

*Stupid sexy hyenas.* The wild dog sighed and adjusted himself in his pants one more time, before setting his keys on the shelf and turning down the hall towards the living room. *Stupid sexy Shekh. Distracting me all day. Keeping my mind busy. Ugh.*

Of course that wasn't Shekh's fault. Or, at least, he didn't *think* it was; that hyena could be hard to figure out sometimes, with olive-green eyes always glimmering with amusement or interest or hunger of a few different types, or probably a scheme or something – and then that grin of his, too, sharp shiny fangs, a bit wide, always genuine but maybe not benevolent. Not *all* benevolent. The wild dog had already figured out long ago that Shekh liked to tease and mess with him, only complicating his whole attraction problem... and, honestly, he probably knew that that was the result.

With a sigh he slumped down into the recliner facing the TV, though didn't bother reaching for the remote to turn it on. Just earlier today, right before he got out for lunch, his phone had vibrated in his pocket with a new message... and he'd opened it to find an attached photo of the hyena's lower body, bare from the waist up and covered only by his paw below, fingers splayed so that the line of his hanging shaft and full sack could still partially be seen. The wild dog had scrambled to swipe past the message, to get it off the screen so that nobody else would see – and then another message came in after, scrolling it right back down to the bottom: *"Shit. Sorry. That was meant to go to someone else"*. Even now his large radar-dish ears could pick up a set of very familiar sounds and noises from down the other hall, towards the bedroom the hyena shared with his lover-slash-partner-slash-friend-with-benefits-slash-other roommate, Tessa.

Naturally, those noises consisted of the rhythmic thumping of the bedframe against the wall, the squeaking of the mattress, the she-wolf's breathy moans and needy panting, and the hyena's own growling and rumbles and gasps of pleasure. Sounded like he was the one on top today; an unusual thing in itself, but still an image and idea that always, *always*, made the wild dog have to uncross his legs and adjust his pants yet again. Oh, he'd thought several times, *countless* times, of himself being the one on that bed beneath Shekh, legs spread around the hyena's waist and holding him tight against him while Shekh pounded that uncut – very uncut, another thing the wild dog knew for a fact from past 'wrong person' picture messages – shaft of his under *his* tail...

There was the squirming and shifting and, of course, the twitching and throbbing again. He adjusted his position yet again and dug his phone back out of his pocket, thumb flitting over to the *Messages* icon for a second before he stopped and forced himself to something else. Today hadn't been the only day something like this had happened. In fact, since the hyena had first invited him as a roommate to split and share the house rent a couple of months ago, he'd just found himself steadily more attracted to him and steadily less able to deal with it.

It had started just as... well, as a fascination. Going into it, he already knew that Shekh and Tessa had their thing, and he thought that the hyena was off-limits because of it. If history could teach him anything, though, it was that something belonging to someone else just made it that much more enticing, and soon he found himself thinking of him more, enjoying their conversations, reading far too deeply into the little hugs and touches and accidental brushes that happened between them, in the hall, over dinner, sitting on the couch.

Then the first picture message had gotten sent, and that was like... like breaking the floodgates. Next thing the wild dog knew, he was bringing it back up before bed every night, imagining that cock resting across his muzzle, on his tongue, sinking up under his tail... and Shekh seemed to become more

adventurous as well, running his claws up the wild dog's back to catch him by surprise in the hallway, or roughly, playfully, pushing him aside as he passed by... and then he started leaving the door open when he got up in the mornings for his wake-up piss, morning wood notwithstanding. That wouldn't have been much of a problem if he'd used the bathroom attached to the master bedroom instead of the one across the hall from the wild dog's room, directly in view of his bed when both doors were open. Shekh slept naked, too, of course, and never bothered getting dressed just to walk to the bathroom and back.

The way that he kept the bedroom door open now whenever he and Tessa went at it, which was surprisingly often... that had been a fairly recent development, within the last two weeks. And it just drove him even more wild with want for the hyena, since not only could he hear the two of them from anywhere in the house, but if he walked by he could get a glimpse of what was going on as well. Strong arms, firm abs, tight rump – probably not in *that* way; Tessa was the one pounding Shekh more often than the other way around, and he'd seen the toys that the hyena liked to play around with – and a good, strong grip, strong enough to keep Tessa's wrists pinned above her head even as she squirmed and writhed beneath him-

"Hey, Askia."

The wild dog jumped and nearly dropped his phone, wrenching his eyes up to see that same hyena striding easily by in his boxers, which of course – of fucking *course* – did hilariously little to hide what Askia knew was beneath there. Hell, it swung and jiggled a little bit as he walked by, as though he *hadn't* just been six and a half – seven? That seemed more suitable – inches inside of the she-wolf just a minute earlier.

"Oh – um-" He coughed, cleared his throat, and straightened up, "hey – ah – how's your day... going..." ...but the hyena had already passed by down the nearby hallway. A moment later the sound of rattling dishes reached Askia's ears, and then from the other hallway, the hiss of the shower turning on. That would be Tessa.

*God dammit.* On his way back home from work he'd decided, he'd *resolved*, that he'd finally seize the courage to admit to Shekh what had been going on in his mind, and in his pants. And he'd just had a chance and missed it. Grumbling to himself, Askia shoved his until then ignored phone back into his pocket and rose, taking another quick moment to shift his own half-stiffness in his pants before heading towards his bedroom to change out of his work clothes. He'd even thought up how he'd approach it, too, and what he'd say if Shekh were to turn him down... which, all things considered, probably wasn't too likely.

Hell, one time Askia had gotten home to find Shekh squeezed between both Tessa and then another hyena, this one also striped and also uncut. That much he could see because the first thing he'd noticed was that Shekh had his tongue buried a good inch and a half beneath the other hyena's foreskin, all the while he rode his favorite toy in Tessa's lap... Askia grumbled more, pulling his shirt off over his head. *Stupid fucking sexy Shekh.* That whole image was one he found himself revisiting quite often whenever his mind and paw wandered.

Suddenly his ears perked again, and he paused just before unzipping his pants: it was quiet, but sure enough those were footsteps along the carpeted floor outside his room. Before he could think twice about it, before his damn nerves could stop him as they'd done every single time in the past, he

buttoned back up, spun around, headed for the almost-closed door – and on opening it and stepping out, Shekh nearly rammed right into him.

Just, not in the way he'd always wanted.

As soon as he stumbled back, though, Askia raised his paws as if to defend himself, then realized he looked stupid and crossed them in front of his chest, then changed his mind again and shoved them into his pockets... "Um – so..."

Shekh tilted his glass of water to his lips and took a couple of sips. He'd switched to a more physical job recently, and the evidence of it showed on his chest and abs, visible beneath his short bellyfur. "Mm?"

*Oh God.* "You know, there's... something I've been wanting to talk to you about..."

The hyena slid his paw down into his boxers and scritch'd. Askia realized he was staring, and tore his eyes away. "Yeah?"

*Oh God oh God.* "Well – Shekh, um, I..." Ears flicked back, tried to flatten down. He forcibly kept them up, and also forced himself to hold those olive-green eyes in his gaze. "I am – attracted to you. *Very att-*"

"Shit, I know." Suddenly Askia forgot the rest of what he was going to say. Shekh took another sip of water, looking as though the wild dog had just stopped him to tell him the weather. "I've known for a while. You *do* know I've been teasing you about it, too, right?"

Was he...? "Well – I mean, I always *thought* that – or at least, I felt like..."

"I mean, why d'you think I leave the door open when I shower, or when Tess and I fuck?" One step forward from the hyena, one step back from the wild dog. He'd sweated a bit doing that just now, just a few minutes ago; Askia could smell Shekh's musk on him, floating up every time the front of those boxers shifted. "And if the nudes I sent you really *were* accidental, do you think I'd not take the steps to make sure it didn't happen a second time? And a third, and fourth, and... fifth and sixth?" Another step forward, another back... and Askia swallowed.

Here it was, then. He'd admitted it, and just as he'd hoped, Shekh hadn't been offended. He hadn't been shocked in the slightest, hadn't turned him down... he'd *literally* said, 'yes, I know'. Suddenly all – most – of that nervousness melted away, and in its place rose a smoldering flame. Excitement. Askia stepped forward; Shekh remained in place, though lifted his glass of water out of the way.

"I mean... I *figured* you were putting yourself on display," he said. A deep breath through his nose brought in both the hyena's scent, thick and dry, along with something... something else, something he didn't quite recognize. "Since you like doing that, don't you?"

Shekh's lips split into that grin again. "Now you're catching on."

"Why didn't you just ask me?"

Shrug. "I thought it'd be a lot more fun to wait for you to find the confidence yourself. I *can* be patient when I want, you know-"

"Oh, don't you lie." Another step forward, and still Shekh did not budge. Askia licked his lips and swallowed, trying his best to hide what of his nervousness still lingered. Where the *hell* was all of this coming from? This wasn't what he'd planned to happen earlier today. "You leave the door open when you're playing with her. I've *heard* what you call 'patience'."

"Mmm." This time it was Shekh who crossed his arms, his grin having reduced to a smile. A sly, amused smile. "You sure took your time, though."

Askia's body moved on its own, then. He reached forward, briefly pressed his fingers against the hyena's lower belly – soft fur, warm muscle beneath – then reached down... and lifted up beneath the sack and shaft hidden by those boxers, finally getting a good, firm feel for him, and giving a solid squeeze. Shekh's expression changed only slightly, giving way to a quick flash of surprise, and then it was gone. "I wanna take *this*, too." Shekh made no move to step away or remove Askia's paw from him, though; in fact, after a second, he reached down to grab the wild dog's wrist and pull him in even more firmly.

Askia could feel a stirring in the shaft in his palm, just past that thin layer of fabric. Shekh's smile widened back into a grin. "We'll see about that."

Still gripping his wrist, he then yanked Askia with him as he made his way back down the hall and towards his shared bedroom with Tessa, pushing the slightly-ajar door open with his shoulder – and then promptly pushing the wild dog towards the bed in the center of the wall, right next to the also-ajar door to the bathroom. The bathroom where the she-wolf was still taking her shower. Askia took that moment while his back was turned to let all of his mixed nervousness and excitement bubble up and heat his cheeks and ears, then did his best to push that back down before turning around... and felt it come right back when the first thing his eyes found was the hyena's shaft hanging down between his legs, thick and heavy.

Olive-green eyes flicked up to his muzzle as if they could feel his stare. Shekh gave a satisfied smirk, kicked his boxers the rest of the way off, and then smoothly, easily strode forward towards Askia still standing there. "The hell are you doing?" he said; his paws coming down on his shoulders – he'd placed his glass on the dresser across the room – actually making the wild dog jump. "Get these fuckin' things off." Those paws slid down along his arms, from there to his sides, then Shekh hooked his thumbs under the waistband of Askia's jeans.

He reached down to unbutton and undo the fly himself, only for the hyena to beat him too it. Quick, experienced motions, the button going easily and zipper coming down – and he started to pull his pants down with one paw, the other immediately returning to Askia's shoulder to push him down to the bed. He put his arms out behind to catch himself on the mattress, Shekh dropping to his knees between his legs as he slid his pants off and underwear following. Then there were those green eyes on him again, on a separate and new part of him; Askia swallowed, pulled in a breath, let it back out, tried his best not to cover his muzzle with his paws.

It was a hot puff of Shekh's breath out against his sheath and sack that brought his attention back down, though; down to the hyena's muzzle just now starting to dig up between his legs, and to the point of eager flesh poking out of the end of his sheath. That nose pressed up against his sheath, pushed in, slid up, rolled the skin forward with it, then nuzzled back down... and Shekh swallowed and sighed again.

"C'mon," he rumbled, "don't give me that look. I swear to God I'm gonna pitch you out that fuckin' window if you try to tell me you haven't been wanting this..."

Where had all his confidence gone, just a moment ago? Each brush of the hyena's nose against his sheath sent a hot shiver up through Askia's abdomen and coaxed his cock out just a little further, even despite that returning, burgeoning nervousness. He *did* want to perform well, after all. "I – I have. I *really* have."

"Got nothing to be worried about..." Each word and movement of his lips and tongue vibrated out through the thick skin and fur of his sheath, warm breath washing down and around his base and his sack. Shekh draped his fingers around the back of the wild dog's sheath and angled him down, squeezing him against his muzzle as he nuzzled and nose his length further out, taking in slow, steady drags of his scent. "You've got a good one down here, too, anyway. A *damn* good one."

"You – think so-?"

Shekh's eyes flicked up again, and Askia's first instinct was to glance away. Then, though, a smooth, broad tongue took the place of that nose right at the lip of his sheath, teasing at the rim and curling just barely under, and his *next* instinct was to shiver and let his eyes drift shut. That probably went for as good of a response as any verbal one, to tell the truth; Shekh focused along the base of Askia's length for now, bringing him the rest of the way out and making sure to taste each inch, each revealed space of veined flesh from tapered tip to smooth shaft to unswollen knot, as well as inside and beneath the skin of his sheath.

*Especially* inside his sheath. Askia forced his eyes open to watch, chewing on a claw to keep himself from saying anything stupid: Shekh seemed absorbed in his work down there already, his own eyes closed and lips parted as he slid his tongue beneath that supple skin and dug into the warm, slick flesh inside, then curled around towards the backside of his cock as far as he could, before bringing his tongue back into his maw to swallow and begin again... and he had his other paw down between his legs, arm slowly working at his own hard-on. That was fast. Not like Askia could say anything, though: all it had taken for *him* was a nose, a breath, and a lick from the hyena he'd been crushing on literally since he'd moved in.

As if sensing his thoughts, those green eyes snapped back open and returned to his muzzle, with Shekh drawing his tongue back out of his sheath, licking his lips, then letting it hang out to drag slowly, firmly up along the underside of his length, ending in wrapping his lips around his tip and swirling around. This time he had a second motivation, though: when he pulled back, a thick glob of saliva rolled slowly down Askia's length, with Shekh watching it for a second before gently wrapping a pair of fingers around and spreading it down towards his knot. "You ready?"

Askia shivered with that touch. For him, at least, a handjob always felt better with lube – and of course, a handjob also always felt better when he had another cock buried under his tail. He spread his legs a bit and scooted closer to the edge of the mattress, one ear still raised and angled towards the running shower.

"Yeah," he managed after a moment. Shekh's paws came to rest atop his thighs; Askia twitched with that touch. He'd envisioned several times before the hyena hiking his legs over his shoulders and pounding into him, sometimes feeling that tongue that had just been inside his sheath instead inside his tailhole, sometimes without it. This time it looked like it would be without. "I am. Um..." With him

standing up like this, hard cock twitching eagerly between his legs, foreskin half-retracted, he looked... a bit imposing. Askia swallowed and shifted again. "Go slow?"

For some reason that gave the hyena a little chuckle. He leaned forward, braced his paws against the wild dog's shoulders, lightly pushed him so that he fell back and bounced against the mattress and covers – "No promises. You know, Tessa's started working out so she can get a handle on me better when I'm the one wearing the leash." – and then Askia found out *why* it made him laugh. With that realization his eyes widened and he shifted again, not quite to get the hyena off of him, but rather...

...just out of surprise, really. There was no lifting of legs above Shekh's shoulders, no tongue to tailhole. None of that. Just body weight transferring through the paws still on his shoulders, then coming to the middle of his body as Shekh climbed up and over him... and then, instead, the tight heat of the hyena's tailhole against the tip of his own cock, thoroughly slickened with saliva. *That* was why he'd done that, then.

"This – wasn't..." For a second his words failed him. Feeling of slick, firm muscle pushing and pressing down onto his tip, squeezing around his shaft, dragging along the wet flesh... an unconscious shiver rippled up his back, afterwards suddenly making him aware of his own paws on the hyena's bare thighs. Askia swallowed and let out a shuddering breath. "Wasn't what I expected..."

Shekh leaned forward over him as he continued to press down, gradually working himself along the wild dog's length – down a bit and then back up, down a bit further, back up. Never too far at once; just enough to make him lift his hips up into that wet heat and then settle back down, his body almost moving on its own. "Yeah? Expecting *me* to fuck *you*, huh?"

It took a bit of effort to grin right then; all Askia wanted to do was close his eyes, open his maw, and lay back. Every time he tried to pull down on the hyena's waist, Shekh just lifted back up a little bit. "Can you blame me?"

"Course not. I just like *this*."

Sharp intake of breath from Shekh pressing his rump down against Askia's hips, hilding his length in him right up to the knot and intentionally clenching tight. Once there, Shekh churned his hips forward and back a bit, wriggling the wild dog a little bit further into him.

"- a little too much. Can *you* blame *me*?"

This time the words just didn't come at all. Shekh used his leverage on the wild dog's shoulders to pull himself back up and then sink back down at an angle, working his cock deep under his tail again and again while still maintaining that slickness and that squeeze, pulling small gasps and moans out of Askia beneath him. Every time he manages to open his eyes, too, he looked up to see the hyena watching him with a grin still across his face... though as he started to pick up his pace, as he drew himself more forcefully forward and back with his riding so that his sack dragged across Askia's lower belly and his shaft bounced against his abs, that grin tightened and took on a more concentrated and determined look to it.

Must be solid work, what he was doing: holding his top down, one paw on his shoulder and the other across his chest, while he forcefully rode him into the mattress... Askia brought one of his arms up

behind his head for support, then changed his mind and let it back down again, then covered his mouth to block another louder moan – still the shower went on; had Tessa heard anything already? – and finally settled it back against the hyena’s thigh. He looked like he was enjoying himself, at least. Askia certainly was.

Although...

On a sudden whim the wild dog dug his fingers in against Shekh’s legs and tried to lift him, not up and off of him but rather to the side so that he could flip him over. So that he could be the one to yank Shekh’s legs up over his shoulders and pound down into him. All he managed to do, however, was shift the hyena and briefly knock him off-balance, hard cock sliding fully out of his tailhole. All of his concentration and self-control bubbled out of his body in a shivering moan, then, as he readjusted and sank right back down onto that length, a pair of fingers spread behind his growing knot to keep him angled right.

Shekh licked his lips and leaned in again, eager panting audible between his words. “You’re gonna have to try a bit harder than that,” he taunted, and gave another forceful push back. “I told you Tessa had to start working out, and we’re already almost tied in arm-wrestling matches. If you wanna take the reins for something, though...”

Eyes mostly closed, Askia felt rather than saw the hyena’s paw shift up from his shoulder and behind his muzzle, thumb hooking around the base of his large ear so he could yank him up and forward. A bit of a stretch to do that, but each time Shekh lifted up towards the tip of his length, the end of his own cock pressed up against Askia’s lips and nose – and that *scent*, the same he’d picked up on Shekh earlier... dried now, a different type of musk. Not as heavy or as ripe as a male’s, and then the taste that went with it each time his paw tightened on his muzzle, pulling him just a bit further down so that the underside of his head rested along his tongue, and so his lips rolled his foreskin back another half-inch-

Suddenly it came to him: that was Tessa on the hyena, *her* scent and *her* taste. It mixed and mingled with the hyena’s own musk, clashing at the same time that it melded, making Askia’s whiskers twitch and his tail flick and – it was almost indistinguishable from the hyena’s own taste, slightly richer whenever he managed to dig the tip of his tongue underneath that slick foreskin just as Shekh had done to his sheath. Nearly indistinguishable, yet so, *so... something*.

“There you go...” Shekh purred, altering his pace again so that he remained halfway down on Askia’s length and just pumped his hips, squeezing the wild dog down against the mattress so that he bounced back up. Askia closed his lips as best as he could around the end of the hyena’s cock, lips to foreskin, tongue to head; he swirled it around, he lapped and suckled at that taste, felt it roll into his maw and down his throat, swallowed it in, shivered, swallowed again. He braced his free paw against the mattress, failed to bite back a tense moan, lifted up-

-and then Shekh’s paw, the one not holding Askia’s head down in his lap, was working along his length at the same time, rolling that foreskin swiftly forward and back between his lips and over his tongue, his cock pushing rhythmically forward and back with his riding. For a moment, the steady hiss of the shower through the bathroom door was lost to the wild dog: he closed his eyes, swallowed down Shekh’s taste again, gave the best thrust that he could, then pulled back down, tightened his lips... and grunted, and again, and again, lifting firmly up against the hyena’s rump, forcing his knot against his tailhole as he felt his peak ripple through him and empty out in a couple thick, steady spurts deep inside of him.

Shekh, panting, swallowed and pushed back against those thrusts, for once letting himself relax instead of clenching down tight around the wild dog. Askia pulled halfway out and sank back in, milking one more spurt out of himself. He could feel the hyena's pulse through his tailhole, cock buried in thick, wet heat, each tiny movement sending a sharp shiver through his body – and then that paw behind his head tightened again and pulled him down, as firmly as he'd thrust up into Shekh's rump. The hyena's other paw slid back towards his base, rolling his foreskin back past the rim of his head; he sucked in a breath and held it; he twitched his hips forward once, twice, a third time, each time coming slightly up off of the wild dog's length and pushing back down onto it... and then Askia's head tried to jerk back out of surprise as the sudden burst of hot, rich cum spraying out against the back of his throat, followed by another. Then another, and another emptying out over his tongue; he swallowed them down, quickly and easily covering Tessa's taste on his tongue, and drew back as soon as the hyena's grip allowed him to – which resulted in getting the final spurt across the side of his muzzle, Shekh pawing himself off to work the rest of his load out.

Askia flopped limply back across the mattress, his lower back only slightly complaining at him from the bent position. Shekh sat his full weight back against the wild dog's still-swollen knot for a moment, entire body lurching with his steady panting; then he braced both paws against Askia's shoulders again and pulled himself up, in no rush to get there. Askia ended up tensing up all over and gritting his teeth again with that feeling.

What drew him out of the hazy mist of afterglow was Shekh's nose, smelling only slightly of Askia's musk, brushing lightly against his cheek. A soft, tender gesture, and yet it startled him nonetheless. He opened his eyes again and met the hyena's gaze; Shekh wore a tired, yet satisfied, smile.

"Believe me," he rumbled, "I woulda had you tie me, if I hadn't had somewhere to be. Tessa's just now getting out of the shower; I oughtta hop in and get cleaned up." The bed creaked as he slid off of it and started around towards the door, though he reached out and grazed his claws lightly along the wild dog's arm as he went. "Let's do this again sometime."

It took a moment, but Askia came to realize that the shower had indeed shut off, with the sound of water dripping from fur and onto tile floor coming through the door. He *would* have moved, he *wanted* to move, but he just lacked the energy to; instead he rested his arm over his head, still trying to catch his breath. As long as he was out of here before Tessa came out and saw him dripping into his own bellyfur.

Just... a few moments... his ears perked at Shekh's low rumble in the bathroom, followed by the she-wolf's slightly higher response. He should probably be getting up now. Askia's entire body tingled, and he just couldn't find the energy to-

"Oh."

*There* it was. He jerked upright and instantly his gaze fell on her, six-something feet of white-furred wolf with sharp amber-orange eyes. She had a towel wrapped around herself, though each step she took whisked it up and past her leg and showed just a little bit more of... Askia swallowed, then realized just where those citrine eyes were focused, and tried to cover himself with both paws.

"Shit – sorry, sorry, I... um..."

The towel fell when she moved her paws away from it, hanging only briefly along her full breasts before dropping to the floor. Askia forgot what he was saying, and it took those paws lightly grasping his wrists for him to realize he was staring again. He shook his head and swallowed and prepared himself to apologize again – then lost that, too, as Tessa pulled his paws away and centered her gaze right back to its original focus. He was still hard.

The she-wolf licked her lips and looked up to his muzzle. He could see her nose twitching. “Ohh... I can smell him on you. That’s wonderful.”

“Wait – Tessa-” It felt a little strange to say her name. The two had never really directly interacted before, not with only each other. Off in the bathroom, the shower hissed on again.

“I know Shekh can go twice without much of a break – he just proved that...” Her fingerpads were softer, warmer than the hyena’s. She took Askia’s sack in her palm and rubbed her thumb over his balls, then tilted his shaft towards her lips with the fingers of her other. Another second, and her tongue just barely flicked over his tip. “So, I’d like to know: can *you* do that, too?...”

Another shiver rippling up his body, another breathy moan pushing itself out from between his lips, and Askia’s eyes were closed again as he lowered himself back down to his elbows. *This* certainly wasn’t what he’d expected, either, and as for her curiosity, he wasn’t actually sure.

They would both find out soon enough, though.