

Bro bit back a yawn and lifted her glass into the air, peering through it in front of the dim lights looking down on the arrangement of bottles back behind the bar. This had never really been her thing, coming out on a Friday night just to drink, but one of her plans had cancelled on her tonight and the other was supposed to get here about twenty minutes ago. Still no luck. So until then she was just... here, waiting. The wolfdog settled her glass back against the bar, thought about it a moment, then lifted it again and gave it a jiggle in the general direction of the bartender, way down at the other end. He looked her way and in the same move nodded and raised a finger. *One moment.*

He was cute enough, Bro supposed. She rested her muzzle in her other paw with her elbow against the bar, again setting her glass down to tap her claws against the bar. Just an otter, slim, small... not *really* her type, and besides, she'd already spent the day looking forward to something else. It felt like one of those times where she realized she still had leftover Chinese in the fridge at home, and then set her stomach on having that for dinner – only to get home from work and find that a visiting friend had eaten it, or she was wrong and she'd already finished it off the previous day, or something like that. It was *an* alternative, but not the preferred.

Though, again, he *was* cute. She lifted her head a bit as she approached, reaching out to raise her glass again. The remaining amber-orange liquid in the bottom swirled around; Bro had already forgotten what she'd ordered tonight. Not that she'd already gotten *that* deep into the bottle; it was just that it wasn't really anything special. The otter down the bar, leaning across the surface with his rump out and rudder raised high while he spoke, said one thing more to whatever patron he was with – a she-otter with a whitish mane of hair that Bro *thought* she'd seen somewhere before? – and then started his way down towards the wolfdog, reaching down to swipe a bottle from beneath the bar as he did so.

"Not like *last* time," he called over his shoulder to the other otter, who barked out a laugh and knocked back the rest of her drink in one go. What were they talking about? Then the bartender looked towards Bro again, right as he started to uncap the bottle... then perked, slowed, stopped in his tracks, and swallowed. Bro waved her glass at him, but he didn't notice; instead the otter just re-capped the bottle, clutched it tight in both paws, then spun around and headed right back towards the other end of the bar.

Bro kept her glass raised that half-inch off the bar for a moment wondering if he'd just grabbed the wrong bottle, then rolled her eyes and dropped it back down when he didn't come back. The wolfdog licked her lips, tasted the faint sting of alcohol there, sighed. He really *was* cute, and just that: *was*. Not anymore, if he wanted to act like that.

Then, though, her ears flicked back with a sound coming out above the pumping music and rumbling conversations, or with the feeling of a little stir in the air. Probably someone just walking by; unfortunately, she wasn't unused to people doing drive-bys, sauntering along to get a better look at her. As if they thought she wouldn't notice. She rolled her eyes again and tapped her glass against the surface of the bar, waiting for that feeling to pass.

But, it didn't. Instead of whoever it was moving on, it remained right there behind her – and then one thick arm slid down across her shoulder, a rather large paw quickly yet gently settling into place along her chest, squeezing her breast through her shirt. Bro jumped with that sudden touch, then jumped again with a second paw grazing up along her other side, sharp claws pricking at her fur and skin even through the fabric of her shirt. Her fist tightened around her glass, she dug the fingers of her other paw

along the surface of the bar hard enough to cut scratches in the top, she prepared to push herself around-

-but it was a familiar voice that stopped her, warm breath washing down across her from above and behind: "Fancy meeting *you* here, huh?"

That other paw made its way up around her side towards her other breast, smooth fingerpads pressing into her through her shirt. Suddenly that touch turned from unwelcome to inviting, to something that made her pull in a low breath, shiver, lean back against who she knew was there – and then jump again, though this time from those fingers finding the little point of her nipple through her shirt, rolling it gently between the pads, gently pinching against the fabric.

"I've missed *these*..." That voice came around to her other ear, and the wolfdog tilted her muzzle. A grey-furred snout poked its way into her vision, sharp teeth and smooth green tongue slipping in and out of view as the other woman spoke. That paw released its grip, and a moment later the large Ember slid into the spot two seats down from her. "And how are *you* doing, Bro? I didn't think I'd find you here."

"Hey, Nano." She swallowed. Even though those fingers had left her body she could still feel the slight sensation of the touch. Today was not the day to go without a bra: Bro leaned forward over the bar a bit, trying to hide the fact as best as she could. A bit tough right now, though, with how those fingers had remained in place rubbing and squeezing until that soft flesh stiffened, and now held against the inside from her shirt... she squirmed and tossed her hair over her shoulder. "Been better. Better than I was just a few minutes ago. Is that how you greet *all* your friends?"

The Ember – something like a crossbreed between a wolf and a dragon: even sitting down and leaning over the bar, the twisted black horns curling out from beneath her cream-yellow hair and down towards her ears came dangerously close to knocking the lights hanging from the ceiling – chuckled softly to herself, that sly, sardonic smile still in place. Bro hardly ever saw her without that look.

"Just you. Well, no, that's not quite right. Where'd that bartender go?"

Bro leaned around her. That also came with difficulty: literally about seven feet tall, wrists almost as wide around as Bro's legs, breasts that could very likely break a table if she dropped them on it... when the two stood face to face, the wolfdog's muzzle came even with those. She'd felt their weight and heft herself. "It looked like you scared him off." She reached up under her shirt to scratch at a small itch along her ribs... then gave herself a brief light squeeze, accompanied by a shiver. "What was that about?"

"Oh. There he is." There was no way the otter could miss that large grey paw in the air, two fingers held up. He looked down their way, swallowed again, visibly sighed, and turned to find the bottle. "I did a favor for him once."

"So why is he scared of you?"

Nano once more turned those bright green eyes on Bro, sharp claws resting against the bar; then she motioned down at her entire self. "Have you seen me?"

“Yeah, but what did you *do*?”

The Ember shrugged, and had to move back for the otter to place her drinks down. Naturally he did so without making eye contact, before scurrying back down towards the other end; she slid one of them down towards Bro. “Well, I sat on his face. Probably worked him a bit hard? Maybe I almost crushed his skull? I dunno. Boys are so soft sometimes.” Then, just like the other otter, she tossed her drink back in one gulp, and wiped the back of her paw across her muzzle. “That reminds me, actually. I got hit on just now.”

Bro drummed her fingers against that new glass once she’d take it in her paw. Probably time she started slowing down, but what kind of person turned down a free drink from a friend? “I mean, I did, too.”

This time Nano stuck her tongue out at her, long and slightly pointed. Bro knew what *that* felt like, too. “Nah, but, this one was like – a dog? A husky? Maybe? I admire his confidence, don’t get me wrong, but...” She knocked her empty glass against the bar, looking down the way for the otter again. “I *do* want some of that, though. You know? But not... not *him*. No, that sounds bad.”

“Shouldn’t you be used to that feeling by now? I mean...” Bro took a slow sip of her drink. Sharp, yet not too strong. She could feel it even after swallowing. “One time when you invited me over, I walked in to see you with your legs spread waiting for me, and some poor guy tied to a chair across the room.”

“That’s different. He was into that.” Again the Ember looked towards the otter as he poured her drink, and again he avoided returning the look. “I had fun that day, too.”

“My jaw was sore for the rest of the night.”

“Yeah, but *God*, was it worth it.” Nano shifted her posture a bit, leaning in over the bar a little further. “Wasn’t it?”

Bro gave a playful shrug. “I dunno.” For about two weeks afterward she’d brought up memories of that day when enjoying her own personal time, and had only stopped then because that was when Nano had gotten a new strap-on. “Yeah. It was. I could still taste you every now and then ‘til the next morning, too.”

Instead of downing the drink in a quarter second, this time the Ember tilted it back more slowly – though suddenly stopped halfway through to let out a sharp *huff* that fogged up the glass. “God. *Fuck*. I could *really* go for some of that.”

“Sure. But that’s like sitting down at a restaurant wanting to eat but not wanting to pay, isn’t it?”

Nano scoffed. “Two looks at me and they’d give me the meal for free.”

“Two?” Bro peered at her over the rim of the glass.

“Yeah.” Nano did the same. “There’s the initial, and then always the double-take since most people can’t believe it when they see a giant woman who can break ‘em like a pencil.”

The wolfdog nodded. "I'm thinking about it, and maybe *that's* why some guys are scared of you. I don't know; I don't really see the problem."

"Yeah. See? They don't really care once they're under my tail, anyway." Another shrug. "Either that or they can't move. I know I *do* get a bit into it..."

"You know," and Bro flicked her tongue over her lips to catch a stray drop, "you always say things like that, but I've never actually *seen* you make a move that extreme. With you and I, at least, it's always taken some..." She reached over to rest her paw on the Ember's thigh beneath the lip of the bar, and to gently rub there. "...*coaxing* from me to get you into the mood."

"Oh, I'm *already* in the mood." Nano didn't move from where she sat, though she did turn a little bit.

"Yeah? 'In the mood' like when you sat on my face and nearly broke my neck, or more 'in the mood' like when you had me wear your strap-on so you could hold me down and ride me?"

*That* was satisfying. From when the Ember had first slid into that seat and to now Bro had kept an eye on her, on her muzzle and her expression and the tiny little tells on her body language... and it was all there. The twitchiness, the nose-flaring, the soft huffing, the little squirms and adjustments. The scent, too, though that one was a bit harder to pick up beneath everything else floating around the building; *that* was the one that slid some of that feeling into herself, too. At first she'd just wanted to see the big Ember squirm, but now... now, she wanted some of that herself, too.

She waited for Nano to take another drink before going on. "You know, I bet if you ask nicely you could get that otter beneath you again. Or just growl or something."

Then, not entirely to her surprise, Nano's paw came down on her own – and slid it quickly up between her legs, the Ember partially turning towards her to do so. Intense, wet *heat* radiating out from between those thighs... Bro also knew from experience that Nano didn't usually wear any underwear beneath her shorts.

"What if I don't want *him* tonight?"

Squeeze, touch, grind. Bro completely forgot she still had half her drink waiting on the bar. "We could arrange for that. I th-"

The force with which Nano pulled her to her feet almost knocked the breath out of her, and the shorter wolfdog had to scramble to keep up with those long, strong strides around and towards the back of the bar. Light scent in her nose, swirling around the air; she had to focus to pick it out, but it was definitely there, and it brought a reaction out of her own body as well. Without even meaning to, Bro found herself going back through their past times together, with her nose pressing down into Nano's soft flesh, lips to lips with tongue working, slick and wet...

*Oh God*, she thought, as Nano pushed open the 'Employees Only' door at the far end of the bar. *Please*. The Ember had a bit of trouble squeezing through the relatively thin threshold and the hallway beyond, though encountered no difficulty in finding her way around the corner and into another room down there, the lights off and door closed but not locked; it squeaked on neglected hinges beneath her

shoulder, the knob sticking for a fraction of a second before yielding to the Ember's strength and urgency.

Bro took the moment to look around the room. False leather couch along the two corner walls, short table in the middle, empty far wall. Not her *first* choice, but it *was* better than having her legs spread and her muzzle soaked out there in the bar for everyone to see.

Maybe.

Just as she opened her mouth to voice that thought, though, again the breath was pulled from her, and her body spun around and pushed against the back of the door to swing it shut. Then there was that heat and weight bearing down on her from behind, one of the Ember's paws in place along her chest and the other at her waist to bend her over, the one squeezing firmly around her breast and the other already working at the button of her jeans.

"Were you going to say something?"

Stiff sweet shivers bounded up along her spine as soon as those fingers slid in beneath the elastic of the boxers she wore, the pads quickly finding and spreading her lips, then teasing at the warmth and slight wetness inside. Now that they were out of the public eye, not that that would really stop Nano anyway, the Ember freely and eagerly slid her other sizable paw up along the wolfdog's shirt to get another good feeling.

There was that pinch and rub again, just barely enough to make her body twitch, yet not to cause pain. Not too much, at least. It was a good little sting, like a pair of fangs crunching into her shoulder, or the bite of a crop across the back of her thighs. Bro braced her own paws against the door – it rattled on its hinges – and half-consciously spread her legs apart, the Ember's large paw forcing her pants and underwear down along her legs as she touched and felt at the smaller woman.

Nano leaned in closer to her ear, licked her lips, swallowed. A hot, wet sound; Bro almost turned her head so she could try to figure out how far Nano could fit her tongue into her throat again. "I'm gonna keep your mouth busy here in a little, so if you've got something to say, go ahead and let me know, hon."

That pair of fingers came up from beneath her boxers, trailing that faint slickness along the fur of her lower belly, while Nano took a moment to push her underwear and pants the rest of the way down the wolfdog's legs. Bro shivered and grinded her hips back against the large Ember behind her. "What've you got in mind this time?" she breathed – and gasped again as those fingers found their way yet again, this time from behind with Nano's thumb teasing up beneath the base of her tail and along puckered, squeezing skin. "Usually you – you make *me* do all the work–"

"I said, you've got a mouth, don't you?"

Another shiver racked Bro's body, this one radiating out from her nipple as Nano rolled it back and forth between her fingers and the soft fabric of her shirt. It didn't feel quite the same as a pair of lips and a tongue caressing that sensitive point of skin, of course, but – it had its own pleasures, and made her gasp and squirm in a similar way. Without knowing she was doing it, Bro pushed herself back onto that pair of fingers again, then gasped and rocked forward again when Nano pressed them in deeper.

"All I need is that and *this*." One more squeeze around her breast before that paw slid down to her waist, then from there to her rump with her thumb reaching in, pressing into the soft flesh, giving her a bit of a spread. Bro could feel Nano start to drop to her knees. "And then I can do the work for now."

Then there were both of the Ember's thumbs prodding in beneath her tail to spread her, pulling a reflexive clench from the wolfdog in doing so. Nano yanked Bro's lower body away from the door, nuzzled in along her rear, let out a low, hungry breath... and curled her long tongue up along the canid from behind, sliding in between slick lips, drawing back and pressing up against her. Long, wet drags of that tongue up between her legs and curling back down across her made her shiver and tense up and grunt and press back against the Ember's muzzle, and spread her legs as far as her clothes still halfway down her thighs would allow.

She could feel each hungry exhalation of breath as well, tingling out along the short sensitive fur running up her thighs, already matted down with her own slickness and the dripping warmth of Nano's saliva. Each lick, slow and deep and really more of a digging of her tongue up into the wolfdog, came with a long shivering inhalation; then Nano tightened her paws on Bro's rump, spread her a little further, pressed lips to lips, swallowed down her taste; then she shifted back and let that breath out through her nose. Another reflexive clench – that tickled, every time – which just led into another full-body shiver and shake at her knees from that tongue already knowing where to focus its attention to make the wolfdog whine.

Along the way by her own adjusting or by those strong paws pulling her steadily back and down, Bro realized she had the side of her face pressed fully against the cool surface of the door, jaw hanging open and eyes sweetly shut. Her tail tried to curl its way up along her lower back, and every time Nano's tongue came up along and around her again, her hips vibrated with a sweet electric shock of pleasure in trying to get more, always more of that feeling.

Being an Ember, Nano had a long enough tongue to come all the way up between those lips and curl around the wolfdog's clit, to touch and flick and swirl around it even with her muzzle settled against her from behind. That was really what made Bro squirm, and Nano knew it. A little bit more of that, her licks interspersed with noisy swallowing and panting... and then she slid that tongue back into her mouth, spent a moment tasting her arousal, and then focused it in a slightly different spot, back a bit, up against and then into where her fingers had been teasing at just earlier.

And it just kept going, pressing steadily deeper into the wolfdog, making her try to push her hips up and back even further than they already were. The heat, the slickness, the *thick weight* of it, pushing up and squirming and-

-and suddenly pulling back out, leaving her shivering and panting, and slowly coming to awareness that her claws had started to dig little furrows in the paint of the door. Bro glanced back behind herself, having to give her eyes a moment to focus.

"If you keep whining like that," the Ember rumbled, leaning in over Bro again. A pair of fingers took their place again, forcibly straightening her legs with the force behind them. "I'm gonna have to go get the ball gag outta my car."

Bro knew full well that Nano could feel her squirming and squeezing around her fingers, and she made no effort to stop it. In fact, the wolfdog rocked her hips back against the Ember's paw, grinding down into her palm. "What was that you s – said earlier?" she drawled, then swallowed. Her throat felt a bit dry. "I thought you... needed my mouth. That, and-" Another buck of her hips; for a moment she knocked the ability to speak out of herself, and had to take a moment to recover from that wave of pleasure. "-and *this*, right?"

"Well, you *are* right..." Those fingers tried to spread her from inside, before drawing slowly back out of her. Nano circled her slick fingerpads around the wolfdog's tailhole while she spoke. "And, God, I hate it when you're right. Know what that means, then?"

Nano had put her other paw over Bro's against the door and held it firmly in place. She couldn't move if she'd wanted to – not that she *did* want to, of course. "What?"

"That means it's your turn." Just as quickly as that paw had come into place, it fell away and gave a little tug at her shoulder. Nano took a step back. "On your knees, and get to work. I know you can."

Usually there would have to be a collar and leash involved here, or a firm grip on her shoulder forcibly pushing her down, or something else along those lines; Bro thought it was fun to put up a bit of a fight, to complain and bark back at the much larger, much stronger Ember. With her legs shaking like this already, though, and the dripping hunger between her thighs... before she could stop to think about it, the wolfdog had turned, lowered herself down, and hooked her fingers beneath the waistband of Nano's shorts, already down a little bit.

Again, she already knew that the Ember wore nothing beneath those shorts. That was how it usually went. Bro pressed her nose into the soft surface of Nano's lower belly as she slid them the rest of the way down, pulling in a slow, unsteady breath to fill her head with her scent. That breath dribbled its way back out between her parted lips while she looked up to the Ember above her past the soft curve of her belly; Nano just smirked and widened her stance a little bit.

Bro swallowed – already she could *taste* her – and pressed her lips into that short, soft fur right beneath Nano's belly button for a slow kiss, followed by another right below it, then another below that. The Ember's shorts dropped further down as she did, and the wet heat surrounding her muzzle similarly increased; she'd gotten herself pretty well worked up, spending all that time teasing at Bro and making her squirm. The wolfdog, however, had no patience towards that.

Her eyes fluttered shut and she brought one of her thumbs in through that short fur, slick and matted already; fur turned to skin, just as wet as she knew herself was. One more kiss, two more kisses down, and then her lips found Nano's, with her tongue flicking in as soon as she realized it. That slickness quickly coated her mouth and throat, especially with the way she had to take short, rapid breaths between licks, what with how firmly she kept her muzzle pressed against Nano.

The Ember shivered beneath that tongue and leaned into the attention, a low growl of her own rumbling deep in her throat. Bro took that as good encouragement and mirrored some of what had been done to her just earlier, sliding a pair of fingers down to find that squeezing space and pressing up into it. Between that and her licking, the slow, deliberate drags of her tongue up between those soft lips and over and around Nano's clit, it didn't take long for the wolfdog to find that the fur of her muzzle, chin, and knuckles had all already gotten soaked through. Whether that was saliva or the slickness of

Nano's arousal, though, she couldn't tell – and it didn't stop her from sliding those fingers out and briefly slipping them into her mouth to clean off, of course.

Hot breaths washing out over hotter flesh, occasionally broken by her own swallowing or panting or soft whining. Bro's other paw made its way down between her own legs, fingers a bit shaky but still encountering no trouble in getting back to work on herself. She could anchor her nose against the Ember's lower belly, right where the skin beneath her thick fur felt noticeably warmer, and with that dig her tongue up along her clit from beneath. Her jaw would be sore by the end of this, sure – it always was; again and again she pressed it up between Nano's legs, squeezing the surface of her tongue against her – but it would be worth it.

She breathed when she could between all of that, her rhythm made even less steady by her own shivering and shaking and whining and panting, especially once she dropped her other paw down between her legs as well. A tilt of the muzzle, a purse of the lips, a fast yet gentle swirl of her tongue... Nano similarly shuddered above her, her impending need apparent in the grip of the paw that soon found its way to the back of Bro's head.

The best reactions came when she focused her tongue and her lips right along Nano's clit, so she did just that. The Ember started grinding forward against her muzzle, in the same movement pulling Bro's head down against her and burying her nose deeper in her fur with her tongue still moving, still dragging up along slick wet flesh, still pulling those breathy moans from her. Bro felt the same, of course, with a pair of her own fingers pressing up inside of her, and then another pair rubbing, squeezing, caressing her own clit, just as Nano's... *dexterous* tongue had.

And that had gotten her *damn* close. Closer to her peak than she'd first thought. The wolfdog squirmed around her own paws, slick and sticky and hot and wet just like her tongue, and her lips, and the entire front region of her face each time she buried it against Nano again – the Ember was saying something, maybe, but Bro couldn't be bothered to hear it. There was just the scent flooding her nose, the similar taste rolling back on her tongue and coating the back of her throat and which she knew also dripped down her chin – then the shivering, growing pressure between her legs, the hot electric pleasure coming steadily harder to ignore. The wolfdog's entire body tensed up, and she took the moment to swallow down that slickness once more and catch her breath; she shuddered, bucked against her paws, squeezed around her fingers, shuddered again, squeezed again, closed her lips against Nano's sex again-

-and let out a short series of fast, breathy moans as that pleasure peaked, echoing sharply through her and forcing her to buck her hips. She spread herself with her one paw and then braced the other against her thigh as the first of those waves washed over her, lifting her lower body up off the ground a little bit, forcing her to draw in a sharp breath of Nano's scent... and then she shuddered against her paw with that pleasure finally pulsing out of her.

Just as she'd been ignoring Nano in those few long seconds, Nano had been ignoring her: the Ember had of course kept Bro's head solidly in place between her legs for her to grind and hump against, lips to lips, clit to tongue – and right as she started to come down from her own orgasm, Bro could feel the so-familiar shuddering and clenching on her tongue, and the extra weight bearing down against her muzzle.

A few more moments of that, with Bro trying to return the attention and make that peak as intense as possible without her tongue feeling like it would fall off... and then both of them settled back, chests

heaving, bodies shivering, arms shaky. Bro wiped the back of her paw across her mouth and looked down in front of her.

She shouldn't be too surprised that she'd made a mess across the floor; that usually happened when she came. *Usually*, though, she had someone else's muzzle to catch all of that. Nano had made a few jokes about not needing to take a shower after giving her oral, since Bro's orgasms always took care of it.

The wolfdog leaned back and bumped her head against the wall, keeping her mouth open under her panting. Her jaw *did* feel a bit sore. "There," she managed, and licked her lips. Of course all she could taste was *her*. "Happy now?"

Nano closed her eyes, pulled in a slow breath, shivered... and then started to work her shorts back up her thighs. "For now. Why're you asking me? *You* started it."

"I-?"

"Yeah. You got me worked up when I was already wanting to go at it." That led to a smirk, and a glitter in those green eyes. "Do you need help getting up? You spend so much time on your knees that maybe those muscles don't work so well anymore, right? Did *you* get what you wanted?"

Bro rolled her eyes and managed it herself, shakily. She encountered a bit more difficulty in pulling her own underwear and pants back up, though; *she* would need a shower when she got home. And a change of boxers, likely. The wolfdog wiped at her mouth again, which caused her to breathe a lungful of herself and Nano all over again... "For now."

"I still think I could go for some more, though..."

"Some more of *that*, or some more alcohol?"

Nano rested her paw on the door. Had she even locked it earlier? "Both, honestly. D'you think that guy that hit on me earlier is still out there?" A grin spread across her muzzle. "Do you wanna go see if he's still down?"

"What, both of us?"

"Both of us." Her grin widened. "Come *on*, Bro, you know one orgasm is hardly enough to satisfy me. And you – you squirted, so what? Doesn't mean we can't get you to again. If he's at a bar asking to get down with someone like *me*, then he's gotta be thirsty anyway, right? Quench that thirst."

Thing was, Nano was right. Bro felt like she'd just run a mile and a half, right down to the dry throat and shaky legs and unsteady breathing, but... she could go for more, too. The night *was* only just starting.

She licked her lips – again, tasted Nano – and nodded. "Yeah. Alright. You take the lead?"

Nano turned the knob. "I wouldn't have it any other way."