

A slow day meant a more enjoyable night at work for Lukas. He'd volunteered at the local animal shelter near his house just to have something to do after class and on weekends, and had *almost* changed his mind when they told him the only position open was *cleanup* in the evenings after closing, but - after some urging from his roommates and his mother back home, he'd decided to take the plunge and go for it.

And after just one week there, the otter found that he enjoyed it quite a bit more than he thought. No interaction with any rude patrons, no bizarre or obscure job expectations that he didn't already know how to do. In fact, it was quite simple: come in about thirty minutes before the front doors locked, go through the different wings of the shelter - cats first and then dogs second - and get each of the rooms cleaned out and set up for the mornings, making sure the animals don't run off in the meantime.

This usually meant closing the door behind him when he went in to clean the rooms, which in turn led to purring cats rubbing all over his legs and ankles and dogs of varying sizes trying to clamber up into his lap and - *sometimes* - a few other things. It was something that he'd found out during one of his first nights here, in the room of a handsome golden retriever with the simple name placard of *Phil*.

"*Phil?*" the otter had said, when his position trainer - a nice, if somewhat brash, sabercat woman - had first shown him around the facility. "*That's a bit of a mundane name for a feral dog, don't you think?*"

"*You know, it's a wonder he hasn't been adopted yet,*" she'd said. The retriever had bounded up to them from the other side of the room, tongue hanging out of his mouth and tail wagging behind him. "*He's a real sweetie.*" The sabercat reached down and scritch'd behind one of his flop-ears, and he licked at her paw a few times - and then hopped up against Lukas, nose pressing right up against the fly of his jeans. It wasn't something he'd just *tell* her, but that was something he'd felt more than multiple times before from a number of different dogs; he pet Phil's head and lead him get his scent on his nose, acting like the whole crotch-nuzzling was no big deal. The sabercat eyed him for a moment but said nothing, and moved on to show him the rest of the rooms.

Lukas had actually run into that same sabercat tonight, him on his way in and her on her way out. She grinned and waved, said "*goodnight, Luke, and good luck,*" and dropped the keys to the halls into his paw. She always left her phone number scrawled across a notepad at the front desk, and he'd made sure to save her as a contact on his first night, but still had yet to find a reason to call. But then, again, it wasn't exactly a *dangerous* job, and nothing of note had happened quite yet...

...not counting the time he startled one of the cats, and had to pry each of her claws out from under his skin. Or when a pair of kitten sisters, Wynde and Rayne (*I'm sorry about your names*, he said every time he visited them) *really* took a liking to him, and both crawled up into and fell asleep in his lap after he'd refilled their food bowls. Of course Lukas had taken a lot of pictures of *that* time, and then also when Edge, one of the older cats who was supposed to dislike everyone, quite firmly rubbed his head and side against Lukas's legs.

And, then, there were the dogs. The otter adjusted the fit of his headphones on his little teacup ears, music player in one paw and plastic bags and scooper in the other - during the day the dogs were kept on a good routine for outdoors playtime, but sometimes things still happened.

Usually it was just the puppies who had that sort of accident, while the greater worry from the older dogs came from their excitement to see him; he'd left this wing of the shelter with slobber soaking into his shirt and pants, with dirty claw-marks all over his front, with scratches and scrapes all along his front, and one time even with the zipper torn off of his pants fly.

That day, one of the females had been in heat; Lukas could smell it as soon as he'd walked into the room. That was something else that made his whiskers perk and his mouth water a little bit, but - not only did he not have permission to do anything, but that night there were still some other employees here. Wouldn't have been acceptable at all if someone were to wander by and find him bent over one of the dogs, his pants around his thighs, thrusting his hips forward into her from behind...

But that certainly didn't stop him from *thinking* about it. Lukas slid his paw into his pocket, both to leave his music player there and to adjust his pants a little bit. That dog had since been adopted - and probably spayed, poor girl; this particular shelter received a lot of flak and criticism as well as less funding for how they decided to leave the decision of that whole thing up to the adopters rather than undertaking it themselves - but Lukas still thought about her every now and then, wondering where it was she'd gone to and whether she was happy with that family.

This set of thoughts often entered his mind, and sometimes, he got a glimpse of the family as they took home their new pet: once, it was this young wolf teenager, dressed all in black with piercings hanging from his lips and nose and up one side of his ear, carrying one of the smaller puppies from the back few rooms in his arm. The puppy was fast asleep, and the wolf had this gentle little smile on his muzzle as he looked down at it - which he tried to hide as soon as he noticed Lukas watching him. Smiles had a tendency to be contagious.

One by one Lukas went through the rooms, spending more time petting the cats than he did straightening things up and refilling their bowls with the specified portions. Before leaving each room, he always had to double-check and recount the number of animals rolling around, to be sure that one hadn't gotten away or run past him when he'd first come in; some of them had their rooms to themselves, while siblings generally were kept together.

*Good thing I no longer live with my brother*, the otter always thought, especially after seeing all the different colors of fuzzy fur clinging to his clothing and arms. *He'd be sneezing up a storm.*

Part of the reason why he kept the dogs for last was because, frankly, they drained him quite a bit more than the cats. Constantly having to catch his balance after almost getting pushed over by dogs of varying sizes, batting away muzzles and lifting blunt-clawed paws off of his legs and hips, every handful of minutes having to repeat *"Hi! Hi there! Have you been a good boy today? Huh? Do you want a treat? Oh, I bet you wanna be pet, huh... c'mere, you..."*

And then another reason was because - well... maybe he could spend just a *little* bit of extra time with his favorites. The German shepherd girl near the front with the beautiful blue-green eyes; the mutt about halfway along the length of this wing of the shelter, an excitable dog who looked like a skinny cloud and who had a surprisingly plump sheath hidden beneath his belly fluff, one which Lukas's paw often strayed over when petting him; and then the golden retriever that the sabercat had pointed out, the happy but somewhat quiet Phil.

"Hey, there," Lukas said as he opened the door. Thanks to multitudinous regular and sizeable donations, this shelter could afford to keep its animals perfectly comfortable: unlike the cats, the dogs all had automatic food dispensers, as well as their own miniature sofa to lounge and sleep on, and for visitors to sit when meeting them. The shelter had of course received complaints about establishing the habit of sitting on the furniture, but - God damn if it wasn't cute to enter one of these rooms and see a dog lift its head off the arm of the couch, flop-ears perked as much as they could be and brushy tail swaying around behind him.

Lukas dropped the things in his paws to the floor near the door and pulled his headphones off, a moment later tossing them to the side as well. Phil made as if to hop off the couch and come up to him, but remained where he was with his tail thumping against the cushions and body half-tensed. Instead, though, he just hopped up and spun around when the otter plopped down beside him, broad pink tongue lapping up at his neck and his face and whiskers, making him turn back and forth and splutter between his words.

"Gosh, you're - happy to see me, huh? Yes, yes, I know..." The otter turned and rubbed at Phil's sides, closing his eyes against the tongue that continued to lap up over his muzzle. "Yes! Oh my goodness, puppy, were you lonely today? Huh?"

Phil slowed in his licking and sat up, one paw braced against Lukas's thigh as he sat next to him on the couch. The otter leaned in and just barely touched his nose to the dog's - before a happy bark half-startled him backwards. Phil's other forepaw came down between his legs, pressing down into the cushion underneath him.

"Aww." He brought his arms up around the dog in a hug, then sat back and wiped some of the sticky saliva off his face. "Look at you. She was right - it *is* a surprise you haven't been adopted yet. If I weren't so busy all the time, God knows I would..."

It would be a lie to say that that was something he hadn't thought about before. More than once had he gone several minutes over his shift, mostly due to sitting in this same room or playing with this golden retriever, bringing him out into the hall to toss one of the rubber balls from the basket up front back and forth... his favorite was the metallic pink one, with the little bumps all over it. It had a pretty good bounce to it, and gave off this hilarious little squeak whenever it hit the floor or wall, and made Lukas grin like nothing else to hear that squeaking rise and fall, rise and fall whenever the dog bounded back towards him with it clutched between his teeth.

Another thing stemmed from how he felt drained of energy (but happy) whenever finishing one of his nights here at the shelter; how would constantly having a dog around make him feel? Not to say anything about all the things that he *couldn't* do with the animals while here, while on the job. Also something that he'd definitely thought about before. Even now, sitting here with his claws tracing gently through the fur of Phil's side, Lukas's eyes drifted down along the feral's front between his legs, over the unkempt fur of his belly, down to... to the heavy, intact sack half-squished against the cushion on which he sat, his full sheath right above it, the reddish-pink point of flesh poking out of the end of that sheath and stirring gently with the feral's breathing.

Lukas's eyes remained there for a moment, his petting slowing down until his fingers just remained resting on warm fur. Just like with that one in-heat bitch, this otter had spent more than a few nights already with thoughts of Phil fresh and bright in his mind, thoughts of pressing his nose into the fur and flesh between those hind legs, thoughts of digging his tongue into that sheath, of lapping off the slickness along his revealed tip, of doing a few other things. All of

which he'd experienced before, of course; his nervousness would be too far through the roof to even consider any of that, had he no experience.

Peering back over towards the door into the hallway - no extra lights had been turned on, reassuring his thought that he was on his own tonight - the otter slid down from the couch to a sitting position on the floor, legs crossed and paws half-intertwined in his lap. There was that consideration, that reluctance lingering in the back of his mind again, the thought of *I really shouldn't* but also *but I really want to*, and - seeing Phil's wagging tail, his head tilted in questioning, the still-visible tip between his legs... Lukas swallowed, and patted the floor in front of him.

"C'mere. C'mere, boy... come on... I got something for you..."

Quiet *tak-tak-tak* of the feral's blunted claws on the smooth floor when he hopped down and came forward, quickly closing the distance to lick at Lukas's muzzle again. This time, though, the otter remained where he was, keeping his eyes closed against it but making no effort to turn his head to the side or avoid that tongue dragging up over his lips, warm and soft, the surface gripping and gently pulling.

That was one of the weirder things with this otter: when in public or around other people, he'd put on the whole show of being grossed out of receiving doggy kisses right on his face, but when it was just himself and the animal... part of him even wanted to push his muzzle forward and part his lips a little bit to invite more of that, on top of the growing pressure in the front of his pants. He leaned back and sprawled out a little bit, leading Phil to step a little closer to him along his side as he just continued to lap at his face, saliva clinging to short fur and whiskers.

The further back he leaned, the further forward Phil came to remain even with him, until - he finally tired of showing the otter his affection, or at least found something else to do. Lukas kept himself propped up on his elbows while he watched the dog above him, his lolling tongue that had just been all over his muzzle, his swaying tail, his hanging sheath and sack that bounced gently with his rhythmic breaths as well as the slick flesh that still protruded from that sheath, less than when he was sitting down but still enough to be visible.

Lukas closed his eyes and tilted his head back, trying to pick up whatever scent he could. Really there was just the bittersweet character of Phil's saliva, a bit unsurprisingly, clinging to the fur of his muzzle and dripping off his nose and lips. There was a *little* bit of something else, that familiar coppery musk that the otter had found to usually linger at the end of a feral dog's sheath... still leaning back on his elbows, he moved forward a little bit, forward a bit further, until his muzzle came about even with the upward arc of Phil's chest to his stomach, the bend of his hind legs... right here, that scent certainly came stronger and heavier, inviting the otter in closer.

He lifted himself back up, trying as best as he could to find room underneath the golden retriever. Phil either didn't seem to notice, or just didn't care at the sudden puffs of breath out against the tip of his cock and lips of his sheath, with - with the touch of a nose and tongue soon to follow, careful and gentle against the warm flesh, slightly moist with natural liquid musk.

Maybe this was showing favoritism. Not like Phil minded, of course: in response to Lukas closing his lips on the tapered end of his cock, the retriever jerked his hips forward a little bit, but did not pick up the fast, excited thrusting that he'd seen so many times in videos and felt against his own rump before. He'd long since discovered that dogs didn't particularly like oral, but - God,

if it didn't get Lukas worked up even more than he already was... there was just something about having the softer fur of the dog's lower belly tickle at his nose, something about feeling the little twitches and throbs of his cock against his lips, about the slick, supple movement of his sheath back over his length if he leaned forward a little bit, about how - how he could reach forward with his other paw and weigh that sack in his palm, and feel it similarly pull upwards with each of his heartbeats.

After a few seconds of this, Lukas shifted back again and touched his nose to Phil's twitching tip, drawing in a slow, steady breath to taste his scent. This certainly was the source of that metallic musk, the same one that now partially coated his lips and clung to the back of his throat, and he *loved* it. It felt almost as though a shiver of pleasure ran through the feral, then, when Lukas brought his paw up from his sack along his sheath towards his tip to then slide the skin back and bring more of his length into view, thick and pulsing rich red, throbbing a little stronger with every squeeze and movement of his fingers on that sheath. He actually had to move back a little, or else he'd have the end of the dog's cock constantly poking against his cheek - especially once Phil started to actually thrust into his paw.

*That* was his good spot, then. Lukas sat up a little straighter, intentionally keeping his muzzle a few inches away and directly in front of where Phil thrust. With his fingers and thumb wrapped around the dog's cock right at the lips of his sheath, squeezing around the firm, moist flesh - the dog couldn't resist bucking his hips forward again and again and again, one leg half-raising up as he did so, his sudden interest and excitement audible in his panting.

Many times Lukas had done this to a dog, had offered a paw (or a muzzle, or a rear) to thrust into and then empty his balls through, but - never had he had his muzzle in a position like this. Every thrust forward brought another wave of that strong musk over his muzzle again, making his whiskers twitch and nose tingle. It was a bit of an odd position, one paw braced against the hard, smooth floor with that arm half-bent, head kind-of tilted to the side due to the dog's height, other arm held up between the feral's hind legs for him to hump... and - before long, he had to squeeze his eyes shut (and open his mouth, of course) against the occasional spurts of liquidy pre, also heavy with that same rich scent and taste, and deliciously warm as well.

Anyone that walked within probably ten feet of the otter would be able to smell it on him, though few would be able to actually identify the scent. Still, though, just the thought of wearing it so fresh and rich in the fur of his muzzle and chest, feeling it spray out across his tongue and into the back of his throat - and then just watching this feral dog thrust fast and hard into his paw kept at the end of his sheath, fingers squeezing around the growing knot and remaining in place for him to hump through. Each pulse of his heartbeat, each throb, each little twitch - as well as the fuzzy chest above his head rising and falling with panting breaths, the jangling of his collar past that, his occasional scratching at the smooth floor, the little noises of Phil's hungry tongue lapping out over his chops above... Lukas didn't even bother to try to avoid soaking his shirt with the rhythmic jets of pre. He knew that once he got home, he'd be pawing off again with the still-moist fabric balled up and pressed to his nose.

A few more thrusts, one hind leg kept hiked into the air as he did so, and - then a few more strong humps forward shoved his knot, fully swollen and twitching, past the otter's fingers and thumb. The jets became more regular, spraying out across his waiting muzzle with each heartbeat and throb, the tapered red-fleshed tip of Phil's length shaking slightly. Lukas *deeply* wanted to close that distance again and close his lips around that thick canine cock, to let the dog continue to empty his balls directly into his muzzle and on his tongue, but - this was

certainly fine, too, aiming Phil's shaft down over his chin and chest and intentionally having him mark his clothing with his seed.

Even when he let go of that throbbing red shaft, it still pulsed and emptied more of the musky liquid out across his chin and chest, again and again. The otter swallowed down the taste and swiftly worked his paws down between his own legs to *finally* take care of this damn excited pressure squeezing uncomfortably against the fly of his pants, the tip of his head thoroughly slickened with his own pre. It felt so damn good to be able to enjoy a few minutes to himself, after a long day, after today's work, after his little *distraction* with Phil.

As Lukas stroked himself, hips lifting slightly up into his paw just as the feral's had done, he lifted his head up and held his tongue out to catch more of the dog's repeated spraying, which had gradually started to slow down. This was one of the times - he could already tell - where everything leading up to these moments had just worked him up so much, had been so perfect... not even three minutes in, and he could already feel the distant hot pleasure of his building peak, spurred on ever more by the strong smell soaked into his shirt and chestfur.

Above him, Phil's length remained out of his sheath with his knot fully swollen and straining - though now the dog did move away from him to sit down and lap at himself, broad pink tongue coming up along the underside of his deeper red shaft. His tail swished back and forth across the floor beside him, and as he watched, Lukas thought - *let me do that. I wanna do that.*

His clothing shuffled with the fast movement of his arm, his breath came and went in unsteady panting, his claws scraped along the floor underneath him. Even so little as *watching* the dog clean himself off - seeing the way his tongue dragged over warm, moist flesh, how the supple skin of his sheath tugged and pulled, how his furred sack shifted with every lick-

The otter sucked in a short series of gasps and bucked his hips into the air, letting the full pleasure course through him. One, two, three, four heavy spurts emptied out across his belly and chest, only further adding to the slick stickiness already soaked into his shirt. His paw remained moving afterwards, dragging out the last of his load, spreading it over his head underneath his rolling foreskin... and then, breathing heavy, he slouched back and closed his eyes, waiting for the exhaustion to pass.

It didn't take long before Phil came over and started licking at his face again, lapping off the remnants of both of their cum and - of course - making Lukas smile and giggle. If he'd had a little more patience, it would have been lovely to have raised his rudder for this golden retriever and felt that thick shaft under his tail, to have squeezed around that bulging knot to keep him buried deep inside him... but, that was something he'd rather leave for when he was at home. Hell - he didn't even know if there were cameras in these rooms.

That might be something to look into.

After a few more minutes of catching his breath, he finally decided it was time to finish his job for tonight, regardless of how hard it would be to concentrate with everything that had just happened and with the rich scent of dog floating all around his muzzle. The otter pulled himself up into a sitting position - Phil had curled up beside him for a little bit, but had since stood back up - then wiped his paw across his eyes and his mouth, licked his lips...

...and looked straight forward right towards the golden retriever's sheath, held above his chest at a bit of an angle. Phil had that one leg raised, and further up, his tongue flopped eagerly out of his mouth; Lukas looked up into happy blue eyes for a quick moment - before another hot, rich liquid started to soak into his fur as well, one that carried an even stronger scent and musk.

"Ah-" he gasped, but made no attempt to move. The dog's stream pulsed gently with his heartbeat as he marked the otter, his piss splashing up across his chest, flowing down through his fur and into a pool underneath him. Even at this distance, Lukas could still feel a few stray drops of it jump up against his lips and nose, metallic in taste and scent, easily enough to make him scrunch his face up and reflexively turn away, but - even though he'd *just* gotten off, already he could again feel that familiar stirring between his legs.

This was also a position he'd been in before, though much less often. He half-closed his eyes again and leaned his head back, feeling the warmth course over his body and cover all of the other scents with that one dominating musk, hot and heavy and rich; looking forward showed him the same four legs, one raised, that he'd been beneath earlier, the same gold-furred chest.

A well-placed paw and tight fingers had been Lukas's way of showing his affection, and - a raised leg and emptied bladder was Phil's. Gradually that rich yellow arc began to lose its force and speed, coming down straighter over the otter's belly and eventually the open fly of his pants, directly into his pubic fur and onto his half-hard length... with this, he slid his paw down his body again and closed it around his now-dripping cock, and spread the mark around over his smooth skin. There was no way he'd be able to focus now.

Now that he'd finished, the golden retriever set his leg back down and took a few steps to the side, tail still wagging behind him and tongue still lolling out of his mouth - but Lukas hadn't quite finished. Before he could stop himself, he'd gotten up onto his knees and came forward towards the dog again, fresh mark dripping off of him, and - leaned down underneath, took Phil's plump sheath between a finger and thumb, and dragged his tongue up along the end, bringing that rich taste into his mouth and swallowing it down. Just like he'd thought, it made him shudder and burned at his tongue and throat, but... if he said he didn't enjoy it...

He had yet another distraction throbbing between his legs now, as well as a pool of dark yellow mark to clean up - all the while absolutely reeking of it, with this damn dog's seed still warming his belly... Lukas sighed. It was going to be a long night. Maybe it would just be better if he took off his shirt and pants and finished up in his underwear, but there was no denying that his fur was soaked through to skin as well; as he stood there, Phil wagging and nosing at his leg, he thought about his options.

Before he could come to a decision, though, his ears perked: footsteps down the hall, coming towards him... there was nothing he could do. Another few seconds, and the same sabercat who had trained him peeked her head around the corner, looked at him for a brief moment through the viewing window, looked away - and then looked back, eyes wide and ears up. Lukas hadn't yet zipped his pants back up, and he could feel another drop of Phil's piss course down his nose and drip off into the puddle on the floor.

He swallowed. The taste of the dog's mark remained strong in his throat.