

To say that his date had gone downhill would simply give too much credit to how it had started in the first place. He tried not to think about it while waiting there in his seat, phone pressed against his ear, body half-turned in his chair to avoid looking at the arctic wolfess across the table from him. Still, though, he could feel her eyes on him, cool blue-ice appraising him as she had done over the course of the dinner.

“...Okay,” said the voice across the phone. The sergal sighed and relaxed where he sat. “That should do it. Remember to pay me back, okay?”

“Yeah. I know. Thank you, so much. I wasn’t planning on-”

“I know. I understand. Love you.”

Again he glanced over at Tessa, sitting here across from him. She met his eyes, gave a slight smile, and then went back to inspecting the knife they had given with her steak.

“Love you too, Mom,” he finished, quietly so that Tessa wouldn’t hear beneath all the other noises in the restaurant. “Thank you. Talk to you later. Bye.”

From across the table came the soft *clink* of metal tapping against the empty plate, again and again. It looked like she had left a few of the green beans, though the steak and potatoes, of course, left no sign of their previous existence save for a bit of red grease. His ears had perked when she had ordered it rare, though looking at her, that shouldn’t have been much of a surprise.

“Everything all good, sweetie?”

From one mom to another. Razor sat back, adjusted the napkin over his lap – he had put it there at Tessa’s insistence at the start of the dinner – and slid his phone back into his pocket. “Yeah. I’m really sorry about that. I was really thinking I had enough on my card, and...”

“Mm.” The wolfess lifted her knife to her lips, her tongue flashing out for a moment to drag along the back of the blade. The serrations near the curve of the tip caught and reflected the dim yellow restaurants lights in a warm glitter. “That must’ve been embarrassing.”

Especially considering that *he* had been the one to take the step to ask *her* on this date... Razor blushed, hiding his muzzle behind one paw while he reached to slide his debit card back into the check. “Yeah. Ahah. Sorry. I didn’t mean... to...”

Tessa’s paw came down across the table to rest over and dwarf his own. That was another thing that had startled her when he had walked up to the restaurant – fifteen minutes late since his ride cancelled and he needed to wait for the bus and then walk – but she was *big*. Broad of shoulder and very likely six feet at the shoulder, the smaller sergal had needed to keep two steps back and still tilt his head up to look her in the eye, which in itself was surprisingly difficult. He had known she was a mom from looking at her dating profile and over the week they had been chatting, but in person he learned quite quickly to how deadly of a point she had sharpened her glare.

"I'm just teasing," she went on, softer this time. Those few words carried with them all the same appreciation and affection that Razor had heard from his own mother growing up. "I told you I can cover the bill if you need me to. I don't want you to push yourself."

"No, it's okay. It's under control. Thank you, though. Did you, um – like the dinner, at least?"

Steak with potatoes for her – she had considered the filet, but decided against it after Razor unintentionally made a face at the price – and then a bowl of soup for him. She ran the flat of her knife through that little puddle of juice and then lapped it off again, sharp white teeth showing between fresh pink lips as she did so.

"Loved it," she said, knife still in place there. "Been too long since I've had a good steak. Nobody knows how to properly cook a steak anymore. I've thought about getting a grill myself, but... y'know."

"Hah. Yeah. Um..."

Razor paused. The waiter came back by to swipe up the check and, much to his horror, leaned in to murmur into his ear – *"this is the same card, sir, it declined last time, and-"*

"I know," he murmured back, hiding his words behind his paw. "It's okay now. Just take it in. Um, please."

The waiter, a slim, big-eared wild dog with mismatching eyes, looked from sergal to wolfess and then took the check away, his dissatisfaction evident in his step. Razor waited for him to leave his sight before he turned back to Tessa, embarrassed smile still on his face. It had been stuck there for almost the entire date.

"Sorry," he repeated. His paws played over his side of the table, fingers looking for something to do to help quell his nervousness. First the thing with the ride; then his fumbling through the conversation, *"what?"* and *"I'm sorry?"* to everything she had asked him, two or three times; then his sheer incapability of forming any sensible question himself, resulting in him asking about her kids twice over the meal and even bringing up two of her exes; then the fact that they had brought him the wrong soup, and when Tessa had suggested he mention it to the waiter, his bumbling *"no this is okay, I wanted this one anyway"* when he didn't even like minestrone; and then the payment issue, leading to him needing to call his mom... "Um..."

"Razor."

The sergal froze. Tessa sat back in her seat, lovely metallic blue dress highlighting and accentuating the lighter sky tones of her markings across cloud-grey fur. She dabbed at her muzzle with her napkin, the fur there stained red from the meal.

"What are your plans after this?"

"Plans?" *Oh, no*, he thought, *is there supposed to be more after a dinner?* "Well, uh – I was thinking I'd just... head... home? Unless you were wanting to, like... I don't know..."

This time she balanced the knife, point down, against the tablecloth and spun it in place with her fingers. "Head back to my place? Exactly what I was thinking."

For a second his heart stopped. There was no way he had heard her right. Razor gaped at the wolfess across the table, waiting for a "just kidding" or a "you'll have to drive" or an "I don't want to see you again", but she just spun that knife back and forth, back and forth. At one point her blue eyes did flash up to him again, though, and feeling the weight of her gaze, he sat back.

"If that's okay with you. I don't know if you have," said with a shrug, "homework or chores or anything."

"No, it's – Friday, and I usually wait 'til Sunday to do my... um..." There was that faint smirk again, even as Tessa's eyes went over his shoulders and behind him. A second later the waiter returned again, this time without another word for the sergal. "Yeah. Yeah, that would... that would work just fine. I don't – have a car, though, I..."

"Don't have your license. You mentioned it twice. That's okay, I'll drive. No food in my car, though, so if you want dessert, either get it now or let it wait 'til tonight."

She couldn't *possibly* mean... "T-tonight works."

Her smirk blossomed into a smile, showing a flash of white teeth again. "Yes. It does. Okay – I'm ready if you are."

He didn't know what to expect. Tessa pushed her chair back and led him down the aisles of the restaurant, legs moving confidently beneath the sleek folds of her dress. Razor had to take a step and a half for each one of hers to keep pace, and then once they had reached her car he struggled to bring the passenger seat up so he didn't feel like he was sitting in the back seat anyway, and then he thought he'd broken the seatbelt, and then Tessa gave him permission to change the radio station... he didn't *really* like eighties music, but that was what she'd had it set on, so he left it there.

It felt awkward sitting there in her car in silence, looking out the window and watching the buildings of the city go by, but he couldn't think of anything to say that he hadn't already attempted. At the highway intersection he cleared his throat, having remembered a good joke one of his friends had told him – but then going over a bump in the road made him cough again and lose his confidence, so he just sat there going back and forth between twiddling his thumbs and flicking through his phone.

*What is it she sees in me? I was certain this would be a one-time thing. Though I guess I don't know why she's bringing me over... maybe I'll wake up tomorrow without kidneys. Maybe she's gonna secretly film me and make fun of me online. That'd be just my luck. Maybe...*

"Here we are," the wolfess said. Razor blinked and looked around: it was hard to see in the deepening darkness of night, but Tessa had brought him to a cute little house a few streets away from the frontage road, where the sounds of the highway had reduced to a dull hiss and rumble. "I'd park in the driveway, but my daughter's visiting right now. Sorry about that."

"Oh. No problem. Um..." *Which one?* he wondered; *she mentioned... two? Three? No, two. I really should've... been listening...*

There on the doorstep, Razor froze. Tessa's big paws came down on his shoulders and held him in place there, the wolfess leaning in close enough that he could feel both her warm breath and the light, misty air of the perfume she had worn tonight, a gentle floral scent to cover the richer, muskier bite of a lupine's natural aroma. All in all, this position and situation sent a shiver of surprise and anticipation through the sergal's body, and brought to mind the exact scenario that he had avoided thinking about so as not to get his hopes up.

"Here's the thing, honey," the lovely wolfess said, voice low. Cool blue eyes, bright even in the dimness of evening, flicked back and forth across his face. "I'll need your permission for this. Your performance tonight was – less than spectacular. I think you've felt that."

"Yeah..." Razor rubbed at his elbow with his other paw. Suddenly it felt like he had faced down one of his teachers from high school as well as a mother. "Sorry. I'm just nervous..."

"That's understandable. First date?"

"What? Yeah, it's our first – oh, you mean... mine? Ahah... no, I've had... two before..."

"Kiss a girl?" Her fingers tightened on his shoulders, then started down his arms. "...A boy?"

"Um..."

Those paws continued down his body, coming in towards his front, lifting the hem of his shirt... another shiver vibrated up his back and, at the same time, down into his loins. Blue eyes rested on his muzzle. "...Lost your virginity?"

"Ms. T, I-"

"I think you know what I'm asking. The dinner was a little disappointing. Sure. Whatever." The wolfess shrugged, short and well-kept claws playing at the waistband of his pants. "Would you like to ensure the rest of the night goes better, for both of us? I've got a bit of a challenge for you..."

This time when he jumped it was out of a slight pain rather than surprise. Startled, the sergal looked down: right there against the already-obvious tent in his pants, a glimmer of smooth, cleaned metal peeking out from the wolfess's paw, fingers wrapped around the black stained wood of the knife's handle. Razor felt the grate and grind of serrated teeth over the dense fabric of his jeans, as well as the slight roughness of those teeth digging through, pulling along so, so sensitive flesh underneath. He swallowed.

Tessa rested her other arm around his shoulder and leaned in, breath in his ear. "Just to make it clear," she murmured, "I'm not gonna hurt you. Not *too* bad, at least. We'll stop when you get uncomfortable, and I'll check in on you every now and again. I just..." A little bit of pressure from that knife, the *pop* of the tip poking through the fabric of his pants, another startle and sting of pain... "...need your permission first. In case you're wondering – I found your AfterBark profile."

For a moment he was paralyzed, with fear and panic and fright and... arousal too, from Tessa's closeness and her boldness both. Her warm breath in his ear and on his neck, the sensation of her paw along his back, the way she turned the blade of the knife so that the flat of it sat along his twitching erection –

when had *that* happened? – and... had she said *AfterBark*? He had all of his interests and preferences there, as well as many pictures and a few videos, and... and that would explain *quite* a bit, right now.

“Yeah,” he found himself saying. “Yeah. Okay. That sounds – that sounds good, where do I–”

“Through the door, the hallway’s on the left past the living room.” In another instant the knife was gone, Tessa’s housekeys having taken its place in her paw. She turned around and continued up to the door. “All the way at the end of the hall, around the turn, is the master. Under the pillow’s a blindfold. Put that on.”

“Sh-should I–” As soon as the door opened a crack Razor heard the sound of the TV inside playing, accompanied by the characteristic crackle of someone digging into a bag of chips. He lowered his voice. “–get undressed at all?”

“Don’t you worry about that.” Without missing a beat the wolfess strode forward into the house, shifted her purse off her other shoulder, and reached to place her keys on the rack. Then, to the house: “I’m home, dear.”

“Hey, Mom,” called a voice from the living room, a warm effeminate tenor. Razor trailed behind at a distance, still feeling out of place. A pair of triangular ears stuck up from over the back of the couch; a second later the muzzle lifted and turned. Snowy-stone fur like her mother, a black mane beginning over her head and down the back of her neck; a slightly more angular muzzle, a different shape of nose and lip. Razor vaguely remembered Tessa mentioning something about a hyena at some point in her life. “Oh. You brought him home? Hey, dude. Y’here to bang my mom?”

“Zara.” There was that teacher’s voice again. The arctic hyena grinned and turned back to the TV. Tessa turned to Razor again and gave him, for the first time in the night, what looked for all the world like a genuine expression: she rolled her eyes, motioned with a nod of the head over to the couch, and flicked her ears back. “Sorry,” she murmured to the sergal, and rested a warm paw against his shoulder. “You go on ahead and get ready. I need to have a chat with my daughter.”

Razor nodded. “Okay,” he said, and moved to slip past her – only for that paw to tighten. Surprised, he looked up into cool turquoise eyes and an expectant muzzle...

“‘Okay’?” Tessa murmured.

She expected something from him. Razor swallowed and took a guess.

“Yes... ma’am?”

That was it. The wolfess smiled, nodded, and released him, leaving a faint little prickle along the underside of his arm where her claws had dug into. He watched her for a moment longer as she made her way around the couch to sit beside her daughter, then turned and headed for the hall.

*On the left...* He looked up at the walls and the house as he walked, the simple yet comfortable choice and arrangement of furniture, the colors that seemed soft and muted now yet would likely shine during the day. There were framed photos, too, Tessa with any number of her kids – how many were there?

Four? Five? – and then with some others who could only be the fathers... as he made his way down the hall, Razor noted that it seemed the wolfess had hardly aged at all throughout those pictures.

*At the end of the hall... around the turn... the master bedroom.* It felt odd to place his paw on the knob, try it, and then turn it, as for some reason he felt as though he were visiting a friend's house, and now poking into their parents' bedroom. Or like – like he was visiting a teacher's house, or... or like in high school, heading out on the weekend to his private tutor's place for music lessons.

That's what it felt like. Razor closed the door behind himself with his foot, looked around the room, stepped in a little bit awkwardly, and then headed over towards the bed. It was a thick, nice mattress, dense and heavy yet soft, and one that sank underneath his weight without the slightest squeak or groan of complain. The surface felt cool and pleasant, then even more so when he flopped out and lay across it. Lying there, eyes closed, he thought he could still hear the wolfess's warm, pleasant voice from down the hall, and then Zara's richer, sharper rebuttals...

Razor opened his eyes again and sat up. *Is this really happening?* he asked himself, looking around the room once more. Remembering what she had said next he half-turned, slid a paw underneath the pillow, found nothing... then scooted over to the other side, dug around beneath the other one, and sure enough felt a strip of folded cloth there, alongside a few other things. His heart thumped in his chest, his paws shook as he spread the blindfold over his fingers, his pants still felt a little tight from the encounter in the doorway... it had been the look in her eyes and strength in her voice, combined with the soft assurance, the gentle sweetness underneath.

*"I need your permission,"* she had said. Razor had put more than a few things on his AfterBark account about his tastes and preferences, and there was also a section for 'favorite fantasies' which it seemed like she had gone through... was *that* why she had agreed to go on this catastrophic date with him? Because he had mentioned something about...

The sergal swallowed once more and then moved to continue following her orders, his shirt going first. He didn't know whether to leave it on the bed or fold it on the nightstand or toss it to the floor, so he just left it where it lay. Tessa kept the house a little bit cold for his tastes – that made sense, being an arctic wolf – and he wrapped his arms around himself for a moment before moving on down his body. The sergal kicked his legs off the bed and then stood up, hesitating with the button of his fly and then the zipper... *did she say all the way? Wait, she said don't worry about getting undressed, right? So I should put my shirt back on, and-*

Before he could think about it any further, though, his ears caught the distinctive sound of lupine toeclaws tapping their way down the hardwood floor of the hallway. Surprised, startled, and more than a little nervous, he scrambled around on the bed, got into position, moved to tie the blindfold around his eyes, and just barely managed to get it on before the door opened again. While lying there Razor tried to visualize what was happening: now she closed the door behind herself and looked him over; now she was crossing the room to the bed – he heard her footsteps on the carpeted floor; now she looked him up and down; now she leaned in over him, breath warm as it trickled over his angular muzzle and bare chest; now she reached down and placed a large paw against the middle of his chest, the contact making him jump, and then slid it down a bit.

"Well," she said, voice slow and smooth as always. His body tilted a bit as the wolfess sat down on the edge of the bed. "Looks like you can obey *some* of my instructions."

"Sorry," he began, and swallowed. "I'm just nervous, and I-"

"Ah ah." A finger to his lips. She smelled of perfume and... and meat, from dinner. "I should've brought a gag too, huh? That's okay, though. Before long, I'll have you..."

Suddenly Razor jerked again, this time to a much sharper, much more concentrated pricking between two of his ribs. The knife wasn't pointed – it was one of the ones with a rounded tip – but the sharpness and pressure from that touch meant it still sent a tingle through his body. Tessa turned the blade in place and followed along the line of his ribs, angling the blade just enough for the serrations to catch and pull at his fur.

"...obeying everything I say," she finished, voice soft and deadly. "Without a second thought. Understand?"

"I-"

"Ah."

Razor swallowed and then nodded. He felt the wolfess lean in again.

"There is *one* thing you can say." Her breath still smelled like meat as well. It made his nose wrinkle. "Well, two. Can you guess the first one."

"...Yes, ma'am?"

"Good boy. As for the second one..." Suddenly the weight of both the knife and the wolfess lifted away. He kept his ears perked: there was the rustling of clothing across fur, the sigh of something being undone, the noise of her dress hitting the floor. "Well, I'm sure you're familiar. I need a safe word from you."

"Safe word?"

"Yes. Since we're edging on dangerous territory." Then the weight returned, this time along his legs just past his knees. Tessa rested the knife sideways along his bare belly and focused her paws downward, working slowly and smoothly at his pants fly. "You have one, don't you?"

"Well, um..." What was he supposed to do with his paws? Razor moved to fold them over his chest, bumped the handle of the knife, settled them at his side, moved them up beside his head, slid them underneath the pillow... was that a rope underneath there? "I don't – know. Don't you have one?"

"Several, depending on the situation." She made no effort to keep her claws, carefully maintained, from scratching along his waist and thighs once she pulled his pants and underwear down. Razor turned his head as though to avoid making eye contact, the blush immediately hitting his cheeks. He couldn't help but twitch and throb as soon as the cool air grazed along his revealed shaft, and then again when Tessa's soft fingerpads ran down from his tip towards his balls. "But, no. It's imperative that *you* come up with it tonight."

“Um...”

“It can be anything.” She turned her paw to the side, replacing the soft, pleasant sensation of gentle fingerpads with the colder, rougher tingle of claws, down along the side of his erection, teasing at the sensitive skin of his sheath. Just as that sensation made him twitch and squeeze his legs together, it also added more fire to his arousal, and made his shaft give another jump beneath her warm breath. “Just as long as it’ll stand out from what we’re doing.”

“‘Stop’ doesn’t work?”

Tessa said nothing for a moment, simply reaching for the knife again. The feeling of gentle claws retreated once more, leaving a phantom tingle where they had been. Only for a moment, though: then it was the small, sharp teeth of the knife’s blade sideways along the underside of his length, stinging quite sharply against each throb. Razor gritted his teeth and swallowed, but he just couldn’t stop.

“Tell me to stop.”

Again Razor swallowed, and again he throbbed. His teeth gritted. “Stop, I’m-”

Instead of doing that, though, Tessa turned the knife towards its rounded tip and slid that down the underside of his shaft, leaving a stinging line in its path. With that tip she pushed his slick sheath back a bit, angled the knife, slid the flat of the blade underneath the supple skin, and tugged out. “See?” she rumbled, then pulled it free. Razor heard the distinctive sound of her lips parting and mouth opening; was she tasting it? *Wait – did she clean it after dinner?* “You have consensual non-consent listed in your AfterBark. In this situation, I’d think you were playing along with the fantasy, and I would thus continue what I’m doing.” The knife continued down, angling so that the serrated teeth pulled painfully along the loose skin of his sack. Razor squirmed in place, but Tessa’s weight on top of him kept him from closing his legs. “Understand?”

“Okay! Okay. Um...” He swallowed again. The knife retreated for a moment. “I don’t know. ‘Hyena’?”

More silence, and then the big wolffess leaned in over the sergal, moving her legs back alongside his. She came forward, lifting herself and moving, and Razor felt her lean in again; the heat of her body closed over his, heavy breasts coming close to his muzzle – he could both feel their weight nearby as well as picked up the scent of her body – and she reached down to slip the rope out from beneath the pillow. She scooted forward again, wrapped her footpaws underneath his to lift his knees up, and settled into place right there beneath his groin.

To that Razor gasped, not even noticing for a second that she had started to bind his paws over his chest. The intense wet heat dripping out from between her legs, her waist so close to his. While she worked the wolffess grinded forward, pressing against his balls and his sheath, both still tingling with the remnant bite of claws and knife; that was the distinct characteristic pillowy wetness of a canine spade, bulging and slick with arousal.

“You know,” she finally said, finishing the first of the knots at his wrists. “If you’d rather date my daughter than myself, I do believe she’s looking.”

“Oh – no, no, no, I didn’t mean-”

The cool metal of the knife, the flat of the blade angled just right, lifted his shaft up so that his underside squeezed against Tessa's bulging sex. The wolfess grinded forward a bit, slowly, sweetly. "I was teasing, sweetheart. 'Hyena' it is, then. Remember that, because I – won't – *hold – back.*"

Each one of these last words came out punctuated with another poke and prod from the rounded edge of the knife, surprisingly sharp considering its lack of a distinct point. Tessa kept it at a bit of an angle, tilted just slightly so that the portion of the blade between the tip and the teeth slid smoothly through short fur.

Tied in place, trapped between her weight and the bed, the sergal nodded. He didn't trust himself to speak.

"Do you have a condom?"

His ears flicked back. He shook his head.

Tessa said nothing for a moment; through the blindfold he imagined he could feel her roll her eyes and shake her head. Again she leaned forward, this time reaching for the nightstand beside his head. "Well, we'll have to change that. I've already got five kids, and I'm not looking to make it six." There was the sound of claws tearing through plastic, the faint scent of lubed latex in the air... then the cool, slick feeling of it settling against his tip, the slight squeeze as the wolfess rolled it down – and then, abruptly, a sharp jab and quick tear, right along the back of the base near his sheath.

The sergal gasped and jerked forward, his paws immediately trying to pull free yet remaining bound fast by the soft rope. Tessa continued rolling the condom down along his length with one paw, while she assumedly held the knife in the other. Was that – a thick warmth he felt, trickling down along the lip of his sheath?

"Just something to remember me by once we're done here," the wolfess remembered. Razor grimaced and sucked in another gasp through his teeth as she squeezed the condom down over the section she had sliced. It was a light, gentle cut – he obviously couldn't see how much but it felt barely skin-deep – but still stung with the addition of the lube. "*You're* the one who explicitly mentioned this on your profile, remember."

Razor nodded again, half-consciously giving a thrust from his hips as Tessa slid the condom down to his base. She squeezed and rubbed at his length, making no effort to avoid the spot along the back of his shaft that she had sliced – and he felt each throb and pulse send another little sting vibrating out from that area. Then, gradually, carefully, the wolfess lifted up again, one paw on his shoulder and knife handle sideways against his chest, and came forward, got herself in position, and rubbed the lips of her plump sex back and forth, back and forth over his underside.

"I'm sure you understand," she went on, voice low. All Razor could smell was *her*, hot and rich and wet. "That I'm hoping for a big of a better performance after what you gave me at dinner."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm sorry, I was just really-"

"Yeah?"

“Yes, ma’am.” Each time she changed the direction of her grinding, the sergal throbbed again, bringing at once a sensation of sweet pleasure – she was so warm – on top of the slight sting. Again she reached down and tilted him up with the flat of the blade; he felt his rubber-wrapped tip slide up into the soft, slick lips of her spade.

The wolfess braced the tip of the knife between his ribs for balance, her other paw squeezing the base of his length right along the cut. She ran his tip back and forth along herself, ensuring that the exterior of his condom ended up dripping with her arousal; Razor could hardly resist pushing up into her, though her weight and strength kept him down. “That’s better,” she said, voice softer. It embarrassed him to feel a little swell of pride at that change in tone. “You do have some promise after all, see? It just takes a careful hand and... some well-placed motivation to bring it out.”

This time while she spoke she started to sink slowly down onto the sergal, wrapping him in intoxicating heat, a wet, sucking warmth that made him roll his head back and squirm against the bonds around his wrists. At the same time, though, she dragged the knife down that spot between his ribs toward his side, the rounded tip giving way to serrated teeth that gripped and caught and pulled and – and shredded, fur and skin and a layer of flesh underneath.

Razor gritted his teeth and let a strained grunt out from between his teeth, yet at the same time he shifted his hips and pressed deeper up into the wolfess as she settled further down into his lap. This time there was definitely a thick trickle of heat down along his side, black fur doubtless bearing a trail of warm crimson, were he able to see it. The knife retreated for a moment, the tip digging back into the wound for a fraction of a second and making him jump and jerk again; on top of him Tessa sighed and moaned softly, rocking her hips forward and back as she lowered herself.

Then, finally, she settled down on top of him, hips to hips, the fat lips of her canine sex mashed wetly into Razor’s pubic fur. Just as his own blood dripped down along the side of his chest, he could feel the heat of her arousal, warm and wet and sticky, clinging to his fur and rolling down his thighs; she rocked her hips forward and back, squishing and squeezing him inside of her without actually moving. For a moment he let himself indulge in the sensation, but then, as expected, the teeth of the knife bit again into his chest, this time just beneath one of his nipples.

“Come on,” the wolfess cooed. Razor felt her lean in again, the change in angle causing her spade to suck along the base of his shaft. “Show me what you’ve got, dear. Let’s hope it’s enough.”

What did she mean by that? The sergal swallowed, gritted his teeth, and then gave a few tentative thrusts from his hips, seeing if he could budge at all beneath the weight of the large wolfess on top of him. Each time he pressed up, the small teeth dug deeper into his skin, neither puncturing nor tearing, yet just *stinging*; when he slid into a slow rhythm, squeezing his way in and then using the give of the mattress to pull back out, the pressure lightened somewhat but remained. Tessa’s other paw came down to rest along his upper arm, partially pulling his bound wrists off of his chest.

Before long she started to lean into his rhythm, lifting up as he pulled out and then pressing down when he pushed in. Razor tried to keep his mouth shut but couldn’t, between the gasps and moans of pleasure mixed with the grunts, the hisses, the twitches and small yelps as she became more free with her chosen implement of motivation.

More often than not she simply used the rounded tip as support, pressing it in against his soft belly, or digging it between his ribs, or at one point letting it settle in between the tendons of the back of his paw, until a buck and jerk sent it scraping across his chest instead. The wolfess let her jaw hang open – Razor could hear her breathy moans and open panting, and her open-mouthed swallows – and rode him just as much as he tried to give her what she wanted, knees raised behind her back and footpaws braced against the mattress.

If he ever slowed in his pace, he received a quick slash across the line of a rib in his chest, starting along his left side down towards his kidney and then over to his right. If he gasped or grunted too loudly he received a nick on the cheek, usually from the portion of the blade between the teeth and the tip. If he squirmed too much or moved too quickly, even, he got one across the stomach, just deep enough that it hurt to tense up.

Each little cut and slice and tear added to the whole, until his entire upper body stung and throbbed with a distant, passive pain, not quite enough to distract him from the wet slickness squeezing and sucking back and forth across his length. Actually, if anything, it just *enhanced* the pleasure, adding a kind of sparkling electricity beneath the little waves of sweet tension and lovely sensation – and Tessa seemed to know what she was doing, too: she stayed away from arteries, cut between veins rather than along or across, grazed and poked and slashed along places where nerves were high in concentration and blood vessels low.

Still, though, the cloying stickiness of oozing blood matted his fur, with the stacked pain misting his thoughts and mind. His paws felt numb atop his chest, his arms crosshatched with little scratches and shallow cuts of the wolfess's whims. Somewhere along the way he had lost the energy and confidence to continue thrusting, but she hadn't seemed to notice: Tessa rode and bounced in his lap, the knife now held at an angle across his shoulder with her other paw pressing into the pillow, her entire body shaking and shifting and lurching, her hips slapping against his.

"Good boy," she breathed, words tense and strained. This close Razor could feel her breath across her muzzle, still tinged faintly with pepper from dinner and the scent of meat, and... blood, but he couldn't tell if that was from the steak or from himself. He hadn't been able to *see* if she had licked the knife, after all. "Come on. Don't you stop, sweetheart. I'm not – done yet..."

The sergal dug deep inside himself to find his last bit of energy, the exhaustion of so many small wounds starting to catch up to him. His muscles felt sluggish and slow, his responses distant and muted; he thrust weakly into the warm, squeezing depths of this wolfess around him, the juice of her arousal having soaked through his pubic fur and thighs to the point where he could feel the little puddle beneath his rump, and the humidity caught within his pants still barely around his knees.

Somewhere in there, buried beneath the tingling and the stinging and the unintentional muscle spasms and dripping sweat and trickling adrenaline, Razor knew that he, too, was approaching his peak. Tessa's enjoyment of the whole escapade was becoming steadily more apparent, in the way that she put less emphasis on *him* doing the work and instead rode and squeezed and grinded herself down against him, tight enough that he could feel each and every little clench of her muscles and shudder through her body.

Despite how often she had set it to fur and skin and flesh, the blade of the knife, swiped surreptitiously from the table at the restaurant, still held shockingly cool to the touch. Right here, as the older wolfess

churned her hips against this smaller sergal's body and rocked him into the bed so that he could hardly even try to resist – not that he *wanted* to – Razor felt the back of the blade brush, touch, then rest against his side, right across the length of another long yet shallow cut reaching around to the sheet underneath him. The sensation made him jump and instinctively curl away from it, though only after another moment did he realize that neither of her paws held the handle.

Still he couldn't see, but one of those big paws pushed down against his chest, the pressure staunching the slow, oozing trickle from the spiderweb of shallow slashes hidden among dark fur there though still reminding him of their presence. The other one, meanwhile, worked fast and hard between the wolfess's thighs, squishing and mashing her plump sex around and against Razor's buried shaft as he rode him, flesh tight and wet and wonderful, arousal shivering and growing and peaking until – she gasped, jerked, jerked again, then doubled over the younger male, her breath hot and humid across his face.

"Ah—" Tessa panted, with another puff of heavy breath. It *definitely* carried the characteristic tang of iron; suddenly Razor was put in mind of the image of a smooth cloudy-white wolfess, tilting the back of the knife towards her tongue and rolling a gathered drop of his blood down... and then another jerk and shudder from her brought him back to the present, her body pressing and grinding against his as she pushed herself to and over her peak on top of him. Razor squirmed in place again, trying his best to lift up into her and give her what she wanted; this time he wasn't sure whether the warm trickle down along the outsides of his thighs and lower belly was his blood, or her arousal, or...

Still the wolfess's paw worked at herself, Razor buried balls-deep inside of her so that he could feel the movement of those soft lips around the base of his shaft, just past the rim of the condom. *If she squeezes any tighter*, he thought, *it's gonna come off inside of her...* and then that thought was cut off as well by a strengthening in that warmth, turning from a trickle into a flow and then into a definite stream, spraying and sputtering as Tessa began to lift herself up. She leaned back as she went, paw retreating from his chest, to his belly, to his waist, and then back so that she could angle herself backwards.

Razor gritted his teeth and wriggled in place, the pleasure seeping slowly back into him beneath the exhaustion and throbbing pain. Spade spread between her fingers – she had to use two from that one paw for each side – she dripped down across the tip of his shaft, angled up, tightened, pushed... and arced the stream of her mark up and over the sergal's belly and chest, the rich scent hitting him a split second before the searing, sizzling pain of fresh piss making its way into and through his still-fresh cuts and scratches and slashes.

"*There we go...*" Tessa rumbled, the weight of her paw pressing down on Razor's upper leg becoming a bit uncomfortable. With his paws bound over his chest still there was nothing he could do other than squirm and writhe, her mark spraying out over his fingers and wrists, his arms and his chest, then his belly and waist again, the sharp heat trickling and stinging and digging at his nose and senses, the drier, sharper musk of her piss easily overcoming the deep metallic touch of blood and mixing with the acrid sting of his building sweat. "Sorry for not asking, sweetheart, but – you didn't give me your safeword, so I can only assume you're alright with it. Yes?"

Razor tried to say something, though found the words dripping out into nothing between his lips once the wolfess continued to rub herself against his underside, still draining herself against him through the now-hot condom. He twitched and throbbed, partially lifting up and out of the gathered puddle underneath him, only to feel the pressure of her stream spray and part around his tip; he swallowed,

shivered, throbbed again when the wolfess picked the knife back up and once more pressed it against his shaft, this time with the serrations settled halfway up and poking through the rubber of the condom. The stinging, the pinching, the pain that made his body writhe and hips jerk at each throb and twitch, then overcome by the superior heat and sensation of her piss rushing in across the newly-revealed skin inside of the condom.

Again and again he tugged at his bonds, pulling his paws first to one side of his body and then the other, then back again. The scent of Tessa's piss filled his head, sharp and hot and undeniably lupine; the source of it had by now trickled off to a finish but still the warmth was there, the wetness, the slick, sucking flesh of her canine spade pulling and squeezing and teasing at him, bringing him so close to the edge of his own finish with the sharp blade of the knife waiting right there as well. He jumped and jerked, then, as Tessa pulled the knife slightly down, shredding the rubber and making it pop and pull along his shaft.

"I didn't hear an answer," she murmured, still working her hips against him. "So I'll just assume that--"

The extra pressure from her leaning in over him was enough. Razor swallowed again, shivered, bucked his hips upward, clenched his jaw and squeezed his eyes shut against the stinging pain of the teeth of the knife digging into the so-sensitive flesh of that particular part of him – and then jerked again, and again, and again as he finally tumbled over the edge, each wave of body-shaking pleasure bringing a sharp overtone of tingling pain with it, his cock throbbing and bouncing back against the knife resting against its top. With the condom punctured along the back and pulled slightly up at the same time, his own load swelled and squeezed around him for only a couple of spurts before it gushed out and around him.

For a while he just remained where he lay, muzzle tilted to one side, bound paws rising and falling over his chest with his unsteady breathing, still-hard cock resting somewhat uncomfortably across the angled blade of the knife so that each breath and throb made it lift and then settle back against the serrations. He could still feel Tessa's weight above him, the dripping remnants of her piss and her arousal soaking down into his pubic fur and across his sack, her thighs spread over his, before she leaned forward over his body again. Razor instinctively turned his head to the other side, but at a gentle insistence from the motherly wolf, let her slip her fingers in beneath his blindfold – she smelled so strongly of herself, of him to a lesser degree, and then finally of the lube coating the condom – and lift it up and off.

The light in the room, dim yet still present, made him blink and squint, but before long she came into view on top of him, even more lovely than he had thought she would be underneath her dress. She wore markings somewhat similar in appearance to her daughter's, soft stripes and swirls over her shoulders, forearms, thighs, knees, the cool pale blue of winter sky showing through the tinted white and gentle grey of gathering clouds. For a moment Razor forgot about all of the pain and tingling and shaking in his body, and took a moment to just *look* at her: his eyes of course started between her legs, at the fat protrusion of warm wet flesh still squeezing against the base of his shaft. Then up from that, little pink pinpoints of a few nipples just barely visible through the fur of her slightly-plump belly and chest, flush with the surface, leading up to the larger, heavier breasts, nipples there pert and full, the left one stuck through with, to Razor's surprise, a silver barbell piercing.

When he made it to her face the wolfess smirked and tilted her head, then wiped her paw across her chest. Faint reddish-brown streaked there in the pattern of her fingers, and as Razor's eyes adjusted to the light he became more aware of other, similar markings, more temporary and incidental. Spots of *his*

blood in *her* white fur. As he watched Tessa slid the knife out from underneath his cock – with a little grimace and twitch from him, of course – then lifted it to her maw, drew her tongue along first the back and then the flat of the blade... and then lowered it down again. Razor tightened and gritted his teeth, expecting her to leave another slash along his underside just like the one that now twinged and ached along the back – but instead she angled it down and then slowly, carefully drew it up from base to tip, with enough pressure to leave a stinging trail where it went yet not too much to actually slice him.

The condom stuck in place for a moment, then peeled heavily away from where she had opened it along his underside. Razor let out another breath, the energy gone from his body; Tessa had to murmur something that sounded fitting for her guiding a small puppy in order to get him to lift his arms enough for her to undo the ropes.

“See?” purred the wolfess, knife still held in the other paw. Now that he could see, Razor kept an eye on it at all times. “That wasn’t so bad, was it? Now you can add *that* to your profile, too. It’s now something you’ve done with someone else.” She tapped the back of it against his belly, though still he jumped. “On the receiving end, of course. We can live up to your namesake and use an actual razor next time.”

The sergal lifted his head, then regretted it immediately. For a second the world swam before his eyes, and then just about everything disappeared behind bright colors and sparkles. A second later he felt himself thump back against the pillow again. “N... next time?”

“Next time.” Tessa lifted himself from on top of him, her spade sticking and sucking against the base of his shaft for a moment, and then slid into place alongside him on the bed. “Look, dear, I’ve had more than my share of partners. I have no problem with asking the man out on a date if you’re too shy to.”

Razor felt sure his heart would have jumped at hearing that, were it not already exhausted and trembling in his chest. He swallowed and nodded again.

“Yeah,” he managed. “Yeah. Okay. Next... next time.”

“Add me on AfterBark, too, love. I sent you a request while getting ready.”

“Yeah, okay, I’ll...” Razor rubbed at his wrists. His paws were shaking. “Let me... find my...”

“Oh.” Tessa rolled onto her side for a moment to grab her phone, too. “Zara sent you one, too. So if you could add her as well, that’d be nice.”

The sergal paused where he was, then regretted that, too, and had to brace himself on the nightstand so he wouldn’t fall over. He looked over his shoulder. “Your daughter?”

Blue eyes flashed his way for a moment. Tessa smirked again. “Yes. Your safeword. Remember? Or did you still manage to forget that?”

*Hyena.* Razor swallowed. “No, I... I remembered.”

The wolfess watched him, smile still remaining on her muzzle. Then, carefully, she reached over and stroked a spot on his belly, free of cuts yet still soaked through with her mark.

“I thought you would. Now, come on, let’s get you cleaned up. We’ll have to use the shower down the hall, but it fits two people.” She paused. “Well, three. You know. Come on, dear.”