

“You’re uh... You’re really sure about me introducing you to my pack, Hans?” The broad-muzzled spotted hyena crooned in his low-baritone voice, fidgeting a little as he typed away at his cell phone, fat fingers necessitating some careful erasing and editing as he worked on the message. “My, uh... My partners can be pretty intense towards, uh...” Tapping send on his message, the hefty himbo lowered his phone once again, locking eyes with the portly piggy he was courting. Hans’s size might have been imposing to most others, with 300 lbs of raw pork built into his 5’4” frame. But the yellow-brown furred yeen easily soared above him, a head and a half taller than the massive hunk of hog he was dating. “...outsiders.”

Hans clenched his jaws at the word, shifting his shoulders a little to adjust the breezy short-sleeve button-down he was wearing. It was not entirely unfounded. As all relationships go, the pair had seemingly stumbled into romance. It all began in Professor Brickenback’s course last semester, Statistics 104. Hans could still remember the day when the old goat read out the group members for the big final project. “And finally, Hans, I want you to work with Lembani Tafuna.” Hans remembered locking eyes with the dumb lug as he looked up from his textbook – clearly holding it upside down – and thinking that this guy would be a piece of work. But each time they met to work on their project, Lembani, affectionately referred to as ‘Bambi,’ opened up a little more, enrapturing his porcine partner as an enigma of romance, emotion and hunger.

Bambi was part of a very well-known and high-profile poly triad at Breakwater Polytechnic Institute. Colloquially known as ‘The Pack’ around campus, the three found-family hyenas lived an out, proud and slightly antagonistic life as lovers in the college community. Yet as bristling towards others, and protective as they were of each other, there was a weak spot, a soft underbelly. For The Pack, their soft underbelly was the pure of heart and dumb of ass Bambi. Weeks of hard work on their group project came to a fruitful conclusion as Lembani got one of the few A-’s he’d ever achieved. And in the process, the sweetie-spots started to show an affinity towards the smart-minded and squishy-soft porker who had nothing but infinite patience for his slow-acting brain. Come the end of the course, Lembani asked sheepishly if Hans might be willing to tutor him for his next class, and blushed a hot red under his raisin-spotted cheeks as he also asked if Hans might want to get dinner sometime.

As the warmth of spring gave way to the first inklings of summer, Bambi and Hans came to a honied equilibrium in their infatuation. Scheduled tutoring sessions intermixed seamlessly with evening-time romps or sensual, cuddly pillow talk. It didn’t take long for the pair’s sexual lust to deepen as they shared their wildest fantasies in between studying derivatives and integrals together. It was here that Bambi assumed the role of tutor, the featherbrained yeen infinitely more knowledgeable about the plethora of fetishes and kinks one might indulge in. It didn’t take much effort to figure out why Hans took a shine to his hefty form, toothy maw and rounded paunch. Bambi had his suspicions that Hans was a preyboy, one of those cuties who melted at the mere insinuation he was a tasty dish. Lembani decided to put that theory to the test one day, ‘absent-mindedly’ packing a thick-stacked ham and cheese sandwich with crunchy lettuce and tangy mustard on a fluffy-soft roll for lunch. Despite profusely apologizing for how ‘insensitive it was,’ Bambi knew the hefty throb in his tutor’s pants meant he was secretly jealous of every bite his slaver jaws took. Ever since that fateful day, Bambi enjoyed toying with Hans’s emotions, a flash of razor-sharp yeen-teeth or an idle press of his growling gut against Hans was enough to send the porker into a shivering moan.

“Bambi, I...” Hans said with a sigh as he reached out to hug his hefty hyena, wrapping his paws around the sweetie yeen’s tank-top covered midsection. “Look, I get it if you’re not comfortable introducing me.”

“No, no... I...” The towering cutie pressed his fingers together in thought, swallowing hard as he added, “W- When I said a few nights ago that I love you...” There was conviction to his voice as he said it. Pausing to feel the way his lover gently teased his pudgy fingers against his belly, Bambi continued, “I meant it. I just... my boyfriends don’t know... about you yet. And they, uh... They have some thoughts about how our relationships should... go.” Blinking, Bambi immediately corrected himself, “N- Not like a controlling thing! It’s a... structural thing, like drawing one of those geometry shapes.”

“You mean how the relationship works? You said it’s a pack, isn’t it? Like, a REAL pack.”

“Yup.” Sighing, Bambi held his porcine lover close, nestling his broad muzzle against Hans’s shoulder. “Live together, eat together, sniff butts together, all the stuff you think of when you think of mutual support, with a big ol’ helping of love on top.”

“Is it because I’m not a hyena?” Hans asked at last, a little sigh escaping his snout as he asked.

“N- Nooooo! No, no, no, no. ...I mean yeah...” The yeen’s ears splayed back, a sheepish smile crawling across his face as he tried to explain where he was coming from. “Look, I’m just saying that it’s, uh... It’s not so easy to just bring you into my life WITH them.”

“If you’re not comfortable, we don’t have to do it.” Hans smiled as he let go, looking a little dejected, “I just don’t want to be a secret from them, that’s not fair to anyone in this relationship.” Before he could say anything further, Hans felt a tight squeeze snap against his wrist. With a furrowed brow, Bambi’s chunky yeen paw gripped his lover’s wrist tight, giving him a yank to make sure he followed behind. “Y- Yipe! Hey, wait you-”

“No, you- You’re right, and you’re important to me.” Tromping up the overgrown brick path to house number 108, the towering hyena growled, “They can deal.”

Having to let go of his lover to search through his keys, the himbo hyena smiled as he unlocked the door to his home. The moment he entered, Bambi’s head tilted backwards in an instinctual, and by now second nature, bellowing hyena whoop, his deep voice carrying through the frat boy styled apartment as he dragged Hans along behind him. Cheap plasterboard walls, given the thinnest coating possible, filled out a single open-plan kitchen and living space, with three tiny bedroom doors radiating off the sides. There was no privacy for anyone who lived in this home, and it made perfect sense why The Pack worked so well together – they spent their whole lives rolling around in each other’s business. Almost immediately upon entering, Hans’s senses were struck with an array of smells and sights; dirty dishes, incense clearly meant to mask the smell of skunk weed, and of course, the sounds of two other hyenas calling up an almost instinctive whoop in response to their fellow packmate returning home. The call-out had interrupted a rather heated conversation between Bambi’s two other partners, and it only managed to divert the attention of one of them towards the hog invading his home.

“Hey, Bambi,” a diminutive spitfire of a striped hyena called out, “you gotta give a better whoop when you got company comin’ with ya.” The dirty-brown yeen growled as he narrowed his eyes at the nervous preyboy intruding on his home turf. Hans hadn’t had many run-ins with Themba on campus.

The pint-sized striped hyena was the oldest of the three, having just graduated last fall. Sticking with his packmates until they both graduated, the self-assured, if abrasive, pharmacy cashier yeen gave a gentle tug to his ratty leather jacket as he meat mugged Hans. "Oh, this that rack'a ribs you got teaching you?" Smoothing out his attire, the yeen trotted over to offer a cordial handshake along with a contrite apology, "Sorry if I'm a little worked up." Shooting a glance towards his third in the triad, the striped hyena gave a death glare to his couch-bound lover, a cream-faced strandwolf wearing nothing but a pair of tight-fitting cotton boxer-briefs. "SOMEONE decided to go to the moon today instead of doing the goddamn dishes like they was supposed to."

A slow smile crawled across the brown hyena's face, his shaggy, chocolate-brown coat fluffed out at the peak of relaxation. "Themba, chill..." He said at last, having the damndest time holding on to a thought before adding, "I took a hit an hour ago... I'll be fine to do the dishes in an hour."

"I can't cook nuthin' if the dishes are dirty, Farai! Goddamn, you know the rules. You clean, I cook, Bambi brings back the groceries." Without missing a beat, the punk-yeen shot a glance back to Hans before adding, "At least the big lug brought home the bacon today." A wink and a lick of his lips only caused Hans to button up tighter against Lembani's towering form, a little ashamed as he tried to hide his growing half-chub behind his fidgeting paws.

Clearing his throat, Bambi carefully reached his arms around Hans's pudgy frame, resting his elbows on the boy's shoulders and pulling him close. With a soft sigh, the big dumb yeen swallowed his words before saying, "Uh, guys? I uh... I wanted to say something to you both today. I, uh... See, me and Hans, we've been uh... Well, we've been... And uh... I mean to say--"

"Spit it out, Bambi." The striped yeen chuckled, propping his rump against their second-hand couch's armrest, furrowing his brow as he watched Lembani squish his lover tighter to his chest.

"I... I've been getting... Romantic with Hans here... Like... Love-kinda romantic." Swallowing hard, Bambi's brow furrowed as he added aloud, "And I- I think it's important that I- I introduce him to you guys." The words were hardly diplomatic, but Hans felt safe in the arms of his big himbo hyena. As safe as possible when the whole pack had diverted their gaze directly at the porker.

"I love you too, Bambi," Farai said almost reflexively, pausing before he realized his baked mind didn't quite catch what was said, "...wait, you weren't talking about me?"

"No," Themba growled under his breath softly, "He was talking about the porkchop he's got in his arms."

"Oh. Yeah, you always do love to play with your food." The comment got Farai a snarl and a pillow thrown at him from his older partner, the striped yeen sighing as he turned his attention back to the hefty hog standing in the couples' mutual living room.

"Look, lemme start by saying that this..." Collecting his thoughts, Themba gave his temples a gentle rub. "This doesn't have anything to do with you, uh, Hans is it? I'm sure you're a smart and caring and all-around good guy." His focus shot instead up to Bambi's worried mug, the nervous spotted yeen reaching up to tousle his reddish-brown crest and mane. "Big guy, you can play around with anyone you want... But you gotta remember, we're a pack."

"What are you saying, Themba?" Bambi asked, swallowing hard.

"I'm sayin' that..." The words caught in the older yeen's throat as he realized what he was saying might come across as cruel. "I'm sayin' that he's... not..."

"Hyena material?"

"Look, d- don't get me wrong! He's pretty handsome, for a pig! But I dunno if he can keep up with..." Gesturing his arms about the filthy college home, the striped yeen growled as he pointedly added, "Us."

"Themba, just cause he's not a yeen doesn't mean he can't be a good partner," Farai added, trying to keep his focus on the conversation.

"There's just somethin' off about a piggy like him wanting to join our little poly pack!" Themba growled as he stepped forward to Hans. Easily a head smaller than the hog, the striped hyena had to tilt his muzzle upwards to get a good look into the porker's eyes. "He's not even a savanna critter! No warhog tusks, no floppy little tail..." Giving a prod to Hans's belly, Themba added with a little chuckle, "I mean, he's got enough meat on 'em. I suppose he'll be fun to pounce and nibble on, but I'd only expect to do that if he was on the menu for us!" Hans's cheeks flushed with a hot blush as he realized the conversation shifted from love to hunger, the small and squat striped yeen giving him a dressing down in front of everyone. It didn't help that his himbo lover seemed to get excited at the prospect too; holding the porker close, Bambi couldn't control his arousal poking up between Hans's rump cheeks. Even through Hans's jeans, he could feel his lover grinding against his rump just firm enough to make the pudgy piggy squirm with need. Of course, the nervous little squirms didn't seem to go amiss, a slight smirk crossing Themba's face as he asked, pointedly, "...IS he on the menu for us?"

"N- No...!" Bambi whined, reflexively reaching out to wipe aside an instinctual dribble of saliva as he tried not to let himself fall into a predatory mindset. "Themba, I really... I really do- I love him!"

Furrowing his brow, the striped hyena snarled out a dangerous question. "Can he even whoop?!" The accusation, leveled straight at Hans, caused the hog to clear his throat in nervous apprehension. "No self-respecting yeen could join us without a strong and powerful whoop! And I don't think this- this... oinker is gonna cut it."

"I... I didn't... teach him y- yet..." Bambi whined, his rounded little cookie ears folding as his shame began to grow. The first globs of soft tears welled in the corner of his eyes as he realized that his one-sided romance had brought disruption to the pack's triad. But it was then that Themba too noticed how heartless he was being with his lover. The look of sadness growing across the big dumb lug's face was almost too much to bear.

"Hey, hey, it's... Oh god, here it comes..." The exclamation was just in time for the water works to flow, Bambi's sniffing turned to a torrent of hot tears flooding down his cheeks and pattering upon Hans's head. The embarrassed hog just tried to hold himself together, a grimace on his face as he tried not to draw attention to the dime-sized spot of precum drooling against the inside of his tight-fitting jeans. "Alright big guy, alright, calm down... Look... Hey I'm sorry, that... That was wrong of me to say that about your relationship... Yous two are probably a real cute couple and all. I just... I dunno if we can really let him into our pack so easily."

There was a long pause in the room, Bambi's sniveling the only noise that could be heard as the packmates seemed to be at an impasse. A moment longer and Themba turned his gaze back towards the couch, the stoner strandwolf sporting a half-grin as he idly scrolled on his phone. "Oh..." he said under his breath, blinking a little as he quickly gave a flick to his screen, before only semi-chalantly proclaiming, "Well... Why don't we put him to the test?"

"Why that's a great idea, Farai!" Themba exclaimed, doing his best not to roll his eyes at the slightly late comment from the stoner critter. "The Pack has a proud tradition when it comes to inducting new members..." Upon hearing this, Hans glanced nervously up at his lover as if to get some context, the spotty yeen simply returning a forced smile after having cleared his eyes. "Yeah, that's, uh it ain't easy though! You're gonna have to really want to become," leaning up and into Hans's face, Themba growled with a little more affect, "BECOME a hyena. If you think you're strong enough, then we can do the... uh... Farai what'd we call that thing now?"

"The Rites of Bonding?" Farai seemed to need to scroll his phone a little to get to the description. "Uhhh yeah, I got it here, all the stuff we gotta do."

"What... uh, what does it entail?" Hans finally struck up the courage to ask, silently wondering to himself if this wild and untamed poly pack was worth his effort to pursue. *Maybe*, he thought, *I should just cut my losses and stay fuckbuddies with the big lug.*

"All pack members must go through this profound initiation, which will test your will and resolve." A soft giggle stuck in the stoned hyena's throat, causing him to pause more than he should have while explaining it. "Since you're not a hyena, then you gotta be reshaped into a hyena... Born anew from your tasty, tasty body..."

"This all sounds a little, uh... weird, guys," Hans said at last. On one hand, he was still recovering from the whiplash of being scorned by the pack just a few minutes ago. But on the other hand, his time in The Pack's home exposed them for what they really were – Three kinda goofy and kinda socially awkward dorks.

"This is a highly important ritual!" Themba growled, seeming to take offense at the comment. "I'll have you know I spent three days wandering the desert in search of myself when I took my Ritual of Bo- er... Rites of Bonding!"

"I got to eat a bunch of pizza and spilled most of my last beer on Farai during mine," Bambi added thoughtfully, blissfully unaware he was not helping the situation.

"Well, it kinda sounds dorky to me," Hans sighed, turning his attention up to Lembani's cute mug and planting a soft kiss on the cheek. "I think you guys might just be pulling my hocks and giving me a hard time, but if you really want me to do this...?" A broad grin cracked across the big dumb yeen's face as he nod-nodded yes.

"It is settled!" Themba said with a warm lick of his chops. "Meet us at the old quarry on Saturday morning. We'll have everything ready for you. Oh, and uh... bring some lube and condoms too."

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"Bambi, did you have to blindfold me all the way back at the parking lot?" Hans growled to himself as he tried not to peek out from under his tight-fit black blindfold. He could feel dusty swirls of sandy gravel whipping up against his shorts-clad legs as the massive beast guided him along the old dirt path under the burning summer sun. "We've been walking for five minutes and I keep tripping over scrub brush."

"Juuuust a little further..." the towering himbo said with a broad smile, "Themba didn't want you to see the surprise!" The path underneath Hans's hooves tracked downwards, gravelly sand giving way to sheer stone as he was guided down the old footpath. As the granite strip mine flattened out into level chunks of heavy stone, Hans became acutely aware of mystical meditative music being piped in from a tinny \$30 bluetooth speaker, the hog's ears flicking a little as the sounds were overshadowed by yet another argument between Themba and Farai.

"You can't even go sober for three hours?!" Themba snarled, bringing a little wince to Hans's face. "No wonder you lost your job making sandwiches at the dining hall."

"Themba, it's an edible, I got like... an hour and a half till it kicks in. Besides, you said it yourself, today is a day to commune with the pack."

"Yeah, but you're supposed to be the one officiating over this whole barbec- oh!" Cutting his words short, Themba scurried across the quarry, quickly grabbing Hans by the hand and helping lead him forward. "Brother Hog!" the striped yeen cried with a warble to his voice. "You have been ushered into the sacred lands of The Pack, your feet guided by your lover, our Brother Lembani."

After a little creative shuffling, to ensure the maximum effect was reached, Themba gave a nod to Bambi. Hans swallowed nervously as he felt warm and chunky hyena fingers rest upon his head. Flourishing an upward tug on the blindfold. As the blinding hot sun hit Hans square in the eyes, the apprehensive piggy scrunched his face into a confused expression, tipping his head just far enough to the side to flop his hoggish ears with it.

Sitting in the midst of the massive rock quarry was a towering metal behemoth built out of black oil drums, bits of welded scrap metal, and beautiful streamers that flitted in the warm summer wind. As he stood before the beastly metal shell, Bambi at his back to ensure he didn't get cold feet, Hans suddenly realized that he was looking at a towering story-tall caricature of a hyena resting upon its rump. With half-drums for haunches, sharpened rebar to mimic bared fangs, and recessed dimples for "spots," the shrine-like structure seemed almost unnatural given how close the old mine was to the BPI campus. A closer inspection showed that some of the black paint had flaked off, revealing ruddy rust in occasional patches, suggesting that this beast had sat on the property for a long time. This spot must have been particularly abandoned if the gigantic structure wasn't removed for scrap by now.

It was only when he approached the beast, flanked by the leather-clad Themba and nudged from behind by Bambi, that Hans found the third member of the triad as he stepped around the right side of the shrine. Covered in a sort of makeshift toga, and wearing a circlet of hand-woven brambles, Farai certainly cut a figure as the Master of Ceremonies, even if his lidding eyes suggested he had lied about when he took that edible. "Brother Hog..." Farai said aloud with a listless tone to his voice. "You wish to become a member of The Pack... To love and to honor your hyena brethren?"

"I, uh, I do." Hans said, unsure exactly what his lines should be. "I stand here in awe of the, uh... Shrine of Bonding."

Slapping the side of the metal monstrosity, Farai cracked a toothy grin. The strandwolf chuckled, as his voice lowered to a casual tone. "Yeah, it's pretty sweet, huh? I made it when I took my 3-D Sculpture course." Shaking his head, the toga-clad yeen couldn't help but gloat, "Don't recommend taking a welding torch, a bottle of Adderall and a baggie of mushrooms out to a dusty quarry but can't argue with the end result." Clearing his throat, Themba gave the distracted Master of Ceremonies an elbow to the ribs, prompting the brown hyena to shake off his growing haze. "Right, right.... Ahem, you will face a trial today that will bring you into communion with your blood brothers..."

Reaching out, with a flourish to his bedsheet toga, Farai grabbed onto a metal handle and yanked, causing the oil drums to rattle and shake as two doors swung open upon its hinges. To call the interior cramped was an understatement. But peering inside, Hans could see a few curious components that made him squirm. Several large metal straps were positioned along the inside of the metal beast. On either side of the hyena shrine, a hole was drilled through the metal, the edges carefully sanded to smoothness. Still perhaps confused with what this was all about, Hans gave a little shy look back over his shoulder, locking eyes with his derpy-faced spotted lover.

"Uh... what do I have to...?"

"Oh!" Farai smiled as he gave a pat to the tiny room's bottom. "Get in!" Once he realized that Hans was still a little confused, the strandwolf chuckled as he explained, "Uhh, lessee, you're a big guy, so probably on your back?" Carefully guiding Hans up and into the belly of the beast, the fluffy yeen settled him into place, helping tuck the porker's thighs up against his belly, and nestle his arms comfortably against his side. The purpose of the loose-hanging metal straps became apparent when Farai buckled Hans in. Slipped around his shoulders, hip joints, and neck, Hans quickly realized that the restraints were designed to line up his tight little ass and nervous, squishy snout with the holes on either side. "Comfortable?" Farai asked, giving his porker brother a pat on the pink belly.

"I guess, Y- Yeah." Hans mumbled, his snout pushed flat against the side of the old oil drum interior. With a grin, Farai reached up, closing the door and locking Hans deep inside.

"Let us remember whence we came, my dear brethren!" Farai proclaimed, his voice muffled but not distant. "In the beginning, darkness covered the land." Hans gave himself a little squirm in his pitch-black prison, sighing as he wiggled his toes against the metal inside. "And then, the great creator gave us the stars!" A metallic clunk was followed by a frustrated grunt. "...stars..."

"Hey Bambi," Hans could hear the farther off voice of Themba, "where's that lube we told him to bring?"

"Over by the barbecue sauce," the big lug said with his usual dumb-happy tone, his voice almost drowned out by the sound of Farai romping on whatever mechanism was stuck on the contraption. A moment later, Hans was nearly blinded as each of the hyena shrine's dimpled spots popped open at once.

"Stars!" Farai cried. As Hans blinked away the brightness glaring in his eyes, he was almost awestruck at the sight. Hundreds of twinkling 'stars' illuminated the black expanse of the hyena shrine.

"And when the great creator saw the light they cast upon the earth, they realized their beauty was too special not to have life. So, they made the hyena!" Turning his head as best he could, Hans realized that each of the little twinkling lights cast hundreds of splotchy spots against his pink and pudgy form. "And the hyena's spots were as numerous as the stars in the sky!" For as dorky and silly as this idea was, The Pack really did have a story that brought them together. And indeed, they even seemed to have a way to 'create' a fellow hyena.

Hans gasped aloud as he felt something familiar press up against his smooshed snout. Something semi-hard, the tip moist and drooling, nudged against his flat nose. A little incessant prodding urged the porker to open his mouth. "There we go, hun..." Bambi shushed as he tried to reassure his lover while stuffing his half-chub cock into the first of the two glory holes in the statue's side. "Mmm..." the yeen crooned under his breath, "God you have such a sweet tongue." Hans could practically imagine his big hunk of a hyena lolling his tongue out of his muzzle as he used his porker to work him shaft up to hardness.

"The great creator made the hyena out of star-spots and laughter. And the great creator fed the hyena... Yeah, yeah, just like that Bambi... They gave their creation care, and love, and the hyena grew big from it!" Hans groaned as he lidded his eyes a little, trying his best not to let the cheesy commentary break him from the mood. Thankfully, Lembani was good about directing his lover's attention, easing himself in until his swelling shaft prodded at Hans's throat with growing desire. Groaning, and with no space to pull his head back from the edge of the glory hole, Hans gasped as he felt his lover's shaft thrust forward, spreading the hog's throat wide. Struggling to take the full girth, Hans began to choke as the throbbing cock popped past the rim of his throat, sliding down the tight pipe and cutting off the porker's breath. Saddled up to the glory hole, Bambi practically sealed off the piggy's air supply with wiry pubic fur and his pudgy pubic mound. Breathless and helpless, the porker could only struggle and choke as his lover began to deep throat him raw.

The incessant invasion of his throat only caused Hans to miss what was being said outside, the oratory of the hyena creation myth continuing unabated while Bambi pistoned down his gullet. It was slow and steady, the big lug only drawing back long enough to allow his boyfriend a half-breath each time he thrust. That single-minded focus upon the spotted yeen's throbbing cock was broken the moment he felt cool lube drizzle against his plush ass cheeks, drooling down his crack as it wedged up against the glory hole. *Wait, wait*, Hans thought to himself between stifled snorts and gulps of air. *What's happening? I missed something!* While his legs were not bound, the cramped metal box did not give him any room to bang his legs or arms; he could only manage soft, if furious, taps as he felt the slender fingers of the tiny striped hyena playing against his tender ass.

"The great creator saw the hyena grow big," Farai cried with a bit of flourish, his voice a little more distant this time, but no less pompous. "But the hyena was weak and soft, like an adorably squishy blueberry pastry..." Farai might have been losing the story a little; he sounded preoccupied, some additional strange noises coming from the same direction as his voice. But, the far more pressing issue of Themba pressing his fingers into Hans's supple ass made it hard for the hog to focus on outside sounds. "...so the great creator tussled with the hyena, and made the hyena grow strong!"

Hans's eyes shot open wide, just in time to let out a cock-muffled squeal as he felt Themba pinch his fingers together. That squeal doubled in intensity as the striped hyena forced himself inside with one firm thrust. The porker suddenly found himself cursing the fact he told Bambi that he loved



playing with thick and hefty dildos, because he obviously let his older packmate know just how loose his rump really was. The striped hyena couldn't but cackle under his breath, Themba clearly taking advantage of the helpless hog's precarious position to visit a little sadistic pleasure upon his body. It took a few slow pumps, working his tight-squeezed paw in and out until the widest portion of his knuckles disappeared into the glory hole, swallowed up to the wrist by the meaty hams of his porcine brother. The discomfort was clear and palpable, with Hans loudly sucking in air whenever Lembani pulled out far enough. The spotted yeen didn't seem to mind of course, every forward thrust forced the uncomfortable hog to clench down tighter on his cock, sending shivers up Bambi's spine and eliciting lusty moans from his lover's drooling maw.

Themba, of course, didn't seem to care too much about Hans adjusting to his paw's hefty girth. Balling up into a fist, the porker gasped and groaned deep as he felt the pressure swell upon his prostate, the slow in-and-out motion of the striped hyena's fist causing him to gasp and gag with each forceful push. Despite his gruff, greasy demeanor, Themba turned out to be quite the sensual lover, his slow and deliberate movements sending wracking pleasure through Hans's body. Soon the plapping of feet against the shrine's inside was accompanied by grunting groans and whimpers as Hans lost himself in the endless assault upon his body and senses.

The sensory-deprived porker could only ride out his spit roasting, cock and paw both invading through the shrine's built-in glory-holes. Hans quickly realized that his pack-to-be were not the only ones getting aroused. Even with his thighs pressed tight to his belly, the pudgy pig could feel himself leaking precum like a faucet. The crunched-up position left Hans unable to touch himself, his hefty cock nestled with the tip resting against his belly button, filling his tender navel with a drizzle of sweet prostate juices. The closer he edged, losing himself in the depths of his sexual tension, the more noise he began to make. Soft sounds at first, they soon grew louder, echoing in the confines of the metal statuary. Between Bambi's plumbing strokes, Hans couldn't make any intelligible noises. He could only wordlessly plead to cum.

The creation myth story seemed to ebb off as Themba and Bambi continued their respective roles in the Rites of Bonding. But when the striped hyena noticed that tell-tale squeeze from Hans's tight ass, clenching in just the right way to signal he was nearly there, the short-stack yeen gave a rap to the side of the metal, signaling Farai to resume. "Hmm? Oh! OH... uhhhh, a- and when the hyena was ready..." Farai paused, before adding, "REALLY ready..." as if to try and prompt Hans's addled brain to focus on his orgasm, "they taught the hyena how to whoop! so all of creation would know the hyena was proud!"

A cacophony raised high above the hot ground, piercing into the sky above the old quarry. First came Themba, a low and deep call that trilled up into a bright cry at the very end. Bambi came next, though he literally came first. Balls tucked taught to his hefty body, the himbo hyena spurted sticky-hot seed straight down Hans's throat. Lifting his snout skywards, Bambi allowed a deep call to rumble in his chest, before thrusting his nose towards the sun in an orgasmic release. Letting his tongue loll out, the spotted himbo couldn't help but call out two smaller whoops, underscoring a deeper, more soulful call that came from his strandwolf brother. As Farai finished his call, the three sat in silence as the massive metal statuary shuddered at the sudden and explosive cry bellowing from inside. Hans couldn't control himself any longer, the hog quivering in the deepest orgasm he had ever felt. Hot porcine cum spurted

over his belly, drooling down the sides like sweet icing as he rode the unrestrained orgasm to the very end.

“...so, then we bake the hyena at 350 degrees for like four or five hours total...” Wh- What? Hans grunted, his afterglow-addled mind barely aware that both Lembani and Themba pulled out of his snout and ass respectively. A strange noise seemed to rattle below him, the sound of rocks shifting followed by an a welling up of heat just below the base of the hyena statue.

“...uh... g- guys...?”

Themba chuckled as he planted a hefty paw on Lembani’s shoulder, a broad grin on his face as the two watched Farai shoveling in hot coals from the pit he’d prepared just a little ways from the shrine. “I gotta hand it to ya, big guy,” Themba smiled as he sniffed the air. “You really know how to pick’em.”

With a broad, dopey grin plastered across his face, Bambi nod-nod-nodded with the sort of glee you’d expect from a loveable dumbass managing to pull off a long-con bait-and-switch on his lover. “I told youuuu he’d be tasty!” The big lug licked his lips as he placed a chunky yeen finger against his muzzle in thought. “You did ask for someone meatier this time. That weasel I picked up Sophomore year was kinda gamey, so I wanted to make sure I got a nice pudgy boy for the barbecue.”

“Guys?!” Hans’s voice, echoed from inside the rapidly heating shrine, his squished snout soon burning on the interior. “B- BAMBI! H- HOT!!”

“Mmmm... he’s not a very good heyne is he?” Bambi asked, chuckling under his breath, his usual laughter so much more sinister with Hans’s cries growing furious in the background.

“Ha, give him a minute, maybe two,” Farai chimed in, tossing the last of the glowing coals into the firebox before slamming the seething hot door shut.

As the sun began to wane over a lovely Saturday afternoon, The Pack relaxed and watched the smoke trail off into the summer breeze. Lembani was truthful about his pack. They do everything together; live together, sniff butts together, and even eat together. Hans, like so many other ‘missing persons’ on the BPI Campus, would join them in yet another collective whoop, as the seething heat turned his frantic pleas into loud and echoing screams.

Everyone agreed, Hans really did learn to whoop like a hyena... until he went quiet, and sizzled like a roast.