

The snow leopard pulled in a steady breath and then sighed, letting the sizzling of the pan before her tickle at her ears and wash into her mind and thoughts. Good to be home after a long day, especially one like today: first she'd had a rough exam, then she realized she'd forgotten her lunch at home, and *then* during her final class, a spark from the blacksmithing forge leapt up and bit at her cheek dangerously close to her nose. That one still stung – the fur had been burned down right there; the reek of blackened fur taunted her with each breath – and besides, the rich, heavy stink of the forge still clung to her entire body, poking its acrid smell of grease and char through the much more pleasant aroma of wild rice frying with marinated chicken and the special infused soy sauce from the little shop at the other corner.

Thinking about that brought a needed smile to her face. She shifted the spatula to her other paw and reached over for the bottle, somewhat sticky along the back where some of it had dripped out; the thing was hand-labelled in small, sharp writing, and signed along the bottom with the maker's initials. Emily, one of the snow leopard's partners, had been hungering for this particular soy sauce since they'd first seen it a week or two ago; since Luci here passed by that shop on her way back from classes, she figured she might as well pick one up and treat the much-smaller corgi for dinner tonight.

No doubt Sanka would like it too, even if the jackal wouldn't easily show it. That widened her smile and ignited a little chuckle in Luci's throat, too: the three had *plenty* of plans for this evening, but since she ended up having a late lunch, what would be the harm in delaying things a little to make them a special meal? Besides – Luci smirked – she herself would certainly be getting her fill tonight. A fill, at least. Often what kept her afloat throughout the day was what she had to look forward to once home greeted her again.

As if on cue, her teacup ears flicked back first towards the muted sounds of footsteps and two bright, familiar voices, then the front door opening, those voices increasing in volume with no heavy wood to stop them; it sounded as though the two were playfully arguing about something, with Sanka's fiery rebuttals pulling cheeky giggles out of Emily. Then:

"Luci, dear? We're home!"

"Kitchen," she tossed back over her shoulder, taking the chance to put the bottle back down and focus on the food again. Let it sit too long and the rice tended to build a thick black crust on the bottom.

Those footsteps continued behind her, and before long, she also picked up the so-familiar rustling of plastic bags. "Well, what's this, what's this?" Emily rumbled from behind; a moment later her small paws made their way around the snow leopard's waist, and she felt the warmth of her body against her in a hug. The corgi was small, plump, and soft, like an overripe peach: Luci lowered the heat of the stove so she could turn around, half-bend down, and return the hug.

"Ugh." The corgi pulled her muzzle out from where she'd nestled it between the leopard's breasts. "You stink."

"Yeah, well..." Luci lifted her head, smile widening all over again as Sanka glided up behind the smaller corgi. Though she tried to maintain that stoic coolness, it wasn't hard to miss a glimmer of contentment behind the jackal's snow-white fur once she leaned in to give the leopard a peck on the lips. "Today was forge day. You know how it is."

Sanka also half-bent down, hooking her arms beneath Emily's plump arms and hefting the corgi back against her. She gave a scowl at the taller jackal, though her short tail flicked against Sanka's leg. "Look at you, workin' hard. What've you got goin' there?"

"Wait." The corgi squinted towards the soy sauce, then started to try to wriggle away from the white paws resting on her shoulders. "Is that-"

"Fried rice." Luci smiled down at Emily again. "Yes. It is. I already ate, so when I was waiting for you two to get home, I thought I'd go ahead and get a start on dinner for y'all."

"Well..." This time it was Sanka who slid up behind her, her small, light paws weaving in along Luci's arms and teasing the handle of the pan from one and spatula from the other. "Now that we're back, you've got some preparation to do, don't you, love?"

Luci tilted her muzzle over her shoulder, receiving another kiss to her cheek as she did so, then squeezed her way away from the stove. As she went, though, she let her arm drape down along Sanka's waist, to pull the jackal closer to her in a quick bump. "Already?"

Tiny corgi paws settled on her own waist, turning her back again; smooth golden eyes flickered up at the snow leopard's muzzle. "Are you – *complaining* about what we've got planned for tonight? This won't take too much longer, and we'll probably finish eating about the time you're all cleaned up..." Emily shrugged as she spoke, then stood on up her toes to lightly clasp her paws on Luci's muzzle. The leopard stuck her tongue out, and Emily mirrored the gesture. "Go on, kitten. Tonight will be for you."

~ ~ ~

Emily watched as the larger snow leopard strode off, that familiar bounce back in her step once the weight of the day had been lifted from her shoulders. The corgi herself had been looking forward to this evening too, and Sanka as well: the white-furred jackal gave her a sly, smug grin once they heard the sound of the bathroom door down the hall closing. That had actually been a point of conversation on their way back from the store just now.

"You are so excited to get your paws wet, aren't you?" the jackal rumbled, resuming her position behind Emily. The corgi leaned back against her chest. "You're still wagging."

"Oh, I'll get them *much* more than wet." It really did look as though Luci had gotten the rice finished. Emily turned the knob down, realized she'd just turned a different burner on, clicked her tongue, and leaned back again to find the right one. "You got the toy ready, right? The big one?"

"Course I did. And-" Sanka's muzzle poked in over her shoulder again. "It's called *The Matriarch*. Ya gotta make your voice nice and deep like that."

Emily tucked her chin in. "The Matriarch! God. I never expected we'd actually *use* that thing. It's as wide around as, like, four of my fists."

"Yeah, well..." Sanka strode over towards the living room adjacent the kitchen, leaning against the threshold for a moment. "You shoulda. You know Luci as well as I do, and besides, ya got small hands."

"It's still as wide around as both of *your* fists." The corgi pointed the spatula towards her; a glob of rice plopped down to the tile floor. She frowned. "Fuck. I'll get that."

"Emily."

When she looked up again, Sanka had her arms extended and both paws together. The jackal pursed her lips, made a slow, twisting forward motion with those paws, and raised her eyebrows.

"Both fists? That's nothing new for her, either."

"Yeah, yeah, you got me." Good thing they had granite countertops here: Emily had gotten used to being able to put a hot pan right down on them. That had gotten her in trouble at a couple of friends' places before. "But that's *just* the shaft though. Knot's inflatable, right?"

Sanka's voice came from well into the other room now. "You bet it is." One of the recliners squeaked faintly under her weight settling down into it. "We'll see what happens. It *was* her idea."

Within minutes of setting out bowls for herself and the jackal, Emily nodded in satisfaction: she'd been right about that particular soy sauce. Luci often liked to *pretend* she didn't listen, but it was rare to find that she actually hadn't. For a while the two sat in the living room, Emily herself only half-watching whatever it was that Sanka had put on the TV with the rest of her thoughts busy rolling around their plans for the night and what would happen... and then those thoughts consumed all of her mind when the snow leopard turned the corner from the hall again, tail base raised and tip flicking around, pace careful and deliberate.

The corgi smirked, though it was more in recognition than sardonic pleasure: hard to catch, but every now and then those soft, yet built legs shivered and shook in the unsteadiness that she knew to come after a good, deep enema. If she was back already – Luci flicked her similarly golden eyes across both of them, then strode towards where Emily sat on the couch – then that meant she'd gotten everything else prepared, and they could start as soon as they finished here. Emily glanced over to Sanka, who kept her eyes on the television for a few seconds before returning the look.

Shouldn't come as a surprise, though, that the corgi finished her meal first while the jackal took her sweet time, one leg folded over another with her bowl resting on her knee, totally unconcerned, no hurry whatsoever. The faintest of smirks, *actually* sardonic, flickered at the edges of her lips between bites; Emily shifted her posture for Luci to sprawl across her lap, long brown hair reaching down across her legs and nearly to the floor. She reached down and ran her fingers through that hair, soft with a bit of frizz to it. She'd learned that the heat from the forges did that to it sometimes.

Finally Sanka cleaned her bowl, then shifted and set it in her lap and seemed still in no rush to move. After a moment, though, she looked at the two of them, grinned, and stood. "Ready?"

Emily looked down at Luci, the leopard's eyes closed and a soft purr rumbling in her throat. "Luci?"

"Mm?" A squirm, a roll; the snow leopard settled onto her back and draped an arm off the couch, eyes fluttering open to look up at Emily. A moment later, a sweet smile spread across her muzzle. "Yeah. I'm all ready."

She pulled herself up and led the way down the hall, and watching the way her tail flicked and her ears twitched... Emily felt almost as if she herself were as excited for this as Luci was. Hard not to be: Luci would receive all of the physical pleasure first and foremost, but there was no denying that a different sort of pleasure lay in being the one to make someone *feel* that. As the leopard pushed her shoulder against the bathroom door, Emily felt a paw wrap around hers and give a quick squeeze; when she looked beside herself and up, Sanka smiled down at her. She felt that same excitement too, then.

Both of them stopped and just *looked* for a moment, then, as they stepped into the large bathroom. Luci really had gotten everything ready: she'd gotten cleaned up after cleaning out, and now had an array of towels laid out across the center of the floor with a couple of pillows nearby – Emily knew from experience that kneeling on cold tile got uncomfortable fast; there was Sanka's rather imposing toy on the counter near the sink, looking like someone had taken the largest wolf dick that Emily had ever seen, scaled it up and dyed it pastel blue and pink. The thing was heavy enough, too, that she felt a bit of surprise that the stone countertop hadn't cracked beneath it, especially with the heavy-duty foot-pump to inflate the knot sitting next to it, connected by a long tube; and beside it stood the big bottle of lube with the screw-top, taken from the refrigerator in their bedroom and set out to warm to room temperature.

"I think I got everything." Luci turned to face them, already pulling her sweater off over her head: her breasts bounced in her bra once free, with her paws shifting down to the waist of her sweatpants after. "Emmy, I didn't know if you'd want the gloves or not, so I just left 'em on the counter there."

"You *know* I prefer free-handing things, love..."

She trailed off even before those pants hit the floor around Luci's ankles. The snow leopard gave her hips a little flourish, showing off softly-rounded belly, smooth waist, snug-fitting boxerbriefs. *Very* snug, knowing what she had beneath there – which came into view a moment later, both thumbs hooked underneath the waistband to slide those down until they fell the rest of the way themselves. Always surprised Emily just how the cat managed to fit all of *that* into *those* little things, soft pink shaft and hanging sack easily as heavy as what her bra struggled to contain.

Sanka only let that bra struggle for a couple of seconds longer, though: the jackal made her way around the two, reached an arm easily behind Luci's back, and gave a small unseen twitch of her wrist. A moment later the straps fell forward from the snow leopard's shoulders, and with a small, blushy wriggle, she shook the bra the rest of the way off and down her arms. The two of them shared a look, Luci all warm smiles and Sanka one hundred percent sly confidence, before the jackal headed over towards the counter.

Luci cleared her throat. "Gimme a pillow?"

What a beauty, though. Emily's brain took its time in realizing Luci had spoken, so Sanka kicked one over across the tile on her way to the counter. Luci looked over both of them for another moment, licked her lips, kicked her pants and underwear off her footpaws, and then knelt down to then drop to all fours over it. Still that long tail flicked, not quite *lashing* but certainly showing the evidence of anxious eagerness, just as the fresh pink pucker beneath its base showed similar signs of want and desire.

The next thing she knew, Emily was on her knees behind the cat, the pad of one thumb brushing against the rim of her ring to spread her soft rump. For a moment Luci's tailhole acceded to the tug, showing a

flash of slick darker flesh inside, and then clenched back away from the corgi's thumb. "I ever tell you that this is one of your best sides, hon?"

Luci turned her head to look back over her shoulders, an embarrassed blush heating her face, and Sanka scoffed from above. Emily glanced up: the jackal straddled Luci's lower body, that large bottle of lube held in the crook of one arm. The three of them had had a hell of a night figuring out the best consistency to mix that bottle to, about as messy as it was fun. "Every side of her is her best side."

Luci's ears perked with the rattle of Sanka starting to unscrew the top of the bottle. "Wait." She shifted her body; Emily had to place her paws all over again, this time wetting the pads of her thumbs with her tongue before bringing them up across her tailhole. Soft, ridged flesh, radiating intense heat, twitching underneath her touch, each clench also sending a small shift through the heavy balls hanging below. "That – might still be cold–"

Emily looked up, placing her thumb back in its position to spread the cat. "Yeah. Wait. I'm just... gonna..." She trailed off, swallowed, licked her lips – then leaned in to repeat that motion, though with her tongue flicking lightly across Luci's parted tailhole. *That* certainly brought another twitch and clench from her, and Emily had to force herself to sit back on her ankles afterwards. Otherwise she'd have stayed there for quite a while longer, likely making Sanka more impatient than she already was; the corgi wiped the back of her paw across her muzzle as she looked up to the jackal above her, giving a slight nod.

Fat, thick glob of clear lube, glimmering in the lights above the bathroom's mirror, dropped down along the side of Luci's tail and rolled slowly in along her spread tailhole, causing her to progressively tense up as it went. A little cold, sure, but... she let her thumb come in to squish through that lube, smearing it across puckered flesh, rolling it up and around right to the edge of where her fur started back up, and then a little bit further. That first glob of lube reminded her quite a bit of saliva, emptied right up against the base of her tail to be worked in either with a thumb, a pair of fingers, or a tongue... maybe she should've spent a little longer before giving Sanka the go-ahead. Even that one lick, light yet full, left the familiar taste of snow leopard rolling around in her maw, hot and dry and slightly tangy. Today *had* been forge day for her, after all; the delicious sting of sweat from those days often took more than a single deep cleaning to fully work out. Not that Emily was complaining.

"So?" Sanka rumbled, lowering the bottle to get a bit of a better aim in tilting the stream of thick liquid across the other side of the base of her tail. Emily continued to rub it in, letting it flow down over her fingers and mat her fur, sticking to her pads and dripping down into a puddle between her knees. "Is it cold?"

"It is," Emily answered for her. She could feel the tension in Luci's body against the cool, slick liquid, especially in the resistance of her tailhole to poking fingers, rubbing thumbs... it would just take a bit of coaxing. Just her other thumb in place to keep her spread, then the first swirling around, swirling in, and... *then* that clenching squeezed around her first knuckle, intense wet heat right past there. "But that'll change soon."

Luci squirmed in response to the corgi's thumb pressing and reaching in, pulling at her tailhole from behind and inside, squishing around soft, freshly-cleaned inner flesh. Again and again Emily slid her thumb into her, other paw still in place keeping her spread; Sanka leaned in from above to get another vantage point on the action, on her tailhole pulled to one side as it flexed and relaxed around the

teasing thumb. Not long before Emily switched not to one finger but rather a pair, the pad of her middle pressing first and then with her index following, slowly, carefully. Always had to be careful when just starting, and had to be extra careful with claws.

She kept hers well-trimmed, of course. She and Sanka both. Luci enjoyed employing their paws and forearms as a seat about as often as she used their faces for it. Sometimes it was easier than others... and today felt like one of those easier days: the snow leopard sucked in a light breath as she pushed her rump back onto the pair of fingers, sliding slowly, easily back over her knuckles and until the corgi's other fingers brushed against the back of her sack.

"Wow," Sanka murmured. She glanced behind herself and then lightly sat atop Luci's lower back. "You really *were* looking forward to this, weren't you, kitten?"

"Well, I- *mm-*" That one came from Emily curling her fingers inside of the cat's rump and giving a small tug from inside, which turned into a smooth wriggle and gentle corkscrew. She *loved* watching Luci's tailhole squeeze and relax, tense and clench against her ministrations. Well, Sanka loved that; Emily loved feeling it, too. "...Come *on*, Em; I didn't get all prepared just for *two* fingers..."

Couldn't resist smiling at that. Luci knew what she was doing: Emily just about never backed away from a challenge, *especially* if it came from one of her two loves here. The corgi glanced up again, met Sanka's gaze, shared a grin for a moment, then held the same two fingers of her other paw out to receive their own dollop of lube. With her first pair still buried to the knuckle inside Luci's rump, she tilted her other paw down with those new fingers in place against her partially-stretched rim, letting the lube drip down to coat her all over again... and then first she teased one in, sliding it slowly back and forth along her rim, then the other.

Luci leaned easily into the back-and-forth there, short semi-retractable claws pulling softly through the loose threads of the towel beneath her; Emily had intentionally put the backs of her paws together in preparation to pull the leopard further open, which already left enough space between those fingers for the thick, wet *schlk*, *schlk* of the motions to slip out.

The corgi settled into a more comfortable position on her pillow, allowing herself a better angle to keep one paw in place holding the cat open while she pulsed her other pair of fingers in and out of her, pulling gently along the muscles of her tailhole as she did so. Each time Luci gave another clench, Emily allowed her to squeeze in for a second before pulling back. She *so* wanted to push in nice and deep and hard, wriggling her fingers around and pushing and poking at all of the right places inside the snow leopard's rump – which she'd had ample opportunities in the past to find, discover, and exploit – but she had to remember, this was just the opening act.

That made her smirk. *Opening act indeed*; Emily swallowed, gave another tug from both paws, and waited as Sanka dripped another glob of lube directly into the leopard's spread tailhole. It fell against the lower rim of her gape, then rolled back inside over rich red flesh.

"How're you doing up there, love?" the corgi cooed, taking the chance to slip one pair of fingers out of her and let her clench around the remaining two. Luci still squirmed, freely squeezing around those fingers while Emily squished and sloshed the thick lube inside of her; she rested her muzzle against the side of Sanka's leg while waiting for an answer, and a moment later felt the jackal reach down to rub behind her ears. "All good?"

“Well...” Inhale, swallow, breathy shudder, another squeeze. Then, Emily felt the also-familiar sensation of those muscles pressing back around her fingers, soft and slick as they pushed, warm and *wet*. “You could give me a little more...”

Another thing that Emily didn’t have to hear twice. From above both of them, Sanka chuckled softly and shifted the bottle of lube to her other arm, so she could reach down and hold Luci’s tail up with one paw; Emily settled back into place, slid her remaining fingers out of the cat, and spread her a moment longer. Not *quite* where they wanted her: just a little bit of an opening, just enough to tell she’d been stretched. Still, though, moving up to three fingers on one paw took no effort and only a little bit of resistance, pressing into her slowly and smoothly up to the knuckles before she drew her paw back and added her fourth as well, bunched up together yet gently pushing out to resist the desire of those muscles to clamp back down.

“That looks good...” Sanka purred. She let paw come down to run a pair of fingerpads up along the other side of Luci’s tailhole, then give a soft tug. “Thumb too?”

“Getting there.” Emily had to slip another finger of her other paw in first to get enough of a stretch in, to work Luci’s muscles into something more yielding – and with ‘thumb too’ went her whole paw, all clenched together and sinking slowly into the leopard’s rump, pushing and pressing and squeezing right back against muscles and meat long used to the treatment. Like usual, that first fist pulled a shivering moan from the cat, a full-body tensing that then quickly released as soon as her ring squeezed back around Emily’s wrist, a twitch, a throb, a gasp.

“But, Luci...” The jackal turned her head over her shoulder. “Does that *feel* good?”

Her noises gave more than enough of an answer. Emily smirked again, twisting her arm gently in one direction as she pushed further in, then back the other direction when she pulled it back out. Not *all* the way out, though: just enough to feel those muscles again, to get them to strain and squeeze against the base of her thumb and arc of her paw, before giving in and slipping back in. *Opening act*, she reminded herself, *opening act*; were this *all* they had planned tonight, sure, she’d bury herself up to the elbow like she’d done a couple of times before.

Doing *that*... she couldn’t help but let a pleasurable shiver of her own rack her body, accompanied by another slightly more forceful push from her elbow. Remembering the feeling of those same slick walls squishing all around her arm, leaving that hot, wet slickness that coated her fur and seeped through to her skin, the ease with which it allowed her to sink into Luci again and again... the corgi swallowed yet again, looked up to Sanka who just mirrored her grin again, then started running the pad of her free index finger down over the cat’s stretched tailhole. There was tension there, sure, quite a bit as she clenched back around the corgi’s fist buried inside of her, but if she rubbed *just* right and waited for the lube to drip down into the right places, she could... *barely* work that finger in along the back of her other paw.

Then it was just a matter of stretching her further. Still slow and careful, still gradually in-and-out, every now and then flexing the fingers of her buried paw to feel the way that soft flesh squeezed into the gaps and then squished back into place when she shifted back. That one extra finger soon was joined by a second, with Luci of course clenching around the extra pressure, but two meant that Emily could hook them around behind the ring of her tailhole to tug and pull, to spread further. Sanka watched from

above, and at one point even slid her own finger into the waiting gap there, pulling Luci's tail further up and thus allowing room for a third of the corgi's fingers, then a fourth... and, paws back to back as they had been earlier, she slipped her other thumb out and tugged the cat's rump further open, now eight fingers instead of the original four.

That made Luci shudder all over again, and for a moment it took most of Emily's strength to resist the attempted clench back. Instead, a flash of glistening-wet wrinkled red inner flesh flared just past the leopard's gaping rim, a fat thumb-sized drip of lube oozing out of the center before she relaxed again.

Sanka shifted where she sat on Luci's lower body so she could reach down and run the pad of a thumb along that revealed flesh. "Well, well... I think she's about ready, huh? I'll go get the toy ready."

Emily watched her stand up and make her way to the counter. "*The Matriarch*, you mean."

"The Matriarch." Even from here she could see the muscles in the jackal's arms tense as she picked the damn thing up. Emily leaned forward a little bit over the snow leopard rump kept hiked into the air for her: "Though, Luci, let's see that again?" And this time, the muscles on either side of her fingers relaxed a bit – by now they should hardly be able to clench at all anymore: it wasn't too unusual to push to the point where they just couldn't take anymore, and she or Sanka could sink on into Luci's depths without having to squeeze past the rim of her tailhole first – before the red showed again, soft, sticky-slick, intensely hot, and so, so wet.

So she decided to make it a little more so. Emily reached back with one of her thumbs to press into that meat, almost unbelievably soft – then leaned forward, pursed her lips, rolled her tongue around her mouth where she could *still* slightly taste the leopard, and finally let a large, hungry glob and string of saliva drop down against the base of Luci's tail, for it to slip easily over her lubed fur and skin and then start to roll into her. That small tickle brought back another weak clench, though this time, Emily easily kept her open.

"Sanka, honey, are you about ready over th-"

Turned out Emily needed only to turn her head to get her answer. The pastel-marbled silicone shaft of the toy stuck out before her muzzle as soon as she turned, the thing hanging down along its length from its own weight and partially pulling away from the jackal's lower body where she'd put the harness on, without taking off her jeans. The corgi looked up at her.

"You sure you don't wanna, uh..."

"Hey." She slid the bottle of lube out from where it lay nestled in her crook of her arm still, emptied yet another fat pool into her palm, and spread that around the toy, starting with the tip and working back. She had to do that twice more before enough covered it to drip down along the base, a small drop rolling along the tube. "You haven't worn this damn thing yet. It's so heavy that it digs into you."

Emily reached up with one paw – Luci's tailhole slid closer around her other, though squeezed only weakly – and hefted the end of it. "Yeah. I can see that."

"You think it'll fit?" The jackal leaned back to place the lube back onto the counter, then swiped the pump into her paw, shifted it between her arms, and held it down towards Emily. That had some weight to it, too. "Two paws, right?"

She placed it down between her legs, then reached up to wriggle four more fingers back into Luci. The snow leopard gasped and squirmed again. "Two paws. Should be fine."

"Well, let's see..."

At first it was a little bit awkward, Sanka waddling into place with far too large of a dick hanging between her legs and Emily trying to remain in place to keep the leopard spread, but before long that colored tip rested against the lower rim of Luci's stretched tailhole... and then Sanka started to push in, slick silicone sliding easily across already-wet flesh, briefly pushing Emily's fingers against the cat's inner walls until she pulled them free. Now she could *really* sit back and watch, seeing how Luci's tailhole flexed and slid along the contoured surface, how she widened her stance, arched her back, and reared her head back, how she shivered and breathed erratically as though that toy pushed against her lungs...

Hell, it almost seemed to reach that far. On the fourth careful thrust Emily noticed that about halfway to the hilt, a small, rounded bulge pushed its way out from the leopard's lower belly, and rolled further up towards her chest and further down out into the air the deeper the jackal pressed. When she reached up and hefted it in her paw, it shifted and squished gently inside the cat past some layers of soft belly and softer fur; every time Sanka pushed forward again, beneath the full-body shudder that racked Luci, her own length gave a pulse between her hind legs and oozed another thick drip of pre into the puddle that had already gathered there underneath her, connected by a strand to the spilled lube from when Emily had stretched her on her arms.

As the jackal worked into a steady rhythm, Emily wriggled to the side a little further to get a better view on the action, making sure to bring the pump with her. She sprawled comfortably out across a drier section of the towels, eyes following that not-so-steady forward-and-back, ears perked to the sounds of Sanka's exertion in driving that giant thing, Luci's panting and gasping and intermittent moans, the wet sucking and slapping of the toy pressing past her stretched tailhole and pushing out into her belly. Sanka still had to half-crouch down to keep the weight of the toy in place, one paw along the leopard's waist and the other wrapped around the base of the shaft – as far as she could at least, which was less than half around it.

"Emmy, dear?"

The corgi first looked to Luci, who had her muzzle pressed sideways against the tile floor with eyes closed and lips parted, and then to Sanka herself. Same satisfied confidence she always had there, same glimmer of mischief in her eyes. As she worked her hips, the motion echoing up her back and towards her shoulders, she nodded down to the pump.

"Why don't you start on that? Be careful, now. Don't want this thing to pop." She adjusted to brace her arm fully across Luci's lower back near her tail, bearing down in putting more force behind each thrust. "Luci can take it, though."

She certainly could. Emily had to use both paws to work the thing, which brought some difficulty from the slick coating of lube still dripping from her pads and fur. Her eyes continually flicked back and forth

between the snow leopard's face and her rump, watching for where she could first see the result of the pumping... and it actually came in Sanka's rhythm first, the jackal occasionally halted at the peak of her thrust, having to put an extra push to squeeze the growing knot in and then another pull to yank it back out.

*Then* the reactions came, in the form of Luci arching her back a little further, lifting herself up, gritting her teeth and drawing her claws along the tiles... and pushing back each time Sanka pressed in, the *pop* of the knot slipping past her already-abused muscles sending a shock through her, then pulling forward as the jackal began to pull out. Her hard shaft bounced and throbbed beneath her, thick milky-translucent strands hanging down and swinging with the rhythm, pulsing and pumping, perhaps too much to be pre yet too little to be cum... though, then again, it wouldn't be the *first* time they'd pushed an orgasm out of Luci like this. Instead of all focused in one intense peak, the pleasure came over her as countless indistinguishable waves of smooth, wet, shivering heat, rolling past her so that she emptied those balls of hers between spurts of pre and, sometimes, the rush of a bladder pressured to release from so much relentless pounding and pushing.

And speaking of pressure... Emily shifted again, reaching forward with a paw to cup Luci's belly right where the end of Sanka's toy repeatedly stretched the skin and pushed down into that visible bulge, a little bit further now that she pushed in to the base and past the knot. The snow leopard's body tightened each time that knot forced its way in through her tailhole, then jerked when it popped back out. The entire lower half of her body shook in the interval between, with Sanka's hips pressed flush against her rear and Luci's footpaws pushing against the tile floor, lifting up, pressing back against the jackal. Needy gasps turned to tense whines; the wet pulling and popping of that knot, now easily as wide across as if Emily were to put her fists side by side instead of one facing the other, came almost buried beneath Luci's grunts and groans-

Emily pulled herself up onto her knees to lean partially over the snow leopard's body, one paw on her upper back and the other against her rump. Sanka pulled out once more: such a delicious sight, the way Luci's tailhole stretched further and pulled along the width of the knot, then slid smoothly and wetly back, showing a flash of that same slick red flesh sliding along the shaft before the jackal changed her direction. "Sanka, love, don't you think that's enough? We don't want to break her, do we?"

Naturally Sanka had worked up a sweat driving the toy, though nowhere near as what racked and shook Luci's body. The jackal licked her lips and swallowed, eyeing Emily the whole time, then pulled slowly back out – and had to take a full step and a half back for the length of the toy to come free. Thick, whitish ropes of lube oozed out from the leopard's gaping tailhole, remaining a good three fingers across even as the weakened rim twitched and tried to clench, only pushing more of that sticky slickness to roll down across the back of her already-soaked sack. So, so tempting to sink her paw back into that rump, to bury herself up – Emily glanced at the toy just before Sanka turned to remove it from her harness – halfway to the shoulder, probably, and to push out on the leopard's belly from inside.

"Did she cum?"

Emily ran a thumb along the rim of Luci's tailhole, swiping up some of the leaked lube and rolling it back into her. "I dunno," she said, eyeing the puddle beneath the two of them. "Maybe? Too tired to, now. How're you doing, love?"

It took a moment for the poor cat to realize that she was one being spoken to. Luci swallowed, tried to pull herself up, failed, relaxed against the floor with her rump still hiked into the air. Even lying still like this, even without something huge pushed under her tail, her entire body still shook and shivered. After a moment she managed a “Mmnh”, and to lift her head partially up off the tile – and from the pool of drool that had collected along the way. “Needed that. Will... will you two – help me up? And into... the shower?”

~ ~ ~

That last had been a challenge in itself with Luci hardly able to pull herself up to her feet, much less actually walk or stand up for longer than half a second. Emily and Sanka had to take turns holding her up in the shower and getting her cleaned up, flicking between silly laughter, sly giggles as fingers and paws wandered and explored, more panting and gasping as they made sure to give her an orgasm – the lube already inside of her meant that Emily hadn’t had to add any more to slip a wrist inside of her, while Sanka cupped her balls with one paw and stroked her off with the other – and then from there, toweling her down and leading her to the large bed.

Sanka had something to take care of for the moment, leaving Emily lying back with a heavy, exhausted Luci draped over her, nuzzled up underneath her chin with soft rumbles of purring vibrating through her, and the lingering scent of the lube coming up every now and again. That could be hard to get out, especially when she’d spent so much time working it into her arms halfway to her elbows.

Luci shifted, stretched one arm over her head, and yawned widely. “God. I’m – so tired.”

“Yeah?” Emily rolled onto her side to return the nuzzles, partially pushing the leopard onto her back. “Good tired?”

“Very good. When I got home I was just *tired*, but now I’m, like... *oooh*.” A sweeter shiver echoed through her body, centered right where Emily had started to draw her short claws through the leopard’s belly fur. “Yeah. Keep... keep doing that. Now I’m, like... day at the gym tired, instead of ‘I’ve gotten three hours of sleep for the past two weeks’ tired. You know?”

“I think I know.” Emily caught a flicker of motion out of the corner of her eye, then turned her head just in time to see Sanka with a finger to her lips. *Shh*. The corgi glanced up at Luci beside her, who had her head back and eyes closed; after their shower they hadn’t bothered getting their clothes back on, and instead just sprawled back across the bed. “Although, Luci...”

“Mm?”

The end of the mattress creaked underneath the jackal’s slight weight, Luci’s legs shifted a bit, the snow leopard opened her eyes – and then she gasped and jerked. From here Emily could only see half of Sanka’s muzzle where she’d put it, the front half lifting up beneath Luci’s sack as she worked her lips and tongue against her still-stretched tailhole. Luci squirmed, lifting her lower body up; Sanka followed the motion, sliding an arm underneath one of her thighs to pull her more firmly to her maw.

Emily rested her arm across the leopard’s chest. “Think you’ve got energy in you for a little more?”