

An After Dinner Mint

Two canines sat across from each other in a small and modest dining room at a small and modest table.

"Would you like an after dinner mint, my dear wolf?"

Azinsha - the dear wolf in question - frowned at both the woman in front of her and the 'mint' that was dangling between her fingertips. "That's not a mint, Kyobi," Azinsha said as she brushed a few strands of her shoulder-length red and orange hair away from her face. "That's a micro wolf."

Kyobi - a fox with a rather distinct black and orange pelt - narrowed her sharp yellow eyes at what was betwixt her fingers. As much as she wanted to make him out to be a mint, he was clearly a male wolf. Just a *really* small one. About an inch or so tall, small enough that she could hold him by his legs and dangle his sliver of a form up in the air between her and the wolf effortlessly. "Really? You sure?" the fox asked playfully. "'Cause all I see is a tiny little white thing covered in minty green stars."

The tiny little white wolf shivered at Kyobi's words, but he knew better than to contest them. He had been in the fox's care for a month or two now. Usually kept inside of her shoe, or in the back of her pants, or, on a good day, in a tiny gilded cage that she kept on a necklace that dangled *just* above her bust. Though that last one was definitely terrifying, it was a great deal better than being underneath her paw or up against her ass - if only because he wasn't subjected to the hot compress of her sweaty flesh.

Sometimes, the vixen even borrowed him to Azinsha. She was a little kinder to him. Getting him clean her paws after a long and sweaty day without crushing him with them, or making him do an amusing little dance or routine for her amusement... usually a strip tease or *something* like that.

Put it this way, the three of them were quite familiar with each other. Kyobi and Azinsha good friends, and Coolest was an 'object' that was shared between them often and casually. It hadn't always been like this for the white wolf. Despite being a micro in a macro's world he'd had a life a few months back. A prosperous career, plenty of friends, and a bright hope for a family in the not-so-distant future. But, now... he was just the plaything of two huge canine women.

Azinsha sighed and looked down at her empty plate with a smile. Just before this moment, she and Kyobi had enjoyed a nice meal together - steaks, her favorite - and after she'd finished her meal and placed down her knife and fork, Kyobi had whipped a very sweaty Coolest out from the depths of her soft cleavage, revealing that the micro had been attending their little dinner date this

entire time. "Do you want me to put him in my mouth?" Azinsha asked. "Is that it?"

Kyobi licked her lips giddily. "Well, you have to find out if he *tastes* like a mint at least," she proposed playfully. "Right?"

"Kyobi, stop talking nonsense," Azinsha murmured as she leaned over the table. The wolf was clearly trying to pretend like she was running out of patience, but the faint and amused smile upon her muzzle completely betrayed her act. "Do you want me to put him in my mouth or not?"

Kyobi nodded her head and smirked. "Absolutely. I want to shove this little *mint* so deep into your maw that *it* smells like your breath for *weeks*." Excited, the vixen took a deep breath through her nose as her grin rapidly grew. "I want you to turn this *thing* into a fucking sponge for your drool. That's what I want, Azi."

"Well, if you're asking me as nicely as that, then... how can I say no?" Azinsha said oh-so-eagerly. She pressed her elbows down into the table and leaned over it, putting her muzzle just an inch or two away from the tiny wolf dangling above Kyobi's breasts. Azinsha's bright yellow irises fixed on the male wolf deviously, narrowing as her grin widened. Then...

... Azinsha opened her maw and gave Coolest such a strong blast of her hot breath that his little body swayed a little between Kyobi's fingertips. Suddenly, the micro wolf was face to face with a slathering cavern of pink flesh. "Oh f-fuck!" he yelled in fright as an intensely humid gale billowed into his tiny body. He soon found out that it was not only warm but... intensely *pungent* in odor. Azinsha had just devoured a juicy steak, after all, and her stomach was busily digesting it, producing an odor of meaty fermentation. Whimpering pathetically, he raised his little hands to his muzzle and clamped them both over his nose and mouth. Unfortunately, it did little to keep the stench out.

The little wolf soon had bigger problems than just warmth and stench, however. Kyobi hadn't been lying about being eager to lay his little body across Azinsha's drool-coated tongue. Not hesitating for a moment, the vixen moved Coolest's body forward. Carefully - if only so she didn't make Azinsha choke - she laid him across the very center of Azinsha's tongue, placing him belly-down upon the canine's sloppy taste buds. Giggling, the cruel kitsune placed a finger on the back of his tiny head and *shoved* his face down, forcing him to get *very* intimate with the puddle of saliva that he was now lying in. "Get in there and soak it all up dickhead," Kyobi teased as she wiggled her finger back and forth across Coolest's furry skull. "I want to see you get nice and disgusting."

Kyobi withdrew her fingers with a slight flourish, leaving the micro to pull his drenched little face up from Azinsha's sticky buds. There, wiping saliva from his

face in total panic, the wolf felt what it was like to be within someone's maw for the very first time. Sticky. Wet. Hot. Azinsha's hot steak breath flowed over him constantly, her slimy tongue shivering underneath him as she tasted his fur and flesh, and her vacuous throat gently *glping* behind him as saliva trickled down her neck. It was completely uncomfortable and absolutely terrifying.

With his fists clenched underneath him and his body shivering, Coolest lifted his eyes up toward Kyobi. His view of the vixen, of course, was framed by a huge set of sharp and intimidating teeth. Just another terrifying part of "Fuck, *please*," he whimpered at her, not daring to move a muscle lest he slip down the throat behind him. "Please, my Queen, you have to let me out of here!"

Kyobi's fluffy fox ears bounced in delight as she heard Coolest cry out in fright. Of course, she completely ignored his pathetic plea. "Delightful," she cooed at Azinsha. "Your mouth is like a fucking gutter right now. Really making a mess out of him."

Azinsha - who wasn't sure whether to take that as a compliment or not - blinked a couple of times at Kyobi and gently tilted her head to the side about an inch. The vixen watched on in absolute delight as Coolest slipped across the surface of her tongue. He almost slipped off of it entirely and collided with her teeth, but the tiny wolf managed to hunker down and grip the side of Azinsha's tongue *just* before that happened. "Fuck!" he screamed. "Stop! Please!"

Kyobi placed a hand on Azinsha's face and curled her fingers underneath her chin. She briefly stroked at the fur there before guiding the wolf's mouth closed with her hand, pushing her digits against her jaw and sealing Coolest within the intolerable confines of her slimy maw completely.

A very muffled scream escaped the corners of Azinsha's lips as Coolest was fully immersed in his wet hell. Azinsha's throat bobbed as she looked at Kyobi nervously. Doing something *this* extreme with Coolest was a little nerve-wracking for her. She could feel him writhing around her mouth in blind and disgusting panic. It wasn't out of the question that he'd accidentally end up slipping down her gullet. Or that she'd swallow him on reflex with how close his legs were to her throat. And if the micro ended up down there - where a steak was in full and caustic digestion - well, things certainly wouldn't end well for him.

At the same time, though, having Coolest in her maw was exciting. Invigorating. Azinsha was a wolf with the instincts of an apex predator deep within her... and, right now, she had live prey in her maw. Prey that she could consume effortlessly. To swallow him was as tempting as it was terrifying.

Sensing Azinsha's hesitation, Kyobi leaned forward and pressed her lips against the wolf's mouth fully, smooching her so hard that she had absolutely no

choice but to melt against the vixen. The wolf's ears fell back and her eyes lidded as she leaned into that kiss, opening her micro-filled mouth ever-so-slightly to exhale a happy sigh against the warm soft lips that were kissing her...

... which Kyobi immediately took advantage of. Making her sweet kiss all the sweeter, Kyobi shoved her tongue into that narrow gap between lips and flopped it down on top of both Azinsha's tongue and Coolest, utterly sandwiching the poor micro between them.

An utterly overwhelmed Coolest released a squeaky attempt at a scream as he was forced into a tight and utterly insufferable compress between two huge canine tongues. Over him they slid, pulling him every which way and coating him in a hot slimy drench of fox and wolf drool both. On top of that, he now had to deal with the raw stench of *two* fermenting steak dinners. Worse, with his arms securely pinned between two wriggling tongues, he couldn't even cover his face to try and keep the stink out. Hell, he could barely even fight them as it was. He tried, of course - heaving his tiny body against their wet heft in a useless attempt to wriggle free - but he could barely even move.

Things soon got worse. The two girls - the wolf taken by passion, the fox utterly mischievous - began to play a game of tug of war with the micro. Kyobi tightening her tongue around him and dragging him about an inch deep into her maw only for Azinsha to ferociously yank him back into her own. On and on they both went, pulling and tugging and *slurping*, voraciously continuing their fierce and passionate little battle. Although they were playfully warring over the micro, neither of them cared about him or his fate right now. He was just a good excuse for them to eat each other's faces deeper.

Meanwhile, poor Coolest was not only being yanked around by tongue and almost crushed between them, but... he was also feeling their tight press upon his most sensitive parts. The wolf had gotten an erection almost immediately - and now, just seconds later, he could feel that he was on the edge of a very shameful orgasm. Very much not *wanting* to cum right now, the micro closed his eyes and tried to think of anything other than the two tongues that were indirectly lapping right at his tiny dick.

But, like with everything else, he was completely helpless. A very overstimulated Coolest came, shooting his pathetic load between his cruel captor's entangled tongues. Neither of them noticed his orgasm, but, then again, why would they? The two women were far too busy sampling each other's saliva to taste that tiny trace of seed.

Dazed, terrified, and helplessly thrumming with an afterglow that had been forced upon him, the micro wolf's overwhelmed body went completely slack. He barely felt Kyobi's tongue *barge* into him in a heavy push that thrust him toward

the opening of Azinsha's throat... and all the way down into it.

Azinsha's eyes bulged open as she felt Coolest plunge down her throat. It happened so quickly. The sensation of him slipping down the back of her tongue. The feeling of him helplessly plunging down her throat as she swallowed on pure reflex. The satisfying and slight bulge that he made in his throat on the way down... followed by a quick and squirmy descent down into her messy guts.

Kyobi pulled her lips away from Azinsha's and drew back a few inches to look her in the face. With narrowed eyes and a grin full of teeth, the vixen's expression was one of pure mischief. "What's wrong, Azinsha?" Kyobi asked playfully as she rested one of her hands against the side of the black wolf's face and gave it a gentle caress. "Did he taste bad?"

Azinsha leaned her cheek in Kyobi's hand and gently shook her head. Her eyes were still wide with shock and her body was even trembling a little, but... she wasn't aghast. The wolf felt good in her belly - *very* good, actually - even if her morals and her better judgment told her that he shouldn't. She could feel him, a vague sensation squirming somewhere within her middle... and she also couldn't help but imagine him there. Surrounded by hot meaty slop. Writhing and thrashing inside one of the most dangerous and foul places within her body. Trapped in a caustic swamp where there was no realistic chance of escape.

Azinsha shivered and took a deep breath as she laid a hand across the front of her ribs, right where that oddly pleasant and squirmy sensation was. "Not bad, no," she admitted as she smiled shakily in Kyobi's direction. "But he definitely didn't taste like mint."

"What? Who said anything about mint?" Kyobi teased as she squeezed at Azinsha's cheek affectionately. "You just swallowed a fucking micro. They don't taste like mint - they taste like little people."

Azinsha swallowed a mouthful of saliva, unconsciously dumping a load of thick slime over Coolest. She felt his movements still for a moment inside of her as all that drool rained down on top of him... but as pathetic as the micro might be, he *was* a fighter. She soon felt his tiny hands slapping at her stomach wall once again. "We are... we are going to let him out, yeah?" Azinsha asked nervously.

Kyobi raised her brows. "*What?*" she asked. "You're seriously thinking about horking him up?" The vixen shook her head and looked at Azinsha with a vague hint of disgust. "That'd be a waste of good steak. Those cuts were pretty fucking expensive, y'know."

Azinsha frowned and looked down toward her belly, licking at her lips

uncertainly. "But... you must know a spell or something, right? Maybe you could teleport him out of me, or... or teach me how to teleport him out of me, or, uh..."

The vixen shook her head. "Nope," she said firmly, "teleportation would make a right fucking mess. I'm not doing all that because one tiny dork decided to get himself turned into food." She smiled happily as she blamed the entire thing on Coolest rather than herself, even if she was responsible for shoving him down Azinsha's throat. "Besides, I'd rather keep the contents of your stomach on the inside rather than the outside, you know? Less... disgusting that way."

Azinsha bit her bottom lip anxiously. "Kyobi. There has to be *something* you can do."

Kyobi gently stroked her thumb up and down Azinsha's jawline, chuckling lightly at her worries. "Geez," she murmured, "you're really worried about that little freak, huh? You know, if it helps, just think of him as food. That's all he is right now basically anyways. Just a shitty morsel amidst the mess of a far superior meal."

"Kyobi..."

The vixen rolled her eyes. She patted Azinsha's cheek and then released it. "Fine, fine, whatever. Tell you what. I'll teach you a spell that'll let him... *survive* the whole process. When your stomach is done with your steak, he'll get flushed down into your guts where he'll have to make a, uh, *fantastic voyage* toward the exit... so to speak."

Azinsha's ears bobbed as she listened to Kyobi's proposition. It was... strangely erotic. To the point where her pulse raised and her thighs tightened together underneath the table. "Okay. I'll... yeah, I'll do that, then," she murmured, trying not to sound *too* eager about the whole idea. "How do I..."

Kyobi shook her head and pursed her lips. "I'll tell you," she said, "*if* you can give me a kiss that's at least a nine out of ten. 'Cause those smooches earlier? Nice as they were, they definitely weren't the *best*, you know? Like... they were six out of ten." The vixen nodded her head all matter-of-factly. "And that's being generous."

The black wolf looked at the cross fox in a mix of hesitation and vague offense. Kyobi smiled back at her like absolutely nothing was wrong. "Tick tock," she said as she tapped at an invisible watch on her wrist. "You'd better get to kissing. You'll wanna learn that spell before your guts end up making him skinless!"

Azinsha sighed. Then, utterly helpless but to at least smirk a *little* at Kyobi's

demands, she leaned forward to try and give the vixen her best kiss.