# Bugged

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"So you can still get that big ugly dick of yours hard, eh?" Pirate asked, as Wolffine stood next to the playroom's table. The shiba inu's arms were folded behind their back, and their cock was, of course, completely erect, as it always was around Pirate. It didn't matter that the dog's dangling testicles were no longer there to provide emotional support to the sub's big dick - they were still a part of Wolffine. "Well, that's okay."

The eagle lugged a locked tupperware container up onto the table, pausing with one hand on it. His eyes were dark and shiny, that evil, permanent grin curving up along the edges of his beak. "I thought about making you eat it. You know, tradition, right?"

Wolffine blushed, saying nothing as his eyes remained at his Master's feet, head bowed slightly, embarrassingly and proudly hard.

"Well I came up with something better. Something that might make that little dick of yours *useful*, to someone who matters." He started unlocking the crate, and Wolffine shifted in place, curious and terrified to know what was in that box that it was being handled so gingerly.

The lids swung open, revealing a plastic terrarium, the bottom filled with sand. Sand that was moving, bulges wiggling around under the soft tan surface. Pirate made a gagging sound in the back of his throat. "These guys are the answers to your problem, Wolffie."

"Master?" Wolffine asked, his eyes unable to stop following the squirming little bulges.

"These things skeeve me out, so I thought they'd be the perfect thing to put inside your dick." Pirate said, picking up a pair of forceps from inside the crate, and then opening the plastic lid of the container.

"Sir?!" Wolffine barked, immediately blushing deeply and biting his stupid fucking lips.

Pirate stabbed the forceps into the sand, clamping them closed and yanking them up and out. He grimaced; green, translucent slop dripped from the crushed thorax of a *large* scarab-type beetle. "Oh, gross."

Wolffine's heart rate spiked, the sub stiffening their back. A deeply constrained part of themselves flailed, trying to claw their way back out of subspace. The dog closed their eyes, and focused on breathing, reminding themselves that Master was there to take care of them and that, no matter what happened, it happened because Master wanted it to.

"Got it." Pirate said, and the plastic cage closed. Wolffine opened their eyes, finding a crawling, squirming, violet-sheened black beetle only an inch or so from their nose.

"Horrible, right? Ugh." Pirate brought the forceps down to Wolffine's groin, to that jutting cock with its plump glans and snug foreskin. "These things are the worst. They cost you THIRTY bucks, each. They're only available to taxidermists and forensic scientists." The eagle shook his head, as the beetle's chitinous legs scrabbled through the air, trying to get traction on the broad cock head right in front of it. It's tiny little mandibles clamped and clenched, pinching against the very very tip of that cockhead, right at the puffy lips. "I got five of them, in case you're wondering what that three hundred dollar charge on your Paypal is from." The bird's feathers ruffled.

He slowly brought it closer, and it began to nip and pinch, tiny little daggers slicing into and through the tender membrane of Wolffine's cock tip. "These things will devour all flesh from the body. They don't eat hair, or bones, or fingernails, and THESE fuckers... don't eat skin."

Wolffine winced, eye twitching as the beetle chewed and gnawed, eviscerating the most sensitive part of their cockhead. Pirate held it a little closer, and the bug started to burrow, front legs digging into the torn, sliced flesh and peeling scrapey little chunks of it away. It was *excavating* its way into Wolffine's cock.

"Now, don't scream, pup. We don't want to spook it when it's finally being fed." The bird's feathers ruffled again, as he let the beetle go and watched it immediately lurch and climb up into the ruined end of the shiba inu's long dick. "God, they're gross. Your dick is as pretty as they are gross, but I really don't have any need for EITHER your dick, or the bugs. So I'm trading in that gross and pretty stuff, mixing it together." The bird waggled his eyebrows. "Alchemically, you see."

"Yes," Wolffine gasped, trying to follow their Master's voice, but all they could see was that beetle disappearing deeper and deeper up into their cockhead, and all they could FEEL was the tiny little feet, piercing and scraping, and all they could HEAR was the soft munching sound of tiny knives slicing through soft steaks.

"Incoming," Pirate said, turning away from the cage. With the first bug entirely inside, there was now an opening for a second beetle. The silver dollar sized abdomen slid up into Wolffine with no hesitation, and now TWO bulges could be seen, munching slow and steady down the root of the canine's cock.

"Let's see if we can get all four in there. I'd hate to think you wasted your money on beetles you didn't even need," the sadistic eagle said. The horrific pain began to subside, and Wolffine realized with dread that there just weren't any nerves left to report the damage to his brain.

Small favors.

They all fit, somehow, and drool and tears dripped from Wolffine's chin as the four bugs crawled and munched and hollowed out that proud, handsome shaft. The humanlike glans was completely gone, the foreskin hanging down loose and limp over nothing, and the twin bulbs of his knot were already collapsing in on themselves, completely devoid of the tissue that had made them so large and plump and full.

Wolffine whimpered as his cock, now completely limp, continued to sway and wiggle as the beetles inside gnawed and nibbled on the inside of the skin. They were digging deeper, past the bulbs, and Wolffine began to try to remember what the safeword was, as they felt the tiny, incessant chewing get closer and closer to the less-expendable main part of their body.

"Aww, are you ticklish?" Pirate said. Wolffine whimpered again, keening through their nose with their ears back, feeling those mandibles digging into the root of their.. what had been their shaft.

"Ah, a runaway. No worries, pup." Pirate pinched the tongs around the root of the mushy, bug filled penis, and pulled downwards.

The beetle's legs pushed out against the soft skin from the inside, unable to penetrate as it was crushed and pulled down away from its snack. Pirate grasped the root of Wolffine's dick with one hand, and dragged the crate back over to them. Holding Wolffine's sagging dick skin, he squeezed his fingers around the root, and pulled downwards.

Pirate milked Wolffine's cockmeat right out of the skin. What came out was worse than hamburger, it was just meat gruel, a horrid ruddish paste that plopped into the sand of the cage. Little puffy clouds of dust bloomed up around it as the bugs and the cock patte was squeegeed out. Pirate let the stripped out skin go, and slammed down the plastic case, and then the crate lid, latching everything closed. Wolffine could see that little pile of dick pulp being devoured by the remaining surviving beetles, before it was locked away.

"I'm going to return these. Amazon *should* give you some credit back, right? Although I'm curious how you'll explain what you 'fed' them, when Customer Accounts comes calling."

Pirate chortled, pushing the crate onto the ground, and then turning back to grasp Wolffine's shaft skin. He lifted it up, stretching the empty skin upwards. "Now that, THAT is a useful cock, right, pet?"

"Yes sir," Wolffine said, pleasure rushing through their spine at the praise.

Pirate lit a Cohiba, the end of the cigar flaring cherry red. One puff, two, and then he stepped closer to Wolffine.

"You did great, pup. You kept your hands behind your back, even though they weren't even tied. You must have really wanted those bugs up inside ya, huh?"

The bird's cock slid into the shiba inu's foreskin, pulling the smooth soft pink stretchy sock around Pirate's thick pink stalk. "Oh, fuck, that's soo.... slick."

Wolffing watched, mouth open, as the eagle's thick shaft stretched their emptied cock skin out around it. Pirate was thicker than Wolffine had been, or perhaps the inside of the cocksock was scraped and abraded; either way, the skin burned where it stretched, the hot firm flesh filling up the still-tender skin all the way to the root.

"Feels real good," he muttered, stroking the soft skin against his erection, squeezing and twisting it to slide it back and forth. "Damn, you should be proud of yourself, growing me such a nice fucksock."

Wolffine *was* proud.

The eagle kept fisting that sock over their length, puffing at his cigar, his head twisting up in that particular way that told Wolffine that his master was about to cum. He stood there, feeling the occasional yank as Pirate's fist pulled too firmly on the denuded skin between the shiba inu's legs.

Then, the bird clenched his beak, and a warmth spurted into the dog's cock skin. Another spurt, and then another. Wolffine's head spun, as he felt the throbs of the cock, embedded in his own cock skin. It felt like *they* were coming, faintly, but numbly. The throbs went the wrong way, from the tip of their cock to the root, where hot seed spurted directly into the raw, stinging flesh where the bugs had stopped their meal. It burned, but it was intimate, too, and Wolffine sobbed as he felt his Master climaxing so deeply inside them. They were connected in a way Wolffine had never been connected to before, couldn't be again.

The climax was over far too soon, and Pirate and Wolffine both relaxed from their respective highs - one physical, one mental - and Pirate loosened his grip around the stretched out collar that used to be Wolffine's foreskin. He let the bottom drop down, and a pinkish white slime drooled out in thick, splattering dollops onto the floor.

"What a mess. You're going to have to clean that up," the eagle said. "I'll help, though."

A fresh, stinging burst of warmth erupted up into Wolffine's sheath, and hot golden piss jetted up, billowing out the soft skin as Pirate flushed his sub's cocksock out. It poured back out, splattering into the blood tinged cum on the ground, as Pirate pulled that cock skin back around his dick. At one point, he squeezed his fingers around it, and the blown out skin condom bulged outwards as it filled with urine. Bluish veins stuck out in the pale, white skin, before Pirate pulled back again and another hot flush poured out through the shiba's cock and down to the floor.

Then, Pirate was pulling away, as he took another puff of his smoke. "That was fun. Spooky, but fun. Happy Halloween, pet."

"Happy Halloween, master," Wolffine said, looking at the wet mess on the floor. Getting down on hands and knees, they began to lap it up, like a good pet should.