

Shekh knelt down in front of the cozy armchair, paws braced against the soft carpet between his legs while he waited in eager anticipation. The striped hyena didn't know where to look: on the one hand he so wanted to see his task revealed to him, as the german shepherd lounging back in the chair ran a sharp-clawed thumb beneath the waistband of their tight-fitting boxer briefs, but on the other hand felt that that might be a little bit weird. The two had barely shared so much as a *hello* before, and then spurred on by some inane idea, a quick conversation, and a breathless, excited agreement, suddenly here he was waiting to serve.

Rollei's smooth, tinted eyes flashed down at the hyena from where they sat up above, amusement evident in those sleepy half-lids. "Y'ready?" they cooed, voice warm and cozy. "I'll have to stand up a little bit for this."

Shekh swallowed, let his gaze drop down to the sleek bulge at the front of those boxer briefs, and then nodded. At least for this part it wouldn't be weird to watch. He scooted back a bit as the shepherd braced a paw on the chair's arm, pushed themselves up, then stood there before him, and with a few wiggles and smooth movements started to pull their underwear down. The hyena leaned in closer, eyes drifting down from the little pink bumps poking out of their smooth bellyfur, each another point on the trail of nipples marking the way down towards the waistband, tugging further and further down.

Rollei closed their eyes, bit their lip, then slid the elastic forward and down – and brought into view their supple sheath, gentle toffee-tan backed by a puff of chocolate-toned pubic fur resting along the backside. Shekh licked his lips and straightened up a bit, instinctively leaning forward to try to get a taste of the shepherd's scent, eyeing the spot right at the tip, right along the lips of their sheath, where that plush fur gave way to charcoal flesh instead, with just a hint of sweet succulent pink visible inside.

This wasn't the main feature, though, and both of them knew it. Rollei played up the anticipation, putting a little bounce to their hips and rocking taking their time in continuing, but before long they did so – and then Shekh felt his eyes widen and both his tail and his loins stir at what he saw. Hanging down beneath the shepherd's sheath, normally bound up against their body by the relatively tight material of the boxer-briefs, Rollei's heavy sack dropped down and into view... and then on... and on... and on, hanging down ever further. Like tying a rope to the ceiling and then letting it uncoil on the way down, the sleek skin stretched and smoothed out as they went down, until the shepherd had to bend over a bit for how far they had dropped their underwear.

Shekh swallowed again. "You weigh 'em?"

"Mhmm." Rollei stood there for a moment, looking down over their pride, then finally slumped back into the chair. The edge of the cushion lifted up behind the hanging skin of their sack, the two plump orbs hanging freely off the front. "Weigh 'em, stretch 'em..." Then those tinted eyes sparkled down at the hyena between their legs again. "Get 'em sucked on whenever I can. That's where *you* come in."

Shekh nodded and scooted forward, nose still twitching with the faint essences of scent now turning to warmth, the sleek humid heat of all of *this* caught cropped up within tight underwear for the duration of the evening. "Yeah," he panted, and looked over them again. Then on a whim he lifted a paw, looked up to Rollei for permission, and cupped and hefted those balls in his palm, the loose skin of their sack draping off the back of their fingers. It wasn't *too* much spare, nothing comical or unbelievable, but still it put a thump in his chest and made his own underwear quite a bit tighter than it had been before. "So can I – just...?"

The shepherd adjusted their postured, resting their muzzle on a half-closed paw, elbow pressing down onto one arm of the chair. "Please do. I can move forward a bit further if you need to. I'd really like it if you'd – *ah-*"

So he wasted no time. Holding them there, Shekh rolled his paw a bit so that the plump balls hung down and off, then leaned in, pursed his lips between them, took in some of that sweet humid heat, and then curled his tongue out and around one – and gently brought it in between his lips, already suckling softly at the supple skin surrounding it. One of Rollei's legs twitched, and the shepherd dropped their muzzle halfway into their paw; Shekh smiled, closed his eyes, and widened his jaw a bit, still sucking at that first while adjusting his angle to come at the second, lips pressing, pursing again... and then drawing that one in as well.

Above him the shepherd rolled their head back and sighed, legs spreading and lifting out towards the front edge of the chair. Shekh braced his own paws on the floor between his knees, back arched and muzzle angled up and forward so that he could slurp and suck more fully around the balls weighing down his tongue, enough that he could feel them pressing out against his cheeks and stretching his jaw. Even so, though, still he could work and swirl his tongue around, lifting it up into the space between the two of them, stretching and mashing the sleek supple skin around, sucking it further back, drawing those balls with him. He swallowed again and again, leaning in as he went with his jaw working, eyes now halfway open so he could watch the shepherd's sheath as it approached, the little point of pink flesh gradually coaxed from those black lips.

His own drool dribbled down his chin, oozed out from repeated slurping, sucking, swallowing. He brought his paws up from the floor to grip at Rollei's ankles, still drawing himself up further: those balls pressed against the back of his throat just as the loose skin of their sack gathered on his tongue and between his lips, and he tilted his muzzle, squeezed his eyes shut, then swallowed once more-

And this time felt their mass start to slip back as well, pushed back by natural reflexes, forced down by clenching muscles. There was a moment of shock and surprise followed by panic, but then all of that suddenly dribbled away into sleek, hot arousal when Shekh realized he was *stuck in place* there, the shepherd's dangling sack now halfway swallowed down into his throat. He could feel the grab and tug every time he tried to move, the carefully stretched span of skin at once wrinkled atop his flattened tongue then pulling taut with his tugging.

Rollei looked down at him through eyes characteristically half-lidded, amusement mixed with concern on their muzzle. Shekh swallowed again, felt the shepherd's balls slip down a little bit further in his throat, then finally tugged, closed his mouth around the base of his sack, and slurped there a little bit more – and only then did he again brace his paws on the edge of the chair to try to pull himself back.

What a sensation that was, then, like tugging a half-swallowed spaghetti noodle out of the back of his throat, only much thicker, denser, heftier, and *meatier*. There was another moment of shock, and then suddenly they popped free from the back of his throat and filled his mouth again, and the hyena found himself suckling down the slimy slickness of his own saliva, slurping the dog's balls clean and free for a moment before he drew back, panting, and let them drop down out of his mouth.

Once he did so they slapped gently back against the front of the chair, leaving a dark, damp stain on the fabric where they bounced, then before his eyes started to shift and retract up a bit, going from the

intense heat of his mouth and throat to the relative cool of the room. Rollei stirred and rumbled in their throat, then reached down to cup them gently in their own fingers.

The shepherd grimaced and looked over their paw a moment later, thick strands of saliva hanging from their fingers. *"That was certainly new..."*

Shekh wiped at his mouth and chuckled softly. He squirmed where he knelt, his own boxers almost uncomfortably tight from how much he had worked himself up. *"Hah. Sorry."*

*"Oh, no, don't be."* Here the shepherd ran a forefinger and thumb down along his stretched sack, gently pinching up against his balls so that they pulled tight. They gave them a gentle bounce and slap, then tugged them to their limit out towards Shekh's muzzle again.

*"Just means I gotta stretch a bit more, so you can get them *all* the way down."*