no one dared to call the police.

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“Still can’t remember the combination, Mick?”

Knowing that the friendly bartender *did* have a wife and kids changed Rivard’s feelings for him just a little bit, but it didn’t change the fact that someone he cared about was being held down against his will in front of a large wall safe, with a knife against the side of his neck.

“I a-already told you,” Mick tried to talk without choking on his own emotions, “They d-don’t let me use t-the safe!”

Just watching left Rivard clenching his fists in frustration, but he never fathomed that he’d be foolish enough to actually lash out against Aaron, even when he was forced to watch.

He could feel that neither guard was taking their job seriously, however, and one of his arms wormed free, and he made a mistake that he would **never** forget.

Thwack! His paw connected weakly with Aaron’s cheek, and caused the wolf to drop his knife to the floor, more from shock than from the blow.

“D...did you really just hit me, kid?”

Calm, lipid oceans of blue shrunk down to tiny puddles in the center of Rivard’s eyes. He looked at his own paw in disbelief, and then back to Aaron, who, despite the violent strike, was *grinning*.

“I fuckin’ knew I liked this kid. Guys, let Mick go...we’ll go after the owner some other time. Right now, I think it’s about time we do what we do best, eh?”

The grin was infectious, spreading around to the other members of the Dire Wolves lucky that were enough to be a part of the capture party. Leather jackets were already being shrugged to the floor, t-shirts were being pulled over their heads, and most interestingly to Rivard, their jeans were being unzipped and lowered.

“Y-you...you guys can’t be serious,” Rivard asked, his voice still a bit wobbly with fear, but it was lifting quickly, given what he saw going on around him.

“You’re really g-gonna do this to me?”

“You dumb enough to try and stop us?” Zech asked. He was still playfully twirling a knife in his paws, and just to prove he wasn’t all flash, he pressed it delicately to Rivard’s tank top and pressed along the middle, managing to cleave the garment in two without cutting the otter’s flesh underneath.

Rivard sucked in a nervous, terrified breath as he watched the shimmering blade move across his tummy, but no cut ever appeared, and his tank top fell without him so much as having to shrug it off.

“No...just dumb enough to see how many of you I can handle.”

Mick could feel his head tilting now that the blade was pulled from his neck, but it tilted further as he watched all of the fear melting from Rivard’s expression. The otter cast a look toward his favorite bartender, his eyes telling the kidnapped wolf to just relax, and let him take care of the situation.

It was the last peaceful thing that Mick would see for the next two hours.

The otter’s expression would have bordered on smug, but it was rattled with fear as Aaron stepped in behind him and pushed his face into the wall. The safe was located at the end of a narrow hallway, and just fitting the four members of the Dire Wolves back there was a struggle; to add Mick and Rivard to the mix left things awfully cramped, and Rivard was completely outmatched.

“Rip his jeans off. Don’t leave ‘em in one piece.”

Rivard could feel drool escaping the corner of his muzzle as his face was pressed tightly against cold concrete. The wolves could have used their claws, but stuck with their knives instead, carving pieces out of Rivard’s jeans and leaving chunks of denim strewn about the floor, before the tatters that remained simply fell off, leaving Rivard completely bare, thanks to his commando decision.

“You always find a way to pick the biggest slut in the bunch, boss,” Zech commented. Against the pitch black fur of Aaron’s coat, he stood out rather stark, with an underbelly of cream, and a mask of soft orange around his muzzle and eyes. His crotch was framed by loops of the same orange, filled in with a cool gray, and between his legs, emerging from the sheath, his cock was already beginning to stiffen at the prospect of being serviced by a tiny otter. “Mind if I take the front this time?”

“Heh...like I’d let you take this little punk in the ass...fellas, you wanna help lube him up for me?”

Mick could only watch in silent fear as the wolves showed off their idea of

lubricant: a group of canines taking turns spitting against Rivard's asshole as one of them held his tail up, keeping it elevated. Aaron wasted no time in pressing the growing tip of his canine length to the waiting, messy entrance, and each time, he'd only dip the very head of his member in, pushing the saliva further into the passage.

A second round of spit was quick to follow, and Rivard was glad that Mick couldn't see the otter's eyes rolling back in his head, or worse still, the tremble of his lower lip as quick, fading bursts of delicious pain gave way to the unbridled pleasure of a bare, uncovered wolf cock digging deeper and deeper into his ass.

I don't want you to see me like this, Mick...but at the same time, I do...I want you to watch as these guys take turns on my ass, the way I wish you could have...

Aaron's member was beginning to glisten with the building saliva of his drones, save for Zech, who grabbed Rivard by the scruff of his neck. The otter was panting from the fulfilling penetration already, and his breath was warm as it poured over Zech's member, soaking it with a steamy, delightful layer of heat.

"I think he *likes* it, boss. Probably be more of a punishment if I just made him look at it!"

"Don't tell me you're thinkin' about wasting his mouth, Zech..."

The second in command, secretly a hybrid of a coyote and wolf, dug his claws into the pawful of scruff and yanked Rivard's head forward. The otter couldn't possibly close his muzzle in time, and a tapered, canine tip was quickly followed by the fat, tasty flesh of Zech's shaft. Having no time to prepare, Rivard gagged around the length as Zech gave him more than he could hope to handle, pushing inch after inch into the waiting maw, even as saliva dripped from Rivard's lower lip, overwhelmed with the throbbing tool.

"Wouldn't dream of it, boss. You should feel it...this boy is a fucking natural!"

In the tight space of the hallway, Mick was still settled against the back wall, now slumped under the safe and watching helplessly as Aaron and Zech managed to spin just enough to put Rivard in the middle of the action. The last two wolves were rubbing their paws together eagerly, and little Rivard was forced to stand only using his legs, spitroasted between Aaron and Zech. His paws would have made it to the ground, if not for the extra pair of canine cocks that were offered to him...

Can't let those go to waste, he thought, as his paws wrapped delicately around

each one, able to feel precum **immediately** staining the webbing between his digits. *They're huge...they **all** fucking huge! I dunno if I can stretch wide enough for this!*

Experience was surely the only reason that Rivard wasn't already overcome with pain, as his tight, clenching pucker continued to wrap around Aaron's manhood. "Almost more like fuckin' a chick than a dude," the leader of the pack taunted Rivard, commenting on just how easily the trapped otter was able to take a length that many before him had struggled with. "Feels like I could pump all the way through this little slut!"

Zech snickered as he looked down and saw Rivard barely able to return the eye contact, but his calm blues were drunk with insatiable lust, and for his part, the hybrid watched with his own calm orbs of brown, taking pleasure more in the act itself than the fact that Rivard was being *forced* to do it.

Far as he could tell, they could have just asked Rivard to get down all fours, and this would have happened all the same.

"He's struggling with me," Zech admitted, "But he's a trooper. I can tell you need to breathe, you little whore. Don't you want me to pull out for a moment?"

So deep into his throat was Zech's cock that Rivard couldn't even manage to shake his head. His vision was already getting a little dim, but his hips were still able to push back against Aaron, and his paws, despite his haze, were still pumping at the grunts and their impressive rods, working the precum right back into their flesh as it oozed down from the tip.

"Didn't hear any complaints," Aaron muttered under a heavy, pleased gasp. "Guess w-we need to go even **harder**."

Please, go easy on the poor boy, Mick kept his protest to himself, unaware that he was the only person at the end of the hall that *wasn't* enjoying the orgy as it occurred. *I don't know how much more of this treatment he can take!*

Neither Zech, nor Aaron had any intention of letting up on Rivard, but the otter would have been left on the verge of an orgasm if they gave him a break, and after a long, difficult work week, being forced to fuck a pack of wolves was not only a cake walk, but a *welcome* one, at that.

He was just doing his best to lick up all of the frosting, as he felt the lesser wolves nearing their own climaxes already.

"Jeez, guys...that's really as long as you can last?" Aaron taunted his own men, refusing to let much more than a passing grunt or a whispered moan escape his

lips; he wouldn't give Rivard that satisfaction. "He's a talented little fucktoy, but he isn't **that** good!"

"Dunno, boss...he's g-got a fuckin' *good* muzzle," Zech butted in, keeping the grunts from degrading themselves too much. "Can't wait to paint his face...and I think he wants it, too!"

"Course he does! If his ass was squeezing me any tighter, I wouldn't even be able to move back here!"

You guys can insult me better than that, Rivard couldn't literally join the conversation, but he took his own part, wishing that the group of horny canines would find another way to degrade him. Frightening as they were at the start of the night, the wolves were nothing short of a blessing as it drew to a close, and with the party starting to come alive once more on the other side of the club, there was no chance of an interruption.

Rivard would be allowed to finish, and even the kindhearted Mick wasn't able to do anything to stop it.

"*Hmmph*. He's already stretched," Aaron trailed off, forcing the disappointment in his voice. He pulled his cock free and watched as Rivard's tailhole clenched helplessly, hoping to grip onto something, but it could only gape in the absence of the canine flesh, until Aaron squeezed the soft, delicately rump of the otter in his paws and rammed his hips back forth, settling into place once more with a quiet **plap** of his balls slapping the otter's thighs.

Even if he knew that he'd be taunted for enjoying it so much, Rivard couldn't keep his eyes from rolling back at the sound, and the forbidden delights kept piling up, as a plentiful trickle of precum stained his tongue, pouring right from Zech's own manhood.

Before he could even focus on it, however, he felt twin streaks of seed, bursting from either side of his body and spraying across his paws and his wrists as the grunts gave up early, having nothing to prove; they knew their spot in the pecking order. Lasting longer was a fruitless battle, but their canine whimpering was a satisfying reward for Rivard, who felt a few of the heated, tasty streaks coursing over the sides of his muzzle and splashing upon his cheek, falling just short of getting in his eyes.

Shame...that would've been really hot...

His mind was too far in the gutter to be saved, and Mick was starting to get the hint. The kindest of the wolves by far, Mick tilted his head in shock as Rivard

bounced his ass eagerly against Aaron, hoping to bring even more mess into the fray, and he knew he was going to get his wish when he felt a powerful, knee-buckling pulse against his inner walls.

“Let’s cream this little bitch and get moving,” Aaron groaned through gritted, jagged fangs. His hips drove the otter nearly to his knees, but Rivard held his ground and released the spent henchmen, gripping onto Zech and holding his thighs tightly with cum-soaked paws. “We’ve got more stops to make...”

Even in the greatest reaches of his climax, Aaron wouldn’t make a sound of pleasure, deciding to let the messy, constant *squelch* of his splattering cum do the talking for him. The yield was far more than Rivard’s stretched, well-fucked ass could ever contain, and strands were pouring down to the floor as Aaron ignored his own anatomical needs, simply gripping his knot to simulate a tie.

Zech was regretful to do the same, but he gripped Rivard tightly by the neck and clenched his pawtips tight, making sure that the otter wouldn’t dare to move as seed erupted violently from the tapered tip of his own tool. “Shame we can’t take him with us. He’d make for a *great* way to pass the time,” Zech admitted, but he didn’t call the shots. He was relegated to pumping his hips into the face and muzzle of the submissive otter with such force that Rivard worried he might be bruised...but he was *shameless* in his enjoyment of the moment.

Faithfully, he swallowed each and every burst of fresh, heated ejaculate, able to feel the creamy substance coating his throat. Taking the pounding would leave him sore the next day, but in the moment, he couldn’t have been much happier, as the wolves pulled from him at the same time, and his wobbling body fell into the mess of excess, spilled cum.

“Come on, guys...I think we’ve made our point. If we have to do this to the owner...you can be damn sure we won’t be using any lube, Mick.”

Aaron snapped his pawtips, and the Dire Wolves began walking out of the back of the club, haphazardly jumping back into their jeans. They never let Rivard get a word in edge wise, but as he watched them walk away, he licked some of the canine mess from his tired lips and narrowed his eyes on them.

“More...”

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Another week flew by, and another weekend came with Rivard as eager as he could ever be to head back to the Twisted Tail.

Mick spoke with the owners about what happened over the week, and naturally,

the debt was paid before anything worse could happen, but no one would be foolish enough to call the police on the Dire Wolves.

That didn't stop them from coming back the next weekend, but this time, they didn't use the front entrance, and they weren't interested in collecting on a payment.

"They're good guys at heart, Mick. I'm sure of it."

"Just...be careful running with that crowd, will you? It's easy to get in over your head if you aren't careful."

The words were in one ear, and out the other for Rivard, who was already being dragged away by Aaron and Zech. Everyone knew the stories about the Dire Wolves, but they had their own legend, now, of "The Boy Who Cried 'More.'"

The White Doe

Even in a world where magic was not only existent, but *commonplace*, most people didn't believe in curses until they were the subject of one.

By that time, it would already be too late, and you'd be living with the side effects of whatever hex you'd been placed under, however great or small they might be.

There were all kinds of different manners to fall into a curse; the reasons why you might be subject to one were as numerous as the imaginations of the many people of the world, and the only real qualifier was that you came across someone who had the ability to put you under one.

Ori would never have guessed that an afternoon of shopping would lead to her being cursed for the rest of her life, or at least, so it seemed, but she was quite defensive about her choice of underwear, and she had no idea that she was getting into an argument with a witch.

She was so convinced that she was wearing the cuter pair of panties that she refused to back down, and when the insults started flying, it was too late to stop the witch from uttering the words that would change Ori's life forever.

"Strands of white, wherever you go! Strands of white, from head to toe! Strands of white, lest you be a doe!"

The rhyme was strange enough that the cheetah-lynx hybrid was concerned right off the bat, but it wasn't until her large, soft pawpads began hardening at the end of her wrists that she was freaked out. Flesh melded into itself as hooves quickly formed out of her hands and feet, and a thick, curvy rear began to slim just a little, as thighs followed suit.

Ori remembered sprinting out of the market that day, falling all over herself and crashing into everything around her as her skeletal structure morphed under her flesh. Running on two legs didn't feel natural any longer, and she was forced to run on all fours as she made her way into the safe, comforting wilderness of the trees around her quiet village.

There she stayed, wandering around the forests and hiding from hunters whenever she could. Against the plentiful, green flora and brown trunks, however, a white doe would find that a difficult task, and it was only her speed

and grace that kept her from being captured, before.

Months had gone by, and Ori was getting *tired*.

Legends spread around the village as quickly as a pesky disease, and they hung around for twice as long. Plenty of townsfolk claimed that they had *seen* the white doe, but none were ever able to get a picture, or even return with a tuft of fur to prove their claim. The few women who saw it said that they were able to approach, and even rest with the white doe, but any man who ever set eyes on it couldn't seem to remember how the encounter went; their throats became tight, and their faces flushed whenever they tried to recount the happenings.

That was the second, and perhaps **worst** part of the curse.

No matter how she tried, Ori knew that she was always being pursued, and as the sun came up on a bright, cheerful day with new possibilities in store, Ori was already downtrodden and wandering around the forest with a low, sagging neck and a stubborn frown.

"There'd be no point in talking to them! They'd all think they were crazy to hear a wild doe speaking in native tongues!" she groaned, cursing her bad luck as she lazily frolicked around the still waters of a woodland pond. The water was so still that Ori could see her reflection as clearly as she could in the finest mirror, and each day, she came back to this pond, hoping that she'd see the round, black spots and sandy yellow fur that were once her trademarks.

Instead, she saw fur that was every bit as white as freshly fallen snow, without so much as a mark from the dirt she had to walk through every day. Her tail was still short, but rather than a simple nub, a small, white tuft wiggled about with her every step, and though her eyes held the same, crystal shade of blue, she hated looking into the water and seeing what felt like a stranger peering back at her.

"If that ugly bitch would have just let me show her, she would have seen that my panties were **way** cuter, and I wouldn't be in this mess! I've gotta get back into town and make her see that she was wrong!"

To be so arrogant and stubborn in this matter was what got Ori into trouble in the first place, and as the sun began peering through the gaps of greenery in the forest canopy, the light shined on a trio of hunters that were rather close by.

They didn't carry guns or other such weapons, but instead, they held rope and a muzzle, planning to bind and carry the creature back into town. There were plenty of rich collectors in the village who would pay a handsome fortune to

those skillful enough to retrieve a rare creature, and it wouldn't have been the first time that Ori was forced to spend her entire day running away from trouble. It would, however, be the first day that someone *almost* captured her.

"Thank goodness we got to this hunt before the snow began to fall. White fur would be completely lost in the winter," the lead hunter murmured, following what he was sure were not tufts of dandelion seeds or scattered feathers, but the fur of their prey. "It can't be too far from here. These tufts are still a little warm!"

Bermuda, the leader of the troop, had his reputation at stake as the best hunter in the village. He'd watched countless others fail to bring the white doe back to town, and where all others couldn't, he boasted that he would *definitely* succeed.

Backing him were Exile, the husky-raccoon hybrid with a keen sense of smell, and Amethystine, often called 'Ame,' a long and skillful snake who would be able to wrap completely around the body of the doe to keep it from running away once it was cornered.

"There's some pretty shallow hoof prints in the ground here, too," Exile pointed out, his eyes scanning the ground carefully. Bermuda kept his eyes aiming forward in the hopes of seeing the doe before it saw them, and Ame's tongue flickered out every few seconds, the forked muscle hoping to catch the taste of the doe on the air. "It looks like we're heading in the right direction."

A brown overcoat meant that Exile had an easier time blending it with the trees, and his hunting garb kept the cream of his underbelly from showing. Ame's scales were a complex blend of sandy tan and dark brown, better suited for the dunes of the desert, but his body was able to move silently as it slinked along the grass.

Only Bermuda, the snow leopard, was sticking out at all, and he was bold enough to go shirtless, uncaring that his off-white coat and rosettes would make him stand out against the rest of the fruitful nature.

"I can taste water on the air," Ame suggested, as they continued quietly following the tracks. "This early in the day, the creature will likely be taking their first drink."

The pond was just on the other side of a thicket of trees, and Ori's voice was starting to carry through it, covering up the whispering of the hunters.

"Not a bad theory, Ame. I'll go left around this little bunch of trees, and you take the right. If it goes my way, I'll push it into the water before I let it get around

me...Exile, you jump through the middle to startle it, if it's there. Ame, you've got the right; use that slack to keep it from getting past you."

Bermuda tugged the rope taut between his paws and let an arrogant grin spread over his muzzle. The other hunters nodded silently, and though they could hear Ori murmuring on the other side of the trees, they just assumed it was another group of hunters, planning their own attack.

"If I hurry up, I can get back into the village before anyone else is even awake! Then I can pin that stupid witch down and show her that she was wrong!" Ori wasn't thinking entirely clearly, as her feral body had no panties to prove the witch wrong with, but she also didn't have anyone to **tell** her that. She was just ranting and raving by the pond, stamping her hooves in place with her determined frustration.

She never even heard Exile storming through the bushes at the edge of a small thicket: she only saw him, and the muzzle that he was carrying in his paws.

"It's startled! Get it now, Bermuda!"

The snow leopard pounced from the left side, and a frozen Ori managed to break free of her own nerves just in time to dodge to the right...and trip over the slack of a waiting snake. His body was plenty thick to leave her thin, tired legs buckled, and it was only the comforting underbelly of the slithering creature that kept her from falling harshly onto her own stomach.

Defeat and regret were already washing over the white doe, as Bermuda stepped in closer, representing her pure juxtaposition. His reputation as a hunter would be intact, and the arrogance in his lips seemed entirely justified, as Ame coiled his slack around the body of the doe loosely, wanting to hold it tight without crushing or constricting it.

"That plan worked so easily, I almost feel bad for the little critter!" Bermuda claimed. He kept the rope tight in his grip as he continued moving closer, and Exile walked at his side, curious to see the white doe up close, for himself. "I'd say we should let it go and give it a head start, but...business before pleasure, right fellas?"

In the face of the curse, those words were meaningless, and Ame was already starting to feel the effects of it, as he looked down upon the doe, wrapped up in the coils of his body, unable to escape, or even *move*.

"I...d-disagree, Bermuda," Ame replied, though his voice was uncertain, as if he was questioning his own words before he uttered them. "In this instance, I think

perhaps that pleasure is the more important matter.”

Son of a bitch, it's happening again, isn't it? Ori thought. There was no fear left in his eyes, but filling that void was a glaze of frustration. *Strands of white, from head to toe...damn that old skank!*

The words would have been a bit more offensive to Bermuda, if not for the fact that he was already falling under the effects of the curse, himself. He didn't want to let the rope go to waste, but it seemed that Ame was already doing a fine job of keeping the doe still, and with quite a bit of luck, his genital slit was lined up just under the soft, ticklish fluff of Ori's tail.

Her legs were kicked up and out, showing off the pouted folds of her womanhood to Exile, and the moment he gazed upon them, he, too, was sucked into the hex. “He's right, Bermuda. We can't just take the creature into town without sampling it first, can we?”

Ori would have vocalized her argument, but she knew that startling the hunters wouldn't fix the situation. She wanted to be disgusted with them, but deep inside, she loved the attention, and even if she didn't, the last part of the curse left her without room to argue.

The reason her coat stayed so white was contained within each male, waiting to be spilled upon her body, and at the behest of the curse, she was **starving** for it.

“Do you think a mere sample would satisfy a hunter of my stature?”

Even under the curse, Bermuda kept his cocky attitude, but he couldn't fight the frustrating, itchy urge to strip out of his pants, even in the cold of the early morning. Exile was starting to do the same, and Ame, for his part, never wore clothes, knowing how difficult it was to find any that would fit upon his particular body type.

Thanks to that, the twin tips of his hemipenis were already emerging, and one of them was pressing, and even *drooling* at the welcoming pucker of Ori's tailhole.

“She's wiggling, Bermuda...I think she's getting impatient with all of your talk.”

Snickering at the thought, Bermuda stepped right out of his slacks and left them in the short grass around the pond. It reflected the every act of the corrupted hunters as Bermuda gripped Ori by the neck and turned her head, forcing her to look to the side and admire the already stiffening length of a thick, plentiful member, and the deliciously unique shape of it.

All three of the males had their own particular anatomy, and the mingled blend of canine and raccoon influences on Exile's cock made it the object of Ori's

affection, even as she felt the soft, ticklish barbs on the tip of Bermuda's cock against her soft, white muzzle. Her fur acted like an extra layer of purity, as if the hunters were defiling some sort of divine treasure of nature, and thanks to the curse, they didn't have an ounce of remorse about it.

If anything, they were enjoying themselves even **more**, just knowing that they were among the lucky few who got to sample the legendary creature.

Just get 'em in there already, Ori groaned mentally, knowing that she was going to enjoy the act, but also growing tired of waiting for it to start. Her muzzle opened easily, her lips spreading apart with complete and total compliance for the aggressive snow leopard. *Sooner you all fuck me, the sooner I can find that stupid witch and lift this curse!*

If there was a silver lining to the curse, random encounters such as this had to be it. Out in the wild, away from prying eyes, men seemed more willing to do the twisted things that they only talked about in hushed tones and private rooms, and Ori was quickly becoming the subject of many fetishes in her short time as a wild beast.

This time, there was only unbridled lust, and a small target to try and absorb all of it, as Exile knelt down over the slack of his naga companion and pressed the tapered, canine tip of his length into the glistening, dripping folds of the bonded doe.

Her body *did* tremble against Ame's embrace, but not with fear, or the hope of escape. It was all pleasure from there on out, as her body gleefully struggled to accommodate all three of the eager hunters at once.

"It'd be a shame to see her coat tarnished by the wilderness," Bermuda thought out loud, his words dictated purely by the curse. His paw was gripping Ori so tightly around the neck that she worried she might faint, but with each passing moment, the doe was getting further and further into the idea of being impaled on so many cocks, and Exile was the benefactor, as her liquid arousal continued to spill with ease. "We should all finish on her fur...wouldn't you guys agree?"

No! Leave them inside! I wanna feel the cum inside for once, damn it! Ori's thoughts turned back to anguish for a moment, but her voice was reduced to little more than impassioned whimpers around a mouthful that she could never properly manage.

"Would be quite the thrilling sight, Bermuda, and it would leave her looking so *pristine!*" Ame voiced his agreement as he reached down with a clawed hand and adjusted the base of one of his twin cocks to push it a little deeper into the

stuffed doe, taking it easy with her asshole as the second cock began pushing at the underside of Exile's own manhood, hoping to sneak it with it and give her yet a **fourth** rod to deal with. "I'd wager that's j-just what she would want..."

Hardly able to breathe, stuffed so full that she could hardly move and trapped between three horny males, Ori never felt luckier than she had in that moment, but she wanted to beg the men to leave their loads inside of her body, instead of making a mess of her and extending the curse.

Beggars couldn't be choosers, however, and it was rude for a lady to talk with her mouth full.

"It'd be rude to deny a lady her wishes," Exile added in, as his knees planted in the ground and his hips began to drive, bucking Ori's smaller, petite body against the slack of Ame's own form. She bounced into him, and her brilliant, blue eyes began to roll back in her head as she tried to balance all of the different sources of ecstasy, even as they took turns ramming into her body. She was slowly sinking onto Ame's first length, and her tailhole clenched upon it, anchoring her in place for the hunters to pound into her *harder still*, and just when she thought that she'd never be able to handle it, she could feel Ame's second tip spreading her already stuffed labia a little further apart, snaking further in with each pass of Exile's cock.

There was so much going on that the poor doe couldn't manage it all, and naturally, she was quickly forgetting all about her revenge.

This isn't a curse...this is a blessing...these men couldn't resist me if they tried! Yes, that's it...get it deeper in there, you dirty little snake...two cocks in my cunt at the same time...I never knew life could hold such pleasures!

Somewhere far, far away, a witch was laughing at the thought of Ori ever getting any kind of *revenge*, especially when she was so busy being rocked back and forth between three bodies, rapidly approaching her first orgasm and quickly pushing for a second, even as her vaginal walls fluttered around the pair of lengths that took turns filling her. Drool spilled down over her neck as Bermuda fucked her deep, filling her up all the way into her throat, but she held on as faithfully as she could until the snow leopard finally pulled out.

Now **she** was the one left wanting, and she'd continue to be forever, as the first eruption of cum sprayed across the edge of her muzzle and spread up between her eyes and across her cheeks. "Don't leave a bit of her untouched," Bermuda ordered, his last words of cursed influence.

Exile and Ame were nearly crushing the little doe between them, but her

clenching, contracting sex pushed their members out just in the nick of time. Precum within her body just wouldn't cut it, and upon her flat, tufted chest and the slim lines of her belly, a storm of seed began to pour down, as Exile and Ame both stroked their lengths up to the tip, forcing the last of the creamy delight that they could offer to her onto her fur.

She thought that she just might be in luck, as she tried squeezing her inner muscles around the cock buried in her tailhole, but Ame pried it free and grunted with delight as hot, sticky ejaculate sprayed across her rump and coated the soft, curvy flesh, but not a drop managed to spill inside any of her loosened, well-fucked holes.

Somehow, with four different rods having spilled upon her, Ori was covered from head to toe, just like the curse claimed...but she wasn't allowed to savor any of it for herself.

As was always the case, the hunters came around to a mildly dizzying sensation, and there was some curiosity, and even some fear as they found their clothes thrown to the ground without caution, and a cum-soaked, feral doe between them. They tried to set their stories straight, so they could explain how they were able to get so close to the doe without catching it...

The difference, however, is that these hunters would return the next night, and Ori, eager to break the cycle of the curse, would be waiting for them.

Goldilocks and the Bare Cocks

“There’s really a line out the door? I knew I came to the right party!”

The old school version of the legend about a girl named Goldilocks might have had something to do with a tiny, blonde haired girl running around in the forest, stealing food and trying to find the right bed to use in a stranger’s house. She was an irresponsible girl, at the very least, and it was hard to feel bad for someone who was so careless with their own life; wandering into the homes of strangers and taking their things wasn’t exactly *safe*.

On the campus of Bowline University, however, there was a legend of a girl named Goldilocks, but she wasn’t anything like the fantasy character that her parents named her after, and those same parents might have been a bit ashamed if they knew why their daughter had such a powerful reputation.

“You can last a bit longer than that, Zack...”

Rather than wandering aimlessly around the woods, this Goldilocks wandered around the expansive campus of Bowline University, looking for the best parties that she could find. She’d always find a bed to rest in at the end of the night if she asked nicely enough, and she wasn’t worried about the bed itself being just right, as much as the person she was sharing it with.

This blonde wasn’t a silly little girl, either: she was a feline bombshell, with soft, tan and gray fur that was trimmed back neatly so that her nipples would stand proud above the peach fuzz around them, and her nethers were trimmed nearly bare. Her locks were long and flowing gold, just like her name would suggest, and they framed a pair of mischievously bright blue eyes, able to steal and hold the gaze of any man who dared to try and satisfy her legendary needs.

“I could last **a lot** longer,” Zack replied. The doberman was a regular customer of the lustful feline, as their social lives kept their paths crossing over and over again. “But I’ve got other things to do tonight,” he admitted, as he pulled the length of his cock from the tight, clenching passage of the spread cat and held it above her tummy. “You’ll have to settle for a *doggie treat*.”

Rolling her eyes and sitting up from the bed, Goldilocks gripped Zack by the base of his knot and held on tight, squeezing it until she could feel his seed gushing against the end of her muzzle. A hedonist in every sense of the word,

she let the seed coat her lips and spill down into her cleavage before she actually bothered to lick any of it from her lips, and all the while, she looked up to Zack, finding him to be one of the few males that she could never quite hold down, despite her best efforts.

His allure ended there, however; he would only ever be a conquest to her, and she had a feeling that she was just another notch in his belt. It was a fine understanding to be shared, and it met their mutual needs, as Zack began pulling his jeans back up from the floor, and stuffing his drooling member back into his boxers.

“You’ve been getting around,” Goldilocks accused him, having become accustomed to a bit more volume from the thick, plentiful canine. “Maybe you should save some more *porridge* for me, next time?”

Zack rolled his eyes as he zipped up his jeans and turned away. “Only **you** could find a way to turn semen into a pun, Goldilocks,” he muttered. As he left the small dorm room, tucked back into the corner of an overcrowded and terribly loud party, he patted the next man in line on the shoulder, and whispered “Good luck with that one” to him, knowing that the next male in line would have his paws *more* than full.

“Such a stick in the mud, that one,” Goldilocks murmured as the line continued building at the end of the small room. Men were literally lined up down the hallway in waiting, thinking that they were guaranteed to get their rocks off if they ever made it to the front of the line; they didn’t know that Goldilocks was actually **very** selective, and when she found a male that she liked, she held on tight and kept him for as long as he could keep up. “Perhaps you can do better, stranger? I don’t recall ever seeing you around here before...and I’d remember a body like *that*.”

Tight, white fabric was like a second skin against toned muscles, and without even an ounce of shame, Goldilocks was running her eyes down the outline of a taut, firm abdomen, admiring the sculpture of each muscle, en route to a pair of jeans that was clearly struggling to contain a plentiful bulge.

“Well, I **do** put a lot of work into it,” the man replied, as he took a step or two forward. The room was small, and with just one stride, he was already standing at the edge of the bed, looking down a girl who seemed to have a bottomless sexual appetite. “It’s always nice to meet someone who can appreciate that.”

“Hard work deserves to be rewarded, doesn’t it?” Goldilocks asked, and even with the door open and others waiting nearby, she gazed up from the canine’s

crotch and locked eyes with him. Her lids slowly lowered, narrowing her gaze and giving her expression a lustful allure, hoping that she might entice the dog to come a little closer. “I’m afraid I only have one way to reward your efforts, though.”

Comforting, delicate orbs of emerald looked back to Goldilocks, doing just as impressive a job of keeping her stare as she did his own. “Something tells me that I’ll be just fine with your methods,” he admitted. He watched as Goldilocks crooked a pawtip to him, gesturing upward to suggest that he start removing his clothes, and immediately, the palm closed around her right breast and began to squeeze it. Her left paw was already between her legs, spreading her recently used folds apart to see if the canine was willing to break with her gaze, in order to see something a bit more enticing.

She grinned when she saw his eyes dart away for a moment, knowing he was admiring the parted, pouting flesh of her labia, and the juices that eagerly glistened upon them. “With a body like that, I get the feeling that I’ll be the one approving...those hips look like they could drive me right into the ground.”

A golden retriever with a form that most men could only ever dream of having, Chase tugged his shirt up from the waist and pulled it over his head with a soft grin. He knew that Goldilocks was just buttering him up, but he loved the attention, and he wasn’t going to hold back on her one bit, given her reputation.

“If that’s what you’re into...”

“I’m into a lot, sweetheart.”

“Then let’s start with the basics,” Chase replied, as his paws began working at the belt of his jeans. “Gonna take a lot of driving to get to the ground, after all.”

Goldilocks felt her lips curl into a playful smile. It was rare that a male actually tried to keep up with her banter, and it didn’t hurt that this one was especially handsome. His fur was neatly groomed to reveal a slightly brighter patch across the middle of his form, moving up over his chest, and his ears were work down and soft, giving him a cute, comforting appearance. His tail of matching, golden-yellow fur was beginning to wag in a rapid blur despite his otherwise composed demeanor, and Goldilocks felt an inward sense of pride that she could still entice a new male into her arms as easily as she could a regular customer.

“You give me that kind of a treatment,” Goldilocks paused as Chase began crawling into the bed, slipping right out of his jeans and easily between her parted legs, “And I’m yours for the rest of the night, big guy.”

Having stood in line for nearly an hour, and seeing a trail of men behind him, Chase could actually *feel* the pressure to perform at those words.

He was also cut like a diamond, and beneath him was a slim, timid feline. She looked like she might break if he pounded into her body too heavily...and yet, it seemed that such was *exactly* what she was looking for.

“Don’t make that kind of a promise if you can’t keep it, Goldilocks.”

“Then give me a reason to honor it, boy.”

Narrowing his eyes just a bit, Chase crawled the rest of the way over her body. Without needing her affection, his bright, red cock was already emerging from his sheath, and the narrow, sharp tip was brushing against her feline cunt, able to feel just how plentiful her arousal was.

“My name is Chase, little kitten.”

Without even taking the moment to wipe her own juices from it, Goldilocks wrapped her paw around the back of the canine’s neck and pulled him in a little closer. Her legs kicked up, and around the taut musculature of his lower back, her ankles crossed and locked together, pushing her hips right up into the growing, throbbing flesh of his member.

“Cute name,” she whispered, already a bit breathless at what was to come.

“Gimme a reason to remember it.”

“You felines are always so demanding,” Chase answered without skipping a beat. His paws were plenty big, but they looked simply massive as they gripped Goldilocks by the hips and held her body still, giving him ample time to angle the tip of his length to her waiting, eager sex.

In a different situation, he might have teased her clit with the underside of his shaft, or only prodded delicately at the pouted flesh of her slit to build the anticipation.

Her eyes made it clear that it wasn’t necessary, and her body was so deliciously *warm* against his own that he couldn’t resist feeling that heat from the inside.

“T-that’s it,” her words stammered for the first time as she felt Chase push the tip of his canine length into her feline womanhood, but rather than the delicate start she was expecting, his powerful, muscled hips drove forth and slammed the bulk of his length inside of her, forcing the overly eager kitten to bite down on his shoulder, hoping to drown out her cry of delight. “F...*fuck!* Chase, t-that’s not fair, damn you!”

The golden retriever was grinning at his own work, having taken the reins from the greedy feline with just one thrust of his hips. “I’m not worried about playing fair. Driving you into the ground is my **only** goal.”

Goldilocks had no one to blame but herself for the way most of her bedroom encounters went: her reputation meant that men showed up looking for a place to spill their seed, and her sex just happened to be open to anyone who was willing to give it a try. She was a shamelessly sexual being, and took pleasure in quantity, almost as much as she did quality.

Almost.

“Ch...Chase, if you do this to me-

“I’m gonna,” he cut her off, still wearing that grin upon his muzzle as his hips pulled back, only to slam forth once more and buck the smaller creature, sending her breasts heaving and bouncing the titular locks of her hair. “This dog takes a lot of p-pride in his work...”

Thrilled that she could still bring Chase to moan, even if he was clearly in control of her sexual destiny, Goldilocks bit down even harder on the rugged, firm shoulder of the canine, wanting to quite literally leave her mark upon him. She wasn’t drunk or anything of the sort; she’d remember him by the feeling of his cock alone, and the way that it so perfectly filled her womanhood, not just with good technique, but legitimate *desire*.

“Then I’m a woman of my f-fucking word,” she just barely managed to utter the words as Chase began acting more like the canine that he was. Her inner muscles were starting to part a bit more easily around his pulsing flesh, and her delightfully tight walls were guiding him deeper and deeper with each pass, giving him the clearance he needed to pick up the pace. “This pussy is *all yours* for the r-rest of the night...f-fuck...*fuck yes!*”

Chase wasn’t her first canine, but many of them were already close to climaxing that early, or didn’t much care about living up to their namesake. She knew that they were supposed to have rapid, powerful hips...

...She had no idea that she could literally have her breath taken away by sex, and her thighs were already starting to quiver as she struggled to keep her legs locked around his lower back. She *refused* to let him pull out of her body, though she didn’t know if she’d be able to force him into the act.

Her toes curled tightly, and her claws brushed along the fur upon his lower back as she beckoned to the other males at the door...but Chase just kept working.

“N-no matter what, don’t stop,” she ordered him, though she knew he was in control, and goodness, was she *loving* it. “Please, just k-keep fucking me, Chase! **Deeper!** Fuck me deeper, you dirty mutt!”

“I’m a *purebred*,” he shot back, his fangs gritting for a brief moment as his eyes narrowed on her. “And you’re a lucky little bitch to experience my pedigree...”

Goldilocks could feel the power in his body with each pass of his hips, and already, she knew she’d be sore, inside and out, for at least the next day.

Even with that knowledge, she didn’t dare to tell him to stop, or even hold back on her. She needed this so much more than he did, and while she wanted to reach behind him and squeeze his firm, taut rump, she couldn’t quite reach it.

She had to settle for the extra males that she’d summoned, as she began playing with their exposed cocks, knowing that she had a lot of other men to satisfy that night if she was going to spend the rest of the evening after with Chase.

She didn’t much care for the flesh in her right paw, as she squeezed around the base. Her pawtips couldn’t quite close upon it, and the shape of it wasn’t quite what she was looking for.

The one in her left paw wouldn’t have been quite enough to satisfy her, even if the man attached to it knew what he was doing with it; she had quite a high standard for herself.

The one that was just right was already stretching her cunt to the brim, and perfection wasn’t a size, but a state of being, as she felt her labia struggling to take the whole of his delicious, bulbous knot.

“Is it s-so wrong,” she groaned, knowing that her inner muscles were already fluttering with orgasmic delight around the end of Chase’s cock, “If I say that t-this one is just right?”

Even as his own climax took hold, Chase managed to snicker at the thought. There were three jets of cum erupting at Goldilocks as she easily dealt with the two lesser males, and their seed was wastefully spilled upon her, but inside of her, the cream of the crop didn’t let an ounce go to waste.

Her womb was alive with the heat of his ejaculate, and the extra, slippery delight of her arousal was just enough to allow his knot inside of her womanhood, until it popped fully into place and sealed them together.

“N-no...not at all, Goldilocks,” Chase moaned out his reply, panting from his effort and letting his tongue drop from his muzzle carelessly. “This one is d-definitely *just right*.”

He'd never felt such a *perfect* fit for his cock before, and even when Goldilocks began to fall from her orgasm, her inner muscles continued to clench and squeeze around his knot, refusing to leave even a drop of his cum inside of his sack.

Wiping her paws on the sheets and pointing at the door, Goldilocks was breathing heavily, her breasts bouncing with her effort, and her hair a tussled mess; all the appearance of a woman who finally found the one she was looking for.

“Out with the rest of you...and close the door behind you! You lot haven't earned the right to see what I can do in private!”

Chase was trembling upon his newfound lover and distracted by his own pleasure, to the point that he was caught off guard by her pushing upon his shoulders.

The door closed quietly at the other end of the room, and Goldilocks took advantage, as she climbed up on top of the lucky canine, never letting his knotted flesh leave her welcoming sex.

“This bed might be a bit too small, Chase. Wanna try a few others before we decide which one is just right for us?”

Tiger Or Jackal

Behind every great man, there was a woman, or so the saying went.

There were plenty of bastardizations of the saying, and more relevantly to the soon to be king of Kanadul, it was the idea that there was a great queen behind every king.

“I hope that I’ve made my case for you, your majesty?”

For a person who’d just finished being rutted, the voice was surprisingly calm and collected. It was that very same lack of passion that left Prince Teryx with something to think about, when he was expecting the decision to be a fairly easy one.

“Your riches are impressive, but they aren’t the most important thing to me,” the prince replied, as he watched the last of his own seed drip and drool from the end of his spent cock. “And while you certainly took me with great ease, I’m not so sure that I’m sold on your efforts in the bedroom.”

A female jackal with a family that constantly spoiled her with riches, she wasn’t the type who ever had to try at anything, especially not pleasing a man in the way that a prince deserved to be pleased. Even her smile took a bit of effort as she lowered her skirt and made a small bow to the prince, showing her subservience.

“My father will eagerly await your decision, then, but not as much as I, Prince Teryx. No woman could make you happier, I assure you.”

That’s disappointing to think about, the prince kept his words in the safety of his thoughts as the admittedly attractive, but somehow lacking jackal made her way out of his bedroom.

Large, archway windows made up one entirely wall of the prince’s quarters, and from them, he could look down on the entire valley below, seeing the world from a perspective that few would ever know. It was a gorgeous sight, and one that Teryx wasn’t ready to give up, when the day came that he would finally move to the highest room in the palace, and be crowned the king.

Before that day came, however, he had to pick a suitor, and so far, he was having trouble finding someone that he could tolerate in the bedroom; the place that his

father often said was more important to be happy in than any other.

“Sire? You do have one more suitor for the day,” his retainer commented from the doorway. “But this should be the last one for you.”

A heavy sigh passed through the muzzle of the dragon as he looked at his naked reflection in the massive window. A dark, blue paw reached down and pulled a goblet of wine from the stand next to his bed, and he held it up in front of a gradient muzzle of peaceful white and sky blue, under the same pattern of darker blue that ran across his forehead.

“Send them in, please. Let’s get this over with.”

The eldest son in the family of rain dragons that ruled the land for the last few centuries, Teryx was finding that the older he grew, the more that running the kingdom was effectively already his job. This was certainly the best part of it, but he still needed the enchanting effects of the wine he sipped, to bring his erection back to life in such a short amount of time.

Against the bright, sky blue of his underbelly, a warm, pink rod of flesh began springing to life once more, growing thicker and harder with each gulp of the wine. With his spare paw, he groomed the tall, fiery locks of tawny blond between his horns and made himself as presentable as possible, while his member stood at attention, pointing out sharply from his crotch.

No doubt, it was the first thing that his final suitor of the night saw, as they quickly gulped at the size of it. Though fur prevented a blush from showing, Prince Teryx could tell that his new suitor was flustered, and he set down his goblet of wine with a grin, while his sunset tail gave a comforting, inviting sway.

“To whom do I have the honor of addressing this evening?” Prince Teryx asked, using the stately voice that he was trained to use in his position of power.

That night, Teryx was told that he would be meeting with a jackal, and a tiger, and that they were the last two suitors he’d have to pick from. No one that he’d bedded before made any kind of real impression on him, so as far as he was concerned, these two were the only choices he had, and he was surprised when he saw not a tiger in front of him, but a small, lithe feline, draped mostly in a cloak of brown, with a hood that covered the creature’s sharp, pointed ears.

“Sir Manick of Tarnfell, and the honor is all mine, Prince Teryx.”

“*Sir* Manick? I’m shocked that my father approved of your coming here for such a task.”

“Your father suggested that you might prefer to have options of who you share a

bed with,” Manick explained, as he lowered the hood from his head, respectfully. His thin framed glasses rested precariously on the bridge of his muzzle, his stark hair of red was tussled by the hood, and his curious, green eyes were trying not to be rude in their enjoyment of Teryx’s burgeoning erection.

The prince didn’t do anything to hide his grin, or his enjoyment of the attention. “It only seems fitting for a prince to have options. I’m glad my father is starting to come around to the idea,” Prince Teryx commented, before he beckoned with a single clawtip. “And I do like the idea of putting my options through rigorous testing before I stick with them, so please, come inside and close the door, Sir Manick. You’ll have the same chance to impress me as any other suitor would.”

Prince Teryx’s retainer was already closing the door behind the new suitor, and Sir Manick knew that he couldn’t keep his secret any longer. It was fortunate that he didn’t *need* to, as he continued unbuttoning the cloak upon his form, and as lightly tanned fur came into view, Prince Teryx took his time in appreciating the unusual pattern of stark, red stripes that were carved into the feline like the numerous scars of a seasoned warrior.

Beneath all of that, between his legs, his feline member was already starting to come awake, and though his legs were crossed with one in front of the other, Manick knew that he would have to abide by the desires of the prince.

“You came to the castle wearing only a cloak, with nothing underneath? You’re truly a bold one, Sir Manick. Can the same be said for your bedroom manners, or are you all show?”

The jackal who came before Manick was of a wealthy bloodline, and didn’t need to become royalty as much as the other suitors before her. She also behaved with such a knowledge, and didn’t put on nearly the show that others would have had to.

Manick was of nobility, but his family didn’t have quite the funds that it used to, and while his cloak was all part of the show, his regular threads wouldn’t have been too much better.

“Whatever pleases my prince is what I can accomplish,” he explained, as he took a few steps into the wide, open room. Cut from stone, the tiles of the floor were massive, and made the entire room feel unnecessarily large, given the expansive bed on the far wall was the only real furniture within it. “I’ve been told that I’m very *flexible*, even for a cat.”

“I’ve yet to meet a cat that was flexible enough to meet my demands,” Prince Teryx admitted, “But as my father has commanded it, I must give every suitor a

fair and equal chance before I dismiss them...your entrance does make me a captive audience, however.”

Sir Manick could still see the remnant juices of the female who came before, glistening upon Prince Teryx’s cock and leaving it in desperate need of a cleaning.

The feline gulped down his pride, slipped the rest of the way out of his long, heavy cloak, and fixated his eyes on the tasty looking treat.

“It would be terribly **rude** of me to keep a royal audience waiting,” he suggested. “And I can see that someone else was even worse, leaving your body in need of service. May I be the one to provide it?”

He’s certainly eager. I wonder just how far I can push this little kitten.

“If that is how you intend to prove your loyalty to me, I’m open to all forms of interpretation.”

Perhaps, Sir Manick could have taken things a bit slower, but he didn’t see any complaints, or hear any protest from the draconic prince. Instead, he looked as if he was **expecting** the feline to deliver at that moment, and Manick took long, careful strides across the floor, until he was close enough that his knees could settle on it.

The long, thin slack of his prehensile tail curled around the ankle of the prince, and he looked up with his best, cutest expression, his eyes wide and seemingly innocent. “To service a prince, even this once, is an untold honor,” he claimed, allowing his breath to soak in to the ridges on the underside of Prince Teryx’s manhood. “That I might call this cock my own someday is beyond my ability to fully appreciate.”

Flattery wasn’t a bad way to get into bed with the prince, and his paw came to settle between Manick’s ears as the feline opened his muzzle wide, finding he had just enough freedom in his jaw to swallow the slightly flared tip. The ridges had just a bit of pliability to them as Manick began pushing the length into his own throat, and across his tongue, he could feel each individual ridge being coated with his saliva.

Can only imagine what it would be like to have this beast in my ass, he thought, refusing to close his eyes, or look away from the prince; he couldn’t afford to disrespect him in this most crucial moment.

He was doing well, as the tiny smile on Prince Teryx’s muzzle began spreading into a grin, complete with the shimmer of his fangs in the setting sunlight. “That

you're willing to clean the juices of a lesser lover from my manhood shows *excellent* subservience," he claimed, and he watched Manick with sharp focus, glad to admire the impressive technique of the feline.

Despite his smaller, thinner size, Sir Manick was just able to reach the back of his throat with the tip of Prince Teryx's length, and as the head of the cock brushed his tonsils, he fought against his gag reflex, wanting to honor the prince as much as he could.

His muzzle was stretched, his mouth was stuffed to the brim with draconic flesh, and tears were starting to build in the corners of his eyes from his strain, but he held on tightly and waited, refusing to give in until the prince told him that he could move.

It was less of a sadistic desire, and more of curiosity that Prince Teryx stood in place and watched, holding still as desperate throat muscles swallowed instinctively around a thick, pulsing shaft, providing pleasure by virtue of trying to provide Manick with oxygen. His throat was already bulging around the royal tool, and finally, saliva began drizzling down over the side of Manick's cheek, as he began to lose composure.

"Such dedication as this can't *possibly* go to waste," the prince declared. His grin softened up just a bit as he pulled his length free from the delightfully warm confines of Manick's throat, and strands of spit dangled and ultimately fell to the floor, hanging from the underside of his cock and making a mess of Manick's chest in the process. "And such a valiant effort certainly deserves to be rewarded, if you think you're up for it."

Even with the aid of the wine, the prince had simply **impressive** stamina, and with almost no break between, he was ready to go again, happy to show his appreciation for his new suitor.

Manick, for his part, knew what was coming, and he revealed his second secret to the prince, who couldn't have been happier at what he saw.

The feline pulled back, nodded to the price, and turned on a dime, sticking his rump up into the air. His length tail lifted out of the way of a slim, curvy rump, and at the very base of the tail, Prince Teryx could see a small, oozing trail of clear liquid spilling from a mildly stretched asshole.

"It would have been terribly rude to ask you to do the work yourself, sire. A good suitor should **always** be ready to satisfy."

Money, power and nobility were all meaningless to the prince: he cared more for

compatibility, and Manick was one step ahead of his desires before he had a chance to utter them.

“If you can take every ridge down to the last, then your place at my side is secured, Sir Manick...but know that even the jackal slut that came before you couldn’t quite fit the last one inside of her sex.”

Playing up the theatrics of the moment was always fun for Prince Teryx, but he wasn’t fabricating his story. No matter how she tried, it seemed that the jackal wasn’t quite deep enough to handle the very last ridge, even if her womanhood was suitable for his seed.

Sir Manick couldn’t make any guarantee, but with the wellbeing of his family on the line, he eagerly spread the cheeks of his rump apart, and the warm, eager pucker of his tailhole clenched as it waited for a royal treatment. “Do as you will, Prince Teryx. My body **will** accommodate you.”

Kneeling behind the smaller creature with an eager grin, Prince Teryx pulled Sir Manick closer, his powerful claws digging into the waist of the feline and holding on tightly. Manick tried not to cry out in pain, and even when a whimper escaped his lips, it was of pure delight, as the rounded tip of the draconic length slipped easily inside of his prepared orifice.

Even the first ridge wasn’t much of a problem for Manick, who was drooling for an entirely different reason thereafter.

“Your willingness to serve and pleasure me is finer than any gift that a man could make,” Prince Teryx praised his final suitor as the second ridge on the underside of his shaft easily passed into Sir Manick. “Will you be faithful to me, and come any time I call?”

Manick bit down on his lower lip to contain himself, but it failed entirely, as a lust-drunk smile spread across his muzzle. “You don’t e-even have to d-do that, my prince!” he cried, as his claws raked across the large, flat stones of the floor.

Even as the third ridge popped into place, the feline held strong, and Prince Teryx grinned with delight, able to feel how much more room was left inside the tight, welcoming ass. “Then how about we skip the formalities and tell my father that I’ve made a choice?”

The fourth and fifth ridge were pounded into the tiny feline with a sudden, powerful thrust, and his voice shattered into a pathetic, high-pitched whine as he adjusted to deliciously **full** sensation of the whole, draconic cock inside of him. Much wider at the base than it was at the tip, even the prince was shocked that

Sir Manick was able to handle the entirety of it, but now that the ridges were inside, neither one of them wanted to move.

The heavenly glow of the moment was something that neither prince nor suitor could interrupt, and just holding still together, their orgasms were starting to build.

On the other side of a heavy, wooden door, the retainer could hear the wet, thick sounds of a royal cock penetrating and making a terrible mess of a worthy suitor, and he didn't stay to wait for the finale. As Sir Manick let out a feline meowl of orgasmic delight, and Prince Teryx declared his affection for the same, the retainer was telling a relieved king that his son was finally settling down...and *happily*, at that.

How the Dragon Was Dicked

“A thousand gold pieces! A thousand gold pieces to anyone; man, woman or child who can slay the legendary dragon of Cannock!”

Before someone would go hunting a dragon, they would want to educate themselves on the kind of dragon that they were going after, and the particular properties that it held.

After all, not every dragon was exactly the same, and even within family lines, there could be some deviation from the norm, in terms of their appearance, abilities, and where it was that they called home.

Up on the top of the highest mountain in all of Cannock, there was a dragon looking down on the townspeople from the safe, comforting walls of his cave. It was a terribly dangerous climb to reach the peak, and getting into the cave itself was that much harder because of the wide, open mouth: The dragon would see an attacker coming from almost any angle.

What the dragon had actually done wrong was still a mystery to most, and if you asked around, it was hard to find someone who could actually tell you the truth of the matter, but what most people would have found funny was the fact that the dragon wasn't actually *guilty* of anything. Hysteria was just sweeping over the land of Cannock because there **was** a dragon in their midst, and those wealthy land owners and tavern keepers who could see the dragon above were trying to throw gold at anyone who would take it, believing that their homes and fields wouldn't be safe until the dragon was gone.

If any of the townspeople were ever brave enough to just make the march up the side of the mountain and *talk* to the dragon, they'd know he was just looking for a new place to stay, and that he didn't mean any harm to anyone in the village below. Dragons weren't all that different from other mortals, and the stress of being kicked out of a house wasn't any different for a dragon than it was for anyone else.

The only knight in the land that was brave enough to scale the mountain was expecting there to be a terrible sight when he reached the top. All of the rumors that swirled about the dragon made him sound like a ferocious killing machine, and though he was brave, Zech of the North was beginning to wonder if he was

being paid enough for his work.

A small, jingling pouch of gold coins sat upon his side, tied around his waist with a thin cord, as a pre-emptive payment for his eventual slaying of the beast. Most people didn't expect him to return at all, making them loathsome to part ways with their funds, but if Zech couldn't destroy the dragon, then it was likely no one would be able to.

The uneven steps and sharp, dangerous crags of the mountainside meant that Zech was forced to go up the mountain without proper armor, and he knew that his leather breast plate would last mere moments before bursting into flames, in the heat of battle. Even keeping a sword at his side made the climb a treacherous one, and limited mobility was never a welcome issue when dealing with a monster.

Thankfully for the coywolf, the climb was almost over, and he was finally rubbing the last of the exhaustion from his brow as he drew near to the mouth of a large, open cave.

"Surely, the beast is waiting inside. If he saw me coming, I won't have too many chances to strike a decisive blow before he's at my throat," Zech whispered to himself, going over his battle strategies. "I can't imagine the beast is *too* large, though...even coming up the side of the mountain, I never so much as saw a wing sticking out!"

Paws reached up and gripped the lip of the cave, trembling with a mixture of dreadful fear and curious excitement. To see his first dragon was a wonderful thing, but knowing that his life could so easily be taken in battle made Zech so nervous that his grip was already starting to slip, and it was only with a little luck that he was able to kick his legs up into the cave, undetected.

A quiet **skirrrrrrt** rose into the air as his boot ground across the stone floor of the cave, and Zech was sure that his cover was blown. He pulled the shield from his back with remarkable speed, grabbed the handle of his sword, and as he readied himself for the heat of a rushing inferno...

...He saw only a small fire upon a pile of logs, and a tall, muscular dragon leaning against a makeshift couch of rocks.

"Wait...w-wait a minute. **You?** You're the legendary dragon of Cannock?"

"Apparently you've heard of me," the dragon replied with a quick roll of his intense, yellow eyes. "Though it doesn't seem you've ever heard of manners. What happened to knocking?"

Zech looked around the opening of the cave. “There’s no door.”

“It’s an expression.”

“I...see. You know, you don’t really come off as the dangerous type to me, dragon.”

“I’m sure there’s a perfectly good reason for that; probably the fact that I’m not dangerous at all, and I really just want to be left the hell alone up here.”

Zech lowered his shield to his side, and took his palm from the hilt of his sword. “You haven’t been here for very long, have you?”

“A couple of weeks, at most. You must not be from around these parts.”

“Zech of the North,” he introduced himself, with a half-hearted bow. “And I’m terribly sorry to make such a rude intrusion...the people in the town below made you out to be some kind of fire-breathing, town smashing *monster*.”

“I hate to disappoint you, but if that’s the kind of action you came here for, you’re gonna be leaving emptyhanded.”

Not entirely sure what he was after, now that he’d come so far for literally no reason, Zech hoisted the shield back over his shoulder and put his paws at his sides. “Not entirely. I received a small sum of gold for even attempting this feat, and it seems like it’ll be easy money, all told.”

“Good for you.” The dragon was clearly bitter about something, and though an obvious culprit would have been the fact that he was branded as a horrid creature, he seemed more downtrodden than angry about anything. “I wish you good luck in finding a place to waste it.”

“Where I’m from, this would be enough to buy a house,” Zech admitted, “And that’s what I fully intend to do with it. You just gonna mope around here for the rest of your life?”

“If that’s what life has in store for me.”

He couldn’t believe himself, but Zech was actually starting to *frown* at the very creature that he was sent to kill. “I’m sure life has plenty more in store for you than that. The town is filled with cowards that wouldn’t dare to chase you off, even if you **were** a threat.”

“That’s...mildly comforting.”

“Besides, I don’t think any of them is any kind of a threat to you, in turn,” Zech admitted. He’d yet to make a point of the fact that the dragon was lazing around

naked, but it made sense that he wouldn't have been expecting any visitors. More curious, however, was that he didn't seem to have any clothing, or any possessions at all in the cave with him. "A body like yours doesn't happen by accident."

A quick snicker broke the dragon's muzzle, and the dark, navy blue upon the bridge separated from the gradient sky blue and white that ran down his neck. "That it doesn't. I've been truly blessed."

"Dunno if I'd call this blessed," Zech disagreed.

"Physically, I meant," the dragon explained, "And why are you still here, exactly?"

Zech shrugged. "I've got nowhere else to go, honestly, and this was kind of the plan for either the whole day, or the rest of my life, if you'd ended up killing me."

"I wager I'd kill you with boredom before I managed to actually take your life, Zech. The name's Teryx, and while I've been glad to make your acquaintance, I'm afraid I'm not really much for company these days."

"A terrible shame, that," Zech replied. "I just happen to be in the market for a house, and I'd be on the lookout for good roommates."

At that, Teryx looked away, the brilliant, intense locks of blonde in his mane giving a bounce as his head turned. "Trust me, Zech, that you **don't** want me as a roommate."

Though it was a bit of an assumption, it was only a short one when Zech nodded. "Relationship problems, then?"

"You were bound to get to the core of the matter sooner or later, weren't you?" Teryx muttered, but finally, he patted the ground next to his side. "If you're going to pry, you may as well take a seat."

Trusting the dragon well enough, Zech set his sword and shield down by the edge of the cave, and began shrugging his way out of the heavy, thick leather of his breast plate. It fell to the ground with a heavy, delightful **thunk**, and Zech took a full, deep breath, finally able to breathe unrestricted once more.

"Thank you for your hospitality, Teryx. I'm sorry to hear that you've been having troubles lately."

The coywolf sat next to the naked dragon and left his leather gloves on the ground along the way. "Relationships are often as much trouble as they're

worth,” he claimed, though he knew his words were driven by hurt. “It’s rare to find one that can satisfy both parties.”

“I’d cheers to that, if we had a thing to drink,” Zech said. “Or cups to drink it out of, or...*anything*.”

“I guess you could say that I got the rough end of the deal,” Teryx admitted. “No possessions, no place to live, no partner...hell, I haven’t even gotten off in days!”

“Can’t be for a lack of privacy, I’d imagine.”

Teryx snickered. “Would **you** want to jack off here?”

“There are certainly worse places you could play with yourself. Where else are you gonna get a view like this?”

Thanks to the thick, protective layer of leather upon his legs, Zech didn’t notice that Teryx was stroking an open palm along his thigh, until his claws gently pricked around the base of his crotch.

“Worse places to play with yourself? Sure there are...but you’re not alone up here, Zech. *That’s* why it would be a waste.”

Being alone in the mountains could make a man desperate for sexual attention, but the desperation Teryx felt wasn’t induced by a sense of loneliness.

The moment that Zech made his way up into the cave, the dragon’s eyes were focused on him, and even as they hybrid made his way across the stone floor, his weapons and armor coming off looked like a private strip tease, tailored purely to the taste of the sensual beast.

“Are you really sure that you want to jump back into it with someone you just met, Teryx?”

A quick squeeze around the base of Zech’s covered sheath would have likely sufficed for an answer, if the dragon was content to stop there; naturally, just one teasing approach wouldn’t be enough to satiate either one. “Nothing wrong with having a quick, playful fling...unless you’re tied down to someone, Zech?”

“Don’t think I will be anytime soon, unless you’re hiding some in the back of the cave?”

Claws proved their worth and tore easily through the seams of thick, leather slacks, revealing the very last vestiges of a cream underbelly, and directly between his thighs, a pair of lightly furred orbs were sitting perfectly in a taut sack, and a brilliant, pinkish tip was starting to poke out of the sheath.

“Nothing hiding back there but rocks and dust. Makes for a pretty good place to take the rest of your clothes off, though, if you were really interested.”

Zech reached down and took a grip of the firm, powerful wrist of the dragon and helped to guide his paw closer still to the emerging tip of his canine cock.

“You’ve already got the most important thing exposed...and it’s a bit chilly, up this high. How about we just work around the leather and make the best of it?”

“Only if you promise to find some more leather for next time, Zech.”

Snickering and brazenly squeezing the outside of Teryx’s paw, forcing it to squeeze down around the ground length of his member, Zech gave an affirming nod. “I can only imagine what you’d want to use *that* for. Quality leather isn’t cheap, y’know!”

“It’s worth the price if you put it to good use,” Teryx was bold enough to make the claim, and his tail was already starting to curl around the back of the hybrid to simulate an act of bondage. “It helps to have a place to put them to good use, though.”

Teryx didn’t have anything to hide, nor did he have any **way** to hide the bright, pink length of his rigid cock. It was hanging carelessly between his legs when Zech first arrived, but the closer the pair became, their hearts began to beat faster, and each pump of vitality was sending pure, throbbing warmth to the tip of his manhood, forcing it to stand erect and ready for whatever Zech might have in mind.

Being a pair of muscular, powerful males, it was surprising that either one would be willing to give up the reins, but sure enough, Zech was encouraging Teryx to take out his frustrations on the body of the willing hybrid. He guided the every move of the dragon, but wasn’t trying to take control, and he didn’t seem to mind one bit that his leathers were being torn.

In fact, he was already starting to turn over onto his knees, and keeping the leather in place turned out to be a blessing, as it padded his joints and gave him a little extra comfort, as he braced his paws on the rocks he’d leaned upon before.

“I’ll let you break them in at my new house,” Zech offered, “If you can prove that it’ll be worth it?”

Teryx was watching the coywolf with unbreakable interest, but he caught Zech off guard when he knelt down next to the would-be knight and lifted his own tail, allowing his cock to hang between his legs. Precum was already drooling from the tip, and it seemed that he wasn’t just spending his time on top of the

mountain being bored and lonely.

Zech was shocked to see just how stretched the dragon's tailhole already was, but he was licking his chops at the thought of just how easy the penetration would be.

"I can prove that rather easily, but it'd be rude of me to take the top, when you're a guest in my home. Why don't you take the lead, Zech?"

Manners were turning out to be the most useful weapon the hybrid brought with him on his trip up the mountain, and eagerly, he climbed over and knelt behind the dragon, gripping the creature by the comforting, alluring blue of his flesh and fur. "I'd say that it would be rude of **me** to decline, Teryx. I can't fathom doing that to such a pleasant host."

The pair wound up having a wonderful chemistry, and Teryx continued preparing his body for the penetration as he gripped his own cock and pumped it delicately, helping his figure to relax as the canine member pressed up against his tailhole. "I think you're just trying to flatter me, Zech," he claimed, and though he may have been right about it, he wasn't going to complain in the slightest. "Keep it up, won't you?"

A quick, sudden stab in the rear was more than flattery, and Zech felt his muzzle wrinkling with delight as the tapered tip of his canine manhood sunk within the eager dragon. A pair of needs were met as Teryx found the companionship that he so desperately needed, and Zech's tail began wagging with rapid delight, as he found a reward greater than any amount of gold could ever buy.

"For as long as I can, Teryx...hopefully you don't end up outlasting me."

A small puddle of precum was already forming between the legs of the dragon, who let out a quiet gasp of delight as his hips rolled back, encouraging the hybrid to thrust a little bit harder. "I'll g-give it my best, Zech, as long as I get to be on top next time?"

"If you want that, you're gonna have to help me pick out the new place," Zech pointed out, and even as he did, he continued to thrust, his hips bumping pleasantly into the toned, sculpted rump of the kneeling dragon. His heavy, furred sack flipped up on deeper thrusts and bumped into the back of Teryx's thighs, and with each pass of his member, he reached a little bit deeper into the warm, welcoming depths of the dragon's asshole. "If you think y-you're up for that..."

Teryx would have been giggling at the casual conversation that they held as they

worked, but he was too busy panting with delight as his pawtips pumped against the plentiful ridges on the underside of his cock, working the precum back into his own flesh. “Working *awfully* fast, aren’t you, Zech?”

The knot at the base of the coywolf’s length was already starting to press and prod against the open, stretched tailhole of the willing beast in front of him, and though it would be a difficult task, Teryx was eager to feel the wide, bulbous lump of canine flesh within his tight, clenching inner walls.

“Guess that’s j-just the canine in me,” he gasped, trying not to let his moans interrupt the productive conversation. He knew that some of his own seed was already starting to escape inside of the dragon, and he felt his cum erupting from the tip of his length, coating Teryx’s insides before his knot was even able to make a full penetration. “We might...*nnnyeah*...need some more f-funds, though!”

Heated seed spilled down the back of Teryx’s thighs as Zech began filling him with more than his body would **ever** be able to handle, but as that excess mess began pouring down over the back of his sack and filling his body with a renewed sense of warmth, the dragon felt an idea coming to life in his mind.

**

“So...you really slayed the dragon?”

“I said I took care of him. He won’t be bothering your town anymore.”

Tattered leathers, a missing shield and dirty fur gave credence to the frightful battle that Zech of the North survived, and the people in the town were already showering him with their cries of joy and affection, hailing the hybrid as their new hero.

“I must admit, I made this deal with some belief that you would **never** return,” the leader of the village proclaimed, “But you have done the impossible, Zech. Here is the remaining gold of your reward, and may the gods smile upon you in your travels!”

A heavy, rounded bag, textured with the generous amount of gold coins within was settled in Zech’s arms, and the coywolf actually *struggled* to keep it balanced in his arms as he turned from the town, his tail wagging eagerly behind him. “May you all be well, and be safe in the future! If you ever need another savior, or another dragon taken care of, call to the North, and I’ll be there!”

Caps were tossed, cheers were lifted, and the mire of desperation that spread throughout Cannock disappeared, replaced by the joyous prospect that their town

was safe, once again.

Just outside of the town, Zech was given a quick jab on the arm. “Another dragon, huh?”

“I was just playing up the moment, Teryx.”

“That better be all it was.”

“Trust me,” Zech claimed, “I wouldn’t come back here if they offered me all of the gold in their kingdom...and with this, we can buy one hell of a house.”

The plan worked to perfection. Zech left the town of Cannock with more gold than he could ever hope to spend, and richer still, a wonderful new companion in the form of Teryx.

I really wasn't sure if we were gonna finish this one on time, but it's all done!

Thank you for reading through another one of our fabulous, sensual adventures! This particular anthology was themed for Midwest Furfest, 2017, but don't be surprised if you see it at another convention in the near future!

Naturally, this book will be posted to our Kindle store immediately. In the meantime, here's a link to that, and all of our other wares too!

<https://www.amazon.com/Joshiah-Warbaum/e/B01M10YQOP>

PJ Stormtail continues to knock it out of the park for us, as a cover artist. They were responsible for this latest cover, and it looks absolutely phenomenal! Their rates are amazing, their work is even better, and you should really commission them if you ever get a chance! Check out their wares here:

<http://stormtail.com/>