

26. Incest

azil31

The coyote had *just* been on his way to bed when he noticed. It was a weekend night on summer break away from class, and as such his daily schedule had end up fairly skewed with him rising to greet the day shortly past noon and then eventually retreating back to his bed late into the night, sometimes after the sun had already come up. This wasn't *quite* one of those nights, but the stinging in his eyes from staring too long at a screen and the dryness in the back of his throat from staying on voice chat for too long let him know that it was indeed time.

Those had been the original factors, at least, but now... now his mouth watered, his throat and nose tickled, and his eyes remained fixed on one thing right in front of him all over again, all of that sleepiness suddenly gone from his body. On his way past the living room to the stairs his sensitive ears had flicked over to ear the quiet drone of the TV left on some late-night channel, overlaid with the familiar sound of his father's rhythmic, grunting snores. The coyote had paused, peeked over, looked closer, and then with a hot blush on his face, realized his dad had come down here to relax in his boxers and a sleeveless shirt, and nothing else. And now that he was *asleep*...

He looked straight forward at those boxers, the flap in front lifted up and away and twitching, throbbing, again, and again, with rhythmic pulses. Every time it did so that strong, intoxicating scent washed over the coyote, the slightly heavier, deeper, richer scent first of an older male, of a Saint Bernard, and then of his *father*, muddled and altered as it was by cigarette smoke and shampoo and cologne. The coyote had thought about this, had *dreamt* about this, almost since he had first realized he was into other guys. And seeing this tall, broad dog walking around the house early in the morning or late at night, just a hint of what he carried between his legs flopping and jiggling through his thin boxers, occasionally showing a bit more of itself than would be respectable or acceptable... the coyote couldn't help it. He had lounged back in his bed so many times before, pawing swiftly off to the thought of having that heft draped across his nose and muzzle or his tongue, and now that he was here, he couldn't resist.

His dad had always been a hell of a heavy sleeper, often missing thunderstorms or, once or twice, great catastrophes in the kitchen involving shattered bowls or dropped dinnerware. Yet again it looked like that tendency would lead to his son's advantage, as the coyote reached up, felt the humid heat of his nighttime arousal against his palm, slid his fingers in along the flap there... and immediately felt his pads caught and buried within dense pubic fur, thin and wiry, warm and just as humid as the air around.

He swallowed, heart caught in his throat and his own pants rather tight, as he fished his father's hard shaft out and into the air. So thick, and *hot*, and firm with that distinct softness to it as well... nervousness and excitement warring within him, he sat back on his haunches once he had brought him out, and took a moment to just *stare*. In just those few seconds the coyote realized he couldn't wrap his paw around his father's shaft, and he had the length to go with that girth.

And – uncut, too, which the coyote knew from seeing the quick little flashes over the years. Each twitch and throb bouncing his father's length up against his soft belly caused that sleek skin to tug back a bit across his head, and then roll gently forward when he relaxed, again and again. The coyote swallowed, sighed, leaned in to sniff at his father's musk, felt it curl in and drip down his throat... and then, eyes still watching the older dog's muzzle and ears perked to his snores, he finally leaned in, paused, and touched his nose to the base of that shaft, right where it protruded out from his boxers.

A shiver ran down his back as he inhaled that scent from the source, similar to his own yet rather distinct in its own ways. He dragged his nose up and along the underside of that hard cock, the supple skin pulling gently with it – until that scent sharpened and deepened near the head, to a point that made him shiver, sigh, and take another deep drag, and another. The coyote curled his fingers around the base of the dog's cock, swallowed, kissed that spot right there underneath his head, and then draped his tongue out and over, then from there swirled up, down beneath the rim of that foreskin, deeper still... until he had taken the first inch and a half of his father's length between his lips.

Above him the Saint Bernard stirred, again sending a shock through his heart – but then rolled his head along his shoulders and settled back into sleep. The coyote sighed around the thick cock weighing down his tongue and continued in place, starting to bob slowly with one paw following his rhythm, loving the feeling of that thick foreskin rolling back and forth over his tongue and between his lips. Scent crystallized into taste in his mouth and throat, and slowly he brought his other paw up as well, to wriggle it into the flap in the front of the boxers to touch and feel and massage at his dad's massive balls as well, full and heavy.

He *wanted* to reach down and attend to himself, fully hard and throbbing as he was in his own pants, but there was something more demanding to attend to. As expected, he could barely dive halfway down in his father's lap, but still he went for it, stroking and rubbing as he went – and he knew that he wouldn't wake up throughout it, even when the Saint Bernard grunted in his sleep, gripped at the arm of the couch, jerked, and then bucked up into his son's muzzle and throat. The coyote squeezed his eyes shut, held still, and then still coughed and spluttered with the spurts emptying out across his tongue, thick and rich and surprisingly voluminous.

One, two, three separate swallows, a dribble of a fourth... finally the coyote sat back again and wiped at his mouth, eyes still fixed on the dog's length as it twitched and pulsed and dribbled out the last of his nocturnal load. He wanted to do so much more, but already he had pressed his luck – and besides, now he had *plenty* of material to remember and fantasize about.

He stood up, adjusted his pants, looked down over the sleeping dog once more, and turned to head for the stairs. It wasn't until after he made it into bed that he realized he had left his father's length hanging out of his underwear, though.

27. Feral/zoo

RedFox

Edward grinned and lounged back on the bed, the mattress sinking in on either side of him where Annie stepped. Her breath puffed out hot and rhythmic against his face, and though she stepped carefully around his body, he could still feel the grip and tug of those blunted dog's claws along his clothing and skin underneath. She wagged her tail above him, gave a little bark – for his sake; still she retained her original presence of mind and ability of speech, the latter of these dampened perhaps a bit from the different vocal setup in this body – and then lunged down a bit, pressing her chest against his through his shirt.

"What's gotten into you, girl?" he said, reaching up to scratch between her ears. The German shepherd, his partner, normally a regular human until she *really* got into the mood, wagged again and lifted up into the touch. "Cooped up at home all day, waiting for me to get back..."

"You've only ever been with me during my transformation," the first of her teasing texts today had said. Even just remembering them made Edward squirm; one arm still resting around the shepherd atop him, he reached the other down to work at the fly of his pants. *"So I was thinking. What if I were to get a head start for you, and then when you do come home..."*

The human tilted his head up and forward, felt that heavy, humid dog's breath against his face – and then turned his head and parted his lips against hers. For that moment Annie slowed her breathing, allowing him the space to find a comfortable and reasonable spot against her longer feral muzzle, and then the two dove right in to their kiss, his smaller, thicker tongue slipping in and swirling around her broad, flat one, the stringier, stickier animal saliva quickly clinging to his lips and rolling down his chin.

Being fully a dog from head to toe for all purposes – Edward had taken her on walks many times before, the entire thing being some kind of foreplay for them – Annie couldn't exactly kiss him back, but that didn't stop her from trying. He liked the attention and sensation, and as that broad tongue and loose lips swirled and rubbed against and into his mouth, his own jaw parted and opened, he finally tugged his zipper free and brought himself out into the air, already twitching and fully hard from his partner's relentless teasing throughout the day. All of her text messages and pictures, the short little video clips, the quick voice messages...

She came up and out of the kiss for moment, flicking her tongue up and around over her chops. Edward blinked at the string of mixed saliva that came down across his face at that, but if anything it just worked him up even more. He ran his hands back along the shepherd's body, following the lines and contours of her new, totally feral form, feeling at the way the bones had melded and shifted into this body. Again, head to toe, one for one exactly the same: he felt over the lines of ribs along her chest, the thick fur and soft skin underneath, the rise and angle of her haunches towards the base of her tail... and then the dense, humid heat of her sex, the thick, full canine spade, black-fleshed with warm pink glistening on the interior, swollen with her own arousal.

He teased at that plump flesh with his fingers, running them back and forth over the folds and poking gently in. Atop him the shepherd shivered and let out another little shaky breath, then leaned in to start nipping needily at the human's neck. He tilted his head away and continued in place there, two fingers spreading her spade open and then letting it jiggle back into place, while he reached down and around her hind leg with his other hand, gave himself a few slow, steady strokes, then angled up... and tapped his head against her hanging weight a few times, letting the warmth and wetness trickle out and smear across him.

Everything about her, he loved. The way she couldn't quite meet his lips in a full, focused kiss, so she instead just slurped and slobbered at his lips and tongue like any other overexcited dog; how she widened her stance and squatted down a little bit for his entry, rump and hips jerking gently side to side with her wagging; how she *could* still speak yet kept her words to a minimum for the most part, knowing he liked the grunts and yips and barks of an actual dog. He tilted his head back, shivered as she shifted her focus to lap and lick at his bared throat, then again slid his hands up her haunches, squeezed in, tugged her down... and then shuddered again as he started to press up into her, plump lips of her sex folding and wrapping around his shaft, feeling almost as if she were sucking him in further.

Such a *feeling* that was, too. Another shiver of pleasure arced through the human's body, and he let out yet another breathy moan. One arm came up and over Annie's arched back as he continued to press her, pushing in until her slick, wet warmth squeezed around him from tip to base. She squeezed and

clenched around him the whole way as well, interior muscles wrapping and responding to his girth, human inside feral dog, still Edward and still Annie. He felt her breath on his neck and shoulders, and the excited trembling throughout her body, and still the slight tugging swing of her tail at the base of her spine, the shepherd now practically sitting atop his lap with him buried inside of her.

Edward opened his eyes for a moment, met hers, and grinned, then leaned in for another sloppy yet still sweet kiss. He had been waiting for this all day.

28. Genital Worship

Zaly

The serval sighed and sat back against the smooth sculpted stone column, footpaws and ankles settled comfortably beneath the surface of the steaming water. Some combination of natural springs hidden beneath the surface of the earth along with a clever system of tubes, pipes, and mechanical pumps – pity to the servants who surely spent their days working those – led to this lovely warmth welling up into the carven stone pools, isolated into so many different sizes across the bathhouse.

A sweet little shiver and a sharper jolt of energy shot through her, then, swirling down in the base of her spine and then arcing up her back. She twisted in place, let out a sigh, and rolled her head to the side on her shoulder, one paw coming up to brush along her forehead as well. Whether that was steam gathered along her brow or sweat, she couldn't quite tell – but her tail flicked and stirred behind her as well, sopping wet from spilled water of the bath itself. That paw ran down her muzzle, spread over her nose, settled in against her parted lips, and just barely suppressed a breathy little moan that trickled its way out.

She still couldn't believe what was happening, or how it had gotten to this point, or that she enjoyed it as much as she did – yet here she was nonetheless. Her large ears straightened up, pinned forward, and caught the gentle lapping from a source other than the water against the rim of the bath, and again her blush doubled and sank its little tingling needles into her cheeks.

When she had come here she had expected the bathhouse to be empty, and for the most part it was. That had further led into her assuming she had come over to the private section of the building, bare footpads tamping lightly along the smooth tile floor. The towel she had worn still hung loose from her chest, halfway covering herself; she held it tighter against her body as another shiver arced through her, arms squeezing in against her chest and fingers first splaying out, then tightening in.

As it would turn out, her assumption had been wrong. Dozing off into something between a dream and a fantasy, the sound of the lion's voice had startled her so sharply that she had nearly dropped the towel and tumbled fully into the water, and after seeing him stride confidently towards her, completely naked with honey-gold fur and soft shadow-violet mane bared to anyone else who might look, she almost wished she *had*.

Legs clamped tight, face hot, words failing to come, she had tried to ask Jaali what he was doing and what he wanted. He had grinned, winked, done his usual sly teasing, and... well, how *did* it get here? Still Mo had her legs clamped tight, but this time there was a lion's head caught between them, Jaali's steady, focus attention at her the source of those twinges and shocks of pleasure and arousal.

The two were acquainted before, but never in a way like this. Mo sighed and let her legs spread apart again, one of them held up against Jaali's paw. He turned his muzzle to the side, briefly brought his tongue back into his mouth to swallow, and then dove back in again, lips pursing and focusing a little above and to the left, sucking softly in against the soft skin coated in thin fur... and then moving in a step, another step, another, until the contact along and around the sensitive nub of flesh right there yet again sent a jolt through her body. The water splashed around his shoulders as Mo kicked her footpaw. She tried to murmur an apology, but of course it ended up lost beneath a rumbling murmur and another shudder of breath.

She had thought about something like this several times before, but the books she read had never gone into too much detail – and she had never thought about it like *this*. He danced and played around her as he went, constantly teasing without ever letting up on the focused attention: lips to lips, he brought the soft, supple skin into his mouth, sucked softly, exhaled as he let it back out. Then came the tongue again, up between her lips to make her shiver, swirling around her clit to make her tighten and gasp and thump her head back against the column, up and over and around to make her sigh and relax and settle back again.

The bathing pools were not designed for full-body immersion. When he had approached earlier the waterline had barely come up above his waist, not quite far enough to dissuade Mo's gaze from wandering down. Perhaps that had been the catalyzing event, or it might have been when he had sidled up alongside her even despite her protests, or it might have been when she had swallowed, bit her lip, and reached over to rest her paw on his lap... or maybe when he had guided that paw up and in, and turned his head, and reached over to feel at her just the same...

And then he had slid down between her legs like this, and – seconds and minutes blended together and spread out beneath deft lips and a careful tongue. It wasn't that he was fast about it, or rough and intense; it was more that he moved with a slow, deliberate care, listening to the serval above him and feeling out what every little thing did to her and pulled out of her. Again the lion tilted his head and nipped in at her skin, right at the spot between her lip and her inner thigh; she spread her legs to allow him the space, then reflexively shuddered and clamped her legs shut again – and still he slid down, nipped gently at the skin beneath her fur, and let his tongue follow as he moved his way back in, a pair of fingers coming up to spread her around his lips so he could dive deeper in.

The serval shuddered again and sucked at her lower lip, yet another pang of sweet, intoxicating pleasure vibrating through her. If he could pull such responses and reflexes out of her from doing so little... the thought flashed into her head, and soon as it was there she tried to push it back away.

Then I wonder what I could do to him...

29. Piercings

Laika

Lukas tilted his head to the side and looked under the table before him. Normally the patrons lay face-up, eyes usually shielded against the bright white lights overhead – he needed the extra sharpness for work like this – but *this* one would be an interesting case. *Would be*, the otter thought, sparing another glance forward, *and already is...* as the zebra that lay here before him, cool green-grey pelt along the upper back melding to mocha and then from there to soft cream along the bared face, did so with all of

that pelt fully open to the rest of the room, slim-fitting pants tugged halfway down his thighs with his legs resting down along the stirrups.

That wasn't what made this interesting, though. Lukas jumped and cursed under his breath, the needle skipping between his fingers and poking slightly into one of his pads – and for once he finally dragged his gaze away from just *what* this horse had put on display. He had come in some time ago, wide hips swaying, brushy tail drawing out the motions of his body, and with full confidence made his request and selected this otter to be his piercer. Lukas had been in this business for a while, and had long since learned to get over and straight-up avoid any kind of embarrassment or awkwardness, but when he had asked Laika to disrobe and get ready... well, he wasn't quite expecting to see *this*.

Even now, lying on his belly with legs back and spread, the horse's tailhole protruded out at least a good inch from underneath his tail, the flesh there melding to a warm red-velvet sheen. Already adorned with a pair of gold studs both above and below, the roots of those piercings set deep into soft, supple flesh, with the donut ring of his rim pulsing and flexing in response to the stirring of air in the room – and not only that, but underneath him in the space between the table and the support stirrups hung the rest of him as well, a good forearm and a half's length, as well as girth, of equine mass.

Everything on view here threatened to distract Lukas and, still suckling at his finger, already had. Every time Laika shifted or adjusted how he lay, his shaft underneath him swung and jiggled with the resulting motion, sleek skin catching the light from above and shining softly, with the latter piercings along the underside glimmering brightly. Being a river otter, Lukas preferred to keep the room fairly warm and comfortable, which also meant that the zebra's balls, sizeable to match, hung down limp and loose around the base of his shaft, also threatening to spill out and into the air. At least *they* didn't almost brush the floor, unlike the ring pierced through the underside of his head there. Lukas almost thought he could hear it drag along the tile floor, every now and then.

Green eyes flashed back at him. "Almost ready back there?"

Lukas blinked. "Mhmm." Then on a whim, he bit the needle and ring between his lips, pushed back in his chair, rolled back over to the drawers near the desk, and swiped a leash out of the end. "I'll get right to it. You just relax."

"Will this one hurt?"

"It shouldn't." As he leaned in the horse's scent wafted up and over him, warm and dry, pleasant and inviting – and the otter couldn't help but turn his head to the side to bring his nose closer to those balls and the fat ring of muscle just above, careful not to come too close for the needle between his lips. Laika jumped when gentle fingers found his hanging shaft, then did so again at the soft *clip* of the hook of the leash through the ring there – and then he shivered, sighed, and dug his fingers into the table when Lukas tugged back on it, repeatedly looking the length of the leash over his paw.

"Well..." the zebra breathed a moment later. He had to swallow and clear his throat. "What's this ab-ah..."

Leash wrapped around that one paw, Lukas reached up to slip the needle and ring out of his mouth. For sensitive jobs like this he preferred to do it by hand, all in one, instead of rely on the big unwieldy gun – and in that case he would had to do a bit of *coaxing* as well, for the place the equine had requested.

In fact, he thought, we might...

“Just a precaution,” the otter said. He reached up and braced his palm near the base of the zebra’s tail; with a bit of pressure that sleek pucker of skin and muscle pulled open a bit, showing warmer reddish-pink flesh just inside. “Hold still. This will feel a little odd.”

From there, leash hooked up to Laika’s Prince Albert in one paw and a handful of horse rump in the other, Lukas leaned in, intentionally let a little breath out along that stretched tailhole, and then continued in to squeeze his lips against it. Laika jumped again, pushed back, and then relaxed into place, and then did so further when the otter parted his lips and pulled as much of that donut into his mouth as he could, tongue swirling around, tracing over the individual little wrinkles, teasing and pressing in to coax that tight muscle to relax and open for him.

Sleek softness of exterior skin turned to the slick humidity of interior flesh... and still tugging along that leash, keeping the horse’s shaft pointed dangerously close to his shoulder, he half-opened an eye, tilted his head while still digging his tongue and jaw in against the horse’s tailhole, lined the needle up... and started to sink it in, thumb coming down to pull the skin taut. As expected Laika jumped and hissed at that, but Lukas knew it was more shock than anything: preparations earlier would have removed most of the sting and pain, leaving the horse with little more than just an odd feeling of pressure and a pull, like a string being drawn through his skin.

Well, and a little more than that, as the otter slurped in around and beneath that tailhole, sucking softly at the exterior rim to stretch it away from the horse’s rump. The skin bunched in at the point of entry, and once he felt he had gone far enough he tilted his paw again, leaned his head back, swirled his tongue down to the underside of the horse’s tailhole, felt those heavy balls lift up and press against his chin... and then twitched at the sensation of the needle’s point settling against the underside of his tongue. With that there he pulled away, a few thick strands of saliva hanging between his mouth and the zebra’s pucker, and with the needle still pierced through just behind the sensitive muscle, he changed paws and slid the ring into place alongside it – then clipped it shut and withdrew the needle.

Something wet settled in against his thumb. The otter looked down to see a glob of clear stickiness having oozed out of the end of the horse’s shaft and along the leash towards where he had bunched it over his paw; Lukas smirked and leaned in to lick that off too, then continued up along the underside, following each of the studs of Laika’s ladder towards the base... and, once there, he returned to the new piercing and gave a little kiss and suckle there as well, just for good measure.

Ahead of him the zebra let out a tense sigh and relaxed again. His shiny new ring shifted and settled in against one side of his rump, another trophy among all the others.

Lukas patted that sizeable rump, though didn’t yet uncurl the leash. “You’re good to go.” Every time he tugged on it, another rhythmic clench bounced through the horse’s tailhole and pulsed along his underside.

Laika rumbled and rolled his head to the side. “I’m gonna... need a moment...” and he squeezed once more, this time with another glob of dripping pre oozing out along the already-soaked ring and fabric.

That was alright. Lukas sat back in his chair and crossed his arms as he looked over his handiwork. “No problem,” he said; the color of the horse’s rim had shifted to a darker chocolate tone, now that it was soaked with saliva. “Take all the time you need.”

30. Orgasm Denial

keinok82562

Malkior grunted yet again and strained against his bonds, wrists tied up through the bars of the bed’s headboard. Everything else, at least, had gone perfectly as planned: all the camera equipment had behaved upon setup and startup, the stream and video recording were both going well, the headboard hadn’t yet snapped free as it had last time. He kept his little laptop up on the nightstand as usual as well, and though he couldn’t work the camera controls from here what with his situation being what it was, he could at least see that it had been left in a *fantastic* position.

The dog squirmed, sighed, grunted, and bucked upwards as far as he could into the large wolf atop him, Mike’s hungry grin glaring down at him from above and blocking out the light of the spinning ceiling fan. That was where things had started to go awry, at least on Malkior’s end of things: this was supposed to be a smooth, easy ride today, a good one-and-done session with this old childhood friend of his, finally back in town after so long away. They were to get together, put on a show for the viewers and for posterity, and then perhaps get together again depending on the results and views.

But as soon as the wolf had gotten him into the room, Malkior had felt the dynamics of their arrangement change. He was to be tied up anyway, sure, but it was supposed to be with just his paws over his chest, not up over his head with his footpaws pulled apart and tied to the bottom portion of the bed as well. Mike was large, firm, muscular head to toe, not at all with the look of the average bottom, but he more than fit the bill – and, in fact, destroyed the bill, as the outpouring of appreciation from the video stream chat showed. One paw reached back to spread himself while he rode the somewhat smaller dog underneath him, Malkior’s girth pressing and pounding up into him again and again beneath his hiked tail, while he had his other paw stretched out and braced against the wall. It was a hell of a view, but still.

Malkior gritted his teeth and sucked in a gasp, trying his best to brace against the mattress again and lift up. The hot, intense tingling in his abdomen, the shivering sensation in his loins, the growing pressure and need; he sighed, rumbled, panted, moaned, moaned again-

-and then bucked up at open, empty air when Mike yanked himself up and off of the dog, leaving him twitching and thrusting up into the tailhole that was no longer there. Cool air trickled down across his shaft so close to his peak, leaving Malkior whining, panting, and squirming in place. He was so, so close, enough that he could feel that bubbling, boiling pressure threatening to overflow, and yet... it never happened, instead fizzling back down to a hot, pulsing desire buried in the root down there, his heavy balls squeezing up against his body and then slowly sinking and spreading back down.

Mike leaned down from above, hungry grin still in place on his muzzle. He licked at his chops. “I’m not done with you yet,” he growled, and sat back again – yet not quite enough to bring Malkior’s shaft back into him. Instead he just grinded his lube-slickened tailhole, still parted and slightly gaped from the dog’s treatment, back and forth across his twitching underside. Sticky wetness gripped and pulled at him, and made him grit his teeth and shiver all over again, but once more Mike seemed to sense when that pressure built and grew, and lifted himself up again.

Then, even worse, he remained where he was kneeling above the bound dog and reached down to paw himself off, heavy hanging balls swinging back and forth underneath him as he did so. The stream chat exploded with that, wanting and begging to see the big wolf's cock as he pleased himself, and even though Malkior was here watching it happen he still felt quite unlucky: the sight, the warmth, the *scent* of his friend enjoying himself so close to him, nearly brushing against his muzzle, almost sinking back onto him, made his hard cock bounce and throb into the air, so close to his tailhole yet never quite making it.

Until, that was, Mike reached nonchalantly back with one paw, angled his friend's tapered tip up towards him, and sank back again. The bindings on his footpaws allowed Malkior just a little bit of wiggle room to lift up and press into the wolf, thick muscles of his tailhole and sleek interior flesh squeezing and rubbing all around him, though to his surprise Mike just hilted back on him, the slight bulge of his not-quite-active knot kissing against his rim, and stayed there.

"What..." Malkior swallowed and panted. "What are you..."

But, a moment later, he found out. Mike leaned back and continued pawing off – then reached over to the laptop to switch the camera feed to the one focused along a front view, allowing the viewers and video a perfect vantage point on the action here. He remained hilted down in Malkior's lap, making no movement other than the twitching and the *clenching*, smooth and tight and wet and wonderful, while the dog underneath him gasped, grunted, moaned, whined. Mike's grin widened and brightened as Malkior's chest started to heave with his approaching peak, and right as he thought he hit that point of no return, he twitched, bucked, jerked, felt that tailhole squeeze and suck around him... and then again was thrusting at open air as Mike pulled forward and remained there just out of range, the force of Malkior's imminent need making him bounce against the bed, teeth gritted and a growl in his throat.

He was so close, and yet nothing he could do was quite enough to get him there. That hot, intense pressure bubbled right along his twitching length, knot swelling up and out against his sheath, yet no matter how hard he squeezed and clenched he just couldn't get himself over without the sweet sensation of Mike pressing back against him, and then a moment later he fell back against the bed, panting and whining under his breath.

Mike chuckled softly, and then to Malkior's shock swung a leg over to slide off the bed. The wolf looked back over his shoulder at him, lube and pre dripping down the fur of his rump and thigh, tailhole still partially parted – until he clenched and squeezed it shut again, a thick dribble of clear stickiness oozing out.

"I'll be back in a few," he said over his shoulder. As he passed by, he turned one of the cameras so it faced Malkior more fully.

"What-? Where are you-?"

"Don't worry about it."

And he was gone out the door of the bedroom, leaving Malkior bound in place, distant orgasm trickling further away and leaving disappointment and frustration in its place. He had gotten so close. The stream

chat swarmed again with little emojis just feeding back into his frustration – but, still, his hard cock twitched against his lower belly, oozing needy pre down into his fur there.

This was now the second time that Mike had gone off to leave Malkior on his own, right before he had made it to his peak. At the rate things were going there might even be a third.