

The otter waited at the door with his paws behind his back, phone clutched in one while the other lightly bounced the case in his grasp. It was a nice day out today, somewhere halfway between summer and fall when it was still pleasantly warm yet with the occasional gust of a brisk breeze, and with all the noises of the summer bugs having already cut away, waiting here outside left his ears perked to the sound of that wind and, some ways off across the houses, the constant rumble and hum of the highway.

He hadn't been to this neighborhood before, but so far it impressed. Not like he would be seeing much more of it today: the plans they had made kept them indoors, at least for a majority of the afternoon and night. It might turn into a walk later on or in the morning, but then that depended on whether they would let him – or *invite* him, really – to stay the night, which in turn brought up the question of where he would sleep, and if his presence was really that welcome, and-

The lock of the door clicked open, once more flicking the otter's little ears forward. His heart leapt into his throat, and just as quickly he tried to push it back down and yet again force the thoughts and worries out of his head. He couldn't help but be a bit nervous, of course: this was a first time for *both* of them, himself and the slim, bright cheetah who poked his head through the crack in the threshold.

Brown eyes lit up, and in another moment the feline's short muzzle split in a grin to show sharp white teeth in between. "Lukas!" The cheetah opened the door a little bit further yet still stayed hidden behind it. "I just got your text. Come on in – keep it down, though..."

"Yeah, I know, I..." The otter stepped in, wiped his footpaws off on the mat, and then caught himself once the cheetah closed the door behind him. Smooth, sleek cream-colored fur down his front, bordering along the speckled butter and chocolate tones across the rest of his body, all came down to slip beneath the sleek green boxer briefs he wore... and nothing else, slightly ruffled fur and sleek, lithe form on full display. When Lukas's eyes made their way back up again, the cheetah's grin had turned into a sleeker, knowing one. "*Oh*. You've already gotten started?"

"You bet I have, dude." He turned to lead his guest down the hall, those clean spots along his arms and shoulders arcing up and then down to form the long, coherent stripes down his back, the thick centermost running the course from around the puff of mane-like fur along his neck all the way down towards the end of his tail. Lukas trailed behind a bit as the two came towards the hallway, watching the way those stripes and the spots around them twisted and shimmered. "I had to get him into the mood, right?"

"Tying him up didn't do that for him?"

"Well, it *did*. That was a great suggestion, by the way." He looked over his shoulder at Lukas again as the two came up to the end of the hall, the bedroom door well and closed. "'Oh, Maxy', he said, 'I didn't know you could tie a knot like that'... of course I made a joke about it, but – you know how he is."

"I do." Lukas lowered his voice as well. "Were you in his place he'd've done the same thing."

"Yeah. Alright." Maxy rested a paw on the doorknob. "He doesn't know you'll be here, so make sure you – ah, why am I telling you this? This was *your* idea."

"And a *hell* of an idea, right?"

There was that bright grin again. Maxy nodded, put a finger to his lips, then nodded to the door, and shouldered it slowly open, letting the otter beside him in first. Immediately Lukas could pick up the hot, eager tension on the air, the distinct scent of mixed arousal and burgeoning anticipation: there on the bed sat, or rather hung, the subject of their little discussion, paws bound behind his back with an extra ring of ropes around his shoulders to keep his arms there. A blindfold rested down across his muzzle, though Lukas felt that usually the dog could only barely see for the thick mat of hair that hung down as well, letting only flashes of the blue fabric through.

He leaned over to Maxy beside him and kept his voice low again behind a paw. As soon as the door opened, the Australian shepherd's ears had perked up and flicked over this way. "That's tied on tight?"

The cheetah nodded. "Tight as I could get it without hurting him. It won't come off, don't you worry."

"Maxy?" That was the shepherd. Lukas straightened up, eyes wide, and waited to see if already his cover was blown. "What was that about?"

The cheetah grinned again, then quietly cleared his throat and this time spoke to his partner tied up on the bed. "Oh, just a delivery. Something I've been waiting on." He looked to Lukas, winked, and nodded the otter forward alongside him. "Still doing alright there, Dylan?"

"God..." A sweet shiver vibrated up the shepherd's back and shoulders, and in that moment, he shifted how he sat so that his legs spread out in front of him. Immediately this brought into view the rich, reddish-pink flesh of his length, fully out and hard with the slight bulge of his knot straining at his plump sheath. Lukas actually felt himself salivate at seeing that, and when he looked over to Maxy again the cheetah had the same look. "Doing better than alright. I'd like to ask what you're doing to me, but... I guess that ruins some of the surprise, huh?"

This was where it got complicated. Throughout the past week Maxy and Lukas had discussed and figured this whole thing out, treating Dylan to an experience like nothing he had ever done before, and now it actually came to carrying it out. Maxy waited down near the foot of the bed while Lukas continued up, looking back at the cheetah for permission first and then guidance; the feline brought his paws out and motioned him up and forward, silent words on his mouth.

*Go ahead*, he said. *Show him a good time. Go nuts*. At least, that was what Lukas *thought* he said. The otter came forward, paused at the edge of the bed, briefly busied himself with getting his shirt and pants off, and then climbed up – and froze when Dylan immediately turned his muzzle his way, nose twitching a bit.

The two shared another look. Seeing his chance, then, Maxy swung in and took his partner's muzzle in his paws, directing him towards himself while Lukas got into position along the bed and over his splayed legs.

"I wasn't about to leave you here all on your own," the cheetah purred, "when we were just getting started. Now, why don't you lie back – here we go..."

As Maxy leaned forward and pushed the dog back, Lukas slid up as well, finally shifting his own underwear down his thighs. He couldn't deny that even just the *idea* of this got him going, despite the unfamiliarity of Dylan's scent and body. This would be the first time the two had done anything of the

sort, and really their first time actually *meeting* – and today it was Lukas’s job to take Maxy’s place, with Dylan thinking it was him the whole time.

There it was again: another twitch and throb as he thought about it. Good thing this bed was thick, dense memory foam; Maxy slid away, again motioning Lukas forward, and the otter slid up between Dylan’s legs. One cheetah paw reached back and down and took Lukas’s own, then guided it forward, up, and down... and Dylan sucked in a slow breath and squirmed, as Maxy guided his guest to cup and gently squeeze the dog’s sack in his palm.

“Oh...”

The two shared a grin again, and this time Maxy drifted back to let Lukas take over. The otter continued what his friend had started, rubbing gently with that one paw while he brought his other up to do the same to the dog’s plump sheath, slick and warm, squeezing comfortably around his length – which also twitched when he lifted it up and away from his belly, a thick string of pre hanging between his tip and the thick, speckled fur of his lower belly.

Above and around him Dylan squirmed, an indulgent smile dripping from his lips. The dog swallowed and tilted his head, and for a moment Lukas thought he was trying to peer out from beneath his blindfold.

“Oh, come on...” the shepherd rumbled. Lukas paused in his handling, fingers cupped beneath his balls while his other paw ran gently up from base to tip, fingerpads slicked and greased in natural dripping lubrication. “Be firmer than that. You’re not gonna break it, hon. Treat me like you did on Saturday.”

Lukas looked to Maxy again. The cheetah leaned back against the wall by the window, halfway through sliding his underwear off his legs again – and bringing into view his own half-arousal, warm pink against creamy fur. He looked from him to Dylan and back, and nodded with a lick of the lips.

That was all the permission Lukas needed. The otter shifted his position, wrapped a forefinger and thumb around the lip of Dylan’s sheath, and then slid that back across slick, wet flesh. That in itself made the dog twitch and suck in a gasp, but Lukas then squeezing beneath the base of his unswollen knot, tugging him up from that point, and again wrapping his other paw along his balls and giving those a tug as well, made him spread his legs, kick one, and squirm against the bed, arms wriggling in their bonds around his back.

“Oh – *ohh...*” Dylan breathed, a rumble of pleasure vibrating in his throat. “Now *that’s* what I’m talking about – why haven’t you – done that before? I just...”

Another tug, the root of his cock pulling up and along the retracted, wrinkled skin and fur of his sheath. Lukas licked his lips, slid in closer, and touched his nose along that space there. He pulled in a slow, steady breath, letting the dog’s unfamiliar musk waft in and fill his nose and throat, high and sharp, savory and spicy... and then came up a little further to drag his tongue from base to tip, curling around the side and that little swell of his knot. It pulsed and grew at the touch as Dylan throbbed again, and as Lukas came towards his tip he wrapped his lips around there – and immediately received a thick, sticky glob of hot pre, dripping out across his tongue.

That was a new taste, too. Lukas lifted up and swirled his tongue around his lips, keeping both paws in place and tugging at their respective areas; Dylan was a handful on both sides of matters, plump balls filling the otter's palm in one and his still unswollen knot settled against his fingers in the other. Slick stickiness clung to the roof of his mouth and dribbled down his throat, meaning he had to swallow again to get the rest of it down. Out at the edge of his vision there was a flash of yellow, and he looked up in time to see Maxy approaching the bedroom door, carefully slip it open, and then start to step out.

He caught Lukas's eye, grinned, gave a thumbs-up, and then nodded back over his shoulder. *I'll be right back*, he mouthed. *Have fun*.

By now Lukas had already been given permission. He turned back to Dylan before him again, the shepherd having leaned back a bit against the headboard of the bed, paws still bound behind him, with his legs spread. He kept his body and hips angled so that he could easily thrust up into the attention, Lukas shifting his paw to more easily caress and roll those heavy balls back and forth over his fingers. He returned to stroking him slowly, coating his fingers in warm, dribbling arousal, as he leaned in to bring his nose close to that spot between sack and sheath – and drew in a slow, deep breath of this dog's musk, familiarizing himself with it, bringing it close.

And he realized, with a small shock and a burst of amusement, that Maxy had smelled quite strongly of this when he had opened the door just a little bit ago. That made sense. Lukas closed his eyes and nuzzled into place there, drawing his nose up and along Dylan's twitching shaft, imagining himself to have been the cheetah just before he had arrived, poking and nosing and teasing, getting this dog all worked up for their little plan.

"Hah..." Dylan breathed again, and this time thumped his head back against the headboard. "Max..."

Lukas's ears actually perked at the sound of quiet footsteps from the other end of the room and, surprised, he lifted his head to look. Maxy came back in with a chair hooked under one shoulder, though he froze when he noticed Lukas looking at him. The two shared that look once again, both looked at the still-oblivious Dylan beneath Lukas's tongue and nose, and then sighed with relief. Lukas expected the cheetah to sprawl out in the chair once he set it down, to spread his legs and lean back and enjoy the show, but also to his surprised he actually came forward, rested his paws along the otter's shoulders, leaned him back a bit... and then winked and took the otter's place for a moment, muzzle right there between Dylan's legs.

So Lukas took the chance to relax for a little while, one paw working its way down his own body, touching and feeling at his own arousal already at its full. Maxy's head drew slowly up as he lapped at his partner's length, then did so again from base to tip; Dylan twitched and kicked a footpaw when the cheetah's lips wrapped around his tip, then shivered with a sweet sigh as that muzzle started to dive slowly down.

"Yeah, that's..." The shepherd let out another breathy moan, footpaw twitching dangerously close to Lukas's thigh. The otter shifted away a bit, though slowly and carefully so as not to alert him to his presence. "That's what I was... ah..."

Maxy didn't remain there for long, though. Just a taste: he came back up, arousal throbbing between his legs, and wiped at his mouth when he looked over at Lukas again. The otter understood, and as soon as Maxy had stepped back away from the bed and towards the chair, picked up where he had left off. This

time Dylan's shaft dripped with warmth and wetness more than just scent, and Maxy's more familiar aroma lingered on him as well – but of course, Lukas soon took this all in just the same, making exactly the same movements as the cheetah had demonstrated.

There was something else to that, too, licking up and over Maxy's dripping drool, feeling the humid warmth and stickiness of his attention. Lukas wrapped his fingers back against the base of Dylan's sheath and tugged him up into his mouth just as he dove down on him, tongue cupped around his girth and contours. Once more the shepherd squirmed and sighed, though Lukas kept his ears perked to pick out if there were any differences in the noises he made. Back and forth he went, head tilting this way and then the other, suckling and squeezing at the dog's shaft, slurping off Maxy's saliva and replacing it with his own – and then more, and more, and steadily more, until thick, sticky globs of it rolled down between his lips and along Dylan's sack.

"God," the dog murmured, again squirming against the headboard. Now he had completely rested back, shoulders and head flat against the wood. "Being a little messier than usual this time, aren't you? Don't tell me you went through all this trouble-" He tugged against his bonds for emphasis. "-just to suck me off?"

Lukas slid back up towards the dog's tip, still suckling and tonguing gently. In place there he turned his head to look over at Maxy, who had indeed flopped down in the chair and now sat back, one arm draped over the back, to enjoy the show. Eyes half-lidded, mouth partially open, paw working steadily and slowly along his length... he swallowed, licked his lips, and once more nodded to Lukas. Before he could do anything, though, Maxy again rose from the chair and came over, careful not to bump or nudge the bed.

His paws came down on Lukas's shoulders, resting gently there as the otter rose up and shifted forward. He braced his knees on either side of Dylan's body, squeezing a bit – but not *too* much; he knew that, as an otter, his build was already distinctly different from the sleek, lithe form of a cheetah – and positioned himself over the bound dog's body, Maxy's paws still on his shoulders. The cheetah leaned in around him, slid his paws down Lukas's chest towards his waist, teased his fingers so close to his groin there, let out a sweet little breath, and licked his lips.

"Of course not," he cooed, again to Dylan before him. Lukas smirked and hid a quiet chuckle behind a paw; Maxy had positioned himself perfectly so that the blindfolded dog might actually believe it was *him* about to take a seat in his lap. "You get something *special* today, hon."

It was actually Maxy who guided Lukas forward, the otter now on his knees over Dylan's lower body. Lukas watched, awed, as the cheetah reached in, angled his partner's hard shaft up, and then ran his fingers along the otter's rump, spread him, coaxed him back... this felt so new, so *different*, as though he were both putting on a performance for Maxy's sake as well as indulging himself. Which, really, he *was*; he shivered and sucked in a gasp as the dog's tapered tip pressed up against his tailhole, directed to that point by the cheetah's paw and fingers still in place there. Then, also to his surprise, Maxy lifted himself up as well and positioned himself along the bed just behind where Lukas knelt, careful so as not to brush against the dog now beneath both of them.

Lukas looked back over his shoulder to where the cheetah had rested his muzzle on him – but then squirmed, gasped, and shivered as Maxy abruptly leaned forward and down, first hooking his arms

beneath Lukas's and then causing the otter to sink a good two inches down onto his partner's length *for* him.

He shivered as those arms squeezed in alongside his chest, regulating his pace, teasing him down further. Dylan was quite thick, but both already knew he could take him. Maxy leaned forward from behind Lukas as he continued to press him down further, Lukas with one paw on his thigh and the other reaching back to caress the cheetah's muzzle – while Maxy leaned forward and down and then slowly pressed his own paws into Dylan's chest, pushing the shepherd onto his back against the bed.

So that was his plan, then. Lukas smirked and let out another tense breath at the thought of it: here *he* was, tailhole wrapped halfway down along Dylan's length, thighs squeezing his legs, sinking down further, while it was Maxy's paws pressed against his chest, squeezing him, pushing down in rhythm. Lukas covered his mouth with a paw to hide the little noises and moans of effort and exertion as he worked steadily further down, squeezing and clenching, relaxing and pushing... until, finally, the slight bulge of the dog's still unswollen knot nestled up against his rim, pushed through, squeezed tight.

In that moment Lukas leaned back against Maxy, where he felt the cheetah's just as eager arousal twitching and dripping against his lower back. Maxy nipped at his neck and drew his paws down Dylan's chest, then pushed them back up – and Lukas took that as a cue to start pulling himself up as well, slow and deliberate. Dylan arched his back underneath him, and he felt Maxy shift behind him so as not to give away his presence.

The dog licked his lips and turned his head to the side, though still the blindfold held tight. "God, hon, you feel... so..." He shivered and thrust up, and Lukas gasped again – and jumped as one of Maxy's paws came up to clamp his over his mouth. This left the otter halfway hilted on someone *else's* boyfriend, his own hard cock out and dribbling, that other person's paw on his muzzle... suddenly he felt as though *he* were the one getting indulged here, instead of Dylan beneath him.

He swallowed against Maxy's palm and, gently, nipped at the finger settled between his lips. The cheetah squeezed more firmly onto him and leaned over, once more bracing his paw against Dylan's chest. Lukas continued his rhythm there, careful not to reach forward and add his own paws to the mix atop Maxy's; he slid forward and back, forward and back as he worked, pulling in slow breaths through his nose and letting them trickle back out between the cheetah's fingers. As he went he could feel himself tense and drip and dribble against the fur of Dylan's belly – and then the shepherd noticed, too.

Dylan lifted up and squirmed around, which again hilted him deep beneath the otter's tail. Lukas gasped and bit down along Maxy's finger again, trying to suppress the moan that wanted to trickle out. "Are you – *leaking* on me?" the shepherd rumbled, with another squirm. A thick dribble of clear stickiness rolled down his fur. "That's never happened before, either, usually you... *ah-*"

Maxy leaned over him again, this time pushing Lukas forcefully forward and down so that the otter had to clutch onto the cheetah's shoulder to keep himself up. He thought there was no way that Dylan wouldn't be able to tell there was *two* of them here, especially with the way that Maxy grinded and pressed at the otter's lower back while still keeping him held down in his partner's lap – but still the dog's muzzle showed no signs of knowing, eyes hidden behind that blindfold with a surprised, blissful smile on his lips.

"What can I say?" Maxy cooed. Lukas started riding again, forward and back, up and down. The gentle wet *schrp-shlk* of his rim squeezing and sucking along Dylan's well-prepared length joined the sound of fur rustling against fur, and tense half-suppressed breaths, gasps, and moans. "You just feel *particularly* good today..."

"And you do, too, I just—" Dylan's shoulder squirmed, forward and then back as Lukas picked up his pace. "Aah. God. This is..."

Lukas rolled his head back onto Maxy's shoulder behind him, breathing through his nose as he bounced into a faster, harder rhythm. He swallowed, bit at that finger, bucked forward and back, faster. Dylan started to lift up into him as well, footpaws bracing against the mattress against the otter's rhythm; Lukas had to exert all of his willpower to keep his voice down against the feeling of the motion, the dog's shaft pressing deep into him, squeezing in, hilding tight, throbbing out so that he could *feel* as his knot began to swell towards his peak.

One arm still out and wrapped around Maxy's, Lukas reached down to stroke himself with the other paw, and did indeed feel how *much* he was dribbling. He turned his head again, bumped it against Maxy's – the cheetah giggled softly – and then leaned forward, pressing down against Dylan's hips so that the bed squeezed down and then rebounded up against them, again and again. Maxy's other paw slid up from his partner's chest to caress Lukas's instead, fingers running in through thick fur, feeling at his ribs and then the muscles of his lower belly as they tensed and strained... and then down further, batting the otter's paw away from himself, taking over there in his stroking.

That was it for Lukas. He gritted his teeth behind the cheetah's other paw, shivered, shuddered, gasped again – and then pressed firmly down past the growing bulge of Dylan's knot, sealing the dog deep inside of himself. A few quick, hard, irresistible bucks shot through his body, coaxed to that point from the cheetah's deft paw working along his length, and he jerked forward as one spurt sprayed out, then a second, and then a third, all the way up and across Dylan's blindfolded muzzle. Then came the fourth over his chest, and a weaker fifth against his belly – and he *felt* the effect this painting had on the dog through another throb, thrust, and grind in rhythm, still pushing up.

It seemed he had surprised Dylan as well, looking at the way the shepherd had jumped and twitched. Still, though, he thrust up and into the otter still dribbling down across his belly, and in another few moments Lukas shifted, reached back, spread himself with both paws, and gave a few more slow, deep grinds back and down... and then it was Dylan who gritted his teeth and gasped. Maxy drew back to let them finish, Lukas tugging and riding and pulling until that girth inside of him pulsed, grew, swelled – and then tied tight, the dog thrusting fervently up and forward, bucking deep inside the otter as he emptied himself, shivering and shaking, the force of his peak echoing through his body and jerking him almost fully upright.

The two remained there for a moment, Lukas with his back arched and belly filled, Dylan squirming in bliss along the mattress and trying to find a comfortable position atop his bound wrists. Each of their chests heaved and pulsed with exhausted breaths, and then finally the dog settled back, still twitching and throbbing where he was tied tight past Lukas's rim. The otter gave a tentative tug, grimaced, and settled into place again, Dylan's girth pressing at him yet again and coaxing out another thick, milky drop. He turned his head, gave Maxy an exhausted grin, licked his lips-

"So," Dylan panted, "to whom do I owe this... rather lovely fuck?"

That grin faded. Maxy looked shocked, then stifled a chuckle.

"I mean..." The shepherd squirmed again, catching Lukas off-guard and yanking out a surprised gasp. "Maxy doesn't shoot. Well, he does, but not like *that*. And he also..." Another tug. Lukas couldn't help but bring his paws down across Dylan's chest for support, his entire lower body trembling with the sweet feeling. "He's never taken my knot on the first try..."

Panting, shaking, shivering all over, Lukas looked to Maxy once more and then reached forward to remove the blindfold. Dylan blinked against the relatively bright lights in the room, squinted up... and then looked from otter to cheetah and back again, taking in the sight. Maxy sitting somewhat off to the side on the mattress, fully nude yet still at a distance, and then Lukas hilted deep in his lap, squeezing around the root of his shaft, tugging at his knot. There was that nervousness again, as they *had* deceived Dylan in his expectations... but then, thankfully, a broad grin crossed the shepherd's muzzle. He tossed his mat of unkempt hair, only briefly showing his eyes normally hidden.

Lukas sat back, once more suppressing a moan as the dog's shaft shifted inside of him. "Hey," he breathed, and gave a shaky wave. "I'm Lukas."

Dylan licked his lips, shoulders arched forward with the extra sensation. Lukas could feel the throbbing of his pulse through his rim. "Hey Lukas," he rumbled; it was hard to tell, but his eyes beneath his hair flicked over to his partner behind him. "I'm impressed. I knew Maxy had something planned, but he sure as hell made sure I couldn't tell what..."

"I'd apologize," offered the cheetah, "but you don't seem upset."

"Not at all. Quite the opposite." Dylan squirmed. "My arms *are* getting a bit sore, though. Lukas?"

The otter straightened up.

"Once – *this*-" said with a thrust and tug, pushing out another moan-dribble pair, "goes down, what would you say about a round two? I'm wondering how my kitten here would feel about being in the same situation as me..."

Both of them looked over to where Maxy lounged along the bed, idly stroking himself. The cheetah slowed and looked at each in turn, with his tail slowly flicking around.

Lukas chuckled. "Sounds good," he replied, then reached back, spread himself, and tugged again – which once more pulled a tense huff and sigh from the dog inside of him. "I can tie a knot."