

When I was a pup, my mom had a tendency to turn off the heating and air conditioning during the day, since she was at work and I was at school. However, when I was a pup, we lived in Texas; in spring, downstairs would be eighty-something degrees, and upstairs would be easily ninety-something. 'Just take off your shirt', she'd tell me, or 'go for a walk'. Where I live now doesn't have quite as extreme of temperatures, but in the summer, it still gets hot...

...hot enough so that, without the AC running, when I sleep with my Arcanine roommate with no blankets, I can still smell the bite of his musk wafting up in the warm air. Sometimes it's strong enough to wake me up in the middle of the night (or maybe it's the boner caused by it that wakes me up); sometimes I wake up because of something else, but then notice it and can't resist.

The story I'm about to tell you requires little background other than that. I'm an otter who lives with two dogs, a king shepherd and an Arcanine, who both make up probably five or six times my own mass, and I always have full access to what's in their pants. (I'd made the 'hot dog' joke several times - that's a triple entendre, see...)

Well, one night, I'd chosen to sleep with the Arcanine, as he gave warmer, fiercer cuddles, and I appreciated how straightforward he was with his wants. It was an autumn night, so neither of us were profusely sweating... although, with him, Arkani, being a goddamn fire dog, it's rare to have a night that isn't at least somewhat warm. He usually kept a thin sheet and a slightly thicker blanket on his bed, in contrast to myself who, being from a place where it *didn't* snow three-fourths of the year, had at least six or seven blankets on my own bed, two of which were comforters (the fluffy, airy kind, that hold in a lot of heat). As a result, my bed usually captured and held the... *scent* of whatever had happened in it. Arkani's didn't.

Usually.

Anyway, this night, I'd crawled into bed before him and dozed off, to be drawn laggardly back to the real world when he finished his bedtime piss and came in beside me, weighing down the mattress, making the springs squeak, the base creak, all that. He wrapped his big arms around me and turned me to face him, and I nuzzled up into the space between his shoulder and neck, and we fell asleep. I am not a sound sleeper, and I won't even pretend that I am; even when I'm on my own, I wake up several times throughout the night and turn around, or flip over, or adjust my position, or grind into the bed...

That night was a Saturday night, or a Sunday morning, depending on how you look at it. At one time, I think 1 AM or so, I woke up because my arm had fallen asleep; at 3, I *really* had to pee, so I got up and took care of that; at 5, I flipped over, and then did so again at 5:20; at 9, I had some fierce morning wood, digging into the Arcanine's warm thigh... and when I shifted to lessen the pressure, a wave of his scent wafted up and tickled my nostrils.

Ohh, I shivered. I *loved* the way Arkani smelled. It only made sense, then, for me to nose up under his chin, wait a while to see if he was awake (which he was not; he was so out of it that I felt I could pick up his head, if I could manage to find the strength, and drop it, to see it limply fall), and then moved down under the covers, keeping my nose in the char fluff of his chestfur, and then bellyfur below that. He smoked cigars, so the half-acrid tang of that usually lingered underneath his natural scent - unpleasant on others, I'd found that it only made his that much more invigorating, that much more enticing...

As my head traced further and further down his body, the air also got progressively warmer, and thicker with his scent; my tail poked out from under the blankets, near the door which stood slightly ajar. I hadn't heard Pan, the other dog living here, move around at all, so he must still have been asleep as well. Whatever, I figured. Something like this is just as fun with only the two of us.

For whatever reason tonight, whether by premonition, the good grace of God, or coincidence, Arkani had worn underwear to bed that night - boxers, grey ones the color of concrete not yet given time to solidify. The fabric clung loosely to his body, outlining the curve of his hips and thighs, the firm bulge of his shaft and sack beneath it... fuck. I licked my lips, chin resting just below the waistband, nose nuzzling into the fur right below his belly button... if I breathed slowly, deeply, the scent, the aroma hung in my nose, like the sensation of sniffing a mint leaf, but with a much different flavor of scent. This one, I liked quite a bit more.

The fabric of his underwear absorbed and held in the heat of his body as well as his musk; this became clear to me when I moved down the short distance and rested my nose beside the outline of his shaft, limp but still about as thick as two of my damn fingers. It was hard to breathe naturally, especially with how I wanted to inhale, inhale deeply and never have to pause to breathe out... I drank his scent in through my nose and let hot breaths out of my mouth, moving down along the side of his cock through his underwear, though trying not to press in too hard for want to not awake him quite yet. All of that caution fizzled out when my nose dragged over his warm sack, though, where the scent changed slightly, almost imperceptibly, but had a different tone to it.

I remained in that general area for a while, my feet and part of my legs now hanging off the mattress as well. Above me, Arkani shifted, smacked his lips, lifted one leg a little... which just so happened to be the one on which I lay, resulting in pushing me closer into his underwear. All of that caution fizzled away to nothing, and I ran a paw down my side to remove my own underwear while shoveling my nose into his. One time, I'd done this to Pan after he had mowed the lawn on a hot summer day; I could smell him on my muzzle for two days, even after showering. Arkani noticed it, growled "let's get that smell of gross shepherd off of your face", and tugged me into the bathroom...

But, that's a story for another time.

Back in the present, I think he was waking up. I was too busy with other things to pay too much attention to his noises and movements, past when a heavy paw found its way to my shoulder and pressed me down, while at the same time, he lifted his hips up. It had gotten hotter and hotter and was still going, and it'd gotten to the point where all I could smell was him - I dreaded when I'd grow accustomed to the scent and be unable to pick it up anymore... but, that time hadn't yet come, so I couldn't complain. I just continued what I was doing, which now consisted of running my nose back up along the underside of his steadily-growing shaft while stroking my own, between a paw and the mattress underneath us.

With one arm, Arkani closed the opening I'd left between his body and the blankets when I first descended; he kept his other underneath with me, but pushed me away for a moment. I almost considered biting the side of his paw (last time I'd done that, he pinned me to the floor and fucked me hard enough so that my legs were tingly for the rest of the day), but refrained when he hooked his thumb under the waistband of his boxers and started sliding them down, slowly, slowly, teasing me. Both the heat and the scent strengthened, and it took all I had not to resume my nose-shoveling roughly into his crotch: his cock, black, uncut, half-hard, glistened with visible musk and a bit of sweat from the heat and attention of my nose and face. I rested my muzzle beside his length, eyes fixated on it, my own paw still working.

Oh, he knew what I wanted. He always did. The paw that originally held my head down did so again, so that I could do nothing but breathe in his spice; then, he moved that up to his foreskin, half-retracted already, and rolled it back the rest of the way, adding the aroma of an uncut cock that I loved so much... it was a heavier, more saturated scent, like that of a tissue soaked with cum as compared to a dry one. He held me down against his length, grinded up against my face, rubbed his scent on me - a different kind of marking than what I was used to receiving from him all over my muzzle...

Yeah, I couldn't resist. After a moment longer, I brought my other paw up, wrapped it around the base of his cock - or, I should say, tried to; when he was fully hard, I couldn't touch my thumb to the rest of my fingers while holding him in my paw - and moved up to place a kiss at the end of it, and then another slightly to the side, then another further down. His pre stuck to my lips and drew out a thin, clear strand; I licked it off and came back up, very eager, very much desiring him.

With practice, quite a bit of it, I'd gotten better at fitting his girth into my muzzle, at descending on his length while still keeping him adequately lubed up with saliva, at not gagging when he pressed into the back of my throat. Sure, I couldn't deepthroat him right at the start like I could with other friends, but that didn't stop me from trying. His aroma returned in a hot burst of clarity every time I inhaled, partially due to the proximity of my face to the center of that scent, and partially because it lingered in the fur of my upper lip thanks to my nuzzling and rubbing, thanks to his grinding and humping.

If there was one thing I enjoyed more than the scent of a thick Arcanine cock, it was the taste of one. I made sure to move slowly at first, to give myself time to run my tongue all over the contours of his length, to trace it over his bulging veins, to wriggle it into the creases of his retracted foreskin, or to roll it back up with my paw and swirl it around inside against his head... yeah, I loved giving oral, quite a bit. There was just something about the aroma and taste, both heavy and rich, spicy, meaty; something about the whole *idea*, about how, instead of sliding between my lips and over my tongue, he could be sinking up under my tail-

-something about being held down firmly enough so that his length pushed into the back of my throat, his thickness bringing tears to my eyes-

Then, there were soft footsteps on the carpet outside the door, and Pan's low voice: "Hey, have you seen Lukas?" (that's me) "I have something to give to him..."

Arkani grunted, still holding me down. I wriggled my tongue as much as I could against the underside of his length, drawing a pair of throbs from him. "Yeah, I've seen 'im. I'm in the middle of givin' something to him..."

I knew that Pan could see my tail and legs sticking out from under the covers. A moment later, he let out a soft laugh, said "I guess I'll come back later, then..." and padded back down the hall. It was only then that Arkani lifted his paw from the back of my head; I came up, coughed a bit, and tried to clear my throat, though the slick pre that he leaked so profusely coated the inside of my mouth.

I loved it.

"Don't think you're done, ott," he growled, and once more lifted his hips up. I moved my muzzle down and nuzzled up underneath his plump sack. "You've had time to catch your breath. Get back to work..." ...and his paw found its way back to behind my ear, and tugged me forward so that my nose moved up along the underside of his shaft. Now, it was slick not only with scent and sweat, but saliva as well - and it'd be rude to just let it sit there, wouldn't it?

He breathed out a tense sigh when my lips again closed around the end of his cock and moved down, faster than before, keeping him cupped in the warmth of my tongue. God, it was getting hot under the blankets; he still kept his arm down, holding in the heat and the scent, always tickling my nose and making me tingle all over. I'd stopped stroking myself around when Pan wandered in, because I knew if I kept on going, I'd spurt out all onto the mattress long before Arkani shoved into my throat, as sucking him off and breathing his scent kept me so worked up. Hell, the most exhausting orgasm I'd had wasn't from having a thick cock hilted under my tail (and I hadn't yet had both of them; they said they were saving that for my birthday), but rather from being on my knees and holding my maw open, one paw on my own length while they squeezed every last drop out of both of theirs, side-by-side, onto my tongue. First a pulsing, thick dogcock to drink down, and then an even thicker uncut one right after... I was in heaven.

But, God, this right now was damn close to then. Arkani batted my paw away from his length and instead himself took over while my head bobbed up and down along the top half, same rhythm, same speed. Each stroke upward squeezed out another bead of pre onto my tongue, which I swallowed down - Arkani always had a lot; someday, I'd like to get down under him and just let him drool it out over my muzzle... it would be a good test of self-control not to lick it off of my lips.

What could I say? I enjoyed cocks, and I enjoyed licking things. Another time, I got home from class to see Arkani railing Pan, who was on his back, on the couch, in full view from the front door; just before the Arcanine finished, he pulled out and moved up a little, and shot his cum out all over the shepherd's hard cock. Right after, he stood up, walked over to me (still dripping the last of his load; I had to hold myself back from kneeling down to clean him up), tugged me over to the couch by the collar, and said, "suck him off, he's close already". That was the day I learned that the seed of seed of an Arcanine mixed with that of a king shepherd had an interesting flavor, one that I'd be willing to try again (and again, and again and again) to develop a taste for.

I would take each individually with no complaints, though. Arkani's paw started to speed up, and he threw the covers back - ah, sweet cool air - so that he could also move my head for me with his other. His breathing picked up as well, and eventually, he stopped with his paw altogether, and instead held my head down and thrust upwards into my throat, again and again and again, harder and faster each time. Hell, neither of us were going to last long. I took the chance to work my paw down between myself and bed, to bring me closer the edge that my lips and tongue were just pushing him over-

And then was when I deepthroated him, deep enough where I could barely breathe again, where his rope after rope of thick cum shot right down my throat, giving me no chance to gag or taste. Sure, I had plenty of taste from the meat itself and his musk, but can't really blame me for wanting it... even after he'd lifted his paw from my head, I stayed down for a moment longer until my own orgasm caused me to press into the bed and come up for a sharp intake of breath.

Afterwards, I looked up at him, past his black-furred chest that rose and fell in heavy breaths, the kind that always resulted from a climax that thoroughly exhausted him. He swallowed, chuckled, waved a paw at me.

"Go take a shower, Lukas," he growled, "I can smell myself on your face from here."