

Sheathplay

Ajizza

"Oh, man, that's... *ah*."

"Look, if you want me to do this right, you're gonna have to – *hold still*."

"Well, I'm sorry! It's just that it's *really hard*."

"-yeah, I can see that-"

"-when you're... doing... *ah* – all of *that*, and..."

Shekh stifled a little giggle at the zebra's dramatic roll of her eyes, slipping his paws back to shake them off again. Thick, sticky strands of nearly clear liquid matted down his fur and hung between his pads like ropes of molten glue, and try as he might to work all of that wetness off and into the glass bowl the two had prepared for the occasion, it was more difficult than he had expected. Metras here, the bat who lay across the massage table above them with his rather sizeable, rather *heavy* sheath dangling down into a space between the cushions, sometimes needed help with his sheath seeing as how his fingers stretched out into the ribs and veins of his vast wings, depriving him of the dexterity needed to do so. Ajizza, the zebra sitting across from Shekh, had invited the striped hyena over to help her out with the task, which was generally done anywhere between once a day to once a week.

And, really, he couldn't see why she had such an issue with it. The hyena reached up as though to scratch at a spot along his upper lip, though surreptitiously used the movement to press his fur, soaked through with thick, sticky sheath slime, against his nose and take another low, deep sniff. Rich and warm, the bright, heavy, yet at the same time deep and dull musk curled up into his nostrils and tickled the back of his throat, sending yet another lurch and throb through his body where he sat.

The glimmer in her bright eyes showed quite clearly that she knew what he was doing, even if she made no verbal call to it. Grumbling quietly to herself – mostly for show, he knew; when she wasn't looking at him, her gaze remained as hungrily fixed on the bat's sheath as his own – she looked at him and rolled her eyes again, then nodded up towards the plump sheath and heavy sack that hung down through the hole in the table, pale cream-colored fur shifting and stirring, luscious black flesh poking out from the end of that sheath. It looked as though it had been dipped in a dense syrup, coated all over with the slightly discolored juice of so many days spent pent up: this liquid musk hung and curled off in strands and ropes, jiggling and swinging with their own weight, bunching up and then dropping free.

"Can you take over for a second?" The zebra made to push herself up, resulted in smearing some of that wetness across her thighs, sighed, blushed softly, and then wrung her hands. "I gotta go get new gloves."

Shekh nodded, then coughed and gave his best attempt at an even answer, not wanting to seem *too* eager. "Yeah! I mean. Yeah. I can... handle this, I think..."

Up on the table Metras lifted his head. "I'm still *here*, you know."

Ajizza smiled at him. "Nobody said you weren't, hon. I'll be right back."

Shekh didn't even wait for her to leave the room before he dove back in. He swallowed, lifted his paws up towards that sheath, wrapped his fingers around it – Metras pulled in a soft breath and throbbed in his grip – and then... squeezed in, his grasp sinking slowly, easily into soft, dense skin and flesh. As he did so more of that sheath slime oozed out and around his girth, bubbling gently as trapped air coursed through it and popped free as well.

"Oh-" the bat murmured, everything down here throbbing and swelling for a moment: the revealed flesh of his half-hard cock pulsed and lifted up, his sheath tightened around his length, his balls slid slowly up towards his body and then hung back down again. "That's – whatever you're doing, *that's* good. I can really... feel it coming free..."

The hyena underneath him took the opportunity to scoot closer, his leg bumping against the glass bowl. Halfway full to the brim now with this liquid, it sloshed and gurgled against itself, leaving misty streaks across the floor where it sat and dripped; Shekh shivered and leaned in closer to the source, nose burning with the warmth of his scent. He slid his paw up towards the bat's tapered tip, wrapping his sheath forward and around him as he went, then released his grip, hovered back towards the base, gripped there, and then squeezed forward again, like trying to press out the last of the toothpaste from its tube.

Metras's sheath bunched up over itself as he did this, supple skin folding and wrinkling together, holding against itself with that thick ooze in between still like glue. Shekh felt its wet heat seep in through his fur and drip down his wrists, and every now and then he couldn't help but reach back and wipe his paws off against his face, further smearing himself in that pungent, clinging scent. Before long it came to where he could no longer roll Metras's sheath up over his tip, the bat worked up to his full arousal from the "cleaning" treatment: instead he stirred and shifted atop the massage table, fully hard cock bouncing and twitching above the bowl, tip nearly dipped into the juice.

So that was where Shekh's eyes drifted next. He swallowed, then had to do so again for the coating of slickness that covered the back of his throat; then he looked up to the door to the room, then at Metras's impressive length, then to the thick folds of wet skin that hugged around the base, and then to the bowl again, and then he reached forward to pick it up in his paws. It was stickier rather than slick to his touch, and heavier than he had expected; he lifted it up, leaned in, took a deep sniff, grimaced at the pungent heat that curled off of it and sizzled at his senses, and then pursed his lips against the rim... and started to tilt it back.

It had to go *somewhere*, after all. If he could busy himself until Metras softened back up, then he could once more wrap his lips around the bat's sheath and suck it straight from there. Each mouthful took multiple swallows to fully work down, thick and gelatinous while still slick and liquid, heady and musky in a way that immediately pressed in at the back of his throat and muddled his thoughts. After barely two and a half the hyena had to take a break, the rest of the bounty sloshing forward and over his fingers, dripping from his lips, rolling down his chin, stirring and simmering in his belly – and then there was Ajizza standing in the doorway again, a smirk on her face, her arms crossed in front of her chest, and her pants suddenly missing as well.

Shekh tried to speak, couldn't, cleared his throat, tried again, couldn't again, and tried *again*. "I thought you were – changing your gloves?"

“Are you kidding? I never wear gloves for this.” She took a step forward. “I just thought I’d give you two a minute – I could tell you were about to lose it. Now, scoot over; I wanna get a taste too.”

Shekh wiped at his mouth again, though couldn’t tell whether this succeeded in cleaning his face or his paw, or just made both worse. “Oh, I-”

Metras lifted his head again. “Come on. We *all* know there’s enough to go around. Freaks.”

Watersports

SteelRhodes

Steel pushed his back up against the door to slip it shut behind him, the hybrid’s vast, soft wings padding the noise when it finally clicked back into place. He crept forward across the room, footpaws noiseless on the thick carpet; halfway there the fox-jay paused, tilted his head, and cocked an ear to listen, and heard the slow, soft rhythm of sleeping breath issuing from the roughly body-sized lump atop the bed.

Excitement and nervous arousal thrummed through his system, at once spurring him forward as well as slowing his pace. He had *heard* what the otter had said earlier in the night, had *seen* the look in those turquoise eyes – hell, had even felt those paws running up and down his thighs, teasing him, goading him forward, but still he had trouble telling himself this was *what was expected*.

So, he figured, he just had to go for it. In another few seconds Steel stood over the bed, one paw half-raised to his chest, the other hanging out in trepidation. Lukas lay there barely half covered by the thin sheet, chest rising and falling in slow breaths, the shape of his half-hard shaft visible beneath the material and *twitch, twitching* with whatever dream he had. The fox-jay licked his lips, swallowed, knelt down, peeled that sheet away... and then before he could stop himself, slid a pair of fingers underneath that shaft and lifted it up against his lips.

As soon as he closed his mouth around it he felt Lukas squirm and stiffen up, a soft sigh shivering out through the sleeping otter’s lips. Steel swallowed again and let his tongue dance forward and around, tracing over the rim of Lukas’s foreskin, slipping gently underneath, then pulling back to swirl around. Gradually, carefully, he lowered himself down to rest over the foot of the bed, taking care not to press his elbow into the otter’s body and wake him up; he let his other paw slip up and over Lukas’s smooth belly, pads tracing over soft, silky fur, pressing in gently, hooking around and into the little tuft of pubic fur right there.

Up above him Lukas gritted his teeth and grunted, then did so again. Steel opened his eyes and looked up, surprised: was he really *already* this close? In preparation the fox-jay swallowed again, lifted his tongue up against the underside of the otter’s still half-hard length, dove down a little bit further, squeezed his eyes shut again, then massaged and rubbed at the otter’s lower belly with one paw and his sack with the other – and then jumped at the first spray of rich heat across his tongue and into the back of his throat.

But then, to his further surprise, it just kept coming. Steel’s eyes flashed open again, the realization hitting him as soon as the taste did. Salty and acrid, pungent, a bit bitter, and by far not thick enough to be the otter’s load, it spilled out and filled his maw, flowing down into his cheeks and warming his gums, trickling down the edges of his mouth until he tightened a bit; the musk of the otter’s piss wafted out

through Steel's nose and muddled his thoughts, but still he held on, cheeks gradually pouching out with the volume.

Lukas *had* had quite a bit to drink tonight, downing two glasses of water for every one drink he mixed himself. *"It helps with the hangover,"* he had explained earlier in the night, while filling up his glass again. *"Besides, it feels good to piss. Little annoying doing it so often, but, y'know. Is what it is. Just gotta remember to hit the bathroom before bed."*

Seemed like he had forgotten to do the last of these. The fox-jay pulled himself up a bit, kept his lips tight around the otter's shaft, then worked that first half-mouthful down in a measured, deliberate swallow. He could feel the sizzling heat of the stuff as it flowed down his throat and then simmered in his belly, more continuing to pour out. When he slid forward and rolled the otter's foreskin back between his lips, that stream thinned out and strengthened, spraying more forcefully against the back of his throat; then when he drew back and caused that sleek, supple skin to roll forward and over itself again it interrupted his flow, causing it to bunch slightly up and pulse out through the overhang there, thicker and slower.

Again and again Steel's throat pulsed in gradual swallows, his other paw moving down to release the tension now stirring in his own pants. He could vaguely taste the touch of alcohol on the otter's mark, as well as everything else he had had throughout the night, thought first and foremost it was still just *him*. The fox-jay shuddered and dove down further, further until he reflexively spluttered and coughed against the sensation of that full stream emptying directly out into the back of his throat, and then he went further *still*. He couldn't quite get Lukas's shaft to the point where he didn't need to swallow, but the pressure of his draining bladder made it quite easy to go from there, nose pressed into pubic fur, chin resting against the soft heat of a similarly full sack.

There he remained for a moment, feeling no change yet in the pace of the otter's stream, still gladly drinking down the pungent piss as it came. Then Steel slid up a little bit further, then kept on going until he could once more work his tongue into the otter's overhang; he used his tongue like a funnel, directing the flow directly in, sucking gently as he did so. Bit by bit the pace started to slow, then gave way to a few quicker, smaller sprays of the last few drops, and Steel moved to tighten his lips and bob his head again – but that was it for the otter. This time when Lukas grunted and squirmed, every muscle in his body tightened, he lifted up, and then immediately after those little sprays, Steel received the few quick, thick spurts that he had originally expected, interspersed with the same bright, rich musk of the otter's piss.

Each one of those spurts came with a powerful throb through the other male's shaft, bouncing up against the roof of his mouth and tightening against his lips. He gladly let Lukas fill his mouth one more time, tongue curled beneath his wet foreskin, throat moving as he swallowed down the last mouthful – then jumped as one final spray of piss mixed with that cum jetted out, catching him by surprise.

Only *then* did the otter finally slouch back on the bed, with one great inhalation and then heaving sigh to settle back into the depths of sleep. Panting softly, Steel swirled his tongue around him once more and then came up off of him, belly much heavier and much warmer than it had been when he had first entered the room.

Shekh tilted his drink back to his lips, taking another slow, soft sip of the Halloween-themed cocktail that that cute bartender had mixed up for him. Or, maybe he wasn't *quite* a bartender: he was just a slim, sleek otter in a costume of a rough approximation of Velma from Scooby-Doo, but he seemed to know his way around the booze fairly well. So well, in fact, that the caribou standing out by the hallway hadn't yet seemed to notice that his cute little mummy costume had started to come unraveled.

And, unlike most mummies, Ralford over there – Shekh had overheard the name in conversation – had *quite* a bit of meat left to him, to say nothing about the bone. Bit by bit his thin wrappings had started to peel away from his leg, his thigh, and then his lower belly above, showing steadily more of his chiseled rump, lower back, and then, to the hyena's delight, the puff of pubic fur in front that swelled down into what was certainly a heavy sheath. Hell, even as Ralford stepped back over towards the bar he could see it jiggling and bouncing in the space he had given himself beneath the wrappings, sleek leathery skin shifting against his body in rhythm with the much heavier, much wider swinging of his full sack beneath.

The otter serving the drinks definitely noticed as well. Warm turquoise eyes flashed down over the caribou's body, taking in each line visible beneath and through the costume, and gave just the slightest lick of his lips before he took the cup, refilled it with something that was definitely at least half rum, then handed it back. So Ralford thanked him, turned to step away, also didn't notice that a second scrap of his costume caught on the edge of the table, and then strode confidently forward and out. Bit by bit that second strand trailed away from him, peeling right off of the other side of his waist until, finally, one of his balls drifted down into view in the space that steadily grew between his legs. It hung out over the rest of the fabric underneath it, sloshing forward and back with each step and showing the heavy pull of the full sheath above it, soft cocoa-tan skin giving way to thicker, richer pink folded just inside.

Other heads had started to turn now, and while the caribou seemed to notice that something was amiss, he either hadn't figured out *what* or was purposely ignoring it. Shekh thought he saw a little twitch and throb from that sheath, and could have sworn that the blunted head visible inside had come out just a little bit further from where it was a moment ago. Ralford took a sip of his drink, licked his lips, swirled the cup, took another sip, and then strode in front of where the striped hyena nonchalantly lounged. So all Shekh needed to do was reach forward with a footpaw, clamp it down along one of the caribou's spare wrappings as it trailed along the ground. There was a *slight* tug of resistance, but then a fold in the costume came undone and it all started to unravel.

Ralford took another two steps forward and then halted, little paintbrush-tip tail flicking up, ears standing upright beneath his antlers – and then his costume drifted away down his legs, completely unrolling from hooves, to ankles, to knees, to thighs, to waist, and above, until it just hung off of his shoulders and over his snout in loose shreds of the gauzy yellow-white fabric. So he just stood there for a moment, shocked, with everyone else at the party around him falling silent and turning to look, all of their eyes quickly dropping to one part of him in particular.

And then Shekh noticed, as well as did everyone else looking, that one part of him start to change. Ralford tilted his head back with a gulp and shifted nervously where he stood, heavy balls pulling gently up against his body, sheath stirring, shifting, then dropping forward and out as the unexpected attention worked at him, drawing his sizeable shaft steadily out. Warm pink flesh pulsed forward and out, growing steadily beneath the gazes both disdainful and appreciative; tan-furred cheeks warming with a hot blush, the caribou reached down with his free hand to try to cover himself, though even with his fingers

spread to their fullest he couldn't possibly hope to hide the sheer size of his cervine shaft as it continued to twitch, and pulse, and throb.

Bit by bit the murmuring in the room picked back up, though even to Shekh's ears it was obvious who was now the center of attention. Ralford's ears perked and switched with each mention of his name, and he crossed his legs and bent halfway over in attempt to cover himself. *"Yeah!"* called someone from the other side of the room, *"show us what's under that cute little tail!"* *"Come on, don't hide it – I can see all fuckin' twelve inches anyway..."* *"Don't pretend like you didn't expect this to happen – who dresses up as a mummy without putting on underwear first?"*

Ralford swallowed and turned back and forth to try to find the sources of these jeers, which only resulted in his now fully hard shaft swinging heavily in front of him, side to side. *"Whoa! Shit! Wrecking ball."* *"You could knock someone out with that thing!"* *"Why don't you-"*

So Shekh leaned forward, paw out, and ran his fingers along and around the underside of the caribou's length when it swung by, effectively halting his motion. Hot, slick, soft yet firm, he gave it a squeeze and a stroke and felt Ralford throb in response. The caribou looked down at him, cheeks heating up even further.

"They're right, you know," the hyena rumbled, then took another sip of his drink. "You can't bring a snack like this to a party without offering someone a taste. So, then, come on..." And he ran his paw forward, slipping easily along that sleek length, until he could wrap his fingers around the caribou's sack as well and heft those balls into his palm. Ralford grunted and throbbed again, the motion nearly smacking Shekh right in the chin. He leaned forward, nose flaring, tickling, tingling with the warm, inviting musk that trickled up off of him. "Are you gonna make that offer?"

The caribou swallowed again – and throbbed again.

[Hookup/anonymous sex](#)
Kioreii

Spirit licked their lips and swallowed again, legs spread where they sat atop the toilet, one paw rubbing gently there while the other remained pressed up against their muzzle. Their last visitor had already departed – and left quite the weight in their belly before doing so – but still the border collie wasn't quite satisfied, their arousal having just picked up further and further the longer they spent here.

What had begun as a careful, nervous curiosity when they had first slid into this bathroom stall and noticed the clean hole cut into the divider, quickly exploded into frantic stage fright and reluctance. They had sat down to go about their business, wanting to be in and out as soon as possible... and then had frozen where they sat at the sound of someone taking the stall next door, then unzipping, then pausing as the stranger likely noticed the hole, too.

Then a pair of fingers, black-furred, had come through and hooked around the rim. Spirit had gulped, leaned forward, poked their own fingers through, held them there for a moment... and then lurched back as a plump, warm sheath pressed itself up against the hole, the thick, supple skin pushing slightly back with the movement, and bringing into view the first inch of rich red lupine flesh. So there the collie paused, paw half-raised, pants around their ankles, a blush steadily heating their muzzle, a thousand different things stirring in their thoughts.

And then, despite everything, they had gone for it. A little shift across the seat, a bit of a lean forward, a forefinger hooked around the back of that sheath to angle it closer to their muzzle, and then... one lick, a second, a third. Bit by bit the minutes trickled away just as the stranger's length grew further out from the sheath, pulsing to its full size, twitching, throbbing, and then before long, spurting long, thick ropes up and out across the tiled wall and floor of the public bathroom, little tense grunts and gasps audible from the other side. Spirit had glanced up to see those same black-furred fingers squeezing along the top of the divider, claws digging into the material; they had waited for those spurts to die down, then drew their tongue up and over and around a few more times to clean their patron off before the lupine retreated, having at least had the presence of mind not to shove in past the knot.

That left Spirit there on their own, dripping their own arousal into the water of the toilet below, muzzle and breath stinking of some stranger's musk that they didn't recognize, and likely would never see or meet again... and there was just *something* about that idea that drove them wild. For a time the collie leaned back against the tank, legs spread and paw working at themselves, stirring that arousal up further, mixing their own slickness and scent with the one left over their fingers.

One visitor wasn't *nearly* enough. Every time they heard the door to the rest of the mall open up, all of the voices of everyone else suddenly swelling in, the border collie straightened up, folded their paws in their lap, and kept their eyes fixed on that rounded hole right over there, tail stirring, wagging behind them.

Once, twice, three times they were disappointed, but then on the fourth the new stranger entered the next stall, unzipped again, sat down, and *then* noticed the glory hole. Nothing happened for a few seconds, though Spirit could see the end of their nose through the space in the hole; the border collie leaned forward and reached out, paused, then changed paws and instead moved forward with the one that had just been between their legs, pads and fur still slick with the juice of their arousal. For a moment it felt like another pair of fingers reached up and brushed against theirs, then swiped away; then there was a little bit of rustling, a grunt of exertion as the stranger stood up, and then...

...and then another shaft slid its way on through the hole, soft, inviting. Spirit rumbled in their throat with appreciation and immediately got to work, fingers running back and forth, touching and feeling and learning this new stranger; they came forward, drew in this different scent, pursed their lips against it, swirled their tongue around, worked it gradually up, up until it twitched and throbbed between their lips just like the other one.

Then, though, the collie stopped, swallowed, and slowly drew back, ensuring to smear it in as much slick saliva as they could. A little noise of confusion issued from the other side of the divider, and the dog kept a forefinger and thumb wrapped around the base to hold it in place while they shifted into position, now standing up off the toilet, turning around, positioning their rump just in front of it.

Their ears perked at another little noise of surprise, as the stranger probably figured out what was going on. Spirit had to brace one footpaw against the rim of the toilet to get at the proper angle, but at the first sensation of the stranger's hard shaft slipping forward between their legs, rubbing against their arousal-slickened lips, twitching, pulsing upwards, the rest of their fear and nervousness fizzled away. Sure, it was risky; sure, it could be dangerous; sure, they could very likely regret this later; but none of that mattered *now*.

So the border collie swallowed once more, rocked their hips back and forth, back and forth a few more times, then came forward, spread their lips between two fingers, reached down with the other paw to angle that hard shaft up and forward, and... started to sink slowly back onto it, welcoming the strange, unknown contours and warmth, already thinking about how they would smell of this stranger's musk and their load afterwards, how they would go home filled with sticky heat, and would undress to smell all of this all over again.

A hot, heavy sigh trickled out from Spirit's clenched teeth as the collie continued to push backwards. *Although, they thought, I can't see this one being the last for today...*

Feral

KaimStain

The fox lifted their head from their little vantage point atop the bookshelf, fluffy tail hanging down off the front. A little stir of wind and noise in the room below had caught their attention, bouncing the feral out of their gentle, idyllic nap; now they watched with bright eyes as every little preparation, spell, weave, and defense within the hut triggered at the visitor's presence.

That was something to which the fox still had to grow accustomed. Nearly a year in this form and still they were learning the ins and outs of what it meant to be a witch's familiar, their distaste and reluctance to serve the position long since dissipated beneath the apparent gains and benefits. No longer did they have to worry about trudging around town performing this menial task or that for enough money to eat and sleep for the night, or wondering if they would have to steal another cloak so as not to freeze to death, or if anyone would so much as remember their name or that they were even around.

In fact, it had likely been a ploy, a trick, getting them to run out here into the woods towards this remote little cottage. It had been to make a delivery or pick something up, the fox couldn't recall, but... the next few days passed by in a blur, and somewhere along the way they just kind of *woke up* in this form, this body, this mindset. They didn't *want* it at first, wanted to return home – wherever "home" might have been – and continue on their own, but then... tapped into the witch's abilities, powers, emotions, and feelings, the familiar started to feel an intrinsic duty to stay by her side which, over time, turned into a genuine, organic friendship.

The compulsion spell had since been removed, yet still the fox hung around. Ears flicking and stirring with the repeated assaults of those tripped proximity spells, they finally stood up, gave voice to a wide yawn, then lithely and silently hopped down from their napping spot atop the shelf to investigate the visitor.

Quite an attractive individual, this was: a German shepherd, a little bit stout, but lovely to look upon. They wore indistinct clothes the same type of which the fox frequented in their life before, skillfully hiding the curves and angles of their body, leaving much to the imagination. Soft, somewhat nervous eyes grazed around the various fixtures and accoutrements hanging from the walls and shelves – and then the canine jumped as the witch stepped forth from around the corner.

The fox smirked and hopped down to the floor from there while the two began their conversation, the shepherd seeking some specific potion the reason for which they seemed reluctant to voice. Some sniffs at the ankles, some gentle brushing up against the legs... and when the shepherd noticed the familiar's

presence they sucked in a breath and took a half-step backwards. Emotions stirred and warred within them, filtering in to the fox's awareness through their magical bond with the witch and her own abilities.

She was playing with them, of course. Poking and prodding, digging around their desires and words, finding the true intent behind their visit. The familiar came around the visitor's front again, daintily stepping around their footpaws, flashing their bright eyes up to them... and swinging their tail up at the base and to the side, ensuring that those curious eyes fixed directly on the warm, swollen mound of succulent flesh that bounced and jiggled between the feral's hind legs.

It was related to the visit, of course. Now the witch was telling the visitor that she needed some of their *essence*, some of their vitality. As expected the shepherd was unable to tear their eyes away for a moment, then stammered – *"essence? Vitality?"* – to which the witch gave her same response: *"there are a few ways to extract it, some pleasant, some painful. I shall leave it to you, and my dear familiar, to decide which."*

And with that she was gone to let the two make that decision, the witch seeming to dissipate into the same wisps of shadow and smoke that constantly curled around beneath the rounded ceiling of her little cottage. That was yet another piece of this new form in which the fox delighted: the keen, untapped life and energy, unbounded and unrestricted. They had been no stranger to the waxing and waning cycle of heats in their previous life, but in this one they could feel and indulge it much more wholeheartedly.

The witch knew, and enabled this. The familiar, now the only semblance of her power within the cottage as all of those spells shivered back into place and effectively trapped the visitor in, turned and prowled forward towards their prey, pushing the German shepherd slowly back towards one of the chairs set against the wall. With a little yelp the dog fell back into it, then tried to stand right back up but failed as the smaller animal hopped up into their lap.

The fox watched, what magical ability was granted to them through the witch's influence reaching out and tickling at the visitor's senses. Already the shepherd could smell the fox's heat, their nose twitching and shifting with the weight of heady, wet musk; the familiar turned back and forth in their lap, little footpaws pushing into their legs and lap, tail curling up to tickle at their chin and nose and mouth. They jumped and leaned back again, a blush seeping into their cheeks; the fox purred in their throat and nuzzled up into the curve of the shepherd's neck, deliberately squatting down atop their lap and squishing their plump spade into place there, to let the humidity of their constant arousal simmer down through the fabric.

Bit by bit, it worked. The shepherd started squirming and shifting, growing visibly uncomfortable, wanting to reach forward yet holding themselves back. Sensing this, the fox stood up again, mrowled again, then halfway turned, hiked their tail, and gave a little swing of the haunches, intentionally causing their sex to swing and jiggle against itself. A little strand of stickiness swung off and plastered itself to the shepherd's paw.

The visitor swallowed and looked around the cottage. "My – my *essence*, huh?" they rumbled, paw half-raised, fingers trembling in the air as they could certainly feel the damp heat wafting off of the presented flesh. "Does that mean, like, blood, or...?"

The fox licked their lips, squinted again, and then fully turned around, lifting their tail higher.