

6. Secret public

ZeroTheCrux

Kai swallowed and tried to settle back down. The sound of the waves off in the distance, the rustling of wind over the brushy trees on the dunes, the tickle of the thin, dry grass through his fur, the warmth of the sand underneath his bared legs and footpaws... the distant, *distinct* noise of conversations, of laughing, of the occasional car as it pulled into the parking lot of the beach, just over this dune he faced. He had his back pressed up against a sizeable boulder setting him off from the main pathway leading down to the coast itself, close enough that every now and then he picked up a little tint on the air of some new beachgoer as they walked down the trail to the more luxurious spots down below.

He knew he shouldn't be doing this, and yet he so, so wanted to, and the very idea of it was enough to make him squirm and shiver in place. One paw dug into the soft sand underneath him, fingers straining, while the other he had already slipped down under the string waistband of his swimming trunks, fingers curled partially around the base of his sheath and his sack underneath, touching, feeling, enjoying. He looked over his shoulder again, bit his lip, paused... and then quickly shifted that waistband down past his sack, fast enough that he wouldn't have time to second-guess himself and think about it again.

And there it was, right in the open air of the summer afternoon, free for anyone to see who thought to peer just a little bit off the main pathway. His plump sheath, full and tight from constant hesitation and fantasizing over the past several minutes; his warm balls, rolling and shifting back and forth in his fingers; and the first two and a half inches of his red-fleshed length, twitching and stirring out in the open, teased out from the idea of doing this where he very well might get caught. He *would* get caught, too, if he wasted too much time here – so the wolf used this to goad himself on, to wrap his thumb down around the back of his sheath, tilt himself up, and wrap his paw around himself for a squeeze and a stroke.

His own scent hit himself then as well, hot and high, familiar and enticing. It just fed back into everything else; he dug his other paw back out of the sand, wiped it off on his bare chestfur, and exchanged places with the other, bringing his first to his muzzle to smear some of his natural slickness off along his upper lip and nose. Keeping that one there he squeezed at his sheath, bunching the supple skin down towards his base and at the same time pushing himself further out, shaft growing, twitching, glistening in the sunlight of the beach.

Some crunching of footsteps along the path behind him caught his attention and the wolf jerked upright, paw shooting away from his muzzle to hide his arousal in his swim shorts again. He caught himself at the last moment, fabric held up to at least shield his twitching length from prying eyes as he looked over his shoulder, ears perked and heart pounding; he listened to those footsteps pass by and then disappear down the steps leading to the rest of the beach, but afterwards Kai did not sit back again. He remained upright and facing that way, body half-turned, so he could lower his shorts back down, shift a bit, swallow... and then give himself a few more strokes.

Admittedly the shock and nervousness *had* stilled him a bit, but Kai quickly got back into his rhythm and managed to settle back against the boulder before too long. He kept his head turned on his shoulders with both paws down along his lap, one steadily stroking and the other cupped around underneath his balls, wrist angled to keep his shorts down and out of the way. Still he slowed every time he heard footsteps, or a snippet of conversation, or even once a loud bark of laughter that came from the *other* side of the dune, but never did he stop and hide himself.

The thing was, though, he *faced* the parking lot. This dune he looked at, straight ahead, was one that he had noticed when he had first arrived about half an hour ago. Anyone could run up the other side and look down while he was looking the other direction, paying more attention to the path than the parking lot, and then he would look back to seem the watching him, dick in hand, fully hard... nervous all over again the wolf licked his lips and looked up at that down, ears perked, breathing deliberately slowed so as not to make too much noise.

But then...

He paused yet again, looked over his other shoulder, lifted up a little bit further... and then shifted his swim trunks fully down his thighs towards his knees, and settled his bare rump back into the sand. Once there Kai spread his legs, rested his head back against the rock, and closed his eyes, squeezing his fingers around his sack and getting back to pawing off, a little quicker and harder. He felt the slickness of his own arousal clinging to his fingerpads, smelled himself on the air, felt the growing pressure and tension down in his abdomen – and still jerked his head and flicked his ears towards crunching footsteps along the path, and bits of conversation over his other shoulder, and the rumbles of car engines and *thumps* of the doors over this dune just before him.

He shivered, shook, slowed again as some footsteps came dangerously close and paused right there next to the boulder against which he sat... but at this point there was no going back, and nothing he could do. The wolf gritted his teeth, wrenched his eyes shut, jerked forward, and then bucked, gasped, bucked again, and grunted as he painted the black fur of his chest and belly in thick streaks of stringy white, unfortunately obvious in the bright light of the afternoon.

Panting softly, heart thumping in his throat, arousal and excitement quickly giving way to wariness and nervousness, he swallowed, wiped his paw off on his trunks, shifted to finally pull those back up again, and then caught a flash of motion out of the corner of his eye right as he turned his head, but then it was gone. Kai held still for a moment, other paw half-raised to cover his mess, outline of his arousal still quite evident inside his trunks.

He swallowed yet again. This wasn't even a nude beach. Slowly, carefully, he straightened up... and realized he had left his towel back in the car.

7. Monster/teratophilia

WordGuru

He saw it first as a shadow in the moonlight, the huge beast standing on two bent legs and still towering over him, one vicious paw gripping tight around a branch overhead. Or at least, overhead from Shen's point of view: for this beast, this creature, this *monster*, it hung at roughly chest level, coarse fur of its shoulders thick and sharp in the dim light, feral muzzle at a slight angle, hand-length fangs glistening and glimmering, bright yellow eyes glowing all their own.

The cat scrambled back where he had tripped, fallen leaves and wet mulch smearing across his rump and paws as he went. His eyes, sharp in the night, grazed back and forth over the silhouetted image of this figure, huge and bristling from the bulging muscles of the chest, to the tight ribs, to the firm waist and belly, the chiseled lines of its abs visible even in this darkness... and then below that, the wide

thighs, the splayed stance, the legs that looked as though they would be more proper underneath something that walked on four legs instead of two.

Though, Shen knew, this thing was just as comfortable either way. The cat swallowed and half-raised a paw, as though that would be enough to defend himself against this monstrosity. It leaned over to one side, bending down in preparation to lunge: every muscle in its body corded, tightened, snapped into place, readied like a weapon. Ears back, bushy tail up... huge, pendulous weights hanging between its thighs swaying heavily with the movement, with the plump sheath from which those balls hung jiggling in place against its lower body, nestled snug among the coarse puff of pubic fur there, streaming down from the line along its belly.

A move in the flash of an eye, a low growl rumbling out through the night, and then Shen scrambled to his feet and ran off into the darkness again, knowing that he would be unable to escape. The thing pursued him at a distance, crashing through hanging branches and low brush, its breath hot and tight, each exhalation bringing with it that same rumbling growl. Every time the much smaller cat glanced back over his shoulder he saw those sharp yellow eyes glaring forward at him, never once letting him out of their sight. It was simple: this beast was the predator, and he the prey. He thought he could feel that breath against his shoulders, the weight of one of those massive paws against his back, the grit and grind of those claws in against his fur... and then, suddenly, he could.

All of this along his back, with the rough brush of the forest floor against his front, tearing his clothing, scraping his face, knocking the breath out of his chest. He skidded in place a short distance when the thing batted at his upper back and then came to a stop, panting softly, grunting and groaning with bruised joints and battered muscles – and when he managed to half-lift himself up the first thing he saw was those eyes again, watching his muzzle, judging his face. As soon as it noticed him looking back, though, the animosity returned: the snout and lips curled back in a snarl, the fangs glittered, the tongue licked out over its chops and dripped thick, sticky saliva down along Shen's face.

Claws dug at his back. He arched and shuddered, his own teeth gritting as well – and the cool touch of the nighttime forest air whispered in through the parted fabric. Or, maybe, that was the sensation of blood trickling down through his fur... or more drool? It was hard to tell. Shen squirmed where he was caught against the ground, one of those huge paws pushing down between his shoulders while the beast's muzzle worked down his back, hot breath puffing out from flared nostrils, teeth finding the waist of his pants... gripping, slicing, tearing through the tough material.

Then just as quickly as it had caught him, it flipped him over again. Shen gasped and arched his back, partially playing up the wound – those eyes flashed again and its head tilted, and he gave a small wink – and spread his legs. The beast's growl ignited in its chest again and it leaned over him, no longer holding him down yet still keeping him caught beneath its massive body, paws pressing into the earth on either side of his shoulders. The cat gasped and grunted, and let out a little whimper, and reached to block his muzzle again.

This time, though, not snap of jaws or shearing of flesh came. There was some shuffling, a low exhalation of breath, and then an immense, humid heat washed over his bared paws. When he moved them and opened his eyes again, then, he saw that the beast had pulled itself forward a bit and now waited with its hindlegs over his body, that huge sack dangling down above his chest and heavy sheath close to his muzzle, slick red flesh protruding from the tip and a little dribble of feral arousal rolling

down the underside. Shen's ears flicked up towards the sound of that tongue slopping out again and lapping over the beast's chops. He knew what it wanted.

He always had, naturally. Still panting, trying his best to hide the smile on his face and the stirring in his own tattered pants and underwear, the feline pulled himself up a bit, sat with his face level with the end of that huge sheath, and brought his paws in, cupping the soft, supple skin on both sides and pushing it back. It slid easily over wet interior flesh and rewarded him with a spurt of that liquid arousal across his cheek and shoulder; he kept on going, leaning in as he went to rub his muzzle against the beast's revealed length, so that he could then bring his paws in around the hanging sack as well. Those balls he held in his palms, gently pressed them together, lifted them up and forward towards the base of the monster's heavy sheath, and sighed when the scent rushed over him again.

They did this every full moon, of course, once the change started to settle in place. Making a game of it was the fun part. Shen licked his lips, swallowed, and leaned forward to run his mouth over that revealed tapered tip, heart beating just as it had during the chase – fast, heavy, excitement and arousal and anticipation. It was going to be a long night.

8. Genital Worship

Peegus

Nolan refreshed his social media feed for the fourth time the night, saw the same post right at the top just like he had the previous two times, and sighed. The leopard dropped his paws into his lap and rolled his head back, resting it across the back of the couch. Early evening on Friday and he had nothing to do and nowhere to go, with all of his friends either working tonight, out already, or otherwise occupied. The twins had left on a weekend trip with their dad earlier in the afternoon, his little brother was off at a friend's house for the night... which just left him and Zara here, but as usual she was off in her room doing whatever it was she did on the weekends. Nolan never understood how she could have so much energy, all the time.

As if on cue, though, the sound of those plodding footsteps down the hall caught his ears, and he lifted his head again just in time to see the arctic hyena as she came through the kitchen. Soft snow-grey fur lined with their mother's cool silver-blue markings, thin wispy stripes along her arms, shoulders, back, legs, all over, fringed at top and down the back with a thick mane of charcoal black. As usual she seemed to pay no mind to Nolan there on the couch; as usual she went right to the fridge and crouched down to paw through; and, as usual, she stood back up a moment later with nothing in her paws.

This time though, her tall hyena ears perked when she saw him sitting there, and soon she was on her way over. Nolan straightened up and came forward to the edge of the seat. Usually when she spoke to him it was since she wanted something, or had a question, or was wondering about this or that.

"Hey dude."

He smiled at her familiar tenor. Nolan learned that the hormone treatment actually had no effect on her voice whatsoever: all of that came from personal training and practice. "Hey."

"What're you doin'?"

The leopard spread his arms out. "Glorious nothing."

Zara crossed her arms over her chest. *That* had certainly changed with the treatment; she had changed her bra size twice in the last few months, and now showed off her progress with no shirt hiding it. “Mind helping me out with something?”

He thought about it for a moment and made a show of considering it, turning his head to one side, bringing a paw to his chin, and squinting. “Well,” he began, “see, that really depends on what the benefit of it would be for-”

There was a flash of motion from in front of him. “Both of us? Easy.”

Right as the leopard was about to ask what, though, he turned back to face her, and saw quite easily what it was she spoke about. One paw rested on her hip while the other had slid down beneath the elastic of her gym shorts, lifting them forward, down, and away, to bring into view her plump sack and pert shaft above, hanging out at a bit of an angle. Something must have gotten into her, as already she was half-hard. Nolan felt the blush hit his cheeks even before he realized what was going on, and then suddenly that paw flashed forward from her waist to his shoulder to tug him in, then to the back of his head between his little feline ears – and she guided him down to *feel* that firmness against his lips and nose.

Her natural scent had of course changed with her treatment. That part was easy to tell. Her musk, he wasn't certain – this wasn't something they had really done until recently. The leopard's paws splayed out beside him with surprise, as he wanted to pull himself up and away, to push against her thighs and move – but at the same time he didn't. He didn't want to touch her too much, but he wanted to keep his nose here, but he didn't want to *know* that this was happening, but at the same time he wanted... he wanted...

“Mom's on errands,” the hyena rumbled. She slid her paw down from his head to straighten her shaft across his nose, the small tug rolling her foreskin slightly back across the bridge of his snout. “Hani's at his friend's. Kay and the twins are out for the evening. That just leaves you and me. And you need something to fill your night.” She tapped herself against his nose and lips. “And your mouth. Come on.”

He swallowed, sighed... and obeyed, parting his lips for her. Zara smirked above him and rested herself down against his tongue, and then Nolan took over from there: he closed his lips around her again, just past her head and the slight overhang of that foreskin. He swallowed around her, lifted her up against the roof of his mouth, slid his tongue in beneath that soft skin... closed his eyes and felt her sigh and stiffen against him.

Nolan was embarrassed, was humiliated, was disappointed with himself, and yet he *loved* this. Gradually he brought his paws up her thighs to her waist, tugging her shorts down further. It looked like she had omitted her panties tonight, which might have very well meant that she had gotten the idea for this while taking care of herself back in her room, and had only thrown on the clothes to come out here for him.

“You could-” Her legs nearly buckled. “Oh...”

He swallowed again, tilted his head, and dove down, relaxing his jaw, settling his nose in against the little puff of pubic fur at the base of her shaft. Zara rumbled again – that noise made his own pants a

little tighter – and squeezed her paw between his ears once more, holding him there one, two, three, four seconds, before letting him go. Nolan slid up and off of her, licked his lips, and then slid that saliva-slickened skin back between a finger and thumb just so he could swirl his tongue around her head as well, before moving down to do the same to each of her balls in turn. One on his tongue, lifted up, swirled around, then sucked in between his lips – then over to the other, and then both at once with his head turned to the side, breathing in her scent and letting her taste flow in over his senses.

He knew she loved this, and honestly, he did too. Eyes closed, one paw on her hip and the other slowly, gently stroking her back and forth, the leopard lifted and pressed and dragged his sandpaper-soft tongue between and over her balls, cheeks pouched out and jaw wide open with the mouthful of hyena flesh. Like this he had no choice but to breathe her musk, nose either lifting up directly beneath her shaft or digging sideways into the curling softness of her pubic fur; she *had* showered today, as Nolan could pick out the gentle cool depth of the tea-tree aroma she liked, but still the sharp, punchy scent and taste of undiluted hyena came though, digging into his throat and spicing each of his breaths.

When he came free again he tugged back as far as he could, until her sack popped free from his light sucking. This led Zara to thrust her hips forward and then pull back as well, a thin string of saliva hanging down from her dampened fur; her now fully hard cock twitched and bounced before his nose, smooth foreskin halfway retracted the way it always did when she got to this point.

Mulberry-colored eyes, half-lidded, glittered down at him. The hyena licked her lips just as Nolan wiped at his mouth. She nodded over her shoulder.

“Wanna... take this back to my room?”

All he could taste was her. He wiped his mouth again. “Just in case Mom comes home?”

Zara grinned. “Just in case Mom comes home.”

9. Portal Play

FezzyNova

Anticipation and excitement thrummed through Fezzy’s chest. The wolf swallowed and leaned forward a bit, one paw bracing against the carpeted floor beneath him and the other running down his belly, through the thick, soft blue fur there towards his groin. Through his body itself he could feel the arousal and desire, the twitching, throbbing need, the pulses and clenches echoing throughout his lower abdomen – but when his fingerpads brushed over the spot where his senses told him his own cock would be, instead he felt just the smooth, buffed metal backing of the device, fit snug in the makeshift belt-like harness he had put together for it.

It was an odd bit of separation, the mental from the physical, but all he needed to do was lift up, turn to the side, look down... and he could see there, sticking up from the textbook cover to which he had affixed the other end of the device, what he knew to be himself. When he bit his lip and throbbed, the knotted shaft poking out from the hazy surface of the portal did so too, scent and shape and feeling all definitely his own yet, funny enough, almost unfamiliar from this angle. He hadn’t actually expected the portal device to work, yet here it was, and he was more than excited to take it for a spin.

In another few seconds he had popped the top of the bottle of lube and spread some of the cool liquid out into his palm. One paw on his knee for balance, he reached back, smeared some of it beneath his tail – Fezzy gasped at the sensation and reflexive shiver and clench – and then reached back a little bit further... and just like so many times before, did the same over the surface of what would soon be buried all six and a half inches underneath his tail.

The unusual part was that it felt like he were smearing that slickness over his own cock – because, in all actuality, he *was*. Again that strange disconnect echoed through him, but it was easily brushed away: if he closed his eyes as he did it he could almost imagine he was just doing it as usual, getting himself all nice and lubed up to prepare for starting with someone else. Fezzy licked his lips and tilted his head back, keeping that one paw in place around the toy's – *his* - base; he hiked his tail, lifted his rump a bit, angled back, pushed down... and felt his own tapered tip start to press up into the pucker of his tailhole, just as he felt the other end of it as well.

What a *sensation*. The wolf immediately sighed and relaxed, willing himself to sink down further, willing himself to sink *in* further. Both at once, the feelings easily separated yet undeniably locked together. He smirked as he pushed down further, now lifting his paw up and away from himself to get a better balance along the floor. *Locked together*, he thought, *just as I'll be with myself at the end of this*.

Naturally this was a situation he had dreamed and fantasized of as soon as he had first heard of the device. Knowing his own limits, his own pace, his own tendencies... the wolf shivered and churned his hips forward and back, unable to resist twitching and throbbing inside himself, able to feel it both through the firm shaft sinking up under his tailhole as well as through the muscles of his rim itself. The strangest thing was, he still reached down and in front as though to stroke himself in rhythm with his riding, his mind and muscle memory defaulting to how it felt when he used a regular toy.

As he got into that rhythm, bouncing forward and back, squeezing around himself and pushing down and back, there was no slapping of his hard length against his lower belly. That felt odd too, and it felt odd to look down and see only the flat surface of the back of the portal device – although if he leaned back far enough, and wriggled his rump down as flush with the cover as he could, and push and then relax, he could just barely, *barely* see the faint bulging hint of his own cock buried inside of him.

The wolf giggled softly, giddy excitement and tense arousal echoing back and forth through him. Everything he did he could feel twice, from pulling up along his length and squeezing his tailhole around his tip, to relaxing his muscles and pushing gently down as he sank back towards his sheath; every time he sat back against the device he wriggled himself into placing, having done it to his toys and his partners so many times before and now feeling it himself, though his shaft as well as the usual.

He leaned forward, paws braced against the floor, and slid his footpaws out from underneath him just so he could ride faster and harder, tail curling up along his lower back and rump sinking down across his own length and then sliding up again. He *wanted* to paw off, too, yet still felt that sensation around his length as he went, the wet warmth sucking all around him again and again, both sides of the movement driving him closer and closer to his peak, dangerously quick.

As he came to that point he gritted his teeth, gasped, let out a little whimper, and shakily leaned back to hilt down on himself again, entire body moving fast and hard, every muscle tight and shaking. Fezzy knew that knotting himself might be a bad idea, but his peaking arousal prevented him from holding back – and as soon as he slammed down against the device, jerked, jerked again, and bucked upwards,

he felt it lift up from the book and remain flush against his rump, both sides of his abdomen now pinned between the mouths of the linked portals. Yet again he expected to feel himself unload across his belly and chest, hard cock slapping up and spraying his load across him – but instead all he felt was those muscles squeezing tight around his swelling knot, and the sharp heat of his own peak emptying out deep inside him... soon followed by that thick, dense, almost uncomfortable pressure of the tie.

Panting, shivering, the wolf leaned forward onto all fours, tail wagging and entire body shaking. He reached back to pull the second portal off from underneath his tail, and found it locked tight – so then he reached forward to slide the first off his front... and instead just felt the sharp, overwhelming sensation of his own tailhole squeezing and clenching around his buried knot, keeping the device in place. Another shudder racked his body, and he reflexively clenched again, and he shuddered *again*, and... he swallowed, tongue hanging out.

This was a *fantastic* idea.

10. Hair/fur

Adumbgrayfox

Lukas shivered and arched his body forward again, thick rudder tail reflexively hiked up and over the muzzle of the fox underneath him. His hard cock throbbed and twitched between his legs, oozing sticky pre down into that soft grey fur that he used as a seat cushion; he could feel Clarence's thumping heartbeat through his chest, the otter's paw gripping deep into that fur on one side and resting along his chest on the other, while he dug and lapped and sucked at his bared tailhole, nose lifting up against the underside of his tail, balls resting out over his chin.

"Hah... ah..."

He put a little bit of motion into where he sat, riding his hips forward and back and intentionally pushing out, puckering his tailhole against the fox's pursed lips and digging tongue. What a feeling *that* was, and not only for the attention itself: Clarence had a thick, luscious mane of silky-soft fur coming down from his head and over his shoulders, and it was into this that Lukas rocked every time he lurched forward, loose balls dripping in off of the fox's chin and resting out across that plush pillow where they hung, pulled, and then slid back up with the movements of his body.

This gave him quite the vantage point, too. The otter looked down between half-lidded eyes over Clarence's body underneath him, the fox's chest lurching with slow, steady breaths – he could feel *those* underneath his tail as well – at the smooth field of soft grey fur, blooming down from one shoulder to the opposite hip in a trail of warm violet markings. One of these swirls came up close to the edge of his mane, and as he rode the fox's muzzle Lukas slid his paws up Clarence's chest towards that border, right along the spot where the soft, velvet-like pelt coating most of his body turned to the thicker, dense puff surrounding his neck and shoulders. He held on for balance there as he looked down over him, watching the way Claire's arousal twitched against his belly as well, also dribbling into a slim puddle.

The force and rhythm of the fox's licking naturally interrupted Lukas's riding, and started to move and shift him atop his muzzle – so in response he had to dig his paws deeper into that mane there, twirling the long, thick strands around his fingers and knotting them deep. He tried to keep himself from tugging or pulling too hard, but there was just so much of it, and no matter how much he pushed or pressed or spread that mane apart, he almost could not find the fox's chest and shoulders underneath. Before long

Lukas found himself leaning freely forward, thick tail hiked up and one paw reaching back to spread his plush rump for the other male underneath him, all the while keeping balance in that one point of contact.

If he looped his paw in deeply, if he curled his thumb in around those thick strands where he had bound them in place between his fingers, it almost, *almost* felt like tugging a tight leash from underneath his body. It provided the same type of leverage and resistance, and when the otter leaned forward, squeezed his legs around Clarence's shoulders and head, and tugged firmly up and forward, it had the same effect in drawing the fox to pull up with the movement, paws sliding underneath him for balance as he rose up and continued lapping and licking at his tailhole.

Lukas shivered and sighed with the continued sensation, other paw still reaching back to spread himself for that tongue. He loosened his grip in Clarence's mane for a moment, just so he could sit back and press the fox's head back against the pillow – but only for a moment: here he switched paws, uncurling his one from that plush mane and replacing it with the other, digging and pulling in at a different spot closer to his other shoulder. Once there, once he had drawn the intertwining strings of fur between his fingers and through his palm, he gripped tight, leaned forward again, and then wrapped his now-freed paw along the back of Clarence's head between his ears, just so that he could yank the fox's muzzle forward and push himself back at the same time.

A little noise trickled out from between the fox's lips, already pursed and parted around his saliva-slickened tailhole. His broad tongue slid out and down along the back of his sack, still hanging forward along that soft fur; Lukas shivered again and grinded himself back, but then just as soon again brought his paw away from Clarence's head. There was something more pressing to attend to, an urgent, imminent matter.

As he had expected, after all of the teasing and nosing and tasting, it took relatively little for Lukas to bring himself to that point. Footpaws gripping along the fox's upper chest, toes tickling with the sensation of that fur shifting back and forth, he pressed back onto Claire's face and squeezed, clenched, relaxed, pushed in rhythm as he got to work on himself with that paw, fast and hard. As soon as he started this did he notice a change in Clarence's arousal as well, the fox's shaft lifting up and throbbing over his belly. Lukas watched that, pushed back and down, relaxed just enough to let the fox's tongue curl up past his rim, squeezed around it... and then jerked and bucked a few times in quick succession, effectively squeezing his friend's head back against the pillow as the force of his pleasure arced through him and emptied out across that soft, plush fur.

The first two spurts emptied out at a distance, one spattering along Clarence's inner thigh and the second landing across his own hard cock. The third emptied halfway across his belly, and then the fourth of course sprayed out directly into that soft mane of fur, soon to mat down and stick together under the otter's spreading fingers. The fifth dribbled out there as well, as did the last remnants afterwards – and as he gradually softened Lukas slid forward off of the fox's muzzle, breath hot and hard underneath his rudder and pulsing tailhole, and used his luxurious mane to wipe himself off.

Chuckling softly, he looked back over his shoulder. "I didn't – choke you out, did I?"

"No, you..." Clarence paused, his paws tightening on the otter's thighs. "Wait. What are you doing?"

Lukas paused in the middle of wiping himself off, and peered down. A little tuft of that grey fur had caught under his pre- and cum-slickened foreskin; with a little twitch he pulled it back out.

“Don’t worry about it. Now it’s *your* turn, y’know.”