Prey

Vince stepped into Recon, and stepped into flashing music and thumping lights. He felt out of place, of course, but he always felt out of place. He had borrowed his roommate's “leather daddy” outfit, and the big black boots and tight clothing made him feel exposed. Masculine, but vulnerable. He had no idea if it even looked right, but he had wanted to make an impression, and he couldn’t wear the same clothes he had worn to every other club before.

He stood near the entrance, watching the sea of dancers move in time to the music. There were all types, of course. Recon was great at that. Tourists, locals, inexperienced and circuit queens, they were all here. Vince wasn't sure where he fit into the 'ecosystem' of the gay bars, anymore. He used to be a twink, but... well... he was in his thirties now. Post dead, really. He'd dad-bodded a year or two ago and it had been hard to convince himself to get back out there.

"Outta da way, shrimp," a sleek fox said, hip checking Vince playfully as he sauntered by. He glanced back, smirking at the hyena from beneath a long tress of blonde hair, before absorbing himself into a gaggle of other similarly slender, chatty foxes. Vincent smirked, and went to the bar.

What would a daddy 'yena drink? He rubbed his chin, staring at the bottles. Some kind of scotch, maybe? a cocktail in one of those wide glasses? Shit, this was difficult. The bartender, a beefy-armed kangaroo with dark circles under his eyes, appeared in front of him.

"Whaddayahavin," he asked, with that kind of irritated tone that tired gays have.

"Oh, shit. Heineken." Vince said. Heinekin? Ugh, was that a dad beer? He hadn't had a Heinekin since he was a teenager, and he'd only had that because....

because it had been in his dad's mini fridge, in the garage. Vince grinned, taking the drink, and feeling sufficiently 'dadded', he turned around and sipped his drink.

There was a zebra there, a slender one, wearing a fishnet t-shirt, which did nothing that hid the stripes that all seemed to curve across his torso and then angled down, pointing towards the fella's groin. Vince followed them with his eyes, pausing at the bulky green lime spandex thong that the zebra was sporting, and the quite obvious length of horse dong that was coiled up inside it. *Damn*.

Vince sprayed beer out the corners of his lips, as the bottle foamed into his mouth. He coughed, putting it to the side, and wiped at his lips and chin quickly, then turned back around. The zebra was standing closer, arms folded and head canted to the side. Eyebrow raised.

"Really?" The zebra asked. "That your first beer or something?"

"Nah," Vince replied. "I just wasn't expecting such a-" what word what word what word "-cutie to be standing right behind me like that."

"Cutie?" the zebra asked, skeptically. "What is this, 2018?" The zebra moved in close, trapping Vince in his gaze. He was clearly younger than Vince, and he smiled as he looked Vince up and down. The zebra's lips curled up as he reached out, tugging at the metal chain crossing the hyena's chest. "And what are you? Some kind of gladiator?"

Vince could feel something between them, something in the air. Twinks like him didn't just approach guys like Vince, not unless they were looking for drinks, sex, or drugs. "Sure, I'm a gladiator. Specialize in big, thick clubs." He reached down, and rubbed his leather jockstrap. "You wanna get in the ring with me?"

The zebra stepped closer, putting his hands on Vince’s shoulders. His voice was soft and sultry as he spoke. “Cut the shit, daddy. You aren't here to fuck someone. You're here to get dominated,” he whickered. "Dominated by prey like me. Right?"

Vince's jaw swung loosely, his mind freezing, crystallizing into a simple 'wat', as the zebra kneaded his slender fingers down along the hyena's arms. He moved in closer, his muzzle brushing against Vince’s neck. “You haven't been here on Prey night before?” he asked, his voice sending a shiver down Vince’s spine.

Vince finally managed to stammer out an answer. “Y-yes,” he said, his voice trembling. "Of course I have."

The zebra smiled knowingly. “Good,” he said, his voice low and full of promise. “Then you know that I'm in charge tonight. I'm glad you know this, because I’m going to make you do something you’ve never done before.”

"I've.. done a lot," Vince said, unsurely. "If you're thinking of topping me or something like that."

The zebra chuckled, reaching down and grabbing Vince's hand. "Sure, daddy. Something like that." He led Vince onto the dance floor, between the grinding, gyrating male bodies. Predators, preys, all of them linked together, the smell of lust and alcohol and cologne creating a dangerous cocktail that made Vince light headed. They stepped off of the dance floor on the far side, stepping into the shadows. The walls had large gray tapestries hanging, just a couple feet from the wall, and it was behind one of these that the two found themselves. The fabric swayed slowly with the air currents of the room, the speakers just next to them, blasting away with some house techno garbage.

He felt the zebra's hands on his shoulders, and the ungulate pushed down. Vince resisted, for a moment, before a knee pushed up between his thighs. Thump. He wheezed, crumbling down to the floor. The low blow had not hurt, that much, but he had not been expecting it at all. It surprised him.

He grunted, kneeling on the ground and staring up at the zebra, who was really nothing more than a shadow at this point, with the flashing lights of the club peeking and blinking around his outer edges.

One hoof shifted, pushing against Vince's bulge and pinning it down against the ground. The zebra leaned down, his soft puffy lips moving to rest along Vince's ear. “You’re going to devour my big, black cock, and my fat, heavy balls,” he said, his voice sending a thrill through Vince’s body. "And you're going to cum from doing it."

Vince was too shocked to protest. He felt a surge of fear and excitement as the zebra stood up and stepped forward, his weight shifting onto his hood a worrying amount. Vince's cock and balls were squashed down inside his leather jock strap, not painfully - yet - but enough that he knew exactly what the zebra was capable of.

He felt the zebra's dick, rather than saw it. The soft warmth of it flopped out, along his snout and up to his brow. A hand against the back of his head pulled him abruptly forward, into the soft satiny skin of the zebra's testicles. He murmured, trying to come up with something to say, but there was nothing TO Say. The zebra couldn't hear him; nobody could hear him. The zebra's hoof pushed down against his junk, a little firmer, impatiently, and Vince grimaced.

"Fine, fine, I'll... devour your junk or whatever," he muttered to himself. The zebra couldn't hear him, so instead, Vince nipped at the left nut, catching some of the skin between his teeth. Heh. That'll show him-

Thumbs pushed into either side of his jaw, the zebra pushing back with them against the gums between his jaws. HRGH! Vince's jaws opened as the zebra triggered that natural gag-puke reflex, and before Vince was even really sure what was going on, he felt meat on his tongue.

No, not meat - cock. Cock and balls. The heavy eggs sank onto his tongue, and the fat soft hose flopped over them, the tip laying at the back of his throat. Jesus, this dude was hung. Where the fuck had he been packing it? His undies had looked full, but this was wild. A Full mouth of soft dong, and fat balls too?! He didn't know how to start sucking. He tried licking up under the nuts, lapping and tasting the warm sour salty musk of the zebra's groin. That got him thickening up - but the zebra wasn't releasing his grip on the hyena's jaws. He wrapped fingers around the back of the yeen's head, and pulled further, until his snout pushed into the zebra's belly.

The zebra's cock was thickening now, filling up as it went down his throat, and he could feel himself starting to gag as the broad glans began rubbing against his gullet. The zebra was just fucking his throat, domming the hell out of him, rocking hips back and forth to force that thick meat up into the hyena's mouth, between those sharp fangs. He didn't pull back enough to tug his nuts free, just enough to feel the hyena's thick fangs push into the meat of 'em. Then he was pushing back in, gouging Vince's throat with his plug of a dick. Vince's dick, crushed under a hoof, *throbbed*.

Vince's jaws were released, as the zebra pulled his thumbs back out and pulled the yeen's head into his crotch. Vince's nose crushed against the zebra's pubic bone, as the grass eater curled over him, nipping the tip of his ear.

"Now eat your dinner, prey." the zebra growled, loud enough to be heard clearly over the thrumming music of the club. "Eat it, or choke to death on it."

One hand remained on the back of Vince's head, keeping him in place. Vince began to feel the tightness in his chest, as his oxygen began to deplete. He felt himself squirming, but he couldn't pull free. The twink didn't have muscle, but he knew pressure points, and he held Vince in place like a squawling pup.

Vince's cock throbbed again, crushed as it was, as he realized he DID have to eat the zebra's dick, if he wanted to survive.

Vince began to gnaw, chewing softly. The instinct not to hurt the zebra kicked in hard - the hyena had been very firmly trained from very young that his claws and fangs were weapons. He had never used them before, not against another living being. Maybe the zebra just wanted him to pretend to chew, to bite a little, maybe draw blood?

He tried to pull back, but the zebra's hand was firm on the back of his head. "MORE." The zebra growled impatient. "Eat my fucking DICK, daddy!"

Vince had no choice. He was going to black out soon. Would the zebra choke him to death with his big, meaty dick? It tasted so good, so firm and chewy, his fangs pressing through the delicious flesh with very little trouble. Blood gushed into his maw, as he chewed and gnawed, seeing stars around him.

"Keep chewing, pup!" The zebra demanded, and Vince did, feeling a testicle rupture, crushing and popping against his thick incisors. He looked up at the shadowy zebra, mashing his jaws together, crushing and mashing and pulping the meat between them into paste. The zebra shuddered, watching as the hyena dutifully ate the fat meat he had been given. He pushed a hoofdown on that thick daddy bulge, feeling the hot wet spurts of Vince's orgasm soaking out around the edges of his leather jock.

Vince swallowed, and felt the hot mess that used to be the zebra's junk slide down his throat. The masculinity sank into his stomach, filling it pleasantly. Not completely full, but nicely full. More than that, he was able to breath again, drawing in a thick, musky waft of breath from deep in the zebra's pubes. He felt his knot throb, and realized, distantly, that he was cumming, on top of everything else. Shit.

The zebra pulled away from Vince, staggering to the wall and sliding down it. Vince moved to him, feeling around himself for a piece of cloth to tear free, to use as a tourniquet.

"Don't worry about it," The zebra mumbled, grinning, teeth pearly white in the dim light. "You did good, pup. I'll tell the others about you. What's your name?"

"V-" Vince paused. Why was he giving his name to this zebra? What was happening?! WAs there some kind of ring of dominant prey animals, seeking out daddy predators to force themselves upon?!

If so... Vince belched, then grinned. "Vince. My name's Vince. And tell your friends... that they better leave me alone, or I'll eat them all up."

The zebra chuckled, shaking his head as he tapped on his phone. "Sure thing, boomer."