

Lukas adjusted his backpack over his shoulder and stopped atop the ridge, looking down at the area below him. He'd never been to Alaska before, and hadn't particularly *wanted* to come - but, something in him just made him go through with purchasing the tickets and flying out here for a period of time during the summer. At least it wasn't quite cold enough to freeze his balls off; being an otter, he had fairly thick fur, but not *that* thick. Especially not during the summer, when he was used to almost drowning in his own sweat.

After arriving, though, he found himself to enjoy the surroundings, and on the following morning was quite excited to start the camping trip he'd planned for. Camping had always been an interest of his, though what with classes and lack of a good place to do it back at home, he rarely ever went. Shame that he couldn't bring a friend along with him on this trip, but *oh well*, he figured.

Very pretty up here: crystal river flowing down through tall grasses, fields of flowers, healthy trees rising up from the earth - with grey and black stone visible in patches along the ground. The sky had started to turn an odd pinkish-grey color that Lukas had grown accustomed to seeing in the five minutes before sundown back home, but - that color had remained for at least the past hour; a glance at his watch let him know the reason why.

Apparently in this part of Alaska, a midnight sun was as common as sunrise or sunset where the otter had come from. It was long past time for him to set up camp and bunk down for the night, as much of 'night' as it was. In his backpack he'd brought along a sleeping bag, a tarp, and some other things, hoping to pack fairly lightly so that his back didn't scream at him with every movement; along a flat portion of the ridge three trees stood a good distance from one another so that he could hook up his tarp there to make a cover for himself in case the sky decided to open up while he slept.

As he worked with setting up his little camp, he came to realize how tired he truly was - enough so that he didn't even mind the stiff ground beneath his back when he climbed into his sleeping bag. Honestly, the temperature here felt about perfect: cool enough so that he could bury himself in the soft fabric of the inside of his sleeping bag to warm up, and... drift off...

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The feral wolf lifted his nose to the air after stepping out of his den, picking up a scent he didn't recognize. It wasn't exactly *unpleasant*, just... different. Different enough to make him a little uncomfortable without checking it out first, so after padding down the way to the river near the valley to sate his thirst, he again sniffed at the air to figure out just where that scent came from. Nothing else seemed out-of-place tonight.

This wolf - Kage, he was called - found his way up along a path leading towards a small ridge at the other end of the valley, overlooking everything below. It was here that the scent lingered strongest, something faintly musky, but not like anything else that regularly came through here... and, he found out *why* after bumping his nose against a cloth backpack, set against the base of a tree.

Up above, some sort of covering had been set up - and then, beneath that, an otter curled up in a sleeping bag like Kage had seen a few times in the past. Carefully, the wolf stepped closer, nose and whiskers twitching in his sniffing, first along the zipper of the sleeping bag, then the surface, and then on the inside of it, where that scent had concentrated the strongest - with

delicious body warmth, too. That scent *definitely* belonged to this otter. Not another feral, as he was used to seeing around here. Probably didn't know that he had stumbled into Kage's territory.

That was alright, though; the wolf, after sniffing at the otter's muzzle, stepped forward a little. He rather enjoyed the scent this otter brought to his territory, and wanted the other wolves in the area to know that. So, after getting into a position that would be suitable, Kage looked back at the otter - he'd rolled onto his side - and then... lifted one of his hind legs. Good thing he'd drunk some water from the river just earlier, or he might not have had enough mark to get the job done.

A small noise from the otter made him look down again - down at the stream of rich yellow piss arcing out of the end of his sheath and against the otter's shoulder and neck, running down his fur and soaking into the fabric of the sleeping bag's interior beneath him. He looked a little uncomfortable, but not enough to wake up - so Kage adjusted the angle again (though his heartbeat caused his stream to rhythmically bounce upwards a little bit) and resumed, emptying his bladder until he had no more to give and until the scent of this otter visitor had been dampened and replaced by his own stronger and much more pungent one.

He kept his leg up for a moment longer, waiting for the last of the drips of piss to roll off moistened fur of the end of his sheath - and then, that done, spun back around to sniff at the otter again. His piss had pooled along the inside of the sleeping bag and on the earth near his head, bubbling slightly and yellow tint obvious even in this light; the otter's nose twitched and he flicked his tongue out over his lips, but other than that, he did not stir. Satisfied, Kage leaned down, dragged his own tongue around the otter's cheek - which caused him to bring the even sharper taste of his piss into his own muzzle - and then wagged his tail a little, and set back off.

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The first thing to awaken Lukas was the annoying pressure of his morning wood against the front of his pants, which he had kept on during the night for fear of getting too cold - and the second was one single thought: *what in God's name is that smell?* It took him longer than it should have, he figured, to notice that not only was his sleeping bag sopping wet, but his back and a considerable portion of the rest of his body too - and when he lifted his arm to his nose and sniffed, that scent assaulted him even more strongly than it had before. It was - intensely musky, a deep sort of scent, more so than if he went for a week without a shower...

Oh, no. *Don't tell me that I...* after scrambling out of his sleeping bag - whatever the liquid was, it had cooled over time, and now made him shiver as it dripped through his fur - he patted himself down, paws pressing at the front of his pants. If he *had* wet himself like he thought, which he hadn't done since elementary school - on accident while he slept, that was - then most of that wetness would be focused right there, at the front of his pants... which were suspiciously dry.

Then, he reached up, felt at his shoulder, his neck, his *cheek*... even if he tried, and he *had*, he couldn't get that sort of distance while pissing. This wasn't his. But - what was he going to do about the sleeping bag, though? It's not like he hadn't had some creature's piss on his face and body before; just, this time, he didn't know what it belonged to... though, as Lukas started getting his things together to continue on his hike - that river he'd seen below the ridge rolled

down from a nice waterfall a bit of a ways away, but close enough that he could see it from here; that'd make for a good place to shower - he began to recognize something in the scent.

Honestly, it smelled to him like a combination between - between... the one time his brother had asked him to watch his dog for the weekend, and whenever the dog had to pee, Lukas followed it outside and stuck his paws or his muzzle underneath him to catch some of that piss, purely to satisfy his own curiosity (which had ended up in him sitting back against the tree in his backyard while the dog raised a leg on him and thoroughly painted him down with its mark), and also when he once asked a hot older wolf he'd met through a glory hole in a grocery store bathroom to give him a special kind of shower in the bathtub, and he'd kept his eyes closed and mouth wide open.

His ears perked when he came to the realization, and he sniffed at his arm again to be sure. Yes, there definitely lingered the unmistakable pungency of a feral's mark, as well as the characteristic *spice* of a wolf. He should've known, having set up camp out in the open like this.

After slinging his backpack again over his back, balled-up sleeping bag under one arm so as not to squeeze the wolf piss out on any of his other things, he only became more aware of how *strongly* the scent had gotten into his fur: each movement brought it back to his nose, bright and powerful, and if it weren't strong enough to almost make his eyes water he might have had to take some time to himself to rub one out, it worked him up enough. Really, he considered himself quite lucky that a feral wolf out here had claimed him as his instead of just tearing his throat out... what would this wolf have him do if they were to run into one another?

After reaching the waterfall, stripping his clothes off, and steeling himself for the doubtlessly cold water, he spent some time in the shallows scrubbing at his fur and soaking his clothing - he'd brought along an extra pair in his backpack, which, thank God, had gone unmarked by that wolf. He decided that tonight he'd sleep under his sleeping bag as a blanket, with the soaked fabric facing outwards. At least it would keep the other creatures away, hopefully.

After resting his clothes over a branch back along the riverbank, which would probably take a while, Lukas crouched down in the shallows again and let the cool water flow over his feet and around his ankles - and kept his eyes open and ears perked, fingers and claws flexing repeatedly in his lap. One time a year or so ago, his cousin had taught him how to fish like feral otters do, and then the two had spent the day doing that and a few other fun things; now, Lukas watched silver-scaled fish swim around deeper in the river, while he tried to go through his thoughts. The river didn't really seem deep enough for him, but if he *did* dive in...

A branch behind him snapped, though, causing his ears to flick back and breaking his concentration. He'd rolled his sleeping bag out with the piss-soaked side facing up in attempts to dry it off a little, so anything that came this close either wanted to mark *over* that, or - Lukas half-turned around. Either *that*, or something that came this close had been the thing to originally claim that sleeping bag as well as Lukas himself.

A rather *large* wolf stood back at the edge of the treeline, tall ears similarly perked, tail stiff, body language showing that it - *he*; Lukas's sitting down in the river a bit put his eyes directly level with the bottom of the wolf's chest and, try as he might to ignore it, he couldn't help but glance down at the full sack and sheath that hung between the creature's hind legs - was more interested than anything. Lukas's first thought was to dive into the river, swim down a ways, and

get out on the other side, and then wait 'til this wolf left... but hadn't he heard something from someone at some point in time, about how running is the *worst* thing to do?

Or was that with bears? Or coyotes? Or... dragons, maybe? Either way, Lukas had put off getting dressed in case he *did* decide to dip into the river to fish for his breakfast - but, now, that just made him feel far more vulnerable.

Maybe if he stayed still, this wolf would lose interest. Lukas turned back to the river to try to focus on the fish again, though kept his ears resolutely directed behind him. Damn feral creatures, able to move almost soundlessly... after what felt like a few minutes, though, he looked behind himself again - and found that wolf standing much, *much* closer to him, enough to make him quite a bit uncomfortable. Before he could stop himself, the otter had jerked upright, scrambled to his feet, and moved as if to run away, but - tripped over a slippery rock and landed on all fours in the shallows, cool water splashing up over his face and body. At least there were worse ways to go out than getting eaten. Right?

When he managed to roll over onto his back and scoot back a little, what he saw surprised him a little: this feral wolf had followed him, but the angle of his tail had relaxed somewhat, his lips hadn't yet curled back into a snarl, his hackles remained flat against the back of his neck... and, between his back legs, an inch or two of reddish-pink veined flesh protruded out the end of his dark-furred sheath, plump balls hanging beneath. He sat down about a foot away from Lukas, only making the otter's view of his *equipment* even better - and already Lukas could feel the thrumming in his chest turn to something with a different driving force.

The wolf tilted his head and let out a low *huff* - and Lukas couldn't believe it. Sure, his brother's dog had started mounting and thrusting against him after a few weekends of 'conditioning', not entirely accidental, but... well. This was the first time he'd *seen* this wolf, and already he felt like he was being hit on. It looked like he wasn't going to get out of this one way or another, so, after swallowing down his nervousness, Lukas moved forward a little, watched the wolf - he briefly flicked sea-blue eyes up to the otter, and then continued angling his muzzle down toward himself - and then moved forward a little more, a little more... he reached his arm out, slowly, carefully, fingers extended -

-and briefly brushed his pads against the feral's soft, warm-furred sheath, the heat of his body focused right there between his hind legs. Lukas had to keep his head turned to one side, or else brush his muzzle against the wolf's; in fact, he could feel the creature's exhalations tickling against his whiskers, those breaths speeding up just slightly as he traced his fingers up the wolf's sheath.

*I can't believe this is happening*, he thought to himself. Not only that, yet again, he found himself with his paw between the rear legs of a feral canid, but that this wolf had approached him and seemed to *ask* for it... the otter tightened his forefinger and thumb and moved his paw down along the wolf's sheath, tugging the supple skin briefly back before rubbing consistently at a spot at the base. In reflex, the wolf stood up a little bit, grunted - Lukas felt it against his cheek - and instantly started thrusting forward into the working paw, hard flesh of his length growing out of his sheath and along the otter's arm, until he could feel the small swell of the wolf's knot at the base of his sheath. He knew from experience that *that* would expand considerably

Lukas found himself quite a bit more comfortable with his eyes fixed on the thick red-veined shaft pulsing against the wolf's dark fur, rather than have to look at his sharp fangs and bristly

muzzle. The wolf's cock glistened in the morning sunlight, slick with liquid musk - he could also smell *that* on the air, the unmistakable 'aroma', if that were the right word, that always hovered around a canid's length - and left some of that slickness clinging to the pads of his fingers, ensuring that his grip remained somewhat loose.

After getting into a more comfortable position, he brought his paw up and down the wolf's cock a few times, feeling how its stiffness gave way to less-firm flesh part of the way up - and then he had to move back a little as the first of the wolf's spurts of pre started jetting out against the fur of his arm. He'd just finished washing himself, too.

Lukas put his other arm out against the ground for balance as he leaned over, moving his paw back down to the base of the wolf's plump sheath, underneath the bulge of his knot. The feral seemed to want to take things over from there: he thrust forward and back, forward and back, squeezing his slowly-growing knot through the ring made by Lukas's finger and thumb, the bulge of flesh catching briefly each time but then slipping through. Spray after small spray of clear pre jetted out against the fur of his arm, some missing and splattering along his leg or the bare earth beneath the two - but each spurt only strengthened the flat, enticing scent in the air, and soon Lukas again felt his own erection throbbing between his legs. Maybe it was actually a good thing that he hadn't put his pants back on.

With his other paw he reached forward and gently cupped the wolf's plump sack, swinging forward and back with his thrusts. Sizable things, about as warm as the sheath and hard cock that pumped along his other paw, nice and heavy... the otter considered leaning forward and running his nose up along the midline of the short-furred sack, had this wolf not let out another low grunt and then bucked rather fiercely forward into his paw, and tugged back but did not move.

His knot had swollen up, and now instead of clear pre shooting out over his arm, it was spurts of cum of a slightly different color, out all against Lukas's arm, his thigh, his lower belly, along his own sack and twitching length... God, the heat of that load was almost enough to make *him* moan. If only he'd had enough warning; maybe he could have moved his muzzle down and caught some of that cum on his tongue. Certainly felt - and looked: again and again the wolf strained against Lukas's tight paw, spurts just barely receding in force and volume - like there'd be enough to sate any thirst he had. More than enough.

That done, Lukas straightened back up a little, careful not to drag his paw along the ground... and then brought that paw to his muzzle, pressing his pre- and cum-soaked fur against his nose and lips. Warm, slick, slightly sticky... and this scent certainly had its similarities to what he'd awoken to find in his chestfur and sleeping bag. Out here, nobody was around to see him, so he could guiltlessly flick his tongue out against his fur, catch some of the slickness - still warm - on his tongue, let the taste roll around in his mouth...

But, just as he did so, another tongue flicked out against him, right along the underside of his hard shaft. It startled him at first, but then another lick, followed by another, and another, knocked any noises of complaint out of his mouth and replaced them with low, gentle moans of pleasure. Broad, flat tongue, smooth, warm and moist - and, God, it felt so different than if it were someone other than a feral licking at him; better, almost...

Kage pressed his nose against the end of this otter's cock each time he leaned in to lick at it, half-closed eyes watching the way his slick foreskin rolled up a little with his tongue, and then

slid back as he throbbed as a result of the lick. At first he had started doing this because the sight of his own load sprayed out across the visitor's crotch had caught his attention, and then he had noticed the otter's scent again, too, and... well, not he just enjoyed everything about it.

His own cock still twitched and throbbed between his hind legs, dripping out the last of his load into the sparse grass beneath him. The otter's noises were somewhat hard to hear under the roar of the nearby waterfall, but if he kept one ear perked, he could pick them up. Kage moved down along the otter's length, licks becoming longer and slower; at one point he could even taste the slightly tangy slickness of his pre, drooling out against the surface of his tongue before getting lapped up.

Then, the wolf adjusted his position once more, and did something to the otter that he'd been practicing on himself for a while, due to the natural flexibility of a feral: he cupped his cock in his tongue and slowly, slowly moved down on him, bringing the otter's length into the warm, slightly-sticky walls of his mouth. A rather longer and drawn-out moan let him know that he was probably doing something right - so, of course, he continued, bobbing up and down along the twitching cock, pressing his tongue against the underside of the head to swallow down whatever pre dripped out.

Within moments, his visitor had built up the courage to move a paw down behind one of Kage's ears and hold him in place while he thrust forward into the wolf's loose lips, just as *he* had done into his paw. Where Kage himself just had a lot to give all the time, it felt to him that this otter had gone for a while without a release: within minutes he had started humping into the wolf's waiting muzzle, breaths coming in fast, short gasps - and then, a few moments more and he had already started shooting his own load against the back of the feral's throat, his spurts thicker in consistency, heavier, but not necessarily *more* than Kage's own.

Because of his fairly long wolf's muzzle, Kage remained down with this otter's cock between his lips and his nose buried in the bushy, slightly musky pubic fur at the base of that cock, tongue pressing and squeezing the last of his delicious load out. Eventually, the otter tugged out and rolled over onto his back, chest rising and falling in heavy breaths... but, Kage hadn't finished.

Right when Lukas had closed his eyes to catch his breath, though- *God, how does that wolf know how to do that? I mean, I've seen a few videos online, but... Christ, that was something else* - he heard another small *huff* sound from this wolf, and cracked his eyes and tilted his head a little to then see the feral, after flicking his tongue out over his chops, turn around in a half-circle and... *raise his tail*. His throbbing red shaft hadn't yet receded into his sheath; in fact, had Lukas not already received a more than fair amount of cum across his entire lower body, he'd have thought that this feral was just getting started.

However, his eyes were drawn first to the heavy, plump sack hanging down between the wolf's hind legs, as full and enticing as ever as well as swaying slightly with each throb of his cock - and then up along the slightly unkempt line of longer fur, tracing along the back of that sack, up towards its base, and then finally receding to a different color at the vague diamond shape of his revealed tailhole, skin dark tan in contrast to his stormcloud-grey fur surrounding it. Wrinkled pucker at the center, quite clean against the otter's expectations - but this much he didn't really notice, his focus occupied by watching how the skin of that tailhole pulsed out and clenched, pulsed out and clenched again with each of the wolf's heartbeats.

Another small grunt. Lukas figured he could lend a tongue and pair of lips to that tailhole for now, until his arousal came back - which, probably, wouldn't take too long. He straightened back up into a sitting position and scooted forward to the wolf's rear, watching how he only lifted his tail higher and widened his stance a little at the same time. This wolf stood tall enough so that, with Lukas sitting down, were he to lean forward, he could almost perfectly press his lips against the pucker of his tailhole...

First, though, he brought a finger to his lips and swirled his tongue around it, then moved that forward against the rim of that waiting tailhole. It twitched and pulsed again, but then remained still - and, God, the heat radiating off of it... the thing that Lukas had discovered about feral tailholes (for this certainly wasn't the first time he'd been this close to one) was that they seemed to yield much more readily to fingers, to tongues, than cocks, than others. It took a little bit of pressure, but after dragging the pad of his finger around the outside of the wolf's tailhole and over the center, his finger easily slid in-

-which in turn caused the wolf to stiffen up, grunt yet again, and then hump forward into the air, bringing himself forward off of Lukas's finger and then back onto it, burying it up to the second knuckle past his rim.

Lukas couldn't help himself. He closed the distance between his muzzle and the wolf's tailhole, keeping his lips similarly puckered at first to feel the wrinkled ridges, the slickness of his own saliva, the somewhat-sharp spice that lingered on the skin there - and when he flicked his tongue gently forward, when he dragged it from the bottom of that diamond shape to the top and then back again, he felt the wolf clench forward and press back against him, as if asking him to press deeper.

And so, after spending a bit of time running his tongue over the small wrinkles of skin, he did. The wolf's tailhole squeezed around his tongue but then allowed him in - and the flesh of the inside of his rump felt much, *much* smoother and slicker (as well as a considerable bit tangier, almost) than the outside of his tailhole, and even hotter than he'd expected. Lukas brought one paw up against the wolf's flank as he churned his tongue in and out of him, every now and then swallowing down the taste, or dragging the flat of his tongue up along the outside of his tailhole, or pressing his lips to his pucker in a sort of kiss...

He reached his other paw around the wolf's hind leg - and again squeezed it around his cock, still hard, still throbbing, still hot and slick with pre and liquid musk. Lukas could feel each throb of his heartbeat through his shaft, mirrored through the pulsing of his tailhole on or around his tongue. The wolf had again adjusted his position, shifting his hind legs back, raising his tail a little further, and using his weight to lean back against the otter's muzzle as he worked at him, chin moving forward and back beneath his tailhole with his tongue. His jaw had already started to get sore... and, each time he moved away to wipe the back of his paw across his mouth, the scent remained fresh in his nostrils. He'd be smelling wolf for at least the next few hours.

It *had* been a while since Lukas had had any real time to himself, though, so it really didn't take too long before he felt he was ready to go again - his cock had never really softened up since he had emptied his balls into the wolf's throat, but now, the desire to feel something like that again had returned. He drew his tongue out of the feral's tailhole one last time, kissed that pucker again, and then straightened up into a kneeling position behind him - and gently placed the end of his cock against the prepared tailhole. This felt a little... odd, sure, what with this being some

feral wolf he'd never met before, but... the wolf seemed like he wanted it. And Lukas sure as hell did, too.

He placed both his paws on the wolf's flanks and started to press in, gently at first, but then with a little more force and urgency at feeling the thorough slickness his saliva had left there, as well as the eagerness with which this wolf actually *pushed back* against him. In fact, Lukas had intended to go slower, had wanted to be sure this feral got accustomed to his cock before pounding away at him - but, the wolf handled that for him: with a slightly awkward backwards step, the wolf sank back onto Lukas's cock and hilted the otter in him in one deep go, and - then tilted his muzzle back and let out a long, low howl, enough to make the fur on the back of Lukas's neck prickle.

Throughout that howl, he remained buried in the wolf's tailhole, mind aflame at the pressure of hot, slick flesh squeezing around on him, just like what he'd felt around his tongue but deeper, tighter - and then the feeling of his own sack against the wolf's, the feral's a bit bigger than his own, heavier... and, then, when this wolf finished his howl and turned his blue eyes back at Lukas, the otter felt pressured. So, he drew his hips back a little, thrust back in - *slap* - and then came back a little further, pressed back in - *slap* - and started a steady rhythm, drawing further out each time and sinking back in, the feeling of the feral's tailhole on his cock already making him shiver.

Such intense, delicious heat, such a pressure around his length, providing enough resistance for his foreskin to roll forward and back over his sensitive head with each thrust... Lukas leaned forward a little, wrapping one paw around the wolf's twitching cock to stroke him as he fucked him. When it came to ferals, he admittedly had a bit more practice on the *other* end of things - as in, with himself being the one on all fours with the weight of a body pressing down onto him, pumping in and out of him - but... well, this was perfectly alright too.

Since this wolf apparently took him better than *most* bottoms Lukas has had (which was, to say, not very many), he didn't feel too bad about strengthening his grip on the feral's flank and churning his hips against him with a bit more force and speed, loving the way he could feel each little clench, loving how the wolf's tailhole clung onto his cock as he pulled out and then squeezed around it when he pushed back in. Just - feeling that warmth and pressure from base to tip; hearing the noises caused by hips slapping against the wolf's rump; feeling how the feral's sack lurched forward and back, forward and back against his own...

Once his rhythm had picked up a bit, Lukas leaned more closely over the wolf, but was careful not to grab onto him anywhere else or rest his muzzle against his shoulder. By now he honestly couldn't tell if the feral was thrusting forward into his fast-moving paw - each time he brought it up, he felt another spray of pre out over his fingers - or was pushing back into the fucking.

That didn't really matter: a few minutes into it, the otter had started to feel another orgasm approaching, this one a little more drawn-out and distant than the last one. But, that wouldn't mean that it'd be any less *powerful*; his heart beating in his chest and the way his breathing felt heavy and labored came as results of both emptying his load into the wolf's maw earlier, as well as the energy it took to thrust into this creature now. And - the feral had started to press even more firmly back against his hips, even when he drew all the way back out of his tailhole and had to slide back in, head to base, again and again. As if he wanted, or expected, to be knotted.

The noise of the nearby waterfall had faded to nothing beneath everything else going on - and then Lukas forgot about it entirely when his pleasure peaked, causing him to pound deeply into the wolf one last time, press his hips and lower belly against his rump and tail, and dig his claws into the fur of the wolf's flank as he again unloaded spurt after spurt of thick cum deep into him. The consistency of what shot out over his paw changed, too - and after a few seconds when Lukas brought that paw again to his mouth, it tasted again like fresh wolf cum.

Kage tensed up all over when both he and this otter came, feeling the hot pleasure surging through him - as well as a little bit of the forceful spurts of seed into him, though that was a distant and vague feeling. He wanted this visitor to remain in him, to give him all that he had, but after a few more moments, he lurched back and slid out of him... then, Kage could feel a small bit of the otter's cum roll out of his tailhole and down his backside a little.

He *still* hadn't finished yet. Before anything else, before allowing this otter to lie down and catch his breath again, the wolf lay down and rolled over onto his back, and then kept his legs spread wide and tail limp. This, of course, caught the otter's attention - seeing Kage's pulsing red knotted shaft against his bare belly, his sack hanging beneath... their eyes met for a quick moment, and then the otter started to move again. He said something under his breath, smiled, leaned down for a quick lick at the base of the wolf's cock - and then turned fully around so that *his* balls and length hung above Kage's muzzle.

The wolf nuzzled up against it while he felt the otter to the same to him, lips closing around the tapered end of his shaft, tongue lapping off the slick stickiness of pre and cum and whatever else. Kage couldn't help but hump upwards into the otter's muzzle, especially as he descended further on him, but he didn't seem to mind too much: in fact, the otter gladly took the thrusts, and dove down further until his lips pressed against the bulge of the wolf's knot. Meanwhile, Kage dragged his tongue again and again over the underside of the otter's still-twitching length, surprisingly still firm with arousal...

But, just like before, he felt that he had to mark his territory. So, while buried in the otter's mouth, Kage let his eyes drift closed, lifted his hips up a little - and started to empty his bladder again, directly against the back of his visitor's throat.

Lukas spluttered at the first burst of hot piss, recognizable in an instant not only by its temperature but also by the thick taste and sharp scent. Both of those would remain in his muzzle for the entirety of the day no matter what he did to try to get rid of it... but, honestly, that wasn't such a bad thing. Feral piss, especially of canines, took a *long* time to get used to, and even now it still made something in him shudder and brought him to move all the way back, off of that still-hard cock.

Sure enough, yellow-tinted liquid streamed out of the wolf's cock, over Lukas's shoulder and then the feral's chest when he moved back. Lukas watched how it coursed down through his fur and spread out over the earth beneath him, and showed no sign of stopping - and, well, now that he *knew* what was happening... he moved his paw back to the base of the wolf's cock, tilted it again up towards his muzzle, opened his mouth and stretched his tongue out - and caught a fair amount of that rich stream there, to be swallowed down. It took quite a bit of focus and want to be able to down the sharp taste, but as he did it more, he grew more accustomed to it, and came to enjoy it even more - until he had again closed his lips around the end of the wolf's cock, letting his fresh piss fill his muzzle before drinking it down, again and again.

And, if *that's* what he wanted to do, then he'd give him some of his own. Even more focus went into readying himself, but soon, Lukas felt the familiar warm pleasure of releasing his own, right against the wolf's similarly waiting muzzle; and then just like before, he felt first a tongue lap out against him and then the sweet, moist warmth of a muzzle closing around his length, receiving all of his piss and drinking it down as it came without missing a drop.

The scent and powerful taste quickly overtook Lukas's senses, and he had to take multiple breaks to catch his breath - during which he gladly let the wolf's mark out over his lips, his neck, his chest, his back, just like he was sure had happened sometime last night, though now he still felt the relief of emptying his own bladder at the same time, too.

Like usual, though, this wolf outperformed Lukas: after the otter had already finished his relief, the wolf still had more piss to empty out onto his muzzle and tongue, but it *had* started to dwindle a little. Lukas, having gotten his fill of the taste, simply lapped at the flesh of the end of the wolf's cock as it pumped out the last of his fresh piss, finally turning to a weak dribble and then stopping entirely. However, before he could bring the wolf again into the back of his muzzle like he wanted, the feral rolled onto his side and briefly struggled with getting out from under the otter, so Lukas let him.

Then, he half-expected what came next. Still on all fours, rich feral piss dripping from his lips, chin, and fur, Lukas had to adjust his balance and dig his claws into the earth to keep from falling over when that wolf jumped up onto his back, instinctively thrusting forward fast and hard against his rump. This was the worst part about playing with a feral: they seemed to have no concern for any pain the bottom might feel-

Lukas just barely held back an embarrassing shout of pain when the wolf's shaft first plunged into him, sinking in about halfway before the slight bulge around the middle stopped against the otter's clenching. *Oh, that'll be sore for the rest of the week...* he remained still for a moment, *thank God*, which allowed Lukas to move forward a little, just to get used to the wolf's thickness. Really, he should have figured that this was going to happen, from when he first woke up with the feral's scent thoroughly ingrained into his fur and sleeping bag.

The ache didn't quite go away, but this wolf still wanted to claim him. Lukas grunted and swallowed back the pain as the feral continued to push into, piss- and saliva-slickened length sliding past the tight rim of his tailhole and stretching him. A bit of the discomfort came from Lukas having just finished, *again*, not too long ago; as the wolf continued to pound at him with deep, fast thrusts, he quickly became at least somewhat accustomed to the thick contoured length under his tail, though each thrust in still sent a vague wave of pain through him.

He lowered his head down to to the ground beneath him and kept his mouth open, breath coming and going in short panting while the wolf bred him, paws hanging over his shoulders and muzzle near his ear. Such thickness - and endless energy, too; this would be, what, the feral's third orgasm in a fairly short time? How much more did he have in those balls of his? Lukas, regrettably, had never gotten a good chance to shovel his nose up underneath them, but... well, maybe after this. He certainly wouldn't mind giving him another good lick-down.

Kage gripped onto the otter's shoulders as he fucked him, each clench and push in pulling yet another spurt of pre out of his cock and getting the otter's tailhole only further lubed up for him. He had been glad to find this otter to readily take his pounding, albeit with some manner of discomfort - which then spiked as he started to try to knot him, pressing his wide bulge of flesh

against the tight rim of his tailhole a little more firmly each time, stretching him wider and wider. The otter leaned forward, voiced a noise that sounded halfway between a moan and a yelp of discomfort-

-which then peaked into a short shout as Kage's knot finally popped into him, his tailhole stretching wide to allow it in and then clenching around the base, tugging firm and hard in milking out the last of his cum. With nowhere to go, he could feel it fill up the otter's rump, warm and sticky around his cock as it pulsed and twitched in emptying one more time.

This otter seemed quite thoroughly exhausted. He only gave a small whimper when Kage dismounted, still firmly tied to him, while his breath shuddered through his parted lips. Kage could still taste the otter's piss on his tongue every time he swallowed, a taste he was unused to, but still enjoyable. Later tonight, though, he'd be sure to replace that taste again with his own.

His knot would take a while to go down. It always did. This otter apparently hadn't known what he was getting into when he remained bent over, tail raised for him: after about ten minutes he started to get squirmy, tugging on Kage's cock and then letting out tense breaths; another twenty and he kept on adjusting his position, the little pebbles on the ground probably uncomfortable against his knees and paws; and then, probably twenty more minutes after, Kage suddenly lurched forward - *pop* - and felt himself come free, kept very, very warm and moist by being held under the otter's tail.

The wolf flopped over onto his side and leaned down to lick himself back into his sheath, but the otter batted him away and took over himself, to the feral's surprise. From here he could see his load slowly drip out of the otter's backside, leaving a wet spot on the ground underneath him as he lapped at his cock, licking off the slick cum and allowing him to withdraw into his sheath; after that had finished, the otter leaned down, dragged his nose along the side of his sheath, and stood up and turned around to go back to the river. Here, Kage got a very good look at his stretched tailhole, dripping milky white down the side of his thigh.

Lukas ached all over, but he wasn't unsatisfied. Today would give him something to think about every night for at least a few weeks... but tomorrow he'd probably have to stay in one place, as his legs were already almost too shaky to walk. That felt like it had been an *hour*, tied to that damn wolf. The pain had just sort of gone away, mostly, until he tugged on it; but now that it had gone down, he had trouble moving his legs, could feel the wolf's voluminous load leaking out of him.

He also didn't really want to sit down in the river, for fear of something else getting caught under his tail as well as wolf cum.

When he next turned around, though, after cupping some water in his paw to wash off his mouth, that wolf had disappeared. He was no tracker, so there was no point in trying to find where he went - and, besides, his sleeping bag still bore the unmistakable scent of his piss. If he wanted to find him, he would. Lukas felt certain, though, that *he* would be the one wanting to find the wolf later.

After all, he was still kind of thirsty.