

"Can you come by on Saturday,' he said, 'and see if you can do a full purge of both of the server racks?'" Kobaj rolled his eyes, bracing his chin against his paw. Across the table, his girlfriend nodded grimly. "Saturday! Can you believe that? And the purges - for *both* racks, that'll take at least from eight til two if I run them one after the other, 'til noon if I do it simultaneously!"

"Did he say anything about payment?"

"No. And after *last* three weekends, you and I have both learned that he means it when he says he sticks to company policy of no special overtime pay." The fennec looked down into his cup, remnants of his hot chocolate - he didn't like coffee, and Andrea was always more than happy to have a mug waiting for him when he got home - having turned black and sludgy with how long he'd let it sit. "Ugh."

"Jeez. All of this after he made you stay for eight hours last Saturday, too?"

"Yes. And six hours the Saturday before, plus another four that Sunday."

"I don't know why you don't just quit, hon."

Kobaj set that mug back down, and pinched the bridge of his muzzle. "Don't think I haven't thought about it, Andrea. Hell, it's just about the only thought in my head every time my boss drags me in on the weekends. For all four to eight hours. But, like... money is money."

With that, he slouched back in his chair and leaned his head back, muzzle pointed straight up towards the smooth ceiling and tail swishing impatiently across the floor. Andrea always told him that if he was going to stick with this job, they'd need to sweep the floors more often or else his tail would do it for them.

"What I wouldn't do to be able to just..." Here he looked down, until his eyes met the sharp yellow-black citrines of the gyrfalcon across from him. Every time he came home to tell Andrea that his day somehow went worse than the one before, the look of sympathy on her face just deepened even further. "Relax, you know? Take some time off, put all of that out of my mind. Just, like... not worry about any of that."

Something flickered in those eyes across the table, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. Andrea looked as if she were trying to figure out what to say, talons *t-t-t-tap*, *t-t-t-tapping* on the table. Then:

"Yeah, I know, Ko. You know how I always say, I wish there was some way I can help?"

"Oh, come on. You know you do." That was something else he had to worry about - how Andrea felt about his whole predicament. She really *did* help, there was no denying that; it was just that right after she did something that lifted his spirits or made the day a little more bearable, his job right after just reversed that and made things worse than before. "Don't you start - feeling like you're not doing enough, or something. You're doing more than I could ever ask you for, and that means a lot to me."

The falcon's chair scraped across the floor as she rose carefully to her feet, one hand on the table and the other half-held out. "Wait, wait, don't get ahead of yourself. That's not where I was going with that."

Nice day today, at least. Kobaj straightened up and looked out the window beside him, affording a view out across the backyard that had been overdue for a mowing for the past... three months, honestly? In the evenings the two of them often opened the windows to let the cool air in from outside, and bring in a bit of that outdoor freshness to combat the growing odor of mildewed carpet which they really had to replace, and the ever-present stink of the trash which they couldn't put out at night due to the feral coyotes in the area.

Then his eyes focused on her again, as she made her way over to the kitchen counter. When Kobaj had gotten home from work today he'd noticed the little package there marked for her, and also that it had been opened, but he hadn't bothered taking a look. For some reason it didn't come as a surprise to him to see her rest her claws gently across it, and then pick it up. Couldn't quite see from here, but the look on her face as she fiddled with whatever it was, her quiet, satisfied humming as she removed it from the packaging... another few seconds, some tearing of plastic, and she turned back around and held it out.

Kobaj's heart skipped a beat once he realized what it was. Andrea could definitely have a bit of a... *dominant* streak to her, which he'd discovered quite early in their relationship; time and time again they had spoken of getting a collar for him to wear, so that she could *really* swing him around and get him to do what she wanted in the way she desired, but other things just kept on coming up before they could get around to it. This one looked to be of sturdy material, black woven fabric on the inside with a fun pattern in green and white on the outer surface. The falcon stretched the collar taut between her hands, then rolled it over between her fingers... and Kobaj leaned forward and squinted at it.

Near one end of the buckle was a black plastic box, a few buttons and dials protruding from the surface. And as she came closer, he could now see that a strip of metal ringed the inner surface of the collar, all the way around.

"Is that - is that a shock collar?"

"What? No. I wouldn't do that to you, Ko. We talked about that, remember?"

That *was* true, and he *did* trust her... the fennec straightened up in his seat as his girlfriend half-bent over in front of him, holding his gaze for a few seconds. He felt so tempted to lean forward and plant a kiss against the top of her beak, just to see her grin in that way that always made his heart flutter... but, then, he got a similar flutter as she reached up and pressed that cool fabric against his throat. The fennec tilted his head back a little bit.

"I think," Andrea started, "this'll *really* help you relax."

"Oh, yeah..." Already it sent a shiver down his spine, and she hadn't even buckled the thing yet. It was something that they often played on in the bedroom, Andrea lounging back with her legs spread and Kobaj between them, ears down and tail going behind him while she smiled her smile, traced her claws up under his chin, called him a *good dog* and let him know that if he did what she asked, he'd get his reward... and, *God*, he *loved* it.

*Click* of that buckle, catching a few stray hairs on his neck... and he actually had to swallow and adjust his posture a bit, pants just a little bit tighter. "I mean, I can tell *that* already."

"Oh, Ko..." Andrea squinted while she worked with the box, turning one of the dials all the way up and the other halfway, then clicking one of the buttons. This time Kobaj felt a different kind of shiver shoot down his body. "You don't know the half of it."

Then - *click* of that other button, and Kobaj felt as if he'd just pitched over a hill on a rollercoaster. The world swam before his eyes for a moment, he couldn't tell if he was falling over or sitting straight up, and it felt like a cold electric shock vibrated persistently through his body, back and forth, back and forth. Then, it was like he was falling asleep, everything slowing down and going dark; he felt like he should be surprised, like he should be worried, but he just couldn't muster it.

In fact, what happened was quite the opposite. His heartbeat slowed down and smoothed out, though still pumped in his ear like right after Andrea brought him right up to the peak of orgasm and had him empty himself out across her belly and chest - and speaking of, whatever it was, it had gotten him the rest of the way hard. Strong *throb* beneath the waistband of his pants, that in itself sending a ripple of hot pleasure through his body... he looked up at Andrea, still bent over in front of him with a gentle smile on her face.

"Doesn't that feel good?" she cooed, and reached down to pat his shoulder. The touch felt like fire, like sweet pleasurable fire, a hundred little pinpricks echoing through his body. Again, his cock throbbed in his pants. "You look like you're enjoying yourself. So if you'd just... sit back, hon, and close your eyes..."

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Nice evening. Andrea appreciated how the yogurt place kept some of the windows opened to the outside air, nice and cool without sending an icy shiver through her feathers and into her skin. That was what she wanted the yogurt to do, not the air. Kobaj often treated her to this place whenever she'd had a rough couple of weeks, so she figured... what would the harm be in doing the same for him?

As she stood in line, arms crossed in front of her chest, she looked back towards the table in the corner and the vixen who sat there. Smooth sandy-tan fur visible along her neck and paws, most of her arms and legs covered by form-fitting socks that disappeared beneath either the hem of her skirt or the sleeves of her shirt... she looked *damn* good, and Andrea had been eyeing her since she'd first come in tonight.

And the husky who sat on his own across the room had been doing so as well. Andrea wanted to keep an eye on him, for a number of reasons - and not *just* because he'd ordered mocha flavor. Taste in foxes was good, taste in dessert was bad. Can't win at everything.

"Your order, miss?"

Andrea flicked her gaze back towards the counter, and the slim otter standing behind it. He was good at making his smile look at most only half-forced. "Oh! Yeah, sorry - one pineapple and one cheesecake, please."

"What sizes?"

"Medium for the pineapple, and small for the cheesecake." With a form like *that*, girl had to watch what she ate. The falcon stepped off to the side as the otter rang her up and took her money, then slid down the line to get her order... and then gave her that smile again, accompanied by a "Thank you" to send her off. Right as she took them into her hands and turned to head back to her table, though, she stopped: in the short time she'd spent at the counter, that husky had already moved in on the vixen and now lounged across from her, chatting openly and happily. The vixen's tail swished behind her, sweeping across the floor as she listened and responded.

Like most huskies Andrea had met, this one displayed mismatched eyes, one chocolate brown and the other smooth sky blue. He looked up at her as she approached, glanced back down to the vixen across the table, and then looked up once more... and perked his ears with surprise.

"Oh! Oh, dear, I'm sorry, were you - was this your seat?"

"Oh, no, no, don't worry about it..." Andrea kicked out the third seat to the table and slid down into it, and placed the cheesecake yogurt in front of the vixen. That fox gave her a smile and a wag of the tail, and with that tilt of her head, Andrea could just barely see the patterned white and green of the collar against her fur. No doubt that it was fully visible to this husky, sitting right across from her. "We just - came in together. I could see you watching her, you know."

"Oh, jeez. Was it *that* obvious?"

Really, Andrea had been surprised with both herself as well as Kobaj for how well the fox rocked the look. It had taken a moment for the effects of the collar to set in, but it really did do its job: she asked him to look left, and he looked left; she told him to blink twice, and he blinked twice; she suggested that he stand up and strip naked, and he did just that - and of course she couldn't resist the twitching, throbbing arousal that the damn thing had given him. Good to see that his body had retained enough autonomy for him to buck and pant and moan under the attention of a well-placed hand and tongue, and once she'd drained him once for the night, she brought him back to the bedroom to get him dressed up.

With some of her old clothes back when she was more... *boisterous* in appearance and then a corset that she just so happened to have pushed back in her nightstand, a small bra and a couple handfuls of toilet paper, and he made for a perfect vixen. The skirt was absolutely necessary: it had been the original shock of the collar fixing into place and clearing his mind that caused that certain bodily reaction from him, but the ambient presence of the thing kept him at a pretty persistent half-mast, red tip of his cock always peeking out of the end of his sheath and dripping lazy pre. Wasn't enough room for that in any of the panties Andrea had found for him, but this setup was at least good enough.

The scent had momentarily baffled her - she knew from firsthand experience that vulpines tended to have a stronger natural aroma than most others - but she'd been thinking on the subject for a while, and had only needed time to test out her theories. A good scrub-down in a few choice places with a soapy washcloth, a few spritzes of one her own perfumes that she no longer used, then some of herself rubbing on the poor fox to get her scent on him as well... and his voice was already high enough to be passable, anyway.

Passable enough to reign in this husky without a sliver of doubt, at least.

"So, um..." The husky cleared his throat and swallowed, his own almost-empty cup of yogurt sitting before him. Andrea kept her nose intentionally turned away so that she wouldn't have to smell it. Then, he motioned towards his neck with a finger. "I couldn't help but notice the, uh... are you two, like..."

"Yes. H-" Andrea caught herself. Pronouns were difficult. "She belongs to me."

"Oh! Okay. So *that's* what you meant when you said..."

Kobaj leaned his head forward a little, lifting his paws to start at his own yogurt. "When I said I'll have to ask my mistress."

That caught Andrea's attention. First she looked towards her boyfriend, and then over at this husky. "Ask me? About what?"

That visibly made the husky retreat into himself a little bit. He hunched over a little further, dropped his paws into his lap, swallowed and avoided eye contact... Kobaj had always told her that she could be a bit forceful sometimes, especially when speaking with strangers. That was part of why she did so well at her job - and apparently had intimidated her interviewer in just the right way as to offer her the position on the spot.

"Well..." he began, and flicked those mismatched eyes up to the falcon again. "I asked your, um... your..."

"Pet." It brought Andrea a delicious shiver to see the effect that that word had on Kobaj: while she'd been getting him cleaned up and dressed, she'd drilled that into his head. *You are my pet. You are my good girl. You will behave and obey, and that will be its own reward.* And just as she'd expected and hoped, the collar did everything she thought it would: all worries about his job and everything else had left his head, leaving room only for him to do those precise things, behave and obey and enjoy. It brought him pleasure to follow her orders.

"Yes, pet... I asked if she would be willing to... oh, I don't know..." The husky cleared his throat, and then said the rest of his piece in one fast breath. "Come back to my place tonight."

Good on Kobaj for waiting for his mistress. Andrea had intentionally programmed for him to think of her first, but that was only a half-selfish motive: he'd said that he needed to cool off and relax, and this was the most effective way she could think of to do that. Everything she did, she did for him.

The falcon took a spoonful of her own yogurt and thought on it for a moment. Then: "What's your name?"

"My - my name? It's - Eric."

"You wouldn't mind having *both* of us come back with you, would you, Eric?"

Perk of the ears and whiskers, light rosy blush warming his cheeks, curled tail thwapping against the back of his seat... "No. Of - of course not."

"Then let us just finish up here, and we'll follow you."

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Whether it was Eric or herself that wasted no time in getting into things once they'd arrived at his place, Andrea couldn't really tell. He lived in a fairly nice neighborhood thick with trees and an angled driveway that made it a bit of a challenge to find a place to park, but the husky had waited by the door for his two visitors... and seemed equal parts intrigued and aroused by the way that Kobaj followed his mistress's every command.

*Come here. Say hello. Wait. Give him a kiss.* Eric started lifting a paw up towards the hem of Kobaj's skirt, only for Andrea to seize his wrist and instead divert his touch to herself... which he gladly embraced, fingers pressing up against her through the stiff fabric of her jeans. She squeezed her thighs around his paw, and leaned in so that she could feel his breath on her muzzle.

"*That,*" the falcon hissed, with a nod over to Kobaj, "belongs to me. You get her mouth and her ass; the rest is mine. Understand?"

And then, the part that threw her for a loop. Something like fear glittered behind Eric's eyes for the briefest of moments, and then he lapped his tongue out over his chops.

"When?"

Eagerness was good. Dumb smile on his face, he led the two ladies into his house - nice place, smelled faintly of cedar and freshly done laundry - and into the living room adjoining the entry hall... but didn't get very far. Right as he turned to maybe ask them where they would prefer, the falcon stepped forward, placed her hands on his shoulders, and pushed him down into the nearest armchair, for him to let out a surprised *yip* and look back up at her.

Then, she pointed between his legs, and looked at Kobaj. "Help him out, would you, dear?"

"Wow." The husky swallowed, and adjusted his position to come closer to the edge of the seat and spread his legs. "You girls, uh... you just get right into... um..."

...and he trailed off, Kobaj beginning by pressing his nose up between those legs. Andrea leaned against the side of the chair, thumb hooked beneath the waistband of her pants; of course it brought her some manner of pleasure to watch Kobaj work on another male like this. That was something they had talked about multiple times before but had never actually has the opportunity to satisfy, especially with his erratic and unpredictable schedule... so what better way to get him to relax, than to finally indulge that want?

She looked down on him from above, her position affording a fantastic view of the fox's muzzle and paws as they worked against the fly of Eric's pants. Pop of the button, smooth motion of the zipper, rustling of his boxers being tugged down... boy was already somewhat worked up, reddish-pink tip of his cock visible protruding from his sheath. Kobaj's nose and whiskers twitched with him breathing and tasting that scent, and then he leaned in...

...and a shiver rippled through Eric's body, resulting in a tightening of his grip on the arm of the chair. Beside him, Andrea worked at her own clothing, first stripping her shirt off and then

unhooking her bra to drop both of those to the floor, then doing the same with her jeans... and one of the husky's paws came over and finished the job for her, fingers tight on the fabric as they pulled down, knuckles just briefly brushing against her slightly-wet slit. He continually churned his hips up and back, up and back with Kobaj there between his legs, lips closed around his tip and jaw going as he worked his tongue into that sheath, down and in and around to coax his length further out into his muzzle.

"Haah..." Eric breathed, and swallowed. Without looking he turned his paw over and teased a couple of fingers against Andrea, enough to echo that shiver in herself; instead of waiting, she just lowered herself down further, grinded right back against those until they slid up into her. "Oh, she's *good*..."

"You bet she is," the falcon replied, and gave a smile when Kobaj opened his eyes and looked up at her. Now he bobbed slowly, tongue still cupped around Eric's cock with his lips tight, and one paw squeezing and rubbing the husky's sack as he did so - and Eric mirrored that movement, other paw squeezing on the arm and hips lifting up against his muzzle. "That tongue's gotten *me* off many times."

"You said I-" Eric swallowed and glanced over at the falcon beside him, Andrea riding steadily along his fingers. Boy had experience: he had run his thumb up between her lips for the slickness and now drew that in slow, smooth circles around her clit, in just the right way to make her shiver and squeeze. "-I could have her ass, too... when-?"

"When I say."

She had to swallow and clear her throat before she could speak clearly. Eric had leaned over a little further and closed the distance between them, muzzle first tracing up along her chest with his breath and whiskers tickling at her feathers - and then had curled his tongue along the underside of her nearest nipple, the husky having had to straighten up a bit to do so. He had settled his other paw against the back of Kobaj's head and regulated his movements, pulling the fox down into his lap every time he lifted up into those lips.

Two fingers buried to the knuckle inside her and steadily working in and out, with a third teasing along her lips... speaking of tongues, she certainly wouldn't mind having one right there. Tonight was for Kobaj, not her - but maybe...

A paw on Eric's shoulder got him to stop, and Andrea lifted up off of his paw with a delicious wet sound from his fingers. Kobaj looked dazed in the way that collar always made him, eyes half-lidded with a satisfied smile on his face, even between his repeated lapping at Eric's length and him digging his tongue beneath the skin of his sheath, rolling it down a little to show the glistening pink on the inside, stretching it out... but when those eyes fell on her they remained, awaiting his next command.

Of course, it also brought Andrea a little... *something*, some kind of satisfaction or pleasure, to think that Eric *really* believed this was an obedient vixen between his legs. Poor dog didn't even know.

Mismatched eyes looked up at the falcon again, unfocused from the persistent attention of the muzzle along his now fully-hard cock. "Now can-"

"Yes. *But*-"

A small noise rumbling from his throat, followed by his paw tightening on the fox's head again. Kobaj had dived back down along him, deep enough until his lips pushed up against the lip of Eric's sheath, bulged out with his slowly-growing knot.

"With a condom." After all, this was a hookup. "Do you have one?"

Here, Eric lifted Kobaj up off his length - Andrea couldn't help but raise her eyebrows: all that nervousness and eagerness, and this husky exceeded expectations by a good inch and a half or so - and leaned to the side to get his wallet out of his pocket. "Y-yeah, uh, I..."

"Always prepared and never patient, huh?" Andrea slid her pants the rest of the way off and stepped out of them, enjoying the feeling of the house's cool AC whispering through her feathers like gentle fingers. She started to make her way around to Kobaj's other side. "Have her put it on you."

A bit of an awkward start, with claws trying to tear at the foil wrapper... but then Eric settled back into place, Kobaj's gentle fingers rolling the pre-lubed latex down over his length, along the contours and curves. The sensation of those fingers themselves was apparently enough to earn another little moan and thrust from the husky... and then they both looked up at the falcon for guidance and instruction.

That felt good. She smiled, and knelt down behind Kobaj with her talons resting along his shoulders. "Why don't you bend over for our friend here, and make sure he... *doesn't miss*?"

Things could easily go wrong here. The fox adjusted his position, scooting around so that he faced her head-on - she planted a light kiss to his forehead as he did so - and then lifted himself to all fours, hem of his skirt lifting up with his tail. Eric looked down at that invitation, and frowned briefly... only for Andrea to straighten up and lean forward over Kobaj to seize the husky's shoulder and pull him down in for a kiss, at the same time fitting her fox's muzzle comfortably between her legs. Lips to beak, lips to *lips*... right here she could feel Eric's progress through his breath, gentle panting in anticipation, sharp intake when his tip found the fox's tailhole and started pressing in, low exhalation as he sank in, echoed by a similar puff of breath out against her sex. A tongue and a pair of lips were a good substitute for fingers, even at this odd position.

Finally in place, she settled back but kept her hips raised and legs spread, one hand on the back of Kobaj's head to keep him in place right there. Quite a good setup, able to watch Eric slowly sink into him and then *feel* the effect of that girth inside him, the sharpened breaths, the brief, fast licks instead of him settling his muzzle against her lips and digging in, him having to pause to catch his breath... they *had* a strap-on at home, but he always said (and she agreed) that it wasn't quite like having the real thing.

When she'd found out that he was bi and also comfortable with sharing his past experiences with her, Andrea had pressed him for all of the spicy details regarding his past boyfriends, and he had gladly obliged.

"Do you two..." Eric swallowed, and adjusted his posture. He had one paw at the base of Kobaj's tail, thumb underneath keeping it raised as he continued to press down into him. "...do this often?"

Another little shiver of pleasure shot through Andrea's body, and she briefly had to set her rump back down against the floor. The fox's muzzle followed her, tongue hungrily lapping between her lips, licking up the slickness of her arousal at the same time as he coaxed it out of her. One of her favorite things was having him eat her out to at least two orgasms - by now, he'd had his tongue and jaw practice - and then bring him up for a kiss, where she could taste herself on his tongue and smell her musk strong in the fur of his muzzle.

"No," she managed, and then after a moment of thought rolled over to all fours as well and lifted her tailfeathers. Kobaj brought one paw up to her rump, spread her for a moment, placed a similar light kiss against the pucker of her tailhole... and then got right back to work, the contact of his lips to hers making her entire body shiver. "But we - we might just have to change that."

The husky had already started a slow rhythm in the fox between them, palpable to Andrea by a little extra pressure of those lips against her and a little puff of breath against her pucker, a warm humid tickling. Sensation of his broad, smooth tongue lapping up between her legs again and again, every now and then pressing up into her just like those fingers had... the falcon couldn't resist: once that rhythm became steadier and stronger, she balanced herself on one arm and reached the other down, a pair of fingers sliding slickly between her lips and over her clit.

"Tight..." she heard Eric hiss. A glance over her shoulder showed that the husky had come down from the chair and now knelt behind Kobaj as he thrust at him, both paws settled firmly against his hips and tugging him back every time he pushed forward. Beneath her own tail, the fox repeatedly panted and gasped, giving little voiced moans that tickled over her sensitive flesh and just made her squeeze back against his lips to invite him back in. He never disappointed.

"Seems like you're - like you're *just* the right size for her. See if you can't..." Andrea swallowed and brought that other hand off of herself and around to her rear, to spread herself again. Kobaj's tongue reached just a *little* bit deeper inside of her - and she had to quickly refocus her attention to her clit, to ride out that sudden shock of pleasure. "...if you can't make her cum just from pounding her like that-"

And he took that to heart, apparently. Next thing she knew, the lurching from his thrusts stopped... and then suddenly picked up in pace and force, to the point where Andrea had to brace both hands beneath herself for balance. Kobaj, too, moaned against her tailhole and lips, taking a moment just to breathe and get adjusted to the increased pace of the husky inside of him, *slap, slap, slap*. For a moment all Andrea could feel from Kobaj was fast little puffs of breath and desire, quiet moans that were fast picking up in urgency and pitch; then he remembered himself (or the collar reminded him) and he pursed his lips against her, tongue digging deep and making her squeeze and clench back against him.

Just their luck to run into this particular husky on this particular afternoon. Didn't take long before Eric's own panting and quiet moaning came out over the noise of the rest of them, of the rustling of fur on fur on feathers, the slapping of hips to rump, the wet sucking of lips on lips. Andrea's body shook as she worked at herself, clit nestled between her fingers while she grinded her hips back against Kobaj's muzzle much in the same way that he did against Eric's hips; at this point, she had no idea whether it was her own slickness or his saliva that rolled down her inner thigh, and frankly, she didn't care.

Maybe afterwards, she'd push this husky back down to his chair and take up on top of him, and have Kobaj offer his tongue into the mix at the same time... the falcon's body tensed up, every muscle tingled, she gasped and swallowed - and pushed firmly back against that muzzle, the sharp electric wave of her first orgasm shooting through her and leaving her in a low, shuddering moan, and panting breaths. Kobaj had to lean back to catch his breath, and in this time, Andrea drew her palm between her legs across her soaked sex; would she be able to reach a second by the time these two finished?

Probably not, honestly. Just by the breaths against her backside could she tell that Kobaj was getting close, both by the breeding and just by the effects of that collar on his body, and... Eric seemed to be in no position to slow down. Quiet panting, hissing through clenched teeth; rhythmic pounding of his hips against the fox's rump, of his growing knot against his tailhole - good thing it was already lubricated; shuddering intake of breath, loud swallow...

And there went one of them, though not the one she expected. Behind her, Kobaj arched his back, let out a needy whine of a moan - and jerked a few times, no doubt spraying through the thin fabric of his panties if they still contained him at all and against the underside of his skirt. Hopefully Eric's canid nose wouldn't pick up on that obviously masculine scent, but... the husky seemed a little preoccupied in approaching his own peak, claws visibly digging into the flesh of his hips.

Then... the husky straightened up, his eyes fluttered shut, his tail curled up behind him... and with one, two, three more firm, deep thrusts, he emptied himself into that latex, hot breath escaping his parted lips as he did so. Still Andrea grinded back against Kobaj's muzzle, urging the tired fox to clean her up; Eric finished off with a few more slow, careful humps, and then slid back out of him and slouched back into the armchair, muzzle tilted back and eyes closed.

"God..." he panted, "I needed that..."

The falcon's mind and thoughts still buzzed with the aftereffects of her own orgasm. Maybe - hopefully - that was the kind of feeling that that collar ensured Kobaj *always* felt, that kind of... dreamy, satisfied pleasure, glowing and tingling all over. He deserved it. "Do you-" Her breath caught in her throat as the fox kissed her sex, then came up and started to swirl his tongue around her pucker... "-have another condom?"

It took the husky a moment to reply. "...Yeah. Why-?"

"Let me know when you're ready for a round two."

"Round..." Then, the unmistakable sound of a dog licking his chops. "Yeah. Yeah, sure."

Legs feeling like they were about to give out beneath her, Andrea rolled back over onto her back and tugged Kobaj's muzzle down onto her, the fox's tail wagging slowly behind him. If she was going to get more pleasure, then she had to ensure he got his, too.

It was only fair, after all he'd been through recently.