

LONDON CALLING



NATHAN
RAVENWOOD
& KADATH

London Calling

Written by Nathan Ravenwood
Characters, Illustrations, and Editing by Kadath



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Nathan Ravenwood

[Twitter](#)

Kadath

[Website](#) | [Twitter](#) | [Patreon](#)

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1.

Sebastian's ears were pinned back as he leaned against the bar, watching the scene in front of him with a mixture of fascination and a faint pang of fear. Gene had said that things would get wild at the Revolver, but he certainly hadn't expected... well, this.

He'd already forgotten the name of the band onstage, but that wasn't too much of a concern for him at the moment. The saluki was more fascinated by the mosh pit, the collision of fur and limbs that roiled and swayed like it was an organism all its own. He saw Gene through a gap in the throng, briefly, the yellow Labrador shirtless, his fur matted in sweat. He looked back and Sebastian and waved, and Seb waved back before the pit swallowed Gene once more.

A high-pitched squeal of feedback made Seb wince as the guitarist turned so that he was facing the stack of amps. The noise reverberated through the club and out the doors to the chilly London street beyond. The drummer crashed down on the cymbals, pounding out a driving beat as the frontman, a tall, beefy ram in a sleeveless t-shirt, howled into the microphone. The noise was so loud that Seb could barely make out the words, and he was honestly at a loss for what Gene saw in this kind of music.

The band ended their set, the ram yelling into the microphone. "We're fucking Blank Slate, good night!" Well, that solved the name quandary. Sebastian stood

up from the back wall, rubbing his ears with his fingers. He could already hear them ringing over the hubbub that arose from the audience in the wake of the band's set.

Gene pushed his way out of the throng to meet him, patting his face dry with his shirt. "Having fun?" he asked, grinning in that Labrador way, his tail wagging a mile a minute.

"About as much as I can be," Sebastian said, pressing his fingers to his ear canals and hearing the squealing noise.

"Told you you should've brought earplugs," Gene said, inclining his head so Seb could see the bright orange silicone cones wedged there.

"I can't believe they don't sell them at the merch stand."

"Yeah, it's BS," Gene agreed, rolling his shoulders. "But what can you do?"

Seb watched the stage techs change out the equipment. "I mean, don't get me wrong, I appreciate you inviting me out, just..."

Gene clapped him on the shoulder. "Come on, man. You gotta try that pit."

Sebastian laughed once. "Pass!"

"Suit yourself!" Gene said as he turned and pushed his way back into the crowd. Sebastian watched him go, then decided he could use a drink. Let someone else take the wall position. He edged his way around the crowd as they jockeyed for positions to see the stage.

The bar was set against the opposite wall, a long counter that stretched almost from the door all the way to the stage. It was mostly deserted, the drinkers there

vacating it in favor for positions at the back of the crowd.

Sebastian winced as the next band started playing, his ears pinning back. He braced himself against the bar counter, fighting the urge to be a wimp and put his hands over his ears. *Be a wimp!* He chided himself. *You'll lose your hearing if you don't!*

Something batted against his hand and he looked down. Lying on the counter was a small plastic package, two lime green ear plugs inside. Sebastian looked up.

Standing behind the counter, looking at him with a bemused expression on her face, was a female hyena. She had striking green eyes, her hair dyed a shock of neon green. Her shirt was matte black, and Seb could see the waistline of a plaid skirt that went down to her knees. She tapped her pierced ears, and Sebastian saw a similar set of earplugs nestled in her triangular ears. “You look like you need 'em!” she yelled over the music. Strained as his hearing was, Sebastian caught another accent mixed in with the posh London accent he'd grown used to over the past couple years.

He hurriedly tore the package open and jammed the plugs inside his ears. After a moment, they expanded to fill his ear canals, and the volume of the music dropped dramatically. Seb sighed in relief, leaning against the counter. “Thank you!” he said to the hyena.

She grinned wide and giggled, and Seb got a good look at her prominent canines. “I always carry a few spares. There's always someone who needs them!” She

leaned on her side of the bar, bringing her face closer to his. Over the smells of sweat, beer, and weed, Sebastian got a whiff of her scent. It had a zest to it, tickling his nose in a pleasant way. “What’ll it be?” the hyena asked.

Sebastian met her gaze, and found himself answering her grin with a small one of his own. “Surprise me,” he said.

The hyena knelt down and rummaged for a moment before popping back up with a bottle in hand. She turned the label away from him as she popped the cap and slid it towards him. “Drink up,” she said. “No peeking.”

Seb did as she bade, and found himself enjoying a sweet, nutty brew that he dimly recalled having tasted once before at a party. He spun the bottle around and looked at the label. “Not bad,” he said.

“One of my favorites,” the hyena said. She reached beneath the counter and pulled out another fresh bottle, and took off the top with the opener under the counter. “Cheers, love,” she said.

“You can drink on the job?” Seb asked as they clinked bottles.

She winked at him. “Only one or two.” She took a deep pull off the bottle, and Seb watched her throat bob as she drank. His eyes widened as she downed half the bottle in one go. She set it down heavily and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. “Don’t think I’ve ever seen you around here before,” she said. “New in town?”

“Not really,” Seb said, tuning out the noise of the crowd behind him as best he could. “i’ve been in London for almost two years now.”

“Ah, a fellow immigrant,” she said, raising her beer to him. “Have a belated welcome to the Big Smoke.” She took another sip, much smaller than the first. “How long have you been here?” he asked.

She grinned and waggled her eyebrows as he took another sip. “Almost forty-five years.”

Sebastian coughed in surprise, forcing himself to swallow the mouthful of beer before he made a dork out of himself and spluttered it out. She looked young at first glance, but now that he was looking at her more intently he saw things that he'd missed. There was some grey in her fur, a few small areas on her arms that he could see, and some larger patches in the fluffy fur around her neck. There was a bit of thickness around her waist, her curves maternal and pronounced.

“That's quite a while,” he managed lamely as he recovered. “Where did you emigrate from?”

She smiled at him again, her eyes sparkling. “Madagascar,” she said. “Got here in the Seventies with my family and been here ever since. You?”

“Netherlands,” Sebastian said. He looked over his shoulder, picking Gene out of the crowd. The Labrador was crowd surfing, throwing up the metal horns as hands carried him over the masses. “Came here for work. I'm designing a video game.”

“Very interesting!” she said. Her eyes sparkled with something akin to mischief. “Name's Tishala, love.”

“Sebastian,” he said. “Nice to meet you.”

“You too,” she began, then turned her head as another guy sidled up to the bar.

“Scuse me, love,” she said, wandering off to help him.

Sebastian grabbed hold of the beer and turned to watch the show, finding he was able to enjoy it more now that the sound wasn't assaulting his sensitive ears. He ran his thumb over the condensation on the bottle, and realized that Tishala hadn't charged him for it. The hyena seemed nice, and her manner of speech reminded him a lot of Diamond. That was half the reason he was here –

Diamond had picked up an extra shift at the Safari, the nightclub where she worked, and Puzzle had something else going on, which had left him with a Friday night to kill. He hated just wilting away perfectly good nights, so when Gene had invited him to come to a punk show, Seb had figured what the hell, he'd never been to a punk show despite living in punk's birthplace, so he should definitely go. The experience thus far had proved illuminating.

“So what kind of game are you making?” Seb turned his head to find the hyena back, looking at him expectantly. He hadn't expected her to come back and continue their conversation. His tail wagged of its own accord.

He talked at length about the project as the show went on. Tishala had to go take further drink orders every so often, but she always wandered back to him, listening attentively as he spoke. The show ran its course, and in traditional punk fashion, the guitarist of the headlining band smashed his electric guitar on the stage to close out the show.

Then there were many people crowding the bar, all of them wanting drinks, and

Tishala patted his arm. "Stick around after the club closes, love," she said quickly. "We can continue our chat then." Then she was gone, moving back and forth and serving drinks with precision. Seb moved away from the counter to let more people in and not crowd.

Gene found him a moment later, sliding his shirt on and shaking sweat from his fur. "Well, that was a good time!" the plucky Lab said, running his hands over his face.

"How much of that sweat is yours?" Seb asked.

"No clue!" Gene chirped. "Ready to head out?"

Sebastian turned his head towards the bar. Through a gap between two horses he saw Tishala flit past. "I think I'm gonna make my own way home tonight," he said. "Don't wait up for me."

"Suit yourself, man." Gene clapped him on the shoulder and left, ducking out the door with most of the rest of the concertgoers. A few stuck around, getting a few more drinks from the bar. Seb lurked in the corner of the room, pulling out his phone and checking his messages. He had a few emails that could be answered later, as well as a text from Diamond. *I'm never taking the bloody Friday night shift again*, she wrote. *Tossers don't remember how to tip, apparently!* This was followed by an angry emoji.

Seb snickered and kept noodling around on his phone as the club emptied out, until it was last call. He perked up at the proclamation. He had a faint inkling of where he wanted the evening to go with Tishala, but wondered if the hyena felt

the same way.

Well, there was only one way to find out.

“I’ll be done in little bit!” she called to him from behind the bar as she wiped it down with a rag. “Hang outside for me and wait?”

Sebastian nodded and stepped outside, fluffing his fur up against the late London night. The fog was already rolling in, thick and soupy. He’d thought everyone had been exaggerating about how dense the nights could be here in the UK, and it had taken him by surprised when he’d first moved. Nowadays, he felt he was more or less adjusted to his new home. He’d certainly started building a life for himself, but felt like *something* was missing. He’d thought he’d found that something with Di back when they were a thing, but then the zebra had started dating Puzzle. Not that there was any bad blood between them – far from it, in fact, given that he was almost a weekly booty call for one or the other, sometimes both at once. His body tingled with the memory of that first threesome, and all the others thereafter.

“Thinking of someone?” Tishala said from behind him. She stepped out into the chilly evening, wearing a black denim jacket. The shoulders were lined with silver studs, and every square inch from the collar to the sleeves was covered in punk and metal band patches.

“Hm?” Seb asked.

“Your tail,” the hyena grinned. “It’s going a mile a minute.”

Now that he was conscious of it, he stilled his wagging. “Well, maybe...” he said.

The hyena giggled. “Do you have to go home to her?”

Seb shook his head. “I don't *have* to. She and I have a casual understanding.”

Tishala's grin grew a little wider. “Well in that case... walk a girl home?”

He started to wag again and offered an arm. “Just tell me where to go.”

“It's not far,” she said, threading her arm through his and pressing herself into his side. He could feel the warmth of her body through her denim jacket. “Just down the street.”

They walked down the sidewalk together. For a Friday night the street was surprisingly deserted, but they were a ways away from the bustling city center, so it wasn't too strange. A part of Seb's mind wondered how he'd get back home, but then another part of his mind realized he might not actually be going home tonight. The thought made him wag a little harder. “So you've been here a long time, Tishala?” he asked.

The hyena's fingers tightened on the crook of his elbow. “No need for formalities, sweetheart, just call me Tish.” She flicked an ear, her piercings winking in the streetlights. “And yes I have. Long enough that I don't remember much of Madagascar, to be quite frank. I'm much more a creature of London than there.”

He studied her jacket, eyeing the faded colors of the patches and the loose threads here and there. “Some of these look like they're really old,” he remarked. “That's because they are.” She pointed to a few with her free hand. “These are all originals, back when they were first sold in the Seventies and Eighties. I grew up

during the scene, especially when it was really taking off around here. There's more than a few pictures of old punk shows where I've been able to spot myself in the crowd.”

Sebastian reached up and toyed with her neon green bangs. “I can tell it had an impact on you. I take it you sewed all these on yourself?”

“Indeed I did,” she said, angling her head so his fingers could move lower and caress her roots. “And this is just one, I've got like six or seven others at home. Speaking of which!” She stopped in front of a three story brick apartment building. The facade looked worn, but Sebastian could see the signs of modernity to it, some touched up areas of grout and some newish looking cable lines running up the side of the building to a satellite dish on the roof. Tish looked up at him expectantly, her eyes sparkling with that same sexy mischevious look that Diamond got sometimes. “Would you like to come in for a bit?”

Seb leaned into her side. “I'd be delighted!”

Tish beamed, then led him up the steps into the building, swiping a keycard from her pocket to unlock the door. They emerged into a hallway, then walked to the very back of it where there was a staircase. They climbed up the flight to the second floor, then turned and went all the way up to the third floor. There were only two doors in the hallway, a janitor's closet, and a lacquered dark brown door that Tish approached. She undid the lock with a key, then pushed the door open. As it happened, Tish owned the penthouse apartment in the building. She led

Sebastian into a spacious living room, with a sofa, armchair, and a TV. Further back, Seb saw a full kitchen with a dining room table and a countertop on one side, and on the other, a hallway that led further back into the apartment.

The main things that drew his eyes were the walls. They were *covered* in memorabilia – vintage posters, concert fliers, framed photos with signatures scrawled on the paper with silver sharpies. Seb stared, his mouth falling open slightly as he took in the display. It covered every inch of the walls - he couldn't tell what color the brick was painted underneath. “How much did all this stuff cost?” he wondered aloud.

“Not nearly as much as if you were buying it all now,” Tish said. She shrugged off her jacket and draped it over the arm of the couch, the motion drawing Seb's eye to her shoulders and back. “Make yourself comfortable, dear. Want anything to drink?” She cast him a knowing look. “Want a smoke?”

She definitely wasn't talking about cigarettes. “What do you have?” Seb asked, perking up.

“Something special, hang tight.” She breezed out of the room, and Sebastian shrugged off his jacket and set it down atop hers. He approached one of the walls, studying the pictures on more detail. The one right in front of his nose showed a snow leopard in ripped camo snarling into a microphone, his canines bared at The Man. Beside his face was a signature, the end of it trailing off into a little heart. As he stared at the little accoutrement, Seb noticed that the edges of the photo paper were slightly warped with age. He realized that Tish wasn't just a

collector, she'd likely owned some of these things for decades.

She padded back into the room, holding two joints and a lighter in her hand.

“Have a seat,” she said, flopping down on the couch. “You're lucky I don't get to share this much, otherwise you wouldn't be getting free weed.”

“Who am I to say no?” Seb asked with a grin, sitting down next to her. He leaned back and accepted one of the joints, taking a hit and blowing the smoke out through his nostrils. The warm, tingly feeling in his chest intensified, as if a cloud was tickling his windpipe. “Yikes, that's some stuff.”

“Hits like a lorry, doesn't it?” Tish said, taking a much deeper drag than he had. She rested her head back on the headrest, worked her mouth for a moment, then blew a neat ring out from between her lips that floated up to the ceiling, where it broke apart upon making contact with a concert flier dated from 1980. “Just don't ask where I got it, my guy doesn't like too many people knowing about him.”

“Muzzle is sealed,” Seb said, letting the weed give him a nice buzz as he worked his way through the joint. She'd rolled it expertly, no loose ends or bits of the leaves falling out. “So you've collected this stuff your whole life?” he asked, gesturing to the packed walls around them.

“Just about,” Tish said. She propped her feet up on the coffee table, and kept blowing smoke rings as she talked. “I lost some of it a while back during a move, a whole box of fliers. Cried for a week until my husband got me a few signed photographs.”

Seb felt his buzz drop like a stone in water. “Your husband?” he asked, barely keeping his voice from cracking in nervousness.

“Yeah,” Tish sighed, growing still. She pointed immediately above them, and Seb craned his head to look. Above the couch, framed by a sterling silver border, was a photograph of Tish about a decade younger. At her side was a panther dressed in denim and leather, the two of them leaning together and laughing at something. They were in a bar, but the background had been blurred out, the camera's focus on the pair.

Seb looked at the picture for a moment, then looked back at Tish. The hyena was staring up the ceiling, her eyes far away, and Seb knew what she was thinking about. “I'm sorry,” he said.

She gave him a sidelong glance, her expression grateful. “It's appreciated, Sebastian. It's been almost six years since he passed.” She closed her eyes. “Fuck cancer.”

“Fuck cancer,” Sebastian echoed. He felt a little guilty at the feeling of relief that passed through him. Things between him and the hyena were clearly moving in a certain direction, and he wanted that to happen, but at the same time he didn't want to feel like he was... doing something, he wasn't sure what.

“But yeah,” Tish said, opening her eyes and sounding normal again. “This is basically my life, told in memorabilia form. Point to anything on this wall and I can tell you the story behind it, who's in it, where I got it, anything like that.”

“Hmm...” Sebastian said, grateful for something else to talk about. He pointed to

an acid yellow flier near the window on the right wall. “That one.”

Tish smiled fondly. “The Flagpole, June 16th, 1984. Headlined by Airstrike and Tetanus. Greatest club that never was.”

“What do you mean?”

She held up a finger. “That show was the one single show ever put on at the Flagpole. Some idiot decided to not properly put out a joint and just kinda flicked it onstage near Airstrike's amp stacks. Started a huge fire, burned the building down. Nobody got hurt, thank God, but *shit* that place was in a good location.” She snapped her fingers. “Poof. All up in smoke. Place could've been the next Whiskey A Go-Go.”

“The Whiskey what now?”

And so began Sebastian's crash course in rock history. The hyena was an encyclopedia, and seemed to have a near perfect recollection of every show she'd ever been to and every magazine article she'd ever read. She talked and talked, answering every question of his in a level of detail he'd never expected. As they did, their joints burned down to stubs and wound up in the ashtray on the table. At one point Tish turned her body to face his, scooting a little closer, and Seb felt lightning run through his body where her breasts brushed against his upper arm. He thought it just an accident at first, until she did it again twice more, and he realized that the hyena had similar thoughts to the ones that had been lurking in the back of his head ever since he'd first seen her. The weed was boring through his will to resist like a drill, his whole body feeling warm and tingly. Every scent

in the apartment had become sharp, from Tish's musk all over the place to the lingering smell of another kind of weed to the spices she'd used in the kitchen recently.

“Seb. Seeeeeeeeb. Seb!”

He jerked in surprise. “Huh?”

Tish was propped up on her knees, smiling wide. “You're zoning out on me. I'm not boring you, am I?”

Seb blushed furiously. “No! It's just the weed, it's... hoo boy.”

Tish set the burnt, smoking end of her joint in the ashtray on the table. “Just the weed?” she asked, her grin playfully predatory.

His eyes flicked down to her chest, smiling a little bit. “Totally. A hundred percent.”

Tish slowly brought her paws up underneath her breasts, gently cupping them and squeezing. “Oh, come now, Sebastian. The third thing you looked at when we met at the bar tonight was my tits.”

Seb laughed. “You got me there!”

She leaned closer, and her musk flooded his senses. “I don't mind, though. And if you want, you can do more than just look.”

Seb slowly set his joint down in the ashtray next to hers, his eyes going back upwards to the picture of Tish and her late husband. “You sure? I mean, I didn't want to presume-”

“Get over here,” the hyena said, her voice growly. “And kiss me.”

Well, who was he to say no?

Seb leaned over, brushing his muzzle against hers lightly at first, then finding her lips with his own. Tish grabbed hold of him and pulled him into her lap, and he balanced himself by putting his hands on the couch cushions underneath her. Her mouth parted for him, and she slid his tongue along his with a throaty giggle.

Seb put more weight on her, until she fell back with a squeak and he wound up on top of her.

“Sorr... mmph!” His attempt at an apology was halted by another fierce kiss, so he simply closed his eyes and went with it. Her legs rubbed against the backs of his thighs as she wrapped them around him. Her body was soft, her breasts swelling against his chest and her little belly fitting against his flat stomach neatly. Seb's hands roamed freely, slipping down her sides, then lifting her shirt and sliding up her bare torso. Her fur was short and dense, yet so, so soft, and as he brushed it with his fingers, more of her scent was freed to drift up to his nose. Maybe it was the weed, but *fuck* she smelled heavenly.

Her own hands were busy on him, sliding inside his pants to grab at his rear, her blunt claws trailing along the side of his tail. “Such a lanky guy,” she hummed. Then her hand cupped him through his pants, and her eyes widened slightly.

“Oho! What's this?”

Sebastian ground himself into her paw, letting out a soft growl of his own. “Get my pants off and find out,” he said.

“I can think of a better place to do that,” she said, giving him a light push on the

chest. “Up.”

Seb drew back so Tish could swing her legs off the couch and stand up. Her clothes were in disarray and her hair was mussed up, the green highlights on the end of the hairs standing out like neon stars against the backdrop of the night sky. Her tail was going a mile a minute. “Follow me!” she giggled, hurrying off towards the back of the apartment.

Seb caught up to her in moments, grabbing her wrist and spinning her around. He caught a moment of surprise in Tish's eyes before he kissed her again, pressing her up against the wall. She sighed lustily into his mouth and pressed her body into his as he pinned her there by the wrists. His cock surged against her front as he rubbed himself into her. The weed had knocked down many of his restraints, and he actually found himself growling and snarling a little as he pawed at her clothes, sliding her jeans down her legs. He broke away from her to let her kick them off, taking a few deep breaths. His heart hammered in his ears. “Sorry,” he panted. “I'm just so...”

He trailed off as her lower body came fully into view. She had thick thighs that looked like they'd *squish* ever so slightly if he were to grab them. Her spotted fur went down past her knees, where it turned rich chocolate brown down to her feet, as if she were wearing stockings. Then Seb blinked as he realized her panties were a bright shade of pink.

Tish licked her lips, her gold eyes hungry. “Don't be sorry,” she said. “I like it.” She sauntered off, putting a sway in her hips that almost made Seb drool as he

stared at her ass. "Come on," she purred.

As if he had a collar and leash, Seb followed her into her bedroom. Tish still slept on a king-sized bed, the sheets black underneath a pile of pillows. He registered that there were more posters and decorations in here, but paid them no heed. He was focused on the sexy hyena stripping out of her shirt, her bare back facing him. The strap of her bra was the same shade of pink as her panties. "Help a lady out?" she asked, shooting him a coy look over her shoulder.

Seb was no stranger to women's underwear. He stepped up behind her and undid the hooks on the back of her bra. As it came loose, he pressed himself into her again. The bra fell away, and Tish reached down and brought his hand up to her breasts. Sebastian sighed as he felt the soft flesh under his fingers. "Piercings?" he murmured.

Tish moaned softly and wriggled herself against him. "Yeah," she breathed.

They ground against each other for a time, building to the moment they were both waiting for. When it happened, it all happened quickly. Sebastian squeezed her breasts firmly, and when he loosened his grip, Tish spun around in his arms, spun them both around, and pushed him to the bed with a playful giggle. Seb flopped down on his back, sinking into a dense memory foam mattress. He looked up just in time to see Tish slip out of her panties, revealing her femininity to him. The fur around her pussy was a darker shade of brown than the rest of her, damp with her arousal.

Tish folded her arms under her breasts, gesturing to him with a playful finger.

“You best strip down too before I join you.”

Under normal circumstances Seb probably would've played coy, dragged the banter out. But not now. Not when his body was hot, his heart was pounding, and his cock throbbed between his legs with need for Tish. He practically tore himself out of his shirt, his pants snagging on his knees in his haste to get them off. His cock jutted up inside his boxer briefs, a damp spot spreading from the tip. Tish's eyes widened at the sight. “Holy fuck...”

Then the underwear was off and tossed with the rest of his clothes. Seb was fully erect, his long, slender cock standing upright at attention. He had no idea what kind of weed Tish had given him, but his whole body was tingling with heat. Pre seeped from the head of his length as he locked eyes with Tish, both of them sharing a moment almost primal in nature.

Then the hyena pounced, the sheets rustling as she joined Sebastian on the bed. Their bodies came together in a frenzy, bare fur pressed to bare fur, paws wandering as their mouths met again, tongues sliding against one another. The hyena's hands splayed on his chest and pressed him into the bed. “Stay right there, love,” Tish breathed. Her lips traced down Seb's body, down his torso all the way to his crotch. She nuzzled his cock, the short fur on her muzzle making the sensitive flesh tingle. She lingered at the base for a moment, her nostrils flaring as she breathed in his musk. Then she licked her way up the shaft, her rough tongue making Seb see stars.

And that was before she kissed and lapped at his tip, her rough tongue swirling

around and making him squirm. “Tish... ah!” Seb panted.

She giggled that hyena giggle as she cupped his balls and sucked on his tip, being mindful of her teeth as she bobbed her head. Seb threaded his fingers into her hair and hung on for the ride, fighting the urge to just buck his hips up into her muzzle. The flyers and posters on the wall blended into a kaleidoscope of colors as his eyes unfocused. All that mattered to him was the pleasure coursing through him, her scent becoming ever-stronger in his muzzle.

“I could suck on this all day,” Tish said, giving his cock one final, lingering kiss as she drew herself up. The piercings in her nipples flashed in the low light of the room. “But I want more, and I know you do too.”

Seb nodded. “Please...”

Tish licked her lips and moved back up his body into a position where she could kiss him again. Seb tasted his own musk as the hyena's tongue slid against his, but he didn't care. He was in heaven, even more so as she laced her fingers with his and her soft, soft breasts pressed to his chest. She ground the cleft of her legs against his thigh, and he felt her arousal against his fur. “God, I want your cock in me so badly,” she murmured.

“Do you?” Seb murmured, ducking his head so she could plant a soft kiss right in the hollow of her throat, where there was a gap in the floss around her neck.

“Rrrrrf, yes,” she growled, putting more of her weight on him.

“How do you want it?”

He felt her grin. “Anyway you want to, darling.”

“In that case...” Seb nudged her off him and rolled her onto her stomach. Tish got what he was planning and grabbed a pillow to put under her arms as she raised her rump. Seb moved behind her, a primal thrill running through him as she lifted her tail for him. His hands spread her a little wider as his cock bobbed level with her sex. “Here we go...”

“Please,” Tish whined, one of her feet thumping the bed in eagerness, her tail wagging like crazy.

He took it slow, savoring every moment as his cock slid into her slick heat. She wasn't as tight as Puzzle or Di were, but her heat still pressed against him in all the right ways, and it took him a moment to realize the noise he was hearing was his long moan of pleasure. Tish's own moan harmonized with his, her body quivering as he slid further and further into her. Her hand reached back, desperate for something to grab onto, and he caught it with his own. They came together as one, until Seb's furred balls brushed the hyena's thighs.

“You... feel bigger, somehow,” Tish said, grinding herself back into him.

Seb bent over and wrapped his arms around Tish's body, finding one of her nipples and tweaking it. “You feel amazing,” he growled into the scruff of her neck.

Tish moaned. “Take me... take me, please...”

He drew his hips back slowly, savoring every twinge of pleasure he felt as his cock slid out of her. Then he pushed back in just as slow, panting into Tish's neck. His tongue lolled against her fur, and he wondered if he'd ever smell

anything but her again. A part of him didn't mind the thought too much. Their pace was slow at first, as they settled into a rhythm and felt each other out. But when Tish started humping back against him, Seb knew that the time for being gentle was over. He squeezed the hyena tighter and began to give it to her hard, their hips smacking together in time.

“Ah, yes!” Tish howled. “Fuck me, fuck me!”

Seb growled and heeded her command, taking one of her ears between his teeth and chewing lightly. He didn't give her any room to wriggle, and she loved every second of it, judging from how much more slick she grew by the moment and how hot she was around him. His body was alight with passion, everything coming together into that wonderful synchronicity that he loved. “Tishala,” he moaned, her full name feeling like the appropriate thing to moan as he fucked her.

“Mmm, yes!” she panted. “Give me everything, Sebastian! Oh, God, I'm al... already... nnnn!”

Her pussy clenched and quivered around him, and Seb saw stars. “Ah, Tish!” he said. “It's... it's too much... I can't...”

“Don't you even *dare* think of pulling out,” she growled, hooking her legs around his so her calves were on the back of his knees. “I want every drop!”

Seb pounded into her, until Tish actually had to bite down on a pillow to stop herself from shrieking her delight and waking up the whole apartment complex. He was covered in sweat, his body feeling like it was burning up, but he pushed

doggedly onward. His balls clenched and he stilled, and then his orgasm came in a rush, with the suddenness of a spring snapping free of its tension. His cock pulsed inside Tish's quivering cunny, and Seb let himself relax as his climax flowed through and out of him. It was one of those rare orgasms where everything had gone right in the buildup, and when it hit, he just kept coming and coming inside of the hyena, until he wondered if her pussy could take anymore.

When it finally passed, he flopped off to Tish's side, panting heavily and staring the ceiling. The hyena was lying on her side, her body shuddering in bliss. "Oh, fuck, Sebastian..." she cooed, reaching over to caress his face. "That was wonderful, love."

It took Seb a moment to find his voice. "Yeah... holy shit..."

Tish rolled over and curled herself into the crook of his side, not even caring about the thick streams of Seb's cum leaking out of her pussy. She was obviously too blissed out to care, and Seb agreed. They laid there together for a long time, breathing in time with one another and not saying anything more. Sleep snuck up on them soon after, and they dozed off within moments of one another.

Seb awoke with his muzzle pressed into unfamiliar pillows. It was a situation that had become rare in his life. He was, of course, quite familiar with his own bedding, and had grown accustomed to Di and Puzzle's pink sheets and pillowcases. He inhaled and exhaled a few times, waking up slowly. The weed

was still in his system a little bit, he could tell – he still felt warm and fuzzy. Or maybe the afterglow from the sex was still lingering in the core of his being. He could hear Tish in the other room, the hyena banging around in the kitchen. Slowly, Seb slid out of the bed and into his underwear. She'd given no signal that she wanted him to make an exit, and he could hear quite a few strips of bacon sizzling in the pan.

His feet were quiet on the carpet as he padded out of the bedroom slowly, down the hallway lined with flyers and photos. He poked his head around the corner. Tish had thrown on some underwear and was humming out a fast-paced tune that Seb dimly recognized as a famous punk song as she worked. She was making eggs in a basket, poking out holes in pieces of bread and cracking an egg into the hole as it sizzled and popped in a skillet. Her ear flicked and she turned her head towards him. “Morning,” she purred.

“Morning,” Seb echoed, sliding into the kitchen and nuzzling her on the cheek. “You didn't have to make me food.”

Tish giggled. “I haven't had the chance to cook for anyone in a long time. Indulge me.”

Seb wagged his tail, and kept close to her as she worked, touching her fur lightly and wrapping her in a hug. She began to sing softly, the lyrics crass and rude, but her voice was nice. He was glad that she wasn't one of those people who just wanted him out after he spent the night. It killed the post-sex buzz.

They breakfasted and made small talk, rubbing their feet against one another

under the table. “Does your studio need any money?” Tish asked as he finished explaining about the game he was working on.

He shook his head. “Nah, we did a backing campaign online. Got three times the amount of money we needed for development.” *How much money does she have if she's just casually making an offer like that?* he wondered.

“Well that's good,” she replied cheerily.

Then they were done, and Seb found himself simply staring at her across the table. Her feet were still tangled up in his, her short, dense fur rubbing against his pleasantly. “Do you have anywhere to be today?” he asked.

Tish blinked. “No,” she answered, sounding a little surprised. “Do you?”

“It's Saturday, so...” Seb rubbed a bit higher up her leg. “Not really.”

Her ear flicked, and her grin came back. “Would you like to stay a little longer?”

Seb's tail wagged. “Thought you'd never ask.”

They were naked again in minutes, Tish bent over her kitchen counters as Seb pressed up behind her, grinding his hard-on into the cleft of her legs. Her breathing grew ragged as he slid back inside her, her sex velvet soft and warm around him. They made slow, gentle love against the kitchen counter, Seb's hands finding holds on her ample hips and gripping hard as he plowed her, nipping at the scruff of her fluffy neck. He buried his nose in the thick fur as he shuddered and climaxed inside her again, and her hands covered his on her breasts, their fingers lacing.

They showered after, her leaning on him as they soaped one another up and

rinsed off. They kept stealing kisses as they did, and Seb felt his heart flutter a little with each one. When they were finished, Tish simply wrapped herself in a fluffy robe as he dressed.

“Don't be a stranger, Sebastian,” she hummed as she brushed noses with him.

“I'm at the bar most nights. Come see me again soon.”

“Count on it,” Seb said, feeling as though his whole body was smiling. He nuzzled her, kissed her farewell, and ducked into the hallway outside her apartment.

He checked his phone as he padded down the stairs outside. A few messages from Di, one from Gene asking if he was alright. He answered the latter one first. *Just fine. What's the chance of going back there with you next week? :D*

As he left the apartment building and hit the sidewalk – now bustling with people in the early afternoon – he called Diamond. She wouldn't be heading in to the Safari for another few hours, but she was usually up and about at this point.

“Hey, you,” the zebra said as she answered. She still sounded a little groggy from sleep. “Take it you had a good time last night.”

“You could say that.” Seb couldn't stop his tail from wagging.

“Uh-huh.” Di's voice became a little more perky. “What's her name?”

Seb ran the zebra through his fun times with Tish as he swung by the coffee shop where he'd once met Puzzle on a date and grabbed his usual and her favorite. It was a short walk down the street to the girls' apartment, and Di was waiting for him when he got there. She kissed him on the cheek as he passed her the latte.

“Coffeeeeeeeeee,” she drawled, taking a big sip and sighing heavily. “So, tell me the more salacious details that you couldn't vocalize in public, dog boy.”

Seb elaborated, and Di nodded approvingly as she became more of her normal self. Seb heard Puzzle in her room down the hall, humming a song as she worked on something. Normally he wasn't one to play kiss and tell, but something made him suspect that Tish likely would've gotten a kick out of him doing it. So he did.

By the end of it, Di's eyes had that playful sparkle in them as she set down her coffee cup on the side table. It was one of the things that had drawn him to her in the first place. “Sounds like quite the woman. You going to go see her again?”

“Maybe, if Gene is going to another show there.”

Di arched an eyebrow. “Why do you have to wait for him? What's wrong with just going on your own?”

Seb made a motion with his hand. “It's... not really my scene.”

“But she's totally your type.”

“Oh, for sure!”

Di rolled her eyes. “Then just go see her again, you doof. Honestly, you can be as bad as Puzzle sometimes.”

Seb downed the last of his coffee. “Okay, okay, jeez.”

“What about me?” Puzzle chirped as her hooves clicked on the hardwood floors. She was dressed in sweats, which did flattering things to her figure, particularly her ample bosom.

“Seb is being a dork, luv,” Di said, looking over her shoulder at her girlfriend fondly. “What else is new?”

“Hey!”

Puzzle giggled and disappeared into the kitchen. “Don't be too hard on him, Di.”

“It just sounds like you're fond of her is all,” Diamond said to Sebastian. “Don't overthink it, Seb. If she's into you for something casual, just let it happen.” She smirked. “She sounds like she's quite the wild lay.”

“Yeah, she is,” Seb answered. His phone buzzed, A new message from Gene.

Hell yeah, man. Same local band is playing on Wednesday. We can go catch the show after work.

Seb was waggy as he texted back. *Sounds like a plan.*

2.

Over the next few days, Sebastian was in a happy funk as he went about his day. His time at his studio's offices went by fast, and all he could think about was his next meeting with the hyena. It had been a long time since a partner had wormed their way into his heart like Tish had. When he'd first moved to London, it had been Diamond who had entranced him. He'd ducked into the Safari on a whim one night soon after moving to London, just looking for a social space. He hadn't quite realized what kind of place it was until he went inside and saw all the girls in lingerie. But then Diamond had drawn his eye, with her distinctive dyed purple stripes. They'd been friends with benefits for a while, but then she'd crushed hard on Puzzle, and they'd split amiably so she could start a relationship with the giraffe. Seb had always wondered about what an outsider looking in would think about his relationship with the girls. He held no ill will towards Di, she'd just done what she felt was best for her. Plus there was their 'arrangement.' He'd always felt like he was much more of a bachelor, the kind of guy who would coast through without ever really settling down.

Yet there was still a part of him that missed dating, missed relationships. Maybe he could find something that would scratch that itch with the hyena.

Seb played it smart the second time around going to the club, making a pitstop at his apartment to change into a short-sleeved black t-shirt and lighter, more

comfortable pants. The earplugs Tish had given him went into his pocket, and he set out to meet Gene at the bar.

When they went inside, his head immediately turned towards the bar. Tish was there, dressed in a top that was part tank top, with mesh criss-crossing between the shoulder straps to draw attention to her fluffy neck and the studded choker around it. She caught his eye as he entered, and her face lit up in a way that made Seb's tail wag. "I'm going to go get a drink," he said to Gene. "Want anything?"

"Just a water!" the lab said as the opening band starting playing without any kind of preamble.

Seb wandered through the relatively sparse crowd – it was a Wednesday after all – to the bar and leaned on it casually, a sly grin on his muzzle. Tish finished up with the elk she was serving, then wandered down to him, trailing her fingers along the countertop. "Hello, stranger," she said, though she seemed like she'd break down giggling in moments.

"Do I know you?" Seb replied, playing coy.

"I don't know." Tish leaned in close to him, as if she was trying to catch what he was saying over the roaring guitar riffs and howled vocals. Her voice was soft and velvety in his ear. "Do you?"

Seb nuzzled her cheek briefly. "I know how good you are in bed. So that's a start."

That made Tish crack up, and she settled back onto her feet, tapping her blunt

claws on the bar. "It's good to see you again, Sebastian."

"You too."

"Unfortunately, I *am* working at the moment, darling." She patted his hand.

"Enjoy the show, and come see me after, okay?"

His tail wagged. "Got it!" He turned to leave, then remembered what he was there for. "Oh, can I get a water?"

Tish held up a finger, then ducked under the bar for a moment. She came up with a large plastic water bottle and a can of beer flecked with ice from the cooler, and wiped them off with a rag before handing them to him. "On the house," she said with a wink, before turning and striding down the bar to take care of a tiger that had wandered up.

Seb sipped from the can as he watched the show. The first band only played for about twenty minutes before ending their set, taking their bows and leaving the stage. Gene shoved his way out of the packed mass and graciously accepted the water bottle, draining half of it in one go. "Thanks man," he said, wiping his muzzle off. "Sure you don't want to get up closer?" He pointed towards the front of the stage.

"I'd like to keep all my teeth in my mouth, thank you very much," Seb said, taking a long sip from his beer.

"Ah, don't be a wuss," Gene said, giving him a hearty pat on the back. "I'll pick you up if you get knocked over!"

Further conversation was forestalled by the arrival of the next band – there

seemed to be little time needed for them to change out the equipment onstage.

Gene went back to the front, while Seb continued to lurk near the back. He went back to the bar after finishing the beer, and Tish hooked him up with another.

“Feeling a bit bold tonight?” she asked him with an eyebrow raised.

“Don't know,” Seb said, taking another hearty pull.

“Well...” Tish leaned in. “Just so long as it doesn't affect your performance later.” She gave him a wink, her claws trailing through the fur on his wrists.

Seb grinned. “I'll be fine. I did good through whatever weed you gave me last night, right?”

Tish licked her lips and moved down the bar to serve another patron. Seb turned back around and drank his second beer a little faster than the first one. With his thin, lanky body, the alcohol ran through him quickly, and he felt the buzz already just after two drinks. The fact that his libation of choice was usually weed also didn't do his alcohol tolerance any favors. By the time the second band was done, the second can was crushed and in the recycling bin at the back of the venue.

Perhaps it was that state of mind, or him just being tired of standing at the back of the hall, that made him say yes when Gene asked him if he wanted to come up front for the headliners. The two canines threaded their way to the very front, up against the stage itself. It was made of old wood that had been painted and repainted black several times, and looked like it would need to be again soon judging by all the scuff marks and splintered sections. Seb took a cursory sniff.

He could smell the wood itself and the paint, but the stage also reeked of sweat and musk. He pulled a face. “Eugh.”

“Yeah, don't get in there too deep,” Gene laughed, patting him on the shoulder.

“Also, careful where you put your hands. There's old nails everywhere and staples from where they put down setlists.”

Seb quickly pulled his arms back so that only his fingers gripped the edge of the stage. “You trying to give me tetanus, dude?”

“Nah, man!” Gene laughed. “Course if you did you'd have to get a shot right in your ass.” The labrador grinned. “Hey, maybe the bartender will do the honors. You two seem awfully friendly.”

Seb felt his face get warm – well, warmer than it already was thanks to two sixteen fluid ounce cans of sixteen proof beer. “We're just friends!” he protested.

“I haven't even spoke to her since I stayed at her place after the show last week!”

“Oh, so *that's* what you went last time,” Gene said, and Seb made a strangled noise as he realized what he'd just admitted. “You wanted to come back just so you could see her again, ay?” The lab nudged Seb in the side with his elbow.

“What is she, like, twice your age?”

“She's...” Seb trailed off. “I actually don't know.” He never had even thought to ask. Then again, it didn't really matter, did it? No matter how old Tish actually was, it had no bearing on her charming, funny, wild personality. “Doesn't matter to me,” he said to Gene.

The lab shrugged. “Whatever floats your boat, dude.”

The way he'd said it was so flippant that Seb started to ask him if he had a problem, but he was cut off by a squeal of feedback from the stage. A cheer went up from the crowd as Blank Slate came on and fiddled with their instruments for a moment. Seb elected to ignore Gene at his side and focus on the show, actually watch instead of merely staring at it like he had been from the back. Now that he was up close and personal with the stage, he payed more attention to the makeup of the group onstage. They were three-piece band, with the beefy ram on lead vocals and bass, a weasel toting a V-necked guitar, and an otter screwing down the washers on a well-used drumkit. He felt the swell of the small crowd against his back.

The ram nodded to the weasel, and the lanky mustelid ran his pick down the uppermost string on his guitar, making a squealing sound that blasted through the amps. He made a satisfied face, then nodded back at the ram. Seb clenched his teeth. This was going to be *loud*.

Guitar, bass and drum all blasted forth at once, making Seb wince despite his earplugs. The otter on the drums set a frantic pace, his tan sticks a blur as they hammered out a staccato rhythm on the skins of his drums. Something bumped into Seb's back and drove his chest into the front edge of the stage. He sucked in a breath and turned to face who had shoved him. The wolf who had was already moving away from him, wading into the crowd with his arms akimbo as a mosh pit swirled to life behind him. Gene leaped in with a whoop that Seb heard over the crash of the symbols and the pulse of the bass. He squeezed himself as close

to the stage as he could, regretting the small decisions that had brought him to this spot in the club. All he would have to do was hang on, wait for a lull, then squeeze himself out. Easy, right?

The lull never came.

Blank Slate paused for, at most, five seconds between each of their songs. They were relentless and just kept going and going and going. Seb saw the ram take a grand total of one drink of water during the set, an impressive feat considering how loud he was shouting. Then again, maybe that was because he seemed to be deep-throating the microphone whenever he went to sing. Seb dug his claws into the wood of the stage and hung on grimly, resolving to wash the grit and grime out at Tish's place later. And maybe ask her for a few painkillers for all the bruises he was likely going to have.

Despite the pummeling he took from people in the mosh pit careening into him, he still enjoyed the music. It was aggressive without being too abrasive, not like the death metal that he caught snippets of emanating from Gene's headphones at work sometimes. Plus the ram on stage took his shirt off halfway through the set and hucked into the crowd, and Seb ogled his muscular frame and fur that looked oh so soft. He was a one-man highlight reel, walking back and forth across the stage with a confident swagger when he wasn't singing as his fingers deftly fluttered across the strings. Maybe it was the two drinks, but Seb kept catching himself imagining those fingers getting up to things – touching his ears, his tail, gently cupping his groin.

A squeal of feedback jolted him out of his pleasant reverie. Blank Slate were done playing. The ram yanked the microphone off the stand and belted, “We are Blank Slate, good night!” Another squeal off feedback made Seb wince despite his earplugs.

“Feeling alright there?” Gene asked him, patting him on the back. “Took a bit of a beating there.”

Seb stretched, feeling something pop in his back. “Yeah, I feel fine. You're paying for my trip to the chiropractor though.”

“Oh, can it,” Gene said, punching him in the shoulder. “You going home with the 'yena?”

“Yeah. Gonna be a pain in the ass getting to work tomorrow, but...” Seb winked at the labrador. “It'll be worth it.”

“Alright, mate, take it easy!” Gene gave him another light tap on the shoulder, then turned and left the bar. Seb hung out by the stage for another few minutes, letting the crowd disperse. On the other side of the room he could see Tish moving back and forth behind the bar as she took drink orders for everyone still in the room after the show.

He heard footsteps and craned his head up. The ram from Blank Slate stood on the stage near him, looking down at him. “Hey there,” he said. Seb blinked – the ram sounded like a completely different person when he wasn't howling into a microphone, his London accent thick. “You doing okay?”

It took Sebastian a moment to find his voice. Looking up at the ram like he was

gave him a very flattering view of the singer's physique. "Um, yes? Why would I not be?"

"You looked like you were getting ragdolled a little," the ram said, slowly sitting down on the stage. His legs hooked over the front edge, and now that he was close Seb's sensitive nose picked up his musk. He smelled like fire smoke, honey, and masculinity. It made him breathe just a little deeper with each breath, just to get a little bit of it in his nose with every inhalation. "I haven't seen you here much before. A lot of this crowd I know the faces of. Your friend the labrador is in here every week."

"Gene?" Sebastian asked. "Yeah, he comes here a lot. Dragged me to the show last week, and I decided I wanted to come back. I like the, ah..." He looked over to the bar, where Tish was serving someone, her body language flirtatious. "The atmosphere."

The ram followed his gaze to the bar. His eyes too, lingered on Tish for a moment. "Never going to say no to another ticket sale," he said. Then he looked down and smiled, just a little, and Seb felt his face get rather warm. "Name's Dominic."

"Sebastian." They shook hands. "Do you do this day in and day out?" Sebastian asked.

"More like night in and night out," Dominic said. "By day I work at a brewery over by Canary Wharf. We do small batch booze – should be some behind the bar if you're interested."

Seb gestured to his head. "I'm more of a weed guy, usually."

"Fair enough. I used to be, but then I realized that I can't play for shit while I'm high." Dominic laughed. "And I just got tired of it after a while."

Seb cocked an eyebrow. "Do you, uh, 'sample the wares' at work at all?"

The ram laughed. "Depends on the day!"

"Dom!" Both Seb and Dominic turned their heads. The otter from Blank Slate had come back onstage to break down his drum kit. "Gimme a hand, will ya?"

"Gotta go," Dom said. He patted Seb on the shoulder. "We have another show next week. Hope to see you there."

"Thanks," Seb said, his voice a little dreamy. He got another little smile from Dom as he got up and went to help his bandmate. He watched him go, blatantly eyeballing the ram's strong back and toned butt that filled out his jeans quite nicely. What did they have him doing at the brewery, bench pressing bags of maize and hops?

Seb waited until Tish was done serving people, then walked over to the bar, feeling like he was walking on clouds. Now he knew he had to be drunk.

"Having fun with Dominic, eh?" Tish asked him.

Her tone was guarded, and Seb picked up on it. "Yeah. Something wrong with that?"

Tish cackled, grabbing a clean rag to finish wiping down the bar down. "Just busting your balls. He and I have... well, let's call it some *differences of opinion* about music."

Seb leaned on the counter. “Such as?”

“Well, you gotta understand, we come from two different eras.” Her eyes grew distant as she cleaned. “My family and I came here from Madagascar in '67. I was four. About ten years later, punk rock was the biggest fucking thing in this city, and I was right in the middle of it – the Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks, Joy Division, the fucking Clash. I grew up with the music, disappointed my parents, moved out a few years later and ate, slept, and breathed punk for the next, oh...” She grinned. “What year is it now?”

Seb laughed. Mentally, he did some math, and realized that Tish was actually in her fifties. He never would've guessed, judging from her enthusiasm and stamina in the bedroom. The realization only made her more attractive to him. “What about Dom?” he asked.

“Ah, see, Dom comes from a more newer school. He grew up listening to what came next, when punk met metal and morphed into something much nastier, your Dead Kennedys, Agnostic Front, Cro-Mags, Suicidal Tendencies. Call me old-fashioned, but I think it was fine just the way it was.” Her voice grew sharp at the end as she hucked the soaked, dirty rag into a bucket. She worked her mouth a little, her lips pressing together. “Right. Shall we get out of here?”

She led the way out of the club like her tail was on fire, practically dragging Seb out with her. Before he could ask her what the matter was, she yanked him into the alley next to the club and pinned him against the wall, her lips meeting his hungrily. Seb groaned and ground his hips into hers, his need and desire pressing

hard into her pelvis. She slipped him some tongue and he shuddered.

As quick as the kiss had started it ended, Tish jerking her head back. Her eyes were wild, the chilly London evening tousling her hair. “What's gotten into you?” Seb asked.

“I was barely holding it together in there, love,” Tish said, cupping his cheek with her paw. “Just couldn't help myself.” She grinned, showing teeth. “Though I'm not about to suck your dick here in the alley. I have *some* class.”

Seb's hand tightened on her shoulder, his tail wagging frantically. “Where *would* you be willing to suck my dick, though?”

He found out the answer a little while later, after the two of them practically sprinted back to Tish's apartment. Their jackets went on the peg by the door before they crushed together in another fiery kiss, the both of them growling as gasping against one another as they jockeyed for dominance. Tish was strong despite her age and size, and pushed Seb back into the kitchen, yanking his shirt off as she did. Her blunt claws parted his fur, sending tingles through his body.

“Here seems good,” the hyena purred.

Before Seb even asked she sank to her knees in front of him, popping the button on his jeans with practiced ease and reaching in as if she were exploring for hidden delights. She found the treasure writhing, drawing his cock out and nuzzling it. “Oh, baby,” she cooed. “I already missed this.” She gave him a slow, eager lap from his balls to his tip, swirling her tongue around his sensitive cockhead.

Seb relaxed against the kitchen island as she got to work, lathing and sucking on his long canine cock. His fingers threaded into her hair, and he groaned as the pleasant sensations rippled through him. This was nice, yes, but he had other plans in mind.

When Tish drew back to catch her breath, his slick hardon resting against her muzzle, Seb reached down and gently yanked her back to her feet. “Ready to move on already?” she asked with a grin.

Seb arched a cocky eyebrow. “Not quite.” Quick as some of the songs that Blank Slate played he grabbed hold of Tish and picked her up, depositing her on the marble island in the middle of her kitchen. Tish giggled and swatted at him playfully as he nudged her legs apart with his hands. He lifted her skirt, then met her eyes, feeling a warm haze pass through him. “No panties?”

The hyena licked her chops. “Not for you, love.”

“Dirty girl,” Seb murmured as he got comfortable on his knees. Tish scooted closer to him, her musk assailing his senses. He wasn't shy about eating pussy – both Puzzle and Di loved it. As much as the zebra loved to talk up Puzzle's fourteen-inch tongue, Seb had never heard her complain about his own techniques.

He dove in with a will, his flat, rough tongue gently sliding into the hyena's sex, drinking deep from her. It was Tish's turn to grab hold of him, her fingers tight against the back of his head as she pulled him in deeper and deeper. “Fuck, yes...”

Seb went at it with a will, his tongue probing deep and lapping like a thirsty man at a font. He kept his hands on Tish's hips, digging his thumbs in a little to tease her as she wriggled and writhed against him. He was painfully hard, his cock aching to be touched, stroked, surrounded by her. But he held on gamely and ate the hyena out until she was absolutely drenched against his muzzle, her breath coming in ragged pants.

He drew back after a long time, his jaw aching a little. The hyena had wriggled out of her shirt, lying on her back with only the black skirt on. Her breasts heaved a little with her breathing as she came back down to earth from the tongue lashing. Seb leaned on the kitchen island, just drinking her in.

“Bedroom?” he asked.

Tish shook her head. She propped herself up on one arm, urging him closer with the other. “Fuck the bedroom,” she murmured, spreading her legs so Seb could see his handiwork. “Take me right here, right now..”

It was one of the sexiest things that had ever been said to him. Seb angled his hips so his cockhead pressed to her soaking wet pussy. “Are you sure?”

Slowly, Tish hooked her legs over his shoulders. Something decidedly feral gleamed in her eyes. “Did I fucking stutter?” she chided him.

By way of answer, Seb growled, then thrust forward with his hips and *plunged* into Tish with one powerful thrust. Her howl of pleasure echoed his own as they became one in the space of a moment, her heat becoming his entire world. He didn't give her a moment's rest, bracing his hands against the marble and setting

a frantic pace that had their bodies smacking together in a frenzy that echoed through the apartment's front room. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" he yelled.

"Yes, baby, yes!" Tish yipped, grabbing hold of his wrists. "Fuck me just like that, just like that! Yes, yes, ah! Ah!"

As much as Seb wanted to hold on, there was no way he could for long, not when her body was so warm and tight and she was scratching and clawing at him, literally begging him to cum inside her. Besides, he was a guy in his mid-20s – he'd be ready to go again in no time. So he let himself go, settling himself balls deep inside her and cumming hard. "Tishala..." he moaned into her neck as he climaxed inside her.

The hyena's muzzle pressed to his own neck, and she murmured something he couldn't make out. Her pussy clenched and rippled around him, milking another extra spurt of cum out of him. Then she drew back, her eyes gleaming with delight. "Fucking lovely..." she purred.

Seb felt cum slide along his balls where they rested against her backside, dripping onto the island. "Gonna need a towel to clean up," he murmured.

"In a bit," she said, hugging him close. They stayed like that for a while, her legs wrapped around him as his cock stayed warm inside her. "I think I'd like to see you more than once a week," she said. "Maybe... make this a recurring thing?"

"We're not even done with tonight yet," Seb said, running his fingers through the dense fur on her thigh.

Tish giggled. "I know. I don't plan on letting you think straight for the rest of the

night and I wanted to get this conversation out of the way first. It doesn't have to be a complicated thing.” She reached between his legs and caressed his balls gently. “I'm sure a young stud like you has plenty of women he spends his time with.”

“Just two, really,” Seb said, nuzzling her throat. “My schedule's pretty open. And they're not even that frequent most of the time.”

For a canine, Tish purred like any cat could. “In that case, whenever you've got a free night, why don't you come over? My door and my legs will be open for you.”

As corny as the line was, Seb felt a surge of what could only be described as pure masculinity rise in him. “At this rate we're not even going to make it to the bedroom before we go again, Tish.”

“Can have that, now can we?” The hyena pushed him back gently, and slowly slid off the island. “I'll clean up later. For now though...” She took his hand and started to lead him to the bedroom, her tail wagging eagerly. Then she stopped.

“Oh, one other thing.”

“Hm?”

When Tish turned to look at him, Seb was taken aback. The hyena's expression had darkened somewhat. “Just... be careful around Dom if you keep coming back to the club. I saw you talking to him after the show.”

Seb blinked. “Why? What's his deal?”

“Let's just say he's a bit of a prick about more than just his music tastes,” Tish

said. The conversation felt a little surreal to Seb, standing as they were, the both of them half-naked as his cum slowly slid down her leg. “He's got a massive ego, thinks Blank Slate is going to be the next Zeppelin.” Her upper lip curled a little. “But you don't play Madison Square Garden playing punk.”

Seb held up a finger. “Didn't Green Day play Madison Square Garden? Like twice?”

The hyena stared at him for a long moment, and Seb wondered if he'd said something wrong. Then she snorted and burst out laughing, and the moment had passed. “Okay, just for that,” she managed between cackles. “I'm topping the rest of tonight!”

3.

Sebastian was late to work the next day, having slept in late next to Tish's warm side. He sprinted back to his apartment, through the shower, dressed hurriedly and got to the game studio at half past nine. His tardiness earned him a few looks from his coworkers – and a knowing grin from Gene – as he sat down at his desk and powered on his computer.

Tish hadn't elaborated any more on her statements about Dominic. They'd been relatively occupied with fucking each other's brains out. But Seb was curious about the hyena's attitude towards the ram. Dominic had *seemed* perfectly nice. Plus he was hot.

“Had fun last night, did we?” Gene said, leaning over the top of Seb's workstation. “Nice little walk of shame you did on the way in here.”

“I question that,” Seb said, leaning back in his chair. “Is it truly a walk of shame if you enjoyed every minute of what you did?”

Gene bobbed his head. “This is true.”

“What is *also* true is you need to wrap up your testing of the eighth level so I can mark it off as done.” Seb grabbed a marker and tapped the whiteboard next to his computer. “Still got a ways to go, dude. Chop chop.”

Gene blinked slowly. “Aye, right...”

The next several days blurred together in a mix of work and Tish's apartment.

Sebastian spent a grand total of twenty minutes in his apartment each day, going straight from work to Tish's place, where their clothes tended not to last long. Tish tended to not want to talk much, being far more concerned with spreading her legs on every piece of furniture in her apartment. Not that Seb minded. Far from it.

At least until Friday, when he arrived at Tish's door to find her locking up her door, dressed in her vest and jeans. "Going somewhere?" he asked, putting a bold hand on her rump.

Tish hummed and pushed back against him. "One of the other bar girls called off for the show tonight, Sorry to spoil things, love. You want me to get you in for free?"

Seb nuzzled her ear, which flicked against his nose. "Nah, it's okay. I'll take the night off, be ready for you tomorrow."

"Mmm." Tish turned and gave him a kiss on the lips, her soft tongue flicking against his lips. "I look forward to it."

They parted ways at street level, her going one way to the nightclub and Seb going the other back to his apartment. As he did, he realized that it had completely slipped his mind to ask about Dom again. *Gotta think with more than just your dick*, he chided himself. *No matter how good she is at taking care of you.*

He arrived back home, and was hit with a funky smell upon walking in. Nose wrinkled, Seb walked to the kitchen, and realized he hadn't washed the few

dishes in the sink in several days. “Okay, maybe I *have* been spending too much time over there,” he muttered to himself.

As he was running a stained plate under hot water, his phone buzzed as a call came through. He tapped the screen to answer it. “Talk to me, Gene.”

“Seb, brother, where you at?” Gene said, sounding a little drunk. Sebastian could hear music in the background.

“Went home,” he said, tucking the phone into his shoulder as he kept up with his washing. “Wore myself ragged this week, plus there were dishes that I totally forgot about.”

“‘Wore yourself ragged’ eh? Spending too much time with that hyena, I say.”

Seb paused, staring out his window at the London visage beyond. “Do you have a point, Gene?”

“Hey hey hey, just trying to relay a message to you, you lucky dog. Dominic from Blank Slate is here, the ram? He was asking about you, wanted to get in touch. Is it okay if I give him your number?”

Seb felt his ears perk up of their own accord. “I... sure!”

“Wait, hang on, better idea...” Gene’s voice trailed off, and all Sebastian could hear for a moment was the ambient noise around Gene and the Labrador yelling Dominic’s name.

As he finished up with the dishes, the phone crackled. “Hello?” Dominic’s normal voice purred into the device.

“Hey!” Seb said, drying his hands with a towel. “How are you?”

“Doing alright,” Dom said. “Listen, I was really hoping to hang out with you tonight.”

Seb's tail began to wag. “Oh! If I'd known, I would've...”

Dom laughed. “No worries. I was banking on you being here tonight, but you can't be here every night there's a show. So why don't I come to you? You live close, right?”

Before he fully realized what he was doing, Seb had already told the ram his address and had a promise that Dom would be there after the headliners at the show finished their set in an hour or so. Seb hung up on the call, feeling his fur buzz at the prospect of being close to the ram again.

Then he turned, and realized his apartment was a mess. There was a general amount of disarray in his living room, the dishes still needed to be dried, and the more he thought about it, the more he realized he couldn't remember the last time he'd changed the sheets on his bed.

A bit of panic lit a fire under his tail as he bustled about, throwing out garbage and straightening up. His old sheets were yanked away and tossed into the nearby closet, the door slammed shut to be dealt with later. New sheets were spread, and he packed up the blunts that had been lying on the coffee table.

Those were a second or third date kind of thing.

He paused. Date? This wasn't a date. This was... just a hang out. Between acquaintances who wanted to get to know each other a little better.

He snorted. *Yeah, right. And Diamond is straight.*

A few minutes later, a knock came at his door. Seb did a final look around his apartment to make sure that nothing was too far out of place, then opened up his door.

Dominic stood in his doorway, his fingers hooked through the eyehole of a cardboard six-pack. “Stopped by the office on the way here,” he said. “Thought you might like a sample.”

Seb eyed the beers. “You going to get in trouble for that?”

“Eh, I’ll have it docked from my pay,” Dom said. “Can I come in?”

Seb’s mind went somewhere else for a few moments before he remembered where he was and what he was doing. “Make yourself at home,” he said, stepping back.

Dom set the beers on the counter and yanked one out, twisting the top off without the aid of a bottle opener. “Yanked these right out of one of the fridges, so they’re still cold. Didn’t know what you liked, so I brought an assortment.”

Seb picked a bottle at random, reading the label. “Suicidal Tendencies?” He pulled a face. “You uh, got something to tell me?”

Dom laughed. “It’s a band from California. They mix punk and metal, big influence on me and the boys in Blank Slate. The beer is made from California oranges with some grapes thrown in for good measure.” He made a face. “We’re still testing ratios. Give it a try, lemme know what you think.”

The top came off easily, and Seb sniffed the nose. He could definitely smell the oranges. Gingerly, he took a sip and held it in his mouth for a moment,

remembering a distant conversation with Gene about some “more proper” way to drink beer. A moment later, he pulled a face, turned, and spat the beer out in the sink. “Ack!”

“Too hoppy?” Dom asked. He walked back over to Seb and took the bottle, taking a quick pull of it himself. He too made a face. “Yikes. My bad. I’ll have to tell the boys we need to dial it back, I can barely taste the oranges.”

“Or the grapes,” Seb gagged, swishing his mouth out with some water from the sink.

The ram gently plucked the bottle from his fingers and set it down on the counter next to the six pack and pulled out another bottle. This one was named after a band that Seb dimly recognized. “Deep Purple?”

“Blueberry and grape ale,” Dom explained, popping the top and taking a sip.

“More like a wine than a beer. Taste it.”

He held out the bottle, and Seb reached out to take it. His fingers brushed the ram’s for a moment, and he was taken aback at how soft the fur on Dom’s fingers was. Despite all that the ram seemed to do with his hands, there was nary a blemish on them. Seb’s face flushed as he took the Deep Purple and drank deep.

“Oh, shit, that’s good.”

“Right?” Dom said as Seb passed the bottle back. “I can’t take all the credit, though, just the name. One of the other guys thought of the mixture.”

“Is that all you guys do at the brewery? Just kind of hang out and dream up kooky ideas for different brews?”

“Well, that's just the morning,” Dom said, his tone completely serious. “We spend the afternoons lollygagging and playing beer pong.”

Seb pushed him playfully. It felt like shoving a brick wall. “And they pay you for that?”

“Of course!” Dom said. “If we don't do it, who will?”

“Then what about Blank Slate?”

“That's my side gig,” Dom said, downing the last of the Deep Purple. “Though admittedly I'm hoping it'll become my main gig here soon. I like the lads down at the brewery well enough, but I eat, sleep and breathe punk.”

“Tish said something similar,” Seb said, the words slipping out before his mind caught up with his mouth.

Dom blinked, looking askance at him. “You talked to her?”

Seb remembered what Tish had said about the ram. “A few times,” he said, deliberately keeping it vague.

Dom's thumb pressed against the neck of the bottle. “Yeah, just... be a little careful around her. She's a little manipulative.” He made a circular motion with his finger. “Winds you around her finger before you really know what's going on.”

She certainly did something with her fingers, Seb thought to himself. “And you'd know?”

“Blank Slate has been performing at that club for two years,” Dom said. He set the bottle down on the counter and turned, walking across Seb's living room. “I

know every bartender there. Tish is... kind of the mom. But like, an overbearing mom, you know? She's been friends with the club owners for decades, so I doubt she's going anywhere. She and I have a lot of... musical differences.” He made a dismissive gesture with his hand. “I get she has her opinions about music, but they're so out of touch. Punk is dead.”

Seb arched an eyebrow. “Don't you *play* punk?”

“I play a *variety* of it,” Dom said. “Blank Slate is more crossover hardcore than straight up punk.”

“That word salad meant nothing to me, but go on,” Seb said.

“It's this whole hipster thing about how old stuff is somehow better than what came after, and that we have to go back to what was working in the Seventies as if that'll somehow make music better.” Dom made a frustrated noise and flopped down on Seb's couch. “It's hard to explain.”

“What does this have to do with Tish?”

Dom didn't say anything for a bit. “You know? I lost the train of thought. Probably had a few too many at the bar and I'm giving you word salad.”

Seb hesitated in the kitchen, wondering if he should press the matter further. But then he remembered the feel of the ram's fingers against his own, and wanted to feel them against other places, and let the subject drop. He walked around the couch, and Dom pulled back his legs so he could sit down. “It's alright,” Seb said.

“I've been yammering for all this time,” Dom said, his legs extending back into

Seb's lap. "What about you? What do you do that lets you kick it in a nice apartment like this?"

"I work at a games studio," Seb answered, keeping his hands to himself for a moment. "I'm a project manager. Just a fancy way of saying I keep everyone on task and make sure we meet our deadlines. I don't do much of the more technical work with the coding or anything."

"What kind of game are you working on?" Dom asked. "Don't have much time for them anymore between my day job and the band, but I try to sneak a few hours whenever I can."

"It's a shooter," Seb said. He spread his arms in the air. "Archon Blitz." He grimaced. "Not my idea for the title, I voted for something else, but at the end of the day that's what we decided to go with."

"Sounds very Eighties."

"It's a retro shooter based on that stuff that came out in the Nineties," Seb said. Slowly, his hands dropped down and settled on the ram's shins. "Doom, Quake, Prey, stuff like that."

"Real cool," Dom said. He made no move to remove Seb's hands from his legs.

"How much do you work a week?"

"The usual," Seb said, slowly moving his fingers through the ram's thick fur.

"Forty hours, forty-five if we're feeling particularly motivated."

"And when's the game supposed to drop?"

"Sometime next year," Seb said, growing more and more bold with his touches,

running his fingers up and down Dom's legs. "We're about seventy percent done. What's left is a lot of building and rebuilding the code as we try to smooth out all the rough edges and hunt down all the bugs." He smiled to himself. "Honestly the guys that get the short end of the stick are the guys who do all the actual coding. They spend days building a new version of the game that usually takes us all of five minutes to find a way to break."

Dom laughed. "So your job is just playing video games?"

"No, my job is making sure the people that are *supposed* to be playing the game actually are!" Seb snickered, shifting on the couch. He was starting to get hard, his cock nice and hot inside his pants as it pressed to the inside of his thigh. The strength and power of those legs were stoking desires he didn't get to indulge in very often. Most of his liaisons were with women, and he didn't get to play the submissive role very often.

And God he wanted to be submissive for the ram.

"You okay?" Dom asked.

Seb's mouth snapped shut as he realized he'd been whining softly. "Y-yeah!

Yeah, I'm fine."

Dom sat up and didn't even use his arms in the motion, his abs doing all the work. This close, Seb could smell him, all of him, musky and male, so different than what his nose was usually full of. He loved it. "You sure?" Dom rumbled. Seb cinched his leg a little tighter around Dom's, hooking the ram's calves into the crook of his knee. "Getting better," he breathed.

The ram reach out and caressed the back of his head, his fingers teasing the base of Seb's ears. Seb leaned into the touch, a soft moan slipping from his muzzle.

Those fingers, so deft on the bass, turned and pressed into that delightful spot at the base of his ears, scratching gently. Seb's tail thumped the couch cushions.

“Better, eh?” Dom purred.

“Much better.” Seb leaned into the scritching, his breathing deepening. His cock surged against the inside of his pants, the tent brushing against Dom's ankle.

“I had a feeling looking at you,” Dom said, his hands growing still. “Didn't want to presume. Not many gay boys coming to punk shows these days.”

“Bi, actually,” Seb said.

“Nice,” Dom purred. His fingers pinched Seb's fluffy ears between them. “Best of both worlds.”

“I think I'm looking at that right now.”

Dom got up off the couch, making Seb whine for a moment. The ram stripped off his shirt with a fluidity of motion that belied his size and bulk, and turned to him. Seb drank him in like he was a slab of meat on display, from his wide chest to his muscled belly, flowing down to his pants. “And now?”

Seb dipped his head. “Better still.”

Dom leaned over and put his arms on the couch headrest, his bulk looming over Seb. He wanted to press himself into every available crevasse of the ram's body.

“Which way to your bedroom?” Dom murmured.

“Down the hall, to the right... yip!”

The ram reached down and scooped Seb up, holding him in his arms as he hurried towards Seb's bedroom. Luckily, the door was already half-open, so Dom simply shoved it open before walking inside and depositing Seb on his back on the bed. His strong fingers undid the button on Seb's jeans and yanked them down his legs. His long cock sprang free and slapped his belly as he worked his way out of his shirt.

“Oh, you're a cute thing,” Dom murmured, running one of those fingers up Seb's length.

Seb took a few deep breaths to center himself, his heart hammering in his chest. “And you're a handsome devil.”

The ram grinned lazily and stepped out his pants, and Seb's center was knocked askew all over again. He was muscled all the way down, lending more credence to his theory that Dom was doing squats using beer-making supplies as his weights. Not to mention he was *deliciously* hung. While he was a couple inches shorter than Seb, he was much thicker and round, a gorgeous piece that Seb wanted to become familiar with every inch of. Below his shaft hung two heavy balls, just begging to be played with.

Seb felt himself flush to the tips of his ears. His cock jerked slightly in time with his heartbeat as the two of them stared at one another, both of them locked in that moment before everything became a blur. They savored it, savored each other, and then dove in.

Dom *moved*. With sure purpose like he did on stage, the ram was on Seb, his lips

meeting the saluki's in a desperate, frenzied kiss. He pressed Seb into the bed with his bulk, and Seb went with it, his tongue sliding along the ram's between their parted muzzles as he felt that thick, hot ram cock against his own length. He hooked his legs around Dom's waist, allowing the ram to push him further into the sheets.

"I want this," the ram murmured, his muzzle brushing along Seb's. "Wanna feel you. Would you...?"

Seb reached out with an arm, feeling up his bedside table for a moment. He made a face. "Second drawer, in the back."

Dom reached over, holding himself up with one arm as he rummaged in the drawer. Seb reached up and took the ram's pecs in hand, squeezing gently and shuddering. The ram raised an eyebrow. "You know if you want those all you gotta do is heft weights a little. Then you can squeeze them all the time."

"I like the way I look," Seb countered, grinning. "And if I want to squeeze them I can just call you."

"Haven't even gotten to the main event yet and you're already talking about next time?" Dom withdrew the nondescript bottle of lube from deep in the drawer and waved it under Seb's nose. "You sure move fast."

"I can't help it with how skinny I am!"

Dom laughed and nuzzled him again. "I like you just the way you are," He bent his muzzle towards Seb's ear and nosed it up with his muzzle. "And I can't wait to bite on the scruff of your neck while I fuck you."

Seb didn't even wait for any more witty banter. He rolled over underneath the ram, his legs tangling briefly with Dom's before he straightened them out and pushed himself up with his arms. Dom's arms wrapped around his chest, holding him and allowing him to get his knees under him so he was kneeling under the ram's bulk. That thick cock pressed up between his legs, the ram's shaft underneath his balls. The tingling there rippled through Seb's whole body as Dom's touches turned firmer and more possessive. The ram's fingers stroked against the contour of his fur, mussing it up so it stuck out in wild directions. A sense of powerlessness came over him, but in a good way. Seb wanted Dom to have his way with him, to be as gentle or as rough as he wanted.

The ram settled for somewhere in the middle. He kept one arm hooked around Seb's chest, his fingers resting on the saluki's collarbone. It was just the right amount of pressure, enough that Seb's instincts were torn between him staying put and trying to escape, the tautness in his body making him vibrate with energy. Dom nuzzle Seb's ears while, with one hand, getting himself ready.

“Been so long,” he purred. “Can't wait to feel how tight you are...”

The slither of lube on cock sent shivers down Seb's spine. “Haven't bottomed for anyone in a while,” Seb murmured, reaching back and getting a handful of the ram's toned butt. “Going to be a treat for you.” He flinched as he felt lubed fingers probe under his tail, then relaxed as best he could as the ram got him ready.

Dom's breathing grew more ragged. “That so? I'm flattered.”

Seb tried to think of something to say, to keep the banter going, but nothing came to mind. His thoughts were all on what was about to happen, and how he craved it with every fiber of his being. Dom was tense, almost growling like a predator now, as the bottle of lube was capped and tossed carelessly behind him, his fingers hooking into Seb's hips. That grip sent a message clear as any – *right now, in this moment, you're mine.*

Seb pressed his body back into the ram. *I don't mind in the slightest.*

Then the ram's tip pressed under his tail, and Seb forced himself to relax. Dom went slow, pressing himself into Seb insistently, until his slick cock slowly began to spread Seb wide. He gritted his teeth as a bit of discomfort rippled through him, but the ram was patient. He savored every moment of pushing deeper, feeling himself surrounded more and more by that warmth, his arm around Seb's chest growing more and more tight.

Then Dom was inside him all the way, the two of them locked together. He pulled back, thrust slowly, and Seb was gone. He felt like he was floating, buoyed by the ram's gentle strength as those hips slapped against his rear again and again, hearing Dom's soft panting in his ear, the soft “yes, yes, yes” that was so quiet it may have been the sound of their fur brushing against one another.

Dom gave, and Seb took, then returned the favor, pushing back and meeting the ram in the middle of his thrusts. Seb's tongue lolled as the ram took a more dominant position, forcing him down onto the sheets so he had to support himself. Seb bore it, moaning in abject delight as the ram *fucked* him. His wiry

body trembled like a plucked guitar string as pleasure coursed through him, the ram playing him as deftly as he did his instrument.

“Feels so good,” Dom murmured, his teeth teasing the scruff of Seb's neck.

“Been so long...” His hands closed atop Seb's.

The saluki craned his head back and nuzzle Dom's muzzle as best he could. He said nothing, simply letting himself enjoy the thrill of the moment. The ram's balls slapped lightly against his own, and he could feel Dom straining to keep control, to keep things going as long as he could despite the pleasure Seb's body was wringing from him. They kept their rhythm steady, saying all they needed to with their bodies and soft, wordless noises. Without even asking, Dom wrapped his free hand around Seb and stroked him in time with his thrusts, leaving the saluki a squirming mess.

At least until Dom hissed a warning in his ear. “Gonna cum...” he strained.

“That's right, big guy,” Seb purred, hooking an arm around Dom's neck, his fingers curling into the ram's scruff. “Don't you dare stop.”

Dom's breathing hit a fever pitch, his body tensed, and then he slammed himself home under Seb's tail. After a moment, Seb felt that thick length pulsing inside him, filling him, and the sensation along with the Dom's gentle stroking sent him over the edge. His cock pulsed, a thick rope of his seed shooting out and spattering his sheets. Then another came, and another, until his bedspread looked like a perverse piece of abstract art underneath him.

When he found the ability to form words again, his first attempt at speaking was

a shaky, giddy giggle. “That...” he panted. “That was something...”

He felt Dom's grin against the scruff of his neck. “Sorry about the sheets.”

“Meh. I've got spares.”

Neither made a move to get clean linens, both of them staying locked together so as not to dispell the magic of that moment immediately. It went away on its own over time, and when the ram's cum dripping down his inner thighs started to lose it's warmth, and the ram's length softened so that it wasn't filling him completely anymore, the two of them slowly pulled apart.

“Got a towel?” Dom asked. His arms were at his sides, his body language more guarded than a minute ago. It was such a quick change.

Seb sat himself on the edge of the bed and pulled the ram close. “In a minute,” he said, nuzzling Dom's muzzle. “I'm not going to ask you to leave or anything.” The ram relaxed visibly. “Oh! Well, thanks!” He leaned into Seb's side, returning his nuzzle enthusiastically, almost bowling him over.

Seb laughed and pushed back, the two of them pressing against one another as the giddy afterglow feeling returned, and eventually they settled against one another, stroking each other's fur warmly. “You're more than welcome to stay,” Seb said.

“I'd like that.” Dom patted Seb's lower back. “Probably been a while since you had a guy sleep over, eh?”

“True,” Seb admitted, getting up and stretching. “Honestly I rarely have people over here. Most of the time I stay at others.”

“Others like?”

“Well, there's Diamond and Puzzle,” Seb said as he rummaged about in the closet for his spare sheets. “And then...” He caught himself, remembering Tish's words about Dom and the things Dom had said about the hyena. There was definitely more to that relationship than he had seen originally. “Yeah, just them right now.”

Dom nodded. “To be honest, I was worried there was something going on between you and Tish.”

Seb yanked the folded squares of fabric out of the back of the bottom drawer with a bit more force than he probably needed to. “Why would you be worried about that?”

“Like I said earlier, we have some issues,” Dom said, stripping the sheets off his bed. “But I'd rather not talk about her right now.”

Likewise, Seb thought. The ram helped him make up his bed, the mood between them somewhat muted. Or maybe he was just imagining things. Dom crawled into bed and patted the space next to him, and Seb pushed his doubts to the back of his mind.

It would be nice to be the little spoon for once.

4.

The following Monday, Seb made a beeline for Gene's desk when he got to the studio offices. The lab was in his chair, feet propped up on the desk with his keyboard in his lap as he worked on his play tests. Seb always found it weird that Gene seemed to not believe in computer mouses, preferring to use the arrow keys to aim. When he had conveyed this information to Diamond, the zebra had warned him to stay away from Gene in the future because he was “likely not of this world.”

Seb tapped Gene on the shoulder and the Lab jerked in his chair, his finger flying to the pause button as he did. “Seb! Don't sneak up on a guy like that, man!” “Take it easy,” Seb said. “I'm not here to bite your head off about you missing your deadline on Friday.”

Gene's expression grew distant, then his eyes widened his muzzle dropped open. “I-”

Seb cut him off with a wave of his hand. “Not here for that. I have a question. What is the deal with Tish and Dom from Blank Slate?”

Gene frowned. “There's a deal between them?”

“You didn't know?”

“Dude, I know next to nothing about either of them. I'm not exactly clued into the backstage politics at the Revolver.”

Seb made an exasperated noise. “Is there anyone you can ask? Anyone who might know?”

Gene shrugged one shoulder. “Maybe a few of the other club regulars. Maybe. Why do you ask?”

“Because I hung out with both of them recently and they both went out of their way to mention the other and I found that kind of weird... are you okay?”

Gene had gone slackjawed about halfway through his sentence. “You. *Hung out.* With Dominic Queens?”

Seb blinked. “Well, yeah, we just... yeah, we hung out.” *Fully naked. Fucked three times in twelve hours. Kissed him goodbye.*

Two paws slapped down on his shoulders. “Dude, you have *got* to get me in on that! He's a fucking genius!”

“I... maybe,” Seb said. “Look, ask around the bar next time you go, see what you can find out. If you get me something good, I'll see if Dom might be free to grab a beer with you or something. Deal?”

From Gene's expression Seb might as well have offered him the keys to El Dorado and Shangri-la all at the same time. “Deal!”

Seb nodded. “Good! Now, about that deadline.”

After bringing Gene's mood crashing back down to Earth about as fast as he'd shot it into the stratosphere, Seb walked back to his desk and tried to lose himself in the trial and error process of rooting out bugs and errors in game code. Despite his best efforts, his mind kept walking back over the past couple weeks,

trying to come up with any possible explanation for why Tish and Dom were weird about each other. But of course, thinking about such things reminded him of how good the sex had been with both of them, both for different reasons. Tish was older, more experienced, and softer in all the best ways. But Dom was young, virile, almost ferocious in his lovemaking. He didn't want to have to choose one or the other.

Seb paused, his cock aching inside his pants. What if he didn't have to choose? It wasn't as though he was going to be in committed relationships with them. He could just keep things simple between him and them – just sex. That seemed to be what Tish wanted.

But what did the ram want?

As he pondered, his phone buzzed in his pocket. By the time it was in his hand, it buzzed again. He had two messages, one from Tish, the other from Dom. His thumb tapped the one from Tish first. It opened, and Seb quickly jerked his hand down below his desk as he caught a glimpse of the now-familiar tracts of Tish's chest. After looking around to make sure nobody was around, he ducked his head.

Thinking of you, Tish's message read, followed by several heart emojis. The hyena had taken a coy selfie in the bathroom of her flat, the mirror behind her so the picture contained every delicious bit of her body, from her heavy chest to her thick behind.

Seb thumbed over to the message from Dom. The ram had also sent him a

picture, not a nude, but an over the shoulder picture that showed his strong, flowing back and muscled butt. *Lazy Monday morning.*

Aren't you supposed to be at work? Seb texted the ram, then flipped back to Tish's message chain and typed *Glad to be thought of by such a divine creature like you.*

The responses came moments later. *You flatter me,* said Tish's, followed by more hearts.

Dom's reply said *I am, took that this morning and just got a chance to send it to ya ;)*

An idea popped into Seb's head. To Dom: *Aww, you're sweet. Mind if I show a ladyfriend the pic?* To Tish: *No flattering here! Can I show a friend the pic?*

A moment later, both responses came in. *Sure!*

Seb grinned like a loon as he attached both pics to a text to Diamond, adding the message *So I've been a little busy.*

The zebra didn't respond until lunchtime – she'd probably gotten up late from working a late Sunday shift. *You dog! No wonder I haven't heard from you in a bit. Been very busy, haven't you?*

Oh, you know me, Seb texted. *No rest for the wicked. Or the sexy.*

Lol. Who's the MILF? I'd love to take a bite out of her. And Puzzle's been oogling Mister teardrop tail's butt for the past five minutes.

Unfortunately for Puz, I think he's more into guys than girls. And the MILF is probably a bit older than you normally like.

Hey, I don't judge. Also, do you maybe possibly have a picture of the ram's dick for completely innocent purposes?

Alas, no. I can attest from personal experience that it would probably be to your liking, though.

So how long have you been seeing these two?

The hyena, a couple weeks. The ram became a thing just this past weekend.

Not gonna keep you occupied when we need you, are they? ;)

Hey, you haven't invited me over in a couple weeks. Had to keep my paws occupied somehow.

I'm hoping you used more than just your paws with the two of them.

I'd be remiss if I didn't.

Lol. When's the threesome between you all?

Seb finger's hesitated over the keys, the cursor blinking up at him from the screen. I don't think that's quite on the table at the moment. Like I said, Dom seems to not have much interest in women.

Now that I look at that pic again, I gotta say, no straight guy would wear underwear like that. Or have the selfie game to do that over the shoulder shot. Take my word for it.

I shall defer to your judgement, oh Mistress of the Safari.

Oh, don't you start. I get enough of that Mistress bollocks from Nightshade.

The conversation meandered from there as Seb finished up his lunch and returned to his desk. A new version of Archon Blitz was on his desktop, freshly

downloaded from the joint server in the office. With no managerial stuff left to do, along with Di signing off to take care of a few errands, Seb threw himself into his work, his fingers flying across his keyboard as he directed the his player character into the walls of the game world, trying to find places where he could fit through the cracks. The boys had tightened up the geometry over the past few builds of the game, and it was nice to be able to go through a whole level without wondering if he'd fall through the floor.

As the day was drawing to a close, his phone buzzed again. Seb signed out of his workstation with one hand while opening up the message with the other. *Free tonight?* Tish asked. *Was wondering if you wanted to grab dinner somewhere? I know a great Thai place if you like curry.*

Seb only got halfway through texting back *I do like curry! What's the place?* before his phone buzzed again with a message from Dom. He quickly flipped over to the other message channel. *Got some new beers to taste test at the brewery,* the ram's message read. *Wanna come help me?*

Oh, this is going to be a time and a half, Seb thought. For a brief moment, he considered weighing his options and going with one or the other. Then he remembered. Simple. He could do simple. The Thai restaurant wasn't going anywhere, but the beer varieties might.

So he texted Tish first. *I'm gonna be busy tonight unfortunately. :(Can we take a rain check until tomorrow?*

After a moment, the hyena responded. *Sure thing! Better to do lunch tomorrow*

though, got work at night.

Works for me! He flipped to Dom's message chain. *Sounds good. Where's your brewery at?*

Canary Wharf was rather deserted for a Monday night, and Seb actually walked past the doorway to the brewery before realizing it and turning around. Cool air swirled around him as he walked into an ad hoc lobby area with an L-shaped granite countertop in the back corner overlooking a small sitting area with chairs and a few couches.

Dom was leaning on the counter, several glasses half full of beer in front of him. He perked up when Seb walked in. “Hey,” he said, his voice gentle.

“Hey,” Seb replied, walking over to the counter. “So you guys do all the work at this little kitchen or...?”

Dom laughed. “Nah, that's all in the back there.” He gestured to a metal door in the center of the back wall. “But I've been explicitly told to not take you back there by my boss.”

“You have a boss?” Seb asked. “Isn't that not punk rock?”

The ram snorted. “You want to get into that, talk to Tish. I'm a bit more pragmatic.”

There is was again, almost as if the ram suspected something and was trying to make a point. Seb forced a grin. “So what are we doing here?”

Dom gestured to the beer glasses. “Pick one, knock it back, tell me what you

think.” He grabbed a clipboard from under the counter and a pen. “I *will* be taking notes.”

“Oh, I'm being tested?” Seb said, slowly scanning the beer glasses. “Is there gonna be homework?”

Dom looked towards the door for a brief moment, then leaned in towards him.

“I'll give you something to work on at home later, if you want.” Seb caught a whiff of beer on his breath.

“Seems like someone's been sampling his own creations,” he murmured. He grabbed the glass in the middle, the liquid in it the color of melted caramel.

“I think I can get away with it here,” Dom said with a wink.

Seb slowly tipped the glass to his muzzle and made a big show of drinking slowly, using his tongue to lap at the beer a bit more than he needed to. The ram's eyes lingered on him with a surprising amount of longing. When the glass was empty, Seb slowly licked the foam from his lips. “Bit nutty, actually,” he said, rolling his tongue a little to get the full benefit of the palette. “Caramel too. Kinda like a candy bar. But, y'know, boozy.”

A moment passed before Dom blinked, still looking at him. “Er, right, right,” he said, taking a few notes. Seb smiled to himself.

They went down the line of beers, Dom taking furious notes on the clipboard as Seb gave his opinions. Nothing quite compared to the first, though, and despite his efforts to not drink too much Seb was feeling pleasantly buzzed by the time they were all done.

“You know,” he said, feeling the heat on his muzzle as he leaned in next to Dom.

“You didn't have to get me tipsy if you wanted me to have sex with you again.”

Dom's ear flicked. “Well, you know. I wanted to see you again.” His mouth turned up at the corners. “Plus, you know, we really did need some beta drinkers. And when you're around beer all day sometimes you need a more unbiased opinion.”

“Mmm.” Seb placed his paw atop the ram's. “How far of a walk is it to your place?”

Dom took a soft breath. “Not far.”

“Then what are we waiting for?”

There was a haste in Dom's movement as he rinsed out the glasses and put them in the sink, then ducked into the back to make sure that everything was locked up for the night. When he emerged, he put a firm hand on the small of Seb's back and steered him towards the door. He locked the front door, then jammed the keys in his pocket, leaving his hands there. “Come on,” he said, his voice eager. “It's only a ten minute walk from here.”

Dom lived in a small, cozy apartment complex in a unit on the far corner of the first floor. “I can't live in any of the upstairs ones,” he explained as he unlocked the door. “If I plug in my bass to practice I piss off just about everybody around me. The walls in these apartments are dense, and my neighbors know who I am and what I do, so it works out.”

“Ever piss anyone off with... any other noise?” Seb asked, teasing his finger's

into the crook of the ram's elbow.

“Not really,” Seb said as he practically yanked Seb into the apartment. “Don't have people over here much anyways.”

The front room passed by in a blur of brown walls, a black sofa, and a TV on a stand as the ram took him into the bedroom. The door wasn't even closed before the two males were tearing at each other's clothes, tossing them carelessly in a pile to be dealt with later. Seb's muzzle mashed into Dom's, turning and parting so his tongue could twine with the ram's. He shuddered and mashed his body into those hard muscles, padded with soft fur, feeling Dom's fingers rub against the grain of his fur and send tingles through his arms.

“Sorry,” Dom said. “I like to keep my private life away from my work.”

“That's alright,” Seb said, cupping and squeezing the ram's balls. “Does this include Blank Slate too?”

“Mmhmm.” Dom nuzzled him. “The lads know who I fuck, but we try to keep that stuff separate so as to not get distracted.”

“I can respect that.” Seb's tail wagged. “Though I'm disappointed that you probably won't be down for backstage blowjobs before the show.”

“Before the show, definitely not,” Dom said. He smirked and gave Seb a little push onto the bed, his white tail thwapping the sheets. “After the show... maybe we can work something out.”

Then he pounced Seb, their hard cocks pressed together. Seb felt like he'd taken a hit of a particularly strong strain of weed after going a few days without,

physical sensation crashing down on him in the best possible way. The fur to fur contact was electrifying, and his breathing was deep as he licked and kissed the ram.

“Why wait until after the show?” Dom asked, his flat teeth nipping at Seb's neck.

“Why not right now?”

Seb licked his lips. “How do you wanna do it?”

Dom's ear flicked back. “There's a certain way I've always wanted to try, actually. Never had someone be game for it, though, so I don't know...” He trailed off, looking a little embarrassed.

“I'm down for it, whatever it is.”

“Sure?”

“Positive.”

The ram nudged him towards the head of the bed. “Alright, prop your head up on a pillow.” Seb did as he was bade, although he did roll over to give Dom a good look at his lanky body as he crawled up the bed. He rolled back over on to his back, and was treated to the absolutely enthralling visual of Dom crawling towards him on all fours, as if he wasn't a herbivore at all.

As the ram straddled his chest and his thick cock and heavy balls rested on Seb's fur, he got what the ram was going for. Dom still seemed hesitant, planting his palms on the wall behind them and bracing his weight on his knees. “Just let me know if you get uncomfortable,” he said.

“Oh, don't worry,” Seb said. “I'll give your tail a good yank if I need you to pull

back for a bit.” He stretched out his tongue and gave the head of the ram's cock a slow, gentle lick. “Now, come here.”

Dom growled, then lifted his hips and moved them forward. Seb parted his muzzle in response, allowing that thick cock to slip between his soft lips and slide along his rough canine tongue, being incredibly mindful of his teeth. He didn't get to do this very often, and the ram clearly craved it like this, so he remained incredibly careful as the ram thrust about halfway into his mouth, then pulled back. “Okay?” Dom asked.

Seb reached around and grabbed two handfuls of the ram's butt. “Very much.”

Dom moved forward again, that wonderful, musky ram cock sliding against Seb's soft tongue and lips again. This time, the ram didn't pull out all the way, and he set a slow rhythm, rolling his hips as he facefucked Seb. The saluki appreciated that Dom hadn't, it seemed, learned how to do it from porn, and was going slow and easy with it. It was easy to just relax and let the ram take control for now.

At least until Dom pulled back, panting a little but otherwise looking normal.

“Okay, I don't think this is working,” he laughed nervously.

Seb's ears pinned back. “Need me to change my angle?”

Dom waved his hands in front of him. “No no no no! Just... it's not doing it for me. Always wanted to try it because I thought it would, but it doesn't feel as good as I thought it would. It's not your fault, honest.”

Seb sat up and put his hands on his knees. “Alright. Anything else you'd like to

try?”

Dom thought for a moment, then reached out to his bedside table and fished a bottle of lube out of the second drawer. “What we did last time should work fine,” he said. “But...”

“But?”

Again, the ram looked a little embarrassed. “I... want you on your back so I can look at your face.”

Seb grinned lazily and flopped back on the pillows, spreading his legs. “You don't have to look so embarrassed when you ask for that, you know.”

After a little bit of prep, plus a couple pillows under Seb's rear, things were hot and heavy again as they ground against one another. Seb could feel the flared head of Dom's cock under his tail, pressing against his slick hole. He pressed himself into every inch of the ram that he could, almost hanging off him like a monkey. They kissed deeply, tongues sweeping against each other between open muzzles, making Seb's skin warm and his fur tingly.

Then the ram was pushing into him, and the kiss became an afterthought as Seb groaned his delight into Dom's muzzle. They came together much easier than they had the first time, Dom pushing in all the way with one smooth motion. Seb let his weight rest against the ram's thighs, and he bore it stoically.

“Fucking hell, Seb,” Dom moaned, his voice soft.

Seb felt a thrill at being able to make the ram, who was so harsh and shouty onstage, actually whimper in delight. His tail swept along Dom's knees as it

wagged. “You feel so good,” he whispered back, cinching his legs a little tighter around Dom's waist.

The only response he got was a wordless noise of indescribable pleasure, and words ceased to mean much after that. The two males parted and came together in perfect rhythm, and Seb wondered idly through his haze of pleasure if Dom's musician background made him better in bed. Or maybe it was just that the ram's cock was just that nice. It seemed to radiate a warmth that spread through him, making his fingers clench and his toes curl. His tail was going a mile a minute, his own length rubbing against the ram's dense, soft belly fur.

“Oh fuck, I'm not gonna last much longer like this,” Dom panted, slowing down a little.

Seb whined and pressed against him. “Keep... going... please...”

The ram crooned softly, a low noise torn between wanting to make things last and wanting his release as soon as possible. After a moment, it seemed that the latter won out, as the ram bucked his hips against Seb's a few more times, then stilled and cried out. Seb felt that warm rush under his tail, the ram's desire and need exploding free in a burst of sudden energy like the songs he playing on stage. Seb's length quivered against the ram's belly as Dom came inside him, and he moaned encouragement into the ram's ear.

When Dom was finished, he looked down at Seb's body. “You didn't cum,” he murmured.

“Not yet,” Seb replied, reaching down. “Shouldn't take too much – yee!”

Dom gently swatted his hand aside. "Relax, I got this."

Seb's argument fizzled out from the moment Dom's fingers closed around his cock and began to stroke him gently. He whined and squirmed, but there was no escaping the arms that held him. Not that he really could. Or wanted to. And true to his word, it didn't take long. Dom stroked him for less than a minute before Seb threw back his head and howled as he climaxed, his orgasm tagging the ram's belly and chest.

"Like a fucking cannon," Dom muttered, grinning with satisfaction.

Seb squirmed, then relaxed into the ram's arms. "Shaddup," he groaned lazily, slowly nudging his hips against the ram's fingers, still closed around his cock. Dom kissed him warmly, then slowly slid out from under his tail. Several drops of the ram's cum pattered onto the sheets. "Dammit, forgot a towel again," he said.

Seb gave him a self-satisfied grin. "I'm just that cute that you can't stop yourself."

Dom gave a quiet little snort. "I'll change the sheets. Shower's down the hall to the right." He drew back a little. "You're, erm... welcome to stay if you want." Seb closed the gap between them, rubbing his nose against the ram's. "I'd like that, I think." Dom brightened immediately.

Seb showered while Dom changed the sheets, then let the ram take his turn. He debated putting his underwear back on, but decided he really rather liked being naked in the ram's apartment. So he sat on the corner of the bed and picked up

his phone. There were a few work related emails that could be put off until tomorrow, a message from Di, and a message from Tish. He opened the last one. The hyena had sent him another picture, this one far more lurid than her earlier bathroom selfie. It was shot looking down her body at her spread legs, with a thick black dildo buried all the way to the suction cup in her pussy. *Couldn't keep myself contained ;)* her message read. *Hope you're feeling up to scratching my itch tomorrow.*

Seb licked his lips at the picture. He'd expected his body to shy away from the prospect of more sex so soon after his coupling with the ram, but he was a young male in his 20s. Stamina was his middle name.

Dom padded into the room and Seb quickly tabbed out of the message chain on his phone. "Thanks for using up all my hot water," the ram teased.

"I am a man who desires cleanliness above all things," Seb bantered back.

"Mmm, not the impression I got from all the faces you were making earlier,"

Dom said, sitting down on the bed, his thigh pressed to Seb's, the fur there still damp.

"Got a problem with my face?"

Dom flushed, the insides of his ears turning a fierce pink. "N-no! Not at all!

"I'm kidding, relax." Seb leaned his body against Dom's side.

"Sorry..." Dom turned so his muzzle rested on the flat of Seb's head, and pulled him close in a tight hug. "I haven't had someone to play around with in a long time. I don't want to do anything to scare you off."

Seb made a soft noise and took the ram's hand. "I appreciate that. But I'm not looking for anything serious right now, and if that's what you want..."

Dom shrugged. "I'm in a band. When we get big and get to go places, there's gonna be plenty of tail for me to chase. I don't think I'm ready for a commitment yet. Plus, you said you have those ladies that you see on occasion." He puffed out his chest. "I'd be remiss if I tried to keep you all to myself."

Seb snickered. "You're so generous."

They made small talk for a little while, until Dom yawned expressively, which made Seb yawn and realize how tired he was. Seb played little spoon again, curling up in the broad curve of Dom's body as the ram held him with an arm around his chest. As he dozed off, Seb realized that he hadn't pried for any further information about the weird conflict between Dom and Tish.

But did it really matter? They both wanted to keep it casual, they both had said as much. That was fine with Seb. Casual was what he wanted. Feeling confident, he snuggled a little closer to Dom and dozed off.

5.

In the morning, Seb made a pitstop at his apartment to change his clothes before heading into the office. Gene was in a morning meeting with some of the other QA guys, so Seb simply went to his desk and fired up Archon Blitz, sinking a few hours into testing things before he got up and went to meet Tish for their lunch date.

The hyena was waiting for him at the Thai restaurant, and gave him a peck on the cheek when he showed up. “Hello, Sebby,” she said, her earrings winking in the noon daylight. She was wearing a black shirt with a plunging neckline along with a plaid skirt. “Good to see you.”

“You too!” Seb beamed as he held the door open for her.

They both got chicken and veggie skewers, and ate inside at a small booth in the back corner. Tish made smalltalk about the weekend shows at the Revolver, and about halfway through their meal her foot rubbed up against the inside of Seb's calf.

Seb pretended not to notice. “I had a quiet weekend,” he said, deliberately going a bit slow as he bit off a hunk of smoked pepper off the skewer.

“Those are always nice,” Tish said, her foot moving up to the inside crook of his knee.

“Yup...” He chewed, swallowed, then decided to take a chance. “Saw Dom,

actually.”

Her foot stilled. “Oh?”

“Yeah, just saw him in passing and said hello.”

“Hmm.” Tish peeled a sliver of chicken off one of the skewered chunks with a claw. “I’m a bit surprised is all.”

“That I saw him?”

Delicately, Tish placed the small piece of meat between her teeth, then chomped down on it. “I mean, I know he has that day job down at the brewery. Real nine to fiver he is about that.” She put her elbows on the table and propped her head up in her hands. “Hmm. Interesting.”

Seb felt like growling. Both Tish and Dom were absolutely inscrutable about the tension between them, and it was really starting to annoy him. Why couldn’t they just come clean?

Why can’t you? A voice in the back of his mind asked him.

Because there’s nothing wrong with what I’m doing, he argued. *Whatever their deal is, both of them have said that they want to keep things casual with me.*

And yet here you are playing coy with the both of them, keeping them in the dark about the fact that you’re sleeping with the other as well.

Hey, my business is my business.

You told both of them about Diamond and Puzzle, the voice pointed out. *Because you know that when you’re dating around you need to keep everyone in the loop. You not doing it here is going to backfire.*

“Seeeeeb.”

Seb started, Tish's voice jolting him out of his introspection. “Ah, sorry,” he said, his ears flicking back. “Zoned out for a second there.”

Tish snickered, then leaned forward a little. The motion made Seb acutely aware that Tish wasn't wearing a bra, as her breasts pushed the shirt out. “What were you thinking about?”

Seb inclined himself a little closer to her conspiratorially. “Well, I know what I'm thinking about now.”

“Oho.” Tish's eyes flicked to the right, around the corner behind their table that led to the restrooms. “Well, it just so happens that I picked this table for a reason.” Her foot boldly moved up his leg and pressed lightly to his groin, her toes kneading his trapped hard-on. “The bathrooms here lock.”

Seb growled a little. “Really now?”

Tish's tongue swept across her lower lip. “Just wait a minute before following me. I'll be in the middle one.” Her foot retreated as she rose and walked around the corner, her tail wagging eagerly.

You just had sex with Dom last night, his inner voice said. You sure you're going to be able to keep up with her now?

When it feels as good as it does, yes, Seb said.

Alright, sukkel. Enjoy it while you can.

Seb tuned the voice out as he looked around quickly, then got up from the table.

He rounded the corner of the restroom hallway. The middle bathroom was

gender-neutral, and he slowly pushed down on the handle. Finding it unlocked, he strode inside.

“Lock it, hurry,” Tish panted. She was already bent over the sink counter, her skirt hiked up to expose the curve of her rear, the soft, soaked lips of her sex. Seb's cock ached when he realized that the hyena hadn't been wearing underwear this whole time. “We'll have to make this quick before anyone gets a clue.” She giggled, then clamped a paw over her muzzle. “I rather like it here, don't want to get banned.”

Seb walked over to her, unbuckling his pants as he went. “What were you going to do if someone other than me walked in here?” he grinned at Tish.

“But nobody else did,” the hyena answered, reaching back to lift her skirt a little more. “No point in dwelling on might haves and possibilities, eh?”

Seb tried to think of a witty response in the time it took for him to cross the gap between them, but nothing came to mind. So he settled for that comfortable ferocity that she liked, reaching around and groping Tish through her top as he pressed up behind her, the soft fur there meshing with that on his pelvis. “No bra or panties, just for me?” Seb growled, finding her nipples under the sheer fabric and pinching them.

“Underwear sucks,” Tish groaned, pressing back into him as if she wanted to become one with him.

“Makes my job easier,” Seb said. He slapped her on the ass, then dropped to his knees on the bathroom floor. Her tail lifted for him out of reflex, the motion a

natural part of their coupling, like a signal only they understood. Claws clicked on the tile underneath as she spread her legs a little more to give his muzzle access, and his tongue slipped between her folds with a soft slurp. Tish tasted divine, and Seb lapped eagerly from her sopping pussy.

“Mmm, mmm!” Tish mumbled, her paw clamped over her muzzle to keep her from crying out in abject delight.

More than anything Seb wanted to hear her scream in pleasure, but he knew they had to be quiet. Still, he ravaged her heat with his tongue, delving as deep as he could go and drawing patterns until Tish was quaking, her tail thwapping down across his head uncontrollably as the small huffs of breath through her muzzle fogged the mirror. His cock ached and throbbed, fully erect, and he wanted to be inside her, to make her his once again.

But does she know you're not hers? His inner voice asked.

“Can it,” he muttered into the cleft of Tish's legs. *She's never asked me to be exclusive.*

“Did you say something?” Tish whispered.

Seb kissed the inside of her thighs, working his way up to the base of her tail before getting to his feet. “No,”

Tish wiggled her rump from side to side. “Then take that delicious dick and fuck me already, stud.”

God, my ego's gonna be the size of a zeppelin if she keeps that up. Seb settled his cock between her plump cheeks for a few moments, sliding it back and forth

between her labia to slicken it and rev the hyena up a little more. Her whole body was tense under his fingers, her want for him and her excitement about doing it in public mingling together and winding her tighter than a spring. When Seb finally gave her what she wanted, a physical jolt went through Tish's body, and she groaned deep in her throat.

Seb set a frantic pace, knowing that chances were someone would come tug on the bathroom door sooner or later, find it locked, and then start to wait. If they did, their patience would be the determining factor of how long they had. But after *being* fucked multiple times by Dom in the past few days, Seb felt the dominant itch, and he scratched it with Tish's slick, delicious heat that he could still taste on his tongue like a fine wine.

“Ah! Ah! Mm! Rrf! So... ferocious... today... ah!” Tish panted in time with Seb's thrusts. “All pent up waiting for me, eh?”

Seb tightened his grip and fucked her harder, faster. “Gotta keep this quick,” he panted.

“Yeah? You close?” Tish panting, reached behind her to fondle his balls. “Ready to give me what you got?”

“Fuck yeah,” Seb growled. Then he paused, his cock halfway inside Tish. “Wait, if I cum in you, and you're not wearing underwear...”

Tish took a breath, then dipped her head, her neon green hair hanging like a veil over her face. “Good point,” she panted. “Let's do this then.” She wriggled away from him so that Seb's cock slipped free, but only for a moment. Within seconds

Tish was on her knees, her broad, rough tongue sweeping over his cock, lapping her slickness off it. “I guess you'll just have to shoot your load down my throat, then.”

Seb looked down at the hyena. “You are one *kinky* woman.”

“You know you love it,” Tish said, slowly swirling her tongue around the ultra-sensitive tip of Seb's cock.

“I do,” Seb said. His fingers laced in Tish's hair. “I do *very* much.”

The hyena giggled softly, then opened wide and took him into her muzzle, her head bobbing frantically in his lap as if Seb's release was what she craved more than anything. From the sweep of her tongue all the way from his tip to his base, that might have been the case. Seb began to whine and pant, holding onto the counter for support as the hyena sucked on him. His tail wagged against the marble frantically. “Fuck, Tish...”

Her only reply was a pleased hum around his length as she kept going without pause, making soft noises of her own, communicating her lust in ways that couldn't be expressed in words. Seb clamped a hand out of his own muzzle to keep from howling in delight.

Wonder how good Dom is at this? His mind wondered.

Can we not think about him right now?

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you wanted to play the field with both of them. My mistake.

Memories clouded his mind of the ram's body, the pleasure his muscles had

wrung out of Seb, coupling with the ecstasy of the present and making him whine audibly. His climax exploded out of him, his cock pulsing and shooting rope after rope of thick cum down Tish's throat. She swallowed every drop, moaning in delight as she got him off as Seb kept going and going.

When he was finished, he leaned against the counter, shuddering and twitching. Tish let him fall from her lips, licking a drop of cum off her muzzle. "Delicious," she purred.

Seb took a deep breath to steady himself. "Think anyone heard?"

"If they did, they'd probably be breaking down the door by now," Tish said matter-of-factly. "Though we'll have to leave one at a time."

"That's easy," Seb said. He looked down. "Although..."

"What?" Tish followed his gaze down to her skirt. The bottom hem was slightly grimy and dirty from resting on the tile as she sucked him. "Ah, don't worry.

This is why I wear black – slimming, and covers up blowjob grit just fine."

"Wait, blowjob grit?" Seb asked, snickering.

"Of course!" Tish said, turning on the sink to wash her hands. "Do they call it something else now?"

"I don't know! I've just never heard anything like that before!"

She grinned at him. "Well, keep coming to see me and I'll keep learning you about stuff like that!"

As he cleaned up with Tish, Seb's whole body felt alive, thrumming with energy like he hadn't been plowed by the handsome ram less than a day before and then

fucked the hyena good and proper. And why wouldn't it be? He was young, high off the thrill of having both the hyena and the ram thirsting for him. He could keep them both satisfied.

Easily.

And for a little while, it was easy. The next seven days were a blur of work, then either the Revolver, Tish's apartment, or Dom's place. He lived more at their places than his own, only stopping in in the mornings to change his clothes.

He went home with Dom the night after he met Tish for lunch, after the ram got him backstage for Blank Slate's set. Seb really didn't care much about the music, but he loved watching the ram work the crowd, and holding that image in his mind later as Dom took him under the tail.

Thursday he met up with Tish for lunch again, and although they didn't fuck in the restaurant, he did go over to her place after work for dinner, and an innocuous joke about a cucumber led to them going at it on Tish's kitchen island, and then moving to her bedroom for the night.

Friday Seb worked a bit late, but spent the night at Dom's place.

Saturday, he spent most of the day at Tish's, both of them rolling joints of her special weed and spending the whole day alternating between smoking, fucking, and watching old bootleg punk show DVD's.

Sunday he spent the morning with Tish, then made excuses and went to go see Dom, and wound up sleeping over at his place. Well, "sleeping" was a rather

loose term for what they got up to.

Monday rolled around again, and with it, Seb's problems began. To be specific, they began when he went home, took a shower to get ready for work, and reached into his dresser to find that he was completely out of clean underwear. He stood there for a moment, his hand splayed on the bottom of the wooden dresser drawer. He still had a couple shirts left, and one pair of pants. It took a minute for his brain to really catch up with reality, and he was completely stymied by the fact that he'd completely forgotten to do laundry. It was such a basic thing to forget, but yet he'd managed. Seb sniffed, then realized his apartment had a bit of a funk to it. He left the air on when he wasn't there, but it seemed as though without him actively living there for a few days the scents had settled a little and had... matured. Especially around his hamper.

But the clock was ticking and he had to get to work, so he elected to forego underwear for the day, sliding his pants on over his bare legs and feeling the denim rub up against his crotch. It wasn't uncomfortable, if a bit weird.

At work, he got messages from both Tish and Dom wanting to hang out, but turned the both of them down. *Sorry, gotta do chores around the apartment this evening*, he texted them both.

Both of them sent back almost the same message. *How long have you been putting your chores off, bad boy?* Tish texted him, and Seb could almost hear the coy flirtatious tone she used with him most of the time. *Aw, you couldn't do them on Saturday?* Dom messaged. Seb was halfway through writing *Sorry, spent the*

day at Tish's before he remembered why that was a bad idea and quickly deleted the message.

The realization made him get up and walk over to where Gene's desk was, but the Labrador's chair was empty. "Called out sick," said the moose whose desk was next to Gene's. "Though I think he's just hungover."

"Right," Seb said. "Thanks." As he walked back to his desk, he fired off a quick message to Gene asking for him to call.

Later that night as Seb putzed around his apartment with a can of air freshener and a sponge, his clothes tumbling in the dryer downstairs, his phone rang.

Diamond. He picked it up, then did a double take. Somehow in the past five days he'd missed three calls from her. How had that happened?

"Bloody hell, Seb, you have a way of playing hard to get lately," Diamond said when he answered. "Where have you been?"

Seb hesitated for a moment. "Busy," he said.

"Uh-huh," Diamond said, her skeptical voice in full swing. "Does it possibly have anything to do with those two new bedfellows of yours?"

"Maybe."

"Hah! Knew it."

"Okay, in my defense, if you knew how good the sex is with the both of them you'd understand."

"Don't wear yourself out, dog. We still need your every once in a while, you know."

Seb's tail wagged. "Oh?"

"Puz and I are on separate schedules until Thursday night. And it's been a while since we saw you, luv. Why don't you come over then? We can catch up, act like normal vanilla people for a bit, then all fuck each other's brains out. Sound fun?"

His wagging grew more pronounced. "Very."

"Thought so. It's a date."

They hung up a bit later, and Seb finished cleaning, feeling a burst of energy at the prospect of seeing Diamond and Puzzle again. Especially seeing *all* of them. Tuesday Gene was still out, and Seb wound up going to hang out with Dom to watch him and Blank Slate practice. While he nor the ram ever directly confirmed the nature of their relationship to the band, when he and Dom left he got the impression that they *knew*. It didn't matter, though – the sex with Dom later was still just as hot.

On Wednesday, Seb was beginning to feel it. He'd stayed up late with Dom the previous night, and exhaustion crashed down on him like a stack of amplifiers. His stride into work was less of a walk and more of a slouch, and by lunchtime he'd already downed two cups of coffee. Despite his exhaustion, he still managed to meet Tish for dinner and more sex later.

When he strode slowly into work on Thursday, Gene was waiting for him. The Lab bounded forward from among the cubicles up to him. "Seb, there you are, I... wow, dude, you look like shit."

Seb blinked, running a hand over his face. "Yeah, had a few sleepless nights

lately. Where have you been? Did you get the answer to my question?”

Gene looked around, then lowered his voice conspiratorially. “Follow me.”

Gene's secret, private conversation spot turned out to just be the far corner of the office where the windows overlooked a street and the building across from them rather than the more interesting vistas that could be seen through the other windows of the office space. Nobody had bothered to put their desk in this particular corner, so there was an open area of space away from everyone else, save for a couple cardboard boxes that had been forgotten about.

“So,” Gene said, folding his arms. “Here's the short version: Tish and Dom used to be buddy-buddy, but it ended badly and now they hate each other.”

Seb blinked. He'd figured as much. Was that really all that Gene had learned?

“Gonna need the long version, Gene. And who did you talk to to get this story anyway?”

“It was a story in and of itself, man,” Gene said, scratching at his ear. “Asked a few people around the Revolver last week, wound up getting pointed in the direction of a guy named Mason who lives in the north part of the city. He's another old-school punk guy, same age as Tish, who fronted a band called Regicide that was Dom's first band a couple years ago. Went to go see him over the weekend, wound up going on a bit of a bender with him.” His expression turned sheepish. “He's got some killer weed. It was the reason I wasn't here for a couple days.”

“I...” Seb's mouth hung open for a few moments, then he snapped it shut. “I'm

gonna pretend I didn't hear that. But you got the whole story out of him?"

"Well..." Gene waved a hand back and forth. "Sorta kinda."

"Geeeeeeene..."

"Look man, I saw *eternity* while we were high, cut me some slack. Diamonds in the sky and all that. I *know* I asked him about it, and he mentioned something about how they had a disagreement about *something*, but I can't remember what."

Seb sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "S'fine, Gene, don't worry about it. If you hear anything, just let me know."

Gene brightened and wagged his tail. "You got it, man."

"Now, about all the work you missed while you were gone." Gene's expression fell.

The day wore on, and both Tish and Dom messaged him within thirty minutes of one another, as if they were coordinating schedules. Seb stared at the message boxes on his phone until the both of them faded away. A fourth coffee cup sat half-empty on his desk, his fingers gently massaging his temples. His mind felt hazy from exhaustion, and he was half-tempted to turn the both of them down and just go home and sleep.

But the more he thought about it, the more the image of Tish naked solidified in his head, and he started to get hard again. A part of his mind knew he'd grown addicted to both her and Dom, but he didn't care. It was too good to pass up. So he made up an excuse for Dom and made arrangements to meet Tish for dinner.

It wasn't until later in Tish's apartment with the hyena riding him ferociously that he remembered he'd made a commitment to Diamond, as he heard his phone ring with her ringtone. He grew still underneath Tish, who quickly took notice.

“What's the matter, baby?” she cooed in his ear, her warm body pressed to every contour of his own.

Dom's face grew hot and prickly. “That's ah... one of my other booty calls.”

Tish reached over and grabbed his phone off the bedside table, looking at the picture of Diamond that he'd set as her Caller ID. “Oh, she's cute.” She casually tossed the phone onto the pile of his clothes by the bed, and resumed bucking her hips atop him. “But she's gonna have to wait until I'm done with you.”

Any guilt Seb felt was obliterated by the pleasure coursing through him. He knew the hyena so well now, every contour and curve of her body. There had been little pretense when he'd walked through the door, the both of them coming together in a rush. His hands settled into their familiar place on her hips, his fingers curling in on her soft hips. Tish added that roll to her hips, and Seb was gone. He reached his climax and slammed his hips into Tish, whining into her chest as his balls clenched and his passion rushed up into her. The hyena moaned and settled her weight against him, nuzzling his ears and whispering sweet nothings into them.

Later, while Tish was in the shower, Seb picked up the phone and saw that Di hadn't left a message. That was never a good sign. He opened up their message window and started thinking about what to say, before exhaustion crashed down

on him and his eyes drooped.

He must have dozed for a bit, because the next thing he knew a slightly damp, citrus smelling Tish crawled into bed next to him. “You okay?” she asked.

Seb blinked and yawned, then reasoned he'd message Di in the morning to patch things up before he tossed the phone back onto his clothes. “Yeah, just... really exhausted.”

“Aw, did I wear you out?” Tish teased, wrapping her arms around him and spooning up against his back.

Seb managed a quiet snicker. “Maybe a bit.”

“Aw,” she repeated, slowly petting his head. The gentle motions made his eyes heavy again, and he fell asleep in only a few moments, completely tucked out.

Only Tish now being familiar with his schedule kept him from being late to work the next day, Friday. She shook him awake at seven o'clock, despite the fact that they'd been up until almost two. Seb yawned expressively as she slipped him a disposable cup full of coffee and a bagel. “See you later,” Tish said as he walked out the door. Seb managed a wave in response as he left.

He felt absolutely knackered as he stopped by his apartment to shower and change before hurrying to work as quick as he could. The clock's hands pointed to 8:12 as he walked in, and a few of the more punctually-minded people at the studio gave him curious looks as he came in. *Yeah, yeah, I know*, he grumped inwardly, chugging the last of the coffee Tish had made before tossing the cup

into the trash.

Gene was studiously working on his testing, focused on his monitor with his thick noise-cancelling headphones on, so Seb decided not to bother him. The Lab had a whole bunch of work to catch up on, after all.

Dimly, he remember his promise to Gene to get him in touch with Dom if he found out what the ram's deal with Tish was. Although he'd only half-succeeded, Seb felt it appropriate to follow through. It was only fair, after all. So he pulled out his phone and fired off a message to Dom: *Hey, I've got a friend who's a big fan who did a favor for me and knows that I know you. He's a big Blank Slate fan, comes to the Revolver a lot. Think you could get him backstage for your show?*

While he waited for the ram's response, he hit Diamond's number on his speed dial and leaned back in his chair. The phone rang, and rang, and rang, until there was a click. "Hi, it's Diamond! Leave a message!" her voicemail chirped.

"Hey, Di," Seb began, then realized that sounded incredibly lame. He forged ahead anyway. "Listen, I cocked up big time last night, completely blew you off, and I'm sorry for that. Let me know how I can make it up you. Call me!" He ended the call, hoping their history would be enough to warrant her calling him back.

A short while later, the response from Dom came. *Is it the Golden? He's adorable. Matter of fact, we're playing tonight. Tell him to come around the back and ask for me when he gets there. You can come too, if you want. ;)*

Seb smiled. *I'm more than certain I'll be doing that later.*

Heheh. I'm actually getting out of work early. Wanna come hang out at my place for a bit before the show? We loaded our gear in last night just to get it out of the way.

Sounds good! It was Friday, nobody would really think twice if he ducked out a bit early.

Seb got up out of the chair and went over to Gene, watching the Lab run through a level of the game at a mind-blowing pace. When he reached the end, Seb tapped him lightly on the shoulder. “Aye?” Gene asked. “Oh, Seb. What's up?” “Got any place to be tonight?” Seb asked with a grin.

“No?”

“Well, what if I told you that place could be backstage for Blank Slate tonight?” Gene looked as though time had skipped forward and it was already Christmas.

Seb skipped his lunch and ate at his desk, working through his end of the week report and finishing early. He kept checking his phone every ten minutes or so to see if Di had gotten back to him, but the zebra was evidently still mad at him. Which, if Seb was being honest, was totally justified.

He left the studio at ten past four, promising to meet Gene at the Revolver later. He put a pep in his step as he navigated the now familiar path to Dom's apartment. The ram was waiting for him – he didn't even get past the second knock before the door opened and Dom swept him inside quick enough that no

random passerby would notice that he was only wearing boxers.

“We gotta be quick,” the ram said, his fingers curling into Seb's shirt and tugging it up over his slender shoulders. “I told the rest of the guys I had a quick errand to run and I'd be there in an hour.”

“Plenty of time,” Seb growled, kissing the ram hungrily. In the moment, all his exhaustion melted away, the ram's fingers in his fur sending sparks through his whole body.

Dom broke away from him, pressing his broad muzzle to Seb's. “So I uh, I had an idea.”

“What's that?” Seb teased, his fingers reaching around to toy with Dom's tiny teardrop tail.

The ram looked sheepish for a moment, but it passed quickly. They'd reached the level of comfort where they could ask pretty much anything of one another. “I was wondering if you felt like topping this time?”

Seb immediately perked up, his tail whipping back and forth. His hands moved lower, squeezing Dom's butt. “I'd love to do that.”

With time a pressing concern, they skipped most of the foreplay save for gently groping one another as they pressed together on Dom's bed. Seb's scent had actually begun to seep into the ram's sheets, and it made him feel domestic, but in a good way, like he was gradually becoming a part of the ram's life.

But if he finds out about Tish... his inner voice cautioned.

Not now! He snapped inwardly. *Focus on the cute ram butt.*

Dom looked incredibly demure lying on his front on the bed. His cute little tail was lifted, revealing the taut curves of his rear. Seb got himself and the ram ready, encouraged by the ram's soft moans as he laid his long cock into the cleft of those cute cheeks. A few moments later, he was slowly pushing with his hips, his length sliding easily into Dom. The ram moaned, long and loud. "Oh fuck..." "Been a while since you've done anything like this?" Seb asked, trailing kisses across Dom's shoulders.

"A little bit... ooooh..."

Seb started slow, letting the ram acclimate. Fireworks went off in his eyes with every thrust, and he fought his natural instinct to slam into the ram. As subby as he'd been with Dom these past few weeks, there was a part of him that was enjoying being on top immensely, and he hadn't even gotten to the main event yet. Dom leaned his head back, and Seb decided to try something. He reached out and took hold of the ram's antlers, pulling back on them gently.

The effect was immediate. Dom turned to putty in his grasp, pushing that plush butt of his into Seb's pelvis, his moans turning incoherent. Seb went with it, holding onto Dom's horn with one hand while moving the other to his hip and fucking the ram hard. Much the same as with Tish, they'd reached the point where they knew each other incredibly well, and Seb made sure to stroke the ram in time with his thrusts, until Dom was mewling and gasping for release. Slowly, they lowered their bodies until Seb was practically fucking Dom into the sheets.

He came before Seb did, shooting his load across the towel they'd laid underneath each other. "Seb... Seb..." he panted in time with Seb's continued thrusting.

Seb grunted and growled, taking longer than usual to reach his peak. By the time he did, he felt like he was running on empty, and as he shuddered and spent himself inside Dom, it felt good, but not nearly as good as it had the other times. Sheer exhaustion from all the sex over the past week with both Dom and Tish had left him drained in more ways than one. Dom didn't seem to notice, or if he did, he didn't mind, reaching back and linking fingers with Seb.

As they lay there, Seb made a promise to himself: after the show that night, he'd take the weekend off from both of his paramours, and try to patch things up with Diamond. By next week, he'd be ready to go again, and everything would work out just fine.

6.

“Dudes!”

Gene waved Seb and Dom over to the back door of the Revolver. The Lab was waggy as could be, his ears perked up. Behind him, the club's security guard – a surly boar – glowered at all of them.

“Guess they wouldn't let him in just on word alone,” Dom said, walking towards the back door with Seb in tow. “It's alright, Quentin, they're with me.”

The boar snorted and moved aside, allowing the three of them to walk inside the club. It was a Friday night, so there was already a small crowd gathered inside the club, milling about and getting drinks. As Gene immediately started peppering Dom with questions, Seb peeked out from behind the curtain. Tish was tending bar tonight, and as she wiped off one of the bottles, her eyes flicked towards the stage.

Seb quickly ducked behind the curtain. If she saw him, that would lead to questions about just what he was doing backstage, which could complicate things. Simple and uncomplicated, that's what he was going for.

“I'm not a big fan of their later work,” Dom said in answer to one of Gene's questions. “Everything went downhill after that first album.”

“Fucking *thank you!*” Gene said. “Everyone knows it, nobody wants to admit it.”

“I have zero clue what you guys are talking about, for the record,” Seb said.

“Nor do you have to,” Dom said, waving a hand. “This is like, *obscure* punk shit. Bands that not even the high and mighty Tishala knows about.” The ram rolled his eyes. “Thinks she knows what's what about music.”

Gene was staring around wide-eyed and missed the comment, but it brought an uncomfortable feeling to Seb, and for the first time he felt a bit of discontent with what he was doing. There was clearly some deep-seated resentment between the ram and hyena. What was the issue there?

Before Seb could ask his question, Gene asked Dom about some minute facet of punk history, and the two of them got into it a bit, leaving Seb to take a few hearty swigs from a beer he pulled from an ice chest in the corner. By the time Gene and Dom were through talking, the ram had to go meet up with his bandmates for some pre-show technical prep. “I'll be back in a little bit,” he said with a wink to Seb.

That smile brought a warmth to Seb's chest and his tail wagged as Dom left.

Gene gave him a questioning look. “What's up with the two of you?”

“N-nothing!” Seb said, a bit quickly. “We've just gotten to know each other really well over the last couple weeks is all.”

“Yeah, he seems really cool!” Gene said. “I saw Tish is bartending tonight – you gonna go say hello?”

Seb studiously took a swig from his beer. “Maybe afterwards. She seemed pretty busy.”

“Yeah. Packed house tonight.”

The opening band went on a few minutes after that observation, and Gene darted to the side of the stage to get as close to the band as he could, his golden tail wagging a mile a minute. Seb was content to stand further back, taking pulls from the can of cheap beer while waiting for Dom to get back. On a whim, he pulled out his phone to see if Diamond had gotten back to him. No dice.

“You okay?” Seb's head jerked up at Dom's voice. He hadn't heard the ram approach over the din of the music. Even though he wasn't wearing earplugs, the volume wasn't as bad in the backstage area owing to the amplifiers being pointed out towards the audience on the club floor rather than the back.

“Yeah!” Seb said quickly. “Just waiting for a message from somebody.”

Dom chuckled. “You workaholic.”

“Not from work, just a friend. I think I upset her the other night.”

The ram looked concerned. “Really? How so?”

“Oh, uh...” *You and your big mouth, dummy!* “I told her we'd do something together and then completely forgot about it until way later. Missed her calls and everything.”

“What distracted you?” Dom asked, his expression turning bemused.

“Just some, ah, things. Nothing major.”

The ram put his hand on Seb's shoulder. “You alright? You're acting really weird.”

Abort, abort, abort! “Just been a long week,” Seb said quickly.

Dom gave a slight nod. “You guys in crunch time for your game?”

“Sort of? I mean, we still have a couple months until the game is supposed to drop, we're mostly just testing and re-testing builds day in and day out.”

“And that's what's got you so worn out?” Dom snickered. “Playing video games all day?”

“Hey, it's not playing, it's testing!”

The conversation continued in the vein of video games until the band onstage finished playing, at which point Gene came right back and resumed peppering Dom with questions. Seb excused himself to go to the restroom, which he only realized upon walking out of the backstage area was across the club floor, directly in Tish's line of sight. And the hyena was clearly looking for him, judging by how she immediately locked eyes with him and beckoned him over with a wave. Seb held up a finger and walked as quickly as he could to the restroom.

On the way back he made his way to the bar – no point in avoiding Tish, she already knew he was here. “Hey, you,” he said.

“Hey,” she said, her expression slightly guarded. “How'd you manage to get backstage? They don't just hand out passes to do that anymore.”

“Oh, uh...” *Great, now we're doing it with her too.* “My friend Gene managed to impress the Blank Slate guys, he dragged me back there.”

That was clearly the wrong answer. Tish's ears flattened and her lip curled a little. “Oh. Forgive me for saying but your friend has shit taste.”

Seb blinked. “Hey, they're not that bad.”

Tish shooed him away. “Whatever, we can talk about this later. I've got people to take care of.”

Seb hurried away, feeling flustered. He'd never heard her quite so ticked off.

When he got back to the backstage area he made a beeline for the ice chest full of beer. He grabbed one, popped the top, turned around, and almost walked right into Dom's broad chest. “Oh, shit. Sorry, Dom.”

The ram's expression was weird. “Did I just see you talking to Tish out there? What was that all about?”

The walls are closing in! “She just wanted to ask me something real quick,” Seb deflected, stalling for time.

“What about?”

“Um...” Well, she *had* asked him a rather innocuous question, right? “She wanted to know how I got backstage.”

Dom frowned. “What business is it of hers?”

The hostility made Seb get defensive. “It was just an innocuous question, man. Relax.”

“It's still none of her business.” Dom sighed and looked out over the crowd.

“We're on soon. We need to talk about this after the set, okay?”

Seb nodded. “Okay.” *What. The hell. Is the problem with these two?*

Dom walked away to join up with his band, leaving Seb alone to peer out over the club and nurse his beer. Every once in a while he saw Tish glance in his direction from the back of the bar. His mind ran wild with possibilities. Were

they ex-lovers, split because Dom had come to a realization about his sexuality? Had Dom been involved with Tish's husband before he passed away and tainted the memory of him? Maybe Tish had messed with a past relationship of Dom's? You could almost feel the hostility oozing between the hyena and the ram.

Gene sidled up next to Seb and leaned on his shoulder. The Lab smelled like beer. “Sup, Sebby?” he drawled.

Seb gave him a flat look. “How are you drunk already?”

“Beer's free, man.” Gene swayed a little. Across from them in the shadows of stage left, Blank Slate waited for their cue, running last minute checks on their equipment. “Woo, Blank Slate!” he called, the drunken salutation echoing through the club. Dom looked up and gave the two of them a look.

“Thank God we didn't drive tonight,” Seb muttered.

Then Blank Slate exploded onto the stage in a cacophony of sound and fury, the song now familiar to Seb after having listened to it a multitude of times in the club and a few times at Dom's apartment when he played the track on his speakers. Seb closed his eyes, shutting out all his problems for a moment as Dom shouted himself hoarse.

“You don't have to worry!” Gene shouted in his ear. “I won't tell-” The rest of his sentence was cut off by a wild guitar solo.

“What?” Seb shouted, opening his eyes again.

“I said,” Gene began, just as the song ended. “I won't tell Dom you're sleeping with Tish, because he really fucking hates her!”

Even though the Lab's muzzle had been right in Seb's ear, he was still shouting, not realizing in his drunken state that the song had ended. Seb made a strangled noise as the band and the first few rows of the audience heard every word Gene said.

If looks could kill, Dom's look of pained anger would have not only slain Seb, but atomized him into a saluki-shaped silhouette on the far wall. Seb swallowed. Then, he tipped his head back and chugged the rest of his beer in one go.

“Gene.”

“Whassup, buddy?”

“I'm so making you do your end of the week reports from now on.” Seb turned and walked into the dark shadows of the backstage area. A moment later, Blank Slate started up their next song. He sat down on the beer cooler and put his head in his paws.

Well, congratulations, sukkel. You've fucked up now. Then again, we both knew you couldn't keep it on the downlow forever.

Yeah. His mind was quiet for a moment. *Fucking Gene.*

Fucking Gene, his conscience echoed.

Seb sat quietly in the back, debating what he was going to say to Dom after the show was done. There was some explaining to do, to be sure, and he knew he had no real excuse. He and Dom had never talked about being exclusive, sure, but they also hadn't *not* talked about it. It was the same with Tish. Hopefully, whatever their problem was, there was some understanding that could be

reached.

“Just wanted to take a minute to thank all the staff here at the Revolver,” Dom said into the stage mic. “All of you are great.” There was a pause. “Except for you, Tish, you're a fucking cunt.” He counted down the next song immediately, giving nobody time to process things.

Seb jerked his head up as if he'd been slapped. “Oooo, shit!” Gene yelled from where he was watching. “Shots fired!”

Yeah, okay, he's doing two reports a week now.

A few moments later, during the break between songs, Seb heard someone banging on the backstage door. He heard Tish shouting, and the bouncer there arguing with her. A profound sense of discomfort coiled in his gut, and he wanted to shrink into the wall and never reemerge, become part of the Revolver's structure so that he didn't have to deal with the blowup that was about to happen. It was like watching two boats slowly collide in open water – it took time, but the result was sure to be catastrophic.

Blank Slate finished up, ending their show in the usual squeal of feedback and distortion. The crowd cheered, but Dom didn't stick around on stage to play to them like he normally did. Instead, he stormed backstage, pushing past the drunken Gene and making a beeline for Seb sitting on the cooler.

A moment later, the door to the backstage slammed open and Tish stormed in. Her hackles were up, the fur on her neck fluffed up. The piercings in her ears flashed in the light from the bare bulbs above her. “You fucking prick!” she

yelled – not at Seb, but at Dom.

“Look who's talking, slut!” he fired back.

“Oh, real fucking creative there,” Tish said, stomping up to the ram and getting in his face. She was about a foot and a half shorter than Dom, but somehow Seb had the feeling that if it came to blows the hyena could hold her own. “Seems you have the same amount of creativity with your insults that you do with your lyrics!”

“Big talk coming from the technicolor dinosaur,” Dom snarled. “The Eighties called, they want their everything back!”

“First of all, fuck you. Second of all, it's the Seventies! The best decade for punk ever!”

“Oh, get off your fucking high horse, it wasn't that great!”

“You weren't even a shine in your mum's eye then, kid, don't flatter yourself!”

“And you probably weighed about fifty pounds less!”

Tish snarled and cocked her fist back. Seb sprang off the cooler and grabbed her wiry arm. “Tish, calm down!”

“Stay out of this Seb!” Tish snapped, struggling to free her arm and clock Dom.

“I'm gonna settle this like we used to back in the day!”

“You fucking psycho,” Dom said.

“What the actual hell is the deal with the both of you?” Seb said. “The two of you have been ready to rip each other's heads off before I even came into your lives and it's really starting to drive me nuts!”

Tish jerked against Seb's grip again. "Big Dom here is a fucking insult to everything that punk stands for, that's what."

"Oh, not this again," Dom muttered, turning and stomping to the beer cooler.

"Tish, I'm gonna need you to elaborate," Seb said.

Tish spat on the floor. "You can't be punk and like the Beatles. It's just not possible."

"Who died and made you gatekeeper?" Dom retorted, chugging half a beer in one go. "The Beatles influenced a generation of rock, and punk comes from rock!"

"*Bullshit!* Punk comes from here!" Tish thumped her paw against her chest.

"Not some pansy fucking three-chord sellout trash!"

"Wait wait wait wait *wait*." Seb looked back and forth between the two of them. He felt like he was being pranked. "The two of you hate each other because of the freaking *Beatles*?"

"Yes!" both Tish and Dom yelled at once.

Seb pinched the bridge of his nose between his fingers. "That is one of the dumbest things I've heard in my entire life."

"That's rich, coming from you," Dom said, glaring at him. "When were you going to tell me that you were sleeping with her, huh?"

Seb felt shame burn in his chest. "Look, we never explicitly had a talk about whether or not we were going to be exclusive and..." He trailed off. The look of pain on Dom's face said all that needed to be.

“Wait,” Tish said, spinning to face him. Her ire at Dom had vanished, replaced by shock and betrayal. “Seb, you've been sleeping with him?”

“I... yeah.”

Tish blinked, working her jaw for a few moments without saying anything.

“Why?”

“Well, again, we never talked about whether or not we wanted to be exclusive or not, we just...” The excuses sounded lame the moment he said them, and he knew it.

The hyena ran a paw through her multicolored hair. “I thought...”

“Yeah,” Dom said, having taken up the sitting position on the beer cooler. “I thought too.”

Seb looked between the two of them, knowing that nothing he could say would help him in this scenario. Deep down, he'd known all along that him juggling the two of them would blow up in his face and that something like this would happen.

Gene staggered through the three of them, giggling like a loon. He put his paw on Seb's shoulder and leaned, almost bowling the lankier saluki over with this weight. “I'm havin' a great fuckin' time tonight, man,” he said. “Thanks for getting' me back here, but I *got* to go sober up.” He staggered off, swaying to and fro.

Seb looked back to Tish and Dom, who were both pointedly looking away from each other and him. “I'm just...”

Both of them held up hands. “Don't say anything,” Dom said.

“Just go,” Tish sighed.

Seb nodded. “I... yeah. I'm gonna go make sure Gene gets home safe.” He turned and scurried out of the back room, tail tucked between his legs and his ears flat against his head.

He found Gene outside the club a minute later, the Lab's head in a trash can making horrible noises. Seb sighed and sat down on the bench near the Lab, rubbing his back. “Had too much too fast,” Gene groaned. “Totally worth it, though.”

“I'm glad you think so,” Seb said, staring at the neon bar sign. He was certain that if Tish and Dom were getting into it again he'd hear it, and the lack of any cursing or insults made him feel a little better.

When Gene had sobered up appropriately, Seb walked the Lab home – if he was going to do one halfway decent thing that night it was get Gene home safe, despite the Lab's big mouth ruining everything. After dropping him off at the doorstep of his apartment, Seb kept going down the street, letting himself stew in his misery. He knew in any way of thinking about it, he was the bad guy in this whole thing.

But seriously. They hated each other because of the Beatles. That was an angle he hadn't been expecting.

Seb was so lost in thought that he didn't realize it was starting to rain until a steady drizzle pattered along his head and shoulders. “Crap,” he muttered,

putting a spring in his step. He looked up at a street sign to get his bearings, then realized where he was, and knew there was a place he could go that was closer than his apartment where he'd be welcome.

Well, depending on who answered the door.

7.

The ring of the doorbell was drowned out by the peal of thunder that followed it. Seb jammed his paws into his pockets, feeling his fur plaster to his skin and his tail drooping down, soggy with rainwater. “Hey Puzzle!” he yelled. “Puzzle, you home?”

A few moments passed, and Seb shifted his weight from foot to foot. Were neither of them home? The light in the front window was on, and the two were pretty good about turning off the lights when they weren't home.

His phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out, registered Puzzle's name on the screen, and thumbed the answer button. “Puzzle!”

“Hey Seb,” Puzzle answered, his voice a little guarded.

“I'm outside,” Seb said. “You home?”

“Yeah,” Puzzle said. “You know Di's pretty steamed about you blowing her off, and I think it was really rude too.”

“Yeah, I get that,” Seb said. “Listen, can we have this conversation inside? It's raining like hell out here and I'm sitting on your doorstep and I'm getting cold.”

“What?” Puzzle yelped.

The phone clicked off, and Seb held it away from his head to make sure his ear hadn't brushed against the End Call button. “Hello?”

A moment later, the door to the apartment burst open and a pair of spotted arms

wrapped around Seb and dragged him inside, smushing his muzzle into her chest. He'd forgotten how quick the giraffe could move.

“You poor thing!” she said, fussing over him. She was in her evening clothes, a loose powder blue shirt and some dark gray sweats. She smelled recently washed, the scent of coconut heavy in her fur. “Let me get you a towel!”

“Thanks, Puz,” Seb said, carefully avoiding leaning on any of their furniture.

Then he stepped off their door mat once he realized that he was dripping on it.

Puzzle was back in a moment and wrapped him in a big fluffy towel, rubbing it vigorously along his shoulders to get rid of the moisture. “What are you doing out here all alone on a rainy night?” she said. “You'll catch the flu!”

“I honestly didn't know where else to go,” Seb said, letting Puzzle dote on him as she rubbed him down. “I've had a bad night.”

“Why?”

“It's...” Seb sighed. “Look, when's Di coming home?”

Puzzle glanced at the clock on the entertainment center. “In about a half hour.”

“Let's just hang out until then. I'd rather not tell this story twice.” He grimaced.

“Plus the two of you are probably going to give me pieces of your minds and I'd rather do that both at the same time.”

Puzzle frowned, her ears drooping. “Is it that bad?”

“Not in like a moral way, I didn't do anything horrible. Just...” Seb hugged himself. “Did something really shitty.”

Puz leaned over and hugged him tight, her tail curling over to rub along his

lower back. She made a soft noise and rested her head against his. Seb returned the gesture, his tail slowly wagging against hers as they sat in silence and listened to the rain. Even though Puzzle was involved with Diamond, both the giraffe and the zebra had an emotional connection to him. They wouldn't have had as many threesomes if they hadn't. On the rare occasion Seb needed emotional support, he could get it from them. He hadn't ever looked to one for an issue with the other, though.

A little while later, a key turned in the lock, and the sound of the rain came in as Diamond got home. "Puzzle!" she called in a singsong voice. "I'm home!" There was a pause. "Hey, why does it smell like..."

Di trailed off as she rounded the corner. She was wearing her heavy brown coat, a wet umbrella tucked under her arm. Her poofy mane looked like it had escaped the rain. She made a face as she took in the sight on the couch. "Wet dog," she said.

"Hey, Di," Seb mumbled.

"You look like shit. Did you walk here in the rain? Also, why did you let him in, Puz?"

"Look at him!" Puzzle replied. "He's soaked!"

"Surprised you decided to grace us with your presence," Di said, setting the umbrella against the wall and taking off her coat. She wore jeans and a t-shirt with the SEGA logo on it underneath. "Or is this just temporary until your new friends become available again?"

“Diamond!” Puzzle said sharply.

“No, she's right,” Seb said. “I fucked up big time. Not just with you, with them. That's why I walked here all alone in the rain.”

Di stared at him for a long moment. Then she sighed and turned around. “Let me go get the weed. I'm gonna need it.”

A little while later, the three of them sat on the couch, Puzzle abstaining from the weed and games as usual, content to watch Seb and Di play Virtua Fighter as they smoked. Di sat on the floor, wearing a rattier shirt and basketball shorts. Seb stayed in his damp clothes. He felt it was all he deserved - plus neither of the girls were his size.

He sucked on the end of the joint as Di whooped his ass for the fifth time in a row. “Man.”

“So you gonna tell us what went down?” Di asked as she hit the Fight Again option on the menu. “Or are we just gonna sit here and smoke and pretend like nothing's wrong?”

Seb sighed and prepared himself for another virtual ass-kicking. He told the story in between frustrated noises as Diamond played rings around him. The zebra didn't even stop after rounds to let him tell the story uninterrupted, merely hit Fight Again every time, saying nothing. Puzzle was a little more vocal, gasping and making soft noises at his descriptions of his intimate moments with both Tish and Dom.

“And that's what happened,” Seb finished as Di finished him off for the tenth

time in a row. “Gene blabbed and it all blew up in my face.”

“I’ll say,” Diamond said. “How did you expect it to *not*?”

Seb let the controller rest against his thigh, not even bothering to try to fight back against Di as she used his character as a virtual training dummy. “I just didn’t,” he admitted. “I thought I could just keep the two of them separate, and nobody would have to know better.”

“Well, for one thing the two of them literally work at the same club,” Diamond pointed out, juggling his avatar with a lightning fast series of button presses that Seb could hardly believe were even possible. “So frankly, you’re a bit of a fucking numpty to think that you could keep something like that under wraps for long.”

“Well when you put it like that...” Seb said.

“Second, that’s just plain shitty that you’d give the two of them the run-around.”

Di hesitated before hitting Fight Again to restart the match. She turned, her eye boring into him. “Like really, dog boy. I thought you were better than that.”

Seb let his head rest against the top of the couch. “I didn’t think it was that much of an issue. Or, maybe, that’s what I want to tell myself because the sex is so good with the both of them that I got greedy and didn’t want to stop.”

“Well at least you’re honest,” Di said, tapping the controller against her thigh.

She pinched her joint between her fingers and blew out a cloud of smoke. “Look, there’s nothing wrong with making yourself a little quasi-harem and having a bunch of people in your phone in a folder labeled ‘booty calls,’ but you *have* to

make sure they all know about one another.” She turned her head back to him and made a face. “Like, this is basic shit, Sebastian. You know this. I *know* you know this.”

Seb wanted to find a way to become one with the couch just to escape her withering glare. “Yeah.”

“Nor is it bloody okay for you to blow me off with no explanation as to why.”

Her face softened. “I thought you were hurt until you called and left the message. Then I was just mad.” She snorted. “Was it really so good that you'd forget to just... let me know about things? If you couldn't make it you could've just said something.”

Seb rubbed the back of his head. “I legitimately forgot. Sorry.”

Di rolled her eyes. “You doofus.”

“Do you think there's any way to make this better?”

She shrugged one shoulder. “Not sure, really. You're closer to the two of them than me. What do you think, Puz?”

Puzzle tapped her chin with a finger. “I mean, I like to think that any relationship can be fixed with enough time. But you *did* really hurt them, Seb. You abused their trust. I guess maybe the best thing to do would be to give it some time, then reach out and apologize. Make it authentic.”

“Yeah, and don't like, doggedly pursue forgiveness,” Di added. “They have a right to tell you to fuck off, and if they do, you'll just have to take it.” She patted his knee. “You're a big boy, Sebastian. Take your lumps.”

“What about you two?” Seb asked, feeling a sense of purpose and direction again. “Are we cool?”

“So long as I keep getting to kick your butt in the game, sure,” Di said, finally hitting Fight Again. “I’ll get over it eventually.”

Puzzle just beamed at him, and Seb leaned over to touched noses with her briefly. He then turned his attention back to the screen and really, really tried to beat Diamond at the game.

He never stood a chance.

The next week passed slowly, as Seb focused on just going to work and getting things done, resisting the urge to call or text Tish or Dom. Every so often he'd pull up his Contacts on his phone and scroll to their numbers, linger for a time, then close the window and got back to work. As the week went on, it got easier, especially because with the release of the game six months away, his team needed to be really stringent with meeting their deadlines. After a terse talking-to by Seb, Gene was actually writing up his playtesting reports. The Lab had made no mention of the Revolver, or Friday, and Seb was content to not bring it up. As much as he wanted to patch things up with Tish and Dom, he didn't think he'd be going back to the little punk club to do it. It needed to happen on neutral ground.

The following Friday he stayed late to finish up some busywork, not leaving the little studio office until almost eight. Seb stretched his long, lanky form as he

walked out onto the street, and realized that he did *not* want to cook.

Matter of fact, he was feeling like Thai food.

He pulled out his phone and brought up Tish's number, fervently hoped she hadn't blocked his number, and hit Call.

The phone rang. And rang. And rang again, until it went to voicemail. "Hi, this is Tish," the hyena's sultry, slightly scratchy voice purred. "Leave a message."

"Hey, Tish," Seb said. He wrapped his free arm around his chest. "I know that you probably don't want to hear from me, and I understand that. But I wanted to apologize for what I did, and doing it over the phone just feels lame. I'm going to that Thai place for some food. If you're free, I'd like to apologize in person, if you'll hear me out." He paused, not sure how to end it. "So, yeah. I'll see you there, hopefully. Bye."

The restaurant was a short walk away, and Seb got some spicy chicken skewers and sat down at the same table by the restrooms they'd eaten at just over two weeks ago. The small span of time felt like an eternity. He diligently kept his mind on the food, avoiding thinking about the carnal quickie he'd enjoyed with the hyena not twenty feet away.

Just as he bit the last hunk of grilled pepper off the skewer, he heard familiar footsteps. Tish walked around the booth and sat down across from him with a pair of skewers for herself. The smell of spice from hers almost made him gag, but she tore in the meat with a will, not saying anything. Seb stayed quiet as she ate the first one, her long tongue curling around the wooden spit to get the last

bits of meat and grease off before she set it down on her plate. "I'm listening," she said, her voice level with somewhat forced calm.

Seb knew that smalltalk would only rile her up more, so he got straight to the point, resting his palms on the table. "What I did was wrong. If I were a different person I could try to justify it, but the truth is there's no justifying what I did. I betrayed your trust, and his too. I should've been open from the get-go about *everyone* I'm involved with, not just Puzzle and Diamond. A lie of omission is still a lie." His fingers curled against the tabletop. "I'm sorry, Tishala."

Tish ate her other skewer slowly. Seb clenched his jaw, resisting the urge to say anything more.

Then, slowly, she laughed. "It had to be fucking *him* of all people. Hah!" She didn't sound angry or bitter, but genuinely amused. "Of all the people you had to sleep around on me with, it had to be the one motherfucker that annoys me more than any other in the world." She laughed again, this time that throaty hyena laugh that Seb had grown fond of.

"I can't believe the two of you hate each other over the Beatles," Seb said, resting his chin on his paws.

"It's..." Tish began. Then she sighed. "You're not invested in the punk scene, you probably wouldn't understand."

"Try me."

"The punks came around once the Beatles went all hippy. Commercial BS was creeping into rock, things were rough for everyone but the rich, and people were

fucking pissed. That's why the Clash said Beatlemania is fucking over in the song 'London Calling.' Punk is supposed to be this antithesis, scummy people in denim and leather who resist corporate and commercial poison and speak truth."

Tish rolled her eyes. "Course a lot of those early bands conveniently forgot that when the record companies started waving six figure deals in front of them. But some of us still remember. Some of us still believe in that."

"And you think Dom doesn't?"

"I think he has ambition beyond what this scene and this music can provide him." Tish slowly gnawed on her third skewer. "He and his boys think they're going to be bigshot rockers. Spoilers: unless they sell out, they're never playing any club bigger than the Revolver. If they want to make it big, they need to drop the punk and make radio rock. Then you'll see them play all the big shows." She waved her paw. "But that's not why we're here."

"No," Seb agreed. "It isn't."

Tish slowly set down the half-eaten skewer. "Look, Sebby, I..." she trailed off again. Her eyes were distant. "I appreciate you apologizing, especially in person. Makes me feel like I wasn't just some toy for you."

Seb slowly reached across the table and took her paws. "I never wanted that."

Slowly, she turned her paws over and laced her fingers with his. "Some women... you know, when they lose their husband, they don't feel the need to get back into things. They don't need companionship, and I can respect that. But I know Garrett didn't want me to just fritter away the years I have left and let my cooch go

unloved.” Tish rubbed her fingers into the gaps with his. “But I understand you’re young, you probably don’t want anything long term with me. I can live with that.” She grinned and scritchd her claws against his palms. “Just bloody tell me about everyone you’re sleeping with, alright?”

Seb felt a wave of relief wash over him, loosening the tense knot in his chest.

“No problem.”

“And you know, if you *have* to keep seeing Dominic...” She made a face. “Don’t ever tell me which paw you use to give him handies, okay?”

Seb snickered, then settled back into his seat. “You know, I think subconsciously I wanted to apologize to you first because you were likely the easier one. You’re much less...”

“In possession of a stick up my arse?”

Seb gave her a bemused look. “That’s one way of putting it, yes.”

Tish giggled, then leaned back in her chair. Her foot nudged against Seb’s ankle, and he returned the rub. “I mean, honestly? Hearing you say that the two of us are ‘fighting over the Beatles’ makes me realize just how bloody stupid it is.

We’ve been trading barbs for almost three years now over that one subject.

Maybe it’s time to bury the hatchet. If he’s willing.”

“If he’s willing,” Seb echoed. His fingers tapped the table. “I can even begin to think of how I’m going to apologize to him.”

Tish stroked her chin for a moment, then snapped her fingers. “I might have an idea...”

8.

“She wants to what now?”

Seb sat cross-legged on the rug in Tish's living room the day after their meetup at the Thai restaurant, the hyena next to him as she thumbed through the box of vinyl records. He tucked his phone into the crook of his shoulder and slowly flipped the records in the other box, minding his blunt claws around the worn, well-loved edges of the sleeves. “I want to apologize in person, and Tish wants to bury the hatchet,” Seb said. “So Tish had the idea to do something that the both of you will enjoy, and something that I can go along with at least. Hence, a little listening party with just the three of us.”

“I'm not sure...” Dom sounded exasperated. “Look, I picked up the phone because I was willing to give you the chance to apologize. But now you want to bring her into it? The woman that you were going behind my back with? You've got a lot of nerve, Sebastian.”

Seb leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. “I know. But I want the three of us to come to some kind of peace at least, and I figured it would be best to get us all in the same room and clear the air together since the three of us are all involved in this.”

“So this is about expediency?” Dom said. “Getting it all done in one go for convenience's sake?”

“No! Not at all! It's...”

Tish looked up from the records, her earrings catching the light. She held out her paw and motioned for him to pass the phone to her. For a moment, he hesitated. What was she going to say? What *could* she say? She curled her fingers again, more insistent this time. Seb sighed and handed over his phone.

Tish put it up by her muzzle. “Dominic.”

Seb cocked his head so he could listen in. “Tishala,” Dom answered.

She reached into the box of vinyls. “Are you a fan of live albums?”

“I... excuse me?”

Tish pulled out two sleeves and laid them carefully atop the flat part of the horizontal line of records. “I've got *From Here to Eternity* by the Clash or *It's Alive* by the Ramones. Got a preference?”

Dom was silent for a long time, and for a brief moment Seb felt his fur stand on end. Had the ram just up and disconnected, not wanting to hear any more?

After a few silent heartbeats, the ram's voice came through. “Do you have *Live At The 76*?”

Tish smiled, thumbed through the stack a little more, and pulled out a album with a particularly battered sleeve. “Done and done. Good choice.”

“I figured you might have it.” He sighed. “Look, if we're doing this, we're doing it at my place. That way I get eviction privileges if I don't like where things are going.”

“Sounds fair. Seb tells me you're a beer man. Any brew you like in particular?”

Dom was silent for a brief moment again. “If you're bringing the tunes, I'll let you guys sample the trial runs I have in the fridge. How does that sound?”

“Sounds good. You're free tonight, right?”

“Yeah. Come by whenever.”

“Well be along about seven or so. We'll bring pizza.”

“Veggie, I hope.”

Tish actually grinned, her fang hooking over her lower lip. “I'm abrasive, not a cunt.”

Dom made a noise halfway between a chuckle and a grunt. “Right. See you two in a little while.”

He hung up and Tish passed Seb his phone back. “I cannot believe that actually worked,” Seb deadpanned.

“I can be quite charming when I want to be,” Tish said, going back to thumbing through her records. “I'm sticking the bonafide classics, stuff I know he'll have to like because they're like basic requirements for any punk.” She pulled out a record with a matte black cover with unsettling images of eyes, a mouth, and ears from the stack. “Ah, he probably likes this one too.”

“I'll trust your judgement,” Seb said. “Also I feel uncomfortable touching some of these – I feel like they'll fall apart if I grab hold of them too hard.”

“Some of them actually might, so I appreciate the care,” Tish said. “Lot of first printings in here.”

Seb slowly flipped through the box, just looking and leaving the picking to Tish.

“Do you think he'll be okay?” he asked.

Tish shrugged one shoulder, brushing her hair back over her ear with a quick motion. “I don't know. That all depends on him. And if he's not feeling it, you know, we can't force it.”

“Yeah, you're right.” Seb flipped his tail over to rest atop hers, and she made a contented noise in her throat as they lapsed into a comfortable silence.

Tish gathered a hearty stack of records and gently put them into a canvas bag while Seb ordered a takeout pizza – half pepperoni, half mushroom. They left her apartment as the sun began to set, picked up the food along the way, and arrived at Dom's apartment just before seven. The two of them looked at one another, nodded, and Seb knocked on the door.

Dom answered a moment later. He was wearing a sleeveless shirt that said Iron Reagan on it, along with denim cutoff shorts that looked like they'd seen better days. “Hey, Seb,” he said. “Tish.”

“Dom.” The hyena's fingers kneaded the strap of the canvas bag. “Can we come in?”

The ram stood back. “Entrez vous.”

Seb set the pizza on the counter while Tish gently set her bag of records on Dom's kitchen table. “Seb told me you have a turntable?” she asked.

“Yeah, one second.” Dom padded into his room, and came back a minute later with the small turntable. He plugged the cord into the wall socket on his kitchen counter. “What are we listening to first?”

“An oldie but goodie that I'm ninety-nine percent sure you like,” Tish said, pulling the album with the weird black cover out.

Dom immediately perked up, his ears doing a cute little flit back and forth. “You are very correct. Is that an original? I only have the CD version, the vinyl is so hard to find nowadays.”

“Got it the day it dropped,” Tish said. She set the record on the table with practiced ease, hooking the needle into the groove and spinning it up.

The record spun only a few inches around the track before a driving drum beat ripped forth from Dom's speakers, overlaid with heavily distorted guitars and shouted vocals. It sounded remarkably similar to what Blank Slate played. Dom immediately started bobbing his head, perfectly on beat. “It sounds so crisp,” he said.

“I take care of my vinyls,” Tish said. “Real quick, where's your bathroom?”

“Down the hall, on the left.”

Tish gave Seb a knowing look as she headed down the hall. She was giving him alone time with Dom to apologize. He waited until he heard the bathroom door click shut over the driving music, then turned to Dom. The ram's fingers were twitching, and it took Seb a moment to realize that Dom was actually miming playing the song coming through the speakers. “I take it you know this one?” he asked.

Dom nodded, his fingers not wavering. “This album is so important to me.

Discharge is one of the first punk bands I ever heard, and I think they do it better

than most. They brought a new edge to the music... and spawned a thousand imitators of their style.” He grinned. “I’ve always tried to be influenced by and not imitate.”

“That’s good!” Seb said. “There’s got to be a lot you can do with... punk stuff.”

Dom snickered, and stepped closer to him to pull him into a hug, then stopped himself. The record kept playing, guitar and drums filling the kitchen with sound. Slowly, Seb reached over and turned the volume down on the player. “I’m sorry,” he said. “For not talking to you.”

Dom sighed, leaning on the counter. “I won’t lie, I kind of blame myself a little. I never bothered to ask you ‘hey, are you seeing anyone else?’ It’s the 21st century, you know, monogamy isn’t just this assumed thing any more. But Seb...” He worked his muzzle for a moment.

“I know,” Seb said. “I told Tish that there’s no excuse for my behavior, and I’ll tell you the same thing: I have no excuse, and even if I did, it wouldn’t matter. I should’ve been upfront with the both of you about everything.” His paw covered Dom’s. “I’m sorry for lying to you.”

Slowly, Dom leaned in and pressed his forehead to Seb’s. “I accept your apology. Just so long as you tell me about everyone you spend your nights with.”

“Deal.” The ram nuzzled his forehead, and Seb felt a wave of relief wash over him.

Seb heard Tish pad back into the kitchen. “Oh, you two are just adorable,” she giggled.

Dom waved her away. "We're having a moment, go get some pizza."

"Seeing as the boxes are behind the two of you..."

Seb and Dom broke apart laughing. "Alright, now!" Dom said. He reached over and turned up the record player. Guitars and drums filled the kitchen again, loud and fierce. "Let's have some fun."

They spent the next several hours feasting on pizza and blasting songs from Tish's selection of records. They never listened to a full, complete record, Tish and Dom skipping around the vinyls looking for specific songs and geeking out about minutiae of the albums. Tish was an encyclopedia of obscure punk trivia, but Dom was no slouch in that department either, and they compared notes on bands that Seb had never even heard of with some head-scratching names. But he was content to sit back and let them do their thing and let them find commonality.

It became easier when they started cracking open the beers in Dom's fridge, each of them downing several in quick succession until they were nice and loose.

They moved themselves and the record player to the couches in the living room, where Seb and Dom sat close to each other while Tish stayed on her feet with a beer in one hand as she held court and told stories about her time in the punk scene decades ago.

"...so I said to him, I said to him," Tish said, before collapsing into another paroxysm of giggles.

"Watch the beer!" Dom said, pointing at the bottle in her hand that was about to

tip over.

“Ah, shit,” Tish said. “Hang on!” She held up a finger as she sipped the last of the brew, then plunked the bottle down on Dom's coffee table. “Okay, right. So Garrett's got the melon onstage, and I say to him 'that's not punk rock, this is!', grab his guitar, and swing it like a hammer and smash the fucking thing! Fruit guts go all over the place, some gal in the front row gets it right in the muzzle like a good cumshot, everyone's losing it, and just...” She collapsed into a fit of laughter again, spinning around and flopping down on the couch on the other side of Seb. “Hoo boy. And that's the man I was married to for almost thirty years, hah!”

Dom was in hysterics, his laugh hissing out through clenched teeth as he struggled to collect himself. “Fuck, that's great!”

“Yeah, he was,” Tish said. She leaned her head back on the head of the couch.

“Yeah, he was.”

Seb reached over to pat her thigh. “For the record, I have zero clue why that's so funny, but I'm glad you two are having fun.”

Tish and Dom looked at each other. “Should we explain?” she asked.

“Nah,” Dom said, ruffling the fur atop Seb's head. “Either you get it or you don't.”

“Well, *excuse* me for not getting it!” Seb protested, his voice thick with sarcasm. A moment passed, then the three of them collapsed into fits of drunken giggles again, leaning on one another for support.

“Oh, man,” Tish said, sitting up straight again. “What time is it?”

Seb looked out the window, realized it was pitch black outside, then craned his head to look at the digital clock on Dom's microwave. “Shit, it's already eleven.”

“Fuck,” Tish said, getting up. “We should... whoa.” She stood stock-still, holding her paws out for balance, fingers splayed. “That's a feeling right there.”

Dom waved a hand. “We're all drunk, just crash here for tonight. You can take the bed, Tish, we'll take the couches.”

Slowly, Tish pointed a finger at him and sat back down. “Such a gentlemen. But I've couch-surfed many a night in my life, so don't worry about it.” She slowly turned the pointing finger into a thumbs-up.

Dom got up. “Here, lemme put something else on so we can chill out.”

Tish closed her eyes and sighed. “Not the bloody Beatles.”

“Yes the bloody Beatles.”

“Mrrf, fine.”

Dom got up and went into his room for a moment before returning with a very familiar record – *Let It Be*. “Hey, that's the first record I've seen tonight that I've actually heard before,” Seb said.

“It's a favorite,” Dom said as he slid Tish's Sex Pistols album back into its sleeve and replaced it with the Beatles album. “More often than not bands don't get to have a great last album, hell, even a good last album.”

“Sex Pistols did,” Tish chimed in.

“They only have one album though, right?” Seb asked. He'd learned a few things

from the punk rock listening session.

“That's the joke,” the hyena grinned.

“And *Never Mind the Bollocks* is fucking great,” Dom said. “But for everything the Beatles did, for their last album to be *this*?” He shook the album sleeve at them. “It's pretty amazing they ended their career on a relative high note with all that was going on around them.”

“Eh, my favorite's always been 'Yellow Submarine,’” Tish said with a straight face.

Dom stared at her. She gave him a toothy grin. “I'm just gonna ignore that and play the album.”

He hooked the needle into the record grooves, and soon the easy acoustic chords and chill vocals of the Beatles filled the room, a sharp contrast to the hard-edged punk that they'd been listening to all night. He sat back down on the couch next to Seb, and he settled against the ram's broad side. “This was a good idea, Tish,” he said.

She nodded, but said nothing, her eyes staring at the ceiling. “Dom, I hate to ask, but could you get back up and put 'Long and Winding Road' on?”

Dom blinked. “Uh, yeah. Sure.” He got up, lifted the needle out of the groove and flipped the record over. When he set the needle back down, a slow piano melody started to play.

“And there I go,” Tish murmured, closing her eyes.

Seb reached over and put a paw on her arm. “What's wrong?”

Tish swallowed, breathing heavily through her nose. "My husband loved this song. First vinyl he ever got me was the eight-inch single." She sniffed, her claws curling against the top of the cushions.

Seb and Dom looked at one another, and all of a sudden a lot of things made sense. The ram reached over, and gently lowered the volume of the song a little bit. Tish mouthed the lyrics to herself, and they watched her silently, not wanting to interrupt her. The hyena seemed to be off in another time, lost in her memories.

When the last notes faded away, Tish sniffed and swallowed again, then rubbed her eyes and sat up. "Well, fuck, got that out of my system. Thanks, Dom."

He nodded, his expression soft. "No problem."

Seb held out his arms. "Come here." Tish rolled over onto Seb's lap and he hugged her around the shoulders. She rested her muzzle on his shoulder, settling her body against his front with her knees in line with his hips. He beckoned with a paw to Dom. "You too, come here."

Dom made a happy noise and joined them on the couch, sitting to Seb's side and joining in the hug. Seb closed his eyes and breathed in both their scents, Tish's spice and Dom's earthy musk, the smells combining with the alcohol in him and leaving him feeling heady. It felt good to have them both back, and to see them getting along well. It seemed that finding that common ground was just what they needed to do.

Tish shifted slightly atop him, and Seb's eyes snapped back open as he realized

he was *achingly* hard.

She sat up atop him and sighed, then went still. “Oh, hello.” She rubbed her inner thigh against the crotch of his pants. “What do we have here?” Her paws slid down to rest on his chest. “Both of us too much for you?”

“Erm...” Seb said, feeling like his he was blushing so hard his fur would turn red. Dom gave the both of them a puzzled look, then looked at where Tish's paws were going. “Damn, Seb, calm down.”

“It has a mind of it's own!” Seb protested. “Wait, Tish, what are you...”

The hyena reached down and grabbed hold of her shirt, lifting it up and over her head with a single, fluid motion. She was wearing a plain red push-up bra, her tits spilling out a little around the fabric. “Getting more comfortable.”

Seb resisted the now-natural impulse to grab her sides and run his fingers through that luxurious soft fur. “Tish, you're drunk.”

“We all are, love,” the hyena breathed. “And you should know by now I get horny when I'm drunk. I know you do, and I think Dominic here likes what he sees.”

The ram was resting his head on his knuckled, a bemused expression on his face.

“Getting there,” he murmured. His other hand trapped Seb's tail tip and held on.

“Though I'm more focused on him than you.”

“As you like,” Tish murmured, grinding her hips against Seb.

Now he gave in, putting his paws on her sides and dragging his fingers through her fur. He answered the motions of her pelvis with his own, his trapped erection

rubbing against her inner thighs. She kissed him on the mouth, their canine muzzles meshing nicely as their tongues flitted against one another. Seb panted against her mouth. “God, that's...”

“Excuse me,” Dom snickered. His hand slid between Seb and Tish, hooking into Seb's shirt and tugging upward. Tish laughed and broke the kiss, leaning back so the ram could strip off the garment and leave Seb bare-chested on the couch. He could see the ram's thick cock within his pants, full and hard and wanting. The ram pressed against them, his hand sneaking down to rub Seb through his pants. “You two...” Seb panted, his tongue lolling. “Oh, fuck.” He was no stranger to threesomes – it was one of the many perks of being a booty call for Puzzle and Diamond – but he'd never been in one with this particular gender configuration. He was used to two soft women pressing against him, not one soft woman that he loved to top and a muscular male he loved to bottom for. The warring desires lit a fire in his loins, almost causing him pain from how hard he was. Tish's and Dom's scents turned sharp in his own, their own arousal coming to the fore.

“Okay,” Tish panted. “Maybe I will take you up on that bed offer, Dom.”

“I have a queen,” Dom said. “I think we can all fit. Seb's slender enough.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” Seb protested.

“Tish, let him up.” The hyena slid off Seb, and Dom pounced. He scooped Seb up and threw him over his shoulder, holding him steady with an arm around his waist. “Bedroom's this way!” he announced.

Seb held onto the ram's back for balance as he suffered the indignity of being

carried to the bedroom. “This is humiliating,” he grumbled.

“I think it's hilarious!” Tish laughed that hyena laugh as she followed them, undoing the snap on the waist of her jeans.

“You would... yip!” Seb yelped as Dom flipped him off his shoulders and he hit the plush bed like a sack of potatoes. Dom was on him in a moment, his hands running through Seb's fur, going against the grain and mussing it up. He kissed Seb fiercely, and Seb returned the gesture, his paws working on Dom's pants while the ram's did the same to him.

“Not gonna lie, the both of you making out is pretty fucking hot,” Tish said. Seb cracked an eye open to see the hyena stripping down by the side of the bed, noting that she was wearing matching red panties as she slid them down her legs and set them atop her jeans and bra, lying crumpled on the floor.

Dom pulled away from Seb, panting, his eyes unfocused. He stared curiously at Tish. “Been a *long* time since I've had a naked woman in my bedroom.”

Tish did a little twirl in place, the light from Dom's bedside lamp winking off her ear and nipple piercings. Her lovely green eyes were full of drunken mirth and arousal. “I'm flattered, but I have to ask – why am I the only naked one here?” The boys looked at each other, then quickly fumbled with their pants as Tish laughed and joined them on the bed, tucking herself into Seb's side. As soon as he had his pants off her paw was on his cock, stroking him gently as Dom slid off the bed to get his pants off.

“Oooo, look at that, the ram's got a cute butt,” she said.

“I agree wholeheartedly,” Seb purred.

The little teardrop tail above said cute butt flicked. Dom turned back around and joined them, and very quickly Seb found himself pinned to the bed by the ram again while the hyena rubbed up against his side. Their paws wandered over each other as they nuzzled and traded kisses, Tish and Dom keeping Seb's muzzle occupied. He barely had time to breathe, his heartbeat thudding in his ears and his cock pulsing against the palm of whoever had their fingers around it at any given time.

Dom panted. “That's... a different kind of grip than I'm used to.”

“I couldn't resist,” Tish hummed. Her soft fingers caressed the ram's thick shaft, slipping lower to brush against his sac. “Do you mind?”

The ram's hips jerked against her palm. “Nah, not at all,” he breathed.

Seb added his paw to hers, and they toyed with the ram together, one of them stroking up the side of his cock while the other stroked down. Seb got his knees under him so that he was able to nuzzle the ram's chest and the hollow of his throat. Tish made a thrumming noise deep in her throat that was almost a feline purr as her free paw curled around Seb and began to stroke him as well.

After a while of that, she let out a growl. “Fuck this.” She dropped down with a sharp motion, resting on her hip as she scooted closer to both males. Her muzzle brushed along Seb's cock, making him jump a little. “I'm hungry.”

“We just ate pizza,” Seb snarked.

Tish's head snapped up, her expression flat. “Okay, just for that.” She looked at

Dom. "Mind if I suck your dick, Dom?"

"Hey!"

Dom smiled down at her. "Be my guest."

"Thank you." Tish shifted on the sheets, brushing her muzzle along Dom's cock before parting her lips and going down on him. The ram let out a throaty growl and tipped his head back as Tish's muzzle slid all the way down his girthy length, her tongue sliding out against the underside.

As much as Seb wanted to make a snarky comment, Dom pulled him into another fierce kiss, the ram's fingers once again mussing up his fur and roaming possessively over his lanky body. Dom was breathing deep with delight from Tish working on him with her muzzle. He leaned into that touch, his cock still full and ready, and after a little while was rewarded by the warm wetness of Tish's mouth sliding down along his sensitive shaft. He gasped into Dom's muzzle, and the ram made a growling noise against their kiss.

When they broke apart, Seb realized that Tish had rolled onto her back so she could look up at them making out while she sucked on him and stroked Dom with her other paw. She pulled her muzzle back, replacing it with her other paw.

"Aw, come on, keep doing that, I was having fun."

"And leave you hanging?" Seb asked, reaching down to squeeze and fondle one of her breasts.

"I mean, I could probably blow the both of you boys all day and not get tired," Tish said, licking her lips. "But I know your both male and eager to get these

lovely things into someone warm.”

“No offense, Tish,” Dom said. “While I appreciate your muzzle work, at the end of the day I’m not about what you’ve got between your legs.”

“As you’re allowed to be,” Tish said, rolling over onto her belly. “How should we do this? Take turns with Seb?”

Seb blinked. Even he didn’t know if he has the stamina for that, seeing as they’d each probably want to go multiple rounds. “I mean, it’s up to you guys.”

Dom thought for a moment, then grinned. “Idea. Tish, come over here and get on your back.”

He fluffed up a couple pillows and set them near the headboard, and Tish did as she was bade, crawling between them and turning back over. She set one of the pillows under her butt and tucked the other behind her head. One of her paws reached up to brush her neon hair out of her eyes. “Okay, now what?”

Dom’s hands grabbed Seb’s shoulders. “Then he goes like this…” He gave Seb a gentle push that made him flop down atop Tish.

He blinked. “Hello there.”

Tish grinned. “Hello yourself. I see what he’s getting at.” Her legs uncrossed and hooked around Seb, drawing him into her warm, soft body. His erection rubbed against her pelvis, the silky smooth fur down there sending an electric tingle along his length.

Seb knew he should wait for Dom – he was starting to get a sense of what the ram was planning – but he couldn’t resist Tish, not when she was warm and open

underneath him. He pulled his hips back, lined himself up, then pushed himself into her pussy. Tish yelped and moaned, gripping him tighter with her legs and arms. “Sebastian! Ah!”

“Okay, even I have to admit she's got a cute 'fuck me' voice,” Dom said from where he crouched beside the bed.

“It's not cute!” Tish protested, before Seb pulled back and thrust again. She let out another very cute and sexy yelp.

“I think it's very cute,” Seb panted, lathing her neck with his tongue as he pounded away at her warm, wet snatch. Tish gave up trying to respond, hanging onto Seb as he fucked her into Dom's bed with deep, slow thrusts that drove his cock all the way into her slick heat. He felt her toes flex against his back, her legs tightening to keep him inside her as much as possible while her fingers laced into the fur on the back of his neck.

Then Seb felt Dom's presence behind him, and thrust deep inside Tish before stilling. “Can I help you?” he panted.

“Nah, I'm good,” Dom said. “Though Tish, it'd help me if you unhooked your legs.”

The moment after she did, something cool and slick pressed up under his tail.

Tish made a noise that was somewhere between a giddy giggle and a snort.

“Your face!”

“It's a weird sensation!” Seb's protest trailed off into a long moan as the ram's fingers slid inside him, lubing up his tailhole in preparation.

Tish nudged her hips against his. "Now there's a sexy face."

Seb leaned back into the ram behind him, sliding halfway out of the hyena. That broad, strong chest pressed against his back as Dom nuzzled his ear. "Ready?" he murmured.

"Yes," Seb panted. He'd never felt the particular delight of having a man under his tail with his cock buried in a woman, and his tail thwapped against Dom's abs with glee.

Dom went slow, the thick head of his cock pressing up under Seb's tail and stopping for a moment before sliding inside him. Seb moaned again, his whole body trembling like a tuning fork, trapped between two wonderful people who, despite everything, had forgiven him. His whole being felt alive, giddiness, arousal and alcohol combining like the most potent of stimulants and leaving him thrumming with energy. The ram went deeper and deeper, until Seb felt the gentle brush of his balls against the back of his legs. One hand went to his hip, the other sneaking around to rest on his chest. "That's it," Dom murmured, thrusting slowly into Seb. "That's it..."

Seb didn't know what to do with his paws, so he settled for reaching back to Dom's hips with one while the other rested on Tish's waist. He bit his lip and closed his eyes, his brain trying desperately to sort out the pleasure radiating from two sources.

"God, the two of you are fucking hot like that," Tish growled. Her pupils were dilated and wide, her gaze hungry.

Dom growled in a very predatory way and went a little faster, a little harder. Seb moaned and fell forward, bracing himself with his paws against the bedsheets. Tish brought her knees up and squeezed his sides, bending at the waist a little and allowed him to slip a little further inside her. With every nudge of Dom's hips, Seb was driven into Tish, his cock bottoming out inside her silky cunt with every motion. "Fuck," Seb panted. "Fuck, it's... it's too much!"

Tish drew him into a kiss, a sloppy one with lots of tongue as Seb was driven into her by Dom's thrusts. "It feels so good," she murmured. "Looks fucking hot too."

Dom leaned more of his weight against Seb's back. The ram was done with words, keeping his rhythm of deep, slow thrusts consistent and driving Seb crazier with every one. Heat pooled in his groin and under his tail, radiating pleasure like heat from coals. Seb had all but given up on trying to sort out the sensations, simply letting them flow through him and make his entire skin buzz with energy. He relaxed between his two partners, and the absence of tension only made it feel all the better as Dom fucked him into Tish. Both of them were focused on him, as well as each other, their paws linking to press against his back and keep him in place, the three of them moving as one. It was a kind of harmony, one with the sole objective of making them feel as good as possible. Tish was the first to peak, the walls of her pussy fluttering around Seb's length as she whined softly. "Fuck yes," she panted. "Oh, fuck yes..." The spasming of her cunny around him only made each of Seb's thrusts feel even better, his paws

scrabbling on the sheets as he almost went over the edge.

Moments later, Dom let out a hiss of air between clenched teeth like a steam engine. "I'm... I'm... oh, God!" He settled against Seb's back, breathing heavily, and a moment later, he felt the warm rush of the ram's cum under his tail, bursting with heat, and that sent him over the edge.

Seb howled and writhed as he climaxed, his body unable to do anything but press against the two around him. His cock spasmed as his orgasm rushed into Tish like a cannon's payload, spurting inside her in thick, heavy bursts that made the hyena mewl and kiss him on the muzzle again. Seb saw stars, his body going limp a little, born up only by Dom hugging his chest.

As they came down together, the three of them collapsed into a fit of pleased, hysterical giggles. Seb pulled out of Tish, his cock drenched their mingled passions, and Dom let them fall to the side next to the hyena, his throbbing length still buried under Seb's tail.

Tish let out a long sigh, reaching down to rub between her legs. "Think I'm gonna be bruised after that one, fucking hell."

Seb and Dom snickered. "Sorry." the both said almost in unison.

Tish waved them off. "No worries. You boys gave me a treat, one that I'm not soon to forget. Dom, got any towels so I don't mess up your sheets?"

"Yeah," Dom murmured. "Hang on." He slid out of Seb, sending one last spike of pleasure through him before rolling off the bed and padding into the hallway. Seb rolled onto his belly, his tail wagging lazily as he rested his head on the

pillow, a profound exhaustion overtaking him. He closed his eyes, and just as he heard Tish thank Dom for the towel, dozed off.

When he woke up, Tish was nowhere to be seen, but he felt Dom's body pressed up against his back, one arm across his chest. As he stirred, so did the ram, one of his thick legs tangling with Seb's lanky ones. He faintly heard the sounds of something sizzling in a pan. "Morning," he murmured.

Dom nuzzled the nape of his neck. "Morning," he echoed, then yawned.

"Where's Tish?"

"In the kitchen, I think."

The two of them padded into the hallway and made for the kitchen. They slowed as they realized that Tish was playing *Let It Be* on the record player, the title track filtering through the speakers. And she was singing along, her voice a little scratchy but still hitting all the notes.

Seb peeked around the corner. Tish had thrown on her shirt and panties but was pantsless, her tail flitting merrily as she cooked something on the stove. Her hair was in disarray and her fur was mussed in all manner of different directions, but he didn't think she'd ever looked more alluring.

"Come on," Dom murmured, goosing Seb under the tail.

Tish didn't stop singing as they walked into the kitchen, acknowledging them with a tilt of her head and a smile. Seb peeked over her shoulder to see eggs firming up in the pan.

He wrapped his arms around the hyena and pressed against her back, tucking his

head into her shoulder. Dom sandwiched Seb between them, a much more chaste and gentle arrangement than the night before, but still quite nice to be in. Dom started to sing along with the hyena, and she adjusted her pitch to harmonize with him better. Seb closed his eyes and sighed happily, and in that moment, he let himself be.

Epilogue

“That sounds like an incredibly cheesy ending to all this,” Diamond snarked over the phone.

Seb leaned back in his office chair, his half-eaten sandwich on his desk in front of him. “It's the truth!” he protested. “We all had a really nice moment!”

“Okay, tough guy. What happened next?”

“We all shook hands, slapped each other on the butt and went our separate ways,” Seb said, his voice deadpan.

“*Bullshit.*”

He grinned. Riling Diamond up was so easy sometimes. If he couldn't get to her via video games, sarcasm often got the job done. “Nah, we ate, then went back to the bedroom because it was a Sunday and none of us had anything better to do that day.” A tingle shot through him, a lingering memory of the delights they'd indulged in with each other. “I don't think they want to make threesomes like that a regular thing, but it was fun to do while we were all under the same roof.”

“So they're cool? Everyone's on the same page now?”

“Yep,” Seb said, turning in his chair to stare out the window overlooking London. “No more sneaking around. Everyone's in the loop now, and that's how it's going to stay. Uncomplicated, just how I like it.”

“It could've been that way from the get-go if you'd just been upfront with them,

dog boy,” Di said.

“Probably,” Seb agreed. “But I think it turned out alright. I got not one, but two new partners in my book. I'd call it a win.”

“I'd call it you getting lucky,” Di snorted. “And not in *that* way either. You still owe me one, too. Puzzle's off tonight. You free?”

Seb's tail wagged against the seat. “Of course of course.”

“Good. I gotta go, shift's about to start.” He could almost hear Diamond's grin through the phone. “But when I get home tonight your fuzzy butt is mine, got it?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“Ciao, Seb.”

Di hung up, and Seb quickly scarfed the last of his lunch before tossing the plastic baggie in the trash and delving back into playtesting. With the game due out in a few months, there was a definite air of frantic in the office of the small studio as they ramped up their efforts. Seb was fairly confident they'd get the game out on time. Fairly. Especially now that he was keeping Gene laser-focused and not letting him skimp on his duties either.

As he wrapped up for the day later, his phone buzzed with “Let It Be,” and he answered it. “Hey Dom.”

“Seb! Got some news. Tish's guy called me back!”

“Really?” Before they'd parted ways on Sunday, Tish had offered to Dom to contact people she knew who knew other people who were involved in the

business end of the music industry – touring and booking agents and such. Just to “get them out of the Revolver and maybe get something going.”

“Yeah! He loved the Blank Slate demo we threw together and emailed him. He's coming to the show this weekend.” The ram sounded absolutely giddy. “Can you be there on Friday?”

“Sure!” Seb said. “I'm seeing Di and Puzzle tonight, so I'm totally free to come by.”

“Fucking yes. Listen, the boys just got here for practice, so I'll call you tomorrow. Deal?”

“Deal!”

“Awesome, it's fucking happening, hahah!” Dom hung up on him, but Seb was grinning ear to ear as he put the phone away. The ram's giddiness was infectious. A half hour later, as he made a quick dinner at home, his phone rang again, this time with “Yellow Submarine.” He answered with a singsong, “Hellooo.”

“Hello yourself,” Tish said, sounding waggy. “Did our ram friend call you with the good news?”

“Yes he did,” Seb said, leaning on the counter. “Thanks for doing that for him.”

“Hey, I just gave him and his boys a phone number. They've got to do the hard part and make their stuff worth it for a record company to want to put it out there. But maybe I'm just an old gal who's out of touch with what the kids like these days.”

“Time will tell,” Seb said. “But I think they can do it.”

“Who knows? Maybe they'll be playing Wembley in half a decade.”

“We'd better get him to promise backstage passes now.”

“Gotta love that hot groupie sex,” Tish said. Seb could hear the toothy grin behind her words.

“You going to be there on Friday for his show?”

“I'll be tending bar. I think I might give him some extra help by plying my old friend with free beer.” She laughed. “Make him a little more liberal with his checkbook, you know?”

“You're so devious.”

She made a kissing noise into the phone. “You busy tonight?”

“Yeah, I'm going to spend the night with Puzzle and Diamond. Tomorrow night?”

“I'm working another show. We could do lunch.”

Seb made a face. “Let's not risk the bathroom again. I'm growing rather fond of that Thai place.”

Tish laughed again. “We'll figure it out then. Go have fun with the ladies. I'd like to meet them sometime. Maybe we could double-date and then drop the pretenses later. Can't say I've ever had a foursome before.”

“Do you *want* my dick to fall off? Because that's what'll happen if we do that.”

She made that giggle-snort noise again. “I'll just have to build your stamina before then. Take care, Seb.”

“You too, Tish.”

Seb whistled a tune under his breath later as he walked to Di and Puzzle's apartment, a spring in his step and a wag to his tail. He felt good, not just from the prospect of another night spent nestled between the busts of Diamond and Puzzle, but just in general. He felt more sure of himself, more knowing of what he wanted out of his relationships, and with that knowledge came a sense of looseness.

He knocked on the apartment door just after nine, rocking back and forth on his heels. Puzzle answered it a moment later, dressed in a loose shirt and pajama bottoms. "Seb!" she chirped, wrapping him up in a fierce hug that mashed Seb's muzzle into her breasts.

"Hey, Puz!" he mumbled into her shirt.

"Di just called," she said, showing him inside and closing the door behind him.

"She's on her way. Apparently Nightshade did something that made her angry and she's in a bit of a mood."

"Ooo, been a while since we fucked angry Diamond," Seb said, leaning against the wall.

Puzzle giggled. "She told me you got your thing sorted out with those other two. Everything's okay?"

Seb nodded. "More than."

Puzzle's tail flitted back and forth with excitement. She moved closer to him, settling her body against his. Her breasts swelled against his chest, different from Tish's, yet inviting in different ways. "I'm glad to hear it."

Seb grinned. His paws brushed against the soft fabric of her clothes before slipping into the waist of her pajama bottoms and sliding along her mons. “I think Di's not gonna want to waste any time,” he said. “So what do you say we get started so that she doesn't have to wait?”

Puzzle's expression turned sultry. “I like that idea very much.” She turned and padded down the hall, hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her pants and sliding them down, flaunting the thick curves of her rear as she sauntered into the bedroom.

Seb looked out the apartment window, over the expanse of London outside. Now more than ever he felt it contained possibilities, both opportunities and people. He had four partners to share himself with, each of them unique in their own wonderful way. The variety was what he wanted, what he needed, and what he knew he could make work.

Feeling satisfied, Seb peeled off his shirt and followed Puzzle into the bedroom.

CAST OF CHARACTERS



TISH



DOM



SEB









About the Authors



Nathan Ravenwood

Currently residing in the mysterious alien realm of Florida, Nathan Ravenwood has been creating stories for ten years, and had his first novel published in 2017.

His primary interests include writing, video games, professional wrestling, the color black, and all manner of heavy music. He considers himself a connoisseur of chicken wings, and maintains an extensive collection of hot sauces, most of which are really, really hot



Kadath

Coffee, zombies, giraffes. These sum up the interests of Kadath, an artist specializing in erotic anthropomorphic comics. He's been illustrating stories set in his *Londoners* universe for over a decade. His online presence is that of a be-speckled giraffe, toiling away at smut for the masses.

Kadath currently lives in the rainy, coffee-abundant Seattle area, with his longtime girlfriend and artistic collaborator Kaylii, along with their cat, Niko.

About the Book

In 2018, Kadath had collaborated with the author Dragon Cobolt on a novella called *Bucking the System*, which took some of Kadath's characters and put them in a new format. Seeing how their collaboration bore fruit, Nathan approached Kadath about doing a similar project.

While the characters and setting are based on Kadath's *Londoners* comics, the story and newly-introduced characters are Nathan's own creations. Kadath provided character and cover art for the finished project, bringing Nathan's ideas to life.