

20. Lactation

rykerkitsune

Shekh frowned as he followed the wolfess, urged on by her expression and fervent nodding. She seemed a bit out of breath, which was strange considering the two had spent the last several minutes sitting down to eat at the table. Kayti had been engaged in conversation, telling the hyena about what she had done since the two had last seen each other, doing that little maybe-flirting thing she always did, grinning and wagging at him – and then something had changed, had passed over her. Her eyes and expression had changed, she had stopped speaking as much, her posture had shifted so that first she leaned in over the table, then lifted up and stretched back, then seemed to have embarrassed herself by doing this and leaned forward again, crossing her arms in front of her chest.

She had looked a little uncomfortable for a moment. In the middle of one of his own stories Shekh had paused, frowned, looked her over, and asked if she was alright. The wolfess had met his eyes, swallowed, averted hers, looked back, and then definitely, obviously, adjusted her shirt and bra over her chest.

“Come with me?” she had said, voice quiet. *“I need your help with something. Now.”*

As usual, she gave him no choice in that soft-yet-firm way of hers. The hyena could feel the urgency as she pulled him along, glancing back behind them every now and then. First down one hallway, then around the corner and down the next, until the sounds of all the conversations and other things drifted back into a muted rumble. Kayti, panting, finally released his wrist and then leaned back against the wall, her paws clutching the sides of her chest.

“Kay.” Shekh leaned in, a little concerned. “Are you alright?”

The wolfess licked her lips and nodded, ears flicking around. It looked almost like what happened when she was on her heat, but some of the behavior was wrong, and the scent wasn’t there, and... “Yeah,” she answered, opening her eyes and looking up at him. “Yeah. I’m fine. I just – drank something, and then suddenly felt that I needed to, um...”

“What?”

Again she looked at him. Then, with no prelude or preparation, the wolfess leaned away from the wall, curled her fingers beneath her shirt, and tugged it up over her head, flipping her bra up as she went. Naturally Shekh felt his gaze drawn down to plump, heavy breasts, but this time there was indeed something different: the nipples were thicker and swollen, skin tinted a bit red, with a slow drizzle of smooth whitish milk leaking out in places. The interior of Kayti’s bra was also stained with it, the fabric a bit darker in places.

“I just...” She swallowed and looked down the hall, blushing. “I just *felt* it start. I don’t have anything to clean up, and I was wondering if you would – maybe, you know...”

Shekh frowned, then grinned. He half-lifted a paw, looked to her for assent, then closed the distance and ran his fingers in along soft, plush flesh, lifting and hefting in his palm. Immediately more of that liquid dripped out, shaken free from the motion; Kay shivered as it rolled down the front of her breast, and then Shekh smirked when he felt it pooling in the palm of his paw, quite warm.

He leaned in, settling his other paw in along the back of Kayti's waist to pull her forward a bit. Her blush deepened. "What?" he said, moving his grip around to encompass the front of that breast, and then gave another squeeze. The wolfess gasped and shivered in his grasp, and again this time felt those many little pinpoints of fluid pour out between his pads and into his fur. "Right *here*?"

Kay swallowed. "We don't have a *choice*. If I let it go on it's just gonna – soak my bra and shirt, and – look, I know it's asking a lot from you, and I'm *really* embarrassed, but if you could j- just... oh, *God*..."

He felt the sweet shiver bounce through her body as soon as he leaned in and set his maw around that leaking nipple, not even sucking at first but rather just letting his lips trace over the milk-slickened skin, feeling the stream as it trickled into his mouth and along his tongue. Warm when taken directly from the source, undeniably thick and sweet though still with some kind of rich, almost mustiness beneath it, making him scrunch up his muzzle – which in turn brought more of it out. The hyena adjusted the angle of his head and pressed his muzzle in more firmly, shifting his jaw in a tentative first suckle... and this time felt it spray out across his tongue and further back into his maw, filling his mouth quicker than he had expected.

Shekh swallowed it down, felt it coat his tongue and throat, and immediately pulled again from Kayti's leaking breast, and then again, and again. The wolfess squirmed against the wall beneath his working lips and tongue, the soft flesh of her breast padding the rest of his muzzle as he dug deeper in, the firmness of the swollen nipple and ducts providing an easy point to latch onto. Before he knew it his breath had shortened, coming in quick, shaky bursts between swallows, her warmth dripping down his throat and filling his belly.

His other paw slid smoothly up from around her back to heft and squeeze her other breast, too, the hyena running her nipple into the space between his fingers as he gripped her. The streams of milk sprayed out over his arm and shoulder and then dripped down the back of his paw, soaking and warming his fur just as it did his belly. The hyena slid back from his first focus, making sure to meet Kayti's eyes and flick his tongue over his lips, then moved over to do the same for the other breast as well. Her paw came down on the back of his head and held him in, cupping him against her as he suckled and swallowed, suckled and swallowed, jaw working in against the soft firmness of her breast, rivers of warm, thick milk trickling down his chin.

Finally he came back up, breath shallow, and wiped at his chin. He could still taste it on his breath, sweet and rich, slightly pungent... *intoxicating*. A few final trickles dripped out; Kay shivered again when Shekh flicked a fingerpad across one of her nipples, then swirled that finger into his muzzle.

"Glad to help," he said. Kayti seemed a bit out of breath again, though smoothly lowered her bra and shirt back down, giving both a little jiggle to fit them in place.

"Yeah," she answered, and shifted where she stood. "I, um... might need your help again later..."

Shekh grinned. "I would hope so."

21. Hookup

FoxBottom

Claire tapped the claws of his other paw on the table, trying at once to bury his natural nervousness while seeming like he felt right at home in a place like this. He had attracted nobody's attention since when he first entered the place about fifteen minutes ago, which was a bad sign for something like this. The employees had started eyeing him, too, as though they knew that he might be hurting their business, and that they could – and *should* – replace him with someone else, another participant from the surprisingly short list.

The fox sighed and leaned back in his chair, trying to maintain his outward façade of nonchalance as he flicked through his phone. In reality he was looking through the back-and-forth texts with the owner of the place, including the pictures and videos that had helped to cement his spot here. Those had been some of his best work so far, and he had gotten the owner's express encouragement just this morning; "*good luck this evening :)*" she had sent him. "*You'll do great.*" And yet here he sat, having attracted a total of zero customers.

Maybe, he thought, it just hasn't been long enough. There's plenty of others to choose from, and I did just walk in, and...

The sight of a long-fingered paw sliding down along his table interrupted his thoughts. The paw remained there for a second, black-furred fingers splaying for a moment, and then lifted away to show the two twenties that the patron had left there. Claire immediately dug back around in the tips he had been given and simply eyed the money, shifted in his seat, and looked back to his phone. From beside him – he couldn't quite see who it was or their species – the patron let out a small amused scoff, and placed another twenty on top of those two.

Sixty dollars... Claire shifted again, crossing one leg over the other, and straightened up to give his customer a once-over. *Tall* was the first thing he noticed, as well as the second and third, while *slim* was the fourth. A maned wolf, male, sleek of shoulder and muzzle, with warm green eyes that glowed in the dim light of the main room, his brushy tail swaying behind him and belying his amusement with the coy game. Their eyes met, they exchanged smirks, and then Claire once again looked back down to his phone.

This time it was a ten that joined the other bills on the table. That was his sign; the fox chuckled under his breath, reached forward to swipe the money into his pocket, and rose to face the maned wolf full-on. As much as he could, at least: with him standing hardly half a foot away even the tips of his ears hardly came level with the maned wolf's chin. Claire tilted his head back and gave his best smile.

"Hey there," he said, trying to smooth down the ripples of nervousness that came through on his voice. "What can I do for you?"

"Hey," the maned wolf responded, with a flick of a black-tipped ear. He looked over his choice and then held an arm out towards the back halls. "You can follow me into room six. Then you can drop your pants and raise that little tail of yours for me."

Claire slid out of his seat and followed his instructions, trailing behind the maned wolf. "Oh, my," he purred, amused that such simple words still brought a response out of him. "Straight to it, huh?"

"I've had my eye on you for the past seven minutes, and since nobody else seems to want a taste, I figured it'd be worth it to indulge myself."

He had a smooth, cool voice, a bit high for what Claire would expect from someone of his stature, but still sweet and gentle. The maned wolf led him down the hall and around the corner, and in a moment had fished the small key to the room out of his pocket and opened it up. Inside it smelled faintly of floral cleaner; he had already turned the lights down halfway and spread a towel out across the bed.

The door closed behind them, and once more Claire wasted no time. This was the part he was waiting for, the thing that had kept his heart in his throat through out the entire application process. He turned around and faced the maned wolf, this male whom he had never before seen, and with a well-maintained smirk reached to undo his pants fly, drop them down to his ankles, and kick them off. He wiggled his hips as he stripped for this stranger, then turned around again as he slid his thumbs beneath the waistband of his boxers. Another moment and those went too; he gave his rump a bit of a spread on the way down, then looked back again for further instruction-

-and instead felt one of those long-fingered paws between his shoulders, pushing him down towards the bed that came with each of these rooms. Claire's breath puffed out between his lips from the impact, and he hardly had a free second to breathe again before he felt two saliva-slickened fingers from the maned wolf's other paw slide up underneath his tail, poke in at his tailhole, spread his rim.

"I've been waiting all night for my usual to come back," the maned wolf sighed from above him. Claire felt his ears splay beneath the tickling of his breath, and pushed his hips back against that exploring paw. "But then I got impatient and saw you. Brand new, fresh, unfamiliar. You're resilient," said with those fingers sinking in to the second knuckle and splaying inside of him, "aren't you?"

Claire squirmed and sighed at the sensation, instinctively hiking his tail further. He loved a firm, confident man, and seeing how this maned wolf had already gotten right to it... he swallowed and looked behind himself, watching as the maned wolf slid his other paw down to begin at his own belt.

"Honey," he responded, watching those long fingers work both at that belt and underneath his tail, "I'm a fox. Of course I am."

The maned wolf swallowed. His belt came free, with his pants fly going a moment later. He tugged those down only halfway down his thighs, then immediately slid his fingers out of Claire's tailhole and to his muzzle; a second later it dropped back down, spreading sticky saliva over his already-hard shaft. Just as long as the rest of him.

"Good," he answered, and readjusted his angle. "Because *I'm* pent up, and ready for something new."

22. Cum inflation

FoxBottom

Claire gasped and lurched against the side of the bed again and again, his hard shaft slapping against his belly underneath him, the soft flesh of his rump bouncing with each thrust of the maned wolf behind him. So energetic, so forceful, and yet it still felt so *good*; there had of course been a couple rough patches they had had to work through along the way – it was their first time together, after all – but the maned wolf had been remarkably comfortable with everything.

From the way he had dug his fingers beneath the fox's tail and tried to heft him up from his hind end, to the way he'd had to half-crouch to get himself lined up; then how, after a few thrusts, he had dropped to his knees and still had to bend over due to his height to then slip his tongue beneath that tail; then how he had gotten back into place and wrapped himself around the much smaller male, one lanky arm wrapped around his midsection and the other draped along the bed, surprisingly-forceful hips slamming forward against Claire's rear.

His first for the night, and already he could tell he was going to be sore. The good kind of sore, of course, where each shift and clench sent a sweet shiver of a memory through his body of its source. He wished the maned wolf had been the one to sit back on the bed, wished that *he* had been the one to spread his legs and bring the fox in for some oral preparation, but then again, there might always be time for that later. Besides, the way he was right now, Claire had hardly any room in his head for coherent thought.

He swallowed and let his mouth hang open afterwards, muzzle resting sideways across one arm, breaths coming and going in fervent little moans. The maned wolf's panting breaths washed down across the back of his neck from above, almost perfectly in rhythm with the quick, forceful thrusts against Claire's rump, each one adding a firm *slap* to the sounds already in the room.

"*I'm pent up,*" he had said, and then gotten right to work. Claire didn't even know his name yet, but going by the way the maned wolf fucked, he didn't really care. There were more important things to get in place first, and among those, certainly, was the as of yet unswollen knot at the base of his shaft, his supple sheath pushing back with each press into the fox's tailhole, the slight bulge stretching him in just the right way.

From above, the maned wolf growled softly and gritted his teeth, one of his long-fingered paws digging more firmly into Claire's waist. The fox felt him tighten up and pull him back, then opened his eyes just enough to see the maned wolf start to straighten up above him. Those thrusts became quicker and more urgent, interspersed with fewer pauses; that paw moved back, thumb running in beneath his tail, to drag along the already-stretched rim of his tailhole and spread him further; and then, with a quick, short series of little barks, the maned wolf arched his back, shuddered, and buried those seven and a half inches deep inside of Claire.

He moved to pull back out, but this time was unable to. Claire opened his eyes, pulled himself up a bit, leaned forward, and felt himself held tight at the end of that quickly-swelling knot, the pressure growing on the inside of his tailhole and locking him to this strange male. His fingers tightened around the blanket atop the bed, and in another second that strange, uncomfortable pressure turned to extended pleasure.

"A-ah..." panted the maned wolf. Claire could feel each strong, forceful pulse through him, not only in the shaft buried inside of him but also in the body atop him, nearly doubling over at the end of each spurt. "*God – fuck, I'm...*"

Claire shivered again and pushed back as far as he could, welcoming each and every one of those thick spurts inside of him. Already he could tell they were more voluminous than anyone he had had before, as he could actually *feel* them emptying out inside of him, thick ropes of hot, sticky wetness unloading into him, again and again and again. Each one came with a tug on the maned wolf's thick knot, pulling at his tailhole yet never coming free.

He swallowed and squirmed underneath the maned wolf, the other male having rested his weight atop his back. "Mm..." the fox rumbled, enjoying the closeness and the unfamiliar scent, "is that right? That all you got, mister pent-up?"

"N-no, I'm..." The maned wolf gritted his teeth and bucked again. The pressure increased. "I'm not – *ah...* not done yet..."

Sure enough, if Claire focused and stopped clenching quite so hard, he could still feel those throbs, those spurts emptying out deep inside his already-filled bowels. Again and again, rope after rope dumping out inside of him, with each shift in position or little movement causing the load to slosh around inside of him; after a moment he lifted up, swallowed again, and ran a paw down his front. Flat chest, flat midsection... slightly bulging belly, as though he had both just eaten a large meal as well as had his bladder full. That was fairly close to what it felt like, too, even once the maned wolf relaxed more fully on top of him and stopped grunting every other second.

Hot, sticky, *thick*... the fox pressed his fingers in against his belly and felt the massive load inside of him squish and slosh again, the heat of it seeping out from inside. He suppressed a soft burp that suddenly worked its way up, and imagined he could almost *taste* it, too, soft and flat, rich and slightly bitter.

The maned wolf sighed softly and gave another tug to his tailhole, this time pulling just far enough for some of that load to start trickling out of Claire's tailhole. It rolled down the back of his sack and pooled at the edge of the bed, then dripped down from there as well.

Claire shuddered, his own cock still throbbing hard beneath him. "How-" He swallowed again and lifted up, not wanting to put too much pressure on his slightly-swollen belly. "How long does your knot last?"

"Ten minutes..." the maned wolf rumbled, long muzzle settled in place alongside Claire's.

"And all of that was-"

"Mhmm. That's why I set the towel out first. I *told* you I was pent up."

"Yeah, but-"

"We're gonna need it."

23. Hands-free orgasm

FoxBottom

Claire had to brace his rear against the otter behind him to keep himself up, his legs threatening to buckle beneath him at any moment. Firm yet gentle paws gripped his waist, tugging him back each time the other male thrust forward and lifting him up just a bit, squeezing his hard shaft between his lower belly and the soft give of the bed beneath him. Each of those thrusts, when hilted underneath his tail, also pushed a breathy, shivering moan out from between parted lips, the fox's eyes closed under the sweet sensation of the rhythm.

What a turn of events things had taken: he had attended a concert a while back with the plan to meet someone else for a date there, only to run into Lukas, this otter, instead. Claire had had a hundred

things on his mind from heated conversations with his supposed date leading up to the concert, and admittedly had gone into meeting Lukas with many of those things still on his mind. The otter had quickly, easily caught on and reciprocated the advances, though-

"Change of plans," Claire remembered him saying. *"There's a clearing behind some trees out past the bathrooms. That's close enough, isn't it?"* Then, hardly five minutes later, the fox was on his knees before the otter with Lukas bringing himself out of his pants, legs spread a bit, head back, fingers moving to roll his thick, supple foreskin back... all of the same things that they had done today, just earlier.

Or, well, *most* of the same things. Claire could still taste the otter's musk on his tongue and lips, warm and deep, rich and intoxicating; his body responded reflexively to Lukas's movements, his back arching and hips churning, bringing the otter's length deeper into him with each thrust, slipping smoothly forward off of him every time he pulled back.

All of the work-up, all of the buildup... the fox adjusted his position and rested his muzzle along his folded arms, letting the force of the thrust bounce through him and jiggle his body along the bed. Each one sent a wave of pleasure through him from the sheer *sensation* of Lukas pushing deep into him, the otter panting above him, as well as it made him squirm and tighten from the feeling of his own shaft pushing along the mattress of the bed.

"I'm not really much of a top," Lukas had explained beforehand, while unbuttoning his pants fly with Claire on his knees in front of him. The fox remembered the look on his face, the slight amusement, when his half-hard shaft flopped out across his muzzle, and when Claire moved back just enough to pull that soft foreskin between his lips and slip his tongue inside. *"But for you I'd be willing to try. No promises it'll be any good, though."*

No promises, and yet here Claire was, alternating between gritting his teeth and digging his claws into the fabric of the sheet, able to feel the pulsing heat of his peak building up inside him, the flames fanned with each impact of the otter's hips against his rump. Lukas shifted his position as well, leaving one paw on Claire's waist while the other wrapped around his middle chest; he pulled the fox up against him, chest to back, muzzle settled in along Claire's shoulder, breath coming out hot and hard in his neck. The fox gasped and moaned again with the new sensations, Lukas's length pressing deeper into him, pushing in all of the right places and squeezing in against him, filling him with heat and pleasure and making his own hard shaft jump and drip against the bed all over again.

"Need me - to-" Lukas swallowed and tightened his arm around Claire's body. "-slow down?"

First the fox shook his head, not trusting his voice to work, but then went on anyway. "No," he replied, with a firm push back from his hips to punctuate it, "never. Faster. *Harder*, I'm-"

Once more Lukas adjusted his other paw, this time pushing it down along the fox's inner thigh and squeezing him against him there, the back of his fingers brushing against Claire's bouncing shaft. Lukas nearly lifted Claire up against him from there, pounding down into the fox with the springiness of the bed bouncing him back against him. The fox squeezed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth again, his moans still trickling their way out between his teeth, every muscle in his body tensing up, his legs twitching, his lower body shaking, his knees threatening to go out...

And then, simply, they did. Claire felt himself suddenly pull down along Lukas's front, forcing the otter to swiftly readjust yet again and temporarily interrupting his rhythm, but then the feeling of that hard shaft pressing into him from above and behind, the weight of the otter's balls against his own, and the warmth of his body against his own, did it for him. Claire gasped, shivered, squeezed at the bed, pushed himself back, and then jerked forward, then did so again, and again, each time with another wave of hot, sharp pleasure shooting through him, tailhole squeezing tight around the otter's buried length. It kept on coming, pushing out further as Lukas picked his pace back up, until Claire could feel the familiar hot stickiness seeping into the mattress underneath him, and the slickness streaking his length.

Soon Lukas slowed his pace as well, though he gave a few more deep, firm thrusts beneath the fox's tail. He leaned in over him from behind and ran his nose along the fox's neck.

"Did you just...?"

Dazed and exhausted, Claire rolled his head to the side and nodded. He gave as much of a clench around Lukas's length as his drained body could. "Mhmm."

"Gosh." Those thrusts picked back up, each one now sending a ripple of sweet satisfaction through the fox's lower body. "Give me a few, and then I'll ask you to return the favor."

Claire arched his back and squeezed around the otter again, loving the little way his breath caught in his throat in response. "Sounds like a dream."

24. Feral

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The fox took a cursory glance around the stable and then, satisfied with his privacy, strode over to the stall where he knew his own mount was kept. A huge, beautiful feral drake, crimson-red scales that glistened in whatever light fell across them, short well-kept horns over its head, a glimmering crest that shone in the colors of the rainbow around its neck and down its back, disappearing beneath the hand-carved, well-oiled black leather saddle striding its bodily girth.

That had been his most recent major investment, that saddle. Rusty, the fox, grinned as his mount lifted its head to face him, then reached forward to scratch beneath the reptilian chin. "Only the best of the best," he cooed, nearly touching his muzzle to the drake's, "for my beautiful Sunfire..."

It had been a stroke of what would soon become classic good luck for the large fox, if the heavy pouch of coin hanging from his belt were any sign. He continued along down Sunfire's body, running his fingerpads over the side of the drake to feel the small, slight spaces between scales, smooth and soft like a snake's yet firm, hard, *sharp* were he to pull in the opposite direction. A chance encounter and, again, a stroke of luck left the dragon in his ownership, and very quickly he learned what a treasure he had in his hands.

Sometimes literally, *in his hands*. Rusty took one more glance around the stable, ensuring that the stall door was closed, and then knelt down behind Sunfire's haunches. The dragon let out a small huff and instinctively raised its long, lash-like tail, those scales in back parting to show the sleek, supple pink flesh of the feral drake's tailhole. Sunfire certainly had a *heavy pouch*, as well: Rusty leaned around to give the

dragon a smirk as he reached forward, hefting those massive balls in his palms, one for each.

“Look at you...” he breathed, running his muzzle in along the base of the dragon’s tail. As usual its scent hit him like that of a butchery, hard and unrelenting, sharp enough to curl his nose, yet still filling him with an undeniable hunger and want. Rusty licked his lips and lifted those balls up, feeling their immense weight and the superior heat radiating out from within. “My beautiful, terrible beast. You know I treat you well, don’t you?...”

Of course it was a rhetorical question. Rusty needed only to lift those balls up and away to see the response that his touch had already stirred in the dragon, the soft-skinned sheath pulsing and giving way to the familiar barbed draconic length underneath its body, sleek and slick. Sunfire stirred and widened its stance, nearly grinding its body down against its owner’s paws and muzzle; Rusty chuckled and kept one paw in place there, sliding the other forward and underneath to run that fat sheath between his fingers to pull it back further.

“Yeah. Just look at you, begging for my touch, wanting more...”

He had been terrified of drakes like this as a kit. Anyone with half a head on their shoulders was. As he grew up, though, and especially once Sunfire almost literally fell into his paws, he had learned to love them – and then how to really *love* them, with this one particularly so. An exploratory paw at night behind the stables followed by a curious muzzle, which led to a mouthful of hot, rich dragon seed, then another, and another, and another...

Rusty sighed softly, leaning his weight more firmly against Sunfire’s side. He slid his paw up from sheath to shaft, running his fingerpads over the soft ridges and barbs, feeling the way the natural slickness dripped down into his fur.

“You’re so...” He swallowed, brought that paw to his muzzle, took a deep sniff of the musk. “*Formidable*. These right here,” said with another heft of heavy balls, “produce more in one go than what little old me can in a week. We’ve tried, too, remember? And yet you still... move and shudder when I touch you, you give yourself entirely to me, you...”

The fox actually had to bend over a bit to accommodate the way the large drake thrust forward and down into his paw, those heavy balls tightening up against its body with each thrust. Rusty chuckled and brought his paw closer to the tip, wrapping his fingers around it, squeezing and rubbing, while he dragged his thumb up and down the back of Sunfire’s sack, letting the intense heat and humidity seep into his fur.

“...nearly beg for it, a creature of such power and force as you, beautiful Sunfire.” Now he wrapped his paw around its length and pushed down towards the sheath, then back up again; another shudder racked the drake’s body, and it huffed again through flared nostrils. Thick, sticky drips of arousal oozed down from the dragon’s tip and along Rusty’s arm, rolling over his fur and clinging to his sleeve. Sometimes he intentionally rubbed it into his wrist so he could keep himself awake and amused during long, boring days meeting clients or settling negotiations. The fox settled down onto his haunches and drew his paw away from Sunfire’s heavy sack, only to then bring it in to squeeze and rub at the drake’s sheath while he continued stroking with the other.

He licked his lips. “And the best part? All of that power, all of that ferocity, and yet...” He could feel it

building up already in the drake's abdomen, the hot, twitching urgency, the building pressure and pleasure. Countless long nights together had showed him all of Sunfire's tells. "Yet you still cum at *my* command. So, I say now: *release*."

Sunfire huffed again, then growled and rumbled, and finally bucked forcefully down into the fox's paws. Rusty leaned to the side to watch that tailhole clench and tighten, and those balls rise and shiver, as he felt the drake's shaft twitch, pulse, throb, and then spurt in his paws, emptying out rope after rope of thick, hot seed out across the floor of the stall, so heavy that the impact of it hitting the floor smacked out into the air, again and again. Rusty waited, feeling each spurt empty out through Sunfire's length, and then finally drew his dripping paws away from underneath his mount.

"That's right," he rumbled, rising back to his feet. He ran a paw in alongside his muzzle, dragging his tongue along the load dripping from his fur. "You know who has the power between us. I'll see you tomorrow, Sunfire."