

When Shekh left the house on Saturday morning, he hadn't necessarily planned to return home drenched in a dog's piss, with the taste of it heavy on his tongue and scent burning through his nostrils. A bit of an unfortunate turn of events, sure, but - well. He wasn't really complaining.

He had agreed to dogsit for a friend of a friend that weekend, and stuck as close to the schedule he had been given as possible: wake up, set food out, take the dog - a big mutt mix of some sort - on a walk around the neighborhood, relax for the greater part of the day, another walk, food, and then bed. And the dog was *not* allowed to sleep on the bed, try as he might to jump up there, and struggle as Shekh would with trying to get him off. He was just a skinny hyena who hardly had the upper body strength to pull himself out of bed in the mornings.

That Saturday started out simply and innocently enough, with the hyena climbing out from under the covers, checking his texts (*3 new messages from Kai: all dick pictures, nice*), and then getting dressed and scanning the fridge for something to eat. This friend-of-a-friend had dropped the dog off at Shekh's house for him to watch, which he much preferred to going over to someone else's house: this way if something happened, he at least had the comfort of knowing where in hell he was.

Then, when he was about halfway through his bowl of cereal, the unmistakable clicking of blunt claws on tile floor approached from across the kitchen, and then that dog turned the corner and fixed its amber-yellow eyes on Shekh. Tail wagged slowly, broad pink tongue hung out of its mouth; the hyena had found that this dog, a rather large German shepherd mix named *Stink*, had very quickly taken a liking to him, having fallen asleep on his lap three hours into his dogsitting yesterday. Due to Stink's size, though, this restricted Shekh from going anywhere else until the mutt woke up.

"What?" said the hyena over a mouthful of cereal. Cinnamon had always been his favorite. "Ready for your morning walk, Stink?"

At hearing that word - *walk, walk! Walk!* - the mutt's tail doubled its speed in wagging, and even though he had just sat down, he stood back up and voiced his response in the form of a loud and sudden bark. And, then, he didn't stop.

Shekh hurried with his cereal and then left the bowl on the table, knowing from experience the previous day that Stink would not cease his barking until he was taken on his walk - *you might want to avoid using that word*, the dog's owner had told him. Of course, Shekh didn't listen.

When he finally did make it out the door with the mutt at the end of a rather long leash, the hyena quickly found himself to regret not putting on a jacket. Despite it being almost spring, Saturday felt considerably cooler than the day before, and the greyish-white sky forecasted rain sometime soon. Shekh didn't intend to have to take a bath after getting home to get the slightly-unpleasant and quite persistent scent of rain out of his fur.

He figured that Stink would have to take some time off of the walk to *do his business*, since he hadn't when the hyena had taken him out the previous afternoon. Even knowing this, though, the shepherd still tugged him along past eight front yards and then, rather excitedly, into an expanse of unkempt grass that stretched on for a while behind a cover of trees separating the main of it from the street nearby.

This was a place where, in his youth, the hyena would come with his brother sometimes to lie down in the grass and look up at the stars... it was where he'd seen his first, second, and third shooting stars. He still remembered how shocked he felt to learn that they didn't streak lazily across the sky like they always do in the movies, but instead, flash a short distance in a fraction of a second, fast enough so that he'd miss it if he blinked or had been looking in the wrong spot. Now, this place was often used by younger children for soccer games and other things, but was oddly empty this morning for a weekend.

"Alright, Stink..." the hyena rumbled, kneeling down next to the still very excited shepherd. On his knees, the dog's shoulder came about level with his - *that's* what his friend-of-a-friend had meant when they said that he was a big pup - and Shekh had to continually dodge his head from side to side to avoid receiving a broad, flat, and very sticky-wet tongue across his cheek while unhitching the dog's collar from his leash. "I'm gonna let you off here to do whatever you like for a while. Okay? Don't go too far, though. I haven't run longer than half a mile since high school, and I don't want to start today."

Expecting the mutt to run off at top speed as soon as his leash came loose, Shekh leaned back - but didn't hear anything; when he turned back, then, he saw Stink just standing there, amber eyes fixed on his muzzle as if waiting for something. His tail started wagging when he stood up, but still he didn't run off.

"What?"

Stink barked!

"Do you want me to play with you? Is that what you want?"

The shepherd mix seemed to understand that, as he briefly closed his mouth, opened it again and let his pink tongue loll out, and then hopped back a few paces with his tail swinging around behind him. Again, Shekh had never owned a dog of his own, but that looked like as much a *play with me!* face as any. So, after casting a quick glance behind himself to be sure that nobody was walking by to see him, he leaned over, made a movement as if to lunge at the pup - and then couldn't hold back a little chuckle at seeing Stink bound off a short distance and turn back to him, inviting him to follow.

Didn't want to run half a mile, but... well, a couple hundred feet wouldn't hurt. Besides, it'd be a great way to tire out the dog so maybe he wouldn't want to go on a walk later in the day. Shekh had picked up a new video game earlier in the week and wanted to spend as much time on it as possible before he had to go back to his usual weekday schedule.

So he chased Stink around the wide expanse of grass for a while, every now and then stopping to get down into a wider stance and try to cut the excited dog off, but never quite succeeding. It didn't take long for the hyena to start to feel a small throbbing pain in his side when he ran, only further reminding him of how out-of-shape he was... and also making him quite glad that nobody else was around to see someone of his build, slim on the edge of underweight, having trouble with running.

Tired already after just a few minutes of that, the hyena bent over with his paws on his knees to catch his breath. Still he could hear the gentle rustling of Stink running around and around through the grass, chasing a butterfly or a bird or something, over his own panting. Maybe he

shouldn't have decided to run so soon after eating breakfast. Shekh hardly ever found the energy to leave the house except to hang out with friends or go to concerts, and past that, he never willingly *exercised* anyway...

Stink's rustling in the grass started to get closer, so, expecting the dog to have tuckered himself out, Shekh rose back up and pulled the leash out of his pocket. However, he had misjudged the mutt's intentions: as soon as he had finished this action, he realized that Stink wasn't slowing down in the slightest - and before he could gather the energy to dodge to the side, he had a large shepherd-mix of a beast barreling into his legs and knocking him over.

Shekh landed on his back in the grass with an *oof*, the breath that he had just caught forced out of his lungs yet again. Luckily he had wriggled around in midair just right to avoid the back of his head slamming against the earth underneath the soft grass, but still, he was a little dazed; sitting up, he didn't quite understand what it was he was looking at until it leaned forward and dragged a broad pink tongue along his muzzle, leaving his cheek warm, wet, and sticky.

"God - Stink..." The hyena tried to push the shepherd away, but couldn't. Along with the feral's size came strength, and Shekh himself had never had much in that department to start with. "C'mon. I'm done playing. Let's go..."

But, he couldn't move: not only did Stink have one of his forepaws firmly against Shekh's thigh, but every time the hyena tried to move, the dog readjusted his own position to keep him on the ground beneath him. Now, his tail only slowly swung and swayed behind him instead of the fast, happy wagging from before.

Shekh sighed. "Look, pup, if you wanna play more, you'll have to get off of me. Okay? I can't move with you - on-"

Stink did indeed move, then, but not at all how Shekh had expected. Instead of letting him up, the feral instead just continued moving forward, pushing the hyena back onto his elbows as his white-furred chest brushed past his head - and he kept on going, until when Shekh opened his eyes next, instead of an attentive muzzle with bright amber eyes looking back at him, he stared directly forward at a rather plump black-lipped sheath, glistening at the end with some sort of sticky fluid. It had been hard to ignore Stink's *equipment* even without the dog positioned quite tactically above him, but now that he *was*... well. The heavy sack beneath that sheath, fur the same dark brownish-black as that at the base of his tail, looked quite a bit fuller and more formidable when it hung not even six inches away from the end of Shekh's nose.

At first, the hyena didn't know what to do. He tried to wriggle out from under the big feral, if 'tried' was the right word, but found that his movements lacked the motivation to actually do anything - and not only that, but the more resistance he put up, the closer the end of that sheath came to his muzzle. It seemed almost as if Stink were purposely lowering himself down towards Shekh, as if he - as if he *wanted* something from him, and knew just what it was.

But that was preposterous! Shekh remembered the first time he had seen this shepherd mix. He'd remarked on the stunning size of the beast, but then later had to hold his tongue after seeing him turn around; it seemed improper, somehow, if he were to say *holy shit, your dog is packing* after seeing the size of the sheath and sack hanging between his back legs. Not only that, but it felt irresponsible, dishonest, and downright disrespectful if he were to get to know

that sack and sheath better without Stink's owner knowing, so he had intentionally kept himself away from the dog whenever such an urge came over him these past two days.

Putting it like *that* made it seem like it was a common desire of his, which it wasn't. Not really, at least. But when the animal he was supposed to be dogsitting had him on his back with his muzzle now not even four inches from its sheath, which he could just barely start to smell... well. Self-control had never really been Shekh's strong suit.

The scent that hovered off the end of Stink's sheath, maybe from that glistening bead of thick liquid kissed against its lips, reminded the hyena of something quite similar to the standard *wet dog* smell, but it was so much more with that. He couldn't help but lean in a little further, lift himself up on his elbows, half-close his eyes while gingerly sniffing all of half an inch away... maybe Stink could feel the hyena's gentle puffs of breath, still somewhat uneven from his running, against the sensitive lips of his sheath, because soon a point of glistening reddish-pink flesh had emerged from his sheath and closed the distance between it and Shekh's nose.

Sweet heat, cloying scent somewhere between sour dog and enticing meat - and a sticky wetness against his nose that he couldn't ignore. Before he could stop himself, Shekh had flicked his tongue out against his nose to lap off the small bead of juice that the contact had left there, and in doing so touched it against the cock tip right in front of his muzzle. It left a persistent stickiness against the back of his throat when he swallowed it down and a taste similar to its scent on his tongue, but - God, he wanted more. He closed his eyes the rest of the way, brought a paw up to begin rubbing at the smooth, warm skin of the shepherd's sheath, to tug it back so he could curl his tongue around his length.

This wouldn't be the first time he'd had a feral dog's cock in his mouth. This time, all of the nervous inhibition holding him back, all of the *what if I don't like it?* and *it smells weird, what if it tastes weird too?* had disappeared from his mind and left in their places only more desire. With his muzzle so close to the dog's plump sheath, with his paw brushing against the firm weight of his sack, he could feel the intense heat emanating from between the dog's legs, and each inhalation through his nose brought a slightly-sharper taste of the scent lingering here. It was one thing to shove his nose between a feral's hind legs at any regular moment; it was another thing to do so after a bit of playtime, after some running around, some time spent on a walk-

Perhaps he should have opened his eyes, though. Just as he stretched his maw open to slide his tongue out against the revealed surface of Stink's shaft, just as he touched moist flesh to moist flesh, he received a burst of hot, brightly-flavored liquid against the back of his throat, causing him to jerk backwards and splutter - but it did not stop. Still choking on the intense taste - like he'd oversteeped a months-stale black tea, filled half the cup with piss from a day where he'd forgotten to drink anything, and then downed *that* concoction - he didn't notice that the stream of liquid, occasionally arcing up against the side of his muzzle again with the dog's heartbeat, continued to splash against him and soak into his fur and clothing, continued to drip off of his chin and down his chest, until he opened his eyes and almost caught a considerable amount of it against his forehead.

So *that's* what Stink wanted to do to him. He didn't know whether to be disgusted, flattered, or some combination of the two: all that washed through him, apart from the hot, heavy-scented mark soaking only more through his fur and causing his clothes to stick to him, was confused want. This was all of the piss that Stink hadn't let out on their walk the previous night, and Shekh felt fairly certain that he had drunk more of his water since then; despite this, the color of

the piss was still fresh golden-yellow, and the odor drifting up off of it as it streamed out of his sheath was strong enough to make his nose scrunch up. It would take a remarkably strong drink to get the taste of it out of his mouth, one - perhaps as strong as the piss that had left that taste there...

Again Stink lowered his body closer to Shekh's muzzle, increasing the force of the stream against the side of his muzzle to the point where, if he didn't keep his mouth closed, more than a few drops of the fresh mark splashed against his tongue. Still, though, he found his eyes fixed on the black lips of the shepherd's sheath and the pink flesh protruding from the end, out of the tapered end of which the piss came, mostly unbroken but still lifting up with the dog's breathing and pulse, so that it splashed across the hyena's shoulder, neck, cheek, and lips.

Admittedly the intense heat of the piss, the feeling of it against his skin and in his fur, and *maybe* some facet of the scent and taste made his pants a little bit tighter on him than when he was about to slip his tongue between the lips of Stink's sheath. Yet again the hyena felt glad that there was nobody nearby to see him doing this... his paw had fallen away from the mutt's sheath when the first of his mark blasted against the back of his throat, but now that Shekh had calmed down, now that he actually *enjoyed* the feeling of it streaming down his chin and chest and soaking through his pants, adding its heat to that of his own hard length, he brought his paw back up to lightly grip the base of the dog's sheath and angle it more evenly towards his lips.

He did not open his mouth again for fear of tasting it again, but instead kept his lips tightly closed against the stream. At this distance and especially with it splashing out against the front of his muzzle, the scent maintained a fierce hold on his nostrils so that he couldn't breathe anything but sharp, musky dog piss, and he *knew* that this would be the scent dominating his fur probably for the rest of the weekend, and beyond.

After a while he tugged Stink's sheath down so that he continued emptying his bladder against Shekh's chest, already thoroughly drenched with the piss, while his other paw came up to squeeze and rub the dog's balls. So warm, so heavy... without thinking, Shekh flicked his tongue out over his lips again, lapped off the piss, brought the taste into his mouth - regretted it for a moment - but then swallowed it down, shivered, and breathed out a low shuddering sigh of a moan.

It certainly felt like a day and a half's worth of piss dripping off of his fur, and soon, the stream slowed to a steady drip - and, feeling much more excited and interested than before, Shekh again closed the distance between his muzzle and Stink's cock and closed his lips around the end of the dog's sheath, catching the last of the drops on his tongue and keeping them in his mouth until there was enough to roll around on his tongue, enough to bite back to swallow. Arousal often led to a lack of proper judgment, and just like before, Shekh regretted doing that - but after feeling the slick warmth of the piss coat his tongue and slide his throat, his disgust quickly turned into desire, and he swirled his tongue up around the point of flesh waiting for him at the end of the feral's sheath.

Now when he parted his lips around Stink's sheath and exhaled, he could taste the unmistakable flavor of the dog's piss on his tongue, which he soon slid between the flesh of the feral's cock and the skin of his sheath. There, digging further and further into the supple skin, he felt heat as intense as that of the piss he had swallowed down squeezing against his tongue from all sides, and picked up the same taste that he had first experienced when he had traced his tongue across his nose... each little movement of his tongue when pressed into the dog's

sheath caused his cock to slide out a little further, more and more as he gently dragged it between the firmness of his length and the sheath around it.

Again and again he slid his tongue beneath the rim of the dog's sheath skin, loving the way it provided a bit of resistance first and then gave way to his probing tongue and squeezed around him, slick and slightly salty on the inside, smooth and moist. At one point he moved back and just swirled his tongue around Stink's revealed length, again and again and again directly on the lips of his sheath, spreading around the musk of his arousal as well as the hyena's own saliva - and he made sure to lap off the liquid dripping from his pink tapered length, kept between his lips as he worked his tongue.

The liquid musk there provided another thing for him to swallow down off of his tongue, another enticing taste on his lips and scent in his nose. He drew back a little, dragged his tongue up along the underside of Stink's length - which by now had come out a few inches, not far enough for his knot to be visible but still more than before - and then continued tracing it along the rim of his sheath, stretching apart as he stiffened up. With this and an assistive paw at the base of that sheath tugging it back, rubbing and stroking gently, it didn't take long before he *could* see the dog's knot bulging out the skin of his sheath; he closed his eyes, leaned forward, pressed his piss-moistened nose against the fur, inhaled deeply, and then kissed the bulge of it.

This time when he leaned back and opened his mouth, it was not a burst of sharp piss that sprayed across his tongue but rather a jet of runny pre - and then a second - and a third - and a fourth, in rhythm. Shekh kept his paw tight on the base of Stink's cock so that he could catch as much of the dog's arousal on his tongue as he could before diving back down on him, lips tight around the soft-yet-firm flesh, feeling the ridges of his veins and the natural contours of the shape of his length. A thrust from the feral himself pushed his sheath past his knot, and then, Shekh squeezed underneath *there* - which only made him thrust again and again, cock buried between his lips and cupped warmly in his tongue. He could feel each jet spurt of salty pre against the back of his throat, and each one, he swallowed down.

With his other paw he felt his body, drenched in piss that only seemed to strengthen in scent with time and now felt a little cooler and a little stickier... and that only turned him on even more. In one smooth movement he dragged his paw down his body, squeezed some of the piss out of his fur and onto his fingerpads, and then quickly and shakily undid the fly of his pants to relieve the pressure on his own throbbing cock, similarly soaked with piss and pre.

This wasn't something he could just *tell* to his friend - *hey, while dogsitting, Stink emptied his bladder down my throat and into my fur, and then I sucked him off*. Hell, if that friend couldn't *smell* it on him, he'd be surprised... but, all of that seemed far-off right now, something not worth worrying about, especially as he bobbed along the feral's length in some manner of rhythm with his fervid thrusts. Shekh kept his one paw tight around the base of Stink's knot, knowing from experience what that felt like, while his other ran his own length. He was so turned on; at this rate it wouldn't take long at all to finish...

He also knew from experience the speed with which most dogs reached their climax, and used that to his advantage. This meant that he could get him off now, run home, maybe shower - maybe not - and then enjoy him all over again... he hadn't quite satisfied his desire of digging his tongue into the dog's sheath, and given how Stink had pressed closer to his muzzle when he did this, the dog hadn't gotten his fill of it, either. The hyena sped up his stroking and kept his

head still and lips tight, allowing the mutt to thrust forward into his paw and between his lips, again and again and again-

-until the taste and texture of the jets of fluid over his tongue changed almost imperceptibly, but enough to let him know what had happened. He had stopped swallowing down Stink's pre a while back and now gathered as much of his cum in his mouth as he could, the feeling of the slick, slimy liquid on his tongue and inside his cheeks bringing him ever closer to his own peak; after another few seconds, he drew back off the dog's cock, got one more burst of cum streaked across his muzzle, swallowed down what had pooled in his muzzle, and bucked upwards as he emptied his own sack across his belly and chest, only adding to the liquid that had already soaked him through.

Exhausted for an entirely different reason now, Shekh relaxed back on the ground, eyes closed - though Stink's still-erect length hung above him, twitching and throbbing with his pulse, shooting out weakening bursts of salty cum over the hyena's muzzle. *I can clean it all off later*, he thought, and flicked his tongue out over his lips. *Or maybe not... God, this smells disgusting, but - I love it...*

Leash. Where'd he put the leash...? After a moment of searching (which consisted of waving his arms around in the grass on either side of him), he found the leash, crawled out from beneath the mutt - who finally let him - and hooked it onto his collar. Those amber eyes glinted at him when he stood up, and Stink visibly sniffed at him... and then wagged his tail.

"Yeah," Shekh grumbled, doing up his own pants. The scent and taste were both starting to get to him, now that he had relieved his intense thirst, in more than one sense. "I know. You win. I'm a bitch. Whatever. Let's go before anyone sees - or smells - me..."

Unfortunately he passed a wolf on the way back to his house, and crossed the street once he noticed him - but could still see his nose wrinkle, and avoided his accusing glance.

After getting home and promptly stomping down the hall to prepare a shower, Shekh couldn't help wondering - perhaps dog piss was like that burger he had from a place off of Fourteenth a few months ago, where he thoroughly disliked it the first time he tried it, then hated it a little less the second time, and actually *enjoyed* it the third time... right now, the more he thought about the first taste of sharp piss on his tongue, he almost gagged, though. It would take time.

Before he got into the shower, though, he refilled Stink's water bowl, and ensured that the dog knew where it was.