

It was one of the weirder, more *adventurous* things I'd done, in my opinion - which was really saying something.

I'd heard of the place from a friend of mine, first mentioned in passing in a text message, and then expanded upon when it caught my attention and I asked about it. Some sort of - hookup place, though different from the others I'd been to. All of *those* places had been back-alley sorts, joints where the meat of the business went on under-the-table (sometimes literally; I remember one time being on my paws and knees underneath a bar with my mouth open, waiting for the next patron to sidle in, sit down, and undo their fly...), while *this* one... well.

Take a stroll down 16th Street and you'll see it there, wedged between a little knick-knack shop and this African-themed bar and hookah den called Rahu Toru. Modest facade, with stone brick walls that look like they used to be large-paned windows, and a heavy wooden door beneath the sign, glaringly out-of-place: *The Third Door* in bright neon, with the ending *r* in the shape of a stylized bunny's tail. It used to be an all-orientation strip club, with separate rooms in the back hallways for *private dances*... but, as the story went, something happened to the original owner and manager and the place went out of business, before being revived by someone new.

Though I guess 'revived' isn't quite the right word. Still an illicit establishment, still somewhere you wouldn't exactly be proud to talk about having visited (though here I am), but definitely *different*. Unlike the other hookup joints, where you go in the middle of the night and pay a stack of cash to get laid, the Third Door could stay open in such a public place because, simply, it *wasn't* a pay-for-sex place. Technically and legally, it was somewhere you went to try your chances on a blind date, to see - in a way - if you and your surprise partner fit. However, when you actually walk through that heavy door, talk to the odd maned wolf sitting at the front desk, and organize an appointment?

Take a survey, a short quiz, a second survey, sign a waiver, sign a contract... and then a few minutes later, he stands up and leads you to the back rooms. You're told to enter - and there's no lights inside the room. In the dim light coming in through the open door I managed to catch a glimpse of a pair of chairs, a wide bed, and a short table off to the side, but after the maned wolf closed that door behind me again... all of it went dark. These were all interior rooms, windowless. Being an otter, my night vision was nothing really to be modest about, but even after four or five minutes of waiting, I still couldn't make out the slightest of outlines.

And then, suddenly, the door opened again. Because I lay down across the bed with my muzzle directed towards the ceiling, I couldn't see just who it was that had been let in; by the time I'd managed to sit back up, the maned wolf had purred a smooth "*enjoy, you two*", and the door had clicked shut.

This was it. This was the new Third Door. You're put in a room with a complete stranger, unable to see, and left to do whatever in the world you would like. With restrictions, of course: no bags or backpacks are allowed in the rooms, and patrons are required to empty their pockets before being permitted to continue. So then it's just the two of you and the clothes on your back - and whether they *remain* on your back is purely up to you.

I swallowed down my nervousness and shifted my paws a bit behind me, letting my legs drape over the edge of the bed. If I strained my ears and held my breath, I could just barely - *barely* - pick up someone else's breathing in the room; another few seconds, and quiet padded footsteps started approaching. No matter where I directed my gaze, I couldn't make out any change in the

thick shadows, even as a bushy tail brushed against one of my legs - and the other person pulled in a gentle gasp of surprise.

Out of habit, I kept my muzzle pointed up, towards their face as if I were able to see it. This time, it was *my* turn to jump: a paw came out, bumped against my shoulder, and then started dragging up the side of my neck and jaw, short trimmed claws tracing through my fur and making me shiver. Whoever this person was, the gentle scent wafting off of them - I could only imagine how close to my face their body was - tickled at my nose and made my whiskers twitch.

That paw, those fingers, came up along my chin, remained there for a moment, and then fell away - and my ears perked up upon hearing the faint rustling and then *zzzip* of a pants fly being undone, directly in front of my face. I leaned in, pulled in a slow, soft breath through my nose, caught that same scent a little stronger... and then closed the distance between my muzzle and their body, aided by that paw returning to the back of my head. It squeezed behind one of my ears, pressed my nose into short, warm bellyfur, then pulled me down - and grinded my nose along the side of a thick, plump sheath.

God, I *breathed* in the scent that hung in the fur there, a scent as warm as his body and his fur, tinted with the same masculine dryness that I had tasted on other guys so many times before. Not even one second after my nose made contact with his lower body did I bring my paws up to grip his hips and hold him there, intentionally running my muzzle along the line between the back of his sheath, the middle, the top of his sack, and his body... he lifted his hips forward a little while I tugged his pants further down his thighs. He wore no underwear.

From somewhere above my head puffed a little exhalation of breath, a tense sigh, but with no definition of voice to it, nothing to let me know his age, or if maybe I already knew him. I couldn't say I recognized the *scent* - again and again I pressed my nose into him, up all along the sides of his sheath, the front, feeling the hot, firm flesh of his cock underneath stir and slowly emerge - but, God, I could already tell it was one of the more pleasant musks I'd buried my muzzle into.

Then: "Good girl..." he purred, his paw tightening behind one of my ears. As he hardened up, the strength and sharpness of his scent heightened considerably: of course I'd already ensured that that musk had been soaked into the fur of my upper lip and the end of my nose, but *now* it tickled my nostrils strongly enough to make me let out a shuddering sigh, just for the sake of breathing it in even deeper. One thing about doing something like this, about *coming* to the Third Door, was that you have *no idea* about who your partner might be. Sure, you can ask each other questions in the solid darkness, introduce yourselves, but... where's the fun in that? Whoever I'd been paired with, he must've thought that I - otter, male, named Lukas - happened to be... well, not entirely *that*.

Well. Either *that*, or he could *tell* I was male, and just wanted to say that to me - *good girl*. Again I tried to look up at him, this time when parting my lips to drag my tongue up along the thick fur of the front of his sheath, but still I could see nothing. There was only his musk strong in my nose, his taste starting to blossom along my tongue, the warmth of his fur underneath my paws.

Salty - *that* was the first thing to enter my mind when my tongue passed over the rim of his sheath and onto the bare flesh of his cock, slick and moist. Seemed like he'd been pent up for a while: each lick along the underside of his growing length caused him to stiffen up a little more, caused him to throb and breathe out a soft sigh, caused him to grind his hips forward against

my face... I brought one of my paws up to slowly rub along his cock as it emerged from the supple skin of his sheath.

It also seemed like he enjoyed a bit of tongue-play, given the ease with which I could slip mine underneath that sheath. As expected, this drew a deep, shivering moan out of him, and yet again he pushed forward towards my face. In the darkness I could only go off my senses of smell and touch: I kept my lips against his shaft and sheath, and my tongue buried between the both of these. Quite an odd feeling, having the bulge of his knot start to take shape and swell up against my tongue, straining against the skin of his sheath... after plunging my tongue into it a few times, digging into the warmer, slicker musk that concentrated there, I straightened up on the edge of the bed a little, swallowed down his spice, and flicked my tongue out over my lips. All doubt had left my mind of whether I'd walk out of here today with my breath smelling like it had when I'd arrived.

Sticky slickness coated the inside of my maw already, made it a little tough to swallow; that *usually* happened when sucking off a canid. The natural moisture of their cocks, combined with the little spurts of runny pre... it's like a night alone with my she-otter friend. Have to always be on your toes - on your tongue, rather - or it won't be just saliva dripping down off your chin.

One paw around the base of his length, running along the slight bulge of his knot, the contours of his cock, while my muzzle bobbed along him, each time descended a little further, a little faster. Whatever sort of canid this was - I couldn't tell, honestly. Didn't really matter, I guess. The way he held my head and thrust forward past my lips made me think *wolf*; his size, his thickness, made me think *dog*; his scent made me think *fox*. I drew him along my tongue again and again, pressing up against his warm slick flesh, swallowing down that same spice that had started to rub against the back of my throat.

My other paw made its way down to my lap, pants straining with my own hard-on underneath. A *pop*, another *zip*... and I shifted a little closer towards the edge of the bed, the head of my cock slickened already with my own pre as well. Running the pad of my thumb over the end, pulling gently along the rim of my foreskin, all the while bobbing along this canid and having him rhythmically thrust into my muzzle... it made me shiver with sweet pleasure all over. I didn't even *know* this guy, had *no idea* who he was - other than I liked his scent and taste, and *loved* the way his length felt on my tongue.

You can never underestimate the senses of canids, though. Whatever this one was, his hearing was sharp enough to pick up the quiet unzipping of my pants, and the following shifting of my position: a moment later, his paw tightened on my head and held me in place as he pulled out of my muzzle. I thought he just wanted me to nuzzle and lick at the underside of his length, so I did - but then *both* paws made their ways to my shoulders and pushed me down onto the bed.

A startled "*Wait-*" almost made its way out of my mouth, but I caught it right before. That would ruin the fun.

His elevated breathing sounded to be the loudest thing in the room, then, as he tugged my pants and underwear down and lifted my legs into the air, up over his shoulders. By now he *had* to know that this was a male whose muzzle he'd just been buried in; though I still couldn't see his face, I could hear him spit into his paw, and then felt that paw make its way under my tail - where a pair of saliva-slickened fingers rubbed over the rim of my tailhole, spread that saliva around, before coming up and tracing along the underside of my own hard length...

He bent close over me, moving one paw to my thigh. I could feel the heat of the tapered end of his cock pressing up against me, threatening already to sink into me - and could also feel his breath washing out over my face through my whiskers.

"Be a good girl for me, will you..." he growled, and started to churn his hips forward. My own breath caught in my throat. "...and make some noise..."

Hell, he didn't have to *ask*. Whether it was because I'd already slobbered all over him, or because he was a little *excessive* in how much pre he drooled, or something else, I actually felt less discomfort with his thick length gradually sinking into me than I usually did with others. There was almost none of the distant pain, none of the odd, faintly uncomfortable feeling of being stretched and pressed into... just that deep, sweet pleasure, the same kind that made me arch my back and breathe out a low moan. He had lifted one of my legs over his shoulder, while the other hung down around his side; with both of these I squeezed him closer to me.

Slow at first, but God *damn*, did it feel good. He kept his muzzle close to mine as he pressed into me, burying himself under my tail up to the knot, before starting to pull back out; all of his weight was focused in his paws, now both digging into the mattress on either side of my head. My one leg over his shoulder made this position a little uncomfortable, so I spent a moment in hooking my other leg up, too - and he moved a paw back to hold it there.

Neither of us wanted to wait. Neither of us really *had* to, at this point. The canid straightened up, continuing the movement through his hips, and picked up his pace in thrusting into me. I wonder if he'd yet figured it out that this was an otter who squirmed and moaned beneath him.

"C'mon... don't tell me you're *disobedient*..." he went on. The quality of his voice, the timbre... I recognized it, but couldn't tell from where. I couldn't tell whether that turned me on even more or not. "Like I said. Be a good girl..."

Something about that - *good girl* - just... made my fur stand on end, and not in a bad way. *Definitely* not. Again I squeezed him closer to me, and this time grinded my hips, my rump on his cock buried under my tail.

"Fuck me."

He faltered in his thrusts for a moment - perhaps *he* recognized *my* voice, too - but then started right back up, a little faster and harder than before, each one causing my body to lurch back on the bed. Different angle, different speed, different strength... he buried his full length to the knot in me every time, with enough force and pressure to have that knot threaten to stretch me a little further, a little further, a *little* further. Wouldn't be the first time I'd been tied - but that's not how I wanted to spend the next who-knows-how-long. Besides, it had already swollen up; if he'd *really* wanted to keep me here, he would have tugged my muzzle off of him earlier, so he could hilt under my tail and let his knot bulge out inside of me...

I lifted myself up on my elbows, entire body now steadily jerking forward and back, forward and back with the canid's thrusts. Sure, I put a *little* extra into it - but now much: every time he sank into me, each thrust carrying a little more force than the one before, a moan worked its way out from between my lips, quickly leaving me near-breathless and pulling in gasp after gasp.

He was in no better state, having changed his position yet again with one arm now around my body half-holding me up while the other still dug into the mattress - and with his own breath still hissing in and out between gritted teeth. Not that I could see, of course. All I knew was that there was a canid of some sort pounding into me, a *very male* canid who I might know from somewhere, and who was quickly approaching his climax, given how - how his claws started to dig into my back... I was damn close, too, able to feel the familiar heat of the approaching orgasm building up, pushed just a little further with each thrust under my tail - *that* was part of why I pressed so firmly down onto him, why I grinded my rump against him with as much force as I could-

“Ah- *God*-”

His last few thrusts lifted my lower body up into the air, so that I was riding his knot - and I could *feel* each throb, each spurt as he emptied his load into me, *spurt, spurt, spurt, spurt...* of course it only took a second and a half with my own paw before I, too, was bucking into the air, riding his cum-slickened length to help. It felt like - hot, delicious fire coursing through me, making me shiver all over, making me bite my lip at the same time that I sucked in a breathy half-gasp...

...and then slumped back down over the mattress with my own cum streaked across my belly and chest, the pressure of this canid's still-hard cock buried in me forcing me to keep my hips lifted. I hadn't been this exhausted after one go in a *long* time - the canid, bracing his paws on my hips, gently tugged himself out of me, which also pulled another moan out from between my lips. Then, he did something I didn't expect: instead of getting dressed (actually, now that I think about it, I don't remember him ever taking his pants off - not that I could see) and walking off, or sitting in one of those chairs and waiting to introduce myself, he stepped around to the side of the bed, leaned in over my muzzle-

At *this* distance, I could just *barely* make out the shape of his muzzle, the form of his face. Satisfied eyes glittered at me through the darkness. I could not tell what color they were. Just as suddenly as he'd leaned in, though, a smile lifted the corners of his lips, and - he flicked his tongue out to place a small lick against my cheek.

“Thanks,” he said, and moved back around out of my range of vision. I tried to straighten up - and felt his cum leak out of my tailhole over the bedsheets... “It's been a rough week for me... I really needed that.” *Zip*, pants done, more quiet footsteps - and the soft noise of a paw being settled on the doorknob. “You *have* been a good girl...”

Then - door opened, he stepped out, and closed it behind him, before I could get a good look. Maybe I was mistaken, but it sounded like he was about to say something more, as if he were about to say my name, but caught himself at the last moment. I was left in that room with a distant soreness under my tail (that would certainly strengthen by tomorrow) and his scent hovering in my nose, torturing me - faintly familiar, as I hadn't noticed at first, but still evading my memory of *where*.

By the time I'd gotten cleaned up and left the room as well, he had disappeared. The maned wolf at the front desk gave me another lopsided smile, waved, and said “Thanks for visiting. Hope you enjoyed yourself - and each other.”

*He* would know... could give me a name or something. However, I returned the wave and continued on my way out the door, with the spice of wolf still on my tongue. Part of the fun was not knowing, after all.