

King Askia ducked again, felt the swing and cadence of the movement of his body, followed that momentum and brought it as best as he could into another form, footpaws kicking dry dust along the smooth granite into small whirlwinds that died as quickly as they were born. He could feel the kiss of the hot early-evening sun on his back and ears, could hear the rustling of his clothing and the whispering of the wind, could feel each clash of metal on metal vibrating down his arm, knew the dull pounding of a spot along his upper shoulder that would doubtless develop into a bruise.

All of this he was aware about, all of them he could feel, but in a... in a sort of distant way. As if he were feeling the sun's heat through a glass-paned window, as if the clothing rustling came from a servant down the hall, as if the ache were from a hurt two weeks old. It was the movements that came to him first and foremost, though, the steps and the twists, the turns and bobs and lunges, as if from the dances that the otter brothers from across the sea had shown him in his chambers.

That was exactly what the weaponsmaster had said to him, too, when Askia had first come to him for the training customary of each king of this land. Never once formally taught - it was tradition for the sitting king to spar with his son on his every birthday, but never to give an actual lesson - and yet Askia's natural movements, his fight-or-flight self-defense instincts, bore the kinesthetic sense and rhythm of a very particular, very dancelike fighting form. That was what Shekh, the weaponsmaster, had told him. King Askia had thought he could see a glimmer of appreciation and wonder in those smooth olive-green eyes.

Three months ago, that had been. Three months of rough, grueling training both physical and mental, harsh schedules, exercises that felt designed to snap his tendons and shatter his bones. *You cannot rely on your royal blood to protect you forever*, Shekh had told him one day, when Askia had tossed his blade at the weaponsmaster in frustration. *You cannot rely on anyone or anything to protect you forever. Only yourself. Sometimes not even that.*

The thing was, though, Shekh was relatively new here. Past those three months Askia had spent training under him, the large striped hyena had only been in the palace - if it could be called that: Askia had as of yet only been to one other land, but apparently it was odd that *his* palace stood as more a collection of separate wooden buildings joined by smooth stone pathways, and all ringed by a tall wall - for about a year and a half, with his first admittance being under admittedly dubious circumstances. Circumstances that King Askia had observed, been party to, and orchestrated, of course, but dubious nonetheless. Given his land's relationship, or lack thereof, with the hyena tribes of the grassland, he very likely might not have trusted Shekh had his instruction and training not shown a marked improvement in the guards' confidence and strength, and in the soldiers' morale and abilities.

*All I ask is land*, the hyena had told him, that one night beneath a velvet blanket of sky and stars. *Land, water, and a place to call home, for myself and my clan. And in return I pledge to you my knowledge, skills, abilities, service, and self.* There had just been something about him, about this tall, solid beast of a hyena - he stood a full head and a half above even Askia's wild dog ears, with shoulders probably twice as wide across as the king's - that caused a twinge in his head, his chest, and his loins, too, truth be told. Askia had fallen asleep that night wondering if he'd finally brought an end to the age-old feud between his African wild dogs and the hyenas of the plains, with that end being a knife in his ribs.

And, yet, he still woke up the next morning. And the next, and the next, and the next. It took one week for Shekh to offer his services as weaponsmaster, and another week for Askia to replace his late father's with this hyena.

Suddenly, though, the shock of the flat of a blade slapping against his bruised shoulder yanked him out of his memories, and the wild dog lost his rhythm and stumbled to an awkward stop. The striped hyena stood a good six feet away from him, though he knew from experience, one example of which had just happened, that Shekh was fully capable of closing that distance before Askia could finish blinking. Where Askia quickly became aware of the heaving of his chest and scratching of his throat in fervid exhaustion, Shekh showed almost no sign of exertion apart from the way his whiskers flicked and his jaw worked. He had a tendency to clench his teeth when he got into it.

The blade Shekh held looked almost like a toy in his thick paw, meaty forearm above it like a root of one of the smooth-barked prairie trees sticking up out of the grasses. The hyena had given specific instructions and details for the smith to forge that blade, and it had taken Askia seeing it used in combat for him to believe it wasn't a joke.

There was no crossguard, after all; there should be no way for Shekh to parry. It was a thick, straight blade, instead of the sheetlike curved scimitars that had been used in the palace for generations: it must work against the thin savannah air rather than cut through it. The grip stopped directly beneath the base of Shekh's palm rather than extending a short distance beyond, meaning his grasp had to be sure - and that it could never slip, lest he fumble and drop the blade. So many things looked wrong about it, and yet...

And yet the hyena's paw remained free of gouges and scars, and a crossed blade never slid down towards the absent crossguard because he could redirect and knock away each one that tried to come close. The blade's size, relatively shorter and more stout, meant that it actually carried a more even balance than the curved scimitars and could thus be used, in the weaponsmaster's grip at least, with greater ease. And that last was true: Shekh's grasp never faltered.

"You cannot let your mind wander." The hyena lashed his shorter blade at his side, as if flicking blood from it. Askia brought a paw up to his shoulder; it hurt, and did even more to touch it, but there was no blood. "You dance the blades more beautifully than I have ever seen. It comes to you naturally, my lord; you have the talent inborn, but you have only been honing it for hardly three moons."

The smaller wild dog nodded, cleared his throat, reestablished his stance. He rolled his fingers over the grip of his own blade, holding it down and out in front of him. "Yes. Yes, I understand."

"No. You *hear*." The blunted claws of Shekh's bare footpaws tapped along the dusty stone as he approached, in long, slow strides. It had taken Askia a bit of time to grow accustomed to the hyena's manner of dress, and even so, it still gave him a shock every now then: an animal-skin loincloth lashed around his waist provided covering little different from the sash and waistcloth that all of the guards in the palace wore, but it was just... "Understanding is a different thing entirely. Understanding is when you know it in the rhythm of the action, when you feel it and perform it with as little thought as the movements themselves and the breathing beneath them."

It was just the *look* of him. Broad-shouldered, firm chest, patterns of smooth muscle contouring down beneath the bare fur of his belly. When he moved, when he danced his own blade, those taut lines of muscle tightened and flowed in his waist, his back, his arms, accentuated by his stripes, like the shadows cast along the earth from tall blades of grass in the sun's last minutes of the day. Askia knew stripes: every night he fell asleep alongside one of the palace guards who had become so much more than just that to him, a tall, similarly-built zebra, warm and quiet and caring.

Still, though. The wild dog hadn't been able to help himself wondering what it might be like to find himself between *two* striped bodies, and-

Another tap of that sword blade, this time with the flat against his chest. He half-stumbled back, air briefly knocked out of him; Shekh watched with a bemused expression on his face, ghost of a laugh curling up at the corners of his lips and showing sharp, slightly-yellowed fangs beneath. "See? You do it again. Before I came to you, we had heard for generations that your... *civilization* thinks of us hyenas as tricksters."

Askia coughed, remembering the time that a group of three - spotted hyenas, those - had not only cleared out the palace granary, but also seduced the guards on the way in. It had taken *him* several months to get one of the zebras to drop his waistcloth for him, and these hyenas hardly a handful of minutes.

"So if I am to prepare you to go to war with the other clans..." This time Shekh raised Askia's chin with that sword blade, the light touch of the metal surprisingly cool beneath the sun's hot gaze. The longer he stood here, the more aware he became of how *uncomfortable* it was today. That in itself had been a large reason of how Askia had been able to stick with the weaponsmaster's strict training schedule: it felt *good* to dance the blades. He lost himself in the pulse and rhythm, in the smooth heat of the actions, in the natural flow and feeling - the tip of Shekh's sword pricked gently against his chin, and the wild dog jerked upright to look him in the eyes. As hard as that was; he had to stand on his tiptoes and still crane his head back a bit, with him this close.

"If I am to prepare you for it, then you must know what it is you are up against." Shekh brought his sword away, finally allowing Askia to settle back down onto his feet and rub at his chin where the point of the blade had pricked. Just as soon as he did this, though, he felt himself pushed in another direction, the flat of that blade now pressing against his hip. "For every touch on you, you are to remove an article of clothing. For every of *your* touches on *me*..." The hyena gestured down at his loincloth. "I am to remove mine."

But that meant... Askia swallowed, and took another half-step back. The thought of what that meant caused a *lot* of feelings to stir inside of him, and he hoped that his change of posture hid the possible result of that stir beneath the front of his own garb, a flowing brocade waistcloth that hung about halfway down his legs with a separate sash slung over his shoulder to hold him up. "Do - do my piercings count?" The chain in his left ear tinkled softly with his movements.

Shekh breathed out a scoff. "Would you wear only those before visiting dignitaries, and not consider yourself naked? Come on. Raise your sword. We fight."

The point of *tricky hyenas* made itself more than certain, even before Askia had felt himself start to slide back into the rhythm of the dance. Even with that, though, it was never quite as easy,

quite as smooth as it had been earlier: both personal embarrassment as well as stirring, twitching interest - Shekh's eyes and the permanent smirk he wore told him he knew where the king's thoughts tended to wander - interrupted his rhythm and broke his momentum, so that he could feel himself lose his footing and stumble even before it happened.

Of course this led to his first touch, again with the flat of Shekh's blade, against his opposite shoulder. The hyena stepped back and stretched his arms over his head while Askia shuffled out of his sash and tossed it to the side, where one of the nearby guards swept it up within a few moments. They were a necessity, even if Askia wished otherwise: he had spent his entire life until his father's death and his own coronation a few years ago believing that there could be nothing more dangerous in the world than a hyena with a blade, and those prejudices still thrummed in his heart every now and then.

Even if *this* hyena gave him a different kind of thrumming, between his thighs.

Losing the sash just made his movements even more difficult: he wore it for a reason. Now with every twist, with every dodge, he had to reach down with his free paw and adjust the fit of his waistcloth, or hold it in place. The wild dog's thoughts already scrambled around all over the place, no matter how hard he tried to rein them in and focus on the fight - and of course before too long he'd received another touch, and had to hop around for a bit with his paws gripping his lower calf where the hyena's sword had slapped.

Instead of stretching or looking elsewhere or doing anything else, this time the weaponsmaster kept his olive-green eyes fixed on the king before him as Askia, only somewhat reluctantly, hooked his fingers beneath his waistcloth and dropped it to his ankles. His muzzle and ears burned, and not only because of the boiling sunlight; all of this movement and exercise and action kept his body... *at attention*, so to say, especially with the kind of thoughts he'd been wrestling with.

Shekh did not say anything, though, and just rolled his shoulders and settled back into his posture, short blade held out and up. "I touch you once more, and that is it for you. You will have fallen beneath a hyena."

*Maybe that wouldn't be so bad.* If anything, his nudity just revitalized the wild dog's efforts and intentions: no longer was he restricted by the grasping folds of clothing, by the extra heat from the silk holding the sun's rays in against his splotchy fur. He could stretch his legs a little further, could move easier, could change his direction... not that what he'd worn today had been unfit for swordplay. Shekh had actually complimented him on that outfit once two months ago, *that is good for the dance; it allows you to move, and does not cling too tight*, but - and this was in the hyena's own words, and probably why he still wore only a loincloth - no clothing was still better. So there was that confidence, that building surety, and even an ebb of the tingling nervousness and embarrassment.

That was, until his eyes met the weaponsmaster's, their blades crossed. In that quick half-second Askia could both smell and feel the hyena, a kind of hot, rich spice wafting off of him and mixing with the drier smell of the grasses, and faintly acrid from exertion, spiced with the excitement of the battle. Actually - two kinds of excitement. The one was different coming from a striped hyena, from a predator, but Askia could still recognize it as the very same aroma he'd picked up on his zebra so many times before. Something thicker, heavier... meatier, something

that sent a sweet shivering pulse down his back and up along his sheath, and the point of slick flesh already peeking out of the end.

Then, he could feel Shekh start to turn his blade to redirect him, and Askia shocked back into the combat. He tightened his grip, he braced his leg, he jerked his shoulders - and forced Shekh to change his own movement and stutter back, and receive a claw's-depth cut along the flesh of his upper forearm.

And with that the fire died, extinguished by a sudden cold breeze of... of *worry*. Askia covered his mouth with his other paw, ears standing upright beneath the gentle breeze. "Oh! I - Shekh, I am sorry, I didn't mean to-"

"No, no, no sorry..." The hyena looked at the cut, ran the pad of his thumb over the beading crimson, brought that to his muzzle and sucked gently. Then, abruptly, he laughed. "I am proud of you. None of your soldiers have ever been bold enough to actually bleed me."

Nudity forgotten, Askia took another few steps forward and lightly touched the hyena's upper arm, feeling those hot, taut muscles beneath coarse fur. "Are you sure you're okay? I can - send a guard to get you the-"

"Yes! I am fine!" Shekh waved a paw, but did not move to push the wild dog off of him. Instead, that paw drifted down towards his waist, towards the fastenings of his loincloth... "You have touched me, and as such, I must lose an article of clothing. It is the rules."

"It..." And then, nudity remembered. Askia could feel his ears tint red again, and he swiftly extricated his paws from the hyena's arm - to clasp them nervously in front of his chest. Right here, this close to him, he could *definitely* taste that scent of excitement on the air. More than his own. "The rules..."

With a quiet rustle, Shekh followed his king's example, and dropped his loincloth to his feet and kicked it aside. The guards did not make to retrieve *his* clothing, and instead only stood by the pillars of this plaza that had been retrofitted for the training grounds. The slight musky spice on the air strengthened with that movement and that disrobing, and since Askia already had his eyes focused between Shekh's legs, he could quickly see why.

Just as the king had the tip of his cock protruding from the end of his sheath in shivering half-arousal, so too did the weaponsmaster's shaft hang out away from his body, supple foreskin partially tugged back over his pink head and slowly, slowly rolling further back as he stiffened beneath the appreciative gaze.

With some effort, Askia lifted his eyes back to Shekh's muzzle, and saw there... no sign of embarrassment. Just a sly half-smile.

"We still have one more try," the hyena said, his voice lower than before. "You have no clothes. I have no clothes. For now, we are on equal footing."

Askia rolled his fingers over the grip of his sword, steadying it in his paw. "What happens when we-"

But Shekh gave him no chance. Almost without taking the time to prepare the form and get into the posture, the hyena lunged forward with his blade held straight out along a line with his arm. The African wild dog, caught both off-guard and off-balance, had to scramble to keep himself from falling over onto his bare rump, and from there struggled to bring up any of the training he'd received in these past three months. Just - seeing this hyena, muscles tightly-strung like strands on a loom; watching his face, his curled lips, the movements of his stripes like thin branches swaying in a dry breeze; and now with that heavy sack and plump shaft between his legs...

Almost as quickly as this round had started, did it end. Askia spun around in an attempt to turn Shekh's motion against him, and to use that momentum for himself - but teetered on the tip of his footpaw and would have fallen over again, were it not for that thick, firm arm wrapping beneath his shoulder and stretching his sword-arm in a way that forced him to spread his fingers and drop the blade. Only now did Shekh show any sign of burgeoning exhaustion, with his broad chest rising and falling, rising and falling against the much-smaller wild dog's back, those breaths washing hotly out through the canine's short fur; Askia squirmed in an attempt to free himself, and then did so again in reaction to a slight shock of pain when Shekh spun that trapped arm around towards his back, and wrapped his other arm around the king's chest to hold him firmly in place against him.

Around the plaza, the guards had clamped both of their hands along the hafts of their spears, but with a weak - and restricted: he couldn't move much at all in this position - gesture he signed for them to relax, or at least to keep them from preparing to skewer this hyena. Shekh held him tight, almost lifting the wild dog into the air from his superior height; Askia could feel him breathing, feel him wetting his lips in the dry air, feel him swallowing in preparation to speak...

...but, no words came. There was just the tight, firm heat of those dense arms around him, one around the middle of his chest and the other holding his arm still... and another feeling, gently pressing its way into his awareness. Or, rather, twitching and throbbing its way in, just as hot and just as firm as the rest of the hyena, though *this* focused right against the base of the wild dog's tail.

Askia swallowed and squirmed again - only for Shekh to respond by pressing himself forward against his king's back, grinding his slowly-growing cock into the space between the side of Askia's tail and the curve of his bare rump. Again and again the hyena made that movement, at the same time sliding his arm down along Askia's chest towards his belly, thick claws tracing small valleys in his short fur as he made his way down towards the canid's groin, as he curled his thumb around the back of his sheath and a pair of fingers around the front.

That touch in itself sent another hot jolt through Askia's body, much like what he felt when their swords clashed, but - *pleasurable* instead of the jarring dissonance. Lost in that touch, in the squeezing and rubbing and the coaxing of his own length further out of his sheath, slick with sweat and now with arousal as well, it took him a while to become aware that Shekh had released the hold on his other arm. Askia's eyes fluttered shut, as much from fatigue as from arousal - and when he opened them again, the zebra guard standing by the pillar directly across from him had his eyes dutifully averted.

"...Hyenas are tricky," Shekh rumbled, muzzle close to the side of Askia's face. One of his large ears flicked beneath the caress of his voice. "We will do... everything we can..." That paw around his sheath tightened and released, tightened and released. Shekh spread his fingers

down, closed them around Askia's hanging sack, gave a gentle squeeze... "...to distract you. To steer your mind away from the combat, away from what it is we are planning."

Another swallow, tasting dry dust and sweet grass on the wind. Askia brought his paw up his chest, fingers ruffling through his own short fur, until his fingers bumped up against Shekh's, other arm having made its way down to around his shoulder where it now rested. The hyena bent over him, in that movement tugging Askia's rump more firmly into his own lap, and just continued with that slow, steady rhythm of his hips, pushing up against his rear so that the wild dog could feel the smooth, supple movement of that foreskin against his lower back, and the thick shaft within it.

"And I notice you are doing nothing to free yourself. Were it your life I desired, I would have it."

This time when the wild dog wriggled and squirmed to free himself, half for giving the weaponsmaster what he expected and half to avoid the amused look of the guard across the courtyard as he now eyed his growing erection beneath Shekh's warm paw - this time he actually managed it and stumbled forward on surprised, unsteady feet. It took the king a moment to find his balance, and when he spun around to face the larger hyena, he forced himself to keep his eyes on his muzzle instead of on-

-on the thick, hard shaft that twitched against his lower belly, foreskin half-retracted, thick vein pulsing out along the side with every heartbeat... Shekh started to close the distance to him, and Askia let him. He thought he was just going to take his sword and give him a few tips to help his fighting. Instead, though, those paws settled down on the wild dog's shoulders, and - a firm, heavy push tottered him over, and Shekh lowered him slowly down to the dusty stone beneath their feet first, and now, Askia's rump too.

"What are y-"

Those paws didn't stop there, though. Another push and it was Askia's back that collided with the ground, breath yet again tugged forcefully from his chest. The guards had again tightened their grips on their spears, though did not raise them this time, and Askia didn't blame them: when he managed to lift his head again, he looked down to see that sharp hyena muzzle nosing down through the fur of his lower belly, breath coming out hot and heavy over the bared flesh of his twitching cock, lips approaching... it would be - *awkward*, to say the least, to interrupt something like this.

And, besides, Askia made no move to stop it himself. Part of him wondered why that was, and another part, the same part that twitched and throbbed beneath those breaths and, now, the feeling of a broad, wet tongue making its way up from base to tip, knew exactly why. The wild dog swallowed and tilted his head back again, gently lifting his hips up into the hyena's slow, soft ministrations: again and again that tongue ran the length of his cock, from the sweat-slicked lip of his sheath to the tapered tip, lapping off the gathered musk of exertion and the growing slickness of arousal.

At one point Shekh curled his paws around Askia's waist after the wild dog lifted his hips again - and held him up, those two paws almost entirely encompassing the king's body. Askia kept himself propped up on one elbow as he watched, each time Shekh's muzzle descended upon his length sending a sweet, reverberating shiver up his back and almost forcing his head to fall backwards again. This time, it wasn't exhaustion that made him pant.

Olive-green eyes flicked up towards him, gave him a slight shock of panic for some reason, and then fluttered shut again. Shekh released the wild dog's body, bringing one paw down to stroke along that red-fleshed length in rhythm with the bobbing of his muzzle, and squeezed the other around his own length between his legs, to roll that thick foreskin back and forth in his own enjoyment.

Askia swallowed again, licked his lips, let his jaw hang open beneath the unexpected but very welcome pleasure: this certainly wasn't an inexperienced muzzle around him. The way Shekh kept his lips tight, how he had his tongue cupped along his underside, how every time he dove down, he wriggled the tip of that tongue beneath the supple skin of Askia's sheath, or tugged out along it, or swirled it down further into the warm, wet flesh there, made even more so from his drooling maw.

The paw along the wild dog's shaft drifted further down to cup and squeeze his sack, just as it had done while they were still standing. Along the way, both of them had discarded their swords beside them; Askia shifted his position and bumped against his own, but ignored it. More important things to focus on right now than swordfighting. Shekh rolled the wild dog's balls over between his fingers, squeezed gently with his thumb, lightly tugged along the short-furred skin, which in turn slid his sheath just a little bit further down towards the base of his cock beneath his unswollen knot. Every time the hyena's tongue curled down around that bump of flesh, yet another shiver echoed up through his body.

Shekh moved back towards Askia's tapered tip, and kept his lips closed around there, tongue swirling back and forth around it, lapping off the little spurts of pre and swallowing them down as they came. Askia's claws scratched along the ground beneath his body, finding no traction on the polished granite and giving no relief; he gritted his teeth and rolled his head back, held a sharp sigh in his throat, lifted his hips beneath the growing pleasure. Whether that was his own pre or Shekh's thick saliva that had dripped down into his pubic fur, he couldn't tell. And whether the guards were watching or not... well, he didn't really care, either. Let them. This kind of thing had never happened during his father's rule, but now that Askia held the throne...

The hyena swallowed - Askia could feel it, a tightening of the throat, a little more pressure from the tongue beneath his length - and drew himself up, that tongue curling over his lips and lapping up the stray strand of hungry drool that still linked his maw to the wild dog's hard cock. Once again their eyes met, and this time, held: the hyena straightened up, his larger form blocking the sun to Askia's eyes and casting a wide shadow across him, and then lifted himself up as well, rising to his knees to make his way forward and over the smaller canine.

Askia half-lifted his paws as if in defense, but ended up settling them down against firm-muscled thighs as Shekh settled down atop him, reversing the position that they had been in earlier: now it was Askia's erection twitching beneath Shekh's tail, and the hyena... he welcomed it, he teased at it, he *wanted* it. One paw held beneath his rump to keep the wild dog lined up with his tailhole and the other against Askia's chest, he gradually worked his hips along that tapered tip, pressing down onto him and coming back up, pressing down a little further, a little faster, a little harder... he didn't even seem to notice each time Askia's claws dug into the flesh of his thighs, a natural response to the feeling of that tight heat squeezing down around him.

Maybe needless to say, this... this was not what he'd expected. Not upon walking out to the courtyard earlier today with his sword freshly oiled; not upon beginning his training session and



feeling the flow of the dance; certainly not upon Shekh's triumph over him, and how he'd found himself in a bit of a compromising position there.

This time, Askia's breath held in his throat for an entirely different reason than usual when he dealt with this hyena. Shekh had a determined look on his face, already lost in the pleasure: tall ears half-splayed back, eyes closed, whiskers relaxed, jaw hanging partially open while he worked himself down, down along the cock that he'd just thoroughly slickened with his saliva, and then back up along the smooth contours, again and again. That heavy paw on Askia's chest clenched and released with his motions, and he could feel his entire body lurching gently across the dusty ground.

Right as the wild dog started again to lift his hips in rhythm with that, now into a tight tailhole instead of a warm muzzle, the paw on his chest tightened its grip and pushed him down fully to his back again, so he had no choice but to look up at the gradually-darkening sky above. It was there that Shekh kept his grip, and his balance: every time those firm hips sank back down along Askia's length, every time the ridged rim of that tailhole squeezed against the slowly-growing bulge of his knot, he could feel the pressure beneath that paw grow and peak for a moment as he prepared to push himself back up.

The king swallowed yet again, and licked his lips. His mouth and throat had gone dry. "Is this - part of the training?"

For a moment he wasn't sure if Shekh had heard him; the hyena just kept on riding him in that slow, easy rhythm, steadily pressing further down onto him, gladly taking the slight swell of his knot while he still could. After a few more thrusts, though, he settled back down against the wild dog's hips and remained there, churning his hips forward and back instead of continuing with his bobbing rhythm, and then rested both paws along the smaller canid's chest.

"I could tell you." There was that tongue again, still hungry as he flicked it across his lips. While he spoke, the hyena started to lift his hips back up with each grind forward again - which in turn made Askia's body press further into him, to squeeze out more of that delicious feeling. "But. You know. Tricky hyenas."

Askia certainly felt the same way Shekh did, down to the way his mouth hung open and how his tongue lolled out of the side, how his chest rose and fell with heavy breaths and how his hips worked beneath the motion and the pleasure. If the wild dog rested his head back against the ground, eyes half-closed underneath all of that, he could just barely make out the form of that guard he'd gotten faced with earlier... and it seemed like he had his eyes fixed on the show in front of him. Wonder if that was true for the other five guards standing around the courtyard.

All of those zebras, all of those eyes, and yet still Shekh had taken it upon himself to do this. The hyena didn't even seem to mind; after he'd answered his king, he had gotten right back to his rhythm, having now worked that forward-and-back motion into his bouncing as well. Felt like he was experienced *here*, too, in how quickly he'd comfortably sunk down onto Askia, and how confidently he worked those hips now... and this time, the wild dog *knew* what the warm, gathering stickiness in the fur beneath his belly button was. A thick strand of that pre still hung off of the underside of the hyena's head, half-revealed beneath his foreskin.

Just as his eyes settled down there, just as Askia half-raised a paw as if to take that thick girth in his fingers and work it for himself, Shekh adjusted his position to do so himself as if he hadn't

noticed. And, maybe he really hadn't: his eyes had drifted shut again, and he seemed quite focused on grinding the king into the ground, working his hips fast and hard as much for himself as for the wild dog.

The sharp odor of sweat lingered in the air, on top of it the heavier, deeper, more cloying aroma of aroused musk, and the bolder scent that drifted off of that heavy uncut shaft, having only grown in strength as the... session went on. That was a scent that Askia wanted to familiarize himself with. He let his eyes close again, and for a moment imagined what it would have been like if Shekh had taken another path once he'd pushed him down to his back.

If Shekh had settled down against Askia's upper chest and had hung that shaft and heavy sack right in front of his muzzle - or maybe even on top of it, weight and heat of them holding him down, forcing him to nuzzle up against them and breathe that scent; if he'd held Askia's head with one paw and stroked himself with the other, rolling that supple foreskin up against the wild dog's lips and then back again, or sliding it over his tongue, back and forth, sweet and slow. Slow enough for the dog's saliva to mix with that natural slickness and drooling pre, so that he'd be able to taste it on his breath and in the back of his throat.

The hyena slowed his rhythm, now taking deeper, longer movements, sinking down to the base of Askia's cock and hilted there before coming back up, almost to his tip. Now each descent brought with it a slight bump and gasp at the end - Askia could now clearly feel the growing pressure and pleasure of his peak, drawn closer with each pulse and thrust as if Shekh were yanking it along the end of a rope. And no doubt the hyena could feel it, too, in the way that knot gradually and steadily bulged out, threatening to swell out inside of him and tie him tightly in place with Askia buried all of those six inches under his tail.

Didn't seem like he'd mind, really. If anything, that added thickness just urged him on further, made him ride him with more energy and urgency, and work his paw over his shaft faster and harder. A thick strand of his pre had rolled down over his finger and hung off from his knuckle, swinging in the air with his forward-and-back motion; his jaw hung open and his breaths came and went in fast, shaky gasps, each exhalation underscored with a low rumble of a moan, tailhole clenching tightly around the entirety of Askia's length as if he wanted him deeper, harder...

Then, sharp intake of breath, even sharper claws digging into the wild dog's chest - and Askia flinched backwards, a rope of hot, thick cum suddenly spurting up and across his muzzle. Shekh pressed firmly down against the king's hips as he churned that orgasm out of himself, teasing at tugging up along Askia's knot, emptying out his load across the already-splotchy fur of his chest... and it was that feeling that pushed Askia over the edge as well, arching his back up over the ground and letting a sweet, hot shiver rack his body, adding his own throbbing to the tight clenches beneath his knot, becoming even tighter as that knot swelled out to its full width and tied them. Still Shekh tugged on it, still he pulsed and squeezed and drained the wild dog's balls into himself until both of them relaxed back, even more exhausted than their training sessions usually left them.

For that time, Askia had actually forgotten about the bruise along his shoulder - though now that those more intense bodily sensations were dwindling, turning to faint yet hot sparkles in his vision and at the middle of his abdomen, that slightly-painful pulsing came back to him. Head still limp against the granite beneath him, he reached over with one paw and rubbed at that spot... and ended up sliding his wrist directly across one of the thick lines of Shekh's load,

spread thoroughly up along his chest towards his neck and muzzle. It had even spattered across his lips; he could taste it when he licked them, trying to combat the dry air of the early evening.

Even though he'd just finished, even though that milky cum still drooled down the underside of his gradually-softening cock in his paw, the hyena continued to churn his hips in smaller, slower movements. Askia could still feel them, though, and still shivered underneath them. As if Shekh wanted to milk him dry, almost.

The next time Askia found the strength and ability to lift his head and open his eyes, the weaponsmaster had fixed a bright, sly grin on him. "I only wanted to feel for myself how well you handle dances of *other* types," he said, and gave yet another tug against the wild dog's knot.

It took the wild dog another moment to speak, between dry, heavy panting. Even then, though, it was just: "...And?"

Shekh leaned in close to his muzzle, at the same time giving yet another tug and clench. Probably intentionally. "And I think I am the one who will need some more practice."

"You're gonna..." Another tug, another clench, another squirm. Askia gritted his teeth and let his next sigh out as a rumbling moan similar to Shekh's own. "...teach me more about your - hyena tricks?"

"So long as I have my lord's permission."

Now he was mocking him. Since his admittance into the palace, the weaponsmaster had always treated Askia as an equal rather than his king. The wild dog patted his paws uselessly against Shekh's thighs, now holding still beside his chest rather than working and tightening and relaxing with his bouncing. "I don't have much of a choice with us like this."

There was that grin again. "I know it."

Even before it had happened, even when Askia had first spoken to this hyena that night and before he'd agreed to it, he'd known that it would have been quite the departure from the norm to bring this outsider into his palace. The extent of the changes, though, and the effect on himself as well... sure, he'd *thought* about doing something like this before. But, Shekh had never been the one with his tailhole stretched in those fantasies and scenarios. Not that Askia was complaining, necessarily. Maybe he'd nail down his zebra sometime for some... *practice sessions*.

It'd just take some time to get used to.