

The hyena drummed his fingers along the rim of the steering wheel, open flat land and low-lying hills rolling slowly by through the windows. Always a dull drive to the airport, some forty minutes out of the way no matter which direction he came from – especially when that drive was at five in the morning to catch his sister's flight landing at six. He glanced away from the road for a second and a half, as he'd done probably three times every minute since picking her up, towards the other hyena in the passenger seat beside her; every time he saw her she looked a little bit better. Probably a number of reasons for that, he didn't doubt, but he didn't really care to look into those reasons too deeply.

Partially because, while the drive *to* the airport always came out dull and boring, the drive back home *from* the airport was usually... not so. Especially when he had his sister, Asiri, here in the car with him. She could bare her teeth and dig her sharp fingers into his sides to make him jump and squirm, just like how she'd torment him when they were still growing up, but still she'd eventually toss her arms around his neck and draw him into a greeting hug... and that resulted in him getting a good, deep whiff of her scent, gone from his nose for so long but never absent from his memory.

It had all started several years ago, before she'd moved out and before he'd gotten a job. Their parents had been out for the weekend somewhere, he couldn't remember, leaving the two of them at home to take care of themselves. Asiri had just gotten back from working out at the gym while he was playing a game online with one of his friends, late at night; he could remember taking his headphones off to hear the dull *hsss* of the shower running in the bathroom down the hall. It still felt a bit weird to run all the way to his parent's room to use the bathroom, so the hyena just poked his nose around, saw that Asiri had left the door of their bathroom slightly open, slid in with his paws already working at his fly. Half of a two-liter of cherry Coke could make for some urgency.

Then, though, right as he got into place and wriggled himself out of his pants, he licked his lips, leaned his head back, almost closed his eyes – and caught a flash of white and black fur through a two-inch gap between the shower door and its sash. Then another, and another: the curve of shoulder and smooth breast, the arc of feminine waist turning to the side, the swish of tail and... and suddenly he found that he couldn't go. Maybe it wasn't "suddenly", since he ended up watching her long enough to get a full view of her backside, then underneath when she bent down to work at her legs, then her side and front with suds tinted pink from the soap clinging to her breasts and belly and slowly dripping down...

...and then the briefest of glints of violet eyes catching his through that space, and he shocked upright – his back did; another part of him was already there – and tried to focus on that cherry Coke. Nothing happened, though, and after probably ten seconds that felt like ten minutes, he zipped back up and this time tiptoed out of the bathroom, wishing in his head that she hadn't noticed yet knowing she *had*, and still unable to get those images out of his thoughts.

He feigned a cough right then, to give himself an excuse to turn his head to the side and glance at her in the passenger seat again. She'd looked good back then, and she looked even better now; *that* was what he'd meant. Even just seeing her sit there, hunched back with her muzzle towards her phone, did nothing to keep his thoughts from rolling forward through that one night: he'd somewhat shakily made his way back to his room and sat there for a moment, tumbling those feelings back and forth in his head, trying to come to terms with *that's my sister* and *is this what my hormones are supposed to do to me?* *The first naked girl I see isn't supposed to be my sister* – but right before he managed to push them away and slip his headphones back on, a weight pressed down on the back of his chair and spun him around...

...and then the other hyena's still-damp footpaw came down on his shoulder, rolling him back so that he bumped against the desk. First he looked up at her face, and then he looked at the *rest* of her – and all those thoughts and the beginning seeds of fantasies shot right back. Fresh out of the shower, snow-white and shadow-black striped fur matted down with wetness, still completely, totally naked, and now putting herself on display with that one footpaw on his shoulder and the other on the ground. Both of them were younger then, and since she *was* his little sister she was a bit shorter than him, but Asiri never let the awkwardness of the position show. She just... hefted one of her breasts in one paw, then slid it down her body and spread herself with a pair of fingers, fixing her brother's gaze in place there. Soft pink amid stark white and sharp black.

*You wanted to see this, huh?* he could remember her saying, that faint playful growl that he'd come to know so well beneath her words. *Well, here you go, Shekh – now you'll get to much, much closer.* And she made him watch for five, ten, fifteen minutes while she ran those fingers between her lips, touched and pressed and pulled at herself, shivered and strained and pressed down on his shoulder with that footpaw harder and harder, ensuring that he stayed back in his chair and *watched* instead of *participated*.

Her scent, palpable even beneath that of the shampoo and soap, stuck in his nose and memory for easily two weeks afterwards, keeping him up at night until he slid a paw beneath his covers and took care of the distraction. Hell, he could still remember the way his head had jerked back with the little sprays of hot slickness spattering across his mouth and cheek when she'd hit her first peak, and then her second a few minutes later, and-

"Hey dumbass. You're drifting."

He jumped again, realized he'd skewed out of his lane a bit and swerved to fix it, then over-adjusted and had to do so again. "Sorry. Sorry, I got – um, distracted."

"I know you did." Without looking up from her phone, Asiri smirked. "Eyes on the road. You'll have plenty of time to put your eyes all over *me* when we get home."

Shekh swallowed, again tightening his paws on the wheel. Asiri knew, and she *had* known since the very start. He looked up towards one of the signs passing by: their exit would be coming up in about five miles. The thing was, where she never really returned the attraction, at least outwardly, at the same time it never seemed like Asiri had minded it.

That time after the shower had been their first, and remained their last for about a year afterwards. Shekh had thought he'd moved on by the time he was graduating high school, and shrugged it off just as a fluke in the first time he'd been sexually... *close to* a girl. Once their parents went to bed after his graduation party, though, Asiri cornered him in his bedroom right as he was stripping down to go to sleep, bent him over the mattress, leaned over him-

Another swerve. Distractions. In yet another attempt to put his mind off of it, Shekh turned the radio on and up, repeatedly trying to push his mind away from the thoughts that threatened to make his pants tighter than they already were. Being around his sister always made him nervous, for obvious reasons, but at the same time there was that undeniable excitement and anticipation beneath the nervousness, that sort of... shaky, rumbling want that she always brought out in him, whether from pulling his muzzle down between her breasts, squeezing her thighs around his head, sitting in his lap just close enough so

he could feel the heat of her arousal yet far enough away that he couldn't actually touch her, or grinding against his nose through her panties, or... more than three-fourths of the way home, and he could tell it would still be quite a long drive.

This assumption turned out to be correct, of course. After finally arriving back home and pulling into the garage, the first thing Shekh did was slip off into the bathroom just so he could unbutton and unzip his pants and relieve some of the pressure on his hard-on that had been pulsing for the past twenty-something minutes, it felt like, without a break – and he was so, so tempted with his fingers running along his length to clear some of those thoughts from his mind right then and there, but Asiri would certainly be able to tell that he'd done that, and she'd mercilessly tease him for it. It had happened before. He ended up just sitting on the toilet and thumbing through his phone, forcing himself to focus on other things, until the problem went away.

When he walked into the kitchen, though, there stood Asiri before the open refrigerator, half-bent over with her tail sticking out while she rummaged through the food. Her ears perked and those same violet eyes flicked Shekh's way before she went back to her business, leaving the male hyena standing there with his mouth open and heart thumping. She would know that he expected something from her, too: she'd keep him at that precipice of expectation for half the night, and take him completely by surprise probably after dinner or right as he was going to bed again, or...

"We could order pizza," he said, trying to play it cool. For a moment he leaned back against the counter and crossed his arms in front of his chest, though started to feel that familiar stirring between his legs again from looking at her at this angle, so he pulled himself back up and strode into the next room. "Sorry we don't have much here."

"No, this is fine... I'm gonna have some of that steak up there."

"Go for it. It's a few days old, though, I-"

"Ah, don't give a shit. Been craving meat all day."

And that was usually how it went between the two of them, when Shekh's mouth wasn't occupied with something else. It had taken very few lessons for him to learn that things went more smoothly for him when he went along with his younger sister's wants and desires, and really just let her do whatever. She frightened his friends, sure, but it was a half-assed fright, just like the one she gave Shekh himself: all his friends thought she was drop-dead hot, which she *was*, but none of them ever brought it to her.

Until she walked by when he was talking with his wolf friend, Kay, about it. That night Shekh's muzzle ended up right beside the wolf's between Asiri's legs.

Things weren't *always* sex, of course. Just mostly, especially after Asiri finished high school as well and went on to get a job, keeping her away and busy for most of the day, yet still allowing her to find time to poke her brother over text and tease him at a distance. They already agreed that during her visit this week they'd go out to eat, and see a movie, and go visit Kay for a board game night, and a few other things – and, honestly, Shekh looked forward to that. It was just that that anticipation and expectation from before gnawed at him like hunger when he tried to study for his college exams on an empty stomach.

Enough other things remained to do around the house – food for himself, helping his sister get her things into her room, finishing up the laundry, starting the dishes – that he managed to keep himself distracted fairly well enough for the majority of the night. At least until he started in on *her* dishes once she'd finished eating, though: bent over the sink with his back to the table and his attention focused on the work in front of him, he didn't hear his sister's gentle footpads and quiet claws coming across the tile floor behind him until she was right on top of him, almost literally.

And then she *was*, with one paw braced in the center of his back between his shoulders and the other on his waist yanking him back against her. On instinct a sharp *huff* pressed its way out from his nose, and the male hyena pushed against the edge of the counter – and back against his sister's waist, grinding against a stiff bulge that wasn't there. She'd learned fairly early on about his interest and taste for other men, and of course used that to her advantage: her birthday present to herself one year was a strap-on as wide around as Shekh's last boyfriend and accompanying harness.

She leaned easily in over his shoulder, warm breath washing sweetly through the fur of his cheek. No longer was she the shorter of the pair. That had changed a couple of years ago. "Shekh, honey..." she rumbled. "You know I'm happy to see you, right? It's been, what, two months since I last saw my brother?"

In front of him the sink slowly, steadily dripped, but he couldn't be bothered to reach forward and shut it the rest of the way off. "Yeah. I – missed you, Asiri."

"I know you did." Her paw started to come in towards the button of his fly. That was unusual: she never touched him like that. "And I could tell that you had something on your mind on the way back from the airport. Yeah?"

He swallowed. There was that stirring again, that warmth, that throbbing. "Yeah..."

"I'll wager that it was me that was on your mind, right?"

*There* it was. His heart caught in his chest, his breath caught in his throat... but by now he knew that lying brought consequences. "Yes. Yeah, it – it was, I –"

In one swift movement Asiri yanked his rump back against her again, and at the same time slung a thick leather collar around his throat with the paw she'd had against his shoulders. Right after she'd finished eating, the female hyena had disappeared down the hall towards her room; Shekh had *thought* she'd come back with something behind her back, but knew better than to prod her about it. The grip on his waist disappeared, too, heading up towards his neck to fasten the buckle and tighten the strap. Not enough to cut off his breathing, just enough for him to feel pressure.

How the *hell* did he ever find himself in a position like this, bent over with his sister snapping a collar around his neck and teasing him about his attraction to her? Sometimes – often – he wondered about that, but... well, it *did* feel pretty darn nice. He licked his lips and started raising an arm to adjust the collar, only to have her warm grip clamp around his wrist.

"That's good," she went on, and let her other paw slide back down his waist again. The feeling of her claws through his shirt made him shiver more than her voice in his ear did. "I hoped so. Of course I've started looking forward to our... family bonding time. Have you?"

He so, so wanted that paw to drift a little bit inwards and a little bit down, wanted it to wrap and squeeze... but, again, he knew better. "I – have..."

"You wanna fuck?" He heard her lick her lips in that pause. "Brother?"

Oh, Asiri *knew* what she was doing with that. Shekh squirmed again, grinding back against her – for her to return the grind. He'd struggled for a while with the *prospect* of the whole thing, caught between intense desire and faint distaste and regret at his own interests, but... *she* certainly didn't hesitate to rub his nose in it, in more than one way. And the exposure, the repetition, helped him come to terms with it. Now if anything, that hesitation just sharpened the experience. His sister's claws traced up beneath the hem of his shirt, drawing short lines in the fur of his waist just above his pants.

He started to answer, found that his voice failed him, swallowed, tried again. "Y – yeah, I... I do."

"Say it."

That was new, too. The male let out a low huff of breath, continuing to grind his rump back against his sister. "I – I want to..."

A tug backwards on his collar cut off the words. "What do you want to do?"

"Asiri-"

"I brought my strap-on, you know." Her mane brushed against the side of his muzzle when she nodded over towards the dinner table. "Left my bag over there. I figured I'd need it before bedtime tonight, so I kept it close. Now – *what* do you wanna do, brother?"

"I wanna fuck." And he stopped there. Another thing he knew was that she wouldn't let him top. She never had, and the one time he thought he might want to, she'd shown him how wrong he was.

"Mm." Another tug on his collar, though this one did not stop. Asiri led him by that grip around the kitchen counter and into the adjoining living room, releasing him in the center of the carpeted floor before coming around in front of him and placing her paws on her hips. "Get naked, then."

So he obeyed. Swiftly, a bit nervously, fingers fiddling and struggling a bit with his pants fly, almost losing his balance as he tugged one pants leg off and then the other, shirt settling into a heap with his other discarded clothing off to the side. The last thing to go was his underwear, boxer-briefs, pale olive-green... and tented out in front to the point where he had to tug the waistband up and then forward past the tip of his hard cock. His own scent, only somewhat similar to his sister's, wafted up and hit him in the nose.

That done, he opened his mouth to ask what next – and she answered before he could: "Me next."

It always made him nervous coming face to face with her, so close like this. Shekh half-raised his paws, swallowed, brought them the rest of the way up to her sides to slip her shirt up... Asiri raised his arms for him, and his breath caught in his throat halfway through. She'd decided not to wear a bra today. His eyes remained there even after he started to drop to his knees, fingers advancing quickly to the front of

her jeans; he pressed into the heat that lingered beneath the fabric, popped the button, pulled the zipper, started to slide her pants down... and *then* he looked down at what he had in front of him.

He licked his lips, swallowed again, nuzzled in against the fur of her lower belly as he let his thumbs come up towards the waist of her panties, started to slip them down as well... and then accidentally dug his claws against his sister's thighs when one of her paws came down against his forehead and pushed him back, holding him in place some two inches away.

"That's good enough," she said, other paw at her maw. Shekh looked up to see her flick her tongue over a pair of fingers, then work those down her body, lift them up between her legs, spread herself on them... *just* like their first time. Keeping him close enough to see her, to smell her, to *want* her, but he couldn't do anything about it other than lick his lips and swallow over and over while that pair of fingers did the work that *he* wanted to.

Asiri ran her fingers through the fur atop his head, pushing his muzzle back a bit; she bit her lower lip with the first time she sank those fingers into herself, then let out a gentle sigh when she brought them back out; she brought them up, circled them around her clit, thrust her hips closer to her brother's face before drawing them back; she shivered, and shuddered, and gasped... and he just watched, hard cock twitching between his legs, paws lightly grasping her lower thighs. It would be so, *so* easy to squeeze and pull her forward, to bury his lips against hers and dig his tongue in like he'd done so many times before, to-

Then came her footpaw again, shaking him out of his disobedient thoughts. First it came down on his shoulder, again like last time, and the female hyena leaned in over him - the height she'd gained in the past few years allowed her to do that more easily - before sliding her footpaw to the side, tilting his head with it... and then giving a gentle kick and pressing her pads against his cheek, pushing him down to the floor sideways and then squeezing his muzzle between the underside and the carpeted floor. Shekh squirmed in place: it wasn't a *rough* squeeze. If he tried at all, he'd be able to move out of it. Still, though, he looked up at his sister, view partially obscured by her half-removed pants and open fly. At least he could still tell that the fur of her inner thighs had already become a bit... *damp*.

Asiri pressed her footpaw against his muzzle a little more firmly, at the same time bringing her paw to her muzzle and idly lapping off her own slickness. She tilted her head. "Eager, aren't you?" Broad pink tongue curled around fingers. "Always eager. Go get the strap-on and harness from my bag." Again she pushed down against his muzzle before lifting her footpaw away. "Oh, and the leash, too."

That was another thing about her that had only become *more* since the two had started their little thing. Asiri hardly ever asked; just demanded. Shekh practically hopped up to his feet to make his way over to the bag she'd left at the foot of the table, able to feel his sister's eyes on his bare rump. Sure enough, inside sat the same strap-on she'd gotten all those years ago, pale blue in color with a knot at the base about as wide around as Shekh's wrist.

He'd felt that knot before, buried and tied past the ring of his tailhole, and something told him he'd be feeling it again today. Asiri gave him something close to an appreciative nod when he brought them to her, then briefly busied herself with kicking her pants and panties to the side. It seemed like she stood there for a moment before sliding the harness on, to let her brother take in the full view of her naked body - not like he hadn't seen it several times before. She never sent him any pictures, of course, so when he *could* get a look - and then once she'd fixed the toy in place, hanging heavily out and away

from her body, smooth light blue beneath the flat and slightly-muscled white of her stomach. Oh, the number of times he'd had his muzzle against that belly, a pair of fingers steadily pumping into her and sliding back out...

The leash was a simple bolt-snap, and the *click* of the metal hooking through the ring on his collar again brought him back to the present, right as his sister turned towards the couch with the end of that leash trailing behind in her paw. Shekh obediently followed, though remained standing when she lounged back with one leg up and the other hanging down towards the floor. Asiri held the base of her toy up between a forefinger and thumb, waving it slowly back and forth.

"Blow me," she commanded, and adjusted a little bit; Shekh noticed that her other fingers remained beneath the base of the toy, teasing at herself under the harness. "Don't think I forgot about that time you sent me a video of you sucking off that stallion."

The male's ears jerked upright at that, though he gave no complaint. That had been a mistake, to be fair, and he thought she knew it even though he'd played it off afterwards as intentional. He crept up onto the couch above her, taking a moment to find a comfortable position... then looked into her eyes, swallowed, and made his way down her body, one paw against the back of the couch for support while the other traced down through her fur.

A moment later his lips brushed against the tapered tip of the toy, smooth cool silicone. He flicked his tongue out against it, swirled it around that tip, took it gently between a forefinger and thumb, looked up at his sister for her appraisal while he did so. Naturally, he knew that she wouldn't be able to feel any of his treatment here, but he still wanted to put on a good show.

Each time he reached down to stroke himself, though, one of Asiri's footpaws wormed in between him and the couch and pushed his wrist away. That could get frustrating after a while, sure, but she *was* supposed to be the main attraction here. The male squeezed behind the silicone knot and lifted the toy up a bit, tongue cupped around the shaft and lips just barely reaching the beginning of that bulge; it had been a while since he'd had a good canine tip at the back of his throat, and he'd missed the feeling. After enough kicking, he shifted his other paw up as if to caress the other hyena's sack beneath her shaft – but instead slid his fingers gently up between her lips, warm, slick.

For a while he worked in rhythm there, running his fingers against her each time he bobbed down along her toy, then back when he moved back up. At one point Asiri started to churn her hips against his muzzle as well, pressing that knot more firmly against his lips and working the tip of the toy further down into his throat, until he could start to feel the pressure of the girth of the shaft as well. He closed his eyes, swallowed around that thickness, moved back to get another breath before diving down again... and then felt himself tugged up and off of the shaft by a surprisingly strong grip at the other end of his leash.

"C'mere" was all she said. Next thing Shekh knew, his sister's other paw wrapped around the back of his head to pull him down as she tugged him forward on the leash – and then the soft, dense flesh of one of her breasts touched against his lips. He glanced up at her, to be met with a quietly amused yet expectant expression followed by a nod downwards... so he glanced down, ran his eyes over the black stripe that swirled in among the white of her left breast, licked his lips, and closed that distance again.

Warm, soft flesh there, smooth sensitive skin between his lips and beneath his tongue, responding easily to his touch and pressure as he licked and swirled around her nipple. Asiri herself shivered under the attention and leaned her head back, at the same time pulling his leash tighter; Shekh reached up to better hold her in place there against his maw, digging his nose against the soft fur just as he drew the flat of his tongue up over her nipple again and again, noting the way that she gasped or sighed or squirmed in response to what he did. A clamp of the lips, a slight graze of his teeth around the rim, a long, slow drag of his tongue, a quicker flick right against that point... this time he didn't even *think* about touching himself. The warmth of her breast in his fingers and against his lips, the heat and tension in her thigh where he had his other paw resting for balance, the taut leash and smooth leather tugging at the back of his neck, her scent and now gentle taste rolling back in his throat. She made his mouth water, and of course there was more there now than back when they first started: along the way she'd graduated from a B-something cup to an upper C...

A swallow, a tight exhalation through his nose, another lick up over her nipple... and at a final tug on the leash, Shekh popped his lips free of his sister's breast, a thick strand of saliva still hanging between his maw and her skin. He swallowed again in the open air, jaw hanging open, and locked eyes with her again; then another pull from his sister wrapping his leash around her paw, and he braced his paws on her shoulders to climb up over her.

"See?" she breathed, settling back more fully against the arm of the couch. She traced her free paw down along her brother's bare thigh as he started to lower himself down. "We've got you trained up pretty well."

"Oh, don't think you're special..." he shot back, and bit into his lip with the first touch of the still-slick tip of her toy against his tailhole. "I also accidentally sent you a video of me riding that one wolf, remember?"

Asiri started to lift her hips, then did so a little faster after hearing the *hff* it pushed from between Shekh's lips. He gripped onto her shoulders a little tighter. "Mhmm. Then you accidentally did it again when I told you to get me more."

"Yeah..." He straightened his back, tightening around the toy the further it sank up into him. *This* was a feeling he never got tired of, and when it was his *sister* giving it to him... "You accidentally forgot to pay me back for those."

Claws dug gently into his thigh. "Mmh. That depends on when you'll get me more, dear."

"I'm sure it-" A sudden jerk of her hips burying that toy another inch and a half in his tailhole briefly knocked the breath out of his mouth. Shekh gripped onto her shoulders as he recovered, still sliding his way down until the bulge of that knot started to touch against his rim. "I'm sure it does. When was the last time you let me ride?"

"It's a good position for you." She shrugged, pulled his head down closer to her with a tug of the leash, and then brought her paw up to move his back against her breast. Shekh gladly squeezed and rubbed, just now starting to pull himself back up along her length. "I like the way you drip and leak, though I wish it wasn't in my fur. It's a pain to clean up, you know."



“How would *you* know that?” The male hyena gave a firm squeeze, accompanied by a forceful bump downwards on her toy. The couch rebounded slightly beneath the motion. “You’ve always made *me* clean it up.”

“Shekh...” Asiri bit her lower lip, giving a soft chuckle before pushing up into him again. With that and his steady motion the two started a slow rhythm, with Shekh pressing his rump down into her lap and her lifting up into him, teasing at stretching his tailhole around her knot. Too early for that, but he didn’t think he’d have to get more lube for it; when he’d come up from between her legs, a few thick drips of saliva had rolled down around that bulge. “You don’t think my brother’s the *only* boy I’ve fucked, do you?”

This time he drew all the way up until the blunted end and tapered tip of the light blue toy remained inside of him. Shekh gave a few squeezes, still knowing that she couldn’t feel it, and smirked. “Introduce me sometime.” When he slid back down onto her he adjusted his legs, bringing them forward so he could lean back – and with another squeeze and throb of his own, felt a small glob of pre ooze out of the end of his own cock.

Asiri’s grin widened, and when he reached down to give himself a stroke from base to tip and squeeze out more of that slick liquid, batted at his paw to keep him away. She’d make him ride out his orgasm instead of take care of it himself; it wouldn’t be the first time *that* had happened between them, either. “Yeah, I’m thinking about it. Get a cock in your mouth so you’ll stop *talking* so much.”

Now *there* was an idea. Shekh shifted his paw to her other breast, fixing his eyes on that lovely swirl centering in on her nipple still glistening with his saliva from earlier, and put a little more drive behind his riding. Some forward and back, grinding his hips against that knot each time he pressed down against it, and coming up a little higher, a little faster... hard to keep his mouth shut and voice down, so soon he stopped bothering.

With the way his sister worked her hips against his rump, lifting up and into his movement each time he settled back down onto her, he *really* had trouble controlling himself. Several more instances of him reaching to paw himself off resulted in her forcibly holding his wrist out in the air for a moment, before she placed that one against her breast and moved the other to her shoulder, and there Shekh kept them. His concentration turned to the sounds of their shared pleasure, his gasping moans and little breathy sighs above her grunts and chuckles and *good boy* and *that’s a good dog* and whatever else, much of it lost beneath everything else.

The springs of the couch beneath the cushions started to squeak, and it shifted on aged legs as he rode her faster and harder, now intentionally squeezing down a little further onto the knot. Sharp warmth, familiar slight discomfort of the stretching, receding each time he came back up and then returning whenever he sat back down onto it, ankles clamped around Asiri’s upper thighs so he could pull himself down.

Sometimes when Asiri got him on his back and pounded up underneath his tail – again, *he* was never the one to top *her* – she’d lean in and nibble at his neck and shoulder, then nip, and then bite, usually right around when she forced him to his peak. Part of him thought about doing that to her here, not to hurt her but just to have something else to hold on to – and since he enjoyed the feeling of sucking breath through teeth clenched around a shoulder, and letting his moans out against warm, damp fur – but knew that that wouldn’t be a good idea.

Maybe next time.

Shekh's length slapped against his lower belly as he rode, fast and hard now without much pause. He could feel the spark and the fire of climbing pleasure in his abdomen as well as the dry rasp of exertion in his throat, already well-worn from breathy moans and open-mouthed gasping – with the way that Asiri repeatedly pulled his leash to bring him back down into her lap just sharpening that. He so, so wanted to wrap his paw around the base of his cock and give a few squeezes, feeling that that would be all it took to get him off, but knowing that Asiri would really punish him for that... and there was no way *she'd* do it for him, too. She never touched him like that: all of their times together consisted of his muzzle between her legs, or her toy under his tail. Never the other way around.

Not that he particularly minded, though. He bent over, pushed his rump back, felt the wide center of the knot start to push against his tailhole, clamped his lips against his sister's nipple again with one paw keeping her breast lifted up... and then that final push, that sharp pressure and not-too-concentrated relief once it slipped past his rim and popped inside of him, followed by an instinctive clench and squeeze and tug and throb... and the male hyena's eyes squeezed shut, he sucked in a breath through his nose, he made sure not to bite this sensitive skin and flesh between his lips, and clenched again as the first of his load spurted out between his own and his sister's bellies.

She gave a small tug on the knot, not enough to yank it out of him, and that feeling briefly cut off the second spurt... and then let it come, followed by a third, a weaker fourth, a dribble of a fifth. Shivering all over, the hyena pulled himself up after a moment, licked the drool from his lips, swallowed, gave his sister a shaky grin – and then yipped when she yanked the knot fully out of him. He'd be able to feel *that* tomorrow.

The male swallowed again, trying to keep himself under control since he *had* accidentally drooled on his sister's face before after she gave him a good hard pounding, and licked his lips. A glance down showed a few streaks of thick milky white amid the already-white fur of her belly, the furthest nearly reaching her breasts.

"Shower time?" he said, and slowly pulled the rest of the way up off of her."

Asiri reached down and waved the toy a little bit, the pale blue surface glistening. "Go get it started, Shekh. You still have to get me off – *and* you need to clean me up."

His legs nearly disobeyed his attempt to stand up, sudden shakiness punching him in the back of the knees. He chuckled to himself after having to reach out and grab onto something for balance, with that something being Asiri's breast yet again. "Will do. Oh – still down for seeing Kay tomorrow?"

"Mhmm. Meeting here." Asiri idly ran a forefinger and thumb up and down that shaft, then let her paw wander further down between her legs. A shudder echoed through her body; she'd stained the couch in the other room a few times before. "Oh. And, Shekh?"

The male hyena stood on his tiptoes to peer over the counter at the dirty dishes on the sink- "Mm?" - and then stumbled back with an unexpected tug on his collar, still clutched in his sister's free paw.

“Remember that *those*,” another yank, “are the only things you’re allowed to wear in the house during my visit.”

“Like usual? Sure, but only if *you* hold up your side of the deal, too.” No energy for the remaining dishes in the sink, and yet he still felt as though he could go again, right now.

Asiri returned his grin and wink. “Like usual. Don’t I always?”

The nervousness Shekh got from meeting his sister always disappeared usually within a couple of hours of being around her, leaving only that shivering, slaving hunger in his throat and his thighs. *This* was why he’d looked forward to this week.