

The day his father died, Askia ordered all the windows of the palace to be closed, all of the doors to be shut, the tapestries to be lowered along the perimeter of the wide, roofed outdoor plaza that served as the great hall. And there he sat on the ebony throne, the wood somehow still cold to the touch on those hottest of summer days, and just - listened, and watched. Listened to the sounds of the village going on all around just beyond the thick cloth of the tapestries, the fevered murmuring and whispering of the citizens praying nearby; watched the yellow sunlight flowing in under the swaying tassels along the lower borders, at the shadows of those people as they passed. Just as when the king had lived, Askia could not see or hear any of these without his presence hovering over him - for his father's visage adorned each and every one of these tapestries.

He had not been a humble man. Where in other parts of the world their family's paint-splotch amalgamation of cream, ochre, and charcoal fur was often seen as a sign of primitive, uneducated savagery, in this land where wild dogs had held the throne for the extent of written history, the mismatched coat was something of elegance, something to be worn with pride. The late king kept that fur of his on full unabashed display in each of the images depicted, one after another after another... but Askia doubted his father had conquered first the sabercat tribes from beyond the eastern rift, then the nomadic hyenas, and finally the invaders from across the ocean, all while wearing neither a single thread of clothing nor scrap of armor.

Other parts of him had been *embellished* for the sake of art, as well. That much went without saying.

In many ways, the king had been a great man, ruler, in father. In many ways, he had not. The last thing he ever said to Askia was the very same set of words he'd told him at least once every other week for as long as the then-prince could remember:

*"Do not defy me."*

That had been a few weeks ago. Now the young wild dog could sit in that same ebony throne not as prince but instead as King. Really, this was nothing new: his father had had him deal with the day-to-day matters of ruling since the day he could properly carry and handle responsibility. It took a different kind of strength than what was usually needed around the grounds.

This week, a pair of ambassadors from separate nations had travelled in to meet the new ruler, and to discuss any changes in trade agreements or alliances, or border laws, or any other of a set of various and equally dull topics. Two days so far of talks, and Askia found himself wishing that he were doing almost literally anything else, including take one of the servants' places and working the spice fields out past the back of the palace, beneath the domineering heat of the sun.

After that first day and initial introductions, Askia brought the discussions back into one of the other rooms in the palace, *"as I, for one, prefer cool stone to hot sun-beaten air"*. That's what he'd said, at least; while partially true, in reality, this made it much easier to sneak off between talks and relax in his quarters for a bit, especially alongside Zuli. Even now that zebra kept watch from across the room near the door, hands clasped behind his back with his nose raised into the air, and eyes always watching these two visitors.

For generations zebras had proved to be the most loyal of guards and servants: under his father's rule Zuli had been both, while under Askia's he was neither. Still, though, he wore the rather revealing palace guard outfit that showed the sharp stripes of his body up and down, save for the cloth between his legs and sash across his chest, into which he'd sheathed his sword.

Admittedly, Askia had a bit of trouble focusing on the matters at hand, with Zuli standing there. The wild dog knew full well what hung behind that loincloth, as a few times before he'd had it draped across his muzzle, weighing down his tongue, buried deep underneath his tail and stretching him nice and wide so that he could still feel the zebra's warmth by the end of the next day-

"Askia? King Askia."

The quiet, accented voice buzzed annoyingly into his thoughts, bringing him out of fantasy and back into the present.

"My lord, are you listening?"

Violet eyes watched him from one of the seats along the length of the meeting table, the otter's paws folded in his lap and tail wrapped modestly around the legs of his chair. This was one of the ambassadors, from a land beyond the sea to the west; the first time Askia had looked upon him, his breath caught in his throat and his pants tightened a bit. The gemstone glitter of his eyes, his smile, his personality, all reminded the wild dog somewhat strongly of a rather... *enticing* body servant who had been assigned to the then-prince on one of his own diplomatic missions.

It also didn't help that this ambassador - Orion, his name was - showed up in a dream of his two nights ago, one that jolted the wild dog awake with a different splotch of milky white across his lower chest and belly.

"I'm - sorry." Askia had to adjust his pants beneath the table. "I had... *other* matters on my mind."

"Yes, well... I think it is about time I applaud you on your job so far as king."

Askia's brow furrowed. "I haven't done a thing other than spread my father's ashes over the spice fields."

Orion rested his paws on the table, a warm smile lifting his whiskers. "No. Your first act was to... *update* your land's laws on love."

That caused the wild dog king to stiffen, and not in the same way Orion had made him once before. For the past who knows how long, homosexuality was a crime punishable in this land, even if an act showing so could not be proven; until a few weeks ago, Askia could only find much-needed quality time with Zuli, still standing there by the door, if the two happened to pass by each other in the hallway... and if there was an empty room nearby.

"We had always thought it to be a bit of a backwards trait of your culture," the otter went on. Across from him, the other ambassador - a tanuki; Askia had been intentionally avoiding looking

at him - nodded but stayed silent. "In our country, it's simply a non-issue. Except in the case of nobility, which is understandable, but-"

"That was my father's culture."

Orion's ears shot straight up with the king's tone, and then half-lowered down.

"Not mine. The people were remarkably accepting of the idea, however." He lifted his mismatched eyes, one green and one blue, and looked across the room at Zuli. The zebra held his gaze for a moment, then shifted his posted and looked away.

Then, the tanuki: "Well... both respect and fear of a king can show themselves as unquestioning obedience. One more so than the other. Word reached us of a few of your father's - *actions*; knowing the kind of ruler he had been, it would be wise for your people to be wary of the late king's only son..."

Finally, Askia focused his gaze on the tanuki.

He pretended not to notice the glare or, more likely, just wholly ignored it. "But," he continued, "if only they could see and hear what we have, in these short few days. You are a good man, King Askia, and that shows. You have our full support."

Orion leaned in over the table a bit. "And ours. With that, then, I believe we have no more business, so - we will take our leave, and give you back your home..."

"If you must. But - I agreed to house you for the duration of the week." Askia held his paws out over the table, palms up. "You still have three days. My palace is open to both of you, if you so wish."

That brought a smile out of both of them. Honestly, this tanuki was not making things easy on him: his smooth voice, his cool moss eyes, how it seemed so much that he was trying to tell Askia something, like he was trying to imply something, without putting it into words.

The two of them had met before, on yet another diplomatic mission for the wild dog outside of his own land. He had stayed for a period of two weeks, during the first few days of which he had found himself *hopelessly* attracted to this same ambassador, Laiken, sitting a few seats away along the table. On the final day of the visit, Askia had mentioned it to him, once... and Laiken had cited the laws of the wild dog's homelands as a reason for why they shouldn't pursue anything more than a business relationship, and how it wouldn't have worked out, anyway.

*Business relationship.* What kind of business relationship included a kiss on the cheek and a passing squeeze between his legs on the afternoon of his departure? Even today, he still slid his fingers across Askia's whenever the two exchanged papers for whatever reason, and gave him the same kind of eye that the king imagined he himself directed towards Zuli whenever he found himself with a thrumming need between his legs and an unquenchable thirst-

"Your hospitality is deeply appreciated, my lord," Orion said. He pushed his chair out and stood up. "And I think I'll take you up on that offer. Pardon me - is there somewhere I may eat at this time? I must admit, I absolutely *adore* the palette of spices grown here..."

Askia raised a finger. The zebra across the room stood up a little straighter. "Could you show him to the kitchens, please?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And - Zuli? Would you stop by my quarters after? I have something I'd like to give you."

The faintest ghost of a sweet smile flicked across Zuli's snout, and yet again he straightened just a little bit more. "Of course."

That left just the two of them, wild dog and tanuki, alone in the room. Askia tried to scan through his thoughts for any reason to leave, to run off and wait for Zuli, but found none.

Laiken cleared his throat. "That servant of yours..."

"He's not a servant."

Silence, for a second and a half. "You just gave him an order, did you not?"

Askia's attraction to him had admittedly waned in the time that had passed, but still he had to keep his eyes on the tanuki's round ears, as looking at his pretty damn muzzle just brought it back in force. "*Could you and please* constitute an order?"

Laiken shrugged... and looked no short of perfectly dashing in doing so. "Common courtesy. Anyway - that isn't what I wanted to talk about. Your zebra..."

*Your zebra.*

"...you're really attached to him, aren't you?"

Flutter of a heartbeat - and Askia found himself looking into those green eyes. "Excuse me?"

Another shrug, and the tanuki half-looked away as he also prepared to leave. "Just an observation. It's been, what, two days? And you're giving *him* the same looks that you gave *me*, back then... part of me wonders just what the reason for you changing your land's law was. Right now, I have one thought in mind." His chair scraped across the floor as he stood up, and then, he tilted his head towards the wild dog. "Or, rather, two. We'll talk later tonight, my king."

In his few weeks so far, only one other person had called him *my king* in that tone of voice (guess who), and just like with this other person, hearing Laiken utter those words sent a sweet, cool shiver rippling down Askia's back and through his body. It wasn't the *title* himself that earned such a response out of him... he watched the tanuki as he made his way across the room towards the door, following the sway of his hips, the flow of his tail - but, rather, the *voice*, the *implications* behind it.

At first, Zuli had been downright reluctant to engage in any of the illicit and then-illegal activities that the wild dog implored him, but even for that first time when Askia had tugged the zebra down on top of him, he could see a glimmer of something deeper in his eyes, and could certainly feel it - first in slow, steady thrusts into him, in the tightening of muscles around his

body, in hot, thick cum being unloaded under his tail, spurt after spurt. Of course it helped that Askia could still taste the zebra on his breath and muzzle throughout all of that, as well as afterwards when he was supposed to be having a talk with his father about taxes or something...

On his own way out, the king yet again had to adjust the fit of his pants, loose-fitting silk cloth that hung from his waist and flowed like water with each step. The step up in garment quality from prince to king had been slight but noticeable, and he enjoyed the feeling of the sleek fabric rolling over his fur and caressing his body, sometimes feeling so like the gentle touch of fingerpads that it gave him goosebumps.

The heat of the day still made its way into the stone halls of the palace, creeping in underneath doors and through open windows. Not as if he weren't *used* to sweaty heat at this time of year, especially with his recent developments with that certain zebra... these days, the king could hardly go a handful of minutes without white-and-black stripes making their way back into the forefront of his thoughts. Though, now that he found himself near Laiken again, those thoughts tended to cloud over, only for moss-green eyes to glitter through at him - but, there was nothing for him there.

That's what the tanuki had told him in the past, and what Askia told himself now. Not even bothering to raise his paw to push the door to his quarters open, he just bumped his shoulder against the heavy wood and leaned his weight into it, and slid inside. Almost as an instinctive reaction to entering these rooms, the wild dog lifted his nose to the air, wide dish-ears raised as well, and took a few sniffs: basil-salt scent of his own musk heaviest, bringing a familiar and pleasurable comfort to him; floral spice of the soap he used for his baths, a particular type about two years' worth of which had been *liberated* from the sabercats following his father's victory; and then, underneath everything else... Askia let that breath out in a slow, shivering sigh.

Quiet *tp, tp* of his claws on the smooth floor as he made his way over to the adjoining room, containing his bed. Wide, soft, stacked with more blankets than he *ever* needed in this part of the land - every evening he slid beneath and pulled those blankets up to his shoulders; every night he kicked them off, conscious of doing so or not; and every morning, some servant gathered them from the floor, washed them, and had them back on the bed by that afternoon, for the whole thing to be repeated.

Recently, he'd started to feel a bit sorry for whichever servant that was. When originally it was just blankets perhaps slightly damp with sweat and drool from his sleep, since Askia had taken the throne, those blankets and sheets more often dripped slick and sticky - needless to say, Zuli was productive as expected. Askia had been a bit too eager more than once, and ended up having to spend a few minutes coughing and clearing his throat, before wiping his nose off.

It was just - so many things about that zebra worked him up. His face and eyes, his voice, his *scent*, his *taste*, the way Askia could feel his muscles tensing and releasing, the way that Zuli looked at him when he thought the king had his focus elsewhere... the wild dog sprawled out on the bed, belly down with his chin resting atop one of the soft pillows.

Just last week, Askia had dug his fangs into this same pillow with a hundred eighty-something pounds of zebra atop him, one arm braced against his lower back and the other hand keeping him spread for the equine to pound into him, again and again and again. Just thinking about it and remembering how it felt brought back the same shivering arousal he'd felt then, and before

too long, he found himself grinding down into the mattress with his eyes closed and mouth half-open...

...and then, black and white ripples melded to a smooth gradient of cloud, ash, and soil, and it was a different scent wafting around in his mind, a different voice beneath the grunts and moans from atop him. *Prince Askia*, that voice said, drawling and teasing at the soft fur of his ear, *you should know the laws of your land better than anyone; we should not do this-*

"My lord?"

Startled, Askia's eyes shot open, and he propped himself up on his elbows to turn around - but, thankfully, saw only Zuli standing there, one hand behind his back and the other half-held out. For a second, the king was actually confused as to why it wasn't Laiken standing there... he rolled the rest of the way over onto his back, intentionally showing the twitching bulge beneath the silk of his pants. Zuli's eyes flicked down there, and his nose twitched a little.

"You said there was... something you wanted to give me?"

Instead of voicing his response at first, the wild dog moved closer to the edge of the mattress, swung his legs off - Zuli had to take a step back to give him room - and then stood up, head tilted back a little bit so he could keep eye contact. Then, he rested a short-clawed paw on one of the zebra's hips, wrapped the fingers of his other in the soft fabric of his sash... and yanked it off, causing his sword to hit the ground with a jarring clatter. If anything, the wild dog hesitated a second in doing the same for Zuli's loincloth, not out of reluctance but rather to feel the warmth from his body, the muscles beneath his hide and skin-

*-and imagine it to instead be the soft, thick fur of a tanuki-*

"Yes." That cloth settled to the ground around his feet with a quiet rustle; a small shiver shot through the zebra, then, as Askia traced his fingerpads up along the side of his heavy hanging sack and plump sheath above. The heat of his body pulsed the strongest there, along the area where the short hair of his lower body turned to smooth, partially-wrinkled skin; King Askia dug his fingers in a little bit, feeling the stirring flesh underneath, eyes directed down to watch the blunted end of the zebra's cock start to grow out of the skin of his sheath.

As they did more together, Zuli's reluctance had started to chip and fall away, though sometimes he still hesitated. Today, his whole body strained and shivered with the gentle, enticing pleasure, but he made no move to get Askia to do more, nothing to consciously *show* his enjoyment. Instead, through gently-clenched teeth: "And - what would that be?"

Another flash of cool green eyes through his thoughts, and a suitable flare of *some* kind of feeling in the middle of his chest. The wild dog wrapped his thumb around the smooth curve of Zuli's sheath, warm and slightly sweat-moist skin responding easily to his touch and sliding back, bunching up, squeezing together. His sensitive canid nose twitched at that familiar, delicious musk, steadily growing stronger the more he pressed and rubbed at him - until the weight of that cock, partially erect, flopped down atop his wrist.

"My attention-" Askia slid his paw further down and cupped his fingers around the zebra's sack - or, at least, part of it. It had always been hard for him to ignore the rhythmic back-and-forth swaying of his loincloth as he walked, back before the wild dog had actually had the confidence

(and arousal) to drag him into another room and see for himself what made that cloth swing. It still amazed him how he needed both paws to be able to weigh both of the zebra's balls in his palms. "-and my affection."

Quiet huff of exhaled breath, accompanied by another twitch along the smooth-skinned shaft still growing against his arms. With his other paw, Askia took that cock between his fingers and rubbed his thumb across the surface, feeling the supple pull of the skin, his heat and his pulse. Something to distract him from - from... thoughts of a paw squeezing at the wild dog through his pants, thoughts of him returning the grope, of tugging the tanuki's clothes off and getting a good feel and taste of him, things that he hadn't thought or fantasized about in a long time. And here they were, coming back in full force.

Something brushing against his waist startled him out of his thoughts, and the king almost sidestepped to avoid it... before he realized it was just Zuli, resting his hand on the wild dog's hip. When he looked up, the zebra showed him a soft smile the kind of which he'd hardly ever before seen. In his paw, Zuli's length twitched gently - and wafted another wave of hot scent up towards his nose.

"I am glad to receive it."

*Here* was someone that didn't play around. Someone that first obeyed the wild dog's wishes, and then obliged, and now... what was it he did now? Zuli still seemed a bit reserved in his actions, a bit distant: he kept his rounded ears perked towards his king for any new command or request. It always started off like this, with the zebra standing stiff (*in more than one way*) while waiting to be told what to do, but especially in recent times, once he'd really gotten into it... feeling the familiar stiffness and hard throbbing of the zebra's full arousal, Askia traced his paw, fingers gripping loosely, up along the veined shaft in front of him, directing him upright. He only had to partially bend over to lap across that blunted tip, and feel the salty-slick taste of pre spread across his tongue.

Then, the king swallowed it down, gave the zebra's sack another squeeze, and took a step back to remove his own clothing. "On the bed."

"Yes, my lord." Quiet footsteps and creaking of the bed beneath his weight, while Askia busied himself with the annoying fastening and smooth fabric. Once his pants dropped down to his ankles, he couldn't help but smile a little at the twitch of his nose, resulting from the sudden wave of his own arousal, tickling at his nose. Just like every other time he'd done this, standing so close to and grinding his paws against this damn zebra had gotten him worked up, so that a good inch and a half of tapered red-veined flesh poked out of the end of his sheath, covered in the same thick fur as the rest of his body.

That difference was another thing that interested him about the equine. Where Askia was used to fur and skin on himself, Zuli had only one of these between his legs - and somewhat to the wild dog's surprise, that skin had a tendency to hold scent and heat quite strongly, especially whenever he ran his nose up along the slightly-greasy surface, tongue always soon to follow. Soft, supple skin, always moving smoothly over firmer flesh and parting easily for his fingers, or his tongue, or his lips.

The wild dog ran his paw down his sleek chest and belly, stopping to curl his fingers around his own sheath, the bulge of his still-growing knot beneath the skin and fur, his own sack

underneath, quite a bit smaller in comparison to what he'd just hefted. Even now that he had fairly easy access to this zebra, now sitting on the edge of the bed with those heavy balls of his hanging off, slowly stroking his sizeable length in one hand, Askia still found himself fantasizing about *him* more often than anyone else.

Though, again, with that goddamn tanuki butting his way into his thoughts and dreams again, and then with this perhaps-equally-attractive otter...

Zuli raised his eyebrows and scooted a little closer to the edge of the bed once he noticed the king coming over towards him. Just like so many other times, Askia licked his lips and just *looked* at him for a moment, at the sleek lines of his upper chest, the ripples of muscle along his bare arms and down across his stomach, to the lines pointing down above his legs to his groin and the delicious centerpiece right there... and then, he started to lower himself down, bracing one paw against the zebra's knee for support. Zuli half-leaned back onto his elbows in preparation - that was another thing that had changed about him: now, he was considerably more confident during sex, sometimes even gripping the back of the wild dog's head and holding him down on his length.

Which Askia loved. Sometimes his load shot out with such force that he didn't even have to swallow, instead feeling it spurt down his throat in a few thick, heavy ropes, effortlessly filling his belly and running down out of the corners of his mouth.

However, instead of continuing down to his knees this time and running his tongue all the way up the underside of the equine's cock, Askia hooked his arms under Zuli's legs and lifted them up, causing him to sprawl out onto his back. As he raised up to his full height, he let those legs fall down towards his waist - and at the same time felt the tight, ridged flesh of the zebra's pucker against the tip of his cock.

Zuli looked up at him, surprise very clearly evident in his eyes. His fingers gripped at the blankets underneath him, and he squeezed the wild dog with his legs while Askia continued to grind up into him, the pressure and warmth coaxing him further out of his sheath, with the natural slickness of his pre starting to roll down over that rough flesh.

"My lord-" he said, and then gritted his teeth. His words briefly pinched off into a small gasp, forced out of him by the continued grinding; Askia licked his lips, then raised a paw to his muzzle, spat into it, and reached back down to rub that over his revealed length. One of his favorite things was sinking deeper into someone while still coming out of his sheath, pressing his supple skin against them and growing inside them... "What are - you-?"

The wild dog leaned down over him, hiking one of the zebra's legs up onto his shoulder again. Standing like this, he could use his weight to his advantage, to help press up into that tailhole and start to sink in past the firm ring of flesh, raised slightly away as was usual for an equine.

"I'm going to fuck you."

There it was: that same quiet reluctance, the tightened lips and lowered ears, the silent *I'm not so sure about this* look that Zuli had worn so many times before. However, this look quickly turned into a different one as the king continued to push into him, pressing his saliva-slickened girth deeper into him. He could feel each clench and twitch, could feel the heat and moisture of his body especially as he pressed further.

Every now and then, the zebra's legs tightened around his waist, or pushed him back, or held him in place, but never once did Zuli fully pull up off of him, or show that he wanted him to stop at all. The more he got into it, the more Askia leaned forward over him, both paws pushing down on the mattress on either side of the zebra's wide chest. Zuli strained and squirmed and moaned beneath him, every movement of his palpable along the length of Askia's cock in a sweet tug of flesh, or a firm clench, or something else that in turned pulled a quiet *huff* out of the king atop him.

Askia wanted to close his eyes, to drift off into the hazy, pleasantly-warm world where nothing existed but the two of them and the feeling of hot pressure all around his length, just now coming to its full size with his knot pressing against the ring of Zuli's tailhole, but - he forced himself to keep his eyes open, and watch the zebra's face, how the muscles along his neck tensed and relaxed, how his mouth repeatedly clasped shut and then fell back open with quiet panting.

He wanted to remind himself that he had something *better* than that damn tanuki, with his beautiful cool eyes and his fine muzzle, the way he sways his hips when he walks and how his tail flows behind him, how he knows *just* how to get the wild dog's heart fluttering in maybe four words and a wink, how even in the time between when they'd first met and now, he showed up a few times in hot, shuddering dreams, to be mostly-forgotten by the time Askia woke up, and-

"-Aah..." panted the equine underneath him, his entire body tensing up for a moment. The king flicked his eyes open, not realizing he'd let them drift shut, and looked down to see Zuli still fully hard, slowly stroking his cock as he pressed down on the bulge of his king's knot, not quite fully swollen yet. "My lord-"

The wild dog leaned in again, close enough that his whiskers tickled against the zebra's cheek. "Call me by my name."

Flick of the tongue, quiet swallow, another tight exhalation of breath. Zuli churned his hips up against him. "King Askia, you..."

"Yes?" Here, he shifted one paw down to caress the zebra's hip, and to hold him in place as he started to slide slowly back out. Zuli's face twitched as he did so. "What is it?"

But, he gave no voiced reply, and instead just lifted his hips up against the wild dog and breathed out yet another shuddering moan. Honestly, he was somewhat surprised with how well he was taking it, and actually - *enjoying* it, too. Not the sort-of enjoyment, the false pleasure that Askia had gotten from some of the other guards in the past, the looks and noises that they *thought* their prince would want to hear while he grinded his rump down in their laps, even when he could feel them on the verge of losing interest and softening out of him.

With Zuli, there was none of that. In fact, Askia wasn't sure there ever *had* been: even from that first day, when the wild dog had pulled him off into a room, locked the door, and ordered him to strip naked, underneath the original look of confusion and half-reluctance, there had been something else in his eyes. And, besides - with horses and their pouchlike sheaths, it was quite easy to tell when one was aroused

Underneath him, Zuli bunched the blankets up in his hands, still stretched down on either side of him. Then, he looked up at his king through half-lidded eyes, and licked his lips again.

*"That all you got~?"*

Askia's wide parabola ears lifted up, and at first, he didn't know how to respond. But, then, a grin worked its way across his muzzle, his tail swayed behind him, he adjusted his paw on the zebra's hip - and he leaned down to press his lips against Zuli's, and remained there as he continued to work his hips against him. Slow push in, a little jolt when his knot touched against firm flesh; then just-as-slow pull out, up to where the wild dog's cock started to taper to its tip; then slow push in again, maybe a bit faster than the one before, a bit more urgent.

And Zuli let him - or, rather, he *made* him continue. His thick, broad tongue worked against Askia's own as the dog still picked up his pace, the king unable to move away or actively change his rhythm due to the legs wrapped around his waist monitoring his movements. Of course it was no secret between the two which had the upper hand in terms of strength, and never before had Zuli used that against him... but, of course, he didn't mind. He just had to dig his other paw into the mattress to keep himself balanced, since the zebra tried to pull him in too far away from his center of balance.

As they both got into a good, solid rhythm, Zuli raised his lower body up against the wild dog for him to sink down into, again and again with the force of each thrust reverberating out through the mattress. Their kiss pinched off; Askia lapped the zebra's saliva off his lips, hanging between them in a thin thread; and then leaned right back down for another, and another, and another, each one a little deeper, a little more passionate than the last. And as he thrust into him, he moved his paw up to the zebra's length, rubbed at the base, gave his hefty sack a good squeeze - since those balls stirred back and forth against his lower belly every time he pounded into him - and then angled the zebra up towards him once he moved away from that last kiss, leaving a thick strand of pre draped from his blunted head to the pool that had started to gather on his belly.

Just like before, Askia didn't have to lean over too far before he could give the zebra a different kiss, lips pressed firmly against that mostly-smooth skin, tongue quick in licking off the salty slickness of his pre and gathering any more that oozed out. Both paws along his length, one near the base and the other near the end, the king just continued to press into him and tug back out, the heat and pleasure of his approaching peak driving him forward. Rich scent, rich taste swimming around his muzzle, oozing out over his cupped tongue in steady globs that came in rhythm with Zuli's throbs and clenches.

Tall ears perked, all the wild dog could hear other than the rustling of the blankets and squeaking of the bed was the zebra's panting moans, rhythmic *"ah- ah- ah..."* with every pound into him, almost in time with the responding tight clench around his growing knot. Even with that, it was still just a natural reaction to the pressure, to the energy and arousal still continuing to grow, for him to arch his back and pound into the zebra with more force, and and again-

"Gods-" Zuli gasped. "Askia-"

-and then there was just a hot rush, followed by bright, intense pleasure. The wild dog tried to tug back, but found he was stuck in place - and also found that each pull just shot another wave of that same hot pleasure through him, *throb, throb, throb*. It had only happened once in the

past where he'd gotten so lost in the rhythm and enjoyment, that he came and hadn't even realized until he opened his eyes and felt the familiar pounding of his heart through his whole body: last time, Zuli had similarly been on his back, but with the wild dog bouncing in his lap, churning his rump back on him, feeling his thick cock stretch him wide and stir in his lower belly.

That time, he could look down and see his load streaked across the hide of the zebra's belly, as well as feel it drip down his own twitching underside. Today, however, there was thick, firm equine tailhole squeezed around the base of his length past his knot, holding him tightly in place and milking the last of his cum out, each throb forcing the wild dog to double over a little with the intense, shivering pleasure. He hadn't even noticed that he'd clutched Zuli's still-twitching length to him as he rode through his orgasm, the zebra oozing more pre out against his cheek.

It was his voice, bringing him back to the present, that woke him up: "My lord..."

But, still, he wasn't done. Still buried his six-odd inches inside this zebra, Askia got right back to running his paws up and down, up and down his length, throbbing and twitching more following the king's peak. Even while tied, the zebra still grinded his rump against the wild dog's hips, legs wrapped tightly around his body and keeping him hilted inside him. Askia could feel the too-familiar post-sex exhaustion start to claim him, his heartbeats reverberating in his chest, his arms and thighs burning with exertion, but - he couldn't stop. Not yet. Not until Zuli had had his finish, too.

Looked like it wouldn't take too long, listening to the way he sucked in each breath and then let it out right over, smooth voice underlining every sigh. Askia actually almost had to place a paw against the zebra's rump and push him back, to keep him from tugging on his knot so damn much - felt like he was fast on his way to a *second* orgasm with that going on, but... sudden sharp inhalation, tight clench around the base of his knot, all-over body shudder-

-and then, he could feel it in the zebra's cock before he saw it. Just like every other time, thick, heavy ropes of cum shooting their way up, visibly bulging out the underside of his length as they shot up, spurted out, splattered across Askia's chin, muzzle, arms, chest, and belly on their way down. Beneath him, Zuli bucked upwards with each spurt, and squeezed tighter around him - again, and again, and again, each one carrying a bit less force to it, until the last of his milky-white load dripped down over the dog's paws, both clenched right beneath the flare of his head. He'd watched that grow and take shape, flattening out and tensing with each consecutive spurt - and now, he leaned down and dragged his tongue up along Zuli's head, taking the slick stickiness into his muzzle, the familiar cool musky taste, and swallowed it down.

With that, Askia leaned forward over the zebra, pressing his upper legs against the edge of the mattress. Still he had to put his arms out on either side of Zuli's chest to keep himself up - since his cock tied inside of him prevented the king from changing his position too much. Both panting, both shivering and shaking with the resounding echoes of their climaxes, it took a moment before either could speak... but, instead of that, the two just shared a wordless kiss, a thick drip of Zuli's cum still clinging to the king's lower lip. The zebra lapped it off once they broke apart.

Askia just panted for a bit, letting the last of the electric pleasure leak down out of his body. "Have you... ever done that before?..."

"No - my lord." Zuli's chest similarly rose and fell, rose and fell with his breathing. "Not with... with someone else..."

"Someone else?"

Gentle blush beneath white-and-black-striped cheeks... "After we - *started*, however long ago it was, I... got a little *curious*, since you seemed to enjoy it so much, and... I..." His voice lowered as he went on. "...a few fingers..."

But, then, a sudden string of knocks on the door echoed from the next room, startling both of him. Askia still hadn't gotten over the looming feeling of dread that he got so often in the past, from the risk of his father walking in on him. This time, though, after he perked his ears, it was Orion's voice that came through:

"...King Askia? My lord? Are you - busy? There's something I'd like to propose to you..."

Askia looked back down to the equine beneath him, Zuli's eyes wide. Interestingly enough, the wild dog's wet dream about the otter had included Orion buried as deep beneath Askia's tail as *he* was now underneath *Zuli's*...

"Ah-" he began in response, "I'll - I'll come back to you, alright? A little... tied up right now."

That would have to wait for later.