

Promises, Made and Kept  
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Commission for HairyPigCub | September 2021 | 5328 Words

“Holy shit, Jax...” the expletive trailed off through the still afternoon air, the hefty pink hog stopping dead in his tracks as he stared wide-eyed across the short-trimmed grass. To the casual onlooker, the cozy two acres of rural property looked like any plot of land. But Hans quickly zeroed his attention on something that made his heart sink. “Is- Is that what I think it is?” Hans finally gathered the courage to ask, the pig swallowing hard as he felt a firm paw clap against the back of his shoulder.

“Well, it’s not built exactly like the photos,” explained the baritone growl of a shortstack, bespectacled wolf. “I only had those pictures you reblogged on Tumblr to go off. And the computer simulations off-balanced when I tried adding weight, so I had to make a few adjustments.” The grey-furred canine may have been thick-chested, but compared to Hans, his perky little ears barely reached about chin-height on the hefty hog. But what he lacked in brawn, the sharp-toothed canine made up for with his brains. After all, it was not often you designed and built a piece of hardware meant to support your friend’s weight over a bed of hot coals.

Hans had a bit of a secret that he kept tucked away in his daily life; the porker harbored a deep prey-lust, with dreams of becoming a beautiful pig roast for some hungry predator someday. Of course, he would never really act upon those desires. As much as the thought made his cock twitch and throb, he was never truly serious about giving up his life. Besides, who would take him seriously? It’s not like he was into a ‘safe’ fetish like feet or musk, he could not just laugh off a harmless cannibalism fetish if he admitted it to the wrong person.

Admit it to the wrong person, he sure did. Hans had taken a pub crawl with some friends his senior year of college. Somewhere along the line, the group switched from beer to cocktails. Soon, the bleary hog found himself stumbling arm-in-arm with Jax, the chatty wolf talking off his ear about some engineering project he’d been working on. That was the last thing he remembered; waking up the next morning, the pair slept off their pounding headaches cuddling in the canine’s cozy bed. Once just enough hangover had passed, Jax felt he could ask for an explanation for what happened last night.

Somewhere along the line, a blackout drunk Hans had stripped down to nothing, raided the wolf’s fridge, and proceeded to pretend to be a centerpiece ham on the canine’s table, complete with apple in mouth and carrot up the ass. Were it not for a series of pictures saved on both their phones, Hans might have managed to pass it off as a dream, even if it also explained why his ass was raw and sore. The diminutive wolf just laughed, before divulging that he had more than a few kinks himself, to include a sadistic streak, and a love for dominance.

A friendship quickly blossomed, and while the pair never had the chance to become Master and slave officially, their yearly visits came with hot and heavy sex to make up for all their time apart. About a year ago, Jax started asking about some pictures Hans had reblogged - some fetishist’s pet project. A large rotisserie frame designed with the sole purpose of holding a person-sized roast. It was obviously meant for sexual and heat play; a metal frame with crossbars to secure the arms and legs, as well as guide-posts for anal and oral plugs, to give the ‘meat’ a simulated ride impalement.

Standing before him now, was the same rotisserie, built to exacting engineering standards, and waiting over a dugout portion of earth lined with rocks to create a roasting pit. “It’s... God it’s gorgeous,” Hans huffed, his thighs failing to clench in time to hide his shameful arousal from Jax’s prying eyes.

"I knew that'd get you going, handsome," the wolf grinned, unable to stop from reaching down to stroke the porker's cock. Giving him a little tug, the canine coaxed his meal to step forwards, across the open back yard towards the fire pit. "I wanted to surprise you with some fun for this visit."

"You absolutely outdid yourself, Hun," Hans gasped, shivering as he felt the gentle tease tickle his cock, the length hitting full mast with very little input. "God, just seeing it in person... Can I touch it? Please?"

"I'll give you one chance, little pig," Jax chuckled, pointing to a set of heavy iron shackles fastened into a nearby tree. "You'll have to earn the right to roast for me, meat," the wolf growled, his voice taking on the edge he got whenever he stepped into his dominant headspace. "You've always been my prized hog, boy. I want you to treat your spit with the same reverence you'd treat a collar." With a firm paw on Hans's back, Jax led his boy to kneel down before the heavy iron behemoth, giving him a good look at the thick welding job and reinforced piping that made up the restraint system. There was no question it would hold all 300 pounds of his weight. "What do you say, boy?"

"Th- Thank you, Chef," Hans huffed, shivering as he stared wide-eyed at the cool metal that waited to accept his body for their play scene. "I- I've wanted this for so, so long."

"You've dreamt of being my barbecue for years, haven't you?" Jax grinned, letting his paws rub over the sweet pig's sides, feeling him up while playfully grinding his jeans-covered cock bulge against Hans's shoulder. "Today's the day you get that wish." A little smirk crossed the wolf's face before he gave a gentle tap, urging his preyboy to stand. Hans could hardly contain himself, his fat cock throbbing in his jeans as he was walked towards the waiting restraints. "If you're a good boy."

"Y- Yes Sir." Hans swallowed, shaking his rump softly as he eyed the heavy shackles dangling from the old oak tree, just a few feet from the cold rotisserie. "How... How can I earn it, Sir?" he begged softly, lifting his arms above his head.

"Patience my sweet," Jax chuckled, turning Hans to face the old oak and slipping one of his wrists through a hanging iron shackle. Leaning in softly, the canine stood on his tip-toes to press his muzzle into Hans's ear. "Nothing too serious," he whispered, breaking character. "There's gonna be a little sex tonight. Then I'm gonna kindle a small, smoldering fire, and when it's nice and warm we're gonna have ourselves a realistic pig roast." Licking his chops, the canine fastened the first shackle with a heavy clank. "We'll go to bed together, you and I, and in the morning, we'll have some lovely pulled pork scrambled eggs."

Hans practically melted into the second shackle at those parting words. Jax was a cool and calculating dom, the sort who set up elaborate teases for his victims, even outside of the normal bounds of play. This just took the cake; the thought that he might get to 'taste himself' the day after such an intense predator/prey S&M session sounded like a dream come true! With his snout facing the old oak, Hans grunted as the shortstack wolf gave his body a gentle rub, working over his shoulders, down his sides, and against his back.

"Goddamn," Jax grinned, licking his chops, "you're beautiful, Hans."

"Thank you, Chef, Sir," Hans snorted, blushing bright until his pink cheeks flushed red in the warm morning sun.

"Yo, Jax!" An unfamiliar voice called out from over by the wolf's house. The hog blinked softly in confusion, turning his head to see a pair of creatures walking around the side of his house. "Hope you don't mind we came a little early," a thick-chested rhino yelled as he plodded through the grass, a folding table slung under one arm, a case of beer and camp chair precariously balanced on his shoulder. "Thought we could help with the setup and all."

"Good timing as always, just got the entree all settled in," Jax grinned, giving Hans a slap on the ass as he stepped away from the now helpless hog.

"S- Sir? What's going on?" Hans asked nervously, fidgeting as he shifted in his shackles as far as the dangling chains would allow. The slack afforded by the metal chains was minimal; only if he twisted about on his tiptoes could the hog turn his body far enough to get a good look at the pachyderm and his beagle buddy hauling in party supplies and a rolling cooler. "Who are they?"

"What'd ya bring, boys? Ooooh, Licky Splits Brewing Summer Pack!" Jax seemed to ignore Hans's nervous question, instead sniping the box of brews from the rhino. "Thanks for being in charge of the folding tables. Oh, hey, were either of you supposed to bring the lube?"

"You know it!" the beagle chimed in, wheeling the cooler under the shade of Hans's oak tree. Popping the lid, he unveiled a 32-ounce pump bottle and four packs of condoms atop a mountain of chipped ice. "We had lube, condoms and ice."

"And the tables," the rhino added with a smirk, half-distracted by Hans's fidgety peeking. "You want this one over by the porker, Jax? He's pretty cute."

"Yeah," replied Jax, wrestling with the pop top to his beer. "Set up the first one over by the slut."

"Sure thing," he chuckled, popping open the legs to the folding table. "Been meaning to ask, since when do you have lube at one of your gang bangs, man?"

"Gang bang?" Hans gasped, eyes widening as he craned his neck, a worried look crossing his snout as he tried to make eye contact with the diminutive wolf.

"Hey, hey," Jax chided, "No breaking the boy too early. This isn't Thanksgiving, we don't need his hole wide enough to hold a cornucopia. And you!" With a grin, the hog finally turned his attention to Hans, "I said there'd be a little sex tonight. I never said it would be with me." Stepping up to his quivering porker's side, the wolf gave Hans a gentle rub up the belly as he growled. "Don't worry, meat. I wanted to make sure you had a real barbecue experience. Just relax, okay?" Almost on cue, the beagle planted two boxes of condoms down on the table, a regular and a magnum size pack. A low growl crawled across the canine's face as he leaned up to plant a soft kiss on his boy's cheek. "You're going to make chef real proud tonight, boy."

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"A- Ahhh..." Hans groaned, huffing through his snout as he felt the relentless assault on his prostate intensify. As the sun grew low in the sky, the hog twisted his wrists in their shackles, trying to keep himself up as he hung from the old oak tree. His growing exhaustion had begun to show, the perky

beagle's slapping hips almost knocking him off his feet. Throwing Hans off balance, the canine needed to use his paws to yank the hog's ample hams back into him with each forward thrust.

"C'mon, Piggy! Sooie!" The cocky canine snarled, slapping the pig's ass as he rammed himself home. The sudden smack forced the piggy to clench tight, his tender ass driving the dog mad. As mad as possible given he was already four beers into the evening. The pup was taking a good bit longer than those who got their rocks off earlier. "Huff... oh fuck... Here it- a-ahhh...!" Quickening breath, the beagle gasped as the sudden rush caught him off guard. Whining, the pup felt his cock pulse in Hans's, his hot load spattering out to fill the tip of his sloppy condom with sticky seed.

Collapsing against Hans's back, the boar yelped aloud as the beagle rested his full body weight against him, the exhausted hog letting go of his shackles and slumping down until his raw-rubbed wrists hung in the restraints. "A-ahhh! Up! Up! Please..." Hans begged, fingers twitching as the dog slopped out of his sore ass and stumbled back to his feet.

"Ha, goddamn. Porker's getting tired." The beagle chuckled, carefully plucking off his cum-filled condom off his thick shaft. Tying off the end of the slick rubber, the beagle casually tossed the little balloon into a bucketful of ice, the edge overhung with an abundance of used condoms. "Hmm..." The beagle smirked, pointing his paw as he counted aloud. "One, two, three, four... eight... ten... fifteen... twentyyy two? Hey!" He shouted out across Jax's backyard, catching the attention of some two dozen party guests mingling about with beers in hand. "Who hasn't gotten a round with the rump roast?"

While a few folks chimed in, their murmurs and comments hardly registered with Hans, the hog groaning as he quivered at the end of his shackles. Raw and aching, the pig had never taken so many people at once. Even if he loved taking it up the ass, no amount of self-indulgent Bad Dragon dildos could prepare him for a train of horny partygoers. Breathing heavy through his nose, the hog huffed as he tried to steady himself, his nose filled with the hot scent of his own dripping precum that soaked the underside of his shaft. Before he could gather himself, Hans felt a firm hand rest against his throat, nudging the pink and pudgy pig to lift his muzzle skywards. "What's wrong, meat?" a fluffy-furred Clydesdale chuffed, upturning a beer bottle into Hans's gaped-open mouth. "Lemme help with that pain."

Hans's eyes shot wide as warm beer flooded his throat. Forcing himself to swallow, the pig realized very quickly he was not just drinking beer. Someone, probably the racehorse, must have pissed into the bottle, the acrid taste of hops and ammonia unavoidable as Hans was forced to drink or drown. Doing his best to not choke, the porker suddenly blubbed a wet backwash up into the bottle as he felt the stallion's massive shaft push up against and into his hole. No adjustment, no pause, and no need for lube given the copious rides he took through the afternoon. Yet something about this one was different; Hans could feel skin on skin, hot flesh throbbing deep inside and a drooling warmth that was absent all evening. As he coughed and sputtered the last few dribbles down his throat, Hans shook his head, craning back to see both packs of condoms lay empty on the table.

"H- Hey! Wh- What are you doing?!" He grunted, choking on the wet and bitter mouthful. "You... You're not using a- Mmmpfh!" The horse clasped a heavy fur-fringed paw over Hans's jaws, forcing the pig to silence as he thrust all eleven inches of his meaty cock into the quivering, broken boy.

“Hey Jax!” The horse called, catching the attention of the flush-faced canine. “All outta condoms. Think it’s time to get the party started.”

“Hell yeah it is!” the little wolf howled, a grin growing across his face as he hustled across the backyard. Dodging a few tables set up for snacks and drinks, the canine grabbed a few folks he could trust, dragging them up out of camp chairs or away from the thumping stereo system to lend a hand. All the while, the stallion idle-humped into Hans’s broken hole, teasing the boy’s prostate while clenching tight on his muzzle to ensure the pig could not squeal too loud. “Yo, Mark, go help out Prancer with the meat. It’s getting a little uppity. Tom, c’mere! Go grab Henkka to help me load up the fire pit.” Rocking his head back and forth, the confused hog whimpered as he felt the stallion slop back out of his ass, the bottomed-out horse slowly dragging his shaft along the quivering porker’s pleasure spot.

Pushing Hans’s head to the side, the Clydesdale released the hog’s muzzle just as a rush of air whizzed past the boy’s ear. CRACK! In a split second, Hans fell limp in the restraints, dazed from a sudden aching pain that coursed through his shoulder. Listing his head to the side, Hans felt the touch of cold aluminum caress his cheek, the fat end of a baseball bat rubbing up against his face. “There we go, piggy,” a voice crooned from his side, presumably from the man holding the bat. “Relax. It’ll go a lot easier if you let us take care of those pesky joints of yours.” Whimpering, Hans felt a strange sensation in his shoulder, almost like a heavy knot had developed in his flesh. As the stallion helped position his head to the right, the hog realized just what it was, just in time for the bat to come down again and dislocate his opposite arm.

Hans did not even notice he fell unconscious; one minute he was awake, the next he felt his head list to the side, a growing warmth wafting against him as the stallion resumed plowing his ass. When awareness came back, at least enough to realize he was still hanging helpless while the horse rawfucked his hole, the pudgy porker tried to twist himself in his shackles, a soft-slurred plea devolving into a cry as his body erupted in a persistent yet dull pain at his hips and shoulders. He must have blacked out for longer than he thought; all four limbs were popped clean from their joints, leaving the hog to hang limp and helpless as the heavy hoss took his turn on the evening’s meal. With his mouth agape, Hans could only breathe through the torture, the hissing breathing quickly catching the stallion’s attention.

“Awww, does that hurt, meat?” The horse rumbled, resting his muzzle against Hans’s broken shoulder, his broad snout flicking his little ear tag. “Don’t worry, you’ve got a lot worse to worry about,” Forcing Hans to turn his head to the right, the hog’s heart dropped as he realized the growing warmth was coming from the firepit just a few feet away. Instead of the expected smoldering little fire he was promised, the roasting pit was ablaze with flame, tongues leaping just about as high as the heavy metal spit waiting for its victim. The realization that this was not simply going to be a night of fun and play, coupled with the ominous look Jax gave over his shoulder, caused the broken hog to clench in fear, his ruined ass squeezing just hard enough to force the whinnying stallion to hit orgasm.

Thrusting through his climax, the stallion paid no mind to Hans’s pathetic whimpers as he painted the pudgy body’s insides with hot, sticky ropes of cum. The hog closed his eyes tight, whining as he felt the horse ease off from rearranging his innards, shivering as he felt the massive length snake out of his body with a wet pop. Broken and quivering, Hans opened his eyes just as warm, beer-scented breath washed over his muzzle. “I think it’s time we got you settled on the fire, meat. My guests are getting pretty hungry.”

“N- No please...” Hans shook his head with what little strength remained, still dangling like a marionette as two partygoers worked on extracting him from the overhead chains. Careful not to put weight on his dislocated limbs, for fear of accidentally popping them back into position, Hans could only plead futilely as his limp body was carried the short distance to the fire pit. “Please! Jax! Jax this- this is- this is dangerous! You’re gonna kill me! Stop, please!” Each step closer meant he felt the temperature rise higher and higher, a perfect match to his panicked pleas. Jax, of course, did not seem to care, using the bottom of his beer bottle to point and direct his assistants.

“Just like that. Hey, hit that thing with a little oil. Don’t want the boy sticking.” Hans barely had a moment to register what was being said when a searing pain erupted across his back and ass. Laid down on the greased-up, solid-metal back plate, Hans yowled aloud as he felt the gentle hiss of bubbles crackle along his body. “Easy now, don’t burn yourself, Mark!” Thankfully for the tipsy party guests, the strategic dislocation of Hans’s joints meant the porker could not gather enough leverage to twist, meaning they could work without worry that their prized rotisserie pig would fall into the fire. As his friends helped guide the porker’s broken limbs through the wrist and ankle restraints, Jax watched on with excitement, playfully rubbing himself through his pants as each locking restraint tightened down. Two final bands of metal slotted into place on the back plate, providing support to Hans’s hips and chest, leaving the hog helpless and awash in a sea of seething flame.

As the heat welled up beneath him, turning Hans’s frantic pleas into horrified cries for help, the hog got to feel the last humiliation his chef had planned for him. A heavy metal pipe was slotted in at the foot of the rotisserie jig. Slipped up between his thighs, the silicone tip pressed firmly up against Hans’s sloppy hole, forcing its way inside until the porker’s cries took on a distinct, sensual moan. A second rod, slotted in at the top of the spit jig, found its way into Hans’s open maw, the hefty dildo snaking down his throat and completing the illusion that he had truly been spitted from tip to tail. With the hog bound perfectly in place, Jax took the honor of releasing the locking mechanism and giving the searing hot spit its first slow turn, twisting the hand crank at a grueling pace. Having spent a good three minutes stationary, directly over the roiling heat, Hans almost felt thankful that he had begun to turn. The slow, turning motion removed his blistered back and thighs from the worst of the heat, but instead, his reddened front and sides soon had their turn.

Forced to stare forwards down the length of the rotisserie, Hans could feel sweat bead and drip off his body, hissing as it splattered into the flames below. Helpless and twitching, the roaster pig could only focus on breathing, having to work hard to suck in air given the convection currents and the thick dildo that nearly choked off his windpipe. After a turn or two, all sense of time and space eluded the porker, his body lost in the seething agony of his slow roast. Any fidget or squirm sent shivers down his spine, the anal plug grinding firmly on his prostate as he desperately tried to avoid the heat.

“Awww, does that hurt, sweet meats?” Jax crooned, wondering if Hans could even hear him. “I bet you’re already begging to pass out?” Hans could not see his host had a metal bowl in hand, the sides frosted with condensation from its time chilling in the fridge. Nor could he see the special ingredient being added in, combined with a brush into the thick, viscous sauce. “We can’t have that, though, can we?”

Plap! A shiver washed down Hans’s browning body, the bubbling, melting fats that dribbled out his pores suddenly painted over with an icy-cold swath of sticky, red barbecue sauce. Blinking in surprise, the sluggish hog seemed to get a second wind to his writhing as the chef refused to let him nod

off just yet. The icy cool sauce was painted on in thick swaths, a sort of soothing balm to the boy's blistered and aching flesh. While it did not save him from the heat, the finger-lickin' glaze offered a few precious minutes to the desperate porker's struggles, snatching him from the jaws of unconsciousness and right back into the seething heat.

"There we go," Jax chuckled, licking his chops as he stood on his tip-toes to reach the pig's topmost spots without also singing off his forearm fur. "You'll hate it once it comes up to temperature. All that sticky sugar's gonna feel like napalm." Casually slapping the basting brush against Hans's face, the hog let out a grunting snort as he felt the icy chill strike his cheeks and jowls. Forced to snort in a deep breath, Hans was shocked he could just barely recognize the scent of something familiar and lewd filling his nose. Backing the earthy, rich barbecue sauce, it almost smelled like the sauce was tinged with musk or raunch; his mind even flashed with an image of a glory hole at a barbecue joint's bathroom. "That smell good, boy? I gotta thank you for milking out all those loads tonight. Thought it'd be fitting to baste you in the cum of all those horny men you served."

Those last words, the embarrassment of realizing his whole body was covered in sticky, gooey cum, finally broke the poor boy. With his brain starting to boil inside his skull, Hans began to struggle one last time, moaning into the heated silicone as he unconsciously began to fuck himself on the heavy anal plug in a desperate attempt to escape the endless heat. As the barbecue sauce began to sizzle and crackle, slowly caramelizing upon his body, Hans could only endure the agony as he spun endlessly on the rotisserie shaft. Minutes seemed to dilate to hours, the poor boy hardly realizing his overworked prostate was getting the last pounding it would ever receive. As Hans turned face-up, his crisp and roasted cock seemed to stand proud for the onlooking crowd of party guests to gawk and jeer at. One final squirm, and Hans pushed his suffering body over the edge, an eruption of hot and sticky seed spattering out over his belly and groin, adding one last load to the gangbang's worth of cum already coating his body.

As the rush of endorphins flushed his body, edged on by Jax playfully basting his cock with a little extra barbecue sauce, Hans felt his vision begin to darken and tunnel. As the warmth of afterglow turned to the cool embrace of unconsciousness, Hans took one last snorting sniff of the cum-backed barbecue sauce. Somewhere deep in that bubbling brain-box, he thought it smelled just right, before everything went dark at last.

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"Goddamnit, Henkka, I've got a shitter for a reason," Jax growled, drunk-stumbling to his porch while shooing his equally inebriated maned wolf friend off from relieving himself against the side of his house. "Why you gotta piss on my wall, if there's a wait you can use the trees like the damn dog you are!" Satisfied that his scolding worked, the wolf lifted his phone and checked the time. 2:00 AM. *Wow, time flies at these parties*, he marveled to himself, opening the rear sliding door to his house and stepping through. Having to step over inflatable mattresses and piles of blankets laid out by those crashing on his floor, Jax did his best not to wake those who set themselves up early. Sauntering down the hallway, past the late-night line at the bathroom, Jax gave a few waves and goodnight wishes to his friends and guests before opening the last door at the hall's end. Groping about on the wall, the

shortstack wolf finally found the light switch. Flicking it on he realized he was staring face to face with his gullible friend Hans. "Geezeus fuck!"

Stumbling out his doorway, Jax turned to catch a few of the folks waiting in line giggling to themselves, apparently aware of the little prank being pulled on their host. Somewhere along the line, well after Hans's roasted body was plated, photographed, carved, and served, someone had the fun idea to remove the porker's head from his still-steaming body. A little too drunk to care, Jax figured the missing part was being passed around as a jerk-off sleeve. Instead, the toasted cheeks were propped up on the wolf's bed, balanced on the head of one of his heavy horse-cock dildos like some sort of macabre trophy. "So that's where the head went," the wolf commented aloud, shooting one last dirty look to his guests before stepping inside his room and closing the door. Dropping his pants, Jax could not help but give his shaft a rub through his loose-fit boxers. Even with a little whiskey dick, the wolf licked his chops at the thought of Hans's throat.

Stroking a paw along the golden-brown porker's jowls, Jax rumbled under his breath as he addressed the cooked-dead hog. "Sorry I had to do it like that, meat," he said, licking the barbecue sauce off his paw-tips as he stared into Hans's hollow eye sockets, the tender orbs long since burst from the heat. "But I couldn't have just told you you'd be the guest of honor at my little cookout, now could I?" Lifting the pig's head off its makeshift mount, Jax turned over the skull and inspected the gaping throat-hole. A slow grin curled across his maw as the wolf realized nobody had fucked the meat. "Lucky me," he growled, settling down on his bed, using one hand to free his cock through the fly of his boxers.

Stroking himself up to hardness, Jax slowly, carefully fed his girthy, cut shaft up through the throat-hole, moaning at the latent warmth still present in the meaty gullet. Closing his eyes, the canine did his best to steady the head before letting go and allowing gravity to slowly drag the skull down the length of his cock, only opening his eyes when he felt his shaft bump against the apple wedged firmly in Hans's mouth. Taking a moment to adjust to the strange sensation of being balls-deep in someone's neck, Jax let his shaft sit and throb, before carefully reaching out to stroke Hans's cheek.

"Oh, fuck... I can feel every little movement I make," he said, teasingly jostling the boy's head, rubbing streaky paw-marks into the porker's barbecue sauce-coated face, the snout bouncing a little as his shaft throbbed deep inside the boy's jaws. Lifting Hans's head up, Jax began to jerk himself off using the porker's warm and oily throat, shuddering as he forced Hans to give him one last blow job, whether he wanted to or not. "Mmmm... just like that, meat... God, you've always had a talented tongue," he growled, huffing through his snout as he edged closer and closer to orgasm. Blue balled all night because he had to play the host, Jax did not take long to hit that edge of orgasm, his balls tightening just before a hot and sticky load spattered deep inside Hans's jaws. Pouching out his cheeks, a haphazard bump forced the apple out of the porker's mouth, his cum lewdly dribbling out Hans's maw, as if the salivating over how his final state ended up.

As the afterglow faded, Jax sighed as he carefully removed the boy's sticky, sauce-coated head from his rapidly deflating cock. Pleasure quickly turned to frustration as the drunken wolf wondered what to do with the cumrag pig, having to tilt Hans's neck at a weird angle so stray cum did not dribble out onto his bedsheets. But after a moment of wrestling, Jax thought better of trying to fight it. "You know?" The wolf said softly, staring into Hans's empty eyes as he contemplated the snuffed-out boy's body. "I did promise we would go to bed together..." Resting Hans's head down on the pillow next to him, he added, "And besides, I gotta wash my sheets tomorrow anyways." Planting a soft kiss on the



roasted hog's mouth, pleased that there was no sensation of reciprocation from the still and quiet jaws, Jax playfully popped the apple back into place, before turning to hit the lights. "Sleep tight, meat. I'm thinking pulled pork scrambled eggs for breakfast, just like I promised we'd have."