

Macks had heard that line before, and was sick of falling for it.

"The best,' huh?"

"The best," Ricky repeated, his cocksure grin never wavering.

Macks narrowed his eyes and looked Ricky up and down. The monkey didn't look like he was hiding anything; he looked the way he always did. Reclining on the couch in ratty shorts, a sleeveless white tee that framed his pecs and gut, and nothing else on him but his tan fur. Macks was one hundred percent sure about that "nothing else" part by the way, not that he tried to be. Unfortunately for him, Ricky was a shameless creature, and a show off besides, so the wolf didn't have much choice. Even now, Ricky's simian dick was showing through a hole in his jeans, and though it was clear Macks saw it, Ricky made no attempt to correct that.

"The best, right," the wolf muttered, sounding unconvinced and making no attempt to hide it. Ricky couldn't help but laugh, and finally sat up from his reclined position. He gave the chubby, short, grey wolf a similarly probing look before pulling a sandwich bag filled with weed from his pocket, and throwing it onto the coffee table between them.

"The best shit I've ever had in my life," Ricky said with an almost unnerving confidence, "One hit was all it took and I was knocked flat on my ass."

"Really now," Macks said sardonically.

"Come on man, when have I ever steered you wrong?"

"You don't want me to answer that question."

Ricky rolled his eyes and laughed. He reached into his other pocket and pulled out a fat joint and lighter.

"Don't believe me? Give this shit a shot, you'll see."

"Alright, sure," Macks said, his suspicious frown immediately shifting into an excited grin. Incredulous as the wolf was, he definitely wasn't going to say no to a free toke. Besides, what better way to prove the monkey was full of shit? He laid his open palm out before the monkey, but all Ricky gave him was a sly grin.

"I'll give it to you when you take a seat dude."

"Are you kidding me with this?"

Ricky did not look like he kidding, and sat back on the couch, crossing his arms. Macks sighed the most petulant sigh he could muster, but dragged his ass over to the couch. He plopped next to the monkey, causing the simian to bounce up from his seat a bit. Snickering, Ricky finally handed the joint and lighter over, turning his body towards Macks's, so he could face the wolf while he reclined against the couch's arm.

"Careful, don't take *too* big of a hit," Ricky said, smiley as ever. Macks narrowed his eyes and flicked the lighter to life. Once the tip of the joint was red enough, he put it to his lips and pulled as hard as he could, just to spite the monkey. He immediately regretted it.

"Oh, ahh, ugh, f-fuck," Macks spat in between coughs. The second his lungs were filled with the smoke his body began to spasm, and he found himself locked in a minute long coughing fit with Ricky laughing his ass off right next to him. He felt nauseous, and the room was spinning around him. His body shook as he struggled to regain control, but in the end the best he could manage was not dropping the joint.

"Man, I told you," Ricky said, his voice dripping with vindication.

"Ugh, f, fuck off dude," Macks sputtered, trying to regain his breath. After the first minute of sputtering, it took one more before he could fully halt his coughs. Once his lungs were under his control again, he shook the stars from his vision. His head, no, his whole body, felt like it was throbbing.

"You should take another hit dude... If you can handle it."

Macks would have shot Ricky poisonous look if he wasn't so busy trying to hide his red face. He couldn't deny that the monkey was totally right--this shit was strong, *very* strong, and he was feeling pretty loopy from the single hit. Not necessarily good, unfortunately, but he could tell he was high.

"Come on dude, it'll help," Ricky said, all trace of his teasing tone gone. He sounded genuine, though the smile never managed to leave his tone. It was oddly suspicious, like he was waiting for something. Macks shrugged, lifted the joint to his lips, and pulled again. With much more restraint, this time.

The difference between the two hits was night and day. This time, he could feel the warm smoke fill his snout, throat, and lungs, making them all feel pleasantly tingling, and relaxed. It felt like it was pushing out further than that, though. He could feel the warmth pooling in his chest, overflowing and spilling out across the rest of his body. That same tingly warmth pushed out along his veins, wrapping around his muscles, and making his limbs feel like lead. As Macks let the smoke filter out of his snout, he felt his body deflate against the couch, his energy drifting off with the little wisps of smoke trailing from his nostrils. He felt warm all over. Really relaxed. His brain did too, he suddenly realized. It got so foggy so fast it took him a moment to be cognizant of how high he was. It was very, he was quite sure, but it was hard to tell because his brain felt like it was moving through molasses. Plus, thinking was getting hard, harder by the second. The wisps of smoke dancing around in front of him weren't hard though. They were soft, pleasant, warm. Fun to watch.

"How're you feeling now," came a voice from Macks's left. After what felt like an eternity of straining his brain he realized it must be Ricky. A fact he had already forgotten by the time his lips began to move.

"Really good," Macks muttered weakly. His lips felt as heavy as the rest of him, so it was less that he spoke and more that the words fell out of his mouth. Ricky didn't seem to mind.

"Good. Wanna see something cool?"

Macks tried to nod, but as his head dipped down he had trouble lifting it back up, and his head flopped around on his shoulders for a moment. Ricky's hand slipped under his chin smoothly, and lifted it up. He turned Macks's snout to look at him, and the monkey already had the joint in his mouth. Macks didn't remember handing it off to the monkey, or really anything before the last five seconds of his life. It was all a warm fog, and he wanted more of it. He got his wish rather quickly.

The cloud of smoke Ricky blew out of his mouth hit Macks like a tidal wave. He could see the plume of smoke coming at him, and then feel it washing over him. All over his snout, his neck, his head fur... and it kept going. It felt like it slid under his shirt, caressing his front. It filled his pants and cupped his thighs. It completely surrounded him, making every nerve light up with pleasure, especially his dick, he now realized. How long he had been flexing his thick dick against his straining cargo shorts he didn't

know, but it felt so, so good. When his eyes opened back up, he was laying on the couch in the same way Ricky was, but facing opposite the monkey. Ricky's feet were on top of him, but that was okay. He his dealer, his friend. Macks could trust him, especially when he had shit this good. No need to worry about those feet of his, massaging and groping his belly. When Ricky spoke again, Macks strained to hear him through the smoke building up in his brain.

"Watch this," Ricky said with an authoritative tone, taking another big hit. Macks's eyelids were having trouble staying up, but he stared directly at the monkey, giving him every ounce of attention he could muster.

At first, it looked like another formless cloud of smoke escaping the monkey's lips, but suddenly, it was much more than that. A thick smoke ring, lazily riding the wind from Ricky's mouth, wobbled through the air towards the wolf. Another followed closely after it, slightly thicker and slower, and another after that, wider, faster, but thinner. The rings continued, seemingly forever, each of them floating directly towards the wolf's face.

Macks had never seen such a lovely sight. The way the rings drifted towards him, shimmering and soft, filling his gaze right before impacting the tip of his snout, only to be sucked through his nostrils and into his lungs, it made everything else in the world seem unimportant. Difficult. Much easier, much more fun, to watch the show Ricky was putting on for him. Much better to hump into the feet framing the bulge in his pants. Much better to enjoy the smoke.

He knew somewhere, deep down, that it was just smoke rings--this was silly, and he was being silly for caring for being so enthralled. But that voice got quieter and quieter as each new ring filled his brain and body, and the pleasure wracking Macks only got louder.

After a minute or two of blowing rings, Ricky finished, and when he saw Macks's face, he couldn't help but grin. The wolf was out of it, to say the least. His eyelids could barely stay open, his body was sprawled across the couch like he couldn't control it, and the only part of him with energy, his dick, was grinding hard against the foot Ricky had pressed against the front of the wolf's shorts. With the wolf sufficiently softened up, the monkey leaned forward in his seat. His foot pressed harder against Macks's dick, causing the wolf to shoot upright with attention. When he was in reach, Ricky grabbed the wolf by the chin, and stared into his bleary red eyes.

"It's good stuff, huh?"

"Really good..." Macks mumbled. There was a big, stupid smile on his face, that only got wider as Ricky pushed his foot down.

"You need as much of this shit as you can get, don'tcha?"

"Yeah..."

"You'd do anything for some more."

"I'd do, anything..."

"You'd suck my dick for one more hit."

"I'd, I'd..."

The blush returned to Macks's cheeks, even as his cock throbbed harder than ever. Something about this felt strange. The feeling of looking over a precipice suddenly filled Macks's head for some reason. He strained as hard as he could to open his eyes,

and as his jaw dropped to speak to Ricky, the monkey dove in. His lips locked with the wolf's, and he pushed the huge hit he had built up down Macks's throat.

Smoke, smoke everywhere. In his mouth, his lungs, his brain, his blood. Surrounding him like a warm blanket. Filling every inch of him with pleasure. Making his dick throb. Making his hands grab at Ricky's pecs (They were so thick, why hadn't he begged the monkey for a touch before?). Making his tongue loll about as the simian pulled off, smiling wickedly. The smoke was pleasure. The smoke made everything throb. The smoke was what he needed. Ricky grabbed Macks by the chin again and looked him in the eye. The monkey smiled; the wolf was gone.

"You'll suck my dick for one more hit."

"I'll suck your dick for one more hit," Macks giggled, the front of his shorts now wet.

"There we go," Ricky said, leaning back. His dick, already hard, was out of his shorts in a flash.

"This is the real good shit right here. It'll really fuck you up. You sure you can handle it?"

That was not the kind of question the wolf cared about anymore. He was already on his front, humping the couch cushion, the dick inches from his snout. The only thing he cared about was getting some more of that good stuff, and if this is how to get it, he'd suck forever.

"Mmmm, ohhh yeah, good boy."