

There was a hyena who lived on the outskirts of a big city, all alone - except for the other hyena that lived with him. The two weren't brothers, or cousins, or related in any way: in fact, one was a sort of 'owner' while the other, a feral hyena (if the police got wind that he had such a beast in his house, oh Lord...), was a sort of 'pet'. At least, that's how the dynamic of their relationship usually went, and both of them enjoyed it.

Shekh - the taller, two-legged hyena - at first wasn't fully sure what to do with this smaller feral one. He bought him a dog bed, and bought him dog food, and even got him some toys, but quickly learned these weren't the kind of toys that a feral hyena (or, at least, this one) would enjoy. Just how this feral entered his life had a bit of a strange story behind it, but that wasn't important now.

Sometimes Shekh would get home after a long day, strip all of his clothes off (because he lived alone, and it was getting to that time of year where no intensity of air conditioning could fully purge the house of the heat of the outside world) and lounge back in his chair to play video games instead of finish his homework or do anything else that really should hold priority. One time Tekh, his hyena, curious as a puppy though he was full grown, came up and rested his head on the chair between Shekh's legs... so that his chin pressed down on the bigger hyena's sack, a little muskier than usual due to the day's temperature, and his nose nestled right beneath the base of his shaft.

This, of course, startled Shekh, and at first he pushed him away, but... he let Tekh have his fun, especially since he seemed so adamant to remain there. Shekh's hanging length didn't remain soft for long, especially as the other hyena nuzzled up against it, sniffed along the underside - he seemed to do this only on days where Shekh had been sweating a bit - and then excessively at the crown of his head, right where his foreskin slowly, slowly pulled back as a result of him hardening up... and soon there was the broad tongue of a feral canid right there taking the place of that nose, and Shekh promptly missed the headshot he'd been lining up in the game he was playing.

He didn't even have to hold him down. Tekh lapped along his length until he got fully hard, and then reached his front paws up to the edge of the chair so he could lift himself up further and continue. Every time Shekh looked down from his game, he saw a grey striped hyena, bright eyes half-closed, licking up and over his cock more hungrily - and almost more skillfully; ferals sure as hell knew how to handle their tongues - than that one power bottom of an otter who had cornered Shekh in the bathroom on campus the other day.

Even without any contact from his own paw, soon the larger hyena had to grip his mouse a little tighter and keep himself from squeezing his legs around his pet while he bucked upwards against that hungry muzzle - and ended up painting that purple nose and his own belly with a few spurts of cum.

So, that had been totally uncalled for, but he wasn't exactly complaining. It was nice to have an obedient to come home to, one that would meet him at the door and nuzzle up between his legs, or that would stick its nose up under his tail as he was climbing into the bath, or that would roll over onto its back and let his paws do whatever along him that Shekh wanted... what with Tekh being a feral *hyena*, Shekh couldn't exactly take him out through the neighborhood to go on walks (did hyenas even *need* to be walked?), so he just hoped that he was alright with being brought out into the backyard and with the *exercise* that he got at least once a day or so... well,

the feral hyena's breathing always picked up quite a bit by the end of it, and his tongue also lolled out of his mouth.

One time when doing this, Shekh thought it'd be easier to take a piss outside with the feral rather than run back inside, down the hall, and into the bathroom, so he undid his pants, rolled his foreskin half-back, breathed in, breathed out, shivered as the familiar relief began, and then glanced around the yard for where Tekh had gotten off to.

Turned out that the feral was between his legs lifting his nose right up into his stream of piss - he must have gotten there when Shekh had closed his eyes at the start - and looked to *enjoy* being accidentally marked, given the point of tapered flesh that peered out from his stormcloud-grey sheath between his back legs. Amused and interested, Shekh angled his piss down towards the other hyena's lips, and then down along the fur of his chest - which it clung to and flowed down. Once he'd finished, the yellowish stain had coursed its way all the way from the top of Tekh's muzzle, down around his chin, along his neck and chest, and then finally down his belly to follow the line of his sheath and sack...

Shekh felt a little bad letting him get all worked up like that, so instead of just bringing him back inside to go about his regular business, he knelt down, pushed the hyena over onto his back, and urged his cock the rest of the way out of his sheath with the help of a well-placed paw and a few licks. He enjoyed how he could taste himself on the end of the feral's cock, mixed with the spice and musk that always clung to the inside of a sheath - and even enjoyed it after he'd finished the hyena, as that taste stuck to his tongue and the back of his throat.

He expected that cum to taste different from that of the last feral dog he'd sucked off, what with this being a hyena and everything, but found it to line up with his memories. *Learn something new every day*, he figured; and that day, he'd learned not only what feral hyena cum tasted like, but also that *his* feral hyena enjoyed the taste, or feeling, or scent, or *something*, of fresh piss.

That's why Shekh stopped bothering to get up to go to the bathroom to empty his bladder, especially during long gaming sessions with his friends online. There was no need to, now that he knew he had an obedient feral that would happily oblige him in reaching his relief. In fact, one weekend he had a holiday off from classes, and figured he could stay up a little later than usual; it was already easily past midnight, and he could feel the weight of sleepiness on his eyelids and the pressure of a full bladder in his abdomen.

Tekh snoozed quietly on the floor beneath the larger hyena, warm-fluffed tummy keeping the other's bare feet comfortably heated. He stirred a little when one of those feet shifted out from beneath him but didn't awaken - and even though Shekh really didn't like making him wake up, he also *really* had to pee...

"Hey."

Tenderly, he prodded at the feral's belly with his foot, though trying not to keep his eyes off the screen for too long of a time. Tonight he was playing alone, and as such could say whatever he wanted: from "*good puppy*" to "*thirsty tonight, huh?*" to "*disobedient pups deserve to be punished*", when he forgot he was wearing a headset and was in a live voice chat, things tended to get a little awkward sometimes.

The next time he looked down, eyes illuminated by the light filtering in from the next room over met his; then, when he said "good evening, sleepy mutt," a rhythmic *thump, thump, thump* reverberated through the desk as a result of the feral's wagging tail.

"How you doin'? You thirsty?"

Today, instead of stripping completely down, he'd chosen to remain in his boxers; after taking a moment to yawn and stretch lavishly a few times, Tekh settled back down in his usual position with his muzzle resting on the chair between the bigger hyena's legs and his nose just an inch and a half away from the fabric. Shekh could tell by the twitching of his nose and whiskers that he could smell something he wanted...

Maybe that was a hyena thing. Shekh could remember being almost insatiably horny when *he* had been younger.

He paused the game and moved both of his paws down, one to lift the feral's chin up and the other to scratch behind his ears, just the way he liked. Eyes that looked violet in this light drifted back shut and oval ears flicked sweetly back for the scratching... and then that nose started twitching again, before the feral's head briefly recoiled as something soft and warm came to rest across it.

While scratching behind Tekh's ears, the bigger hyena had moved his other paw to the front of his boxers, through which he'd tugged his soft shaft. Sometimes he'd piss through his foreskin, without pulling it back, and then would tell this feral to slip that tongue of his in and clean it all up... this was not one of those times. All he had to do to get the hyena's mouth to open was tap his cock against his nose; he liked to imagine that Tekh was well-trained, or at least eager in his duties.

"That's a good boy..."

Shekh couldn't suppress the shiver that ran through his body when he first felt the warm moisture of the other hyena's lips and tongue on him. As he settled back into his original position, now with a muzzle on him, his foreskin rolled steadily back due to his cock being squeezed between a soft tongue and the roof of the feral's mouth - too much of that, and he'd soon be unloading something *else* down his throat.

That would be uncomfortable, though: having a nose press into his lower belly while he still had a full bladder. So, instead of that, he steadied his breathing, tried not to think of the sweet warmth and moisture, breathed in, and...

At first, it felt like the feral had just drooled a little bit much - but then his stream strengthened, and Shekh could feel the resistance of the roof of Tekh's maw and the splashing of it back onto his length. Gradually his mouth filled up - he took a moment to look down from his game, and saw blissfully closed eyes - and he could feel the heat of his own mark surrounding his whole length, almost base to tip... before the pressure on either side of his cock tightened, and the tongue lifted up along the underside, and Tekh's head briefly leaned back in swallowing - only to start being filled up all over again.

God, it felt so *good*. Shekh found himself starting to push slightly forward and back, forward and back, purposely teasing the roof of the feral's mouth, as well as himself with the movement of

the rim of his foreskin - slowly over his head, sometimes coming forward so far to interrupt the still-steady stream of piss and make it splash or spray out across the back of his throat, which he still dutifully swallowed down.

Sure enough, though, that stream eventually dwindled down to something weaker, then a dribble, then a few drops, and then it pinched off completely - only for the larger hyena to squeeze out one or two more drops onto the back of the feral's tongue. All of the contact and touching and rubbing and heat and moisture had gotten Shekh half-hard already, and instead of putting in the effort to pull out and zip his pants back up, he just shifted forward in his seat a little further and continued thrusting slowly into the feral's waiting muzzle, loving the feeling of it combined with the residual heat and stickiness of his piss having just filled that muzzle up, some three and a half times in a row.

Tekh was the kind of feral who made what it was he wanted known, without being overbearing or demanding; when Shekh had to adjust how he was sitting in order to more efficiently churn his hips forward and back along the smooth, moist tongue, the hyena below him kept his eyes focused on his master above him. However, after Shekh had gotten fully hard, after his foreskin had started to roll along the length of his head with the slightest contact of movement from the other hyena's tongue or the roof of his mouth, he could feel that muzzle press down on him and then issue a little whine...

"What?"

Tekh moved back, released the uncut length from his maw, and then nuzzled up along the underside a few times, first with just his nose and then with his tongue as well. A wide yellow stain had soaked into the grey fur of his chin and down his neck a little; between his legs, Shekh could see the tapered end of the feral's cock protruding from his supple-furred sheath, both things that he'd since quite acquainted himself with - inside and out, or at least to some degree. It seemed that slipping his tongue into Tekh's sheath had the same effect on the feral that a tongue beneath his foreskin did to Shekh.

Instead of going back to shovelling his nose beneath the larger hyena's sack like he'd expected, Tekh instead leaned down and stuck his rump into the air beneath the desk, tail wagging, and barked; then, he trotted out past the chair, lay down in the middle of the floor, and rolled over, exposing his slightly-stained belly, plump sheath, and full sack to the other hyena. Shekh took the hint, paused his game, tugged his boxers off, and slid out of his chair to the floor between the feral's legs.

"I guess you *have* been a good, obedient puppy today..."

That made Tekh's tail wag against the carpet. Shekh moved a paw down to still it at its base, and purposely rubbed the side of his thumb against the feral's tailhole. He could feel it briefly clench up at the contact - and, God, the sweet heat concentrated there...

"And you know I never let you go unrewarded. Isn't that right?"

He kept his eyes on the feral's muzzle while leaning further down, until he could feel the slight warmth emanating off of his lower belly - and then he could smell the spice of his partially-revealed shaft - and then he first pressed his nose against the soft fur of Tekh's sack, then tilted his muzzle up so he could press his lips against the waiting tailhole beneath that in a light kiss.

Again he got a slight clench as a response, a little tightening of the muscles - just like in a proper kiss. He closed his eyes, shifted the position of his muzzle so he could keep the hyena's balls on his nose, and then slid his tongue out through his lips and against the pulsing rim of the tailhole.

Tekh's breath suddenly went in a low *huff* at the first touch of that tongue to his tailhole, just tracing up along the ridged rim in slow, slow circles, first one way and the other. *Always good to prep*, Shekh figured - now he pulled his tongue up along the whole of the feral's tailhole in one broad, slow drag, feeling the heat spread out into his muzzle and breathing the scent of his sack - *and saliva makes for a pretty good lube. Good enough for our purposes, at least.*

The moisture of his saliva, first left on the supple skin as it steadily clenched and relaxed, clenched and relaxed, soon rubbed back against his lips, especially as he pressed his muzzle closer into the feral's rump in gently breaching that tailhole with his tongue. He didn't really do it for the taste - a bright, tangy spice of sorts, not unlike when he'd given a rimjob to another non-feral hyena friend - but rather for the feeling and the awareness of having his tongue in the rump of something (well, usually, someone), that place soon to be taken by his cock... and besides, the squeezing and clenching felt nice, too.

Shekh pulled himself up, wiped the back of his paw across his muzzle, and then with his other angled his cock down towards the base of the other hyena's tail, well slickened-up and ready. He could feel the heat and moisture centered at that point even before the first contact of the head of his cock against it; beneath him, Tekh wiggled closer and looked expectantly up.

"So, you *want* to be fucked, then?"

The tail wagging against his legs provided clear enough of an answer. Shekh rubbed against the feral's tailhole, first just teasing him - purposely angling himself so that he tugged the rim of the tailhole up a little bit, or so that he just barely started to push in - before readjusting himself so he could actually sink slowly in. With some other partners he might worry about their tightness and the positioning of his foreskin (sometimes it got pulled back rather rougher than he'd like), but he'd already buried all of his six and a half inches in the rump of this particular hyena before, and knew it'd be fine. Besides, feral tailholes felt actually smoother and suppler than most others - they yielded easier, stretched around him and then squeezed back more readily.

Both of the hyenas breathed in a light gasp around the same time, when Shekh's head squeezed past the saliva-slickened rim - inside the feral, just as he'd felt on his tongue and lips, was so, so warm... he shivered, leaned further over the obedient hyena, and placed his paws against the carpet on either side of his body for balance as he steadily pushed in. In the past he'd watched Tekh's muzzle and responses and knew, to some degree of certainty, just how he liked being fucked; Shekh himself had been on the other side of things every now and then (though if you were to ask him, he'd probably deny the fact that he enjoyed bottoming), and he knew from experience that nothing was worse than taking a cock too quickly.

"Doing okay, puppy?" he breathed, slowing down and then even tugging out a little - because, God, almost nothing felt better than having his foreskin pulled back forward over his head by the moist pressure of flesh on all sides... once in the past after railing Tekh in this same position, he remained hilted in the hyena until he went soft, then emptied his bladder into him (since he'd purposely held it before), watched the feral wriggle and huff and pant and whine, and then

started churning his hips in him until just the feeling of the movement, with hot piss sloshing around against himself, got him hard again. He'd needed a *long* shower after that time, but hell, it was definitely worth it.

He repeated this motion of sinking in a little, shifting back, and pushing in a little further, again and again until he had to sprawl out over the hyena and lift his rear into the air with an arm beneath him, so he could push his hips down against him. By now half of the feral's cock had been coaxed out of his sheath, and had Shekh not needed to keep his other paw against the ground for balance, he would've brought it up and urged him the rest of the way out - but that would come by the end of this. It always did.

"Christ..."

Thrusting into a feral was a feeling that always left a lasting impression on him, one satisfying enough for him to want to go brag to his friends about it afterwards - and yet it still felt just as amazing the next time he did it. Oftentimes, when hiltling in Tekh for the first time, when his own sack pressed against the base of the other hyena's tail, or when he felt Tekh's settle against his lower belly - another fun position was for Shekh to lie on his back with his pet above him, sinking back onto his hard cock - a smooth, delicious shiver would rattle through his body and out his parted lips... and just that happened this time, too.

He opened his eyes and looked down. The ghost of discomfort flitted across the feral's muzzle, but when Tekh noticed the other hyena looking at him, that discomfort looked to disappear and was replaced with joy, and his tail started wagging again. Each periodic clench of Tekh's tailhole around the very base of his cock and all around it made him grip the floor a little bit tighter; he moved his other paw away from the hyena's rump, kept him upright by keeping him held between his own hips and the floor, and briefly struggled with tearing his claws away from the carpet.

"I should bring a friend over sometime..." Shekh mused, starting to pull his hips back up. The feeling of sliding out of a feral's tailhole was almost as sweet as sinking into one, and the sensation frazzled his brain for a moment and he lost his train of thought. "...so... they can... see what a good puppy you are. Maybe have him under your tail and me on your tongue - I know you like serving me both of those ways, so..." He stopped at one point, and then promptly started pushing back in. Tekh's rump slightly resisted the movement, which made it feel all the better. "...it'd be fun to see... how..."

The larger hyena trailed off - it was already hard enough focusing on any one thing what with this sweet, moist warmth pulsing around him, making him shiver each time he pulled out and then breathe out a soft sigh with each time he pressed back in... the feeling of a sack against his belly, of his own settling against the underside of a swaying tail, of the feral's panting on his whiskers and in the fur of his muzzle... and, if he concentrated, he could still pick up the taste of that tailhole on the back of his tongue and on his lip. The idling music of his game's pause screen provided the only distraction, and even *that* he didn't notice until he had to take a moment to himself, before starting up a steady rhythm beneath Tekh's tail.

The clenching and pulling, the gentle squeezing... it was all Shekh could do not to roll over onto his back, have this hyena sink back onto him, and thrust up into him again and again and again, as he'd done a few times before. It felt better for the both of them to start out slow and then speed up - though, really, *this* hyena hardly had any patience, after just emptying his bladder

directly into his pet's muzzle and throat. Whenever that happened, Tekh had learned to expect what came next: a load somewhere in his body, be it on his tongue or under his tail.

Having Tekh on his back wasn't the *best* position in which to pound him, but Shekh knew from experience that it felt nice, and also felt pretty damn good for him: after just a few moments he'd lost track of the speed of his thrusts and instead did what felt the best, resulting in him gripping at the carpet even more firmly and making his breaths come and go in tight *huffs* through his clenched teeth. The only way this could feel better would be if he'd filled the hyena up with his piss before thrusting into him, or slickening him up with cum before another go... well, maybe that'd be for later.

Tekh certainly seemed to be enjoying it. Eyes closed, maw agape, tongue hanging limp, body lurching forward and back under the thrusts of the hyena above him, and then his own hard cock against his belly shooting out the occasional jet of pre... while churning his hips into the feral, Shekh leaned down and dragged his tongue along the smaller hyena's bellyfur, across which some of that pre had streaked. Tangy, almost salty, interestingly spiced. He'd had that fully emptied across his tongue before, and loved it. That was another reason why he loved being on his back with Tekh riding him: each spurt almost always landed on his chin, or lips, or tongue. Almost nothing was more fun than being coated with a feral's pre and cum.

Gradually he started to increase his rhythm, thrusting in a little more forcefully and drawing back out faster and faster, until his breath mirrored his heartbeat in shortness and ferocity and he couldn't help but let out the occasional breathy moan, or swallow back saliva that he might've accidentally drooled out into the feral's neckfur. This was one of his favorite things to do while fucking the hyena: watch his muzzle and body while he thrust into him, waiting for the little snatches of breath and all-over shivers, the little bucks and panting, the spurting of cum over his chest...

Shekh glanced down: Tekh's knot had swollen. Taking the hint, the larger hyena reached down and wrapped two fingers and a thumb around the base and tugged gently on it, causing the feral to arch his back and lift his hips up - which in turn made Shekh shudder with pleasure. He was quickly approaching his own orgasm, and fully intended to give it totally to his obedient pet.

"Good boy..." he panted, the sound of his game now drowned out by the both of their breathing and the rhythmic sound of his hips against the feral's rump, again and again and again. "That's a... good, good pup..."

Sometimes he'd get home, strip naked, sit down in his chair, and call Tekh over, and the hyena would come up between his legs and just rest his muzzle on the edge of the chair, nose buried in his sack or between that and his shaft, or maybe sometimes right at the overhang of his foreskin. Tekh *loved* the scent of that, and oftentimes worked himself up just by breathing - and then he'd get up and start licking, or whine and roll onto his back to show his throbbing length... and, hell, sometimes Shekh did the same to him at night, lifting his nose up against his sheath and hanging balls and just breathing his scent. He enjoyed holding that sheath open with a finger and thumb and then slipping his tongue into it, tasting the salty liquid musk that concentrated there, feeling the soft-yet-firm intense heat of the hidden cock tip, which of course never remained hidden for long - or he'd wait until Tekh had fallen asleep, and then would lift his tail and lick him out until he shivered awake-

"God-"

It took just a few more thrusts followed by a sharp intake of breath, and then, Shekh hilted deep in the hyena while the shudders of his orgasm pulsed through him. His grip on the feral's cock shook with each of his own spurts deep into him, and soon he could feel similar spurts through the shaft he squeezed in his paw, and looked down to see the hyena emptying more jets of his own load over his belly, chest, neck, and the carpet. Shekh had left his boxers... somewhere... over near the chair... one time Tekh had gotten into an old pair of his and got so excited by the residual musk that he ended up humping it, and then it was all stained with feral pre and cum, and Shekh just *had* to punish him for it. That had been fun, too.

Instead of sliding back out of the feral as he normally would, he wrapped his arms around him, lifted him up, and carried him over to the couch in the other room, where he lay down with Tekh on top of him. Sure, it kind of hurt having those claws against his chest, but, well... nothing really compared to the feeling of an orgasm brought on by such a tailhole squeezing around him.

"You've been a good dog," he panted, watching Tekh's shaft as it receded into his sheath. The feral's chest rose and fell in heavy breaths. "I'll give you... a treat later. Just... lemme catch my breath..."