

# Looking After My Prey

Wolf x Deer

Warning:  
| Big Canine Cock, Hard Sex, Blowjob |

By DappyTime

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# Looking After My Prey



*I CAPTURED THE DEER THE PREVIOUS NIGHT* and have not taken my eyes off him since. I dragged him to the very back of my cave, far from the entrance.

Outside, winter bites hard; had I killed him beneath the snow, his flesh would have frozen within hours, turning tough. I hate cold food. I prefer the warmth of blood flowing through live prey, keeping its muscles tender. If I manage to keep him alive a bit longer until I stop starving, he will make the perfect bite. I will have to nurse him before I truly sink into him.

As I watch him, I wonder where the rest of his herd might be. I found him lying in the snow, shivering over the frost. His flanks were bruised from the heavy antler blows of some rival, though no wound pierced the skin.

He is far too thin. I know what the meat of a malnourished animal tastes like: it is bitter and can rot from the inside out. A packmate swallowed a deer like that two winters ago and fell deathly ill. I cannot afford anything similar; I have a great responsibility ahead of me.

I dropped to the stone floor, rested my heavy jaw on my forepaws, and let out a tired huff. The winter wind howled outside, and the cold numbed my senses. I fell into a deep sleep.

When I opened my eyes at dawn, the first thing I noticed were two enormous eyeballs fixed on me. The herbivore's silhouette was only a few inches from my muzzle. Sensing my blink, the deer leapt backward, flicked his long ears, and stretched his neck, releasing a huff that sounded almost like laughter.

"He's awake! How wonderful, he's awake!" he bleated.

He began to trot in circles on his thin hooves, making the stone clatter. I rose slowly, arching my back to stretch my hind legs, and raised my tail, keeping my fur alert as I watched him move erratically. The deer held his head high, and his small white tail twitched constantly, betraying his nervous impulses. It seems we wolves are not the only ones who express ourselves through our tails.

I let out a low growl, bewildered by his lack of instinct.

"Why are you so... cheerful?"

"You can see for yourself. I'm not dead!"

I averted my eyes for a second, shook my ears to clear my mind, and refocused my pupils on him. Digging my claws into the dirt, I flexed my legs and sprang.

I landed directly on top of him. I sank my fangs into the base of his neck—controlling my force so as not to pierce his jugular, but enough to make him cry out in surprise—and, with a jerk of my jaw, I dragged him back into the shadows of the cave before letting him drop against the wall.

"None of that," I warned him with a rumble that vibrated through my chest. "You are my prey. You don't seem to understand your situation."

The deer flicked his ears and lowered his head toward the warm saliva I had left on his neck. His tender body trembled beneath my shadow. He looked me in the eyes, caught the threat in my posture, and backed away a couple of steps, tucking in his flanks.

“Good, that’s better,” I said, turning my back to him. I was not going to let my food take me for a fool or try to escape.

“So... are you going to kill me?” he asked in a trembling voice.

“Of course I am.”

“But... you haven’t done it yet.”

“Because you are skin and bones,” I snapped, turning back toward him. “I’m going to fill your belly with whatever I find until you get fat, and then I will devour you.”

The deer blinked. In an unexpected move, he crossed his forelegs beneath his chest, tucked in his hind legs, and dropped to the ground, adopting the compact posture his species uses to rest.

I froze, ears erect. I bared my gums with a raspy growl.

“Why are you making yourself comfortable as if you were in your own den?”

“Since you’re going to kill me anyway, can’t I get comfortable while I wait?” he retorted, looking at me with utter naïveté.

“You’re making yourself comfortable way too fast,” I interrupted, taking a step forward as the scruff of my neck bristled. “You’d better stay still and just swallow whatever I bring you until your time comes.”

“But you let me live last night,” he insisted, without moving a single muscle.

“Because I want you fat for the feast!” I growled at him, fed

up. "Hunting this winter is torture. My stomach is holding onto food from two days ago, but if I don't find anything before my reserves run out, I'll eat you so I don't die of hunger."

The deer lowered his head, resting his chin near his hooves. His large eyes glistened in the gloom.

"So... I'm something like your emergency food."

"Exactly," I bared my teeth in agreement.

"And if I am such a special piece of prey... shouldn't I be allowed to make myself as comfortable as I want in the meantime?"

My jaw dropped, stunned by his nerve. I advanced slowly, letting my claws scrape the rock with a menacing sound. Looming over his hunched body, I raised a heavy forepaw and pressed it against his hairless muzzle, unsheathing my claws millimeters from his eyes.

"I think I understand now why that other buck left you battered into dust," I spat. "You're nothing but a blabbermouth who doesn't know how to respect his betters."

The deer pinned his ears flat against his skull, his large eyes never leaving mine.

"That wasn't just any buck... he was my father," he bleated in a whisper.

"Well, he gave you a good beating. You deserved it."

"He drove me out of the herd... for trying to defend my mother," he continued, his voice trembling as his flanks quivered. "He struck her so hard. She hasn't woken up yet. That's why I..."

I swallowed hard, feeling the weight of his words. I let out a low growl and stepped back, pulling my paw away.

"I thought I would die after he attacked me," he added. "I feel happy to be alive... but knowing that I might die doesn't

mean I should shut my mouth in front of someone with more power.”

He lowered his head, exhaled a sigh of vapor, and closed his eyes.

“In the end, I’m just useless. I accept being your emergency food. If I have to give up... maybe it’s fine this way.”

His pupils turned a dull brown, and his ribs stopped moving with their previous agitated rhythm. His breathing was fading.

I reacted on pure instinct. I tackled him, pinning my weight on top of him, and bit his neck gently—just enough to snap him out of that state.

“Idiot! What do you think you’re doing?” I roared near his ear. “I told you I needed you full. I’m not giving you permission to die.”

The deer looked at me out of the corner of his eye, eyelids half-lidded.

However, the paw resting against his side revealed the true problem: his fur felt wet and sticky. One of the wounds inflicted by his father’s antlers had reopened; the cut was deep, and blood was welling up silently. In the cold of the cave, it was a guaranteed death by hypothermia.

“I really am... pretty useless...”, he whispered, losing strength. “Even as emergency food...”

“Fuck, shut up already!”

I pulled back to assess the damage. The thick, dark liquid kept pouring out. Outside, the blizzard had covered all the vegetation under a heavy blanket of snow; there was nothing inside the den to cover the wound. I was all I had left.

“It’s... cold... huh?...”, the herbivore murmured, shivering.

I shoved my body against his to transfer warmth. I brought

my muzzle to his side and began licking the opening with firm strokes.

My heart began to pound violently. Fresh deer blood. Tender meat. The sweet, musky scent of his skin. My fangs bared. I wrapped my tail around his neck to warm him, but my jaws were parting out of sheer desire. Meat. I needed meat.

I wanted to devour him right then and there, but the logic of survival prevailed: I have to fatten him up. If I eat him now, bled dry and thin, I will fall sick.

“I guess... this is... my end...”, escaped his lips, barely any air behind it.

A sharp snap echoed in the cave. I had bitten my lower lip so hard that I pierced my own skin to contain the urge to kill him. A trickle of my own blood began to run.

I kept licking his side, using saliva to clean the wound and pressing with my tongue to stop the flow. With a final shove against the rock wall, I flattened my body against his to seal the cut, covering his unprotected skin. I felt the weak pulse of his life moving just beneath my muzzle.

A wet sensation made my eyes snap open. A lick. Right in the lower region.

By pressing myself against his belly, my crotch had been left exposed at the level of his head, trapping us in a far too intimate posture.

Another lick. And then another, steady and soft.

“W-what are you...” My voice came out as a raspy groan.

The deer continued dragging his warm tongue over my member. I felt the flush heat my skin beneath the fur as my shaft reacted out of pure physical stimulus, swelling and throbbing until it freed itself from the sheath.

A line of saliva escaped my jaws. The deer stopped licking for a moment, keeping his eyes locked on mine.

“Stop... hey. I’m... saving your life... don’t you see?”, I articulated, ears pinned back in confusion.

“I hear you... growling in agony too...”, he answered with difficulty, brushing his muzzle against my skin. “I’m only licking what I have available to me...”

The deer carefully placed my parts between his soft lips and let out a warm whisper that made the fur along my spine stand on end.

“I don’t want... anyone to suffer... Even if you are my predator...”

My shaft disappeared between his lips. The deer began to take it down little by little, sucking with excruciating care and wrapping me in his warm tongue with gentle up-and-down movements of his head.

A thread of pre-seminal fluid slid down his tongue. I let out a raspy gasp.

I closed my eyes and buried my muzzle back into his wound. My killer instincts subsided as my rough tongue cleaned away the blood. I opened my jaws wider to press against the flesh and stop the bleeding. His blood, warm and metallic, flowed over my palate; I swallowed it without hesitation.

The wet sound echoed through the cave as the deer sucked me off. My body tensed by instinct, and I pushed my hips a little deeper into his throat, drawing closer to his trembling body.

No one had done something like this to me in a long time. This herbivore is a freak; his herd surely cast him out for this. He is my prey. HE IS JUST MY FOOD. I’m going to swallow him whole in a couple of days... that’s why I’m keeping him alive. But... no one had ever touched me like this before.

Noticing that the wound had stopped bleeding, I released a hot sigh against his fur. Involuntarily, my muzzle slid down his belly, and my nose bumped against his crotch. I gave him a lick out of pure instinct.

My hind legs sought leverage on the stone, and I began to rock, thrusting into his mouth while he devoured me with desperation. Did the damn herbivore know what he was doing? Was he a toy for the dominant males in his herd? Why does he care about pleasing others if he's going to end up dead anyway? No wolf would degrade himself to something like this.

The tension in my gut exploded. I pressed myself hard against him, and a thick load of semen shot into the back of his throat. I buried my entire length into his muzzle in a single shove.

The base of my shaft swelled against his lips; the knot expanded completely. I panted and gave him a couple of rough thrusts. I heard his muffled whimpers as he tried to pull his head back, but I shoved again, driving the knot home. I felt his mouth, tight and wet.

His tongue never stopped working: it sucked the tip, squeezed the glans, and milked me mercilessly.

"H-Hey... I don't know if I can hold out much longer...", he stammered, letting go of me just enough to speak.

His own member, unsheathed, grew and throbbed against my muzzle.

I froze. I caught the wet tip between my lips, feeling heat rise beneath my fur. I sucked a little, taking care not to scrape him with my fangs, and allowed a couple of inches to pass onto my palate. I was only returning the favor... It is the law of the pack, but he isn't a wolf. He is my food.

Why don't I want us to stop?