

It was Thursday evening, and as soon as Aaron got off work, he hurried home, tossed something in the microwave to eat, and picked up his headset. Settling back in his chair, the black-and-gray wolf put the headset on and tapped the mic.

"Sonia, you there?" he asked.

"Yeah," came the reply. "What took you so long?"

"Sorry," Aaron said, cringing. "Work ran late."

He hesitated, swallowing hard and shifting his hips to adjust the slight bulge growing between his tan-furred hips.

"You, uh...still looking forward to this weekend?" he asked.

"Of course!" came the deep feminine reply. "Why? You're not chickening out on me, are ya, my tasty wolfy?"

"Psh, no!" Aaron scoffed.

It was the truth: he'd been looking forward to meeting Sonia ever since she'd hinted at it over a month ago, but always too shy to bring it up, he'd sort of hoped that she'd take the lead. He was not disappointed. But, now that it was only a day away, nervousness was beginning to compete with excitement.

"I, um, where are we gonna meet?" he asked, realizing he'd been quiet an awfully long time.

"I was thinking about that," Sonia's voice replied, "And, I've got an idea."

Aaron's eyes widened. He could practically *hear* the mischief in his friend's voice.

"Oh?" he asked, playing it cool. "What kind of *idea* might you have?"

"Well, you know how it's kind of a hassle to have to *go* somewhere to meet?" Sonia asked. "Like, you gotta get in your car, gotta drive, and all that?"

Aaron frowned. "Uh, yeah? I mean, I guess?"

"Well, what if we play for it?" Sonia pressed. "Simon's Wrath, PVP, best two out of three rounds."

"I don't mind driving—"

"*And*," Sonia continued, "Let's up the ante a bit, huh? Winner gets to host; loser has to do whatever the winner says."

Aaron gasped, his stomach filling with butterflies.

"W—whatever the winner says?" he asked, his voice husky as his mind turned over a thousand increasingly sexy ideas. "Mm...like what?"

"Well, that depends on who wins, doesn't it?" Sonia laughed. "What do you think?"

What Aaron was thinking was, *how can I lose but make it look like I'm trying to win?*

What he *said* was, "You're on!"

They both launched the game, selected each other as competitors, and got to the loading screen.

"I'm gonna suck you up and spit you back out, my succulent little fur ball," Sonia taunted.

"We'll see," Aaron replied.

While the idea of serving Sonia in *any* of the twisted fantasies Aaron had imagined got him hard, Simon's Wrath was *his* game, and Sonia knew it. She could beat him handily at just about any FPS they played, but Simon's Wrath was the exception. By choosing this game, Sonia was putting herself at a deliberate disadvantage, and Aaron couldn't help but wonder why. Was she *wanting* to lose? That sure didn't seem like her. She was a good sport when she lost, but she was fiercely competitive, and especially when meeting in person was at stake, it sure didn't seem like something she'd want to do. So, what was it,

then? Was she *that* confident that she could win? No, Aaron didn't think that was the case, either. One of Sonia's talents was an uncanny amount of self-awareness. She wasn't one to advertise her weaknesses, but she did know what they were, and Aaron had noticed her subtly improving on them over time. Still, unless she'd had a whole month off work to do nothing but train to beat him for these three battles, there was *no* way she'd improved that much. So...what was it? Surely she didn't expect him to *let* her win? Did she? Was she taking gaming to a whole new psychological level, using what she knew of Aaron against himself?

"Headshot! Boo-yah!" Sonia cackled. "That's one for me!"

Aaron's jaw dropped. He'd been so distracted trying to figure out what Sonia was doing that he'd completely missed the startup prompt!

"Get your head out, delicious doggy, or I'm gonna swallow you whole! I'm gonna have you *at my feet* this weekend, licking the floor where I stand!"

Aaron's cock stirred in his sheath.

"*Not* helping!" he protested. "Someone needs to nerf your mind games!"

Sonia laughed. "Hey, I can't help it if you're too distracted imagining what I'll make you do to actually beat me at your favorite game," she taunted.

"Jerk."

"Morsel."

Aaron rolled his eyes. He had no idea what Sonia's obsession with food-related pet names for him was, but she'd been doing it almost the whole time he'd known her. He figured he'd take *any* pet name from a hot chick who could kick his ass at almost everything they played... *Not* that he knew she was hot; he just imagined she was based on that voice of hers. He always imagined she had big tits; chicks with voices like hers always had big tits, didn't they?

3...2...1... flashed on his screen, and Aaron's eyes narrowed.

Quickly ducking to avoid giving Sonia another easy head-shot, he rolled to cover and carefully took in his surroundings. He'd let her have the first win—on purpose or not—so now it was time to reclaim his honor. Casually tossing a couple of remotely-detonated mines where he'd been standing, he followed his cover—some random piece of wood stuck into the ground that players *always* laughed about (but boy, did they protest when the developer threatened to take it away)—until it terminated a few feet from the entrance to a cave. He was about to make a run for it when a glint on the screen caught his eye.

*No...that's just what she wants you to do...*

Tossing another mine and then sprinting back as fast as he could while crouching, he leapt from behind the cover to tuck and roll behind a half-buried jeep. Newbies always tried to dig it up, but seasoned players knew that unless you were playing 4-on-4, you'd never get it dug out in time to be able to use it before getting clocked. That didn't make it any less useful as cover, though.

The challenge with playing against Sonia was that she seemed to have a bit of an eidetic memory when it came to gaming. She couldn't tell you what day it was most of the time, but she could tell you exactly which strategies you'd used for the last ten rounds on any particular map. It made her *crazy-hard* to beat, but having played with her for so long, Aaron had developed a few tricks of his own to throw her off his trail.

That was why, as soon as he saw her heading for the cave entrance, he crouched down behind the jeep and just waited. Had he been more of a machine, he might have called this "Strategy 14A.b)3—quad-bluff". The bluff was in acting like he was going into the cave. The double-bluff was in having mined his original space. The triple-bluff was in having *also* mined the entrance to the cave. The quadruple-bluff? Well, that was the one Sonia hadn't seen, yet.

3, 2, 1...

Aaron popped up from behind the jeep, sprinted on the other side of the random-wood-stuck-in-the-ground to the opening to the cave, threw a grenade, backed up precisely eleven paces (the mine would only reach ten paces), shot the grenade, and then detonated the mines.

“Overkill!” his headset proclaimed.

“Boo-yah!” he laughed.

“Aww, damn it! I *knew* you were gonna do something like that, and I fell for it freaking *again!*” Sonia grumbled. Her voice lowered. “Sudden death, nummy pup,” she said seductively.

“I’m gonna ‘nummy pup’ you,” Aaron retorted.

“Mm, promises, promises. Look out behind you.”

Aaron’s avatar whipped around to look behind him, but there was nothing there.

*Shit. Should not have fallen for that old trick.*

He tucked, rolled to the right, rolled to the left, rolled backwards, jumped, and made it to cover. He backed out of sight—and gasped.

“Fuck, yes!” he blurted, seeing the icon appear on his screen for a remote-guided rocket launcher.

The rocket launcher didn’t show up every game—in fact, it showed up relatively rarely since the latest patch—but even the freshest of newbies could beat a seasoned expert if he got hold of the rocket launcher.

*All you have to do, Aaron thought as he went through the motions, is set up a sentry gun to protect your position, tuck yourself into a corner, and—*

His index finger bumped the mouse button as he was trying to switch to the sentry gun. The rocket launcher fired, and the rocket immediately hit the wall in front of him and exploded.

“Suicide!” his headset rang out.

*Fuuuuuuuu—*

“What’s that, delectable doggo? You’re going to tenderize yourself into cubed steaks? Mm, I’m gonna be having chicken-fried *wolf* for lunch tomorrow!” Sonia gloated.

*Damn it, damn it, damn it!* Aaron silently cursed himself.

“Gaaaaah, that was dumb!” he groaned.

“Aww, poor wittle wolfy-wafer made a boo-boo?” Sonia cackled. “Don’t worry, Aaron; I won’t *totally* destroy you tomorrow. I’m sending you the address. Wear something...easy to take off. You won’t be wearing it long. Byyyyyyyyy!”

Sonia signed off, leaving Aaron dumbfounded and strangely aroused by the whole thing.

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If Aaron had been slightly nervous the day before, he was practically *petrified* today. He’d done what Sonia had told him and worn some loose-fitting shorts and a t-shirt stretched perhaps a *little* too tightly over his triangle-shaped torso. He prided himself on being one of the few gamers he knew who was actually in good shape IRL, and despite his growing apprehension over what Sonia was going to do to him on their first meeting, he couldn’t help showing off *just* a little.

He pulled up to a house, double-checked the address, and parked in the driveway. The place looked normal enough, a suburban home in a decent part of town—not upper-class but certainly not the slums, either. The wolf self-consciously looked at himself in the rearview mirror, took a deep breath, and then got out and went to the front door. But, instead of ringing the bell, he took out his phone and texted Sonia.

I’m here...I think?

Seconds later, the door opened to reveal a hybrid arctic wolf and snow leopard standing nearly as tall as Aaron's imposing 7'8". A gray, raised eyebrow over one of her brown eyes told Aaron this was *definitely* his friend, and the knowing smirk on her face let him know that she *definitely* had something devious in store for him.

"Come in," she said, taking a step back and gesturing with her head.

The second Aaron was inside, the hybrid closed the door and turned on him, holding her hands behind her back.

"On your knees, savory, snuggly snack," she teased.

Aaron's jaw dropped. "Uh...I mean, don't we, like, hug, shake hands, or...*something* first?"

"That's cute," Sonia laughed, bringing her arms forward to reveal a collar and leash. "The puppy wants to shake hands. We can do that *after* you get dressed properly, you mouth-watering puppy, you."

She stepped forward, and with Aaron still too stunned to react, she easily clipped the collar around his neck.

"Uhh..."

"Good boy on wearing some easy-to-take-off clothes," Sonia praised him, tying the free end of the lead to the handrail of a staircase behind them. "It's just as well puppy didn't kneel when told," she said, flirtatiously bending over to reveal her C-cup cleavage and put her hands on his waistband. "Makes it easier to take these off."

"Uh, *wait*—"

Before he could protest much, Aaron felt his shorts *and* underwear pulled down all the way to the floor. He looked up at the ceiling and bit his lip, trying to hide his embarrassment.

"My, *somebody's* excited!" Sonia chuckled, scritching him under his balls as his imperial-purple cock throbbed above her hand, its knot already inflated and desperate for a vagina to fill.

"Don't worry," she said, rising and whispering in his ear, "I am, too."

She pulled her sweatpants forward, revealing that 1) she wasn't wearing any underwear, and 2) she had a dick even bigger than Aaron's.

The wolf gasped. "Y—you're a—a..."

"Yeah," Sonia replied with a knowing smirk. "I figured you'd like that."

Aaron gulped as Sonia pulled her sweatpants down and took them off. Her solid-black, uncut cock looked like a club dangling ponderously between her legs.

"All this time, you've been teasing me like I'm food," Aaron murmured warily, "I'm pretty sure *that* thing is big enough to eat me itself!"

Sonia didn't say anything. Instead, she hefted up her cock in one hand while taking his wrist in her other. Placing his hand on the tip of her behemoth, she flexed her muscles, slipped a few of his fingers into her urethra, and gave him a squeeze.

"Careful what you say around here. You might give him ideas!" she teased, letting him go and reaching up to untie the leash from the staircase, pull his shirt off, and drop it to the floor. "Sit, little appetizer!" she said, tugging the leash downward.

His face burning with embarrassment even as his chest flushed with arousal, the wolf didn't disobey. He dropped to all fours and sat down like a dog would, his bobbing prick on display between his legs. Meanwhile, Sonia stripped off her sweatshirt and let her breasts hang free, their dark areolae matching her penis and palms in color.

"Who's a good little niblet?" she asked, crouching down to take Aaron's head in her hands. "Are you a good little niblet?" she asked.

Not quite sure why being talked down to like an edible puppy was turning him on but not about to argue, Aaron did his best approximation of “puppy eyes” and said, “I am?”

“Yes, you are!” Sonia teased, bringing her muzzle level with Aaron’s and brushing her lips over his.

The canine’s cock jolted at the contact.

“Liked that, did you, *mon apéritif*? Hmm.”

Sonia brushed her lips over Aaron’s once more, eliciting an anticipatory shudder, but even though Aaron leaned forward, trying to kiss her “for real”, she leaned back to prevent him from doing so.

“Ah, ah, ah,” she chided him. “You’ll kiss when kissed.”

Aaron let out a little whimper, eliciting a wicked chuckle from Sonia. But, after teasing him a few more times, she finally pressed her lips to his. Grabbing the back of his head firmly, she pulled his face to hers, slid her tongue out, and pressed it to his lips.

The wolf’s eyes bulged in surprise, then swiveled to look at Sonia uncertainly.

“Open up,” she said, “Let’s have a taste of the wolf’s tongue.”

Shivering, Aaron swallowed hard and did as told, parting his lips and sucking in a breath as Sonia’s tongue slipped into his maw. The foreign invader felt strange and somehow violating, yet as Sonia’s tongue touched his, Aaron let out a soft moan, his tongue instinctively pressing against Sonia’s and the two caressing each other, lightly wrestling inside Aaron’s mouth and making the wolf’s straining member begin to drool precum.

Sonia grinned, fully aware of the effect she was having, and pressed her face tighter against Aaron’s, forcing her tongue down his throat. The wolf’s eyes bulged again in surprise. He began to retch, but Sonia gave him a stern look.

“We wanna have a good, deep taste, little soupçon,” she said, momentarily pulling her face back from his. “Besides, you’re about to have something *much* bigger to fit down your throat.”

Aaron gasped, then moaned on realizing what she meant. Sonia’s tongue slid along his, probing the back of his throat, stroking his teeth, and caressing his own tongue in such a sensual, erotic manner that his cock began to drool harder.

Finally satisfied, Sonia gave him a kiss on the nose and stood. Aaron started to follow, but Sonia chided him and gestured for him to stay down as she grasped her own throbbing member and brought it to his face, just out of reach.

Aaron’s eyes widened on seeing the swollen member, its veins bulging and pulsing in time to slight bounces. It was so large that he wasn’t sure whether he could even get it in his mouth.

“You gave me a good taste, little snack,” Sonia cooed in his ear, “Now it’s *my* turn to give *you* a taste.”

She brought her member forward and pressed it to his lips, eliciting a submissive mewl from the enthralled wolf.

“That’s it, my savory sub. I know what you need. Give it a little taste.”

Aaron glanced up at Sonia’s face, and seeing her encouraging smile, he slid his long tongue out to sample the flavor of her pre. Light and a hint salty, it seemed to encourage him to probe a little deeper. Sonia moved closer to press her tip firmly to his lips, and before he knew what he was doing, Aaron had stretched his tongue out as far as it would go, plunging it down the herm’s urethra. Sonia groaned lewdly.

“*That* is a great tongue!” she gasped, her tongue lolling out of her mouth. “Let’s put it to more use!”

She pawed lightly at Aaron’s chin, and he opened his mouth wide. But as Sonia pressed more firmly, the wolf realized he’d have to open his mouth even wider. Stretching out his jaw, he opened it as wide as he possibly could, and the hybrid’s cock slipped inside, forcing his tongue to lie tightly against the bottom of his mouth to accommodate her girth. She began to slide in, and Aaron shuddered in ecstasy as he felt her throbbing veins sliding over his tongue and against his palate.

"Mm, great tongue attached to a great mouth," Sonia murmured. Her grip tightened on the back of Aaron's head. "Time to see how good of a throat you've got."

Aaron uttered a muffled protest as she pulled his head towards her, impaling his muzzle on her cock and driving it hard into the back of his throat.

"Just relax," Sonia cooed, stroking Aaron's head with her free hand.

Realizing he couldn't breathe, Aaron began to struggle harder, but Sonia wasn't backing down. Fighting panic, Aaron forced himself to relax.

The invading member budged and then slid down his throat, making his eyes and throat bulge.

"Ohh!" Sonia groaned, throwing back her head. "Yes, that's a *good* throat! Mm!"

She pulled back just long enough for Aaron to suck in a gasping breath and then shoved herself balls-deep down his throat and began to fuck his face, her strokes shallow enough to keep his windpipe cut off.

Though Aaron's lungs began to burn and his eyes and nose began to run, his erection only hardened. As terrifying as it was to not know when his next breath would come, the feeling of being used like this caused a warmth deep inside him, an intense satisfaction that he had never experienced before. The feeling made him *want* to submit even more, to fight his own survival instincts and give every bit of himself to Sonia. His tongue flicked up, squeezing between his teeth and the thick shaft to caress and stroke the guest in his mouth, and he began to swallow around the huge member—awkward though it was—squeezing and milking it for all he was worth.

"Oh, my gosh," Sonia gasped, her fingers squeezing into the fur on the back of Aaron's head, "You're a natural!"

Encouraged, Aaron grinned around Sonia's shaft and swallowed even harder. Sonia relaxed her grip on the back of his head, and he began to bob forward and backward. His strokes started out small at first, but as he began to work up a rhythm, he found he was able to brace himself against gagging and pull her all the way out of his throat, catch a breath, and then slide her all the way back down. And by the sound of Sonia's moaning and the way her cock swelled so much that it visibly stretched his throat, Aaron was pretty sure she was *loving* what he was doing.

After a few minutes, Sonia's hand returned to the back of Aaron's head.

"You're doing great," she rasped, "But it's time to take matters back into my own hands."

With a sharp jerk, she yanked his head up to kiss her ball-sack. Caught off-guard, Aaron gagged, his body heaving in protest.

"Aww, tsk, tsk, tsk," Sonia chided him. "You were doing so well! Ohh..."

She had hardly finished her scolding before her scrotum heaved, brushing roughly against Aaron's lips as it began to deliver its contents. Aaron's eyes went wide, and his body's convulsions intensified as the first massive gob of cum spurted through Sonia's cock with enough force to make Aaron's chest bulge as her load passed into his stomach. He began to struggle, the surprise and intensity of Sonia's delivery causing panic to overcome even his subbiest instincts.

But Sonia wasn't letting up. Feeling her friend begin to struggle, she reached down with her other hand to grasp the back of his head, too, pinning him in place and refusing to let up as another spurt shot through her buried prick and flooded his stomach.

"Such a good throat!" she groaned, her balls pumping another load.

Aaron felt darkness beginning to close in at the edge of his vision. Out of air, caught off guard, and growing nauseatingly full, he didn't know how much longer he could stay conscious. His throat stretched again, hardly giving him any warning before his gut swelled with yet another spurt. An overwhelmed groan vibrated in his larynx, but with the massive cock in his throat, the air had no place to go.

At last, Sonia sagged forward, her cock finally going still. The darkness had crept halfway across Aaron's field of view as the hybrid pulled out, letting out a final gob of thick, white cum just as her glans left his

throat. The exhausted wolf collapsed onto all fours, drooling out a mixture of saliva and excess cum. His belly sagged towards the floor, distended with Sonia's seed.

"Heh, heh," Sonia chuckled, "You've got an awfully nice mouth. You've done this before, haven't you?"

Aaron could only let out an uncomfortable groan.

"Aww, come on!" Sonia teased, resting her heavy cock on Aaron's head. She snickered, moving towards him a little bit.

"Psst, hey, Aaron," she whispered.

"Mm?"

"I'm tea bagging you right now."

That got him up.

"Dude!" he groaned. "So mean!"

Sonia laughed and took a step back as Aaron tried to raise up.

"Oof," he groaned, dropping back to all fours, "That is so much cum!"

"Heh, heh, bet you never saw *that* coming, did you?"

Aaron shook his head, his head still reeling from the experience.

"You know..." Sonia hinted, "I could go again."

Aaron raised his eyebrows and his head to look up at her incredulously. "You *can't* be serious!"

Sonia grinned. "I *am* serious," she replied, picking up the leash. "And *you* have to do everything I tell you to!"

Aaron whimpered.

"Up, tender vittles! I want to get good and empty so there's room for dessert!"

Aaron opened his mouth to protest—to ask what on earth she meant by *that*—but then he closed it.

*Sonia's weird*, he thought, *but I can't deny that this is awfully hot.*

He reluctantly got to his feet—his gut protesting *every* movement—and followed her upstairs. When he got to the top, he froze.

He'd expected to arrive in a bedroom or something, but this was...not what he'd expected. The room was painted black and had a weird, satin luster to it. A black leather sling hung from steel chains suspended from the ceiling, and cool white light emanated from the edge all along the wall where it met the ceiling.

"Uhh..."

"Come on, nummy noshums!" Sonia said, giving his lead a sharp jerk.

Too stunned to really resist, Aaron followed her hesitantly into the room. The floor, the same smooth, black finish as the walls, squished and distorted under his weight, as though made from latex-covered foam cushions.

Sonia nodded up to the sling, and Aaron looked at it apprehensively.

"Up you go!" she said.

Feeling a little unnerved but not willing to admit it, Aaron clambered awkwardly into the sling and flipped over on his back, his dick, still hard, throbbing, and trailing a thread of precum, flopping onto his chest with a thud.

But as soon as he saw Sonia move down between his legs, her cock having not even shrunk a *little* after emptying her balls down his throat, the wolf's tail instinctively moved to protect his groin.

"Aww, come on, commissariat," Sonia teased, batting playfully at the fluffy tan and white tip of Aaron's tail.

Aaron frowned, then grinned. "Comma—what? That's not even a word!"

"My little nutriment! My comely cock-comestible!"

"What *are* you, a thesaurus?" he laughed.

"Do not call me a thesaurus," Sonia replied, feigning seriousness.

They both burst out laughing.

"Don't worry," Sonia teased, "I'll be gentle."

Her hands reached forward to tickle the fur on either side of Aaron's tail. Something about the way her fingers wheedled up beneath and teased his perineum made the wolf shiver with anticipation, and perhaps against his better judgment, he cautiously relaxed his tail.

"Uh, huh. That's what I thought," Sonia said, grinning as she moved her fingers inward to graze over and tickle the star under Aaron's tail. His dick jumped on first contact, and his tail seemed to grow a mind of its own, listing lewdly off to the side and exposing him fully.

"Careful, or you might make me think you actually *want* this!" Sonia laughed, wiggling one of her fingers over Aaron's tailhole and burrowing in up to her first knuckle.

Aaron huffed hornily, bit his lip, and peered pleadingly down between his legs at the hybrid.

"Well, all right," Sonia laughed.

She moved her cock into position, and Aaron immediately began to have second thoughts.

"Just relax," she cooed, giving Aaron's balls a light stroke of her fingers and making his dick twitch.

He sucked in a loud gasp as she nudged forward, her massive tip at first just rocking the sling back. But as she grabbed the chains for leverage, her cock spread his anus almost impossibly wide, and the tip slipped in.

The wolf's eyes and mouth opened wide, yet he couldn't speak. The feeling of being stretched so wide was foreign to him, and though it was a little painful, the pleasurable intensity outweighed the discomfort.

"Taking it like a real champ," Sonia chuckled, rocking her hips forward a little further and sinking a few inches under Aaron's tail. "You doing okay over there?" she asked teasingly.

Still muted, Aaron could only nod, his eyes glazed over and his tongue lolling out.

"I should say so!" laughed the hybrid. "How about some more, hmm?"

She thrust forward more forcefully and buried a foot of her dick. Aaron finally broke his silence as an incoherent moan escaped his lips. Sonia grinned and thrust again, shoving another six inches into him and relishing how snug his ass felt around her member.

"One more," she grunted, thrusting again and finally sinking the last foot of her cock into him all at once.

Her big, fluffy balls slapped bodily up against his tail, and both took a moment to catch their breath.

"S—so...b—big..." Aaron gasped.

"You like 'em big, doncha?"

The wolf nodded, and Sonia grinned, pointing to his belly.

"Looks so comfy in there, doesn't he?" she asked.

Aaron started, seeing the obvious outline of Sonia's cock making his stomach bulge.

"I can make it move!" Sonia giggled, rocking her hips side to side and giving a few shallow thrusts to make the outline move in a circle.



"My gosh," Aaron chuckled, rolling his eyes.

"Aww, what? No fun and games?" Sonia pouted playfully, then grinned wickedly. "Well, all right! Pucker up, pumpkin pie!"

She pulled back, drawing over two feet of cock out of Aaron all at once. The wolf moaned mournfully, gasping at how terribly *empty* he felt when she pulled out.

But, he didn't have much time to mourn. As soon as she reached the end of her stroke, Sonia reversed course and pressed back into him. The pitch of Aaron's moan rose as she stuffed him full again, the bulge reappearing on his abdomen. But, no sooner were her balls again bumping his butt than she started pulling out again, taking Aaron's abdominal bulge with her. She began to speed up, her veiny cock gripping and stretching Aaron's anus and molesting his prostate over and over again. The pitch and volume of his moan rose with the speed of Sonia's thrusts. Clenching his fists around the chains, gritting his teeth, and squeezing his eyes closed, the wolf rode out the onslaught, his prick bouncing and slapping his chest in rhythm to the oscillation of the swing, which was itself just reacting to the force and speed of Sonia's thrusts.

"Don't cum, yet, tasty dumpling," Sonia panted, eliciting a shocked and dismayed look from Aaron. "I want that wolf milk all to myself here in a minute."

Her statement had the desired effect: in an attempt to avoid climax, Aaron clamped down, his already-stretched ass squeezing her for all it was worth.

"Oh, here it comes!" Sonia gasped.

Her balls shivered, twitched, and finally jerked up against her body as they emptied their contents into Aaron's backside. The wolf groaned uncomfortably and lay back, his belly bulging then swelling to fit the massive payload. But that was only the first spurt. As she had with his mouth, Sonia pumped at least a dozen hard, voluminous spurts into him until he couldn't help but reach forward and grab his now pregnant belly, distended and looking much like an oversized bowling ball.

Exhausted, the wolf lay back, his tongue hanging out and his dick quivering on the verge of release.

"Heh, heh, heh. I think I figured out where the cream filling comes from, my little éclair," Sonia said once they'd both had a moment to breathe.

Pulling out, she unleashed a torrent of thick, white cum all over the black floor that gave it the appearance of a zebra cake.

Smirking to herself, she added, "I know *my* cream filling is finally all gone."

"What *is* it with you and food?" Aaron murmured, rolling his eyes. "I've always wondered."

Sonia gave him a conspiratorial look.

"Aww, aren't you so cute?" she said mysteriously. "I could just *gobble you up!*"

"Uh...let's not," Aaron replied, shaking his head and chuckling.

*Click.*

Aaron's ears swiveled behind him.

"In fact," Sonia said as she snapped a large handcuff onto his ankle and quickly fastened it to the nearest chain, "I just might."

Aaron gasped. But before he could fully process what was going on, Sonia had already cuffed his other ankle and wrist to the chains.

He was trapped.

"Wh—what are you doing?" he asked, his pulse beginning to race.

"Just...making sure you don't go anywhere," Sonia said, grinning innocently as she moved between his legs and ran her fingers teasingly along his hips.

"What do you mean, 'you just might'? Just might *what*?" Aaron asked, beginning to struggle. "I don't like the sound of this."

"Oh, well, *I'm* not going to eat you," Sonia replied, grabbing her dick with both hands and leveling it at his head. "My *dick* is!"

Aaron shook his head, disbelieving what he'd heard. "Wait, what?" he asked, venturing a laugh.

"You remember how you said that it looked big enough to eat you on its own and I didn't say anything?" Sonia asked sweetly.

Aaron blinked. "You can't be serious."

"Oh, yeah, I am!" Sonia replied, brightening. "But don't worry; it's not gonna hurt or anything. I'm really very talented."

She reached forward, grabbed his tail in a vise-like grip, and guided it painfully toward the tip of her dick.

Aaron's eyes widened, and he struggled in vain to free his tail from her hand. Before his eyes, her penis began to swallow his tail. He could feel warmth, tight compression, and then numbness.

"N-no!" he cried, thrashing against the restraints. "No! I don't wanna die!"

Sonia giggled and squirmed. "Your tail's all fluffy! It tickles!" Recomposing herself, she pouted at him. "Aww, come on. It'll be fun!"

"N-no, I—I really wanna go now," Aaron said, fighting the urge to panic. "Please, let me go!"

Sonia huffed and pulled her dick off of his tail. "You know," she said, moving behind his head, "There are *other* things I could do with this that you might really like."

Something about her tone piqued Aaron's curiosity. He *knew* he shouldn't trust her, but something about that voice...

Besides, the sensation had returned back to his tail, so maybe this was just some kind of really immersive role-play she was carrying out. No reason to spoil it, right?

"Mm, what did you have in mind?" he asked, biting his lip.

Sonia grinned, reached forward, and grasped the tip of his dick. It had shrunk some from fear, but the feel of her hands on it brought it immediately back to attention.

A sudden thud on his chest made Aaron groan as Sonia flopped her penis onto him.

"This will feel...*really good*," she said.

Aaron held his breath, his eyes like saucers as Sonia guided the tip of his penis into hers.

"Oh!" he gasped, shuddering from his groin to his toes on the contact.

The feel of the inside of her dick was better than any pussy, than any ass, than any mouth. Sonia had such dexterity that she could simultaneously simulate the sensation of being sucked and licked while an ass squeezed him and a pussy milked him. And, as Sonia's penis enveloped more of his member, the sensations only increased. What had started as nearly overwhelming pleasure intensely focused on the tip of his dick quickly spread down his shaft yet refused to reduce in intensity. The chains holding the sling rattled once more as his body went rigid, lifting him up off the sling and supporting him by his wrists and ankles.

Yet still Sonia's enormous member continued to swallow Aaron's prick. It reached his knot, and Aaron *almost* had the chance to feel disappointed that that was as far as she could go. But then her giant worm's mouth began to grow, began to suck and slurp its way along the sides of the bulge, slowly overtaking and swallowing it. Aaron howled in pleasure as Sonia continued to inch along, finally coming to rest against his ball-sack, the rippling muscles inside squeezing, rubbing, sucking, and milking his knot with almost desperate energy.

"N—nn—nngh!" Aaron babbled, his head swimming with overstimulation and feeling his balls beginning to squeeze in rhythm to the sensations on his malehood. "I c—I can—I can't...*augh!*"

His hips bucked forward, and wolf let out a piercing howl as his balls—pent-up from so much foreplay, so much anticipation, and so much stimulation—unleashed their fury down his urethra. Sonia's eyes widened as she felt the first wave and then shuddered in pleasure as her cock swallowed it.

"Mm, that's a nice appetizer," she murmured, her eyes closing and her tongue lolling out happily.

Aaron continued to buck and jerk, rattling the chains as he fed Sonia's worm spurt after spurt.

At last, he collapsed, spent and exhausted.

"Th—that," he managed, "Was so hot."

"See?" Sonia teased as she slowly pulled back, letting Aaron slurp out of her, "I *told* you it can be fun!"

Aaron nodded, his fur matted with sweat from the exertion.

"He's very dexterous, too," Sonia said, subtly releasing the handcuff holding one of Aaron's arms. "Watch this."

She slipped Aaron's finger into her dick, and the wolf gasped and shuddered, his spent balls aching as the odd sensation stirred new lust in them.

"Ooh, that feels weird," he panted.

"Yeah? How about this?" Sonia asked, slipping her dick up his hand to suck on his wrist.

The wolf's legs squeezed together, his limp dick abruptly spraying an unspent gob of cum onto his chest.

"Ooh," he groaned, gritting his teeth. "I'm a—a little overstimulated."

"Just press through it, little nougat," Sonia cooed, stroking his bangs and sliding up to swallow his elbow.

"The reward is *totally* worth a little discomfort now."

Aaron began to pant, feeling light-headed and very sore in his groin from overstimulation.

*Just press through it...just press through it*, he thought desperately to himself as Sonia's penis swallowed his arm up to his shoulder.

"Augh!"

His eyes and hands squeezed closed, a pool of fresh cum drooling from his cock as Sonia pulled her dick off his arm all at once.

"No...more..."

"Just a *little* more," Sonia pressed, releasing his other arm and his legs.

She moved down to one of his feet and traced her claw between his footpads, eliciting a feeble twitch.

She snickered as she gently guided his foot down to her dick's mouth.

"Very dexterous," she said, slipping Aaron's toes in and proceeding to let her worm suckle each one of them individually.

A shiver ran up Aaron's spine as his toes curled reflexively, burying them deeper inside Sonia's dick. With a delighted gasp, she wasted no time sliding her dick up to Aaron's ankle and giving him what felt like a foot massage delivered by a hundred hands at once.

"Ooh, that...that's pretty nice," he murmured, closing his eyes. "I could get used to that."

"Do you think so? How about a head massage?" Sonia asked, smiling faintly.

"Yeah...head massage...sounds nice."

She pulled herself off of him and eagerly moved back behind his head.

"This should feel really good, too," she said, doing her best not to giggle.

She got into position quickly, afraid he might change his mind, and without much warning, slipped her dick over his ears and eyes.

"Whoa, that...that feels really weird," Aaron said, stirring.

"Don't worry, little ravioli," Sonia said with bated breath, moving her hands down to stroke his shoulders reassuringly, "It'll all be over soon."

She thrust forward, quickly engulfing his head and neck, ensuring that he couldn't get away, no matter how hard he struggled.

Aaron's relaxed mood was abruptly upended by surprise, followed quickly by panic. His eyes sprang open, but it was utterly dark. Something was covering his face, tightly pressing against his nostrils and making breathing impossible. He began trying to pull himself out, his arms and legs thrashing against the sling and making the chains rattle furiously as his lungs began to burn.

But Sonia wasn't worried. She *liked* a little bit of a struggle, and she chose to savor the feeling of her prey writhing and squirming its way up her dick, towards her balls that were all too eager to be refilled. Her cock stretched and swallowed Aaron's shoulders and then began creeping their way down his body, slowly sucking him in a fraction of an inch at a time.

As if his inability to breathe wasn't enough, Aaron felt himself slowly made less and less able to move as Sonia's penis began to swallow him. He thrashed his arms furiously, trying to prevent it from moving further down his body, but it moved with a slow, relentless determination that immobilized his arms inch by inch, until all he could do was wriggle his wrists impotently. His lungs screaming and his eyes trying to bulge from his head, Aaron felt the fog of unconsciousness closing in around him.

Yet the abject terror he felt was making his balls begin to put up their own struggle, too. Deprived of oxygen, he began to feel giddy and confusingly aroused. His cock, which had gone flaccid with fear, now hardened once more and began to throb. Unable to touch himself, Aaron could only lie passively, hoping he'd get to cum one last time before he passed out.

Though he did not, in fact, get to cum again, the dry orgasm that wracked his body proved satisfactory, and about the time Sonia's cock began to work on the bulge that was his still-distended abdomen, Aaron finally quit struggling and lay still.

A pang of regret momentarily distracted Sonia, but the moment she felt Aaron's head slide into her balls, a wave of euphoria made her forget her woes. Her cock redoubled its efforts, and as she guided Aaron's still-throbbing cock down into her pee-hole, she began to swallow him in much greater earnest. Her groin churned as her scrotum began to digest her oversized meal, and the moment Aaron's head turned to goo, she nearly orgasmed him back up.

"Ooh, easy, fella," she murmured, panting with lust and satiety. "We've still got half of him left!"

But her admonitions didn't seem to do much good—not that she expected them to; she *knew* how her body got when it had a new meal to digest—and she began to swallow the rest of Aaron faster and faster. His cock, now drained but still throbbing, disappeared, tickling her insides as it slid down, followed soon after by his not-quite-empty balls, his muscular legs, and his tail. At last, his ankles disappeared, then his paw-pads, and finally the claw from his big toe.

Sonia sagged, her cock, heavy with the wolf's partially digested body, weighing down the sling. She rested her head against one of the chains, her eyes half-open.

Something moved at the tip of her cock, startling her.

"What's—? Oh!"

She laughed and reached down to grab the end of the leash, shaking her head.

"Forgot about that," she chuckled. "Well, I guess it'll come out eventually. In the meantime, I guess I get to go around looking like I shoved a tampon up my dick!"

Rolling her eyes, she left the room and went back downstairs into her bedroom. Sprawling out on the bed, she lay there, her hands on her dick, feeling as it slowly moved what was left of Aaron's body down into

her balls. She could feel the lump where his toes were. Already the bulge where his cock had been had disappeared, and she could feel his knees inexorably disappearing, too.

She waited a while until she couldn't feel movement anymore and then gave a cautious tug at the leash. Feeling it give, she pulled it out, but as it came, it teased the inside of her urethra and doubled her over with ecstasy.

"I'd hoped to hold onto you for a while," she murmured to Aaron, "But this just feels *too good!*"

Grasping her cock with both hands, she began to stroke her foreskin up and down along her shaft, her hips thrusting forward and her toes curling delightedly. She groaned in pleasure, feeling the hefty weight of her balls sloshing forward and back, their movement shaking the bed.

It didn't take much effort for her to get off. The feeling of her foreskin rolling over her glans, the fullness in her balls, and the post-meal sensitivity in her urethra all combined to push her over the edge with just a few strokes. Groaning loudly, she arched her back and sent a massive splash of cum over her head, splattering on her pillow and bedspread. Collapsing, she let out a satisfied gasp.

"Damn," she breathed, closing her eyes, "That felt *amazing*." She huffed. "Shame I can't play with Aaron anymore, though. Gonna have to find another play partner."

A faint noise caught her attention. Her ears swiveled towards the sound.

"What was that?" she mouthed.

"Urf," said a tiny voice.

She shriveled her nose. "Urf?" she asked.

"*Nerf*," the voice said, sounding annoyed.

"Nerf? Nerf what?"

"Nerf *you*, you OP herm, and your OP dick, too!"

Sonia started, now certain she recognized that voice. Flipping over on all fours, she moved about on the bed, trying to find the source of the voice.

"Aaron?" she asked. "Is that really you, or am I imagining your voice in my head?"

"I'm right here! Your hand's on my face!" came the muffled reply.

Sonia backed up and grimaced as a gob of cum stuck to her hand. She flicked her hand, and Aaron's voice let out a wail of protest, getting fainter and further away.

"Aaron?" she asked, returning her attention to the bed, "Where are you?"

"Over here!" the voice called from across the room.

"How'd you get over there?" Sonia asked, exasperatedly getting up and searching for the noise.

"You *flung* me!"

"I did *not!* I flung—oh...wait." She hesitated. "Aaron, are you cum?"

A seething hiss came in response, and Sonia winced sheepishly. She quickly grabbed a sock and scooped the quickly drying dollop off her wall. Tilting the sock in the light, she could just make out what almost looked like a face.

"Aaron?!" she gasped.

"So...thirsty..." his voice croaked.

She shriveled her nose. "Thirsty?"

A half-baked idea popped into her head, and she quickly went to the bathroom, stopped up the drain, and filled it with water. Dropping her sock into it, she saw the little blob float and almost immediately change

colors and morph into the shape of a tiny, *tiny* version of Aaron. Sonia gaped as the tiny figure felt of himself then looked up at her and scowled with a face the size of a pin.

"Where's the rest of me?" he demanded in an itty-bitty voice. "I'm not supposed to be this small!"

"Uh..."

Sonia hesitated a moment, then went and grabbed her pillows and bedspread. Filling up the bathtub, she dumped the soiled bedding in, cringing to think how many others there might be like Aaron. But, to her relief and then disappointment, nothing happened. She returned to the sink.

"It's not doing anything," she told tiny-Aaron. "I put everything in the tub, but it's still just you."

"Well obviously / have to be in there, too!" tiny-Aaron snapped.

Shocked at his attitude, Sonia hastily scooped him up on the sock, then dropped it into the tub, too, and watched intently.

Before her eyes, the tiny Aaron droplet began merging with other droplets that seemed almost magnetically attracted to him, and he began to grow rapidly, first to the size of a grape, then a small dog, then a teenager, until at last, he was his usual size again, sitting in the tub, soaking wet, and looking very cross.

"A-Aaron?" Sonia asked hesitantly.

"That wasn't nice," the wolf said grumpily, water dripping from his forehead. "You could have *warned* me first!"

Sonia opened her mouth, then closed it.

"But," Aaron added, his frown slowly melting into a broad grin, "If you ask nicely next time, I might do it again!"