

All to Play For

Nicholas

“Okay, well, first of all that is absolutely cheating.” In the dark vast void of space, two figures were suspended around the cataclysmic after-effects of a ruined planet: a rat with long black hair and crisp white fur with folded arms and furrowed brow glaring at a grey-furred wolf two times his size, smirking across at him with his fingertips gently stroking across a massive blue and black-spotted cock that far outsized the shattered rock between them. Nicholas, the rat, exhaled heavily as he glared up at the wolf, Lennox.

“What’s the matter, ratto?” grinned Lennox, violet eyes twinkling with mischief as he stretched out in the void, wide hips swaying as he flicked his tail out to the side. “I thought you said you could fit it all?”

“Yeah – and then you got bigger!” huffed Nicholas, throwing his arms out in an irritable gesture.

“I’m supposed to fit all that in my mouth?”

“Okay, okay,” conceded the wolf, running a hand through his hair. “No more cheating.” Nicholas began to shimmer with blue energy, but found himself interrupted by a series of tutting noises from the wolf. “I thought we just agreed on no more cheating?”

“Dude. You’re twice my size. Are you going to shrink?” sighed Nicholas, his magic crackling into stray sparks – sparks that could still incinerate a space station if it orbited too close.

“That’d be cheating. We’re against that, now,” replied Lennox, eyes closed as a serene smile was stuck to his face.

“Y-you can’t just... that’s... rrrrrgh.” Nicholas seethed, seeing clearly through the obvious ploy. As he did, a singular sole swung up towards him, the spotted pads presenting themselves to his torso as the thick, plush toes wriggled in his direction.

“Well, a bet’s a bet. Guess you’ll just have to bow down and kiss my feet, nerd!” smirked Lennox, swinging his other leg up over the first as he put his arms behind his head, reclining.

“I don’t remember agreeing to this. What do I even win if I manage it?”

“Bragging rights.”

“Brag- gah.” Nicholas grimaced, then tilted his snout up, electric blue eyes drilling into the wolf.

“You know what? Watch the master at work.” With practiced agility, he took hold of a grey-furred leg, propelling himself through space to collide with that toned tummy across from him.

“Heh. The cockmaster, maybe.” Lennox offered a comfortable place to recline on as the rat gripped his furless hands around that blue spotted dick, squeezing into the base without being able to get both hands all the way around its impressive girth.

“Yes, the cockmaster. I’m going to master this cock. Prestige this penis, and so on,” grumbled Nicholas, steadily driving his hands up and down its length with firm pumps. Stroke after stroke, he coaxed it from its half-hard refractory bliss back into life. Fully hard and throbbing, it was certainly bigger than one of the rat’s legs, and probably not too far off the wolf’s own. Stray dribbles of precum were already beading off into an orbit around the pair, drifting gently around them.

Lennox’s eyes half-lidded as he watched sunlight glimmer off one of the semi-transparent orbs, before a tight squeeze around the middle of his dick brought him back to reality.

“I saw that look in your eye. If you make it double in size, then I am one hundred percent going to tap you in the balls. This is your only warning, mister cheater,” huffed Nicholas, punctuating his point by moving his hands downward to palm the wolf’s fuzzy sack.

“But I... ooof.” Lennox winced; partly in pleasure, partly in pain. Nicholas had taken those massive orbs, the heavy balls overflowing his hands, and firmly stroked his thumbs over each of them. The wolf’s tail swayed behind him and his hips swivelled as raw sensation ran through his groin.

“Yeah, that’s right,” replied Nicholas, a smug smirk on his face for a moment. He pushed back a little, giving himself a touch more room, and eyed his target. He swept his hair behind his ears, rubbed his cheek muscles, and yawned his jaws wide. For a moment, Lennox felt a pang of worry

as he watched those dagger-sharp incisors gleaming in the starlight. Surely the rat would be careful with that... right?

“Mmkay. Let’s do this thing.” With little fanfare, Nicholas pulled himself back in, facing Lennox as he stared down the barrel of that great blue shaft. The rat’s own hefty balls bumped into Lennox’s, and as he opened his mouth to make the obvious comment, a harsh glare from Nicholas stopped him. He was quite aware that the balls were touching, thank you very much. Instead, Nicholas opened his own jaws, opting for a more sideways approach to the matter and sliding the head of the wolf’s ridiculously sized dick past his teeth and into the side of his cheek. Each powerful throb of the girthy beast only brought more of the potent preseed: normally, something that would be welcomed to aid the effort of actually trying to fit this dick into a tight hole. Instead, it merely meant that Nicholas was wasting time swallowing. His eyes screwed tight with effort as one of Lennox’s hands smoothly rubbed down his back to tease the base of his long, thick tail, a pleasurable shiver running along his spine. Nicholas cupped both of his feet around one of Lennox’s calves, squeezing tight to give him a bit of resistance as he pushed the thick cock steadily onwards, burying it further into his mouth as it jutted out, clothed in his cheek. A third of the way in, and Nicholas’ hands gripped the base like a rock climber staring down at a drop to his death. Every bit of leverage counted as precum dribbled from his lips, heavy swallows every inch or so marking his progress. Slowly, he brought it in line with his mouth, his sharp teeth resting perilously across the meaty, throbbing cock as it slid into his gullet. Hard as he tried, though, the squirming and oozing wolf shaft would not progress. At two thirds the way down, it was already stretching his throat out, and he couldn’t really ask Lennox to stop wriggling.

As it turned out, he was wiggling for a reason. The rat felt those imposing nuts clench hard, a massive wave of hot and potent cum surging into him. The sheer force of it meant that it went in every direction: bulging his cheeks, oozing from his nose, filling his belly. Again and again, violent spurts washed through him, his own cock sending splatters against the light grey of Lennox’s stomach. Great tides drenched him utterly, huge creamy blasts flooding his gullet with goo. His hands gripped onto the massive blue spotted shaft impaling him as though it were a life preserver thrown from a boat. Five shots, eight shots, twelve – Nicholas well and truly lost count by the time Lennox arched his back and shivered in satisfaction. Dazed, utterly filled, and somewhat limp, Lennox had to pry him off gently as cum oozed from his face.

“Hey, you know what, I’ll be generous and say you even won that one. Good job.” he beamed, pulling Nicholas closer in to his body, squelching up against his cum-sodden front. Too weary to resist, Nicholas spat a mouthful of jizz into the void before he tucked his head into Lennox’s chest. “Hell yeah. I mastered that cock,” he grumbled, voice hoarse. Lennox’s claws daintily pulled Nicholas’ black hair out of his face, fingers stroking at his scalp.

“So, you wanna try the next size up?” replied the wolf, tail swaying behind him as a smirk crossed his face, the only response a cum-strained groan from below his chest.