

16. Sheathplay

Umbre

He smiled and settled back in the bed, the warmth of the Umbreon squirming gently in his lap and against his body. He had always quite enjoyed the noises that Umbre made, and over the time spent together had of course learned how to bring those noises out the strongest. Besides, it was a pleasant interaction overall, reaching around and touching all over the little Pokémon's body, rubbing and petting and massaging in ways that further deepened their bond and their trust.

And he couldn't deny that it did something for *him*, too. Umbre had a certain cool, sweet scent about him, as every Pokémon had their own natural aroma. Being the Umbreon's owner, this was a scent that always ignited a sparkle of familiarity and comfort in his chest, but when it took on that sharper, higher note, when it shifted just so slightly towards the distinct musk of arousal... muted as it was, distant yet still present, it still had the same sort of effect on him, too.

Umbre let out a little chittering bark while nestled into the crook of his arm, one hand splayed across the Pokémon's smooth lower belly to hold him in place. The other came in and up his inner thigh, right along the spot where the direction of his fur changed and angled ever so slightly, then where it thinned out a bit to give way to tender skin along the underside of his body... and then, just a slight brush of his fingers beneath and behind the Pokémon's sack.

He knew of other folks with their Pokémon of choice who would do things like this, an Arcanine or Lycanroc or Lucario or something else, and would revel in the great, hot heft dangling down from beneath a similarly plump sheath. Umbre was different, and this was part of why he had quickly become his owner's favorite: instead of that, and instead of the usual smooth, flat nothing that resulted from a fixed Pokémon, he still had his sack – yet it dangled empty, more soft than loose, skin supple and pliable yet bunched gently around the thin pink silver-pink scar through the front.

One of his favorite things to do was to curl his fingers around the back and underside and press his knuckles lightly into place underneath there, then bring his thumb in to trace up over that scar towards the base of his sheath. Even as he did it now Umbre let out a little huff and rolled his head to the side, tall ears bumping along his owner's cheek and chin.

Sometimes if he squeezed those limp folds of skin beneath his thumb firmly enough, the different layers of it spreading and sliding along one another with nothing in between to fill the space, he could feel the Pokémon twitch and tense and throb as much as he could, the sheath just above tightening and pulling and showing the slim bit of reddish-pink flesh inside. Less natural moisture than other Pokémon, not as sizeable or as pliable, but... it worked. It was more than satisfactory.

And besides, he just liked Umbre's the best for the way he could run a forefinger and thumb up the side of his sheath, for how he could touch at the lip above and curl it back a bit, rolling the pink inner flesh down and out across the thin, soft black fur there, and show more of the Pokémon's length inside. Umbre still squirming atop him, he pressed his hand into the Pokémon's belly to hold him in place and brought the other up to his mouth, for a moment slipping his first two fingers and then his thumb in and swirling his tongue around. When those came out again they dripped with his saliva, and again he reached down, swirled one of them right along the rim of that sheath, put in a little bit of pressure... and then felt Umbre again tighten up and then relax against him when he finally pressed in.

Tight and snug, warm, more *humid* than slick or sticky. He knew to treat it carefully and slowly, keeping just the tip of his finger in alongside the Umbreon's shaft, and to always face that shaft as he swirled around and pressed slowly deeper. He shifted his other hand down to continued rubbing and massaging at his Pokémon's sack first, then brought that up to hold his sheath in place. It had enough give to it that he could rub it back and forth, back and forth between a finger and thumb, pinching the soft skin up over the Umbreon's revealed tip and his own finger.

Deeper and further he pressed it, slickness of saliva seeping in and spreading around inside until it began to bubble at the lip of Umbre's sheath and trickle down, darkening the fur there towards his limp sack. He held him tight in his arms against the gentle wriggling, one foot trying to kick from the sensation, ears flicking and muzzle wrenched up a bit. His owner tilted his head to watch that face as he dug deeper, finger wriggling in between soft, stretchy skin and then the firm slick flesh of his shaft, gradually growing and pressing against him, the smooth sheath around them tightening with the added pressure.

Umbre's leg kicked a bit more. His owner breathed a soft sigh, reached in to grip the Umbreon against himself, and with the thumb on that same hand, teased and rubbed right at the sensitive lip of his sheath, just barely trying to tease it in. There wouldn't be enough space for both a finger and a thumb, but he still liked trying – and when the Pokémon's sheath slid free from around both his finger and the first inch and a half or so of Umbre's length, twitching and now dripping with added saliva.

He left him there like that for a moment, the Pokémon squirming and wriggling in his lap, twitching against his own lower belly, wanting more. Another thing he liked to do was reach down, pinch his sheath, and try to gently tug it back up over his hard shaft, the supple skin pulling and shifting to accommodate... and, especially slickened with saliva as it was, it always made Umbre shiver and squirm even more.

He watched the Pokémon pant softly in his lap, and brought his hand up to his mouth to again swirl his tongue around his fingers. The gentle, muted musk wrapped up and around his head, and trickled into his mouth and between his lips... and, as always, he wondered just how far he might be able to fit his tongue into that tight little sheath, too.

17. Size Difference

NeroKetsuki

The arctic fox held a paw up and out and half-crouched down among the brush, trying to make himself seem less of a threat, nonintimidating. It seemed like it wasn't working: the huge feral wolf across from him, lips curled back in a snarl, head down and ears back, continued to plod along through the trees and low brush towards him, footsteps quiet yet deliberate as it came down from the slope.

What a fuckin' situation I've ended up in, Nero thought, pushing himself back up against the tree. Down here at the base of a ridge of sorts, this little pocket of earth having descended at some time long in the past to form this cleave in the ground, himself backed up into the base with short cliffs on all side of him and a wolf by all appearances quite hungry stalking him down. The fox swallowed again and turned his head away, eyes squeezing shut against what he knew was to come. Those plodding footsteps, the low growl in the beast's throat, and then a moment later the hot, humid breath puffing out over his face and tickling his whiskers, as the feral leaned into investigate his prey.

He jumped at the sound of it lapping its chops, then jumped again when it parted its lips again and gave way to the sharp clack of sharp predator's teeth, rooted deep in wet saliva-slickened gums and smacking gently. Nero tilted his head up and away, claws digging into the earth, breathe caught in his throat beneath the pulsing rumble of this beast's growl. Again those lips smacked, and he felt a puff of its hungry breath, and the tickle as it leaned in close to sniff at him... and then, for a moment, nothing other than the crunching of leaves beneath its huge footpaws.

Nero remained where he sat for a moment, not even daring to breathe or open his eyes, until that growl picked up again. This time it was shorter and sharper, a noise more of attention than a warning, and when the fox blinked and looked forward he saw that the large feral was indeed still here, but had changed its posture and position a bit. Instead of facing him head-on, lips back and teeth bared ready to strike, it had taken a half-step back and turned broadside, with one leg up, and...

And Nero swallowed again, the air weighted down with a humid heat other than what trickled out from the feral's parted lips. There underneath its body, in full view backdropped against smooth forest-brown fur, hung its – his – heavy sack and sheath, with the pulsing, twitching arousal in view right there, bouncing gently with his pulse, spritzing little jets of watery pre out across the already-wet earth.

Sharp amber eyes flashed towards the fox where he sat up against the tree. Those lips curled back in another snarl, and the wolf seemed to almost nod down at his twitching length, still half-sheathed with the slight bulge of his unswollen knot lifting out the base of his sheath. Nero swallowed and came forward, understanding immediately.

Eat this, or get eaten. Despite the situation and the thrumming in his chest and throat, the fox smirked as he got into position there, the feral wolf tall enough that sitting alongside him, he needed to crane his neck down only a little bit to get into a proper spot. He moved slowly and deliberately, hesitation and reluctance leadening his movements – and he told himself that he was doing this to survive, that he needed to or else this wolf would deal with him as any other beast of the forest would.

Nero's nose began to curl the closer he got to that hanging shaft, all pink flesh and red veins glistening in the speckled light coming down through the treetops overhead, still bouncing and quivering here before him. Slick along its length, coated in a thin, sticky wetness, the kind that rubbed off on his fingerpads when he curled a few around it and tilted it his way, and the kind that stayed there even after he tried to wipe his paw off on his pants. The scent was at once rich yet subtle, sharp yet muted, high and coppery and liquid, intoxicating and heavy, sticking to the back of his throat just like that slickness on his fingers and paws, jetting out in little spurts through the air and across the ground... and after looking up one more time and seeing those eyes still on him, Nero continued in, touched his lips to the smooth surface of the feral's shaft, and curled his tongue out around it as well.

The fox half-sprawled out underneath the wolf, paw continuing up and in to angle the feral's shaft more closely towards his muzzle. He parted his lips first and then wrapped them around the tapered tip, the soft flesh easily shifting and squeezing in – only for the dense firmness past there to hold tight and slide along his tongue and the roof of his mouth, held out at an angle like that until the warm girth of it filled his maw and dominated his senses with that scent and taste. Nero swallowed, and then did so again, and then *again* as those little spurts of pre continued against the back of his throat, filling his cheeks with the rich, salty liquid.

Ferals cared little for foreplay or buildup. Nero busied himself with getting right into it, muzzle bobbing along the lupine's length with his paw following, fingers squeezing and running along the wolf towards the base of his sheath; as he did so he pushed that supple skin gradually back until it rolled, folded, and snapped back behind the beast's knot, quickly growing and swelling in size as he approached his peak. That leg remained up, twitching, kicking, tickling at Nero's ear; he wrenched his eyes shut again, this time in preparation and anticipation for something quite different from what he had before, the wolf shivering and thrusting above him, his growls turned instead to breathy panting and little whimpers.

Those full, heavy balls bounced forward against his chin, jiggling and swinging with the raucous, fervent motions – until the little spurts of pre in his throat thickened and sharpened, the taste altering just a bit into something brighter, deeper, and a bit more metallic. Nero coughed and spluttered around it first, the oily liquid sliding and streaking along the back of his throat, but still he swallowed it down. The first few mouthfuls of it, at least; from there he had to pull back and catch his breath, and the last few emptied out across his lips and muzzle.

The wolf lowered his leg afterwards, residual spurts emptying out across the ground, but still he wasn't done with this fox. That much was clear in his eyes. Nero licked his lips, tasted fresh male feral there, and then sat back again, waiting for his next task.

18. Size Difference

KeaveMind

Maya bounded forward, the feral dog's tail hiked up high behind her in the cool air of early morning. The sun hadn't quite yet lifted over the horizon to cast its warmth over the farm, yet already much of the property had started to stir awake: it was the sound of her owner gradually coming awake in the farmhouse that had in turn awoken the dog, and now that she was there she had been made again aware that there was something she needed desperately to do.

This need had begun the night before, in a slow, tingling tickle, familiar to her by now. The last time it had happened there had been another farm dog around, a big, broad shepherd with whom she had had a lovely litter, a handful of which still ran around attending to the other portions of the farm. He was gone now, but that was alright – as Maya, Bernese cattle dog, had something else fixed in her mind and a desire and want burning between her hind legs that, for now, could only be satisfied by her recent friend and companion on the farm.

It was a bit of an odd pairing, and she knew it. The dog ran up the smooth grassy slope towards the stables and nosed the door open, then once there felt the distinct equine scent and weight press down all around her... and if anything, it just added another little spike and spice beneath her growing heat. Naturally she turned and wiggled her way beneath the low-hanging door for one of the stalls in particular, and by the time she had gotten down in there her ears perked again at the sound of the stallion inside stirring, chuffing softly, becoming aware of her presence.

Maya had grown rather close to Solar, this tall, broad, beautiful Clydesdale, over the past few months. Solar rather liked running alongside her when their owner brought them out to the field, and Maya had spent several nights here curled up alongside him to sleep – and his scent and presence had grown on him, to the point where now the dog sidled right up beneath his hind legs and lifted her nose underneath his hanging balls, huge and heavy, and the thick, leathery sheath before it. The feral snuffled

and sniffed at him, unable to keep her interest and hunger to herself as her tongue started to flick and curl out as well, draping and dragging over those supple, humid folds of skin and flesh.

Already Solar shuddered and whinnied above her, taking a few small steps to widen his hindlegs for the much smaller canine. Maya wagged her tail as she continued up and against him, muzzle coming down and following his plump, heavy girth as it grew and sagged down out of his sheath. His scent dripped and washed down over her, rich and heavy, grassy and earthy and undeniably equine, so far different from what she had grown used to over the years but still just as intoxicating. The dog worked her way forward along his length, letting the heavy flesh drape down over her head and neck as she stepped forward from behind – and then once he had dropped completely out, she turned around and lapped at his blunted head, every now and then causing him to throb and tighten and slap up against his firm barrel chest above her head.

Naturally, Solar was quite surprised, too. The stallion, still half-asleep, thrust and twitched forward a bit at the insistent, delicious treatment of the canine's tongue, broad and flat and smooth. He tossed his mane and whinnied again, hot breath puffing out in the cool morning air, and yet again lowered his hips. The Clydesdale felt the muscles of his rear and haunches tense up and pull down in a reflexive thrust, brushing himself up alongside the smaller dog's muzzle. Maya's wagging tail tickled at his chest, and the hot, wet sensation of her tongue swirling and flicking over his blunted head made him toss his head and pad at the straw-coated ground again.

She *was* in heat, though, so of course just lapping and licking between his legs wouldn't satisfy her. Solar rumbled deep in his chest and thrust again, and as if on cue Maya responded with an energetic bark, bounded down as if to play with him, and then wove her way between his legs again – and this time backed up, tail in the air, until she pressed and grinded back up against him.

It took some wiggling and some *convincing*, but soon Solar tossed his head again and rumbled out into the air, as Maya's heat-swollen spade pressed, mashed, then parted and sucked back around his blunted head. It was a hell of a tight fit, but she certainly wasn't a small dog – and little sessions of distraction and practice over the months had helped her out, though still she had to work slowly back onto him. The slick, wet warmth of her insides squeezed and squished all around the horse, drawing him yet closer down to the floor of the stables in slow, careful thrusts, the dog's interior muscles tensing, gripping, sucking along him, and then gradually coaxing open and letting him in.

Her heat stuck and slicked all around him as well, leaving him streaked with that sticky wetness each time he pulled out. There was no way that Solar could push in past his medial ring, but that didn't stop him from trying – nor did it stop Maya from panting and whimpering and lifting up and back against him to try to get him in. She squeezed and clenched around him, and he bucked and shuddered and snorted – and then bucked forward and down, one rear hoof scraping at the floor of the stable as his orgasm pounded over and through him.

Beneath him Maya felt the sudden pressure as well, as the stallion pressed down into her. Tongue hanging out of her mouth, she whined, let out a little bark, and then intentionally squeezed down around him as the first of those forceful spurts emptied out inside of her, then again and again and again, continuing to fill her with that hot, sticky weight. Solar's head flared and squeezed inside of her, at the same time as it started to draw back and scoop out – and the swollen lips of her canine spade squeezed around the extra girth, nearly pulling her hind end up off the ground before he popped free, a fair river of his milky, sticky load flowing out and down the much smaller feral's backside. She felt her

belly swell with the volume of the horse's seed, warm and thick as it swirled and stirred inside of her... and for a moment she just lay there sprawled out, leaking from her stretched sex, as she caught her breath and felt the pleasure and need of her heat still bubbling inside of her.

Out by the door of the stables, the dog's ears perked at the sound of their owner's voice calling out. Maya lifted her head, looked up to Solar above her, and wagged her tail. She was satisfied for now, and would have to squeeze her way out of his stall with this overfull belly before their owner saw, but both knew that Maya would be coming back later.

19. Portal Play

Kieran

The hyena smirked and looked through the glass over the enclosure, watching the feral snow leopard as he prowled up and over rocks and then back down and around the landscape. From this distance it was hard to pick out that anything had changed or was out of place, but the hyena knew: settled down into place among that thick, dense fur, specifically right under the base of that long lashing tail, was the second end of a special device that he had received from a friend the other week.

Naturally with a device such as this, he had spent the first few days testing it out himself. It had run its course, though, and this morning he had decided to share the fun of it with some others. So he had asked around a bit, and met up with some friends to show how to use the things, and then eventually had settled on a friend of a friend, a zookeeper and attendant here, who said he had *just* the place in mind.

He had arrived here early in the morning as arranged, the red-furred malamute coming out to greet him and then letting him in through the nearly silent pathways of the zoo. On and around towards the snow leopard enclosure, then through a hidden passage in the wall to the maintenance corridors around back, and the malamute had told him to wait here while he got this other end set up. The hyena watched through the foggy window as he set it into place, the feral responding quickly, easily, and eagerly to his caretaker's touch and words; he really was well-trained. He remembered smirking at the way those ears and tail had shot up when he had fixed the device into place, and then again when he looked down at the other end of it in his palm, poked it with his finger... and then leaned in and spat right into the middle of it.

Once he had ensured it was firm and in place the zookeeper returned to the hyena and handed that other end back to him. *"Go find somewhere to put this,"* he had told him, *"and feel free to have a go at it yourself. Or two or three. It'll be there all day. Maybe tomorrow, too."*

The hyena had looked down into the device then, and saw – of course – exactly what he expected he would. It was a pair of portal devices, handheld and discreet: he had worn both of them to work a few times, one slid down into the front of his pants and the other wedged up underneath his tail just like it was now for the feral snow leopard. Through this device in his palm he got quite the eyeful of puckered pink feral tailhole, sticky and glistening with the malamute's fat glob of saliva from a moment earlier. So naturally, he did what anyone else would have: he swirled that saliva around along his fingertip as he walked over to the nearest bathroom, slid into one of the stalls, and got one last use out of the portal, thrusting forward and up into the dense, wet heat that was both there and *somewhere else*, feeling the way the feral squirmed and wriggled and tightened around him from surprise and pleasure both.

He had pulled out halfway through his finish and painted the exterior of the feline's tailhole, and then slid back out of the stall. One of the urinals was out of order, which worked perfectly: the hyena affixed this other end of the portal into place there, nodded, took down the sign, then nodded again, and leaned back against the wall to wait and watch as the zoo stirred to life around him.

For a time he got distracted watching the way that stretched tailhole winked and clenched back, still dripping with his own milky white – until another patron of the zoo, a slim tan-furred jungle leopard, strode in, made a double-take, and pointed towards the device with a question on his little muzzle. The hyena licked his chops, winked, and motioned towards it. *Have at it. Go wild.*

This resulted in a show for him as well, then, as the leopard dropped his pants, circled himself around the rim of the feral's tailhole through the device, sighed as he started to press in... and then sighed again and rolled his head back when he began to drain his bladder, first under the cat's tail and then across the exterior, some portion of his mark dribbling out of the portal and down into the basin of the urinal, where it remained.

He was not the only to do this, of course. A tiger strolled in sometime later, saw the dripping portal and slightly wider tailhole, and then sank right in without a word or care for the hyena watching. He spent a little longer there, hips thrusting and a growl rumbling in his throat, and then finally shuddered and emptied himself deep inside the feral – and then emptied himself again, remaining in place and sighing softly a bit later.

For the rest the hyena wanted to see the results in person. He passed by an Arcanine coming in on his way out, and already saw the glimmer of interest and curiosity in those bright eyes as he did so. Still so early in the morning there wasn't *that* many people around, which meant he could get a front row vantage at the glass – and watched as the snow leopard scabbled up a rock, bore himself down, and nearly fell right back down, rear hiked into the air and tail curled up at the base, lower half shivering and shuddering with the echoes of those thrusts through the portal. Some of the other patrons stood by and pointed and murmured, wondering what was going on and if that poor creature was alright.

Satisfied, the hyena nodded again and went over to lean against a column within view of both the enclosure and the bathroom where he had set up the other end of the portal. The Arcanine strode back out, whistling a tune to himself as he zipped his pants fly back up. His eyes met the hyena's for a moment, held there, and then broke away, each bearing a small, knowing smile.

20. Role Reversal

Anonymous

The courier bore down and gritted his teeth, excitement and energy flooding through him at each forceful thrust. All around him rumbled the sounds of the wasteland, from the constant distant hum of some electrical engine, to the whistle of the dry wind through broken structures, and all the noises of the myriad creatures and abominations that had begun their nightly patrol of the desert – and then, of course, the wet, heavy slapping from above and behind him, strong and determined. The two had made camp here at the base of one of the highway supports that somehow still stood over the desert, like so many shattered ribs beneath the empty cage of the sky overhead.

Something had changed tonight. Throughout all of their adventures together, climbing through broken rubble, creeping through caves left for so long that they just barely ticked the Geiger counter on his

wrist, clambering up and down dunes and ridges, Duke – this courier and coyote – had been the one to lead and guide the feral dog at his side, bold and faithful Rex. And Rex had always followed and obeyed, the little lights on his transparent brain-case showing his feelings and responses in turn with his body language, long since learned and familiar to the coyote at his side. He had always done as told and followed as directed, without question or complaint. He had always been just that: the follower.

Tonight, though... Duke grunted and turned his head over on his arms, tail hiked into the air, treated leather trousers tugged halfway down his legs and his traveler's duster spilling down around his lower body, the hem and flaps clamped in place beneath the feral's forelegs. Rex thrust and pounded away at the courier's rump, already well and prepared beneath his deft tongue a few moments earlier.

Of course Duke had *thought* about this before, but he had never wanted to so disrespect the King and his dear dog in such a way. It seemed that Rex's enhanced awareness and superior intelligence picked up on that, though, since tonight the cyberdog had been insistent in nosing and nuzzling at his companion, pushing his muzzle between the courier's legs as he sat for dinner, barking and yipping, sniffing and tugging. Finally Duke had sighed and given in, and stripped down, and bared himself to the feral out here in the middle of the Mojave, where certainly *anything* could have come up and interrupted the two... but, so far, the only thing to have made them pause was a little crack of dry underbrush out past the road, there and then gone in another second.

The nervousness and reluctance, of course, had quickly dissipated beneath the feral's treatment and insistence. Duke gasped and grunted again as Rex hit a rather good spot inside of him, his own arousal twitching and bouncing beneath his belly – and continuing to add to the stretched, streak trail of dripping pre in the dusty earth underneath them. Though a good portion of Rex's body had been augmented, enhanced, and otherwise replaced by technology and prosthetics, he had remained fully organic where it counted – and now that length squeezed and pounded deep under Duke's tail, hot and thick and dense, twitching and throbbing with each thrust forward, full and heavy balls swinging and bouncing against the coyote's own.

"Good..." Duke panted, looking over his shoulder again. The grating of the one metal foreleg around his hips stung and chafed, but it was a small sacrifice to make. "Good dog... good boy, you... *ah... Rex...*"

He was rough in his treatment. It wouldn't have surprised Duke if Rex hadn't been able to relieve *this* particular biological need in quite some time – but on the other hand, it also wouldn't have surprised him if the King entrusted that task to some of his underlings. Then again, there was also the story of a past courier who had earned one wish from the King, and as such had asked for some certain alone time with this very cyberdog bearing down on Duke from above.

So, he thought, the rest of his mind muddled and mixed beneath the pounding pleasure paired with slight discomfort, *lucky – me. I get to... take him for a... spin, and I – I...*

The whirring of servos, the grating of metal on metal, the hissing and pumping of miniscule pneumatic tubes approximating tensing tendons, all above and against the wet, organic, biological smacking and slapping of the dog's length against and inside Duke's tailhole, and the hungry panting in his ear. Yet again the coyote squeezed and clenched around him, wanting to reach down and paw himself off, yet unable to: he needed both paws out and down to keep both himself and the augmented dog up.

But, then again, there wouldn't be anything wrong with having his front half against the ground and rear end kept up in the air... but right as he started to adjust to make it there, a different feeling and need pulsed through him, pressure igniting, growing, swelling like a dense, tight balloon deep in his loins. Rex's balls swung forward and bounced against his own, fast and raucous; he felt the cyberdog's sheath curl and bunch up against the rim of his tailhole, then slip and pop back around his knot as it started to swell; then the heat, the warmth, the sudden slow and cease of the feral's thrusts as he hit his own peak, one of his hindlegs scratching and scrabbling at Duke's thigh.

The coyote made it there a moment later too, every muscle in his body tensed and tightened beneath the weight of the pleasure. He tossed his head back, gritted his teeth once more, let out a sigh that quickly arced and rose into a tight, breathy moan – and then he bucked and jerked as well, Rex's length buried deep inside him, squeezing and pressing until the coyote unloaded across the sand underneath him, his thick, heavy spurts emptying out again and again, streaking out and dampening the dry ground. His legs shook, his hips ached, his tailhole stung, and he wanted nothing more than to just flop down and relax... and as Rex moved to turn himself tail to tail with his companion, he slipped right out and finally allowed the courier to do just that.

Still, though, Rex's length twitched and throbbed beneath him as the cyberdog stood nearby, the lights in his brain-case glowing and signaling his contented satisfaction, and his burbling desire. Duke flopped down and rolled weakly over onto his side, careful not to smear his own mess into his clothing, and in doing so ended up squeezing just right so that another weak rope spurted out and across his arm. He looked up at the dog, both of their tails wagging, and chuckled softly.

Every day – and every night, apparently – it was a new adventure at his side.