

Cassandra opened the door to her boyfriend's dorm, and stopped there in her tracks: not one, but two maned wolves sat on the couch pushed up against the far wall. That wasn't quite right. She looked between the two of them: one was definitely Dominic, who she'd *expected* to see, but the other... bright amber eyes, slightly heavier set of the shoulders, slightly wider (and noticeably more mischievous) grin, altogether a little too attractive for his own good. Cassandra, also a maned wolf, pointed at him.

"Who's this?"

"I was wondering when you'd get home!" Dominic rose to his feet, and waved for the other to follow. "Cass, hon, this is Bryan. He's a friend of mine."

The female maned wolf set her bag down by the door - this was her boyfriend's dorm, but it might as well be her home on the weekends - and stepped forward, one paw extended. The other maned wolf took it in his own and gave a firm, warm shake. "He's the surprise you told me about earlier?"

"Yeah! Well." Dominic shrugged. "Sort of. We'll, uh, get to that. He's in town visiting his brother, and we haven't seen each other in - years, so I thought it'd be great for him to come over and hang out."

"Howdy," Bryan said, bringing his other paw in to enclose Cass's in his own. Those eyes seemed like they caught the light from the lamps and shone them back twice as bright. "Dom's told me a lot about you. It's great to meet you."

Couldn't help but glance down over him. Shirt clung to his shoulders and upper chest, pants sat firm along his waist, no belt... "Yeah, likewise. What's the plan for tonight? Me and Dom spoke before I got off classes tonight, and..." ...in reality, they'd planned out him getting his paws tied to the frame of his bed and her riding him down into the mattress, since the couple hadn't really gotten a chance to test out the collar and leash he'd bought her for her birthday. Both knew fully well that she wouldn't be the one wearing it, though. Cass looked at her boyfriend as she spoke, whose ears perked and eyes widened, in that cute way he did. "...he told me he had a surprise, but wouldn't tell me what."

Bryan grinned more fully, and spread his arms to the sides. "Surprise! We've been friends since, like, elementary school. And he told me that you and him are kinda serious, so we thought it'd be nice to... well, I mean, if you don't *want* me here, I could go ahead and leave, but..." Here he slipped his paws into his pockets, and gave a nonchalant shrug. "You'd be missing out on the *actual* surprise."

"Oh yeah?" Cass pushed lightly past him, one paw placed against his chest - which was warm and firm as his handshake - and settled herself down into the chair next to the couch, looking up at the two boys. "And what'll that be? Not another broken condom, I hope?"

Dominic flushed a little bit at that. He'd been more concerned about that than she had: they had spoken about getting married before, both being in the second semester of their senior year here, but had so far decided it would be better to wait a bit for that. "N-no, it's - dammit, Bryan, I was hoping to at least get you two *acquainted* before-"

"Dominic." Cass made sure to put on the voice she used with him in bed. That pretty much always got him to do what she wanted, and right now, it seemed like it worked: his ears flicked straight up in the same way they always did, and his tail stuck between his legs. She even thought she saw the beginnings of a 'yes, *ma'am*' make its way silently across his lips.

He licked his lips, and swallowed. Boy was a physics-mathematics double major; he *did* have a good head on him. "Well, I mean, you and I talked about it some a month or two ago, and I told you I'd think about it, and..." He looked over at Bryan, who had maintained that sly grin. "Well, we were thinking - maybe... maybe Bryan could be our third, for our little... threesome idea."

Her eyebrows raised at that, and again she looked over at Bryan, this time with a bit more of an appraising intent behind the gaze. If anything, his grin only strengthened beneath her eye, and he turned his body in a half-playful pose. She kept her muzzle pointed his way, though looked back over at Dominic, standing over near the door where she'd first come in.

"I mean..." Cass waved her paw, and Bryan turned around. "I'm totally down. Are you sure this is what you want, Dom?"

"Well, like... he and I had been talking about it pretty much since I found out he was gonna be in town, and - he's a friend of mine, y'know?"

Bryan struck another pose, this one with his arms raised above his head. Cassandra couldn't *quite* tell, but he kind of looked like he played some sport or another. Dominic spent most of his free time studying or playing video games, and as such he'd retained the slim, skinny maned wolf build, while this new boy looked... built, somewhat. Only somewhat. She *did* want to see how that body held up without those clothes on, though.

That was one difference between herself and her boyfriend that they'd had to work through, and that she felt both of them were getting better about. Cass used to be more *insatiable* about her thirsts and tendencies, and Dom often got over-possessive and clingy, but... to hear that he had set this up beforehand, knowing that it was something she'd expressed interest in? She made a mental note to treat him to something later. God knew he deserved it after all the other things he'd done for her, too.

"Bryan."

The other maned wolf peered over his shoulder at her for a second, and then quit posing. All of a sudden he was all casual relaxation again, thumbs hanging in his pockets, shoulders and ears limp, mouth halfway to a smile but not quite reaching it. Before she could continue, though, he raised his eyebrows. "Y'know, I'm sorry, but I don't think I recall your name."

"Cassandra. Are y-"

"Can I call ya Cassie?"

She eyed him again. Where Dominic would usually blush and avert his eyes - Cassandra still saw him standing shyly behind the other male - Bryan just gave her another grin. Honestly, it was hard to not return it. "I'd prefer it. Bryan - are you straight?"

"Hah. Funny thing about that." While he spoke, Dominic made his way back around to the couch, and took his seat next to his girlfriend; she wrapped an arm around his shoulder and nuzzled up under his chin, one of her paws already straying towards his thigh. Even if the threesome thing *hadn't* have been mentioned, she felt like she'd have trouble holding back from this: she didn't really have time to get off during the week between classes and homework, and the plans that she and Dominic had made for this evening were fairly standard. "I'd say 'yes' maybe... sixty percent of the time? Forty to sixty percent. That seems right."

Through her nuzzling, Cassandra could feel Dominic's pulse. Poor puppy was nervous. The female maned wolf pushed his chin up a bit with her nose, and breathed against his neck- "You ever seen him naked, Dom?"

He shook his head.

"Do you wanna?" Cassandra could remember when she used to be shy about this sort of thing. That seemed so long ago. She went on without waiting for a response from her boyfriend, instead peering over Bryan once more before settling her gaze back on his muzzle. "Take your shirt off, Bryan."

The maned wolf standing before them only spoke once he'd had that shirt halfway off. "Just my shirt?"

Seemed like Cass had been right: faint lines of muscle showed beneath the short saffron fur of his belly, as if he hadn't done anything of that sort in a few years. That was okay, depending on how tonight turned out; when she'd started dating Dominic, he didn't have quite the kind of definition to his abs that he did now.

She flicked her tongue over her lips. "Pants too."

"You know, I gotta say, this *is* a little bit awkward." Bryan tossed his shirt to the nearby chair, and then started right in on his pants. Those amber eyes flicked from Cassandra to Dominic beside her. "I mean, you're having me strip right in front of one of my longest friends."

So she looked up at him again, and noted the way the other male pointedly avoided that look. "How 'bout you, Dom? Are you feeling awkward?"

"I mean..." He squirmed beneath her other paw, making its way in along his thighs. "A - a little bit. Yeah. I mean - I'm straight, Cass; you know that, and..."

"Why don't you take your clothes off too, then?"

"Well, I-"

"Come on, Dom." That was Bryan. He straightened up from sliding his jeans down, and braced his fists on his hips: he wore boxer briefs, striped white and green, with the clear bulge of his sheath and sack outlined beneath the fitting fabric. "We used to do everything together. Remember? ...Would you be more comfortable if I took your pants off for you?"

Cassandra eyed Bryan appreciatively. *This* dog... he showed her that grin again, and had already started making his way back over towards the couch by the time Dominic beside her had found the ability to speak again.

"Wait, hang on - Bryan, we agreed, we're doing this for Cassie, not for..."

"Okay. Okay. I get it." Bryan took his place in front of Cassandra, and looked up at her with his tail swaying behind him. "Then that means it's your turn."

"My turn?"

"To undress."

"Why don't you do it for me?"

She expected a verbal response to that, though what she got was the other maned wolf rising up a little bit, slipping his paws beneath the hem of her shirt, and tugging it right off over her head, his body so closer to hers that she could taste his scent on the air. Similar to Dominic's - that was usually the trend with boys of the same species - but still noticeably different. Cassandra leaned forward a little bit, one of Bryan's paws making its way around her back towards the clasp of her bra; she kept her eyebrows raised for this, and then lowered them when he had to bring his other around to fully get the thing off. *So close.*

That done, Bryan tossed her bra over to her boyfriend, who just barely caught it. "Hold this," he said, and lowered himself back down to start in at her pants; Cassandra lifted up a little bit, let one paw drift down to the maned wolf's head, scritch'd behind one of his ears... and then maybe pulled him down, to press his lips and nose against her through her revealed panties. Amber eyes flicked up to her muzzle, and Bryan intentionally pressed in against her and pursed his lips against hers, before moving back again to tug those panties down.

"This is good..." he mused, and nodded. Then he looked up at Dominic, who stoically averted his gaze. "Hey, c'mon, Dom. Don't be like that. I don't get stage fright or anything."

"Yeah, Dom..." A little shiver ran through Cassandra's body, then, with the first contact of Bryan's tongue dragging lightly along her. Her breath caught in her throat, and a moment later, she swallowed that breath down - and pulled in another gasp, the other maned wolf getting right to work with slipping his tongue up into her, between her lips, curling it up over her clit... she spread her legs a little further, and lifted her hips again. Once she'd regained some faculty of her mind, she reached over and rubbed her paw right between her boyfriend's legs, and felt a familiar warm stiffness there. "Don't be shy..."

He swallowed - and then Cassandra did, too, with Bryan drawing his tongue back only for a second. He pressed his muzzle firmly up between her legs, taking deep breaths of her scent and then letting those breaths back out through her fur, his lips parted and brushing just against her. Dom shifted underneath the paw squeezing him through his pants; even though he had his muzzle pointed away, one look told Cassandra that he'd focused his gaze back on the action beside him.

"W-well, I..."

He certainly didn't try to stop Cassandra as she reached over to undo his fly, though, even with her paws already shaky and a bit weak from Bryan's tongue against her. That was usually the way it went; Dominic himself rather enjoyed giving her oral, and she rather enjoyed receiving it. Having another guy's muzzle between her legs, feeling the difference in how he handled his lips and his tongue, how he came in and kissed her clit and her lips between drags of his tongue... it was hard not to squeeze her thighs around his head and hold him in place there.

Every now and then those eyes flicked open again and looked up at her, and she returned the gaze - as well as she could, at least; at one point Bryan wrapped his arm around one of her thighs and tugged her down against his muzzle, and the pleasure that rippled through her caused her eyes to flutter shut and her head to roll back a little bit. Dominic beside her had started to grind and hump against her other paw, pressing down against his growing arousal through the fabric of his boxers; when Cassandra finally found another chance to really catch her breath, with Bryan sitting back for a moment to wipe the slickness from his muzzle, she slid her boyfriend's cock out of that underwear and gave it a few good strokes.

She'd expected Bryan to dive down and get right back to work on her - *honestly*, she thought, adjusting her position, *we really should get some kind of covering for this couch with how much I... uh, how much I stain it* - but instead he slid smoothly over until he sat between Dominic's legs, and before the other male could say anything, had leaned forward and buried his nose right against the base of his twitching cock, near Cassandra's paw.

Dominic of course jumped with this, and his cheeks and ears tinted bright red. "Whoa, hey - Bryan, what are you-"

"Oh, be quiet. It's a threesome. That means we're *all* involved." Dominic seemed to give no resistance other than verbal, especially once Bryan dragged his tongue up along the underside of his cock, just as he'd done between Cassandra's lips. She let her paw fall away from that twitching length, for Bryan's to take its place. "Besides, you *did* kiss me once when you got drunk at a party in high school..."

Cass's ears perked at that, and Dominic avoided her gaze even more than before. Focusing his attention on that, however, meant that he could do nothing about his friend closing his lips around his tip and starting to bob down into his lip. Or, that wasn't quite true: his hips lifted up, just a little bit, and a gentle shiver ran through his body. "You never told me about that..." the female maned wolf purred.

"Because I'd forgotten about it! I-"

"I didn't." Bryan swallowed, probably with both of the other maned wolves' tastes fresh on his tongue and lips. After those few dives down into Dominic's lap, he'd moved his nose back to the other male's groin, flaps of his fly held open in either paw. Dominic looked frozen in place, as if he were too nervous to move, and Bryan ran his nose up along that hard length again. His whiskers twitched as he breathed. "It seems like *this* didn't forget, either."

Cassandra gladly shared in Bryan's grin, especially as the male on his knees pressed his nose against the side of that sheath, and drew in a low whiff of his scent. Everyone had to get their turn, and now it was hers to watch; she slid a pair of fingers down between her thighs, pushing her pants and panties a little bit further down her legs with her other. "Dominic..."

"I was -" He covered his muzzle with his paws... and gave a little half-thrust upwards against Bryan's face. "I was drunk, okay? Why do you think I say I'm straight? Something happened, and I-"

A shiver coursed through his body, then, when Cass leaned over to nuzzle up under his chin again, and this time lightly set her teeth against the skin of his neck through his fur. Bryan had started to drag his tongue along his sheath, fingers wrapped around the other male's length and stroking slowly. "And you liked it, didn't you? But you didn't know how to feel about that."

This time, the word came as a tense sigh: "Cass..."

"I'll be honest," Bryan rumbled, nose buried against Dominic's balls. "I've thought about doing this before. Mainly because we *have* done this before. Dom, you're hot, you know that?"

Cassandra kissed the spot where she'd bitten. "I tell him that all the time."

"So of course... once I'd gotten that taste of you back *then*, I just couldn't stop... thinking about..." ...and he trailed off, running his lips and his tongue up along the underside of Dominic's hard length again, a forefinger and thumb teasing at the rim of his sheath and tugging it slightly further down. Her boyfriend's familiar scent filled Cassandra's nose; a while back Dominic had agreed to holding off on pawing off from Wednesday and on, just for their little dates every Friday night, so that probably had something to do with his body's response to the nose, the lips, the tongue working their way up along his length, grazing over his tip, pushing back down towards the slick edge of his sheath.

"See?" Cassandra purred, and planted another few kisses in the crook of Dominic's neck. This was a bit of an awkward position for her, muzzle pressed all up against his neck, one arm around his shoulders, and the other down between her legs, but she managed. "That's not so bad, is it? Feels just like me."

Bryan drew his tongue from base to tip, then did so again... and then closed his lips around the tapered end of Dominic's length, and slid slowly down. After that one bob, though, he came back up and made eye contact with the other male - or, at least, he tried to; Dom sat with his head rolled back against the couch and eyes closed.

"But now you're getting your dick sucked by another guy." Another lick, another gentle suckle along the tip. Dominic's hips bucked gently. "One of your best friends. Is this weird? This isn't weird, is it?"

Dominic had to pull in a shaky gasp before he could speak. "It's - kind of weird..."

"Okay." Bryan moved back again, paws raised, and visibly struggled to avoid licking the other male's taste off his lips. "Can't say you didn't enjoy it, though, huh?"

"I mean, I..." Dominic began, and then trailed off as Cassandra beside him started to adjust her position, to lower her head into his lap. Just like when Bryan's tongue drew up his length, another shiver rippled through him in response to his girlfriend's doing just the same. "...*Ooohh*... okay, I..."

"Mhmm." Warm slickness of saliva already coating his length, a few fat drops clinging to the lip of his sheath, rolling down his sack... Cassie opened her eyes while she bobbed, and glanced down to see Bryan busying himself with taking off his own underwear. Instead of just sliding them down his legs, though, the other male flumped back onto his rump and kicked them all the way off, and then sat back and slowly stroked himself while he watched. And seeing that, watching that... even though Dominic lifted up into her lips and pulsed along her tongue, even though she swallowed down the familiar taste of his musk and his pre, she still kind of really wanted to see what Bryan tasted like.

But. Better ideas than that. One more bob - she wrapped a finger and thumb down around the base of the maned wolf's knot, and gave a tug - and then straightened back up, making sure to keep eye contact with Bryan in front of her when she licked the slickness from her lips. "I'm getting impatient," she said, and rose to her feet to follow suit and fully remove her pants; Bryan leaned back where he sat, as if half-expecting her to sit on his face right then and there. Not that she didn't consider it.

"Okay," she went on, and looked between the two boys. "One of us is gonna get fucked here."

They looked at each other, and then looked back up at her. Dominic had that hopeful look in his eyes again (he really enjoyed the way Cassandra manhandled him, when she *really* wanted to get railed) and Bryan licked his chops, paw still wrapped around his cock. Another stray thought, bouncing through her sex-doped head: she could probably - no; she could *definitely* - take one of these boys under her tail, and the other alongside him... but, that would be for another time.

She scoffed. "What're you looking at me for? It's gonna be Bryan." To start with, at least.

His ears perked at hearing his name, and his face visibly brightened. "Oh! Is that right? Do you have lube?"

"Sure." Cassandra nodded at Dominic, who looked as though the implications of that were just now setting in. "But it's not like we haven't already gotten him ready, both drooling over his crotch..."

"That is true... um..." The male maned wolf sitting on the floor glanced around the room for a bit, then decided on the table itself, just a short distance in front of the couch. One more look to Cassandra and her boyfriend... and he scooted his way over there, soon to lift up and drape himself across it, rump hiked up into the air and tail raised. "This good? Dom, you ready?"

Cassandra was the one to answer: "Yeah, that's good. Well, Dominic?" *God*, did he have a pretty ass: she hadn't really gotten a good look at what he had between his legs, but there was the slightest ruff of pubic fur coursing its way down along his sack in a line, and now with his body turned and tail raised, that line of fur came up and pointed directly towards the pink pucker of his tailhole, ridged skin a smooth contrast to the short fur surrounding it. That tailhole twitched and clenched with each of his eager throbs, and... *God dammit, why does this have to be Dom's first real time with a guy? If he were more comfortable, I'd push his muzzle down under that tail, have him give Bryan's ass the same tongue treatment he gives my pussy...*

"Hey," Dominic said, "I'm not so sure about this. I - *oh*-" His body did not resist when Cassandra leaned over to push him forward by his shoulders, and caught off balance like that, he had no choice but to lean forward over the other male and brace his paws along the table beside his

shoulders. Bryan jumped, let out a little *ooh!*, and probably half-consciously grinded his hips back against the firm wet heat just slightly off-center against his rump. Dominic stammered a bit, straightening up and letting his paws hover above the other male's waist, as if scared to touch him. But, he didn't move his hips back at all. "O-oh... well, okay, maybe I... maybe I could..."

Looked like Bryan got the same way Cassandra did, when that need filled her. Amber eyes looked back at Dominic, and the maned wolf bent over the table worked his hips back again, giving a few slow side-to-side churns and more than one intentional clench of his pucker against the underside of Dom's length, each one squeezing a gentle gasp from him. "Yeah. Maybe you *could*. I know you've learned this from your girl; it's rude to keep someone waiting."

"Yeah, Dom." Cassandra strode up behind him - she had to push the couch back with her legs a little bit - and massaged his shoulders, at the same time pushing him a little more firmly against the other male. Dominic licked his lips and reached down, faltering between wrapping his paw around his cock to get himself into position... and Cass reached down to make that decision for him, sliding his hips back, nuzzling his saliva-slickened tip up against that lovely pucker, grinding her waist against his back to give him a little push forward. "You've taken *my* ass before, and loved it. Why should this be any different?"

"Because it's-" He gritted his teeth, pulled in another breath... shakily let it out. Hard to see through all the fuzzy fur, but it definitely looked like he'd started to sink into Bryan in front of him, and the other maned wolf had arched his back just slightly. "-another *guy*, not my girlfriend..."

In front of him, Bryan squirmed. "Hooh..." he breathed, and lifted himself up a little. "Dom, you - feel thicker than I'd thought..."

Cassandra watched the two of them for a while, Dominic's eyes closed and hips slowly working, Bryan pressing himself steadily back against him, before she strode off towards the bedroom. Around Christmas this past year, she'd brought over something that she had *intended* to use with Dominic, but had never quite had the chance to - but today seemed to be as good an opportunity as ever. The female maned wolf spent a few more minutes in that other room getting herself ready, getting everything in place and lubed up, and when she made her way back into the main room-

Oh, man. She stood off to the side for a moment, just watching those two boys play together: Dominic had gotten himself into an easy, steady rhythm, hips slapping gently against Bryan's rump, while the other male gripped onto the edge of the table with his mouth hanging open and eyes closed. This *definitely* wasn't how she'd expected tonight's rendezvous to go.

And still it would change, of course. Cassandra adjusted the fit of her strap-on's harness around her waist once more before she sidled up behind Dominic again, leaning in to nip and kiss at his shoulder... and then line the tip of the toy up underneath his tail. As expected, he jumped with that touch, and swung his head to the side to look at her - and Cassandra just kept her paws firm on his hips, regulating his pace in thrusting into Bryan while she squeezed up against him herself.

"Don't you say anything," she cooed, and gave another little press from her hips. Dom wouldn't be the *first* guy she'd topped, of course; it had just been a while. For him, though... "I didn't say only *one* of us was gonna get fucked..."

"Cassie-" He swallowed, but continued fucking the other male in that steady rhythm. Cassandra loved the way that that made him push himself back against her, too, tapered tip - she'd made sure to get the *small*, of course - of the toy poking, prodding, sliding against his tight pucker, starting to sink in and stretch him around it. His breath caught in his throat. "I don't- will you-"

She leaned her weight against him, keeping note of his change in expression and breathing to let her know that she'd started to really slide into him. Bryan looked back at the two of them, eyes dazed from the pleasure but still showing a knowing glimmer. "What?" she said, and kissed Dominic's shoulder again. "Will I what?"

Dominic slowed his own thrusting, and stopped with his hips pressed right up against the other male's backside, Bryan's tail raised against his lower belly. A little shudder shivered through Dom's body as Bryan gave his rump a little side-to-side wiggle, his own cock twitching hard beneath him. "Will you - go slow, at least...?"

*Slow.* Yeah. It was just a matter of getting him accustomed to the feeling, to the girth and the depth and the pressure. Cassandra tried to keep her hips in sync with his, pressing in against him every time he slid back out of Bryan, and vice-versa; this strap-on didn't have a knot on it, so she had no reservations about hiling herself beneath his tail once she got there. And the funny thing was, he didn't seem to notice what that meant for him: by that point he'd gotten back into a faster pulse, thrusts more urgent and unmeasured, him with his eyes closed and breath coming fast and hard.

No grunts of pain, no outward signs of discomfort other than the usual... and at one point, Cassandra couldn't tell whether he wanted more to fuck Bryan, or to fuck himself on her strap-on. She wrapped her arms around his lower belly, feeling the way the muscles there tensed and relaxed with his thrusting, how his chest rose and fell with his breathing... "See, that's not so bad, is it?" she murmured, and then stood on her toes to nip at his ear. Every time he pushed back against her, she responded by bringing her hips forward and sinking back up into him again, until both of them half-bent over Bryan on the table. The other male had reached one of his paws down between his legs and now stroked himself fast and hard, gripping at the edge of the table with the other, teeth gritted -

But Dominic was the first one to say: "I'm - gonna-" Or, really, it was more of a hiss, a grunt, followed by an inhalation of breath, a small swallow... and a string of low, shuddering moans, the maned wolf straightening up and burying his length as deep as he could inside his friend, hips giving those last few twitches as he emptied himself into him, Bryan soon mirroring his peak. Cassie made sure to lean to the side and watch the other male as he jerked and bucked and inevitably painted the side of the table... looked like he spurted with quite a bit more force than Dominic's little watery sprays. Maybe next time they had this boy over, she'd see about first making him bring her to an orgasm (or two or three) on his tongue, and then she'd return the favor. Her lower body still tingled a little bit with the feeling of that muzzle; it was a shame that guys lost just about all energy and willingness to do anything when they came, because she could really-

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"Hey Mom?"

Cassandra jumped at her son's voice, suddenly shocked out of her little daydream and back to the present. She looked around before her eyes settled on him, the younger maned wolf leaning in against the entryway to the kitchen; his tail swayed slowly behind him, and he gave her a warm smile.

"Didn't mean to startle you," he said, and looked down at his fingers for a moment. "But I guess that's payback for all the times you've done it to me, huh?"

"Sorry, sorry, I was just..." She swallowed, and straightened up from where she rested against the counter. "Thinking about the first time your father introduced me to your stepdad. Did - did you need something, Ari?"

His eyes - his father's eyes, cool smooth green - glittered as his smile widened into a grin. "Can I go spend the night at Jax's place?"

"Did you ask your stepdad?"

"He told me to ask you!"

Of course he did. That was the way Bryan worked. Cassandra chuckled to herself. "Yes, you can, hon. Let me know if you go anywhere, okay?"

Ari's face lit up, and his tail wagged behind him even faster. "Yeah! Thanks Mom!" ...and he was back out of the room. She watched him as he went, and shook her head; it would be good to get the house to themselves tonight, herself and Bryan. The events in her little daydream had taken place... probably some twenty-five or so years ago now, give or take, and in the meantime she'd had to purchase a new strap-on harness and toy.

Suddenly, her ears perked. She leaned around the edge of the doorway. "And remember to use condoms! I know you have some; I've seen them in your room!"

Distantly: "*Mom!*"

She made sure that that strap-on of hers never went too long without use, though. Bryan was always glad to oblige.