

Askia drummed his fingers along his thigh, flicking through his Twitter with his other paw but not really seeing anything that zipped by... except for the occasional nude picture, of course, which his distracted mind still made him scroll back to for routine appraisal. He'd had other things to think about these past few days, ever since Sunday night at the club along 28th Street; other things and, more specifically, other people.

One person, really, a tall, built panther, oil-black fur, eyes that were either bright green or sharp amber. It'd been hard to tell in the pulsing lights of the club, and the only time Askia had gotten a good look at his muzzle was right after he'd finished washing up in the bathroom: he'd dried his paws on the towel, looked at himself once more in the mirror, then turned... and jumped half a step back with the mass of sleek black-furred muscle gliding smoothly past him.

If anything, *that* had been the moment for Askia to talk to him, the panther keeping those sharp predator's eyes on him as he made his way to the urinal, undid his pants fly, and hefted his plump sheath out between a pair of fingers to take a piss... and that was all Askia saw before he'd pushed his way back out of the bathroom, cheeks and large wild dog ears burning. The whole reason he'd *gone* to that damn club that night was to bring home a date and hopefully get his tail filled, and what did he do when the opportunity presented itself to him?

Realizing his phone screen had gone dark in his paw, he sighed, and rested his head against the back of the bus stop bench. Didn't help that today was Thursday, and he'd thought he'd seen that same panther some four or five times *out on the street* in the days between. Once when leaving the grocery store, once when going to visit a friend.

Every time it happened, every time he thought he saw him, he felt another wave of the same mixture of emotions he'd gotten in the bathroom: little snap of fear, prey having caught a predator's eye, beneath the warmer, spicier sizzle of arousal, the thrill of the whole thing, and the thoughts that always inevitably followed of what would happen if the two *had* had an encounter that night.

Askia scooted over another inch and a half as someone else sat beside him, a bit close considering the entire rest of the bench was open; his whiskers twitched their scent, hardly noticeable beneath the tang and gunk of the city's smell. Bus should be getting here any minute now; it'd be the last run of the night, and usually in this part of the city, the routes were fairly empty. That was part of why Askia liked them so much. Fewer people to deal with, fewer conversations to worry about... more time for him to sit and simmer in his own thoughts, and make decisions for future plans that always ended up falling through when the time came.

Something twitched against his back, startling him upright... and then it tickled in his fur again, partially lifting up the back of his shirt, soft, gentle, but definitely there, definitely... deliberate. Took him a moment to realize that that was the tail of whoever it was that had sat beside him, and once he'd come to that conclusion, it took him another moment to figure out just *why* his nose had twitched like that.

This scent was the same that had brushed past him in the club's bathroom Sunday night. The panther that sat beside him, arms crossed in front of his chest and muzzle pointed forward and slightly up, looked like shadow taken physical form beneath his ragged jeans and shiny black jacket, opened to show bare chest beneath. Once he'd sensed that Askia recognized him, he rolled his shoulders, popped his neck... and looked right down at the wild dog.

"I'm covering your fare," the panther said, in a baritone voice as smooth as the leather of that jacket. "We're getting off at Sun Blossom. It's three stops down from here."

"Wh..." But, just then, the headlights of the bus shone around the corner at the end of the block, and within another few seconds the brakes were hissing out into the never-quite-complete silence of the city night. The doors opened, and the panther stood and got on without even looking back to check that Askia followed.

He did, though, of course, and this time had no trouble choosing which seat to claim. The usual crowd occupied their spaces: the teenager with his headphones over his ears and hood pulled up; someone who was either homeless or a college student, and was either twenty or fifty years old; the grandma who'd probably gotten lost on her way home; and then way in back, the big, mean-looking stranger who, if he were in his right mind, Askia would've stayed away from. Too bad tonight, that stranger had paid his fare.

The panther scooted over to allow Askia in towards the window, and the wild dog muttered a *thank you* before he truly realized what he was doing. He sat down, adjusted his posture, pushed his back against the stiff cushion... and then jerked upright again, a warm, firm paw taking hold of his own, sliding it over from his own thigh to the cat's beside him.

Didn't stop there, though. Even as he gave the slightest tug back, the smallest bit of reluctance - *should we really be doing this on public transport?* - that grip strengthened, and pressed the wild dog's paw down directly into the firm heat of the bulge at the front of his pants, and then gave a grind of his hips up against that palm. Again Askia could feel his ears start to heat up, just as they had in the bathroom Sunday; one touch, one squeeze, and he could feel the shape and weight of the sheath he'd gotten a glimpse of. He shifted his paw, spread his fingers, reached them down... swallowed again as the panther's grip readjusted, and this time led the wild dog to squeeze around the soft warmth of what had to be his balls beneath that fabric.

Askia adjusted his own pants, suddenly a bit tighter, with his other paw. He'd be lying to himself if he tried to ignore the fact that he'd pawed off with this same panther in mind, once when he'd gotten home from the club Sunday night and then another two times after seeing him on the street, since every time he saw him, it just brought back that image. He slid his thumb beneath the waistband of his pants, shivered, tugged-

"You're not going to touch yourself until we get to my place," the panther rumbled, and then moved Askia's paw further up. He thought he was just going to settle it back against his sheath beneath his pants fly, but no; sharp eyes remaining forwards toward the front of the bus, the panther lifted his shirt with the smaller male's paw, and - then slid both of them down into his pants, right to the source of that heavy, slightly-humid heat. Askia felt short, soft fur in his fingerpads, the grip and tug of soft, supple sheath skin, the slight moisture of a fleshy tip... "And once we're there, you're gonna suck my dick."

Such stark confidence. Askia sat with his muzzle forward, stuck between looking down at the bulge he fondled, and out the window at the buildings passing by. The panther slowly, steadily pressed up into his paw, slid his balls under his fingers, rolled his sheath back and forth against his palm and wrist. The wild dog started to speak, cleared his throat, tried again. "Then what?"

"Then what?" Those eyes, definitely green, briefly flicked down towards the canid beside him. As if thinking for a moment, the panther said nothing... then lifted his hips up again, squeezed

Askia's paw between his body and the tightness of his pants waistband, and then finally started to relieve that tension, other paw working slowly and easily at his fly. "Then I'm gonna turn you around and pound your ass, like I *meant* to do Sunday night. But I finish my piss, turn to pin you to the wall, and you're fuckin' gone..."

"S-sorry..." If anything, now his point of focus had been set for him. The panther squirmed, raised his hips again, and sighed as the relief from that tightness finally came, and he brought his full sheath and plump sack out into the air, Askia's paw wrapped around the thick-furred skin and slowly pumping, slowly coaxing that slick length further out, flesh so deep it looked like almost like more oiled leather. Back here his scent, rich and undeniably masculine yet still clean, floated and swirled around, and slid deeper into Askia's senses with each inhalation, until this panther's words - *you're not going to touch yourself until we get to my place* - were the only things holding him back. And to think he'd been *worried* about doing this kind of thing on public transportation.

The panther, of course, looked as though he'd never *had* such a worry. He smoothly and easily humped his hips against Askia's paw as it worked and stroked, his own arms now up behind his head; still he looked toward the front of the bus as if expecting and even hoping for someone to notice, especially now as the bus lurched to its first stop. He had one of his legs swung out into the aisle, and if someone so much as leaned to the side they might be able to see that he'd opened his fly.

A low breath shuddered between his parted lips, and the panther briefly closed his eyes and reached down again, this time to squeeze Askia's paw more fully around his length. Short, soft barbs lined his length near the base, tickling back and forth over beneath the wild dog's fingers with his stroking. Nervousness still thrummed in his heartbeat, but... *God*. This was like a dream. Or one of his fantasies.

"So I-" The panther swallowed. He made eye contact with a slim otter who took a seat about halfway to the back here, and held the contact until he'd taken that seat. "I'm gonna collect on that. Soon as the door closes behind us, you're getting on your knees and you're gonna taste what I have to give you. Understand?"

"Yeah..." No hesitation. Askia had actually given his answer a half-second before the panther had finished. "That - sounds good..." His mouth was watering, a little bit. Pants felt really tight. Everything around them was hazy; he just wanted... wanted to...

The panther rumbled again. "... Jeez, if I'd *known* you were this thirsty..." Another second, and then Askia felt the pressure of a strong paw on the back of his head pushing him down. "Shit..."

He eagerly breathed in the panther's scent on his way down, taking slow, deep breaths through his nose and letting them back out through his mouth, and spreading his fly open further with his fingers. It was actually a bump from the road beneath them that closed the distance between his muzzle and the cat's groin, and once he was there... well, he didn't move for a while. Askia kept his nose buried in thick, warm fur, lips pressing, kissing, tugging at the soft skin of his sack hanging below.

Another bump in the road bounced his muzzle up, and this time, he angled the panther's slick tip towards his muzzle and puckered his lips there, taking in his scent one more time before

bobbing slowly down along him. That brought a low, sweet purr from the cat's throat, and another smooth lift of his hips. Each dive down resulted in another slight tightening of that paw on the back of Askia's head, and before long, he'd settled into a rhythm in this panther's lap, lips tight around his cock and brushing over the soft barbs at his base, one of his own paws gripping onto the thigh that hung out into the aisle, eyes closed... when the panther held him down in his lap, that tapered tip twitching and tickling at the back of his throat for a moment, he opened his eyes - and realized he could see right to the front of the bus. Which meant that anyone who got on would be able to see what he was doing.

It would've been the same in the club, wouldn't it? Going off what this panther had said earlier - Askia turned his head as he got back into his rhythm, bringing that paw down to again caress the cat's plump sack - if he'd hung around Sunday night, Askia would've ended up with his face against the bathroom wall and his tail raised against fit, flat-muscled cat belly. Seeing the arms on this guy, maybe he would've lifted him up into the air and had the wild dog wrap his legs around him, so he could thrust up into him and then use his own weight to bring him back down to hilt, and-

This time the squeeze on his head wasn't to push his nose down into thick pubic fur, but rather to lift him back up. The panther drew his hips down, and then tapped his saliva-slickened cock against the wild dog's muzzle when he just looked up at him.

"I'd tell you not to look at me with your mouth open unless you plan to use it, but this is our stop." He stroked himself a few more times between his forefinger and thumb, then pulled his cock back into his pants and redid the button, though left the zipper down. "Come on. Before this goes down."

Askia stoically avoided making eye contact with any of the other bus passengers tonight, while the panther seemed like he was going out of his way to do the exact opposite. More than once the wild dog caught a flick of whiskers, or a twitch of nose, or a sharpening of the eyes in response to an unidentified but recognizable scent passing by; whether they were picking up the panther's musk from his open fly and lack of underwear, or from Askia's own muzzle and breath, he couldn't tell. Nor did he want to know, really.

He kept his paws on his pockets from when he'd stood, through waiting for the panther to pay their fares and walk him down to his apartment complex... and then to when he started to lead Askia around towards the back entrance. He only took them out then, though, because the panther forced him to, by way of spinning him around, yanking his arms up over his head, and pinning them to the brick wall with one wrist over the other, his other paw reaching down in front of the startled wild dog to get his pants off.

"Hey, wait, what're y-" The breath puffed out of Askia's body, then, when the panther gripped his waist and grinded himself forward under his tail, in one firm thrust. Hadn't even gotten his pants off yet - in fact, it felt like he was still struggling with the fly.

Not for long, at least. With a low growl the panther reached down with his other paw as well - Askia kept his raised above his head against the wall - and *tore* the wild dog's pants, just far enough so he could tank them down his slim legs. Then he undid his pants button and brought his own length back into the air, still slightly slick with Askia's saliva from earlier, and tapped it a few times against the wild dog's rump - and presented tailhole; Askia had been in similar positions often enough to know what to do and how to hold himself - before he started to settle

into a slow, teasing rhythm, soft barbs running over the puckered skin, making him shiver and gasp.

He returned his one paw to the dog's wrists, holding them firmly in place above his head, and leaned over his shoulder. "I changed my mind."

"You're gonna-" From behind him came the sound of the panther spitting into his paw, and he drew his cock back away from the dog's rump for a moment. "-Out *here*?" His voice faltered with that last, partially from the nervousness and the general feeling of half-fear that came from being so near this powerful predator, and then partially from the irresistible shiver that echoed through his body once that warm, wet stiffness was pressed back against his tailhole, this time with the tapered tip first.

"If you've got a problem with it..." Other paw settled on Askia's waist, holding him in place - or, rather, pulling him slowly back along that slick length, the panther mirroring the motion and pushing forward, slowly stretching him around his girth, sinking easily into him. The wild dog's claws dug at the mortar between the bricks. "I'll drag you out front by your scruff and rail you there. There's a bench facing the street near the door that'd be the perfect height to..." He sucked in a breath, then let it out in a low shiver as he buried himself to the hilt. "...bend you over..."

Askia squirmed again, and squeezed around that cock. Larger than it'd felt between his lips, both in terms of length and thickness; pressing into him in one go like this, tip to base, without pulling back to make sure he'd gotten a good angle... he'd be sore in the morning, and not only because of those little barbs pricking and tugging at the rim of his pucker, like tiny little rigid tongues.

The paw on his waist gave a sudden tug, bending him over a little further - and allowing the panther to press in that last half-inch, where he remained for a moment, before starting to slide back out. Those barbs didn't hurt as they came, but he could definitely feel them. The panther (only now did Askia realize he'd never gotten his name) slowed his pace every time he pressed his barbs through Askia's tailhole and tugged them back out, and as he picked up his pace, that paw on his waist came up to his muzzle and shoved a pair of sharp-clawed fingers into his mouth, tugging his maw open, forcing a thick drip of saliva to roll out down his chin.

With that grip on his maw, Askia had no choice but to have-turn his head to the side and let every breath and gasp and moan shudder out between his parted lips and mouth, rolling off his tongue like drool. He kept himself anchored between the wall and the panther, pushing back through his paws and bouncing forward with each thrust in, trying his best to keep his rump held against the panther's lower body.

Hard to believe that not ten minutes ago he was just sitting down on the bus beside this fellow, mind and groin tingling with thoughts and ideas of what would happen to him. Or, okay, maybe that was twenty minutes ago; ten minutes ago he'd been half-bent over in the backseat of the bus, this total stranger's hard cock between his lips and oozing slick pre out onto his tongue, and filling his nose with his rich musk. And then here he was now, bent over with his paws raised above his head and a sharp semi-retractable claw keeping his tongue hanging out of one side of his mouth, his breathe rhythmically squeezed out of him beneath fast, steady thrusting, the panther's heavy sack swinging forward beneath him, his own hard cock twitching and throbbing, probably leaking his own pre down over his pants still around his legs...

So, admittedly, it all went just like one of his fantasies. Some of those fantasies had involved him on his belly with his ass raised into the air, paws tied beneath his chest and legs kept open by a spreader bar, muzzle kept halfway between fear and hunger. That always played into his fantasies with this panther, the fear: that had been instilled in him when he'd first seen those sharp eyes, stripping him down to bare fur in the bathroom, as if he were just some walking sex toy for this bigger, stronger, more *forceful* predator.

Not that he was complaining, of course; his own erection bouncing beneath his body, throbbing with each thrust in, showed that much. The panther finally released that half-grip on his muzzle and slid his fingers down towards Askia's throat, wet fingerpads matting down his fur and just barely starting to squeeze there... and then his claws started to dig in, too, half-retracted, sharp little pinpricks that sent ghostly shivers down his back and made him clench even tighter around that cock.

Then another few low growls, some fast, hard bucks, a slowing of his pace... and a hotter, stickier heat joined the slickness of the saliva he used as lube, enough for Askia to feel it dripping down the backside of his sack. The wild dog swallowed, wiggled his hips side to side, turned his head back to look at the panther - the grip along his throat had lessened somewhat - and licked his lips, but the cat spoke over him.

"Don't think you're done," he rumbled... and then got right back into his rhythm, now using that first load to his advantage. Faster, harder... slicker, a kind of thick, sticky slickness, so that Askia was kept acutely aware of the girth stretching his tailhole and pounding into him and the barbs came as odd little bumps, yet he could still grip and clench and squeeze around him as he worked. "I could see you about to give me lip. You've never - gotten fucked by a big cat before, have you? Some of us can... can go multiple times at once..."

Just some sex toy. The panther didn't even bother to reach around and stroke Askia's length; probably for the best, though, since with it pulsing and knotted in his sheath beneath him, it wouldn't have taken long. Still had the taste of the panther's fingers in his mouth, part dirt, part floral hand soap, part sweat, part musk and salt from when he'd fished his *equipment* out on the bus. Pounding at the wild dog's already-used backside, keeping him pinned between his own body weight and the wall, using Askia's shivers and shudders and clenches and rhythmic lurches backward to bury himself deeper, faster, harder.

Now that paw, fingers still wet, gripped between his neck and his shoulder, short claws digging into his skin through his fur, keeping his head pulled back and jaw open. The wild dog's ears picked up each and every sound of the street out front, sounds of cars going by and of passing conversations, and part of him wondered if this wet rhythmic slapping of hips to rump, hips to rump could be heard out there... and then part of him didn't care, squeezing back around the panther every time he buried himself deep inside him, his thrusts starting to spread out again and lengthen, barbs tugging and tickling at his tailhole beneath all of the other sensations.

When the panther had said 'multiple times at once'... those fingers started to creep in around Askia's throat again, and within another few seconds there was that strong, urgent thrusting beneath his tail again, and this time he could *feel* the pulses, the spurts as the panther drained his balls into him a second time, adding to the pressure that already stirred there. By now Askia was panting openly, chest rising and falling and body shivering all over; he swallowed, reached down with one paw to wrap the panther's fingers more fully around his neck, had him squeeze

him a little tighter, drew his rump forward almost off of that barbed length and then slammed back-

-and that sent himself over the edge, what with the panther's still-throbbing cock buried inside of him, and the hot, sticky load - *loads* - dripping down out of him. Sharp, short gasps, claws digging even harder at the wall, teeth gritted... and he painted the side of this brick wall, hips jerking themselves back with each thrust, skin of his sheath pulled tight over his swollen knot with no paw to roll it the rest of the way back. Beneath his tail, the panther shuddered again a few more times, and squeezed that paw a bit dangerously around Askia's throat... until it fell away towards his side, claws drawing lines in the dog's fur.

The panther had to swallow before he could speak. Askia felt... *full*. "You made me cum a third time," came that low rumble, "fuckin'... clenching like that right when I was on the tail end of my second... milk me dry - I'd wanted at least *one* of those across your tongue, but you got me impatient..."

Askia swallowed too, and took a breath. He never realized he hadn't done that since first wrapping that black-furred paw around his own neck; still he could feel the ghostly tingling of the claws. He wouldn't have minded having one of those loads down his throat, either; the other half of his fantasies involved the panther fucking his maw like he just did his rump, either with one paw holding his jaw open, or one between his ears keeping his head pinned back to the wall, or-

With a slick tug, the panther pulled himself out of Askia - and the wild dog yipped at the feeling of that. He really *did* fill him up. "Buses don't run this late..." the cat went on, and Askia felt some tugging around his thighs; felt like he was wiping himself off on the wild dog's pants and underwear. Leaving his scent, marking his clothing with his cum. Or, more likely, he just didn't care. "You don't happen to have work tomorrow, do you? I'd tell you, you're sleeping in my bed tonight, but if I have anything to say about it you won't be doing much of that, dog."

With that, Askia realized that he'd never given his own name, either. He tried to lift himself up away from the wall... and felt his legs shaking beneath him, so instead, he just turned around and braced his back against it, his still-hard cock twitching and dripping in front of him. He hadn't brought a change of clothes, either; the last of his own cum dripped down across the fly of his pants, tugged halfway down his legs. He wetted his lips, nodded, swallowed again. "I do."

"Well, then-" The panther full-palm slapped the side of Askia's rump as he turned, to continue heading around towards the back of the apartments. The wild dog jumped, and yelped again. "Guess you'll be going in tomorrow on no sleep and a bellyful of cum, huh? Come on. I need about fifteen minutes to recharge."

"Wait, what if I-"

Green eyes catching the glow from a nearby streetlight flicked back at him from ahead. The panther hadn't bothered doing his fly back up; he'd just buttoned it behind his sack and sheath, dark-skinned length hard to see in the night except for the glistening coating of cum of saliva. "You don't." Little pink tongue flicked out over his lips. "I'll be keeping you busy. I still owe you for Sunday through today."

Yeah. Askia reached back, partially to start to tug his pants up and to wipe off any stray drips that had leaked down the inside of his thigh; his fingers came back sticky. He was *definitely* going to be sore tomorrow.