

Askia stifled a yawn where he waited at the light, his favorite track off the new *Pop Horror* album bouncing from the speakers. They were a fun, interesting fusion between bubblegum and ska, of all things, with a surprisingly aggressive take on their roots; the first time he had heard them he had fallen in love, and even now with his mind wandering somewhere completely different, he couldn't help but tap his fingerpads against the rim of the steering wheel in time with the rhythm. Red flashed to green at the edge of his vision, then, and he sank down onto the gas to continue down the road.

*"Tucker might be over when you get back."* The incoming text message lit up his phone screen, cradled in its mount along the dashboard. He glanced down, tapped at it, then opened it up, and also restarted the song, since he wasn't paying full attention to it. *"We've got a few plans but are on our way back now, so. Let us know when you get out of work. <3"*

Instinctively he moved to reply – *actually I got out early, I'm on my way now* – but knew he shouldn't, and instead just let the screen dim and then switch to black after he messed with the music a bit. A broken water pipe and shorted circuit at work resulted in half the building going down, with all those employees either temporarily transferring to another section or, like him, getting sent home. That worked out, especially on a Friday afternoon like this. It seemed like his weekend might turn out fuller than he had expected, too.

The wild dog shifted in his seat and angled the wheel to arc right at the next intersection. His mate had been chatting about this Tucker guy for the past two weeks, ever since they had reconnected online. Mika, Askia's husband and mate, sleek yet broad-shouldered calico, and then Tucker, some kind of bull or something – it had been hard to get a description out of the darn cat – had apparently been fairly close friends in late high school. The more he spoke about him, the more Askia remembered little bits and pieces shared from before. Something about a football team, and something happening at the final game of the season, and...

Askia smirked as he drove, slowing to match the pace of the other cars on the road closer to home. And Mika's face had lit up when he brought that memory back up, something about it preventing him from continuing in his description to his mate. Askia still hadn't the slightest idea what had happened on that night, but given the way Mika talked about the bull, and given some of the photos that the wild dog could *swear* he had seen on his mate's screen, he thought he had a pretty good idea.

He turned again and slowed to pass a delivery truck paused on the curb, then continued ahead. Their house would be coming up just around the bend here; the wild dog reached forward to turn the volume up a bit, then tapped his phone again to see if he had received any new messages. He had not – and yet as he approached the house he saw that Mika had indeed already returned home.

Just a moment ago, actually. Askia pulled up just as the front door closed behind the cat's familiar sleek form, ahead of the bigger, broader body of someone who could only be this Tucker guy. Interested, Askia slowed to a stop in the driveway as usual, unhooked his phone from its mount, tapped through his messages one more time, and then started up towards the front door as well.

He had *thought* that they would have seen him pull up. The door was locked when he reached it, and the wild dog had to spend another few seconds digging around for his keys to handle that; the door swung open on recently-replaced and oiled hinges – Mika was all for constantly maintaining and upgrading the house, which had also recently led to the old countertops replaced with nice new granite, the laminate floor turning to fresh hardwood of a similar color and finish, the old thrift-store furniture

replaced with newer, somewhat less comfortable versions – and then just as silently shut again behind him.

So Askia locked the door, wiped his footpaws off on the mat, reached to hang his keys from the rack, and was just about to call out a greeting when he caught sight of just what was going on. This house was set up so that the entryway looked straight into the living room to one side, the hallway leading to the bedrooms on the other, and then the kitchen and dining room straight ahead, and there right along that nice new granite countertop sat a bull, unfamiliar to him. As broad of shoulder as he was of waist, in a thin button-down shirt that strained a bit both at the seams as well as the buttons – with black and orange splotched paws running up those buttons, undoing them one at a time.

A blush immediately warmed the wild dog's cheeks, and before he could think any longer about it he stepped to the side and hid behind the wall separating the entry from the living room. Sensitive satellite-dish ears still picked up the little murmurs and rustles, the soft chuckles from Mika's familiar voice alongside the lower, richer timbre that he didn't recognize. Askia swallowed, turned his head to the side, and tried to listen in...

"Oh, I *swear*..." Mika purred. There was the sound of an inhaled gasp, immediately followed by a slow, shuddering sigh. "I've been wanting to do this since I first heard you were in town..."

"Uh-huh." That was the other voice. Slow, careful, Askia peeked around the corner again, then immediately swept back. This was a bad angle to watch, as it put him right within Tucker's line of sight – so the bull seemed completely uninterested in anything other than this housecat between his legs, Mika's superior height putting him level with the bull's stout muzzle and face even though he sat atop the counter. "Don't I know it."

In that quick peek Askia saw quite a lot: Tucker leaning back with that shirt unbuttoned around his shoulders; the black pelt like velvet over leather coursing in along those thick arms and broad chest, smooth and rounded, showing just the slightest hint of muscle beneath the surface. First task completed, Mika leaned back again, flicked his little sandpaper tongue over his lips, and took in the sight, then drew his paws up and over that revealed chest and belly, fingers sinking gently into the skin and surface there.

Askia swallowed.

"Should be a while longer before Kia comes home..." the feline went on. Askia gently, deliberately started to make his way away from that corner and over to where the living room met the kitchen directly, across the back of the couch and over the rug laid on top of the hardwood floor. Luckily that padded the quiet sound of his toeclaws over the wood, though from here he couldn't pick the words out of Tucker's response. The bull's voice came as a low, steady rumble, with Mika's slightly higher tones pricking out a little more distinct.

"...sure he's okay," the cat went on, Askia assumed, in response to a question. There was more shifting and rustling, this time with the characteristic quiet *zip* of a pants fly being undone. Askia froze in place, halfway to the next corner where he could get a better look.

"Yeah, but – *ah* – I'm just worried that..." Tucker paused to catch his breath. The wild dog waited for the shuffling to continue before he took another step forward, just barely close enough to brace his paws

against the wall and use that for leverage in leaning when. When he did so and peeked around again, keeping his muzzle forward yet angled back so that his giant ears wouldn't broadcast into the hall, he did so just in time to see one of Mika's paws reaching up along the bull's shoulder and neck and the other slipping down his front towards his opened pants and grey-tinted boxers, tenting out quite noticeably in front.

That wasn't what caught his attention, though. As he spoke the bull reached forward as well, tilting his head to one side with Mika leaning in to nip at his revealed neck, and did much the same for the cat still bound up in his formal outfit for work. He had undone his own buttons as well, so all it took was a grab and tug from the bull to slide his shirt off – and Askia paused where he was to watch those shoulder squeeze backwards, muscles bunching and tightening beneath skin and fur while Mika shifted out and tossed the shirt to the side. The patterns along his back, black and orange and warm cinnamon brown over smooth, soft white, adjusted and stretched as he moved: from here the wild dog could see the lines of his shoulders and his neck as he leaned in again, and the way he angled his hips to the side to press against the bull in front of him, and the slight tensing of his lower back when he straightened up and angled his head the other way again.

"Don't worry about a thing," Mika went on. Both paws came up to the bull's muzzle; Tucker closed his eyes and leaned forward. Askia caught a noticeably twitch in the front of his boxers there. "We've got time. You know what you *can* do?"

Tucker wet his lips as well. He wrapped his thick legs around Mika's waist and tugged him in closer. "What's that?"

"You can kiss me."

One paw went to Askia's mouth as he watched. The two met and held each other's eyes for a moment, Mika with a faint smirk on his face and Tucker with an embarrassed smile not quite fitting the bull's large, masculine form. So his suspicion about these two had been right: he watched, awed, as they each leaned forward and then met in a careful, tentative kiss, unsure and nervous at first but quickly growing in confidence. The nub of Mika's tail went from flicking behind him to simply stirring, and then it held still – and he turned his head yet again and slid deeper into that kiss, the bull's lips parting against his and, Askia could *hear*, tongue slipping in against his own.

And still he watched, that one paw at his mouth and the other slowly making its way down his own body, lifting up under his shirt, settling in at the front of his pants with his back braced against the wall separating him from his mate and *his* paramour. The angle from here in the living room meant that he couldn't quite see every part of the kiss, but when Mika drew back, swallowed, licked his lips, and dove back in, again he could hear it: cat's soft panting over bull's lower, breathy moans, the wet, sticky sucking of one mouth on another, the sounds of a tongue digging and swirling and slipping along the other's.

Gradually Mika lowered his paws down over the bull's body again, spreading from his face over his shoulders, from there along his broad chest and belly again, and then finally settling down at his hips. A grasp, a tug, a little bit of a shift, and then those pants as well as the underwear dropped to hang off of one leg and then fall to the floor.

Mika liked to kiss breathlessly. Askia knew this from experience: sucking at the tongue, chewing on the lower lip, nipping at the upper. Sucking and swallowing, leaving no space for breath or a break in between, and all of this he gave to Tucker here in front of and around him, even as one of those splotched paws came in towards the center, brushed through thicker, wiry pubic fur, then wrapped around, squeezed, pressed... and the bull sighed through the kiss and straightened up, legs spreading a little further. Askia shivered where he stood at his vantage point and slipped his own paw down beneath the waistband of his pants.

As the calico drew back from the kiss Askia saw the thin strand of mixed saliva hang between their mouths, with Tucker leaning forward to lap it off from its source along Mika's lip. The cat giggled at that, met him for another string of short kisses, and then smoothly untangled himself from the bull's thick arms and legs. At first Askia thought he was going to drag him down the hall towards the bedroom – *that* thought ignited a hot, sizzling fire in him too, imagining the two of them getting down to business right there on *their* bed, bouncing and panting and dripping and smearing into the sheets on which he was still going to sleep tonight. For a moment the wild dog enjoyed that, but another odd sound from around the corner drew his attention, so after he popped free his pants button and undid the zipper he peeked back around again.

This time the wild dog looked over just in time to see Mika take a half-step back and then lean down, one arm braced against Tucker's wide upper thigh and the other pressed against the kitchen counter beneath him. The bull sighed and leaned back, at once reclining as well as pushing his lower body further off the counter. The spice rack behind him tottered and nearly fell over – Askia reached out his other paw as if to catch it – and as he spread his legs he saw there exactly what he had expected: thick, dark pubic fur bushing around the base of his shaft, also thick, dark-skinned, fully hard.

His fresh, pink-fleshed head glistened in warm contrast against the supple foreskin snug around his length, and it was here that Mika focused as he leaned in. First with his nose against the underside, then sliding further towards the heavy balls underneath, suitable in size and shape for a bull of his build. Askia could just *imagine* the feeling of that soft-sandpaper tongue, then, as Mika lapped up between those balls and along Tucker's underside, tugging the slick skin as he went so that it bunched up around his head and then slid back again. Pants opened, his own underwear bulging, Askia squeezed around the base of his sheath and shivered as he watched over his shoulder.

"Oh, Mikey..." the bull rumbled. Again Mika drew up from base to tip, this time swirling his tongue around the rim there, bunched up with a paw and digging gently underneath. Just that little movement made Tucker twitch, tighten his legs, and kick a little bit. "Was wondering when I'd... feel this again..."

"Was wondering when I'd *taste* you again." The calico kissed that tip and straightened up, leaning in to meet Tucker in another string of deep, wet kisses, all the while stroking him steadily. Askia watched both the pumping of that thick shaft and supple foreskin as well as Mika's arm as he did it, muscles bunching and tightening up towards the elbow and then sliding forward with each movement. Again, the calico's patterning served only to bring out and accentuate his musculature, the splotches shifting and moving over the cords of muscle and tendon underneath. "I still remember your scent..."

And with that he dove down between Tucker's legs, lips wrapped smoothly around the bull's shaft as he went, one paw keeping balance against his thigh and the other hefting that sizeable sack, fingers rolling back and forth over the bull's balls. Tucker leaned his head back and sighed again, lifting up into Mika's

muzzle as he made his way down: even from here Askia could tell he had a bit of trouble with his size, deliberately relaxing his throat and adjusting his lips and tongue, but still he went on.

The wild dog shifted his underwear down his hips just far enough to bring himself out into the air, settling the waistband underneath his sack and giving himself a few slow, steady strokes. His other paw again went to his muzzle, stifling whatever little noises of exertion or pleasure might trickle out as he watched and enjoyed the show; his hips gave a buck and he sucked in a gasp through his nose when the skin of his sheath slid back past the slight bulge of his unswollen knot, then rolled forward again.

Tucker made much the same movements and noises, head rolled back on his shoulders and wide chest rising and falling with heavy breaths while Mika continued to bob between his legs. For a while Askia returned behind the corner and just worked at himself, paw moving slow and steady – and when he turned back again he saw the cat with his paw halfway up along Tucker's shaft, again keeping that foreskin bunched forward into a slick, wrinkled rim around the head, his deft tongue digging and swirling beneath. Even from here Askia could see the constant rhythmic throbs that that sensation sent through the bull's body, leaving him panting and shivering once Mika came back up again.

This naturally led into another kiss, the cat's lips certainly slickened with pre as well as drool. His arms went around Tucker's shoulders and tugged him tight again, Mika's more defined, curvier chest against Tucker's softer, rounder one as they met, locked, and parted, again and again. Throughout this, Askia steadily pawing with the front few inches of his muzzle and one eye peeking around the corner to watch, Mika steadily shimmied his own pants and underwear down his thighs as well, slid a paw into the kiss to lap over his palm, reached down... and Askia's eyes fell to and locked along the cat's revealed rump, muscles of his haunches and legs tight with ambition and anticipation.

It wouldn't be exactly truthful for Askia to say that he hadn't expected something like this to happen between the two. A small bit of surprise came from *when* they had chosen to do it – he had at least expected Mika to wait until after he had gotten home, as he knew the feline enjoyed putting on a show for an audience – but... that short tail flicked from side to side as he slid into place, his hard shaft resting along Tucker's, the bull's lacking a bit in length but certainly winning out when it came to girth. Saliva-soaked fingers slipped down underneath those heavy balls, briefly lifting them up and out of the way, and Mika tilted his head and grinned while he worked them into place.

Askia leaned his shoulders back against the wall and let out another sigh, dropping his paw from his mouth to make the same movement between his own legs. His balls shifted and rested over the base of his thumb, hot and soft and humid... and when he looked again Mika was just shifting, adjusting, turning the larger bull to the side a bit so he could properly line himself up. In that moment the wild dog paused on himself to peek closer and look: Tucker spread his legs around the cat, lifted up, pushed himself closer to the edge of the counter... and then Mika, legs also spread, lined up, tilted his head back, and let out a low rumble of a purring sigh as he started to sink in.

One paw on the corner of the wall, the other steadily pumping at himself, Askia gladly, eagerly drank in that sight. Tucker kept his head leaning back, nearly bumped against the kitchen cabinets overhead, while Mika drove deeper into him, hips pushing forward and muscles in his lower body tightening, pulling up, then settling into place in relaxation. Again and again, forward, pause, forward, pause... until the cat's smaller yet no less potent balls rested in against the counter of that nice new granite. From this distance Askia could still see them stir and shift and pull up in response to the cool stone.

Mika straightened up, shoulders repeatedly, rhythmically bunching up and then relaxing with his slightly strained breathing. "How's – that feel?"

Tucker sighed as well. He wrapped his thick legs in around Mika's waist right above the base of his tail and tugged the feline more firmly in against him, the sensation sending a wave of pleasure through his back. Mika's sack bounced softly between his legs.

"Just like homecoming night, senior year. But you've – gotten thicker since then..."

With a bump from his hips and slap of those balls Mika thrust forward again. Tucker's entire body bounced with the lurch of pleasure. "Maybe you've just gotten tighter."

"Oh, I'd *doubt* that, I – *ah...*"

And he trailed off beneath Mika's slow, steady pace, tugging out a little further each time and then sinking back in. The way the feline pumped at Tucker's rump left him on his tiptoes at the end of each thrust, calves straining just within view beneath his pants, footpaws lifting up to drive him forward; Askia returned his paw to his muzzle, now tinted with his own scent and musk, and bit gently into the side of his thumb as he picked up his own pace as well, slipping his sheath back again and again, fingers squeezing beyond the bulge of his growing knot.

Honestly, he hadn't expected the big, broad bull to bottom, but the look on his face and sounds trickling from his mouth lined up with this. Mika leaned forward, shifting his paws from Tucker's legs to the counter on either side of him, using his leverage and height to drive himself up and forward, upper body remaining still and solid while his hips thrust forward and back, muscles knotting and releasing again and again. Askia's eyes remained fixed on the center of the action there, the soft, humid slapping of hips against rump, his balls swinging forward and back underneath him. At one point Mika tugged the bull further down and closer to him so that he could redouble his pace again without worrying about bumping against the counter – and then his sack continued with his rhythm, slipping up against the underside of his tail each time he thrust forward, sliding forward and underneath the bull each time he yanked back.

Askia's shoulder had started to slip along the wall, most of his weight braced there: he had started to lift up onto his toes as well, again adjusting his position to clamp his shirt between his teeth in his mouth so he could squeeze and rub at his balls and base of his sheath while pushing ever closer towards his peak. The steady, heavy rustling of soft feline fur over the velvet bull's hide, mixed with Mika's familiar panting and Tucker's lower, deeper grunts and gasps... there wasn't much more the wild dog could do: he bent over a little further, watched as Mika leaned into meet the bull in another deep, wet kiss while hilted deep inside of him, then shook, shivered, grunted into his shirt where he had bitten it – and, legs shaking and chest tight, bucked forward into his paw and the air in front of him once, twice, a third time. Even as he tried to angle back, the first two spurts arced forward and out, and the surprise of that on top of his skewed balance meant that the wild dog had to quickly catch himself before tumbling out into clear view: panting, exhausted, deeply pleased, hard cock hanging out from his pants, knot swollen and throbbing, and a few thick dribbles of his load dripping down towards his balls, he fell forward and caught himself against the back of the couch, into the fabric of which soaked those first two spurts.

A bit of a distance behind him underneath his own unsteady panting he picked up the familiar rhythm of Mika's peak as well, the quick, sharp inhalations leading to a grunt, a gasp... and then a long, shuddering

moan, punctuated with each powerful spurt. Askia, panting, looked back over his shoulder and leaned to the side so that he could watch his husband's sack as he unloaded deep inside the bull, each spurt forcing him to straighten up onto his toes a little higher, those balls pulling up against him and then relaxing, up and then relax, up and then relax. Tucker panted as well and met Mika in another kiss, and with one thick arm worming its way between them, soon he, too, was grinding and bucking and then, surely, painting his dark pelt with his finish.

For a while the two remained locked together like that, Mika with his head forward and body lurching in slow, deep breaths. Askia watched for a moment, then felt quite out of place where he was, half-bent over the back of the couch still dripping onto the nice hardwood floor... so he busied himself with getting everything back in order, tried in vain to wipe at the dark streak along the back of the couch, cursed softly, worked to fit his still-twitching shaft back into his pants, cursed again – and then, to his dismay, kicked the foot of the couch with his own.

Immediately the heavy breathing and quiet chuckling in the kitchen stopped. “What was that?” Tucker murmured. “Was that-”

“I don't know,” Mika answered. There was more rustling, then a soft snatch of breath as, probably, he slid back out of the bull. “Kia might be home. That sounded like a car door. Want me to go check? I could...”

Thinking fast, Askia straightened up, looked from the kitchen on one side of the room to the entry way on the other, then padded over as quickly and quietly as he could. He cast one more glance over his shoulder before he tugged the door open and made as though to step inside, then smoothly and, as he liked to imagine, *believably* turned as though he had just arrived.

“Hey, hon,” he said, slightly out of breath. He reached forward as though to put his keys on the rack where they already were, and jingled them for good measure. “Got out a bit early. You home?”

“Uh-” Mika coughed. Askia went ahead and plodded down the hall towards the kitchen as though nothing had happened and saw... “Yeah. Tucker's here.”

The feline leaned back against the counter where the action had just taken place, fully dressed and only slightly ruffled, arms crossed in front of his chest, shirt back on his body yet only halfway buttoned. He smiled as Askia stepped in, then motioned over to the bull across from him where he stood poring through the fridge.

“Kia,” said the calico, “this is Tucker, an old boyfriend from high school.”

“Hm?” The bull straightened up, feigning surprise, and then grinned when he noticed Askia there. Faint panic flashed through his eyes; Askia smirked and extended a paw. “Oh! You must be Mikey's husband. I've heard so much about you.”

“That I am.” *And I've heard so much from you*, the wild dog thought, giving him a shake. “Good to finally meet you. I didn't realize you'd be here already.”

Behind him Mika made a noise. Askia looked over at him again. “Yeah,” the cat said with a shrug. He noticed that the spice rack behind him had gotten knocked over; with a nonchalant paw he set it upright

again. His eyes flashed down for a moment, and suddenly Askia became aware of his shirt sticking to his chest along where he had painted himself. He swallowed, sniffed at the air, smelled masculine musk and sex and saliva and... "Sorry about that. Change of plans."

"I understand." He returned his eyes to his mate standing there before him. "I'm gonna go take a shower and get cleaned up a bit, and then let's figure out what we wanna do for tonight."

"Sounds good. I'll give Tuck the house tour."

"Sure."

As he stepped back out of the kitchen and towards the hallway Askia made sure to keep his gaze on Mika. The calico stepped forward from the counter, felt his mate's gaze, then froze in place and turned his head – and the white fur along his muzzle tinted in a blush when Askia grinned, winked, and blew a kiss, all with a quick nod towards where Tucker had gone back to digging through the fridge.

His surprise lasted only a moment, though. In another second Mika nodded at the bull's back, returned Askia's grin, and winked right back at him.

The wild dog covered his mouth with a paw to keep from laughing out loud as he made his way down the hall.