

Gerrark's eyes widened, and his nostrils flared as the scent hit his snout. This stuff smelled strong. Very strong. Worryingly so, perhaps, if the yeen was not such an incorrigible stoner. As it was, all that ran through him was excitement, and his large tail was thumping on the couch cushions beside him. He hadn't even brought the joint to his nose yet, but the smell was so pungent he didn't need to. Not that that stopped him. He positioned the fat spliff beneath his nose and sniffed, dragging it right below his nostrils as he did so.

"Holy shit," the hyena muttered under his breath. Just smelling the joint was making his body feel tingly. A shiver shot through him, and when it passed, his pants were already tight. A taste of warmth felt like it was on the edge of his fur, all of it, and he could hardly wait to take that first puff and plunge in.

"Yeah, I know," said Willy, the bear sitting on the couch cushion opposite Gerry's tail, looking excited as well. One of the bear's hands was behind the hyena's back, while the other was on his thigh, rubbing slowly.

"So, you gonna smoke up or what, boss?" The bear wagged his brow and chuckled, looking at the mutt with an expectant smile.

"Hey, who gives the orders around here," the yeen shot back, his annoyed-seeming smirk defanged by his playful tone, "I'll get blasted when I'm good and ready. Just focus on your job gramps."

"Mmmm anything you say boss," Willy said with another laugh, his hand moving from Gerry's thigh to his crotch, and giving it a squeeze. Willy smirked as he heard the hyena hiss.

"Attaboy," Gerry said absentmindedly, shifting his hips as he fished the lighter from his pocket and humped into Willy's paw. He moved to light the joint, but stopped, grabbing the bear by the shoulder and planting a loud kiss on his cheek first. And then a few more after that, along his neck and snout.

"Mmmmm cutie," Willy mumbled, trying to act nonchalant about the yeen's hand squeezing his own bear boner through the fabric of his pants.

"Damn right you are," Gerry hissed, leaning back, and lighting up.

The hyena was not prepared. The taste and smell of the weed was already overpowering before he started to burn it—As the tip of the joint turned red and smoke filled the yeen's snout, he quickly found himself bowled over. Heat filled his mouth and lungs, and felt like it was filling everything else too. He was able to hold it in for only a few seconds before he was coughing and sputtering, which he did until smoke stopped pouring out of his mouth.

"You okay there boss?" Willy asked, his tone filled with genuine concern, even if his hand continued to cup the yeen's crotch.

“God, sheesh, yeah, yeah,” Gerry said, shaking his head to get the stars out of his vision, “Goddamn, this stuff is strong.” He coughed a few more times, sinking back into the couch when the fit finally ended.

“Where’d you get this from?”

“Oh, just some friend,” Willy said with a wry smile. Luckily for him, the yeen was too lightheaded to press him, and instead took a deep breath, a smile curling up his face as he sighed.

“Well make sure to thank them for me. This shit’s gonna fuck me up fierce, I can tell.”

“Sure thing boss,” Willy replied, rubbing the hyena’s chest. Gerry’s body finally calmed down, and he brought the joint back to his lips. Just as he was about to pull in more smoke, he stopped, turning to the bear.

“Hey, did you want any of this babe?”

“Nah,” Willy said with a shrug, “This is tribute for you, right? You enjoy it.”

Now that was a bit too suspicious to ignore. Willy was no less a stoner than him, and his snout would be busy soon besides. The idea that Willy would turn down weed, ever, was weird, and Gerry was going to ask him what was up. He was going to, at least. He never did, for he suddenly found himself quite distracted. The joint, still lit, had been leaking smoke into his snout the entire time he held it to his lips, and it was becoming impossible to ignore the tingly feeling it was giving him. Combine that with Willy’s constant rubbing over his boner, and the suspicion was gone in a flash, lost in a haze of soft fur and enticing warmth. The yeen didn’t even speak after that. He nodded, and pulled in once again, the flame at the end turning a dangerous red.

The smoke came so, so much easier this time. There was no coughing, no spasms, no attempt to force it out. His body was already hungry for it, and he pulled until he was full. The warmth swirled in his snout, and pushed down to his lungs, feeling like it was pooling in his tummy. When he finally breathed out (through his nose, because he found that much hotter) the warmth began to diffuse. It slid along his body with a slow but constant flow, pushing out to each extremity and leaving only pleasure in its wake. The yeen’s eyes were already getting red, and his snout was pulled up in a big goofy grin. By the time he had blown all the smoke out of his nose, he was practically limp on the couch. All save one particular place, at least. His dick throbbed constantly, pleading to be released from its cloth prison.

“Shit dude,” Gerry slurred, pulling the joint from his mouth only to give the bear another quick, if clumsy, kiss, “This is real good.”

“Mmmhmmm. Why don’t you keep smokin’ boss?” The bear wore a smirk and spoke as sweetly as the smoke filling the yeen’s brain.

But that thought reemerged. The thought that something, somehow, was up. The yeen couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but something was up with this weed. It wasn’t

unusual for the yeen to feel very relaxed, or stupid, or horny while stoned, far from it. He smoked weed specifically to feel that way. This time, however, was different. His body didn't just feel like it was easier to relax—It felt like he had no choice. He was sunk into the couch, and there was no pulling himself out of it. His thoughts were so much harder to grasp than they should have been too. As worried as he felt a second ago, he had to keep reminding himself that he was so. His brain was not interested in such thoughts; only in turning off, and doing all the thinking with his body. And that was the most suspicious part of all. He was horny. Not just a little horny, or even a lot. It was consuming him. Every worry, every thought, everything was being pushed to the wayside by the pleasure that was radiating out from his dick. His entire body rocked every time that bear's hand squeezed. All he could think about was his dick, and the bear in relation to it.

"What was I thinking about?" Gerry mused out loud, trying hard to reach a thought that was rapidly floating away.

"Smoking some more," Willy said without missing a beat. He gave the yeen's cock another strong squeeze through his pants, and the dog gave a little hiss.

"Fuck... Right, right." The yeen smiled and let himself sink into his seat, and that was that. He took another big hit, the suspicion disappearing entirely. As far as Gerry was concerned, all there was was the joint in his mouth, and the bear drooling over his cock.

Seeing Gerry's red eyes flutter, the bear went in. He undid the yeen's zipper with ease, and after some rough yanking (smoke-coated moans filling the room as he did so) Gerry's dick was free, threading through the hole Willy opened in his pants and briefs. Willy licked his chops as he watched it throb, the dick begging for the bear in a way the stupefied yeen could not.

"Just keep puffing boss," Willy whispered, grabbing the hyena by the chin and giving him a shake. Gerry just giggled and took another big hit, his dick throbbing harder as he did so. The bear began to move down the yeen's body, sliding against him the whole way. He took his sweet time sliding down, his hands squeezing and grabbing and pulling at everything they could, the bear smiling with every moan he managed to extract from the mutt. When he finally got himself into a kneeling position, he went in.

The bear moved carefully, slowly at first. He planted his hands at the crease where Gerry's thighs and crotch met, and rubbed along it methodically. He dragged his snout along the hyena's dick in a way reminiscent of the yeen's appraisal of the joint earlier, his tongue occasionally pushing out to grab a taste. He teased and teased, feeling the yeen squirm beneath his greedy grasp, and enjoying every second of it. Before too long, large beads of pre began to form at the tip of Gerry's dick, even with the minimal touching, and the bear knew it was time. Willy opened his mouth wide, huge tongue lolling out as he did so, and dove.

“Ohohohohhhhhh fffuuuuuck...” A waterfall of smoke fell from the hyena’s snout, carrying those words with them. His entire body seized, and then relaxed, repeating this for a few times as the bear went to town. There was no more conscious thought going on in his hazy head—All he knew was that he was horny, hornier than he’d ever been in his life, and he wanted, no, *needed* this bear to take care of it. Every movement was clumsy and jerky, and he was constantly squirming as every new slurp from the bear shot pleasure through his body. At some point his hands found their way to the bear’s head, partly for stability and partly because it made things hornier, but that was as much dexterity he could pull off. Otherwise he was a smokey, sweaty mess, curling his toes and and thumping his tail like mad as the bear sucked his dick.

So much pre was filling Willy’s mouth, and he couldn’t be happier about it. The joint was doing exactly what he was told it would, which only made him more excited for what was to come. Every time he bobbed his lips down Gerry’s cock, another little spurt of precum filled his mouth, and it felt like it was getting more substantial all the time. It was so much in fact, that the bear couldn’t keep his mouth off of it for more than a few throbs before the hyena’s crotch started to get messy. That made it hard for Willy to slobber all over Gerry’s dick with his long tongue without making a mess, but the bear didn’t mind too much. The hyena seemed outright enthusiastic about it.

Willy’s mouth was too much for the hyena, even when he was trying to hold back, and in this blazed and blissed out state, it took no time at all. Willy could already feel Gerry’s body tensing as his lips sat around the base of the yeen’s dong, and he barely ravished it with his tongue before the yeen’s grip got tight upon his head. Unintelligible curses were pouring out of Gerry’s mouth, as his whole body felt like it was getting off at once. Willy’s eyes shot open as the yeen shot his load.

“Mmmfmmfff!”

Willy thought he was prepared, but he absolutely wasn’t. Each new rope was at least as big as the last, and they kept coming, flooding the bear’s snout with salty sweetness. The hyena barked and howled as he held the bear’s head tight, gyrating his hips this way and that, too unfocused to fuck the bear’s face proper. Cum dribbled out of the corners of Willy’s mouth as Gerry kept cumming, for so long, so much. The bear felt like he was drowning in the stuff, which was extremely horny, even if it was a bit hard to breathe. Still, the yeen’s orgasm did, eventually, subside, and his thick ropes of cum tapering off into a steady drip, and then to nothing. The bear continued to suck long after it was over, giggling to himself at the way he could make the mutt whimper with pleasure. After a minute or so of torture, he finally began to pull off, but two big hands stopped him from pulling his head too far away. The bear could see why.

The hyena’s dick hadn’t softened at all. Even a full minute after he orgasmed, he was still rock hard. He was even dripping a little bit of pre again, as long as the bear was giving his cock a strong squeeze with his fingers. He didn’t look that tired either.

Out of it and giggly, and kind of sweaty for that matter, but Gerry still had the same pleading look on his face as he did a minute ago. The joint had been all but reduced to a roach at this point, the dog flicking it away without thinking. That was fine, though. It had already served its purpose, and would be doing so for much longer than the bear had expected anyway.

“Say boss, how many more rounds you think you can go?” He fished his own boner from his pants with one hand and grabbed the yeen’s dick with the other, looking back up at the mutt with an evil grin. Gerrark, panting and blushing, said something, but it was indecipherable. The weed and sex fried his brain, and Willy could practically see the swirls floating around his head.

“Cutie,” was all the bear said, diving back for more.