

If you're anything like me, you're always a bit surprised when you head over to a friend's house for a party... and then end up getting a blowjob from someone you just met that night.

"Always", as if it happens often... after the first few times, I'd learned what to expect from the twins' parties - Khari and Harori, two African wild dogs I knew. Sometimes it was a large event, seeming almost to bring in people from out of the city and all around. For those I'd most often hang around the people I *did* know, and would soon go home without really doing anything... and then, other times, the two held pretty small gatherings consisting of just a handful of us, most of them known to me either from past parties or from somewhere else. In *this* circle of friends, names, faces, and tails tend to get around.

It was these small gatherings that were *really* interesting, and that I generally felt more comfortable at... or, at least, it was at these that I'd conquered my performance anxiety. Sure, sometimes nothing really happened - sometimes we really did just sit around on the couch, talking and sharing stories while two or three people played a video game on the dogs' big TV; sometimes we'd gather in one of the other rooms in the house and play pool, with that goddamn cute pantheress from last time making lewd gestures at me with the cue; sometimes we'd gather around their dinner table and play a trivia game (which, by the way, I suck at; the twins found this out very early on in our friendship, and as such, made it routine to have a game of strip-trivia about halfway through the night) while Harori brought out whatever he'd cooked for the night...

...and then *sometimes*, I ended up with my muzzle pressed down against one of the couch cushions while one of the wild dogs pounded into me from behind. Sometimes I'd find my muzzle between someone else's legs, a stranger to me or otherwise; sometimes Mr. Bronson, an older German shepherd I may or may not have met through a glory hole in a Wal-mart bathroom, brought over his dog and would have me first slide my tongue under *his* foreskin, and then into his dog's sheath - while everyone else watched (and sometimes recorded)... but I wasn't always the center of attention.

Today, for example... that pantheress I mentioned before? Personal friend of Khari's, from high school or something, I think he'd said. It's no secret that he and his brother have this whole *thing* going on - the first time I met him, Khari had me suck Harori off right there in front of him (which is a damn good story, by the way) - but, still, it felt a bit weird to see both of them on either end of her, on all fours in the middle of the room.

Maybe that was because for once I was just a member of the audience rather than the show. There's a whole lot more you can see from that angle: Khari has a habit of chewing on his lower lip when he's topping someone, while Harori generally looks like he's putting deliberate effort into keeping his voice down, and his big-ass dinner plate ears upright. It was also weird to think that, at first, I felt *shy* about - you know, whipping it out and pawing off, right there on the couch with the other four or five of us also sitting around and watching.

This time, there was a big stallion there (imagine how I felt about *that*; I would've loved to go over and shove my muzzle into his sheath, if not for my shyness and had someone else not already done that); that same older German shepherd from before; a wolf I might've seen once before? I don't know? Then another German shepherd, one I didn't recognize; an Arcanine; and a pair of otters who I think I might know from somewhere, and who also might be a brother-sister or cousin pair, watching how they stuck close together and how they spoke with each other.

I'm great with neither names nor faces. And, honestly, I *would* go over and talk to them (and maybe do other things too), were it not for the goddamn *elf* that slid down onto the couch beside me. He'd walked in with the stallion over there, but I hadn't paid him much attention at first; usually I don't really see myself as the sort who would go for the humanoid races, but... I gotta admit, once we *did* start talking... it was right around when the wild dogs had gotten the pantheress onto the floor. With her consent, of course.

"Hey, there," the elf said to me, in a remarkably smooth voice. Since I didn't want to be awkward as all hell and just ignore him, I turned to face him, gave my best smile... and then forgot what I was going to say, seeing those bright green eyes. As if they gave off a light of their own. "You're... I'm sorry, I don't think I caught your name."

It took me a moment. He had his paw - hand - extended; I took it, squeezed, and shook. Imagine that - simple, pleasant introductions, while two very-aroused brothers strip a party guest in the middle of the room with everyone else watching. I glanced over: Khari had his paw beneath the waistband of her jeans and panties, while his brother fiddled with her bra from behind. A second later, it fell down along her arms, and a shiver visibly shot through her body. Probably didn't help that Harori, slightly taller than his brother, worked his blunted claws through her fur along her sides, and assisted his twin in undoing her pants fly...

I cleared my throat, and swallowed. "Lukas. I'm Lukas."

God, it'd take some time to get used to looking over, and seeing no muzzle or fur. Just... face. Smooth skin, sharp eyebrows, long ears. "Lortian," he replied, with that same smile. "Or Lori. Either works. I came in with Marcus - stallion over there, uh... getting his crotch huffed by that wolf?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I saw." Looking over at that horse again, seeing whoever-that-was rub his nose up against the *very prominent* bulge in his pants, as well as hearing and seeing what was going on directly in front of us... needless to say, it made my own pants a bit tighter. I think Lori noticed when I settled my paws back into my lap to adjust my pants. "I got here on my own. Before the last party, back... last month, maybe?... I was here, but I missed a few of them before that. Don't remember seeing you there, then."

"Oh, yeah, nah. I only kind of recently met the brothers." He settled back besides me, one arm hooked over the back of the couch and the other kind of just hanging limply between us. By now, the wild dogs had gotten the panther's clothing off and around her ankles, Khari's fingers still working up between her legs while his brother placed kiss after kiss against her neck, her shoulder, the top of her breast. "Only recently met Markus, too," with a nod of his head over in that direction. As he said it, the wolf reached up with both paws, started to undo the stallion's fly, and flopped that thick, heavy shaft down over his nose, a big glob of clear pre dripping down from the blunt end and onto his forehead... "I'm kinda new here. Just... getting to know everyone, still."

I licked my lips and looked back towards the other end of the room. Bronson stood over there chatting with the other German shepherd, but his eye caught mine for a fraction of a second, and I could swear that he gave a little hop of his eyebrow... or was he looking at Lori? Whatever. Again, I shifted my position a little. "Yeah? What do you think so far?"

"Everyone's really nice."

A gentle "*ah-*" rippled through the warm air in the room, from the panther's muzzle as she was pushed down onto all fours. Harori knelt down in front of her, and with his paw still on the back of her head, she ran her nose up along the underside of his length, squeezed his sack in one paw, parted her lips and flicked her tongue over the rim of his foreskin. I'd been in her position before, Khari settling into place behind her, and - as you'd probably expect, it's a good one to be in.

"Lori - that's what you said your name was, right?" I turned to face him, lifting one of my legs up across the cushion I sat on. Should've thought it through, though: this position only increased the pressure against my already-twitching cock in the front of my pants, and those green eyes seemed like they were gradually floating down my body towards there... "You don't end up at a party like *this* just thinking people are 'nice'."

His face scrunched up into a smirk, and he leaned closer. Boy smelled faintly of strawberries and sweat... maybe this latter was due to that stallion over there, now with that wolf trying to fit his head between his lips. He was getting there. Kinda. "Yeah? What, think I have to get into someone's pants to hang out with the brothers?"

I must have hesitated too long, because next thing I knew, his grin had widened. My ears flicked back, more out of embarrassment than offense; having just seen this guy from across the room, I'd thought that he'd be reserved and shy, more so than myself.

"...Well..." I managed, and squirmed. "I've-"

The elf only continued to lean in, and at first, I thought he might be drunk or something; however, there was no weight of alcohol on his breath once he spoke again. Seemed like he just wanted to get closer to me... and his hand pressed down onto my thigh reinforced this idea. I bet he'd been hanging out with Khari a lot.

"Blown both the brothers, one in front of the other, and then - what's the phrase... raised your tail for them? Or what about - that shepherd over there, the big one? Have you had *him* fill you up, too?"

Christ. I could feel my ears turn red. Lori held my gaze for a moment longer, and then sat back with quiet laughter racking his body-

"... 'cause, *man*, that's all the stuff *I've* done. Also sucked off Marcus over there. That's what got me here, and now that I *am* here..." That hand remained on my thigh, and started to move up towards the warmth of my crotch. It'd be my natural response to move away, but... I have to admit, I *was* interested. And, besides, getting off had forced its way to the forefront of my thoughts by now, what with the occasional snorting grunts of the stallion on the other couch paired with the scene in front of us, the pantheress bobbing up and down on Harori's length while his brother slowly slid into her from behind, paws and claws on her hips.

"You wouldn't be opposed to me trying *you* out, too, would you, Lukas?"

"W-well, I..." ...was what I *began* to say, before I actually thought about it. Repeated twitching throbs in the front of my pants, tight and uncomfortable especially as the three giving us this

show started to get deeper into things, were one thing; that wolf at the other couch, steadily bobbing along the upper half of that stallion's cock while he lifted up into his muzzle and held his head down, was another; and the thought that, even if I were to reject this admittedly-cute elf, I'd still unzip and get to work...

I swallowed, and spread my legs a little, My voice didn't come out quite as confident as I'd hoped.

"Go ahead."

Without another word, without any sort of hesitation or *are you sure?*, Lori slid down to his knees on the carpet floor in front of the couch, spread my legs further with his hands on my knees, and then tugged me closer to the edge of the couch. My eyes fell away from the twins and pantheress for a moment to watch him in his preparations, those warm, slim fingers working swiftly at the button and zipper of my fly, while he pressed the base of his wrist into me. It was a natural response for me to lift my hips up and grind back against him, and - when I did, he gave me that same grin again, and... yanked my pants down, underwear going with it.

His lips made the shape as if he were to breathe out a quiet "*ooh...*" but whether he actually did, I couldn't hear over the soft, wet slapping of Khari getting into a rhythm in the she-panther, hips swaying forward and back. Lori spent a few seconds just *looking* at me, green eyes tracing up along the shape of my bare cock, learning the form and appearance... before he set his nose and lips to do the same.

Soft, pressing warmth, running up along my underside, tugging gently at the rim of my foreskin; I could feel his gentle inhalations and slow exhalations, tasting my scent, getting me into his mind. As he did so, I, too settled into place, hooking my arms up over the back of the couch and lifting closer to his face, intentionally grinding against his lips. This time he responded with a well-placed tongue, yet again following the same track as his eyes and nose: one long, slow lick from base to tip, curling up at the ridged rim of my foreskin, briefly dancing along my mostly-covered head, before he moved down to do it again - and again - and again, each time earning another throb and strain against his face.

Private parties with the twins always ended up like this, which meant that there'd be that excitement and anticipation all throughout waiting for it, so... admittedly, my scent had had a bit of time to build up, especially with Mr. Bronson pulling me aside earlier in the night, opening his own pants, and resting his thick shaft across my nose. Before I could do anything, though, right as I parted my lips to take him, he turned away and zipped back up, and told me that I needed to set up another *session* with him sometime if I wanted to get a taste. Until we sat down to eat dinner, I could still smell him on my upper lip and on the skin of my nose.

So. Yeah. I'd been considerably worked up all throughout the evening, and now with this elf between my legs...

I lowered one of my paws to my maw, to chew on a claw while looking back and forth between him and the three in the middle of the room, Khari and Harori now doing that totally-adorable-and-also-hot thing they do where they make out above the person they're spitroasting. Lori had shifted up to focus on the end of my cock, deft tongue tracing all around the ridged rim of my foreskin and make me twitch and gasp over and over, his fingers keeping that skin rolled

forward and bunched up for him - enough so that he could easily dig the tip of his tongue underneath, curl it up, and then flick it back out, again and again.

You could make me cum just by rolling my skin back and circling your tongue around the underside of my head, right along that one spot where the frenulum tightens up if you continue to pull... someone *has* before, and - my *God*. Lori didn't want things to go that route, though, and after he'd satisfied himself in making me squirm *that* way, he continued with the round-and-round motion of his tongue along my head, hand moving along my shaft to slide my skin over that tongue as he did so.

I gotta admit, I am definitely not used to being the one receiving this kind of offer, but hell if I'm gonna complain. The elf had gotten into a slow, steady rhythm now, diving down along my length with his hand going with his lips, then coming back up, briefly digging his tongue under my skin (which, as I've said before, made me twitch and sweetly groan) before going down again... for a while I closed my eyes and rested my head against the back of the couch, muzzle hanging open to let out the little gasps and breathy moans. The tip of my tail flicked and twitched over the edge of the cushions, only working to show my growing desire and anticipation.

In front of us, Khari had slowed his pace somewhat, but still sank as deep as he could into the panther before drawing back, slow and deliberate, the pleasure of the actions visible on his muzzle. The kiss between him and his brother had broken, but Harori still had one paw draped over Khari's shoulder while the other held the panther's head down on his length, hilted past her lips... just like his brother, on her other end. I'd gotten that same treatment as she got now, and I'd love to be there again.

Another flick of Lori's tongue across the slit along the end of my cock brought me back to the matter at hand, and earned a throb between his lips that I'm certain squeezed out a small bead of pre. Every time he swallowed, I could feel it; whenever he tightened his lips or shifted his tongue, either to dig yet again under my foreskin or to cup my underside in a another dive down, I could feel it; when he partially wrapped his fingers around my cock and hooked his thumb around the base of my sack, his skin digging into my pubic fur, I could feel it. Every little thing he did, each flick of the tongue or change in his jaw, or speed, or the strength of his bobbing; it all continued to work me up, until I found myself lifting my hips up every time he dove down, and then settling back down against the cushions whenever he came back up, tightened his lips on the rim of my foreskin, swirled his tongue around my head.

"God..." I breathed, unintentionally. For a brief moment he looked up at me through half-lidded eyes, but then closed them again and continued without a hitch, hands and mouth both doing their work. It was a bit odd looking down and watching someone without a muzzle sticking out in front of their face still dive down as far as anyone else, the pressure of his throat squeezing on the end of my cock, his nose pressing into the fur of my lower belly. The elf remained there for a moment, where I could even stronger feel the added squeezing of his swallows, before he slid back up again and came entirely off my length, my head and skin slick with saliva.

Then, Lori remained in place with his lips and tongue working at the upper half of my head, while his paw quickly picked up in pace along my length, rolling that skin forward and back against his lips. He'd definitely had experience in this position, too: sometimes you can tell when someone's just fuckin' winging it, or if they've never done anything with an uncut boy before, but - *God*, the way he swirled his tongue, how he occasionally parted his lips and squeezed down

on the rim of my foreskin, how he rubbed and massaged my balls in gentle fingers as he did so... between my own half-opened eyes, I looked up past him at the main exhibit. For inspiration, you know, even though I could close my eyes and easily get off just by Lori's attention. Still, though...

...hard to say *no* to watching two hot-as-fuck African wild dog brothers going at it, right? Especially with a panther like *that* in between them, one of her paws at the base of Harori's cock and her other down between her legs, fingers rubbing at herself as Khari had picked his pace back up. Now, the sound of his thrusts rang out above her moans, *slap slap slap*... and when I looked over towards the other couch, the stallion had recently finished, too: that cute wolf looked like he'd just stared a garden hose down, the stallion's load dripping from his nose and chin and still oozing out of the end of that blunted head, now flared and twitching.

I could feel myself quickly approaching the same peak, too, and actually - actually settled my own paw on the back of Lori's head and tugged him back down onto me, my hips already working in rhythm against his fast stroking. I sort of lost track of myself, of my breathing and pace and what all was going on: there was just hot, intense pleasure quickly building up in my abdomen, from that similar wet heat squeezing around the end of my cock, along my sliding skin, squeezing and rubbing at all the right places. Lori could tell, too: I could feel him straining against my paw, trying to move back up but not slowing his stroking at all, still squeezing his lips around my head, bringing me closer and closer, until-

"A-ah-"

-and the first spurt, fast and hard, shot out against the roof of his mouth, to be quickly swallowed down. Only then did my paw come free from his hair and he moved back, letting the following spurts empty out across his face, catching his cheek, his nose, his lips, his chest, one after another, each one a little weaker than the last. Even afterwards, while I was panting and trying to catch my breath, Lori remained there between my legs and closed his lips on my cock again, tongue working gently around to clean me up and lap off the last of my load and what of it continued to drip out, his hand finally slowing down and milking the rest out of me.

I felt hot all over, I could feel my blush in my ears and cheeks, there was this deep satisfaction pounding in my chest, but still... I'd just gotten a blowjob from a total stranger while at a house party. Sure, there were three others going at it not fifteen feet in front of me - Khari sucked in a gasp, straightened up, and buried himself under the panther's tail, and I swear I could see the throbs pulsing through the back of his sack as he, too, emptied himself into her. Harori apparently had the same idea that Lori did: right when his huge ears swung back and his face scrunched up, he pulled out of the panther's muzzle, pawed off fast and hard for about half a second - and then grinded up against her face, his cum shooting out in a few thick ropes across the black fur of her muzzle. As he did so, she nuzzled up against his sack and curled her tongue against him, her chest visibly heaving with exhausted panting; once Khari straightened up and took a few steps back, the light from the lamp on a table near the couch reflected off her inner thigh, showing the slick track of her own arousal.

If I didn't still have an elf on my cock, I'd love to go over there and offer to clean that wild dog's mess out of her. But, of course *this* was fine, too.

"So," Lortian said, letting my softening shaft flop back against my lower belly. He wiped his mouth off on the back of his hand. "There anything I can get you?"

At first, I didn't quite process what he'd said, and just looked down at him with my brow furrowed. "I... what?"

"Like, a drink or something. Do you want anything?"

"Oh! Oh, um..." Should I - wipe the spit off myself and do my fly back up? Should I just sit here, with it all kinda out for everyone to see? Do I say yes to his offer, or is that rude, or what? I really have *never* been in a position like this before... "Sure. I guess."

It seemed that everyone else was winding down, too. The wolf had just finished cleaning off the stallion's cock as it retreated into his sheath, and now Khari did exactly what I'd wanted to, both his paws on the panther's rump to keep her spread while he buried his muzzle up into her, lips and tongue bringing her over the edge of her own peak... and then again... and again, and again, each time with her pressing back against him with enough force that he had to adjust his position.

So as those three went off to get cleaned up - the pantheress didn't come back from the master bedroom; lucky her, getting to spend the night between the brothers tonight - Lori and I sat back and talked, actually getting to know each other... and, let me tell you, it was damn weird having a conversation like that where I can smell my own load on the other person's breath, every time he starts talking again. When I stood up to leave a while later, Mr. Bronson shot me a rare grin from across the room.

New contact in my phone, too. I had two messages to send once I got home.