

Shekh crossed his arms in front of the chest and looked out the car window. He'd never been in a police car before - hard to believe, but true - and he hadn't really expected his first time doing so to be like this. Not that he was complaining, though: he *could* have actually gotten arrested.. His police shepherd friend Beau had decided to bring him on a ride-along this evening, and he had no choice but to say yes; after all, he'd never known Beau to be anything less than persuasive.

However, it turned out to be quite a bit more boring than he imagined. He had thought there would be fast road chases, snarky runaway criminals, creepy mongrels who had more heroin in their veins than blood - or, hell, he had expected to see at least *someone* get arrested. But, no: Beau took him around on his route, at the very *edge* of the busy part of the city, and had just been driving around for... what, almost two hours now, with his hyena in his passenger seat.

Shekh had started to get squirmy after so long without anything to do. When he first stepped into the car, he had been stunned by all of the buttons and lights and dials on the dash, to which Beau had given him a fiery glare and a stern "*don't touch*", but now, he was tempted. Wouldn't be the first time he'd directly disobeyed an order from this big German shepherd.

Part of his expectation for excitement came from the seemingly irrepressible fact that, simply: weird shit happened around Beau. The more time that passed since those *events*, though, the less Shekh believed that they had actually *happened*, they were so weird. But, still, a small part of him (that he couldn't get to shut up, no matter how hard he tried) wanted more of those things to happen, partially because it seemed they usually ended up in the hyena having his tail hiked and getting pounded down into the ground.

Not that he'd let on that that was what he liked, of course.

Tonight, if nothing else, he at least expected to get the chance to give Beau a handjob or something - maybe right here in the car while he was driving. However, he just couldn't work up the courage to reach over and do it, so now he was somewhat horny *and* bored. Beau wasn't the kind of dog where it was okay to just *ask* for sex; his single bright yellow eye, always slightly angled as if he were in a bad mood (which he probably was), made sure of that. Shekh always left it up to the shepherd to start things.

The two turned the corner from 22nd onto Maarloeve street, *again*. Shekh was busy watching the irregular flickering of the streetlight on the corner, trying to figure out any pattern to it, when he heard Beau growl beside him-

"Wait, hang on a sec... you see that over there?"

The hyena leaned over and peered towards where the police shepherd pointed. Gas station on the other side of the intersection, none of the pumps taken; at this time of night, it could clearly be seen that a few of the lights on the price sign were out, as they had been for a while now. However, a bit off to the side of the gas station near the carwash sat a single vehicle - two-door car painted silver, driver's side window rolled down with a sabertooth cat leaning in to it. She appeared to be in discreet conversation with the driver, roundish ears flicking around in all directions and short tail constantly stirring.

Shekh was about to give a noncommittal noise in response, when the saber glanced around, reached into her back pocket, took out a folded-up bill - not a wallet; just the bill - and passed it

into the open window, to receive something in return which she then placed back into her pocket. Then, she took a step back, the car moved forward and exited the lot, and the saber herself glanced around again before walking towards the entrance of the convenience store.

"Well..." Beau went on. He flicked on the turn signal. "It's no shootout, but it's something, right? I was hoping something would happen on this ride-along."

Shekh slouched back into his seat. "Why'd you bring me, anyway? If you wanted to spend time with me, you could've just asked, y'know."

"Remember last time we went somewhere together, Shekh?"

"Not really. You know I have a bad memory." That was a lie; he remembered *very* well what had happened. He remembered feeling a *lot* hornier than usual, which was really saying something, and also being quite a bit shorter, on all fours...

"You stole something. From a *gypsy*. Not only that, but at a flea market, too. So..." Beau turned in towards the gas station, yellow eye focused on the convenience store. From here, Shekh could see the sabertooth browsing the shelves; she wore black jeans and a shirt that looked either like it was a few sizes too small for her, or her chest was just a few sizes too *large*. "That means you stole something probably of low value, probably stolen already, with the threat of both the law and freaky voodoo magic on your tail. Did you forget I'm a *police officer*?"

"Well, it all turned out alright, didn't it?"

"That's beside the point." After pulling into a parking spot, the German shepherd clicked his seatbelt off and reached over to grab a few things from the glovebox. Shekh heard the unmistakable metallic clatter of handcuffs. "Now, you wait here. Don't go anywhere, okay?"

And he was gone out the door. Shekh made sure to lean down a little to get a proper view of the action inside the convenience store, brightly lit by yellowish lights inside: after entering, Beau went straight to the aisle where the saber still stood, and instantly launched into some accusation or another. Her ears went straight up, then flattened straight down; she bared her teeth (which she was sort of doing anyway, being a sabertooth), she clenched her fists - Beau half-raised a paw in a '*now let's not get carried away*' gesture, which seemed only to incense her more.

Then, everything kind of happened at once. The saber lunged forward, maybe in an attempt to squeeze by the officer, but Beau caught her arm, swung her around, and pressed her against the shelf, none too gently; it briefly leaned over, causing the things on the other side to fall over in a racket that the hyena could hear from out here, and then settled back to the ground. Suddenly, though, Beau flicked his paw away from her, as if he'd cut it on something. The clerk up at the counter hardly seemed interested in the arrest itself: he just looked frustrated at the merchandise being knocked over. In fact, Shekh could clearly make out the exact moment where he snarled "God *damn* it!", holding a paw out towards the shelf. Beau didn't seem to notice.

It took him hardly any time at all to cuff the saber, and then a few seconds later, he was pushing her towards the glass door and bringing her over. She was loudly complaining about something;

Shekh had trouble keeping a straight face, then, when Beau opened the door to the back and shoved her in.

"Shekh," the German shepherd said, climbing in a moment later. "I'd like you meet... ah... what'd you say your name was? I can't be bothered to remember."

It took her a moment to reply. When Shekh glanced into the rearview mirror, he saw her looking obstinately out the window; honestly, she seemed more frustrated than concerned. As if she had been through this a hundred times before, and just didn't want to deal with the hassle. "Zoe."

"Mm. Yeah. Zoe here is a pothead. Isn't that right? Just made a little deal there with - ah, I didn't catch them. Maybe next time." Beau flashed a bright grin into the rearview and then leaned over to release the brake. Then, he flicked a little bag into Shekh's lap; the scent hit him before the bag itself did. "She just bought this. You can have it."

"The hell is this?" But he already knew. He cast another glance up into rearview - and met the sharp gaze of the sabertooth sitting back there, sunset-orange eyes seeming to glow with a light of their own. "No, actually... what do you expect *me* to do with it?"

Beau shrugged. When he spoke, he kept his words short and terse. "It's weed. Y' smoke it."

"Why are you even giving this to me? Won't you need it for - evidence, or something?"

"Oh, I already took some of it for that. Zoe here broke parole just now; any amount of evidence against her is enough to put her away for a while. And, besides, that's not *all*..." This time, Beau was the one to look into the rearview. The eye closest to Shekh was the one that he kept covered with a black eyepatch, which only made the dog even more intimidating. "Naughty little kitten back there-"

"I'm not a kitten!" she snarled, startling Shekh.

"-assaulted a police officer."

"Oh shit! What'd she do? Punch you?" The hyena turned around in his seat to look at her through the trellised window separating her from them. And to think he'd thought her attractive *before*... "I tried that once. It didn't go so well. For me, of course."

"Bit me." Beau waved his other paw out, like it had fallen asleep and he was trying to regain feeling in it. As he did this, Shekh noticed a small trickle of blood running along the dark fur, glistening in the streetlights from outside. "Had half a mind to slap her across the face, break one of those pretty fangs of hers."

"I'm surprised that's all you got, what with those chompers-"

"They're mostly for show," drawled that smooth voice from the backseat. Her ears had come back up and her tail remained still in the seat beside her, but still her bright eyes watched the hyena through the mirror. "...Shekh."

His ears perked.

"I don't like the way you smell."

"Well - I'm sorry? I'm a hyena, what do you expect?"

"I would like to change it. Like I changed Officer Beau's scent. The smell of dogs just... makes my skin crawl." She visibly shuddered, and then took her eyes off of Shekh for the first time since affixing them to him. "He's all better now. Or he will be, in ten minutes. And then there's just you."

Okay. That was weird. Shekh leaned over close to the German shepherd, keeping his voice down. "What's she talking about? Did she pee on you or something? I mean, I *knew* that a lot of criminals are kinda fucky in the head, but... well, hey, if you did, that's totally fine. Just wish you'd've waited." He crossed his arms in front of his chest again. "Some of us might've wanted to watch."

Beau just scoffed. He turned onto another street, a more residential one, instead remaining on the current one as Shekh had expected, if they were to bring this saber in. "You know how druggies are."

"Crackheads, sure - I once had a friend in high school who disappeared for a month, and then later returned with one ear, three tattoos, and twenty-eight thousand dollars, and said he'd *walked* to Juarez. Stoners, though? I've found you can't really tell when someone does weed." He coughed. Even though it was still in its bag, the scent of the stuff had started to get to him. "Unless they're in middle school. Then you can pretty much *always* tell..."

He trailed off, eyes coming to rest on the shepherd in the driver's seat beside him. Beau's sharp ears continued flicking around, he kept on swallowing and gritting his teeth, and whenever he had to turn the vehicle, he did so quite a bit more suddenly than he had earlier in the night. And, not only that, but he seemed a little reluctant to look in the rearview mirror; every time Shekh did, just about the only thing he could see in the backseat, other than large glinting fangs, were those orange gemstone eyes. When she blinked, she did so slowly. A tiny shiver ran down Shekh's back.

"Hey, where *are* we going? This isn't the way back to the station, is it?"

Beau turned onto another street. Now things were *really* starting to get familiar. "No. Thought I'd drop you back off at your place first. Besides, I might need to stop for a while... not feelin' too good..."

"Sure don't look it." The fur along the side of his muzzle and his arms had startled to bristle out a little, and he looked like he had trouble with keeping his lips out of the general shape of a snarl. His teeth also looked a little yellowed, a little sharper - as if he were some sort of predator straight out of the forest.

But, then, from the backseat again: "That'll go away shortly."

Nothing more was said between the three on the rest of the way to Shekh's house, just seven minutes and maybe two more turns away. The hyena himself unbuckled and stepped out of the

car nonchalantly, while the German shepherd beside him did so with quite a bit more... *urgency*. He bustled around from the driver's side of the car, visibly bothered by something.

"Hey, if you're gonna puke, please don't do it on my lawn..."

"I'm fine!" the shepherd barked. Shekh took a half-step back, lost his balance on the curb, and fell over onto the grass, moist with the dew of evening.

However, he clearly was not: right after saying this, the shepherd doubled over, one paw out against the window of his cruiser's back door. The fur on the back of his neck stood straight out, just as it did on several other parts of his body - his ears, his tail, his revealed arms, his wrists. Shekh had seen something like this happen before, and it was a little disturbing, but still - he couldn't look away, couldn't quiet the little flicker of a flame in the back of his mind that made him continue watching. He knew what was going to come next.

The first thing on the shepherd to change was that bushy tail of his, shadow-black and soil-brown in the half-light of night: it retained its coloration but shortened considerably, almost looking like it partially retracted into the shepherd's body. A deep growl shuddered continuously through him, and he brought his other paw to squeeze at his head - which, too, had started to change, muzzle shortening, ears losing their points and becoming more rounded, his one visible eye brightening further to a shade almost fire-orange.

Past him in the backseat of the car, Shekh could still see Zoe, that odd sabertooth cat. She had scooted closer to the door and now had her head half-rested against the glass, intently watching Beau's transformation. Shekh had a feeling that the whole... *thing* had to be at least somewhat painful, given the expression that the shepherd (at least, that's what he still was as of right now) bore: black lips wrinkled and curled back in a tight snarl, teeth bared, some of them appearing to shift position, grow, grow further...

...until he, too, showed the unmistakably long and sharp fangs of the sabertooth, hanging outside of his mouth. On his paw that he kept against the glass of the window, reinforced on the inside with flat metal bars, his claws also lengthened and curved - and then suddenly retracted into his fingers. When they shot out again, they sent spiderwebs of cracks through the window.

Shekh scrambled backwards a little, attempting to pull himself back up but unable to. Already his heart pounded in his chest, already his ears had flattened back against his head - but, just like before, he couldn't take his eyes away. Beau's clothing had stretched and torn at places as he had changed: before the hyena now stood another sabertooth, taller and more ferocious than the one still sitting inside the car. In contrast to Shekh's vague horror at the whole spectacle, however, Zoe looked - *uninterested*, almost. As if this was something that she had seen more than a few times before.

And then, even more to his surprise, she scooted closer to the door and bumped her head against the window from the inside. "Hey," he heard her say, muffled by the glass, "mind letting me out, now that you're done?"

The monster Beau's ears flicked her direction, and after another moment, he leaned over and peered through the cracked glass. Among all the holes torn in his uniform, at his broadened shoulders and fuller chest, along his thighs and the backs of his legs that had also changed shape, he couldn't help but notice- thick pinkish-red shaft of flesh straining against the front of

his pants, having torn a fairly wide hole alongside his fly. This wouldn't be the first time that Shekh had seen what Beau kept in his pants - by God, no - but this time, it was certainly different: no sheath, no tapered tip, no wide knot... he couldn't really get a good look at it in this light, but it looked to him to be almost equine in appearance, with the blunted head and even girth...

Again to his surprise, Beau then actually opened the door for the other sabertooth, who spun in the seat and stepped down out of the car. Still Shekh could see the bright orange of her eyes even in this light, and she kept those eyes focused on him as he struggled up into a sitting position, too worried about the pair of large cats in front of him to stand up - and then she turned to Beau, tilted her back to look up at him for a moment, and closed the door with her foot. Then, she leaned forward against the car, bound paws behind her back, raised them - "Cuffs, please."

He couldn't quite see what happened next, but the chains of the cuffs briefly disappeared beneath a single one of Beau's paws. Then, a tense metallic cracking noise issued from those chains, and Zoe stretched her arms out, cuffs still on but chain between them broken; a shattered link clattered to the ground.

Beau took a step back to allow her to turn around again. She rubbed at her wrists, shifting the bracers of the cuffs along her fur; then, she looked back up to the transformed sabertooth, and pointed one sharp-clawed finger at the hyena still shivering on the grass.

"Good boy," she purred. "Now, go play with your toy while I get ready."

*Play with your-*

Whatever she'd meant by that, Shekh would soon find out. Beau turned a single luminous yellow-orange light towards him, and then closed the distance between them in two large steps - or, rather, lurches, given the way he hunched over. Two massive paws settled against the ground beside the hyena's head, causing him to fall back over onto his back and squeeze his eyes shut... believe it or not, dying actually *wasn't* on his to-do list for today. Certainly not at the claws and teeth of a shepherd-turned-saber cat, whose breathing rhythmically blew his whiskers back again and again and whose intense body heat seemed to burn into his fur from all sides...

But, that's not what the beast wanted. Instead of settling down, instead of leaning over and digging those monstrous fangs into Shekh's unprotected neck, Beau moved down onto all fours and moved forward, one paw lifting the back of the hyena's head - while he shoved his hips up and grinded the side of his shaft against Shekh's nose, his movements having caused it to come free of his pants.

*Claiming his territory - making me smell like him*, Shekh thought, feeling that intensely hot flesh pressed against his nose and the side of his muzzle again and again. Heat pulsed all around him, and each inhalation brought the beast's sharpened scent to him ever stronger, certainly and unsurprisingly different from the *last* time he'd had his nose shoved between Beau's legs. He couldn't see whatever it was that Zoe was currently doing due to the beast crouched over him, rubbing itself against his face-

And Shekh couldn't do anything but nuzzle back against it. No point trying to stand up, what with Beau essentially holding him down - and he wouldn't get far, anyway. The scent of the beast quickly overtook his senses, thin layer of musk seeming to coat his nose, the fur of his muzzle,

the skin of his lips... and he could feel the little twitches and throbs of Beau's cock as his arousal grew as well, spurred on by the warmth of his muzzle and the little movements of his lips and tongue as he tried to resist.

Still, though, being held down here, cool blades of grass against his back, hot shaft against his muzzle with a full, heavy sack hanging just beyond, still within the confines of the beast's pants... as much as he hated to admit it to himself, there was just *something* about this situation that kept his movements shaky and his heart beating quickly, and out of something other than fear. Before long he found himself actually pressing forward against the somewhat-equine cock being grinded along his muzzle, freely inhaling the heavy scent wafting off of it; he brought up a paw to the other side, felt the throbbing veins, the firmness of the flesh, again the intense heat. Almost despite himself, Shekh let out a low, shuddering moan of a sigh.

The large sabertooth actually straightened up a little and moved its hips back to allow for the hyena to wrap both of his paws around its length and angle it towards his muzzle, for him to flick his tongue out against his tip, close his lips as best he could around the wide, ridged rim of the head. Along with the spice of musk thoroughly ground into his nostrils and lips now came the salt of pre, much stronger than any other he'd had on his tongue before - but, even with that, it wasn't quite *unpleasant*. Shekh felt some manner of embarrassment and certainly nervousness, not all from how he had just watched his German shepherd friend *transform* into an entirely different species (though he still wasn't sure that he was *entirely* sabertooth, especially what with this heavy cock weighing down his tongue and testing how far he could open his jaw) , but more from how he was doing this on the front lawn of his house, with the street literally *right there*...

But before he could get too much into it, before he could slip his other paw fully beneath the waistband of his pants to relieve some of the pressure on his own growing cock, the voice of the other saber called out to Beau: "Had your fun, you big kitten? I'm ready for you. Leave that dog alone and come over here."

A little growl, an all-over straightening of the body, a flick of the ears - and then the weight holding Shekh down suddenly lifted, leaving him with a rope of sticky pre hanging between his tongue and his lip and an odd disappointment echoing through him. With Beau having finally stood up off of him, he could now see what Zoe had done: she leaned back against the back end of the car, legs spread wide open and arms back, keeping her balance. She had slid one leg out of both her pants and her panties, both of which now hung halfway down her other leg, while she'd opened her shirt - which had not been a button-up; tattered edges showed that a claw had done the work - and put her impressive chest on full display for the two as well.

Beau stepped back over towards her and then leaned over her, his added weight causing the car to tilt dangerously back towards its back wheels - but then stopped as Zoe said something under her breath and moved forward, paws disappearing at the front of his pants... which then just as quickly slid down his legs a little, fly finally undone. Not that the saber beast cared: a quick movement of his legs tore the pants the rest of the way off.

Shekh remained where he was on the ground, eyes fixed on the two as Beau continued to lean forward over her. From here the hyena had quite an enjoyable view of the two despite how night continued to roll in: Zoe, just like Shekh had done before, wrapped both of her paws around Beau's shaft to better guide him - but had him move up between her legs, all the while she kept her bright gemstone eyes on the other saber's muzzle. Shekh could hear Beau's ragged

breathing, either from the whole act of transforming into... *that*... or from his excitement, his arousal-

And then a sharp intake of breath from Zoe distracted the hyena, making him pause in unbuttoning his own pants. From here he could clearly see Beau's wide shaft, twitching and throbbing as it sunk slowly deeper into the female saber. Already the juices of her arousal had soaked into the fur surrounding her lips; she must have let Beau *play with his toy* a little longer than necessary, just for the sake of watching and enjoying. Were he any closer, Shekh certainly wouldn't mind running his nose up along the underside of that shaft again, especially as it stretched Zoe further...

The hyena's ears perked, and he sat up. Perhaps it was the effect of the beast's musk, still thoroughly caught on each of his breaths, but that really didn't seem like a bad idea. Before he could change his mind, he had lifted himself to his feet and come closer, unsure whether he should be as loud as possible so as not to startle the beast or silent to not attract its attention... but, when he lowered himself back down to his knees and nuzzled up underneath the heavy sack swaying forward and back, forward and back with Beau's slow thrusts, all he got in response was a low rumble. So, he continued.

Now an array of scents assaulted his nose, from the now-familiar spice of Beau's cock to the different, more moist scent of Zoe's sex, in which the beast's cock was already almost entirely buried. Shekh leaned his muzzle forward a little further, closed the short distance remaining between himself and Zoe, and pressed his tongue up against the slick flesh there. Sure, it was a hell of a tight fit what with the thick Beau above him steadily drawing back and pushing back in, and with Zoe grinding her hips forward against the larger male saber - but Shekh moved around a little, shifted his position, so he could drag his tongue up along the supple skin of her lips, so he could lap off the moisture, the liquid musk... and, after a while, Beau left enough room between his body and hers to allow Shekh to continue his nuzzling and licking.

Such warmth all over, such a mix of scents and tastes on the end of his tongue... the hyena was kept greatly aware of the monster saber pistoning its hips forward and back just near his head - he could feel Beau's large sack brush against the back of his shoulder each time he thrust forward - just as he was of the female under his tongue, whose rhythmic humping forward he couldn't tell was for either Beau pounding into her or to give the hyena a better taste of what she had to give.

The movements of the two quickly became too much for his comfort, though, and the hyena settled back against the curb, one paw working along his own shaft while he watched Beau breed the other saber, leaning back against the trunk of the car with her muzzle hanging open and tattered shirt swinging back and forth with their lurching. Now, Shekh couldn't tell their breathing and gasps apart, apart for Beau's lower rumbling growls and Zoe's higher, breathier moans; and on top of all that, with each of the monster's thrusts forward into her came another short *slap*, each one a little louder, a little wetter than the last.

Zoe wrapped her legs around Beau's body as he fucked her, holding onto him for balance as he drove against her again and again. The car bounced and squeaked beneath the two, loud enough so that Shekh felt certain it would attract attention from someone else around the block - thank God there was no streetlight directly above here. Still, though, the moisture dripping between them glinted in what light there was, and - made Shekh's mouth water. How he wanted



to move up again, to bury his nose and tongue between Zoe's lips, or to go further down on Beau's large twitching shaft...

Maybe he'd get his turn again soon, though: before too long had passed, the larger sabertooth's breathing picked up and his growls became louder and more pronounced, just as his thrusts picked up in urgency and ferocity. Zoe could feel it, too, as she looked down at him, sunset-orange eyes clearly showing her desire - and she pulled him even more firmly into her as he worked at her. Beau's movements peaked in a final few heavy thrusts, accompanied by a low snarl - and he slammed forward into her once, twice, a third time, unloading enough into her that it soon dripped out of her and onto the curb and road beneath the two.

Along the way, Beau had leaned over Zoe and set his teeth against her neck - and now he finally pulled back, flicked his tongue out over his lips, and let a sweet shudder roll through his body. Shekh had gotten back up to his knees even before he had completely pulled out of her, and resumed his position beneath the two sabercats... which resulted in him receiving quite the dousing when Beau finally *did* move back out of Zoe, his thick cum flowing out of her stretched sex and dripping down Shekh's muzzle. He closed his eyes against it, but of course kept his muzzle open: the unmistakable taste, somewhat bittersweet, clung to his tongue and the roof of his mouth when he swallowed it down, not even caring for how much soaked through his shirt and pants beneath him.

From here he could clearly hear Zoe's elevated breathing - but she, apparently, was not quite done. After Beau took a few steps back, Shekh felt a pair of paws on the back of his head lifting him up, pulling him forward, keeping *his* lips firmly pressed against *hers* between her legs as the beast's seed continued to leak out of her, now directly onto the hyena's waiting tongue. He gladly lapped it up, dragging the flat of his tongue along Zoe's slick skin again and again, his own olive-green eyes half-focused on her muzzle to watch her expression as he did so. He would dig his tongue deep into her, feel the intense heat and slick stickiness left by the larger saber somewhere behind him, as well as the twitching and clenching from Zoe herself - and then he'd move back, pull that tongue of his up along her lips, swirl it around her clit and listen to the moans this squeezed out of her.

Beau's thick cum dripped down along her thighs, down the side of the car, down Shekh's chin and neck and shirt - and this taste mixed with another as he continued to focus his tongue and lips on Zoe, making her gasp and shiver and squeeze her legs around his head. His favorite kind of woman was the one who knew just how to make a mess.

Another pair of heavy paws on his shoulders ensured that he did not remain there on his knees for long, though. Before he could voice a complaint or even brace himself, sharp retractable claws dug into the skin of his shoulders, lifted him roughly up - he let out a little surprised bark - and then bent him over the car, forcing him to put his paws out on either side of Zoe. She just lifted herself up, too, and scooted back, keeping her legs spread; Shekh *would* have obeyed her single finger pointing back down between her legs, were he not worried about the other saber behind him.

Beau's paws moved down to the hyena's pants and tugged them a short distance down his legs, and then, he felt the blunt head of his slick cock pressing up under his tail. God, something *that* thick - and, well, *sure*, cum *could* provide for a good lube, but Shekh usually preferred at least saliva, or maybe-

But, again, he didn't have time to say anything. Beau's paws firm on his hips and muzzle near his, the beast shoved forward into him, making him suck in a sharp gasp through clenched teeth. This certainly wasn't how he'd expected the night to go; and just a few seconds ago, he wouldn't have complained...

Though he found himself soon prevented from complaining, or really making any noise other than short moans and gasps, as Zoe tugged his head down between her legs again. She grinded up against his lips, herself moist and dripping, and he took the hint and resumed digging his tongue into her; maybe if he focused on something else, the sharp ache under his tail wouldn't seem so intense... Beau continued to sink into him, claws digging into his skin and keeping the pain fresh. Shekh did all he could to try to alleviate at least *some* of that, but - try as he might to push it to the back of his mind, try as he might to focus on Zoe's scent rich in his nostrils and her taste strong on his tongue, he was still kept *very* aware of the thick sabertooth driving forward into him. How couldn't he?

His own claws dragged along the surface of the car's hood, cutting uneven lines in the paint. No way that Beau was already ready to go again, after having finished so shortly ago - hell, Shekh could still quite easily taste him between Zoe's legs - but, sure enough after pushing deep into him, the larger male saber started to tug back out of him, the odd, stretching ache bringing with it a deep, buried pleasure that still kept Shekh's cock throbbing beneath him.

He closed his eyes and again shifted his muzzle forward, pressing his tongue deeper into Zoe against her little humps back against him. Behind him Beau had started a steady rhythm, not exactly *slow* or *gentle* but still enough that each thrust into him, apart from the natural discomfort of having such a wide girth buried deep in him, hurt a little less and less... he tried not to think about how, *maybe*, some part of him *might* be enjoying this whole thing. Pinned to a car between two large sabercats, tongue-deep in one with another balls-deep under his tail... God. He'd *reek* of cat tomorrow morning. And he wouldn't be able to sit down comfortably for probably quite a bit longer.

Beau's large paws worked their way down the hyena's sides towards his legs, lifting him up off the ground a little to allow the beast to more easily thrust into him as he sped up. Shekh couldn't help but start letting his breaths out in sharp, short panting into the pubic fur of the sabertooth who lounged back on the car in front of him, who in turn had worked a paw down to rub at herself. Soon the hyena had to shift the positioning of his paws, and brought one up to grip at Zoe's thigh as he lurched forward and back, forward and back over the car.

At one point he managed to look up at her, through eyes half-closed from the feeling of this thick cat pounding into him. Zoe's mouth hung open, her ears remained upright, her whiskers twitched - and she, too, half-opened her eyes, and briefly shone bright orange down towards Shekh before looking up at the beast that fucked him. The smile that pulled on the edges of her lips - God, she *enjoyed* this whole thing.

And Shekh was starting to enjoy it as well... he didn't even have to move a paw down and start stroking his own shaft to know that. Slick pre ran down the side of his thumb as he did so, moving forward and back with the rhythm of Beau thrusting into him, deep enough so that each one brought another light moan out of him and made him tense up all over, forceful enough so that he had to take another moment to catch his breath. The ache and soreness was still there, as they'd remain for probably three or four days, but now the pleasure had overtaken that and pushed those down. He just wished that Zoe wouldn't smirk down at him each time he let out

another sweet *huff* of breath over her sex, brushing against his muzzle again and again with his movements.

Somewhere along the way - he had no idea how long Beau had been pounding at his rump for - the monster sabertooth drove Shekh towards and past an orgasm. It all came as a surprise, with him feeling the bright buildup of pleasure, feeling his ears fold back, tail raise, and all his muscles clench, and then - he straightened up and bucked forward into his paw, unloading his own cum out over the side of the car, adding to the mess that still dripped down. He *would* have continued in a deep, breathy moan, had the saber's large paw not wrapped around his throat and squeezed, cutting off his breath, bringing tears to his eyes from the sharp claws digging into his flesh-

But then Beau came, too, slamming deep into the hyena just as he had for Zoe in front of him, and Shekh could feel each heavy spurt unload into him and start to fill him up. It started as just warm, vague pleasure, but then quickly became something else - intense pressure and heat bulging out of his belly, making him feel heavier, bloated, like any sort of movement would cause the beast's seed to ooze out of him... maybe *this* was why Zoe had wriggled so much once Beau had pulled out of her.

He remained buried in Shekh for a moment longer, emptying the last of his load into the hyena's rump, before doing the same with him and tugging out. Shekh had to dig his claws again into the paint of the car, as the cat pulling out of him caused a considerable amount of the thick cum to splash out across the curb and lawn behind him - but not enough to make the noticeable bulge in his lower belly go down. He thought he could feel warm blood dripping down the side of his neck, too, from where those claws had gripped...

After another moment, Shekh looked up to see Zoe sliding off the other side of the car and briefly work with getting her pants back up her legs. Beau was nowhere to be seen.

The female sabertooth flashed Shekh a grin as bright as her eyes. "Thanks for the fun... ah, I never got your name. That's not the first time that friend of yours has done something like that, has he? I can always tell. It's in the eyes, and the thrusts. Oh, here, you can keep these..." With a deft paw she tossed her panties across the car towards the hyena. They landed directly on his nose, already bearing her scent; the fabric had been *thoroughly* soaked through, and only moistened the fur of his muzzle further. It would take him a few moments to be able to move, and even then, with this voluminous load under his tail, he wasn't sure he'd be able to walk... "And, I'll catch you later."

Shekh watched her as she started down the road, as far as he could see before the darkness became too thick on her fur.