

Lucian dropped his head into his hand, rubbing a forefinger and thumb at the base of one of his horns. Pounding headache ever since he left his apartment earlier in the evening, or a little bit before right when his girlfriend started shouting like that... some of what she'd said *did* have merit, sure, but he certainly wasn't going to tell her that. She was one of those types who just couldn't accept when they were wrong, and always changed what they said so it sounded like they *weren't*... so he tried not to avoid admitting when she was right. That just made things worse. But, then, he also held off on telling her whenever she was wrong

which was, naturally, most of the time

because *that* never turned out well for him, either. Usually resulted in him getting kicked out to the couch for the night, or having to cook his own lunch, or wiggling his way out into the road 'cause she'd parked too close behind his car... things like that. *This* evening, though, Lucian had just figured - *fuck it* - and headed out on his own, to come back later tonight or tomorrow or so. Whenever he felt like it.

And, right now, he didn't feel like it at all. He'd made his way down to a local bar, a place he'd passed by many times before but had never gone into. First time for everything, right? The mixed scent of sour cigarette smoke, artificial-fruity vape clouds, bite of alcohol, and spice of something else curled around and tickled at his nose as soon as he'd stepped in, and actually drew him in further. The slim cow had made his way over to the bar itself, sat down, flagged the bartender for a drink, and... here he was now, some three or so glasses later of whatever it was he'd been brought in response to his dejected "surprise me".

The alcohol would help with the headache, he figured, and also with forgetting how much of a bitch his girlfriend would be. Lucian certainly wasn't looking forward to going back home to *that*, so he might as well do it when he wouldn't remember the entirety of the night.

Not that he was going to be leaving of his own accord anytime soon, of course. After settling his forehead down against his arm and just... *breathing* for a few minutes, his ears swished in hearing the seat next to him creak and groan with someone settling into place beside him. For some reason, he could *feel* this other person's presence, though they didn't speak or otherwise made any noise to let him know who they were, without him lifting his head and looking... but the occasional tickle of a bushy tail swinging against the side of Lucian's legs, paired with the rhythmic drumming of sharp claws on the smooth bar surface, made him think... *wolf*.

"You look tense."

That low, gruff voice startled him, making him jump a little bit - and when he lifted his head back up (but briefly had to close his eyes until the world stopped spinning) and blinked against the dim colored lights of the bar, at least he could see that he was right about *one* thing, unlike how his girlfriend would like to make him think. But when his eyes focused and the blurriness cleared... yep, that was *definitely* a wolf sitting next to him. Definitely a wolf, definitely a male. That much could be smelled clearly enough on the gentle scent just wafting off of him, that kind of cologne-like aura that some predator species had.

Foxes, coyotes, dingoes, panthers and tigers sometimes, but most noticeably *wolves*. Being a cow himself - Holstein, he liked to specify, but a surprisingly low number of people knew what that meant - Lucian always just figured it was a sort of inborn reaction in him, that kind of deep, tingling shiver that always rippled through him whenever he caught a whiff of a scent like that,

that rich predatory spice. He always figured it was a natural reaction, a prey-predator interaction. Maybe this wolf got a similar thing from him: when he glanced up, up, since this wolf sat a good two heads above him, bright yellow eyes glinted sideways back down at him, and then forward towards the bartender.

Lucian frowned. Had he just imagined that voice? This big wolf rested one elbow on the bar and half-turned his back to the small cow, raising his other paw to flag down a drink.

"Were you..." The cow cleared his throat and raised his voice. One of the wolf's ears flicked back to face him, a natural reaction to the new sound beneath the music of the club. "Were you talking to me?"

The wolf answered without facing him, instead just sort-of turning his muzzle in his direction so Lucian could see the corner of one of those eyes again. "I was. Though, I have to admit - I mistook you for a slim little heifer from the back."

At first, that word didn't quite click in Lucian's head... but then when it did, he had to squeeze his fingers a little tighter around the edge of the table, for the little buzz it sent through him. "Is, um... is that a problem?"

First, the wolf nodded his thanks to the bartender for bringing him something, a simple cylindrical glass with a nondescript amber alcohol in it. Lucian's nose wrinkled with the scent of it from here; it wasn't the kind of fruity, sparkly drink that he himself preferred ordering. But, then again, this canid definitely didn't seem like the type for that. And, then, those yellow eyes flicked over and focused on him again, the glass looking quite small in that thick paw. The wolf's voice sounded restrained, then, as he spoke into the lip of the glass before tilting it back to take a sip.

"Ain't for me. What about you?"

"Naw..." was his original reply, but the look on the wolf's face afterwards made him wonder if that was the right answer... or if he'd just answered a question entirely different from the one he'd been asked. Instead of linger on it, though, and also because his buzzed brain thought it better, the cow extended one hand out and tried to ignore how it swayed uneasily out in the air. "I'm Lucian."

Yellow eyes watched that hand, and for a moment, Lucian thought that he might as well slip it back into his pocket and get up and leave. But right before his nerve failed him, that hand came to be enclosed in a much larger paw, intensely warm with calloused fingerpads and slightly-unkempt fur, sharp curved claws and a predictably firm grip. The wolf spun slowly around to face him more full-on, still balancing his drink in his other paw.

"Rome."

"Is that... that, like... the place, or, like... 'roaming around'?"

Maybe he was a bit more drunk than he'd thought. Rome raised an eyebrow, pursed his lips, watched the cow for a moment, and then took another sip. "Do you have a preference?"

"Why would I?"

"You look like things haven't really been going your way tonight." The wolf set his glass back down on the bar, and idly drew the pad of one finger around and around the rim. "Just thought I'd offer you a little something to... grab onto, I guess. Normally I don't do this, but - cute guy like you, sitting alone here at a bar, lookin' like you've got a little too much weight on your shoulders..."

*Wait*, Lucian's mind said, *wait, wait, wait...* but for some reason, his mouth wasn't willing to tell this big predator, *you've got the wrong idea, I'm not like that*. Instead he just felt his ears flick again and face redden, just a little bit. Maybe that was the booze; maybe it was the compliment. Whatever.

Next thing he knew, though, he'd lowered his face into his hand again and was clumsily spilling out the events of the afternoon, glad for his own tall glass still sitting on the bar, since it gave him something to rest his forehead on. "Got into a fight with the..." ...would that offend this wolf? Didn't really seem like someone he'd like to get to upset. Lucian cleared his throat. "...well, more of an argument, I guess... figured it'd be friendlier out here on my own with some alcohol than back home. So. Here I am."

"So you're on your own tonight, huh?"

Rome had a bit of a growl beneath his already-low voice, a deep, gritty rumbling that grated at Lucian's ears and tickled in the base of his spine. Almost without knowing why, the cow scooted towards the edge of his seat, just so he could be a little closer to the big wolf - and so he could taste his scent just a little better. Faint on the air but stronger the closer he got, undeniably masculine, sharp and edged just like those yellowish fangs that showed every time he took a sip of his drink and those claws that he still drummed on the bar.

"Yeah." Lucian didn't even realize that he'd been staring right into Rome's eyes, and that the wolf had been staring right back. Sunflare-yellow amid smooth, shiny darkness, ebon-black fur all along his muzzle and down his body, over his arms and tail... "I guess I am."

Rome held his gaze for a moment longer, and then looked away. He'd wriggled his other paw down into his pocket, maybe to grab his phone or something... but when he placed it back on the table, Lucian couldn't quite see what it was he'd gotten. "It's more than that, isn't it?"

"What?"

"More than just your... argument tonight. Has it been going on for a while?"

"Oh yeah." Like before, he spoke without thinking. "Definitely. This ain't the first time I've made my way here... just the first time I've met... met..." Almost surprising even himself, instead of finishing his statement, the cow just dropped his face into his hands again and breathed out a sigh. "Oh my God, yeah, man. I'm stressed out."

"I think I have something to help with that."

Next time he looked up, Rome had shifted his weight so he leaned a little closer to the smaller cow, and watched him with a slightly suspicious glare. Lucy cleared his throat and straightened up. "Yeah?"

"Yeah." The wolf lifted that paw - and showed to him a small, round tablet of a pill, white or some other pale pastel color, tinted off by the lighting in the bar. "Was planning to use this myself 'cause I've had a bitch of a day, too, but... you seem like you need it more 'n me..."

"What is it?"

"It ain't too strong, if that's what you're worried about. Actually..." After looking him up and down for another moment, Rome scratched a line across the surface of the pill... and then dug his claw into the center, causing it to break along that line into an almost-perfect half-dose. Then, without further hesitation, the big wolf dropped half of that into what remained of his drink, swirled it around a bit with that same claw... and slid it over towards Lucian, who just barely managed to catch it. The glass looked much smaller in Rome's paws, funny enough. "You're small, so I'd be worried about giving you the whole thing. Go on - drink up. You'll feel better."

All that remained of the drug was a gritty mistiness in the amber liquid of the drink, though that quickly faded away as well. Lucian's nose twitched with the bite of the alcohol and the lingering spice of wolf still on the glass, and he knew *very* well that he should just give a prim *no, thank you*, stand up, and head back home, but... he really *could* use some time to just unwind and relax. And - really, with everything his girlfriend had said to him earlier, everything she'd accused him of? He really just couldn't give a shit anymore.

And then, besides... there was just *something* about this wolf, about the way those yellow eyes traced over his flesh like sharp claws, leaving a cool shiver wherever they went, almost enough for him to arch his back and ask for more... before he knew what he was doing, the cow had closed that glass as much as he could in his hand, lifted it to his lips, and tilted it back, bracing his nose against the scent. The taste, of course, went with it, and caused his face to scrunch up and his throat to burn, through the three remaining gulps. Honestly, if someone had told him this was a glass of dark piss, he wouldn't really have questioned it, if not for the pointed lack of saltiness...

When he rested the glass back down, Rome nodded at him with satisfaction and relief. It felt good to see such a change on that face, from the stoic stranger look to that kind of... kind of interested, almost friendly kind of thing. Still, though, there was still something beneath those eyes, something that kept his ears and whiskers perked and his mouth curved up in a half-smirk, the edge of a couple of fangs visible between his black lips. As Lucian coughed and spluttered and reached for his own drink to wash down the taste, Rome reached over and patted him on the back, sharp claws pricking freely at the surface of the cow's hide through his shirt.

Those little pricks, the sharp, tickling bites... they raised the hairs on the back of his neck and made him arch his back, even tightened his pants a little bit, reluctant as he was to admit. Now when the wolf spoke, Lucian could almost feel the vibrations of his low voice on the air, tickling at his ears and in his skull. And if he'd thought that his scent *before* was borderline intoxicating... something else the cow noticed after a while was that time was fairly stop-and-go. There'd be moments where he'd be sitting back, having a good conversation with this big wolf as if they'd known each other for years, chatting about work and friends and relationships... and then suddenly times where he felt acutely aware that he'd just skipped five or so minutes, because all of a sudden he had a new drink in his hands, or the drink he *did* have was empty, or he was halfway through an arm-wrestling match with this wolf (who very clearly was going easy on him)...

...or he was trailing between that same black wolf out to the parking lot, one of Rome's massive paws squeezing on his wrist and leading him forward. Lucian clearly remembered climbing up into the passenger seat of the car beside him and getting buckled in and everything, but then he zoned out again - and when he came back this time, he was staring out the window to some part of town he didn't recognize moving steadily past, with a strong desire throbbing in his pants.

No doubt to it: that was because of the physical closeness to this canid, of being stuck with him in this small car with that sharp musk just wafting around and tickling at his nose, again and again. Once more, Lucian had to remind himself that he wasn't gay, and that he'd never had feelings or thoughts like this before... but he couldn't help but look over beside him, at how Rome kind of lounged back with his legs spread, the front of his black denim jeans bulged out a little bit both by the natural curve of the zipper beneath, as well as probably what those pants hid. Lucian licked his lips.

"Oh," Rome said, his voice picking up a little more gravel in the close quarters of the car. "What I gave you? It'll chill you out, it'll calm you down... and it'll also make you damn horny. Insatiable, almost. I figured I could take you home and try to satisfy that want of yours, and get you further relaxed in the process... that's not a problem, is it?"

How convenient. However, Lucian couldn't give a verbal response: the knowledge and closeness, the desire and thirst... he swiftly unbuckled his seatbelt with one hand, braced his other against the armrest between the seats, and then leaned down and - and pressed his nose right up against the bulge in the front of Rome's pants, nuzzling down into the intense heat soft firmness, breathing in the source of that rich scent through the thick fabric. The wolf straightened up a little bit and let out a low rumble of a growl, showing his satisfaction with a reciprocal grind back up against the cow's nose.

For the rest of the ride back to the canid's place, there was no actual contact of skin to skin - or hide to fur, rather. Not that that was a problem for Lucian, of course: the cow found himself turned on more by this than by anything else he'd ever done with his girlfriend, and so far he'd just... nuzzled into this wolf's crotch and inhaled his scent, breathed it deep, pressed his nose in to the warmest spot and felt the twitch of meat and muscle beneath, responding to the pressure of his face and his interest and curiosity.

Then there was a paw on the back of his head, strong and warm, pushing him in more firmly, guiding him down closer between the wolf's legs. Rome kept a good grip on him, showing him *exactly* where he wanted him to nuzzle and kiss through the fabric, and just like good cattle, he followed and obeyed. Even when they finally stopped in front of the wolf's house and he turned the car off to get out, when Lucian wanted nothing more than to yank those pants down and taste what was now thoroughly ground into his nose and lips, he still followed Rome's commands: *Get up. Close the door. Follow me. Unlock the door. Turn left, go down the hall, into the bedroom, second door on the right. Sit down on the edge of the bed and wait.*

And so he did. It was a nice place, not quite the caliber of something he'd see in one of those home decoration magazines, but close; Rome had a taste in furniture that belied a more refined side to him, something beyond the gruff, unkempt predator with the fiery eyes and the aroma of bloodlust and carnal want. Roll-top desk in one corner of the bedroom, cover drawn shut with chair pushed off to the side; a framed poster for what could only be an opera production, with a

name that Lucian couldn't possibly hope to pronounce; a big, soft bed, pillow-top, king size with two sets of pillows and a nightstand on either side, each with various different things-

Then he snapped right back to attention, once a big, black mass blocked off most of the light from the hallway. Rome padded steadily towards him, those eyes seeming to give off a light of their own as he approached, thumbs hooked beneath the waistband of his pants and paws steadily moving closer to the button of his fly. He'd already shed his shirt. Lucian licked his lips again and swallowed: with him sitting on the bed and the wolf standing, the height difference was perfect, to where he could lean in and touch his nose right beneath Rome's belly button, pressing into his skin and fur so he could get a strong whiff of that musk, spicy and pungent without being unpleasant, intoxicating... and then a few swift movements of thumb and finger, a *pop* of a button and *zip* of a zipper, the rustling of fabric over fur...

...and next thing he knew, Rome's paw had again settled on the back of his head and, this time, tugged him forward to press his nose right up between the edge of his sheath and the fur of his hip, right against soft supple skin bearing strongly that same scent. He breathed it deep and shuddered with the intensity, the musk almost palpably working its way up his nose and down his throat, as if he'd leaned over a pot of bubbling soup and inhaled the aroma of the broth. Same heat, same moisture, same salty, spicy quality that made his mouth water and caused him to lick his lips once more, this time catching the side of that thick sheath.

Of course Rome didn't have to hold him there. As soon as that paw released his head, Lucian moved up a little bit, up towards the lip of that sheath to get a taste of a different scent, the headier, heavier musk of the flesh of his cock, the first inch or so of his reddish-pink tip having already worked its way out. *That* made his nose wrinkle a little bit, but still, he couldn't resist... the cow had to cup both of his hands to heft Rome's balls, plump and hot and heavy, and here he could already tell that he'd have trouble fitting his girth between his lips. That would come later, though; for now, the cow busied himself with pursing his lips against that tapered tip and lapping off the slickness of his arousal, trying not to lose himself too much and dive right down - the little spurts of hot pre kept his mouth full and his throat busy enough.

Slick, salty, sticky, the kind of sticky where he had to swallow a couple of times to get it completely down. Again, though, not that he minded. Curiosity there satisfied, Lucian started to make his way back down again, keeping his nose pressed to the flesh of Rome's cock, gladly taking that slickness onto the skin of his nose and lips, moving down toward the rim of his sheath, sliding his tongue gently beneath, lifting it up, feeling the tension and heat and - and resulting shiver through the wolf's body, the wave of pleasure of having a tongue dig beneath the rim of his sheath. Lucian pressed in as far as he could, loving the way the skin tightened around his tongue and lower lip as he coaxed Rome's cock further out, loving the pressure of his girth against the side of his face and slick stickiness it left there, the intense scent that he'd probably be able to smell on himself three days from now.

All inhibitions had been left back at the bar and somewhere in that car, that smelled almost as strongly of masculine wolf as this right here. Almost - and of course, Lucian would prefer the source of that scent, any time. Yet again he continued down, the supple skin of Rome's sheath pulling down a little bit with the pressure of his nose, tightening along the growing bulge of his knot, resisting at the spot where his sheath met his body... and, there, the cow nosed down a little bit further and nuzzled up between those balls, breathing in deeply through his nose and exhaling through parted lips, feeling their weight on his face, their warmth, the slight moisture of being bound all day beneath underwear and pants.

With his muzzle in place there, Lucian moved his hands back up, effectively switching places - though now, he worked and rubbed at the wolf's sheath, drawing it back and forth, back and forth over that slick, smooth flesh. Rome rumbled and grinded more firmly against his face, the paw on the back of his head now remaining there for support and to rub behind his ears than to guide his movements.

"You know," he said, and angled his hips so that the underside of his thick cock tapped against the top of Lucian's head. The cow took one more huff of the wolf's hanging sack, his balls swaying a little bit with each movement, and then came back up to nuzzle along that underside and follow it with his tongue. "I could make a joke about you being the perfect livestock... you stay in place, you do what you're told, you don't stray..."

Breaking that pattern once more, Rome tightened his paw again and held Lucian's head back... only to angle his cock down with his other paw and tap his tapered tip against those lips. The cow looked down over that shaft, thick and red and glistening with liquid arousal, bulge of his knot visible beneath the lip of his sheath, the whole thing throbbing rhythmically with his pulse. With each throb came another hot little spray of pre against his lips and tongue, again filling his mouth with that sharp, salty taste.

"*You're* not gonna be the one we milk tonight, though."

Wouldn't have to tell *him* twice. Lucian hoisted one of the wolf's sizeable balls in one hand, the other kept halfway along that throbbing red length before his face with his fingers tracing easily over the slick flesh, stroking gently, keeping him angled towards him... and then parted his lips and started down, tongue cupped along the underside, quickly and eagerly taking that salty, spicy taste into his mouth, on top of the scent that now burned at his nose and back of his throat with each inhalation.

This was new to him, of course. The thought of doing this, the actual action itself, the movement of his tongue and his jaw, how tight he kept his lips, how far he could bring Rome's cock into his maw before it was too far... actually, it was the wolf's girth that stopped him rather than inexperience, though the plump flesh and heavy musk *did* cause him to gag at one point, and move back to swallow down the slick mix of saliva, pre, and liquid arousal that had gathered on his tongue.

He'd had this done to him plenty of times before. Couldn't be too hard, right? The cow kept his hand wrapped as much as he could around Rome's cock as he bobbed, getting into a slow, easy rhythm that worked with his inexperience and that, apparently, was still good enough for the wolf, seeing as how he worked his hips against that rhythm. The wolf pushed forward a little more firmly, a little more urgently, than Lucian would have liked - every few thrusts, he could feel his jaw stretch out a little bit; good thing all of his nuzzling and grinding and teasing had gotten him worked up enough for his knot to begin swelling, or else he might've ended up suffocating tonight - but, he was getting used to.

And - God *damn* if it didn't turn him on, for some reason. After he'd gotten into that rhythm, the cow opened his eyes and looked forward over this glistening cock pumping in and out of his maw, a little less than half of it still visible when he'd taken it as far as he could; he looked over the bulge of that knot, the tight flesh and pulsing veins, the saliva-slickened skin of his sheath, the bushy pubic fur just as black as the rest of his body, though shining a little with sweat and

scent; looked over the flat belly ridged just slightly with muscles, the male chest, the broader shoulders and wider muzzle.

Each time Rome breathed out another low growl, Lucian's ears twitched and his heart picked up a half-pace. That was just a consequence of species, him being a cow and his partner here being a wolf - a rather big, rather hungry wolf, in at least one sense of the word. He could feel the canid's claws on the back of his head and neck, digging into his skin and regulating his pace, holding him down for a fraction of a second longer, moving his head just a little bit faster. It was as if Rome intended to use Lucian's head just as something to get off, as a slick thing to fuck and empty his load into.

Honestly, though, that wouldn't be so bad. The cow let his eyes slip closed again and relaxed his throat as much as he could, feeling the smooth contours of the wolf's cock as it slid over his tongue again and again, and the little throbs against his lips and spurts of heavy pre into his throat. Still he kept one hand along that length, moving quickly with his rhythm and squeezing that cock, pumping it like he knew that Rome wanted him to; and he'd brought his other up from his heavy sack and rubbed behind the wolf's knot, sliding his fingers in against the slick, supple skin of his sheath to do so, and tugging gently on the hot flesh. It seemed that *that* was what made him buck the most, that little added tug and pressure.

Lucian wasn't even thinking of himself. It was hard to ignore the intense tightness in his own pants, the almost irresistible want and desire to slip a hand down and get himself off, but there were more important things to take care of first. Before long, Rome had settled both paws on the back of the cow's head so he could hold him in place and piston his hips forward and back, forward and back, all of the action leading up to here allowing Lucian to take him a little bit easier... so that now, that full sack swung forward against his chin with each thrust forward, and another wave of sharp musk hit his nose whenever he found the space to breathe.

Rome started to lean in over him and push him back, until Lucian had to brace his arms behind him for balance with his hands against the bed... and then kept pushing him down further, so he had to prop himself up on his elbows while this big wolf pumped at his muzzle, one leg up on the edge of the bed for a better angle. Fast and hard, sack slapping against Lucian's chin, musk hot and rich in his nose, on his tongue, in his throat...

That low, rumbling growl picked up and peaked into something just barely short of snarl - and before he could prepare himself, Lucian felt his cheeks burst out with the volume of cum that came with that first spurt, a bit more liquidy than he'd expected and a lot more voluminous. Hot, slick, sticky; quite a bit saltier and more bitter than he'd hoped, but he still eagerly and obediently swallowed it down nonetheless. Rome had moved one paw down along the cow's face to squeeze his mouth shut on his cock as he continued to unload, each spurt shooting against the back of his throat, almost too fast for him to drink.

With the last few spurts, Rome brought his hips back and then thrust them forward in time with the powerful throbs, squeezing Lucian's tongue down against the bottom of his mouth - and when he finally released his head, the cow fell back onto his back on the bed, that sticky load dripping from the corners of his mouth and soaking into his shirt.

Both he and this big wolf had to spend a moment to catch their breath. Lucian drew himself back up into a sitting position, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth as he did so - and swallowed down that taste once more. There had been enough there that he could feel its

warmth and weight stirring in his belly, as if he'd just swallowed a potful of stew gravy. Was just as thick, hot, and savory, too.

Rome stood up straight and remained there for a moment, paws now gripping the waistband of his pants as his still-hard cock dripped out the last of his load, bouncing slightly with every pulse of his heart. "That'll take a while to go down," he panted, and swallowed. Then, the bed creaked beneath his weight as he sat down on the edge of his, near Lucian's feet. "You don't have anywhere you need to be, do you?"

"Well, I mean..." Of course things were still foggy for the cow, even though he'd been given a half-dose of whatever that drug was. At least - the horniness hadn't gone away. But that might have been a result of something entirely different. "There's my girlfriend back at the apartment, but..."

"Yeah. Nowhere important." Bright yellow eyes piercing into him, making only more aware of his own twitching erection beneath his pants. It *also* wasn't something he'd thought about before, but... might not be so bad to have those eyes on him while he got himself off. He might not mind Rome watching him. The wolf pointed a sharp-clawed finger down to his lower belly, across which his length rested. "When this goes down, you're gonna clean it up, and I'll have something more for you. Sound good?"

Whatever she'd wanted him to do, if she even wanted him to come home tonight... well, just like with before, Lucian had more important things to attend to. He swallowed again, and tasted this wolf almost as strongly as he had when he'd first started emptying into the back of his throat.

"Sounds fantastic."