

‘Cuz I Can

It was too much to hope that the jackal wasn't going to be standing right in front of him when Leon opened his eyes. "Bakari. I'm goin' out. End of story."

He opened his eyes and, sure enough, there was the jackal. Prim and proper. Collared shirt. Sensible slacks. *Belt*. He wasn't going anywhere and he still had to dress like Leon's dad. "Maybe you should come with Feodras and me. Gettin' you laid might do you the world of good."

"He's a bad influence on a good person," Bakari replied. Curt and firm. Clean-cut and neat. Stick right up his ass. "You've got exams coming up. If you don't--"

"Study, then I'll drop," Leon interrupted with a roll of his eyes. He looked himself over quickly in a nearby mirror. The black singlet top he'd picked out for the evening pulled tight across his chest, and the navy jeans hugged his hips and traced his legs in a way that'd shorten the breath of anyone looking at him. A couple strategic tears under the tail flap and thinner denim on the well-worn knees left little to the imagination. "Lighten the fuck up, Bak. The exams aren't for weeks, and if I'm gonna have an awesome birthday I'm gonna need to get my party tolerance up early."

"You're kidding, right?" Bakari looked surprised at the suggestion. "What the hell's that cat doing to you, Leon? Before you met him you at least *cared* about passing your classes." As Leon turned away, Bakari grabbed his shoulders and forcibly turned him back around again. "You're gonna do something stupid out there sometime soon and it's going to wreck everything that you are... everything you're going to be. You're better than this. You're better than him."

Anger took a hold of Leon as he turned and thrust a finger in Bakari's face. He was gratified to see a moment's fear in the jackal's eyes. This jealousy bullshit had gone too far. "You're not my boyfriend anymore, Bakari. He's a hell of a lot closer, and you? *You're* my dorm mate. You don't get to sit there and tell me what I can and can't do with my life. *Christ*, you're just like my parents!" He shook his head as Bakari straightened back up again, and turned away before he had to look at that neat and tidy face a moment longer.

"You'll have to face up to your responsibilities someday, Leon," Bakari said as Leon grabbed his jacket and pulled the door open. "Maybe your parents aren't far wrong. Maybe I'm not just an ass--"

The protests from inside his dorm room were silenced as Leon slammed the door shut behind him. The hyena closed his eyes as he took a deep breath to calm himself down and leaned back against the doorframe. *Asshole*. That was the only word that came to his mind. *Asshole*. Just couldn't get over the idea of Leon having a good time without him.

He pushed off the doorframe and started down the hall. His heart raced after the argument, his blood boiled in his veins and he felt an intense, burning feeling in the pit of his stomach. It felt like the air crackled around him as he stormed off down the hallway.

It shouldn't have surprised him. Bakari had only grown more and more insufferable since he'd started to date Feodras. Leon and the jackal had broken up amicably, after all; being best friends all through high school had built a bond that even a failed relationship hadn't broken. But since college, things had changed. Leon had changed. Life had changed. Bakari hadn't. The jackal had just expected everything to be the same. Leon wanted to go out and live. Bakari had just wanted to anchor him.

Not like Feodras. The lynx had just come out of nowhere. In the middle of a lecture on Greek mythology, the lynx had stood up on the lecturer's desk, proclaimed himself to have been one of Hades' bastard sons – and according to Feodras, it hadn't just been Zeus who'd gotten his rocks off with mortals – and heir to unfathomable power and the adoration of the underworld. He'd made a spectacular show of it until campus security had come and

taken him away. Even then, he'd somehow knocked two of them out before another had pulled and used his Taser. It even looked for a second like it wasn't going to work.

He'd sought the lynx out soon after, purely with the intention of congratulating him on livening up a boring lecture. They'd spent half a minute on congratulations, five minutes on ancient Greek mythology, two minutes walking down a hall and fifteen minutes with the lynx's cock buried in Leon's backside. It had been electric. Not love at first sight, but lust certainly. They'd gotten on well. Feodras wasn't looking for permanent companionship, but a friend who'd hang out and casually have sex with him was ideal.

Leon had found it ideal for him, too. The hyena's frustration and anger with Bakari had melted away as his heated blood rushed instead to his groin at thoughts of Feodras. It took him a second to realize how pent up he'd been and exactly how much he'd been looking forward to the coming night. It wasn't every day a new club opened up in town, and Feodras knew the people who owned it. It was too good an opportunity to pass up.

Of course, he wasn't expected for a few hours yet. Dealing with Bakari had just been about all that Leon could stomach for one day. Just like his parents, all the jackal wanted him to do was study, and work, and then study and work *harder*. They had no concept of *fun*. There was no *life* outside work for them. Leon couldn't take it. What was life without having a good time?

At least Feodras understood that. He stopped outside the lynx's dorm room and raised a fist to knock twice. He didn't wait for a response before he turned the knob and headed into the unlocked room. "You in, Feo?" he asked as the musk of the lynx hit his nostrils like a ton of bricks. The lynx had an overpowering scent, that was for sure.

The door only barely opened through the mess on the floor. Food wrappers and clothes were scattered around, with the carpet underneath barely visible. Of the two beds in the room, one was mostly tidy and made while the other's sheets were stripped back and tossed aside. The desk beside the messy bed was clear of clutter, while the desk on the other side was covered in sheets of paper. There was also a laptop on it, the screen obviously the focus of the lynx sprawled across the messy bed.

The porn that played on the laptop – some cheesy thing between a mouse pool boy and his tiger boss – obviously worked for the buff lynx that lay spread across his bed. The black shirt he wore was emblazoned with a stylized flaming demon, and it was the only clothing the cat wore. One paw pumped up and down a slicked up cock, his eyes focused entirely on the laptop screen and not the room's intruder. "W'sup, Leon?" he said, without taking his eyes off the screen or his paw off his shaft. His native Greek tones blended with the lazy accent of an American college student who didn't spend as much time on their studies as they did on their parties. Or, indeed, on their masturbation.

This, too, wasn't a surprise to Leon. Feodras had no sense of privacy or modesty. He did what he wanted, when he wanted. It was one of his more attractive qualities. "Bakari's being a douchebag," he replied as he picked his way over the messy floor to stand up beside the bed. Closer to the feline, the musk of the room faded to the scent of arousal and lubricant. "Figured I'd come over a little early, see what you were up to."

"Jus' jackin' it," Feodras replied. His other hand lifted to grab the waist of the hyena's jeans and tug him a little closer. "Course, I promise I'll blow a load in your ass if you stick around more than a couple seconds." He nodded at the screen. "Whatcha reckon? Did I show you this one?"

As Feodras' paw deftly unzipped the jeans, Leon spared the screen another glance. He'd not seen it before, but the quality was low and the hairstyles gave away the video as circa nineteen-ninety-something. "Don't think so," he admitted as he let one hand drop down to help unbutton the jeans. Between the scent and the sight of the lynx and his easy and

tempting promise, Leon's shaft had begun to push up and out of his sheath. Something about Feodras always got him going, but he could never put his finger on what it was.

"Love it 'n hate it," Feodras said with a grunt, as a little spurt of pre jetted off his tip and splattered down on his shirt. "That mouse boy, Steve? Back when *I* knew him-

"Back when you fucked him," Leon corrected with a smirk as Feodras fished his growing length out of his jeans.

"Yeah, that. Back then, he said I was too big for him, and he wasn't that into cats." Feodras nodded at the laptop and shook his head. "Fucker. Look't that. Look! Just getting' plowed by that little kitten. Shame. I coulda wrecked that hole if he'd let me. He woulda loved it."

The thought of questioning the suggestion that the twenty-something Feodras could have been fucking a future porn star in the nineties was stolen away when the lynx turned his head and slurped the full length of Leon's shaft into his muzzle. Leon's thoughts evaporated in the resurgence of arousal, and he moaned instead as he bucked his hips forward. Feodras might have been a thoroughly eager and enjoyable top, but the hyena had never been on the receiving end of Feodras' tongue before.

For a moment he wondered why the lynx was so interested in sucking him off right then, but that wonder too vanished in moments. The why didn't matter so much as the warmth that wrapped around his malehood, and Leon was reminded just how long it'd been since he'd had a chance to get off with someone. Feodras' casual nature meant sex could happen anywhere, but he'd not expected this treatment moments after entering the dorm room.

It wasn't until it happened that Leon realized how bad he'd needed it. One paw dropped to the top of Feodras' head to pull him in as he thrust forward, and the lynx easily swallowed the not inconsiderable length of flesh that invaded his throat. He held Feodras there for a few moments before he pulled back to the tip, only to be sucked back down to the root again. He found his sheath bunched up against his crotch as the lynx's muzzle poked his belly.

The sights and sounds of the displayed laptop video were lost to the lustful slurps that rose from Feodras. Leon's legs trembled as he felt the lynx bob his head swiftly up and down along his length, tongue teasing out and up and around his shaft. The roughness of his tongue wasn't there as Leon expected; instead it was smooth, almost silken as it teased his malehood. How the feline was doing it he didn't know, but he'd be damned if he questioned it.

Equally, he didn't question where the slick fluid that covered Feodras' fingers came from when they slipped up between the hyena's legs and pressed into his backside. Leon groaned and bucked forward and into the lynx's muzzle again, and his shaft slid up along that silken tongue as pre drooled from his tip. His groan turned louder as he felt a second finger slide in alongside the first, and his back arched for a second before he bore back down against them.

They homed in on his prostate like they were Leon's own fingers, and rubbed back and forth with just the right amount of pressure to make the hyena nearly buckle at the knees. His moan turned into a ragged, broken thing as he braced himself against Feodras' head, even as he heard the feline pull off his malehood to chuckle. "Damn, listen to you go. Been a couple days?"

"N-nearly a-*aaah*... a week," Leon stammered through another moan, his legs all but jelly as he slipped down against those squirming fingers. Feodras' arm kept him upright, as if his fingers were connected to Leon's spine. The impressive display of strength didn't penetrate the lustful haze that filled the hyena's head. All he knew was that the lack of his motor control helped push them up deeper, and that was *awesome*.

Even as he wriggled back against the lynx's slick fingers, Leon's hips continued unabated. They shook and jerked as he bucked forward, eager to slip back into the warmth of the feline's muzzle. Bakari was entirely forgotten by that point. The rest of the night was entirely forgotten by that point. All Leon wanted was to feel his shaft wrapped up in that heat again.

But each twitch of those fingers worked to change his mind. They were a promise, Leon knew from experience. He knew that magic that they worked. Even then, the wonderful feeling of Feodras' muzzle – unusual and relatively exotic to Leon, even after they'd been sleeping together for months – was growing more and more overshadowed by the sight of the pre-slicked shaft that the lynx continued to idly paw at. It was almost hypnotic, watching Feodras work his malehood with one paw while the other stirred the hyena's insides.

It took him completely by surprise when Leon found himself braced against the side of Feodras' bed. When had he moved? Wait, what had happened in the last couple moments? Realization came in the form of Feodras' reassuring fingers, gripping tightly at Leon's hip as he wriggled in against the hyena from behind. "Here you go," came the mutter from behind him. It was equal parts amused and *hungry* as Feodras' tip poked up under Leon's tail. "Just relax, hon. Relax..."

No matter how many times he'd taken it, Leon had no clue how he was able to fit the lynx's shaft inside him. It looked impressive, but the feeling of it all was so much more than that. It was intoxicating; electric to the touch. It was raw sensation in the guise of a thick length of flesh, and that sensation was, for Leon, the feel of his body stretching out to accommodate it.

His moan echoed off the walls as Feodras began to spread him open. Inch after thick, slippery inch sank past Leon's tailring. He was no virgin, but he'd been told he was tighter than most. It was another little mystery to him how the lynx was so easily able to open him up around what most people would've called a monster cock, but like the others it only mattered when he wasn't enjoying it.

As it filled him and pushed deeper and deeper into his body, Leon didn't care *how* so much as that it didn't stop. It almost surprised him when he felt Feodras hold himself back and fall still with only half of his malehood buried in the hyena. He managed to wait all of two seconds before it became nigh-on unbearable for him, and Leon whimpered with need as he pushed back against the lynx.

That was all he needed to do. The moment he bore back, Feodras all but lunged forward. One of the lynx's arms wrapped around Leon's middle as his other paw maintained its tight grip on the hyena's hip. It pushed Leon down onto the bed and all the air went out of him in a huff as the surprisingly heavy feline crashed down onto him. He might have cared about the way his shaft was trapped under his belly if not for the way the shove had hilted Feodras' cock inside him.

What normally would have been uncomfortable was forgotten in the wake of Feodras filling him, and Leon simply sank down and spread his arms and legs out wide across the bed. He didn't need to move. He didn't need to act. He didn't even need to grab a hold of his own malehood. Feodras knew what he was doing, and at that point he could have done anything and Leon would have been fine with it.

He wasn't rough, even though he had been in the past. Feodras went through moods, Leon knew. He had to have been in a lazy one that day. The sound of the porn still playing on the laptop was long-forgotten for the hyena, but the lynx still eyed it off with casual disinterest even as he ground himself against Leon's stuffed, upturned backside. He wasn't rushed. He wasn't overeager.

Instead, he worked his hips just the way he worked his shaft when Leon had entered the room. Neither fast nor slow but without any of the due attention it would normally take from a male, Feodras rolled his hips back and forth and shifted himself inside Leon's body, grinding against the hyena's clenching inner walls and raking the barbs of his feline shaft into every squeeze. It didn't feel to Leon like he was bored, for sure; the way he squeezed so tight around Leon's middle stated more than any words that he was right where the lynx wanted him.

Somehow, those lazy rocks of the lynx's hips were better than the most intense pounding he'd received in the past. Each little twitch of Feodras' shaft could be felt, not drowned out in the overwhelming sensation of a hard fuck. He could feel the way his tailhole clenched and pulled on the feline's length, trying to entice him deeper. He could feel the hot breath on the back of his neck as Feodras pressed his muzzle against it and breathed deep. He could hear the quiet little moans from the feline when he pulled back further and then took a single, sharp thrust to hilt himself again.

Pinned as he was, it wasn't like Leon could do much to move. He couldn't bear back at all, or pull away to help slam himself back into the thrusts like he felt the overwhelming urge to do. He was stuck and trapped and loving every second of it.

There should have been pain, some part of him always reasoned. Those barbs couldn't be as comfortable or as deliciously, delightfully teasing as they were. They should have hurt, but instead every grind of the lynx's shaft across Leon's prostate was met only with pleasure. The hyena's hips rolled back into each downward thrust, in an attempt to pull Feodras' length deeper.

He almost didn't even have to try. As if the lynx could read his mind, his thrusts began to lengthen considerably. They were still slow and easy, more of a rocking motion of Feodras' body against Leon's rather than bucks or thrusts. They lengthened considerably though, as the feline drew further back with each roll of his hips. "You right down there, Leon?" he asked from above.

Leon might have answered with words, but his attempt was marked with an inward twitch from Feodras' shaft. Instead the affirmation took the form of a heated, lustful moan, and he took full advantage of the new gap between their bodies to work himself up and back into the lynx's efforts. Maybe Feodras was comfortable with what he was doing, but he'd stoked a fire in the hyena. Leon wanted more.

It might have been an awkward thing with his legs spread so wide and his body pinned down, but Leon still found a way to lift his rump and guide it back along that thick, feline shaft. It seemed to work for more than just him; Feodras gave an approving grunt as he squeezed the hyena tighter, and his teeth grit as he looked away from the porn and down at his conquest again. It was almost like he was seeing Leon for the first time, and his muzzle curled into a smile as he drew back until only his tip was lodged inside the hyena's clenching tailhole.

There wasn't time to protest the sudden lack of filling before Feodras launched forward again with another long, hard thrust. Leon cried out, the sound a mix of pain and pleasure as he was spread out again, those barbs raking down his inner walls and arching his back up against the feline. He moaned when the motion was repeated, and his whole body practically melted across the bed as it happened again.

Maybe Feodras had wanted something more gentle and unlike their previous times together, but whatever his thoughts had been at the start were unlikely to match his actions minutes later. His thrusts were still even, but they were definitely thrusts by that point. His hips mashed up against the hyena's backside each time he pressed inward, and he huffed each time Leon squeezed down around his shaft. Every draw back by his hips was met with a

needy tug from the male underneath him, as Leon tried to unashamedly tug him back inside again.

“Ah, fuck,” muttered Feodras, his tone a little breathy as he leaned further over Leon and increased his pace just that little bit more. “Needy little slut today, aren’tcha?”

Leon just groaned as he felt Feodras slam into him again, and then suddenly they were back to their normal pace. The lynx had shifted into rutting and, while his thrusts were still even, there was new, hungry purpose to them. “I... I blame you,” Leon managed to reply between thrusts, when he was able to shape his muzzle into sounds beyond just vowels.

The lynx smiled above him, even as he started to pant with the extra exertion. The sound and scent of sex filled the room, echoing off the walls and filling every breath. Leon knew from personal experience that the thin walls between dorms were hardly soundproof. Anyone nearby would be able to hear him getting railed on Feodras’ squeaky little bed.

And he didn’t give a shit. Bakari could sit back in their room and study if he wanted, but Leon bucked back up against Feodras’ thrusts in order to help push him all the deeper as he gave a lustful, dopey smile. Let the jackal be boring; Leon had a dick up his ass and a panting, horny male on his back and that was better as far as he was concerned.

The feel of a paw worming its way under his belly came as a surprise, but any argument against Feodras giving him a reacharound was squashed for a moment as those questing fingers closed around Leon’s shaft. Instead he gave a heady moan, a spurt of pre soaking over a couple of those fingers before they got a good grip. He tried to say no, that the lynx would just set him off, but the sound only came out as, “Nnnghffffuck!” instead.

“Gonna have’ta speak up, hon,” Feodras said, voice strained as he pushed the words out from behind gritted teeth. His paw began to stroke and rub up and down Leon’s shaft in time with his eager pounding of the hyena’s backside as his body tensed. “Can’t hear y’over the sound of me gettin’ ready t’cum.”

There wasn’t any chance to warn him, and Leon already knew that words wouldn’t work. He felt his climax race up and over him as his malehood twitched in Feodras’ paw, and all he could do was squeeze down hard around the feline’s length and push back as hard as he could onto it. He saw stars as his orgasm hit him like a ton a bricks, his eyes rolling back into his head as he shot the first spurt of his load across Feodras’ sheets.

Feodras himself only lasted a couple seconds more, bucking and driving himself down into the hyena’s spasming hole. He huffed twice more before he slammed himself down and hilted his shaft inside Leon, and then he held there as he grunted once and began to flood the hyena’s clenching, milking backside what just what he’d promised.

Leon could have sworn he felt every last surge of the lynx’s shaft, but even if he couldn’t he could *definitely* feel those barbs stirring in his guts. It amplified everything, teasing his inner walls as he emptied himself across Feodras’ bed, almost as if he was making room for the feline’s load. He could do nothing but lay there, rump raised in the air and pressed back as hard as he could against Feodras’ hips, taking the lynx as deep as he could possibly go as he gave up his cum.

When at last Feodras finished – and he swore to god he’d never bedded a guy with as large a load as that cat – Leon was left to slump down on the bed. The fact that he’d just smeared his own cum across his chest was something he’d deal with in a few minutes, he told himself. He didn’t wanna move. He didn’t wanna go anywhere.

Maybe Feodras heard those thoughts too, because he squeezed at Leon’s middle even as the hyena squirmed back up against him. “Hey,” he muttered, his voice a little more breathy than usual in the wake of his orgasm. “How set were you on goin’ out tonight?”

Leon’s ears perked up slightly as he turned his head, then shook his slowly side to side. “Uh... I dunno... why?”

“Cause I don’t wanna go out anymore,” Feodras replied with a shrug, as he wriggled his hips from side to side. It sent that barbed length teasing Leon’s insides again, and the hyena squirmed as Feodras grinned above him. “Hit replay on the video, would ya? I reckon we’re just gonna stay in and see how many loads I can pump into you instead.”

All Leon could do was smile, nod, and reach up to start that cheesy porn again. Clubs were overrated, anyway. Feodras had *much* better dance moves where they were.