

"You sure this is right?"

"Course I am." The dog pointed out the line on the sheet of paper he'd been given, the one that read 'Floor 17, room 1718'. He had white fur all over interspersed with various shades and splotches of grey, brown, and black, to match the color of his eyes that seemed to change depending on the lighting though they usually remained a stoic greenish-brown. He was (and had been for all his life) an Australian shepherd, though still often found himself as the butt of 'jokes', if they could be called that, about how he was a shepherd dog and in the police force but not a German shepherd as it seemed most everyone expected. That was racist, he thought. Like expecting birds to be mail carriers and horses to be track stars. "See? Right there." Even though he hadn't yet had an assignment today, he still had chosen to wear his uniform, little brass nametag included. It read a simple 'Richard S'.

"Floor 17..." The cat beside him flicked his pointed ears. Much in contrast to Richard, he was instead a bengal-siamese cross, resulting in him being at the same time slim and lithe while he had the same force of muscle as his shepherd unit partner; instead of brownish-hazel eyes he had the sky-blue gems of his father, and his fur all over resembled his mother's wild stripes and rosettes, but snow and charcoal in color. *His* first day on the job, his slim form had gotten him confused for a female recruit with a similar fur pattern, so he ended up wearing the 'Rhonda' nametag for the whole day instead of the 'Owen' that was *really* his. Even though that happened years ago now, he still sometimes was called or referred to as 'Rhonda' by the his coworkers. "...What the hell is even *on* the seventeenth floor? I... can't remember any time I've been there."

Richard folded the paper back up and slid it into one of his pockets, then hit the '17' button on the elevator keypad. "Well, our new partner's office is there, if... that means anything. I'd say 'that's where the new guys go' but we both know that's not true - *my* first office was on the third floor, and *yours* was on... the... second-

"Twelfth."

"-plus-tenth floor. Knew it had a two in it."

"So he's new?" Owen chewed on a claw, which he'd been doing for much of the meeting he and his canine partner had just come out of, where it was revealed that they'd have a third joining their little unit.

"Were you paying attention at all?"

"I can tell you his species. That's about it."

The cat's ears *had* suddenly straightened up when Richard got a simple 'He's a human' in response to his question about the partner's species, since he'd been allergic to panthers since he was a puppy. In truth he'd just had a bad experience with a large family of panthers and thus

had developed a bit of an aversion to them, but that was racist, too, so he kept that to himself. 'Exotic', Owen had said, and then went back to chewing on his claw. Richard sighed; the number on the screen above the keypad dinged in switching from 13 to 14. "He's... sort of new, I guess? He's not new to the whole 'police' thing, but he *is* new to the city, the county, and... the state, too... so. Our assignment for the day is to get him acquainted with the way things work around here."

"Shouldn't be hard... I mean, he *is* a human..."

Once the elevator doors open and the two stepped out onto the floor, it took them a brief moment to orient themselves, as each floor of the building had a similar layout with small differences (though those small differences could result in having to take a large detour to get the same place) but soon they found their way and counted the rooms as they passed - 1712, 1714, 1716, 1717 on the left with 1718 just past it on the right.

Richard knocked on the heavy wood door - floors fifteen to eighteen held the private offices of more respected members of the force, the knowledge of which he'd kept to himself when he learned about this new partner's location; Owen seemed not to know that. Because of this fact, all the walls on these floors were double-insulated while the halls themselves remained deathly quiet. It felt like a moral crime to wander into an office without spoken permission based on the reprimands Richard had received for doing so on his second day on the job, so of course he waited after knocking... and waited... and waited.

"...Is he even here?" mumbled Owen, before leaning forward to knock himself. He, however, ended up tapping the door closer to the knob, which pushed it slightly open; then, the cat turned questioning blue eyes to his partner. "Do... we go in? What if he's lost and can't find his office? Should we wait for him, or...?"

As the door opened, a faint taste of... *some* sort of scent wafted out and tickled Richard's nose, causing his whiskers to twitch and his ears to splay to the sides like a strong fan had just been pointed towards his face. Whatever it was, it... *tingled* a little, akin to the scent of a warm spice or a fizzy drink. He sniffed at it a little more, and then spoke his mind before he was even sure he'd made it up: "I'm sure it'll be fine if we go in and wait for him..."

Inside the room, a haze of shadow lingered over everything - probably due to both the blinds and curtains in front of the window being drawn mostly shut, only allowing in a shaft of light near the base of the window. Their new partner - Philip, his name was; 'what a plebeian human name', Owen had remarked - had clearly already moved in, as boxes of his things lay pushed up against the walls, stacks of books rested unsorted at the base of the bookshelf, and atop the cherry-wood desk sat a desktop computer ready to be setup.

In here, the scent that Richard had first picked up outside lingered even stronger - and it looked that Owen could smell it now, too, as the cat's ears stood straight up and his whiskers wiggled with his sniffing. All the experience that Richard had had concerning cats and various scents,

which was more than he was proud to admit, told him that cats acted oddly when they tasted a scent that they enjoyed - and here, Owen only proved that even further.

The crossbreed lifted his nose to the air, sniffed some more, swallowed, licked his lips. “Ooh...” he breathed, and then stepped further into the room toward the desk. “Do you - *smell* that, Rick? Sure, I burn incense at home, but I don’t have anything like *that*... God, once this - Phil - shows up, I’ll have to ask him what it is...”

“Yeah...” Richard’s eyes drifted over to the other wall, on which hung a whiteboard beside a windowless door. That door led to a room behind the whiteboard, which was one-way - every private office had a setup like that, allowing for extra storage as well as a place for the owner of the office to retreat for whatever reason. That was how he’d been caught entering an office without permission the first time, though today no light leaked out from the border of the whiteboard and the door looked firmly shut - and locked as well, when Richard went over to try it. The scent was starting to get to him too, though; he was reminded of the time he went to a ‘zest fest’ as a puppy, a convention featuring all different kinds of spices and meats and spiced meats... he’d kept his head raised and nostrils flared for the whole thing, and had a tingling along his spine for the rest of the night afterwards. This was kind of like that.

He was wrong, though: there *was* someone behind the whiteboard, a recent transfer with short brown hair, cool brown eyes, and pale sand-colored skin, a human by the name of Philip. He hadn’t actually heard either set of knocks from his new partners and had actually *just* unscrewed the lightbulb in the storage room to change it when they wandered in - and now, having underestimated the weight of the darkness, still fumbled around trying to find the replacement for the dead one. He could get to them once he was done here - it wouldn’t take that long.

Because of the darkness he couldn’t see too well out of the one-way whiteboard, though he *could* make out the forms of his partners. He’d been told that one was a cat and the other a dog, and that they’d joined at about the same time and had also been on the same unit for that time too. He’d done his reading; their arrival and muffled voices from the office brought back to mind what he’d read as he finally located the bulb and stood back up to screw it in.

Richard was the one who was fairly straightforward and simple. He reminded Philip of a chunk of well-polished marble: solid, stoic, easy to appreciate. He’d been raised in the standard household with a mother, a father, and a younger brother, whom he had protected from bullies when that brother came out as gay in early high school. Richard bounced back and forth in his college major from first engineering, then sociology, then mathematics, and then finally settled on criminal justice, which landed him here, as ‘happy’ as he could ever appear (which was, to say, only ‘fairly content’). He had the personality of a wolf teacher Philip had had while growing up, a grumpy old man who often left class to smoke a cigarette and sometimes just didn’t bother returning.

It was Owen who’d caught his attention when he first read his dossier. Siamese father and Bengal mother, which resulted in his unique color-marking configuration - it was *that* kind of

appearance that Philip found himself attracted to, especially after seeing a picture for himself. After managing to get the lightbulb in, he stood up and peered more closely out through the whiteboard, his eyes having adjusted sufficiently to allow him to see what his two partners were doing: Richard tugged back and forth on two of the drawstrings for the blinds, moving them up and then lowering them back down, while Owen leaned over the desk with his rear facing this side of the room. Philip enjoyed Owen's appearance, but if he had Richard's personality... it was interesting: Owen grew up in a family that could only be described as having a 'confederation of parents', where his birth mother and father divorced shortly after his first birthday, then both remarried (to someone else) when he was three, then divorced again at five, and remarried a third time (again, to someone else) around his seventh birthday, and through his junior year of high school the cat still spent alternating weekends with all of those step-parents. The exact middle in a sprawling line of nine siblings and half-siblings, Owen grew up in a busy bunch of houses; after two of his brothers died due to drug overdose, one of his half-sisters to a drunk driver, and one half-brother to suicide, it was amazing that he still maintained his fairly carefree attitude. The dossier read that all of that was his inspiration for joining the police force.

On the other side of things, Philip really had no clue what his two knew partners knew about *him*. He folded his arms behind his back and watched the two for a moment longer: Owen had become quite preoccupied with fiddling with something in his pants pocket, either his phone or... something else, and Richard had undone the top two or three buttons of his uniform jacket and now leaned back on the sill of the window fanning himself. The human had originally intended to get a look at his own file before his transfer so *he* could know just what they would learn, but it slipped his mind... hopefully they weren't prejudiced or biased against him being gay.

Call it unprofessional, sure, but he already wondered how quickly he could become friends with those two - after settling whatever it was in his pants that gave him trouble, Owen stood, went over to the office door, and then closed and locked it, explaining "he'll knock like we did if he comes" when Richard grunted an inquiry - because, *damn*, they both had nice faces. Richard was straight, or at least for the most part: his file revealed that he'd *had* a wife for a few years, but she suddenly disappeared from his life around their fifth anniversary; and then Owen had apparently taken three different girls to the same high school prom. Either it was his overinflated ego or his past partners weren't *entirely* straight, but in Philip's previous assigned location... he was in a four-man unit, called four-*man* because all were males, and the other three all ended up... well.

Philip had had trouble believing that two of them had never given a blowjob before, and the way that one of them had bent over the desk and almost *begged* to be mounted...

He adjusted the fit of his pants, licked his lips, and stepped over to leave the storage room, of course first checking to see if the key was in his pocket - *this* particular storage room locked from the inside for whatever reason. The cat was the first to hear the noise, first flicking his ears

over to the door and then allowing his head to follow; leaning back against the desk, his tail flicked and he then straightened up. "Oh! You must be... um..."

"Philip." He extended a hand as he stepped toward the siamese-bengal, who gingerly took it in a paw and shook. Philip had to bite his lip, though, since those retractable claws came out, pricked into the meat of his palm, retreated, came out again, and repeated, as if he were kneading... "You must be Owen." *You have really pretty eyes*, he wanted to say, but kept that to himself. Shouldn't be so forward so soon. It also might have been his imagination, but he thought he caught Richard's tail giving a few small wags when he looked over at the dog, still by the window with his arms crossed in front of his chest. Tufts of white fur stuck out from the collar of his undershirt, revealed after he'd opened his uniform jacket. "And you're Richard, yes?"

'Mhmm' was all he got from Richard in response; Owen, however, sat back on the desk again, this time taking a pose that might have been considered a little risqué, especially given the current dim lighting. Were he wearing a skirt (which didn't seem too unlikely for him to do, given his form), Philip would be able to see right up it... well. Even now he could see more than what would be regarded decent through the fabric of the cat's pants, which Owen put no effort into trying to hide. Philip clapped his hands together, one still warm from the handshake.

"So! What can I do for you two gentlemen?"

Richard tried to speak, but Owen quickly overtook him. "Can you tell us just *what* that scent is? I - it's driving me crazy, I love it..."

"Scent? I don't smell anything." He sniffed at the air and shook his head, truly picking nothing up. That seemed to be a trend with some people, though: his first day at his old location had gone something like this, and *those* guys had mentioned a pleasant scent as well... "I hope it's not too distracting. I can open a window if you'd like."

He went over to do so, but the dog leaning against the window lifted his eyebrows, extended his arm, and wagged his tail a little more. "No, no," he said; Philip stopped in his tracks. "That's alright. It smells nice. Um... we are here to... to show you around today. First day stuff, you know."

"Ah! I would like that. First of all, though - why don't you two tell me about yourself?" He asked this on his way over to the desk; Owen's long tail flicked around as he started moving things around so he could set up the computer, and then it even came to a rest on one of his hands at one point. The cat either didn't notice or chose not to do anything about it. Sure, Philip already knew a lot about both of these guys, but... some things he couldn't learn from a dossier

"I'll go first." Owen flicked his tail again. "Um... I grew up in a big family... lots of brothers and sisters. Jocks, hippies, homosexuals, you name it..."

"What about you?" Philip peered up over the desk after lowering the tower of the computer to the floor. From here, he could easily follow the line of the cat's tail into the hole in his pants out of which it hung.

"Huh?"

"Which one of those are you?"

"Well, in high school, I played soccer, and was damn good at it... as for the sexuality thing - well, I'm straight." After seeing the desk was now mostly clear, the cat suddenly leaned back and lie down over the dark wood, arms behind his head and legs hanging off the edge. *Hardly* professional, but damn, if he didn't have a nice body... "...Well. I like to keep an open mind..."

"How about you, puppy?" ...Philip caught himself just after saying that. The captain of his old squad was a big gruff wolf, and over time he'd taken to calling him 'puppy' based on his actions and speech with the human, especially leading up to his transfer... Philip couldn't really explain it, but over the years he'd come to notice that he was just *good* with some types of animals. Most canids, the less-exotic felids, a few mustelids... feral or not, they all seemed to take a liking to him over various short-ish periods of time. He actually ended up dumping his first boyfriend, a fox, because that fox went down on him in a movie theater on their third date and then expressed interest in marrying him on their fifth, which was impossible at the time. Philip, a high school sophomore at the time, thought all of that was moving too fast for his tastes. He cleared his throat. "...You seem... quiet."

"I do? Ah - sorry..." Richard wiped his forehead with the back of a paw. "I'm a little... *preoccupied* right now. My name's Richard... I have a younger brother. For two years I was the quarterback on my college's football team. I like steak and robots." He shrugged, and then licked his lips. "That's it, I guess."

"Mm. Interesting." Philip remained quiet for a moment while he tried to plug the monitor into the back of the computer tower. Owen's tail hung off the back side of the desk, where the human's head was, and tickled at his nose. He hadn't noticed that the cat had again shifted his position; when he stood up, he came up directly between Owen's legs now hanging over the front of the desk, with his face just a few inches from the front of his pants as well as the distraction within that, again, he made no effort to hide. Philip actually felt a light blush warm his cheeks but tried to put it out of mind. He stepped back and sat down in his chair. "So... shall we start, then? I guess you'll begin with showing me around the building?"

As soon as he lowered himself into that chair, Owen slid forward and lowered himself to the floor in front of him, forcing him to roll back a little. Philip had had two pet feral cats when growing up, both of which had given off a considerable amount of body heat... what he felt emanating off of this siamese-bengal even despite the distance between them was no different. "Well, why've you gotta be so hasty?" cooed the cat, tail flicking in the air behind him. "I don't know about Rick over there, but I'd still like to get to know you better..."

Philip was starting to figure it out. Again, he seemed to have a certain *effect* on some species... he actually usually tried to ignore it, but it'd been a long couple of days, and he hadn't gotten time to himself since he moved out of his old house over a week ago... he figured that he could use the break. "Yeah? How so?"

"You heard our stories. What's yours?"

"Well, you know my name's Philip, you know I'm a human... I used to work elsewhere; now I work here... my brother runs a radio station back home, my best friend is a lion with heterochromia... I'm gay, if that matters at all..."

"Ooh... that's good to know." As he spoke, Owen gradually lowered himself to his knees, bracing one paw on Philip's leg for balance. After getting into place, he used his other paw to spread the human's legs, and then moved forward so he was between them. Philip could feel his pants get a little tighter while he did this. "Have a boyfriend?"

"No. Not right now. I-"

Richard interrupted him, however, and sounded too close to be still by the window; "Have anyone in mind?" A moment later, his paws came down on Philip's shoulders from behind and started rubbing softly, the sudden contact doing nothing to still his growing erection. In fact, he could just barely pick up the dog's soft, dry scent. His second boyfriend was a dog, and - *God*, did he have memories of his scent, of tasting it fresh on his tongue with each inhalation while thrusting into him, feeling his arms around him, clutching his back...

"Well... no, not really." Philip shifted. Now Owen knelt on the floor in front of him, half-lidded blue eyes watching his face but whiskers twitching from his closeness to what the human now had throbbing in his pants. It wouldn't be hard at all to move one hand down to the back of the cat's head and close that distance, but... it wasn't any fun if he didn't make the move himself, after all. Instead, Philip just adjusted how he was sitting again so that he slid down a little further, a little closer to the siamese-bengal's muzzle. "I mean, I just got here - gotta settle down first before doing anything like that, y'know?"

This time, Richard leaned in close, close enough so that his hot breath washed over Philip's right ear- "Any hookups?" he rumbled; then, taking the human by surprise, he flicked his smooth tongue up over the back of that ear.

This sent a shiver down his back. "No, but... I suspect that will soon change..."

The impromptu shoulder massage led him to let his eyes drift shut; Owen took his chance then, first leaning forward and pressing his nose against the bulge in Philip's pants - he could feel the warmth of the cat's breath, as well as the shape of his nose and muzzle - and then moving his

paws around to undo the belt and fly that separated him from what was there. *Straight*. Yeah. Sure. The 'with an open mind' part was something that Philip had often got when he asked people about their sexuality, some of whom were those that he'd never doubt were straight before they met him. In fact, on his second week on his old job, the captain of his unit - again, a big gruff wolf fellow - invited him into his office for a private meeting, and... that turned out much like things currently were with Owen, with Philip in the chair with his pants open and the other on the floor in front of him, mouth watering, eying the outline of his cock in his underwear. The captain had a wife at the time, too, and they were trying for another kid.

"...You smell so..." Owen ran his nose up along Philip's cock through his underwear, breathing in as he went. "...so good... Rick, can you -"

"I can smell him." A shiver ran through the dog's body, travelling through Philip from the paws on his shoulders. "*That's* what we were smelling... God, it's nice..."

Philip first felt the waistband of his underwear being pulled down, then felt the cool air of the room on the bare skin of his length - and then felt the warm moisture of Owen's lips, the soft bumps of his tongue that gently gripped and pulled, not at all unpleasantly. He lifted up into the eager muzzle as a way to say *go on*, and received a short bob downwards in acknowledgement, to then turn into a slow rhythm of the cat's head moving up and down on him, turning to the side, keeping his tongue against the underside of his length or flicking it around. Just like with those others - were Owen to say that he'd never given a blowjob before, Philip wouldn't believe it.

"Richard," he said, eyes still closed amid the blowjob and massage. He felt blunted claws gently squeeze his shoulders.

"Yes?"

"Take off your pants and bend over, in front of the desk. In front of me."

"Yes, sir."

From behind him came the rattling of a metal belt followed by the noise of it being tugged from its belt loops; then a soft *pop* and *zip* of pants, then rustling of them dropping down and being kicked to the side - and then from behind the chair stepped Richard, own cock hard already above his sack. The dog stepped around Owen and bent over above him, arms out over the desk, tail raised inches from Philip's face; the human leaned forward to close the distance, nosed up under the base of his tail, and set his tongue against the dog's pucker, feeling the heat pulsing off of it and tasting the slightly heavier scent of dog.

So much warmth in this little area, from the head of a cat bobbing up and down on his length to the dog rump at the end of his tongue. What could he say?- he was good with animals. Philip

closed his eyes as he lapped at Richard's tailhole like another dog, running the tip of his tongue over the tight rumpled ring, pressing his lips to it in a lewd kiss... of course, kisses with adventurous tongue action were his favorite. He had one hand gripping the dog's upper thigh for balance, in which he felt the tensing-up caused by him slipping his tongue into that tailhole, short distances at first before pulling it back out, but pressing in a little further each time. He enjoyed feeling Richard push back against him so that the warm fur of his rump brushed along his cheeks and the base of his tail pressed against his brow. *That* was a feeling he loved.

With one hand he reached down and scratched behind Owen's ears - and jumped a little on suddenly feeling the purring that this elicited in the cat's throat. "Good kitty..." Philip moaned, hot breath washing over the unsteadily clenching and releasing tailhole in front of his lips. "Why don't you - get up and lie down on this desk for... for Richard here to fuck you?"

The cat came up off his length, placed a moist kiss at the tip (after lapping off the little drop of pre that had gathered there) and then did as told, pushing the computer keyboard and monitor to the side before hopping up onto the desk. He didn't even remove his pants all the way: he just unbuttoned, unzipped, and tugged them down far enough so that - with enough force - Richard could easily thrust all the way into him. The dog straightened up briefly so his partner could fit under him, in turn pressing his tailhole back onto Philip's tongue again.

The awkward movements and positions lasted only briefly: once Owen had wiggled into position, on his back with his legs raised and around the dog, everything resumed as normal. Richard, shivering all over as a result of his ongoing rimjob, managed to say "You want me to fuck him?"

"Yes." Philip kissed the tight pucker, thoroughly moistened with his saliva, while stroking himself slowly.

Richard adjusted a little, spat onto his paw, and then used that to both slicken himself up and angle his hard cock towards the cat's tailhole, into which he gently prodded. "How hard?"

"Hard enough so that he moans. He's small, and probably has never taken a pounding anyway; shouldn't be too tough."

"Yes, sir."

Philip sat back from his work to watch the two as they began: Richard bent over the cat, paws on the desk above his shoulders, and slowly thrust into him; Owen reached out to grip at the dog's side and lifted his hips up from the surface of the desk, allowing the human in the room a grand view at the cock that slowly, slowly sank deeper into him, stopping every now and then to pull back or give him some time to adjust. The cat's length throbbed above his belly and leaked a string of pre into the fabric of his shirt, probably only goaded on further by the paw wrapped around the base of that cock. It took a much shorter time for Richard to hilt in him than it did for

the first boy Philip had fucked - though these two definitely had their senses dulled somewhat by this *scent* of his, the aroma that made some animals go wild with lust. Perhaps it was a genetic thing: often one brother of a pair would be affected by it but the other would not. Philip hadn't really had the time to figure it all out.

Speaking of figuring things out... Owen would have a hell of a time trying to figure out why his tailhole would be so sore tomorrow morning. Richard looked thick, long, very much a strong man - which was why it enticed Philip so much to make him gasp and wriggle weakly from a tongue being half an inch beneath his tail. Something *else* would be even more fun, though... as Richard began to fuck Owen in a slow, slow rhythm, Philip, too, stood up, wrapped one arm around the dog's warm bellyfur - beneath which he felt firm muscles - and with his other hand directed his cock, still slick with the cat's saliva, towards Richard's tailhole, also still slick with saliva.

Each time he pulled back out of the cat, Richard ended up pushing himself a short distance further onto Philip, aided by the human also gently leaning forward into him. There was just something about fucking an anthro that felt different than sliding into another human - Philip had once been able to try both within a handful of minutes of each other, and the anthro had provided a tighter, hotter fuck... this was something he also felt beneath Richard's tail, but that was probably due to the dog never having had something there before. He *did* have a wife, after all - but then again, so did Philip's old captain, and that wolf had moaned out and emptied his load over the side of the squad car when Philip once thrust up under his tail a little roughly.

Today, though, with each hump forward into Richard, instead of a high-pitched moan he got a soft intake of breath, or a gentle "*aah-*", accompanied by a resulting thrust into the cat lying back on the desk, shivering each time the dog's cock sank back into him. Philip was glad that these two had closed and locked the door, since his scent, again, only did this to *some* animals; no way to tell that anyone who might have come in otherwise would be affected. Just imagine that - walking in to see the new transfer six and a half inches under the tall, strong, manly dog officer, who in turn was buried in his siamese-bengal best friend and long-time squad partner...

"Faster," breathed Philip; instead of voicing a response, Richard just silently obeyed, pushing more fiercely into Owen first and then tugging back and fucking himself on the human behind him. Philip could just stand there and let him do the work if he wanted, but there was no fun in that. He enjoyed gripping the dog's hips to feel the warm fur and tension in his body, and then seeing the cat's expression past that as he took a cock for the first time. Philip had been worked up all day, thinking about just what this strange affinity with animals of his would get him in to; had someone told him that he'd be banging his new squad partners, well... he wouldn't be too surprised.

Amid all of the hot breaths, gentle moans, and writhing bodies, Owen was the one to finish first, paw still wrapped around his length and stroking as Richard thrust in and out, in and out of him; he arched his back, lifted up off the desk, tightened his legs around the dog's body, and then breathed out a series of small gasps accompanied by another spurt of cum out over his chest

and belly - kitten shot for distance, it looked like. This was the seventeenth floor; maybe Philip could fuck him over a balcony rail and see how far he could shoot... Philip himself was the second to cum, overcome by the scent of dog in his nose (as well as his taste still rich on his lips and tongue), and did so with a couple of short, sharp thrusts under Richard's tail. The dog took just a few seconds longer, worked up by the suddenly much-slicker human cock he still pumped forward and back on, and hilted in the cat one last time before unloading himself into him. Richard was probably the one out of the three with the most formidable load; of course nothing happened, but Philip wouldn't have been surprised to see Owen's belly bulge out a little with that load...

Philip, heavy breaths racking his body, slid out of the dog and fell back into the chair, while Richard remained buried under Owen's tail - "Shall I stay in him?" he asked in a raspy voice, explaining his lack of movement. Like a good puppy, he just wanted to obey his master.

"No, no... get dressed; we have work to do today."

"Yes, sir."

His eyes had drifted shut again just after giving the command; he could only tell that he was being obeyed by the sounds, first the soft, moist noise of him pulling out of the cat - which made both of them moan softly - and then of the dog going around to pull his pants up, followed shortly by Owen sliding off the desk, wobbling on unsteady legs, having to put a paw out to balance himself... after a few moments longer (during which Philip had the cat clean the cum off his cock with his tongue) and some time spent in letting the last of the sex-induced shivers leave their bodies, they stood around the desk as if nothing had happened, though the scent of their actions still lingered in the air.

Richard cleared his throat. His eyes were a little clearer now - perhaps he'd gotten his fill of the mind-altering scent - and his posture not as relaxed, more at-attention and businesslike. He wiped his mouth with a paw. "You... wanted us to show you around, yes?"

"Yes! It *is* my first day, after all."

Owen, slightly winded from the activities but showing no regret (or memory) of doing it, flicked his ears. "Well, there are some floors I've never been to, but I'll help you as best I can. Just let us know if there's anything we can do for you, okay? After all, it's *our* job to keep you satisfied and happy..."