

It was more of a fog than a smoke or steam that wafted around the dimly lit club, flashes of colored lights piercing through every here and there, illuminating certain chosen spots within the building – the dance floor, the bar, a few of the booths and exhibition corners – while leaving others cloaked in shadow. Within those shaded sections Lukas could just barely make out the shifting silhouettes of their inhabitants, some of them twisting and writhing together, others holding deliberately still, while in the illuminated sections much the same went on in full light and view. The otter tilted his glass back again and braced his throat against the burst of high, rich flavor that he knew would come, sharp and pungent, aromatic and intoxicating, as it slid in past lips and over his tongue, once more coating the inside of his mouth with its distinctive bite.

His eyes grazed across those partitions in the far walls, seeing what he could see and enjoying those shows appropriately. A smallish gryphon, unidentifiably halfway feral – the body shape and size said so, while the facial expression and sharp intelligence behind those eyes implied otherwise – stood atop a soft chair with her tailfeathers raised, hind end on full display for any of the handful of patrons beneath her to touch, and sniff, and lick, and in the case of that lucky wolf right there, wrap his lips around and suck; the next one held shadow and likely three or four inhabitants squirming and writhing against one another, with the occasional arm reaching out for support at the partition; then in the section beside that, lounging back in a dining seat like at any restaurant, a German shepherd sat with one arm reaching in front of themselves to hold a smaller, feral fox against their chest, while the other paw clutched a wide vibrator with the head pressed right up against and into the vulpine's thick, wet spade, brown exterior flesh spreading open around its girth to show glistening pink inside.

Lukas swallowed down those last few drops and watched a little longer, waiting for the resultant tingle and stir in the back of his throat to dissipate. The fox squirmed and kicked, muzzle wrenched in an expression of sharp pleasure bordering on urgent desperation: the head of the vibrator shook rapidly, causing those plump stretched lips to jiggle and drip around it – and only now did the otter see the telltale signs of previous sprays of that wetness streaking out across the smooth tile floor, glistening in the low lights.

That was part of the fun of coming to this club: everything put on display. Hell, that was part of why he had chosen *this* spot for his own visit tonight, the otter having already cast aside all of his clothing so that he now lay across the cushions with nothing but a loose towel draped across his lower body, letting the cool air of the club tickle through his bare fur and run its fingers up and down his body with the changing currents. Still looking across the others across the room, he moved to tilt his glass back again and this time found it empty – though the interior rim held remnant streaks and stains of the liquid it originally held.

But he was still thirsty. Lukas licked his lips and swallowed again, breath still tainted with a bit of the characteristic *bite* of his particular drink, then leaned up and back... and took a moment to look over the wide, sprawling form of the huge taur propped above and behind him. Half wolf and half jaguar, dark fur shimmered in the dim lighting of the club, the beast's upper body resting atop an elevated table with a book clutched in his paws, while the feral lower half lay sideways along the back of the couch on which Lukas lay. He had positioned himself – or, rather, Lukas had – so that the hindlegs of his lower body hung limp off the back corner just above the otter's head, so that all he needed to do was prop himself up a bit, turn, and then reach up... and slide his fingers in along the thick, humid tufts of dense pubic fur puffing out around the base of that huge sheath and sack, both draping naturally down along the interior of his thigh.

At this new touch the taur stirred and perked a bit, briefly looking up from his book to glance down at his chosen patron. Lukas looked up as well, grinned sheepishly, and waved; the taur smirked, rolled his eyes, and turned back to his study, though made sure to lift his hindleg up and away to afford the smaller male easier access. This wouldn't be the first time the two had done something like this, nor would it be the second or third: past visits had begun as quick, careful encounters, Lukas shy and unsure, Daet strong, confident, quiet, yet still so inviting.

The taur had seemed to be a staple of the club, too, always here, always popular. Then he had set his gaze on the slim, sleek otter who seemed to push himself past his usual boundaries on every visit: starting out with a simple blowjob in one of those dark corners, designed so the occupants could maintain the *feel* of putting on a show without anyone actually *seeing* them; then bending over one of the bar stools while one of the stallion regulars sank up beneath his rudder tail; then shuffling over towards the other end of the bar and kneeling down to get a taste from the source of what the feral Australian shepherd over there had on tap.

It had invigorated and intoxicated him, in more ways than the usual drinks here could. Evenings passed and Lukas made himself a regular of the club, observing all the sights, participating in whatever caught his fancy, until one night he found himself on his knees underneath the feral half of this great wolf-jaguar taur, stunned by the sight, the scent, the heft, the *heat* of a sheath as wide around as his forearm, of a pair of balls each filling up both of his cupped palms.

Once he had gotten close he discovered the taur was far more inviting and welcoming than his gruff appearance had made him think. Gentle words, gentler touches, and a soft, calming invitation, which then led to slow, careful guidance and a sweet probing of those same boundaries... and Lukas found himself addicted, so that every visit since he had sought out the familiar large, dark form of the wolf-jaguar and come over to him.

The otter squirmed on the cushions, one paw reaching down to make sure his towel stayed in place over his lower body. By now most of the other patrons knew or at least recognized him, and as such they had seen every accessible inch of him inside *and* out, but still; it was part of the appearance, part of the maintained pretense, that made dropping that pretense even more exhilarating. Once in place he reached up a bit, rolled his glass between his fingers, and slid his other paw up to brush along the side of that sheath again, plump and heavy so that it sagged down along the taur's lower belly and the cushion beneath him. Lukas swallowed, drew in a breath through his nose, then angled the wide mouth of the glass, as he had specifically chosen a martini glass, right up underneath the lip of Daet's sheath, where thick fur pinched away to smooth, supple skin beneath.

Seeing his approach, the taur chuckled softly and lowered his book again. "*Just* for you tonight," he rumbled, warm voice cutting easily through the music playing throughout the club. "I knew you would come over here, so before you arrived I shook off anyone who wanted a taste for themselves."

"Thank you," Lukas purred back, now wrapping his paw around the underside of Daet's sheath. He had to slip his fingers in between the skin of that sheath and the inner thigh underneath it, peeling the two gently apart where warmth and natural bodily humidity had squeezed them together. "Is it-?"

Again the taur smirked as he lifted his book back up. "Why don't you see for yourself? I know how you like it. And *you* know I try to be as accommodating as I can..."

Heart already thumping in his throat and chest through the anticipation, confidence bolstered by how he had already downed one of these glasses tonight, the otter wet his lips, leaned up a little closer, pressed the lip of the glass in a little bit more firmly until the skin and flesh squished gently around it... then wrapped his fingers around that sheath starting towards the midway point, and rolled them up to the front. He flared his nostrils in trying to taste the scent that would inevitably trickle off, just as the warm, supple skin folded and wrinkled forward, tugging against the membrane that connected the back of the sheath to the taur's belly; that portion in the front where the fur gave way to skin pulsed and swelled. Lukas held his breath for a moment, then deliberately began drawing in through his nose again. Skin and flesh bunched forward, tugging and wrinkling in over itself, slipping smoothly over the dense, glistening black girth that he knew lurked inside, and... as Lukas's paw began to squeeze past the still-buried tip within the folds of skin, as his fingers began to press back into his palm with the thick, folded wrinkles of sheath still caught between, a steady drizzle of the same milky, cloudy fluid oozed out and trickled down into the base of his glass.

Once more he swallowed, now having to squirm beneath his towel as the scent wafted up to curl into his nose. Again and again he squeezed and pressed, loving the way the dripping juice soaked through the fur right there underneath the tip, and how it smeared along his palm even as he pushed the rim of the glass up against the lip to catch as much of it as he could. The longer he went at it, the more he could feel Daet's body stir and respond in turn to the action, this squeezing and stroking of his sheath *outside* his shaft still pushing, pressing, sliding; Lukas found that it was becoming steadily harder to close his fingers around the hanging weight as far back as he had before, and as the fluid in the glass approached the foggy streak showing its original level along the interior he was gripping at just the last inch and a half or so, his first two fingers repeatedly pinching along the taur's tapered canine tip within his sheath as it pushed up towards the end.

It seemed he wouldn't be able to *quite* refill it to its original level. Lukas sighed softly and sat back on the couch, taking a moment to pretend like he wasn't now twitching fully hard beneath his so-called "modesty" towel, and glanced around the club – with his other paw lifted towards his muzzle so he could sniff and lick at the thick, sticky heat oozing down through his fur. Like halfway between mucus and pre, it clung yet still dripped, and when he tilted his paw towards his pursed lips he could suck it easily free, the stuff once more spreading out across his tongue and simmering at the back of his throat.

Hot and rich, heavy and musky, a little bit peppery, a little bit... *something*. He looked down, swirled the stuff in his glass, felt a stir inside of him at the way the cloudy liquid shimmered and jiggled, then looked up to Daet's sheath again. By now the taur had resumed reading his book, though the position of his paw against his muzzle very clearly showed an attempt to hide his burgeoning arousal, very clearly revealed in the plumping of his sheath around the tapered tip just now pushing its way free. Just as expected, slick black flesh glistened in the colored lights of the club, shimmering with the thick, almost slimy wetness of the very same sheath juice that now stirred in Lukas's glass.

And *that* gave him an idea. Carefully shifting his grip beneath the neck of the glass, Lukas straightened up again, took another look around the club, then reached up towards the taur's sheath again – and this time led with his fingers cupped towards a point, thumb clutched in against his palm, to scoop underneath that revealed tip *between* the underside and the sheath around it. Immediately Daet gave a twitch, heavy balls tugging up towards the base of his sheath and then sagging back down, with that same skin squeezing gently around the otter's paw as he still pressed it down into those warm, sleek depths, careful not to brush with his claws or press too hard with his pads.

Breathlessly he sank his paw deeper into those tight depths, watching from outside the way the bulge of his fingers pressed up and out from within the wolf-jaguar's sheath. Sleek, smooth skin wrapped around him, shifting out of the way only at his insistence; he cupped his fingers around the wide, smooth contours of this lupine shaft nestled snug within the wet meat around it, stirring and pulsing, slipping further out as he dug deeper in. Lukas adjusted how he lay, felt a little sticky splash of his designer drink leak out across his other thumb and down his wrist, and adjusted his angle, still leading with his fingers brought to a point, now with his thumb deliberately curving up and around the broad shaft inside of Daet's sheath.

Above him he could hear the change in the taur's breathing as well, lower body shifting gently with the heightened pace. Like digging a spoon into a grapefruit, this thick, cloudy juice oozed out around his wrist cupped underneath, now with the first inch or so of the taur's length protruding out and tightening the lip of his sheath around the two of them, holding it snug in place while he still dug deeper – deeper – until the relatively loose, malleable skin of his lower sheath suddenly tightened and squeezed in, giving way to the firmer, stronger inner flesh and muscle, the much more intense, simmering wet heat of his body.

Just a little bit further, and... Lukas swallowed, a little shiver tingling up his arm and along his back at the sensation of that thick dribble of pre and sheath-slime rolling down his arm towards his inner elbow. The rest of the club maintained a smooth, neutral scent, deliberately maintained so that each little pocket of interaction could build and establish its own aura: this meant that right here, lounging back in this corner of the couch with great, feral hind legs draping over his back shoulder and his muzzle facing the very same sheath into which his arm was now buried halfway to the elbow, each inhalation brought in the same thick, dense swirl of spice and musk and stinging salty-bitterness.

Once more he turned his head and pulled himself up, close enough until his nose and lips tickled with the humid heat emanating off of the parted lips of the taur's sheath. Daet shifted his hindlegs again, his tail curling up at the base amid his growing arousal; Lukas felt the liquid in his glass slop and slosh again, though at this point his attention focused elsewhere. Gently, carefully he pressed his fingers into dense walls of clinging flesh buried deep within the base of Daet's sheath, tight enough that each wiggle and movement of his fingers pressed out at the skin and fur around it; he spread his paw along that broad girth, pushed and touched, felt along the contours and pulsing veins, then finally found the slight, sleek bulge of the lupine knot hidden there inside, similarly twitching yet not quite swollen. Still, though, it afforded enough of a bump for him to hook his fingers around, wrap his thumb along the base of Daet's shaft, and then – *tug*.

Immediately the response bounced through the much larger male, strong enough that he heard the huff of breath issuing out from his upper body. Then again, and again, more tightening his fingers in towards his palm instead of pulling the wolf-jaguar further out of his sheath, though the sensation naturally had this effect as well. Enticed and intoxicated by the sight, the scent, the *anticipation*, Lukas drew himself up a little bit further, unnoticing of the way his towel now tented up in his lap and halfway peeled away from his body; he tilted his half-full martini glass in towards Daet's revealed tip and shaft, this time nestling that tapered tip along the inner rim, and blinked at each energetic spray of clear, slick pre that jetted out in response to his squeezes. Again and again he squeezed like that, milking the taur's growing shaft out into his waiting glass, piercing the slightly thicker, cloudy juice with clear sprays that danced across the surface and dove in towards the base, where a few faint particles had begun to settled out and gather.

Finally satisfied with his serving, the otter straightened up again, carefully balanced the wide neck between his fingers, and moved to pull his arm back out of the taur's sheath. It sucked and slurped at his fingers as he went, streaking his fur in the same dense, sticky slime that drizzled along the interior of his glass – then he finally slopped free with a gentle *pop*, thick foggy ropes of the stuff hanging down between his fingers and matting his fur, causing his pads to stick together as he tried to wipe it off. When he glanced up again he just barely caught a glimpse of Daet looking down at him over the top of his book, ears angled back and whiskers tilted with flustered arousal, just before he pretended to focus again.

Lukas, meanwhile, sat back against the couch with his new bounty actually faintly steaming in his glass. He turned it back and forth in his fingers, squeezing carefully so as to not lose his grip along the streaked, smeared surface; he swallowed, wet his lips, then idly lifted his other paw to his lips to touch some of the sticky strands there. They grabbed on and held tightly, thick and slick like hot glue, tinted heavily with the taur's rich, invigorating aroma, enough to make his eyes tickle, nose curl, and throat tighten, but still he wanted more of it. He slid back a bit and hung his paw up over his muzzle, letting his jaw fall open and tongue flop out... and turned that paw back and forth until the thick strands hung down, jiggled, then broke beneath their own weight, slapping down against his waiting tongue so he could swallow them down.

It took multiple swallows to do so, for the way they clung to his throat and the roof of his mouth. A shudder rocketed down the otter's back and he lifted his glass to his lips to wash it down, immediately refreshing the bright, salty pungency there. It took more of a slurp than a sip, with the juice flooding out between his lips and across his tongue, seeming to sear his nerves as it went: it made him pucker his lips and wrench his eyes shut, yet at the same time sent another shudder down through his loins. With his other paw, still so soaked through with that fresh, natural lubrication from within Daet's sheath, he reached down underneath his towel and gave himself a squeeze and stroke, intentionally wiping some of it off along his length.

The fibrous material of the towel stuck to it, in fact, clinging to the back of his paw and pulling along as he moved it. Again and again the otter swallowed, eyes half-closed with the glass still resting gently between his lips: slowly, gradually he pulled deeper and deeper from the bounty, letting it flow over his tongue and simmer in his mouth before drinking it down, each time shivering and wrenching himself together against the bright richness, the pungent acidity. A good portion of his delight came from the very thought and idea of the act, as much as the actual taste: sure, on one of his first visits to this club he had tilted his head back, sealed his lips around some feral canine's sheath, and sucked directly from *there*, but this was still somehow different.

The fact that it was from a glass, that he had intentionally, deliberately squeezed and squished first along the outside of that sheath, and then *inside*... the otter swallowed again, shuddered, and lowered the glass a bit, just so he could turn his head to nuzzle along the half-hard shaft twitching, throbbing, spraying over his shoulder. He brought his paw up from beneath the towel, not bothering to cover himself again after it fell partially away, and traced his fingers gently up and down the contoured length, now deliberately wafting more of the taur's intense, lupine musk into his lungs. Back and forth Lukas went, running his pursed lips along that length and then leaning over to the side to take another sip; then he sat up a bit further, squeezed and stroked to coax Daet out further, then angled the glass to pour some of that liquid right back out across it, just so he could tilt his muzzle down and lap it right back off. At one point he had to squeeze his lips in against his shaft and suck along the side, drawing slow, deep breaths through his nose, lungs hot and tingling with the weight of scent wrapping around

him. So much of it was doing it here, out in the open, for any of the patrons to see, and yet by now he had completely forgotten about the rest of the club.

“Good, isn’t it?” came that same smooth, pleasant voice from above. Lukas half-opened his eyes and looked up past the wide, glistening black flesh resting against his lips; Daet smiled sweetly and tilted his head. “I know how much you like it, Luke, and you do... *such* a good job of drinking it down, and cleaning me off. It makes *me* feel good that it makes *you* feel good, and you know, I really love to... pay you back for your dutiful service.”

Charmed, the otter chuckled and closed his eyes, ready to get right back to sucking the slickness right off of Daet’s shaft – until a soft, gentle touch slid up along his wrist, from the direction opposite he would expect. A little surprised, he opened his eyes again and looked, yet still did not remove his muzzle from where he had placed it: slipping up along his arm, smooth and soft, moist and warm, trickled one of the same long, fleshy tentacles that had pleased him on a few occasions in the past. They always took him by surprise even though now he knew to expect them from the taur, wriggling out from spots along the back of his lower body where wings sometimes folded.

Amused and curious, Lukas lifted up and away a bit to let the trailing appendage do its work. It curled up around the stem of his glass, now about two-thirds of the way empty – and he could certainly *feel* the weight and warmth of its contents stirring in his belly – to carry it away towards the nearest table, while a second slipped in along the couch to disappear beneath the towel where it halfway draped across his lap. Then another came up as well, this one surprising him from between his legs near the base of his tail; he jumped, shuddered, and lay back as it poked and prodded, swirled and slid around the pucker of his tailhole, feeling like a smooth, sweet, impossibly dexterous tongue, coming in towards the center there.

For a moment he just lay back and enjoyed the sensations shivering, shuddering through him, coaxed out by this warm slickness squeezing around his length from base to tip, and repeatedly pressing up into the pucker of his tailhole. Lukas tilted his head back along the tentacles wrapped gently underneath there, swirling, caressing, like sweet careful hands; his hips thrust slowly up into the appendage squirming around his shaft, tapered tip teasing down along the rim of his sensitive foreskin, slipping beneath, wrapping down under the rim of his head – while the other one pressed up against his rim, pulsing and swelling with each movement and slowly working its way in, bit by bit. It really did feel like a pair of lips pursed there around his tailhole, while the tongue delved deeper and deeper.

His eyes fluttered shut, and his mouth fell open. Lukas forgot about the towel resting across his body, not moving for it when it finally dropped away to put on full display just what the taur’s tentacles were doing to him. He forgot about the glass of thick, steaming sheath-slime sitting up and behind his head on the nearby table, forgot about the colored lights and the quiet music thumping throughout the club, forgot about all the other pairs of eyes that could look over and see the two of them at any moment.

For those moments it was *just* them, Lukas with his body squirming and shivering beneath the waves of pleasure pushing through him, warm wet slickness squeezing around his cock, the base of his sack, and then the rim as well as somewhat *inside* his tailhole, reflexively clenching around the thick muscle yet still stretching back open around it. Each thrust up into the tentacle wrapped there rolled his slick skin back a little further, then tightened and pinched it up around his head again with the soft length of the thing still buried underneath – while every time he pulled back out of the thrust pushed him further

down onto the one settled there along the base of his rudder, with a second and third tentacle coming up to tease at his rim as well.

One of his first nights with the wolf-jaguar had ended up with Lukas in a similar position, though on *that* night he had found himself on the floor resting across the cushioned seat here, muzzle sideways on his arms, eyes closed, mouth open, and rudder hiked up into the air, while three of those tentacles took turns pumping inside of him, a smooth, wet piston. Steady sighing and panting had picked up into quicker, more urgent grunts and gasps, then from there into him with his back arched, teeth gritted, toes curled, and tailhole clenched tight around the appendages that would not let up – and then the next thing he knew, the otter was blasting his finish out across the front of the couch in so many quick, energetic spurts, gentle words of encouragement in his ears coaxing him on through the intense hands-free.

Was it still hands-free if he had another tentacle licking and slurping at him now, curling around beneath his foreskin and tugging at the sensitive, elastic rim there? Lukas clenched again, loving the way his body tightened around both bunches of tentacles on either side of him. He swallowed, licked his lips, and let his eyes drift open, just in time for the one wrapped beneath his chin to press, squeeze, and lift his gaze up and to the side. By now Daet had closed his book around his thumb – God forbid he lose his place – and rested his upper body slightly angled towards his much smaller companion here. Their eyes met for a moment, Daet's showing the sweet pleasure he derived from attending to his chosen subject for the night, Lukas's clouded and misty beneath intoxicated indulgence and the rich musk-drunk involvement that still stirred through his body... and then the tentacle beneath his chin turned him further, until once more he came face to face with the taur's plump sheath and heavy sack, huge balls stirring slowly where they hung down across the side of the seat.

Lukas waited, knowing that Daet's intuition would guide him into what he wanted next. Sleek, slick black tapered flesh still protruded from the lips of that sheath, stretching the supple skin wide around it, though it had retracted somewhat so that the bulge of his knot once again hid within his body. Thick ropes of not quite clear pre and slime hung down from the lower lip, just a slight flash of interior pink visible amid darker skin – though in another moment, with two more tentacle tips curling down from above, he showed to Lukas quite a bit more of that pink.

Those tapered tips slipped down into the rim of his sheath, briefly showing their progress beneath the smooth skin and fur wrapped around the base of Daet's length, then hooked in, curled around, and tugged open. As close as he was, Lukas's ears perked forward with the wet *slurp* of the spread, and almost imagined he could see a puff of steam empty out from the gaping depths; his mind went to a hundred different places, hard shaft twitching again beneath the grip of the tentacle still pulsing around him, then focused in just one.

And, sensing this desire, Daet chuckled again and guided the tentacle beneath the otter's head to bring him steadily closer to that one place. The tentacles within his own sheath gripped and tugged it forward, pulling the supple skin like rubber until it stretched forward around the inch and a half of his revealed length; halfway there Lukas took over, turning himself a bit to afford a better angle, bracing a paw against the couch, and leaning in... until he could purse his lips around that tip, swallow, close his eyes, and feel the gaped rim of the taur's sheath mash against his face, and then suck into place there as smooth, wet skin sealed onto him, wrapping him tight in rich, humid musk.

Electric energy zapped through his body, forcing Lukas to press his short muzzle into these thick walls of slick, wet flesh squeezing against his face. Where he was, he could purse his lips against Daet's tapered tip and remain there, nuzzling and mouthing and sucking gently just as the taur's voluminous sheath wrapped around him in turn: the otter felt the little pockets of suction shift around as his head did, each of his slow, deep breaths drawing in as much of that still, humid air as he could, then puffing it back out and causing the slick skin to pouch out like a balloon around him.

Still his hips rocked with sensation, now riding the three tentacles as they pressed into him as much as he thrust upwards into the one wrapped around his own hard length. He swallowed open-mouthed around the portion of the taur's shaft resting across his tongue, throat tightening a little bit at each spray of juicy pre, and continued messily slurping and slopping within that sheath, tilting his head just enough to break the seal of those wet lips around his nose before burying himself within them again. Gradually the two tentacles that originally spread it around his face peeled away – and in their place Lukas settled his own paws, now squeezing Daet's sheath around his face and holding it in place.

No matter how many times he swallowed, there was still more dripping into his mouth, coating his tongue and throat. His quick, deep breaths failed to fill his lungs, and again and again the otter had to pull himself free from these folds of wet flesh to get a gulp of fresh air, just before leaning in, dragging his tongue around and over the rim of Daet's sheath, and then working his way in again, thumbs hooked underneath the lip and gripping the slimy interior flesh so he could pull it around.

Slack yet firm, elastic yet solid, Lukas felt the space left for his muzzle steadily decrease as Daet's sizeable arousal continued to grow, spurred on by his enjoyment of the taur's body and equipment. At this point Lukas rested most of his weight against the couch, footpaws kicking helplessly off the edge while those tentacles worked at him: a similarly thick slime dripped down both his balls as well as the underside of his tail, gathering into a sticky pool underneath his body that seemed to only pull against him further as he writhed, and clenched, and shuddered, and shook. Soon he had his lips clamped around the wolf-jaguar's leaking tip, freely sucking, slurping, and swallowing down the liquid that rhythmically jetted from the end there, just like what he had so meticulously gathered into his glass. The otter's belly stirred with the sensation and weight of the stuff, and even as he felt his muzzle pushed back from the warm, sloppy sheath, loose skin coming free from his matted fur with a gentle *pop*, still he squeezed it between his paws and worked it back and forth, back and forth with his sucking.

"There you go..." the taur cooed, voice just enough to make it over the other sounds from the club. Lukas was vaguely aware of some of the patrons up at the bar having turned to watch, but still he was too wrapped up in his own indulgence here to pay that much attention. "Just like that. You're getting close, aren't you? Why don't you show me *just* how much you like it, Luke?"

At this rate he really wouldn't have to wait that long. Panting, throat tight with the sensation of sticky slime, belly churning like his hips, Lukas swallowed, did so another two times, left one more long lick along the underside of Daet's heavy shaft as it twitched against his muzzle, then angled himself down and this time buried his face right there into the little valley between sheath and sack, already moistened and matted down with leaked pre and saliva. The scent here came different than *inside* his sheath, a bit higher and drier, not as pungent or acrid, but still intoxicating, irresistible. Sticky paws hefted up underneath those balls, pressing them as much as he could against his chin and muzzle to bury himself amid their malleable, liquid heat, his own lower body tensing, clenching, shuddering with the sensation of an irresistible approach.

Lukas gritted his teeth, sucked in another not-so-fresh breath of air from amid thick, wet fur, curled his toes, knocked his knees together, pushed against the three tentacles pulsing beneath his tail, then tightened around him – and kept on squeezing until finally, breathlessly, his entire body jerked with the force of his finish, each spurt coming just as strongly as the one before, spraying out across his belly and chest with the tentacle wrapped around his shaft curling back, drawing his soaked foreskin back past his rim and then tightening there, slipping carefully along the ridged rim to add that last bright sparkle of intense pleasure.

Realizing that he had sucked a portion of the loose skin of Daet's sack *into* his mouth, fur and flesh filling his maw and fingers gripping maybe a little too tightly around those huge folds, after a moment the otter let himself uncoil and flopped uselessly back on the couch, pulling in slow, deep breaths of the cool club air. It took a few moments to realize just how *messy* he had been, what with the streaks of white trailing across his chest from his own finish, to the thick ropes of ooze hanging down from his chin, soaked into his fur, smeared over the material of the cushions underneath him, and of course now drying into thick, crusty mats halfway up towards his elbow.

Gradually the one tentacle unwrapped from around his length, smearing slowly up along his chest to wipe his own load into his fur – but the three inside of him remained there, now pulsing at a slower, steadier rate, more to remind him of his presence and milk out the last of his peak rather than to work him towards a second. He moaned and writhed around them, deliberately spreading his legs to let them in deeper.

"*That's a good boy,*" Daet rumbled again, a warm smile on his muzzle. "You really enjoyed that, didn't you? You certainly deserved it. And you still do – and, you know, I'm gonna stay right *here,*" with a press of those entwined appendages inside of him, "until you're ready to show off a bit more. Although – you're looking a bit tussled; they *do* have showers here in case you want to get cleaned up. I can carry you, if your legs won't do it for you."

That *was* a valid concern. Lukas swallowed again, still shivering all over with the remnant pleasure, and sank back a bit just so he could lift his rump a little bit further. Each time one of the tentacles pulsed inside of him, it forced his muscles to clench and squeeze – and oozed another dribble of milky stickiness out into the pool along his belly.

"No," he breathed after a while, reaching up to wipe at his mouth. If anything this just made the mess there worse, and once more refreshed the scent of rich musk in his lungs – and also made him wonder where his drink was. "I'll be alright. Besides..." He looked up to the taur's upper body, where he had picked his book back up again. "I imagine I could just get *you* to shower me off. Couldn't I?"

That made his ears flick. Slowly his tentacles slid back up towards his body, save for the three that still remained idly churning at the otter's lower bowels.

"Yes," he answered after a moment, not even trying to hide the amusement in his voice. He shifted a little bit, heavy sheath and balls stirring just behind Lukas's shoulder. Hell, he could *feel* the wet heat emanating off of the taur's revealed tip, and still felt the little sprays of eager pre jet out across him every now and then. "I suppose you *could*. I'll order a few more drinks and prepare for that. In the meantime, though, perhaps you would be able to borrow a hose-off from one of our audience here..."

Finally Lukas looked up, and then felt the slight embarrassment that he had never fully been able to defeat start to squeeze in. A few of the folks watching the two of them raised their glasses in greeting; one gritted his teeth and jerked forward as he, too, pushed himself to his peak, taking a deeper enjoyment of the show; and one of the lights over his other shoulder that he had ignored until now apparently belonged to someone's camera, just now wrapping up.

He'd have to get the link to that video from them. Offering the crowd a sheepish grin, Lukas sighted his glass still a third of the way full, reached out for it, then tilted it back against his lips once more.