

"So boooooored" Deimion said with a sigh, sprawling himself out on the couch as the local weather man said (for quite possibly the hundredth time) that there would be a slight chance of showers tomorrow.

"Well, quit watching the weather channel then. There has to be cartoons on somewhere doesn't there? Foster's is usually on around this time, that's a pretty good show," the skunk replied without even looking up from his game system. He obviously cared more about the card game taking place on screen than the wolf's boredom.

"Foster's? What are you talking about? There's a cartoon about beer?" The wolf asked curiously.

"No, no, Foster's Home for Imaginary Friends. You know, with the blue blob, and the... Well, probably isn't on anyway, I forgot you probably have different cartoons up here."

"I don't wanna watch cartoons anyway," the wolf said with another exasperated sigh, now laying himself lengthwise along the couch they both occupied. "Come on, stop playing your stupid card game for a second, let's do something." He gave the skunk's thigh a little poke with his large footpad, trying to get him to look up from his game.

"As I said, I'd let you play one if you wanted, I've got a bunch of games on this thing. But you didn't want to. And besides, this little bitch beats me almost every time. She's only eight and she kicks my ass!" Gerrark's tone held quite a bit of disgust, as if it was odd for a child to beat him at a children's card game.

"And furthermore-Ah!" His were finally torn away from the screen. There was the wolf's paw that had been against his thigh a moment ago, now rubbing his crotch through the fabric.

"Jeez la weez!" the skunk said with embarrassed frustration as his pant's contents began to stir. After jumping up on the couch and falling to the side, within a moment he was standing back up, ears quite red and his glasses a bit fogged. "I told you Deimion, no hanky-panky! I just wanted to see if you'd hang out since I was in the area for a family reunion. We agreed on this!"

"I know, I know..." Deimion said with a chuckle, now on his paws and knees, partially leaning over the side of the couch and staring back at him. "But there's nothing else to do, and you said as long as no one was around we could even cuddle or something..." There was the puppy dog look he could pull off so well, probably because he was one at one time.

"Look, I know there's no one in the living room besides us right now, but the house isn't-" he was backing away, holding his little game system in front of him like a shield as the wolf leaned further upon the arm of the couch, when the door behind him opened. The skunk spun around in a whirlwind of black and white, trying and failing to keep his surprise and trepidation from being too obvious.

Standing in the doorway was the last person the nervous skunk wanted to see. Or last persons, more accurately. Lydia and Lyla, two cousins in crime (at least that's how Gerrark saw them), were both staring him down, and they both had looks of triumph on their muzzles.

"Ohh, hey 'cuz," Lyla said as she strode confidently toward him, her height and weight dwarfing him. Taller by at least two inches (and the skunk was 6'1) and built like

a bodybuilder, the older of the two sisters leaned ever so slightly over so they were face to face, her powerful paw pinching his cheek. "I know they shouldn't have let you invite some stranger to our reunion, up to mischief already and you've only been here for an hour or so."

"W-what?! Mischief? No, I was-" Gerrark was stuttering, the poor soul. His habit of being overly defensive and guilty made it seem like his cousins had caught him about to the wolf a blowjob or something.

"About to have a little bit of fun with you friend from abroad?" a far softer voice said, with no less amusement. Lydia was walking forward now, her dainty walk a complete antithesis of her sister's almost lumbering gait. That wasn't all though, the two were like some sort of scientific ends of a spectrum. While her sister was large, powerful, strong, her tail even seeming bigger and bushier than it should have been, Lydia looked frail by comparison. However, she was anything but, her curvy form almost liquid in its grace as she reached up to pat the male mustelid on his head, a few inches shorter than him as opposed to her sister.

One was a "large and in charge" skunkette, burly and powerful enough to put most men in the family to shame, muscles showing through her tight fitting shorts and tank top. Despite seeming stereotypically unladylike she had her own dominant beauty, commanding the attention of the room probably because she was the biggest in it.

And the other a far more feminine skunkette, her skirt and blouse accenting her childbearing hips, long legs, and meticulously groomed fur. Her long locks reached down to the middle of her back, actually touching the perfectly positioned tail, which had that curled up look many could try to imitate their whole life and never get perfectly. Not an ounce of fat seemed to adorn her beautiful body, many had said she had a body sculpted from marble.

Yes, real lookers they were (depending on your taste), one smiling down at her cousin from under her somewhat butch bangs, the other pinching his cheek with her manicured claws.

Then there was Deimion, a look on his face reminiscent of a child at their first "all you can eat" buffet. The wolf wasn't sure how he had missed seeing either of them up until now, but it hardly mattered now. His gaze was totally glued to their wonderfully opposite forms, so much so that he hadn't noticed his friend's plight at their hands.

"Hey, whoa, now give that back!" Gerrark said with an increasingly annoyed tone, jumping up and down and reaching for the DS just barely out of reach. It seems Lyla had snatched it while he was stuttering for an explanation. "I'm not too old to go to my parents ya know!"

"Settle down little Ger, we don't want to have to tell on you for playing around with your new friend," Lydia shot back, flicking his little ear while Lyla chuckled, still easily holding the toy from his reach. "Everybody may know you're gay, but they still wouldn't want you playing with your boyfriend in the middle of a family gathering..." Her tone almost reckless now, knowing just how to drive him up the wall.

And it did so: "Give me the game back dammit! And he's not my boyfriend, you know tha-!" But he never finished, because the red-eared and flustered skunk was

suddenly shoved out the door by Lyla, causing him to tumble clumsily onto his back into the next room.

"Well, if he's not your boyfriend, you won't mind if we have some fun then!" the smaller of the sisters called to him, giving a playful little wave goodbye.

"Wait, no! The batteries almost dead, I need to beat Re-" But cut off again, Lydia giving one last giggle as Lyla quickly slammed the door on his face, locking it. The only entrance to the living room now sealed.

"Lucky thing the living room has a door, else we couldn't have our fun huh?" Lyla said with a dark chuckle, cracking her knuckles a bit as she now turned her attention to the still oblivious wolf.

"Of course, if that cute mutt doesn't snap out of it we'll have a tough time of it anyway..." Lydia added. Now the pair was walking toward that couch that Deimion still knelt on, almost frighteningly (to everyone but Deimion) lusty looks on their faces. It didn't matter though, he was still daydreaming. He had long gone from undressing them with his eyes, to having unabashed fantasies while said eyes were still opened.

"Maybe *you* would have a tough time, but that's because you're too delicate. You treat a man like he's made of glass. No, a real man needs to be treated like a real man by a real woman." Lyla took the wuff's muzzle in her dull clawed paw, still acting as if he wasn't there even as she stared him in the eye. With that, the spell finally seemed to break, but it was too late. Lyla's other paw struck like a viper, pushing on the back of his head and forcing him into a kiss, the large femme skunk dominating the surprised wolf's muzzle with her large tongue, the thing forcing its way into his yipping maw.

"No, that isn't the way to drive a guy wild you lumberjack," Lydia said venomously. She walked around them to the front of the couch as she spoke, tracing a claw from Deimion's shaking arm down his side, then under to his belly, standing in front of the couch and at Deimion's left side. "You have to drive them wild by being soft, sensual... Deliberate..." The perfectly sharpened claws of hers had now somehow found their way under his shirt, drawing slow circles through his grey fur, slowly working downward until they rubbed over his tightening jeans' front.

Deimion, when he finally had enough sense to see the situation in front of him, was already a captor of the two female skunks, his muzzle locked into a kiss with the powerful Lyla while Lydia made him buck like a bronco against her paw.

"Mmmffrrmmff!" was all he could say at the moment, which could have meant anything from "More, please!" to "I think I smell pie!", even as unlikely as the latter was. Even if he had been coherent (a hard state to be in someone was doing such things to your crotch) Lyla was robbing him of speech anyway.

"What's that wolfie? Skunk got your tongue?" Lyla teased as she finally pulled away, taking his tongue in her teeth gently for a moment before letting it go to let him speak.

"Buhh, I uhh, hehe." Deimion looked like he was caught between a mixture of surprise and of winning the jackpot at a casino, the two turning into the biggest smile possible. He looked like he could have been on drugs, or perhaps just doopey from the blood that had been draining from his brain ever since he saw the two. "W-why?"

"Because," Lydia said quickly, looking to cut off her sister, "We're both bored, you're the first non-skunk besides extended family that we've seen in ages, and you're just sooo cuuute!" While a pinch to the cheek would have usually followed such a cutesy tone, instead she grabbed his concealed package, forcing him to grind into her paw.

"And this'll keep our cousin away from you too, he's too young and naïve to be messing with a total stranger. He'll never look at you the same once we're done with you.." Lyla laughed in a foreboding manner, cracking her neck now as well.

"But first," both said in a kind of creepy unison, "Time to get these clothes off."

Both of the skunkettes left the unfulfilled wolf on his knees upon the couch cushion, meandering slowly to make sure he was watching their asses. One quite tight and small, the other large enough to almost prompt Deimion's jaw to drop like some sort of cartoon wolf's while his tongue rolled out onto the floor. As expected, they both had very different styles of clothes removal.

Lyla was moving the fastest, taking off her clothes with relatively no pomp or circumstance, just tearing of her tank top as quickly as possible, revealing quite the large chest, completely sans bra. Of course, with a body like hers, a bra probably wouldn't have fit well. Bouncing brazenly about, enjoying the stare of the enchanted wolf once more, she removed her shorts as well, showing that (as you guessed it) she was without panties too. So in less than thirty seconds her large and nude body stood in front of the wolf, turning so that her tail would playfully smack him in the snout, giving him the quickest little glance at her bubble butt once more.

Deimion was drooling, a puddle forming on the ground below him. Apparently any bodily function besides ogling the two females in front of him (and breathing) was long forgotten. It took all of his dwindling willpower to tear his eyes off of the luscious body of the large skunk female that stood there proudly, and to her more feminine sister. He was glad he did turn to the other of the sisters though, because apparently she was far more experienced in the art of the striptease.

Unbuttoning her blouse in a tortuously slow manner, she got to the fourth button down before her own breasts bounced out, these held up by a laced black bra. After the blouse had been fully unbuttoned, she took a single step towards the dumbstruck wolf and leaned over, the shirt falling off of her arm as Deimion's gaze fell down to the cleavage in front of him.

"You boys only have a mind for one thing," she whispered seductively to him, tickling under his chin as she stood back up, bringing his gaze with her. "But that's just fine," she added, her paws taking either side of her skirt and slowly sliding that down as well, showing off matching black panties, similarly lace-styled, hiding essentially nothing. She wasn't about to be outdone by her sister though, and she spun around as well, her perked tail giving a much better view of her buns.

While the wolf was still watching Lydia's perfectly sculpted ass sway back and forth, his vision was suddenly obscured by the aforementioned bra. By the time he had removed it from his eyesight, the panties replaced it, the smell and taste of lust on them. Which Deimion could not resist smelling.

"See? You need to start wearing your panties Lyla, perfect for making them melt," Lydia said matter-of-factly, a smile of triumph thrown in her sister's direction.

"Besides, it'd help keep the floor cleaner. I know our poor wolf is making a puddle, but it's still going to be a lot harder to get *your* stain and smell out of the carpet," she continued, pointing the few wet spots on the carpet between Lyla's legs, small little foot tap-tap-tapping in repugnance.

"You and your cheap little tricks Lydia..." Lyla said with a sigh, the arrogance suddenly appearing in her voice, "This is how you get a guy going."

Deimion was about to ask how on earth she planned to do that (as if they weren't doing it already), when Lyla was suddenly on top of him. The skunk moved like lightning, the wolf already pinned on his back against the couch. Her far more natural claws traced light outlines over his triangular ears, the wolf in a state of euphoria for a moment. Which allowed her other paw to expertly pry open his jeans and reveal his straining boxers, which were yanked down quickly as well. However, his poor throbbing wolf cock had not been set free yet, the big and meaty thing straining from under the waistband of the boxers.

"Oooh, my-my-my-my-my..." the tortured canine began, eyes rolling back into his head as his stammering pleas simply turned into feral whines.

"Ohhhh, what is it you need, come on wolfie, say it, beg a little..." Lyla said in her most dominating tone, the stains on his jeans showing how much she was enjoying making the poor wolf squirm.

"Ahhh, my c-c-c-cock, please!" The needy wolf cried.

"Ohhhh, come on, just a little mo-"

"Sis, there's teasing, and then there's torture."

There was a tremendous rush of relief as his pants and boxers were off in one swift motion, Deimion struggling to keep himself from shooting off right then and there. Standing behind them both was Lydia, holding the offending clothes before letting them simply fall to the floor. "And I'd say we've tortured our poor wolfie enough, hehe."

"If you say so Lydia," Lyla replied, shrugging at her before turning back to Deimion, the wolf finally calming down, though his breath was still a tad bit strained, and his ears red. "Awww, somebody's right. On. The. Edge." Another evil chuckle and she gently flicked his cocktip with her claw, the eight inch length of wolf seeming to pulse in protest and pleasure.

"Ahhhh, yes, yes please -" Deimion began to moan again, though a feminine voice cut him off.

"Awww, no need to beg anymore wolfie, just relax..." Lydia said in a sultry tone, kneeling at his laid down head, smiling down at him. "Now, could a gentlemen like yourself please help me? I can't seem to reach..." And with that, she had moved so his head was between her legs, her body bent over and scrunched up, her tailhole and slit within clear reach of his deft canine tongue.

Slowly savoring a temptation like this was simply something he could not do, so in moments he was leaning his head up and lapping away, wetting the tight pucker and the outside of her slippery slit. His powerful and sloppy tongue explored every inch her crotch had to offer, the whole thing dripping after a minute. Lydia's encouraging murmurs and moans made it that much easier to find where she enjoyed attention the most.

“Nnnn, yeah, good wolf, Ahhh, ahhhh, sooo goood...” And what she seemed to enjoy most was a staccato tongue fucking into her slit.

“Ohh, look at him go, it’s almost kind of cute,” Lyla said out of nowhere, both seeming to forget her in the throes of their pleasure. Even if she had been looming over them the whole time. “A good little wolf needs a reward then... And I need something to get me off too.”

Though Deimion couldn’t see, he could easily feel what was going on near his crotch. Which made him moan into Lydia’s clit, that making her moan of course, the two creating quite the lusty cacophony. Lyla was rubbing down his thighs, his sides, his stomach and chest, just to make sure he was not only hard, but that no muscles would strain up on him for the truly epic fucking she had planned. Good thing too, because in moments she was ramming her pussy down upon the needy wolf member, and it felt like the force of a sandbag hitting his front. He would have humped furiously had he the chance to, but she was bouncing her huge body up and down on him so fast, he couldn’t have kept up with her if he wanted to. Both bodies on top of him kept him pinned as their prisoner.

For what seemed like forever, the three bounced back and forth, swayed to and fro, creating a mishmash of black, grey, and white fur. His powerful tongue parting Lydia’s pussy’s lips, eating her out hungrily... Her body shivering from the oral pleasure, rubbing her own nipples just to stimulate herself further, making herself wetter for him... While his own body was being put through its paces by the larger of the sister’s, her tight snatch and quick movements almost rubbing his member raw, as she bounced on his balls like cushions. Deimion felt as if he were taking part in some sort of porno flick, it felt like a dream come true.

“Oofff, ahhh, unf, in, so, cloo-oose,” the bouncing skunk sister said, looking winded despite her strength. She still sped up, as if she was determined to use all of her energy (and the wolf’s) right until she came.

Deimion’s sac swelled with the impending cum, while Lyla bounced a bit upon it every time she forced him to hilt. Lydia’s body quivered in delight as his tongue continued to press against her virgin tailstar and less-so vagina, her liquids flowing so freely one would worry he’d drown. The whole lot panting and moaning, each seeming to work for their own pleasure.

Lyla was first. She let herself drop onto the needy wolf’s exploited member, squeezing her legs together with all her strength, and came quite spectacularly. She downright roared with the release, some of the more naive family members in the household wondering if perhaps she stubbed her toe.

Thankfully, Deimion came next, a howl of release coming from his muzzle as well as he shot the thick load from his ample sac. He filled her up quite a bit, one could almost swear they saw her stomach paunch a bit. It was such a powerful orgasm, it felt so good to finally get release from the ministrations of the two devilish sisters, his howl never sounded so triumphant... Even if it was muffled by Lydia’s slit over his snout.

Deimion didn’t know how long he came, how long Lyla came, or even if Lydia peaked herself (though his entire face feeling wet may have been some indication). He

was feeling a bit lightheaded from all the exertion, and the afterglow flattened him like a steamroller. He felt as if he had just participated in the sexual Olympics.

"That... Was... Good..." Lyla panted, still on her knees despite herself. "Knew... You'd be... A good... Fuck... Right sis?"

"Hehe, sure..." Lydia giggled. She didn't pant, but sounded no more energetic than her counterpart.

Afterwards, no one spoke for a long time. All involved seemed to be struck dumb, the silly smiles on each muzzle indicative of their blissful states. Deimion, nor the girls for that matter, had no idea how to proceed. What to say. Luckily, they didn't need to.

"Yeah, we get it, you all screwed so hard about 9 angels burst into flame," an a certain skunk's indignant voice said from behind the locked door, "Now can one of you just get my game?" A pause. "On second thought, don't ever touch it ever again please."