

We Do Things Different Here
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Commission for ATypicalFox | December 2021 | 6348 Words

“Who is it, hun?” a perky voice called from the other room, snapping the scruffy cheeked Kodiak out of his daze just moments after answering the door. Clacking hoof-steps signaled the chunky-bellied white-tailed deer’s approach, his antler-less head (despite it being the hot days of June, well outside the usual season for antler shedding) poking around the corner into the living room to see what was going on. But instead of seeing his husband hitting on the postman again, or happily buying far too many cookies off the local Squirrel Scouts, the lithe little deer’s jaw dropped as he tried to understand the scene before him.

“Hartley, dear,” the hefty bruin said aloud, blinking softly as he turned his gaze away from the late-teen aged grizzly barely holding himself together at the door. “Uh... Go down to the front of the building for me, would you? Start grabbing my Nephew Arthur’s stuff, okay hun?” Hartley barely managed an affirmative squeak as he watched the grizzly sink, his paws coming to rest upon his knees and eyes closing tight, the reaction causing his husband to take a knee in front of the doorway. Nudging the boy aside so the slinky deer could squeeze past, his tail wiggling behind him through the hole in his tight-fit jean-shorts as he did, the gruff, middle-aged Kodiak leaned close enough to press his muzzle to the young bruin’s cheek. “Hey, hey, it’s okay, kiddo.” Swallowing, he offered the fresh-out-of-high-school grizzly a shoulder, allowing Arthur to follow his direction towards the living room. “C’mon, let’s get you out of the hallway.”

Sinking back into the couple’s well-worn leather couch, Arthur seemed more than just out of sorts. He seemed lost. “T- Thanks Uncle Bart...” he managed to stammer, trailing off into a void as he halfheartedly examined his surroundings. Everything about this place just seemed... wrong to the clenched-jawed little bruin. The couple’s pictures sitting on the television set, one for his blood relative, one for that deer, his lover and partner of at least fifteen years. The bookcase off to one corner, filled with a strange array of Vermont hunting guides, venison cookbooks and the occasional raunchy title. The file set laid out upon the living room table, clearly the reason why Hartley’s antlers were nothing but nubs. And of course, an oak wood plaque upon the wall; it was empty, with a single spike sticking out the center where a taxidermy head or mounted skull would be attached. Just below sat a small, engraved brass plaque, embossed with the words, ‘Hartley. My love always and forever.’ Arthur felt something sink in his chest as his Uncle wrapped a paw about his shoulder, pulling him close.

“How long were you wandering around in the mill building looking for my apartment?” the scruffy-furred bear asked at length, knowing that a prideful eighteen-year-old would probably downplay the answer. All he got, however, was silence. Arthur just sat there, blinking his eyes as he stared blankly at the home décor, until Bart finally pressed him. “...why are you, uh... why are you here, kiddo?”

Pursing his muzzle, Arthur swallowed as tears welled within his eyes. Instead of words, a soft sob spat out the young grizzly’s close-trimmed muzzle, two more gasps escaping his throat before it finally came out. “Dad kicked me out,” was all he could manage.

“You think this is fucking funny?” roared a voice that pierced through Arthur’s ears as he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he was no longer in his Uncle’s living room. He was at his own home. Standing in the same spot he did just two days ago. Blinking in confusion, he felt the heavy paw of a towering grizzly bear pound into the side of his face, the stunned boy collapsing to all fours as his cheek throbbed in pain. He could just barely see hooves scatter from the basement sofa, a frightened

squeal coming from his left as he tried to shake off the pain. Climbing back up to all fours, Arthur turned his gaze to the side only for his face to blanch at the sight of his high school sweetheart grabbed tight about the neck by his father's heavy mitts. "You've been fucking around with a side of pork?" he snarled, the grey-furred peccary boar's squeals cut short as the looming grizzly bear cinched his arm about the helpless animal and dropped him to his knees."

"D- Dad! I- I didn't..." Arthur stammered, raising a paw as he barked, "It's not what you-"

"I watched you fucking kiss this filthy thing on the mouth," the middle-aged bear roared with unkempt rage, his muzzle curling in a snarl as the pudgy peccary tried to kick off, his tusks flaring for but a moment before the experienced predator forced him to eat cold, hard basement concrete, clipping his skull on the underground rec room's coffee table. "No fucking son of mine is gonna date a goddamn faggot preyboy."

"I- I was... I wasn't... I-" Arthur felt tears well in his eyes as his lover was firmly grabbed from behind, his father planting a firm grip between the pig's thighs. The little javelina was no match for the massive grizzly, his paws quickly squeezing the boar about the groin and throwing him ass-over-head until he landed back-down upon the coffee table. With a heavy mitt still resting on the boar's chest, Arthur's father turned his attention to his sputtering son.

"Get over here," he growled, a low rumble filling his chest as he pointed down to the disoriented hog that lay like a weeknight meal on the low-top table. "You want me to believe you, Arthur? You want me to believe you weren't macking on this fucking rack of ribs like your goddamn prey-fucking Uncle?" His dad's voice reached a crescendo at the mere mention of his brother, calming once more as Arthur crawled upon his paws and knees like a skulking wild animal to the table's side. A smile curled across the middle-aged bruin's face as he ordered, "Kill him."

"Wh- What?" Arthur spat, glancing at the wide-eyed hog, his young love supine on the table.

"Kill the fucking hog, Arthur. He's goddamn meat. Meat's meant for eating, not for fucking or whatever the fuck soft ideas got into your head." A pause of confused incredulity followed, only to be shouted out of his mind with an ultimatum. "Do it, or I'll kill him. Then you and I are going to have a long talk over pork chops for dinner."

Nervous, quivering, Arthur climbed to his knees as he stared down at the hog's pleading face. He stayed silent for the most part, his voice whispering hushed pleas for Arthur not to do it, but fearing the repercussions should he cry out. It felt like an eternity, the grizzly's heart thumping in his chest as he contemplated what to do, his father impatiently tapping his broad footpaw upon the floor. Allowing his claw-tipped paws to relax, Arthur raised one high above his head, his eyes welling with tears as he mouthed, 'I'm sorry,' to his lover. As his vision blurred with flowing tears, Arthur felt the first strike connect, and that sweet, if nasally, porcine voice resonated through the basement with a yowling cry.

Arthur's father watched with amusement at his son's actions, the young predator unable to bring himself to do the simple things necessary to end his prey. Instead, Arthur faltered as his paw made contact, thudding firmly against the porker's snout and face, only dragging his claws at the very end of each uncoordinated hit. A second, third, fifth, eighth, twelfth strike landed upon the hog as hot tears flowed down Arthur's face, each one bringing a further purpling bruise to the little boar's face, haphazard claw strikes hitting everywhere but the boy's throat. As his sobbing gave way, Arthur finally

broke, his muzzle opening just enough to mumble, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry!" as his clawed paws finally wrapped about the boar's throat in a frightened and embarrassed bid to end his lover's suffering while still appeasing his domineering father.

"A- Ar- th- hyrk!" the little peccary gasped as two clawed thumbs clenched loosely around his throat, the tips pressing through skin as hot blood began to trickle down either side of Arthur's paws. The grizzly tried. At least he thought he tried. He didn't want it to last. He didn't want it to hurt. But as he stared down into the little peccary's eyes, he knew that their shared pain would last a lifetime in his heart.

"I fucking knew it," roared Arthur's dad, his rumbling voice quickly followed by two heavy mitts grabbing his son by the shoulders and throwing the lanky, six-foot bear clean off the writhing boar and onto the floor. Sitting up, Arthur watched his father loom over his boyfriend, claws extended as he tore a gash from left to right across the boy's neck. Hot blood sprayed across the room like a fountain, splattering Arthur's face and forcing him to close his eyes tight. "Can't even trust you to kill dinner, you're too fucked up trying to love it."

"H- He... He said I c- could 'go live with my prey-fucker Uncle up- up in Vermont...' " Arthur stammered, opening his tear-streaked eyes once again to find it was just a traumatic memory. He was in his Uncle's living room, his eyes blankly fixing upon the couples' pictures.

"Goddamnit," Uncle Bart said at last, his jaw slack as Arthur turned to make eye contact. "I knew Ronnie's been on a fucking moral tear. I... I didn't think he'd do it to his own kid."

"Does... Does that mean I- I'm..." Arthur swallowed, blinking as he tried to hold back tears from his exhausted eyes. "Broken or something?"

Wrapping his paws around Arthur, the middle-aged Kodiak sighed softly as he hugged his nephew tight about the shoulders, allowing him to sink into a warm embrace. "No. No you're not. You... You've had a lot go on though..." As the sound of overburdened hoof-steps echoed in the hall to the old mill building where they lived, Uncle Bart added, "Here, it's almost dinner time. Let me get your stuff inside. I'll introduce you to Hartley and we can get you a good meal and a good night's sleep."

The best part about living in an old mill building was that there was plenty of room for common space and creature comforts to be baked right into the place you called home. The old brick and mortar industrial building breathed new life into the local community, with little shops and bustling bakeries lining the outer halls of the bottom floor. Towards the rear of the building, overlooking the river that once powered textile looms, a small café now catered to coffee and other treats, providing a cozy place for passers-by to rest and relax. About mid-day, the door jingled open to the little restaurant, pushed open from the inside by Hartley's plush venison rump.

"Thanks, Pat," he called, both paws full; an iced coffee in one paw and a cool lemonade in the other. "I'll let Bart know you said hi, maybe we can come down for lunch tomorrow." Descending the front landing to the ground, the little white-tailed deer smiled as he scanned the horizon, catching sight

of the person he was looking for. "There you are," he said under his breath, putting on a warm smile as he wandered over towards the playground installed in the building's old loading zone.

Arthur hardly touched his breakfast this morning, the young bruin instead wandering outside to go sit on the swing set alone. This at least gave Bart and Hartley a chance to come up with a plan on how to deal with their displaced nephew. Now they just had to put the plan into action. Arthur hardly noticed the hooved deer's approach, his head only turning the slightest when a chilled lemonade was thrust before his muzzle.

"Hey, Arthur," Hartley said with a soft, almost doe-like voice. "Wanted to make sure you had a little something in you. You probably weren't too hungry for lunch, but I don't want your blood sugar to crash too low." The parched bear did not turn his gaze, but he also could not resist the temptation, his paws shaking slightly as he took the cool cup of fresh squeezed juice. "Mind if I join you?" Hartley asked, holding up his own cup of coffee before sitting down on the adjacent swing. For a moment the two sat in silence, sipping their drinks as the rushing river flowed lazily by.

At long last, Arthur broke the silence with a simple, "Thanks, uh... Hartley?"

"Of course. And, whatever you feel comfortable calling me is fine."

"You and Uncle Bart," Arthur swallowed, still not turning his head, "have been very nice to me. I'm sorry I... I've been..."

"It's alright. You can be however you need to be. And feel whatever you need to feel." Hartley kicked his hooves off the ground, gently pushing himself on the swing in a slow, lazy arc. "Sometimes it's nice just to be for a while."

"Be what?" Arthur asked at length, finally turning to make eye contact with the swinging deer.

"Be you," Hartley said with a sigh, tempting fate by resting his half-drunk coffee precariously in his lap. "Be yourself."

"I don't..." Arthur started, pausing the moment he realized what he was about to say.

"Or if you don't know what being yourself is, you can just try being what you want to be awhile." Hartley stopped his kicking, allowing the swing to slowly ease off to a gentle stop. "It's okay to not know how to love either," Hartley added pointedly. "But sometimes it's hard to learn how to love when you're being told how you want to love is wrong."

A long pause followed, Arthur internalizing those words before turning his gaze back away at long last. "I- I don't want to hurt anyone," he whispered, just loud enough to make sure Hartley heard it.

"Are you afraid you're going to hurt someone?" the deer prodded, wrapping an arm about the chain links and propping his head in his paw.

"I- I already did," Arthur whispered, his eyes beginning to grow heavy with tears.

"No," Hartley said. "Your father did. I want to know who you're afraid you'll hurt? I'm sure it's not just anyone."

"Anyone I'll love," Arthur mumbled, the bruin's muzzle falling softly.

"You know, kiddo," Hartley sighed, stepping off the swing set, careful not to spill his coffee as he did. "You can be gentle and caring. And even loving." Offering his paw to the bruin, the deer hiked his muzzle back over his shoulder as he added, "And you can still be a predator."

Scrunching his muzzle to sniff back his tears, Arthur cautiously reached out to take the deer's paw. "But... But being a predator means eating someone," he added nervously as he followed his Uncle's lover across the parking lot back towards their building.

"It doesn't have to," Hartley added with a flick of his tail. "Your Uncle's a predator, and he's not eaten me yet." The deer chuckled, pausing only to check the mailbox before walking his little lover's nephew through the maze of corridors back to their home. "To be honest, I don't know if the big softie will ever eat me. He says he wants to find just the right recipe, but I think he wants to grow old together." Hartley swallowed as he shot a look back to Arthur. "Uh, don't- don't tell him I said that, okay? I don't want him to feel like he's gotta put me on the chopping block next week or anything."

"You really do like living with Uncle Bart, don't you? Even if he's gonna..." Arthur asked as the deer opened the door to their home.

"It's part of what makes our relationship special," Hartley said with a grin, his voice cresting in volume as he added, "besides, if I'm not helping him find fresh meat, then he's gonna start eyeing up my tenderloins."

"You've got the best, dear," Uncle Bart called from the other side of the house, much to Hartley's amusement. "Hey Arthur, why don't you come in here for a minute. I think we've got something that might help you feel better." Following the sound of his voice, led from behind by the plucky whitetail, Arthur gasped as he found himself staring face to face with his uncle, the broad-shouldered Kodiak filling the entry to the couples' private bedroom. Uncle Bart cut an imposing figure, not simply because Arthur was finishing bulking out and a little gangly in his late-teens body, but because the bruin was kitted out in thick black leather from cap to booted feet. Arthur stared dumbfounded up at his Uncle, the middle-aged bear adjusting his leather jock before snapping at the air and pointing at the bed. "You know where you belong, venison."

"Wh- What's this all about, Uncle Bart?" Arthur said at last, a hot blush filling his cheeks as he watched Hartley climb onto the bed, tail wiggling behind him as he got comfortable on all fours.

"I thought it'd be nice to show you what being a compassionate predator was all about." Stepping forwards, Uncle Bart hugged the boy tight before casually giving him a grope on the groin. "Mmmm... and since you're a guest in my house, I want to share my prey with you."

"Y- You mean, U- Uncle Hartley?" The deer audibly huffed, the moment he heard himself being referred to as both property and Uncle, the cute whitetail shaking his nub behind him while unbuttoning his pants.

"He's mine to use and enjoy as I see fit, and I think it'd be good to show you what it means to love your meat." Turning Arthur with a broad mitt, the Kodiak gave him a slap on the ass as he growled, "Doesn't that boy look just about good enough to eat?" Arthur gasped as he found himself standing at the side of his Uncle's bed, the cute little deer, the one who wore his antlers emasculated as a sign of his submission, peered nervously over his shoulder.

"P- Please, you aren't really going to- to eat me tonight, are you?" Hartley huffed, swallowing softly as he felt Arthur reach out to touch him. Carefully running his paw down the middle-aged deer's back, he hit the edge of Hartley's shirt. Running his paw back up under his shirt Arthur was surprised to reveal a pretty set of carefully dyed speckles dotting his back, an attempt to keep the cute pelt of his youth even as his tips began to grey.

"I- I don't know if..." Arthur stammered, a little shy at the sudden attention before he felt Uncle Bart press his muzzle up against the boy's cheek from behind, the looming Kodiak growling.

"No need to be shy. I've already given him his orders... He knows if he doesn't please you, he's on the table for Sunday dinner. But my little veni-slut knows better, don't you, hun?"

"Y- Yes Sir," Hartley huffed, shivering as he gently shook his thick rump side to side.

"I- I've not... I've not really," Arthur huffed, blushing as he stared down at the needy little deer, boxy muzzle pursed softly. "I've never really done more than oral," he admitted sheepishly.

"Why don't we give it a try then?" Uncle Bart offered, his paw slipping down around Arthur's side and groping for his tight fit silky boxers, a half-chub erection showing that he wasn't disinterested at the prime meal before him. "Worst to worst, Hartley can blow you to make up for it," he added, growling as he tugged down the briefs. "I'll be kind to you, meat, pick your favorite lube," Uncle Bart growled, before nuzzling into Arthur's back, slowly fondling his other paw up the bear's chest. "Look at that body. I've spent years working him to prime condition." A low rumble escaped the Kodiak's jaws as they watched the cute little deer crawl across the bed, careful to pick out something slick for the young bear's first time. "Just relax and let your mind wander while you jerk off," Uncle Bart whispered. "Maybe you're thinking about that cute little rump roast struggling in the oven window... or those sweet doe-eyes staring up at you while you decide what cut to take... or-"

"O- Or, how... How good he'll feel, squirming inside me..." Arthur hissed out between his teeth, his jaw slacking as Hartley handed back the bottle of lube, the older bruin squeezing a little onto his paw before stroking the boy's hardness again. "I- ahhh... I bet he'll churn good and slow.

"Ohhhh, you're one of those kinda predators," Bart chuckled, his paw squeezing firm on Arthur's shaft as he shot a look over to Hartley as if to ask if the little deer could handle it, before giving him the signal to turn around. "Well, kiddo, you're gonna have a full gut by the time you're through. Go on, thrust into my hand a bit. And here, gimme your right paw." Carefully guiding his nephew, Uncle Bart squeezed a generous helping of lube onto Arthur's paw, before guiding him to feel up Hartley's perked little ass. "Slather it in to start, then go ahead and use your thumb on his hole. Tease over it, push into it just a little. Don't worry, you're not gonna break him... believe me, I've tried." Arthur swallowed softly as he felt his thumb sink into the whitetail's tender pucker, the gooey, slick, water-based lube squishing out the edges as Hartley let out a soft moan. It felt good. For a moment, he felt himself throbbing, his hefty shaft swelling in Uncle Bart's paws. Only for a one-off thought, to hit his mind.

"I... I'm kinda... S- Sorry," Arthur huffed as he softened just a little, frustration setting in for the nervous bruin.

"Don't worry kiddo," Uncle Bart chuckled, squeezing a bit tighter at the base of the boy's cock. "Sex isn't a quick thing. Hell, some people don't like it to be."

“Real life isn’t a porno either,” Hartley added, blushing over his shoulder. “Unless you’re horny as fuck, you’re probably not getting in on your first try.” It was only then that Arthur noticed the deer had kinked himself down, balancing on both knees and his left elbow, his right paw slipped between his thighs to paw himself off while waiting. “It’s okay, focus on you, I’m happy daydreaming about being a centerpiece for two hungry bears to fight over...” The little whistle he gave at the end would have been enough to get a playful smack out of Uncle Bart, were he not busy squeezing the bottle of lube into his free paw.

“Maybe you need a little help, kiddo?” Arthur felt the fur on the back of his neck raise as Uncle Bart’s slick paw slipped up the cleft of his ass, thumbing over his tight little hole. “You ever try it from behind?”

“I- I- Uh...” Arthur gasped, his hesitancy causing Uncle Bart to pull back slightly, only for him to sheepishly admit, “He, uh... liked eating me out... a- a lot.” Uncle Bart chuckled, nodding softly against Arthur’s shoulder as he saddled up against the grizzly’s back.

“I’m a little bigger than a tongue, but I’ll go slow,” he offered, slowly humping forwards on his house guest’s ass, a soft sigh escaping as he tried to explain what he was doing. “You’ll feel yourself stiffen up real good. It uh, it’s different from being spongey but hard.” Slowly, he rubbed his thumb over Arthur’s hole. “You’ll feel the meat relax... Like that... then use your thumb to guide you.” Uncle Bart growled softly, aligning his cock with Arthur’s tight hole. “Don’t thrust right in, unless they’re into that. Push a little, stop. Push a little more. Maybe slip back if you feel yourself soften.” Arthur gasped as he felt his Uncle narrate the process, rocking back and forth until he finally pushed inside, his heavy length slowly sliding in until his belly touched Arthur’s back. “There we go... That feel good?” He asked, reaching around to feel a hot warmth between Arthur’s loins, the pressure on his prostate doing the job nicely. “Heh, I’ll take that as a yes. Hartley will be a lot easier to get into,” he added with a little grin. “Go on, give it a try.”

“Y- You like that?” Arthur huffed, his thumb pressing into Hartley’s hole, before saddling up to the cutie’s rump. “Ffff... Cute little deer like you going to end up chow a- after a predator’s first time.”

“Ahhhh...” Hartley gasped, shivering as he felt the nervous bruin fumble a little, pushing a little too high the first time but staying hard enough he could pop in the second shot. “Mnnnpfh, god you’re thick,” Hartley huffed, lying through his teeth as he seated his rump backwards against Arthur’s groin, before pulling forwards to give him room to maneuver. “Nnng... god, you really are going to... want to end me, Arthur?”

“Mnnnpfh... god, I- I’d ruin you,” he growled softly, licking his chops as a happy-dumb grin washed over his face, slowly starting to thrust forwards. Uncle Bart kept his distance close, just far enough for his nephew to push forwards, but hopefully not enough that he’d pop out. “Mmmpfh... Meat doesn’t- Meat should t- take what their predator gives them.” Arthur snorted out his muzzle, stumbling over the sexy talk as he navigated the depths of his own emotions and raging hormones. “Mmm... I’m gonna... F- Fucking churn you into bear fat,” he growled through gritted teeth, cock throbbing deep in Hartley’s tender ass as he thrust through his lust and feelings. Occasionally he would find himself hitting a weird tempo, his arousal taking a little hit as he tried to navigate the strange situation of being in a threesome for his first real sexual escapade.

“Hey, kiddo,” Uncle Bart chuffed, his wandering paws coaxing Arthur to lean forwards. “This is kinda advanced stuff, but like... if you need a moment, slow up. Get back in the rhythm with Hartley. I’m just here to follow your lead.” Applying a gentle tap on Arthur’s back, Uncle Bart watched the grizzly settle in, both heavy mitts resting upon his husband’s shoulders, pausing long enough to get his bearings before he started to plow with growing abandon. Gripping Hartley about the waist, Arthur began pulling the little deer back into him, his ambling claws groping as he tried to find the best leverage to get a hand hold on the eager cervine.

“I- I’m g- gonna... gonna tear into you, meat... jam my jaws around you and j- just...” Clenching his teeth tight, Arthur gasped as his teenage hormones got the better of him, the bruin snarling as he thrust with abandon until his cock pulsed suddenly. A flash as one, two hot throbs, and Arthur lost all control of himself in the depths of his orgasm. Blinking as the warmth faded from his loins, and the pall of lust faded from his eyes, Arthur gagged as he realized he had tried to take Hartley into his gullet in the throes of ecstasy. His jaws were mere inches from the rear of Hartley’s head, only held back by Uncle Bart’s massive mitt splayed in his cheek, thumb and pinky jammed in to keep the jaws spread wide.

“H- Hang- a- ahh... Mmmmpfh!” Uncle Bart gasped, shivering as he too let loose a hot torrent of cum, spattering Arthur’s tight little hole, while simultaneously restraining the young one from devouring his husband in one go. As the pair settled out, and Arthur calmed down from his lust, Uncle Bart let go of the grizzly’s jowls, before the three flopped out of one another at long last. “Oh fuck... Haven’t had to stop someone from eating Hartley since, what, dear? Two years ago?”

“It was the barbecue, hun,” Hartley grunted, flipping over on his back. From his heavy shaft and the way his arousal hung thick in his paw, Arthur could easily tell the deer had not gotten off yet. “That nice jaguar couple nearly took a hunk out of my haunch when I insisted I wouldn’t get up on the grill.”

“Ahhh, you’re right. Me and dates, can’t remember a thing. Guess that’s why I keep you around, meat,” Uncle Bart chuckled, before turning to face the dumbstruck and exhausted Arthur. “And you, kiddo... Y’alright? Sorry about almost dislocating your jaw there for a second. But here’s the thing about loving your meat. They can think ahead to keep themselves off the plate.”

“Wasn’t easy,” the deer added with a huff. “Your Uncle gave me a pretty tall order to fill.”

Arthur’s understandable confusion was shattered with a ring of the doorbell. “And looks like you keep off the table again,” Crooned Uncle Bart, calmly placing his sticky paws on Arthur’s shoulders. “For now, at least, meat.” Gripping Arthur tight by the shoulders, Uncle Bart walked the naked, cum-dripping bruin through his house, his nephew stammering the moment he realized Uncle Bart was about to answer the door completely nude. Turning the knob before Arthur could stop him, the jovial middle-aged Kodiak threw the door open to reveal a towering grizzly bear standing in the hallway.

Just about his father’s build, and even showing hints of greying about the muzzle, the brutish, brown-furred grizzly gave Arthur a sudden flash of panic. Arthur too was locked in fight-or-flight; were it not for the fact he was a half a head shorter, he wholly expected the beast to lunge at him for laying with prey. It only dawned on him that the big softie was actually taken aback by the two burly bears standing naked in the doorway to greet him. Ushered quickly inside, the newcomer might have been late to the party, but his sheepish nature seemed to stop Arthur from losing it outright. “S- Sorry I’m a

little late, traffic over the bridge was awful,” he said at last, swallowing as he eyed over Arthur’s gangly teenage form. “I- Is he...”

“Your dream come true,” Uncle Bart chuckled, closing the door behind the grizzly and audibly throwing the lock.

“Thank god for no-limits prey,” Hartley rolled his eyes as he emerged from the bedroom, still dripping cum down his thighs and cock throbbing between his legs. “You did say no-limits, right? And sorry if it’s a bit sudden,” the deer added, crossing the living room before casually starting to undress his guest. “If you got here sooner, he could have taken out some frustration on you instead of me.”

“Wh... what is this- this all about?” Arthur finally stammered, relaxing his paws from he groin, no longer concerned with modesty now that the door was closed. “Who’s this?” Arthur swallowed, the uncanny likeness of his father still leaving Arthur wary.

“Well, I wasn’t gonna let you chow down on Hartley, was I?” Uncle Bart chuckled as the pair watched the lithe little deer plant a kiss on the rental-meat’s cheek, before slipping his arms up and under the grizzly’s stocky arms, pinning him forwards at the waist. “So, we ordered out for lunch. Was just gonna get you a fox or something, but this handsome, no-limits preyboy showed up on the hookup app. Looked too much like your father to pass up – we thought it’d be fun to let you...” Uncle Bart grinned, licking his chops as he leaned in to whisper into Arthur’s ear, “get out all those emotions.”

The realization struck Arthur like a ton of bricks, his memory flooding back to that fateful night. Except now, the tables were turned, at least as far as his mind was concerned. Arthur felt his teeth grit, a low rumble filled his chest as he stared down the grizzly standing in for his father. Still held firm in Hartley’s grip, the surrogate-dad swallowed as he realized that look on Arthur’s face. “H- Hey, uh, I know I said... Isn’t there g- gonna be some-?” A bellowing roar escaped Arthur’s throat as he lashed out at the bear. It was not terribly effective, but the eighteen-year-old landed a slashing strike across the grizzly’s face, causing him to scream out in sudden panic, followed up by a kick to the creature’s stomach that forced him to double over, winded.

“Ooooh-hoo-hoo, he’s feisty when he’s mad,” Hartley chuckled, cinching his grip on the sacrificial grizzly. “You want ‘em, big guy? Hmm?” Uncle Bart beamed as he watched his husband’s rock-hard cock swaying between his thighs. That’s why he loved Hartley so much; he might have been a talking steak, but his deer husband loved feeding predators. Nothing got the wiry little whitetail worked up like helping in the kitchen or fondling a satiated predator’s belly. And even if Arthur aimed to swallow down the stand-in for his father, Hartley was clearly interested. “Let’s have a little fun with him.”

“Wa- wait, yo- you said-” the grizzly’s confused pleas were cut short, his eyes going wide as Hartley planted a firm nip on his neck, the little deer somehow managing to show off his skills at taming a beast much larger than him. But the unfortunate hookup had worse problems to contend with as he felt two heavy paws plant on either side of his jowls, claws squeezing into the flesh on his cheeks as a slavering jaw loomed overhead. Arthur’s chest rumbled, his jaws dribbling spittle and drool down onto the terrified bruin. In his panic, the surrogate-dad tried to make a move, jerking his head to the side, before a sudden pain piercing into his ass made him falter. A roaring cry rattled pictures on the wall, the preyboy regretting his decision to mark down no-limits as he stammered, “No, stop!” The volunteer prey was silenced all at once when Arthur jammed his muzzle down about the brutish grizzly’s head.

Slimy, hot saliva soaked into the sacrificial bear's facial fur, his body wound tight like a coil, prepared to fight were it not for the white-tailed deer rutting on him like a buck in heat. Hartley thrust with abandon, his reason for not hitting orgasm even more apparent as he literally began to fuck the prey down into Arthur's gullet. To this end, Arthur did his best to swallow in time with Hartley's movements, his teeth haphazardly taking firm bites into the oversized mouthful of flesh, leaving fresh, bloody trails rolling down his back and chest with each firm chomp. He was inexperienced at chowing down on living meat, just as inexperienced as he was making love, but Arthur did his best to suppress his gag and swallow in time, unafraid to chomp down when an arm managed to gain a little leverage, or the grizzly needed a reminder he was nothing but chyme fodder.

"Fuuuuuck, kiddo," Uncle Bart snarled, a broad grin plastered on his face. "I knew you had a lead-lined gut, never thought I'd see you polish off someone your dad's size." Fondling himself, the heavy Kodiak settled back on the sofa, watching his husband and nephew fuck their random hookup literally into oblivion. By now, Arthur had managed to swallow down to the kicking struggling meal's hips, forcing the young bear to kneel to get the right angle. With Hartley's belly bumping Arthur in the snout, Uncle Bart could not help but call out, "Hey hun, wrap it up, you're gonna make Arthur choke to death on the poor thing.

He didn't need long, though getting permission to cum felt pretty nice. A few firm thrusts were all it took to push Hartley over the edge, the little dear bleating out in a sudden rush of pleasure as he pounded his orgasm right into the sacrificial grizzly's ass. Pulling out just in time, he was able to add a sticky coating of buck spunk on the helpless, nameless bear's ass, just before Arthur resumed his relentless and torturous plunge. He paused only long enough to savor the flavor, his tongue awkwardly kinked under and around the grizzly's groin, all while the pair of proud uncles watched on with satisfaction as their nephew quite literally ate his feelings.

"Uuuurp! Ughhh, my stomach..." Arthur groaned, eyes a little bulged as he lay back on the couch with family under each arm. His rounded gut was distended, the struggling mass of bruin inside still screeching at the top of his lungs, but clearly past the point of coherent speech.

"Yeah... If you're not used to eating that big a meal, it'll uh," Uncle Bart chuckled, giving him a rub on the back of his head as he curled up next to his nephew. "It'll hurt. Worst part is you can't fix it with antacids."

"Ohhhhh, please?" Hartley begged softly, his head peeking up over the crest of Arthur's belly, his arms resting firmly on the spot where he previously lay nestled against Arthur's struggling stomach, listening to the cries and moans within. "Think of how much longer he'll struggle in there!" The added weight of so much venison pressing down on Arthur's stomach forced another belch from the young grizzly.

"No. Please." Arthur grunted through another urp. "That's enough meat for one day, Uncle Hartley."

“See, kiddo, that’s what happens when you date a preything.” Uncle Bart added with a little smirk. “They can keep you fed in exchange for their life. Not to mention you can decide when to eat them! Which,” the Kodiak added, tapping a claw to his muzzle, “I did say it was up to you whether the little venison lives or dies tonight...”

“Ughhh... No offense, Uncle Hartley,” Arthur grunted, swallowing back another foul bubble of gas. “I don’t think I can stomach seconds tonight.”