

“Come on. Gimme a push. Lemme see what you got... oh, yeah, *there* we go...”

Shekh couldn't help but grin as he felt the wolfess do as he told her, her black-furred muzzle scrunching up and eyes fluttering shut with the effort. All around him he felt the wet heat and shivering pleasure of her body and arousal, her well-used tailhole and stretched insides wrapped nearly all the way up to his elbow. Knowing Jesse, it had of course taken quite a bit less time than if he were to do this with Lukas, but still the payout was the same: the squirming, the wriggling, the gasping and panting and moaning, and then *especially* the shivering and tightening of her legs when he wiggled his fingers deep inside of her or clenched his fist and pulled.

“Come on, Jess. A little more.”

“I – *am* pushing, you stupid f... can't you *feel* that?”

He could. He *really* could. The hyena, sitting cross-legged behind her with his other paw keeping her lube-streaked tail lifted out of the way, leaned back and looked in: just as those slick inner walls pushed and slid back along his buried fist and wrist and arm, so too did he see her tailhole, stretched smooth near the curve of his elbow, pucker and purse and push like a pair of lips ready for a kiss. The slick stickiness of Jesse's insides clung to and matted his tan fur, and as he pulled and slid his arm slowly backwards, the puckered lips of her tailhole continued pushing, growing, *blooming*, until rich, supple red flesh showed.

The hyena licked his lips and leaned in closer, starting to push his arm back in. Jesse shivered and hiked her rump a little further into the air, all of her muscles relaxing for just a moment against his insistence. “There we go,” he rumbled, letting his other paw trail down from the base of her tail to between her thighs, similarly soaked and dripping with both excess lube as well as her own arousal; he turned his paw to the side and ran a pair of fingers up between her lips there, pads brushing across her clit and making her shiver and jerk around his arm. “Can you do that again for me?”

“God. Take a picture. It'll-” The wolfess gritted her teeth and grunted with the effort. “-last longer...”

“I'm planning to. Video, actually. Here we go...”

This time as Jesse pushed her insides out, Shekh let his arm slide with the movement as well. Along the way he clenched his fist and kept it tightly held, her inner bowels pushing and squeezing over the matted fur of his arm, warmth pressing and squeezing him out past her abused and overused rim, hardly capable of clenching. A quarter-inch of that bulbous red flesh showed from inside, then half, then a full inch... then an inch and a half, two inches, three... and Shekh felt just the slightest squeeze of resistance around his wrist, around the wider bulge of his clenched fist, before he pulled *that* free, too – and with a wet, sucking *pop* Jesse gasped and shuddered and jerked, pushing the rest of the hyena's arm free from her body just as she did the same for a little more of her lower bowels.

Shekh drew his paw and arm back, both of them dripping with thick strands of saliva mixed with lube mixed with interior slickness. He stretched his fingers out and spread them apart, that wetness clinging in a membrane between his fingers before breaking free, and then reached forward to brush his pads down over the revealed hanging weight of Jesse's bowels, pushed out to a good hand's length and hanging down bright red against black fur.

“Look at *that*...” Shekh purred. He scooted closer, slid that sticky paw down between his own legs to give himself a few strokes, and brought his other up to lift the limp sock of prolapsed flesh. “Beautiful. One more push?”

“You’re insufferable.”

“Come on. As if you don’t love it, too.”

Jesse rolled her eyes, folded her arms under her head, licked her lips, grunted again – and then Shekh felt that flesh pulse and grow in his grip, flaring like a stallion for as long as she pushed until it dropped back down again. The hyena, still grinning, brought his other paw up again to run his fingers over and around the puckered bloom, teasing his four fingers and thumb tapered to a tip in against the central entrance, digging and sliding easily into the loose flesh so that it swallowed his arm like a wet, warm sheath – right up to the faint, slight squeeze of the gaping muscle at her rump itself, a few inches in.

“Can you feel that?”

“Of *course* I can. I can feel the whole thing. It’s like – like... it’s...”

There it was – another shudder and shiver, another bite of the lip, another sigh and moan... then another grunt and squeeze and slow trickle down between her legs. Shekh slid his paw back out of her revealed bowels, pulling downwards instead of straight out, and then ran the loose flesh between the fingers of both of his paws, squeezing and pressing in on the wet meat.

“What was that?”

Jesse glared back at him again, though her pleasure and arousal showed clearly on her face. “Shut up. You just know how to push my buttons.”

“It helps when your buttons are hanging... four, five inches outside of your asshole.” Bit by bit, two fingers at a time, Shekh started to press the wolfess’s inside back into her, her tailhole sucking and pulling at the loose flesh as well as his fingers and paws. It would be so easy to slide a fist in again, or even both paws clasped together; that was how he had gotten her stretched out to this point, after all.

“As if I can help it.” Feeling herself all back in place, Jesse tightened again, sighed, and then spread her legs a little further. Shekh ran his fingerpads down along her tailhole, itself still puckered and parted slightly from the stretch, pinkish flesh showing wet and slick against her similarly-soaked fur. “You should see me in the mornings.”

“Trust me, I’d like to.”

“Yeah, yeah. I’m exhausted, though.”

Shekh brought his paw to his muzzle, sniffed at it, gave it a lick, then dug two fingers into his maw to suck off all of that stringy stickiness. He came forward and sprawled out alongside the wolfess, a bright grin on his face.

“Five minute breather, and then me next, right?”

Yellow eyes appraised him for a moment. It looked as though Jesse had been drooling.

“Ten minutes. I don’t think I can even stand up right now.”