

One Man Show

One tiny fox. Bright orange, fluffy, two, three inches tall. Between two pale white fingers much larger than him he is held, upside down, dangling, arms flailing. "Stop this," he screams out loud, "let me go, please!"

One big wolf. Stark white, fuzzy, a tallish and lean six-foot nothing. Between his fingers, he holds something small, something red, *something* that used to be *someone* not so long ago. Who was that someone? What was their name, what was their species, and what was their identity? The wolf can't remember - or, perhaps, he simply didn't care to. "Relax," he coos to that something in his hand, "this... it's all going to be over soon."

The *something* screams something - something pathetic, something barely audible - but the wolf doesn't care. His hand is moving, lowering that scrap of prey downward, taking him from the center of his slender chest down to his naked crotch. There, the wolf's cock was unsheathed, erect, and pulsing with vitae. Canine and shiny royal purple, it was eight inches long, fat, firm, knotted. "You're going in here," the wolf informed as his cumslit briefly gaped to release an excited dribble of pre. "I'm sure you're not excited about this. But - you should be."

Some more incoherent screaming. The wolf brought it to an end by swinging the something's miserable little face into the center of his furry sack - right between fat orbs that were like wrecking balls to his little body. He felt his prey shudder and spasm as the hefty weight of his balls surrounded his face and neck. And then, as bitter musk flooded and overwhelmed his senses, silence. Sweet silence. Not so much as a murmur resounding against his testes. "You see," the wolf went on to his silent captive, "by putting you in here, you're going to give me pleasure."

The wolf sighed and dragged his prey's face through the sweaty crack between his balls nice and slowly, taking him up toward the shaft that he intended to stuff him down. The tiny something's face soon made contact with the base of his knot. Lips were made to kiss firmly. Nostrils were forced to inhale a scent muskier and richer than before. And his little body - his bones, his muscles, the entire one inch of his very being - had no choice but to endure the pain of being jostled by the heavy and aroused throb of the canine's length. "Not much pleasure, I'll point out," the wolf sighed as he held his prey firmly against one of his sweetest spots. "You'll add up to a fraction of a second - perhaps, a whole one if I'm lucky - but, ah, considering how worthless your existence is, or, was - that's a better fate than you could've ever hoped for, yes?"

No reply came from his prey. Not a scream, not a whimper, not even a shudder. His body was stiff between his fingers and his face was still against his

knot. But that was okay. Expected, even. And the wolf didn't need a response anyway. To him, this was a one man show where he was the star. Into his seat he leans backward - and up across his shaft he guides his prey, keeping their face and mouth intimate with his pre-wet inches. "No reply?" the wolf teased. "Did I kill you by accident? Break your spine, perhaps? That would be so very dull."

The something shuddered between the canine's furry fingers. It made a noise like a wail, a howl, or maybe even a moan. Hard to tell with how small it was, and the wolf didn't care ... beyond the fact that it was a sign of life from his prey anyway. "Oh, excellent, you *are* alive," the wolf sighed happily as he slowly dragged that speck of red fluff toward his ever-leaking slit. "That's good news for me. I don't waste my time eating dead things."

The wolf felt his prey attempt to go limp between his fingers and play dead. But given how close it was to the source of all that bitter musk - how it's compressed face was mere centimeters away from the canine's tight cockhole - such an act couldn't be kept up for long. Soon, too caught up with the fear of being fed within, the wolf's *something* was flailing in utter terror. "Oh, yes, you're very alive, aren't you?" the wolf remarked. "Excellent."

Tiny hands started to slap against the wolf's glans. In response, the lazy predator reclined all the further in his seat and bit back a moan of bliss. He nudged his prey's head against his slit. He felt his entrance begin to gape around it's skull. Then, sighing, he tilted the little thing's head away from his throbbing flesh and his hungry hole. He brought it's tiny and cum-streaked eyes up to his and smiled gently. "Any last words before I turn you into my cum?" the wolf asked haughtily. "Any messages that you'd like me to pass on to your family? Your friends? Your loved ones?"

Terrified prey opened it's mouth to gibber out a reply. But the wolf didn't let it speak a word. With an impatient huff, he shoved his prey's skull down and in. His hips twitched in slight discomfort as something a little *too* wide for his hole pushed within. The slight irritation was easy to manage, though - for he knew that his prey would be feeling much worse right now. It's head and neck were in a fleshy and intolerable vice of musk and flesh... and the rest of it was being guided inside. "Never mind," the wolf sighed as he lazily struggled to *squeeze* his prey's shoulders within. "Decided that I can't be bothered."

A quiet *pop* as the prey's shoulders sank within. A kick from it's scrawny little legs as he went up to his hips. Another groan of discomfort from the wolf... but, again, it was pillowed by the fact that his prey was suffering far worse than he was. "Don't worry," he sighed down to the scrap as he felt his tunnel *clench* around his prey in a squeeze fit to break bone. "The discomfort you're causing me is very slight."

Hips squeezed in without too much of a struggle - at least, for the wolf - and the legs were even easier than that. More than halfway down, the suction of the inside of the male's shaft was enough by itself to drag him down. Forceful fingers only made it more efficient. Soon, only the former... whatever's paws were sticking out of his cock. The wolf held him by the ankles tight, preventing his dick from dragging him down into his new home. A satisfied grunt came from his mouth. His prey was almost in his new home. For a moment, he debated insulting his prey one last time...

... but instead of opening his mouth, the wolf simply released his prey and reveled in the feeling of it traveling down his shaft. It was hardly comfortable, but he'd always been a little bit of a masochist. And a lot of a sadist. Again, the equation in his mind was simple. For every pang of discomfort, there was the knowledge that his prey was suffering much, much worse. The heat that surrounded him alone must've been intolerable - and that was without going into the heavy musk or the bone-squeezing pressure. Or the knowledge that they were seconds away from being digested into cum.

Soon, though, those brief moments of discomfort were over and all he felt was the bliss of his prey entering his balls. Of it's pathetic form being squeezed inside of a dark and musky place of churning flesh that was tight and unyielding in it's intense smother. Though the wolf could hardly see inside of himself, he knew what his prey's position would be. Forced to curl into a fetal ball, tightly surrounded by the internal walls of his teste, body surrounded and drowned by cum. Cum that was not only intensely musky and intolerably hot... but also corrosive. It wouldn't just saturate his coat - it wouldn't just fill his belly and lungs and drown him - but it would also work to convert him. It would erode his flesh, strip his muscle, wear down his bone... and turn him into the very seed that surrounded him.

This was the process that the wolf was referring to earlier - that whole bit about how his prey would make for an extra second of pleasure for him. An extra rope for him to squeeze out of his dick. A slight addition to his load. That was all his agony - no, every second of it's miserable existence - would add up to. "Don't be sad. Your existence was miserable and pathetic," the wolf sighed longingly. A condom was plucked from his side. "Take it from an immortal who observed you all for a very long time. Mortal existence," he murmured as he tore the condom's packaging open with his teeth, "is utterly pointless. You live, you cry, you fuck, you shit, and then, at some miserable point, you die, don't you? Before you've even learned anything significant. Anything that matters."

The wolf withdrew his rubber. He snapped it onto the tips of his fingers and gave it's neck a brief flex, widening it for his girth. Then, smiling, he pushed his tapered tip inside and slowly rolled the rest of the condom down his shaft, taking it all the way down to the base. "And if your death is an inevitably - and mine isn't

- then why shouldn't I use you for my pleasure?" he asked as he wrapped a paw around the now rubbery bulge of his knot. "Why *shouldn't* I use you to make my painfully long life just a little bit easier? Even if it's just for a moment?"

The wolf's paw began to pump slowly. From the base of his cock up to the tip where his thumb rolled briefly before his hand coursed back down nice and firm. As his toes curled on the ground in bliss, he felt his prey writhing in agony within his sack. Cum factories churning around it, saturating once brilliant fur, filling mouth and infesting innards, converting down to cum. Suffocated, suffering, and melted down into the very thing that surrounded him. "Yes. This is better than what you deserve. It's ridiculous that you and the rest of your kind fight it."

The wolf's pace quickened. His stroking, his words, and, most importantly, his prey's diminishing struggles - they were all adding up to what would be a fast and violent orgasm. "You all ought to be lining up around the block - whimpering, crying, *begging* to be a contribution to my life," the wolf grunted. "To be my food, to be my toys, to be my..."

"... cum." The wolf gasped. He clenched his teeth and closed his eyes. His hand stalled, gripping around the center of his shaft as he edged himself down from orgasm. Cumming too quickly would mean that his prey wouldn't be fully liquefied - and the last thing that he wanted to do was uncomfortably eject bones along with his seed. He wouldn't need to be patient for long, though. The struggles were an almost nothing already. A vague and ticklish and pleasant sensation in his sack that was diminishing by the second.

With cock firmly in his hand, the wolf waited. "You can't even hear me, can you?" he remarked lustily. "There can't be much left than your bones. Mm, that's another reason why you should be grateful - tonight, I was efficient." The wolf sighed. "Turned my... 'settings' up real high. That's something to be grateful for in itself, you know. Some people aren't so lucky. My last prey, for example - I devoured him and then I let him suffer in my belly for a whole twenty-four hours, slow cooking until his meat fell from his bones. Though that one was a little personal. You..."

The wolf rode his edge, giving himself a quick couple of strokes to bring him back to that feeling of almost orgasm. "Well, you were just a nobody, weren't you? Someone unlucky enough to cross my path." The wolf drew a breath through his teeth and exhaled a sharp sigh. "Ah, why am I saying all this? I already know you can't hear me. I already know that I'm talking to myself."

That ticklish sensation ebbed. The wolf opened his eyes. He looked down at his cock and admired it as he always did, taking just a moment to stroke his thumb over the condom's teat. It was swollen with his precum. A firm and compact little bubble of his intensely musky ejaculate. "Then again. This has

been a one man show since the beginning, hasn't it? I've already made it abundantly clear that you weren't even close to resembling importance. So... who cares? I can talk to myself if I want to."

The wolf would cease his prattle for now, though. The ticklish sensation might've been gone... but now his balls felt good and bloated. His orgasm - ever-so-slightly enhanced by consumption of live prey - was now ready. He began to jerk himself off again. Fast. Hard. His bare naked ass lifting from his seat, his tail hiking in the air, his paw mindlessly fapping until...

... squirt. Squirt. *Squirt*. The wolf cried out in pure bliss as the end of the condom ballooned with his virile load. Thick and murderous, it filled out the condom's end almost like a swollen water balloon. Somewhere in that hot white soup - tightly encased in rubber that looked fit to burst - was the dimming consciousness of his former prey. The last remaining scraps of their soul. Whatever hadn't been used up in the process of giving him that extra half-second or so of pleasure.

With the condom's swollen tip sagging over his shaft, the wolf took a few shaky moments to catch his breath. Then, grinning, he unrolled the condom away from his softening length, careful not to spill a drop within. As his deep purple inches receded into his sheath, he tied up the top of the condom. Briefly, he eyed the thick and milky contents swirling within. He could feel how hot his load was against his fingers. Almost like coffee.

Sighing, the white wolf threw the bloated condom into the trash basket at the side of his chair. His lips squirmed as he attempted to come up with a fitting farewell... but in the end, he decided that he couldn't be bothered. His prey was a nothing nobody, and now that his need to cum had receded, the idea of uttering so much of a word to him was utterly disgusting. So, instead, with his sheath all sticky between his thighs, the male decided to take a much-needed nap.