

6. Musk

LomiDePuzlo

Cass ran his nose down along the underside of the otter's shaft and in against the soft, supple fur of his sack, pulling in a slow, deep breath as he went. The warmth of Lukas's body washed in over him, wrapping around his head and filling his nose, tickling the back of his throat just as it ignited a sweet little tingle between his legs... the dog shifted and angled his muzzle again, this time running it in along the back of those balls, hanging free and low between the otter's thighs in the warmth of the day.

"You don't really have that strong of a scent."

As he spoke, his words and breath curling back around himself, he looked up past those balls and the half-hard length resting limp along Lukas's lower belly. Blue eyes flashed down at him from above the edge of the otter's phone where he held it sideways along his chest, his arms resting down over his sides to hold it there. A brief sparkle of amusement shone in those eyes, and then they were hidden again behind the screen.

"I get that sometimes," Lukas replied. He shifted and spread his legs open further, his knees draped over Cass's shoulders pulling the dog in a bit more firmly.

"I mean..." Cass trailed back up from beneath those balls, letting them drape across his nose and then drift down as he made his way up, this time plunging into the puffy pubic fur at the base of his shaft. "I'm not complaining about it. It's nice."

"I was gonna say. Looks like you're enjoying yourself nonetheless." Again those eyes flashed. "And I do have enough of a scent. You just gotta know where to look for it."

"Oh, yeah? Where would that be?"

This time it was definitely a grin that showed from behind that phone. Lukas let it drop flat against his chest and then reached down, one paw lifting his loose balls up against Cass's lips and the other smoothly sliding beneath his cock. The dog drew back and down, nuzzling into that soft fur and skin, and watched with rapt attention as the otter rolled his supple foreskin slowly back from the base of his shaft, fingers rolling gently: it slid back across the fresh, pink flesh of his head, a small bead of gathered pre breaking and spreading as it still clung to the rim. Halfway back, his other paw moved from his sack to Cass's head and drew him closer, then moved in again.

That shaft angled down, head revealed, and pulled up in his paw. Lukas placed his thumb along the underside, rolled his foreskin up halfway to the knuckle with his fingers, pulled it free, and then wiped that soft wetness directly against the dog's nose, immediately replacing the warm, gentle scent of his musk with a much richer, deeper one, and one that made his tail jerk and then wag.

"Oh..." Cass breathed, again burying his nose between those balls. "Man..."

Lukas chuckled. "I'm glad you like it. Some folks don't. There is one more, though."

Here Cass just looked up past the otter's length, noticeably firmer than it had been a second ago. He wriggled his nose and muzzle further down, until he could just barely feel the little ridges of Lukas's tailhole against his lower lip. "Mm?"

Lukas grinned again, this time pressing his paw against the dog's shoulder to push him back and away. A little confused, Cass went with it and waited, and then raised his eyebrows as the otter slid his legs up off of his shoulders and rolled completely over onto his belly, his thick rudder nearly thwapping the dog alongside the head as he went. One leg rested back across Cass's shoulder while the other dropped down just beneath his arm, and from that position Lukas scooted himself backwards until his entire lower half hung off the table on which he lay.

Cass drank in the view, following the swirling lines of blue-tinted fur down towards the base of the tail and then down beneath, where cinnamon-brown fur turned to soft cream and then to warm pink skin, coming together in the same wrinkled pucker, winking at the dog while Lukas got himself into a comfortable position. Cass dropped one paw down between his own legs, trying so hard to resist the temptation to let himself enjoy the sight and closeness, and felt his tail stir again when Lukas's paw came back to spread that rump, the pad of his middle finger coming in to tap against the center... and then, glancing back one more time, his legs abruptly tightened around Cass's upper chest, and pulled the dog forcefully forward.

"And here."

He had neither the time nor the space to give a verbal response. Cass felt himself melt as soon as he was nestled into place there, the soft, warm grip of the otter's rump lightly squeezing his muzzle, with the weight of that thick rudder resting atop his head. He pursed his lips and ran them over Lukas's pulsing tailhole, the otter tightening and relaxing for his sake, then nuzzled down and did the same with his nose, sensitive skin running up and over each of the small ridges, his breath still slow and careful to draw in the rich, sharper scent there.

"Oh..." he murmured, his breath this time tainted by the otter's heavier musk. Cass brought his paws up to spread that rump and dig in deeper, pushing his nose in against the soft flesh. "God..."

Beneath him, Lukas chuckled and squirmed. "Remember to come up for air every now and then, yeah? I don't want you suffocating back there."

That wouldn't be so bad, Cass thought, closing his eyes and running his nose up along the base of Lukas's tail. *Not bad at all.*

7. Squirting/Messy Orgasm

LomiDePuzlo

Somnia shifted where she lay in the grass, spreading her legs a bit further for the sake of the camera. A whole week of nothing, followed by two days straight of relentless teasing and fantasizing, all with the stipulation that under no conditions or circumstances was she to actually indulge in that pleasure.

Not until today, that was, when she had awoken to yet another text message from her partner Lyla. Naturally her first expectation went to the idea that it would be another revealing photograph or short video clip just to make her even needier, though when she read the message itself she found she was

wrong. It still made her heart jump, though – “*I’m giving you permission to get off today, love,*” which resulted in her dropping a hand down beneath her panties even before she had finished reading the rest.

“...on the stipulation that you record the entire thing and send it to me. You can do that, can’t you?”

She certainly could and would. The mare eyed the camera down between her legs, trying to imagine the line of sight it had between where it sat and the center of her focus, her favorite vibrator held firmly beneath her clit while the fingers of her other hand played up and down between slick, wet lips, alternating between teasing in and spreading herself.

It helped if she imagined Lyla’s face between her legs, and imagined these to be *her* hands keeping her lips spread instead of her own. The mare swallowed and rolled her head over onto her other shoulder, a tight breath pushing its way between her teeth: the slightest adjustment of her grip on the vibrator sent a sweet, delicious shock up her abdomen, nearly making her jerk forward away from the base of the tree against which she sat.

It was just a wonderful idea, doing it out here in the open. She bumped her head back against the tree and slid those two fingers inside of herself, feeling the gathered wet slickness dripping down between her thighs and into a pool among the grass. Herself sitting like this against the tree, legs spread, shirt pulled up over her breasts, mouth hanging open with exhilarated pleasure, while Lyla worked between her legs... Somnia envisioned it as she touched herself, sliding the vibrator a little bit further down and then back up, digging those fingers in to the knuckle. Lyla with her hands on the mare’s knees pushing them apart, Lyla with her nose touching against her lower belly and moving down, Lyla with her lips pursed to kiss and suckle the mare’s clit, Lyla with her nose and mouth buried against her, tongue working in that wonderful way it always did.

Again the mare jerked and twitched, another wave of pleasure pushing through her. It also worked if she opened her eyes, just a bit, and imagined her partner to take the place of the camera, since in a way that was the whole idea. Warm eyes watching her from between her legs, appreciating her soft curves and movements, drinking in her nudity, her self-enjoyment, and then in a more literal sense the dripping, gathering arousal. Somnia shifted the vibrator to her other hand and brought that one up to caress one of her breasts, imagining it to instead be Lyla’s, with the firm presence of the tree behind her instead her partner’s body in a comfortable embrace.

Another shock bounced through her, this time actually pulling her forward from the tree. She gave one of her nipples a small pinch and tug, then lifted that hand to her mouth to slip her tongue between her fingers, and did so again. *There*, she imagined; *now she’s got her lips on me, licking, tugging, sucking...* a warm moan dribbled out of the mare’s mouth, and yet again she dug the vibrator in against her clit. The pressure and energy were gathering, building, growing. Hopefully she had set the camera far enough away.

Feeling that peak swiftly approach, the mare dropped her hand back down and rubbed it swiftly in and against herself, the noise of her wet arousal almost covering her heavy breathing. She had to force herself to keep her legs open against how much they wanted to squeeze shut. Each wave of pleasure reverberated through her body, causing the vibrator to slip from its settled position, making the mare pull in over herself closer and closer. Her jaw tightened, her eyes fluttered shut again, her breathing picked up and then abruptly stopped in anticipation, and then-

Then it started, and it did not stop. Somnia shivered and barely suppressed the first breathy moan, only for the second to push its way through, a third and fourth quickly behind it. That wetness around her fingers and dripping down her palm quickened and strengthened, spraying out against her hand and along her inner thighs, splattering with the quick, fervent movement of her self-pleasure. The mare's knees bumped together for a moment, and when she forced them apart she slid the vibrator away and instead rubbed her clit between a pair of fingers – and could not resist the full-body sensation that ripped her upward, hips bucking up into the air as her orgasm continued. The spray strengthened into a stream broken only by the swift, unsteady motion of her bucking, fully out of her control.

Again and again she slid her hand down along herself, catching and breaking that spray and causing it to splash back across herself, further soaking her lower body beyond what it already was. It went on and on, each wave of pleasure forcing her back up into the air, until nearly every part of her ached from the constant tension, her throat not the least of all from the frantic, breathy moans.

Even afterwards, even once the stream had dwindled back down to a dribble into the puddle beneath her, the mare had to take a moment to catch her breath. Once she did open her eyes she looked down between her legs, hanging open from exhaustion rather than effort, and chuckled softly to herself: just as if it had been Lyla between her legs, the entire front of the camera dripped with the juice of her arousal, the lens itself nearly completely obscured.

A good shot, she thought, reaching forward to pick it up. In more ways than one.

8. Watersports

LomiDePuzlo

“There. Does that feel good?”

“You know it does. Mm...”

Lomi smiled down at Rhapsody before him, appreciating the so-familiar shape, color, and form of her nude body draped languidly over the table. The gentle breeze whispered first through the trees overhead, then the bushes surrounding the path, and finally through his fur as well as hers; the hare giggled softly beneath her breath and shifted, then relaxed again beneath her partner's slow yet firm touch. He ran his fingers down through her plush fur, pressing into the skin beneath and drawing thick lines in the surface.

“How about...” The pika tilted his head and then his paws for another angle, this time coming in towards the line of her waist. Rhapsody rolled onto her side a bit to allow him to reach that spot more easily, then fell back as a shiver rocked her body.

“Oh. Oh.”

“Good?”

“Very good. Mm, Lomi...”

"Always good to practice." Lomi chuckled beneath his breath and continued toward her front again, his paws splitting: one drifted back up her bare belly and chest to caress beneath one of her breasts while the other continued down, his thumb leading in a slow arc around her belly.

"And you know I'm... mm... always willing..."

Lomi paused in his massage, noting for a moment how the hare's face briefly scrunched up. Curious, he brought his paw back up and then emulated that same motion again, pressing in with his thumb a little, trying to find the spot that had gotten that reaction – even though he already had a bit of an idea.

After a moment Rhapsody squirmed. "Oh. That's..."

"Right... *there*?"

"Yeah, that's – Lomi-" She giggled again and batted at his paw. "Don't do that."

"Don't do what?" The pika pressed in again, this time with two fingers alongside his thumb. "That?"

"Yes, that, I'm-"

Rhapsody turned first from one side and then to the other, bringing her legs halfway up in trying to get him away. Her laughter carried over into him and he let up for a moment, leaning in to place a soft kiss against her forehead.

"What is it, love?" he murmured, breath wafting through her fur like another soft breeze. "What's the problem?"

Rhapsody batted lightly at his muzzle, her legs spreading around his waist. He felt her thighs around his. "I – have to-"

"Mm?"

"Lomi, I... oh, come *on*. As if you don't know."

"So you're saying that, by no means should I..." He adjusted his posture to work his arm down between them, first resting his soft shaft between her legs, and then to press in at that spot again. Just above her little puff of pubic fur, just beneath her belly button... "...do *this*?"

There was that expression again, pressure combined with tension flashing across her muzzle. She wriggled again. "Yes, I'm..."

So he pressed again with his thumb, then again in a smooth roll across his fingers, then with all five. Beneath him Rhapsody shuddered and gasped, her legs tightening around his body again, and then he did so again. A low whimper dribbled from the hare's parted lips, followed by a soft sigh that must have been relief – since the pika felt, a moment later, the familiar wet warmth begin to stream down against the underside of his cock resting against her.

“Oh...” Rhapsody rolled her head to the other side, the stream strengthening against him. “Look what you’ve... mm...”

It was a wonderful feeling, that concentrated heat streaming out and around his now half-hard shaft in place between her legs. Lomi straightened up a bit and glanced down, watching the way the soft yellow puddled in her fur and dripped down off the edge of the table; he kept his paw in place there for a second, pressing lightly in, and then circled his thumb down to slip the pad in along the source of her stream and then up over her clit, briefly interrupting it with a shake of her body.

“Don’t you worry,” he breathed softly. The pika reached to tap the underside of his shaft against her, each time splashing a bit of her mark back against himself. “You just stay right there and let it go, and... and I’ll...”

It took a moment of concentration but then he was there, too, his own arcing up over hers and splashing in against her belly, where it pooled before streaming down the sides of her body. Yet again Rhapsody let her head loll to the side, mouth open and eyes closed with relief; her legs fell away from Lomi’s sides in utter relaxation as she relieved herself against him, her aim allowed to come up and spray against his sack now that he no longer interrupted her.

Gradually the scent came up and tickled at the pika’s nose, the warm, dry musk of both of them mixing and melding all over again. He tilted his head back and sighed, aiming up over her chest a little bit and then back down, moving to drain his bladder first against her clit and then down, just a little bit lower. The hare shivered again and moaned softly, hers jumping a bit at the sensation, before it started to dwindle down into a dribble. She gave a few final sprays against his lower body and then relaxed again, one of her paws coming up to rub Lomi’s scent into her fur and body.

Finally his came to a finish as well, the pika leaning in over her so that her smooth strawberry-and-cream fur would catch as much as possible. Certainly more than half-hard at this point, he breathed out another laugh and tapped himself against her, making a show of wiping off in her already-soaked fur.

Rhapsody smiled up at him, giggling again. “I guess we should – get cleaned up before we-”

“No, no...” His shaft still resting against her body, Lomi pushed her down by the shoulders and ran his paws smoothly down her chest again. “I wasn’t done yet.”

She nuzzled against his arm. “Lomi...”

“What? I like it when we smell like each other. Besides, you can’t tell me you’re in any shape to get up right now.”

“If only you weren’t so right. Oh, that’s – *oh*, no, go back to... yeah, *that’s* a good spot...”

9. Monster

TheWolfShiki

The fires tore through sky like ripples in an otherwise still pool of water, odd unearthly vibrations thrumming in the space in the air. These were not natural fires, but black dissonant tongues against the night sky, burning the eyes to look at even though they could hardly be seen.

And they kept on coming. Everywhere the little wolf looked, he saw more of that night sky pouring in: dripping from the cross-beams over the ceiling, piercing through the broken walls, creeping towards his body and threatening to do to him the same thing he saw happen to the others who had been unfortunate enough to stumble into the black fire. It seemed to dampen sound, too, for even as he cowered there in the corner, knees at his chest and arms wrapped tightly around himself, he could hardly hear a thing. There was the occasional snap of rupturing wood, the noise of crumbling stone, the shattering of a tile or scream of someone startled two houses down, but otherwise, there was nothing.

These flames did not roar. Instead they softly, gently hummed, a thick rumble nearly too low for Shiki's sensitive ears to pick up, yet it was there. All around, always vibrating, constantly making them flick around and focus and refocus, never letting him relax. He reached up to cover his ears with his paws in attempt to quiet the hum, and yet it still pierced through.

He could neither hear nor see, ears blocked against the creeping black flames, eyes squeezed shut against the oppressive weight of night. It was a few subtle vibrations through the ground that caught his attention, then, too rhythmic, too consistent to be anything else; he tried to squeeze into himself further, to press back into the corner so that he would remain unseen.

It was a futile attempt. Just like when the fires first caught, just like when he first notice the odd, slow ripples of black against the sky, Shiki hoped and begged wit whatever would be willing to listen, that it would not be so – and just like then, he knew the truth. The beast, if it could even be considered as such, crept forward through a gap broken in the wall, the black tongues of flame parting and rippling around its body, caressing it like blades of tall grass in a gentle breeze. Its very form seemed to shimmer as well, as though it was held here through some unnatural force; every time Shiki's eyes moved, since he didn't *want* to look at it yet could not avoid it, he could see its shape shock and readjust, always slightly behind his vision yet still undoubtedly there.

It, too, was colored like the night, like the empty space between the stars overhead which, tonight, did not shine their light against the black glow of the fires. At a glance the creature might be mistaken for one of the corrupted, one of those who strayed too close to its pulsing presence or into the grasp of the hungry fires: strong of shoulder and chest, straight back and high haunches; a long, furless tail, whipping around and flicking at the end, skin coated in patterns and sigils; thin shadow-black fur covering most of its body, puffing up around its shoulders and head in a small mane, the muzzle reminiscent of some kind of ferret or rat, yet slightly *off*.

Shiki's eyes traced down over it, even though he tried to keep them from doing so. In places the affliction had started to overcome the creature, or maybe its form had simply stopped holding it in. Sections of thick, fleshy material, darker than black, coated the arms, the base of the tail, the center and sides of the chest. That was what he recognized from those corrupted by its presence, the strange growths, twisting and trembling. Here, though, on the source, on the origin, it seemed *natural*, almost. As natural as something could be on a wholly unnatural existence.

A bright purple tongue flicked out of its mouth and over deadly-sharp white teeth, the barbed flesh of it drawing up over its muzzle, down across its nose, and then back in. Its head swayed slowly from one side to the other, scanning the room around it; Shiki shivered and hid into the corner again, able to feel its gaze as it passed by him. Eyes bright purple, glowing with a strange invisible light of their own as

much as the black fires, and *ringed* on the inside. No iris nor pupil, just fine concentric rings coming in towards the center, drawing in the wolf's gaze even as he tried to tear himself away.

Only then did he realize that it was staring at him just as he did it. All of the growths along its body pulsed and flared, each of these sections studded with more points of purple light, their origin unknown to Shiki. Pulsing like a heartbeat yet not, once too fast and then too slow... he felt himself relax, looking over the creature's form and image. The black horns protruding up and back from its head, the shape of the muzzle, the shoulders, the body, the... plump sheath and heavy sack between its hind legs, both visible even as it stood sideways, and the way its thick tail curled up and around...

Suddenly Shiki froze where he was, halfway into crawling forward from his corner. He thought it had been just the one, but no, there was *another* one, this one entirely different: it wafted in from behind and around the first creature, this one slightly larger, broader, more distinctly marten in its shape and appearance. Instead of black and grey and violet, this one bore a pelt of cinnabar and coal, its mane and a few other choice areas brimming with hot, white-fire fur; its eyes glowed white instead of purple, completely open and blank, though careful intelligence unlike any Shiki knew still pulsed behind that gaze. It lifted its head and sniffed at the air before its tongue, too, dropped out of its mouth, bringing with it a thick glob of bloodstained saliva, around huge fangs that seemed to grow as it opened its maw.

They hurt to look at, and yet Shiki still could not look away. Beautiful and horrifying all at once, wonderful and terrible. He waited, and they watched him. The black fires all around continued burning silently.

One of them began to approach. Then so too did the other.

10. Rimming

CJTheOtter

CJ shivered at the familiar sensation of his rump being spread, warm careful thumbs pressing into the soft fur and flesh of his rear and pulling gently apart, one of those paws coming up to lift up beneath the thick base of the otter's rudder. He licked his lips and pressed back, already able to feel the tanuki's warm breath, a little shaky with the anticipation and excitement, puff out across the sensitive skin of his pucker and making him reflexively clench.

"God..." Leif murmured from behind him. CJ shivered again, the words tickling out through the short fur there. "This is one of your best sides, you know."

The otter chuckled softly and adjusted his position, at once settling his rump down more firmly atop the tanuki's muzzle while he, too, scooted his forward, pushing his broad nose in along the base of Leif's shaft, down towards his heavy balls, and in along the line of his thigh.

"Oh, I know," he replied. CJ brought his paws in as well, coaxing Leif's legs apart and then reaching in further, deeper, to get him to angle his hips in the right. "It *is* my best side. You're not the first person to tell me."

"Frankly, I'd be..." Leif swallowed and then leaned in, touching his nose to the side of CJ's rudder, his shaky breaths wafting out underneath. The otter twitched again at feeling first his lower lip, then his tongue, then both lips. "...surprised if I was, knowing how much you like to..." Here the tanuki spread his

legs and lifted hi, reciprocating the otter's movements. A little bit more shifting, a little bit of stretching with one paw keeping those large balls out of the way and the other pressing into the soft squish of his upper thigh, and then CJ found his own target as well. "...to show off..."

"Mmh-" His first attempt to agree fizzled away in his throat and at the end of his tongue, as Leif's came up and swiftly flicked underneath the base of his rudder. Once more CJ's pucker twitched in response to the touch, then did so again when that tongue returned to its place. Then his little noise turned to a longer, breathier moan, the tanuki tilting his head and pressing in a bit, lips coming forward to lock and seal against CJ's tailhole in a gentle kiss, tongue easily swirling and playing around, dragging over the little wrinkles of skin and, for now, avoiding the center pucker.

Or – not *avoiding*, but simply savoring it for later. CJ let himself enjoy the sensation for a moment, the feeling sending a pulse and throb through his abdomen and stirring his shaft where it rested half-hard along Leif's chest, and then nuzzled down again between those soft thighs, the weight of the tanuki's balls resting against his cheek. Instead of tongue first the otter went in for the kiss, bringing his lips forward and tracing them up and down across the similarly wrinkled ridged, relishing the slight tightening, flexing, shifting of the strong ring of muscles. Again and again he ran his lips around, finding the spot where fur turned to skin, where skin turned to flesh; freshly showered he could only pick up a hint of Leif's natural scent, warm and inviting, beneath the touch of floral soap that accented that musk rather than buried it. "*All natural!*" the tanuki had touted one day, hefting his copious equipment atop the side of the bottle. "*Come get a whiff.*"

Right as the otter parted his lips to dig in, though, he received the same from Leif beneath him, taking him by surprise and again muddling his thoughts. The tanuki's tongue pressed out and forward, teasing in against the squeezing muscles, working its way in... until CJ felt himself brace a paw against his rump to spread himself and push back, squeezing Leif's head back between the pillow and his rear, lips still sealed, tongue trying to work itself deeper. Both against his rim as well as inside of him he could feel it, swirling and digging, slick saliva gathering there and dripping down the back of his sack.

CJ let a gasp shudder out from between his lips and across the tanuki's tailhole right against him, earning another small twitch from him, before he tilted his head forward and finally continued. From this angle he could easily bring both of his thumbs in along the rim of Leif's tailhole and give it a tug, pulling against the instinctive tightening of his muscles; CJ watched, squirming and grinding his rear against the tanuki's working jaw and tongue, as those wrinkles stretched and flattened out and as the soft pink of exterior skin pulled just barely open to show the warmer, richer reddish tone of interior flesh. He swallowed, sighed again, licked his lips, and then dragged his tongue over that little spot.

Just like he himself did, Leif jumped at the first touch and then relaxed, those muscles palpably loosening around the otter's tongue as he worked. A second lick, and a third, and a fourth, each slightly more forceful than the one before, each coming in towards the tip of his tongue just a little bit further until he could work that in through his rim, curling up against the muscles and then pulling out.

Leif now worked at CJ's rump as he did his muzzle when the two met for a kiss there – deep, heavy, intense, at no lack of tonguework or saliva. It left the otter breathless between Leif's legs, nearly needing to pause in his own ministrations to catch his breath, lightly scented with flowers and the gentle scent of tanuki.

All his favorites. CJ smirked and came back, taking a moment to swallow down the growing sticky slickness in his throat, then dove right back in: he settled his lips against the tanuki's tailhole and suckled gently, then slipped his tongue right back in, trying to mirror and reciprocate the sensations beneath his own tail.

All his favorites.