

Lactation

LomiDePuzlo

Lolo rumbled softly and continued to grind his hips up between the rabbit-dog's thighs, arousal and enjoyment thrumming through his body as he steeped himself in her warmth and presence. He kept his chin resting half-subsumed between her heavy breasts, one hand reaching up to rub and squeeze at one of them while C'helpa still squirmed on top of him, her tense breaths washing down across the back of his head as he did so. Fingers sinking through soft fur and softer skin, pressing in against her flesh, feeling the heat there and the little bits of slight firmness within, a pillow within a pillow... until C'helpa pulled in a shuddering gasp, straightened up a bit, and dug her fingers along the smaller male's sides, a notable shiver going through her body.

At first Lolo had thought he had just hit a good spot, so he did so again and earned the same response. Then again... and this time he felt a loose, faint warmth spraying out across his shoulder and trickle down the back of his hand, sourcing from right between the crook of his fingers spread around her nipple. That was interesting. Slowly he lifted himself up, blinked against the light of the room, and leaned back so he could see, and sure enough saw there a smooth whitish trail dripping down along the contours of his hand.

Atop him C'helpa lifted a paw to stifle her moans; Lolo squeezed again, and this time saw the milk as it pushed out against her skin in little white nodules and then sprayed and squirted free, shooting out between his fingers in angled streams. Some of it sprayed against the sides of his fingers; some missed entirely; some didn't spray at all and instead just rolled down the smooth arc of her breast, pooling down in his palm and dripping from there; and some continued to bunch up within itself until those larger drops rolled down, warm and lovely. Once more he gave her hefty breast a squeeze, this time turning his muzzle to look up at the hybrid atop him.

Her muzzle had flooded with a sweet blush, mouth halfway hidden behind that paw, floppy ears pitching back at the base. She swallowed, giggled softly, turned her head, then paused to pull in a breath and steady herself – and then she scooped her arm once more around Lolo's head to guide him in towards her breast.

Arousal flared through him. He adjusted to position himself more fully where she wanted him, already licking his lips and parting his mouth; he kept his eyes focused down at the wide curve of her breast, the smooth, dark brown areola pocked with beads of whitish milk like warm dew. As she lifted her heft up some of it jiggled loose, running down along the underside and leaving tinted rivers at they went, more starting to ooze through her skin at the slightest squeeze and adjustment.

As he approached Lolo hung his tongue out, drew it forward along the underside of her breast, and then dragged it up over those streaks, until he could close his mouth fully around her nipple. What a strange, yet delightful sensation that was, almost like drawing the moisture out from deep within a sponge – except it was warm, and thick, and sweet, and rich, and just a touch savory. Even before he had swallowed its flavor had filled his mouth and the back of his throat; he brought his own hand up alongside his muzzle, squeezing and pressing in rhythm with his suckles so he could more effectively drain her into his maw, letting the liquid squirt against the roof of his mouth and pool down around his tongue.

“There you go...” C’helpa rumbled, her voice as smooth as the milk that trickled along his tongue. Some of it spilled out from the corners of his mouth and down his chin. “That’s better, isn’t it? Ever since you started, I’d been able to – *ah* – feel it, starting to come out...”

Lolo paused, swallowed, shivered at the slick heat as it slid down his throat and into his belly, then adjusted the positioning of his mouth a bit. Here he squeezed gently with his lips and jaw while sucking as well, drawing those spurting streaks out with a bit more speed and force – and he reached up with his other hand to do the same to the rabbit-dog’s other breast as well, her now holding him up in her arms. Eyes half-lidded, he rubbed and squeezed and stroked, watching which places and what movements drew out the most of her milk and the strongest response. Running her nipple back and forth between his thumb and the side of her finger; or gently pinching around the rim of her areola and running up towards the end; or gripping her entire breast from beneath and massaging it in, almost as though he were squeezing at a cow’s udder instead.

After a moment Lolo pulled free again with a gentle *pop*, still sucking as he went. Each breath carried the distinct, almost musky aroma of her milk, throat and mouth coated in that thin layer of rich slickness so unlike anything else. He smiled up at her, and her down at him; and he squeezed his hand along her breast again, then again, and again, each time jetting out another few sprays of that white liquid across his tongue and lips, his face and chin, until the hybrid’s paw came down on the back of his head once more to pull him in.

This time C’helpa pressed him in *against* her breast as well, ensuring that he drained her straight into his mouth and the back of his throat. Another shudder of enjoyment poured through him, and he closed his eyes to suckle sweetly – while her other paw, wet and dripping with her own milk, made its way back down his body and between his legs.

“Keep on going,” she murmured, moving her fingers to squeeze him in place. He lifted up, took in a breath through his nose mashed against soft flesh, and gave a little thrust from his hips. “I’ve got plenty more where that came from – and, oh, I bet *you* do, too...”

Self-worship/selfcest/narcissism

-Valka-

The chimera sighed and lounged back along her bed, flicking her thumb across her phone screen a few more times. What else was there to do on a lazy weekend night other than sit back, browse through pictures and videos, and enjoy herself to them? One hand clutching the phone, the other running slowly, idly back and forth over her sizeable equine length, she rumbled in her throat, spread her legs a little further, and then flicked through another two times – then back one. Then she paused, intrigued, and leaned in a little closer.

This was a good one. She remembered it quite well, and even the thought of it still sent a delicious stir through her loins; were she not hard already it would certainly get her there. That poor coyote, practically begging her to use his muzzle as a sweat rag for her sheath – “*come on, Terra,*” he had pleaded, sending a few pictures showing his own interest and excitement. “*One more time. You can’t say I didn’t do a good job last time – I’d say I saw how much you came, but you and I both know I swallowed it instead.*”

"What," she had sent back, *"you want your nose in here?"* and then she had sent the video, now playing on the screen...

And what a *good* one it was. She remembered flipping her camera to the front and holding her phone down close, enough to see the wrinkles of her equine sheath folding in over one another, the glistening slickness of gathered sweat and musk, the veins, the texture of supple, wet-leather skin. She had slid two fingers from her other hand between her lips and then dug those down into her sheath, sliding back and forth, back and forth until her blunted head started to drop forward and out; then she had gripped the thick skin from the base and rolled it back, letting herself grow further out into the air, and drawing the phone back as she did so.

Now, tonight, the chimera let out a low, breathy moan and pumped her shaft a little faster, a little harder as she watched herself in the video. Again and again she paused and rewound, favoring the spot right when the rim of her head pushed its way free from the folds of her sheath and dropped forward; *God*, she thought, *I just look so damn good*. Then another few flicks back, over the coyote's photos, over the otter's after him, then a video from the coyote – on which she stopped, watched, then kept on going – and back to one of her own.

With a meaty *thump* Terra dropped her hard shaft back against her belly and lower chest, now reaching over to swipe the pair of panties that she had tossed beside her. A long day of moving around and doing errands meant that she had thoroughly ground her scent into these, and now she pressed them to her nose, licked her lips, and drew in a deep, steady breath through the still-warm, still somewhat damp fabric. High and rich, deep and familiar, musky, salty, tangy, carrying notes of the distinctive scent of each of her constituent species. Mainly caprine and equine, a little bit of canid somewhere down beneath, and then the smooth, silky reptilian coating that brought it all together. Something she had smelled on herself, on her hands and fingers before long showers or during indulgent nights like this one, and which she enjoyed further and further the more she tasted it.

Reptilian indeed. Terra opened her eyes, underwear still draped over her nose, at the sensation of slithering movement between her legs – and her gaze met that of her tail, living and sentient, the source of the snake portion of her. Its forked tongue flicked out, tasting the air as well as her musk closer to the source than she herself could, until their linked senses sent the impression up through her system and it hit her as well. The head of her tail curled in closer, lifting its snout beneath and between her heavy balls, tongue flicking out again and again; Terra closed her eyes once more and plopped her head into the pillow, now drawing her musk from both her old panties as well as the very source. Then her tail opened its mouth, parted its jaws, widened itself... and drew one, then both of those balls in, wrapping them in slick, sticky warmth, tongue lifting up, swirling around, flicking back and forth.

The chimera couldn't help but grind her hips up, her thick shaft bouncing atop her belly with a forceful throb of enjoyment. Once more her hand returned to stroking, quicker and harder now; she inhaled through her nose and exhaled through parted lips, careful to blow her breath to the side just so she could take in the undiluted spikes of her own musk from these two sources. Salty warmth filled her mouth from her tail's senses, tongue flicking back and forth across her sensitive sack; she picked her phone back up, panties hot atop her nose with her breath, and flicked back again.

The next few photos were fantastic shots of the same focus, her full sack hefted atop her fingers, or draped forward over the waistband of her pants, or in one shot resting down on top of the full-length mirror that she kept in the closet for that specific purpose. Faster and faster she stroked at herself,

pulling herself up a bit to rest back against the bed's headboard, deliberately letting her belly stiffen into the firm shingles of developed abs, looking down at herself and considering taking another picture there. What a fantastic backdrop her belly made for her hard cock, twitching and dripping, rim of her head growing up and out as she approached her peak... but she flicked once more, saw the icon for the video, hit *play*, and then that was it.

Swiftly the chimera reached up to stuff part of her panties into her own mouth while keeping the rest over her nose, eyes tensing close to shut, hips thrusting, tail slurping and swallowing around her sack while she jerked, strained, gasped – then bucked, and did so again, and again, emptying thick spurts out across the smooth, soft fur of her belly. On screen the video showed a lovely view of her full breasts, black skin of her nipples shimmering in delectable contrast to the bright gold of her piercings, then slipping down across her belly to her waist; and in the video she ran a hand down over her sheath and sack, hefted her balls up in her palm, held them up, and let them drop back down.

That was *really* a good one. Still panting, Terra swallowed, gave her hand a flick, and thumped back against the pillow again, her tail finally popping its maw free from around her sack. She made no move to take her panties off her nose, though, and continued to take in slow, deep breaths of her own scent.

She had a long night ahead of her. Plenty of new pictures and videos to take and send, and then of course she would have to keep some for herself.

[Spit/saliva/bodily fluids](#)

-Valka-

Terra grinned as she worked her hips against the sheep pinned underneath her, his arms up beneath his head holding the pillow against himself, lower body grinding in rhythm with her movement, eyes closed, mouth open. The chimera tilted her head, licked her lips, and deliberately kept herself from swallowing, instead letting that saliva made thick and sticky from raucous breathing and growing exertion gather there around her tongue.

She quite enjoyed seeing Lazarus like this, sprawled out, caught within the throes of deep, indulgent sexual pleasure. Normally the sheep kept himself buttoned down collar to ankle, long sleeves and dark clothing – but now Terra ran her hands back and forth across his bared chest and belly, deliberately touching him and making him feel her presence, wiping over the whitish streaks that she had dumped across his body. Already she had ridden him to a finish, yet still she kept on going, her equine shaft slapping heavily against his flat belly as she went, continuing to ooze sticky pre into the puddle that dripped off his body and onto the bed.

Beneath her Lazarus licked his own lips and swallowed, the act of which sent a shiver of enjoyment through the chimera on top of him. That was not his own saliva that clung around his lips and rolled down his chin, but rather *hers* – and after he did so Terra pushed himself back down into his lap, clenched there, then once more took the male's chin in her hand to angle him up towards her. Immediately his golden eyes flashed halfway open, still foggy and unfocused. He swallowed again but by now kept his mouth open for her, then opened it further when Terra dug her finger and thumb alongside his cheeks to tug his jaw open.

She so outsized him that she actually had to arch her back to keep her head level with his and braced her other arm against the wall just behind the bed, mattress squeaking as she began to work herself

atop him again. Lazarus's eyes fluttered shut and he swallowed once more, the flesh of his throat pulsing, mashing, lifting up in the back of his maw, then settling back down. His tongue worked and writhed there, already waiting for what she would give him, expecting it, wanting it; she could feel his arousal throbbing inside of her, and his feeble attempts to thrust up into her while he waited.

So who would she be to deny him his wants? Terra smiled again, careful to keep her lips shut, then rolled her head to one side and then the other while welling up the spit in her mouth. Then, slowly, she leaned further in – Lazarus let out a little gasp and moan of anticipation – and tilted his head further, pried his jaw open, brought her lips so, so close to his without actually touching them... then pursed her own, flicked her tongue, and –

And Lazarus jumped with the thick, frothy wad of sticky saliva that flung out of her mouth and into his own, halfway streaking across his lip while the rest plopped heavily inside. Another shudder lanced through his body and he breathed a shivering sigh, one of his legs coming up and then stretching back out across the bed, an arm lifting from under the pillow to grab at Terra's shoulder, then her forearm, then one of her heavy breasts hanging down over his chest.

Once more his throat pulsed in swallowing, and he actually took the risk to draw in a breath through his gaping mouth. Amused, Terra tilted her head the other way and leaned in closer, this time wedging her pursed lips *between* his spread jaws, and there she dumped out another glob of saliva, and another, each time bringing her lips together to purse and spit. Lazarus's grip on her breast tightened and softened, then made its way down to her side and did the same there; she felt as well as heard him draw in an unsteady breath through his nose, then felt his mouth start to wrap around hers in another swallow.

So the chimera reciprocated and responded. She let his mouth wrap on hers, then let her broad, thick forked tongue unfold out into his mouth and slurp and swirl around, swiping along his gums and teeth, curling against the roof of his mouth, wrapping against his own tongue and drawing it back. She suckled within his maw and drew herself back, still tugging at that tongue as she went until Lazarus gasped, pulled back, and pressed his head against the pillow. Terra slid her lips along his tongue as she retreated, deliberately sucking his saliva back out of his mouth to mix it in with her own; when she came free she smiled, waited for him to open his eyes to look at her, and then this time let all of that out in a thick, slow rope from pursed lips, wanting it to sag down.

The sheep saw this coming, pressed his hips up against her once more, and widened his maw to receive it all right back. He flattened his tongue in his mouth, closed his throat so that he wouldn't choke on it – Terra could do that with her tongue quite easily – and let it plop in, then held it there for a while. Finally the chimera straightened up and sat back, drawing her hands back down towards where her own shaft rested across his belly, and returned to her original slow, gentle rhythm on top of him, working his arousal in place beneath her tail.

She delighted in her handiwork, thick frothy stickiness gathered there across his tongue and the back of his throat. The sheep shivered, nostrils flaring in one more inhalation, then swept his tongue around within his mouth to fully mix her drool with his own, and only then did he swallow. Then he did so a second time, and a third, each one further deepening the chimera's smile: hers was thicker, stickier than his, and she knew that he would be able to feel it inside his mouth and rolling down his throat.

Terra clamped her legs around the sheep's waist to pull herself further up amid her riding, then reached over towards the nightstand to swipe up her bottled water.

Public Use

Matteh

Chloe took in another breath through her nose and opened her eyes again, blinking against the fog of smoke that curled within the room around here. The red fox squirmed against her bonds, more to remind herself that they were still there instead of in attempt to escape: this *was*, after all, exactly where she wanted to be. Exactly where she belonged, and exactly where she imagined herself on so many other nights.

Legs held apart across the floor around a spreader bar attached to each of her knees, then another at her ankles, both of these tied down with some slack to the floor; wrists bound together behind her, nestled underneath the base of her tail to keep it hiked up. She had also donned a tall, thick collar forcing her head to stay upright, with a hook in back linking it to a similar collar tight near the end of her tail, serving to further keep it elevated. She was allowed to keep her glasses on, of course, but other than these, the fox had nothing to cover herself.

Just the way she liked it. She swallowed and licked her lips, looking up as another of the partygoers stepped forward towards her: already he was unzipping his pants, shifting his thumbs beneath his waistband to flop his half-hard shaft out and into the air before her nose. Immediately Chloe straightened up and focused her gaze on it, arousal stirring in her loins all over again.

"Hey," he said, reaching up to wipe at his mouth. Long muzzle, sharp ears, puffy mane; the striped hyena gave her a lopsided grin and tapped his shaft against her snout, bringing her to tilt up and to the side to let him smear his scent into his fur. He wasn't the first to do that tonight, and he certainly wouldn't be the last: the fox half-closed her eyes and drew in a slow, steady breath, tasting his musk as well as what seemed like that of someone else who had already paid her a visit tonight. "Just had a go at that other lovely fox over there. Mind cleaning me up?"

"Mm," she purred in response, already moving to angle her head further up and drop her jaw open, broad tongue hanging out ready to receive. For the past fifteen minutes or so she had been repeatedly swallowing, tasting again and again the thick coating of slick musk that her last visitor had left streaked across her tongue and the back of her throat; he had held her muzzle down, paws gripping her ears, and thrust himself in until his balls pulsed against her chin and his shaft swelled in her maw, jetting out those thick spurts down her throat without her needing to swallow. And then he'd remained there slowly softening in her maw, took in a breath, sighed, relaxed... and Chloe shivered in delight as she adjusted her position, able to feel the hot liquids stirring and sloshing around in her belly.

The hyena sighed softly and pushed himself forward, letting his shaft flop down onto her tongue. Immediately Chloe wrapped her lips around it and suckled softly, already able to feel the thick layer of wetness that clung to his skin and gathered around the rim of his head. He twitched and shivered with her ministrations, so she slowed down and softened up a bit, wanting to serve her requested role rather than draw her own pleasure out of it.

Simply put, Chloe drew her pleasure from giving others *their* pleasure. She suckled and slurped, letting him guide the pace and depth; he pushed forward until her nose pressed into his pubic fur and his sleek

foreskin rolled back between the back of her tongue and roof of her mouth, then drew back and held his shaft along a forefinger and thumb right there between her lips, signaling for her to slip her tongue in and swirl around there. Each time she did he shivered and gasped again, until finally he rested his other paw on her head, drew her back, and made her look up at him.

“Good girl,” he rumbled, then shook his now fully hard again shaft out near her muzzle, as though he were flinging off the last drips of piss after using the bathroom. “I’d send someone else your way, but – looks like you’re in high demand tonight.”

Chloe was about to tilt her head in question – she tried not to speak too much when she served this role, as it was too hard to properly predicted what everyone liked – when her ears flicked back at the sound of footsteps approaching from behind. Just as she swung her head to look, then, her collar dragging her tail to the other side with the movement, she felt a pair of warm, gentle paws press up against her rump, coaxing her to lean forward and over. So she did so, wobbled as she came closer, then felt those arms come around in front to help lower her upper body down to the ground, the new visitor making sure to give each of her breasts a firm squeeze and tug.

The fox looked back over her shoulder, seeing an otter with his shirt off and a hell of a boner tenting his underwear starting to kneel behind her. He looked up at her, blinked, and blushed.

“Sorry,” he said, a bit sheepish. “Do you mind if I-? My friends back there, they dared me to, uh...”

Chloe couldn’t help but smile, the retreating hyena’s musk lightly peppering her lips and nose. Instead of give her verbal permission she just swayed her hips side to side and moved her head forward, the collar tugging up at her tail to lift it higher. The otter’s eyes brightened and he licked his lips again, then slid his paws back in along her rump, thumbs teasing alongside the rim of her tailhole, still somewhat sore from yet another prior visitor tonight...

And then Chloe jumped and gasped at the sensation of warm, deft lips settling into place there, his tongue following soon after.

Foreskin/uncut
dotcom656

Max sighed and scrubbed vigorously along his arms and chest, keeping himself angled cleanly towards the corner of the shower so that he wouldn’t look at anyone else, and nobody else would look at him. He never understood the purpose for these mandatory showers after gym and practice: it wasn’t like he got sweaty enough to merit it, and he wasn’t really friends with anyone else on the team. As soon as the season really started up he was going to quit, or at least make something happen so he couldn’t play, and then he could explain to his parents and his sister what had happened, and they’d stop bugging him about it, and he could finally just ride the bus home after class and continue playing the new Pokémon game.

So caught up was he in thinking about that game – he’d managed to sneak in some sessions during lunch this week – that he didn’t even notice the tall, broad striped hyena sliding in alongside him, until they bumped shoulder to shoulder. Max jumped, yipped, then forced his gaze up to meet his eyes; Shekh’s olive-green glistened at him, his trademark lopsided grin sending a shiver down his spine.

"Hey," the hyena purred, freely letting his gaze roam down his teammate's body. "Got something for ya."

Max swallowed. The two had barely spoken. "Yeah?"

"Look at me." He did. "No, I mean-" And Shekh reached out to clamp a paw on the dingo's shoulder and turned him to face him, with another yelp from Max. Before he could protest, then, the hyena had dropped his other paw as well to his front; Max followed it, then blushed hotly as he saw where it was going and turned his head away. "What?" the hyena went on; even with his head turned Max could see the smooth, sleek motion as he rolled his foreskin back, slow and steady. "Don't tell me you're embarrassed?"

Then back, and back, and *back*. Shekh *had* to stretch it or something: the first several times Max had glimpsed it in the lockers he'd thought it was one of the strings for adjusting the waist of his shorts, hanging down between his thighs. Max swallowed again, trying to resist the temptation to glance down and watch – but the hyena swiftly brought that same paw up to seize his muzzle and angle him down. The dingo's nose flared and twitched; he could *smell* the soft, warm musk that lingered on his fingers, and when he looked he saw those sleek, densely folded wrinkles back behind the rim of the hyena's head, slowly slipping forward again with nothing to hold them in place.

"Come on, Maxie." Shekh turned both his head as well as Max's, and licked his lips. Still holding his muzzle, he now reached down with his other paw, slid a forefinger and thumb in alongside the rim of his retracted skin, and drew it back further. The dingo watched, enraptured as well as embarrassed, as all of that spare skin continued slipping back to sleeve the rest of his shaft all the way down to his base. Slick and damp, dripping with water from the shower, steam catching the hyena's scent and wafting it up around both of their noses... he swallowed and squirmed, trying to hide his own growing arousal despite the nervousness. "Don't think I can't see that. Come on. Let me see."

Here the dingo finally managed to lift his head up and away again, heart pounding in his chest. Shekh finally released his muzzle and ran that paw down his naked body, tracing his fingers through damp fur; it tickled, then sent a shiver through him, and then made him jump and yelp when he made the same movement on himself, forefinger and thumb pinching along the lip of his sheath and pushing the thick skin back. Max wrenched his eyes shut and gritted his teeth, unsure what to expect while the other male felt and explored him, those fingers poking and squeezing in seemingly all the right places to make him gasp, squirm, shiver, buck. Then there came the damp warmth of his sheath rolling back along his tip, pressing down over him until-

Max froze. His sheath was still fully retracted. Startled, he opened his eyes and looked down again, only to see Shekh holding Max's sheath back with one paw while he rolled his foreskin up *around* the dingo's length with his other, all of those folds lengthening out into the same smooth, sleek skin. The hyena's muzzle tilted up at his notice, grin right back in place there, while he slowly worked the sleeve back and forth, keeping it in place as Max continued to grow and twitch into it.

"There," he rumbled. "That's nice, isn't it? Now, if you could..."

It took some doing, but before long he had managed to roll Max's sheath forward around the lip of his foreskin, itself clamping around the dingo's shaft still. Throughout this Max had continued to grow towards his full arousal, until he could feel the hot, stiff pressure of Shekh's head buried deep inside

against his own, his little squirts and jets of pre keeping everything hot, humid, slick, and wet. Now the hyena worked his paw back and forth, moving sheath and docked foreskin both, his excess overhang providing more than enough room for his own half-hard length and Max's full erection.

Max's legs nearly buckled beneath him. The heat and tension, that almost slimy, wet sensation of the layers of skin running back and forth over his length, and then of his own pushing and squeezing against Shekh's own... the hyena leaned forward, hooked his other arm over the dingo's shoulders, and held him in place as he slid his paw swiftly back and forth, alternately tugging between his own foreskin and the other male's sheath. It felt as though he were barely half-hard, while Max could already feel the urgent pressure starting to build, and simmer, and peak, and then – he gasped, grunted, bucked, and jerked forward, Shekh's paw swiftly slipping back to the very base and pinching there, trapping his knot inside both layers of foreskin and sheath.

Breathy moans hidden beneath the hissing of the shower, Max emptied out a few quick, little spurts of his early peak out into the already-filled volume of the hyena's foreskin, further wrapping them in damp, sticky heat. Shekh rumbled softly, his grip around the dingo's knot holding tight until he stopped throbbing, and only then did he release his paw – but Max's sheath, swollen with his knot, clamped tight around the two of them, keeping the rim of his foreskin locked in place there behind his twitching, the length of it ballooning out with the dingo's load.

In front of him Shekh licked his lips, waiting for him to meet his gaze again. "There," he said. "Now you're one of the team. You weren't thinking of leaving us anytime soon, were you?"