

Kai rested an arm up behind his head while he worked, the other in its familiar place down across his body and between his legs, fingers gently wrapped around himself, paw stroking and sliding over slick, hard flesh. Each push, each stroke, sent another small shiver of pleasure vibrating through his hips and up his back, and with his eyes closed and mind somewhere else he could imagine it to be the tight, supple tailhole of an otter pushing down along his shaft, squeezing right up to the top of his knot and then pulling back up, again and again. He imagined firm paws on his chest for balance, hot breaths pumping out above his head, a thick rudder resting across his legs, a full sack and another hard length bouncing and slapping against his lower belly... and he moved that other arm down from behind his head where he had just put it, this time sliding it down to cup his own sack and rub there.

Thumb in place and fingers rolling gently back and forth, cupping and squeezing, feeling the heat of his own body as well as the humidity of his natural musk gathered throughout the day, the wolf sighed and rolled his head to the side again. It was good – *really* good – but, still... the fantasy shifted and changed, and with it he did as well. He sat back and up against the wall with his pillow pressed underneath his neck, lifted his knees up a bit, spread his legs, half-curved over himself. In his imagination it was the wet heat of the otter's hard cock resting against his lower chest, when in reality it was still his own; this angle made it a little awkward to continue stroking himself, so he dropped off of that and instead held both paws along the backs of his thighs, simply holding himself in place there. He throbbed, throbbed against himself, heavy slickness seeping into his soft fur, and – with his own rich musk slowly wafting up and filling his nose, dripping its way around his head like a thick syrup.

Slowly the wolf opened his eyes again. The field of black fur stretched out in front of him, a valley creased with faint lines of muscle between his lifted legs, knees up and held in place by his arms. Right in the middle of that valley, twitching and jumping above his heavy sack, his bright-fleshed length stood out, glistening with natural wetness in the light of the room, eagerness and need evident in the drip of clear pre hanging down behind the tapered tip.

Looking at himself, *smelling* himself, gave him another throb. His length pulsed, veins bulging for half a second, unswollen knot straining where it remained half-buried still inside his sheath, the supple skin there rolling partially back. Then again, and again, each time with another wave of warm, intoxicating scent wrapping around his senses and pulling him in. Kai licked his lips, swallowed, brought a paw up to run his fingerpads along his length, lifted them away to see the pads glistening with that slight greasy slickness. That, too, he brought to his muzzle, taking a deep, slow breath of his scent not quite from the source, but-

Kai stopped there, fingers against his lips and nose, his own musk making him twitch and thrust into the air. Why not from the source? Slowly, carefully, he began to lower himself back down, ensuring the pillow remained underneath his head and spreading his legs. Eyes fixed on his goal, he found a comfortable position along the bed, ran his paws down his body, hooked the fingers of one paw behind his thigh, braced the other against the mattress... and then used that along with one footpaw on the bed as leverage to lift his lower body up, while his upper back remained pressed against the mattress.

It took a few tries and some further adjustment, but before long he had gotten into the position he had envisioned, his upper back and head still against the mattress while his lower body bent above himself, knees hanging down near his shoulders, footpaws braced sideways against the wall. Curled fully up over himself like this there was nowhere for that scent and heat to go: it felt and *smelled* as though he had his own head squeezed between his thighs with his nose up against his cock, and really, he almost did. Kai looked over his length again, so close, so tantalizing... he couldn't quite reach it from here, but with a

well-placed paw gripping the base of his shaft and another pulling his hips closer to himself, he could almost, *almost* manage it.

Then, finally, he did. The arousal and anticipation sent another throb through him, which in turn emptied a little burst of freshy, salty pre out across his waiting lips. This in turn revitalized his arousal further, which just made it happen again; he rumbled softly and licked his lips, then twitched when he realized that he was close enough to catch his own tip along that lick. Just a hint of his own taste, rich and sharp, savory, burst across his tongue and then was gone. He shifted yet again, spread his legs, wrapped both paws around his hips, and then pulled himself in – and parted his lips so that the first half-inch of his own length could slip in between them.

The slickness was definitely there, as was the pure, concentrated musk, hot and rich, sticking to his lips and tongue and quickly filling his maw. He closed his eyes again, but this time imagined nothing other than what was actually happening: he could pull on his hips and lift his head, and so long as he ignored the slight aching strain it put in the back of his neck and upper back, he could push about halfway into his muzzle, cupped tongue feeling over all of the little veins and contours, back of his throat catching the repeated spurts of pre and dripping musk.

Kai suckled softly along himself as he worked, pushing his hips forward and back into his own muzzle, his length caught firmly between his lips. His tongue stretched out a little bit further, *almost* far enough to graze along the lip of his sheath – but not quite. The most he could do was flick the tip across the still-unswollen bulge of his knot, another bright, intense sensation adding to everything else.

Each throb he felt both in his abdomen as well as between his lips, hard flesh pulsing and growing for a fraction of a second. Each twitch and buck pushed in over his tongue and filled his muzzle with another spray of pre; each shiver and inhalation strengthened his own musk in his nose and on his breath, his own balls hanging down so close to his nose so that he could nearly nuzzle up against them.

Soon he fell into a steady, intoxicating rhythm, paws on his lower back pushing himself into his muzzle, lips tight and tongue cupped, jaw working as he sucked along the upper half of his own cock. Kai kept his eyes closed but remained firmly in the present, enjoying the sensation both between his thighs as well as his lips, loving every moment of the slickness, the scent, the taste, and the *knowledge* of what he was doing. From there it didn't take long at all for him to feel his peak approaching, hot pressure building up in his abdomen, threatening to forcible unfurl his legs from himself so that he could unload across his belly and chest.

He didn't, though. If anything, that extra pressure and arousal spurred him to squeeze closer in on himself, his tongue stretching out to tease behind his growing knot; he squeezed his eyes shut, swallowed down his own slick taste, pushed his hips forward and down once, twice, a third time... then braced his elbows firmly against the bed underneath himself, his legs straightening out and kicking up into the air, trying to push against a nonexistent surface to unload deep into his own muzzle.

The taste was unexpected, sharp and a bit sour, undeniably himself with the same note of familiar headiness on it. Each spurt brought with it a powerful pulse between his lips and on his tongue, his knot swelling up and pushing its way free from his sheath, so close to his own mouth. A little bit of extra pulling just barely allowed it to brush up against his lips, but from there the discomfort grew and he had to uncurl from himself; his hard shaft popped free from his maw where he still held his own load, glazing over his tongue and the roof of his mouth, mixing with the liquid musk that had gathered there.

Panting, exhausted, and deeply satisfied, the wolf straightened up, swallowed down his taste, did so again, and then rubbed at his lower back. Maybe he should have stretched first.

*Or, he thought, I just need more practice.*