

Cassie gasped, then again, then again with each time the stranger below them thrust up and inside. By this point the fox had lost track of who all had come by to give them a try, all of the scents and impressions and often tastes melding into one another beneath the constant back-and-forth attention. Their head rolled down onto one of their shoulders, mouth open and ears perked towards the sounds throughout the room, the house party continuing as usual around them.

This time, though, she could tell that whoever had come by was one of the ones with a knot, though all the different loads streaked across Cassie's muzzle and pumped down into their throat kept them still from identifying the particular species. The length made them think another fox, but the girth put them more in mind of a wolf or something else like that... so then, coyote maybe? That wide wad of flesh, half-swollen, pressed up against their sex, pumped, pulsed, pulsed again – and their ears flicked forward towards the sound of whoever it was grunting and grasping underneath them, in rhythm with those powerful throbs and spurts. Cassie tossed their head again, their own muscles squeezing back to coax that finish deeper inside, paws still bound behind their back and the blindfold sagging down along the top of their snout.

It was quite odd the way that stage fright and embarrassment worked. Upon their arrival to the party earlier in the night Cassandra had almost hoped that nobody would recognize them as the one thing that everyone was waiting for, apprehension and anxiousness bouncing back and forth through them and driving the sleek fox right over towards the counter, behind which that lovely otter stood mixing drinks. Then before they knew what was going on there were paws touching and feeling over their shoulders, their small chest, their wide hips, running down and back and forth, peeling open buttons and zippers, stripping them down until they stood there clothed in nothing but their own fur... with the warm tingle of burgeoning arousal trickling down between their legs.

Then paraded around throughout the house, the blush already burning beneath their red fur, so that everyone knew that they had arrived. Somewhere along the way a belt had ended up tied around their wrists, then another along their upper arms behind their back to squeeze their shoulders and back, pushing their chest forward and out; then sent back to the center of the main room in the house and allowed to take their choice of their first patron, from a set of eager partygoers.

So the first one Cassie had tasted tonight was a sleek, shy foxwolf who had somehow found the confidence to step forward, then a white-furred wolf who looked like he could have been someone's dad, and then a stallion who simply wanted the wrinkles of his sheath sucked and tongued. Then Cassie had actually been the one to squirm down and out, knees raised, legs spread, staring with a challenge out at the other folks who had sat back to watch the show. They received a few raised eyebrows, a few appreciative stares, some rumbling and growling in pleasure and warmth – the sudden display, warm and slick with their own arousal, had actually been enough to cause one of them to buck and jerk into his paw and paint his fur with his eager load – and then it was a broad-shouldered, cobalt-scaled dragon who had stepped out from the hallway, drink in hand, to offer himself as the small fox's first ride.

Ride of their life, really, filling them up until their belly swelled and they could hardly lift back up off the dragon's lap. Then right on into a round two, then left there on the floor to catch their breath while the slickness oozed out from between their legs; and only *then* did the blindfold go on, and now Cassie had been brought through several rounds of the same thing, someone coming by to use either end of them,

and sometimes both. The first time a pair of paws had pressed against their shoulders from behind, swinging them forward with their head down and rump up in the air, they had squirmed and tried to figure out who it was only to have that attempt derailed by the sensation of a pair of lips and deft tongue slurping and slopping underneath their tail, soon followed by one thumb and then a second, then a firm cock sinking down into them... and then some lucky wolfess, judging by the scent and slickness, had taken the opportunity to squat down atop their muzzle and grind herself into a finish, thoroughly soaking the fox's fur and adding to the puddle underneath them.

Cassie swallowed and shivered as the current patron gave one last buck and then relaxed beneath them, claws slipping tantalizingly through the matted fur of their thighs. Both of them panting and shaking, they remained pressed together for a moment, that wide knot kissing up against their lips outside; then a little while later Cassie tried their best to lift up, barely managed it, and sank right back down with all of that slick stickiness oozing out from underneath them, legs refusing to keep them upright.

Still, though, their task wasn't yet over. Panting and shaking with sheer pleasure and indulgence, Cassie leaned back as far as they could without falling over, then jumped as a paw came down atop their head. In a quick movement the blindfold was drawn away, leaving the fox to squint and blink against the light in the room: they looked around and saw how the attendance had changed, how so many more of the partygoers had stripped down as well, how the constant stream and lurch of sex had spread throughout from this center point. Many of them they recognized, and many they did not – but the paw on their head tilted them front and center to the scent that tickled away at their nose, that sleek knotted shaft dripping with warm wetness both their own and his.

Coyote indeed. He grinned and nodded downwards. "Why don't you clean me up, too? Then you can probably take a break, if you'd like."

Cassie had never been one to say no. They smiled, swallowed, licked their lips, then leaned in, rumbling softly in their throat – and glanced around the room as they did so to make sure the others were watching.

Oviposition waggitt

The tiger crouched down to his footpaws and then swung himself off the ledge, trying his best to reduce the impact from hitting the ground down below. The loose, wet leaf litter down there slipped beneath his pads and made him stumble and skitter, though he managed to catch himself against a low-hanging branch – then grimaced and sighed when he pulled away, the damp, half-rotting wood leaving streaks and chunks across his white fur and muddling his lovely red stripes.

He had decided to come out here completely naked, of course. Sure, all of the others at the camp had warned him not to, had told him that anyone else throughout the park might be able to see him, but Kit had gone right ahead with it, each attempt at discouragement just setting his mind even more firmly. Excitement and arousal thrummed through him with each step he took and every noise he made, canine spade plump and full between his legs; he deliberately walked so that his thighs brushed and butted against it, leaving little flecks of wetness on his fur, trailing his scent along behind him and daring anything in these woods to come and hunt him down.

A *snap* of a branch behind him caught his ears, and at once reignited that anxiousness down in his chest. With it, though, still came the pulse of indulgent excitement, and he froze with his paws out and ears up. He *had* passed by the open mouth of a cave a short ways back, lying so close to the earth that he had barely noticed it in the darkness of night; he would have gone in were it not for the sound of some strange, rhythmic scratching and scraping echoing from deep inside, uncanny enough to make him want to put some distance from it. And now he heard that same scraping from behind him, shuffling closer to the edge of the drop down which he had just traversed.

The tiger swallowed and slowly turned, one paw going down to feebly cover his sex. *Here it is*, he thought; *either someone from the next camp over saw me go by and is about to shine their flashlight on me, or the pack of feral wolves or whatever in that cave is about to-*

But it was not. A twisting, horrid shadow sloughed into view atop the ridge, then just as smoothly swept its way down and coiled around Kit where he stood. At first he thought it was some kind of giant serpent, but as its vague figure coalesced in the dimness of evening he saw the glimmers and shimmers of overlapping chitinous plates strung underneath with pulsing leathery flesh. Clicking and skittering, brushing and clacking – it didn't take long for Kit to realize that it was some kind of huge insect that encircled him, sweeping back and forth, investigating his form and figure and, he realized a moment later, his *scent*.

It was vaguely... *humanoid* wasn't quite the right word, but neither was anything else Kit could think to describe it. It had roughly the muzzle of a wolf, though its lower jaw repeatedly split down the middle and parted open, then clacked shut again; multiple pairs of arms stretched out from its torso, each one hinging in along those revealed partitions of smooth flesh inside. Bright compound eyes flicked up towards the tiger's face, his muzzle twisting back in disgust and apprehension, and the thing moved to straighten to its full height where it towered over the poor cat, jointed legs snapping jerkily into place.

Up, up, up it went, hunching over at the upper shoulders and loosing thick, ichorous drool from its parted jaws. Kit swallowed and took a half-step back, immediately forgetting about covering his vulnerable fleshy bits – as his attention suddenly shifted to these same bits on the creature, twitching, throbbing, pulsing almost perfectly at muzzle-level. This, too, looked familiar, with the sleek scaly flesh of its revealed belly arcing down and back, then giving plumping up into a wide sheath that had retracted back behind the swollen knot of a shaft the same bright, moist orange as the rest of its revealed flesh.

Here, though, that flesh glistened with succulent moisture, and as the tiger watched the tapered end of the shaft jiggled, pulsed again, and then started to peel back like a budding flower, tongues of rigid meat curling away and showing a thick, rounded object lodged there inside, coated in a discolored mucus that hung down in little ropes. The tiger's nose wrinkled with the scent emanating off of the thing before him, and as he took another step back the insectoid monstrosity hunched over him again, lowered its body close to the ground, and came up in such an arc that the flowering tip of its length kissed right up against Kit's spade, making him gasp and stumble.

He caught himself against a tree, some of that mucus tingling at his skin where it had touched. The creature continued forward after him, though, two of its arms stretching up to the lower branches and two more reaching forward for the trunk behind him; Kit gritted his teeth, sucked in a breath, turned his head away, then felt that thick shaft press up against him again. It pulsed, then did so again, and one of

his legs kicked and he shivered as the beast started to press itself up and into him, stretching his plump lips around its tip.

The tiger's legs threatened to buckle beneath him, though at the same time he felt himself held in place atop that arousal. The flowered tip curled back in, sending another shiver through his body at the sensation of three separate tongues slurping across his spade; then the closed tip drew back, nudged up, pressed in, sank a little deeper... and right as he had started to shift and push himself back down onto it, excitement and arousal overtaking the nervous embarrassment, he felt it start to blossom open again – and for that slick, slimy *lump*, firm and warm, to start to push up into him.

Kit's claws grasped at the trunk behind him, tearing off bits of moldering bark into his palms. He grunted and gasped, now trying to pull himself up and away for the stretch of this thing pushing up into him, then – gasped and yelped, then did so again as a second followed the first, and another, and another. Then the creature slid down away from him, tilted its insectoid head, and skittered off away into the woods, leaving a few thick ropes of mucus to show the direction it had gone.

Still panting, feeling *very* full, Kit let himself slouch down and reached forward to rub at himself. Three huge, solid objects forced up into him, visible within his lower belly when he pressed at his flesh; he could feel them clicking and bouncing together, and no matter how much he squeezed his muscles and pushed he just couldn't push them back out, and–

Eggs. The realization hit him. Thing laid eggs in me. God, I should've listened to everyone else...

Rimming

CJTheOtter

CJ licked his lips and looked up at the lovely spread presented before him, webbed fingers spreading to keep the hyena's rump at *just* the right spot. The smaller otter shifted, pulled himself further up the pillows a bit, relaxed there for a moment, adjusted further, lowered down, pulled up, then pushed himself back–

“Hey. The hell are you doing back there?”

The otter grinned and tilted his head to the side, though he couldn't quite see Zac's probably exasperated expression through the hyena's mane and shoulders above him. The other male squatted down over his muzzle, paws on his knees and tail raised, and was just *waiting* for him to dig in. Which he hadn't yet.

Beneath him the otter giggled and licked his lips again. “Hang on. I'm almost there.”

“Take a picture. It'll–”

“Oh, don't you worry; I have.” He drew in a breath, swallowed, then turned his paws so that his thumbs came in along the rim of the hyena's tailhole, warm and puckered there beneath the base of that tail. Zac reflexively twitched and clenched against the touch, that ring of muscle and all those overlapping wrinkles pulling together for just a quick moment before relaxing back out. So then CJ did it again, this time stretching one thumb out to run the pad directly up and over that central pucker, then around the rim when the muscles responded in turn. “I just... want to...”

“Well, y’better get to it quickly. My legs are starting to ache, and I-”

In response CJ slid his paws out again, this time to wrap them in around the other male’s thighs, and used that leverage to tug the hyena’s wide rump down atop his muzzle. Zac wobbled in place and fell back, then just as quickly reached back against the headboard of the bed so as not to *completely* crush the much smaller otter – but CJ had already wrapped himself beneath that tail, nose buried and lips pursed right in place against that wrinkled rim.

He closed his eyes and remained there for a moment, just letting the shared warmth between them seep and simmer down along his lips and muzzle. Zac had showered just a little bit earlier, recently enough that his fur still retained a bit of that heavy dampness; CJ could feel as well as smell the residue of the shampoo he used, resting down along his chin through the striped hyena’s heavy sack as well as underneath the tail that remained docked over his snout.

Above him Zac shifted again, taking yet more weight off of his muzzle. “Is – that okay? Too much? I can still raise up a bit, or I could... ah... *ah...*”

Then those muscles tightened up against his lips again as soon as CJ began to dig forward with his tongue. First he swished and swirled it around, lightly dancing over those smooth, soft wrinkles; then he drew it back, swallowed, and pressed forward, now sliding closer to the central pucker, pushing there, trying to slip himself deeper, further. The more that Zac relaxed back onto his muzzle, the more that CJ drew his paws back down and away from his thighs.

Now he dragged his tongue from the lower to upper rim, again and again, straight across the hyena’s tailhole. It flexed and clenched in response to this slow movement, sometimes squeezing up more tightly against him, sometimes reversing and pushing back until he could feel the outer ring start to pucker and blossom out, giving way to the warmer, slicker flesh just barely on the inside; CJ drew back to swallow again, turned his paws so his fingers faced inwards, and used that spread to pull the hyena even more firmly back down onto his muzzle, closing his lips around his rim and suckling gently there, just enough so he could slip his tongue in.

Above him Zac gasped and sighed again, shifting his weight backwards so he could rest his back against the headboard and wall. CJ squirmed down a little bit further, loving the sensation of those heavy balls drawing up across his chin, warmth and weight resting back on him; he swallowed again, spread his legs, and thrust up into the open air, his own arousal twitching and bouncing against his belly the more he dug underneath the other’s tail.

Once more he had returned to drawing his tongue back and forth, this time with his fingers reaching in to spread the hyena’s tailhole smooth and open against his lips. Wrinkles flattened out and the inner ring slowly parted, enough so that each lap let him curl just briefly past that rim. Every time he did so Zac tightened around him again, usually squeezing his tongue right back out so he had to circle around for another circuit, but occasionally...

Occasionally CJ had his muzzle tilted at just the right angle, and his tongue just far enough forward, that that squeeze clamped down along the muscle and kept him sealed inside, wrapped snug in slick puffy flesh. He had to stretch as far as he could, head sideways, lips relaxed, tongue forward, and hooked in

along that ring of muscle as it shivered around him, then relaxed again; then he pulled back, a thick strand of drool mixed with mucus hanging lips and tailhole.

Here he leaned back far enough until his head flumped back into the pillow, and that little strand broke and flopped down across his chin. CJ swirled his tongue out to lap it off, then did so again directly against the hyena's tailhole. Originally he had intended to just do the one, but as soon as he felt those warm, shivering wrinkles against his mouth again, he couldn't help but swirl around again, and again, then seal himself in place for a kiss that grew steadily deeper and more fervent. Then finally he managed to pull himself away again – only for Zac to reach back, plant a large paw against the back of his head, and tug him right back in.

“Nope,” the hyena rumbled, grinding himself back against the otter's snout. “If you're gonna get me this worked up, you'd better finish what you started.”

Rimming Iridiumx

For a moment longer the dragon and hyena, side by side at the edge of the pasture fence, shared that knowing look. Shekh stood with one paw on his hip and the other resting over the fence, standing in such a way that Iri could already tell where his mind had been, given how he tried to hide the tend in his work jeans; the dragon then turned back towards the subject of their attention in the field there, the huge feral bovine with her little paintbrush tail doing hilariously little to hide her backside. Even from here Iri could see the thick, dense wrinkles of supple pink skin stained and discolored from her daily business, all puckering up right underneath the base of that little tail and tugging gently side to side as she swished and shifted, head down towards the ground in munching at the grass.

The longer he looked, the harder it became to resist until it just simply couldn't. With a quick glance around to make sure none of the other workers were nearby Iri braced his hands against the fence and hoisted himself up and over, heart already pounding in his chest before he had crossed the distance to the cow.

“Whoa, whoa!” called Shekh behind him, shortly followed by another *thump* of footpaws on the rich grass. “Y'know, for not having external balls you sure are ballsy. Hey, wait-”

“Eat my ass,” Iri fired over his shoulder, then smirked. That was, after all, *exactly* what he intended to do to this cow. The heavy, characteristic scent of bovine presence wafted over and pressed down against his senses before he had come up behind her, the top of her haunches about perfectly even with his shoulders.

After a second Shekh hustled up beside him, then braced his paws on his hips again. “Let me guess,” the hyena drawled, “you want me to keep lookout again?”

Already Iri was leaning forward, running the back of his hand beneath that tail to lift it up and out of the way. “Of course,” he answered, then drew in another breath. Heavy, heady steam curled into his nose, trickling off and away from these thick, messy wrinkles...beneath her tailhole hung the heavy, swampy folds of her sex as well, the thin coating of soft, plush hair still soaked through with pale yellow from the animal's last piss. “Then you can have your turn. On her or on me; I'm not picky.”

“You’re incorrigible.”

“No, I’m *insatiable*. Now shut up. I’m not gonna be able to hear you when I’m neck-deep anyway.”

Another scoff from the hyena, though he turned and rested an arm over the bovine’s haunches to keep watch. Iri swallowed and licked his lips as he finally took a look over his intended goal, all of this moist, sticky flesh shifting and pulling against itself with the beast’s breathing and movements, little flies buzzing about and tickling at his scales and fur, the tail above his head swinging and swaying. He took in a breath, shivered as he could already *taste* it on the air, then waited as the cow turned her head, still chewing, to look back at him.

Big, warm eyes regarded him for a moment, but then she went right back to eating – and Iri did, too. He wet his lips once more and then dove forward, immediately planting his muzzle right there into the center of that mass of heavy, silken wrinkles, thick and crusted as they were with flakes both dried and moist of who knows what.

Not that Iri cared. The dragon pressed and mashed his muzzle into place, digging around with his snout, smearing that scent and slickness around his face until he had mushed his lips right up against that central pucker, ridged and loose and succulent. Beside him he heard Shekh mutter something underneath his breath, but at this point the dragon was already too far gone: he kept his mouth open and broad tongue out while he guided his head around, more just dragging his face against the beast’s backside instead of deliberately focusing himself anywhere.

It was hard to tell whether the wetness clinging to his muzzle and dripping down his fur was from her tailhole or from his own drool, and at this point he hardly cared. It all smelled and tasted the same anyway, that same yellowish-brown discoloration dripping from his chin as it did between the wrinkles of her tailhole, staining his fur where it went and already clinging to the back of his throat. He swallowed, then did so another two times, and now finally lifted up to slurp and lap at her tailhole a little more vigorously, the wide, droopy ring muscle yielding easily to the intrusion.

Each time her ring parted around his tongue and lips the dragon received a slow blast of internal steam, wrapping its intoxicating fingers around his head and squeezing tight. He dragged his tongue along those inner folds, swirled out within the rim, moved on to the outside, and then applied himself to sucking and slurping along the lines of wrinkles as well. Thick, darkened sludge trickled down along those lines, just leading him right back in towards the center to suck and swallow, the heavy, musky taste coating his throat as heavily as it filled his lungs.

With effort Iri managed to peel his muzzle back again, thick ropes of the stuff hanging between his mouth and her tailhole. He drew in a deep breath of fresh air, disconcertingly cold after the humid heat that he had been devouring from inside of her, then brought his paws back to back along her saliva-slickened tailhole; he glanced over to Shekh, who was now watching with rapt attention. The hyena swallowed, licked his lips, leaned in a bit, then reached over to hoist the cow’s tail out of the way for Iri while the dragon’s hands were occupied.

And occupied they were, angling up into the slit of the cow’s tailhole, sinking up into those thick folds and digging deeper into the wet, overlapping flesh there, pressing further into swampy, sloppy flesh, sucking in, pulling apart-

And Shekh's ear flicked before Iri's did. The dragon jumped, heart suddenly back in his chest, and yet again with effort managed to slop his hands free from the beast's tailhole to try to maintain some kind of casual, innocent posture behind her. From out beyond the fence he could see the silhouette of another of the workers, arm raised and tail perked. They were saying something, and for a moment Iri feared that they had seen, but – as they came closer it turned out they were just calling for the hyena instead.

Shekh looked to Iri again, and this time the two shared a relieved sigh. "Well," he said, "right as it was getting good, huh?" He turned and strode away, paws in his pockets to hide the obvious tent there.

Iri raised a hand in greeting towards the other worker, trying to slow his beating heart. He just had to wait until they turned around again, Shekh taking one for the team and throwing an arm around them to guide them away, and... then the dragon turned back to the cow.

Canine pussy
VelricOlrand

It was quite a pleasant night out, and really, the movie wasn't *that* bad. It had had its moments along the way, and these old-style drive-ins just had a sort of *charm* to them that couldn't quite be replicated anywhere else. Sure, it wasn't as cozy or comfy as lounging back on the couch at home, but there still was something to the idea of pulling up here, parking the truck, then going around to hop up into the bed, which Velric had already prepared with the padding and blankets for this very purpose... and then, of course he had *hoped* for things to go this way, but hadn't really expected it.

Somewhere along the way, as the arctic fox lay here with his lovely Primrose, paws and muzzles had started to reach over and entwine between the two, white fur on black, slim vulpine fingers running through thick lupine fur or vice-versa. It wasn't that the movie they had come to, some low-budget flick suitable for the season, had instilled in them this mood; it was instead more the closeness of the situation, the contrast of the two being in their own little bubble of the world here, where all someone needed to do was poke their head over the edge of the truck bed to see what was happening.

At least for Velric, that instilled everything they did with an extra little fire. He was the one who first tilted his head in to nuzzle beneath the wolfess's chin, and to trail up towards her mouth in a string of soft, sweet kisses; but then she was the one who offered her tongue forward, touching and sliding against his own, curling between his fangs, pressing further into his mouth until he could nearly feel it in the back of his throat. Then she had ended up on top of him, slightly larger paws gripping his muzzle to hold it in place while they each attended to each other. Velric's paws ran down Primrose's sides, slid up underneath her shirt, then shifted down again... and then *she* was the one to rest her fingers over his, and to guide him down beneath the waist of her pants.

There wasn't much he could do there at first, though, partially due to the odd angle and also due to how the front of her pants, immediately behind the button and zipper, remained pouched forward around the thick, plump flesh of her spade, malleable yet firm already with burgeoning arousal. The arctic fox rumbled in his throat, sucked along her tongue, and turned his paw the other way so that he could spread his fingers around the protruding mass of flesh, peeling it away from the inner material of her already damp panties; he shifted his shoulder up to get a better angle, teased his fingers around those fat lips, then slid one finger, and then a second, slowly inside. Primrose shuddered and gasped against

him, and then before he had made it to the next knuckle she had pulled away from his mouth with a *pop* – and a few thick strands of saliva fell down across his chin – to frantically undo her fly.

Velric's attention had drifted away from the movie already, but this just ensured that he missed the next several minutes. Straddling his lap the wolfess lifted up a bit, hooked her thumbs into the waist of her pants, and tugged down, just far enough for the upper lip of her plump spade to bounce and jiggle into view. Shimmering obsidian flesh against smooth charcoal fur, every time she shifted atop him that protruding mound shook and bounced again, showing the occasional flash of rich, wet pink flesh inside; the fox underneath her licked his lips and sighed, just lifting a paw to reach forward and spread her before she did it for him.

His eyes flashed up to hers. Primrose licked her lips and gave an appreciative little grind down against him, fore and middle fingers pushing down across the thick meat to pull herself open. Yet again his eyes were drawn straight down there, running over the succulent folds and internal wrinkles, watching the way she pulsed and shivered with growing arousal, and eyeing the thick strands of trickling wetness that oozed out and soaked into the front of his own pants.

So he grinded back, and rumbled softly, and tightened his paws on her hips. Prim fell forward again, pressed her mouth to his, and then somewhere between the two of them her pants were tugged halfway down to her knees, and his went down as well. The wolfess rubbed and pulled her spade along the lip of his sheath, each touch drawing him further out. The fox gritted his teeth and grinned, reflexively pushing up against that welcoming warmth every time she rocked her hips on him, loving the way that her spade slurped and sucked along his length, leaving him as slick and wet as she herself.

Then she reached up, braced one paw on the side of the truck's bed, leveraged herself up, and with the other reached down to angle him up... and started to sink slowly, comfortably down onto him, those plump lips sealing snug around his cock and guiding him deeper. Velric's paws pricked at the blankets he had laid out underneath them, head rolling back until it bumped against the back of the cabin.

It was hard to keep his eyes open throughout her riding him, but he just *wanted* to watch. Every time the wolfess pushed down against him that plump spade squished and stretched out, nudging against his gradually growing knot; and then when she pushed her paws onto his shoulders and lifted herself back up the sleek lips of flesh tugged out around him, encasing him further in that wet warmth only to then reverse and press right back down again. Soon her paws moved from his shoulders to the walls of the bed, and then the audio of the movie down on the screen was lost beneath her panting moans and the squeaking of the suspension, and then – Velric gasped, grunted, bucked, bucked again, and finally felt that succulent spade suck down and around his knot, then squeeze tight there with each forceful pump deep inside of her.

Coming down from that peak, buried snug and warm and tight, one of Velric's paws found one of Primrose's, and the two shared another blissful glance. The wolfess looked over her shoulder again, then did so again.

Velric squirmed, wondering if someone had noticed their little extra show during the show. "What's up?"

Primrose huffed and shifted in his lap, pulling a gasp out of both of them. "I just -"

“What?”

“Wish I were facing the other way so I could still watch the movie.” They looked at each other again.

“We’re gonna be here a while.”