

"Don't see many of your kind around here."

That was something that Lortian heard fairly often. He lifted his forehead from the edge of his drink glass and licked his lips, trying to remember the lines he'd prepared for tonight - after all, he *had* come here with the intention of meeting people, and then found himself too shy to breathe a word to anyone other than the cute otter bartender, with the bright blue eyes. In a city like this where otters, and wolves, and stallions, and cats all walked on two legs - well, someone like him who *didn't* have a tail, extended muzzle, and fur covering his body sort of stuck out. He was just an elf, after all.

What - was he going to say to that, though? Last time he'd hooked up with someone, they'd said almost that exact same thing, and... God, he could have sworn that he'd come up with a good response, but... he just looked over at the person who had spoken to him. Canid muzzle, splotchy fur pattern as if someone had thrown a couple bucketfuls of paint at him - cinnamon, ochre, cream white, black. Smooth graphite-grey eyes glittered at the elf in the light of the bar, and rather large, round ears stood atop the dog's head, splayed half-back in relaxation. His black lips curved gently up in an easy smile.

"I don't mean that as an *insult* or anything, of course," the dog went on, in that similarly-smooth voice of his. His eyes, his smile, his ears... if he wanted Lortian's attention, he certainly had it. "Just wanna know what brings you here."

"Oh, me?" The elf straightened up, swallowed, and looked this dog up and down. He half-leaned on the bar in front of them, slim-fitting t-shirt cut low enough at the neck to show his fluffy white chest. Lortian hadn't yet had much *experience* with furs, but - the one that he *had*... oh, Lord. It was his experience with *that* one that had inspired him to come here, tonight. To think that the soreness in his rump had only gone away the other day, too. "Well, I'm new here, so I just figured... so I figured that I should take some time to get a taste of the city." Again he licked his lips. At the bottom of his glass sat a few ice cubes, catching the light just like this dog's eyes. "And of its inhabitants, too."

"Ah, that right?" The dog lifted a finger on his paw, signalling for the bartender to get him something. A few seconds later, the otter brought him back a tall glass half-filled with some cherry-red drink, no ice. He nodded his thanks. "Tell me, then: have you already started your little taste-test?"

Big wolf who apparently taught German at the local high school, probably twice Lortian's age - and also twice his size, which was little more impressive than it sounded. The elf had gotten a *thorough* taste of *him* on his tongue, against the roof of his mouth and back of his throat, across his lips... it had started out as a one-time hookup thing, but then that wolf had invited him over a second time, and a third, and a fourth. He could never quite find it in himself to say no. "You could say that, yeah."

The dog picked up his glass and swirled the drink around in it, muzzle pointed down so he could watch it. "And what do you think so far?"

Ah! This was perfect. He'd planned for someone to ask him that, and he could actually remember what he'd wanted to say, to! Again the elf straightened up. This dog returned his eyes to him as he sipped of his drink. "Well, some of the guys can be a little... *hard to swallow*, I've found. Kind of leave a - not really a *bad* taste in your mouth afterwards, but..." He shrugged.

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the dog's ears perk up and his bushy tail sway behind him. His words had had the intended effect.

"Yeah?" The dog had downed about half of his drink. Some of the cherry-red still clung to his lips; a quick flick of his pink tongue fixed that, though. "Who was it?"

"Wolf." Lortian had intended to order something with a low alcohol content, though the bite of it in his throat when he'd sampled it let him know otherwise. Somehow, though, he'd downed all of it without realizing, until the only thing that slid against his lips when he tilted the glass back was cold ice... now, he couldn't really tell, but part of him thought that maybe that alcohol was starting to have an effect on him: "Though I wouldn't be opposed to trying - how'd you put it - *your* kind..."

"African wild dog." With this, he leaned back again and, with his other paw, lifted his shirt halfway up his chest - showing Lortian how the splotchy patterns along his muzzle and arm continued down over his belly, smooth and tightly-muscled. Body of someone who swam and ran a lot. "Or - painted dog, cape dog, hunting dog... whatever. Just like you - human?"

Lortian flicked the pointed end of his ear with a finger. "Elf."

"Yeah. Just like you, you don't see many of *us* around here, either. But, I'm getting off-track - you said you wanted to get a taste of *us* next?"

"I think you're putting words in my mouth." Lortian licked his lips, trying to return the wild dog's sly smile. "That *is* what I was getting at, though. And, y'know, words don't have much of a *taste*..."

The dog finished off the rest of his drink before speaking again. "I getcha. Well, then, let me ask you this: what would you say to being invited to *taste test* two of us?"

One splotch-dog on his tongue and one sinking down into him from behind... "Multitasking was actually next on my list of things to do here."

Those large dinner-plate ears perked up again, and the wild dog grinned. "Great! Wait here a sec - I gotta go clear this with *him*..." and he slid off the stool and towards the exit, cell phone in paw.

Lortian settled back in his own seat. That had gone *surprisingly* well, to tell the truth. Perhaps it was hanging out with that damn wolf that had made him so sure of himself; he could remember how he felt nervous as all hell going to their chosen hookup spot on their first time, how he could hardly get a sentence out after seeing that big older canid look him over... and, besides, this African wild dog looked interesting. Turn around in a full circle at the corner of any street, and you could probably count at least ten wolves and foxes - but, wild dogs?

"So," said another voice, behind the counter. It was the otter bartender. He leaned over, rudder tail raised behind him and blue eyes fixed on Lortian's face. "Got yourself a playdate with Khari, huh?"

"Khari. That's his name?"

"Yeah. You'll be with him and his brother, too, probably. I know 'em. Hey, if it's alright I ask-" He waved one of his paws, clutching an empty glass. "What was the name of that wolf you mentioned?"

Again, maybe it was the alcohol... "It was... was... Bronson, I think?"

"No shit? The one that teaches German at-"

"Yeah!" Lortian felt his grin return. "Yeah. That one. You know him, too?"

"Jeez. If *he* was your first here, then - well." The otter chuckled, and stood back up. "Then you know him about as well as I do. Khari and his brother - *his* name's Harori - they can be a bit of a... handful together, but if you can handle Bronson, you can handle the two of them just fine. One thing, though..."

The way his ears half-folded back caught Lortian's attention. "Yeah?"

Silence for a moment - and, then, the otter's lips curved back in a sharp-toothed grin. "Bring me back some pictures, alright? I always ask Khari, but it's *remarkably* tough to get nudes out of him... y'know, wild dogs - they're forty-five percent ear, forty-five percent dick, and the remaining ten is the rest of the dog."

*No promises* was Lortian's first thought at a reply - but instead, what came out of his mouth was a sly "What'll you give me in return?"

The bartender just held his silence, returned that smile, and then whisked down the bar towards someone calling for him. A moment later, Lortian felt a warm paw on his shoulder from behind, squeezing gently.

"Alright, you." It was that wild dog. "My partner said he'd be happy to get to know you. Wanna head back to my place? It's no more than a five minute drive."

"Yeah, sure." He'd already paid for his drink, and besides, this *was* the whole reason he'd come here tonight. Hook up with someone else, get his rump pounded and stuffed again. And, the way it was sounding, he'd get the same treatment for his mouth, too. Though - what was that the bartender had said, about Khari and his brother...? The elf slid down out of his seat and stood, having to tilt his head back just a little to meet Khari's eyes, grey with an undertone of cool green in the slightly-different lighting. He wasn't used to having to look up at people. After another moment, the elf extended a hand. "Oh, by the way - I'm Lortian. Good to meet you."

That same warm paw, closing around and squeezing his hand. He could feel the callused fingerpads, the stiffer fur along the fingers, the blunted claws scratching gently against his skin. He could remember the feeling of claws like that gripping at his hips, at his shoulders, digging into his flesh and leaving raised red lines afterwards that stung upon any touch, but - it was a sweet pain...

"Khari." There was that smile again, eyes half-lidded. "I'd tell you my last name, but I don't think you'd be able to pronounce it. But, anyway - shall we be off?"

Lortian intentionally hung behind the wild dog a little as he led him out of the bar, watching the way his hips swayed underneath his slim shirt and tight pants, eyeing where the base of his tail met his lower back and lifted up the hem of his shirt. The dog had shoulders that weren't necessarily broad, but rather sharp; he held his muzzle high, walked with a strong, confident gait, kept his nose and large ears up-

"Top or bottom?"

The elf stumbled over the threshold of the door, which Khari held open for him. After righting himself, he glanced up and saw the ghost of a smirk leaving the dog's lips. "Excuse me?"

"I'm asking about *you*, dear. Are you a top? Or bottom?"

Given how each of his times visiting that big wolf Bronson ended up with Lortian finding himself with his rump in the air and getting pounded down into the floor, or against a mattress, or over the kitchen table...

The warmth of the alcohol battled against the warmth of his shyness. "Um... bottom. Though - though I guess I can go either way..."

Khari had parked fairly close to the entrance of the bar, and again held the door open for his guest. Lortian slid in, and jerked upright in his seat after doing so: while bending over to get in, that very same warm paw had made its way down his back and gave a small squeeze to his rump.

"Wait a sec," Khari went on, after climbing into his own seat. Lortian noted that the car smelled faintly of - of cinnamon, maybe? Cinnamon and... something else, something spicier, muskier. "You *guess*? So - when you said that that wolf was your *first*, you meant..."

Lortian swallowed and shifted again. Bronson had been quite happy to learn that he'd be the one to take this slim elf's virginity. "Yeah."

After a few seconds of Khari fiddling with the keys, he brought the car to life, checked the mirror, and started pulling out. "Oh, really?"

"Yeah."

"Man. So we'll be getting second choice, then." He swung the wheel to the side and pulled into the main road, those large ears of his folding over part of the way up. The roof of the car kept them from standing to their full height; Lortian could hear a little brushing noise each time Khari turned his head. "Wait 'til I tell Harori - he'll be excited..."

"And Harori is your- *brother*? ...partner?"

Another brushing noise, this time from Khari's ears flicking. Evening had already fallen before Lortian had found his way into the bar; now, the sky between the tall buildings remained an odd mix of a color between grey, blue, and green, with no stars visible even between the misty borders of the slightly-darker clouds. If he squinted hard enough, though, the lights from the windows sort of looked like stars.

"Yeah," the wild dog affirmed, flicking on his signal to turn again. "Been living together for the longest, have known each other for the longest. Dunno where I'd be without him, to tell the truth. I think you'll like him."

"What makes you say that?"

Tonight was a Thursday night, probably not the best of times to go trolling at bars for someone to strip him naked and thrust into him - which would make for a good excuse as to why Lortian had had such bad luck, apart from his own shyness - but, also thanks to that, the traffic in this city remained at an easy low. Not two minutes had passed before they'd left the bar, and already he could see the skyline change from busy city to border suburbs.

"Everyone likes Harori. Sandra does, Cole does, Hayley does, Lukas does - well, Lukas *really* does... Harori's got a bit of a thing for otters. You understand. And then there's Kiro, bless him... *he* likes Harori for a totally different reason - reminds him of someone he used to know..."

He trailed off. Lortian could feel the familiar thrumming warmth of excited anticipation, bubbling in his chest: here he was on his way to a 'playdate', as that bartender put it, with... well, if they *were* brothers, *two* African wild dogs. Already he found himself wondering just what it was Khari had hidden behind the fly of his pants: whether Lortian would run his nose up along a soft-furred sheath, whether he'd slip his tongue into the end and coax out the tapered end of a canid cock - or if he'd nose up underneath a hanging shaft just like he had multiple times for Bronson, the canid's heavy musk washing over him with each inhalation-

Thanks to these thoughts of his, he didn't even notice the car come to a stop in front of a quiet, pleasant home, with a few lights on through the windows.

"We're here," Khari said, flicking the car off. "You alright? You look a little..."

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine." Lortian took his time in unbuckling his seatbelt and opening his door, willing the stiffness in the front of his pants to go away. Not like it would matter, though; those pants wouldn't remain on for long. "Just - excited."

Khari's smile turned into a softer, sweeter one, and it might have just been a play of the light, but it looked like his bushy tail wagged a little over the edge of the seat. "Yeah? Well, we won't let you down. I promise."

Even at the first introduction, Lortian wasn't let down: the front door of the house opened just as the two started up the sidewalk, and there in the threshold stood another African wild dog, wearing a pair of slim-fitting black jeans and nothing else, showing off the uneven and asymmetrical patterns along his chest. From here, the elf could make out a rather large splotch of white fur around his belly button and disappearing down underneath the waistband of his pants - and he found himself wanting to see just how far down that splotch went.

"So, this is the one?" this other wild dog said, in a voice similar to Khari's but just a little deeper, a little slower. As he got closer, Lortian could see that their facial structures looked almost identical. Undeniably canid shape, with the muzzle a little thinner, a little longer than the usual wolf or dog - and, then, there were those *ears*. What was that the bartender had said? Forty-five percent ear... "He *is* cute."

"Mhmm." Khari sped up and drew the other wild dog into a hug, right before their muzzles met in a kiss. Afterwards, arm around Harori's hip, he smiled down at Lortian. "And - you know what I learned on the way here?"

"What?"

"You and I are gonna be his second sexual experience. Ever."

Tall, round ears perked up. A line of smooth black ran the border of Harori's ears, in contrast to Khari's creamy white. The more he looked at them, the more they looked alike. "*Ever?*"

Lortian nodded. "Ever."

Harori's eyes lit up. "Well, then, what are we waiting for? I was just gonna put on a movie and see where things lead, but - hell..."

This time it was Harori's warm paw that touched the elf, closing around his wrist and pulling him forward. He followed, letting the dog lead him through the entry room, down the hall, towards one of the back rooms which turned out to be the master bedroom: wide bed pushed up against one wall, a nightstand on either side with the same stuff - a lamp, an alarm clock, a stack of magazines or books or something, and then, interestingly, a little African wild dog plushie - and closet door on another wall, bathroom door on a third.

But, Lortian didn't have quite enough time to take everything in. As soon as he heard the noise of Khari closing the bedroom door behind all of them, he found himself pushed down to his knees in front of the bed, on the edge of which Harori already sat. *This* was a position that he'd often taken with Bronson, and also one that he rather enjoyed. A moment later, Khari took his place beside his partner (and brother; Lortian had decided that the otter bartender had been telling the truth) and leaned back on his elbows.

"So, then," Khari said, motioning at the elf. He let that paw fall and come to rest on Harori's thigh. "Why don't you show us what you can do?"

Lortian swallowed. If he looked directly forward, his eyes came about even with the button of Harori's jeans - this bed stood on no supports, with the mattress lying flat on the ground. "Right now?"

"Yes, right now," Khari went on, and started to readjust his position. Where he had just sprawled out with his legs over the edge of the mattress, he straightened up and moved behind Harori, spreading his legs around him; the other wild dog leaned warmly back against him and closed his eyes. In this light, Lortian could now see that Khari's eyes were not grey at all, but instead the same cool moss-green as his brother's. Those splotch-patterned paws of his briefly rubbed at the revealed white patch along Harori's belly, and then moved down and started working at his fly. "Or we could get started, if you'd like. I can understand having a little bit of... *performance anxiety*. Happens to all of us."

He didn't even get a chance to respond before Harori lifted up a little and let Khari unbutton and unzip his pants, bringing into view the first two inches or so of his shaft. So Lortian had been right when he thought that he wore just those pants and nothing else - meaning, no underwear,

either. The elf rested back on the balls of his feet, watching the two African wild dogs move and wriggle gently, Harori leaning back and nuzzling against Khari's neck, while Khari worked his pants down his legs and dragged his claws through the furs of his thighs.

Then, Lortian let his eyes wander down along that white patch again, towards the base of that shaft as it came fully into view - and throbbed and stiffened up a little, under the touches of the paw running up and down along its length. Fairly admirable in size, not quite like Bronson in terms of length or girth, but certainly nothing to complain about - unless, perhaps, he were to take it too deep in his rump. Uncut as well, foreskin rolling smoothly back and forth as Khari ran his paw along that length, holding it up and towards Lortian's face; the elf's nose twitched, picking up the same gentle cinnamon-spice that he'd first smelled on Khari, though now changed somewhat and underlined with an entirely different heat.

Again he glanced up. Harori had his eyes closed and muzzle tilted back, showing the contours of his throat and the pattern of his breathing; Khari had *his* muzzle rested between his brother's neck and his shoulder, half-lidded green eyes looking down at the elf.

"Go on," the wild dog breathed, rolling Harori's foreskin back once more - and making him lift his hips up a bit. "Use your tongue."

And so he obeyed. Lortian closed the short distance between his face and Harori's length, first touching his nose against the soft, smooth skin of his head, inhaling that deep, musky spice - God, how it made him shiver - and then flicked his tongue out against the underside, feeling the rim of his head kept revealed by Khari's paw. Then, that paw came forward again and brought the dog's supple skin to roll forward over Lortian's tongue - so, he did as told and swirled it around, noting how Harori again lifted up and how he pulled in a tight breath through his teeth, at having the elf's tongue tug gently underneath his foreskin.

"Yeah..." Khari purred, continued to draw his paw forward and back, forward and back. Lortian closed his lips around Harori's head, bringing his tongue down to cup along the underside; he could tell that he was already fully hard. "Like that. This isn't the first time you've done this, is it?"

"Mm-mm." Lortian shook his head, and then in another moment brought his own hand up to replace Khari's, who took the opportunity to sit back and start fiddling with his own clothing. Still he wore his shirt and pants - at the front of which an obvious bulge, twitching slightly, could be seen. Hell, another couple minutes, and Lortian would have to do the same...

Some more shuffling. He closed his eyes and dove down along Harori's length, feeling how it throbbed and pulsed between his lips and on his tongue, tasting that same musk as it filled his nostrils and rubbed off against his tongue. It was the kind of scent he'd be able to taste the following morning; every time he moved back down and brought his nose closer to the wild dog's pubic fur, it came back to him in full force, sharp and spicy but certainly not unpleasant. He hoped that he'd get a chance to press his nose into that fur and get a deep whiff of it.

"Have you taken two cocks under your-"

Khari broke off. Lortian opened his eyes and looked up at him: he stood by the edge of the bed now, fully nude and also fully hard. He, too, was uncut, and if Lortian were to lift himself up a little, he could go down on *him*, too.

“-Hah. I was about to say ‘under your tail’, but... you know.”

Again the elf shook his head. Then, he readjusted appropriately and, continuing to stroke Harori in one hand, moved over - and wrapped his tongue around Khari’s head, foreskin still forward, and started to move down on him, too. The two brothers’ tastes and scents mingled in his nose and on his tongue, so similar that if he were to be blindfolded and have his face shoved down between one of their legs... well, he wouldn’t quite be able to tell whose cock it was.

Khari swallowed and moved his hips forward, pushing his length another inch and a half past Lortian’s lips. The elf could feel Harori do the same into his hand, so he quickened the pace of his stroking. “Well - we won’t make you do *that*, if you don’t want to. I was just thinking... *you* under *my* tail... and then Harori under *yours*... so to say...” He swallowed again. Lortian looked up: now he had his eyes fully closed, and his large parabolic ears splayed out and flicked every now and then. His mouth hung half-open and his whiskers twitched. “That sound good?”

This time, it was Harori’s turn to talk, and he did so with a bit of effort. “Wait - Khari, I’m not used to topping...” After bringing his nose down against Khari’s lower belly a few times - also with a bit of effort - Lortian moved back off of it, lapped off the pre that he’d missed, and moved over again to resume on the other brother.

“I wasn’t talking to you. Besides, you always complain, hon - until you’re six inches deep. Then you just kinda... moan, and gasp, and wriggle...”

A paw came to rest on the back of the elf’s head, holding him down. He could feel Harori’s cock twitching against the back of his throat, threatening to make him gag - but, still, he remained there. He couldn’t exactly *breathe* easily, but still took the chance to enjoy the dog’s scent on each inhalation. Above him, Harori squirmed and breathed out a gentle moan.

“-Yeah, like that. Hey, uh...”

Harori released the elf’s head, and he swallowed down the dog’s taste after coming up. Then, he wiped the back of his hand across his lips. “Lortian.”

“Yeah. Why don’t you take those clothes of yours off? Let us take a look at you.”

Most of his nervousness on the ride here and before had dissipated, turning instead into warm, bubbling excitement. He remained kneeling down on the soft carpet as he tugged his shirt off his head, to be thrown somewhere off to the side; then, he stood up to do the same with his pants, though had to pull them forward a little to allow them to slide down past his also hard length. His first time stripping for Bronson, as much anxiety and shyness had been pulsing through his veins as adrenaline and arousal - but today, for these two African wild dog brothers, he found that it was a lot more of the latter and almost none of the former. Hell, part of him wanted to just - turn around and sink back onto Harori, still lounging over the side of the bed. *That* dog had taken his cock in his own paw in the time that Lortian took to strip naked, and now stroked himself slowly.

“Ever topped before, Lortian?” The elf got yet another whiff of the dog’s cinnamon scent, then, as Khari knelt down next to him and leaned over the bed, arms forward on the mattress. He could feel the warmth of his body radiating towards him - and, seeing this naked canid beside



him, tracing his eyes over the uneven splotches of his markings down his back toward the base of his tail, slightly raised, knowing that he'd soon be sinking up underneath that tail... "Probably not, huh?"

He swallowed, and took a step over. Despite himself, he felt awkward, standing up above this wild dog - but Khari, too, raised himself up and held his tail up, again resting his weight on his elbows on the mattress. Lortian looked down and swallowed, seeing the ridged pink pucker underneath that tail. "Oh. Um. N-no..."

"Oh, I bet you'll like it..." Those hips swayed, as did his tail.

Lortian looked over at Harori, whose dark green eyes remained focus on one part of the elf in particular. "Do... what do I do for - lube?"

It was the brother still sitting on the edge of the bed who answered: "Let me take care of it."

At first, he didn't know what to expect - but, then, when Harori lowered himself down to his knees and took his place between Lortian and the other dog... the elf swallowed again and pulled in a slow breath, to be made a lot sharper as soon as he felt the broad, flat, warm tongue against his length. Bronson had never gone down on him, but - God, Harori knew what he was doing. Even without realizing it, Lortian brought his paw down to rest behind one of the dog's ears as he slowly bobbed down on him, tongue remaining in motion and dragging all over his length, leaving his slick, dripping saliva all over him...

...and then he pulled back, but remained kneeling - and held his brother's tail up with one paw, giving just enough room to press his muzzle up underneath. Khari's back arched and he let out a small "*hooh...*"; Harori closed his eyes and churned his jaw forward and back, forward and back as he lapped at the tailhole there, pressing his tongue slightly in. When he finished and moved back again, a small strand of saliva hung between his lips and Khari's rump for a moment before breaking.

Harori then licked his lips, swallowed, and settled back on the balls of his feet to watch. "All yours. Don't worry about going too fast or anything - Khari knows how to take a cock..."

The other dog let out a noise somewhere between a scoff and a hiss in response, but before Lortian could comment on the matter, he felt another paw on him - though this one squeezed halfway along his length, pulling him forward towards the prepared tailhole. When he'd gone to the bar today, he'd expected to end up heading home with his rump sore *again* - not *this*, not at all...

"Deep breath," Khari purred, releasing Lortian's cock. His tail brushed and tickled at the elf's hips; from here, he could feel the heat of that tailhole, as well as the slick moisture left on it from Harori's brief tongue and kiss. "If you haven't topped before, this might feel a little odd..."

...and, then, the wild dog started to press back onto him, slowly but firmly. Lortian had to reach out and place his hands against Khari's warm-furred hips as he did so, to hold himself in place - against the hot pressure, a slight semblance of pain rippling through him as the rim of the wild dog's tailhole tugged his foreskin back mixed with the sweet pleasure that he expected. Right now, it was a myriad of different feelings, all swirling around and interrupting his breathing, making him have to gasp and swallow.

Harori had been right: it looked like Khari *did* know how to take a cock. The African wild dog kept his back arched as he steadily sank back onto the elf, one paw gripping at the sheets of the bed while his ankles wrapped around Lortian and pulled him deeper into him. He stopped only occasionally for a break, or to get accustomed to the elf's length or something, and otherwise only paused in his movement in response to Lortian's noises. It was - a little uncomfortable, admittedly; he gritted his teeth and shifted his hips back a little, against the tight pull of Khari's rump around his cock-

-but, in shifting his hips back, he also ended up grinding his own rump against the other brother's groin as he stood behind the elf. A half-second later, a paw traced up along his chest and pulled him back a little further - and Harori ran his nose up along the rim of Lortian's ear.

"I like you already," the dog behind him cooed, while gently churning his hips against his rump. Whenever Lortian lifted up to more properly angle Harori towards him, Khari ended up pulling in a small gasp and shuddering slightly - but still he pressed back against the elf, almost hilted under his tail. "And I want some one-on-one time with you sometime. That sound okay?"

Lortian swallowed. In the time that he'd been gradually sinking into Khari, Harori had taken the opportunity to slicken up his own cock as well, and now rubbed his head against the elf as well. This, he could tell, would go a lot easier for him than topping - though *that* came along fairly well, too: once Khari's rump pressed firmly back against his hips, once he clenched around him so that all he could feel was sweet, moist heat, it wasn't so bad. Besides, each small movement just made him more aware that he was buried six and a half inches in the dog, and - well, just the thought of that excited him. "Y-yeah."

"Khari *always* wants to be first with new things. Hell, I wanted to pin you down to the bed and ride you. But, if you prefer bottoming..." And, in one slow, slick move, Harori pressed halfway into the elf, making him tense up all over and gasp. Luckily, he'd had a lot of practice with Bronson - though the feeling of both having someone in him *and* being *in* someone... one of the unmistakable bright waves of pleasure shot through him, and he could tell that this wouldn't take too long for him. "That's okay, too. *You* won't complain, will you?"

Lortian tried to say something in response, but ended up just leaning further over Khari and letting out a low, shuddering moan as Harori continued to sink into him, in turn causing him to press forward even further. The dog underneath him shivered as well, and then after a moment, started to pull forward towards the mattress, moving off of the elf a short distance - right before pressing back onto him at the start of a slow, lurching rhythm. Lortian could do nothing but grip onto the dog's hips, letting the two grind against him.

Such a feeling - one pressing back onto him, squeezing his cock in firm, moist warmth all around, while the other did the opposite, leaning forward into him and making him squirm around the familiar discomfort. His breath caught in his throat and his heart felt like it was going to beat right out of his chest. Admittedly, he *had* imagined this scenario a few times in the past, but had never really expected it to happen anytime soon...

He also didn't expect for Harori to be the one to take initiative, either. The wild dog behind him leaned over him, making him also lean further over Khari, and braced his paws on the elf's hips as he started to churn in and out of him, each of his thrusts forward making Lortian do the same to Khari beneath him. It was a delayed wave of energy: Harori lurching forward, then Lortian,

and then finally Khari, and then all of them doing the same in the other direction as the wild dog pulled out, in preparation to sink back in... all Lortian could do now was wrap his arms around Khari's body, plant his chin against his shoulder for support, and try not to breathe out too loud of a moan each time.

"You *are* tight..." Harori purred, starting to pick up pace in his thrusts. Lortian could feel his foreskin roll forward over the head of his cock each time he pulled out of Khari a short distance, and then could feel the dog's rump push it back with each thrust in... an odd feeling, but when combined with that slick warmth all around- "But I wanna change that." Then: "Hey, Khari, how are you doing?"

The wild dog underneath Lortian swallowed and squirmed. Along the way somewhere, he had worked one paw down underneath himself, to stroke himself in rhythm with the thrusts. "...Just fine, Mister - I'm-Not-Used-To-Topping..."

Then, Harori again nuzzled up alongside Lortian's ear. When he spoke, his warm breath washed over the smooth, soft skin: "And you?"

He didn't even think about it what it was he was going to say: "Harder."

"Hmm? Harder?"

"Yes..."

And Harori took that to heart. His paws shifted down from Lortian's hips to grip at the bed, and he squeezed the elf between himself and his brother - before moving his hips back and thrusting forward into him, again and again in a rhythm much faster and harder than before. At first Lortian had to move forward and gasp against the sudden change in pace and slight pain, but quickly found himself growing used to it - and also *deeply* enjoying it, alongside the feeling of Khari clenching around and grinding against him.

Because the bed had no frame, there was no squeaking as a result of their movements. Instead, the only sounds that reverberated around the room were those of the three of them, panting and gasping and moaning. Lortian actually had to squeeze his eyes shut and force himself to relax, to stop tensing up and clenching around Harori's length as it pistoned in and out of him, or else he'd end up emptying his load into Khari right here and now... and, even then, he could still always feel it approaching, always just a short way away. It didn't help that the dog beneath him churned his hips against him even amid his own thrusts into him.

The heat, the warmth, the scent - arousal, the sweet, spicy musk of these two, similar and different at the same time, wafting up and tickling at his nose - and the *feeling*... there was nothing else Lortian could do. He reached out and squeezed Harori's wrist, still down against the bed beside Khari's hip; he sucked in a low breath, swallowed back a few moans; he tensed up all over, shivered, jerked forward to bury himself under Khari's tail, and then jerked backward to take Harori as deep into himself as possible - and then shot out his cum deep into the wild dog beneath him, the slick warmth of his load seeming to be magnified by Khari squeezing around him.

Then, Khari finished second, quickly after Lortian. Apparently the elf's forward thrusts had been enough to bring him close to the edge, and in another few seconds, Khari was pressing firmly

back against Lortian's hips, grinding on him, pressing and squeezing - before he, too, shuddered underneath him, jerked forward, and then slumped down on the bed, resting his chin on his arms. Harori took a bit more time, but not enough for his thrusts to become uncomfortable to Lortian at all - and, right before he came, he pulled out so that he spurted his seed out over the elf's lower back, one paw finishing himself off.

Not entirely sure what to do, Lortian remained hilted under Khari's tail, waiting for his heartbeat and breathing to return to normal. The elf was shaking a little, and could feel the warmth of Harori's cum dripping down his back - as well as the warmth of having just been railed still pulsing in his rump, the same sweet discomfort that he'd started to love so well. After another few moments, though, it was Khari who pulled himself forward, and then flopped down on the bed beneath him, rolling over onto his back and out of the stain of his own cum across the blankets.

"What are you..." Khari panted, "grinning at?"

Lortian blinked. He wasn't-

"No, no..." said Harori from behind him. "I was just thinking - you're right."

Khari swallowed, and managed to tug Lortian down to the bed beside him. The elf squirmed, especially as he felt Harori's cum on his back spread out with the contact, but did not resist. "Yeah? About him being fun?"

"Well, yeah..."

The mattress dipped a little underneath Harori's weight as he sat down on the other side of Lortian. The elf could feel the warmth of both of their bodies on either side of him.

"...But also about how - how I am with topping..."

Khari sat up. "*You're tight*," he teased. "*I wanna change that*". Hmm?"

His brother's tall, round ears turned a slight pink, and lowered slightly. Harori looked away. "Oh, shut up..."

"I'm telling you, I want to train you to top as easily as I do... sometimes I *do* get into a bottomy mood, and sometimes I don't have anyone to bring home. Though..."

During the banter between the two brothers, Lortian had closed his eyes and tried to take a moment to catch his breath. However, he could tell that the light above him dimmed somewhat; when he opened his eyes again, he was looking straight up towards Khari's muzzle, smiling softly at him.

"You don't have any plans, do you? Wanna help me train my brother here?"

He flicked his tongue out over his lips. "I'd love to."