

After playing a concert there's always a lot of feelings going through your head and your heart. Contentment and enjoyment (since, after all, if you play an instrument but don't enjoy it, what the hell are you doing?), as well as the exhilaration of actually doing the performance, the relief of getting it over with... the pride of the director motioning to you, and you stand up with your cello beside you, bright-ass grin on your face, and take a bow - and hear the applause rise and roar like a crashing wave. There's the tingling in your fingers from the playing itself, the distant ache in your shoulder from pulling the bow across the strings, the thumping of your heart in your chest...

...and, of course, the all-too-familiar pressure of *really* needing to pee. For once the applause couldn't die out fast enough, and on my way down the hall behind the stage I sent my mom a quick text letting her know it'd be a while longer before I'd get out. Had to put my instrument away, too, and then work through all the people crowding up as they left the auditorium... that was something you had to get used to, too, especially at a high school orchestra concert like this. All the parents praising their kids for doing a good job, telling them how good a show it was.

I mean, it was a good show. It better have been, with all of the hours outside of regular school time the director had us put in. On my way down the hall I had at least three of the other kids grab me by the arm or tug me into a hug, "hey, Ari, you did great! That solo was insane!", and of course I was thankful for them taking the time to let me know! I just *really* had to pee!

As expected, once I'd made my way into the bathroom I had to wait behind a short line, but it seemed to be clearing out pretty fast. Last concert of the spring semester, and with me being in the highest orchestra of the school, all in all the pieces chosen featured a solo for the first chair of each instrument: me on cello, my wolf friend for violin, that one coyote girl for viola, the really loud dragon guy on bass, cute as *fuck* cheetah on piano. I'd actually meant to find him after the show and pay my own compliments to him, but... pressing matters. I think I saw him leaving arm-in-arm with a dingo who was... *vaguely* familiar, but I just couldn't place where I'd seen him before.

And by the time it was my turn at the urinal, all of that left my head. Had to fiddle with the weirdness of the orchestra performance uniform (I'm not used to wearing belts) and then fish my sheath out of my boxers beneath, and then just barely, *barely* managed to slide the skin back across my tip before... *nice*. Slow exhaled sigh of relief, all-over body shiver, *mm*. I rolled my head back, parted my lips, swallowed, just let it come. That's what I get for downing my entire water bottle during rehearsal right before the show. I just always worry that I'm gonna get thirsty during the concert, and it's not like I could just leave and get a drink.

By the time I'd finished, though, the bathroom had actually mostly cleared out - except for the smooth shape of some black-furred guy striding up and taking the urinal next to me. I didn't want to stare, but... he looked like a walking shadow, smooth and easy in his movements, relaxed.

Actually probably some kind of jaguar, halfway between the regular coloration and a pure-black panther. He wore a slim-fitting tank top and grey jeans, and all along his arms and the back of his head, I could make out the lines and borders of his rosettes along a field of similarly-dark fur, like a deep, deep reddish-brown, hardly giving enough for contrast. Mud at the bottom of a still lake, disturbed by a waterlogged chunk of black wood.

"Hey," he said suddenly, taking me by surprise. Higher, tenor voice, also surprising me; I guess I was expecting something low, something intimidating. "You were the cello just now, right? With the - that solo, at the end of the last piece?"

I hadn't realized he'd been watching me, but sure enough - he was hardly tall enough for his muzzle to peek over the divider between us - bright amber-yellow predator's eyes looked me right in the face. For a moment they flicked down, and I couldn't react fast enough to zip my fly back up in time.

"Yeah. That was me." I swallowed, thought about holding my paw out for him to shake, thought better of it. "I'm Ari."

"I'm Jaxon. Not, like..." He paused, and shook himself off. I noticed that he didn't bother zipping himself back up afterwards. "Jackson, like, Jack's-son kind of thing. Like. Jax instead of Jack. Like-"

"Like Jason, but with an X?"

"Yeah." For a moment his broad pink tongue flicked out over his lips, splash of color over his dark muzzle. "Like that."

"That's pretty cool."

"Sure, as long as you don't gotta grow up with it." He shrugged.

Well, alright, I guess. "I dunno. I'm the only Ari I know. Hey, it was good talking to you, but I've really got to-"

His paw clamped onto my upper forearm and squeezed me in place as I tried to pass by, that grip a lot stronger than I'd expect. Now that I was closer to him and now that the light fell on him differently, his short, sleek fur shimmered in a way that outlined the smooth contours of muscles along his arms, streamlined and taut... while still holding me there, he turned to face me, other paw hooked around the waistband of his pants - and still-dripping sheath and dark-furred sack hanging out of the front of his pants. I knew I shouldn't look, but just couldn't pull myself away.

"Wait, wait..." he purred, and licked his lips. "I wanna show you my thanks for putting on such a good show. Would you let *me*, ah..." Here the jaguar nodded towards the far stall, the big one. "Put on a show for you in return?"

And what was I supposed to say to that? His grip on my arm had lightened, and the expression he had on his face was one of... well, I don't really know. It wasn't one hundred percent confidence. To me it looked like he felt that he was throwing out a line, unsure of what he'd reel in. And the last time someone had pulled me into a bathroom stall after a concert... well, I hadn't specified to Mom just *how* much longer I'd be, so... I shrugged.

"I got time."

Bright white-fanged grin, then, a crescent moon in the cloudy night sky. Jax let his grip slide down to my wrist, and from there he tugged me behind him towards the far stall. This wouldn't be anything really new for me, though I have to admit, the nervousness and anticipation never

really went away: when he had his back turned to slide the lock-bar, I went over to lower the lid of the toilet, lounge back on it, spread my legs in front of me, and unzip... and then left the rest for the jaguar to take care of. He turned back to me, let those amber eyes run over my body again, licked his lips once more... and then stopped, halfway towards me.

"What d'ya want me to do?"

"You know." It was always awkward when they asked. The way it went with Bryan, in that dressing room in the department store, he'd just wordlessly touched me in the right places, and I turned my body to guide him... "Whatever you want. This was your idea."

"Well, funny thing..." As the jaguar spoke he reached down and tugged his tank off, and sure enough what lay below that shirt was gently rippling fur, trimmed to outline the lines of his muscles. Was he on the wrestling team...? I couldn't say that I'd seen him around before. But, heck, seeing him here and now, as he tossed that shirt to the side and then slid his pants down his legs...

I was *definitely* glad for seeing him now.

"I actually haven't done this before. I was hoping that you would... y'know." Stout. That was the word for his build. Not the usual slim-and-lithe that you might expect from big cats. A bit heavier, a bit denser. He slowly approached while he spoke, kicking his pants off one leg with one step and then the other, paw cupped beneath his sack and thumb wrapped behind his sheath. Didn't seem shy in the slightest. "Help me out."

"Heh. You seem confident."

The jaguar shrugged. "I've been at my mom's for the past week and I haven't gotten a chance to paw off."

"Fair enough." I thought about when Bryan had fallen asleep in my room, and I'd decided to take things into my own paws and opened his pants, and lowered my muzzle down... after some more adjusting, I pointed down between my legs. "Help me get my pants the rest of the way off."

Seemed like he could follow a suggestion, too. Jax swiftly closed the distance remaining between us, somewhat awkwardly dropped to his knees in front of me, and reached up, short claws briefly digging into the fur of my hips and skin beneath. A quick tug, signalling for me to lift up... and I did so, and he slid my pants down towards my thighs, my knees, my ankles. Here I scooted forward (*goddamn* was the toilet lid cold). Even that, though, even just feeling his warm breath whisper through the fur of my sack and sheath... it turned me on a little bit. Couldn't miss seeing those yellow eyes focus on the glistening pink of my tip, coaxed out of the end of my sheath.

Then those eyes flicked up to me again. "Now what?"

"Now..." I shrugged. Had to keep my ears perked: every now and then someone would tap against the bathroom door from outside, and since the concert had *just* finished, there was always the dull rumble of conversation and laughter filtering in beneath the door. "I dunno. You lick."

“Lick where?”

“Anyw-”

Warm nose pressed right up between my balls, smooth inhalation of breath, followed by him tracing up towards where my sack met my inner thigh - and from there Jax drew his muzzle up, along the side of my sheath towards my tip. At first I didn't feel it... and then there was the wet warmth of his tongue following the same trail, broad flat flesh folding in the space and tugging the fur in the other direction.

No matter who you got it from, *that* would always bring out a reaction. My voice caught in my throat, and next thing I knew I was twitching beneath that tongue as it continued, now coming up around the back of my sheath and curling around my tip, small soft sandpaper barbs halfway between tickling and itching. Jax kept his eyes open as he did so, part of his confidence having chipped away to show inquiry, questioning beneath. Maybe the shuddering sigh of breath that made its way out of my lips reassured him.

Big, meaty paws resting on my thighs; he brought his tongue back into his muzzle and swallowed down my taste. “Lick there?”

It took me a moment to order my thoughts. “Yeah,” I managed, and nodded. I'd gotten used to Bryan's tongue, smooth maned wolf, deft, experienced. “That works. You can also...” ...and I brought my index finger to my own lips, thoroughly wet the pad, lowered it back down... and folded over the skin of my sheath a little bit, just enough to show the slick pink flesh within.

Jax caught on quickly and came right back in, bringing one of his paws up to tilt my slowly-growing length down across his muzzle... as he slid that rough tongue down along the base, little barbs making me grip onto the smooth edge of the toilet. Like a thousand tiny electric shocks trailing their way down into my sheath, familiar wet heat pressing out on the stretchy skin as he dug deeper, wriggling his tongue back and forth.

You know those plastic yogurt tubes, and how sometimes when they're almost empty you squeeze them between your finger and thumb and try to dig your tongue in as deep as you can?

The jaguar still kept his eyes on me as he worked, probably wanting to be sure he was doing okay. And... well, I couldn't really say much of anything. Didn't have the control of my body to do so. Feeling that heavy moist heat way down at the base of my shaft, coaxing it further out, filling my sheath and rolling over and under the sensitive skin... at one point his tongue slid free, which pulled a quiet gasp out of me, and remained there for a moment with his black-skinned nose touching against the underside of my cock, slick both with my own natural musk and with his sticky saliva. I reached down, squeezed my sheath in my paw, felt the hot, thick saliva sliding around and oozing out of the lip... and Jax leaned back in and lapped it off, taking the opportunity to dig right back in.

Heck, I couldn't help myself. The tank of the toilet bumped quietly against the wall when I leaned back, making Jax perk his ears up towards me, and I reached down with one paw to hold his muzzle there. Once the tongue got into the sheath, that kind of... breaks down any barriers of unfamiliarity between two people, you know? His citrine gaze flicked up to me once more, eyes half-lidded, and then right back down to what he worked at. Feeling him swirl and dig his tongue in my sheath, down around the base of my cock, inside the already-slick flesh... it'd gotten me

fully hard with the bulge of my unswollen knot already pressing out on the top of his tongue, stretching my skin just a little further.

Very clear that he hadn't done this before, though, or really put much thought into it. Those barbs on his tongue had a tendency to grip and pull along some... rather sensitive spots, and before long I found myself twitching and jerking in more of an unpleasant way, with my boner at risk of going down - so, paw still between his ears, I pulled him back, and he obeyed. A thin strand of saliva connected his lips to the rim of my sheath.

"Didn't know you could do that," he breathed, and licked his lips off. I bet if we were to kiss, all I would taste would be myself - that often happened with Bryan, my stepdad. Last time he picked me up from school, we made a quick stop by the convenience store so he could get some mouthwash. "I always thought it was, like... I don't know. Attached?"

"I mean, it *is*..." Carefully, I slid my finger back down under my sheath - turned out cat spit was *very* slick, since it provided more than enough lube - as deep as it would go, feeling the familiar shiver of deep pleasure, and tugged out on the skin. "Down there. Can't go *too* deep, I haven't had a lot of practice... but, I mean, it feels good..."

"Looks like it does." This time he acted without being told, and touched his nose and lips to the base of my shaft. I uncurled my fingers and let him drag that rough tongue all the way up, base to tip. "You're about as well-endowed as I expected, Ari."

"Is that a disappointment?"

Another shrug. Jax returned his nose to where it had started, right against the fur of my sack with his breath washing down over my balls. I grinded up against his muzzle. "Only other dick I've seen is my own and a few in porn."

The jaguar breathed in through his nose, taking deep, heavy drawls of my scent - I'd showered just yesterday, but after the stress and excitement of performing - and then let that huff out through his mouth, hot breath tickling along my inner thighs and between my legs. Got me - *itching* in that certain way, not a *literal* itch, but more a tickling desire, a want...

I closed my fingers back around my cock and got back to slowly stroking, enjoying his audience. Someone bumped against the bathroom door again, but didn't come in.

Talk about awkward. "You aren't, um... *picky* about where you put your tongue, are you?"

He wiped the back of his paw across his mouth and sat back on his ankles. From this angle I could see that he'd gotten pretty worked up, too: bright glistening pink, again in not-so-smooth black. Maybe he'd let me return the favor before too long. "I'm a cat. The hell do you think? Also, I just put as much of it as I could *inside your sheath*, which I gotta admit hadn't crossed my mind before, so..."

"Well, then, d'you think you could... maybe..." I trailed off, but spread my legs, slid down a little further along the toilet, cupped my paw around my sack and lifted... and Jax just kind of looked at me for a second, before he caught on.

Now *this* was new to me, something I'd always wanted to try, something I'd never gotten a chance to. The jaguar's shorter muzzle fit nicely up between my legs, bridge of his nose sliding easily up under my sack and in deeper... and I lifted myself up a little bit, hooked one leg over his shoulder, spread them a little bit further. Jax cupped his paws down under my thighs, thumbs coming in close to my tailhole, and pulled me open - and then pursed his lips and pressed them right up against that ridged flesh, warm soft flesh settling right into place.

I guess now he had no choice but to breathe my scent, and something told me he didn't particularly mind. He remained there for a few seconds, eyes closed, inhaling through his nose and then exhaling through his lips, directly over my tailhole... and then without a second thought, that rough tongue darted out and curled up against me, soft sandpaper surface catching and dragging sweetly along the ridges of the pucker.

Like nothing else I'd ever felt before. Jax worked just as eagerly on my tailhole as he had in my sheath, freely digging that tongue forward and teasing it into me, then dragging it up over the surface against my clenching, then swirling it around, bringing my taste into his mouth, swallowing, getting right back to work... he kept his paws in place beneath my thighs as he did this, thumbs pressing into the soft skin and flesh of my rump and keeping me spread for his easy access.

Sure was nice to get a break from things after spending the last hour and a half performing. Good to sit back and relax, and just... let Jax do his thing, though he still seemed to take cues from me. Round ears kept perked, golden eyes remained only half-lidded, and he looked up past my sack resting across his muzzle and my paw working swiftly along my shaft. Kind of... awkward to look down and make eye contact with him like this where I could still see the churning of his jaw as he worked, as he dug his tongue up into me and then back out again and again, so I - I rested my other elbow across the top of the toilet tank, and leaned my head back.

Of course this just lifted my lower body up a little bit more, which made it further easy for the jaguar to continue. The feeling of that rough, ridged tongue across my sensitive tailhole, soft little barbs gripping and pulling, not *quite* so roughly as when it'd been stuffed inside my sheath... God. For a while I tried to keep myself from clenching up, just because he *really* seemed to enjoy sliding his tongue forward and back into me, lips kept pursed against the rim of my tailhole, but when I *did* squeeze up, he just went at it a little harder. And that felt - *good*.

At one point, I think he just needed to catch his breath: the jaguar brought his tongue back into his mouth again, swallowed, and panted, hot breath washing repeatedly out across my saliva-slickened rear and beneath the base of my tail. He nuzzled up beneath the underside of my sack, drawing in slow, steady breaths through his nose and then letting them out through his parted lips; he ran his nose up along the edge of my sheath again, tongue hanging out and following in place.

It still was weird making eye contact, but... there was just *something* about seeing the languid enjoyment in those predator's eyes, half-closed from pleasure and indulgence, broad pink tongue repeatedly lapping out and curling up along the underside of my knot and right at the lip of my sheath. Maybe he'd figured it out, or maybe his jaw and tongue had gotten tired, but now those licks were softer, slower, gentler, and they just brought me *that* much closer to finish.

Another bump against the door outside, this time followed by a surge in the sound of *outside*; someone had come in. Not that either of us cared. Paw moved fast and hard, jaw hung open

with tongue flopped out, entire body tensed up... for a moment I felt a weird weight down between my legs, followed by a firm, wet warmth wrapping around the tapered tip of my cock - and right as I started to unload I realized that that would be Jax's muzzle, lips tight around the top inch and a half or so. He swallowed down each spurt as it came, throat briefly pulsing with each one.

Damn hard to keep myself from moaning out with that pleasure, the feeling of his lips around my tip and his rough tongue settled right along the underside... I actually had to bring my other paw to my muzzle and bite down on one of my claws, hard enough that the point *clicked* off between my teeth. And then came the panting, slow and shaky, like I'd just run a mile in gym class-

Then, *click, rattle* of the door for our particular stall... and the lock-bar, which I only now noticed was just a hair's breadth past the latch, and that one good bump knocked it out of place - and resulted in the door swinging open. My ears shot up and I scrambled to cover myself, heart now beating quickly out of shock and surprise rather than exertion and enjoyment. Jax, however, just kind of... peered over his shoulder, tail flicking behind him and a small spatter of milky-white cum streaked across his muzzle toward his nose. Even from here I could see his tongue then flick out and lap it off, all the while looking this guy right in the face, an older German shepherd.

He was... actually a teacher here at the school, not one I'd had. But I recognized him, and he recognized me, and - maybe Jax too? We all just kind of looked at each other for a moment, the teacher keeping his paw on the door to hold it open, me trying to surreptitiously work my pants back up my legs. The jaguar's clothes remained in a haphazard pile pushed up against the opposite wall, and he made no attempt to go reach them. Nobody really knew what to say: the shepherd's jaw fell open, and he looked from me, to my crotch, to Jax, to *his* crotch, then back to me...

"What are y-"

As if on cue, the jaguar rose up - he had to tilt his head back to look the teacher in the eyes - and swiftly closed the distance to him, reaching over with one paw to close the stall door behind him. Still off-guard, the shepherd tottered forward unsteadily to avoid getting hit by the door, and watched wordlessly as Jax slid the lock again and this time made sure it went through.

Oh my God. This was like something out of a bad porno. Or a really good criminal case.

"Good," the jaguar breathed, and got right to work with fiddling at the teacher's belt. At first he looked down, surprise returned to his muzzle, but... made no effort to stop the student. Whether that was shock or complacency, I couldn't really tell. "Now I've got someone else to practice on - and also something to hold against you, so that nobody hears about any of this..."

The teacher and I made eye contact, and right before I looked away out of shame - he swallowed, and lifted a single finger in front of his lips. *Shh.*

So *that's* what it was.