

BOYS ONLY: PARTY OF THREE



JOSHIAH WARBAUM

Boys Only:
Party of Three

Joshiah Warbaum

Joshiah's Written Works

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Dedications

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Last and certainly not least, thank you, as always, to Rose, for putting up with my utter nonsense as I rush to get things done!

Foreword

What a wild ride this has been...

It's hard to overstate my elation with this project. Once again, we've presented a sequel for the "Boys Only" series, and once again, we've slipped it in to the publishing process just in time for an Anthrocon debut.

Tradition lives on!

When it came to theming this one in particular, it was hard not to do something with the fact that this was our third entry, and threesomes are a very popular topic in adult literature. We tossed around a lot of different ideas for titles, most of them having puns to do with the number three in them, and finally stuck with "Party of Three," given how perfectly it associated with the idea that reading a book like this should be fun, and the act of sex should be fun.

Whether you decide to read this at a party (something that has apparently happened with my books before,) or you prefer the privacy of your own home, I hope you enjoy this latest compilation. Each of the stories may have the same number of characters (except a bonus story at the back,) but all the plots, scenarios and characters are unique and deserving of your fullest attention. I've done my best to bring them to life and want to once again thank anyone who allowed their character to be used for this project; your contributions are greater than you know.

We can't be sure what the future holds for this series, but we've had some very fun discussions. From talks of doing a "Boys Only" that is one long plot as opposed to an anthology, to the mention of a choose-your-own-adventure style erotic adventure, there's a lot more sensual fun to be had!

We just hope you can wait until next year to start having it, and in the meantime, three boys will be enough to whet your appetite.

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Boys Only:
Party of Three!

Joshiah Warbaum

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Ben and Phillip weren't the type of stars to put someone on the spot if they weren't ready.

They were a sympathetic pair.

"This is a bigger commitment than you might think. Once you're in this world, it isn't the kind of thing you can get away from so easily."

"But...I'm just dipping my toes in, right?"

Ben was the greater physical presence of the pair of canines, but Phillip was of a softer, soothing voice. "The problem with dipping your toes in this pool is that there's always someone waiting to push you in, and no one is going to help pull you out. You could be stuck in here **forever**," the dalmatian warned.

Having your reputation ruined by someone unearthing a cheap and sleazy porno film that you recorded would be enough to scare some people out of the idea on the spot.

Not being able to make a rent payment was a much scarier reality that some people had to deal with, and Manick wasn't as worried about being discovered on the internet as he was about being discovered in a cardboard box.

"Let's say that I don't really care about my reputation. Then what?"

Twin pairs of canine eyes were staring down a smaller, slimmer feline, sitting directly across from them at a short, circular dining table.

Each one cocked a brow, and then grinned as Manick immediately questioned his own decision, though he didn't yet come to regret it.

"Then we don't have anything more to discuss," Ben claimed. "Take off your clothes."

Manick shouldn't have been so terribly surprised, but he only *barely* knew Phillip, and didn't know Ben at all. He was going to get a crash course in their personalities, but that would have to wait until they became acquainted

physically.

The feline would have argued that acquainted might not have been the right word, as Ben stood up from the table and gleefully loomed over his new recruit.

“A...Are you serious?”

“If he says to do something, honey...you’re better off just doing it,” Phillip claimed, giving what appeared to be a brief flick of the wrist.

It was all just an excuse to flitter his open palm onto Manick’s chest and feel the feline’s heart racing beneath the thin, soft fabric of his shirt.

“I think he knows how to take his own clothes off, Phil.”

“I’m sure he does,” the dalmatian agreed, “But what would be the fun in that? I wanna hear him moaning for a bit...y’know, before you go and **destroy** his throat.”

Gulping long before he actually had to, Manick still had the chance to excuse himself and change his mind. In the middle of the table, a small contract was still waiting for his signature, and a pen was resting by his trembling digits, carrying more weight than a simple writing utensil ever should have.

He didn’t get a chance to lift it right then, as Phillip ignored all sense of restraint and began tugging apart the buttons of a polo shirt.

“You’d be an instant hit on the set,” Phillip claimed. “These stripes are so vibrant; so *exotic*! I bet you’d make a name for yourself really fast with markings like these!”

Phillip was just blocking Manick’s view enough to hide the brief, but sensual display of Ben stripping down the uselessly small pair of shorts that he was wearing. If not for the dull claws of the dalmatian rubbing upon his chest and teasing the fluff above his flesh, Manick would have been pouting, rather than purring quietly from the back of his throat.

“It takes more than looks to make it in our business,” Ben pointed out. “He’s gotta have some skills, too.”

Despite being Ben’s favorite submissive, Phillip was living in the moment and

taking his chance to tease and manipulate the nervous feline. The larger canine, however, was always about business first, and his body followed his one-track mind.

Phillip couldn't possibly block the view of Ben's length any longer, already halfway emerged from the depths of a wide, hefty sheath...and even after six inches, it was **still** growing.

"Who better to put those skills to the test than a man who could probably split logs with his cock?"

If the dalmatian was famous for anything in the industry, it was the way he put his muzzle to work; shockingly, that didn't always mean contact was involved.

His humorous banter was just what Manick needed to relax.

"Should make splitting his lips a pretty easy task," Ben replied. "Looks to me like they're parting a little bit already."

Poor Manick hadn't even noticed the tiny dribble of drool that was rolling down from the corner of his lips, and when it reached low enough for his cheek to wake up to the sensation, he bashfully adjusted his glasses, looking for **anything** that would give him an excuse to bring his paw up to wipe it clear.

He pretended to go for his glasses, but Ben gripped his wrist and held it tight, as Phillip giggled and leaned right into the trapped feline, pressing the cool, moist brunt of his nose into Manick's chest. As Ben's gaze weighed heavily on the pinned kitten, Phillip kept him in place with a series of delicate kisses, right along the slim and tender flesh of his tummy.

His destination was obvious, and his paws were already skillfully tugging apart the clasp of a belt.

"Keep those on," Ben wasn't afraid to order Manick around, and twinkling eyes of curious green were captured in the domineering gaze of the German Shepherd. "They look really cute on you...and you might be glad you have them in a few minutes, give or take."

"Give or t-take?" Manick asked, hardly able to stammer through a single word as Phillip pressed a tender and delicate kiss to the top of his pubic mound.

“Mmhm,” Ben replied simply. “Depending on your level of *skill*.”

Ben was famous in the pornographic world for his voluminous yields, and precum was already bubbling from the tip of his delicious length, dropping errant fluid into Phillip’s hair until Manick’s lips were met with the flavor.

It was his last chance to stop, not because he **couldn’t** say no later on, but because he knew he **wouldn’t**.

He made his decision with a profound, quiet statement: the nearly silent brush of a tongue around the tip, collecting all the tasty juices it could.

“I think we’ve got ourselves a star in the making,” Ben murmured. “Think he’s got what it takes, Phil?”

Manick’s crotch was starting to soak over with the long, affectionate slurps of a canine tongue upon his neatly trimmed fur, but in the middle of it all was a stiff, pulsing member, growing hard to the point of a strain from the persistent teasing.

“This cock looks like it’s ready to **burst**,” Phillip noted, and in his distraction, Manick didn’t notice the dalmatian gazing to the side and adjusting his position, as if he was worried about the feline’s tool being visible. “He’s definitely up to the task, but I think I’d better help him release some pressure!”

“Then get to work,” Ben ordered. “I don’t want the poor boy to pop all over our kitchen table.”

Manick would have apologized and claimed that he didn’t want to make a mess of anything, if not for the slippery treat that was already spilling over the back of his tongue and heading for his throat.

It would have been a needless apology all the same.

“Maybe he’s into that?” Phillip asked, his voice so teasing that he sounded as if he was singing a show tune. “I bet he’d lick the whole thing clean if we let him.”

With strength and paws to spare, Ben pushed down on the back of Phillip’s head, and without thought, the dalmatian opened up and engulfed the unique, throbbing flesh of the captured feline.

He could feel Manick tensing up in the chair and then bucking gently, his hips

pumping up and trying to force even more of his length into the canine's eager mouth; a less experienced actor would have *certainly* gagged on it, but the swallowing he felt against the tip of his member was an act of pure talent.

"Don't mind him," Ben said, his voice gruff and simple as it ever was. "He's a real talker, but if you're bold enough, it's pretty easy to shut him up..."

Ben hardly felt the gentle kick against the front of his shin, and given the occasional whack of Phillip's thin, swishing tail against his thigh, he paid it no mind, knowing all too well at this point what the dalmatian was into.

Even though there was no one working on his own tool, Phillip was tenting out a pair of cargo shorts with ease, and the usual, practiced routine of sucking someone off for film took a backseat to passionate skill; the flat of his tongue was the perfect resting place for the ticklish barbs and tender length of Manick's cock, and senseless determination left him to grip the edges of his seat.

He couldn't think of any other way to stave off his orgasm, and the tiniest bit of oxygen deprivation was making it that much harder for him to focus on any of the sensations he was dealing with.

"Don't be afraid to come up for air if you need it," Ben reassured the feline that this wasn't going to be such a brutal act, but even the subtle buck of his hips was enough to bury plentiful inches of canine flesh in the feline's mouth, to the point that his tonsils were getting a brief swab. "I can be a little forceful once I'm over the edge, and you won't get another chance after that."

"*Mnn...*he's all talk," Phillip claimed as he took his own breather. He gripped the base of Manick's length and gently pumped it in his paw, watching with unbreakable interest as precum spilled off the tip once more, and in much greater quantity. "Don't let him scare you out of giving me a treat, kitty."

One canine was rapidly approaching his climax, a feline was joining him, and lucky little Phillip was trapped in the middle, quietly wishing that Ben would order him to lick the cum from the underside of the table when Manick finally reached his breaking point.

The cat wished he could have thrown his head back in delight as skillful digits gripped tightly at his base and stroked delicately up toward the tip, milking the main vein and daring him to release, but he had his own problems to worry

about: Ben was starting to wince, and for a canine who showed very little emotion, it was an obvious sign of what was to come.

The massive German Shepherd grunted and rested his other paw in the short, red tuft of headfur upon Manick's skull, tangling his claws into the vibrant tresses, looking down upon him with one of his fiery eyes winced shut. "If you don't think you can handle it all, n-now's the time to speak up, kid!"

Manick's eyes were closed tight with effort as he continued to work, but he couldn't help stealing a look from Ben, and as he gazed up, he looked over the huge, emerging bulb of the canine's knot, sitting a distance too far away for him to reach orally.

His paws could do the trick, and lustful overconfidence cost him twice: it forced him to wrap his small, eager paws around the growing lump, and in doing so, his body finally relaxed enough to accept his own orgasm, much to Phillip's delight.

"That's it...**good** kitty!" Phillip teased him right up until the end, stroking rapidly over the saliva-glistened shaft and pumping it with renewed effort as long, thick strings of cum sprayed from the tip and stained the underside of the table. As Manick moaned around his impossible mouthful, his hips continued to buck, and seed oozed in weaker streams, leaving strands to fall over Phillip's muzzle like passionate marks on a willing canvas.

Manick was just able to steal a glance of Phillip's molten expression and the streaks of ejaculate that soaked it as he felt the same fate coming for him.

"D-Don't forget to *breathe*," Ben gave Manick his last warning before his powerful voice was reduced to a canine whimper. Before he even felt anything, Manick swallowed, but it wasn't enough to keep up with the sudden burst of cum, and for a moment, he reminisced the last time that he shotgunned a beer.

Even with one curious paw slipping down to inspect the full, swollen orbs of the canine as they contracted and pulsed, Manick could hardly believe what he was taking, and quick, desperate swallows around the tip only seemed to bring more mess to the surface, until it was running down his chin **despite** his best efforts.

Putting on a good audition was important, but breathing was paramount, and a panting feline finally forsook his pride for glorious air.

“G...good hell...” he panted, almost helplessly. Licking his bottom lip felt like it was just spreading the mess around, and though he didn’t want to look away from Ben’s enticing stare, he couldn’t help looking down over his own chest, to see the stream of mess that painted his otherwise yellow-tan fur.

“Not too bad, k-kid,” Ben rumbled, a sense of pride settled in the back of his throat. “I could see keeping you around for a couple shots, anyway. Did you get all that, Phillip?”

Still pressing the end of his muzzle into the twitching, sensitive balls of the feline, Phillip was getting carried away with his fun, as he often did.

“Hm? **O-oh!** Yeah, I mean, I got most of it?” he said, seeing the mess that he’d surely be cleaning up later, not to mention the excess on his muzzle, paw and wrist. “Or did you mean the shot?”

Manick found his breath very quickly at that. “The *shot*?”

“People do a better job when they don’t think they’re being recorded,” Ben quickly admitted to the scheme. “It takes some of the pressure off...gets us a more natural performance.”

He could feel the barbs in Manick’s stare, but the feline couldn’t look too threatening when Phillip was drawing out the last waves of his orgasmic pleasure.

“Why do you think we left the contract out?” Phillip asked. “We’ve got cameras set up from multiple angles, but this isn’t a live broadcast. This will never see the light of day unless you **want** it to.”

Manick couldn’t find it in himself to be upset about the blissful way he’d spent his afternoon, but he was being given a second chance to think over his decision; the canines wanted to be absolutely sure he wouldn’t regret it.

There was no hesitation in his digits as they left the impressive mound of Ben’s knot and reached for the table.

There was no burden in his paw as it etched out a trembling signature and tossed the pen back to the table.

“Just don’t stop recording.”

It wasn't too long ago that young men who decided to be cheerleaders were ridiculed and looked down on.

It was a tough path forward for those who didn't think that they were up to the snuff of a college football team: unrealistic expectations meant that people who were sitting on the sidelines or the bench felt like failures to begin with, but when someone was foolish enough to take their coaches' advice and join the cheerleading squad, life wasn't going to get any easier from there.

"Shame that you're gonna be late to the pep rally **again**. One of these days, maybe you'll be done getting dressed before the football team can have their way with you."

Looking at the past through a modern pair of rose colored lenses would reveal some traditions that people missed, but the decline of hazing was a blessed thing, and a greater sense of acceptance was blossoming in the world.

Male cheerleaders that once sought shelter from bullying and hazing were finding a new place of comfort on the sidelines, and in many cases, the issue wasn't their lack of *ability* to play football, but their lack of *desire* to do so.

"I don't think that two guys really count as a team."

"Keep on throwing attitude at us like that, and you'll miss the whole rally."

To say that hazing was entirely a thing of the past would be foolhardy at best, but in the case at hand, there was no abuse, no lack of consent, and no one being ostracized for their differences. Instead, lines were being crossed with open arms, albeit, with a lack of clothes.

"Guuuuuys...c'mon, I've really gotta get out there!"

If Newlyn was actually the least bit concerned about getting up to the college gymnasium in a timely fashion, Jon and Tex would have gladly set him back on the ground and allowed him to skitter away, but they were just as likely to be late for their football practice, and all three knew that the price to be paid was worth keeping their tradition alive.

Not long after the locker room emptied out on Thursday afternoons, Newlyn **used** to make the mistake of finding a quiet, uninhabited corner and enjoying what he thought was private pleasure. It wasn't until a pair of football players were sent back in to grab a few pennies for a practice drill that Jon and Tex walked in on their favorite cheerleader with his pants around his ankles, and his cock dripping with a glistening trail of precum.

The first iteration went a little awkwardly, but by the fall semester, they were every bit as practiced in their routine as the cheerleader was with the rest of his squad.

"We're just helping you warm up, remember?" Jon tried to remind him, though any kind of a warm up he'd receive in the locker room would be useless out on the gym floor. "Warm you up, and...y'know. *Stretch you out* just a bit."

None of the trio were opposed to switching places from time to time, but Newlyn was used to being lifted off the ground, and often found himself as the center of attention, lifted by the capable arms of an otter.

"Not like you could do your routine while you're dealing with **this** little problem, anyway," Tex pointed out. The bulkier of the two football players, the snow leopard was making quite a name for himself at the college level with his ability to bring down anyone that he was asked to tackle, and his speed meant that he was getting some looks as a running back, as well.

Lucky for Newlyn, Tex wasn't putting all his muscles on display and wrecking the thinner snow leopard in the way that he could. Instead, he was on his knees, enjoying the least physical activity that he'd have for the afternoon, while surveying what Newlyn had to offer.

"It's not my fault that I have to get half naked before practice," Newlyn paused, feeling a glancing brush of Tex's tongue against his plentiful, feline length. "In a r-room full of half-naked g-guys..."

"You could exercise a little more restraint," Jon suggested. A bit lanky, but plenty strong for his build, he could easily keep his arms locked across Newlyn's chest and suspend him in the air, hovering his previously stretched tailhole over the tip of a mustelid cock. "You walk around the campus with a plug in your ass almost all day...it's a wonder that you can even make it to the locker room without dropping to your knees and begging someone to fuck you."

The idea appealed to Newlyn more than he could properly voice; it was already a struggle to speak with Tex's slick, wiggling muscle drawing long strokes from the base of his cock up to the tip, but his voice was rendered to a whispering gasp as Jon eased the tip of his flesh into the ready, eager pucker of the smaller feline.

The trio paused, and Newlyn was left to wonder just what kind of treatment he'd get that afternoon, knowing that Jon liked to keep him in suspense about just how deep he was going to plunge on the first thrust.

It wasn't Jon who made the decision, but the clock hanging up on the wall of the locker room striking three.

"Tex?"

"Sup dude?"

"How many laps do we have to run if we're late to practice?"

Tex's ears managed to find a way to flatten to his head in disappointment, even with a tasty, pulsing rod bumping against his cheek.

"One for every minute."

"Shit."

Clearly looking for a long and playful affair, Jon would have to find another time to get his favorite trio back together on the weekend.

Right then, they'd have to be all business if they were going to avoid the wrath of their coach, and Newlyn barely had a chance to relax himself before the otter pumped his hips up, bucking Newlyn's body in his arms and stuffing his asshole fuller than any plug could ever hope to.

"Maybe a l-little more warning next t-time!" Newlyn stammered through a complaint, but there was no substance to it; the heavy gasp that followed and the pleasure that dripped from every word utterly denied any complaint he could ever feign. "For fuck's sake, Jon...it's like you're even **bigger** today!"

An entire afternoon of being stretched by a toy was just enough preparation for the smaller snow leopard to handle his unique, fang-bearing companion. The

powerful thrusts were reaching his capacity after just a few tries, and on the other end, Tex's eyes widened, but his voice was lost as his lips parted, and forcefully bucked hips sent the length of Newlyn's cock plunging over his hopeful tongue and right toward the back of his throat.

*Speak for yourself, Newlyn, Tex thought. I don't know if you've **ever** hit the back of my mouth so hard...*

Tex had plenty of experience treating himself to oral delights, but he could still be caught off guard. He wasn't expecting Jon to start things off with such a powerful buck, but when he hoped for any break to sort himself out, there was no relief to be found...only a series of quick, humping thrusts followed, and a blissful grin crossed Newlyn's muzzle as he was so rapidly pounded from the back and pleased from the front.

"Get your game face on, Tex," Jon instructed, taking the same role of leadership in the locker room that he often did on the field. "We don't have time to f-fuck around here!"

Newlyn was already curling the bulk of his lengthy tail around Jon's lower back with an attempt at an affectionate squeeze when he started to giggle. "I think he's holding back a little bit...I know he can suck harder than that."

Jon was glaring down at his teammate over Newlyn's shoulder, and Tex looked right up past Newlyn to return the barbed stare. He couldn't get past the delightful flavor of the feline treat in his maw long enough to admonish Newlyn for calling him out, but he had his own way of getting a little revenge for being rattled.

It started with his paws, once free, taking up residence between Newlyn's thighs. One sneaky palm cupped both of his sensitive testes, but the other was more interested in joining Jon and his fun.

There was no hesitation in dipping a pawtip right into the subtle, stretched gap that was left by Newlyn's rear entrance, and it was just what he needed to be stuffed to his limit.

"W-Wait a minute, Tex!" Newlyn started to cry out, but as he tilted his head back and whimpered, Jon leaned forward and stole a kiss from open, trembling lips. His delighted panting was muffled out before he could plead with the pair to take

it easy, but it wasn't because he couldn't handle the treatment.

The wiggling digit and the delicate, playful squeezing were more than he could resist, and just like Jon before him, Newlyn wanted the moment to last as long as it could.

Oughta teach you to tattle on me, Tex was smirking around his mouthful, and his thoughts echoed the sentiment as he began bobbing his head with feverish intent. His tongue pressed flat against the underside of Newlyn's member, and he could feel the deeper, fuller throbs of the feline cock right against his warm, moist muscle, giving Tex all the initiative he needed to prepare for a catch that even Jon would struggle with.

His throat was relaxed well in advance of actually getting his creamy treat, but he could already imagine the nearly gourmet flavor of Newlyn's juices spraying across the roof of his mouth, even if there was only saliva and precum there to fool him.

"Not fair...not f-fucking fair!" Newlyn protested as he broke from the passionate, locking exchange of his lips on those of his domineering otter. He tried to steal a quick, playful lick at one of his fangs, there was more than passion to his actions.

He was frustrated to feel the familiar clench of inner muscles working toward a climax. He couldn't have been happier about his position, however, knowing that his knees would have long since given out if Jon wasn't holding his body up in the air.

"Tell me about it," Jon grunted, trying to keep his own cries of delight to a minimum, just in case someone did happen upon their threesome. "I'm gonna be running laps with a half chub...j-just thinking about this..."

Heavy, desperate pants were creating a familiar gap in Jon's words, and before he could even declare it, seed was pouring off the tip of his cock and soaking right in to the backdoor of the suspended feline. Tex could feel the mess against his teasing digit, and he prepared himself for the same, knowing just what kind of effect the internal mess would have on Newlyn.

He failed in the same way, unable to vocalize his warning before messy yield **gushed** across Tex's tongue and painted the roof of his muzzle. He was already

starting to swallow, and fortune smiled on him as the first fresh, delicious burst sunk right down the back of his neck and into his tummy with a blissful rumble.

“Sorry, Tex!” Newlyn found it easier to beg forgiveness through hurried, panting whimpers of orgasmic delight, especially when the same mess was pouring out of his stretched, gaping asshole and running down along the curve of his rump. A streak of creamy white was dripping over Tex’s palm and wrist, and it was all as the larger snow leopard had planned, leaving him with a sample of what Jon had to offer, in addition to Newlyn’s own tasty flavor.

The apology was unnecessary, as Tex looked up to Newlyn with an eager, playful smirk. He swallowed down every drop that his fellow snow leopard was able to offer, and with a noticeable gulp of the throat, he leaned back rather unceremoniously and wiped some of the excess from his lips.

Jon’s arms would be tired for practice, but as the last waves of his orgasm fled from his quaking body, he sat back on a bench and eased Newlyn off his cock, knowing that they were already going to suffer for being late, but if they pushed the envelope **too** far, there might be scholarships on the line.

“Th...that’s really it? You guys aren’t even gonna h-help me clean up?” A panting, messy Newlyn asked, hardly able to stand up without some aid for his wobbling legs.

“We can get away with going out to practice like this,” Tex suggested, as he began hurriedly yanking his football pants back up into place and tightening his belt. “No point in showering before we go running in the mud, is there?”

Newlyn turned to Jon, who wasn’t even bothering to wash the excess cum and lubricant from the surface of his cock before he stuffed it back into the tight embrace of his jockstrap. “He’s got a point, Newlyn. We don’t have to look quite as *presentable* as you do.”

The boys were dressed again in less than a minute, save for Newlyn, who was sitting back on the bench with a half frown on his muzzle...until he felt a pair of lips press in to either side of his cheek.

“We’ll get that shower together after practice,” Tex promised. “Good things come to those who wait, Newlyn.”

The frown turned to an inward smirk, and Newlyn pinched the rump of each player before they ran for the field. “Then you two better make it worth waiting for.”

“Have we ever not?” Jon asked, stealing the last word and a final, longing stare before he chased Tex out to the practice field.

Privacy fences were a truly underrated commodity.

In the age of suburban sprawl, it was becoming more and more evident that having pleasant neighbors wasn't quite as important as having your privacy. If you were lucky enough to find a situation wherein you could have both, then you'd be one of the few to have their cake, and eat it, too.

"Sorry that the grill is taking such a long time, guys. I didn't think that going for the discount brand of charcoal would be such a letdown."

Tex was a gracious host, and took pride in the tall, nigh impenetrable privacy fence that stood around his backyard. Whenever he had company over during the warm, summer nights, a lack of clothing was encouraged, and it was nothing out of the ordinary to see an entire party of guests stripped down to their fur.

The host himself was only wearing an apron for the sake of safety, as he stood and tapped a footpaw impatiently on the slowly cooling concrete of a back porch, now that the sun was finally setting.

"Relax, Tex. Everyone is goofing off by the pool and pounding drinks, anyway," Hauser mentioned to him. "I don't think anyone is too worried about getting their grub on just yet."

A dragon who was used to dealing with the heat, Hauser decided to get into the mood of the party all the same, opting to sit back in a lawn chair without a single scrap of clothing, or even a sense of modesty to **try** to cover it up.

"I dunno about all that. Some of us are getting pretty hungry."

Whenever there was a cookout, Tex was sure to be flanked by Hauser, and Damakoes was likely to be right there with them. He'd taken the other lawn chair next to the grill, and it wasn't the least bit surprising to see his body in a state of pure relaxation, his legs splayed open, and his lips curled in a grin that lacked only one thing to achieve a state of pure satisfaction.

"Look...if I could get the thing to light any faster, I **would**."

Tex was too busy focusing his ire on the poor charcoal to notice what Hauser was already looking at.

The dragon was doing his best to match Damakoes' grin when he poked Tex in the side of the thigh. "You know, he didn't ever specify what kind of hunger he was talking about."

It would have been easy, and perhaps a bit more tactful to poke Tex with a clawtip, but using his cock was *definitely* more enjoyable, and got the point across much faster than any other method.

Tex knew that being a good host wasn't quite as simple as flipping burgers on a grill and making sure that people had things to drink. "I don't suppose that there's anything I can do to help with...**that** particular hunger, is there?" he asked, knowing full well that he could do plenty about it; whether it was what Damakoes and Hauser really wanted, he couldn't be sure.

"I don't always prefer my meat cooked," Damakoes replied. "Though, I do like to help with the marinade...if that isn't asking too much."

Tex could just imagine the meat puns that were going to fly before all was said and done, and though he rolled his eyes at the first one, he was trying to figure out just what kind of marinade Damakoes was getting at.

In truth, it was already dangling from a few of his fangs, and the wolf flicked the bright, icy blue bangs from his eyes to get a better look at Tex's length.

"If I actually thought you were talking about steak, I might be insulted," Tex admitted. "Though, I get the impression you weren't talking about actual **food** at all."

Hauser stood beside Tex and looked down at the recumbent canine, crossing his arms over his chest and trying to figure out just what he was up to, as well.

"We both know damn well that he's not talking about food," he agreed. "If I didn't know any better, I'd think he was talking about sucking you off."

Damakoes pointed his index finger at Hauser and winked. "Bingo."

Feeling silly that he didn't guess it, the blue-spotted snow leopard rolled his eyes

a second time, but now that it was all out in the open, he could feel the weight of Dama's lustful gaze upon his hanging member, blocked from view only thanks to the apron that he simply refused to remove.

"You should have made a sausage pun, if that's what you were really after," Tex suggested. "Would have made a lot more sense."

"I didn't want to be **that** direct. I thought I'd try being coy about it before I just gave it all away."

"Coy isn't really your style," Hauser chimed in. "Shame isn't, either."

"Sure isn't," the canine quickly shot back. "So, I guess it would be a waste of time to try and act shy about all of this when I'm really just waiting for the three of us to get with the times."

Tex was friendly with all his guests; he wouldn't invite them to come be naked in his backyard if that wasn't the case, but he wasn't necessarily looking to sleep with everyone that he invited over.

They were all taking care of that themselves, and the snow leopard was only just starting to get a grasp on how distracted everyone was. While he kept laser focus on the grill, partygoers focused on each other, until the backyard and patio were almost a cesspool of lust.

Damakoes was paying more attention to the shows around him, but now that he was getting the point across to Tex, he knew it would only be a matter of time, and a brief one at that, before they joined into the fray.

"**Huge** waste of time," Hauser agreed. "Poor Tex is gonna end up burning all of the food if you dilly-dally with small talk."

The wolf sprung right up from his relaxed pose in the chair, almost knocking Tex over in his haste. "Then I won't," he said. "You guys gonna spitroast me, or what?"

In so many other scenarios, such an act would have completely shocked Tex and Hauser alike, but this was the kind of thing that the trio of friends had come to expect of each other, and it was in a setting that they knew was safe and comfortable.

It wasn't easy for Tex to look away from the grill, but when he glanced down, he could see the bulge of Dama's horns pushing out the apron, his head sneaking beneath it to survey the plentiful, feline cock that Tex was hiding from everybody. "Fine...just don't bite into the meat this time," Tex grumbled, and Hauser snickered at the refreshed memory of an orgy gone by.

"Not my fault that you're so tasty," was the best argument that Dama could render to defend his actions. That might not have excused them, but he figured that starting off with a long, teasing slurp of his tongue against the feline tip of Tex's member would be a better apology, and a definitive purr from above made it clear how much the snow leopard approved.

One paw kept Damakoes upright, the other gripped the base of Tex's shaft, and his knees acted as the rest of his support as Hauser sunk down to the patio behind him. "Good thing you pre-heated the grill for me," he couldn't help making his own pun about the situation, seeing that there was already *something* leaking from Dama's asshole. "We don't have much longer before the meat ends up getting burned."

It would be a race to the finish for all three of them, and the dragon was more than happy to come in last, having no other responsibilities to get back to.

Tex, on the other hand, was torn between rushing through a blowjob to tend the grill and letting the food burn so that he could slow things down and *really* enjoy himself.

Tempting as it was to gag Damakoes on his flesh for the next hour, the snow leopard could already see a little extra smoke puffing up through the vents on the grill. Frustrated paws reached under the cover of his apron and gripped the wolf by his unique, backwards curling horns.

A mouth that was only slightly agape was quickly stuffed with over half of the feline's member, and Tex only wished that he could see the look of shock in the once playful, aquamarine eyes of the sultry canine.

"Better marinade it r-really fuckin' quick, then," Tex ordered. "If anything gets burned, you **know** I'll tell them it was your fault."

The pressure was on Damakoes; figuratively to start, and then literally as Hauser pressed his sharp, deadly claws into the hips of the kneeling canine. "I'll back up

his story, just in case you try to weasel your way out of it,” the dragon sided with Tex while taking the opposite end of the wolf, more than happy to find out what kind of juices were dripping from his tailhole by *feel*, rather than by asking about them.

No doubt, some lubricant was already in place in the slightly gaped passage, and Hauser’s sharp, narrowed tip easily slid past the pre-treated pucker. When the shaft of his manhood began to widen, however, Damakoes writhed with a discomfort that was lined so delicately with pleasure that he was afraid to move.

Despite his efforts, his form simply wouldn’t stop trembling, but Hauser wasn’t going to complain as the internal vibrations carried right over the flesh of his length.

“One of these times, we should really slow cook something,” Tex suggested. “I can only imagine what our little canine might be able to accomplish if he had ten or so hours to g-get it done!”

Such a marathon session would terrify someone who wasn’t so sexually adventurous, but Hauser could feel Damakoes’ excitement through a brief, internal clench around his draconic cock.

Muffled but passionate all the same, the wolf moaned around his mouthful as Hauser pushed right through the resistance. “If he was able to last that long, I’d love to put him up to the test,” the dragon agreed. “Not sure he quite has the endurance for an all-day lay, though.”

“Only one way to find out,” Tex murmured. Releasing one of Damakoes’ horns with brief reluctance, he paid himself off quickly by brushing the apron aside, giving him full visual reign of what the canine was up to: saliva was already spilling over the side of his cheeks as he rapidly bobbed his welcoming muzzle over the lengthy member of his feline host, with a pair of soft, aquamarine eyes looking up, pleading with Tex to give in and unload his yield right into his mouth.

The snow leopard wasn’t quite that close, but each pass was bringing him closer to blessing Damakoes’ tongue with the only thing he was really interested in tasting, that evening.

“Will that one be a private gathering?” Hauser asked, and in truth, he wasn’t sure

if he would prefer to have Damakoes shared only between the three of them, or if it would be better to pass the canine around an eager party.

“Oh, f-fuck no,” Tex quickly replied. “I **want** people to see what kind of trouble he gets himself into...and we might need some help keeping him stuffed for such a long time.”

Cocks were spearing the eager canine from both ends, with Hauser driving his hips forth and pushing Damakoes right into Tex’s crotch, where the wolf did his best to swallow down the entire length of his feline member. Their rhythm was practiced and perfect, opposed to the rest of the randomly paired partygoers around them.

Being taken by a few others, not to mention knowing that he wouldn’t be able to predict their pace and movements sent a fresh throb along the shaft of Damakoes’ own manhood, ultimately emerging in a streak of precum that spit to the floor of the patio.

The only thing he couldn’t predict right now was if Hauser would ever reach around his thigh and stroke the sensitive, canine length that was waiting for him.

“He’s doing a pretty good job of running two grills at once,” Hauser finally did reply, finding it terribly difficult to speak without moaning through his every word. “Perhaps he’s up to handling a few more people...b-but...I don’t think he’s earned what he **really** wants yet.”

Hauser was dangerously intelligent, and somehow, he had an extra sense about what people wanted in the bedroom, or wherever they happened to be enjoying themselves.

His skillful claws were so close to tickling along the underside of a tapered, canine shaft, but until he made up his mind, he kept them pressed into Damakoes’ torso and held on tight, pounding his hips into the submissive creature with rapid abandon.

“He can wait until dessert for that, far as I’m concerned,” Tex and Hauser didn’t have any problem with being cruel and putting up a unified front against the canine’s pleasure, but they knew he **had** to be enjoying himself, pinned between familiar and pleasurable rods. His body was shaking with near orgasmic bliss, even without his own member being touched, and around his delicious mouthful,

he was starting to pant with the effort of bucking his hips at Hauser, all while keeping the whole of Tex's unique length trapped inside his mouth.

Ten hours would be impossible if he couldn't go much longer than ten minutes, but he held tight to the defense that his friends were nearing their thresholds, as well.

Hauser was trying to find an excuse for the eager helping of precum that was spilling from the tip of his length. "Y'know, Tex...t-there's a lot of smoke coming from the grill," he alerted the snow leopard, going with the first distraction that he noticed. "We...we'd better..."

As the dragon trailed off, Tex gazed over, and feigned concern about the thick, black smoke that was pouring from the vents on the grill. "I know, I know. Guess we g-gotta finish up," he was struggling not to trip over his words, and his claws were leaving scratches on the chitin of Damakoes' horns as his paws gripped them **uncomfortably** tight.

Behind the wolf, Hauser was doing the same, as his brilliantly red cock began throbbing with a greater purpose than a little precum. A unique knot of wide bulges on either side began to emerge as the dragon stopped trying to impress his friends, and Damakoes' eyes shrunk with fear as he continued to push back, but worried about just how much he could really handle in the back.

"Don't you f-fucking move," the dragon was domineering in the heat of the orgasmic moment, and the quiet **pap** of his hips against the canine's smooth, curved rump grew with intensity, until other partygoers were starting to take note of the act.

As heated seed streaked across the insides of the wolf, Tex began to feel the gaze of some of his other guests, and though most of them were just enjoying the show, there were a few stares of disapproval at the state of his grill.

He wasn't going to forgo his pleasure in the name of the food, but he knew that it was almost time to shift his focus.

"Sorry that this won't be as skillful as my usual 'marinade,'" he played right back into Damakoes' original idea. "It's g-gonna get a little...m...messy..."

Breathless and eager for the heavenly release of his pleasure, Tex pulled

Damakoes' head forward, gagging the poor canine as the tip of his member stroked along the wolf's throat. Cum immediately gushed forth at the ticklish contact and poured right down to the gullet of the rapidly swallowing submissive, and he utterly failed to hide his growls of delight, or the extra streaks of white, creamy yield that poured over the edges of his muzzle.

"S...sorry to run in the middle!" Tex was wincing and grinning as he bucked his hips once, bottomed out his hips, and almost immediately pulled back, his cock still glistening and soaked with its own mess and saliva. Extra spurts crossed right over the muzzle of the canine as Tex flipped his apron back over the front of his form and rushed for the grill.

The lid came off with a billow of fresh smoke, while Hauser sealed the rest of his seed inside of his canine partner. No one quite knew the struggle of taking the delicious bump of his knot until Damakoes was finally able to speak again, and immediately after he swallowed down a mouthful of tasty mess, he panted out and rubbed his cheek into the patio, trying not to whimper any louder than he already was.

"Give me a l-little **warning** next time!" he howled back at Hauser, who couldn't wipe the proud, silly grin from his face. "You're t-tearing me in half, damn it!"

If he had the breath, Hauser would have told the canine to quit complaining when he was having such an enjoyable time, but he could only pant and slump over the back of the knotted beast.

It was the kind of show that could bring an entire party back to the patio, all just in time to see Tex fighting with hot dogs, burgers and chicken. He was struggling to keep them all from being blackened, but they were already well past the point of being called Cajun.

His guests were chuckling, for the most part. The first batch of food was almost always burnt to a crisp but watching Tex and his two best buds have a wonderful time on the patio worked up *quite* an appetite.

Urgent as the situation felt, no one was in a rush to get a plate, and Tex should have known better; the second batch of food was **always** better than the first.

“Seriously? Two at once?”

Being boastful at a quiet gathering of friends was a safe move. You might get teased for your grandiose bravado, but it wasn’t likely you’d have to own up to your words.

“I don’t believe him.”

If you were foolish enough to make an impossible brag at a loud, crowded party, however, you weren’t as likely to get away with it.

“You can doubt me all you want,” Rivard claimed. The otter wasn’t always the boastful type, but alcohol made for a delightful social lubricant. “It’s not even that big of a deal! I’ve done it **a few** times.”

Rivard was one of the last people you’d see overselling his physical prowess, but it wasn’t his figure he was bragging about, or even his good looks, handsome as he was.

Behind a grinning pair of lips was a muzzle that was famous enough in its own right, and just beyond that was the subject of contestation.

“There is **no** way you can fit two dicks in your mouth at once. How...how would you even *do* that?”

If anyone shouldn’t have been surprised by Rivard’s claim, it was Nbowa, but the lion was asking exactly that as he clutched a drink in his paw and cocked an eyebrow, gazing up at the ceiling as he ran through the mental gymnastics of it.

“Maybe he can unhinge his jaw,” Tama suggested, though his voice was nearly drowned out by the sound of the party around him. “Or, maybe he’s just full of shit.”

In the middle of the kitchen, floating around the island and hammering through drinks, the unlikely trio were starting to attract some attention, and naturally, people were drawn to such a scintillating topic.

Rivard *might* have been able to get away with his foolish boast, if he was just hanging out with Tama and Nbowa; the lion would have likely tried to sneak his own fun out of the otter, but Tama would have looked the other way.

The crowd was closing in, and others seemed every bit as intent as the domineering lion to see Rivard put up or shut up.

“Y-you...you guys are just afraid that I’m gonna prove you wrong,” Rivard was able to feel the crowd closing in around, and though there were no cheers of people demanding a display, there were countless sneers and grins, and whispers of his inability spreading through words like wildfire through kindling. “It’s okay. You can admit it.”

It wasn’t going to be enough to sway Tama out of giving the crowd what they wanted, and it certainly wasn’t enough to keep Nbowa from **taking** what he wanted.

“That’s really the best you can do?” Nbowa asked, taking charge of the moment and watching with a gleeful smile as other members of the crowd caught on. “You’re not fooling me. Hell, I don’t think you’re fooling **anyone** here.”

Rivard wasn’t nervous because he couldn’t live up to the tall tale that he was weaving.

He was nervous because he knew just what to expect from his feline companion, while having no idea what Tama would be like in the act.

“He’s all talk anyway,” Tama claimed. The coyote’s lips were painted with a grin, dripping with all the mischief that his species could muster. “I bet if you whipped it out right now, he’d just sit there and stare at it. Probably wouldn’t even know what to do with it!”

Neatly combed tufts of green headfur were shaking out of place as Rivard fumed. “I am **not** falling for this. Maybe you guys could just take me at my word, for once?”

“No,” Nbowa shook his head firmly. His paw carelessly brushed a stark, blonde bang from his view as emerald eyes narrowed on a trembling otter. “Not after you were walking around with that smug little hop in your step.”

Rivard's ears were already flattening, but that didn't drown out the sound of Tama's zipper coming undone. "You guys **can't** be serious."

The lion's trademark shorts of red didn't make much of a sound as they began to slide down, but the roaring cheers finally emerged from the crowd as clothes made their way to the floor. No one could have predicted this kind of display when the drinks started flowing, but judging by the reaction, they were all quietly hoping for it.

The pressure was already on the otter, and it was becoming palpable in the air.

Nbowa preferred a more physical approach, and the weight of his paw on Rivard's shoulder carried more than the literal gravity of his touch.

"Just like I thought," Tama murmured, wiggling his hips out of a pair of cargo shorts. "Put him up to the task, and he fights it the whole way!"

Rivard wasn't scared of the judgment, and he knew he wasn't in any real danger, rough at the lion was sure to be with him.

He feared just how much he might enjoy himself if he fell to his knees and proved his worth.

"I'm...I'm not fighting it," Rivard argued. "I'm just getting ready."

"Uh huh," Nbowa replied with dry impatience. "Gotta stretch your jaw out or something?"

There was no escaping the circling throngs of party guests, and their bodies were like a fence around the yard of Rivard's own making. Nbowa's gaze was nothing short of the leash that kept him in place, and Tama was getting ready to tug the lead, as he added his own paw to Rivard's other shoulder.

There was no use fighting it anymore, and though he looked uncomfortable on the surface, Rivard was right where he wanted to be.

The quiet rumblings from the crowd of "is he gonna do it?" and "no way he can handle all that" were slowly lost under the presence of the otter sinking down to his knees and trying to make one last qualifier before the show began.

"Just don't do it side by si-mrnf...ulk!"

For being so combative in their daily lives, Nbowa and Tama worked together in almost perfect unison. Rivard was denied the pleasure of directly admiring the entirely different lengths before they passed through his open maw, but he could taste their flavors mingling over his tongue as feline flesh pressed up against canine skin.

“I’m sorry, were you trying to say something?” Nbowa simply refused to apologize for doing something that he **knew** Rivard would love, but he couldn’t resist teasing the submissive otter, either. “It’s awfully rude to talk with your mouth full.”

For once, Rivard and Tama were sharing the expression, as the coyote lost the glint of his mischief, opting to cock a brow at the lion instead of admiring Rivard’s talent.

“Are you *seriously* going to talk like that the whole time?”

Nbowa snickered. “Are you *seriously* going to complain at a time like this?”

The lion had a point, and Tama was left to roll his eyes, and then wince them shut as Rivard accepted his fate more actively.

The crowd was readily hushed as Rivard somehow managed to bob his head just a little bit, and all the while, strands of saliva fell upon each cock, keeping a place inside of his muzzle. If he moved too rapidly or too eagerly, one or the other would definitely pop out, but he’d already proven himself right, and didn’t feel the need to do anything more to be a man of his word.

He should have known that his captors wouldn’t be satisfied so easily, but he didn’t anticipate that they’d be so *poor* at sharing.

“He’s barely even moving. What fun is that?” Nbowa asked, as a paw came to rest on the side of Rivard’s muzzle. He jabbed forward at the hip, pushing his side into Tama’s body and moving the coyote out of the way so that he could hog the otter’s pleasurable maw. “It would take me all night to get off that way!”

Rivard wasn’t looking forward to playing mediator, but he could sense the tension, and quickly reached out to wrap a paw around Tama’s dripping flesh, eagerly working the saliva he’d supplied right into the tender skin. He could have taken a third party in his other hand, but no one else at the party **dared** to

be so bold.

They'd have to be content on the sidelines, watching as Rivard proudly displayed his oral skills; Nbowa was more than most could handle, but Rivard closed his eyes in a contented expression and easily made his way down the shaft, his tongue slurping playfully along the underside, until the end of his muzzle was pressed right into the soft, warm tufts of the lion's pubic mound.

Happily drowning in the light and pleasant musk he found, Tama began pumping lightly from the hip as he felt the otter's passion in the extension of his touch. "You're r-really fuckin' lucky that he's so g-good with his hands," Tama claimed. His jowls pushed up just enough for his fangs to make an appearance, but Rivard kept him from going any further with a powerful squeeze and a *long*, milking stroke.

His talented throat was all that it took to keep Nbowa in a peaceful state...at least, toward others.

"He's better with his mouth," Nbowa continued to instigate his partners, knowing that he had plenty of envelope left to push before he was in any real trouble. His own frustrations exited his body through the ends of his digits, gripping the scruff of Rivard's cheek with a tight and nearly painful clench. "Maybe if I'm feeling nice, I'll let you finish inside it..."

The lion didn't realize that he was digging his own grave. He was too busy rocking his hips in a slow and deep rhythm, exploring the seemingly bottomless depths of Rivard's throat with the tip of his member to notice that Tama was swinging his own hips to the side.

A heavy and sudden thump to the side moved Nbowa off balance, and a few dangling strands of saliva kept his lips almost ethereally connected to the tip of the feline tool; they were easily torn as Tama gripped Rivard by the vibrant green of his headfur and yanked forward, stealing the otter's muzzle and getting revenge on the lion in one brilliant and sneaky move.

This time, it was Nbowa who had to be quelled by the otter's paws, and Rivard was more than capable, given how close to a powerful orgasm the lion already was.

"You keep that cock in your mouth until you're drowning," Tama ordered, taking

a page from Nbowa's book and feeling the immediate response, as Rivard lunged forward on the delicious, canine rod and winced his eye shut tight with effort. "Don't spill a drop unless you wanna lick it off the fucking floor..."

The coyote was better at taking the reins than Rivard anticipated, and his hesitance melted in an instant to the domineering commands. He didn't notice the building soreness in his knees, or the faint burning in his neck as he continued to eagerly bob it on his canine offering; there was too much delight to be had in the slick precum that soaked the webbing upon his paws, and the rhythmic throb of Tama's flesh as it pulsed repeatedly in the depths of his neck.

The otter knew just what to expect, and an eager smile crossed his lips as the first gush of cum poured down his throat and right into his gullet.

Come on, Nbowa...quit denying me...

Rivard could only manage muffled groans around Tama's impressive girth, but he knew that Nbowa was torturing him with mere indifference. Insatiable might have been the perfect word for the mustelid's appetite for flesh, and even as he struggled to keep the voluminous yield of the coyote from seeping through his lips, he couldn't help wanting something more, and his eyes peeked open to give Nbowa a pleading look.

The lion could have finished at any time, but it wasn't until Tama glared at him and groaned, "Just f-fuckin' do it," that he finally decided the otter had earned the ending his so eagerly desired.

"He's gonna make a mess," Nbowa warned, but he slipped a thumb in Rivard's maw all the same and pried it open. A smooth tincture of saliva and seed poured out of the gap, and for a moment, Nbowa just admired the sight of it, watching as the slimy mess poured over his cheek and down to his neck, before he finally plugged the hole with the tip of his own cock.

Tama's order about drowning quickly became relevant as his canine length continued to ooze the delicious treat, and Nbowa added his own unique mess to the mixture. Balancing a mouthful of juices and a pair of pulsing rods would have been more than even the most experienced otters could handle, but Rivard was in a class all his own, and his skill silenced the crowd, and left the usually dominant lion to grunt, almost helplessly as the seed was milked from his body. Swollen orbs were rapidly and blissfully drained, and Nbowa gripped Rivard by

the neck, wanting to feel the bulge in his throat as he eagerly swallowed each drop of seed that the predators could offer.

“On his neck...on his cheeks, his chin, his chest, the fucking floor...he’s gonna be slurping this up for a while,” Tama couldn’t hide the deep, rumbling growl from his words as he watched Rivard struggle, but somehow persevere through a pair of impressive loads. “Good thing he’s probably into that.”

“Are you kidding? That’s music to his ears,” Nbowa rightly claimed, his hips finally come to a trembling halt as the last of his orgasmic delights faded away. “Only thing that he’d like better is if we tried to do the same thing to his asshole while he cleaned it up.”

Rivard was still too busy finishing the last of his dessert to manage a proper reply, but his curled lips betrayed his submissive nature, and his thoughts completely ignored it.

*Don’t threaten me with a good time, lion. You know I can handle **that**.*

The stereotype of the overlooked middle sibling had to come from somewhere, but sometimes, it wasn't just the diving child that was forgotten.

Vintcient had lived that reality longer than his two younger siblings, and by the time they were born, he already knew the kind of family situation that he'd have to grow up through.

Broken families didn't always have sad endings, and in the face of adversity, Vintcient and his brothers found solace in each other when their parents failed them.

"Think the straps are tight enough?"

For what it was worth, they found a little bit **too** much solace in each other, and when youth turned to adolescence, Vintcient did the best that he could to educate his younger siblings about the changes they underwent.

He never would have guessed the relationship that they would share as adults, far from the reaches and memories of a broken home.

"Pretty sure I'm not breaking out of these."

Most people wouldn't have considered an older and younger brother strapping the middle sibling to the wall to be normal, or healthy. They probably would have frowned on the kind of love that was shared between them: the gentle strokes and pets upon fur as clothes were shed, the delicate and meaningful kisses that shared passion and arousal, and first, cautionary touches on tender lengths were things that would make some people uncomfortable.

In the private haven that the boys created, they were shielded from judgment. It was the perfect place for Vintcient to show his brothers how much they meant to him, and this time, it was the middle sibling who was the star of the show.

A perfect blend of the canine and feline elements of his parents, Vintcient was a hybrid of dingo and a tiger, but each of his siblings took after one parent or the other.

The youngest was a spry dingo. He couldn't stop himself from playfully stroking a single digit back and forth along the throbbing length of his second oldest brother.

The middle was a tiger who revealed his love for attention at a very young age, and as an adult, that enjoyment never faded. He couldn't have been happier to strain and wiggle against the binding straps that kept his arms and legs tied down to a bondage rack, whether or not his younger brother had been playing with his member.

The continuous teasing finally bore fruit as a shimmering bead of precum emerged from between the barbs of a feline tip, but it was never touched; eager throbs pushed more fluid to the surface, until gravity pulled the drop down along the underside of the quivering shaft.

"We **will** finish you off eventually," Vintcient claimed, and he'd done his best to never lie to either of his brothers before. "But I'm afraid our needs have to come first."

Ryen, the middle child, wasn't nearly as worried about his own sexual needs. His emotional need of being the center of attention was being met, and he couldn't put a price on his validation, much less that feeling being granted by the two people in his life that he trusted most.

Strange as it might have been to someone else, Ryen couldn't have been happier in an utterly trapped and confined space, surrounded by those he loved.

"You say that like he isn't enjoying every moment of this," Jura murmured. The youthful dingo wasn't quite as careful with his words, but he was capable of dialing back his taunts, so long as Vintcient was there to help keep him in line.

All told, Ryen loved the little bit of attention, and he was an honest feline. "And if I *am* enjoying this?" he asked, struggling to speak without a groan as Jura's skillful pawtips drew random patterns in the delicate flesh upon the tiger's cock.

"Then it's only fair that we start enjoying ourselves, too," Vintcient replied, though he would have been lying to say that he wasn't already having a blast. "I'd ask if you think you're up to the task, but...you've never been the type to back down from a challenge."

Growing up, Ryen was an unfortunate child who often had to go out of his way to get attention from his parents or friends.

As the middle brother of an incestuous trio, he simply had to lean against the bondage rack as Vintcient flipped a switch. A quiet, pleasant **hummm** filled the bedroom as a motor came to life, and the vertical rack slowly tilted backward, little by little, until Ryen was staring at the ceiling and wiggling with anticipation.

“You two are *shameless* sometimes,” Jura muttered, but sandy fur was pushed up in a cheesy grin, and icy eyes twinkled with a mischievous blue. “Almost takes all the fun out of it.”

Despite his groaning complaints, Jura was already walking between the spread legs of his middle sibling and gripping the base of a long, tapered rod of canine flesh. Ryen’s body was prepared for the act well in advance, and the sight of excess lubricant spilling from an eagerly gaping tailhole was more than Jura could possibly resist, even if it was the forbidden entrance of his own sibling.

Vintcient was more than happy to take the head of the situation, and as he thought of the same, he couldn’t help giggling about how fitting it was.

That giggle quickly faded behind a quiet gasp as Ryen brought the focus back to himself in the best way that he could fathom: tongue first, wrapping greedily around the tip of Vintcient’s unique, blended member, slurping precum straight from the source.

“He’s worked hard enough for it,” Vintcient argued through a trembling moan. “Making him wait any longer would just be **rude**.”

Naturally, the hybrid was just taking a jab at his younger brother, but even as grown adults, it didn’t hurt to have a quick reminder about proper manners and etiquette; just because the clothes were off didn’t mean that Jura could get away with treating his brother poorly.

With just a delicate kiss of the tip of his length to Ryen’s asshole, he made up for all the teasing, and a subtle push left Jura singing the tiger’s praises.

“You say that like I c-could wait any longer myself,” Jura admitted. “Just waiting this long was fucking torture!”

Such a lengthy buildup meant that Jura wanted to draw out the act, and even though he easily could have driven his hips forth and left Ryen sore, he eased forth instead, allowing the tiger to feel every inch of his canine member, until their hips met in a silent, but profound moment of forbidden, fulfilling contact.

The gentle treatment could never last, but in that lingering moment, Jura smiled down at Ryen, who could *feel* the affectionate gaze, even with his eyes closed. There was a cacophony of other sensations to gleefully drown in, but the icy gaze carried an ethereal gravity with it that was somehow *greater* than physical pleasure.

It wasn't lost on Ryen that he was never meant to feel such a thing from his own flesh and blood, and the heightened thrill left his body to strain helplessly against the straps; he was even more thankful that they were holding out, keeping him in place and **forcing** him to deal with the results of his incestuous decisions.

"Think he's in the mood for his usual bath?" Vintcient cast a knowing glare toward his youngest sibling, along with a devious smirk. "It's a bit early in the day, but I'm sure he wouldn't mind t-taking a dip..."

A fortunate life after leaving their home meant that the boys lived fine lives, but not quite so great that they could afford a tub to fit them all at once.

Ryen knew just what kind of a bath was coming, and he would have licked his lips, if his tongue wasn't being pinned to the bottom of his maw by Vintcient's pulsing, driving cock.

"More of a shower than a bath, isn't it?" Jura answered with his own sensual, mildly sarcastic inquiry. "Though I don't think he'd mind it one bit."

Precum that was going to waste was finally put to use as Jura reached out and gripped his brother's length by the shaft. Exceptionally delicate pumps brought a surge of fresh juices to the surface, and as glistening mess spilled over Jura's digits, Ryen's legs tensed, his thighs hardening around the sight of the action.

It was early in the day, but that was all any of the brothers could honestly remember. The first few blissful seconds of their threesome was already like a lifetime perfectly spent, but their minds were clever enough to know that it was only minutes that had gone by.

An hour might feel like eons, but Jura knew he could never get there, as his hips began to shudder. His paws were quivering and struggling to keep his body upright, and as his torso leaned forth, his length reached a greater depth.

Ryen did all that he could to relax and embrace the pleasure, but he couldn't keep his body from seizing, and his throat from swallowing heavily on the plentiful flesh of the oldest brother. It drew no complaints from the striped hybrid, but drew his paws forth, forcing him to clench the sides of the bondage rack for support.

All the passionate, sensual lovemaking was quickly giving way to a kind of lust that could only emerge in situations of the deepest confidence.

Jura's wrist was quickly becoming a blur as it worked precum into flesh faster than it could be replenished, and his hips were slapping feverishly against the inside of Ryen's thighs. Full, swinging orbs were ready to drain, and gritted fangs were the only thing keeping Jura from crossing over the orgasmic line.

Ryen could feel his own body drawing closer to a climax, but where his brothers would struggle and fight against the pleasure of release, the middle sibling would happily give in, knowing that his inner muscles would flutter uncontrollably, as desperate, muffled cries of delight would vibrate on the other end.

"Hmmpf. If you're g-gonna be that way about it," Vintcient tried to declare his intentions, but his voice was fading fast, until it was little more than a pleased squeak. A tilted head and an open throat made for easy passage, and Vintcient was blessed with the extra delight of his seed easily draining into Ryen's tummy, rather than sitting in a puddle of backed up mess.

"Not spilling a drop, either! I think he's been practicing on the side, Vinti!" Jura claimed, as if that would have been a scandalous act. He could feel the familiar clench of bliss in the core of his being, and already, cum was starting to burst from the tip of his length. Excess was quick to spill back and trail down the length of a throbbing shaft, until it trailed over the sensitive, tender skin upon Jura's sack, soaking it with nearly as much volume as the fluid that painted Ryen's insides.

Being so plentifully filled with warmth from both ends was like a dream come true for Ryen, who got to enjoy being the center of attention in ways that he'd

never dreamed as a youth...but an act like this didn't occur so flippantly.

A prolonged chastity before gave way to the real finale, and Ryen's tail stuck out with delight as he swallowed a final mouthful and opened his eyes to watch Vintcient pumping his length and spraying a cascade of milky delights over his muzzle and neck.

Just below, Jura was following suit and aiming Ryen's own tool back at him, forcing his own fresh release to gush up toward the ceiling before settling back down against his tummy. There was hardly a bit of his torso left dry, but Jura's final, oozing yield spilled out, dripping down to soak the pubic mound of the middle sibling.

"N...Now I r-really need a shower," Ryen tried to be clever in the midst of his blissful peak, but simply uttering those words left him gasping for air and writhing against his straps anew. His brothers watched on as he struggled to get any relief, but thanks to the rack, Ryen was forced to handle every ounce of pleasure that his siblings could offer him; it was enough that he wouldn't have been able to stand, were he granted such a freedom.

He didn't expect to be let up anytime soon, and he was terribly grateful for the small pad beneath his head.

"Pretty sure that this is the only shower that we've got time for tonight," Vintcient teased. "You're just gonna have to go towel off and deal with it."

"And if I don't want to?"

"That's **your** problem, if you really wanna wait for it to stick into your fur," Jura shot back. "I, on the other hand, am gonna go grab a *real* shower."

Jura was snickering the whole way as the last of his seed dripped from his length and to the floor. His walk was complete with a new swagger, granted by what he considered a conquest, but before the water was even warm, the moment was taken from him by Vintcient, who'd freed Ryen...allowing the middle sibling to press his messy torso into Jura's back.

"...You guys suck."

Vintcient smirked as Ryen hugged his younger brother from behind, staying

close to him in the slowly warming water.

Their little family might not have been normal, and it might not have been perfect, but it was so much better than it had been before, and that was reason enough to smile.

The life of a first responder might not have been quite as dramatic and thrilling as primetime television made it out to be, but it could be every bit as stressful, and sometimes that much **worse**.

During the rare moments of peace and tranquility that occurred on a busier day, most firehouses were equipped with facilities that were designed to help people relax. Many had half basketball courts in the parking lots, lounge areas with comfortable chairs and televisions to zone out, and beds for responders to get a quick nap.

If that wasn't enough, there were always showers for firefighters to hose off after a tough call, or before they were getting ready to turn in for a shift.

Most firefighters didn't abuse the bathing facilities at their respective stations, but there were always exceptions to the rule, and people who needed to go one step further to blow off some steam and prepare for the next call.

Tex was already clean as a whistle again, despite his brow being soaked with sweat from a difficult trauma call only half an hour before. His fur was soaked, but it was with the cool and refreshing stream of water that fell from the showerhead, just as he would have preferred.

Temperate as the stream was, there was a spot of warmth amid it all, but it wasn't the kind of thing that Tex would dare to complain about.

"You should probably stay focused on me. We don't want to have to rush to the finish if a call comes in."

Water could be *very* soothing. The rub of a bar of soap across dirty, smelly skin was almost *always* soothing.

Both paled in comparison to the feeling of a wet, slippery maw, bobbing back and forth with a practiced rhythm over the length of your cock.

"That's not exactly what we agreed on before," Jesse replied. He dwarfed over the snow leopard in size and stature, but the stallion was aware that Tex outranked him, and in the middle of an act that **none** of them were supposed to

be committing, that was all that really mattered.

Sadly, being outranked meant that Jesse's naked form could only stand under the stream, his equine length soaking from water instead of the saliva that he would have preferred. "I decided to change the agreement, and I've gotta say, I don't think Tsukari minds all that much."

It would be a tall task to find a more diverse crew than the firefighters of Engine 19. Tex was the most experienced member of the crew, and he deserved the respect that he commanded, but his two partners in crime were a little rough around the edges.

Jesse could nearly rip the door off a car without the assistance of any tools, but he was severely lacking in the compassion department.

Tsukari had humor in spades, and as a first responder, he completely understood the importance of keeping a patient in good spirits when a positive attitude could be the difference between life and death, but the Yoshi didn't have the same kind of physical abilities as his other companions.

With Tex acting as the grounding anchor of the trio and taking advantage of their unique talents, the unusual mixture that they were turned out to be entirely effective, but keeping that rapport intact wasn't as easy as just pointing a finger and giving orders: there had to be a greater sense of intimacy for the team to work at full capacity.

Tex knew that other lieutenants would have questioned his particular method of leadership, but when he was enjoying his favorite perks of his position, he didn't pay their criticism any mind. Tsukari was blessed with one of the longest tongues that either Tex or Jesse had ever seen, and if wrapping it around the shaft several times wasn't pleasure enough, the slow, easy bob of a muzzle around the arrangement could make **anyone** weak in the knees.

"You're gonna get your t-turn," Tex claimed, even if he knew that his own would soon be coming to an end. He was already starting to slump against the cheap, uniform tiles of the shower wall, and even through one wincing eye, the sight of his feline member disappearing so effortlessly in Tsukari's mouth was every bit as impressive as it was enjoyable. "Sorry that you have to go second. I didn't make the rules, y'know!"

Jesse had far less to express than his superior, but rolling his eyes was a far cry from the gesture that he **wanted** to display. “Yes, you did. You also choose to enforce those rules when you really don’t *have* to.”

The fake rulebook they were mentioning would always favor a more experienced member of the department, and that preference to seniority was more of a point of humor in the shower. That didn’t stop Tex from taking advantage of it, but he didn’t **always** go for the first shift.

This time around, he just couldn’t help himself, and whether Jesse knew it or not, Tex was rushing through the act, rolling his hips against the wall and bucking his length further down Tsukari’s throat.

The soothingly blue Yoshi enjoyed his time in the showers no matter who went first, and for his part, his eyes were closed, and upon his lips, a smile was present all the while. A pleaser through and through, Tsukari was glad to feel Tex’s paw resting on the back of his head and urging him to reach a little deeper onto the tasty flesh, even when he was already deepthroating it.

I swear he’s got a hose for a throat, Tex thought, as he winced his eyes shut. His lips twisted up in a mingle of familiar pleasure and mild regret, wishing that he could last a bit longer, but Tsukari had other plans, and skills that the snow leopard simply couldn’t deny. *It’s like I can never reach the bottom of it!*

Tsukari took his own pleasure in knowing that he could bring Tex to his knees anytime, even if he often had to wait until the end of the shower to get off. The sense of control that he held over his superior officer was a power trip, and though his length wasn’t getting the same level of attention as the feline’s, it was dripping with every bit as much sweet, glistening precum.

Plentiful saliva coated the unusually long tongue of the kneeling dinosaur and transferred over to the flesh of the quivering lieutenant with each bob of Tsukari’s head. His tongue was like a soft and energetic coil, clenching around the shaft at the base and loosening when the Yoshi would pull back, ensuring that Tex could never pick one area of pleasure to focus on.

Aided by the feeling of soothing water pouring over his back and a lightheaded burst of elation before the climax, Tex really worried he might have been drowning, but he didn’t **want** to be saved.

Jesse's impatience was completely understandable, but it was the last thing that Tex would have hoped for; the presence of a simply *massive* length of equine flesh pumped at Tsukari's cheek, and though the dinosaur knew which one was really in charge, he wasn't afraid to let his own desires dictate his actions.

Just as Tex began to pant with the peak of his earthly delights, Tsukari's tongue came loose, his mouth opened wide, and strands of dripping saliva greeted Jesse instead.

"It won't take long," Jesse murmured, casting a dark glare in the direction of his lieutenant. "I'm sure you can handle waiting another minute."

Truly equine in nature, Jesse wasn't much known for his lasting endurance, but men and women alike knew his name in the local bars thanks to a wide, delicious flare, a powerful shaft, and the kind of volume that a less experienced bottom might actually **choke** on.

Tsukari wasn't so easily caught off guard, and a happy rumble accompanied the slack of his tongue as he tried to wrap it around the bouncing rod. He was disappointed when he felt the wide, tasty flare pushing against the back of his throat, but a quick tilt of the head and a relaxed throat guided Jesse to the promised land.

Disappointed as he was to be cut off, Tex couldn't deny just how *impressive* it was to see Tsukari mange the entirety, and even as pulses of vitality cause the stallion's length to bounce and jump violently, the Yoshi kept everything contained, somehow.

It was every bit as enticing as it was mystifying, and rather than fight to gain his position back, Tex gripped the base of his own length, still glistening, and began to pump it himself as he watched.

"No way he keeps it all in," Tex claimed. Unique spots of soothing blue shifted up and down against boring tiles as the snow leopard began stroking faster, having been brought to the edge before; he wanted to get back to it as quick as he could, knowing that Jesse would hog the show if given the chance.

Nearly feral grunts of delight escaped the large nostrils of the equine, and his hooves clomped heavily against the floor as his legs began to twitch. "He'll find a way," the stallion's lips were quivering through his every word, and

already, his precum was pouring down Tsukari's throat with all the volume of most other species' penultimate release.

The eager dinosaur was *truly* giving it his all at that point, and the first gush of ejaculate forced his contented eyes to flutter open with shock; he was experienced enough to handle the yield, but there was just no getting used to such a heavy flow of juices.

It was like chugging an entire pint of beer in one go, and as Jesse seized up, his member shook with such effort that Tsukari was starting to worry about his jaw being broken.

"He hasn't s-spilled a drop yet," Tex noticed. His own colorless mess was spilling down over his digits, and the delight of a skillful paw was making it tough to speak, but he still had a voice.

Jesse was reduced to a grunting mess, his hooves stamping against the tile of the shower floor with such force that it nearly bounced the tiny dinosaur up from the floor. Drool poured out from the edges of the equine's jowls, but with each clench of his inner muscles, he pushed Tsukari closer to the brink, until his puffed cheeks finally gave way.

Seed began to trickle down, spilling toward Tsukari's neck as he swallowed rapidly, but simply failed to keep up with everything that Jesse had to offer.

Damn. I was really close that time, Tsukari's voice was naturally drowned out, but his thoughts only held the mildest of disappointment. He still had the pleasure of feeling his entire tongue **coated** in equine yield, and that extra warmth pouring over his neck was soothing in the shadow of what would surely be a sore throat the next day.

A panting, exhausted stallion finally pulled his hips back and slumped into the wall, before settling down to his rump and relaxing under the multiple streams of water. His mane was thoroughly soaked, and hung down in front of eyes that had been robbed of their intensity, and his impossibly long rod began to deflate rapidly as relaxation set in.

Tex couldn't handle seeing his subordinate in such a place of content while he was still working at his shaft, and even after his maw was mercilessly pounded, Tsukari was still looking up at his lieutenant with eyes that made no secrets

about his desires.

“Good thing we’re already in the shower. Y-you’re gonna need to hose off again after all this,” Tex claimed, but all of his clever, lewd words were quickly brushed aside by an impatient pair of narrowed eyes, and a slowly opening mouth.

Tsukari was sure to swallow one more time and show off just how clean his tongue was, even after taking a load from the stallion. He couldn’t possibly get rid of **all** the mess, but Tex was just glad to see such a warm, welcoming platform to finally reach his climax upon.

He didn’t even have a chance to stop pumping at his length as Tsukari bumped forward on his knees and engulfed the tip, rapidly swirling the bulk of his tongue back and forth over the unique, feline tip. He was slurping through precum faster than Tex could make it, and as one paw fell to the bright, red ridges on Tsukari’s neck, the other pushed into the wall and braced for support.

It was a useless gesture; Tex couldn’t possibly fight back against the skillful tongue lashing, and his body violently shuddered with an almost *uncomfortable* level of pleasure.

“H...how the fuck...” he tried keeping his cool, but even as the water of the shower turned tepid, Tex completely lost it. His eyes were shut so tight that it bordered on a painful expression, but cum was already bursting from the tip and soaking the roof of the dinosaur’s mouth. “Damn...where did you l-learn to do **that?!**”

Tsukari wasn’t afraid to look outside of the department to find people to practice on, and to date, he’d never met anyone who could handle more than a few seconds of his technique. He was starting to make a name for himself with it, and Tex was just the latest ‘victim’ of the treatment.

It was a messier trick than merely deepthroating the cock whole, and mingled drops of spittle and seed flung from the eager lips of the dinosaur, even as he greedily tried to slurp them up.

“Guess I know w-who to give that new promotion to,” Tex tried to sound confident, but he scarcely had the control to keep his voice from being a constant, pleased groan. “Can’t get skills like that without some **serious**

dedication.”

Jesse was still panting a bit too much to protest, and Tsukari wasn't the type to speak with his mouthful, but his lips managed an even wider smile around his mouthful at the good news.

Even if there was dissonance at the station, they'd handle it the usual way the next time; alarms began to sound with impossible punctuality, and duty to others came before their duty to themselves.

Cid didn't like the idea of being called a hedonist. The word carried such a negative connotation that his ears folded just from an utterance, but he wasn't afraid to admit that he couldn't think of a better word to describe his choice of lifestyle.

If something wasn't enjoyable, Cid wasn't likely to do it. It was a carefree and pleasure-addled way of life that drew criticism from friends and family alike, but the barbs of their words could never reach him in any sort of a meaningful way, as long as he was getting his usual fixes.

The otter didn't derive pleasure solely from things that were forbidden or taboo; much of his life was just doing things that made him happy and avoiding things that didn't. In as much, his average morning started with an all-meat breakfast, but was always followed by a brief jog of several relaxing miles.

His apartment was right in the heart of the big city, and the quaint members of his family shunned him for moving away from the country, but they didn't know how many homeless he offered food and money to on the way to his job every afternoon.

Many of his previous partners tried to smear his reputation because he was such a flight risk, but he was always upfront with people about his romantic and erotic intentions, and when he gave his heart to someone, he would happily bleed out to see them smile.

The balance of happiness that he'd accomplished meant that people wouldn't always see the positives he accomplished, and the way that they offset so many negatives...but he didn't leave much time in an average day to worry about such things.

After eating like a king, working out like a beast, helping the poor like a pastor and running numbers like a robot, Cid was ready to just be **himself**, and there was no better place to do that than the raunchiest parts of downtown, where hedonism and liberation were not the exceptions, but the rules.

Cid never bothered looking at the name of the club. He didn't want to make a

habit of hanging around too often, but he made a mental note of the rooms in the back, and there was no better place, nor better way to start his weekend. It was an ‘anything goes’ establishment, and while the worst thing you’d see on the dance floor was some casual nudity and heavy petting, the **real** fun wasn’t meant to be had out there.

It was in the presence of some old, converted stalls in the back of the building that those in the know had the time of their lives, and while most waited in a line outside of the booths, Cid jumped right to the front of the line with a bounce in his step and a gleeful smirk; he couldn’t help feeling special that he was allowed to go right inside, but then, he wasn’t waiting for the same thing as everyone else.

His sense of validation came from the fact that they were all waiting for *him*, and he tried not to look anyone in the eye as he walked past the eager line of men and women alike; the anonymity turned a mild, sensual thrill into a full-blown rollercoaster of lewd delights.

Unlike his favorite amusement rides, Cid didn’t know when he’d be allowed to stop, but he wasn’t worried about getting off too soon, literally or figuratively. He was in the happiest place he could imagine as he hurriedly stripped off layers of clothing as if they were different costumes, all intended to hide the truth of his personality.

He didn’t mind the tie, the dress shirt, or the slacks that completed the illusion. He knew how to look the part of a young professional, even with highlights of blue still painted into his headfur.

It was the liberation of freeing himself from all the clothing, however, that made him feel more right; more **complete**. He felt more accomplishment by pulling the base of a plug from his asshole than he did from toughing out another work day, and he had a much greater appreciation for the sight of a delicious, feline member poking through a hole in the side of the booth than he did for his own business façade.

“You’re late,” someone finally muttered from the other side of a thin wall.
“Hopefully I don’t have to wait any longer?”

Cid didn’t know Albaz, the lion on the outside of the stall. He couldn’t see that the feline’s mane was almost a perfect match for the dyed blue upon his head,

and he wasn't at all aware of the kind of day that he'd been through.

The otter found it was easier to learn more about his 'customers' through **very** direct physical contact, and he was starting to feel incomplete without the presence of a toy in his rear entrance. There was a much better substitute waiting just inches away, and a strange mingle of slippery precum and ticklish barbs eagerly greeted Cid as he leaned over the pile of his discarded clothes and arched his back.

"Work ran a little bit *long* tonight," Cid was always happy for the chance to tease someone with his words, just as much as with his body. "I think I'm ready for an overtime shift if you are, though."

Cid hadn't properly looked back over his shoulder before guessing at the spot of the lion's flesh, and though Albaz was already starting to penetrate him, Cid imagined that his new, feline companion had already pressed his hips right up to the wall.

A stabbing thrust made it clear that the otter was mistaken, and his paws flew to the far wall of the stall to brace for the depth of the sudden penetration.

"Wouldn't surprise me if you were one of the little sluts that's running around my office," Albaz claimed, "But I'd hate to ruin a good, working relationship for a little fun on the side. I don't need your name."

Cid was still sucking in a gasp of shock, but he managed to giggle all the same, finding pleasure in the unexpected push. "Just my body, right?"

"Pretty much," Albaz made it clear was his intentions for the evening were as his hips finally did shake the side of the stall, but Cid turned the tables on the gifted feline by humping back at the wall, taking the lion right to the hilt and pushing his own body to the limits; the plug was a good warm up, but against the feline member, it was almost a waste of time.

The otter knew he wouldn't be able to take things as slowly as he *should* have, but his tail was already raised, his hips were already starting to move forth again, and his short, stubby claws were raking down through notches that had been left by other lucky bottoms before him.

He was digging **much** deeper than that as Albaz pumped forth, refusing to let

Cid establish any kind of a rhythm.

“Not g-gonna be much of my body left to work with if you k-keep that up,” Cid couldn’t find the words to sound sensual and clever in the face of such a punishing fuck, and it was that same length that removed the last, ethereal layer of the character that was Cid the otter. He liked to play and pretend as if every sexual encounter was something right out of a pornographic film, but this was real, **raw** sex, without any protection, taking place in the back of a club that could be happened upon at any time.

It was risky, it was thrilling, it was **life**, and Cid wasn’t going to stop living it, so long as Albaz was willing to keep thrusting.

“I’ve split smaller bitches than you in half, and they bounced right back,” Albaz claimed, as he set a paw against the outside wall and braced his footpaws to the floor. “And I don’t think any of them were enjoying it quite as much as you are, now...”

It would have been useless for Cid to lie in the first place, but for a moment, the thought crossed his mind.

Any tease he would have come up with was wiped away, along with the trickle of drool that passed from the side of his cheek to the back of his fist. “Sounds like you’ve had some really spoiled bottoms, then. I’d never complain about t-this kind of a...t-treatment!”

It was getting harder and harder for Cid to reply, and narrowed eyes finally winced completely shut as the lion began pounding at the side of the booth with such force that it shook the entire setup. A second cock poked through the front wall of the stall and Cid opened wide, taking it without hesitation and bobbing his head on it without even pausing to see what species it belonged to.

He thought it a shame not to get to know Albaz by name, given what the lion was bringing out of him, but rules were rules...and chances were good that they’d crossed paths once before this. An eager and lust-drunk Cid was counting on them meeting again afterwards as he braced his palms flat and held his body still for the blue lion, moving nothing more than his neck to pleasure the stranger who’d joined into the fray, and his tongue, just for good measure.

Pointed barbs left Cid feeling tender inside, but the intimacy was so much

greater than any pain or pressure he could feel. “Didn’t think you’d be able to get me off *this* fast,” Albaz praised him, a rare move from the lion, to say the least. “It’s kind of disappointing...I was hoping to hang around a bit longer than that.”

Playing by his own rules was what made Cid such a happy otter in the first place. He knew the kind of risk he was taking by letting a stranger in the booth with him, but there was something so enticing about it that he wasn’t sure he could resist the idea.

Popping his head back with a hail of saliva, he reached down and pumped the base of the front cock eagerly, giving rapid and affectionate strokes to the shaft. “If you hurry up and sneak in,” he began to speak in whispered, panting tones, “I won’t s-say anything...”

The few seconds between Albaz pulling free and sneaking in the door were agonizing hours to Cid, but the relief of feeling paws on his hips and a warm body pressed right up to his own was *instant*. Albaz had given up his spot in line, and another male had jumped right in after him, but as it came through the small hole in the wall, the lion wasn’t quite as selfish as one might have expected.

In the darkness of the club, anonymity was mostly preserved, and the lion felt the same sense of freedom to do whatever he wished; that turned out to be gripping the base of the third member and guiding it to the lower end of Cid’s gaping pucker, before leaning over and pressing his own glistening shaft to it.

“**Now** you can complain about being stretched out,” he murmured, wearing a grin that Cid didn’t dare to turn back and see.

If not for the length that was still dangling in front and throbbing at the air, Cid would have cried so loud that the bumping music in the background couldn’t have hoped to cover his tracks, but his head flew forth as his muzzle opened, and easily swallowed down the waiting flesh.

Twin, sandwiched cocks began moving in unison, and Cid whimpered with delights he couldn’t possibly find the words for. Albaz kept control the whole time, keeping a tight grip on the base of the third male, but their different lengths and shapes meant that Cid couldn’t possibly keep track of who was doing what to his body. He could only hope that his arms and legs wouldn’t give out as his muscles tensed, and then turned blissfully limp.

The results of the spasm cascaded to the floor of the booth as his own cock, without ever being touched, began spewing long, thin strands of seed. With nothing to keep it still or contained, his member bounced with the force of his orgasm and flung the mess up to his own stomach, even as Albaz clenched him by the hips and dug his claws **deep** into his tender flesh.

Cid wasn't expecting the lion to leave so abruptly, as warm, slippery cum had only just poured into the otter's asshole. It was still fresh on his mind, and in his body when Albaz pulled free, and the terrible stretch of Cid's gaping passage meant that feline yield was beginning to ooze back down over his sack within seconds of him starting to walk away...but he couldn't ignore his other duties, now.

What he **could** do, he was more than happy to; bask in the weight of the lion's eyes as he enjoyed the show for just a few moments longer. Somehow, Albaz seemed to understand Cid without ever having properly met him before, and the fact that the lion was splitting the scene early meant that Cid would have to come back yet again, in the hopes of being lucky enough for their paths to cross.

The lion had merely planted a seed, and Cid was watering it, none the wiser.

Lions had a reputation for being the kings of the jungle.

That might have been something of a misnomer, and Nbowa wasn't the kind of lion that you'd find in a jungle in the first place, but he was the king of his domicile, and ruled over his bedroom with impunity.

"You two have been bickering about who I love more for the past few hours, and it's starting to make me feel like I don't even matter," he claimed, his tone a unique blend of well-spoken professionalism, and downright mockery. "You're so consumed with each other that you're forgetting who all the attention is supposed to be on!"

It was unlikely, if not rare that Nbowa would allow a sexual partner not to focus on him, and he wasn't afraid to use force to get his way in the sack, when someone wasn't cooperating.

Two people refusing to cooperate wasn't any **real** sort of an issue; he just needed more rope to handle the situation.

"It's not my fault that you like fucking me more," came the first protest. "If he's really so jealous of your affection for me, he needs to learn how to work his hips like a *proper* bottom."

Friendly competition could be a good thing for overall morale, and Nbowa was the kind of ruler who was smart enough to recognize that, but he didn't want his subjects wasting too much energy on each other.

Pleasuring the king was of the utmost importance, and he'd need to take a firm, brutal stance if his slaves were to remember that fact.

"I know how to work my hips just fine, thank you very much. You've just been sneaking around behind my back and stealing turns!"

Nbowa couldn't help being proud, at that. "I hope you two don't think you *need* to sneak around to sleep with me. You're both capable of terrible greed, but there's plenty enough of your king to go around."

The self-titled king was only dealing with two of his loyal subjects right then, but even that could be exhausting work, especially when they had to be entirely restrained. A veritable network of ropes was keeping a pair of bodies tied down to a pair of wooden racks, with the only comfort and consideration existing in the form of pads for the knees of the punished.

Paws were bound tight, held behind backs and immobilized, with tails tied to the same strand, keeping them tugged up and out of Nbowa's way, and concern. A forward, prone position meant that each slave could only set their chin on the edge of the wooden rigs, and one last, binding line kept their necks from turning.

They could only face forward and look up at their favorite lion, or stare helplessly at the wall as he stood behind them and tried to make up his mind about who would be the first to serve him.

"I guess I can live with going second," a concession was sure to arise sooner or later, and it was from Jake, a gray tabby who had only just recently come into the lion's servitude. "If that's what my king truly desires."

Not one to be outdone by his fellow submissive, the husky in the second rack watched Nbowa walking past and tried to look up with pleading, mismatched eyes. "Patience is a virtue, I suppose. I can go second if Nbowa demands it."

A cute, fluffy canine of rust overcoat and creamy underbelly, Kevin was the senior of Nbowa's captures, and on occasion, he allowed that fact to get in the way of his best intentions. Nbowa's pleasure always had to come first, but their eventual armistice left the lion to pause behind them, resting an open palm on the side of each of their hips.

"First, you're competing for my affection, nearly **fighting** over it. Then, you get so fearful of me that you both roll over and show your stomachs before I even have a chance to punish you; I fear I might be getting predictable," Nbowa criticized himself. "Then again, I could just be way too awesome at what I do, and maybe you guys are falling into line without even having to be told what to do!"

Each pet knew that they should have come up with a compliment, but Nbowa was doing such an excellent job of stroking his own ego that anything further felt as unnecessary as it would have actually been.

There was a much more important part of his body to be satisfied, and though his subordinates were just starting to get along, Nbowa was going to pit them against each other once more before it was all said and done.

“I’ll take your combined silences as an agreement,” Nbowa gave them the benefit of the doubt. “But since you’re both so *very* eager to please me, perhaps I’ll give each of you a chance.”

Kevin would have tried to hide his excitement, but his curled poof of a tail was already wagging about at the idea. “W-Who gets to go first, then?” he asked, his full backside swinging with such a gait that it nearly tilted his rack from side to side.

“Jake does,” Nbowa replied. “He was patient enough not to ask...but it won’t last long.”

Jake’s elation went away as quickly as it came. “But why not, master?”

“A lion needs to get his twenty hours of beauty sleep every day if he’s going to stay looking his best,” Nbowa explained. “There’s really only time for one orgasm in the few hours that I’m awake, but I need to see which one of you is truly **worthy** of it.”

Former obedience was only enough to get Jake the first thrust from his domineering master; it would take everything that his body could muster to receive the liquid blessing that the lion was dangling over their heads.

“Time is already running short,” Nbowa murmured, refusing to hear any further complaints from his pets. “Guess I’d better get to work if I’m gonna make my afternoon nap...”

It was just the feline’s style act as if getting sleep was more important, or more intimate than taking a nap, but it was all part of a ploy to make his captives appreciate their treatment. Making it seem like sex was inconvenient created a greater sense of urgency to get it whenever they could, and Jake was already trembling with anticipation, even before he felt the lion’s tip pressing between the cheeks of his rump.

“I won’t let you down, master,” the tabby offered his vote of confidence, unable to see Nbowa to know when the lion was truly going to strike. “I promise you’ll

find me worthy of your seed!”

Nbowa cocked a brow, admiring the smaller feline from behind. A lithe and tender creature, Jake’s back was a curious pattern of light gray overcoat and darker gray stripes, all offset by a pink collar that the lion always enjoyed tugging on in the heat of the moment.

He definitely deserved the first stroke, but a warning wasn’t necessary. Nbowa gave right in to his desires and stood firm behind Jake, keeping a distance between their bodies by the virtue of his paws alone.

A more intimate connection was already formed by the smooth, tender skin on the tip of the lion’s cock penetrating a previously taunted pucker.

“Whether you let me down or not...that’s really not up to you,” Nbowa pointed out. His hips continued to ease forth as his toes curled into the carpet below, gripping tighter with each inch of his flesh that sunk away. “You’ve already given all of yourself to me. Now it’s just a matter of how much I enjoy **taking** you.”

There was a very careful balance to reminding a pet of their place without devaluing them too much. Having no morale made for a dull conquest, and in his heart of hearts, Nbowa was a truly kind lion.

In the bedroom, he was always coming up with new and creative ways to put his constituents to the test, and that lack of predictability was a lovely surprise for Jake, who expected there to be a long, slow draw...only to feel a deep and powerful thrust at his backside.

“Well, I do hope that my master enj...j-joys it!” Jake was too busy trying to be a bit of a suck-up, and his voice suckled in a quick gasp as Nbowa’s sack bounced against the tender flesh of the exposed feline.

That first delicate **pap** was quickly followed by another; Nbowa was clearly in a feisty mood, and the inexperienced tabby was thrown into a fit by a series of rude, choppy thrusts. His inner muscles did all that they could to clench down on the flesh of their master, but right when Jake thought he’d figured out the rhythm, his pucker clenched at nothing, gaping around the absence of the lion’s cock.

Lubrication was always handy, waiting between the two bondage racks. Nbowa eagerly leaned over and picked up the bottle, squeezing it and paying very little attention to how much of the clear, cool gel really landed on his shaft.

“You really thought I’d give you more than that? Gotta give this little canine bitch a chance, too!” Nbowa reminded Jake, who refused to let his ears flatten; showing that kind of disapproval would *surely* lead to a greater punishment. “Besides, his tail is wagging so fast that it’s causing a draft.”

Before Keven could apologize for the involuntary action, he felt a paw gripping the appendage tightly, squeezing right past the plentiful fluff and grabbing the flesh beneath it. Claws sunk against tender skin, and Kevin’s discomfort only grew as Nbowa’s pulsing tip began wiggling aimlessly at the birth of his tailhole.

The lion **could** have easily lunged forth if he wanted to, but he was having plenty of fun tugging up on the curled, two-toned tail and watching as Kevin trembled, his body shaking back as far as the bondage would allow.

An utter maestro of torture, Nbowa stayed at just the right distance to allow the head of his member to poke, prod, and even dip slightly into a previously stretched asshole, but he never quite pushed forward enough with his hips to satisfy the eager husky.

“Just a *iiiiiny* dip,” Nbowa taunted, “And I’d be a couple inches deep in your slutty, little ass. Wouldn’t even be an effort for me, really.”

Kevin was never sure if he should beg for penetration, or patiently wait for it. Obedience was present in both reactions, and Nbowa was a fairly consistent master, but there were some topics on which he couldn’t decide what he liked best.

The poor husky was trapped between a lion and a rack, and his fangs were gritting together as he whimpered with the sheer need to feel his master plowing against his ass.

“M...Master, please give me a chance,” Kevin groaned, imagining the feel of a deep, throbbing vein against the inner walls of his anal passage. “I promise you’ll love every second of it!”

Kevin’s imagination was so strong that the heavy thudding of his own heart

created the illusion of a pulsing member inside of him, but that sensation paled in comparison to Nbowa finally easing his hips forward and impaling the husky on the first half of his length. “We’re only a few seconds in. You’d better hope that your body doesn’t give out on me,” the lion warned, and immediately, Kevin knew the gravity of his statement was so much heavier than he intended.

The weight hung over his head as a second paw came down and rubbed the fur upon Kevin’s backside, stroking through tufts of fur and messing it up as the lion waited for just the right time to strike.

A set of binding ropes meant that Nbowa could tug harshly on a tail with one set of digits, while the other poked claws forth like devilish pinpricks, forcing cute little jumps out of Kevin. The husky was blind to when the real strike would come, and just to keep him on edge, Nbowa would lift his paw every few seconds as if he was going to attack, only to set his palm back down gently.

Each time he felt another contact, Kevin gasped, but he found it difficult when a series of lewd, desperate pants escaped his muzzle. His long, canine tongue passed right between his fangs and dangled over his lower lip as the thrusts piled up, and heated breath cast into the air as he resisted the urge to howl his master’s praises.

He was just getting ready to give in to those desires when a different sound emerged instead.

SMACK!

Kevin’s body lunged forward as much as the intricate system of ropes would allow. His nerves were peaked by the constant, teasing strokes of a skillful paw, bringing even more delicious pain to the surface when the strike finally came.

It was heavenly, and the submissive husky was melting right into the ropes that held him.

“Barely even whimpering,” Nbowa grunted, finding it harder to maintain a lewd and confident voice as the pleasure began taking a toll on him. “Guess I need to h-hit you a little harder!”

Kevin held his fangs tight together in anticipation, but he braced too early. It wasn’t until Nbowa saw his ears relaxing that his open palm swung down,

cutting through the air before it slapped against taut flesh. Even when the husky trembled, Nbowa kept his paw in place and gripped the sore muscle, using it to bolster the strength of his already pummeling hips.

The desire to be free to move was *just* overwhelmed by a certain gratefulness, with Kevin recognizing that his knees and legs would never have been able to hold out in the face of such pleasure. A third spank cast a tiny strand of drool from the end of his tongue, and between his legs, precum trickled down from the tip of his canine length in such a volume that a puddle was starting to form on the floor.

Nbowa's orgasm had to come first, and the lion could see that even a couple more passes at the tight, clenching asshole of the husky would push **him** over the edge first; that was simply unacceptable.

It was more luck than patience that ended up paying off for Jake, but as the fast, brutal sounds of sex continued to taunt his ears, he couldn't possibly miss the sudden silence that cracked through all of it.

There was only a quiet panting from the lion as he pulled his member back, small strands of lube and precum dangling away from the tip and snapping back to stain against Kevin's thighs...but he'd get nothing more after that.

"You still haven't quite figured out how to contain that canine excitement, have you?" Nbowa asked, taunting Kevin in front of his less experienced companion. "To think that a feline could trump your patience...guess we've got our winner!"

Jake couldn't have been happier with the news, and even as he felt the warm presence of his master leaving his body, Kevin found it impossible to ignore the pleasure that left him to tremble against his bondage, long after the lion was done penetrating him. His canine member was still throbbing and wiggling just beyond the breath of a sheath, but the glistening trickle of precum that fell from his tapered tip would ultimately go to waste, as he accepted his fate.

His feline competition would have lifted his tail in an instant, if there weren't already ropes taking care of that. "My master honors me," Jake claimed simply, knowing that extra fluff might send Nbowa back the other direction. "I'll keep getting better, though...I'm sure there's more to learn."

Nbowa smirked that much wider as he took a comfortable stance behind the

tabby. “Any old bottom can kneel down and take a cock. This was just beginner’s luck, little kitten.”

It was okay to give his pets a little reassurance and value, but Nbowa knew where to draw the line. There was a fine balance to letting them see the clouds without leaving the ground, and he struck it with brilliant precision.

Not to be outdone, his cock was easing forth with the same kind of aim, and the lion had to wince just to stave off his orgasm for a few moments longer. Kevin really had done all the work, only to be denied the sight and the feel of his master’s glorious seed.

Riding that wave of luck all the way to the edge of his own climax, Jake held perfectly still for his master as Nbowa pressed quivering fingertips onto the tabby’s lower back. Twin rumblings of the lion’s fried nerves and his inescapable pleasure left Jake to deal with the most wonderful buzz in his abdomen, and when claws finally pressed into gray stripes, the pulses of his length grew stronger until Nbowa seized up entirely.

Jake wasn’t expecting to feel the warmth internally. He sucked in a gasp, but that wasn’t enough to keep him from mimicking the larger feline and spraying a hail of mess upon the floor, until a glistening coat of it soaked right over the barbed tip of his member. Throbbing down between his legs, it pulsed at the air and flung the mess about, but Nbowa ignored the feeling of the warm streaks that splashed the fur upon his thighs.

He was completely tense, fangs gritted, eyes winced, and body paralyzed with earthly delight. “G...good hell,” his throat was tight around his words, much like the grip of his digits around tufts of fur as Nbowa held on, struggling to keep his body still against Jake’s trapped form. “You’ve been p-practicing without me, haven’t you?”

It didn’t matter what his motivations would have been; Jake didn’t **dare** to answer, but his silence made up for the lack of his voice and cost him the rest of the fun.

Weak, quaking legs picked Nbowa up from his knees, and though he couldn’t move fast enough to keep a streak of cum from spraying across Jake’s lower back, the rest he tried to save for Kevin, who was pouting on the sidelines.

His frown perked right up at the heated presence of a lion's flesh pressing right up to his lips. "Mast...mnnf! *Mrnf!*" he was so happy to greet Nbowa, but the impatient lion wasn't in the mood for formalities. He was unceremonious in slipping his member forth the moment that Kevin opened his lips, taking it straight from Jake's asshole without even a moment to wipe it clean.

Knowing what had just happened to Jake, Kevin didn't protest in the least as his tongue cradled the underside of Nbowa's length, able to feel every pulse of the thick, heavy vein along the shaft as it poured the lion's seed right into his maw.

"Not that you earned it," Nbowa murmured, able to catch his breath once more, "But you are doing a pretty good job of s...*damn*...s-swallowing my load. Still, I must be getting soft to give you a treat after you pouted like that..."

There was sure to be even more punishment to be had, but Nbowa's pets were in luck. They'd drained him to the point of truly **needing** the nap that he mentioned, but that didn't stop Kevin from gazing up fearfully as the lion pulled his cock free and spilled a trickle of excess cum down over his lower lip.

"You two are off the hook until I get my beauty rest," he deterred the more brutal punishment, but he was always the type to plan ahead. "I suggest that you two get some rest, as well."

He had no intention of removing them from their bondage that evening, and it dawned on Jake as Nbowa stepped back, leaving the pair of timid creatures trapped to their racks.

"We...we have to sleep like this **all night**?!" he asked, as the reality of Nbowa's cruelty set in.

It was only the tip of the proverbial iceberg, and Kevin, more familiar with that fact, stayed silent all the while.

"If you're think you're uncomfortable now, I can make it so much worse," the lion cautioned. "I'm a light sleeper, kitten. Do yourself a favor and don't let me hear another peep out of you."

Kevin's enjoyment of Nbowa's flavor was cut short as he nervously gulped down every drop of cum that was left. He kept his silence intact and hoped that Jake would do the same.

Proving himself to be the fast learner that he claimed, Jake's lips sealed tight and thinned, as he tried to contemplate how he'd ever get a wink of sleep that evening.

Zack was an experienced bartender, and at that, one who was a bit too skillful for his role working at a college bar.

Most nights, he was the working manager, and if he was being perfectly honest with himself, he didn't need the money. He did the work for the conversation, companionship, and the fact that picking up dates at the bar was like fishing with dynamite in a puddle.

The nights that the owner actually made his way to the bar in a drunken stupor, he would take over the task of schmoozing up the customers, counting money and 'managing,' though that was mostly the act of managing to keep his pants up around his waist. An old man who bought an old building at the right time, Zack's boss was more of a detriment to his own business than an asset, but some of those nights were the best ones that the Doberman could recall.

When he was mixing the drinks, Zack could get up close and personal with anyone he wanted, and his charm was deadly at such short range.

"Sorry, kiddo. I don't think you're quite ready to handle that caliber of drink."

Degradation wasn't Zack's favorite thing to do until he got to know someone on a more personal level and knew that they'd be into such a thing. When it was being done for someone's own good, however, he didn't pull punches.

"All of my friends have been raving about it," the customer replied. The young ringtail was leaning eagerly over the edge of the bar, and mismatched rings of black and gray wrapped around the legs of a stool as his tail kept him in place. "They said I **had** to come here and give it a try!"

Zack was sizing up his potential score with an appreciative eye, and his own orbs of milk chocolate scanned over a slim figure, a long, slacking tail and a brilliant pair of amber eyes. He was cute enough, no doubt, but Zack's concerns weren't just about sleeping with another customer.

"You've got some interesting friends, I'd wager," Zack claimed. The thin fabric upon his plain, white t-shirt moved like a second skin over toned, powerful muscles as he crossed his arms and continued to question if he should serve the

young man or not. “If you’re willing to pay up front, in **cash**, I guess I can’t say no, but this isn’t a newbie drink. Most people can’t handle it without making a mess.”

Skyler, the ringtail who was following his curiosities down a dark path, smiled at the prospect of a mess. “To be honest, I have some of my best times getting messy in ways that you wouldn’t imagine,” he claimed. Anyone who happened to know both of them would have laughed at the statement, given how similar their interests could be, but it was only by chance that they’d come to cross paths in the bar. “I think I can handle getting a little booze on my shirt.”

At that point, Zack was convinced that he’d done his due diligence. “It’s something worse than that, but if you’re really so determined, pay up, and we’ll get started.”

Skyler couldn’t help his lower lip dropping in surprise. His tail coiled up against his back in a delighted curl as he nearly bounced out of his stool, lunging at the bar. “R-Really? You mean it?!”

Zack was staunch in his reply. His arms uncrossed, and a calloused palm reached out. “Cash.”

“O...oh. Yeah,” Skyler’s volition was dialed back just slightly, but as he dug through the pocket of his jeans and fished out some money, his digits were still trembling with anticipation, and his palms fumbled with the money as he shoved it over. “That should be enough, right?”

The Doberman never even bothered to count what he was given. “Probably,” he replied. “Before we continue, you need to promise me that you won’t go running around and talking about this. It’s bad for business if everyone knows about the secret menu.”

Skyler couldn’t imagine how spreading the word could be a negative, but he’d already paid, and wasn’t going to cost himself the chance to partake in such a legendary cocktail. “I’ll keep my lips sealed,” he went so far as bringing a pawtip to his muzzle and gesturing as if he was locking it with a key.

He was still pretending to toss the key away as Zack hailed down to another bartender. “Hey, Aaron! I need you to come help me serve a drink!”

Skyler wasn't sure if he was more concerned by how rapidly the wolf came running down from the other end of the bar, or the fact that his presence was even needed in the first place.

Chalking it up to nerves, Skyler kept his giddy excitement in check the best that he could and watched the counter...but Zack wasn't mixing any drinks there.

"It's for the best if you come around the back of the bar," he murmured. Skyler's mouth opened to reply, but before a single sound escaped his lips, Zack narrowed his gaze upon him and interjected, "Just trust me on this one, kid. Get back here."

Thinking that Zack just wanted to keep the drink hidden from plain sight, Skyler nodded and closed his mouth. He bounded off the barstool and swung around the edge of the bar, far away from the prying eyes of the drunken owner and stayed low; he was sure that he had to be breaking **some** rule, even if he didn't know which one.

"So...where is it?" he asked, as he finished walking down the length of the rail. "You haven't even started mixing anything."

"It's a pre-mixed drink. It usually has to sit for a few hours before we serve it, so you're really in luck," Zack explained. "If you came at the wrong time, we might not have any for you to try."

The explanation didn't settle Skyler's jumpy spirit in the least, especially when Zack continued **not** mixing anything up. "Uhm...uh. Not to ask stupid questions, but why is he here, then, and where's the bottle?"

"No bottle required," Zack said. "And he's here to make sure that you don't try and back out when it's too much for you to handle."

Biting back on his nerves was becoming impossible, and Skyler was starting to wonder if he made a mistake. In the low lights of the bar, the wolf was easily hidden, and Skyler only felt the warmth of his dark, onyx fur rushing past as he came to stand behind the ringtail. Thin wrists were gripped within larger paws, and just like that, the poor boy was trapped, with frightening eyes of gold and a sinister grin settled behind him.

"Don't mind Aaron: he's just helping you follow the rules," Zack continued his

explanation, and finally began ‘mixing’ the drink. “Like a lot of popular shots, you’re not supposed to use your paws to pick up the glass.”

For such a trivial rule, Aaron was holding Skyler *uncomfortably* tight, and his grin lent itself to a sense of enjoyment that shouldn’t come just from embarrassing someone with a messy beverage.

Shooting his eyes back to Zack, Skyler’s jaw dropped yet again, when he saw the buckle of his belt fly open, and beneath it, the tip of a brilliant, pinkish-red cock began to emerge from a delicately fuzzed sheath.

“That’s...t-that’s not a drink,” Skyler replied dryly, hoping that his attempt at humor might get him out of the situation. He couldn’t help a gasp at the enticing sight, and even wondered just what Zack’s member might taste like, but he still had enough of a head on his shoulders to know what a risk the act would be.

His mind was screaming at his muzzle to stay shut, just as he claimed it would earlier, but he’d come this far...his curious excitement would **not** be denied.

“The drink is inside,” Zack suggested, taking things in a very different direction than Skyler anticipated. “If you do well enough with the first shot, I *might* give you a chance at the second.”

Skyler’s ears were pointed up in excitement, betraying his otherwise shy and timid nature, but he hadn’t guessed there would be an extra treatment. “Second shot?”

“Trust me, you’ll wanna focus on this one first,” the Doberman was already taking a step closer to Skyler, and the warmth radiating from his exposed tip was *melting* the poor ringtail as it drew closer to his lips. Zack had to angle his hips down at the muzzle, and Skyler wondered just how many people in the bar had an inkling of what was about to happen, but in truth, he still wasn’t sure, himself.

His lips hung open in anticipation of whatever the Doberman was selling, and Aaron watched from behind, his eyes glinting with mischief as a more palpable heat began spilling into Skyler’s maw.

He’s...he’s pissing... Skyler thought, knowing what a mess it would be if he tried to reply, or argue back against it. *He’s doing it right in my mouth...with all these people around!*

The ringtail hesitated at the taste of salty fluids gushing over his tongue. His own kinks aligned so closely with this that he certainly **could** handle swallowing it, but he'd never imagined doing such a thing before.

It wasn't until the flow began to trickle back out over his lower lip and spill down onto his shirt that he realized what his indifference would cost him, and he gulped once in rapid fashion.

"That won't be nearly enough," Zack assured him, as the canine pushed his crotch further into the face of the kneeling creature. "Just like I thought, you came in asking for a 'lemon surprise,' and you couldn't even handle the first few seconds!"

In his own way, Zack was a brilliant motivator. He'd been saving a trip to the restroom for just such an occasion, and after hours of his own imbibing, he was in desperate need of relief, but he was controlling the stream, forcing Skyler to stay on his knees and endure it for as long as he could.

Counting the time felt like a useless practice for the ringtail. He was struggling to drink it all, and in random bursts, Zack would add a little pressure and volume by clenching his inner muscles, refusing to allow Skyler to just sit and drink. Golden mess rained down over his neck and chin as he tried to keep up, but he knew that Zack was just toying with him, as the first few drops made their way to the floor.

"You know, I'm gonna have to wipe that up later. You might want to get your head in the game," Zack warned. "I'm not afraid to make my customers clean up after themselves..."

Adding that little bit of incentive put Skyler in the mind to gulp even faster, and just when he thought he'd figured Zack out, his eyes went from an effortful wince to a slow, curious gaze upward.

Zack had a truly amazing presence, and his eyes were looking right past the adorable, timid gaze from Skyler's ambers. The Doberman could have gone so much easier on Skyler if he wanted to but giving the preferential treatment to such an eager customer felt like a waste.

He'd put Skyler up to the task, and for the most part, he'd answered the call.

“You really thought we were finished here, didn’t you?”

Skyler’s eyes flew shut once more as the trickle resumed, and he was forced to push the tip back with his tongue. A golden stream poured down over the flat of his warm, wet muscle and trickled over his soaking shirt, but even when he tried to seal his lips back over the tip and contain the mess, he could still feel liquid heat, but in a very strange place.

It was trickling over the back of his neck.

The wolf wasn’t even wearing pants, Skyler realized. In the dark behind the bar, he never would have been able to notice it, but what confirmed it was the low, devious sigh of content from Aaron as he began relieving himself in the same way as his manager.

“You probably thought it was called that because you’re guzzling my piss like water from a hose,” Zack theorized. His tone wasn’t nearly so sharp, now that his bladder was almost completely drained. “In reality, the ‘surprise’ part of the name...well, I think you just figured that out, didn’t you?”

From the beginning, the deck was stacked completely against Skyler. There was nothing he could have done to contain the mess coming in from behind, and when Zack finally stood upright and hurriedly yanked his jeans back up, the ringtail found his arms were still being pulled tightly behind, preventing him from turning his head in any significant way.

He had no choice but to rest upon his knees and wait for Aaron to finish with him, knowing that the back of his clothes would be every bit as soaked as the front when all was said and done.

“For how long I’ve been holding that in, you actually did a pretty decent job,” Zack was willing to give credit where it was due, at least, to a stranger. “I guess you’ve earned a chance at the second drink, if you still want it.”

Skyler was too busy panting and sucking in breaths, tainted with the flavor that Zack had marked his entire muzzle with to have expressed his enjoyment of the act, if there was any to be had. His expression was one of shocked effort, and though it wasn’t visible under thick fur, bashful warmth was radiating across his face, even as the liquid began to cool.

“I don’t think he’s up for it,” Aaron claimed, as he finally released Skyler’s arms. The ringtail was rather still in the aftermath, with his arms settling slowly to his sides; he didn’t want them to see his paws moving over to his lap to cover up the tenting growth of his erection against his jeans.

He should have guessed that Zack was every bit as observant as he was domineering, as he felt a footpaw coming down on top of the back of his wrists.

“Oh, he’s **definitely** up for it,” Zack boasted. “But consent isn’t a game, kid. I’m gonna need more than a stiffy out of you if you wanna try the rest of the secret menu.”

Skyler couldn’t possibly back down...not after coming that far.

A tiny smirk crossed his muzzle as he looked up to Zack once more. “How messy is that one?”

Recording a nature show wasn't always quite as dangerous as what the program attempted to depict. There were plenty of imitators across various networks that had been exposed as frauds; whether they were discovered sleeping in hotels when they were supposed to be in a shelter, caught getting fast food when they'd just claimed to have eaten poison berries, or fighting against a trained beast despite claiming they'd found it in the wild, it seemed that everyone was cutting corners in one way or another.

Wren took greater pride in his work than that, and where everyone else had been exposed, he kept his show on a higher level. Critics were constantly looking for a hole that they could exploit, but so far, Wren was the genuine article, and he carried the scars of his evidence as marks of pride.

He was dangerously close to getting one more, though he was unaware of the same. The hyena was simply enjoying the creation of some background shots, while his cameraman trudged along, sulking and carrying with him both the weight of his emotions, and the weight of a heavy, obnoxious camera.

"We've already gone pretty far into the jungle, dude. Isn't this enough footage?" he asked for the fifth time. His voice was dripping with as much disdain as there was sweat on his brow, and he was glad that the camera couldn't capture his expression. "You could almost make two episodes with everything we've shot!"

"But there's no **hook**," Wren replied. He tipped the brim of his stereotypical, tan explorer's cap and looked around, surveying the endless expanse of lush greenery. There were only a few beams of golden sunlight stubborn enough to break through the canopy as the sunset carried on, and Wren never divulged the purpose of his expedition to his cameraman, beyond saying that they needed to see the depths of the jungle up close and personal.

If he'd revealed the true nature of the voyage, he was sure that no one would have been foolish enough to accompany him.

"Why not try these ferns? They look totally different than the other few **miles** of green stuff that we've seen along the way," the disgruntled worker continued voicing his attitude without restraint. "Or maybe those trees over there? They

might be a couple inches taller than all of the others we've seen, but you'd better get nice and close to be sure!"

Wren bragged about his impressive reaction time on occasion, and naturally, the sarcasm wasn't going over his head. "If I knew you were going to be such a downer about this trip, I would have left you back in the village."

"Because it's so much nicer there," came a dry response through humid air. "Safer, too. They were really happy to see a bunch of people from another country, toting fancy technology and wares that they couldn't afford."

"If that's really how you feel, you should be *glad* that I invited you to come along," Wren explained. "Even if that wasn't enough for you, the fact is that we're off to see something truly fascinating, despite your lack of appreciation for what Mother Nature has blessed us with."

The wonders of the outside world couldn't be *fully* appreciated through the show that Wren was trying to record, but he knew that this was closer than most people would ever get to seeing the depths of the jungle up close. Modern recording equipment was truly a blessing, revealing details in the flora that had never been captured before, but it was the fauna that Wren was more concerned with.

"What you call a blessing, I call a host of diseases I've never had before, being spread by bugs that I wish had never bitten me," the cameraman refused to stop complaining, despite being in a position that would have filled so many others with a sense of wonder. "I can't possibly imagine what's worth coming **this** far out for."

"If you're really that concerned, we're looking for a beast...one that I didn't want to make it onto an episode of the show."

"Is that why you're not wearing the accent?"

"And why I'm not narrating as if I'm talking to a crowd of people," Wren continued. "I'm working purely off of legends here, but if I'm right, I don't want poachers knowing that these things exist."

The cameraman stopped dead in his tracks. "You marched me almost five miles out in the jungle, lugging this **massive** load of equipment, on a hunch?!"

“Yeah. So?”

A wet **thump** rang out as the cameraman dropped his bulky camera to the soft, pliable muck below. “Record your own damn expedition,” he declared, turning around as rapidly as the cooling mud would allow. “Fuck’s sake...I’m probably not even getting paid for this!”

A determined, one-track mind left Wren without a cameraman, and his normally impenetrable bravado was fading fast, as the last glorious rays of sunlight were swallowed up by the coming of pitch dark nightfall.

Traveling this far with a partner was dangerous, but having someone to watch your back greatly increased your chances of survival. Going it alone was no better than suicide, and Wren had to such in a deep breath to steel his resolve. He walked over to the camera as the former operator of it faded into the endless thickets of trees ahead, and with a quick inspection, Wren found that it was still working.

“Won’t be the best recording ever, but if I happen to see the beast, I can keep this for my own personal archives,” Wren told himself, hoping that the words would inspire bravery in the face of something so deadly. “It might be the kind of film I’m actually **proud** to watch someday.”

The pursuit of the beast was an act of passion; looking out for the life of his hapless cameraman was an act of duty, and Wren shuddered with regret as he left the camera behind and took after his departed employee.

The quiet, relaxing buzz of insects filled the evening air of the jungle, creating a quiet background to the messy **schlorp** of his boots as they lifted out of the mud and dipped right back in again. Off in the distance, some creatures could be heard making their mating calls as they treated the twilight hour as their sunrise.

Just a few feet away the rustling of clothes was accompanied by pathetic whimpers, and Wren turned his ears to the sound.

“Gave up on getting back to the village already?” Wren shouldn’t have been so quick to judge his cameraman, who was slumped back against the trunk of a tree, shivering as though he’d been dipped in a bath of ice. “We made a clear trail to head back!”

It was already getting difficult for Wren to see his traveling companion, but the chattering of his teeth told the hyena exactly where to look.

The moon wasn't quite high enough to cast a shadow over him, but something else was trying to, and Wren's voice caught its attention.

A flash of dark fur moved from the paralyzed cameraman and shot toward Wren, who couldn't even blink before a massive pair of paws were slammed against his chest. He couldn't see the glint of claws against his thick, rugged shirt and couldn't hope to ignore the horrifying *riiiiiip* of cloth as it was torn asunder.

Chalking it up to pure luck that his chest wasn't shredded to bits, Wren gestured over to his cameraman and watched as the very last of his luck found just enough bravery to back away from the tree quietly, before sprinting in the other direction.

You are so fucking fired, Wren worried that his last thoughts would be terribly bitter; his cameraman definitely wasn't coming back, and even if he were to send a search party, there might not be anything left for them to find.

"Pl...please...be a gentle creature..." Wren was barely able to speak. In the growing darkness, he could only see dots of narrowed brown above fangs of pearly white, and the moon still wasn't quite high enough overhead to illuminate the full vision of the beast.

Wren could only just begin to make out the mask of caramel fur around the eyes of the feral creature, and the way that it adorned each of his tall, perked ears. It was a canine of some kind, and steam was pouring from his muzzle, but somehow, Wren didn't *think* his life was in immediate danger.

What he thought, and what his gut was telling him were locked in conflict as claws finished ripping down through the tatters of his shirt, leaving gigantic paws to settle on Wren's thighs. The hyena could have tried to run, but in this situation, presenting himself as a threat or a flight risk wouldn't do him any good.

Attempting to calm his impossibly fried nerves seemed foolish in the face of impending death, and each breath in was through trembling lips. Shuddering with a fear he hadn't known in five seasons of a show about survival, Wren looked past the eyes of the beast, not wanting to challenge his perceived

dominance, and tried to keep his heart from racing into a blackout.

Whatever the creature was, he had some sense of intelligence beyond a typically feral creature. If he was just hungry, he would have already torn into the hyena, but he seemed to prefer the company of the smaller creature than the taste of him.

Wren's mind briefly turned to the camera, and he hoped that it was still recording, so that his last moments might be preserved. If nothing else, biologists could learn something from his passing; evidence of the creature existing meant that it could be catalogued, and such a discovery would make him immortal, even in the face of his own demise.

He didn't know that the beast had no intention of letting him die.

"Y...you're letting me up?" Wren struggle to speak through an arid throat, but the squeaking words got his point across as the massive canine eased up on the pressure. It was only natural for Wren to immediately scramble back on his rump, but he only made it as far as turning over to face the other way before one of his calves was trapped under the weight of a paw...but it wasn't *crushed*. It was simply being held there, and he managed to catch his face from slamming into the mud.

What he couldn't do was believe how delicately the other paw was tugging at his cargo shorts, and his ears went flat with embarrassment as they slipped right down over his thighs and exposed his backside.

"Damned creature was just toying with me," he muttered under what he feared might be his last breaths. "Probably thinks my clothes are some kind of shell... he's gonna e-eat me for s-sure..."

The quivering returned with a vengeance, and then came as fast as it went, when Wren felt pawpads upon his lower back. He seized up completely and prepared for the painful, dagger-sized fangs to stab through the tender flesh upon his lower back, knowing it would all be downhill from there.

The basting stroke of a long, wet tongue between the cheeks of his exposed rump couldn't have been much farther from the killing blow he anticipated, but it left him to clench his fangs all the same and look back over his shoulder, his brow furrowed with concern.

“What k-kind of sadistic c-creature are you...?”

Wren didn't know just how much the canine honestly cared for his company, even when he felt the sizable tip of his tongue brushing down against the back of the hyena's sack. Shuddering with a delight that he couldn't fully appreciate, Wren tried to ignore how much his body enjoyed the touch, but when another slurp coddled each of his swollen orbs and playfully tossed them, his mind couldn't ignore a certain reality.

This...this thing...wants to fuck me.

Relaxing would have been nigh impossible, if not for the surprisingly talented and flexible tongue of the larger creature. Wren could hardly believe that his member was starting to grow stiff between his thighs, but blood was starting to flow in greater volume toward his abdomen, and the results were twitching to life as the beast went back to work on the hyena's asshole.

It was getting *slathered*, and he was sure that he would be glad for that fact in moments, even if he was still having trouble believing what was happening to him.

No wonder they said that this thing is a legend. A feral canine, bigger than any I've ever seen, Wren was taking mental notes about how he'd describe the monstrous creature if he survived the encounter. His life wasn't at risk in terms of becoming food, but he wasn't exactly sure what kind of ordeal he was in for.

A slick, tender knob pressed against his naturally lubricated tailhole, acting as less of a clue, and more of the answer.

“This is r-really what you want from me?” Wren couldn't believe it, even when he braced himself on his palms and knees. He was just short enough that the larger creature couldn't rest his weight on the hyena, but Wren could still feel the enormity of his presence as a drooling, spitting tip sunk against the pucker. “I don't...don't believe this...”

There was no technique too shameful to use when survival was on the line. Wren was a living example of that, and some of his most embarrassing moments ended up on camera, creating the best episodes of his long running series.

This particular filming wouldn't quite be fit for television.

“Okay,” Wren grunted, doing his best to stay relaxed. He’d been pinned under a few different males before, but this was a feral creature; perhaps unable, but **definitely** unwilling to cooperate with his partner. “That’s e-enough,” the hyena continued to protest, but he couldn’t quite see how much length was left to stuff his backside, and part of him was very grateful for that fact.

His inner walls were only just expanding enough to keep the beast inside as a lustful grunt rumbled from his throat with such intensity that it vibrated against Wren’s ears, forcing them to flatten in surrender.

With that out of the way, he sucked in a pleased gasp, and finally admitted to himself that the penetration was nothing short of blissful. Even as his tailhole was abused and stretched to a level he’d never imagined, Wren panted quietly and turned his head back forward, his muzzle hanging open with the kind of careless delight that could only come from a truly clandestine coupling.

His senses were already overwhelmed; it wasn’t surprising at all that he didn’t notice a fresh rustling in the ferns around his head, and the dawning presence of yet another creature, though one less legendary than the other.

Wren kept the secret of “Zech,” as the first beast was called. It was hard to know for sure that it was, in fact, the legendary canine, but he felt like nothing short of that from behind.

His unknown competition for the title of the most dangerous thing in the jungle refused to miss out on the fun, that night. He didn’t have quite as easy a time moving around in the green of the ferns, given his creamy white coat and stripes of black and caramel upon his torso, but the other beast, “Aaron,” found his prey in a state of utter distraction.

Given the length of pink, tasty flesh dangling between his legs, he’d been watching for quite some time, and as Wren’s eyes finally adjusted to see him coming closer, he didn’t even think of the danger he was in.

His hanging lips curled up in a smirk as the beast approached, ignoring the growls of protest from Zech. Wren took the brunt of that frustration as the larger beast thundered down at his capture, pounding the poor hyena from the hips and slamming forth even more of his plentiful cock, but Aaron helped him to deal with the strain by virtue of a tasty reward.

“I was worried I didn’t r-really identify with the locals,” Wren muttered through desperate, panting breaths, “But I **really** like the way y-you say hello...”

A flat, wide tongue eagerly accepted the canine offering before it. Wren was already rumbling with quiet delight from the depths of the eager penetration, but his delights were gladly muffled by the tasty presence of another length. In the unreachable depths of the jungle, the famous explorer was learning more about a pair of legends than he’d ever thought possible, and though he knew where the camera fell, he didn’t know that it was being watched over once more by the cowardly cameraman, his quivering paws doing their best to focus on the shot.

“He might wanna find a new line of work,” he whispered to himself, keeping a close eye on Wren and thanking his lucky stars that he had the courage to return.

Focused up perfectly in the lens was a pair of giant canines, pinning and having their way with the famous Wren. The hyena was squirming and writhing under the body of the larger one, but his expression was painted with ecstasy, and his limbs were quivering with the rush of an enthralling orgasm.

Whether it would be for blackmail, or perhaps a new business venture, the cameraman was going to be sure to save the footage...but he wouldn’t make it out of the jungle on his own.

His guide was still busy bobbing his head back and forth over the length of a narrower, but no less impressive cock, while the one buried in his asshole began throbbing with glorious purpose. Wren was suddenly grateful for the presence of something in his muzzle, knowing he would have cried out in passion if he could, but his voice only made it as far as a growing knot, and it vibrated the same as he held perfectly still for the pair of eager canines.

There was no way that Wren could possibly handle the knot anally, but his fate was up to Zech. The mammoth creature was moving his hips with a speed that defied his size, and the bump of flesh that was meant to finish a copulation continued straining further and further against Wren’s passage with each thrust, but even the feral beast could tell that it wouldn’t be possible. He’d have to settle for watching as his cum, already bursting and pouring from the tip, began overflowing from the stretched, abused orifice.

Gaping, panting and struggling to deal with the presence of even more seed, pouring across his tongue with a salty-sweet flavor, Wren never would have

dreamed of his encounter going so well, but he wouldn't have had it any other way. Swallowing was all that he could do to keep from going lightheaded with pleasure and a subtle lack of oxygen, but even when it became too much for him to drink, Aaron continued bucking at his face, spraying streaks of mess across the side of his muzzle and soaking his fur.

Even if he were to escape, the hyena was marked, and by scent alone, Zech and Aaron would be able to track him down. It was no mistake, and as the larger canine eased his length out of Wren's asshole and allowed it to ooze the rest of his plentiful yield on the hyena's back, Wren started to get an idea of just how intelligent the creatures really were: They could appreciate Wren's physical limits and needs without actually knowing them, and even when the poor, exhausted explorer collapsed under them, they didn't just run off into the dark of the night and abandon him to whatever other horrors might happen upon him.

That stupid cameraman has no idea what kind of fun he missed out on, Wren thought as he slumped down into the mud, flanked on both sides by the creatures that had claimed him as their own.

When he awoke to find out how wrong he was...well, that would be *another* adventure.

Learning that you can't always pick your lot in life is just part of growing up.

The hand you're dealt isn't always the one that you want, but you have to play it all the same; there's no option to fold them in the real world and wait for something better to come along.

Such a philosophy wasn't wasted on Albaz and Nbowa, a pair of lions who considered themselves to be skillful card sharks.

Exile thought himself to be a talented poker player, as well, but no matter how he tried to play his hand, he was quickly learning that an advanced knowledge of mathematics didn't mean he could change the way that the odds were stacked against him: he could only be frustrated further by knowing how **unfair** his situation was.

"So...lions get to sleep on the bed, and hybrids have to sleep on the floor. That sounds fair to you, right Albaz?"

From the moment Exile set foot into his apartment, he could sense an air of collusion about the place, and sure enough, being the last to arrive meant that he was the odd man out, and the one left without an alliance to form. The lions paired up almost *immediately*, and the poor huscoon was left to stand alone, knowing that he'd be the butt of every joke, and the target of every ire.

Perhaps, if he'd picked safer roommates, he wouldn't have been in such a literal bind.

"I'd say he could sleep out in the hall, if the RA wouldn't bother us about it."

"True...we don't need to be drawing any extra attention. I'm sure the people on the other side of this wall will be sick of him before Friday night is over."

Several floors below, people were gathering for a mixer to welcome in the new school year, but Exile was quickly getting the impression that he wasn't going to make it out of his dorm room, that evening.

"If they're polite about it, maybe we can invite them over to help us out?"

Nbowa shook his head, tossing his stark, blonde bangs in the process. "There's enough meat here to go around, but if we spread him too thin, I don't think he'll make it to midnight."

After three years of putting up with college bullying from the lions, no matter

where he wandered on campus, Exile was sure that his final year at school was going to be different. He'd signed up for one of the off-campus apartments, just across the street from some of the main class buildings, and he was *elated* when he got the phone call, saying that he'd be living further from his bullies than ever.

His joy fell at terminal velocity when he found out who his roommates were going to be, and naturally, it was too late for him to back out of his contract.

"Good point. I wanna stretch this little bitch as far as we can," Albaz agreed.

"Granted, that shouldn't take too much effort, should it?"

"Remember the way his ass spread when we pinned him in the showers, last year? I'm kinda shocked that he doesn't have a toy in there right now!"

"He's about to."

The lions were speaking with a nearly rehearsed sense of timing, keeping Exile from getting a word in, edgewise.

More effective at silencing him was the long, thick dildo of royal blue flesh, stuffed into his muzzle and keeping his throat entirely filled, until tears nearly welled up in the corners of his eyes from the sheer **effort** of breathing around it. Quick sniffs of desperation escaped his nostrils, but beyond that, he could hardly manage to sound off his frustration.

"Can't believe how easy it was to get him stripped down," Nbowa admired his own handiwork, as he gazed upon the tattered remains of a scarlet and gray jersey on the floor, strewn around Exile's knees. "I swear that he *likes* being treated like a little bitch, sometimes."

"Not a lot of evidence against the theory, is there?"

"Pretty much none."

"Almost a shame to hide this key, then," Albaz replied, as he tossed a small, silver key over his shoulder, into the pile of bags and luggage that were strewn about their couch. "But if he starts to enjoy himself too much, we can always stop."

Red shorts were already falling to the carpeted floor of the sizable apartment as Nbowa stepped forth and pressed the growing flesh of his cock into the side of Exile's muzzle. "**Fuck** that. I'm not stopping til I've had my fun with him."

"Just gonna go all out on the first night? Not gonna save any fun for the rest of the semester?"

"You don't know just how deep the rabbit hole goes, do you, Albaz?" Nbowa

cast an off-kilt glance to the blue lion, and for a moment, Albaz was actually *fearful* of the sinister intentions he saw, veiled thinly by the comfort of emerald irises. "I'm sure this all seems pretty extreme, but by the time mid-terms roll around, this won't even be a warm up."

The small trail of precum that bubbled across Exile's muzzle and drizzled down over the other side was a clear sign that Nbowa had been anticipating this moment longer than he was letting on, and the huscoon couldn't escape the scent of it, as the droplets fell over his parted jowls.

Then again, he couldn't escape **anything** when he was on his knees, with a spreader bar between his ankles. Even trying to stand would be pointless, but if he were to consider escape, a small length of rope around his wrists, tied tightly behind his back, would keep him right where he was.

"I guess you're going first, then?"

"You said it yourself, Albaz; plenty of hybrid bitch to go around."

Without another word, Nbowa yanked the sex toy free from Exile's muzzle and handed it to Albaz, still dripping with a healthy coat of saliva. Desperate for air and panting heavily as soon as he was freed, Exile's maw opened wide, but he wasn't allowed to suck in more than a breath before the devious lion put the tip of his feline cock in the opening and drowned out his oxygen once again.

"Mrnf! *Mnnf!*"

"That's the way, you little slut...**gag** on it," Nbowa growled down at his defeated prey, enjoying the sight of drool spilling down over Exile's chin as he struggled to take the lion's member, even after having his throat stretched by the impressive dildo.

That toy was sitting in Albaz's palm and inspired by the more sinister of the two lions, he took it upon himself to kneel by Exile's trembling legs and give one of his ass cheeks a firm, brutal smack.

THWACK! The cry of the poor, trapped hybrid might have been heard if not for the pulsing lion flesh that was filling his entire muzzle, and when a second blow found the same flesh, even stronger than the first, Exile's eyes winced shut, and his knees quivered anew with the knowledge that his punishment was still just beginning.

"I dunno if he can take all of this...don't wanna break our new plaything on the first night, do we?"

"If that's really too much for him, how's he gonna handle you?"

Warmth built up in the soft, cyan blue fur that covered Albaz's façade, but he was in just the right position to avoid being exposed for his bashfulness, and if he was quick, he could distract from the subject of his notable size.

It seemed that Nbowa was quite adept at bringing the more devious behaviors out of his partners, and in his haste, Albaz smeared the hybrid's own saliva across the fur upon his rump as he moved the naturally lubricated sex toy into place.

Even in his state of discomfort, Exile couldn't help moaning around the flesh in his mouth when he felt the slick, smooth tip of the dildo against his tailhole, ever exposed by the striped, upward curl of his tail.

"You're going **way** too easy on him, Albaz."

The blue lion was caught daydreaming as he rubbed the tip of the toy against Exile's ass, swirling the messy head around the birth of his pucker. From an outside perspective, it might have seemed that Nbowa was right, pegging his fellow feline as a bit too soft to properly break the hybrid in.

When half of the sex toy disappeared inside of Exile's tailhole with only the *lightest* of preparations, it took everything in his will not to bite down on Nbowa's length, despite the tight wince of his eyes, and the stiffening of his entire body against his bondage.

"I thought he could use a bit of a warm up, but if you're not gonna give him one...I suppose I should follow suit!"

Despite the terrible discomfort of the toy being forced deeper and deeper into his asshole, and the fact that his legs were burning from the strain of being spread so far apart, Exile wasn't crying out around his mouthful *just* from the pain.

His cock, trapped within the tight and clenching hold of the chastity cage upon it, was throbbing and pulsing with the pointless hope of being freed for a release.

"Ooh...d-damn, boy! I think you **like** having your ass stuffed," Nbowa chastised his capture as he lowered a paw and gripped the hybrid by his headfur. "Bet you could suck the stink off of a hyena with a mouth like that!"

If you two ever let me loose... The thought was difficult for Exile to maintain, and though his mental exposition was darker than anything the lions could ever muster to him, the reality was that he was trapped, bound and nude, and being stuffed from both ends with **no** chance to escape. Precum was spilling out from the end of his chastity device and pooling onto the freshly cleaned carpet, leaving a mess that he was sure he'd be forced to lick up before the end of the

night.

That little bit of torture would have been the least of his troubles, given how deep the toy in his ass was reaching. He felt the smooth, firm tip brushing against his prostate as Albaz pushed the rest of the length inside, until the wide, square base pressed up to the sore, scarlet flesh upon his rump.

Pleasure and pain from both ends left Exile teetering on the edge of an orgasm that he couldn't control, and Albaz only spent a few moments wiggling the toy around to stretch the poor hybrid out before he stood up, gripped the side of Exile's face, and literally pried one of his eyes open.

"I bet you'd like a break from all of this punishment, wouldn't you?"

The question was bordering on rhetorical, but through one open, blue eye, Exile tried to nod, and struggled through each bit of the motion as Nbowa held the scruff upon his head tight, yanking just enough to provide the huscoon with a ripe, fresh pain.

"In that case, I propose a test for you," Albaz continued treating Exile's fate like a game. "I never had a chance to grab a shower today, so I could use a little help cleaning up...I know you're pretty much addicted to Nbowa's cock, but how about you give my asshole a taste? If you say you like it better, maybe I'll decide to let you free for a minute or two..."

Exile was too smart to trust either of the lions, and he knew that he was only being given the illusion of choice, regardless. The sooner he went through his task, the sooner he would have the chance to rest; that was the only truth that he accepted, right then.

His treatment didn't get any better, as Nbowa pulled his own length free and slapped it down upon Exile's muzzle. All the mingled saliva and precum that built up in the welcoming confines of his mouth splashed into his fur and spilled across his cheeks, before the cruel lion gripped the base of his own length and smacked his submissive target with the tip, forcing him to wince anew and growl with frustration.

The sound was quickly drowned out by Albaz gripping the hybrid by the muzzle and smacking the side of his head. "If you keep **that** up, I don't care just how talented your tongue is...I'll string you up from the ceiling by your sack and force you to gargle with my piss, you ungrateful little fuck!"

Such cruel words were enough to perk Exile's ears, and then, immediately force them to flatten against the back of his head as he prepared a rebuttal.

Once again, his voice wasn't allowed, and Albaz hastily turned about and squatted down slowly, putting the back of his sack upon Exile's nose and rubbing the full, swollen orbs upon his nostrils, forcing the moist and musky scent upon his prey and further cementing his place as the submissive of the bunch.

"Go on, **bitch**. Breathe it in."

The scent was thick and masculine, rather than the odor Exile was expecting, but in his defiance, he tried to keep his breath sucked in, even as the lion lifted his own long, rope-like tail and brought his tailhole into view.

Nbowa denied him the right to hold his breath as he stepped behind the kneeling hybrid and pressed the front of his footpaw into the base of the toy, forcing it deeper than it should have been able to reach and stretching his already abused passage even *further*.

"F...fuck! Damn you, you f-fucking asfn...mrnnf! **Nnf!**"

Rapidly opening and closing lips provided a brief pleasure for Albaz, but the attention to the back of his sack was just a bonus, en route to lowering his backside into place. Exile's muzzle fit into the gap between Albaz's cheeks as if it was made to be there, and the huscoon was forced to embrace the full scent of the blue lion, in addition to his full cruelty.

His asshole was dry and warm against Exile's lips, until the defeated hybrid closed his eyes and sucked in a quiet breath. His tongue spilled forth and slurped, flat and wide, against the waiting pucker, spreading a light shimmer of saliva across the opening.

This is so humiliating...please let me go...please fucking stop!

Exile's mind was trapped in an argument with the obvious response of his body. The sensitive ears of the lions around him could just faintly hear the chastity cage *straining* as his member tried to burst free from it.

To say that he was jealous of the full, free swinging cocks that danced around in his vision would have been a grievous understatement.

"Such a cute little hybrid bitch," Nbowa muttered from behind, as he pressed his toes against the toy with a random pace, keeping Exile guessing when the next poke against his prostate was going to come. "Whimpering like a little pussy...I'm barely even pushing on the toy!"

"He just needs a little extra t-training," Albaz suggested, barely able to finish his words without stammering over them. "He eats ass like he's been doing it for years, though!"

Waking up on time for early classes, taking mid-terms, and even passing his finals were all miles from the thought of the hybrid. He was starting to crack, and the fiery sensation of muscular strain in his legs was the only thing keeping him from spilling over the edge of an orgasm, even without his cock being touched.

The aggressive whipping of a tufted tail against the underside of his sack was edging him closer and closer to the inevitable point, and just behind his head, he could feel a warm, pulsing length moving in, until it settled upon his skull, oozing precum into the fur upon the back of his ears.

"He's leaking precum even worse than I am...little slut *definitely* gets off on this kind of stuff," Nbowa claimed, and the glistening trail of wasted fluids gave testament to his words. "Think I should remind him of his place on the totem pole?"

"Heh...we should just stop while we're ahead and leave him hanging. Sounds fair to me; what do you think?"

Nbowa cocked a brow at his fellow lion and began pumping at the base of his shaft, working the saliva from the hybrid's throat into his flesh. "You can stop if you want, but I'm not quitting til I cum...you think jizz works as hair dye?"

Albaz snickered and tried not to jump forward as the slick, skillful tongue brushed back and forth over his moistened asshole. "If you leave it in there long enough, I bet it would do the trick."

"Guess he's gonna be walking around campus with a new hairdo tomorrow!"

Enjoying the position he held over Exile too much to let it go easily, Nbowa gritted his fangs together for a moment as he milked his own cock from base to tip, stroking up tightly and pushing an ooze of precum into the fur beneath the head. The pace was rapid, and the slick, messy sound of saliva sinking into flesh dominated Exile's ears just as heavily as the spreader bar dominated his exhausted, quivering legs.

It wasn't until Nbowa pushed so fiercely against the base of the toy that Exile's body took over that the lion finally gave in, and with a deep, exasperated ***huff***, he launched a thick, milky strand of cum between the ears of the kneeling hybrid. Globbs of the messy treat spilled down between his wincing eyes and around both sides of his muzzle as Nbowa continued to stroke himself off, and Exile shivered all over again as he felt warm, dripping essence spilling over the back of his neck.

"Just couldn't keep it all to yourself, could you?" Albaz looked back over his

shoulder, watching as a bit of the plentiful yield spilled upon his own back, and as it trailed down the curve of his backside, Exile was forced to lick the creamy treat from Albaz's tailhole, knowing that an even **greater** punishment was waiting for him if he failed to collect the whole of it. "Good thing I've got my own personal ass-eater back there to take care of things..."

Precum was bubbling through the tip of the chastity cage that kept Exile in a state of nearly permanent discomfort, and from the pressure of the toy against his prostate, a thicker, heavier substance was starting to pour, much to the chagrin of Albaz, who still wasn't at his own peak, just yet.

"Albaz," Nbowa started to speak, though panting from his own release, "Did you...t-tell him that he could cum?"

"I sure as hell didn't," the blue lion confirmed, but he wasn't angry about the fact, or so it seemed. He was grinning, and he caught Exile off guard as he pulled away quickly, leaving the hybrid licking at the air and looking the part of the fool as he did. "Think you're up for moving this to the balcony? I've got a pretty great idea for a spectacular finish..."

**

Carrying Exile up the stairs to the second floor wasn't easy and getting him out onto the balcony was a struggle, given that the hybrid knew he was going to be publicly embarrassed, if he was taken outside.

The balcony looked out over a mostly empty field, but that night, it was filled with partying college students, welcoming in the new academic year and getting out their own frustrations before classes started.

"You in?"

Cuffs were around Exile's wrists, keeping them bound to the steel railing that guarded the edge of the balcony. The spreader bar was keeping his thighs apart, and beneath his kneeling form, Albaz was lying flat on his back, holding the base of his impressive length in his palm.

The underside of it was pressed up to the underside of Nbowa's own flesh, and both rods were spreading apart an already gaping asshole, as they moved in tandem, helping to ease each other into the abused entrance.

"Sure am...slid in a lot easier than I thought it would," Nbowa replied, as he knelt over the submissive hybrid. A lead was in his paw, and as he eased his cock further and further into the whimpering huscoon, he pulled ever tighter on the leash, yanking Exile's head back in a show of punishing dominance. "Bet he's

been double-stuffed a **ton** of times..."

Exile hoped that the twin cocks would move in a perfect rhythm the entire way through, but Nbowa couldn't keep his hips from charging ahead at a driving pace, and in contrast, Albaz moved his hips slowly, wanting to feel how tightly the hybrid's inner walls could still squeeze at every inch of his member.

He would never be able to get used to the sensation, and he couldn't very well complain about it, as the dildo that once stuffed his ass was stuck in his muzzle once more, forcing him to clean his own taste from it as the parties of the late evening began winding down in front of him.

As the milky light of the stars began to fade into the morning sky, Exile could only hang in his bondage, exhausted and defeated by the pair of sinister lions that captured him. He could feel Albaz pumping a simply *voluminous* amount of feline seed into his ass as the sound of an alarm went off, coming from just inside of the balcony, and his stomach nearly turned as he accepted the very real gravity that the noise carried.

"You've got class in half an hour, Exile. Don't be late."

Albaz pulled his cock free and watched as the gaping, stretched tailhole simply *oozed* with an excess of flowing, slippery ejaculate. Exile spent so much of the evening filled that his backside seemed hollow without the flesh spreading it apart, but something else was bothering him quite a bit more...like the thought of how he was going to get to class as the lions walked inside to clean up, leaving him strapped down to the balcony railing.

"It's just a poker game. Nothing to worry about."

Something as simple as striking up a conversation could be extremely difficult for a common introvert. Naturally, there were different levels of introversion, but for the worst cases, something as easy as saying hello to a freshly made acquaintance could be a struggle, and when they were forced to interact with a grand number of people in a given day, it could be downright **exhausting**.

Even a quiet, timid evening poker game was a daunting task for poor James, who sat on the far end of the introversion spectrum, and didn't relish in the idea of spending his evening with a bunch of strangers.

His best friend, Jeffery, ensured James that everything was going to be fine. He made it clear that his friends were very quiet, welcoming guys, and if James really had that much of a struggle with it, there was always another room at the house where he could watch TV and decompress if he needed to. In truth, Jeffery was a great friend, and James honestly did appreciate how accommodating he always tried to be.

He wasn't sure that it would be *enough*, but he at least went into the evening with an open mind, as he parked his car across the street and made his way into familiar territory.

He didn't even have to knock; he and Jeffery always had an "open door policy," having known each other since they were children. As fully-grown adults, it only felt natural that they would leave their doors open to each other, and naturally, Jeffery was catering to his other guests as James politely kicked his shoes off at the door and made his way down the stairs, into the den.

"There he is! We can finally get this game started!" Jeffery called out, as everyone cheered for James' arrival. Smiling nervously and offering a quick wave, James did his best to be polite and cordial as he came down the stairs, and

before he even hit the landing, Jeffery handed him a drink. "I was starting to wonder if you'd backed out, dude! Glad you decided to come over."

James happily took the drink, knowing exactly what he was being served. A typical White Russian, something that Jeffery touted as his specialty, was just what James needed to loosen up a bit, and he took a quick swig of the sweet, creamy drink as he made his way through the den, around the large table and to his empty seat.

"You need at least four people to have a good game of poker, right?" James asked facetiously. "And I didn't want to let everyone down. Three-way poker is kind of a chore."

The term "three way" drew a couple of snickers from Jeffery's other friends. "Good point," the first one replied, as he sipped his own drink and offered a light wave toward James. "Name's Ronald. You can call me Ron, if you like."

James barely had time to nod to Ron before the second friend waved as well. "And I'm Isaac. Great to finally meet you, James. Feels like you're never quite able to make it out to these things!"

"I...I get busy really often," James tried to come up with an excuse, and weak as it came across, he had to follow it with another sip of his drink. It made for a fantastic opportunity to change the topic, as he nodded to Jeffery once again. "Hell of a Russian, dude. I think you're getting better at making these."

Jeffery was mixing up his own drink as he nodded over his shoulder. "Feels like I've been drinking them since I can remember, but there's definitely an art to **making** them. I guess I'm just a little bit better than the average bartender," he bragged, as he made his way back over to the table and took his seat.

With everyone in attendance, it was finally time for the poker game to start, and the excitement was palpable; Ron and Isaac had been waiting to play a real card game for weeks, and with James backing out at so many different junctures, they didn't want to let this opportunity pass by. Their first impression of him was actually a positive one, as he settled in fairly quickly once he had his drink.

He was almost halfway finished with the glass when the first hand was finally dealt.

"You should probably slow down if you want to make it home tonight," Jeffery suggested, though he knew that there was no stopping James, once he had a taste for alcohol on his tongue.

James shook his head as he took another solid gulp. "What, I'm not welcome to sleep on your couch anymore?" he asked, offering a quick snicker to Jeffery. "I kinda figured I owned that couch, after all of these years."

"If you slept on it any more than you already do, I'd be charging you **rent money** for it."

Tapping the table impatiently, Isaac cast a glare at Jeffery. "You two gonna make out, or are we gonna play some cards here?"

Rolling his eyes and shuffling the deck one last time, Jeffery passed a couple of cards to each person at the table, just as James set down an empty glass. The ice within clinked against the sides, and Jeffery looked up from his own hand with a cocked eyebrow. "Another one already?"

"I...I think that would be for the best," James admitted, as he simply felt more within his element when he had a drink in his hand. It acted as a great social lubricant for the introvert, and pausing play for a moment, Jeffery reached across the table to take the glass and make another White Russian for him.

Isaac and Ron pushed their blinds into the table and gestured to James. "So," Ron murmured, as he looked over his cards, trying to hide his disgust at the quality of the hand, "Jeffery told us that you can be a little skittish. Is there anything we should know so we don't make you uncomfortable? Poker nights here can get a little...well...a little **wild**, for lack of a better term."

James shook his head. "I just take a while to warm up to people, is all. I really appreciate you guys being so understanding," he said, offering a small, but kindly smile to his two new acquaintances as Jeffery took a little longer than expected in mixing the drink.

Vodka, Kahlua and half-and-half were typical ingredients in a White Russian, but this time around, there was another small bottle of white liquid, perhaps a special kind of cream, that Jeffery added a few drops of into the mix. Reaching across the table again and offering it to James, the latter accepted it with a tipsy smile and took a quick sip, before smiling even wider than before.

"You really **are** getting better at this," James voiced his appreciation as he took another heavy gulp of the drink. "If I could play cards half as well as you mix drinks, you guys wouldn't stand a chance!"

Isaac shook his head and placed the first bet, after a pair of passes. "It's the quiet ones that always end up winning, anyway. They seem to have all of the luck on poker night."

It felt strange to James that Isaac would think luck would be any different on poker night, but he was already getting the inkling that this wasn't going to be an ordinary event. Being the only guaranteed straight man of the group, and knowing that Jeffery was gay, James wondered if they were planning a prank to mess with him, but he did his best not to worry about it. He was more concerned with not messing up the flow of the poker game, and after all their years of friendship, James didn't think that Jeffery was capable of such a nasty thing.

As he held his cards up to his face, however, he did feel his grip slipping on the edges, and he couldn't blame the drink, just yet. He knew his limits with alcohol and didn't suspect that he'd had enough to have trouble gripping a couple of cards.

He was just in luck that they were good ones, and he pushed the bet higher on Isaac, as he doubled the amount wagered. He set his cards down again, and on the back of his knuckles, he thought he saw a little more hair than normal, but he didn't give it more than a passing thought, as the quantity was just so *minuscule*.

"I fold," Jeffery said, tossing his cards away casually as the bet went around the table. Isaac called, and Ron folded in his turn, leaving the first hand of the night to be heads up poker. Jeffery dealt the cards as James took another sip of his drink, and the further he made it into the glass, the more that he felt there was some kind of extra flavor in this particular drink that made it a little bit better than any other he'd ever had.

He was also sure that he could see a little extra fuzz on his knuckles as he waited for the flop, and he brushed his fingertips along the edges to see if it was just some kind of animal fur.

It was...but it didn't come off. Instead, each pass of his finger seemed to stoke more of the fur up from his skin, and he raised a brow as Isaac threw in the next bet.

James hardly even noticed that he was sitting on three-of-a-kind until Isaac called out "Hey, new guy! You gonna call or fold?"

Struggling yet again to pick up his cards, James fumbled around with them and did his best not to show them to anyone, before setting them right back down. "I'll raise you to 250."

Not knowing his personality, Isaac could only imagine that James was bluffing, but so early in the night, he didn't want to end up being wrong. The idea of sitting around and watching his friends play cards as he did nothing didn't sit well with a more experienced player, so he tossed his cards into the muck pile. "You bought it," He mumbled, as James pushed his cards in after and took the chips from the first hand.

"Hard to believe that someone could win a hand when they're so distracted," Ron commented, but he added a quick chuckle afterward, helping to keep James calm and collected. "Something the matter, dude?"

"N-no," James stumbled on his words a little bit. His tongue felt as though it was swelling, and he was having trouble not biting down on it as he spoke. "Just...an allergic reaction, maybe?"

His tongue was definitely too big for his mouth when he closed it again, and he was barely able to seal his lips around it as he waited for Jeffery to pass out another set of cards. He eventually did, but he was slow and lackadaisical about the act...and all eyes were on James, with such an intensity that he could **feel** the attention he was being paid.

"Aren't...aren't you guys gonna look at your hands?" he asked, as he looked down at his own, but this time, he didn't much care about the cards. He was much more concerned with the slowly growing fields of fur that continued to spread across his skin and up his forearms, like the seeds of a dandelion being blown across one's face.

Jeffery gave a quick nod. "We will, in due time...but we've got all night to play poker," he suggested, as he rested his cheek in his palm and gazed upon James with a rather dreamy glaze in his eyes. "I'm not sure how long this is going to last, and I'd rather not waste the opportunity."

James was so concerned with his own change that he never took the time to look around the rest of the table. Small nubs were popping up from the back of Jeffery's head, and for someone who carried such intensity in his eyes, James found a little comfort in Isaac's glare, as if he was looking into the face of man's best friend, instead of a new acquaintance.

Even the playful shove from Ron, sitting next door, felt a little bit different. His palms weren't flat, but instead, thick and detailed, as if each finger was a little shorter and heavier than before. "What? Didn't Jeffery tell you what we do every time that we play poker?"

It was a silly question: Ron was sure that Jeffery never told him anything about it, and other than the fact that they were all slowly changing, the biggest thing all four men had in common was the drinks they had.

There were four White Russians, but each one was tainted just the slightest different shade of cream. It was hard to tell, even with human eyes, but as James felt his vision shifting just a little, forcing some colors to be a bit more vibrant, and others, completely dull, he could no longer tell the different shades apart.

He could hear Jeffery swirling his glass from across the table, however, even though he was sure that something so quiet **shouldn't** register to the human ear.

"G-guys, I...I'm sorry, but I think...I think I'm gonna be...sick?" James asked, unable to adequately describe how strange he felt. He wasn't nauseated or ill, but he was beginning to panic as he watched his fingernails curl over the tips of his fingers, despite shrinking further back on the digits. Normally clear chitin darkened with each passing moment, and dark, black material took the place of it as James widened his eyes and cast a terrified glance around the table at each of his friends.

Jeffery was chuckling as he took another sip of his own drink, looking entirely calm despite the tall, undoubtedly canine ears that now stood atop of his head. "I keep forgetting that this is your first time, James. We've been friends for so long that it's hard to believe I've never talked you into this..."

"What the hell do you mean? Do you always poison your friends drinks?!" James asked, feeling as if he didn't even know who Jeffery was anymore. He was questioning his very reality as he held his hand up to his face...only to see that it was a paw, with a slightly longer thumb than an actual canine might have. "I'm...I'm turning into a fucking **animal**, here! So are all of you! W-why...why am I the only one who's freaked out by this?!"

Isaac snickered and raised his glass to James in acknowledgement. "Because we were all in on it...and we've done it plenty of times before, James. It's a lot easier if you just relax and go with the flow, trust me."

Still feeling heavily connected with his introverted side, it was tough for James to trust someone who he'd only just met, but taking a deep breath kept him from losing his dinner all over the poker table. Unfortunately, another sip of his drink was no longer enough to settle his nerves, and they stood at attention as he felt a strange, itchy sensation upon his chest.

He didn't even have to lift his shirt to know that fur was growing upon his flesh as quickly as fresh wheat in a fertile field, and tufts of the same were already bulging the fabric out and away from his body as he stood up out of his chair with nervous energy.

"He really **is** skittish! I don't think we've ever had someone react so strongly to the change," Ron pointed out, speaking as eloquently as one could when their lips and nose were extending away from their face. "Sure hope he calms down, or he won't last long when the real fun begins..."

It was hard to believe that he could have such a thought, but James was actually finding himself attracted to the way that Ron spoke of 'fun,' despite knowing that he was a straight male. Whatever poison was placed in his drink, it wasn't just messing with his body, but his mind, as well, and James didn't know of any way to fight it, even as he slammed his paws down on the table and glared at Jeffery.

"Tell me how to stop this."

"Too late for th-

"NOW, JEFFERY!"

"If you'd let me finish," Jeffery huffed, "It's too late for that. The stuff is already in your system...you just have to let it run the course, and then, you'll be back to normal...whatever normal is for you."

"I'm pretty sure that being part dog isn't normal," James commented, "And...I **know** that I've never been into dudes before..."

"You'll get used to that," Jeffery replied. "In fact, in a few moments, I think you'll be **very** thankful for that fact."

The idea of being gay on a whim didn't sit well with James, who was still reeling to the point that he wondered if he was going to be sick, but it was getting harder and harder to focus on the feeling of his unusual nausea. There were so many other concerns running through his mind that he nearly forgot about his stomach twisting and turning, and the fact that he was getting ready to throw himself across the table and pounce Jeffery to the floor was perhaps the most concerning thought of all.

Sure, we've been friends since we were kids, but...I'm not into him like that! I'm not into any guys like that! I...I just...kinda want him to fuck m-...no! Stop that!

Why are you thinking that way?!

Covering his eyes and setting his forehead in his palms, James did everything that he could to drown out the unusual thoughts, but it wasn't doing any good. He couldn't explain where they were coming from, and worse still, some kind of scent was spreading into the air, and it only seemed to make the thoughts worse, as James watched the humans around him slowly turning into upright canines.

"I...I can smell you guys..."

"Of course you can," Jeffery replied. "And if I didn't know any better, I'd say you're enjoying that smell quite a bit!"

James wasn't aware of the pheromones that his body was forcing into the air. He didn't know that he was surrounded with the scent of larger, stronger males, and that it was feeding directly into the confusing thoughts that were taking control of his mind.

Afraid to leave the house, and figuring that calling the police wouldn't do him a whole lot of good, James found himself trapped between two unpleasant options: continue trying to fight the changes taking place in his body and mind, or run right along with them, and do the next thing that felt natural in his new thought process.

"Are you enjoying it, James? Have you figured it out yet?"

The scents filling his nostrils, the changing colors of his environment, the fur growing upon his flesh...all of those things **paled** in comparison to the overpowering signals of need that were coming from every corner of James' mind.

Acting purely on those budding instincts, James jumped right up onto the table, dove across it and pounced Jeffery to the ground, nearly flipping the playing surface over, and scattering cards and chips to the floor, completely ruining the

game for the time being.

Rather than greeting James with frustration at the mess that he caused, Jeffery greeted him with a welcoming kiss. Their muzzles, still taking a final shape as the slow transformation ended, met with an exchange of mutual passion, and James, for his first truly canine act, let out a high-pitched whimper of need, as if he didn't know the secret to abating his lust.

"Easy, boy. I know it's your first time, but if you're too eager to get started, you're gonna get hurt...trust me."

As human intelligence mingled with animal instinct, James whimpered a little bit louder and tilted his head. He was having trouble keeping control of his actions, and he pecked at Jeffery's lips once more as he tried to convey the uncontrollable affection that he felt.

It may have all been the result of chemically tainted semen in the bottom of James' drink was the reason for his change, and for the deeper shift in his mental capacities, but Jeffery still took the affection as genuine, as he gestured with a clawtip over to Isaac and Ron. Each now more canine than human, they stood up from their seats and each hooked an arm under James.

"Rrr...rowr?" James growled curiously as he was stood upright. Jeffery stood up in front of him and dusted off his shirt, though he let out a groan of dissatisfaction; he tended to forget just how difficult it was to move his shirt around with the layer of fur resting underneath of it.

Tugging the shirt up and over his head, prompting another reach from James, Jeffery took a step back as the other two males kept him restrained. "Try to keep a hold of your human thoughts, James. I don't want you going feral on me..."

The sight of not flesh, but **fur** was startling for James, even if he was able to guess that such a thing might be present. The last patches of exposed skin were filling in with a full, healthy layer of the same fluffy material as Jeffery hooked his thumbs into the waistline of his jeans, and while his human shame and doubt were subdued, James honed his eyes right in on the sight, suddenly all too eager to get a glimpse of what Jeffery was working with.

"I think he's a lost cause," Isaac teased. "No way he's coming back from the twilight zone, if you ask me..."

Jeffery rolled his eyes. "You seem to say that about every new recruit we bring to poker night," he pointed out, as the buckle of his belt came undone. Though it was just the chemicals thinking for him, James was sure that Jeffery was going to be packing an impressive length, and he was curious to get a look at it...though, at first, he was denied the sight, not by a blindfold or other cover, but by the anatomical change on Jeffery himself.

A small, bright red tip was just barely sticking out a sheath, surrounded by a field of thin, peach fuzz fur. Swollen orbs were still contained within a sack beneath it, but they were a bit closer to the shaft, and the tight skin around the same provided an outline that James couldn't possibly miss.

The human part of his mind was popping up again, just in time to keep him from trying to break free to steal his first ever taste of a cock, and a canine one, at that.

"You should really give him a second chance, Isaac. He looks ripe for the taking, to me," Ron argued, as he slipped an open paw down over the smooth, soft fur upon James' back. Easily the largest of the three dogs, Ron was now completely transformed into a German Shepherd, and he acted as the muscle of the group, as Isaac slacked on his duties to keep James in place.

A large and lazy malamute, Isaac was barely holding onto James anymore. His thoughts were already turning to the fun that he was going to have on James'

maiden voyage, and with another quiet whimper, the last inches of his muzzle finally came to a full, defined form, and fur surrounded the last bits of exposed flesh.

James was no longer a slightly overweight human, but a hefty, fluffy Shiba, staring up at the taut, powerful rottweiler that was once his best friend, Jeffery.

"If Isaac doesn't improve his attitude, I say we force him to work the camera," Jeffery teased. There was no camera in the room to begin with, and Isaac rolled his eyes at the prospect as James' shirt was eased off his body, with some assistance from the other two canines. "James...how are you feeling? Do you think you're ready for the best part of poker night?"

It seemed that consent to the act was important to Jeffery, even if James never consented to being poisoned with the tainted semen in the first place.

All the same, James gave a very slight nod, as the last of his human shame struggled to keep control of a wild, animal lust. "I...I've already come this far, right? Might as well go all the way, if I'm gonna..."

"I just **knew** you'd come around to the idea eventually!" Jeffery cheered, as he made a quick gesture to Isaac and Ron. They released the Shiba, and with all the same aggression that he carried before, James pressed himself into Jeffery once more. Their bodies met in the center of the wide, spacious den, and though the cock of the rottweiler was sticking further and further out of his dark, black sheath, James was still trapped within his jeans; a situation that Jeffery wouldn't allow to stand for much longer.

Thick, sharp claws gripped tightly onto James, digging deep trails into his fur before they settled at his waistline. A paw wrapped around the hem of his jeans, and pawtips, showing surprising dexterity, began yanking down at the zipper on the front, as Isaac and Ron stripped in the background, enjoying the show that they were so lucky to be able to see. Clothing was forming a small pool of fabric on the floor, now that fur was taking care of the purpose it once held, and James,

once his sheath was exposed, could feel the strange and delightfully unique sensation of his cock growing up and out of the moistened passage.

Stiff from the very nature of his new anatomy, James pressed his hips in tight to Jeffery, who kept his established dominance over the moment and pressed back against his best friend. Overpowering him fairly easily, Jeffery wore a devious smirk as their cocks brushed for the very first time, and James shuddered on his footpaws as he felt their mingled precum spilling back down over his slowly growing shaft.

"I d-don't know how you did this to me," James stuttered, as he leaned his face into Jeffery's shoulder and suckled in a deep breath, "*Nnnnf...* b-but...I want **more...**"

Jeffery rested a paw on James' upper back, as if to comfort him in the moment. "You heard him, fellas."

The same paw make a crooking gesture, inviting Isaac and Ron to take their places behind the transformed guest of honor. Ron immediately pinned James between himself and Jeffery, and with a quick, forceful shove, he sent the pair tumbling to the ground, trapping each of them on the floor. Isaac was already on his knees and waiting by the side, as he rubbed and stroked at the soft, delicate fur around his orbs, encouraging his manhood to come out so that he could enjoy the moment to the fullest.

"It's your first night, James...so you get to be in the middle..."

Only hours before, the idea of being sandwiched between a group of males, surrounded by the flesh of their naked bodies and the girth of their cocks would have revolted James.

Now, he was so greedy for the grand finale that he never even thanked Jeffery for his generosity. He was too busy opening his new, fully formed muzzle to let his long, canine tongue slurp forward. He needed to know what a male tasted like, and Isaac was kneeling right next to him, happily waiting to oblige.

It could have been the fact that Isaac was a canine, or perhaps, the chemicals were so strong that James forgot he was ever straight, but he felt a genuine delight to feel the tapered tip of a cock against the flat of his warm, wet muscle. Precum was already drooling from the end, and though James was inexperienced, it didn't dull the sensations at all for Isaac, who happily tilted his head back and let out a moan.

"Something tells me you're gonna settle in just fine," Jeffery commented. He knew that James was struggling to deal with the strength of the lust that he felt, as many others had before when first exposed to the tainted cum. As many drinks as James went through, it was a wonder that he wasn't backing his hips into Ron, but he didn't quite have the instincts necessary to know what to do, in his position.

A drooling, spitting member lined up with James' exposed rump, as Ron was more than happy to educate him in the same.

"He's gonna be awfully tight," Ron suggested, "But...I think he'll take it like a champ..."

James was thankful for the slightly narrower tip of the canine anatomy as it slipped under the cover of his tail and nudged against his pucker. The passage was deliciously tight, and pleasantly warm to boot; it was such a combination that Ron couldn't help giving a quick, jabbing thrust from the hips.

Just bashful enough to want to hide his moans, James winced his eyes shut tight and forced his muzzle onto Isaac, taking more of the splendid shaft than he could actually handle in a foolish attempt to stifle his moans. His hips bucked forward

as he was penetrated for the very first time, and Jeffery finally got to enjoy the show as more than a spectator, as the sudden jab left James' cock to slide against Jeffery's own.

Wrapping a paw around each shaft and slowly jerking them, Jeffery laid back, happily pinned beneath the weight of his transformed friend. He was privy to the sight of James struggling not to cough as he suckled down more of Isaac's member, and on the other side, he could see Ron's face twisting up with ecstasy as inch after inch of his flesh was buried inside of the guest of honor, aided by the simply impressive amount of precum that drizzled from the tip of his length.

James was like a missing puzzle piece that, once found, completed something that had been missing from the lives of everyone around him. Never having made it to a poker game, James had no idea that any of this was coming, and as soon as Jeffery could feel that he was used to his position, canine instinct kicked in all around him...and the foreplay was officially over.

A heavy, swollen sack and the two large orbs within slapped down harshly against James' backside as Ron drove his hips forward, but once he was in as deep as he could reach, his footpaws planted and his hips moved like a piston. A quiet ***pap pap pap*** was quick to follow as Ron took James like the dog that he was.

"H-hold him still," Isaac pleaded, as he leaned forward on his knees and gripped James by the long, tall flesh of his ears. Coughing and gagging on the length already, James did all that he could to swallow more of the impressive, thick member, but he was forced to choke on it as Isaac began to pump his hips with all the same aggression that Ron carried. He might have been even **faster**, as the tip of his cock brushed and swabbed at the back of James' throat.

It seemed only Jeffery still had any control, though his hips were beginning to pick up speed, as well. "I can tell that...nnnf... that it's t-too much for you," Jeffery admitted, as he watched James' eyes beginning to roll back just slightly. "Don't worry about holding back. Let it all out, buddy..."

Though it was pinned to the side by Ron's advances, the very tip of James' tail continued to wag with excitement. His body had been teased and touched in ways that he'd never known, and though he wasn't so familiar with how canines operated, he was quickly getting the impression that things would be over soon; he could actually feel the moisture building inside of his tailhole as copious amount of precum filled it, and more of the same fluid was dripping from the corners of his muzzle as Isaac nearly drowned him with the stuff.

He couldn't imagine how he would ever handle the actual orgasms when they came, but at the moment, he was a bit more worried about his own, as a hefty, bulbous knot began to emerge from the base of his manhood. Ever his best friend, Jeffery squeezed the bulb and pumped it as thick, sticky semen sprayed out from the tip, and with every beat of his heart, James' cock throbbed in time, forcing a fresh burst of his seed to gush across Jeffery's chest.

"Atta boy...keep it c-coming...**do it!**" Jeffery cheered on his friend, as the heated ejaculate spilling across his chest sparked his own orgasm. Perhaps inspired more by the excitement than the pleasure, Jeffery gripped James by the wrist and guided his paw to the equal and opposite bulb. Learning quickly, James pumped the knot with eager pawtips, finding the mingled textures of smooth and sticky to be pleasant against his grip. Immediately, streams of cum spilled back over his pawtips, and in exchange for his own mess, Jeffery was coating the chest of his fellow canine, knowing that the cum would likely sink in and stain before James had a chance to do anything about it.

Pinning both of the messy dogs beneath him still, Ron took a hint of mercy on James and gripped the base of his own knot as it emerged, knowing that someone who'd just lost their anal virginity couldn't **hope** to take the lump on their first try. Gaping and drooling with all the cum that he'd taken, James'

asshole stayed wide and stretched as Ron pulled back and held his member, allowing a cascade of seed to fly across the back of the poker night rookie, even as James gagged in his attempts to swallow the copious amounts of seed that Isaac had to offer.

A wet, sticky mess of cum from three different men, James was coughing up the same as he narrowly avoided having his muzzle knotted by the overly eager Isaac.

"Heh...y-you still with us?" Jeffery asked, as he saw James panting, small streams of white still falling over the edges of his jowls.

James could have been angry. He could have been downright **furious**, and in reality, he had every right to be, if he was. His body was still shaking and trembling with the efforts of taking a male as gifted as Ron, and with Isaac forgetting to mind his manners, it was lucky that James didn't **drown** in the flood of mingled seed and precum that he had to struggle through, regardless of how much he found himself enjoying it.

Most people would have been beside themselves with hatred in such a situation.

Under the effects of the tainted seed, however, he did his best to grin and made a show of it, as he opened his muzzle slowly, showing off a small river of cum that stuck to every surface of his maw, before he gulped it down and winked to his friend. "Sorry it took me so long to come around, Jeffery...I'm *definitely* with you."

**

"Raise to 150."

"Re-raise, 200."

"All-in."

"Ooooh... I...I dunno about that."

Still a terrible mess, without ever wiping the seed out of the carpet, the canines were all seated around the poker table again, sharing a celebratory drink and finally getting the cards underway. If only there had been a cameraman nearby, they'd have been able to capture the spitting image of a rather famous painting...as if it had been brought to life in the most sinister of ways.

Thank you so much for reading all the way through another edition of “Boys Only,” and adding it to your literary catalogue!

We really hope you enjoyed this latest installment, and that you’ll pick up the next edition when it comes out next year! That’s a long way off, so if you think you’ll need something in the meantime to keep you satisfied, fear not! We’ve got a plethora of other tales, erotic and otherwise, to keep you entertained.

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