

The visit started out simply enough, from a midday awakening to the drive out to the airport, then waiting there past the scheduled time, through a small panic during which the three-hour delay had been discovered, then more waiting. A brief detour to a nearby restaurant and back, followed by a somewhat uncomfortable nap there in the plastic seats of the waiting area.

Then, finally, Askia felt himself shaken gently awake by strong paws, one on his shoulder and the other on his wrist. He opened his bleary eyes, yawned, and then looked forward right into Shekh's face and cool green eyes, striped hyena facing African wild dog, and beside him, the hyena's partner greeting his own, small ocelot on sleek housecat. They both looked tired from the journey, and relieved to finally be on the ground again.

"Looks like you two were in no rush to greet us," Shekh cooed, amusement evident on his muzzle. Askia chuckled, rolled his eyes, and threw his arms around the hyena to pull him down against him, where the two remained for a moment before getting up. His scent, familiar and comfortable though with a distinct touch of something new, filled the wild dog's nose and awareness and made his tail wag against the seat.

The delay meant that these two especially wanted to get home to relax, and after a quick discussion of whether they should go out again the four elected to just head back instead with Mika, Askia's housecat partner, breathing a little sigh of relief at the decision. Askia drove with Shekh in the passenger seat beside him, and in back sat the two cats chatting among themselves, the ocelot Kekipi showing Mika through some pictures on his phone and occasionally laughing out loud.

"So," Shekh said, his lower voice still able to cut above the animated energy of the two in back. He shifted in his seat and leaned closer to Askia beside him, though his muzzle pointed to look out the window instead. "What're our plans for the weekend?"

"Well..." Askia went it over in his head. "Nothing today. We *were* gonna hit that one steakhouse I told you about."

"Yeah. I was excited for that. But then that dang delay, right?"

"Then that dang delay. So we can do that tomorrow, after the aquarium. I know Kekipi's really excited for that."

"Yeah. He is." Over their shoulders the ocelot let out another sharp laugh, followed by a quiet "*oh, wait, shit, that's not – pretend you didn't see that one, okay?*" Shekh glanced backwards, a smirk on his muzzle, and flicked his ears at Mika's muttered "*well, color me impressed. No, no, go back. That's him?*" "Anything else? We're here the whole weekend, and then another few days."

"I wanted to take you by the tea shop downtown, too."

"Oh, right. You mentioned that."

"And then that really big sex shop..."

Shekh half-covered his mouth with a mocha-furred paw, though the edges of his grin showed from beneath. "Oh, my. Spoiling me, aren't you?"

“Well, you deserve it.” Askia glanced away from the road for a moment to give him a smile, and then looked back. In that moment leading off into silence a sweet, sharp little tingle passed between the two of them, a shared knowledge of something deeper vibrating up.

Leading up to this visit there had been nearly countless teasing messages and described scenarios, explicit photos and short videos driving the poor wild dog to the edge of sanity with arousal. Only some of this intense, thrumming need could be relieved on his mate Mika, though each thrust up under his tail, each pound of hips against rump, each teeth-gritting, lip-biting orgasm across the housecat’s belly and chest just sharpened the need further.

He felt that Mika and Kekipi had a similar situation, too. At the next red light Askia glanced up into the rearview and watched the two of them, Mika now the one showing the other cat something on his phone. He knew for a fact that those two spoke quite often, and sometimes of things that Mika wasn’t too eager to show his mate.

It was like a mutual knowledge, and a mutual agreement to not press any further than was necessary. Part of the fun, Askia figured, lay in pretending that the other didn’t know. The light turned green and he set his footpaw to the gas, though also reached over to give Shekh’s leg a squeeze as well. The hyena returned his smile and reached down to rest his paw on Askia’s, and then a moment later the touch was done.

It was a bit of a drive back home, and once there it was quite clear that the two were more than glad to be there. The first thing Shekh did was toss his bags to the side and flop facedown on the couch, with Kekipi crawling up and wiggling his way under his arm a moment later. Askia and Mika chuckled among themselves and then went to finish cleaning up the house while the two rested; while there they shared a few looks, smirks, and at one point a mutual pinch to the rump and soft kiss, but neither said anything about what they knew hung between them.

Or, more specifically, what hung between wild dog and striped hyena, and between ocelot and housecat, specifically. When he stepped back into the living room and looked over to see Shekh snoozing softly on his belly, all Askia could imagine was going up, tugging those slim pants down the hyena’s legs, and fitting his muzzle up beneath that short, brushy tail – and by the way Mika looked at Kekipi, he probably had a similar thought in his head for the ocelot as well.

It wasn’t a long nap, though. As he was still building up the courage to take the step that he knew he wouldn’t be able to, Askia suddenly noticed those green eyes on him again. Shekh pulled himself up, wiped at his mouth and eyes, yawned, and then sat the rest of the way up, Kekipi stirring and curling around him.

“Sorry about that,” he mumbled, looking from Askia where he stood a short distance away to Mika lounging in the other chair. “More tired than I thought. What’s the plan? What’re we doing?”

It was Mika who perked up this time, his long tail flicking around off the edge of the chair. “We gotta figure something out for dinner,” he offered, pulling himself up a bit further. “Usually Kia’s the one cooking, but we weren’t expecting to have to today, since – you know, steakhouse.”

"Yeah." Shekh glanced down as Kekipi also sat up beside him, his little muzzle stretching in a big yawn for such a small cat. "I get it. Well, what've we got? I'll help, of course."

"That's the thing-" Askia began, only to have Mika continue over him.

"Tequila!" The cat held up the bottle, half-empty, that he had taken to the chair with him. "And just about nothing else."

Askia wrung his paws. "Yeah. We were planning to take you guys to the store with us tomorrow, but again, we weren't expecting to have to cook tonight. So it looks like we'll have to make a little detour. I was thinking we c--"

He stopped again, this time without Mika needing to say anything. Instead it was the sound of a *pop* and a few measured gulps that caught his attention, and when he looked over the cat had tilted the bottle back, bubbles filtering up through the golden-amber liquid. Green eyes glittered up at Askia from above that upended bottle.

After a moment he lowered it back down, swallowed, coughed, coughed again, and shook his head. "What?" he said, then coughed another time. "It's not like we're going anywhere."

"It's not like *you're* going anywhere," Askia said. He looked back to Shekh and rolled his eyes. "You wanna come with me? Kekipi, would you like to keep my idiot boyfriend company?"

The ocelot nodded, barely hiding a grin on his face. "I'd love to keep your idiot boyfriend company."

"Great. Sorry about this," the wild dog went on, first to Kekipi and then to Shekh. The hyena bumped his muzzle against his boyfriend's shoulder and then moved to stand up. "Let's go ahead and get this out of the way."

Kekipi smiled up at him. "Okay," he drawled, ears perked. "I'll be here. Come back soon, okay? Love you."

Shekh leaned down for a kiss. The ocelot held him in for a second and then a third.

"Okay," he said, finally managing to pull himself away. "See you soon."

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And they were out the door. Mika sank back into the chair and tilted the bottle back for another swig, already able to feel the tingling burn from the first mouthful start to recede. As soon as the front door closed Kekipi glanced over to him and grinned, but then rolled his eyes at the treatment the housecat gave the bottle.

"I can see why that thing's almost empty," he said, pulling himself to his feet. The smaller ocelot stretched his arms over his head and then started across the room towards where Mika sat. "Seeing how you attack it like a feral animal."

“What?” Mika held his arms out in defense. “What can I say? It’s the weekend. We’re not going anywhere.” He paused to stifle a burp. “And now it’s just you and I for a bit. Why not enjoy it?”

That brought a smirk out of the ocelot. Kekipi stood above him, his height meaning that him standing up still came about even with Mika lounging back. He looked over the cat where he lay, draped unceremoniously sideways over the chair with his legs hanging off of one arm and his back propped against the other, and then rolled his eyes again and moved to join him there. Mika lifted the bottle up and out of the way, then let his arms wrap in around the ocelot once he settled into place.

He was warm. *Very* warm; the housecat sighed softly and tugged Kekipi in closer against him, temporarily forgetting about the open bottle of tequila. The two had been chatting about finally getting to do something like this since their last visit, usually with the idea of booze or some other substance passing back and forth between them. “*Let them do their thing,*” Mika had said about Shekh and Askia. “*We’ll have our own good time.*”

Kekipi took a moment longer to settle into place, his back against the housecat’s chest, and then reached up to rest an arm under his head. No sooner than he had done that, though, he also scrunched up his muzzle and turned his head away from the open bottle, a noise of disgust on his lips.

“God,” he breathed, and waved a paw before his nose. “I don’t know how that stuff is your *favorite*.”

“Tequila?” Mika knocked it back again. He thought about digging out his phone to request that the two pick up a replacement bottle, but didn’t want to move from his current comfortable spot. “I don’t know how it’s not yours.”

“It’s gross!”

“Is not.” This last mouthful he kept in his muzzle, swished it around, and then swallowed it back, the tingling heat of it spreading across his tongue and throat. “Here, I’ll prove it.”

Maybe the alcohol had already worked its magic on him – they *had* forgone a full lunch in favor of making sure they were at the airport when Shekh and Kekipi arrived. Maybe it was just the hour and a half or so of sitting in the backseat with this little ocelot, talking and laughing, catching up on everything they had missed, and sharing little touches and squeezes out of the view of the rearview on the way back. Maybe it was the way his gentle scent, rich yet still sweet and floral, washed over him with Kekipi’s body against his own.

Whatever it was, the housecat let his other arm drape down around Kekipi’s shoulder, and used that as leverage to lean in over him. Bright blue eyes flickered up at him for a moment, but then were gone beneath closed lids – and Mika pressed his lips in against Kekipi’s, the ocelot taking a moment to find a more comfortable angle. As it turned out, this angle meant that he ended up squeezed between the housecat on top of him and the chair underneath, his legs spread around Mika’s waist with the nearly-empty bottle of tequila held precariously by the neck near his head; the housecat leaned in, drew his tongue over Kekipi’s upper lip, nipped it between his own, pulled back, and let a shuddering breath out over the ocelot’s muzzle, making his nose scrunch up with the bite of the alcohol.

“God,” he murmured, his words making those whiskers flick. “Don’t know how long I’ve been wanting to do that.”

Kekipi squirmed underneath him. Was that a blush beneath the whitish fur of his cheeks – or, more importantly, was that arousal twitching between his thighs, spread against Mika's lower body?

"I can tell," the ocelot replied, avoiding Mika's eyes. His long tail flicked around between them. "But – *God*, no, that's still nasty. The tequila."

"Well. Here." Mika, heart fluttering from the quick yet deep kiss, struggled in extricating himself from on top of the smaller cat and rose to his feet. He started making his way across the room towards the kitchen, with his ears flicking back at the sound of Kekipi following. "We might have something else in the cupboard. I stopped looking when we still had some of this; I thought we'd run out, and-"

"Hey."

Mika stopped where he stood near the door. Kekipi's small paws grasped at the sides of his shirt to hold him in place there. Slowly he turned and looked down at the shorter cat.

"I said it was nasty..." the ocelot went on. He lifted up onto his tiptoes and, one paw on Mika's chest and the other hooked around the waistband of his pants, fingers curled in along soft white fur. "But I don't think I got enough of a taste to tell you whether I liked it or not. Do it again."

That immediately earned a grin from the housecat. He rested his arms over Kekipi's shoulders, suddenly wondering what he had done with the bottle, then let one continue down his back towards the base of his tail. Thumb hooked around, fingers curling beneath... settling into the warm give of his rump, teasing around the fabric of his pants, pulling the ocelot in against him again.

Lips to lips, tongue against tongue, one suckling gently along the other's mouth; Kekipi pressed himself forward against Mika and grinded in against him, paws on his waist with his own rump pushing back into the housecat's grip, where his other paw had dropped to join the first. Before long he had turned him around again so that Kekipi was the one with his back to the wall, head tilted to the side and lips barely parted once the other cat's sharp teeth started to make their way down his revealed neck and shoulder. A low purr rumbled in his throat; his other paw scrabbled against the wall behind him, claws flexing at the smooth surface.

Mika kept one paw on the ocelot's waist and trailed the other in front, quickly finding the button of his pants. "It'd be good to finish up before they get back," he rumbled, with another nip against his collarbone. "They won't know a thing. You're quick, aren't you?"

"Shut up," Kekipi chuckled, then pulled in a low gasp. Though somewhat numbed with the tingling of the alcohol making its way through him, Mika still had next to no trouble in pulling that button free and then the zipper underneath. The ocelot rested an arm over his shoulder for support while he lifted first one leg and then the other to kick his pants – and underwear – off. "I'd like to see how long you can hold on with half that bottle in you, and already-"

Mika intercepted that second leg right as Kekipi moved to set it back down. Instead of letting him lower it back down to the floor the housecat wrapped his arm underneath and up towards the other male's knee, lifting him both up from the floor as well as pressing him back against the wall. Knocked briefly off-balance Kekipi gasped again and stumbled, though of course Mika was there to catch him. Ocelot

paws on housecat shoulders, housecat arms lifting up underneath both legs... he ginned at the expression on the smaller cat's face, as Kekipi suddenly found himself no longer touching the ground. Instead he was held up against the wall by his back with both of his legs squeezed beneath Mika's shoulders.

Mika waited a moment, then grinned. "What was that?" he said, starting to lean in. "Wanna try that again?"

Kekipi waved a paw in front of his muzzle. "You smell like tequila," he grumbled. Even as he leaned in Mika could still feel the intense, humid heat of the ocelot's growing arousal against his chest, so close that his scent wafted up over him and then slid into their kiss, once it began again. This time it was slower and softer, lips brushing against lips and then just as smoothly pulling free so that he could guide himself further down over the ocelot's cheek, then his jaw, then his shoulder.

Kekipi squirmed a bit in his grasp and stretched his arms up against the wall, stretching out in the housecat's grip. Mika had to drop him back down a few inches to continue kissing his way down, over the smooth, soft fur of his chest and down over his flat belly. As he went he relaxed and shifted his grip on the other cat's legs, moving them so that first one and then the other draped over his shoulders, paws clamping down on them from around and above. Kekipi shifted further with that adjustment and lifted himself up, which resulted in a brush of his arousal against the housecat's chin.

That was fine: that had been his next target anyway. First he tossed a smirk up across Kekipi's body, and then he looked back down, drew in the other cat's rich yet soft scent... and then he closed the distance there, nose trailing in along where soft white bellyfur puffed out into the thicker, sharper pubic fur, and then just a little bit past there. The tip of Kekipi's length, poking out of his sheath, brushed against his chin and then his lips – and then Mika slid down a little bit further to bring that into his maw, lips sliding down over slick flesh to lock against supple skin in another slower, deeper kiss.

The ocelot around his head sighed and shook, a pulse of energy bouncing through his sheath and shaft. Mika remained there for a moment, lips tight and tongue digging, swirling, flicking, eager yet still careful. By the time he lifted up and away he had coaxed the ocelot another good two inches out of his sheath, slick saliva coating his revealed length and clinging to the lip of his sheath into which his tongue had dug.

Once more Mika looked up, licked his lips, and swallowed, that sharper, richer taste cutting in above the smoky bite of the tequila. It was a good taste, and one that he had imagined and fantasized about since the last time the four of them had hung out. He and Askia had lounged back in one bed and watched while Shekh had his fun with, all over, and across Kekipi, the ocelot squirming and panting against the bed and the sounds of their shared pleasure filling the hotel room.

Even with all of that on display, Shekh with his mocha-cream fur and chocolate stripes bending across his back and thighs as he leaned backwards, head back and mouth open, hips churning and shaking – even with Kekipi gripping at the hyena's thighs or at his own chest, or digging his claws into the blankets with his face scrunched up and body tensing, even with all of that back then, Mika still hesitated as he drew his paws down to heft the ocelot's body up a little bit further.

"Is it..." He swallowed. All he could smell was him. "Is it *okay* that we're doing this? I mean, Shekh and I have hardly ever had a conversation, and we didn't ask permission, and..."

In response Kekipi tightened his legs around the housecat's head and used that leverage to lift himself up further. His plump, hot sack brushed up against Mika's nose and lips, and before he could consciously respond, he had leaned in to nuzzle in between those balls, drawing deep of his scent with his paws squeezing around the smaller cat's thighs again.

"I think it's fine," Kekipi rumbled. He parted his legs and lifted them further at the insistence from Mika's paws, these making their way in and down to spread him. Beneath that hanging sac, twitching back against the gentle pull from his fingers, the pink ridged skin of the ocelot's tailhole spread among soft white fur. "But just in case – let's not mention it, okay?"

Once again Mika licked his lips. He couldn't tell whether it was the lingering stickiness of the alcohol, his own drool, or Kekipi's musk that slicked his tongue and throat. Instead of giving a verbal answer this time he just nodded, swallowed, and then yet again dove in, lifting the ocelot's balls on his nose and settling in for another kiss, this time with his lips pressed against that puckered tailhole. A first, a second, and a third, and then the tongue came out to join that kiss as well, flicking and poking, swirling around, teasing at the tensing muscles and tight rim.

It was an odd angle, and he had to slide one arm forward and underneath the ocelot's back so he wouldn't slide sideways down the wall, but Mika still made it work. He worked the saliva up in his mouth and spread that slick stickiness over Kekipi's tailhole through deft, inspired application of his tongue. The more he worked, the more he could feel the smaller cat's arousal growing and twitching against his nose, the throbs bouncing through his body and his sack resting over Mika's muzzle; he slid his thumbs in along the puckered tailhole and stretched it just enough so that he could slip his tongue in against the sensitive inner flesh, just to leave another glob of saliva there.

When he pulled up and away again, a thick string of drool hanging between his lips and the ocelot's twitching tailhole, he indeed saw the results of his work in the form of a good five and a half inches rhythmically throbbing against Kekipi's pale bellyfur. Again their eyes met, the ocelot's half-lidded with languid pleasure. Mika held that gaze while he worked one arm down to undo his own pants and drop them just enough to bring himself out into the air, hard since they had first kissed on the chair.

Still watching him, he brought his paw to his maw and spat into the palm, then spread that slickness over himself as well. Kekipi shifted himself over his shoulders, one arm still above his head and the other braced backwards against the wall for balance. Those few strokes made his hips reflexively buck forward and up, and as he moved his arms to slide the ocelot back down his shoulders and along his body, it was hard not to press right up into him. Instead he just settled his tip against that slightly-parted, saliva-slickened tailhole, and waited for him to shift into a comfortable position.

"Don't tell?" Mika murmured, starting to lean in again.

"Don't tell," Kekipi answered. His nose and whiskers twitched; Mika could taste him on his breath, and felt that he could smell himself as well. Slick muscles squeezed around his tip, tightened, started to part and sink down. "Let's see if he can – pick it up on his own... later tonight..."

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Once the front door closed behind him again Shekh immediately got to looking around, scanning through the entry room and kitchen, peeking into the pockets of the jacket that he had tossed onto the bench. As soon as the two had gotten to the store he had realized he had left his wallet at home, and after some insistence from the wild dog that he would cover everything, Shekh still managed to get him to turn back for it.

*"Booze is expensive," Shekh had said, "and I wanna pick out something special for y'all. One of my favorites. It won't be the same if you just pay for it!"*

"Did you find it?"

He lifted his head. Askia was watching him from the other side of the room.

"No, not yet. I'm thinking I might've left it..."

Since he was already over there the wild dog reached it first, a paw resting on the threshold leading into the living room. "Over in there when you took your nap? I think maybe th..."

But he trailed off. Shekh waited for him to finish and, frowning, came over as well. Askia's huge ears remained perked towards the living room while his expression shifted, brows pinning down in concentration and mouth coming open. A second later his miscolored eyes, one blue and one brown, flicked over to Shekh as the hyena approached. Just before he managed to ask what happened Askia put a finger to his lips, frowned, and nodded his head over towards the living.

Shekh, also frowning, looked from him to the doorway. Askia jerked a finger that way too. *Go. Look.* So he took a few careful steps over, peeked his head around the corner... and then heard it before he saw it. His ears perked, his back straightened, and his confusion turned to interest and then amusement.

Kekipi's familiar, breathy moans issued from around the corner, his voice bouncing along the same rhythm that he did against the housecat's lap, pinned between Mika and the wall. His legs draped around the other male's waist and his arms over his shoulders, head tossed back and eyes closed, long tail hanging down and swishing with the pounding up into him. With his head buried in the smaller cat's shoulder Mika's noises came a bit muffled but were still there: quick, sharp inhalations and shuddering breaths occasionally giving way to a voiced moan, a muttered word, or – occasionally – a quick, wet, shared kiss between the two of them.

As Shekh and Askia watched, Mika adjusted his position, pushing his hips forward and leaning back a bit, so that Kekipi bounced and rode more fully along him while he lifted up into the smaller cat. The ocelot's shaft bounced between their bodies, hard and dripping, twitching in rhythm with the movements, and each time Mika pulled out and sank back in his sack swung forward beneath him, his bobbed tail trying to flick and twitch as well. Each thrust deep into the ocelot sent a shiver of pleasure arcing up his back so that his teeth gritted and he shivered with the sensation.

Shekh watched for a moment longer, taking in the impromptu show, and then looked back to Askia. The wild dog met his eyes and kept his expression neutral, as though waiting for a sign as to how he should react; Shekh's grin then flooded him with relief and he breathed a quiet laugh.



"I was *wondering* when that was gonna happen..." Askia mused, leaning in to take another look. Shekh noticed that he had dropped one paw to the front of his own pants, cupping and touching, adjusting and shifting... "But I didn't think it was gonna happen so soon."

Shekh leaned in against the wild dog and rested a paw on his waist. Askia jumped at the unexpected touch, his paw shifting away from the front of his pants; he glanced over at Shekh behind him, saw that the hyena was still looking at the other two, then surreptitiously moved it back.

"I figured it would happen, too," he offered, attention split between his mate and Askia's, and the wild dog himself. Askia watched with barely-restrained interest, eyes flicking back and forth between Kekipi's small, sleek body wrapped in over itself, his tail hanging down to show him stretched around the larger housecat, and then Mika himself, pants dropped halfway down his thighs, rump firm and tight as he thrust forward and up into the other male... again Mika leaned in against Kekipi, the ocelot's legs stretching out and then tightening around his waist again, as he met him in another deep, indulgent kiss. Mika worked a paw around between the two of them, assumedly to begin stroking at the ocelot's length, though his body hid it from view at this angle. "Boy. They're really going at it. I wonder how long..."

Beside him, Askia swallowed. His response came at a bit of a distance. "...Yeah. It's, like..."

The more he stood here, the more inspired he came. Shekh remained where he was for a moment longer, listening to the two of them enjoy each other's presence in the next room while he also drank in Askia's closeness to himself, the wild dog rubbing at himself through his pants with his scent growing steadily stronger.

Soon, though, the hyena's attention shifted fully away from his boyfriend and Askia's and focused fully on this wild dog here in front of him. It was easy to bring his paw around from his waist towards his front, to bat away Askia's paw and take its place there cupped against him. Askia jumped again with the touch, then immediately averted his eyes under a warm blush; Shekh grinned again and brought his other paw in as well, this one tightening on his waist to pull the dog back against him and angle him against the threshold, while his first already worked at the fly of his pants.

Askia breathed an embarrassed laugh, then shivered once the hyena's fingers wrapped around his already-hard length. He sucked in a gasp, stretched out against the threshold, and pushed back against Shekh behind him; the hyena leaned in over his shoulder and pushed gently against his rump from behind, fingers moving smoothly over naturally slick flesh, pads teasing at the lip of his sheath. His other paw soon came in as well, at first pushing his pants the rest of the way down and then dropping to cup the wild dog's sack, tugging gently, pulling him forward.

"I wonder," Shekh breathed into one of those dinner-plate ears, "if they thought the same thing about us."

Askia chuckled again, though the noise quickly dripped away into a light moan. "About – what?"

Before he answered the hyena dropped smoothly to his knees behind the wild dog, taking his pants with him. It was so, so tempting to reach up and spread that rump with his thumbs and bury his muzzle beneath his little brushy tail, and for more than a second he considered doing it – but instead he spun

Askia around with his paws up on his waist, and from there pushed him back against the threshold instead.

“You know.” Shekh finally replied. He ran his muzzle up along the base of Askia’s length, nose pulling along the supple skin of his sheath and then lips tracing over his shaft. “About when you and I were gonna get into it. Because, *God*, pup...” With his nose buried against Askia’s pubic fur all he could smell was the wild dog, and it drove him wild. Shekh cupped that plump sack in his paw again and drew his muzzle up along Askia’s length, then planted a soft kiss to the tip, flicked his tongue over the underside, kissed it again- “I’ve been *wanting* to do this.” -and then quickly, smoothly dove right down, pulling him to the back of his throat in one steady movement.

Askia lurched against the wall, a shaky moan pushing its way from his lips. One leg half-lifted up beside Shekh’s head and then dropped back down, and the hyena could tell his entire body wanted to shift and move and twitch each time he pulled back towards his tip and then dove down again. While he worked Shekh moved to undo his own pants, keeping one ear perked towards the wild dog before him and another to the threshold through which Mika and Kekipi’s steady, urgent noises continued to issue.

Very quickly Askia’s moans joined theirs beneath soft lips and a deft tongue working his length. Shekh glanced up at him every now and again while he bobbed, making sure to slick the wild dog’s shaft until thick saliva dripped down along the underside of his sheath and rolled down his sack. At first Askia didn’t seem to notice, though at one point he looked down between half-lidded eyes, swallowed, pursed his lips as if to ask a question – and then grunted when Shekh came up off his length, kissed the underside of the tip again, and then stood and turned around, to press his rump back against him.

That pulled another gasp from the wild dog, and before he could consciously react, his paws settled down on Shekh’s hips. The hyena braced himself against the opposite wall of the threshold and used that leverage to grind himself back against him, the slickness of his own saliva sliding over his tailhole and dripping down the back of his sack. With one paw he pushed his pants further down his legs, just far enough that he could bend over in the way he liked.

Once in position he looked over his shoulder at Askia. Those miscolored eyes remained on his rump for a second, tail raised, and then flicked up to meet his.

“Wish I’d brought my collar and leash,” Shekh rumbled. He reached back, spread his rump with his fingers, lined Askia’s shaft up with his tailhole, then reached back a bit further to set his tapered tip in place. The familiar intoxicating, imminent pressure slid up along his back, turning want into desire into need.

Askia swallowed again. Shekh could feel his fingers on his waist, touching lightly as though afraid to pull him back, even though his tip poked gently in between clenching ridged muscle. “Y-yeah... you’d look cute in a collar...”

“Oh, no. *No.*” Satisfied with where the wild dog sat underneath his tail, Shekh again braced his paws against the wall and slowly, steadily, began to push himself back. That sharp, wet heat pressed up into him, stretched his tailhole, sank deeper inside of him... “I wouldn’t be the one wearing it. I mean so I could – *mmh* – tug you into me, since I know... know that you won’t – do it yourself...”

He was right, of course. Even pinned here behind the wall and hyena rump Askia found himself stuck in place, paws on Shekh's waist and entire body aching for more, yet the most he could make himself do was dig his fingers in through that somewhat coarse fur and give a little tug. In front of him Shekh smirked, moved a paw from the wall to his knee, and then pushed steadily further back, working his hips side to side as he went. Askia's head rolled back again with the sensation of tight, wet slickness squeezing back against him, Shekh shifting gently forward and back as he pushed, until his rump pushed against the wild dog's hips and he felt his sheath kiss in against stretched tailhole.

Finally there, the hyena arched his back, lifted his head, and breathed a tense sigh, having himself pinned with one arm against the other wall and his lower body pushed against Askia's front. "*There we go...*" he purred; Askia felt him clench around him, which pulled another quick thrust from his hips. "God. Don't know how long I've been – wanting to do this..."

There was *so much* going on. Shekh already moved to begin his rhythm against the wild dog, sliding forward a short distance and then sinking back again, each time making Askia squirm and sigh and shiver – though with his large ears perked all he could hear other than the rustling of clothing on fur was the noises from the two in the next room, just past this threshold and around the corner.

Mika and Kekipi – Askia's mate, and Shekh's boyfriend. The first buried inside the second, hips pounding up against the smaller cat's body and bouncing him against the wall, Kekipi with his eyes closed and mouth open, each thrust pushing another moan out of him, sharper and more urgent than the last. With his head half-turned to the doorway he could see them as well, Mika's toned back arching and jerking with his thrusts while he kept his head buried in Kekipi's shoulder, the ocelot clamping on to him with arms around his chest and legs around his waist – and when he looked forward again he saw Shekh, both paws braced against the wall again, hips forward and back and tail hiked as he again pressed back onto the wild dog, faster and more smoothly, again and again.

Each throb Askia could feel, squeezing around his length, pushing back along his sheath. Every time Shekh pressed back against him a shiver of pleasure bounced through the hyena and left his mouth in a trickling, shuddering moan, his enjoyment evident both on his face and in his voice. Askia ran one paw in towards the base of Shekh's tail to lift it further – he could see the flesh of the hyena's tailhole stretched around his saliva-slickened length, pulling and twitching with his movements – and brought the other up his own chest, just to have something to hold on to.

Shekh had sent him pictures and videos, some with Kekipi, some with one of his other boys, and some with his toys, so Askia had some idea of what to expect. Even so the hyena still took him by surprise: teeth gritted, eyes closed, mouth held in a smirk of tense concentration mixed with sharp arousal, the hyena worked himself back along the wild dog's length, pushing hard enough against his base that Askia felt the breath squeezed out of him, then pulling forward so that the slightest throb threatened to pull his tip free from that slick tailhole.

He had seen a view from in front and beneath of a vibrator buried inside that tailhole, shaking and tensing until the hyena around it shivered, jerked, and pulsed with a hands-free finish; he had seen pictures of that ridged flesh pulling, stretching, sinking around the bulbous tip of one of any three stretching toys; he had seen another view from in front, recorded by the ocelot, of Shekh riding and bouncing and quite energetically fucking himself along his boyfriend's length, his own hard shaft swinging against his belly and the ocelot's from the force and the pace. All of this and finally Askia was

getting it for himself – and it felt *so good*. He squirmed against the wall, a little moan of his own dripping out beneath the more energetic noises of the two in the other room.

Shekh didn't want to leave himself out, though, of course. As he worked and picked his pace up further, legs spreading and arm lowering along the wall, he shifted his other paw down between his legs to swiftly stroke at himself, head turned halfway to the side either to watch the wild dog behind him or to listen to the other couple in the next room. It sounded like Kekipi was coming close to his peak from the higher, quicker notes his voice had taken on, while Mika had turned to more urgent and messy grunting and panting into his shoulder. Askia squirmed a little bit further to the side, peeked his head around the edge of the threshold, briefly pitched forward with the sweet sensation of his sheath rolling back behind his unswollen knot – and indeed saw what he expected.

It was Mika who finished first, actually, the housecat running his paws down Kekipi's back to his rump and forcefully holding the smaller cat in against him. His bob tail flicked and jerked just as he tossed his head back, fangs showing in the light of the room – and then he bucked upwards, and again, and again, each time with his back arching a little bit further, his moans turning to sharper hisses of relieved pressure and pleasure. For a moment he remained bent over the also-panting ocelot, and then a paw worked between them and rubbing at the smaller cat brought him forward as well: Kekipi squirmed with Mika still buried under his tail, his legs and toes stretching out while he gripped at the house cat's shoulders, and then – he, too, jerked and bucked, giving a few powerful shakes clutched in his arms.

Askia felt himself pulse and throb, deep inside Shekh. The hyena felt it too: he responded with a shudder and another clench, his hips grinding back against the wild dog's sheath, trying to coax the still-unswollen knot in past his tailhole. His paw worked swift and hard at himself around his leg, only partially in rhythm with his own movements back against the other male. After watching the other two for a moment longer, Mika lifting his head up, breathing a tired laugh, and then meeting Kekipi's muzzle in another slow, wet kiss, Askia returned his focus to the hyena fucking himself on him and tried to match his movements with gentle forward thrusts.

The effect on Shekh was immediate. Again and again the hyena's back arched with that extra pressure, his shoulders bunching up and his tail flicking upwards. He squeezed steadily around Askia's length, his own pleasure palpable in the tension of his muscles and movements of his body. He had been quiet before but now seemed to have forgotten himself, with gasps and moans oozing out from his parted lips in rhythm with his backwards thrusts, the clenching of his tailhole tightening as his pace picked up. Askia gritted his teeth in an attempt to keep his voice down as well, though quickly found he couldn't do much against it. With the others' moans of pleasure as well as the sight of them still in his thoughts, and now with all of this sensation and pleasure bouncing through him, vibrating through his hips every time Shekh's rump pressed up against him, tailhole pushing against his slowly-growing knot...

Askia swallowed, dug his fingers into the hyena's hip, and then bucked forward once. He gasped and doubled over him, wrapped an arm around the other male's chest, buried his muzzle against his shoulder, and then while bent over him thrust his hips forward again – and again – and then let that last shudder shoot through his body and empty out deep under the hyena's tail, powerful spurts shooting out just as he clenched back around him.

Shekh rumbled with pleasure at the sudden change, though his arm struggled to keep both of them up against the wall. Askia felt a little chuckle vibrate through the hyena's back, then felt his other arm swiftly pick up its pace – and then within a few more seconds Shekh was shuddering underneath him,

pushing back against the shaft buried inside of him with knot pressing against his tailhole, squeezing and clenching tightly, and then bucking even more forcefully backwards in painting the base of the threshold with his own load, sharp spurts shooting through his body.

Even afterwards Shekh still shifted his rump forward and back, each little movement making Askia writhe and squirm. Finally the hyena pulled himself forward and up, leaving Askia to bump back against the wall behind him to try to catch his breath; his still-hard shaft twitched in front of him, dripping with saliva, cum, and the natural slickness of the hyena's rear, while that tailhole remained parted for a moment longer and then squeezed back in on itself, a few drips of the wild dog's load trickling back out. Shekh reached back, ran a fingerpad along himself, pressed it in, shivered, then brought that out and slid it into his maw. He turned to look at Askia, that same smirk still on his face, then suddenly froze.

Askia looked to see what had caught his attention, and looked right into two pairs of eyes past the threshold. Mika, pants still around his thighs, held the still-panting Kekipi in his arms, both of them looking quite tired and thoroughly satisfied.

Mika was the one to speak first. He glanced from Askia, to Shekh, to Askia's twitching shaft, to Shekh's raised tail. "Uh. Hey there. You're back early."

Shekh swallowed. "We – forgot something."

"Uh huh." Again Mika's eyes lowered to that spot between them. "Looks like it. Did you at least get more tequila? We're – almost out."

Kekipi squirmed in Mika's arms. "Hi, Shekh."

Shekh's muzzle tweaked in a half-hidden laugh. "Hey, kitten. Um. I'd ask if you'd like to come with us, but – looks like you already got that covered, huh?"

To that Askia had at least recovered enough of himself to groan and roll his eyes. With some effort he pulled himself up away from the wall, moving to do his pants back up as well.

"God. Don't make me regret letting you guys visit. Let's go ahead and get cleaned up so we can go. Mika, you're not driving. I can smell the tequila on your breath from here."

"Oh." Shekh also turned around, though made no move to get dressed. He let his own still hard shaft hang back against his belly, dripping from the tip. "Funny. I was thinking it was Kekipi I could smell it on, though that's also funny since," and he looked over at Mika, "he doesn't drink tequila."

Mika just grinned.