

A magnificent forest wolf... that's what she was. Forest? *No*, Sanka thought; *mountain*. A coastal cliff, high and sharp and sheer, blasted by wind and salt and scale and coming out stronger for it. Hewn and sculpted into things of strength and beauty, this cliff and the wolf atop it, golden-eyed with fur thick as the clouds and dark as a storm. Regal, in nearly every sense... right down to the touches of gold, or in her case a gold-plated titanium alloy, curving from the end of each fingertip – and, Sanka knew, capping each of the upper two canine fangs in her maw, glittering like the sun whenever she grinned or laughed or spoke.

Sometimes she would run her tongue over those, too, as though unused to their presence despite the years she had had them. It would happen between sentences in conversation, between swallows during a meal, and sometimes without any prompt. Sanka watched her from across the table now, her magnificent mountain wolf talking with Emily about the meal: she held her fork in resting lightly between her large fingers, the utensil itself looking small beneath the size of her paws and somewhat dull against the careful polish of her claws; her hair, more of a mane than anything else, bounced and stirred with the movements of her head, that mane bearing the same smooth browns and shadow-grey as the rest of her body. Like the rich sea-nourished soil of her cliff, and she had cliffs to spare, taut and firm with a good amount of give to the touch, hidden beneath the neck of her shirt and sports bra underneath.

Sanka reached over and took a sip from her glass, eyes tracing back up from chest to muzzle. Rachel – the wolf – tossed her head back and laughed at something Emily said, the much smaller, much softer corgi sharing in her humor for a moment. There in that laugh glittered those fangs, bright and sharp and smooth, rooted in fresh pink gums so that it looked like they had simply *grown* there. Her claws had the same effect, though for a different reason – the first time they had met, Rachel had told her about them, and Sanka always thought that-

“Are you going to?”

It took a moment for the jackal to realize that that question had been directed at her. She raised her head a bit, pulling herself out of her thoughts, and realized that both of them had turned to look at her, as well as Luci over at the other side of the table. The snow leopard had a sly smile on her muzzle between bites of her food, as though she could tell what Sanka had been thinking of.

Sanka looked from Rachel to Emily and back, and smiled blankly. “Huh? I wasn’t listening.”

“God.” Emily rolled her eyes and shook her head. “You never do. We were saying, you’re pretty good at cooking too. Rachel wants to try yours sometime.”

The wolf nodded, lips coming up in another smile. The fangs showed even with her mouth closed and added a wild, untamed touch to her regality alongside her mane, unyielding to any amount of brushing. “What she and Luci made is-” The leopard’s ears gave a flick at her name, and she glanced up to share her smile with their guest; she had leaned forward to dig into her own dish, though the height advantage she held over everyone else at the table meant that she still nearly had to look down at the others. “-God, *divine*.”

Between the other two, Sanka would be the one who stood out: slim and lithe and at the upper end of average for height, a self-proclaimed and self-envisioned scamp who liked to see how far she could push Emily’s patience; then Emily herself, who figuratively stood above her while being a good foot and a half

shorter, looked as though someone had vertically squashed her so that she ended up short and wide; and Luci, meanwhile, she nearly had to crane her head back to look at, tall and strong with a layer of cushioning good for resting against.

Sanka usually looked forward to the nights assigned to the other two for cooking: tonight's dinner *was* good, of course. Chicken tender enough that she could split it with a few well-placed presses of the side of her fork, and sauce that actually tasted like an intermingling of each of the ingredients instead of a simple combination... she wouldn't really explicitly tell it to them, but Sanka loved it, too. She returned Rachel's grin and took a bite of her own. "Yeah. *Pollo alla cacciatora*. it's one of their specialties. We used to both cook with Luci's help – she sees a lot of use, between us – but things got cluttered and confused, so now we just switch off."

Emily tapped her fork against the table near Sanka's other paw. "Don't speak with your mouth full."

The jackal took a moment to stick her tongue out at her, then took another sip and returned her attention to Rachel. Just like every other time, so much as *looking* at her sent a pleasant little electric shock through her. Such a beauty, and she still could hardly believe that everything lined up to allow her to come down and visit the three of them this weekend.

"Yeah," Sanka went on, quelling that little shiver, "it's good, and cheaper than going out. Easier, too, sometimes – Luci's a dear." She nodded towards the snow leopard again. "Like I said, she obediently does just about whatever you tell her to. So."

A fuller glance her way showed the reaction she had wanted: the leopard raised a paw and covered her muzzle with it, trying to hide her blush. "Sanka..."

"Well, it's true."

Rachel sat back, raising her arms up over her head and clasping her paws behind. Her broad pink tongue flicked out across her chops to catch any remaining bits of chicken or rice, and also to give her warm gold a good polish. "Is it?"

Emily pushed her chair back from the table and moved to start picking the dishes up. When she hopped out of the chair, the top of her head dropped another few inches from where it had been before. "Yeah, well, she is indeed what she looks like: a big softie. Can't help it, I think." The corgi glanced back after a few steps. "Not that I can talk, though, about being soft."

"I mean..." Rachel's yellow eyes flicked to the side to follow Luci as the snow leopard stood, up and up and up. They followed her as she made her way into the kitchen, too, ropelike tail giving a playful flick on her way out. The wolf and jackal followed afterwards. "You're all so *different*, and beautiful in your own ways."

"Look who's talking there." Sanka bumped her hip against Rachel's when the wolf passed by, pulling another sweet laugh out of her. "We're like a fruit bowl. I'm a banana, Emmy's, like, a mushy pear, and Luci's... I don't know. A pomegranate."

"A pomegranate?"

“Yeah.” Once in the kitchen, Sanka set her dish down on the counter and slid past the leopard, who had already started scrubbing at hers. Luci lifted her head, looked at the smaller jackal – and then jumped when the white-furred paw impacted her rump, just by the base of her tail. *“Juicy.”*

That laugh came out even more, there, so much that Rachel moved to cover her mouth with a paw. It felt so *good* to see her laugh, and to hear it, too... that had been one of Sanka’s first impressions of the wolf, those couple of months ago. She had gone out of town for some reason or another – the original purpose escaped her, now: all of her free time for the night-and-a-half spent there ended up occupied by this very same wolf – and saw Rachel there at a coffee shop one morning, gold-plated claws catching the light of the sun through the windows and forcibly pulling the jackal’s gaze.

It had felt automatic, like she had been on autopilot. Sanka couldn’t remember giving her order or even receiving it: she just remembered strolling over and taking the seat across the table from her, and the wolf’s surprised expression, and the hint of an embarrassed blush when she brought up her claws. That close to her she could see the fangs, too, and caught the twitch of her other paw trying to move to cover them.

*“I couldn’t help but notice...”* she had begun, and that was when the responses clocked. Reflexive, instinctual; she would later learn that they had actually become a source of self-consciousness in the wolf. That explained Rachel’s reaction when Sanka went on, though, to say *“...and, God, they’re beautiful. They look – fuckin’ fantastic on you. I’m sorry if I’m being a bit forward, but...”* Then she moved on from her claws and fangs and saw the rest of her. *“...wow, you are... a sight for sore eyes in this damn city...”*

Rachel passed by her in the kitchen, a heavy paw briefly brushing along the jackal’s waist near her tail. She perked out of her memories and smiled up at her, then felt her heart pick up to receive one back. From an obligation viewpoint, almost nothing for that night and a half had gone according to plan. From a personal relationship viewpoint, though, it was quite the opposite.

“Sanka?” She lifted her head again towards Emily’s voice, across the kitchen. “Since you didn’t cook tonight, would you help Luci with the dishes?”

“If I have to” was her response, though she smoothly slid up and took her place beside the snow leopard, bumping against her with her hip to scoot her over. Rachel was there a moment later, leaning back against the counter and looking for all the world like a model in a movie.

“Dinner tonight really *was* fantastic,” she said, looking over the jackal’s ears to Luci. “I don’t think I’ve ever had that before.”

“Thank you! We get a lot of practice. It’s nice to have someone new around to appreciate it.” Still scrubbing, she shot a glare towards Sanka next to her, who willfully ignored it but let a satisfied smile touch her muzzle. *“This one usually just swallows without bothering to taste it. She’s like that sometimes.”*

The wolf leaned down a little further to look to Sanka, tilting her head until the flash of gold came into view. “You’ll be cooking tomorrow, right?”

"Oh yeah. And if you thought *tonight* was good..." The jackal lifted a paw from the sink to emphasize her words. "Just you wait. Mine's even *better*. I was thinking, teriyaki salmon bowl? Sounds like a good time."

"Sounds like a great time. Will you be helping, too, Luci?"

The leopard nodded. "Sanka can't be trusted to do much on her own--"

"Hey!"

"-which is why we keep her on a pretty short leash around here." Despite her usual meek softness, the predator in her still showed whenever Luci gave that wide, sharp-toothed grin. Sanka felt her pulse quicken yet again. "Sometimes literally."

*Teeth*. That was a big part of it too, of course. The longer Sanka had sat there in the coffee shop with Rachel across from her, the more she pulled the wolf out of her somewhat reserved disposition and into the conversation, the more she realized how damn *good* she looked. The gold of her fangs flashed while she talked, a sharp yet not incongruent contrast against the rich soil-and-wood colors of her muzzle.

The morning had bled into midmorning, the shadows and sun in the shop shifting slowly, yet still the two sat there in conversation. Each had finished her own drink quite a while before and still they talked, Sanka moving around in her seat the way Emily pointed out she did when she became involved: animated, energetic, *loud*. That last was just part of being a jackal, though the wolf across from her didn't seem to mind.

Still elbow-deep in hot soapy water, Sanka's gaze flicked up to catch Rachel pulling away from the counter and passing by her and the snow leopard. For a moment she turned to follow her, her pants – not quite mom-jeans, though they certainly accentuated her rearmost assets – hugging her gentle curves and providing a soft backdrop for the sway of her tail.

Eventually they had ended up going their separate ways, with the jackal late for one of her obligations and Rachel needing to make it to work. "*The barre studio just three streets down that way,*" said with a nod of the mane-wreathed head. "*Come by and visit while you're in town, although...*" and a moment later Sanka strolled out into the cool early-spring breeze of the morning, clutching in her paw a napkin with a phone number scrawled onto it.

She ended up making it to the studio anyway, of course, where Rachel sat up front as the receptionist. By then the sun had made its way around to the other side of the horizon, the day having passed in an agonizing blur. Finally free for the night from her other tasks, Sanka had looked forward to talking more with this wolf, and to her relief found that the feeling was mutual. She hung around in one of the plush chairs waiting for the end of Rachel's shift, and then just like that morning, the two lost track of time in their conversation as the wolf showed her around the city.

Afternoon turned to evening, evening turned to night...

Finally done with the dishes, Sanka straightened up, swiped the towel from between Luci's paws, then grumbled when the leopard swiped it right back. Another flash of her grin a moment later distracted her from the towel coming through the air to land across her muzzle, and then Sanka busied herself with

getting most of the soap and water out of her fur. After a minute spent with that she lost her patience and tossed the towel back into sink, deciding that damp was still acceptable. *After all*, Emily might say with an amused roll of her eyes, *between Luci and I, she's pretty used to being at least damp, most of the time.*

In the next room, bright colors flashing across the TV drew her eyes for a moment. It looked like Emily had put on a show that all of them had seen before, the three of them living here having binged it together in the course of one night, and Sanka later gushing to Rachel about it – who had taken it upon herself to do the same between the last time she had visited and now. Emily sat forward in one of the chairs, her short, squat legs draped over the shoulders of the large snow leopard in front of her; Luci leaned back, eyes half-closed beneath the gentle attention of Emily's fingers in her hair. Rachel, meanwhile, half-lounged across the couch, one large arm hanging over the back with the other resting in her lap. Her ears perked up at the sound of Sanka's approach, and then she turned – and golden teeth and eyes grinned up at the jackal.

"There you are." She lifted that arm, inviting her in. "Come sit with me. We're just chilling for a bit."

They hadn't planned to stay out all night on their walk, but that was certainly what happened. Sanka remembered stumbling back to her hotel room just as the sun was coming up the following morning, aching all over from a number of different things. Good aches: her legs hurt from carrying her around the city and multiple parks; her back hurt from where Rachel had pushed her up against a tree; her shoulder hurt where those sharp-machined teeth bit into her fur... there was something about her *posture* and the way Rachel held herself that made her seem so much *more* than just a couple of inches taller.

*That* part hadn't been planned, either, though the idea had certainly entered the jackal's head during the day. For once her shyness had started to show itself, once the sun dipped below the horizon in the first park; *am I saying too much?* she wondered, *does she not actually care about this? Is she getting annoyed with me?* and, to bring a conclusion to her worries, she came out with:

"You know, I have some girlfriends that I think would like to meet you."

The wolf's ears had perked at that, surprise mixed with interest and a bit of amusement. "*And they're okay with you taking me out on a date like this?*" she had said, which set Sanka even more off-balance. *A date.* She had wondered if that's what it was, after meeting in the coffee shop and how she'd gotten her number, but hadn't yet found the confidence to ask about it... "*Yeah,*" she had replied, "*I think so. I mean, we're poly, and we have this thing where as long as we talk about it...*"

"Poly..." Rachel rubbed at her chin as she said that, as though pondering the word. Even in the darkness of the night her eyes and fangs still looked so bright. "*They'd be okay with another girlfriend, then, I imagine?*"

A low, soft breath puffed out from the wolf's muzzle when Sanka climbed in on top of her, taking a moment to find a comfortable spot along both her body and the couch itself. That arm came back down around her shoulders, pulling the slightly-smaller jackal in against soft brown fur and thick mane-like hair; she turned her muzzle and nuzzled in, breathing in Rachel's scent. She had changed her perfume since the first time she had visited, quite a while ago: now it was richer yet softer, something that brought out the edge to her natural aroma rather than bury it.

A strange, unfamiliar touch, yet one that she wanted to learn more comfortably. Sanka sighed and let her eyes close, satisfied with the warmth of Rachel's body and the weight of her embrace, and sleepy with the full meal and long day...

"Goodness." That was Emily, across the room. One of Sanka's ears twitched towards her voice. "Look at you two. You'd think you'd found the love of your life."

The jackal stiffened a bit, and buried her muzzle deeper; Rachel, meanwhile, just shook with quiet laughter and pulled her closer. Emily and Luci were her entire world, sure – the three of them had been together for years now, and it was quite amazing looking back over the years and seeing how each of them had changed – but there couldn't be any harm in adding to that world. Sanka had gotten a head-start on her relationship with Rachel, between their original meeting followed by the late-night walk, and then a second personal visit a handful of months later, and then the wolf's first time coming down to meet the other girlfriends.

Everyone had gotten a taste of her that night, in more than one way, and thankfully she passed their tests. Luci was the one to let that inquisitive relationship blossom a bit faster, with Emily holding back a bit under her usual motherly caution, but that visit ended with Sanka and Rachel both feeling optimistic about things.

And here they were now, Sanka totally content with her muzzle buried in warm fur, Emily teasing the two of them, Luci purring quietly on the floor between the corgi's legs. It was a dream, really. Though her ears remained angled back towards the TV, instinctively seeking the source of sound, she focused forward on this large wolf beneath her; maybe Rachel could tell, then, since one of those big paws came up and settled against the back of the jackal's head, fingerpads and metal claws so gently tracing down.

She didn't quite have the full head of hair that Luci did, what with Emily idly running that hair through her paws over and over again while focused on the TV, but Rachel didn't stop there. She continued down, tracing over the jackal's neck and between her shoulder blades, pulling the fabric of her shirt along her spine and towards her tail... almost unconsciously Sanka squirmed forward and rumbled into the wolf's neck, a shiver of sweet pleasure bouncing through an arm and a leg. Rachel might have chuckled again at that.

Even though they weren't retractable – being a wolf, partially, and then also due to them being metal; Luci's could come and go as she wanted, though Emily *had* had to train her a bit so that she wouldn't tear up the bedsheets when caught in the grip of a powerful orgasm – she could do some *wonderful* things with them. Declawed at quite a young age, the wolf had gone several years without, and then had those spaces filled with these; unfamiliarity led to caution, caution led to care, and care led to an intoxicatingly gentle touch.

Her fangs weren't the same thing, being caps rather than replacements, but that didn't mean they were any less. Sanka had thought often about feeling that firm metal against her shoulder that night, with her back pressed against a tree trunk so that the bark scraped through her fur; and she had thought about sliding her tongue along her maw, feeling the contours of natural teeth alongside the precise smoothness of plated gold.

Rachel pressed the palm of her paw against the small of Sanka's back, keeping her claws peaked just beyond. A small squeeze, a slight tug to pull the jackal in against her hip, a shift of the arm so that her muzzle pushed further in against her neck... Sanka swallowed and sighed, her breath curling back around her muzzle, tinted with the wolf's scent. Of course she had also thought about pushing her fingers into that muzzle just above hers; of running her fingerpads in along strong, slick gums; of parting those lips with her thumbs and holding Rachel's jaws open; of pressing the side of a finger against one of her golden fangs, sharpened to a deadly point, until the pressure, the pain, the *prick* and *pop* as that point came through skin-

Abruptly, the jackal untangled herself from Rachel's arms, and took a moment sitting upright to find her mind. The wolf remained lounging back, arm half-raised where Sanka had lifted it; another questioning expression waited on that muzzle, tinged with the slightest undertone of worry. To dispel that the jackal reached down and slid her paw lightly along the wolf's bellyfur, revealed in the space between the waistband of her pants and her shirt; a soft smile spread across her muzzle, and her tail wriggled against the cushion.

Sanka turned back to Emily and Luci, both of whom had turned to look at her. "Anyone want something to drink?" She jabbed a thumb over her shoulder. "I'll mix."

"Oh!" Rachel pulled herself up a bit. "Yeah, I'll have, um..." She reached up to scratch behind an ear, pausing for thought. "...Shit. I thought I had something, but it's gone now. I'm pretty easy to please."

Luci leaned over, draping an arm around one of Emily's stubby legs. "There's some IPAs still in the fridge from when Ryan visited. Nobody here's drinking 'em."

"Oh!" The wolf visibly perked up, and looked back to Sanka. "I love those. That sounds great."

"Cool. No mixing involved, so that's an easy one." She turned to the other two next. "What about y'all?"

The snow leopard also had to think for a moment. She fiddled at her lip with her tongue as she did so. "Um... you know, I think I'd like a-

Emily's paw came down between her ears, startling her out of her sentence. The corgi smiled. "She'll have a gin and tonic," she said to Sanka, and then to Luci, "because I want a few sips, but I don't want an entire drink."

Luci rolled her head back on her shoulders to look at her upside-down. "What if I want something else?"

Emily held that gaze, leaning forward to prop her chin on her paws. "Do you?"

The two remained like that for a moment in silence – Rachel and Sanka shared an amused glance, too – before Luci grinned with a quiet laugh and resumed her original posture. "Yeah. No, that's fine. What she said."

Sanka braced her paw against Rachel's leg to push herself to her feet. The two shared another look. "Excellent. I'll be back in a minute with those, then..."

She was almost right. The beer was simple enough, of course, but then she struggled a bit with getting the cap off the gin (Emily had a fair amount of strength beneath that squish, and was really the only one in the house who got into the gin) and had to dig around the refrigerator for the water. When she came back Rachel had straightened up the rest of the way and Emily's paws had drifted down from Luci's head to her shoulders, the corgi needing to lean forward to reach.

Golden eyes rested on her as she leaned in to toss the beer her way. Rachel fumbled with it, grimaced, then pretended as though it never happened, eyes still on the jackal's muzzle even as she slid a metal claw beneath the cap to pop it open. "You didn't get yourself anything?"

"Nah. I don't really drink." Sanka watched the TV for a bit when she passed by, the sturdy glass held in her paw. She remembered this episode... or the first half of it, at least, since for the second half she had fallen asleep draped across Luci like a blanket. The snow leopard smiled up at her when she handed the drink to her. "Used to, but not so much anymore."

"Ah. I see." Rachel moved back towards the arm of the couch as Sanka came back her way, then lowered her arm around the jackal's shoulders.

She leaned into the embrace, and in a lower voice said, "Sometimes I *will* let myself 'indulge', though... when Luci starts talking about some of her wine, it gets hard to resist." She turned her head and gave the wolf a lazy grin. "That's alright, though."

"Yeah, she does... seem like a wine mom." Golden eyes watched Emily lean over to murmur something into Luci's ear. The corgi then lifted the glass to her lips, took a sip, nodded, and then slid it smoothly back into the leopard's paw, giving her room to stand up to her full height. A moment later she was sauntering over towards the couch where the other two lay. Rachel looked up at her. "Hey there. We were just talking about you."

"Em thought I should come over here and spend some time with you lovelies." The couch sank down a bit with her sliding in on the other side of Sanka, the heat of her large body immediately warming that side.

"Don't – squish me–"

"Mm." Eyes just warm as the rest of her turned down to the jackal. She had her arm resting across the back of the couch, next to Rachel's. "That's the first time you've said that to me."

For a moment Sanka didn't know what to do, caught between a large wolf and a larger snow leopard. Warm thighs pressed against her from either side, heavy breasts, firm arms... from one side came a scent so familiar and comfortable to her, while from the other floated one sharp and enticing and intoxicating, not exactly *new* yet so limited in her exposure to it that it still carried that note of adventurous interest. The first scent shifted with Luci lifting her other arm for another sip of her drink, ice clinking around in the glass; then Rachel adjusted how she sat, pulling Sanka a little more heavily against her side.

Then, though, the wolf nodded towards Emily, who had pulled herself up out of her chair and was now heading towards the hall. "Where's she going?"



"I dunno." Luci turned her head to look at her, above Sanka's. "She doesn't let me in on all of her evil plans."

Rachel leaned in close enough that the jackal could feel her breath, hot and soft against her muzzle. She looked up at her – and immediately saw those bright gold fangs again. "If any of you three were to have an evil plan..." The wolf angled her muzzle down to look her in the face. "It'd be you, I think."

Sanka shrugged. "Well, I mean–"

But Luci interrupted: "Oh, yeah. *Absolutely.*"

Sanka made as if to dig her paws into the leopard's side – she knew she was ticklish there – but Luci swiftly slid her drink to her other paw and caught her wrist, twisting it away from her. This just made Sanka squirm more, a playful snarl growing on her muzzle; before long she found herself leaning back against Rachel again, who had curled her arm around her neck and started to pull her up against her, tilting her head away from the larger leopard. Her drink held carefully away, Luci started to climb in closer above her, other paw positioned just as Sanka had when she had first tried to tickle her: dangerously gentle fingerpads started lifting her shirt up, showing the plush snow-white fur of her belly, and then those fingers began to trace around and around.

By now the jackal had ended up in a full sprawl, one leg behind Luci's body and the other hanging off the front of the couch; Rachel had caught one of her arms in her headlock, and Luci had the other pinned against the cushion of the couch by her elbow. The wolf giggled in her ear between sips of her beer, while Sanka continued squirming and trying to keep the grin off of her own face: it wouldn't do any good for her image if they could see that she enjoyed being caught in a position like this. Both of them knew already, of course – that was why Rachel held her firmly in this headlock, while Luci kept on teasing her, *pretending* that she was about to lay into her but never quite getting there.

Emily knew, too, obviously. Movement from the hallway briefly pulled Sanka's eyes, since she couldn't move her head in her position... and there the corgi stood, paws behind her back and a hell of an amused expression on her muzzle as she surveyed the scene.

"What, you started without me?" She tilted her head and looked at Luci. "I told you to keep her occupied, love."

Luci glanced down to Sanka, then to Rachel, then to Sanka again, and finally back to Emily. "Is this not occupied?"

The corgi scoffed, starting to come forward towards them again. "Rachel?"

"Mm?" The wolf looked up at her over her beer, other arm still comfortably in place around Sanka's throat. She squirmed, trying to pull free when she wasn't paying attention, but felt that grip tighten instead. "What's up?"

Sanka managed to turn her head just enough to get a good look at what it was Emily had brought from the other room, once she brought it out from behind her back. The wolf's grip relaxed just enough for her to pull away, then, and Sanka twisted around to get back at her – only for Luci's free arm to slide up from her belly and tug her in against the leopard instead.

"Behave," she rumbled. That would have been enough for now, though still she held the jackal tight.

"Sanka?"

That was Emily again. Sanka perked an ear.

"Come here and help Rachel with her gift."

Slowly the thick arm untwined from around her. She shot Luci a sharp glare, received a bright grin in return, and then stood to head over towards the corgi. Rachel had come forward off the couch to look the gift up and down, wonder in her bright eyes: a full set of bindings, pink leather with gold trim. Cuffs for her wrists and ankles, a shoulder-to-thigh harness, and a collar and leash, held looped around Emily's other paw. Rachel looked up at Sanka from fitting one of the cuffs onto her wrist.

"This is--"

"We thought it would make for a nice welcome-back gift for you, hon." Emily smiled up at Rachel, who briefly caught and returned the look. "Sanka's idea."

Yellow eyes settled on her, and again she felt that warmth bubble up in her chest. "Thank you."

"I mean, it's--"

"Oh, yeah." From behind, the couch creaked a bit as Luci rose up off of it. "I've got a matching set, too. We all do."

"Speaking of." Emily waited until Rachel had slid the other cuff on and turned to Sanka for help in tightening it. "Luci, dear, would you go get it?"

"Whose?"

Sanka smirked, watching Emily out of the corner of her eye. There was that so-familiar look on her face again, the expectant playfulness that she herself had received so often. A moment later, though, a bit of movement caught her attention, and she noticed that it was Rachel's tail wagging.

Then, another second later, her ear flicked again towards Luci setting her glass down on the table. Quietly: "...Yeah, okay, I'll be right back..." and she bustled by, tail lashing behind her. Emily's little smile afterwards confirmed Sanka's suspicion.

"Okay, then..." She crossed her short little arms and waited for a moment, watching the two of them work together. Sanka kept on stealing glances up at Rachel's muzzle, loving the twitching of her whiskers and ears and the glittering in her eyes. Both cuffs done, she lifted her paws and turned them over: the trim was a *slightly* lighter shade than the metal of her claws, but it still brought out the rich tones of her fur against the pink of the leather itself. "Harness next."

She struggled with keeping the straps straight and untangled between her paws. Rachel had to reach forward and hold the lower half of it, right where it would loop around her thighs. Sanka looked over at Emily again. "Over her – clothes?"

"What do you think?"

Here she glanced up at Rachel again, and saw the same look there in her eyes. A moment passed between them, ending with the wolf's lips turning up in another slight smile. Work forgotten, Sanka reached forward and rested her paw along Rachel's waist.

"You wanna?" she said, quietly.

"Of course," was the just-as-quiet answer. "I hope Luci comes back soon."

Sanka slid both of her paws in along the wolf's waist now, thumbs already teasing up beneath the hem of her shirt. Slowly she started lifting it up, following the smooth earth-toned fur and the slight lines of muscle beneath. "Why's that?"

Rachel lifted her arms up over her head. Sanka had to stand up onto her tiptoes along the way, and even then could only reach halfway up – so while Rachel continued where she left off, she gladly took in the sight of the half-naked wolf in front of her, bra firmly hugging the hefty curves of her breasts. Not quite Luci hefty, but still plenty good to nuzzle into, and drag her tongue over, and lightly set her teeth against...

The wolf's head popped free from beneath her shirt, and with another glance to Emily, she tossed it across the arm of the couch. "So she can see you get all blushy and squirmy." Before Sanka could respond, Rachel pointed down. "Pants next. The button's kind of iffy, sometimes."

Not wanting to look over to see the corgi's reaction, which she could already imagine, Sanka swallowed and promptly dropped to her knees. *This* was a sight that she would never get tired of, as she hadn't yet tired of it with either of her other girlfriends: a smirking muzzle above her, a body posture indicating deliberate patience and gentle amusement, and the softest scent of arousal stirring against her nose... she licked her lips and reached in, struggling briefly with that button and then moving on to the zipper below, and started to slide the wolf's pants down her legs. Halfway there, Rachel sat back on the edge of the couch, the harness in her paws shuffling softly with the movement.

"Goodness..." Emily strode around to the other side so that she could still watch. Sanka glanced up at her and, feeling her face heat immediately, looked back down to what waited in front of her. "You got her trained faster than I did."

Rachel's panties matched her bra today, but the jackal found she couldn't really focus on that. The wolf's natural scent, the same one that she had caught herself nuzzling into earlier with her nose in her shoulder and her arm around her body, mixed and mingled with the sharper yet sweeter sting of her arousal, unique in its own right and steadily growing the longer she lingered between her legs. She had no intention of moving anytime soon, of course: a few more tugs and the wolf's pants came first off of one leg and then the other, large footpaws stretching out on either side of the jackal's body. The claw of each of her toes was similarly plated in gold, these thicker and stronger than her fingers. She held her

paws out to signal for Rachel to toss her the ankle-cuffs, and managed to catch one while the other rolled a short distance away from her.

The wolf shrugged, arms resting across the back of the couch. "Well, I've gotta say..." She rolled her head over to look at Emily while Sanka slid the cuffs over her footpaws, though sat forward a moment later once the corgi continued around to her back. Short arms reached down and fiddled with the back of her bra... and then Rachel brought her own arms forward, letting the loose straps slide down. Then that, too, went across the arm of the couch. "You *did* get her trained pretty well."

"Luci helped, a bit." Emily probably had to stand on her tiptoes to lean over the back of the couch like that, but she managed it. Rachel tilted her head a little bit further to the side to allow the corgi at her neck, where the smaller dog nuzzled in and left a line of kisses trailing up towards her jaw; Sanka did the same between her legs, loving the little twitch and shiver that her lips brought out the closer she came.

Sanka swallowed again, Rachel's scent muddling her thoughts and awareness. So similar to Luci's and Emily's, powerful femininity touched with a sharp need, a slick desire, and a sweet love, yet so, so different, not unfamiliar but *new*, rather. She pulled herself forward, arms wrapped around the wolf's thighs from beneath, and pursed her lips right against the front of Rachel's panties, letting her breath mingle with the damp heat already pulsing there.

A quick glance up showed the wolf still enjoying Emily's languid touches, one of her paws having drifted down to caress one of her breasts. Half-lidded golden eyes flicked back down to Sanka, and a twitch of a smile touched her lips. Emily's muzzle came up along Rachel's, and she gently nipped the base of her ear. Then, nearly as quiet as Sanka's:

"Do you want to do this?"

There was that little smile again. Sanka slid her fingers into the waistband of the wolf's underwear, lifting them up rather than curling around to slide them down. Rachel's answer came punctuated with a little thrust from her hips, pushing that slightly-damp fabric right back against her lips and strengthening her scent in her nose.

"Yeah – if she would hurry up and get *those* off so she can get *me* off..."

Sanka licked her lips again, still eyeing the slick pink flesh amid rich brown fur as she brought the wolf's panties the rest of the way down her legs. That done, she glanced up towards Emily for permission, received a slight nod in return... then leaned in to close the distance, and pressed lips to lips in a warm, gentle kiss.

Neither could leave it at just that, though. The jackal brought in a pair of fingers to spread Rachel against her muzzle, right as the wolf lifted up and grinded against her a little more firmly; eyes closed again and nose buried in hot pubic fluff, she dug back against her, churning her jaw forward with each long, low lick, up between slick lips and circling around the nub of her clit above. Each of those little thrusts and humps brought with it a sweet shiver at the end of the motion, and when Sanka opened her eyes again, this time she saw Rachel embroiled in a kiss of a more common type with Emily behind and beside her. It looked as though there were as much tongue there as she had here, though; Sanka brought hers back into her maw for a moment to swallow down the slickness of the wolf's taste, then readjusted a little bit and dove right back in.

She hadn't quite figured all of Rachel's spots yet, with this being only her third visit and the fourth time seeing her in person overall, but Sanka felt as though she was quickly getting there. After a moment spent slipping her tongue up again and again, she leaned her muzzle to the side to rest it against the interior of the wolf's thigh, and let her fingers do the work for her: a little drag up, a gentle swirl and rub, a push down... followed by a smoother, slower push in, sinking in past the first knuckle, the second, all the way to her paw. Rachel squirmed with that and let the resulting shiver rack her entire body, pulling her out of the kiss with Emily.

"Oh..." she breathed, one of her gold-clawed paws coming down to rest between the jackal's ears. She could feel those metal claws against the back of her head, squeezing and scritchng, pulling her back in... so, fingers still buried, she yet again closed the distance and focused her tongue right beneath that puff of pubic fur, curling it beneath her clit. "God..."

"Yeah," Emily said, resting her chin in her paw. With her other she wiped her muzzle. "Between Luci and I she doesn't get a lot of practice with that, but she is *great* at deepthroating if you ever wanna try on one of our strap-on toys. Oh, and speaking of deepthroating..."

Above her own hungry panting and Rachel's little noises, Sanka's ears picked up the sound of heavy padded footpaws coming back into the room. She looked up to see Rachel's gaze, distracted and laden with pleasure, briefly flick up, followed by Emily straightening up to make her way back around the couch.

"Good girl, Sanka." The corgi's paw joined Rachel's on her head for a moment, both rubbing in compliment as well as pushing her more firmly between the wolf's legs. "Why don't you get up and help Luci into her harness, too?"

The jackal swallowed again and slid her fingers down out of Rachel, to allow her tongue room there again. The wolf shivered and squirmed against her.

"Sanka."

Here she breathed a sigh out into that pubic fur and finally extricated herself, letting the string of mixed saliva and liquid arousal hang from her lips for a moment before lapping it off. She eyed Emily before standing up and heading over to where Luci stood, off in the center of the room: the snow leopard met her gaze for a second and then glanced away, blush evident in the soft lavender-stormcloud tone of her fur.

Behind her Emily settled down onto the couch and murmured something to Rachel beside her, though Sanka had been given her task and now had to carry it out. Not that she minded: she looked the leopard up and down once, knowing that Luci relished her appraisal, and then held a paw out for the bindings. "Top off," she said, short and succinct; the feline's round ears perked up at the command. "I'll do the rest. I'm all worked up now, and wanna see you show off."

A quick flash of playful suspicion shone in the snow leopard's eyes, but both knew she wouldn't be able to disobey. Sanka took a half-step back and crossed her arms in front of her chest, careful not to tangle the harness too much, so that she could watch... and Luci certainly obliged. Instead of Rachel's smooth, gently-contoured stomach and firm, tight chest, Luci's shirt lifting showed a soft rounded belly, sweet

curves and soft fur leading up to the same sizable breasts that the jackal so often daydreamed about when away from home. No bra today, either. She smirked at that and, just as Luci moved to toss her shirt away, grabbed each of the leopard's paws in turn to affix the cuffs in place.

"These do look good on you, you know..." she said, an ear flicking back to catch a sharp intake of breath from Emily. Once she had gotten the second cuff in place Sanka looked back over her shoulder and saw that the two had taken up the same positions that she herself had had, although this time it was Rachel between Emily's legs, the wolf's head slowly bobbing in place. Emily seemed to be guiding her and showing her around, tapping a few spots between her thighs, rubbing behind the wolf's ears or under her chin... "Okay. Hold this. My turn."

Both paws freed, Sanka reached one to rest it around the leopard's lower back as she leaned in, straightening a bit to nip at her neck. With her other she swiftly undid the button and zipper of Luci's pants, and a second of searching with her thumb followed by a firm tug brought those and her underwear a good half-inch down. Then, though, the jackal had to pull the fabric forward and away from the leopard's body, and down a bit further... and felt the hot, dense firmness of Luci's shaft pressing against the back of her paw.

"*There* we go..." the jackal purred, breath wafting down Luci's shoulder. The taste of wolf still clung to her tongue and back of her throat. "That's what I was hoping for. Looks like you're ready, too..."

Luci let a soft *huff* out between her lips, then tensed up when Sanka's fingers wrapped around the base of her length and gave a pair of long, slow strokes. Sanka smiled in the fur of the leopard's shoulder as she teased her, now letting her fingers trail down to cup and caress her sack beneath, then move on from there to push her pants down a bit further... before coming back up to give her another squeeze, and another, and another, working her way up her somewhat formidable length to the end, where she angled her fingers and thumb. *That* made Luci's legs nearly go out from under her: Sanka lifted up beneath the weight of the arm suddenly pressing down around her shoulders, and beneath the annoyance felt a giggle of amusement start to bubble up.

"Okay, okay. I get it. Here..." and she smoothly dropped to her knees, tugging Luci's pants the rest of the way down as she went. Here was that favorite position of hers again, this time with a heavy shaft and sack forcing her to keep her head tilted to the side: she grinned up at the feline and nuzzled to the side, promptly pressing her nose against the base of her warm cock before dragging back towards the end again.

Luci reached back to brace herself against something, found nothing, and instead just wobbled in place for a moment. "Sanka..."

"Yeah, yeah." Now the more-familiar scent of snow leopard pulsed into her nose, just driving the jackal's need up further. As she went she pursed her lips against the firm, hot skin of her shaft, and finally ended with a kiss to the underside. "Let's get *this* off of you, and *that* on."

Big snow leopard footpaws lifted up one at a time for the ankle-cuffs, and that done, Sanka stood back up to start with the harness. While sliding the straps down over Luci's shoulders she leaned in, touched her nose to the leopard's, tilted her head, parted her lips... and very quickly felt the soft-sandpaper tongue curling in against and around hers, and dragging along the interior of her cheeks, and slipping

across her gums, and pressing against the roof of her mouth – and then she felt herself needing to be held up against the snow leopard’s body, as she had become the one to nearly fall over.

Luci grinned at her once the two broke apart, and shrugged the harness strap further up her shoulder. “Easy there. I’m only halfway ready.”

“Really.” Sanka swallowed – the thick slickness of Luci’s saliva clung to the back of her throat so that she could feel it even afterwards – and reached down to give her shaft another squeeze, moving it so that she pinned it between their bodies. “This feels like you’re *all* the way ready.” Had she not already been thinking of having that thick cock pounding into her from behind, though, she might have spent more time teasing the big cat; instead, she continued with the straps of the harness, settling it into place and tightening them along the soft feline body, then moved to strip her own clothes off.

Halfway through she moved to look at Emily, who now sat at the edge of the couch with her legs spread and her own shaft, smaller by comparison to Luci’s – though, really, that happened with *everyone* – twitching against her belly. Rachel knelt nearby, tail wagging behind her and golden eyes shimmering with eager interest, one end of her leash hooked to her collar with the other in the corgi’s paw. In her other Emily held another collar and leash.

“Took you a while,” she said, glancing first from Sanka, to Luci, and then back to Sanka as the jackal shimmied her pants down her legs, “but you did a good job, dear. Both of you. Why don’t you come give Luci her collar, and then show Rachel just how good of a girl you are?”

Their eyes met again as Sanka made her way over, and for a moment she wished that she had been told to get her collar and harness, too. Again, though, it wouldn’t be a good look for her to beg for it, so she kept her mouth shut for once and turned to head back to the snow leopard, still standing with her paws behind her back and her tail flicking around.

Sanka grinned. “I always love collaring you, you know,” she purred, reaching around the leopard’s neck to bring the collar into place. Luci lifted her chin so that she could fit it into place and close the fastening – and then jerked forward and down a bit at a firm tug to the leash, her ears tinting bright pink with a sudden blush.

“Y-yeah,” she panted. “I know.”

“Sanka.” That was Emily again. “Come here.”

The jackal considered remaining where she stood, or hooking an arm around Luci’s shoulder and feeling her up again, but the obedient good girl inside of her that she liked to pretend didn’t exist got the best, and soon she had her paws braced against Emily’s legs for support as she, once more, dropped down to her knees.

Rachel scooted forward on her knees and licked her chops. Emily’s hard shaft still glistened with the wolf’s saliva. “She showed me around a bit,” she said, a hint of a blush evident on her muzzle; Sanka returned her sly smile as she reached forward to take the corgi’s cock in her paw. “I was wondering when I’d be introduced to your other girlfriends’ assets, but... I figured it’d come sooner or later.”

“Ah.” Emily leaned over to tap the wolf’s head, and in the same move, shifted her hips forward. Sanka pursed her lips against the underside of her cock, flicked her tongue out, felt the lingering slick warmth of Rachel’s saliva, and closed her lips around the tip. The corgi shivered and dragged out the first syllable of her next word: “Nnn...not *her* other girlfriends. *Yours*. Plural. You’re one of us now, too, love.”

That brought that blush more strongly out. As she dove down, keeping the corgi cupped on her tongue, Sanka looked over and let her smile curl her lips: Rachel really *did* look great in that gear and collar, leash hanging with just a little bit of give to it between where she knelt and Emily’s paw. Pink on yellow on brown and tan, all of that touched with shimmering gold... Sanka closed her eyes and enjoyed the feel and taste of the corgi between her lips.

“Now, look...” the corgi went on, adjusting how she sat again, “pay attention to what our lovely jackal is doing... you did a good job – that was why I pulled you off – but you’ve got me all wrong if you think I’m not gonna take the time to train you to be the best you can...”

Sanka almost lost herself in her task once she turned her full attention back to the corgi in front of her. The interior of her maw still tingled a bit from the feeling of Luci’s tongue sliding and digging around, and now she was thinking about how Rachel had just been here doing the same thing: she slid her tongue up, curled it around, flicked it at that spot along the underside, swallowed down the little dribbles that oozed out from her coaxing.

Both of her paws slid away from the corgi’s knees, on either side of her muzzle. One of them moved easily down her own body, fingerpads tracing over the line and curve of her breasts, paw moving to grope and squeeze, and then further down over her chest, her belly, lower, until a twitch of pleasure shot through her, and wet warmth pressed in around her fingers. Her other paw she reached over, patting blindly at the carpet – until one of Rachel’s found it, squeezed briefly, and then directed it up towards her own chest, so that she could lean into the touch. Above her Emily sighed and spread her legs a little further, her entire body shivering with the sensation.

At one point Sanka thought that she’d brought the corgi close to her edge – but a moment later discovered that the little twitch and wriggle was, in fact, from her taking Luci’s leash and tugging the snow leopard forward and down. Sanka had been so involved between Emily’s legs that she hadn’t even heard Luci come up from behind, though now that she had been brought back into the present, she could hear Luci’s soft purring as well as Rachel’s panting, as the wolf had lowered her other paw down between her own legs just as she held Sanka’s still against her breast.

Above her, Emily cooed softly. “See? That’s a good girl... don’t you think I’d leave you there twisting in the wind, Luci... I’m sure Sanka wants it, too. Isn’t that right?”

Another tug on the cat’s leash brought her bending forward over the jackal from behind, the end of her hot heavy shaft resting alongside the base of her tail. Luci’s hefty chest weighed down against her from above, and this time, it was the snow leopard who nipped at Sanka’s ear and nuzzled down towards her neck. “Yeah,” she echoed, “isn’t it?”

Sanka slid up off of Emily’s cock and licked her lips. Luci, or rather Emily through Luci, was threatening to push her down to all fours... and after a bit of squirming and adjustment she obliged, lifting her rump up beneath the larger woman and pushing back so that the base of her cock rested against her tail and the tip a good halfway up along her spine.



The jackal arched her back and pushed back against Luci, grinding her rump against the leopard's hips. "Come on. Don't tease me like that."

Rachel leaned forward, paws on the ground between her legs, and lapped along the side of Sanka's muzzle. "I'd think you deserve it."

"No, no," Emily put in, a paw of her own having replaced Sanka's muzzle along her length. She held both leashes in the other now, each one wrapped around a few times. "Sanka's just as good a girl as Luci is. Most of the time. Just... in different ways. Sometimes it takes a bit of convincing to get there, but..." Another skillful twist of her wrist brought Luci forward a little further – and pushed a soft breath out of Sanka's maw, the weight of the leopard's sack swinging forward against her. "...good thing there are a couple ways of getting that convincing done. Luci, dear?"

"Yes?"

"Will you get Sanka prepared, please?"

A warm paw lowered to her bare rump – and Sanka jumped at the light caress of the pad of Luci's thumb trailing in around her tailhole. Then, a moment later, her grip tightened and she spread the smaller jackal. "Of course." Sanka felt her start to shift backwards, given space through the leash, until she, too, rested on all fours behind her – or, at least, on her knees with both paws on Sanka's rump, allowing easy access to her tailhole. Then hot, damp breath wafted over her; a single kiss to one side of her rear, then one to the base of her tailhole, and then a string of smaller kisses coming down towards her pucker...

"Rachel."

The wolf watched for a moment, blush deepening with the first drag of Luci's tongue along the jackal's rump and Sanka's squirm of pleasure, and then looked up at Emily. "Mm?"

"We didn't have you over this weekend just so you could watch." While she spoke the corgi lifted herself and scooted to the side; she rested her elbow along the arm of the couch and gave both leashes in her other paw a good tug. Rachel leaned forward, already rising up off her knees. "Come on. Join in."

Sanka brought a paw up to one of the wolf's legs as she spread them around her muzzle again, the jackal lurching slowly forward and back from Luci's steady, deliberate treatment of her backside. She bit her lip and rumbled softly, feeling those same soft tongue-barbs pulling sweetly along sensitive ridges of skin, swirling around, poking in, pressing against her reflexively-squeezing muscles... and then suddenly she was nose-deep against Rachel again, the force of Luci's lapping pushing her in as firmly as the large paw on her head.

"Don't be afraid to get rough with her," Emily went on, shifting a bit more. Sanka half-opened her eyes to see the corgi drape one leg off the couch, allowing herself room to continue pawing off while she watched. "She'll tell you when it's too much."

"Oh-" Rachel braced her cuffed ankles against the foot of the couch and used that leverage to grind her lower body forward, pressing and pulling against the jackal's muzzle. Sanka let out a shuddering breath of need and buried herself against her, right as Luci pulled back from her rump: her tongue came free

with a thick *slrp*, though she kept both thumbs holding the jackal's tailhole open. Rachel chuckled and leaned back in the couch, though still held Sanka's head beneath her paw. "I know."

"She's also kind of noisy..." ...with Sanka pulling in another breath, then letting it out as a long, low moan once Luci lined herself up with the saliva-slickened tailhole and started to sink slowly in. "...unless you give her something to keep her mouth busy. Even then, well... y'know."

"Oh yeah." Rachel slowed in her rhythm for a moment to let Luci pick up hers, then glanced over to the corgi beside her. The two shared a look before the wolf glanced down, smirked, and leaned down a bit to replace Emily's paw on her shaft with her own. "I know."

Sanka certainly felt like the center of attention, what with all of these eyes on her and both ends kept busy. The snow leopard above and behind her leaned her weight into her as she picked up her pace, working her length steadily deeper into the jackal's rear. Rachel's paw on her head kept her right in place so that she had no choice but to breathe of the wolf's thick, heavy scent, and drool into her pubic fur, and smear the slickness of her arousal across her lips and nose... and once Luci had buried most of herself in the jackal, she straightened up a bit, gripped the wolf's thigh, and picked her work back up where she had left off earlier, starting with a slow lick between still-wet lips.

This was interrupted, though, with Luci pressing the last inch of her length firmly into her, squeezing snow leopard hips against jackal rump. Another hot breath puffed out of Sanka's maw and against Rachel, swirling back around to herself by the thighs around her head – which promptly squeezed to signify another grind forward. She tried to tilt her head up to look at Rachel, but felt the paw on her head tighten and pull her back down instead so that she had no choice but to dig her tongue back in. Not that that was a bad thing: these two would certainly tire her out, and at Emily's behest no doubt, but even if she lost all strength to do anything, Rachel would still soak her muzzle with all of this pressing and grinding.

"How're you doing back there, Luci?" asked the wolf, her voice wobbling a little.

Heavy paws gripped Sanka's hips, thumbs coming in along her rum to keep her spread. Luci had established a steady rhythm against her, never quite pulling more than halfway out before she started to sink back in, letting the much-smaller jackal become at least somewhat accustomed to her size. "Good... it's – been a while, I-" -and another tug on her leash hilted her inside of Sanka again, with both letting out a warm moan.

"Luci seems-" Here Rachel leaned forward again, bending almost fully over Sanka's head. The jackal had refocused her attention just a short distance further up, tongue playing over and around her clit in the same patterns she had earlier. She sucked in a slow, shuddering breath, her entire lower body, legs especially, twitching and shaking beneath the continued attention... until she jerked forward once, twice, a third time, and settled back a moment later, that breath coming out as a comfortable sigh. Sanka slid down to lap up the extra slickness, and took the opportunity to slip her tongue back into the wolf. "...resilient. Aren't you pulling on that leash a little hard, though?"

"Oh, she can handle it."

Now that she had one paw free what with Rachel having taken over stroking her, Emily uncoiled the wolf's leash from her grip and slid it over to that other paw, so that she had one in each. Then,

maintaining eye contact with her, she looped it over again and again and again... none of that original give remained, and Rachel started to lean down towards the corgi's lap. "Can you, though? Why don't you show me how good of a girl *you* are?"

So much going on. Sanka let her eyes flutter shut again, her backside finally used to the snow leopard's careful yet indulgent rhythm; Rachel had to scoot to the side and adjust to make the position Emily desired of her, but she indeed made it, one leg coming up to rest over the jackal's shoulder. Of course, she still held Sanka's head between her legs with her other paw, and also of course, the jackal continued working at her, jaw churning with the long, deep drags of her tongue and the intermittent suckling from closed lips.

On and on the group went: Luci still steadily increased both the pace and force with which she went at Sanka, her claws starting to come out and sink into the jackal's hips a bit more painfully than her cock had sunk into her rear. Soon she, too, was bent forward over her, hips swinging forward and back with her rhythm and *slap, slap, slapping* against Sanka's body, also lurching beneath the pounding; she pulled in hungry breaths through her nose, buried amid dampened pubic fur, and let them out through parted lips with a jaw too tired at the moment to do much more than rest in place against Rachel's lips.

The wolf hadn't noticed, or if she had, she didn't mind. She busied herself with grinding against the jackal's muzzle, just adding to the slick dampness that had soaked into her fur and dripped down her chin: strong metal claws gripped at the back of her head and squeezed in rhythm with those thrusts, themselves in time with her head bobbing in Emily's lap. The corgi watched through half-lidded eyes, the leashes having gone somewhat slack in either paw; her tongue came out to lap over her chops, and those eyes drifted shut, and then her teeth gritted, her lips curled back, her nose flared in pulling in a rising breath...

...and then Rachel's leash suddenly came more taut than before, and Emily bucked upwards into the wolf's muzzle. Golden eyes flashed up to her with a sweet, satisfied rumble in her throat, the subtle movement of her lower jaw showing that her tongue still worked along the corgi's length even though she didn't swallow. Tiny, dense body thoroughly drained, Emily sat back after a moment and breathed a languid sigh, the leashes again falling limp.

A firm thrust from the snow leopard behind her sent Sanka deep into hot brown fur again, though, and for a moment all she could do was suck the wolf's rich, sharp scent in through her nose, each of Luci's thrusts into her sending another pulse of sweet electric fire through her abdomen. Still lost in the whirlpool of pleasure, she almost didn't notice Rachel's paw slipping down from between her ears along the side of her muzzle, until sharp claws teased along her jaw and sent another shiver down her back.

The jackal swallowed, mouth dry, and let Rachel tilt her muzzle up. The wolf smirked, tongue swirling around inside her cheek; then she nodded, breathed a laugh through her nose and, fingers still in place beneath Sanka's chin, slid the claw of her thumb in between her lips. Such a strange feeling, having that sharp metal trace over the contours of her gums so close to pain, yet not quite there... and then the claw gave way to pad, sliding further back in her maw until she felt her lips pull with it. Then the wolf turned her paw, hooking her thumb behind Sanka's upper fangs and forcing her mouth open: with each hilted thrust from Luci behind her, the leopard's panting coming through steadily louder, a similar moan dripped out from Sanka's now-open maw. Helpless, her tongue flicked across bared fangs and pressed up against the back of Rachel's thumb, the wolf's fingers wrapped around the top of her snout to keep her there.

This was a familiar position – sometimes Emily would bend over Sanka from behind and keep her maw agape with both paws so that Luci had an easier time aiming – but what came next wasn't: the wolf slid her tongue out of that cheek and into the other, tilted her head a bit, leaned forward... and spat Emily's load, loose with a good amount of collected wolf saliva, right down across the jackal's waiting tongue. Half of it missed and splattered across her lip and nose, and dripped smoothly down from there. Sanka flinched at first with surprise, then closed her eyes and gladly swirled the mixed slickness around in her muzzle once the wolf's paw released her.

"There you go," Rachel rumbled, and sat back. She shifted a bit more and ran a pair of fingers down along her lips, picking up where Sanka had left off. "A reward for being so well-behaved."

Sanka made sure the wolf was watching when she swallowed down the thick, frothy mix, with her tongue flopping right back out of her muzzle afterwards. Luci still pounded at her from behind, the leopard's weight and need pressing down against the smaller jackal and pushing her forward towards the couch and Rachel's legs, until she didn't need to lean forward to rest a paw on her head. She did have to move a little bit to trail that paw down, though, to stroke along Sanka's cheek and run a claw beneath her jaw.

Then, though, the wolf turned to look over at the corgi again. "Emily."

She had her gaze focused on Sanka's back end, Luci's rhythmic thrusts bouncing her again and again. The leopard had started to slow down in her pace a bit, now grinding her body against the jackal and remaining hilted inside of her, teeth gritted and tail lashing. "Mm?"

Rachel slid a finger up beneath her own collar, not to tug at it but rather to just adjust its fit around her neck. Her eyes trailed up the length of her leash, to Emily's paw, and then from there along Luci's leash. "You seem like you have a good hold on things in this household."

"For the most part." Emily turned to look at her. "Why?"

"Is Sanka under your control, too? I noticed it's only Luci and I who're wearing the collars."

"'Control' isn't the right word, I think..." Here Emily leaned forward, bracing her elbows on her knees for a moment before pulling herself upright. Rachel tilted a bit with the corgi stepping away from the couch, though soon was given enough slack in the leash to sit back again. Luci, eyes closed in the midst of her pleasure, jumped a little bit when tiny corgi paws rested along her hips. "It's more... an *agreement*, where I'm given the upper hand. Sanka just needs to be convinced, sometimes."

Nearly unable to take the continued pounding, the jackal slumped down and rested her head sideways across her arms on the floor, maw hanging open. Her breaths came and went with fervent, hungry touches of voice beneath them, needy moans dripping out with each lurch of her body: Luci's paws remained on her hips and yet she could still feel the pressure start to build up, the bright shivering pleasure that made her knees try to pull together and forced her abs to tense up...

Still idly watching, Rachel scratched at the side of her jaw. "...Is that enough to make her-"

And then it happened. Sharp jackal claws dug and pulled against the carpet; her tongue flitted back into her maw so that she could grit and grind her teeth; her eyes squeezed shut, her breath sucked in and then dribbled back out; she forced herself back against the leopard, pulled forward, and then back again, this last causing that powerful heat to reverberate through her body and bounce back and forth, until she could feel its result drip down her inner thighs.

The wolf's eyebrows rose. "I guess it is."

Still Luci went, though. Now her voice had taken on a touch of desperation, her thrusts carefully, deliberately maintained. She rested some of her weight against the corgi beside her. "Emily..."

"Yes..." the corgi went on, bringing one of her paws up the curve of Luci's belly and over the wrapped straps of her harness. The other drifted a little further down and came in, reaching down between her body and the jackal's to cup and squeeze Luci's sack. "Sanka could use a stronger hand every now and then, but Luci here... Luci's *always* a good girl. Good enough that she knows not to cum until she's told."

It would have been hard for Rachel to see from where she sat, but Sanka could certainly feel the corgi's paw work its way up between herself and the snow leopard again, thumb and a couple of fingers wrapping around the base of Luci's shaft. That sent a shiver through the leopard and slowed her pace even further.

Rachel shifted how she sat again. "Oh yeah? Can you show me?"

"Of course, dear." Emily stood up on her tiptoes and touched her nose against Luci's shoulder. "Go on, kitten. Let me and Sanka both *feel* you finish."

Some squeezing from those fingers, a weak push forward and pull back... and then those claws dug even deeper into Sanka's hips, the shudder of peak pleasure racking the leopard's body. She hunched forward over Sanka and first gasped, then let out a string of disconnected, breathy moans, her hips forcing themselves forward against Emily's paw and Sanka's rump past that. Sanka squeezed back around her as much as her tired muscles could manage; Luci's pulling out of her sent another shiver through her body, and then she couldn't discern the dripping slickness of her own arousal coming down her legs from Luci's load leaking out of her.

"There you go..." the corgi breathed, still buried in Luci's shoulder. The snow leopard, panting, pricked her claws out of Sanka's rump as the jackal started to stir back to life. "That looked like it felt good, didn't it?..."

Slowly Sanka found the strength to pull herself up to her knees, and from there tugged her way up onto the couch. Rachel immediately put an arm around her shoulders to pull her closer; she bumped her head against the wolf's shoulder, letting a sweet smile touch her lips as she watched the others. Then, though, Emily's eyes came to her again.

"Sanka, dear, will you go get the shower ready? Take Rachel with you."

"Yeah." She nuzzled against the wolf, then stood up, wobbled, and caught herself. Then she made as though to head towards the hall, though promptly stopped with the line of the leash across her chest. "You'll have to let go, though."

"Oh, yes." She held her paw up and then let go of the other end of the leash; Sanka caught the line of it and rolled it in, wrapping it around her paw as it went. "Be careful, Sanka. We'll be in in a moment."

Rachel waited until they were out of earshot. "Does she not trust you at the other end of a leash?"

"Not all the time." Sanka gave it a tug, pulling the wolf down towards her while they walked. "I tend to misbehave. One time I got Luci all trussed up, just because I wanted something in my mouth..."

Beside her, the wolf chuckled and slid another finger beneath her collar. "...How would a leash factor into that?"

"Oh, I was on my back on the edge of the bed, and she was standing up in front of me..."

"Oh." She paused. "Oh."

"Yeah. Um – yeah, let's get into the shower quick, here... it *can* fit three of us, but not comfortably."

"It fits the two of *us* just fine."

"The four of us haven't all slept together yet..." Sanka rubbed at her chin with that same paw. Her legs felt a bit weak still, and she was getting tired of keeping her lower body squeezed so tightly to prevent excess dripping. Another reason she wanted to get into the shower quickly was since she had only cum once: a good amount of her desire still remained, though dampened by the exhaustion. That was temporary, though. "I think the bed can fit."

"I mean..." Rachel leaned in and down so that she could see her bright, golden-fanged grin. "I'm down to find out."