

"Wait, wait, wait. What about your parents? Won't they think it's fuckin' weird that you show up at this time of night from a party - and smelling like my piss, nonetheless?"

Calem flicked his ears back as Haren spoke, and then a moment later turned his bright yellow eyes to the striped hyena a short distance behind him. Hadn't been since about this time last semester that Haren had come down this way, back when this same wolf had invited him over to meet his parents for dinner one weekend.

*"Aren't you two a little old to be having a sleepover?"* they'd said. *"You're juniors in college, for God's sake."* Calem had given that irresistible (and also slightly intimidating; that was part of him that always gave Haren a little shiver) grin of his, splayed his ears back, canted his head, and said - *"He'll sleep in the spare room. You won't even know he's here."* Of course that turned out to be a lie, and the wolf and hyena spent the night just as they always did back at their dorm: first with muzzle tucked under chin, then with the side of Calem's face pressed into the pillow while Haren pumped his hips against his rump, then tense silence as they thought they heard footsteps down the hall...

"Oh, we don't gotta worry about that." Calem shrugged, and looked forward again. He had his paws in the pockets of his jeans, looking just about black beneath their dampness as well as the dark of night all around. "They're out for the weekend. And, hey, besides - wouldn't be the first time it's happened, right?"

Even though he'd *just* finished like seven minutes ago, remembering that - as well as being able to smell his own mark on the wolf, wafting back from ahead on the cool night breeze - gave him a twitch and a slight stiffening. One paw in his own pocket, his fingerpads rolled over the smooth surface of the pen he'd kept with him from the park; another thing that still lingered with him was that distant, fuzzy tingling that he always got whenever he came with something slid down into his cock. This time, it had been this pen, of course well-lubed. Lots of memories there, too, also with Calem.

Trying to stay discreet, he slid his other paw down beneath the waistband of his pants, grazed a fingerpad over the soft end of his foreskin, rolled that slick skin back between two fingers, rubbed himself gently against the interior of his underwear... he was still dripping cum. That tended to get annoying sometimes.

Then the striped hyena sighed, slid his paw back out, grazed his now-wet fingertips across the surface of his nose and lips. Scent of his own musk, rubbery aroma of the lube, flatter, heavier smell of fresh cum. All good, all enjoyable. None new. "Hey, you sure that deer knows his way back to your place?"

"Who, Mike?"

That had been the third tonight. Or - well, technically Haren himself was the third, picked up at tonight's party: Calem had a different roommate this semester, a tallish, cute stag, pretty shy, kind of quiet, who he'd brought with him. Pretty open-minded, too, or maybe he just had his own secrets: not only did he willingly watch when Haren whipped it out and emptied his bladder across this wolf's face, but it had also visibly turned him on. Same for when Calem had slid that pen down into the hyena's cock.

Thinking about it (again) gave him another little twitch. Again. Sounding was something he didn't often have the time or patience to indulge himself in, but... well, he'd gotten worked up enough back in the park tonight. Just something about having his pants around his ankles (not quite literally) while facing the road gave him the same kind of buzzing, pulsing rush that he got from scary movies. Just... different in its own way.

"Yeah."

"I certainly hope so. That's my car he's driving." Caleb had had a bit to drink tonight, not as a euphemism, and as such had dutifully relinquished his keys to the stag. Whether they'd arranged that or if Mike just chose to stay away from the booze himself, Haren didn't know. Wouldn't put it past him either way. "He's been to my house... twice before, I think? Once to help me move my computer, and then once because Mom likes to meet my roommates."

"I know that much." Somewhere off to the right, the sound of a semi going along the nearby highway wooshed by, little more than something else beneath the wind in the trees. "It's this street, right?"

"Sure is." Caleb spun on his ankle, and Haren once again caught a whiff of his own piss. A few times in the past, the hyena had worn that scent himself on his own muzzle, or chin, or neck, or chest...

"Uhh... second house on the left?"

"See?" There was that grin again. Caleb's eyes caught the light of the streetlamp and reflected it back, sodium-blaze yellow. "You say you're forgetful, but you always remember the important things."

"Like you're slightly allergic to latex."

"Okay, you remember that one because you were there when we figured that out. That's not something I wanna repeat."

The hyena's tall ears perked again, this time flicking back towards the road they'd just turned from. Maybe that was Mike... but, no: the car drove on by, slow, careful at this time of night. Guess it still *could* be him, and he just didn't know the way back as well as Caleb had hoped he would. That was alright, though: Haren still had something else in mind for the both of them, and it'd be even better if he could get another orgasm out of the wolf before Mike got here.

"Ah." He looked back over towards the house as they approached, familiar shape and look of the building giving him a bit of a nostalgic shiver. "You guys cut down the tree out front? When'd that happen?"

"Oh, like... month and a half ago? Not that long. Just a pain to mow around, and besides, it never produced any edible fruit any...way..."

Caleb stopped halfway across the lawn, with Haren not noticing until he almost bumped into him. Rich scent of slowly-staling piss caught his attention first. "What's up, Cal?"

The wolf patted at his side pockets, then his back pockets, then his side pockets again... and then perked his ears and sighed, "oohh. Yeah. Mike has my keys..."

"So we... gotta wait for him to get here?"

Calem looked over his shoulder, already on his way towards the backyard gate before Haren had finished. "Course not. Backdoor, remember? Your favorite place to come in."

"Oh my God." Eye-roll, grumble, regretful chuckle. Haren started through the grass after him. "You really couldn't think of anything less cliché?"

"What? I thought it was pretty clever. I mean, you *have* gotten into my house through the backdoor more often than the front." Another flash of that grin, just for a fraction of a second - before the sound of rustling leaves and a rumbling growl rolled across the yard from near the back corner. Calem jumped at that, but then just as quickly relaxed. "God. Hunter, you startled me! ...Yeah, yeah, I'm happy to see you too... oh, jeez - come on, don't you-"

Small shiver of an amused laugh made its way up Haren's chest as he watched the two of them, Calem stumbling unsteadily back and forth as the huge doberman hopped up onto his hind legs and tried to lap at his face. Little stump tail wagged back and forth, limp triangle ears flopped side to side with his lapping... and, between his hind legs, his certainly intact sack swung back and forth, just-as-plump sheath jiggling above. Haren had only been over here a couple of times, so he'd never gotten the chance to become... *better acquainted* with those parts of Hunter.

Not first-hand, that was. Cal had sent plenty of pictures (and a video or two) over the months since the two of them had met.

Next thing he knew, though, the wolf let out a little chirp of surprise, followed by a rustle, a thump, more rustling, some fervent sniffing... Haren looked back over to see him on his back in the grass, Hunter pushing his nose all around his neck and shoulder, his chest, his belly.

Haren squinted. "What's he doin'?"

Calem squirmed but couldn't find an opportunity to wriggle out from beneath the feral dog. Either that, or he wasn't really trying; when he looked back over to the hyena, his muzzle showed something reminiscent of sly enjoyment, of anticipation. That much could be seen even more in how he slid himself down a little bit as Hunter turned around, how he lifted himself up onto his elbows, how he swallowed and parted his lips...

Yellow eyes looked right up, first to the feral's slowly-twitching pucker and then to the hanging balls below. Calem licked his lips. "I think he can smell your piss on me. Dunno why I didn't think of that before..."

Okay. Admittedly, that kind of took the hyena by surprise. He knew that Calem enjoyed digging his tongue into his dog's sheath, and also enjoyed getting a bellyful of piss, but he never thought that... "And you're just gonna - let him-?"

Another second and a half, and he had his answer. First came the sound, gentle trickling of liquid against damp clothing and fur and flowing down into the grass beneath him - and then

came the scent, hot, coppery, bitter, enough to even make Haren wrinkle his nose. Calem, however, lifted his body up into the feral's stream and rolled his head back, one paw already making its way back down to the front of his pants to grab and squeeze and rub, just as that amber liquid streamed its way down there.

Couldn't really take his eyes away, either. Not a lot of light back here, but still Haren could make out Hunter's hanging sack and sheath (hard to miss those, really; even across the room, they were often the most noticeable part of the doberman), still jiggling gently back and forth with his breathing and balance under one raised leg, and then the way his stream of piss bounced and pulsed, going in little bursts of strength across the wolf's chest and belly. Calem slid his paw back up his chest, cupped his palm to catch that mark, spread it back down into his fur, swallowed, breathed a light moan... and then leaned forward to first touch his nose to the back of the feral's sack, and then his lips to follow, tongue soon coming out to cup beneath it.

So then here Haren stood, audience for a totally new show all his own. Might as well take advantage of that, right? After looking around across the back patio for a moment, he caught sight of a lawn chair, tugged it over with his foot, and slouched back into it, paws already working at the fly of his pants. He couldn't deny that this half-minute of fucking around had already gotten him worked up a bit, and just watching Calem work his tongue along and between those balls, taking the short-furred skin between his lips and into his muzzle, all the while Hunter just continued to drain himself across him... at one point the wolf reached up with that same paw, brought it right through the pulsing stream - which caused it to splash down across his chin - and wrapped a pair of fingers around the free end of the doberman's sheath, aiming him down closer to his neck and face.

Like watching something he knew he shouldn't be, and then *enjoying* it too... this whole thing gave Haren that so-familiar thumping in his chest, that kind of *I can't believe this is happening, but* - the hard cock that twitched beneath his fingers and throbbed in his paw as he stroked kept him from looking away. Sitting back in that creaky chair, the hyena reached down with his other paw as well, dug his balls out from inside his pants, briefly squeezed the base of his cock, touched the pad of his thumb to his head and then rolled his foreskin up over it once, twice, a third time... while that stream from the feral dog dribbled to a finish, the last few drips splashing across his extended tongue.

Even from here, Haren could see the way that the taste made Calem's face scrunch up, and for a moment the wolf looked as if he regretted it. But then, however, he just continued squeezing himself through his pants - and when he flipped the hem of his shirt up to start unzipping, the tip of his cock already poked out from beneath his pants waistband.

Haren licked his lips, swallowed, shifted his posture a bit so he could roll his foreskin back a bit further with each stroke. His eyes met Calem's for a moment while Hunter stepped away from the wet-again wolf, but still he remained in the grass; he, too, licked his lips, then rose to his knees, tugged his pants and underwear down, and fell right forward onto all fours. Hunter had gone back to sniffing around the grass and where his mark had dripped off and started to soak into the ground, but upon seeing that bared rump and hiked tail, probably still slightly-stretched and sore from the pounding that Mike had given it back in the park...

Actually, speak of the devil. From around the house came the glare of headlights through fenceboards, then the rattling shudder of the engine turning off; the slam of the door, the crunching of footsteps across cement.

Calem threw his head to the side towards the gate beyond the side of the house, and lurched forward beneath the doberman's weight suddenly bearing down atop him. Even before he'd gotten into place had Hunter started working his hips, fast and fervent, long broad tongue hanging out of his mouth and short tail going.

"Mike!" the wolf called, volume of his voice actually startling Haren a bit. That seemed a bit dangerous at this time of night, considering what he was doing with his pet dog - and what the hyena himself was doing as he watched here. "Miiiike - *ah*- fuck-"

That must've been Hunter finding his mark and unabashedly shoving into it. The gentle rustling of his inner thighs brushing pointlessly against the back of Calem's rump quickly turned to a heavier, wetter, meatier *slap-slap-slap*, the wolf's breathing already coming out in short, hot bursts.

Haren's ears naturally swiveled over towards the sound of the footsteps approaching through the grass, though he kept his eyes on the scene in front of him. After all those pictures and videos, he could only imagine what this doberman felt like (and smelled like, and tasted like; right now, though, the still-strong smell of that metallic piss continued to assault his nose. That wasn't the only thing, though: his own scent tended to strengthen a bit if he ever came and neglected to thoroughly clean off, and since his last orgasm tonight had been on a bench, in a public park, facing the road... and a few moments later the lower, softer smell of deer wafted over as well, much weaker beneath everything else going on here.

"Hey, guys, is the door locked? What're you..."

There it was. Haren looked over, hard cock still in one paw; the stag's eyes flicked back and forth between his muzzle, his shaft, and then Calem out in the grass, Hunter still happily thrusting away under his tail. The wolf bounced forward and back with the motion, tongue hanging out of his mouth and freely swinging, just like those balls against his own. He half-raised one of his arms, briefly wobbled on the lost support, and waved towards Mike.

"Hey," he panted - and swallowed, and moaned, and jerked forward again. Had he not just had that stag under his tail earlier in the night, Haren wouldn't have been surprised if Hunter had turned out to be too much for him to take. "What's up? You get - get lost on the way?"

"I'm..." Mike licked his lips, looking a bit uncomfortable. Still, though, the way his gaze kept on wandering over to the striped hyena's cock and how his foreskin rolled back and forth beneath the motion of his paw, and then from there to the wolf letting himself get used as a breeding bitch over on the lawn... the stag shoved his hands into his pockets, accompanied by the jangling of keys. "What the - *hell* are you guys-"

"I got-" Another harder thrust from the doberman, another gasp, another trickling moan. Instead of settling that arm back beneath him, Calem just lowered it down his body and squeezed it around his own length, pushing his sheath back the rest of the way and bringing his partly-swollen knot out into the air beneath him. Haren couldn't quite see that from here, except for the times Hunter adjusted his angle and pushed a little more forcefully down into the wolf beneath him, but - he'd been up close and personal with it enough times to know what it looked like. "- *distracted*, man. Gimme a - a break..." Another swallow, another series of low panting, another flick of yellow eyes up to the hyena in the chair.

Haren maintained that look for a second, then intentionally licked the pad of his other thumb and lowered it down towards the head of his cock, and rolled his foreskin up over it again. That saliva of course made things slicker, wetter, warmer; he could slide his thumb around easier, could press it against the sensitive flesh and shiver with the feeling. Admittedly he still *did* get a bit of... nervousness, a little reluctance from doing sexual things in front of people he wasn't fully comfortable with, but... maybe thirty minutes ago, he and this stag had made direct eye contact with Calem on all fours between them, one cock between his lips and another under his tail.

And, hell, it's not like they'd ever become better acquainted if neither tried for it. Without putting another thought into it, Haren scooted closer to the edge of the chair, spread his legs further, lifted up a little so he could tug his pants down his thighs, and - turned his gaze to Mike, still watching the scene before him with his mouth ajar.

"Hey, antlers." Really, they were just little fuzzy stumps at this time of year. Still, though, the hyena couldn't deny that ever since he'd seen that one certain video online about a year and a half ago, he hadn't really been able to get the thought out of his head of having his neck pinned up against a wall by long, sharp antlers, the other stag's breath washing hot and heavy down across his chest while he pumped up into him... maybe someday. That was something else: he'd have to hang around this one and see what became of those horns. "Help a hyena out, will ya?"

The stag jumped, probably not expecting to get called out so suddenly. Maybe he thought that being spoken to meant that he'd been given the right to stare, though: for a moment he just... *watched* the hyena there, pawing himself off, keeping his other thumb hooked around the base of his shaft and his sack cupped in his splayed fingers. With that gaze focused on him, Haren turned his body a little bit, and pointed right to base of his cock-

"Right here," he said, and licked his lips. "Your nose. C'mon."

Mike tugged his hands out of his pockets and fiddled his with his fingers in front of him, obviously trying to hide the tent in the front of his pants with that odd stance. Calem had returned to his own world, upper body now relaxed against the grass while Hunter just continued to rail rail into him, one of his hind legs half-raised and scratching at the wolf's thigh.

"I - uh, I've never... well, maybe I could... could just..."

"C'mon." Another slight raising of the hips, and Haren rolled his foreskin all the way back, held it there, angled his cock down... "I'm already like halfway there."

That surprised him a bit. Still, though, the stag took a hesitant step and a half forward across the patio. "What? How long've you guys been here?"

Calem turned his head to the other side. A little trace of drool glistened along the side of his muzzle. "Not - *ah* - *that* long. Haren's just - quick on the draw..."

"Blah, blah, blah." He looked back to Mike, still caught halfway between doing as told and... well, and just staying where he stood. "Can't tell me you don't want to, man. And, hell - you know neither of *us* will tell."

“Well...”

“Quiet, Cal.” The hyena squinted. “You’ve never had a dick in your mouth, have you?”

Took a moment for those eyes to meet his again. Mike shook his head.

“Well...” ...and he waved his cock in his fingers a bit, feeling a small drip of slick pre splatter against his lower belly as he did so. Mike swallowed again, licked his lips, looked between that shaft and the hyena’s muzzle, and back down... and then sighed, shrugged, and dropped to his knees before him, for a moment looking like someone with absolutely no technical knowledge peering into the engine of a car.

Then, however... warm fingers came up and wrapped around the top side of Haren’s cock, replacing his own. The hyena sat back and relaxed, watching Mike figure things out: that hand tightened on his length and stroked slowly, while his eyes watched the way the rim of his foreskin slid forward over his pink head, bunched up at the tip, then rolled back, and over the edge of his head, again and again; he watched as the stag’s nose twitched with the strength of his scent but then came in closer, to taste that aroma a little better.

And from there, it was all just things that Haren had felt before. He let his arms hang off the sides of the chair and churned his hips up into the stag’s muzzle, while Mike gradually made his way down along his length: lips first, wrapped around the revealed head of his cock and then sliding slowly down towards the rim of his foreskin, followed by his tongue, broad, smooth, warm, wet. Sweet slickness, delicious heat wrapped all around him, giving him something to lift up into, something to squeeze back against him.

And, hell, maybe the deer had done more research than he’d let on. After getting into a rhythm of bobbing his head along Haren’s cock, Mike started to intentionally roll the hyena’s foreskin forward with his hand every time he came up, then swirled his tongue gently into the wrinkled folds of skin bunched up at the end, and from there slid back down. That pretty much always made the hyena give another little twitch and throb and thrust, and every time his body did it now, Mike took it in stride and dove back down onto him. Hadn’t even gagged yet.

Or, maybe he had and the hyena just hadn’t noticed. He’d turned his eyes back to the pair in the grass ahead, Calem digging his claws into the dirt beneath him with his back arched and teeth gritted. His other paw worked fast and hard between his legs, footpaws bracing both his weight and Hunter’s against the slick grass and lifting his body up, up into that relentless pounding, just as energetic, just as urgent; the doberman gave a series of breathy pants, licked his chops, let out a low, rumbling growl... and then slowed his thrusting to a stop, last few humps enough to show the rich, glistening red flesh of his fully-swollen knot.

Calem beneath him didn’t stop, though - and yet again Haren could only imagine what that felt like, to have those repeated bursts of hot, liquidy feral seed empty out into him, again and again with each beat of the dog’s pulse. His muzzle alternated between tight lips and gritted teeth, and having his tongue hang loosely out of his mouth; with his tail forced to remain raised against his back and his rump hiked up into the air, the wolf just continued to grind, and press, and lift, and tense, until... until he gasped, shuddered in the grass, let out a strained hiss of a moan, and jerked a few times up against the doberman settled in place against and inside of him, arm continuing the motions for a few seconds after that peak.

Then, there was just heavy breathing from both the wolf and the feral, and the gentle rustling of Mike's head bobbing in Haren's lap. The hyena couldn't help himself from grating his claws along the smooth plastic of the chair's arm, just to have something to hold onto while he worked his hips up into that muzzle, noticeably inexperienced but still no less enjoyable.

Besides, that just meant that he'd be giving this stag his first load. And that'd be coming pretty soon, the way things were going: with that hand kept in pace and rhythm with his lips, and his tongue either cupped beneath the hyena's shaft or digging gently under the edge of his foreskin, tugging up on it, giving it just the slightest of pulls - and with the scent of both Hunter's mark and Calem's own cum now wafting over, both strong, rich, warm-

"Ah-"

Before really knowing what it was he was doing, Haren's paw came down to settle between those fuzzy antler-nubs, and held Mike in place... and the stag wriggled and squirmed, his own eyes shooting open probably just as the striped hyena's cum shot out against the roof of his mouth. Hot, bright, intense feeling, rippling through his body and forcing him to dig his claws into the plastic of the armrest, shuddering out with every pulse and throb just like earlier - only this time, there was no conveniently-shaped pen barrel halfway down his cock to prevent those spurts from emptying out. Just the surface of a tongue, partially buried beneath his foreskin... though after his first strong thrusts and bucks, that tongue made its way up over the tip of his head, lapped off the probably-bitter cum, dug in beneath the surface again - and pressed just a bit too hard into the sensitive flesh, and made the hyena jerk back a little.

Mike drew back off of him, broad tongue flitting fast across his lips as he swallowed down those few spurts, the stag now pointedly avoiding eye contact. Out on the grass, Haren noticed the shifting of those silhouettes: Hunter scrabbled at Calem's back as he tried to get himself back up, and then dismounted with another gasp from the wolf beneath him, accompanied by a fluid dripping of slick seed down across the back of his sack, leaking from that used tailhole.

Only when Mike rolled back onto his ankles and stood up, wiping his mouth across the back of his paw, did he catch the scent that still stung Haren's nose above everything else. "Whoa. Holy crap. What's that smell?"

Calem stood up as well, a bit wobbly on his legs, and just held his pants up at his waist with one paw as he approached. The smile on his face, the exhaustion evident beneath the lines of his muzzle, his still-hard cock twitching at his belly... and, of course, a few drips of cool, rich yellow liquid rolled down his chin, his shoulder, down into the fabric of his pants. He flicked his own tongue out over his lips too. As he passed by, he reached over and patted Mike's shoulder - and the stag actually had to turn his head away, nose wrinkled.

"I'd say I'm sorry about that," the wolf said, coming up near a plant pot that looked like it *did* hold a plant, some time long in the past. Maybe he had the backdoor key hidden around there. "But I ain't. To put it simply, I just need a shower even more than I did before. Which one of you'll be joining me?"

It took Haren a moment before he could find the strength in his legs to stand up, and once he managed it, he slid his paws into his pockets, cock still hanging out as well, and half-turned away. Besides him he could hear Mike's quiet protests, the wolf probably focused on him-

“Wait - Calem, we’re only... uh, I mean, you smell like... I didn’t bring a change of clothes, and-”

“Put ‘em in the wash. Both of you’ll be staying the night, right?”

Okay, that was something the hyena hadn’t thought about. He *did* know that Calem had a queen-size bed here at home, and that might - *might* - be just big enough for the three of them. If they remained close together and entwined, that was. And at least two of the three people currently here slept naked, nightly...

The hyena grinned, and just now started to tug his pants back up. God knows they’d be coming back off in a few minutes. “You know I will be.”

After wiggling the key into the lock, Calem pushed the door open with his shoulder - and Hunter, wagging his nub-tail, sped past and into the house, short claws tapping across the hardwood floor. “N’ you, Mike? I mean, I can’t exactly give you a ride home...”

Haren looked over to the stag’s face. His expression briefly turned into one of exasperation and suspicion (Calem had that effect on people quite often), but then quickly changed to something else. Maybe stag boy was opening up a bit. “Yeah. I guess so. Um - is your shower even... big enough, for-?”

“Oh yeah. It is. Big enough for one wolf bent over and a deer standing straight behind him.”

Haren almost thought he could see Mike’s blush, even in the dark of the evening. The stag breathed out a nervous laugh, lifted an arm up to scratch at the base of one of his antlers, and shuffled inside. “Yeah...”

Maybe they’d leave the bathroom door open.