

“Dude!” the door swung open, slamming into the wall with a crash as the noise of the frat party poured into the room. Thoggin looked up, eyes wide, as his bro Thaddy sprawled into the room. “Dude we need you!”

“UHH...” Thoggin stared blankly at Thaddy, then down at his cock, hard, engorged, the knot straining. Even in the dim lights from the college bedroom’s strands of LEDs, it was clearly mottled, purple and black. “Kinda BUSY...”

Cindi huffed, rolling her eyes and standing up. She worked her jaw, the french poodle massaging at her throat. “It’s fine, babe.” She smooched his cheek.

“No it’s NOT fine, you can’t just leave me babe, my balls are gonna POP if you don’t finish me off!”

She smirked, reached under and rolled her oh-so-soft, oh so gentle fingers against the swollen bulges of his big pup makers. “You’re a husky.” She teased, rubbing up against one, just its own weight squeezing back against her fingers. “Mush.” She snickered. She gave it a squeeze, making the shaggy black and white pelted dog yelp, before sauntering out of the room.

Thaddy crashed into him, clumsily helping undo the simple ropes tying him to the ceiling. “Duuuude, come oooon, it’s our turn!”

“Our turn for what?!” Thoggin grumbled, rubbing his wrists and being led into the main party room. Being naked was no big deal, his erection jutting achingly up at the ceiling. He grunted as he felt Thaddy drunkenly grab it, dragging him towards the beer pong table. “Oh, for fuck’s sake..”

He was given a mixed drink, and he downed it, way too sour and way too strong. THIS was what his night was going to end with, fucking beer pong? He could see frat bros sprawled everywhere, passed out. The fraternity refused to use beer in such a cheesy game, he was sure several bottles of grain alcohol had been used.

Thaddy giggled conspiratorially. “Yeah, but we need YOU.. you’re just the right height.” He gave Thoggin another drink, dragging him up to the table and then reaching behind, goosing his nuts.

Thoggin choked on his drink, jumping at the goose, feeling Thaddy TWIST hard on his cock. The horny husky’s eyes swam as he felt his nuts flop on the beer pong table, and then a cold red dixie cup was being shoved down into his sheath! Wait, into his sheath, but-

“ALRIGHT! Your turn!” Thaddy said, gesturing across the table to the other team with some kind of thick, purplish baton, who were bent over laughing at the sight. “See, we got ONE cup left!”

"It's cheatin, bro!" said Rox, the wolverine slapping the table with his hand, "But goddamn if you're gonna cheat, cheat hard, right?!" The other laughed, as Rox aimed for the cup, swaying drunkenly.

"Wait, Thaddy, what's that-" Thoggin said, but Thad turned, winking and pressing the warm, stiff, still seeping tip of the husky's ripped off cock against his lips.

"Don't worry, he ain't gonna make it in, I got a surprise. Just brace yourself, okay?!"

Thoggin grabbed the table automatically, alarmed as he tried to focus on the swinging dog treat in front of his eyes. "Where'd you get that big ass DICK, dude?"

"FORE!" Rox said, sailing the ping pong ball through the air. Thoggin watched it plunk down into the half filled cup, stuffed into his sheath.

He also watched as Thaddy's paws swung down like sledgehammers from behind, on either side of him, pounding into either of his big, aching balls. He watched his nuts bulge out, then there was a strange, wet sound, like someone dumping a bowl of coleslaw onto concrete, before he watched the cup in his sheath collapse, squeezed, the bottom caving upwards and the ping pong ball launched out of the cup. A moment later, the cup itself launched out, a spray of chunky nut meat hosing out of his emptied sheath, splattering up over Thoggin's belly chest.

"Aww, fuck, maaaaan..." he said, "You spilled my drink..." and tottered backwards, flopping onto the couch, eyes crossed.

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Rox laughed as he staggered down the alleyway, later that night. He couldn't believe Thaddy had castrated, like, ten of his own frat brothers just to win a beer pong game, and STILL LOST. It was hilarious. He took a moment, pausing in front of a bar that was still open, garish pink neon loops forming some kind of a picture he couldn't quite make out. What was that, an anchor? Whatever. They probably still had beer and he was slick enough to not get carded.

He staggered in. He smelled leather n stuff. Niiiice. Cuh-lassy. He leered at a hedgehog, and ambled up to the bar. All dark wood tables n shit, not very busy. Lot of dudes, no women. Whatever, it's not like he was trying to score.

"Beer." He said, grinning. The jackrabbit behind the bar raised an eyebrow and continued wiping his glass.

"You got some.... On your..." he gestured broadly, and Rox looked down, finding his chest spattered with chunks of nut matter. Oh, right, from the end of the night, when he had surprised Thaddy. Grabbed the dude by the balls and then slammed the door as he was leaving. Thaddy

stayed on one side of the door, his balls had not. They hadn't stayed at all. Shame, too, Rox had been hoping for a snack for his walk back to his dorm.

"Oh, yeah. Wild night." He grinned to a bear who was sitting at the far end of the bar, then shrugged when the bear ignored him. "I'll just uh... I'll clean up." He winked to the rabbit, and mosied into the bar's bathroom.

There was a badger taking a piss at the urinal, the kind with the gray patch on their head. Is that the african badger? Rox looked him over. Yeah. About the same size. Close enough, anyways. He sidled up to the trough style urinal, pulling his own dick out.

"Hey," he said, leering. He leaned back, jackin' himself a bit, totally soft and dribbling piss over his fingers but too wasted to care. "Sup."

The badger turned, looked at his dick, and snorted.

Rox frowned. "What, dude? You just snort at me?"

"Nah." The badger said, turning towards him and grabbing at his zipper. "Just that pathetic nub of a di-YIPE!"

The badger did not get to finish his statement, as the wolverine grabbed his fingers with one hand, and squeezed that bulge of underwear in his other, forcing it halfway out of his fly. He yanked upwards, sneering to the shocked badger as those plump, soft badger nuggets were caught between, ground, pulped between the teeth of his fancy slack's zipper.

"More than what you've got," Rox said, and proceeded to swap out shirts with the now unconscious badger.

He waved to the rabbit on his way out. "Never mind, brah, I ain't thirsty!"

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Back outside, he was dazzled by the flashing blues and reds of a cop car, right outside. He recognized ole Sarge, a hell of a mean bulldog, and then snorted as he saw Brick sitting on the back of the car, big ass grizzly paws handcuffed behind his back.

"Aww shit, Brick, what'd you do now?" Rox said, sauntering up. The bear's ole beat up hogger was on it's side, and Brick look half pissed, half regretful.

"Eh. Joyriding without a license. Thought it didn't matter after midnight," the looming grizzly bear said, shuffling uncomfortably.

"YEah, they'll get you every time." Rox eyed up Sarge, who was talking on his radio, as pissed about the bear as he was about everything and everyone else he had to deal with on his shifts, and reached between the bear's thighs. "Hey bro, how 'bout I give you a handy while you wait, make ya feel better, huh?"

Brick shifted, glancing guiltily over his shoulders at the bulldog. His dick was tacky, thick, flaccid out of his sheath, with that huge head that Rox has been eyeing up for weeks already thickening against the wolverine's palm. "Uh, sure... but.. Make it quick?"

"YEah, no problem Brick, you got it!" Rox said, as he reached underneath, tugging on both of those big bear balls, stretching them down and holding them against the hood of the police car while he jerked the big bear off with his other paw. "Wow, you're getting hard fast, you pent up much?"

"Huh huh, yeah, uhh... fuck, you know how hard it is to jerk off with claws like mine..."

"Yeah, I remember, I saw what you did to that horse that was trying to get into the frat. Classic Brick!"

Brick snickered. "Didn't see anyone complaining about those sloppy joe's I made afterwards..." His dick was hard now, and Rox watched over Brick's shoulder as Sarge put his radio back and walked towards them.

He leaned away from Brick, still keeping a paw on the bear's dick, acting relaxed as Sarge circled around to face Brick, shining his flashlight up in the bear's eyes.

"You been drinking, Brick?" The bulldog snipped, and the bear, blushing, shook his head.

"Oh uh, no, nope, I would nevERRR..." he stammered, as Rox teased a claw against the bear's cock head.

Sarge glowered, turning the incredibly bright flashlight into Rox's eyes. "Rox. What are you doing here."

"Walking home, officer, sir," Rox said, pleased he had said it correctly. "Was just talking with mah man Brick here, asking if I could give him a HAND with anything..."

Sarge turned his light back to Brick... then paused, and lowered it down the bear's naked chest, to where Rox was casually stroking that black, now quite shiny cock, straining hard in the late night's cool air.

"You god-damned punk, you think this is funny?" The bulldog growled, the flashlight not leaving the show as Rox stroked Brick. The wolverine could tell Brick was already getting close, the

spectacle of getting caught only getting him closer, embarrassed and helplessly horny as the wolverine fiddled his stick.

“No, sir, I just thought we’d be done before you finished calling it in,” Rox said, smoothly, fingers splaying to try to wrap fully around the bear’s erection, feeling it pulse hard as stone against his palm.

Sarge lowered the flashlight, pressing it firmly against the bulge of the bear’s balls on the hood of his car. “You stop that right now, Rox,” the bulldog threatened, pushing down. The balls glowed with the intense light, gleaming pinkish through the smooth shaved skin as the light bore down on them.

“I’ll stop when he’s finished,” Rox smiled serenely. Brick groaned, hips tightening, belly sucking in.

“Oh will you,” Sarge said, teeth gritting as he pushed down on the flashlight.

“Yeah,” Rox said. “In fact, I think he’s about to finish right now. You’ll want to duck, Sarge,” He teased.

Brick threw back his head and roared, his cock spasming, angling outwards, pulling Rox’s hand, the broad cap flared so thick, so taut it looked like it might just pop in half.

It was Brick’s balls that were doing the popping though, wet squelches announcing the bear’s orgasm hadn’t quite been fast enough as the bulldog bore down, rupturing, grinding and twisting his flashlight into the bear’s balls like he was putting out a cigarette. They pulped dramatically, leaving the poor bear with nothing to cum out of his so hard cock, which strained so hard it would surely snap.

That’s what Rox was hoping for, and he gave it a twist. Not a hard twist, just a little, but it was enough, the whole cock twitching free, throbbing once more and then going limp in the wolverine’s paw. He waited until Sarge pulled his flashlight out of the pulped, runny mess of the bear’s sac, ball juices drooling down over the hood, trickling onto the grill of the car, and then in the darkness that remained, he tugged that cock free of its sheath and tucked it down the front of his pants.

He turned as Sarge swore, pulling out his notepad to write up yet another incident, and Rox sauntered down the street, the stiff bear dick jutting awkwardly down his pants leg. Out of eyesight, he tugged it back out, eyeing it. Ever since he had seen Thaddy chowing down on Thoggin’s big ole husky dick, he had wondered what eating one would be like.

What a great way to end the evening!



