

Waystone, Circus of Stones

By Alps Sarsis

Special Chapter 1

Bedside Manner

Crisod couldn't feel much as his weary eyes fluttered open. He was getting too old for adventure. He knew that already when he set out to take Unadi and his son to the border. He intended to come right back, and they hadn't even made it twenty miles from home before his journey was over. He tried to sit up and winced hard, dropping his head back. Nope. Knife wound. It didn't just go away. That was two days ago. One would think he'd remember it every time he went to move by now.

A deep, rich feminine voice broke the agonized tranquility. "Yeah, just go sittin' right up, see how that's feelin'. Dummy." Crisod glanced up to his temporary caregiver and family semi-friend, Shandhi.

"Watching me to catch the exact moment I remember I'm suffering?" asked the hyena, cupping his graying muzzle. The lady gazelle leaned over him, having been sitting in the easy chair by the couch where he had been sleeping.

"Yew know me too well, darlin'" she said in an even tone. "You got pretty plastered. Was more worried about how much alcohol you got in ya' than I was your actual wound."

"How long's Seile and his lass been gone? Two days now?" asked Crisod warily.

Shandhi smiled at him warmly, her usually scolding features a bit warmer at his immediate, still half-asleep question. "Worried already? Gonna be a long, hard wait for ya, I bet. They'll be fine, Cris. You didn't raise a dullard and that girl ain't no trifle, neither. And you got friends in Ibia. Real friends. They get there and Seile drops her off and he comes right back. You take him on more frightening stuff than that. You'll not get better wrapped like a kite-string. You got your own worries to fuss about."

"Like gettin' to where I can't move cuz I'm stuffed up on yer vittles?" posed Crisod with a grin. He'd been eating better in the last 24 hours than he had in the week before. The gazelle could definitely cook. It was how he met her in the first place. She had a restaurant in town before things there got too chaotic after the sky-port was built. Now Shandhi just had her little farm and subsisted fine off that.

She responded, "Well, the way you eat 'em, that's a legitimate enough concern, yeah... but naw. See, I gotta clean and re-dress that there cut, so... Yew ain't gonna enjoy that."

"Uh, right. Yeah. I guess... I guess we really gotta do that?" He asked it more than said it. He knew damn well this wasn't gonna be enjoyable.

"Well, if you want Seile t' come back to somethin' other than a box it's a thing, yeah." The tone of his gazelle caretaker was grim. He nodded. She helped him up.

"Shouldn't I be lying down for this?" he asked, groaning with pain.

"You will be, but not on the couch. Ain't got enough room. Upstairs."

"Finally giving me the tour?" laughed the hyena.

"Now that I ain't so afraid you'll just pass out on the first step, sure." She helped Crisod to his feet. He felt the world spin. It was just because he'd not stood up in a while, however. He recovered after a moment, his caregiver holding him steady. He pulled his hand back quickly, having placed it right on the gazelle's widely flaring hip. She didn't appear to take offense at least. She had to understand.

"I'm good," Crisod informed.

"You ain't never been that and yew know it!" laughed Shandhi. It was a good-natured barb and her spotty patient understood that. He chuckled weakly and nodded.

"We do what we gotta." He allowed himself to be lead from the den.

"That we do, but what you been doin' got you all this." She indicated his injury. Crisod knew he would be hard pressed to stop hearing about how his less-than-reputable lifestyle led to his near-demise. It was okay. It was honestly deserved. He ached all over, but with each step his body adjusted more, so that at least by the time he got to the stairs he was not as apprehensive about actually making it up the flight.

It was also reassuring when Shandhi put her hand under his elbow and helped him opposite the railing. It was sweet and doting and kind. That was not lost on the older, cynical hyena. For how irritated she'd been at him so long ago, she cared about him. He took his time and just focused on one step at a time. It wasn't too bad, really. He was getting his strength back. She took great care of him. He knew he'd be indebted, and he knew exactly what she'd ask for.

No more smuggling. Don't put his son in danger anymore.

He would have to find a way to balance his life. Maybe he'd become a regular merchant. He'd made a lot of contacts in his smuggling days that could help him go legit. He'd managed to stay out of any serious legal trouble. He could do it. It would be hard, but not as hard as shaking off another stabbing. If that Mitanni girl hadn't been there...

Unadi... She was taking care of his son. She saved him. Could she keep Seile safe too? In some respects, Ibian territory could be less dangerous because crime in general was lower. The flip side of that was that crime was lower because criminals were treated horrifyingly harshly. There was no doubt that their former smuggling was a crime, but there was a Keeper with Seile. An actual Keeper. She would deflect any suspicion. That fact alone made him agree to allow his only known son to accompany her. Would he figure out that Unadi was the real deal?

Probably.

As he considered this, he was led into a very spacious, lovingly decorated bedroom. The hyena blanched.

"Oh by the Eye of Ra, it's like a gardening show exploded in here!" he complained.

There was a flower motif on literally everything single inch of the place.

"It's mine, and I love flowers, so ya'll can just stow it!" Shandhi laughed.

"Err, what's that there rope fer?" asked Crisod.

"That'll be fer yew, of course." He knew the answer already. He wasn't even sure why he asked. But there the answer was anyway.

"I kin deal with the pain, Shan." Being tied down surely wasn't necessary. Surely this lady had to understand how uncomfortable that predicament would be. It was complete and utter surrender. She was a friend, sure, and she was taking care of him, but that was so... extreme.

"I ain't gettin' your claws in me when you start freakin' out. Lie on the bed." The gazelle lady indicated the flower print bed-spread neatly made with heavy rope fastened to either of four bed posts.

"Kinky," commented the hyena, trying to discourage it that way.

"Right, so on you go." Shandhi failed to bite.

"You're seriously gonna tie me down." He came to terms with it in an instant. She was helping him. He might well thrash about and that might be unpleasant for her if she were treating his wound. It was certainly going to hurt and the whole scenario made Crisod far more apprehensive.

"Totally serious." She indicated the bed again.

It wasn't worth it to try to argue at that point. With some effort he poured himself over the bedspread and splayed out his limbs toward the four corners.

Shandhi was pretty careful and gentle with how she spoke to him and encouraged him to let her treat him. It was actually very endearing. It was suddenly easier for Crisod to relax. He closed his eyes and slowly sighed. If he relaxed and cleared his mind maybe he would feel less pain. That's how that kind of stuff worked in the stories, right? Were they just stories? He was about to find that out first hand. He reflected on this and that and then opened one eye, considering something.

"You can never, ever tell m' son about this. I pride myself in having no humiliating circumstances that my son can give me hell about. He's certainly the type-" Shandhi cut him off by simply beginning to unwrap the band that she'd wound around her hyena patient. Crisod winced at the feeling of the once clean cloth being pulled away from the wound.

"Lay back, darlin'." The gazelle was not providing a real 'other option' for the tired hyena so he did as told. He closed his eyes and, with some reluctance, went ahead and put his hands up above his head. Shandhi moved her hands to his and pulled them apart slightly. The grey-muzzled male could only blush as he felt broad rope fastened in a loop around each wrist. It was kind of kinky. He shook his muzzle a little, reminding himself that he really should *not* be thinking like that. He didn't want increased blood flow when he was having a wound treated. That was just one of the comical aspects of being male. Anytime, anywhere, anyhow, their bodies were ready. He cleared his mind of that intimate clutter.

He had his chance with Shandhi back before he even met Seile's mother. That ship had sailed long ago. She was here to take care of his wound. That was all.

"Maybe I could have a nip of medicine before you HHHOOOOOO!" He dropped his head back in agony as medicine of a different sort made contact with the wound. It had been treated. It had stitches. It was clean. But it needed to be looked after. He knew that. Knowing didn't make it hurt less. He arched his back, his immediate instinct being to jerk his hands to the pain. Yeah, they needed to be bound. He'd likely have knocked the poor gazelle lady out in the process. She knew what she was doing. He wasn't sure where she'd learned it, but she knew.

The next half hour was a lot of yelping, swearing, begging, and criticizing as it felt every touch was made with fire, not fingertips. It wasn't fair of him to complain. She was doing a fine job, he was sure, but it certainly felt like very wrong things were being done to his person, and his spots were all screaming for it to stop. The pain also didn't dull with the passing of time. It wasn't something that one just got used to like rubbing a sore muscle. It practically got worse as it was treated.

It felt like the heavens opened up with their blessing of peace when Shandhi finally began to wrap Crisod's middle again. He panted heavily for a while, feeling like he'd just gotten

done fighting the nice lady gazelle, not being treated by her. He felt dizzy from the exertion of it, but it was over. For some time, the hyena just rested there on the middle of her bed. He didn't look down at the bandages, so he didn't know if he'd bled on her covers. He hoped not.

Still, with the wound covered again, tightly wrapped, it barely hurt at all anymore. That would be whatever salve she was using. It was good stuff. Did she go out and get it while he was sleeping? Would his assailants maybe be searching for someone picking that stuff up? They knew he was stabbed, right? Would that be enough? Maybe they would feel it was enough and not try to find him. He couldn't be sure of that. He was pretty safe here. It was way out of the way. No one would come here unless they were specifically looking for the place. He sighed heavily and just closed his eyes.

And that's when he felt the loop of rope being wrapped around his ankle.

"What's that?" he asked blearily, barely cognizant of her at first. He was so out of it he didn't even try to pull his other foot away when she looped that one. He was basically spread-eagle on the bed. Was she not done treating him? Why would she wrap the wound up if she wasn't done treating him?

"You've been a right pain in my flanks, you dumpy old hyena. But you 'ent hard to look at y'know. I kinda like seein' you layin' there on the flower-print yew hate so much." The tone was smug. His eyes shot open. What?

"Uh... I don't follow..." Okay, he was definitely coming to his senses now. And his senses immediately relayed to him that the gentle fingertips which had been so employed in his medical torture mere minutes ago were now stroking up and down his taught, still-panting midsection, just above the bandages. Was she being affectionate, or was she messing with him? There was a time where the prior could have happened, but these days it seemed infinitely more possible to be the latter. He deserved it. He was in on the prank played on his son in Ibia. He would just have to take his medicine. He tried to ignore how that caress made his lonely body feel, but it was hard. Literally.

"You know *ow long* it's been since I even had a visitor come callin' out here?" Her tone was soft and thoughtful. It didn't sound teasing. Crisod was aware of the sound of his own throat contracting as he nervously swallowed.

"You wanted t'get away from it all. That's what you said. An' you did. Here you, uh... are..." Her hands moved together, pushing his shirt slowly up. Under it he wore simple shorts he often slept in. He'd been sleeping a lot these past few days. With his shirt pulled up to nearly his neck, it left him pretty exposed. She was just kidding right?

Right?

“Doesn’t mean I don’t like company when I kin have it...” Her tone had gone from thoughtful to almost wistful. Down her hands went. They slid over the bandages with barely a touch, and then down to his thighs, offering more contact. He pulled at the rope.

Shit.

He was actually genuinely snared. He couldn’t leave this room now even if he wanted to. Why did she need him to be tied up? It absolutely *had* to be some kind of trick or tease or something.

“I... can’t say I dislike bein’ company for you. You know how to treat an injured useless lay-about.” He chuckled at the self-deprecation. If he showed he was in good humor and not inwardly freaking out as much as he was, the tease might come to a close before it really managed to rile him up and give his old friend something more to hold over his head and laugh about in front of his kid later. She would never do that, right? It was too intimate. It would traumatize the boy.

Her hands moves back up along his sides, tickling a bit, making him struggle.

“Oh, you like that, do you?” she asked.

No he didn’t! She continued. He was ticklish. Couldn’t she tell? He squeaked shamefully from it. It hurt to wiggle and arch like that. And then came the feel of her supple ungulate lips upon his bare chest-ruff. His body was instantly ablaze with need.

She was just playing this up. It had to be! His shorts were probably tented enough that she could point that out and have her laugh.

It was still for a laugh. He pulled his feet anxiously. They were really well secured. There was another soft kiss, along his neck, up to his jaw, close to his ear. That would be just plain awesome but she was still tickling him which was driving him mad!

“T-ticklish! It hurts! Gah!” complained the hyena.

“Ticklin’ don’t actually hurt, silly.” The tone was definitely teasing there, but it didn’t feel like mean-spirited teasing. His chest was rising and falling faster by that point, and he knew his state of arousal was as plain as his bandages.

“No, but my stab-wound shore does!” whimpered the hyena.

“So, just lie still. I’m your nurse, y’all should listen.” She moved her fingers down from his side to his hips again, and brought those slender, graceful fingers together right over the tenting of those burgundy cotton shorts. She was touching the fabric, but only just barely and her touch felt like a tickle even over the aching masculinity under the fabric.

“Haaahhh...” The shuddering sigh escaping Crisod accompanied the sudden serious adoption of the notion that if his gazelle friend were just teasing him, she had just taken it way too far.

“Does *that* tickle?” she asked casually.

“Y-yeah, but not.. bad-like...” It was a stupid answer, but how else could he say it? Some tickling felt pleasant. This sure did. But she was touching him intimately. She meant for this to feel like it did, right? Was he supposed to resist? Did she expect him to? Why did she tie him up? What in did she want from this? It was absolutely maddening.

“Good, I don’t want it to feel bad-like...” She smiled a smug grin at him, and then leaned down again and cupped her mouth to his own. Okay, *that* wasn’t for show. That... that was a real kiss. She wasn’t joking. At the same time she did that, her fingers curled around his twitching girth and gave a long, tightly-gripped pull to show a hungry sense of interest in that captured eight or so inches of hyena lust.

It wasn’t like he’d *never* thought about Shandhi this way. He had. But that was nearly twenty years ago, and they were those sorts of fleeting impossible thoughts. Her family wouldn’t hear of it. She was a respectable shop owner. He was a not-so-respectable small time delivery boy for a less than reputable pawn broker. What caused this? How had he ended up the object of her affection? He closed his eyes and let his tongue push into her hot maw, teasing over her thicker tongue in turn as he gave in to the kiss completely.

Was she just lonely? Did she just need this, and it didn’t matter that it happened to be him? Was he wrong to allow it? He moved to hold her and was of course denied. He felt stupid that he somehow already forgot that he was restrained.

That called up another reality that he hadn’t really fully considered. She wasn’t ‘allowing’ him to do this. She wasn’t giving him a choice! She tied him up. This was going to go to its conclusion no matter what. What if he said no? Did he even dare? As she softened her hold on his member and just stroked it up and down through his shorts, he decided that he wouldn’t even joke about saying no to this. Still, some struggling felt warranted, even if it wasn’t to get away. He pushed his hips upward toward her loving hand as it drew away.

“Oh, yew want me to keep tickling you?” she asked with a smirk. He watched her through one eye and nodded apprehensively.

And her fingers went right to his sides. He cried out. No! This little minx! He thrashed as much as he dare with stitches. She was teasing him, but it wasn’t the kind of teasing he thought. All thrashing stopped when her hand returned to his crotch, cupping him, then sliding up and pulling the front of those loose shorts down. The tip of his cock came up with the

lowering band of the shorts only to be released with a somewhat comical slap on his taught tummy.

“Well, there’s that now,” presented the hyena in a deadpan.

“There it is indeed... Should I paint little flowers awn it?” she drawled, flourishing at the rest of the decor.

“Oh gods...” whined the hyena.

“I’ll do it,” pushed Shandhi.

“Ain’t no one but you ever gonna see it,” her captive friend stated.

“Shall I resume tickling?” she asked, flitting her slender tail side to side.

“Not mah sides,” huffed Crisod.

“As yew wish!” giggles Shandhi, and her fingers went straight behind his knees.

It was a good thing the gazelle didn’t have close neighbors to offend as the slightly grizzled hyena gave a literally girly scream from the assault of that highly-ticklish area.

As she did this, his hips went up to try to force the back of his knees to the bed, and his nervous system almost short-circuited entirely as the first few inches of his throbbing cock found itself driven intentionally up into the same hot mouth that his tongue had just been exploring. She continued to tickle him even as the pressure sank in that maw and her tongue began grinding along his glans. He gave a plaintive squeak at the cross-firing of nerves. Thankfully, the tickling ended and both her hands came up between his spread thighs. One grasped the length of his cock not already heated in her mouth and the other cupped and caressed his sack.

Well, at least she wasn’t lonely anymore.

Crisod dropped his head hard to the pillow, hips arching and undulating slowly. This was a kind of torture he could deal with. He couldn’t help but pant lightly, but wasn’t sure if it was from the struggling at the tickling or the pleasure she lavished upon him now. No words were traded for a few minutes, really. It was just the slow oral tending of a very, very under-tended hyena cock. Crisod could not actually name the last year that he’d been in an intimate position. Had it been a decade? Surely not, but it felt like it. Maybe it had been. Slk. Slk. Slk. Her mouth began stroking up and down and he outright groaned.

Pop.

Those lips came off of his aching cock and she smiled warmly at him, speaking softly, “I don’t suspect this is how you expected your wounds to be treated, but it’s not completely improper bedside manner, eh?”

“Shan, yew are gonna end up bein’ the one gettin’ over-fed if ye keep that up...” Crisod felt he wasn’t likely to hurt her feelings telling her that. She seemed to want to gloat about his predicament. The anxiousness in his voice was palpable, however. He really would blow if she kept that up steadily for any appreciable amount of time. With how long it had been, and how broad and strong her tongue was, it was excruciatingly heavenly. The mouth of his long-time friend was pleasure beyond reckoning and the hyena found himself helpless and bent to complete submission to it.

Shandhi commented dryly, “I already et.” She gave a broad grin and then simply arched back, on her knees beside Crisod, untying the neck of her blouse and letting it fall open slowly. The hyena watched, transfixed. Surely she would not go quite that far.

“I kin repay the favor, sure...” His offer would have his tongue employed to her reward. He figured that was what she was after. He enjoyed that sort of thing just fine.

“Damned right yew will.” She pulled up her top and then cast it to the side. Her bosom was something to behold, certainly... and something to be proud of. Her dark, thick nipples firm and begging to be handled, and yet he couldn’t do a thing to them but look. His cock twitched hard at her touch as she gently stroked it, barely touching with her fingertips. She moved to straddle his middle. Her cottony, gauzy skirt unfurled around him like a blanket. It was plenty warm under it for sure. She moved her hands down over her front and then took the bunched skirt at the front into her grasp. She drew it up to show that, indeed, nothing was worn beneath. Puffy dark flesh visibly glistened with need.

Crisod nodded slowly, licking his likewise dark muzzle. Yes, he’d return this pleasure as diligently as he could be allowed, with all the gusto of his enjoyment of the meals she’d already served.

He expected her to shimmy forward to put that succulent channel in range for his eager mouth, but her hips slipped back. She was careful, thankfully, not to push over his injuries, but as he was so anxious about *that* he was scarcely prepared when he felt her hand wrap around his girth and push him up to her puffy, needy heat.

“Fuck-” he could barely get the word out before his pubic bone was pushed flush with hers. It was so sudden. Her tight channel engulfed that twitching spire completely. It was so utterly steamy inside. It was so slick, yet tight and soft at the same time. He throbbed hard inside her as she let out a pleased cry. Apparently being filled by hyena flesh was no less wonderful than being scooped up in gazelle pussy, since they both flexed and trembled in a fit of delicious quiet heaven.

Crisod was silently grateful that she didn't start pumping those thick, powerful thighs right away because he was sure he'd have blown on the fourth or fifth downward push. As it was, he felt like he barely kept himself together just at being driven to the hilt inside her that first time. He pulled hard at his restraints. How could he keep forgetting that he couldn't reach out and touch her?!

He wanted to so bad. He wanted to push his hands wide over those round breasts, he wanted to pull her hips, he wanted to claw her, he wanted to grip her, put his mouth over those dark, begging nipples and suck hard and slow. Never in his memorable life had the hyena felt so consumed with raw animal *want*.

He was tied down for a reason. She wanted control. She had it too. Her hips rose, and then crushed down slowly, tightly. He grunted from the absolute and utter lewdness of that slow, heavy stroke. Obviously Crisod had experience. He had a son, after all. But he'd never felt anything like this. He was powerless.

"It's been too long... ahh..." He arched upward, trying to force his muscles to relax as she stroked him again. "Nnnnh!" He gritted his teeth, body tightening up quickly. Oh gods.

A lewd slap of wet swollen hyena cock on his tummy signified a new and desperate stage in his 'torture'.

"Yew gonna regret it if I don't git mine first, Cris," grunted the gazelle, holding those wide, motherly hips over his steaming wet flesh. It twitched piteously in longing. The hyena groaned. Maybe if he had sex all the damned time he could hold out, but like this? She was very much in his head, and his cock was so hard it actually hurt when it slapped against his taught tummy.

"I almost jest regretted it sorely, Shandhi... hah..." He grunted loudly, arching his back. She held still, grinning down at him. She seemed so utterly predatory.

"Not yet, you greedy 'yeen!" she chuckled, and then slid down the bed slowly again.

"Nuh?" He struggled against the restraints again. He wanted to be back inside her. Her hands gathered up his sex-lubricated shaft and she massaged it up from the base, but gave achingly little attention to the yearning top few inches, making his hips quiver.

"I'm gonna get what I want too, Cris. Even if'n I gotta take matters into my own hands a bit to make sure, I ain't ashamed." She moved a hand down between her thighs, rearing up to give Crisod a good look as she massaged that puffy sex as she held the front of the skirt up. His eyes burned from his refusal to even blink. He felt his loins churning just from gazing at this little intermission show.

Shandhi then bent down, hand still between her thighs as the other moved to the base of his cock, stroking slowly, delicately upward. Her touch was no more firm than having a handkerchief dragged up the length of it. Then her mouth cupped around the tip again. He flexed with a pitiful whine. He thought about how hot that mouth was with his cock having cooled with all that sticky wetness from her soaking sex around it, and then considered that she was perfectly willing to taste herself upon him.

A hot, ragged breath blasted from her flaring nostrils over his belly told him two things. First, that going down on him was highly arousing to the gazelle. Second, she was really working her pussy, that shaky outward breath testament to her rising pleasure. These things burning through his mind made Crisod even more sensitive to the pleasure she was lavishing on him. He tightened and relaxed his hips, wanting to thrust deeper into that maw, but not daring. She wanted control. He was willing to surrender for now.

Fortunately, she did not employ her tongue the way she had before, stroking and pushing over the underside of his tip. She just cradled his cock with it as her muzzle slipped down over him, then eased back up. She didn't even suckle on the out-stroke. Up, down, slow and steady she claimed half his cock with her mouth while her free hand played between embracing his base and caressing his anxious sack.

Pop! Her mouth released him again, that extra suckling pressure on his needy tip making him jerk tightly in his restraints.

"See now? Ticklin's not so bad." Crisod nodded hastily, cock twitching wildly as if trying to just not be forgotten. Back into her mouth. This time, more pressure, more tongue motion. He groaned hotly, feeling the almost electrical surge in his loins. Pop. Mouth back off. She held his base tightly. He looked down his arched, shivering body at her. Her half-closed eyes were fixed on his pulsing dick as her hips rolled longingly. Her shoulder to the arm that was tucked under her was shaking with eager motion, making it obvious she was certainly focusing on that.

Oh dear gods. His cock throbbed hard. She panted over his turgid flesh, hot breath puffing over him. Her lips closed around just his tip and her tongue swirled around and around, as slow as a lazy river eddy.

"Shit!" squeaked Crisod in uncharacteristic panic. Pop. Mouth came off again. Her grin as she watched his rapidly, desperately twitching flesh was of the deepest sadistic glee. He watched, eyes actually wide with genuine fear as he honestly expected thick rivulets of hot masculine cream to be flung high. He was sure that threshold had been tantalizingly crossed, but he managed, by some miracle, to hold it back. He literally ached with need and whined loudly in his quivering heat.

"Close one, huh?" she asked, huffing as she continued to tease herself.

“Y-you have no ide-eee!” Her mouth engulfed his entire cock, hand pressed flat to his crotch, then up in a single slow suck, and down. He throbbed in her mouth, heart racing, feeling almost nauseous because his breathing was either too much or not enough. He had no idea which.

So began a slow and methodical slk-slk-slk-slk. Her mouth moved up to hold only the tip, and then shifted back and forth only that bare few inches. She moved her hand to his base to just squeeze and release in time with her mouth. Her other now soaking wet hand, so slick and scented tangy-sweet, moved up to his shaft. As the gazelle’s muzzle retreated, her wet hand spread her slick honey up the entire length before being moved up his body, fingertips barely touching him. It tickled, but he couldn’t laugh. He was seconds from exploding in that torturous mouth and he didn’t dare give her any warning to make her pop off of him again! Her fingertips spread her honey over his nose-pad, and his tongue flicked out, unbidden, unstoppable, to taste her.

Her mouth went back to work. Slow and steady. Slk-slk-slk...

He dropped his head back. Yes. Keep going.

Slk-slk-slk.

It wasn’t stopping this time. His sack drew tight. He was gonna drown this poor gazelle and she was gonna fucking deserve it.

Slk...slk...slk...

It was so slow... she was actually going slower. When had the tempo changed? His cock felt like it was about to split from how hard he was swollen.

Slk...slk...

She was slower, but suckling harder. His hips flexed, trembling. He knew the point of no return when he felt it. His thick flesh bucked with a hard spasm inside that tightly gripping maw.

Pop!

“Naaaahhh!” cried the horrified hyena, eyes snapping open and staring with desperation to the suddenly absolutely *evil* gazelle. Shandhi grinned mirthfully, eyes fixed on his twitching member. Crisod struggled desperately. He wanted to grab his friend’s graceful horns and just pull her back down over him for the one... fucking... stroke he needed!

One pearly drop of thick hyena seed slipped from his tip, rolling down over Shandhi’s knuckle. She released that twitching cock and balanced her ‘prize’ in front of her nose. She

licked it away slowly, making sure that Crisod was watching. He couldn't help but shift, his muscles still flexing as if he were going off in torrents, but nothing happening. This was cruelty. There was no other word for it.

Shandhi then picked up a pillow from beside Crisod's head. A big, heavy down one. She plopped it down over his face.

"Night-night! Rest well!" she crooned devilishly.

"No! I... I didn't... Ngh!" Crisod was ashamed at how desperate he sounded. Shandhi straddled his lap.

"You did." Her tone was so sinfully smug.

"Please..." Was this revenge for something? Was it about some slight he wasn't even aware of, or was his long-time-friend just evil and he never knew?

Her hips shifted forward and he practically roared into the pillow over his face, darkness enhancing his senses as he was driven in a single soaking wet stroke back into Shandhi's slick tunnel. She squeezed around him internally. His pleading and fear had driven him back a little from the brink.

She began to grind herself on him. She panted out with pleasure. "Ahm kinda close now, so yew let me git there!" The hyena whined loudly. Shandhi telling him that she was close to bursting on his twitching cock wasn't calming him down at all!

Slow, undulating strokes rose high and cast down tight to his hips. This was probably not a great thing to do to a wounded hyena, but in that moment, he pretty much gave up on survival. The gazelle could ride him to the grave, he didn't care! The sounds of rising need from her only stoked his own barely-contained fires hotter.

He felt it welling up. Hell, if she stopped it probably would not have made a difference. It was one thing letting her unknowingly drive him over the edge while he was in her mouth, but very much another to cast it inside her like this. He had to tell her. He let her hips rise and fall three or four more delicious times just to savor the heaven of it.

"Gonna cum!" he barked. She couldn't possibly *want* him to flood her. They weren't even great *friends* up to that point. This was honestly a pretty silly risk to take all of a sudden. She would surely pull up and let him spend himself over his belly or something. He briefly considered with a flinch that his fresh bandages were in the line of fire. She *did* stop, but she groaned out heavily as her inner flesh rippled around him.

"Fuuuuck!" she cried out, her silky hot sleeve in rippling spasm around him. She didn't pull off of him! She wasn't getting off of him; she only ground down over his lap harder!

He exploded. His cock jerked and twitched hard inside her steamy depths as he groaned that sinking admission of defeat. Every heavy spasm was accompanied by copious liquid heat, and all hell broke loose. Her hips began bucking hard and fast over his spewing spire as she groaned again loudly. And oh what a mess the mix of their release was creating, a sloppy foam to sully both their laps as the bed suddenly found cause to groan with abuse it likely hadn't had since it was but up in this kind little cottage.

His punishment for bursting before her was not that she stopped. It was that she *wasn't* stopping.

It was heaven for the first ten seconds or so, but afterward, utterly brutal.

"S-stop! Oh gods!" pled the hyena.

"Yer gonna be eatin' it if'n we do!" shouted an anxious-sounding Shandhi. The thought of the very sloppy mound now pressed to his mouth was not exactly as pleasant as he'd originally considered, so he gritted his teeth and leaned forward as much as the restraints would let him to allow her to grind him into the bed. He ached from it, but she rode him hard. This was not gentle at all, but there was not a doubt in his mind that she needed it.

The bed frame sounded like it cracked just before her hips pushed down one more hard time and she cried out beautifully, her hands clutching her own chest as her thighs shook over his. Crisod dizzily let her ride it out, throbbing agonizingly inside her. He'd given her every single drop. She took it all. She didn't hold back. He could scarcely believe she'd done such a thing, but it was way late too think about consequence. She leaned down over him and just panted over his shoulder, hips undulating slowly, flexing and pulling as her inner flesh sucked him off as completely as her mouth ever could.

"F...Fuck Shan... What th' hell was that for?" Crisod heaved from under the pillow. The gazelle snatched the pillow up and thumped him in the side of the head with it.

"Shut up. Yew had that comin' for so damned long." Her chest pushed so wonderfully heavily to his own. He pulled at his hands again. Still stuck, of course. He sighed achingly. He was gonna feel the last part of that even if he hadn't been wounded when she went for her desperate ride.

"Thank you for uh... for takin' care of me."

"It ain't free. You ain't even gonna have *spots* when I'm done with you, Cris." His eyes snapped open as she panted against him, laying over him a bit too heavily, pinning his already restrained form down.

Oh.

Oh gods... Was she serious?

Fuck.