

Usually when Lortian came to this bar, he liked to sit up front with a drink in one hand and looking out over the other patrons, making eye contact with whoever happened to appraise him for longer than a couple of seconds, maybe striking up a conversation with someone who caught his eye. All of those times, he'd always been content to just... go with the flow, to see what came of the night and end up wherever he might. A lot of good things had come out of that, so it was a strategy that worked; after all, he'd added at least five people to his contact list since he'd first moved to this city.

There was that big German shepherd dad who'd introduced him to the whole scene; then those wild dog twins, who actually owed him a couple of pictures; that one slim otter he'd met at the party; then there was that stallion from the gym and his intimidating wolf personal trainer, who had a very large secret that she'd shared with the elf...

Tonight, though, he wanted to pick his own prey, so to say. Actually, the thought of that made him chuckle, his glass on the way to his lips as he sat in one of the cushioned booth seats; him, hunting for prey? He'd tried doing something like this before, where *he* was the one doing the picking-up instead of *getting* picked up, and... well, there was no reason this wouldn't go exactly like last time, where someone would get him into the mood and he'd just fall into his old rhythm of following what they said and told him to do, and presenting no reason for them to have to yank on his leash too rough.

Sometimes literally. Whenever that happened, he would always then fall into *their* rhythm.

Lortian actually had his eyes on someone across the room, over past the bar and close to the opposite wall. Mink, he looked like, or at least *some* kind of mustelid, with that whole slim, sleek body type and the short, smooth fur, kept in energetic conversation with someone else just barely obscured by someone else. The elf had spent the last six or so minutes trying to work through his head what he'd say if he ever did work up the courage to go talk to him... but even if he did, that'd mean getting up and trekking across the room to talk to him, and that would be awkward enough in itself-

Someone settled into the seat directly across from him, surprising him enough that he almost dropped his glass and splashed his drink all over himself. Almost. Talk about awkward, right? He peered through the rim, right into eyes as bright as his own - blue, very visible even in the dim half-light of the bar. Canid, big, a bit older than him but not quite up along that one German shepherd's age; coyote, maybe?

No, that wasn't quite right. Lortian set his glass back down to the table with a light *tap* and licked his lips, to catch the last few drops of the cool, fruity alcohol. Muzzle was too thick, shoulders too wide, whole body just a bit too... *much*. His fur looked a bright sandy-gold in this light, melding to a no-less-rough white along his neck, the underside of his chin, the insides of his arms... then all of a sudden it hit him, right as the canid lifted a pack of cigarettes to his lips to slide one out between his teeth.

This was a dingo. Like halfway between a coyote and a shiba inu. That's how Lortian always remembered the look, at least; those wild dog twins he knew had a friend who was a dingo, and who they promised they'd introduce him to at some point in time. Still waiting on that. Maybe it'd be time for a reminder soon.

“Um...” Lortian shifted in his seat. This older dingo just continued to watch him, head half-bent forward so he could light up - even despite the “no smoking” sign hanging on the wall literally one and a half feet from his head. What a rule-breaker. “Can I help you? Are you... are you looking for someone?”

“Not anymore.” His voice carried that characteristic rough gravel to it that easily showed this wasn’t his first cigarette. “How about you?”

“Well, I mean, I’m kind of...” ...but he trailed off, realizing that that could’ve been meant as a sort of *‘how about it’s you I’m looking for’* kind of answer. But, too much time had passed by the time Lortian had started his response for him to ask, and by the time he’d figured it out, too much more time had passed for him to go on and finish his statement... so, tonight just wasn’t his night so far.

That dingo watched him with those blue eyes for a moment longer, head still tilted forward with eyebrows raised. He puffed a little cloud of sharp, acrid smoke out of the other corner of his mouth, and then finally leaned back in his seat. Like he was waiting for something. That had always been something that kind of annoyed Lortian: at all these bars and clubs, people acted like they expected him to know what to do and say, when really he’d just prefer it if they’d drag him into an alley on the way home and drop their pants for him.

But, then, that felt like something he’d had to ask for. And he hadn’t been looking when this dingo had sidled up and slid down into the seat opposite him, so he didn’t see if he had anything worth showing off. One time Lortian had been to a club down the street, there’d been an otter having the time of his life on the dancefloor in a pair of tight boxer-briefs, a tank top, and nothing else, and even from across the room in dim light the elf could see that he had a sheath as opposed to a shaft between those sleek legs, a nice firm furred pouch keeping the front of his underwear raised as he moved.

This dingo didn’t look like that kind of guy, though. In fact, he looked like he’d come straight from his job at a construction site or garage or something: simple white t-shirt, the kind you could find at the store for seven dollars for a pack of three, of course stained along the collar and under the arms, up along his chest and down beneath the table between them.

He hadn’t notice that those blue eyes had been watching him all the while he appraised the dingo. The older canid half-raised his paw, fingers still wrapped around his cigarette box, and pointed towards him. “What’re you drinking there?”

“Oh, I...” Lortian certainly remembered; it was the same thing he ordered every time he came here. However, this didn’t seem like the kind of guy who would take kindly to a fruit-flavored drink. “...I don’t know, honestly. I just - told him to surprise me, and...” He shrugged. The dingo kept his eyes on him for a moment longer, then nodded and rested his head back against the seat.

If he was trying to pick him up, he wasn’t putting much effort into it. The dingo looked out over the crowds of patrons clustered around the rest of the room, taking idle drags off his cigarette without bothering to remove it from his lips; as it inevitably would, the sharp smoke from that soon filled the space above the booth and curled lazily around the lightbulb, bearing down on each of the elf’s inhalations. He tried to be sneaky about his coughing into his fist.

Lortian reached down for his glass again, one or two good gulps left. This would be his third glass tonight, and while the stuff was maybe seven percent max, he still wanted to stay well within his limits. Besides, if he *did* end up getting something out of tonight, what would be the point if he couldn't remember it? Thinking back to past scenarios and events had always been half the fun.

This time, though, he spluttered on his drink and had to cough again, after the dingo interrupted him:

"Y'ever sucked dick before?"

Lortian wiped at his mouth, still trying to clear his throat. The way he looked up at this canid across the table and how long he hesitated must have been enough of an answer, since right as he started to open his mouth to respond, the stranger let out a rough little growl of a laugh and slid out of the booth.

And then he just stood there, cigarette held lightly between his teeth and paw out, fingers spread, towards the elf still sitting in the booth. He had on simple blue jeans, low-cut ankles that dragged along the floor beneath his feet and had torn in the back from doing so, and the fabric similarly stained - which only reinforced the idea of mechanic.

Lortian glanced down at that extended paw, dark brown fingerpads calloused and rough. "Do you... want me to-"

The dingo jabbed that paw forward a little bit and raised his eyebrows, sliding his cigarette to the other side of his muzzle. Guess that was a yes. However, as he reached forward to take that paw - it came in closer and closed around his wrist instead, fingers easily wrapping around the slight diameter.

"Name's Raul," the dog rumbled, once Lortian had "taken" that paw. A good tug yanked him up to his feet next to him, where he could very clearly see that this guy had a lot on him in terms of height and build. Before he'd given the poor elf a chance to find his balance, he'd started on his way to the door. "You?"

"Uh - you can - *shit*-" Lortian briefly lost his balance again, struggling to keep up with the pace. "- call me Lori-"

"So. Lori. Y'never answered my question."

"What? But I - I thought-"

All of a sudden, the noise and droning music of the bar was joined by the creaking of that door on ungreased hinges... and then cut down to a dull rumble beneath the ambient hum and swoosh of the city. Raul didn't look behind him as he spoke, only turning his head to breathe another puff of smoke to the side, which always clouded up around Lortian's head.

"I mean," the dingo went on, speaking more quietly now that he no longer had to compete with the bar. "Whether you have or haven't - don't mean shit to me. You're still gonna in about seven minutes."

That made his tall ears perk. The elf straightened up and quickened his pace in an attempt to match Raul's, succeeding enough that about halfway down the block, he released his wrist and allowed him to half-jog alongside his wider stride. "I mean... yeah. A few times." Three times in one evening the last time he'd hung out with the wild dog twins. They liked to keep him busy. "What makes you think I'll want to blow you?"

Even in the darkness out here broken only by the dim yellow-orange of the occasional streetlight, those blue eyes still seemed to glow with a light of their own. "You came with me."

"You didn't give me much of a choice."

"You didn't say 'no', did you?"

"Well-"

"And you're *still* not saying 'no'. I mean, you-"

A shiver visibly worked its way up the dingo's back, then, as Lortian slid his long fingers up beneath that stained shirt and into his thick fur, struggling even more to keep up with his pace now that his attention was focused elsewhere. Bodily heat seeped through that fur like a viscous liquid, clinging to the elf's fingers and warming his hands especially as he came closer to the front of the dingo's body and approached the waistband of those jeans, held up (of course) by a leather belt. Felt damn nice to finally get the jump on someone so bold and straightforward like this... if anything, all of Lortian's hookups had done wonders for his confidence, as well as the size of what he could take under his tail.

Not that he actually had a tail, of course. That was just a saying he'd grown fond of.

Within a few seconds, though, Raul had settled back into his original posture, and slowed down as well to make it easier for the elf. A heavier growl loomed beneath his voice when he next spoke, edging more on playful danger than actual offense: "...and here I was, thinking you the submissive yes, *sir* type..."

"Who says I'm not?" The elf wriggled the tips of his fingers beneath that belt and waistband, into slightly thicker, slightly coarser pubic fur. Whenever he pressed in at Raul's lower belly, a wave of new scent wafted up and tickled at his nose, one heavy with the salt of a long day and the spice of masculinity. The dingo continued to slow his pace, as every step he took worked Lortian's hand out of his pants a little bit; the elf just took that as an excuse to force his way back in, each time a little bit deeper than before. "I just wanna see what I'm getting myself into."

"I should be the one saying that. *You* won't be getting into *anything*."

Then before he could do anything further, Lortian felt that same large paw close around his wrist and change his course once more, this time dragging him off into the next alley between buildings. Raul didn't even stop to look if there was anyone else down here before he pressed the elf's back up against the nearest wall with one paw on his shoulder and started undoing his belt with his other.

Always a good feeling to see someone else's excitement and arousal. This dingo's fingers shook a little bit once he'd gotten the front of his belt free, and instead of taking it all the way off,

he just strung it out of the frontmost loops and let it hang, moving on to work on his fly instead. *Pop* of the button, noise of the zipper, rustle of fabric on fur... and then next thing he knew, Lortian had his head pushed back as well, pressed between a cold brick wall and a very, very warm sheath.

That hint of scent he'd picked up on the street just now hit him with its full force now that he had his nose held right against the source. Quite a thick, plump sheath, too, the skin moving and sliding with little resistance as Lortian got right to nuzzling up against it and the firm flesh beneath, the upper tip of which had already been coaxed out. More than enough room for Lortian's nose right here between the base of Raul's sheath and his hanging balls, half-hidden still beneath the waistband of his pants.

"I'd apologize for being a little... y'know..." Raul growled, his paw moving its way up from Lortian's shoulder to his head. The elf slid his own hands up along this sack and sheath in front of him, weighing those balls and feeling their intense heat, grinding his nose against the grain of the fur, breathing in that scent and feeling it swirl up into his head and down his throat - just like that body heat, like a viscous liquid. Even if he turned his head away and breathed that scent out, he'd still be able to taste it in the back of his throat. And, God - it made his mouth water. "Had to stay at work a couple hours late tonight. But, you don't... you don't seem to mind..."

Maybe it was the elf's open-mouth huffing at his musk that told him that, or the way he cupped his balls in both hands and dragged his lips and tongue up along the front of that sack and sheath, or how he dug his nose up into the hot, slightly-moist fur and membrane of skin that hung between the back of his sheath and his lower body.

Of course he'd figured out by now that every guy had a different scent to them... as well as did each woman, too, if his experience with that personal trainer could count; after all, she was more man than most of his other partners, in a few different ways. Hers was sharp and rich, with the characteristic kick that he'd come to expect from most wolves; that older German shepherd he knew had a slightly more muted musk between his legs, drier and "dustier", so to say, but not in a bad way; each of the wild dog twins were different in their own way, but really, Lortian would have to taste one and then the other right after (which is usually how it went anyway) to be able to tell them apart.

And then, this dingo... Lortian came up a little further and touched his lips to the tip of his cock, slick with warm wetness salty and slightly tangy on his tongue. He wore a heavier, fuller musk, with the same muted richness that each canid had, and then the different characteristics that made it *his* - and that also simultaneously wrinkled the elf's nose and made him work his hand against the base of that sheath to coax that cock further out between his lips, the girth past the taper of the tip already more than he'd expected.

Raul tilted his hips so he could slowly, carefully hump himself further into the elf's mouth, each thrust forward bringing another quarter-inch or so of his length with it, until Lortian could wrap his hand around that shaft and stroke it in rhythm with his own bobbing, the slickness and taste seeping off onto his tongue and the roof of his mouth and permeating more fully into his breath. That heavy sack swung forward and back, forward and back with the motion, stopped each time by that same pants waistband - though a quick adjustment from the dingo above him fixed that.

Another thing the elf loved would have to be the feeling of his lips pressing up against the end of a sheath and sliding it back further, back over wet flesh that carried that aroma just as strongly

as he could already taste it in the back of his throat. Here, with his lips pursed and hand lightly closed around Raul's sack, the dingo held his head in place and churned his hips against him, working himself further out - until that tip started to brush and press at the back of his throat, and Lortian had to partially take things back into his own hands again.

Every thrust forward brought another wave of that scent, changed slightly with his growing arousal and interest. Pointed tip, veined sides, contoured length, smooth curve of the shaft down towards the middle, slight bulge of the unswollen knot... this was about all of him that Lortian could comfortably take between his lips and in his throat, and Raul could tell that, too. He reigned in his thrusting a big, moving slower and holding himself back, allowing the elf to bob along him at his own pace with that hand still in front of his lips, tight around him and urging him on.

At least, until that paw tightened on his head and pulled him back off of the dingo's length, tongue hanging partially out of his mouth with a strand of hungry saliva connecting the two. Green eyes met blue for another second and a half, Raul panting quietly; then both of those paws squeezed on the elf's shoulders and turned him bodily around, face and hands to the wall, and moved down to yank his pants off. The bigger dingo didn't even bother with undoing Lortian's fly, instead just tugging them halfway down his thighs toward his knees.

Even before that firm flesh came into contact with his backside could Lortian feel the intense humid heat emanating off of it, the same that had warmed his mouth and his throat. He licked his lips and looked back over his shoulder at the dingo. "I don't remember you mentioning I'd be doing *this*, too."

Raul dragged his broad, flat tongue over the pads of his fingers, and then rubbed those up against the elf's rump - and he instinctively pressed back down against those fingers and tried to relax. This wasn't something he was new to. "Imagine that. I don't remember saying you'd *just* be sucking me off."

Both paws on his rear, thumbs keeping him spread for the dingo to line himself up... Lortian dug his fingers as much as he could between rows of the bricks, finding something to hold onto. This dingo felt about as well-endowed as that German shepherd the elf thought about so often, but it never hurt to be a little careful, right? Besides, he'd had that same shepherd several times since first meeting him, and he still always woke up the following morning with a ghost of a throbbing pain in his rear.

He couldn't help but suck in a surprised little gasp at the first contact of that slick tapered tip against him, already lubed up by those fingers a moment ago. Raul wasted no time in teasing, instead driving slowly, gently forward with his hips, finding the best spot to place his focus, and pressing into that point... which of course resulted in the elf's gasp being let right back out as a low, shuddering sigh as that warm girth sunk into and stretched him.

Intense heat, tingling discomfort, thrumming pleasure... everything he'd long since gotten used to feeling from having someone press into him. Raul kept his paws firmly on Lortian's hips for this first entry of his, muzzle tilted down towards his chest so each exhalation of breath puffed hotly over the elf's shoulder and the skin of his neck, loud in his ear with the occasional rumble-growl of enjoyment. He didn't even bother thinking about the noise of cars driving by on the nearby road, or the low conversations of people passing right by the alley; it was dark enough, and they wouldn't see these two unless they went out of their way to look.

“...Hrm,” the dingo rumbled, and traced one of his paws up under Lortian’s shirt. He had started to pull slowly back out, in order to work his length into him in steady increments. “I guess my question was a stupid one, huh? Usually by now I’ve gotten a *slow down* or a *not so hard*, but you...”

“-Actually...” Lortian swallowed, and adjusted his posture a bit - which resulted in him forcing himself a little bit further back onto that contoured length, pulling another gasp out of both of them. “You *could* bear to go a little faster...”

So Raul took him at his word. It was like a fire had been lit in his loins: no sooner had he finished speaking did those claws dig more firmly into his hips and did Raul get right back to pressing into him, this time not stopping at the slight change in girth about halfway along his length, familiar from most other canids. He just kept on going, sinking deeper and deeper until the slight bulge of his knot stopped him... and then with another tightening of claws on Lortian’s hips, went ahead and jammed that into him as well.

Of course that sent a wave of slightly sharper pain through him, and then another one when he tugged it back out, but... it was nothing he hadn’t dealt with before. The elf kept himself bent over and his hips pressed back for Raul, the dingo already steadily stepping up his pace and giving into his lust and desire. Each thrust in sent another burst of heat and pleasure through the elf’s body, and forced him to tighten his fingers on the edge of the bricks in front of him - and so far he hadn’t even thought of reaching down to pleasure himself, though the repeated bumping of hips to rump made him seriously consider it.

“If I knew it’d be this easy...” Raul growled in his ear. He’d stepped closer behind the elf so he could just build up his pace further, grasp on his hip tightening with each thrust just as Lortian’s body tensed up with the feeling. “...I woulda just dragged you to the bar and had you sit in my lap.”

It was sort of hard to find the ability to speak, and once he did, his voice continued to bounce with each of those thrusts. Along the way he’d felt some of the familiar pain of being stretched too much too quickly, but that went away as Raul continued to pound into him, those heavy balls already swinging up against his own from behind. “Is that - illegal-?”

“I mean, yeah.”

Suddenly, sharp fangs set lightly against the revealed skin of his neck, sending another, different shiver vibrating through his body. He unintentionally clenched tightly around Raul’s cock, dragging another rumble of a moan out of him. Then, just as suddenly as that bite had started, Raul had come back up off his shoulder. Still, though, the feeling remained.

“Wouldn’t’ve been the first time I’ve done it, though.” He licked his chops, and with his one paw still on Lortian’s hip, pulled the elf a little closer to him to make him easier to fuck. Now beneath the rustling of their clothing, the sounds of the street, and each of their gentle panting and occasional moan, the rhythmic patting of Raul’s hips against Lortian’s rear could be heard. The elf was kept aware of his partner’s closeness: just like that first time, Raul buried his knot in him every time he thrust in, and he could feel the gradually growing width.

That would swell up quite a bit more once he'd reached that peak, and he certainly hoped that it would already been inside him when that happened. He'd felt someone try to shove their knot into him *after* they'd already finished, and it wasn't exactly a good feeling.

From there, he lost the track of conversation. Whether Raul had said something for him to respond to, he couldn't remember; too much else on his mind. The elf had become steadily more aware of the throbbing need between his own legs, though, the hot, pulsing desire that just strengthened with each pound into him - but before he could reach to start to take care of that himself, Raul brought his other paw around and closed his fingers about halfway along his cock, enough so he could smoothly roll his foreskin back and forth, back and forth with his rhythm, grip strong enough to resist the slickness of his leaking pre, but not too much.

Lortian wouldn't last long at this rate, and listening to the panting and grunting in his ear, Raul wouldn't either. Now he intentionally clenched around the base of the dingo's cock every time he buried himself inside him, catching behind his still-unswollen knot and keeping him hilted for a half-second longer. Steady thrusting became arrhythmic and urgent, that panting turned into a hungry grating moan, those teeth clamped down on his shoulder again and, this time, didn't let go-

-and just as he'd hoped and expected, those hips slammed up against him once more, the heat and stretch inside him forcing him to clench yet again in response... and then - *throb, throb, throb*, accompanied by quick increase in the pressure inside him. Raul breathed heavily against the elf's shoulder, paw moving faster and harder along his cock; Lortian squeezed around that swollen knot and churned his hips on the dingo as much as he could, feeling the tug of hard flesh too wide to pop out of him and the resulting throbs from the dog, still emptying his load into him - and then he, too, shuddered and bucked against the hot body behind him... and then it took a couple of seconds before he started painting this brick wall with his own cum. With something *that* wide shoved into him, there was always a delay between his peak and the actual result.

And of course once the bright pleasure faded, a deeper, heavier discomfort took its place, thrumming against his rump with each beat of the dingo's heart. Raul pricked his claws out of Lortian's skin, released his shoulder, and rested both his arms against the brick wall above his head, taking a few moments to catch his breath - open-mouthed; apparently; at one point, the elf felt a warm glob of slick saliva drop against his shoulder, right in the middle of that stinging bite-mark.

Good thing he had this big dingo keeping him upright; if he put too much weight on either of his legs, Lortian could feel it shake with the weakness following his finish. He swallowed down the hungry slickness in the back of his throat, only refreshing the taste of this dog in his mouth, masculine musk mixed with bodily sweat and the acid of cigarette smoke, clinging so stoically to that sand-colored fur.

Actually, he'd forgotten that the dingo had even had a cigarette between his lips at the start of all of this; he'd had his eyes closed for most of the time he'd been between his legs, and his nose buried somewhere that carried a different scent equally as strongly. Now that they both had a moment, though, the elf's ears twitched again at the sound of more rustling clothing, followed by the *tschk-tschk-tschk* of the lighter, and then... few gentle puffs of breath. The reek of the cigarette floated down on him in full force above the cloying scent of sex and cum.

“So,” Raul managed, voice back down to its original rumble. Still he had to spend a little extra time on each breath. “I’d - give you my number, but... I’m a little tied up...”

Lortian *started* to do his usual “oh, it’s okay,” but then he stopped. “Did you just-”

Behind him, the dingo shook gently with slow, suppressed laughter. “I’m sorry. I’m a father. It happens.”

It was actually that laughter that startled him the most - so Lortian squirmed a little more, and turned his head back so he could see the dingo’s grin. His eyes watered and nose wrinkled against a cloud of cigarette smoke puffed directly into his face.

“And - and here I was, thinking you the rough, stoic dom type.”

“So *this*-” Raul tugged on his knot, a bit forcefully. Lortian gasped. “...wasn’t enough? Gimme about twenty minutes, and I’ll try again to convince you.”

*Thump, thump, thump* of mixed pain and pleasure... “Is that a challenge?”

“It’s an invitation.”

Might just have to beat his record of being sore for four days straight.