

(A Story blurb on a bad day from a dear friend) - 2016

“Look, I’m tired of hearing about it.”

“But it’s awesome!” The wolf grinned, big tail wagging against the couch, almost as much as his big dick waggled in his stroking hand. “Rrrr! I’ve not cum in a month as of tonight!”

Sam rolled his eyes, the big yellow lab letting out a huff as he changed the channel. “Don’t care.” He glanced over to where the wolf sat. His undies laid between his ankles, his naked gleaming shaft stiff and throbbing in the wolf’s paw. Two big nuts rested between those lupine thighs, the wolf’s pouch seeming tight around them. “More importantly ...Did you get groceries?”

“Pfft, I tried to, but they tossed me out.” Harry let his tongue hang out. “Apparently they thought it was lewd for me to walk around in my state. I mean...it’s not like my fat cock would even fit in my pants, of course I was going to have to let it hang out! Rrrr, you should have seeeeen everyone staring. My balls are practically sloshing! Feel ‘em!” Sam gruffed, his hand pulled from the remote, and pressed flatly against his roommate’s naked balls. “See? I swear they’re twice as heavy!”

The lab gave curled his fingers, spreading them, giving that hefty, loose warm pouch a squeeze. Frowning. Those wolf balls diiiiid feel quite heavier. Fat, meaty weights in that scrotum. “Hmph, so they are. But I asked you to pick up some meat for dinner tonight. You know. Steaks. Hamburger. Anything. Come on, at least a frozen pizza?”

“Nah, got kicked out of the gas station too. I guess they thought I already had enough meat! Heh heh, get it?” The wolf waggled his cock obnoxiously, as the lab continued his gentle rubbing, squeezing on those plump, heavy wolf nuggets. “Everyone was staring at me, like they thought I was gonna rob the place.” The wolf grinned. “I swear, it’s been awesome. Jerking myself juuuuust to the point of almost cumming, working myself up to a frenzy then stopping. Rrrrr! Hot. When I do cum I’m going to probably cum a whole quart.”

“Yeah, sure. Meanwhile: I’m starving.”

Harry waved his free hand dismissively. “Oh food, shmood! Mmmph, I just can’t stop handling my dick like this. It’s awesome! Takes near two hands now, almost takes two hands to get around both my balls too!”

“All I have left is one box of mac and cheese! I can’t believe you cock blocked my \*dinner\*!”

“Well, you’ll find something to add to it! Mmm, I have more important things to worry about. Like, how am I ever going to fit all this wolf meat back into my pants! It’s going to end up springing out of my fly any chance I try to tuck it away!”

Sam scowled, frowning over at his buddy on the couch. "These...are pretty heavy. You say it's been a month?" He pulled along his handful more firmly, squeezing the fat lupine balls hanging so heavily over the edge of the couch. "And you can't get it to fit into your pants?"

"Nope! It's awesome!" The wolf grins. "I swear this tiger saw me on the way home and he nearly tripped into the bushes! I laughed, and rubbed myself! Considered letting him get a taste, but then you wanted me to get back soon."

"With...food!" The lab gruffed, giving those balls a pull. They felt...loose! He frowned, giving them a light tug. Those balls stretched lewdly, hanging so low, so precariously, Sam pulled them up over the wolf's thigh, surprised at how large they seemed, so far from the wolf's group. Isolated, tethered only by that little strip of scrotum. Two... big plump wolf nuts. Harry bit his tongue, watching a beer commercial involving skunkettes and water hoses. "With food for me to EAT!"

"Oh you dogs and food, you'll find something! Mmm, I'm gonna really enjoy tonight."

The lab tugged again! Those balls were just so...vulnerable, so lewd, nearly taking two hands to cup and squeeze, fat mangos that felt overripe. Sam's head tingled, all over. He reached over, with his other paw, and pinched tightly up on the wolf's thigh, around that strip of scrotum. With his other paw, he wrapped his fingers around the neck of the wolf's sack, just below where he pinched. His pinching fingers touched his gripping fingers.

Sam pulled. Just pulled, twisted his finger, and felt that little tether separate like... like a bit of gristle from a well done brisket. The wolf's swollen balls slid against his palm, and he hurriedly lifting them up, away, shocked, expecting the horrified expression on the wolf's face.

The wolf's hips rolled, grinding up into his hand, with only a bit of tethering pouch left to rest on the couch between his legs. "Nnnngh! Yeah, gonna cum buckets!" He didn't seem to notice, at all - even as his balls shifted, relaxing in the dog's fingers.

Sam blinked, staring! Those fuzzy orbs still felt hot, weighty, the fat scrotum coming off right in his hands. They sagged, shifted in their loose, limp pouch, not seeming to have minded being purloined one bit. "I...uh..."

"Oh, right... food. Well go on... go make your food! I'm sure whatever you scrounge up will be delicious," the wolf said, giving his knot a squeeze. "MMm, I'm going upstairs, to my room, and slowly stroke myself and imagine juuuust what it's gonna feel like to have someone else jerk my hot meat off!" He stood up, giving Sam a lewd, inviting grin. Sam tucked his hands, still full of said meat, down the front of his own stretch pants, before the wolf noticed his prodigious parcel. Then, the neutered lupine walked off, his cock still pleasantly full and straining in his hands.

The lab blinked, peering back down at the fat nuggets in his palms. Fat, meaty nuggets. "Well... I guess he did get me some meat, after all!" The lab wagged. Stomach growling, Sam went to the kitchen to upend that wolf sac onto the cutting board. Two slippery, heavy wolf eggs slid out, thucking onto the polished wood, so fat and plump that they settled heavily.

"Well... he did tell me to go ahead and make some food..." A sharp knife pulled from the block, a slender tip pressing into the naked flesh of one cooling orb. He butterflied his roommate's testicle open, a spritz of hot man juice splashing against his forearm as the pressure was released from inside. Cream simmered up out of the naked tissue.

Sam took out a large table spoon, and began to scoop out that inner flesh, dropping loose, sloppy spoonfuls of it into a glass bowl. He scraped the inner lining out, then tossed the leftover testicular 'peel' into the kitchen trash. There was... a good cup of wolf flesh in that bowl. He could... he could still save the other ball. Call the hospital or something, or their nurse friend.

But.

But,

Harry COULD have just brought home some pork chops from the grocery store, and this whole issue wouldn't have happened. There wasn't any reason, really, why Harry's negligence should force Sam to starve, was there?

The knife sliced into the second testicle, and soon, a second cup's worth of protein filled the bowl. Sam whistled a happy tune, slicing up some celery, toasting slivered almonds, and chopping up some grapes. He dumped them into the bowl, and with a half a cup of mayonnaise, stirred them with a heavy silicone paddle, combining and joining the various flavors and textures.

He took a forkful, tasted it. Oh yes. Delicious. And so much more economical than rotisserie chicken! He slathered himself a bit scoop onto some toasted sourdough bread, humming a toon as he heard a startled yelp from upstairs. "My balls! Where ARE they?!"

He closed the sandwich, and sealed up the bowl with an air tight lid. "And should be enough for sandwiches tomorrow too! At least wolves are worth something!"