

So, let me set the scene.

It was a cold day (or at least cold for me), one of the ones where the sky's just this uniform stone-grey in all directions, and you can't tell where the sun is no matter how hard you try. I was all bunched up in a long-sleeve shirt under a short-sleeve shirt, with a zip-up jacket and then a larger heavy wool coat over all that, and I had a hat on and everything... it was cold enough so that I could see the breath from my nose puffing out in little clouds, and also cold enough that I had lost feeling in my nose.

I was on my way home from class, bag slung over my shoulder, paws stuffed into my pockets and head held down. Normally I'd have my headphones on, but I felt almost certain they'd freeze in this temperature... but, again, that might just be me. I lived a little bit of a distance away from where I went to school, not too much of an inconvenience, as it was still close enough to walk in a sensible amount of time. Some days I just wished I had someone who could give me a ride home, and who was willing.

Don't get me wrong; I *do* have someone who *could* give me a ride home. Two someones, actually: I lived, or roomed, or rented a place, whatever, with two big dogs, two guys who had, unlike me, finished school a long time ago in ages past; also unlike me, they were used to the cold. Whichever one had awoken by the time I left for school would always chuckle upon seeing me all wrapped up... but, anyway. They *could* give me rides home, but-

...well, they *do* give me rides. Just not to or from school.

Clearly, I was the youngest out of the three of us. When I finally reached home, I had to fish around in my pockets for the key to the door... and then I dropped it, cursed, reached down, grabbed it, cursed again at the bite of cold in the pads of my poor fingers, and fiddled at getting it into the door. In the colder months, this door had a tendency to stick, as did the mechanisms inside, so I struggled with turning the key quite a bit - I had to switch paws once, twice, a third time-

And then it unlocked from the inside and pulled inwards. A tall king shepherd looked down at me from behind the storm door, an amused little smile on his muzzle. This one's Pan, the first of the pair of dogs I'd met: he's about a foot and a half taller than me, and I'm not especially short to begin with. When we both stood up straight in front of each other, my eyes came about level with his sternum. I knew for a fact that he could pick me up with one paw and throw me several feet; he'd done it before. Luckily, though, there had been a bed for me to land on that time.

"Oh," he said, "you're home. I thought it was a feral kitten scratching at the door."

"Let me in, please." He stood in the threshold so that I couldn't squeeze past him; when I threw open the storm door and tried, he budged a little, just enough so that I would wedge myself between his hot body and the cold outside.

"What's the password?" His tail swayed behind him - I could see its movements past his muscular body. If I weren't so cold to start with, his closeness would certainly warm me up a bit. His crotch pressed against my lower belly, and I could feel the heat seeping through his pants.

"I'll blow you."

"You'll do that anyway, but okay. That'll do."

I stumbled forward when he did step back, and then shot him a glare; in response, he just showed sharp teeth to me in a mischievous grin, and wagged his tail more. Instead of giving him something else to be smug about, I focused on getting my shoes and jackets off. He'd always been the kind of person who's playful like that, who enjoys letting me know which of us is stronger, and which of us has more reign in the house because he shoulders some of his little otter friend's rent. I pay him back in cuddles, warmth, lovin', various sexual favors, and other things. Sometimes a dog likes to be a daddy, and... well, when he's about twice my size and almost twice my age...

He was still standing there after I'd reduced my body volume by two-thirds from shrugging off the two jackets, like he knew what I wanted. I padded towards him, and he pulled me into a hug... man, he'd had to practice giving hugs to a small person like me. The first few times, I could have sworn that he'd cracked a few of my ribs. I'd also had to practice my deepthroating, because he had a tendency to buck and push forward, and I was afraid he'd displace a few of the vertebrae in the back of my neck if he held my head down when he did so.

"Hey, Luke." One of his paws rubbed my back, held me closer. I nuzzled into his chest, breathing in the heavy scent of male shepherd, the scent I'd come to enjoy quite a bit over time. "How was your day?"

"Coulda been better." My voice was muffled by his chestfluff, even through the shirt he wore. It was a grey one, with a picture of some sort of red car on the front. Pan was like my father, in that, through my whole life, I'd only seen them wear maybe five shirts, and three weren't suitable to be worn outside the house. "Had another test, a quiz, and a presentation, too. Have two more quizzes in other classes tomorrow."

"Ah. Stressed?"

"A little."

"Ah!" His ears perked, and he let me go. "I have the perfect remedy for that, and it's in-"

"I swear, if you say 'in my pants', I'll-"

"-the kitchen!" He grinned down at me. "I made cupcakes today. There's still some frosting left over, too; it's in the fridge. I was thinking you, me, n' Ark could spread it on each other's bodies later and try to lick it off."

Arkani - or Ark - was the other big dog who rents this place with us. He's a big Arcanine, taller and beefier than Pan, which puts him at like eight feet, easily; he has to duck when he goes through doors. The shepherd had introduced me to him when we'd gone out for lunch one day. The rest of Arkani was introduced down my throat later that night. The two were quite similar, really - enough so that, if not for the species difference, I'd think them brothers. Hell, if I'd never seen them in the same room, I'd be convinced that they were the same person.

I tried to give Pan a playful shove on my way past him to the kitchen. Instead, I only ended up pushing myself back. "That didn't work so well last time we tried it, remember? And dried frosting is harder to get out of fur than fresh frosting, even in the shower."

"You mean it didn't work so well on fur. On bare flesh, it was just fine."

There on the counter was, indeed, a plate of cupcakes stacked up high. I'd be able to eat maybe one or two cupcakes of the few dozen there before I got full. "Too bad the taste of frosting clashes with the taste of cock."

"And besides, Lukas, we got the frosting out of your fur just fine when both of us joined you in the shower."

That was a few months ago. I chose not to dignify this last thing he said with a response; instead, I just leaned back against the wall and munched on one of the cupcakes, holding it carefully so that the frosting wouldn't get on my paws too much, even though it always did anyway. While they were getting the frosting out of my fur, with firm, warm paws pressing in and rubbing at places, my legs were all wobbly and I had to lean on the two dogs; after the shower my legs were still wobbly, since they'd let me clean up and finish alone, but were still waiting naked outside the bathroom when I did step out. If there's a more tantalizing sight than two thick dogcocks, I don't know what it is.

After finishing that cupcake, I adjusted my pants - why did I wear underwear today; that just makes things more uncomfortable - and went over to toss away the wrapper. Pan had organized a gay-ass pyramid of cupcakes on the plate, and I'd eaten the topmost point. "When's Arkani getting home?"

"I dunno," the shepherd replied from the other room. I heard the leather couch creak under his weight. "He'll show up eventually, like he always does."

"Well, what are your plans for tonight?"

"TV. Lay around. Probably rub one out. Why?"

"I don't have homework tonight..." I went back into the other room, and smiled at him from across the room. He lifted his eyebrows. "So, we could do something later. Just you n' me, or all three of us, if he wants."

He just scoffed, and leaned forward to swipe the TV remote from the table. "Pup, we do 'something' almost every night-"

"Not when I have calculus homework! Well, not usually!"

"Any more, and you'll have at least one thoroughly exhausted dog just sitting around, taking up space. I won't be able to do anything, because whenever I try to move, your mouth is there on my cock, draining me of my energy."

I chewed on a claw. "Good thing you guys make great pillows." Really, they do. The couch that Pan currently lounged on had seen quite a bit of action, and it was wide enough for me to lay on afterwards, but nobody else. Instead, we usually just flopped out on the floor, poor little otter me wedged between two huge warm dogs - so, nothing out of the usual. Ours was an odd relationship: when we didn't all conk out together, I was the one who floated between bedrooms, sometimes sleeping in my own, sometimes in one dog's, sometimes in the other's. I like Pan's scent better, but that's probably because I've known him longer; but Arkani, being a goddamn Arcanine, is always so warm... and, well, he cuddles with me more, and I'm a sucker for cuddles. "Wait a sec - is that a complaint?"

"I wouldn't mind finishing under your tail a little more often." He idly clicked through the channels as he spoke. His lap looked so inviting right now...

"I have to take a break of at least two days between having one of you fuck me, because you leave me sore for that long!"

"Hey, not *my* fault I have such a *huge cock*." At this, he turned another grin to me. I adjusted my pants again. "Also not my fault that you insist on going so fast, or that you say '*oh, saliva's enough lube - it'll be fine, Pan-*'"

"And it always is, isn't it?"

"You tell me, mister sore-for-two-days. For your birthday, we were going to double you. But, if you don't want it..." He turned back to the TV. God, just talking about this sort of thing with him was enough to get me worked up. I huffed and went over to the couch to sit beside him. "...whatever, man. He's about as good with his paws as you are with yours; instead, we could put on a show for you, but *not* allow you to touch us, or yourself. That'd be fun, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, you're a bitch-"

Though he was big, he was fast, too; before I could say anything else or move to react, he had turned and lunged over me, so that he held me down on the couch with a paw on my shoulder. He could easily squish me if he really wanted - however, he had his legs position so that they didn't crush mine, and I could tell he wasn't putting all of his strength into holding me down. I looked up at his mock-snarl. "What's that, little otter? Who's a bitch?"

"You heard me!"

"Ooh!" He leaned in closer. Again I could feel the heat from his crotch, though a good two or three inches remained between our bodies; my God... he placed his other paw in the middle of my chest and pushed me down further against the couch. "Ooh. I don't think that's right, Lukas. Is it?"

"You're a bitch, and also a meanie! I w-"

Sharp teeth pressed down into the side of my neck, cutting off whatever irrelevant thing I was trying to say and instead squeezing a sharp gasp out of me. A shiver ran down my back, and instinctively, one of my paws found its way around Pan and pulled him down (not without his acquiescence, of course), so that our bodies pressed together. It was a firm heat that throbbed against my own erection, through both of our pants. "Ow - hey - "

"Ooh." He lifted his teeth from my neck. "Too hard? I hope I didn't make you bleed..."

"No, no, I'm fine..." I swallowed and grinned up at him. "Watch it, shep. You could bite off my head."

"Are you giving me permission?"

"Doesn't matter! I wouldn't be able to stop you if you tried!"

"You seem to be perfectly alright with me being in control."

"Cause I am." I slid my paw up under his shirt and rubbed his back, running my claws through his thick fur. He shivered and pressed down against me, in turn squeezing a huff of breath from my lungs. "...Didn't I promise you something at the door?"

"I believe you did."

"Could you... get off me, please?" I wiggled underneath him. He just grinded against me.

"Luke, you're gonna be the one getting me off..."

"Psh."

He did get up, though, and moved over to sit at the edge of the couch; I slid to the floor and kneeled in front of him, between his legs. He reached one paw down to rub my head. "You know," he said, "I almost don't recognize your face unless it's at this angle."

"That's no surprise. I'm better acquainted with your cock than I am with you." He moved forward a little further, shifting the distance between him and my muzzle to about three inches. I could smell his musk from here though his pants, along with the heat that drifted out against my whiskers. "You know I don't even know your last name?"

"What, is that a complaint?"

"Not necessarily." As I began to work at the button and zipper of his pants, he moved his paw to behind my ears, to rub at the spot where he knew I liked to be scritchd. My paws faltered a little when he started, but I focused myself and continued. "Be glad I learned your first name at all. I have terrible memory, y'know. With some people, I couldn't tell you even that."

"Did you sleep with those people at least three times a week?"

"Well..." He lifted up a little so that I could tug his pants off. He wore light grey boxers today, about the color of the clouds; they tented up quite a bit at the front, at the point of which a considerable amount of pre had soaked through and darkened the fabric. His scent strengthened in my nose. "No. Not all of them, at least."

"You're a bad person."

"What, and you're not? You pull your young student roommate between your legs because you wanna get off, when he needs to be doing his homework!"

He tugged my head down into his crotch. I moved a paw down to undo my own pants and release the pressure on my own hard cock, while I nuzzled up along the outline of his shaft through his underwear. He likes it when I do that; it makes him throb up against my cheek, which invigorates me and makes me rub my muzzle against him even more. "You said you didn't have any homework."

"Well, I lied." Christ, I wanted him. I shifted a little to work my pants down my legs, and moved my paw back up to tug his underwear down. I worked three fingers under the waistband, keeping my nose and lips at the moist section where his tip lifted the fabric... "Tonight, I'd rather suck cock than do homework."

Pan chuckled a little and leaned back. "For anyone else that would mean some hard homework, but for you, that's... well, that's an ordinary night."

What can I say? I like giving oral. And when I have dogs like Pan and Arkani around who only pat my head and pull me down when I nuzzle into their crotch, even if they're doing something else... well, I can't complain. I pulled down the shepherd's boxers past his length and sack, and he lifted up again so I could get them off his legs; his hard cock throbbed in front of my muzzle, red and glistening with musk and pre. With one paw I slid his sheath down past his knot, while I tilted his length toward my mouth with my other. I could feel his heat, heavy and moist, on my chin and face, and it only got stronger when I dove down and closed my lips around his tip...

"Mm..." he murred, and returned his paw to the back of my head. "Good otter..."

I closed my eyes and let his paw guide the movement of my head, at first slowly going down on him. Again, he was thick, and had the length to go with that, too. Like, imagine a grown man's upper thigh-

...well. I exaggerate. Slightly. He'd knotted me once, and I was sore for a damn lot longer than two days after.

I enjoyed blowing Pan quite a bit. He had a certain aroma, a certain taste, that overtook everything else in my head when my tongue touched his flesh, or when I nosed up against the underside of his flesh; on the good days, when he tugged down his pants and pushed me down to my knees in front of him, or when he pushed me onto my back on the couch or bed and got over me, he was often musky enough so that I could almost see it along his length, with that glistening appearance that a perfect dogcock has. If he humped forward and rubbed the side of his shaft on my nose, his scent would be all that I could breathe; if he slid into my muzzle and throat, it would be all I could taste...

And, he did. He held me down with his paw and lifted his hips up, up, up into my muzzle, so I had to readjust and lift my body a little to make it easier for myself. Deepthroating had never really been my strong suit, especially with someone of his proportions... I used to pride myself on the whole 'you know, I don't have a gag reflex' and wink routine, but with these dogs, it didn't really matter. I was almost afraid they'd crush my windpipe from the inside, from shoving something too damn huge down my throat... but, until that happened, I didn't mind. I was always glad to get some practice - and Pan was always glad to oblige when I was in a practicing mood.

He breathed out a sigh and once again moved his paw from my head, so that I could move up and down his length at my own pace. I had one arm around his leg for balance, and with the other paw, I squeezed and tugged behind his knot, like I knew he liked - God, the first time I'd done that when he was about to finish, he bucked upward into my throat and gushed out his cum, and I could only swallow so much...

Just remembering that made me throb against my own underwear. I reached a paw down and slid those off while I swirled my tongue around the end of Pan's cock, tasting his pre; as I did so, I noticed that some pre had gathered at the end of mine as well, verified by a touch from my thumb. I drew back and ran my tongue up the underside of the shepherd's length, looking up at him through half-closed eyes - all I could smell, all I could taste was him. I almost hoped that he'd yank me up and sit me down on the tip of his cock, and push me down onto him...

...and then, just as I was about to get up and do it myself, the front door opened again.

"...Whoa." It closed again, and then there was the sound of clothing rustling. I couldn't be bothered to look over. I knew it was Arkani. "Wow. I hope you two know you left the door open. Anyone who walked by could... could see you through the storm door..."

"Mmf." That was Pan. I dove down along his cock again, and when I came back up, looked up at him. He had his eyes turned lazily to the Arcanine in the doorway. "Whatever. I don't mind, and I know- I know Lukas here w... get off from having someone watch him..." He's right. One time, I fucked myself on his cock one night with Arkani sitting in a chair on the other side of the room watching; him being there made it so much hotter. Pan shoved into me when he came, which made me spurt all over his belly and chest, and I slid off and went right over to suck Ark off. I came again by the end of it. "Oh, there're... cupcakes, in the kitchen. They're good. Right, Luke?"

"Mhmm," I replied, his thick meat halfway in my muzzle. At the edge of my vision, I could see Arkani coming closer.

"I'll get some later," said the Arcanine. I closed my eyes again, and heard him kneel down behind me. He lifted my tail with a big paw, huffed, released it, and stood back up. The sound of his pants unzipping made me throb again. "Luke, stand up, please?"

I bobbed down as far as I could along Pan's length one more time and came back up before doing so. I wobbled, and stepped out of my pants and underwear at my ankles; the end of my cock bumped against the underside of the shepherd's. He smirked, and started stroking himself slowly.

"Turn around."

I did, and tilted my head back to look the Arcanine in the eye. When I said he was tall and beefy, I *meant* it. Hell, between the two of them, there was enough muscle mass to probably make four more of me. I'm small. "Hi."

"Hello. Undress me."

I had to stand on my tiptoes to reach the top button of his shirt; he sighed, rolled his eyes, batted me away.

"Oh, never mind. I'll handle it myself. Take off your own shirt - you look like you just woke up."

By the time I'd pulled it off over my head and tossed it to the side, Arkani had finished with his own shirt, and had his paws on his hips. Earlier, he'd unzipped his pants, but not unbuttoned them; I could see him bulging out there. Behind me, Pan cooed, "Lukas, don't let him boss you around. C'mere and have a seat. I want your ass."

"Fight me for it," growled Arkani. He grabbed one of my paws and put it to the button of his pants. I lifted my other and pressed it into his hot bulge, of my own accord. His pants slid down when I undid the button, and he had me tug down his underwear, too. "You had all the time before I got home to claim it. However, I still walked up the sidewalk to see you knot-deep in his throat."

"To be fair, that was a hundred percent him..."

"It was," I said, and smiled. Still I could taste the shepherd on my lips and tongue, still I could smell him in my nostrils. As opposed to him, Arkani's flesh was black; his tip stuck out from his sheath, that kind of manilla-cream color, like the rest of his belly and chest. Our height difference was just enough so that me kneeling down put me too low to blow him, and standing up kept me too high. He turned and pushed me down to sit on the edge of the table, which put me eye-level with his crotch; I leaned forward, nuzzled into his hot fur, pressed my nose between the bottom of his sheath and his sack, breathed in, shivered. He rubbed behind my ears. "I wanted to suck his cock."

"You always do." Arkani looked down at me. "Suck mine, now. He can wait."

Black flesh, eager and veined, pulsing when I put my lips to the end of his sheath and circled my tongue around his revealed tip. Pan still pawed slowly on the couch, though he paused to throw his own shirt off as well (though he could have just torn it off with his claws; he'd done that to me once in the past, too. Then, he held me down to the floor, and had Arkani tear off my underwear with his teeth). The tang in my mouth was soon overcome by a different one, one a little stronger, a little sharper, but not at all unpleasant - and, God, it was nice to feel the Arcanine growing on my tongue and between my lips, and to feel him push me down with his paw and lift his hips up. Sure, these two like to act like I tire them out, but, really - they both cum quite a lot, and I'd rather drink it down than have to wash the sheets two or three more times weekly. They're such boys. If I'm not around, they just end up spewing all over themselves and each other.

I had enough time to work all of Arkani's length out from his sheath, knot and all, and bob up and down a few times before he pulled me off and gently pushed me back over to Pan. "On your knees," he growled, "and keep your tail up."

"Back so soon?..." mused the shepherd, and he slid his paw off of his shaft. I went back to nuzzling up along its side, while behind me, Arkani licked his fingers and rubbed at my tailhole. "Hey Ark - wouldn't you say havin' a cock in his mouth is a good look for him?"

"I'd say having him spitroasted is a good look." A heavy paw pressed down on my lower back, and the Arcanine's paw was replaced by the tapered tip of his cock. Usually we started in a different position, to allow me to sink down onto him as was comfortable for me, but - well, this was perfectly fine. "Lemme know if I'm going too fast, alright, Lukas?"

"Mm," was all I could get out in response. I closed my eyes and focused on slickening up Pan's shaft as well, when the Arcanine started to press into me - he was thicker than the shepherd, thicker *and* longer, but I knew I could handle him. I'd done so several times in the past. I had to stop and pull back off of Pan's cock so I could breathe through my mouth, breathe slow, even breaths as Arkani sank into me under my tail; hot pressure, a little painful, less so when I adjusted and spread my legs a little further... Pan's paw came down on mine to guide it up and down his shaft.

"...You broke him," the shepherd said. I swallowed. Maybe we *should* have used more for lube this time than just saliva, like we usually did... "He won't suck me, or paw me off at all."

"Can only- only handle so much cock at once." Arkani breathed out a shuddering breath, the same kind that all guys seem to do when they press into a tight tailhole for the first time in the night. I could feel each of his throbs and twitches under my tail. "This happens every time I top him, Pan. D'ya think he'll be able to handle our... birthday gift?"

"That's months away. He caaaan...." Pan breathed out a sigh when I went back to stroking his shaft. Behind me, Arkani had pressed in about halfway, and had begun to slide back out. "...he can practice until then."

"Pra-actice?" There was a hitch in the Arcanine's voice when he started to move his hips forward again. I put my lips to the end of Pan's cock and sucked in a breath. "What do you mean?"

"I have a few shepherd friends he might like, ones that aren't *quite* as big as you and me... maybe we can all get together sometime."

I have a thing for shepherds and guys that are larger than me, and Pan is both of those, which could be why I want his cock, like, *all* the time. I also had a thing for Arcanines, which I only discovered after my first night with Arkani, when he took off his shirt in front of me and pressed my muzzle to the front of his pants. It was a bit of a pain, literally, to get one under my tail, but once I'd managed it... God, was it wonderful. This time, he slid in further, further, further,

so that I could feel him stretching me wider, until the heat from his knot pressed against the base of my tail. Now, there was a mix of the two dogs' tastes and musks on my tongue, though with one more prominent than the other because I currently had him in my throat... again, I couldn't complain.

The two of them filled me with, among other things, such an energy, such a want, that sometimes I tried being dominant - well, 'dominant' in that I hold them down as much as I can and bob up and down on their lengths, or fuck myself on them, or whatever - but, usually they could tell what I wanted, and adjusted whatever they were doing to fit that. Or, hell, maybe they acted to achieve what they wanted, which also just happened to be what I wanted. I just want cock, man. Sometimes I'd wake up to find Pan's hard cock throbbing against my nose while his nose is pressed into my sack, or I'd awaken other mornings to see Arkani sitting above my chest pawing off (and if it wasn't the heat, it was his load that would wake me up; ever filled a glass with melted butter and poured it over your head?), which were totally okay with me.

I could tell that Pan was getting closer; he had moved my paw away and started squeezing below his knot himself, and he regulated the movement of my head on his cock, now holding me down instead of moving me up and down. Arkani, however, had just begun, and still slowly humped in and out of me. His movements made me lurch forward and back, forward and back; he'd moved his paw from my lower back to my hip, so that he could tug me back when he wanted.

"Hurry up, Ark," growled Pan. He lifted me up off his cock and batted me away when I tried to lick up along the underside, so I just shoveled my nose under his sack and breathed his scent. "I'm ready to unload over here, and you're jus'... takin' all the time in the goddamn world."

"Tell me, shepherd: have you ever tried to fit your foot into a shoe five sizes too small?..." Arkani pulled me back with a tug at the base of my tail. I let out a gentle "ah-" and just nuzzled deeper into Pan's musky fur. "Takes patience, and time."

"Well, it's a lot easier when it's one of those stretchy elastic shoes."

"Stretchy when I'm done with it, maybe..."

I rarely had the determination to go through with it, but every now and then, one of them would have his way with me and unload into me, then hand me over to the other to fuck right after. I'd never believed that I was one of the blessed few who could come purely from having a cock under his tail - well, never until we did that for the first time. Ark even remarked on it, since he had fucked me first, and was sitting in front of the bed while Pan was fucking me on the edge; he said I hit him in the eye.

"Rrf." Arkani bent down over me, though continued at his speed and rhythm. I pressed my rump back against him, forcing him to sink further into me. "Lukas, are you clenching? You feel tighter than usual."

I looked back at him through eyes half-closed from pleasure. His hot breath washed over my muzzle, as well as Pan's sack and sheath beyond. "Mm-hmm. Feels good."

"Want me to go faster?"

I nodded.

"Say it."

"Faster..."

"Beg."

"Faster, Ark, please-"

"...ooh," murred Pan, as he rubbed behind my ears. "You're good. I can only occasionally get him to do that; usually all that comes out is an assortment of noises. You know, the kind when you go real fast, and fuck 'im real hard."

The Arcanine moved his paws back to my hips and started pumping in and out of me, though still took care to watch my face and listen to the noises I made, in case he had to slow down. All I let out was a steady "haah-... haah-... haah-...", though, which really only meant 'faster' or 'harder' or both. I also wanted to feel Pan's cum in my throat, but

I understood his hesitating. It wasn't really as much fun as when they both finish at the same time, which is usually enough to get me off as well.

"Well, Luke? Is this good?"

"I-"

"What do you want?"

"Harder. I want you t- *ah!*-" I swallowed again and squeezed my eyes shut. I was drooling into the fur of Pan's thigh, but I'm pretty sure he didn't care; he just chuckled and continued rubbing behind my ear, occasionally moving his paw to stroke along his shaft. My breaths came and went in uneven, shuddering gasps, and I worked one paw down to squeeze my cock. Pre had oozed down along the underside a few inches, a lot more than what usually did...

"Ew. Ark, I'm tellin' ya, hurry up. He's - leaking on my leg, and on the carpet, too..."

"That's not my damn problem, is it? Besides, I've seen you miss the toilet and 'leak' into his open mouth when you get up to relieve your morning piss. You have - no room to complain..."

I tensed up, clenched around the Arcanine, braced myself against Pan to move my rump forward and back. I wanted him to cum in me - I could tell he was close, too. It was in his breathing. "Fuck me-"

"Ah..." Arkani swallowed and breathed out a hot, tense sigh. "Pan..."

"Yeah. Alright, Lukas..."

Mmf. I wasted no time in diving back down on the shepherd's cock, refreshing its hot taste in my maw and aroma in my nose. I could still feel him throbbing, increasing in occurrence when I bobbed up and down, up and down on it. I'd tried to hold myself off, but now, I couldn't resist running my paw along my own cock-

It was Arkani who finished first. He bit back a low growl, dug his claws into my hips, and shoved into me as far as he could; I could feel each of the throbs of his cock when he unloaded more into me, rope after thick rope, like a garden hose if you pinch it off every second or so. Afterwards, he swallowed again and rested part of his weight on me, panting heavily; then it was Pan who came, tugging my head down into his lap and shooting his load, just as voluminous, into the back of my throat. Again, I could only swallow so much, and the rest dribbled out along my chin, along his length, into his fur.

Arkani slid out of me, lifted my tail again, and chuckled; I pulled up off of Pan's cock, lifted a paw to my mouth to bite into, and had to suppress a moan when I bucked into my own paw under the pleasure of my own orgasm. I could tell it was one of the ones that would leave me with shaky legs, so I just flopped onto my side and panted through an open mouth.

For a while, the only sounds to be heard was all of our panting. After a while, Pan shifted, sprawled out on the couch, ran his paw up his length and lapped off the cum; Arkani stood up, wobbled, put a paw out against the wall to balance himself, and went into the other room, still dropping his own seed from the end of his thick black length. I just lay there on the floor, thoroughly exhausted and thoroughly satisfied.

"Try my cupcakes," called Pan; a distant "fuck you" was the response. The shepherd then turned his tired eyes to me. "And shouldn't you go work on your homework?"

I shrugged. "All I wanna do right now is nap."

"Well, here..." After a bit of a struggle, he managed to pull himself back up, and then stood. I looked up at him when he stepped over to me. "I'll carry you. My bed, Ark's bed, or yours?"

"I don't care." I threw my arms around his neck when he lifted me up. "Just roll me somewhere."

"Alright; his it is, then. It's the biggest. I'll see if I can get him to lie down with the two of us later..."

Yeah, it was a cold day. With these two, though, I always felt an odd warmth.