

Askia's eyes flicked open, and took a moment to focus on the ceiling fan spinning slowly overhead. He didn't recognize this place; the African wild dog sat up in the bed, the squeaking of the mattress causing his ears to flick, and looked around the room. Apartment, actually: medium-sized, separate bedroom, probably everything else down the hall. Up a few floors, looking at the skyline between the partially-drawn curtains on the other side of the room. What did he *do* last night?

After casting around the room for a moment longer, he finally thought to look down to the spot in the bed beside him – and jerked, caught off-guard by sharp green eyes watching him from beneath heavily lids. The panther flicked a pink tongue out over glossy black lips, which ended up turning into a jaw-cracking yawn that showed sharp white teeth... the sight of which in turn made Askia clap a paw to his neck, right near the crook of his shoulder.

Oh. Right. That's what he did last night. Or, rather, that's *who* he did. Both sides of his neck ached from needlepoint punctures, the fur around those points matted down with blood or saliva or more likely both; his jaw ached a little bit from being worked so heavily later in the night; and his tail...

"I lost track of time." The deep baritone made him jump again, and he refocused his gaze as the panther beside him rose up and stretched his arms over his head, letting the blankets fall away from his taut-muscle chest and flat stomach... a thick waft of his now-so-familiar musk hit Askia right in the nose, and the wild dog's mind short-circuited for a moment. Silly to think he'd gotten enough of that scent last night when he'd had his muzzle buried deep in its source. "I told you I was gonna spend all night catching up on what I've owed you since you ran away from me Sunday, and I meant to."

Askia predicted what came next, of course: those heavy paws set themselves on his shoulders and pushed him right back down to the bed, with the panther taking his proper position above him. Strong thighs pushed up beneath his bare legs first, and then there was a little bit of fiddling and feeling, and then – hot, wet firmness of eager morning wood poking up underneath his sack, pulling back, sliding forward again. Sure, his tailhole stung like nothing else, and that wasn't *just* due to the soft barbs at the base of the shaft that'd be buried seven inches inside of him within a few minutes here, but... he'd get used to it. Throughout all of last night he'd gotten used to it, and each time had ended up thoroughly enjoying it.

Even if he hadn't been able to cum. Goddamn panther seemed like he never fully exhausted himself.

"You know," the wild dog murmured. A gentle *huff* pushed its way out his nose once those paws pushed down against his shoulders again. "You could've at least said 'good morning'."

The panther raised his eyebrows, just barely starting to push his hips forward. Askia gripped onto one of the wrists by his shoulder, biting softly into his lower lip against the little discomfort. "Do I need to give you something to keep that mouth occupied?"

That would come later, of course. This had started in an alley between buildings late last night, and in the time since Askia had the side of his muzzle pressed up against the bricks there with a full sack slapping against his from behind and now, he'd figured out that this panther liked to keep things interesting.

Some forty minutes later – he'd lost track of how many times the cat had cum overnight, and if he didn't show any kind of exhaustion between peaks, it still took him progressively longer to reach those peaks –

after Askia had been flipped onto his belly and thoroughly pounded down into the mattress, the panther lifted up off of him to take a shower, and ended up yanking the wild dog with him. He fully expected *that* lead to something else, but instead he just ended up with his muzzle against the tile wall, arms held above his head with one firm paw, and rump spread... so the panther could really get in there with a soapy washcloth.

After all of the *usage* that part of him had seen since last night, he had a bit of trouble keeping himself clenched throughout the cleaning so that he wouldn't leak. Besides, the touching and rubbing and closeness of the cat's muzzle worked him up all over again, despite him running nearly on empty... and maybe he took pity on him then, since instead of pinning him there and burying inside him, the panther just kept that spotted rump spread, gave it a slap, and left a kiss right against his puckered tailhole before straightening up and turning the water off.

"I'm taking you to the mall today," the cat rumbled in his ear a little bit later, rubbing Askia down with the same towel he'd used on himself. "We're gonna get lunch there. Then we're going into the bathroom and you're gonna suck me off."

He just about always stuck to his word, too. About halfway through the day the clouds that Askia had seen gathering between the curtains finally opened up, darkening the skylights along the center walk of the mall and filling the space between conversations with a low, constant drumming; once the two of them left, the thick scent of a warm storm just *barely* provided enough to cover the sharper, spicier aroma of fresh panther musk that had since coated Askia's upper lip.

Their day didn't end there, and unsurprisingly, it was a *very* full day. The thing was, though, even between all of the thrusting between his lips and his own paw-work between the panther's legs – the cat seemed to at least be giving his backside a break – Askia actually found himself start to feel a little bit... a little bit *more* for him. The first shimmers of that had actually started later last night, when the black-furred beast had collapsed atop him after their last romp, still buried underneath his tail... and then quietly started snoring in the wild dog's ear.

The sex was good, sure. It was *great*. In the past eighteen hours he'd cum more times than he had for the last two weeks combined, and just being near the guy was enough to make him squirm. But there was something in those sharp eyes, something on that sharper tongue when he spoke to him, when he squeezed Askia's legs around his lower body while fucking him against the wall, when he pushed his nose into the short fur of his neck for a slight nuzzle before a bite, when he always, *always* made sure that his partner was comfortable... well, okay. When he made sure that Askia wasn't too *uncomfortable*.

Besides, he'd paid for his lunch. Askia glanced over at the panther while he drove, the cat's fur shimmering purple-black in the dim light coming down between gathered clouds; it took a second, but those green eyes flicked back over towards him, then towards the road, then back again.

And then he reached over and patted Askia's knee, and let his paw linger there long enough for the wild dog to rest his atop it. Maybe he was imagining it, but he thought that maybe, *maybe*, there was the slightest of squeezes around his fingers for a moment.

"I-" Askia coughed, and cleared his throat. 'Something' had stuck in the back of it. "I still don't know your name."

One paw on the wheel, the panther slowed at a light and then took a turn. He waited so long that Askia started to think he just wasn't going to tell him.

"Karl." There was that tongue again. In the past day Askia had had that soft sandpaper inside his mouth about the same amount of time as his own tongue. "You?"

"Askia."

There was definitely a squeeze on his paw there. "It's good to meet you, Askia. I'm sorry if I was a little... *brusque* on the bus last night."

*You shoved my paw into your pants and pulled my muzzle down into your lap- "Oh, no, it was nothing. I'd be lying if I said I didn't like it." -And then you tugged me into an alleyway, literally tore my pants off, and fucked me-*

That brought out a hint of something that might have been a smile, but only for a second. The panther – Karl – looked as if he wanted to say something more, but instead of speaking, he just licked his lips again and glanced out the window for another turn, using both paws. Askia swallowed and folded his in his lap, still able to feel the warmth of the cat's grip.

"I take it you have work tomorrow?" Karl continued after a few minutes, with another short glance at the wild dog beside him.

"Yes. I do."

"Where do you live? I can drop you off."

That gave Askia a moment of pause. He gave his address, then swallowed, heart suddenly in his throat. Then: "...Can I see you after I get off tomorrow?"

Another moment. "You have my address?"

"Not memorized, I-"

"I'll get you my number when we get there."

Admittedly it *was* nice to have the night to himself and to let his body recover from the veritable sexual gauntlet he'd been put through, but Askia still found himself lying on his side a handful of hours later, idly wishing he could feel the firm heat of the panther's body beside him, of their backs pressed together and of that long tail twitching against his ankles.

They were only stray thoughts, though, and easily pushed away and ignored. His mind wanted to indulge in the steamier fantasies that followed, but his body did not feel up to it, and it took him little longer to fall asleep to the rhythmic pounding of the rain.

The next day was when the results of his time with Karl *really* took effect, though, and on at least three separate occasions before lunch he had to explain to a coworker that he'd overworked himself at the gym the previous night. Which was... mostly true, except for the gym part.

In the way things usually went when looking forward to something, the day dragged on and on, until the wild dog found himself checking the clock three times a minute. *"I'm out,"* he finally managed to text the panther. *"Can I come over?"*

Yes was the only response he got, but it worked well enough. Askia knocked on the door expecting and looking forward to an evening like their day at the mall yesterday, but when that door opened, he grinned up at the panther's stoic muzzle... and then found himself pushed down by the shoulders, his gaze then grazing along bare chest and just-as-bare hips, for his nose to finally get tugged forward into thick pubic fur. Right there with the apartment door still opened into the hallway.

At least Karl seemed to understand that Askia still needed time to recover, and limited things to just his muzzle and his paws that night. Dinner was simple, since apparently the panther had already expected his guest to have eaten, and the night ended with the two of them lying back on the bed, Askia with his arm resting across Karl's chest and the panther still fully naked, as he had been since the start.

Karl seemed... distant that night, though Askia waved it off as him being exhausted from the past few days as well. Before another hour was up, he'd gotten to his feet and bid the panther farewell, leaving him with a nuzzle under the chin and a kiss to the cheek that was half-retained, and then with a faint bubbling warmth in his own chest that lingered through when he'd curled up in bed at home.

Then, somewhat to his own surprise, the first coherent thoughts in Askia's head the following morning were of green-eyed panther, and they bugged him enough throughout the day that he actually ended up sending an *"I miss you"* on his lunch break. That earned no response back – Karl probably worked too; he was probably busy – but when the wild dog asked if he could come over again near the end of his shift, yet again he got a simple Yes back.

He almost picked up flowers on his way over, though changed his mind – partially since it looked like the rain might start again, and partially because the kind of guy who he would've met at a bar, and who shoved his head down in his lap on public transportation, probably wasn't the flowers kind of guy – and got a couple of beers instead, which he held up with a big grin when Karl opened the door for him later. Those green eyes flicked from the bottles, to Askia's muzzle, and then back to the bottles, and then one paw came out to take one... while the other tilted the wild dog's chin up and grazed a claw along the underside.

He felt like things were going well. Over these past three days Karl had become noticeably more open about his physical affection, with the paw-squeezes and nuzzles and kisses, particularly the ones when Askia wasn't settled in the panther's lap. Of course he got some of those too tonight, coming as a natural progression of events when Karl downed the entire beer in three gulps, seized his guest by the waist, and tossed him towards the couch, swiftly undoing his belt as he made his way over...

Slower, more passionate this time. Askia ended up on his back with his legs wrapped tight around Karl's lower body, the panther steadily grinding his load out into him, hot breaths washing out over the wild dog's muzzle in little spaces between their kisses. It felt *wonderful*.

Afterwards, it took some time for him to find his voice, and when he did he kept it low. That just felt right in the darkness of the room around them, and the physical closeness they shared; Karl had slumped on top of him, and buried his muzzle in his neck. *"Karl?"*

“Mmh.”

“Could I spend the night with you again tonight? I’ve been...” Askia swallowed. Might as well come out with the truth. “Lonely. Honestly.”

The panther lifted his head, and tugged down out of the wild dog’s tailhole with a slick sound. Askia grunted. “What? Why?”

“Well, because I have tomorrow off, and I was wondering if maybe I could take you to a movie? Or, like, lunch or something? We’ve been... fucking a lot, but I kind of want to... you know. Get to know you better.”

Green eyes flicked back and forth across Askia’s muzzle as the panther lifted himself up on one elbow, the blankets falling away from his chest. All that Askia could smell was him, and it drove him wild. “...Again, why...?”

Small jolt of worry, cold like an ice cube burning through his fur. Askia swallowed again. “Well, because I... like you. I thought th- I thought that, with the time we’ve been spending together, you’d...”

Karl threw the covers back with enough of a snap to make him jump, and then rose up out of the bed. Suddenly those muscled arms seemed much less inviting, crossed over his chest like that. His mouth worked, and he glared at Askia, but nothing came out... and he turned to the window, and waited a moment.

“You – thought wrong,” he finally rumbled after a moment. Askia sat up, large ears perked in listening; Karl looked over his shoulder at him. “I’m not... you didn’t *really* think th... you’re just-” The panther turned, and faltered. Inhale, exhale. “To me you’re n...”

But, he couldn’t finish. Good thing, too: Askia didn’t really want him to see his face much longer. The wild dog turned away and busied himself with picking his clothes up off the floor. He only had one and a half beers in him: he could make it home. “Sorry,” he said, trying to speak quickly to cover the quaver in his voice. Also a good thing that he hadn’t bothered with the flowers. “I must have been mistaken. I think – I think I should go home.

“I think you should, too.” It was the lack of hesitation that hurt the most. For the entire rest of his visit that night, which consisted of about a thirteen-second span of time the wild dog spent in getting his stuff together, finding his keys, and stalking to his door, he was vaguely aware of this thick weight settling around the room as if something had been left unsaid between the two of them. It certainly wasn’t on his end, though, and he paid it no more mind once the door had slammed shut behind him.

Karl *was* right, of course. They’d met by chance, in a club established with the intent of hosting hookups, and had satisfied themselves on one another in that manner throughout the next day with hardly any break. That was the full basis of their relationship, and then here this damn wild dog went with thinking it was more than that, with *feeling* there was more there.

As much as he tried to push those thoughts away, they still came back, and he had to double back twice on the roads home after missing his turns. Really, though, what could he have expected from spending

so much time, and so much of that being *intimate*, with another person? That's the way it always went with him. Always. He already had to block three numbers in his phone after getting too attached and misinterpreting the track of the relationship, and embarrassing himself.

And now it happened again. First it started as a few forlorn drops against the windshield of his car, unnoticed beneath everything else, but then the rain picked up and drummed steadily down, coating the sidewalks in the thin haze of splashed mist. At least he wouldn't have to listen to himself think for a while longer.

Nothing to do once he got inside, though, after half a minute in that rain as he made his way up the sidewalk. He'd been planning to spend this night in Karl's bed with the panther's arms around him, and his muzzle pressed up against his neck, or maybe resting on his chest, or *more fucking likely* bobbing in his lap. Honestly, the sex had only gotten better for Askia since he'd started to really appreciate Karl's presence and company, and since he'd actually started to feel *closer* to him, and-

He tossed his keys to the counter with a clatter, and squeezed his paw on his head. Had to move on. Let it sit for a while, and then worry about it later. He'd wanted to watch a movie, so, why not watch a movie? It took him some fifteen minutes to settle on one, though, between standing up and pacing around the room and looking out the window and considering if he should head back out and get another drink, and then twenty minutes after it *did* start, he realized that he hadn't been paying attention in the slightest and had missed everything up to that point. So, with a grumble, the wild dog reached forward for the remote-

-and just barely closed his paw on it when a short series of knocks against the front door caught his ear. He glanced that way, frowned, thought about it for a moment... and, sighing, rose to his feet and padded over. He'd put off showering after he came in from the rain, since he really wasn't expecting to have company tonight.

"Coming," he rumbled, and briefly fiddled with the lock. Sometimes it stuck, which could make things awkward if there were a package he had to sign for, or if it was someone's first time coming over and they thought they had the wrong door and scrambled off before he could get it, or any number of different things. It had all happened before.

Only once or twice had he wanted to close the door on the person after seeing who it was, though. Green eyes glittered down at him, violet-black fur slicked down by the rain. Karl waited there for a moment, trying to find his words, and then shuffled one paw out of the same black leather jacket he'd worn in the club that night... and brought out a half-bouquet of flowers.

"I..." The panther licked his lips, nervously this time. "Didn't know if you'd... I thought that maybe there w... there would... um..." Then he held them out, abruptly enough so that Askia took a half-step back. "I'm. Sorry. I was..."

"I was wrong," was the first thing out of Askia's mouth. This time he took a full step back, watched the panther's muzzle, and turned around to head back in. A moment later he heard reluctant footsteps behind him, followed by the *click* of the door being gently shut.

"What?" That sounded genuine. Quiet rustling of clothing, a little grunt, a bump; he probably hit his foot on the chair leg. Everybody did that. "*You?* No, Askia, I... *I was wrong.* I was about to tell you, back there,

that you're – you're just a good fuck, but... then I saw your face, and I... felt... well, I don't know. Something I'm not used to."

"Just a..." Askia spun back around, then ended up taking yet another step back with Karl standing a lot closer to him than he'd expected. "You were wrong?"

He held those flowers out again, petals varied among orange and lavender. Askia's eyes were brown and blue, but to find flowers in those colors... "I was wrong. And I'm sorry, and hope you can forgive me. I'm just..."

Askia reached forward and took those flowers, letting his fingers graze across Karl's in the act. The panther kept his paw out for a moment longer.

"I just have trouble with that sort of thing. You know?" Quiet laugh. "You remember how I was on the bus. I don't *really* have experience with... with, y'know..."

The flowers made a soft rustling noise when Askia dropped them to the counter, and then it was the rustle of clothing that tickled his ears. He pressed his paws against Karl's firm chest and lifted himself onto his tiptoes, mouth pressed to the panther's; it took a few seconds, but soon those same muscular arms came up around his back and hugged him tight. The kiss broke, then just as quickly melted into another one.

And another, and another... and just like usual, he found himself tugging Karl over towards the hall that would lead to his bedroom. Unlike all of those other times, though, this felt... *different*. Softer, slower. More emotion, less carnal desire. "I'll give you the experience, then," the wild dog murmured in the space between two more kisses.

Not to say that there wasn't *plenty* of that second thing. Askia couldn't help himself: these past couple of days had conditioned him so that any touch from this black-furred beast before him made his pants tight within seconds, and filled him with the so-familiar want and desire to grind and thrust and clench and...

...and he'd be able to satisfy all of those soon enough here. This time it was Askia who pushed Karl down to the bed, Askia who made the choice to drop to his knees, Askia who started working at the panther's belt and fly beneath. It was as though the last hour simply... hadn't happened, and as though Karl's answer had been *Yes, we can spend the night together again*. That same fluttering, pumping warmth from last night blossomed in the wild dog's chest, and then so did the other kind of heat between his legs.

Much the same, the twitching stiffness beneath the panther's boxers showed a similar eagerness, but still one of those paws came down and lightly rested atop Askia's head. He looked up at Karl – he'd been in this position so, so many times before already – and saw more emotion there, things that looked odd and unfamiliar on that face.

"Are you sure you wanna do this?" the cat rumbled. "I mean. I want to. You can – can fuckin' tell that. But do *you*?"

Maybe he was being hasty. Maybe Karl was just *that* desperate to get another lay. Maybe Askia really did need to work on his bad habit of falling head-over-heels for anyone willing to spend time with him and show him affection. He tried to lean forward to nuzzle that bulge, then found that the paw atop his head held him off... until he nodded and murmured "Yes, I do" in response. Karl had wanted and needed to hear that confirmation, and now that he had it, he released the dog between his legs, who dove right in for his price.

Soft squish of the cat's heavy sack behind the cloth of his boxers, already thick with his musk even though Karl had just gotten out of the shower before Askia arrived earlier in the evening. He dug his nose into that heat and scent, gradually pulling it in through his nostrils and then letting it out through parted lips; he ran his muzzle up, up towards the firm, plump sheath above, then to the side of that so he could nuzzle into the space between that and his body where that musk lingered the heaviest. *That* put him in a kind of mood entirely different from just being on his knees between Karl's legs, and it took most of his willpower not to just push him to his back and fuck himself on the cat right then and there.

After all, they *had* only done it once or twice since yesterday.

Karl breathed a gentle purr and settled back onto his elbows, in the same movement sliding his hips closer to the edge of the bed – which bumped Askia's muzzle backwards, already nose to thigh. Not that he minded. The wild dog shifted as well, lifting himself up onto his ankles and leaning in closer, drawing his way from the side of the still-hidden sheath to the rim where soft-furred skin turned to slick barbed flesh. The fabric stuck to his length a little bit, and up at the tip, a damp spot had started to soak through...

...so of course when Askia made his way there, he touched his nose to that damp spot, pulled in a slow, low breath, and then closed his lips right along that point. If he breathed in through his mouth he could *taste* that musk and slickness as well as he could smell it, thick and hot and wet. For a few moments he busied himself with that, gently squeezing his lips along that tapered tip and feeling the little oozes of eager pre through the fabric, while at the same time hefting and massaging the panther's balls in one paw and rolling them between his fingers and thumb. Since their first playtime together, he'd *loved* how he could hardly take both in one spread palm.

Didn't mean he wouldn't try. The heat, the weight, the faint stirring that came with each throb between his lips, and all through the thin fabric of his boxers... a little bit longer and the African wild dog nuzzled further up Karl's lower body, lifting the lower hem of his rain-drizzled shirt with his nose and briefly touching through the short, thick fur of his belly. From there he pushed down again, nosing underneath the waistband of his underwear for a moment before actually curling his fingers under and tugging them down, in one swift pull bringing his twitching length and plump sack into view. Askia sat back to take in the sight, still able to taste the faint spice of his musk on his lips.

That could have just been him picking it up on the air, though, with his muzzle this close and steadily drawing closer. He resumed his firm nuzzling, now with nothing between his nose and the point of his interest: now he could really *feel* the desire bubbling between the panther's legs, the little throbs and twitches, the gentle grinding against his muzzle every time he adjusted.

Whether this was drool, or a bit of sweat, or rain that had started to mat down the fur of his muzzle... he pushed his nose up between the panther's balls one more time, intentionally pursing and pressing his lips forward against him. Usually this was where he moved back up, where he dragged his tongue

through that short, soft fur already slightly damp with sweat and scent and whatever else and hefted each of those balls at the end of his muzzle, for him to finish with a flick of his tongue over the cat's tip before he slid back down on him, lips wrapped around... but instead, this time, he moved down.

Askia still lifted his nose up beneath that heavy sack as he went, and still worked his tongue through the fur as it became shorter and sharper, until... until it was hot, puckered skin that met his touch, and that twitched in reaction to it. Karl gave a little bit of a start, but then just revealed more of himself for the wild dog to enjoy: he scooted towards the edge of the bed and spread his legs, wriggling his pants and underwear further down beyond his knees. Askia rested his paw atop the waistband so he could dig his muzzle in closer, and pursed his lips right back against the panther's tailhole.

He *loved* how it reacted and flexed to each touch of his tongue, to the little swirls around the rim, to the gentle pokes and prods into the center. Rich scent, too, like a sharper kind of what already emanated from his sheath and cock; it didn't take long before that scent and taste coated the wild dog's tongue, and stuck in the back of his throat after each swallow.

And he was swallowing a *lot*. The weight of needy balls atop his nose, the feeling of a tight pucker clenching and relaxing around his tongue as he tried to press it into that squeezing, and especially Karl's quiet rumbling moans, made his mouth water like just about nothing else. Not that that was a problem, naturally: Askia could pull back, lap the slick taste off his lips, swallow, and dive back in, lips sliding easily over the saliva-slickened tailhole, tongue steadily working its way in and pushing those squeezing walls open.

Karl wouldn't let him get very far. It was clear that the panther hadn't often gotten attention like this before, in the way he squeezed and twitched around each flick and swirl and prod, but still he seemed to enjoy it. One more long, slow drag from under the base of his tail, over that ridged skin, and then up beneath one of those balls... followed by one more, and then *just* one more, pulling a bit to the side to see if he could give that tailhole a bit of a stretch... and when Askia straightened up, he reached up to wipe his mouth – but instead found himself yanked forward, a strong paw pulling him by the wrist of that arm.

The bed squeaked with his added weight suddenly on top of Karl's, and then a little bit more with him working himself into place. Familiar position here, him sitting back in the panther's lap, leaning forward over him with their lips alternating between locked and opened, thick saliva hanging between their tongues, all hot breaths and gentle moans and small rumbles of want and need. Askia wiggled his hips back, back, just a little bit further back... and then jumped a little bit at the near-electric shock of the cat's tip brushing up against his tailhole. Felt as though his pre hadn't stopped once he'd focused his muzzle elsewhere, and once he started to sink slowly back onto it, it also felt as though Karl had spent his time preparing himself with a little bit of spit for lube.

That was all Askia needed. Slow, careful movement back and forth, squeezing down onto the soft-barbed length and then drawing back up, gradually making his way further down until... until those barbs tickled and pricked softly at the inner rim of his own clenching tailhole, his balls resting on the panther's lower belly. Some of that soreness and stinging from their recent days still remained, but that was nothing. Karl gripped onto the wild dog's wrist with one paw and wrapped his fingers around his throbbing cock with the other, and instead of letting his muzzle fall back in pleasure like he usually did, now between kisses he focused those green eyes on Askia above him.

He'd had to pull back to steady his breathing and focus more on getting those seven inches under his tail instead of seeing how far he could suck Karl's tongue into his own throat, but now that he'd gotten that first hurdle out of the way, Askia adjusted his grip so he squeezed the panther's shoulders, and dove back in for another long, deep string of kisses. Lips to lips, tongue under tongue, all the while he gradually continued to work his hips, slow at first and picking up in depth, never quiet lifting the front of his body from Karl's: instead of pawing him off, the paw between the two of them and wrapped around his length provided something for the wild dog to thrust and press into.

Forward and back with his hips, keeping his body as close to Karl's as he could, grinding each shivering inch and moan and gasp out from both of them, sometimes together, sometimes staggered. Askia had long since figured out that Karl loved it when he sank back into his lap, bumped his hips backwards a little bit further, and gave a good squeeze right at the rim of his sheath, and held that clench on his way back up. That came with a bit of difficulty after how thoroughly he'd worked those muscles these past few days.

Tonight was slower and longer, though quite possibly more passionate than any other of their times together. At one point Askia reached up and grasped at the headboard of the bed for support, keeping Karl's muzzle tilted up towards his in the other while he rode him, the panther having lifted his hips up to start to thrust into each descent; beneath the drumming of the rain against the roof and window, soon came another more rhythmic sound, *thump-thump* of the wooden frame against the wall, and steady yet haggard panting, hungry swallows, the occasional grunt and gasp and moan...

...which, as if turned by a switch, suddenly started to become more and more frequent from the wild dog right around the same time his thighs started to ache from the workout. Beneath him, Karl's ears gave a flick, and the panther tightened and shifted his paw around the dog's length, slipping quickly and easy over the pre-slickened flesh. Askia straightened up and leaned back, paws resting beside the panther's knees behind him, lifting himself up into the air and then slamming back down onto him, eyes squeezed shut and mouth hanging open as he pulled himself closer and closer to that edge. inch by inch turning to yard by yard, and – one more gasp, one more buck, and he emptied himself across the panther's chest once, twice, a third time, each with a slight jerk of his hips that felt like it put more energy behind the spurt.

The resulting shivers of his peak bounced back and forth through his body for what felt like minutes afterwards, during which the wild dog had to lean forward and keep himself upright with his paws on Karl's shoulders, elbows locked. Another few seconds before he could speak, and then, it was slow and with frequent pauses to catch his breath.

"Aren't you... gonna..." The wild dog swallowed, and shuddered after involuntarily clenching again. With the start of his finish, Karl had thrust up into him as deep as he could, and pressed a paw firmly on Askia's lower back to keep himself there. "Finish?"

That arm came up, dragging sharp claws gently enough through the fur along his back that it made him shiver and collapse atop the panther. Karl nuzzled into Askia's neck, still stroking along his spine.

"I think," he rumbled, "that you've tired me out."

Askia chuckled weakly – and gasped again with the panther's slick pullout. The two remained like that for a short while longer, Askia starting to drift off to the pleasant rhythm of the rain on the window, and

the gentle rise-and-fall of Karl's breathing beneath him. After a while, though, he rolled off of him and nuzzled up into his side, not even bothering to pull his pants up his legs.

Then, though, the panther returned a nuzzle, and kept his nose in the fur of Askia's head. "Hey."

"Mm?"

"Movie tomorrow?"

It was quiet, but beneath that drumming rain and soft panting, there was just the hint of a rumbling purr in the panther's throat. Askia nuzzled in closer. "Yeah. Movie tomorrow."