

1. Exhibitionism

ZeroTheCrux

“Come on. Don’t be shy...”

Kai gritted his teeth, swallowed, and just barely managed to suppress a grunt at the sudden tug of the collar around his throat. The older wolfess stood before him, leaning nonchalantly with one arm over the railing that overlooked the lake down below, with her other held at an angle over her shoulder, paw wrapped tightly around the other end of his leash. When she had suggested earlier in the day that the two go on a walk, this wasn’t *quite* what the younger male had expected.

To think he had been surprised when she had snapped this leash to his collar as soon as they had stepped out of her car over at the parking lot, within view of their little vantage point here. Tessa had taken him around the trail a few times, humming softly to herself and thumbing through her phone as though nothing unusual was going on... which of course left Kai with the fallout of their little arrangement.

He had liked the idea at first, and sure, he had teased a few of his other friends in public settings like this – with Lukas at the mall, with Shekh in the front row of a theater, with some others – but never quite as out in the open as *this*. Everyone who noticed stopped to stare, judgmental, appreciative, or disparaging eyes following the two wolves as they went on their way: a pair of striped hyenas stopping in their own walk and watching, mouths agape; a tall, slim blackbird on the phone, suddenly slowing and trailing off in their conversation; another wolf walking a sharp German shepherd dog, the former of whom squinted at Kai and the latter of whom wagged his tail and barked at the fellow pet on a leash.

All throughout this Kai kept his paws in his pockets and deliberately held to hide the tent that stirred in the front of his pants. Tessa walked him all the way over here to the edge of the lake where she made as if to relax, the cool wind blowing and swirling amid the calf-length dress she wore. Kai, blush hot on his face yet still hidden beneath thick black fur, came up to rest alongside her. Foolish of him to think that this little exhibition was over, though, as the first thing the older wolfess did was hook her arm over his shoulders, wrap his leash around her paw to tug his head to the side, and then reached over with her other to feel at that tenting heat in the front of his pants.

“Are you ready?...”

He had kept his eyes straight forward throughout this as she felt at the outline of his sheath and tip peeking out of the end, as she squeezed and rubbed and stroked... then as she undid the button and zipper of his fly, and slid her fingers into the front of his boxers, and got a feel for him herself. That had been embarrassing too, and even though he had specifically kept himself from looking around, Kai could still feel the eyes on his muzzle, his shoulder, his back – and especially his full eight and a half inches of red-fleshed arousal poking through the bars of the fence railing, teased to that point and twitching at the wolfess’s light touch.

There was nothing he could do, then, when she tugged on his leash again, slid her paw back over to herself, and flipped her dress up in back, resting it over the base of her wagging tail, and showed to him that she felt much the same way. The plump pink flesh of her full spade, glistening wet with arousal, jiggling gently as she leaned further forward over the railing and positioned him behind her... and he could smell her, too, the warm, intoxicating musk that scent a sweet shiver through his body and a throb

between his thighs. One paw tugging his leash over her shoulder, the other guiding his hips in against hers, he knew that he couldn't just tell her no.

He had tried before. The wolf gritted his teeth, tilted his head back, rested his fingers along her bare thighs beneath the hem of her dress, and let her pull him inside of her, slow and steady, deep and so, so slick. It felt *wonderful* – better than that, even with the crowd watching at a distance, murmuring to themselves, laughing, snapping pictures.

Tessa leaned forward, at once pushing her rump back against him, and wiggled her hips to seal his sheath to her spade in a sticky kiss. “Well,” she went on, “show me what you’ve got, big dog...” and began a rhythm on him, alternating between pulling herself up and pressing back against him, pulling his leash taut and letting it go again and again. He worked himself in rhythm too, but kept his movements minimal; maybe some people would think he was simply holding her waist and leaning over her, like a romantic couple out to look at the lake.

Except she was more than twice his age, and none of her five children belonged to him. Kai shivered and sighed into her ear as she continued to work her body along his, the wolfess completely disregarding the crowd. Or, maybe, their presence goaded her on: at one point one of those hyenas came right up next to them and leaned back against the railing, appreciative eyes watching the movement of her hips. Tessa grinned and gave him a wink, and he slipped his phone out to record a video.

He would never admit it, but that helped Kai, too. He squeezed his eyes shut, swallowed, tilted his head back, and rode through the motions – all the way up to the point where he felt himself come closer to his peak, legs shaking, sheath rolling back behind his growing knot... to which Tessa widened her stance, huffed gently, and at once forcibly tugged his leash over her shoulder and pushed her rump back against him, working until that fat girth *popped* into her, swelled out, and held tight. Kai bristled, grunted, nearly doubled over, and shook as she yanked his load out of him, a low whimper vibrating in his throat. The crowd around them *ooh'd* at the peak, and he heard the noise of more camera shutters and soft snickering, and as the wolf tried to pull free and zip his pants up he found that, simply, he could not. His knot and her spade ensured that the tie settled deep and held, which meant that he would be here buried deep inside of her for as long as that lasted.

On display, mixed juices of their sex and arousal dripping down his thighs and pants, the rhythmic clenching of her interior muscles and flesh making him repeatedly shake and nearly buckle at the knees.

Tessa bit her lip and flicked an ear. “That’s a good boy...”

2. Bonus – Exhibitionism

ZeroTheCrux

Kai couldn't *believe* he was doing this. Not that it was actually happening – that part made perfect sense – but more that Tessa had managed to rope him into doing all of this, with her as the one holding and tugging his leash. He was used to controlling someone *else's* leash, not having his own in the hands of someone else. She knew what she was doing, though: there on the railing overlooking the lake, the younger male's shaft buried and tied inside of her, both of their legs spread and chests heaving with satisfaction and exhaustion, even through the embarrassment of knowing they were being watched, she had still coaxed him towards and over that peak until there was nothing he could do but grip her tightly,

press into her, and unload, again and again while the wolfess pressed her rump back and squeezed around him.

Naturally, that tie meant the two had to stay there like that for some forty minutes, the warm wetness continuing to gather and trickle down along Kai's sack and into his underwear, and Tessa's hot, intoxicating scent constantly wrapping and swirling around his muzzle and senses and just keeping him hard. The crowd around them started to disperse, bored with the lack of a show, and anyone new who came by likely thought they were just standing there together to share the pleasant moment of the dancing waves out over the lake.

Until they inevitably noticed Tessa's dress hiked up past her tail, and Kai's fly opened and pants and underwear tugged halfway down his thighs. Then their noses twitched, and they squinted, and their whiskers flicked, and any number of things happened then. The younger male blushed and flicked his ears thinking through and remembering all of those things, even now as the wolfess put him through his paces yet again.

Their tie had finally come free after some time, Kai's knot retreating and retracting, to allow him to pop free and slide back, and then shiver with the cool kiss of air along his sensitive shaft especially after staying buried inside of the wolfess's depths for so long. Shaking at the legs, tongue hanging out of his mouth, face hot yet tail still wagging, he had literally begged her to go home, and she had thankfully obliged. With a tug on his leash and a smirk on her muzzle, the white-furred wolfess flipped her dress back down as though nothing had happened and pulled him off after her, not even giving him time to settle back into his pants first.

It had been too much to hope that she would let him off completely scot-free, though. Kai felt his relief growing the closer to the parking lot they came, and then again his heart leapt into his throat when Tessa turned, stretched her arms over her head, sighed softly, and sat down along the bench looking out across the parking lot. By now it was late afternoon: most people would be getting off work or out of school, and likely would be heading out of the house and to a park much like this one.

Kai remained at attention, leash hanging limp yet still in place between them, other end wrapped around her paw. Tessa had looked around, nonchalant and self-satisfied, and then spread her legs, flashed her blue eyes up to him, nodded down in front of her, and gave that leash a firm a tug. And now Kai knelt down along the border between the cement sidewalk and the grass, this time his head wrapped in the humid heat underneath her dress.

All he could smell was both her and herself in roughly equal portions, magnified and strengthened from the time they had spend locked together. Tessa kept his leash taut so that he had no choice but to press his lips against her protruding spade, still glistening wet and dripping with remnant arousal as well as his own load. That soft, supple flesh squeezed and squished beneath his attention, the other paw between his ears holding him in place and guiding him around: he swallowed, felt himself flood back across his tongue and into his throat, swallowed again, and slurped his tongue up between those plump lips, bouncing and jiggling against each touch.

Above and around him the older wolfess shivered and sighed. Each clench and twitch he could feel down here through her body, one leg hooked over his shoulder and the muscled ring just inside her sex squeezing around his tongue as he went. *"Clean up your mess,"* she had growled to him earlier; *"I've got the five kids already and I'm not planning on adding a sixth."*

Yet again they were not alone. At this point Kai knew that Tessa enjoyed an audience: he could feel her dripping against his lips and chin as he worked, tongue digging deep, swirling in, slurping out, and lips wrapping around her spade, full enough to fill his mouth, and sucking back on it – and not all of this slickness came from his attention. Her muscles twitched and shook, and she shivered and sighed and moaned out into the open air of the park... and every now and then Kai's ears flicked back beneath her dress at the sound of a car door closing, or a lull in a conversation as some other parkgoers passed by and noticed what was going on.

He drew back, swallowed again, and glanced down to see the gathered puddle of wetness along the sidewalk. Every time he licked his lips or swallowed or even just *inhaled*, Tessa's musk dominating his own came back to him in force, and he squirmed where he knelt and tried to still the wagging in his tail. Not to let him off, though, she yanked at his leash again and then squeezed her legs around his head, effectively sealing him in place with her canine sex pressing and molding around his lips, sucking back on him as he tried to pull away to catch his breath-

-until he heard a voice *very* nearby, someone asking her a question. Tessa kept her legs around his head and, still nonchalant, voice just a little bit heavy, answered.

Kai squeezed his eyes shut and steadied his breathing, trying to will his tail to stop wagging and for his blush to disappear. It seemed like he was doomed to be the center of attention today.

3. Milf

Peegus

"Quiet! Quiet – *ah...*"

As usual, the leopard wasn't listening. He leaned in and nipped at the wolfess's neck again, tugging the soft white fur and skin between sharp teeth – and tugged. She shivered and melted against him again, her bra already unhooked in back and hanging loose between them, one slim paw braced against his hip and the other along his upper back, trying to push him over towards the bed. Already he could see the evidence of her recent change in home life in her behavior: she pushed him back with one paw, felt at his body with the other, and lurched forward to stretch a leg back to shut the door behind her, all in one.

Kopa smirked and flumped back onto the mattress, shirt already tossed to the side somewhere in the corner behind the door. It had been quite fun to watch this sleek, slim wolfess just gathering her mind and bearings from her first set of twins suddenly tossed back into the turbulence of motherhood all over again, and once more falling back into the familiar, by now reflexive, patterns and methods. Always multitasking, always careful yet confident, attention always split yet focused.

Tessa pursed her lips as she closed the door... and then flicked her ears when it settled into the threshold. That done, warm blue eyes flashed over towards where the leopard had started working at his pants, an easy *pop* and *zip* and slight shuffle down. He would let her take care of the rest. The wolfess reflected his smirk as she approached.

"You'll wake the baby," she said behind a raised paw, other pointing over her shoulder to the door. Kopa rolled his eyes and rested back on his elbows. Scheduling and arrangement had been quite tough

between all of that hassle, but finally the two had found a night each of them had free, with the twins already put to bed, and the pup settled in the crib, and...

And Tessa dropping smoothly and easily between the feline's spread legs, hunger evident on her muzzle. He lifted up as she tugged at his pants and underwear, and then that familiar breath and tongue again grazed along his sack and sheath. Bouncing back and forth between getting ready for school, and handling housework and dinner, and arranging for babysitters... they had had to satisfy themselves with picture and video messages exchanged late at night, with the mother-again always dropping off early.

He rolled his head back and sighed, instinctively lifting up into that sweet, slick warmth. Tessa rumbled softly as her head bobbed in his lap, deft paw coming up to massage and squeeze and rub and coax him further. Easy to see that she hadn't lost any skill in *this* realm in her time taking care of her kids, though her scent *had* changed a bit.

Her taste, too. Kopa swirled his tongue around his mouth, swallowed, and lapped at his lips. The wolfess had worn a skirt this evening in preparation for his arrival, and he had found out himself that she had put on nothing underneath – and as such, he took the opportunity right out there in the hallway outside the bedroom, plump lips of her canine sex kissing and sucking right back as he did the same. One of his ears still throbbed a little bit from how hard she had gripped his head, until a hissed exhalation of breath and muttered insistence led him back over here to the room. Tessa was no longer the shy, reserved wolfess he used to know so many years ago, sitting small in a corner and blushing every time his sharp eyes met hers.

Now she was a strong, full mother of *three*, loud and bold if a bit tired, pressed to diamond-toughness under stress and strain. And he knew, could *tell*, that she needed a release. Before long she had satisfied herself with her preparations and straightened up again, her bra dropped down to the carpeted floor sometime during her ministrations, but she kept the skirt in place. No reason to take it off, really, and want and need pulsed through her enough: gentle paws on Kopa's shoulders suddenly became firm, and she pushed him down to the mattress, settled into place atop him, reached back to guide him up... and both of them shivered and sighed with the sensation.

Just as Tessa had started slow and steady with her muzzle did she do the same with her body, letting him grow accustomed to the warmth and squeeze and rhythm, riding forward and back, up and down. They both wanted this, though, and yet again she ended up in that familiar position bent completely over him, lips curled back and teeth gritted, the depth of her desire barely hidden in panting moans and urgent sighs. Kopa ran his paws up her sides and then down her waist, around to her rump, underneath her tail...

...and then using that for leverage he lifted up, wrapped his arms around her, slid to the edge of the mattress – and completely flipped her around. Tessa gasped as his length suddenly slid free from her and then lay back on the bed, arms above her head, breasts bared, skirt flipped up, and watched as the leopard came in again, hooking one of her legs up over his shoulder and then guiding himself back in. That was much easier for him, the angle and the effort: he gritted his teeth and swallowed, and lifted her other leg up as well so that he could use her weight to drive down into and against her, fast and hard, mattress bouncing and squeaking beneath his fervent thrusts.

Tessa gasped, and moaned, and yipped, and Kopa squeezed his lips to hers in an attempt to hold to her prior request, though still he felt those hot breaths puffing out into his mouth. She sucked at his tongue

and lips and pressed her legs down on his shoulders, trying to lift up against him, wanting him deeper, and deeper; the squeezing of her body, the sucking of her spade along his sensitive barbs, the warmth and heat and slickness and-

Kopa shuddered and grunted, mouth coming free of hers with a wet *pop*, and bucked forward. Then he did so again, and again, and then yet another time, body and shoulders buckling, fingers squeezing tight into the soft flesh of her thighs; the wolfess grasped and clawed at the bedsheets and tossed her head, interior muscles and flesh clenching and pressing around his buried length in response to his peak shared through her own body, leaving her shaking and shivering, tail straining against the mattress underneath her, chest heaving. The two remained entwined for a moment, then each opened their eyes, looked at each other, breathed a soft laugh... and then Tessa's ears flicked first, with Kopa's doing the same a moment later.

They both looked towards the closed door, through which issued the distinct sound of a young pup's cry. Tessa sighed again.

4. Feral/zoo

Matteh

The fox held his breath as best he could. What a damn situation he had ended up in, like something out of some wild porno flick: out here camping in the woods, climbing up between some trees to set his hammock up and away from the ground, and then of course he slips, loses his balance, falls... and ends up suspended upside-down against the ground, shoulders and head bent at an angle with one leg resting back across the trunk of the tree and the other ankle hiked up towards one of the branches where he had managed to tie the first knot. And then *because* he had been getting ready for bed, he had already changed into his pajamas which, naturally, tore quite easily on the way down.

So now Matteh hung like this, upside down, sheath and balls hanging out for any passing camper to see, shoulders and back all scraped up and tail surely missing a few tufts of fur where he had brushed against the rough bark of the tree on his way down. And not only that, but the footsteps he had heard earlier belonged not to a fellow camper, but to a wild, feral wolf instead, and now it stalked forward towards him, interest and curiosity on its muzzle.

He held still, trying to make himself look like he wasn't a threat, silently willing it to lose interest and leave, but of course he had no such luck. Nose close to the ground, pelt sleek shadow-black dusted with specks and trails of silver and tan, the beast came closer and closer until the caught fox could feel its breath on his face, even with his eyes closed and head turned to the side. He tried to keep his fear and nervousness down, but still his tail tried to tug down and between his legs, spread on display as they were. He felt vulnerable. He felt in danger, he felt...

Nothing, for a moment. There was some more snuffling, and then the noises and dampness of the feral's breath disappeared. Matteh kept his eyes closed for that moment, waited a bit, and then, curious, opened them – and instead of the wolf's muzzle saw its backside, tail raise. *Her* backside, that was: beneath that hiked, fluffy tail, hanging down under the pert, puckered tailhole, pinkish-brown skin coming together in tightly overlapping folds, was her plump and heavy spade, swollen out, black flesh glistening with dripping moisture and arousal. The fox's nose twitched, curled, and flared with the humidity wafting off of it. She was *deep* in her heat, that much was obvious, and even despite his current situation and thoughts, the pheromones still had their effect on him: bound upside-down as he

was, with her waving that jiggling protrusion of fat flesh so close to his muzzle, his hips gave a few reflexive thrusts, and he felt the cool air of the forest tickle at his tip as it slid out of his sheath.

The she-wolf wasn't interested in that, though. Hot amber eyes flashed back at him for a moment, and as if teasing him she widened her stance – her hanging sex, not quite *drooping* as it still held tight and full – and took a half-step back. A small drip of that clinging juice flung free and landed across the fox's nose, immediately making him shake his head to try to get it off. This only succeeded in wrapping it around to the other side of his nose, filling his nostrils with her rich, lupine scent, and as he struggled and tried to lap it off, the feral she-wolf took the presented opportunity, spread her legs further, and squatted down onto him.

The sheer wet heat of it pressing down against his lips and the end of his muzzle was enough to startle Matteh into stillness. One of his legs kicked, and then the other, and only by widening his jaw could he wiggled the end of his snout free from her sizeable spade, the slick, sticky flesh wrapping snug around his mouth and lips. He pulled free with a wet *smack* and gasped for breath, thick ropes of that stickiness hanging between his lips and hers, but she wasn't quite ready to let him go yet. Tail still hiked, forepaws braced against the ground in front of her, the she-wolf gyrated and ground herself back down against his muzzle, smushing and smearing herself around over his lips and cheeks, quickly matting and soaking his fur with her scent and wetness.

Her tailhole rubbed against his chin as well, and each time he tried to turn his head or catch another breath he could feel her reflexively clench in response, ring of muscle tightening in place and catching along his fur. He grunted and gasped, each swallow and lick of his lips succeeding only in drawing more of her scent, her taste, and her dripping slickness. Even when he could pull free, it still dripped into his nose and along the back of his throat, forcing him to cough and splutter – and then she just lowered herself back down again, burying the first inch or so of his muzzle inside of her, wet inner walls squeezing all around him, cutting off his breath, sucking back at him when he tried to squirm free. The more she pressed, the deeper he found himself buried, and the more he could breathe only *her*.

It came to the point where every inhalation brought with it a measure of that wetness, trickling up his nose, interrupting his breath, making him cough and squirm and just taste her even more deeply, bearing down his lungs as well as his throat. The she-wolf sitting atop his muzzle squirmed and wagged her tail, thumping it against his chest as the fox struggled more and more. Then, though, just as abruptly as she had decided to use him as a seat did she stand up again, hind legs shaking a bit, fat spade dripping anew with thick globs of arousal mixed with vulpine drool. Still coughing and spluttering, Matteh squirmed in place and reached to wipe at his muzzle, deliberately ignoring his own arousal twitching fully hard against his belly.

The she-wolf, however, did not. When he had wiped at least some of her stickiness off his muzzle he looked up to see those same amber eyes glistening as she watched, muzzle pointed up towards his lower body hoisted up above his head.

She took another step forward. Matteh stiffened. Then another, and another... and yet again he felt that wet, hungry breath, this time against something much more sensitive.

5. Rimming

Iridius

Iri ran the comb down through this unbelievably thick fur yet again, marveling at the way the teeth of it just sank so deeply into the plush buttercream warmth. The scent of the Pokémon filled the office, strengthened first by its nature as a fox and then again by it being a fire type; one tail hung over the attendant's shoulder, another curled along his waist, a third draped over his other shoulder, a fourth and fifth he squeezed against his body beneath his other arm, a sixth rested in his paw...

He had known that this Ninetales would have kept him busy at least through lunch, but maybe he had already underestimated things. She had an upcoming fashion show, and as such needed to be prim and prepared, nice and cleaned and perfumed and everything – so he would be well paid for his work, but there was no getting around the fact that it was *work*.

Every time he ran that comb down along the base of one of her tails she let out a little rumble and lifted up a bit, the upper portion of her sleek body lowering down towards the table... and showing, nestled beneath the bases of all of those tails, the wrinkled pucker of her tailhole, stark black skin against the sweet gold of the rest of her fur, with the plump vulpine spade hanging down beneath. Those would need their cleaning too: as she wiggled her rump unsuitable close to Iri's face he could pick up her scent, rich and strong, bright and edged even though he had already dusted her with the choice array of aromas.

He sighed and dropped his hands to the table, yet still watched as the Ninetales gradually lowered her rump again. The brush and sponge waited just off the side, and Iri knew he would have to get those nice and soaked in the hot, soapy water to properly attack this side of her, but... maybe he shouldn't have started with the tails. This had given him both an eyeful and a solid taste of her assets with every drag of the comb, and even though he had only made it past two of the tails he was already pressing forward against the side of the table, twitching in his own pants, watching for that flash of fresh, bright black every time.

Again he reached up and dragged the comb through, and again the Ninetales rumbled, squirmed, and hiked her rump, vulpine sex jiggling beneath her and pucker lifting up into the air – and giving a small, slight twitch, wrinkles coming together just for a fraction of a second. Iri folded his thumb under the base of that tail to hold it in place and brought the comb in again, and saw another clench as a result. Then another, and another, and another...

Well, her owners wouldn't know the *precise* method of cleaning, would they? He leaned in, gently guided her hindpaws closer to the edge of the table, took another sniff of that rich, spicy, *inviting* fire-type musk, and then pursed his lips. This time when he combed at her tail he felt that ring of muscle tighten and press back against his lips, then did so again, and on the third time the dragon parted his lips and wrapped them around her tailhole, finding the spot where flesh turned to fur and settling there. Immediately the Pokémon tensed up, but a second later relaxed all over again – specifically in response to him beginning to suckle softly at her.

It felt as though he were sucking that scent right off of her, the slight slimy stickiness of it trickling in along his tongue and between his lips, and trailing back to tickle at the back of his throat. Gradually the dragon lowered the comb again, other hand briefly remaining in place to keep those tails hiked over his head as he dug deeper, tongue now coming in as well to drag and slurp up across the Pokémon's wrinkled tailhole, chin repeatedly lifting up, sticking to, and slipping free from her spade underneath.

Soon, though, Iri realized there was no reason for him to keep his other hand there. He lowered that one, too, to help brace himself against the table as he continued to work at her, lips forward and still sucking along her backside while his tongue worked and dug its way in. Those tails remained hiked up at the base over his head, snout pressed into the spot again where flesh met fur and her scent lingered the strongest, meaning that all he smelled between sucks and swallows was still her, even as that aroma turned to sharp taste in the back of his throat and tainted each exhalation as well.

At one point the dragon drew back, wiped the back of his hand against his mouth, and felt it come back slick and sticky with thick strings of hungry saliva. The Ninetales's tailhole twitched and winked in front of him, wrinkled rim pulled slightly open from the prying of his tongue and showing warm red flesh just out of reach inside, with her spade hanging beneath similarly swollen and dripping. Strings of saliva hung down and draped over the protruding black flesh there, with another frothy dribble of her own arousal hanging down and out as well; when Iri leaned in to continue his work, thumb of one hand coming in to press into the center of her tailhole, he slurped that string up, briefly buried his snout amid the squeezing flesh of her sex, and then tilted his head to continue at her tailhole.

With his thumb there now, he could pull her slightly open and dig in past the squeezing muscle of her rim, into where that hot interior flesh dripped and trembled. Iri pursed his lips in against the center of her tailhole and sucked there as well, drawing out some of the interior slickness, letting it stick to his tongue and dribble down his chin, with the Pokémon shivering and rumbling in front of him, head and body lowered, rear end hiked into the air with her hindlegs spread.

When he came back again he saw her tails flick up, hang there, and then slowly lower back down, shivering as they went. The Ninetales looked over her shoulder at him, parted tailhole twitching and winking, not quite able to squeeze shut again after the treatment he had given her. Iri wiped at his mouth again, smirked, and swallowed, then did so a second and third time to try to get down the slimy stickiness that that fire-type musk had left in his throat.

She started to lower herself back down, legs still spread, tails still hiked. Iri watched as her tailhole reflexively clenched again and again, and how her fat spade now stuck to and sucked against the smooth surface of the table beneath her, a small and slightly discolored puddle of saliva and liquid musk having dripped into place there.

He still had the *rest* of the cleanup to do, too.