

Family Matters
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It seemed like every half hour, speeding blue and red lights raced by, emergency vehicles of many sorts casting their lights through the thin, smoked glass that passed for windows at The Trough, a dingy dive bar off the main drag of downtown. The building was decrepit, situated in a run-down part of town, built into an old basement and renovated sometime in the 70s. There was no way to fumigate out the scent of rank cigarette smoke, stale piss and even more stale beer. As the old jukebox flipped to yet another wretched AC/DC song, the bar owners having never changed the lineup since they bought the old machine, the cute little cross fox Stadler sighed, playing with his tight fitting cropped-belly shirt as he kicked his tight-jeaned legs a little, allowing his mind to wander and, idly wondering how the hell he got into this mess in the first place.

It was only a few months ago he had met his handsome bear lover, Arthur, the fat and lazy naturalist grizzly bear who had a penchant for devouring live meat. Of course, the two hit it off, the little gut-slut fox fawning over the bear's predatory nature, while the bruin lusted over his boy's affection and seemingly bottomless sexual appetite. Deciding to take their relationship to the next level, Stadler proposed an idea that had been rattling in his brain for some time now – going out 'fishing' for a victim to share with his lover. Considering his predatory owner enjoyed the idea of being fed, it wouldn't be hard for Stadler to go out and find a willing third party for a threesome, only to turn on him and offer him to the bear's gut as a sacrifice. Arthur was explicit though, making it clear to Stadler that this would just be a test run for future meals. Tonight would ONLY be a threesome.

"Aaaaaalright, kiddo," Stadler snapped out of his idle thoughts, his cheeks flushing again as he turned back to see Clint return, the fat black and white furred Hampshire boar stepping back to the dark corner table Stadler was parked at. The middle-class, middle-aged man chuckled as he sat his fat ass down in the booth, somewhere along the line having removed his tie and unbuttoned the top few buttons to his business shirt, looking all the world like a used car salesman as he pushed a fruity pink cocktail across the table to Stadler. "We got here a REAL man's drink, a rye on the rocks for me." Scootching himself close enough to drape an arm over the cross fox's shoulder, the boar leaned in, pretending to scrutinize the other drink as he added, "An' whatever that faggot drink the little queer asked for."

"Vodka and cranberry," was Stadler's reply, rolling his eyes a little as he picked up the glass to sip from the straw, the already tipsy boar letting out a truffle-snort of a laugh in his face, before taking a slug of his drink.

"Yeah, that's some prissy fairy shit right there," the overly-handsy boar grunted, leaning in to palm the cute little tag hanging off Stadler's sensible leather collar, a wry little smirk coming over his face as he read what was engraved on it. "Daddy's boy, eh? Pffft, couldn't be more pathetic than that, kiddo. Yer cute an' all, but I already got two at home and the missus won't take too kindly to bringing back a third."

"Actually, I'm, uh... I'm in a relationship already. I got a big snuggly bear back home. We uh, might be lookin' for a little fun tonight."

"Is that so? Big bear couldn't come out hunting for himself?" *If he came out hunting*, thought Stadler as he planned his words carefully, *you'd be dead in his gut in the back alley, bacon breath.*

"Mmmm... he's the quiet type, more a hus-bear than a go-getter... besides, I wanna make sure I get the hot dad that I like. Sucking big, thick dad cock just gets me so..." Stadler lowered his voice a little, trying not to get too carried away. But he knew that he'd hooked the boar.

"Is that so? Little queer wants a real man to take him out back the alley and breed him like he's makin' piglets, huh?" The words caught Stadler off guard, a hot huff coming to his breath as his cock swelled inside its chastity cage, kept taught underneath his tight-fitting jeans.

"Mmmm... you've got such a hot bod. Just my type, even more hot how you're..." The boar smirked as he finished his drink, licking his tusks over softly as he listened. "...cruising a bar to pick up a Daddy's boy like me."

"Better'n anything I'd get back home." He chuckled as he swirled the dirty ice in his glass, adding, "The missus don't know I go lookin' for boys like you. Don't need to know. And I don't need to prove nothin' anyways! I'm a man who likes to fuck fags, ain't like I'm going home to some panzy ass gay house. Leave that shit at the bar or bathroom stall." Stadler bit his lip, trying not to furrow his brow as he distracted himself digging in his pocket. Slapping down a 20 on the table, he pointed to the bar.

"Why don't you get us another, my treat this time." The boar seemed to practically squeal as he picked up the bill and sauntered his fat ass over to the bar, leaving Stadler alone to his cell phone.

Zero 🐱 Given: "Got a live one on the hook. He's a headache tho."

Tummy 🐱🐱🐱: "Pics?"

Tummy 🐱🐱🐱: "Heh, kinda cute, in a Soccer Dad way."

Zero 🐱 Given: "Total asshole, hasn't gone two sentences without calling me shitty names."

Tummy 🐱🐱🐱: "Don't get in over your head, meat. Remember, this is just a threesome."

Zero 🐱 Given: "No promises, but I should bring him home soon. One more glass of whiskey to loosen him up. Just play along, okay?"

Tummy 🐱🐱🐱: "I'll get the lube ready, don't get ate before you get back."

"Alright, one more pink drink for the pillow-biter, and a double pour of whiskey for me." The boar laughed aloud, handing back far less money than Stadler expected to get back, giving him a slap on the shoulder as he added, "Dad tax, kiddo, comes out of your allowance. But don't worry, work that tongue tonight and I'll give ya a tip."

"Oh," Stadler said aloud, trying to put his sexy face on again, "Isn't there something I could do to earn it back, Daddy Clint?"

"Yeah, you can lemme fuck ya raw in the bathroom, kiddo. Clean my cock off and send ya home on the bus." The hog snorted out his snout, amused at his own comment before Stadler was able to lean in for the kill.

"I've got a better idea, hot stuff... How about you come home with me?"

"Eh?" The boar paused mid-drink before growling, "Yer cute kid, but not that cute."

"I've always wanted to know what it's like to get fucked by two Daddies." Stadler smirked as he played a finger down the boar's open shirt front, licking his lips as he added, "...and you'd be the dominant one in the household... wouldn't you like to put a cutie in his place?"

"Hmmm... Maybe I'd get better attention than the missus..." The wheels turned in the drunk boar's head as he realized this might be a good night to come home late.

"C'mon, Daddy... Show your little kiddo a good time."

"Alright, alright... But that bear'a yers better not try putting anything in my ass. I'm not a fuckin' fag." Grabbing his overcoat off the chair, he added with a bit of spit, "And I pick the fuckin' hole I get to fuck on ya, boy."

Stadler had to fight to get the key into the suburban house's door lock. Not because he was drunk necessarily, but because the drunk boar was once again getting handsy with him, the fourth time since they left the bar despite his repeated and loud assertions he wasn't really gay. Throwing the door lock, Stadler practically tumbled inside the door to get away, the boar giving the most brief look about the couple's living room before making his fat ass at home on a cozy reclining chair, kicking his feet up just as Arthur the grizzly bear stepped in from the kitchen.

"Ah, there you are, lil' pup, you made it back in one piece." Turning his gaze to the boar, bemused at how quickly he managed to find the TV remote and flick to some sports channel, the bear cleared his throat, "And you must be Clint. The lil' tyke's told me all about you. God you're handsome." Arthur wasn't used to playing the beta in the relationship, but he was taken aback rather quickly when the boar let out a raunchy belch, turning his attention to eye up and down the bear's thick and meaty form.

"Tch, kiddo's got good taste, you're definitely the kinda guy I'd expect to be keepin' him on a leash." Licking his lips, the boar undid his belt buckle and zipped down his fly, growling softly at his host, "How's about you tell your boy to get the fuck over here and show me that sweet muzz of his. Been blue balled as fuck all night."

Arthur was busy picking Stadler up off the floor, the two meeting eyes as the little fox apologized for the mess he'd brought home. Trying not to sigh too loudly, Arthur gave a little pat to the boy's shoulder before turning him and shoving him over to the middle-aged hog.

"Staddles, dear, you go play with Daddy a while. I bet he wants to toss the ol' pig skin around with you."

"Make'em fuckin' choke on the pigskin is more like it." The boar chortled at his own joke, grabbing the shy little fox around the back of his neck and bending him over the arm of the armchair, forcing his snout into the musky and poorly washed tighty whitey briefs, a lusty grunt escaping from the hog's mouth as he held the foxboy down to his warm and fragrant junk. "And you, honey bear, go and get me a fuckin' drink. Daddy's parched."

"Sure thing, big boar, what you want?"

"Pfft, you should know what real men drink. Don't make me have to get up an' show you." The boar might have had a cock-whipped housewife back at home, but Arthur was certainly not a pushover. The drunk boar didn't even bother to turn his head, giving the big bruin a chance to lock eyes with Stadler, the two sharing a little eye raise over his attitude. But Arthur was willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, especially when Stadler waved off his concerns, a little added lick of the lips to show his real daddy how excited he was. With a hot blush on his cheeks, the eager little cross fox pressed himself up against the boar's groin, rubbing his muzzle firm into the raunchy undies and eliciting a little smirk and head rub from the thick-gutted hog.

"Mmmm... why don't you c'mere and show Daddy what you love about his body?"

Stadler didn't have much of a choice, the boar's hefty hand reaching out to grip the back of his head, squeezing an ear as he yanked the little cross fox hard into his open fly. The slutty boy toy blushed hot with dark lust as his nose ground into Clint's musky groin, the eager hog growling as he held a firm hand on the back of his slutty boy's neck. Despite his brash and bigoted nature, there was no denying that the man was hot, his evening scent beautifully rank, and his fruit of the loom undies just a little moist from sweat that had marinated his pork balls after a hard day of hunting for a gay boy to fuck up. Shuddering, Stadler allowed himself a moment to sink into the warmth, cute little nose snuffling against the bulge until he felt the hog's beer can fat cock, only a thin layer of fabric keeping the pulsing member out of his mouth.

"You like that don't you, boy?"

"Y-yes Sir, Daddy." Stadler huffed, moaning as he put a little more weight onto the hog's thigh.

"Mmm... Makes you wanna grow up big and strong like Daddy, huh?"

"Please, Sir... May I touch?"

"You can kiss it, boy. Let Daddy know how much you love him." The boar gave permission while hooking a finger into his waistband, tugging it down just far enough to slip the thick shaft out of its tight-fitting undies. Stadler groaned as he planted his muzzle against the hefty sausage, needing all his willpower to keep from doing more than kissing.

"Thank you, Daddy. I love your cock, Sir." Patting the cross fox on the head, Clint gave a little chuckle as he saw Arthur return, the bear giving a smile as he handed off a snifter of whiskey to the hog, his free hand giving an encouraging rub to his boy's rump.

"He's pretty good, isn't he? Smart lil' slut knows how to please his Daddies." Arthur growled playfully, giving a little smack to the boy's ass as the big bear saddled up against him, unzipping his jeans

to show off the fact he'd been going commando all day. As Clint guided Stadler's mouth to suck on his cock, he gave a little smirk to the bear, shaking his head at the bruin.

"No, no, honey bear... Papa Hog's had a rough day at work. He wants that juicy piece of ass tonight."

"I dunno... The kiddo seems pretty eager to get his mouth all over your hard-workin' cock." Arthur chuckled as he hotdogged against his boy's tight-fitting jeans, grinning as he playfully pressed his cock against Stadler's jeans as if he was forcing into the boy's tight hole. But instead of going with the flow, the boar's brow furrowed, bristles raised ever so softly as the first hint of an angry drunk began to flash in his snarling face.

"You better learn your fuckin' place, you fuckin' queer housewife, this boy's mine to ruin tonight and you better be happy I'm lettin' you take his throat." For a moment, Arthur froze in place, eyes blinking as he wondered what the hell just happened. The boar didn't even seem to care or notice, giving a firm slap to Stadler's cheek to get him off his cock, before standing up from his chair to physically force the little cross fox out onto the coffee table, strewing a set of coasters and an unlit candle off onto the floor. Under the gentle glow of some football game on TV, the middle-aged boar dad began to grind himself on Stadler's ass, much in the same way Arthur had been doing, if a little sloppier from the drunkenness. Arthur almost spoke up too, his cock deflating ever so softly at the snub until he felt Stadler's hand reach out to pat him on the thigh, offering up his throat.

Quickly unbuttoning Stadler's fly, Clint tugged down the boy's pants in one firm movement before groping about the cute little cross fox's groin. As his beer can cock began to prod at Stadler's ass, spreading his hole without care for his comfort, the boar's handsy fingers caressed over the metal bars of his chastity cage, alighting a broad grin on the old man's face as he forced himself on Stadler's tender ass. With only his spit as lube, the little foxboy was taken off guard as his Daddy rammed hard into his ass, no preparation or loosening to keep him comfortable. His mouth opening in a sudden and shocked gasp, Arthur took the opportunity to jam his own, thick bear cock down Stadler's throat to shut the squirming slut up.

"Mmmm... there we go..." he growled, hefty bear mitts clenched hard on either side of Stadler's jaws to hold him still as he rutted on the boy's gagging and choking throat. "God this boy's so sweet."

"Leaky little pansy too, aren't ya? Probably begged to get his filthy prick all locked up." As Stadler choked on Arthur's massive shaft, the boar began to thrust harder at the clenching ass, his hands holding on tight to either side of the helpless fox's rump, slapping his thighs audibly with each thrust. "Fuck, he's begging for it. Butter smooth back here."

"Little slut's getting his wish, look how much he regrets it." Arthur hilted himself deep in Stadler's throat, the little fox's eyes opening wide as he realized he couldn't draw in another breath, the moaning slut beginning to panic as he scrabbled helplessly against the table. His stubby little legs kicked hard against the coffee table, the lack of air forcing him to bear down tighter on the boar's hot cock. Despite his whiskey dick, Clint couldn't hold back for long, Stadler's struggling, wheezing body driving his drunk-addled brain mad. Picking up his speed, the hog's balls bouncing off the fox's own, the foul-mouthed boar's pounding suddenly slowed to three deep thrusts in a row, finishing himself off with a grunt. Stadler's eyes rolled back in his head, perhaps from lust at the sticky ropes of hot cum painting

the inside of his broken ass, or perhaps from the lack of oxygen as his nose remained smooshed into Arthur's pubes. A few moments later, the bear's jawbreaker of a cock pulsed in Stadler's throat, gagging and choking the poor boy as he swallowed down every last drop.

Clint sloughed his hogmeat out of the fox's broken ass, groaning at the sensation on his exhausted cock as the big boar flopped back into the reclining chair, Arthur taking a few moments more to finish up his thrusts. As the bear finally relented, huffing heavily as his shaft withdrew, Stadler finally managed to gasp a lungful of air, panting as the growing greyness around his vision receded. As he coughed and sputtered, throat painted with sticky gobs of cum, Stadler nearly didn't catch the next words out of Clint's mouth. Nearly, because the silence that followed was deafening.

"Fuck, yer pretty fuckin' hot, faggot," the boar growled, making eye contact with Arthur explicitly, before adding, "Maybe I can run off here again when I'm sick'a my own family, be good to get with the meat masseuse an' his little queer." Catching himself, Stadler's heart sunk as he turned his head upward, catching the moment when shock turned to rage on Arthur's face. The bear's fists clenched tight, a furious growl rolling over his jaws right before he lunged across the room.

"What the fuck did you just say?!" In a blink, Arthur had fallen upon the boar, massive bruin mitts clenched tight around the dad's throat, throttling him against the chair as the enraged bear opened his jaws wide. The world hung for Clint, the old boar hardly having a moment to react before drool-slavered jaws pressed down around his head, the bear unstoppable as he stuffed the fat, bigoted porker deep into his gullet.

There was no desire to tease, no lust to torment the girthy fuck. Arthur was determined to erase him from existence as his powerful, clawed hands groped and gripped the hog's body. Ravenous and greedy, Arthur didn't care if he tore off the man's clothes, his razor-sharp claws digging into the flesh underneath and rending thick, crimson lines into the boar's love handles and hips as he scrabbled his claws into the old man's body. All the while, the boar cried out in drunken horror, body thrashing hard in any way it could to escape the drool-soaked maw.

It was no use, there was little the boar could do to stop his descent into Arthur's ravenous stomach, his arms already pinioned to his sides deep within the pulsing throat. All he could do was kick his legs futilely as the bruin devoured his body, pressing his massive gullet down over the hog's form to greedily swallow his prey. Stadler was quick to shake himself out of his sexually paralyzed state just in time to watch Arthur plant both his paws on Clint's thick ass, giving one final shove and swallow.

Still drippy from his prostate pounding, Stadler watched with bated breath as his date for the evening disappeared down his lover's throat. The force it took for Arthur to devour his prey was impressive, the bruin's massive paunch swollen as the hog was forced to curl up inside. Even as the fat porker's feet kicked feebly outside his jaws, Arthur let out a thick belch, the acrid, warm air exiting between the hog's squirming feet just before the final swallow rid the world of the foul-mouthed family man.

Perhaps impressed at his own ability, Arthur stumbled for a moment, going cross eyed as he stumbled a few steps, paw resting on his gut before falling backwards onto the couch with a stomachache as the boar struggled in a fit of terror within. Lazily turning his head, Arthur looked over to his dumbfounded, cum-dripping fox, unable to stop a second wet burp from escaping his jaws before

patting the couch to call him over. Without hesitation, the little cross fox's eyes lit up, tail wagging behind him as he sat down on the couch, resting the bulk of his chest, arms and head across the bear's drum-taught gut. It might have been a little uncomfortable for Arthur, but it was worth it to feel his lover and meat worship his belly, and the slowly dying creature inside.

"Shhhh..." Hushed Stadler with a little grin, licking his lips as he pressed his muzzle firm into the roiling gut. "You won't have to go home to those ungrateful wife of yours ever again, big boar." Smooshing his muzzle firm against the gut, Stadler giggled as he felt the middle-aged man inside beginning to pick up his struggles, the pain of acids getting into his claw wounds beginning to intensify. "Just relax. No more pretending you love your wife. You get to be my Daddy forever."

"...part of your Daddy." Arthur growled in correction, his mouth opening to let out an urp of air, the distinct sound of a scream traveling with it before he closed his mouth again, the last audible sound of Clint's life as his agonized and tortured body began to burn, fur and skin sloughing off inside of the bear's unforgiving gut.

"Part of my real daddy. Daddy knows what's best. He wouldn't want you to poison my sweet and innocent foxboy mind with filthy language, Papa Boar." Stadler groaned, nuzzling into the bear's fat gut, Arthur reaching a hand around to help squish him to his side and keep him cuddled up close while he worshipped. The two laid together over the long hours it took to destroy the filthy hog, commenting on every little squirm he made, rubbing back against every attempt the boar made to squish his way out, and commenting aloud at every tummy noise in a way that suggested that Papa Hog might have been enjoying his death. All the while, the boar melted in utter torment, his very muscles breaking down into the fetid soup of acids that pooled around his legs.

In the end, Arthur's hibernatory nature won out. As Clint's worst fight faded, the big bruin lost interest in his meal. Resting his eyes turned into heavy breathing, followed by a loud and groaning snore, leaving little Stadler all alone with what remained of the suffering boar. He couldn't be sure if the mass of dissolving goo, flesh and bones could hear him, or was even sentient anymore. Pushing on Arthur's gut as if he was fluffing a pillow netted a few gentle quivers and groans from inside, but nothing coherent. The little cross fox sighed as he laid his head out on Arthur's gut, smooshing his snout up against the fleshy confines of his bear's belly. Relaxing his breathing, Stadler sighed softly, closing his eyes and opening his mouth to speak some choice words only once he was sure Arthur was fast asleep.

"You must be a real faggot, Papa Boar... letting yourself get eaten by a housewife... while a little pillow-biter pup worships your death..." A deep catharsis fell over Stadler, followed by the flush sensation of a post-sex nap coming over him, leaving Clint all alone in the final moments of his horrid death.