

"You know, this seems like exactly the kind of thing I *shouldn't* be doing."

Ryker peered around from behind his camera, still wobbling on its tripod a little bit. That was something he'd been needing to fix for at least three weeks now, but had just persistently forgotten to do. Ahead of him sprawled out on his couch, the otter threw his arms dramatically over his head... and gave a rather good view of his sleek chest, smooth with just the faintest outline of a few ribs, down towards his flat belly and the line of his hip that would lead down to his groin obscured by a raised leg.

"What?" the husky responded, and leaned in towards the camera's base. From many sessions spent trying to figure out the source of the problem, he was almost *convinced* it was something to do with the tripod's stabilizing screw, but no matter how many times he greased it or even switched it entirely out, the problem usually just ended up getting worse. "I'm not *that* scary, am I?"

Admittedly, the circumstances of this meeting *could* have been a little better, a little less shady. Ryker had come to the club tonight just wanting to have fun, to unwind and take a break from work - and for a while, he succeeded. Maybe one, one and a half hours on the dance floor, tall drink clutched in one paw, to be occasionally lifted to his lips. Fire burn of the alcohol on his tongue, sizzling down his throat... and then he bumped into this here otter, quite literally.

Boy's eyes seemed to glitter as bright as the colored lights overhead, and the way he moved, the way he danced, like coursing easily through smooth river currents. Ryker had spent his day working on a shoot for a just-married couple, and once he'd left that set, he certainly hadn't thought that he'd be wanting to get his camera back out just a few hours later. But, that was all he could think about while he had this otter against him, long whiskers kept perked, little teacup ears directed his way, eyes fixed on his own, rudder occasionally curling around his ankle. The husky had tried to get in close, tried to get a few words to him... but just as smoothly and suddenly as he'd appeared did the otter melt back into the crowd, and Ryker thought he'd missed his chance.

Clearly, though, he hadn't. When he next leaned over from behind his camera, there were those blue gems again, levelled steady towards his muzzle. The otter drew his tongue out across his lips and adjusted his position a little bit, letting that raised leg drop down to the floor beside the base of the couch, and... and Ryker promptly dipped back behind his equipment. He'd definitely settled into the responsibilities of being a nude subject, at least: on so many other occasions like this, Ryker had found that his subjects usually exhibited some manner of inescapable nervousness or self-consciousness, and that had a tendency to taint the entire shoot.

"Well..." He lifted his paw and looked down at it, briefly spreading his fingers apart and stretching the thin webbing in between. "I guess I can't exactly say I've had *bad* experiences with huskies making me get naked before."

"I'm not even done setting things up yet." First he'd made sure his flash umbrellas could stand on their own, and then came the camera itself, and after that he'd have to make sure the lightning was right - this would all go over a lot better if he could just wait until around three in the afternoon tomorrow, so he could open the windows and use natural lighting; that would look *really* good on this otter with his chocolate and cream fur, and little blue dyed markings swirling around... "You undressed, um... kind of fast."

"That's what I needed to do, right?" Now he rolled over onto his belly and hung his arms over the side of the couch, one leg lifted up with his rudder hanging down below his knee. Each time he adjusted, Ryker cursed to himself: all of these were great positions, excellent material that he was missing.

That feeling had come to him time and time again while still out at the club, on the dance floor. After the two of them had split up, the husky had retreated back to the bar to wait and watch, and every now and then caught another glimpse of that sleek streamlined form. Part of him wanted to just get up and leave - he'd had his fun, he'd gotten a little brush with something that could have been great, but the fact of the matter was, he was tired and really needed to get to bed - but right as he downed the last of the drink and moved to do so, a pair of webbed paws settled on his shoulders from behind and came in to stroke at his neck, with whiskers tickling at his cheek and, then, that voice in his ear.

Once more, he straightened up and looked over the rim of his camera... and once more, those eyes quickly fixed to his own. Luke, he'd said his name was, and in response the first thing Ryker said to him other than his own name, was to ask him whether he'd be alright with coming over for a private photoshoot. Lift of the eyebrows, licking of the lips, brief moment spent in consideration, and then here he was, sprawled across the husky's couch with his clothes in a pile off to the side.

"Yeah, but, you didn't *need* to..."

"Not my fault you keep it like a billion degrees in here."

"It's seventy-seven. I leave the AC off during the day. Now - hold still, you're messing up the set."

"What?" And he rolled back over onto his back, once again putting himself on full display. "Oh. The blanket thing?"

"Yeah. I picked it out because it goes nice with your fur. Besides, you can - cover... yourself up with it for some of the pictures..."

Another little lick of the lips, and Luke slid one paw down his body to his groin. Ryker watched, transfixed, as he slid his thumb down around the base of his shaft, cupped his balls in his fingers - and maintained eye contact with the husky. "You *did* tell me it was going to be nude. Now you're telling me I'll be covered?"

That was mostly one-sided eye contact. As soon as Ryker tore his gaze away and met the otter's, he then looked right back down towards his camera, trying to hide the blush that warmed his cheeks. By now, all that he had left to do was fiddle with the balancing, and God dammit if he wouldn't busy himself with that just to give himself something to do. "Have you... *done* this before, Luke?"

"Done what? Posed nude?"

"Yeah. For a photoshoot."

"Well, like, not for a *professional* one." Bright grin, flick of the tailtip. "Photoshoot? Sure. Private? Plenty of times. Professional? Nah. Are we ready yet?"

No getting around it. Ryker checked one more thing, altered one of the settings on his camera... and then stood to his full height and nodded. Everything seemed to be in place. "Yeah. I think so."

Somewhere along the way, Luke had removed his paw from that... *compromising* position and returned it to drape across his lower belly, fingers partially spread to show that webbing in between. Ryker zoomed in a little bit on that, and then had to readjust as the otter changed his position again. "So what do I do?"

"Just... do what you were doing before. You had a lot of good poses while I was getting ready, but - y'know, i wasn't there yet. So do those again."

Should've expected nothing other than what he got from Luke, then. The otter's eyes lit up, and he twisted himself languidly into various poses and positions, each one just a little bit more provocative than the one before - of course with Ryker dutifully snapping a few frames of each one. That was one of the most basic tenets of photography: always take multiple shots, for perusal later. Sometimes the best ones come out exactly when you're *not* expecting them.

Arms over his head and legs half-raised; one paw and one leg hanging off the side of the couch; rolled over onto his belly with his rudder resting down across his legs; with his rudder hanging down, with one leg raised, with both of them crossed... then with him sitting upright on the couch, arms resting across the back; tail in his lap, tail *out* of his lap; legs spread, paws on his knees, one on his thigh, one resting beneath his sack again.

"Luke, you know..." Ryker took the moment to look through his shots. All good, it seemed like. He'd definitely enjoy picking through these later. "You're really confident about this."

"Is that a bad thing?" Those paws remained where they were, pressing lightly into himself, squeezing a bit. He idly tugged his foreskin between the pad of his forefinger and his thumb, once more sending a little electric shiver through Ryker's body as he watched.

"No! Not at all. It's nice. It's just..." The husky reached into his pocket to - *adjust* himself, but pulled out his phone afterwards to try to pass it off. "Like. You're *really* confident about this. It's a bit odd. Usually my subjects aren't so self-assured and straightforward for posing nude, even if it was their idea."

The otter spread his legs a little further, scooted closer to the edge of the couch, licked his lips once more. Ryker pressed his thumb down against the shutter button at *just* the right moment, and managed to catch that little pink tongue as it swirled over Luke's chops. That went good, with the paw settled between his legs and his half-lidded eyes. "You *did* pick me up at a club, you know."

That was true. "Got a few drinks in you?"

"Sure. Not the alcoholic kind, though."

Ryker leaned over, eyebrow raised. Luke just shrugged.

“You’re not the first to get to me naked tonight. I’ve been busy.”

Those eyes, the look on his face, the just-visible slow twitching of his shaft between his fingers. Seemed like this boy was working himself up, or - maybe he just had something for being on display like this. That gave the husky an idea, actually; he switched the preselect mode of his camera and fiddled with some of the settings, trying to give himself time to figure out how he wanted to word this...

“Hey...”

Luke’s little ears perked, and the otter looked up at him. Now he had his paw resting down against his pubic fur and webbing between his spread fingers partially folded against the base of his cock. Then, he blinked. “Hey.”

“Do you think you could...” Wasn’t like he’d never shot what he had in mind before. This time, though, it was different in that he was the one putting the idea forth, instead of the subject coming to him with it. “...I don’t know. Maybe... get yourself hard? For the pictures. I think - it’d be really good.”

For a moment, nothing, and Ryker thought he’d (somehow) overstepped some boundary. But, then, the otter shrugged, spread his legs a little further... and licked his lips, tightening the sides of his fingers around his shaft a bit, giving enough of a tug back to start to slowly roll his foreskin back. “Depends. You willing to help me out if I run out of steam?”

Seeing a chance, Ryker affixed himself behind his camera again and zoomed in there, trying to get a good few seconds of footage of that. Already he could see the change in Luke’s posture and attention, his body relaxing back a bit while the center of his attention right there... perked up. He’d been holding his breath for a moment, and then let it out, shifting his paw to wrap his fingers around his slowly-stiffening shaft instead of just playing at the head and the rim of his foreskin.

“Come on. That wouldn’t be professional.”

“Doesn’t seem professional for you to tell me to get myself off, either.”

To that, Ryker raised a finger, and pursed his lips. “Hey. I didn’t say that. I just told you to get hard. Well - I *asked* you.”

“And I’m obliging. So then...” Luke slid his other paw down along his smooth belly, and wrapped his fingers down around his hanging sack. “Return the favor? I could use a little help.”

Maybe it was that drink (and a half) he’d had that was giving the husky this confidence, or maybe all of that confidence was just simply rubbing off on him from this slim, sleek otter lounging back on his couch. Though, to tell the truth, the rubbing-off-on-him part would probably come in about... twelve, thirteen minutes, maybe. Maybe more, if Luke had had as full of a night as he said he did.

That might explain why he had a bit of trouble getting started. But, of course, there was always a bit of nervousness there, in - doing something like *that*, in front of a stranger. Ryker didn’t

imagine himself to be particularly intimidating, though, and if anything Luke's eyes just lit up a little brighter when he saw the husky come out from behind his camera. Some more shifting in position, a bit of adjustment, another lick of the lips...

...a bit of rustling as Ryker found himself dropping to his knees, the tickle of the tip of the otter's tail swishing along his thigh, that gentle scent curling up along his nose. He'd been in this position many times before; this was nothing new. However, he had to thank the slight buzz of booze trickling along his veins for the speed of his adjustment here.

Even Luke seemed to be a little surprised at how readily the husky had gotten into position between his legs - and then touched his nose up to the base of his sack and cock, that half-hard shaft resting across his muzzle once the otter released it from his paw.

"Huh." He tapped that cock against his nose, and once more rolled his foreskin back and forth, back and forth... and Ryker nuzzled up against it, lips parted as he breathed in that scent to get to know it and become familiar with it. Unless he got this boy's number, chances were he wouldn't have this opportunity again. "You're as thirsty as I was earlier tonight, aren't you?"

Really, though, he'd have to get these pictures to the client - imagine that: calling him *client*, as he had his lips pursed against the otter's sack and his shaft laying across his muzzle - somehow, so there'd definitely be contact there. Just... not the kind of contact they *currently* had, with those webbed fingers settling on the back of his head, pulling him up a bit towards the underside of the otter's head, foreskin half-rolled back. So Ryker wet his lips, of course letting his tongue swish along that taut section of skin, and lifted up a little further. Swirling scent of light musk, a little laden with evidence that the otter *had*, in fact, already had an orgasm or two today. Ryker would help him to another.

"Hey, hey, before you get too-" Luke's voice briefly faltered, broken by a breathy exhalation. A sweet shiver rippled up his back, going in time with the husky dragging his tongue up along the underside of his shaft. "-too into that - does that camera of yours have a self-timer?"

More than just a buzz giving him confidence now. Ryker squirmed against the tightness of his own jeans, quickly worked to that point from this heat and scent rolling down his nose, and the more rhythmic throbbing atop his tongue. Now he had the undeniable interest, and want, and desire... and with this otter sitting easily above him, legs spread, cock hard under his tongue? Not much he could do there.

"Shush..." the husky managed, in the next moment wrapping his lips around that head and sliding down a bit. This time Luke shivered in response to those lips rolling his skin back the rest of the way, and then bringing it back up as the husky lifted himself off again. "I'm already down here. Should've asked before."

"Yeah, but think about it." Luke squirmed a little more and lifted his hips up, Ryker's muzzle slowly sliding down into his lap. That was a feeling that the husky deeply enjoyed, too: the feeling of a warm cock on his tongue, touching up along the roof of his mouth, pressing into the back of his throat. The otter's pubic fur tickled at his nose a bit, and he remained there for a second... and as he came back up, Luke let out another shivering sigh. "That's - a lot of good material you're missing."

Ryker just licked his lips off, and looked up into blue eyes above him. "Can get that material next time."

To that, Luke raised his eyebrows, and then let his eyes flutter shut with Ryker's muzzle diving back down between his legs again. Each time he dove back down in his smooth, easy rhythm, the husky could just barely, *barely* pick up the trace of another male's scent in this otter's fur, rubbed deep into his lower abdomen, right around where his nose touched every time he lowered himself down.

Thinking about it, that would've been a great scene to capture, too: instead of Luke on his own here on the couch, he could've had another guy - someone big, someone strong; a rather well-built wolf, perhaps, or maybe a stallion or zebra - holding him in place, shaft against his own, the other guy holding his wrists above his head. That would be good. Maybe zoom in closer, catch the little nuances on the otter's muzzle, the stages of his length as he'd inevitably stiffen up... and with another glance up, Ryker caught something else that he wished he'd had the chance to photograph.

Eyes closed, lips parted, tongue hanging out of his mouth, and whiskers twitching with his slightly-labored breath. It really *would* have been worth it to turn on his camera's timer, or maybe get into a good frame and then just start recording, but... oh well. That'd be for later, or next time. He liked what he was doing right now, and wanted to keep on doing it.

Of course Luke wasn't about to stop him, too. The paw on the back of his head just rhythmically tightened and relaxed, tightened and relaxed with his pace, lips tight enough to keep the otter's now-slickened skin sliding back and forth with his bobbing. That had to feel pretty good, given his reactions and noises and how each time the husky dove back down, Luke lifted his hips a little faster, a little harder. Turned out he had a lot more between his legs than Ryker had first thought.

After a while more of that, a while more of heavy breathing and paced, breathy moaning, the husky did manage to find the ability - the *professionality* - to move back off the otter's length, wipe his muzzle on the back of his paw, and stand up, ignoring the obvious tent and tightness in his own pants as he then made his way back over to his camera. Luke watched him with something reminiscent of disappointment on his muzzle, but as soon as the husky motioned for him to go on, that look faded and came to be replaced with the same expression he'd had on when his cock had been six and a half inches between a pair of husky lips.

Now *this* was good. Ryker kept the frame focused around the main point of interest on the otter, his scent and taste still hovering lightly on his upper lip and in the back of his throat. Good to catch a few seconds of the movement of his paw over his shaft, back and forth again and again. All his flesh and skin slick and shiny with the husky's saliva, supple foreskin sliding easily over his pink head, the otter lifting up into his own paw as he stroked himself.

"Hey." *Click, click* of the shutter. Hard to get the timing right, and switching his camera mode to the one for in-motion subjects had a tendency to mess up some of the other things he'd tweaked. "Can you go a little slower? And - spread your legs a bit more?"

No sass, no disobedience, no little quip like he'd been so keen on giving before. Luke adjusted his position, looked up to the husky for verification, and then let his eyes drift shut again as he

continued. Definitely a lot of good material to look through after all of this, and Ryker already knew he'd enjoy it all a few more times before sending the pictures over.

Sometimes for something like that, he felt like he needed to ask permission, and that was... that was just *awkward*. Thankfully, though, the way Luke looked at him, and how he churned his hips up into his paw while maintaining that eye contact... that felt like permission enough. As if the otter wanted to say, *I know you're watching me and I know you're enjoying it, and I'm enjoying it, too*. Hell - Ryker even had his own paw down in his own pants, fingers and thumb wrapped around his pre-slickened length, heat and scent of his own body wafting up to join Luke's still in the fur of his muzzle.

Right as Ryker was about to tear his gaze away to make sure that his shots were still centered, Luke's little pink tongue flicked out over his lips, and the otter adjusted his position a little more. "You know," he breathed, and briefly slowed down the pace of his stroking. A few times in the past, Ryker had been able to get in nice and close with another uncut boy, and - just personally, he liked getting shots and videos from the top or side, rather than the underside like this. Not that it was a bad angle, of course. Zoom in a little closer, enough so he could pick up the glistening of his own saliva across that skin... "I've got - half a mind to bend over this couch, lift my tail, and have you rail me..."

God. That certainly gave the husky a throb. He squeezed himself in his pants, fully aware that Luke could see it.

"...but I don't think either of us would have the concentration to make sure you got a good shot." As he spoke, he continued to quicken the pace of his stroking, claws of his other paw pricking into the fabric of the couch cushion beneath him. Between his words Ryker could pick up the breathy little gasps, his swallowing, his gentle moans. "And besides, I'm - getting close... you've got a hell of a mouth on you-"

"Wait. Wait, wait, wait." The husky swallowed, licked his lips, pantomimed a motion with his own free paw for the otter to mirror, snapped a few more shots. "How close?"

Brief moment of thought, a furrowing of the brow. Luke sat back on the couch and draped his elbows over the back of it, letting his cock fall back against the cream fur of his belly. Even from here Ryker could see it faintly twitch and throb, both with his heartbeat and with the tensing of his approaching orgasm.

"Close enough to be frustrated if you don't let me get off." The young otter raised his eyebrows. "Is that good enough?"

The husky had an *idea*, but... well, he wasn't sure about it. Again, wouldn't be the *first* time he'd done something of this sort with a model, and it probably wouldn't be the last... and besides, his own cock strained in his pants both from the show itself and from the thoughts and scenarios swimming through his head.

That was just part of being a photographer, right? Envisioning future scenes, thinking about what would look good...

So he fumbled over his thoughts for a moment longer, both paws hovering above his camera. Luke remained with his arms over the couch and hard cock against his belly, foreskin half-rolled

back - and pink flesh of his head still glistening with the husky's saliva. Those blue eyes (Ryker'd already decided that he'd bring that color out in the finished photos, bump the hue, up the saturation...) watched him, patient on the outside with the unmistakable glimmer of hunger and desire beneath. And who would he be to deny this otter that satisfaction?

It took about seven seconds for him to detach his camera from his tripod, and he carried it with him this time as he made his way right back over to where he'd been just a moment ago. Luke watched him, still waiting, still hard, and - maybe took something from his body language, because next thing he did was scoot himself closer to the edge of the cushions. Ryker gripped his camera in one paw then, and sheepishly pointed down towards the kind-of obvious bulge in the front of his pants.

"Would mind if... if I..."

"Hell." Luke shrugged again. "I was wonderin' when you'd ask."

Always felt kind of weird undressing in front of someone, in front of a stranger, in front of a *photo model*, but... he was slowly getting used to it. And, God, it was a relief to finally take the pressure of a zipped pants fly off of himself, and bring his own hard cock out into the air... the husky couldn't resist drawing his paw over his length a few times, fingerpads sliding easily over the slickness of his leaking pre and natural musk. Luke kept his eyes there, too, and slid one of his own paws back down his belly to roll his foreskin up over his head, between a finger and a thumb...

...and with his paw *not* holding the camera, Ryker reached forward, batted the otter's fingers away, and took it up himself. Standing like this, kind of half-bent over with his legs splayed off to the side and especially with his heavy camera in his other paw made things a bit complicated, with him trying to get Luke's cock directed towards his, and then trying to get his own tapered tip forward... but, thankfully, the otter seemed to understand what he wanted. So he just batted Ryker's fingers away in return.

"You focus on your camera," he said, voice low. Those warm fingers traced up along the husky's shaft, touching down near the lip of his sheath and then coming up, holding him in place while he rolled his own foreskin back and forward, slowly back... and then slowly forward again, forward over the canid's tip.

For this, he had to turn his camera to autofocus; there'd be no way he could keep a steady shot like this. Warm, slick, wet skin sliding up over the end of his cock, squeezed in place by the otter's finger and thumb, rolled back only to repeat again... definitely seemed like Luke had had experience with this sort of thing before, in the way he held his grip, how he moved his shaft and skin, how he held his body at the edge of the couch.

There wasn't a *lot* of room beneath that slick skin, of course. Couldn't take Ryker's cock to the halfway point. He tried to continue snapping pictures without thinking about it, knowing full well he'd enjoy looking through all of them later and remembering the feeling; he couldn't help but thrust slowly forward into that foreskin squeezed around his cock, the first inch and a half or so. Every now and then it slipped back and Luke had to spend a moment to wrap himself back around him, but he seemed to be into it, too. Into it enough that he tilted his muzzle back and parted his lips for his panting, and mirrored Ryker's gentle thrusting; at this point the husky



couldn't tell whether it was still his own saliva keeping things slick, or the otter's leaking precum. Or his own, too.

Beneath their shared panting was the near-constant *k-chhk, k-chhk* of his camera shutter, firing again and again; he made sure to get some shots where Luke's paw wasn't in the way, some shots where he could see the shape of his shaft beneath the other's foreskin, some shots that highlighted the wetness, the slickness, the tight, close heat. Each of Luke's throbs just made him do the same, and before he'd really realized what was happening...

Ryker zoomed in; this was *really* what he wanted to capture. Luke gritted his teeth and bit into his lower lip, then jerked, gasped, rolled his head back again... and bucked once, twice, a third time into his paw and against the husky's own cock, each time with slowing down a little and letting his fingers tighten further, each time further ballooning out his foreskin with another spurt of hot, thick cum, thoroughly warming the husky's length inside. Ryker angled the camera up towards the otter's muzzle, to get another look at his face of release and relief, and beneath a few more of his own thrusts into that wet heat... swallowed, gasped as well, sighed, and started to unload his own. Luke released his finger and thumb - and Ryker felt that same stickiness drip down along the underside of his length, mixed scents of their loads wafting up towards his nose.

Then, panting, Luke licked his chops once more and looked up. "...so I'd like to feel that again," he managed, and flopped back on the couch. Didn't even bother to wipe himself off.

"Well, I mean..." Ryker returned his tired smile, moving to look through what he'd gotten this session while still half-standing there. Good amount of material, it looked like. Then, he waited to catch the otter's eye again, and grinned. "I obliged you. Return the favor sometime?"