

The lioness shifted how she knelt, really starting to feel the grit and grate of the sandy stone floor on her knees through her fur. That was all part of it, though: back here in the rear alleyway behind her shop, enclosed on three sides by tall sandstone walls and buildings with the last open to the thoroughfare. Her shop stood in a lesser frequented section of the city, and those who came by usually knew precisely what they wanted and how to get it – and that, too, fed into the entire experience.

Though she tried to find a better position, the various *restrictions* here around her kept the lioness from fully doing so. Arms bound behind her back by her wrists using the same strong yet soft twine with which she sealed her parcels, buffered with the thick fabric normally used for lining the bottom of the racks in the store itself, to prevent excess chafing; ankles held tight under the same arrangement, though her legs opened far apart from one another at either end of a long pole attached to a pair of cuffs affixed above either knee. Upper arms bound around her chest as well, the rope curving underneath her bared breasts to bring them up and out; then the collar around her neck, more for show than anything, combined with the ring-shaped gag forcing her jaws open, and the silken blindfold draped over her eyes.

Of *course* she used silk. She was Samara, without a doubt the most versatile as well as potent of the alchemists within the city. She still had *standards*. And there was just something about violating those standards, about holding herself tall and proud before her customers – the diplomat with the anxiety tonic; the gladiator with the strength supplement; the Queen’s right hand, with his *stamina enhancer* – then reducing herself to a fixture in the dim alley behind the building.

The lioness’s ears perked again at the sound of footsteps passing by on the path outside, at once igniting flames of both nervousness as well as anticipation in her heart. She slowed her breathing and tried to guide it through her nose instead of her forcibly opened mouth, thick strands of saliva already hanging down from her chin and soaking through the fur of her breasts; she swallowed, head pitching forward with the strange sensation of doing that with this ring in place here, then flicked her ears at the resulting sound. Sometimes she liked to try to twist her head to see beneath where the blindfold lay across her snout, but most of the time she-

-jumped and gasped at the sudden grip of someone’s paw along her jaw from underneath. *Just one, or two? How many...*? Samara hadn’t heard any footsteps other than the ones out past the alleyway, and now here she was, waiting for this stranger to do whatever they might. That was the very idea of why she came out here every now and then. It was important to maintain no specific schedule, but those who wanted to find her, *would*.

That paw, firm yet gentle, tilted her head up and to the side in inspection. Even though she couldn’t see them, she *felt* that piercing gaze running up and down her body, grazing across all of her different preparations and everything she had put on display for whoever might be lucky or knowledgeable enough to come back here and see.

Although, really, she trussed herself up like this for more than just being *seen*. The paw beneath her chin, she couldn’t tell the species from the blunted, manicured claws, tilted her head to the other side and then back again, then straightened her up and gave a slight tug. Samara understood the implication and lifted up, giving another swallow – and then her ears perked with the sharp, distinct impact of this stranger wrenching their lips together and shooting a glob of spit right down into her gaping mouth, thick and sticky and *warm* as it splattered halfway between the back of her tongue and the roof of her mouth.

The tied lioness jumped at the contact, ears flattening back and then just as quickly coming forward. She coughed, spluttered, gagged, but obviously could do nothing about it in her current position, and that paw remained beneath her chin as the stranger's saliva mixed and muddled with her own. There was some shuffling in front of her, and she reflexively tried to turn her head away only to find herself held in place there; Samara winced beneath the blindfold, expecting something, *anything* to happen to her, at once anxious yet aroused by the prospect, knowing that she was at the mercy of whoever had found her here, with that paw still under her chin. The fingers stroked slowly through her fur, and still she could not determine the species from their length and proportion. Curiosity raged: she tilted her head up a bit, swallowed again – felt the froth of that drool creep down the back of her throat – then flared her nostrils and started a slow, steady breath, trying to taste the air to see if she could figure it out.

Then, though, sensation zapped through her again, as that paw clamped on her chin while a second jerked down her body. It squeezed along one of her breasts, fingers digging into soft, sensitive flesh, firmly enough to make her let her breath back out in a sharp sigh, then continued downwards. Fingers spread out across the smooth, flat fur of her belly, then arced down between her thighs kept spread far apart around the bar – and the lioness jerked, and shuddered, and shivered as two of those fingers sank up into her, slurping deep into hot, sleek flesh wet with arousal. She couldn't help but squirm and shiver around them, rocking her hips forward and back in response to the first sensation after so long spent out here in anticipation and expectation, wondering if this would turn out to be just another lost night. Thumb pivoted against her lower belly, fingers digging up and in, spreading apart, then coming back out; she felt the strings of arousal as they swung between her legs and dripped down, then spread up along her fur, and when she tried to grit her teeth all she got was the smooth ring of metal digging up into her gums again.

Again and again she drew in these short, shuddering breaths, more to steady herself than to learn her "assailant", but still they had their goal in mind – and wiped those scent-soaked fingers back and forth across the sensitive skin of her nose, effectively blocking off one of the last inputs she had of the world around her. Samara lurched back and immediately shuddered with the intensity of her own musk, bright and rich and familiar, admittedly *so* invigorating and enticing. No matter how deeply she drew from her nose, all she could smell now was *herself*, as though she were straddling her own muzzle with her legs spread like this.

Which *had* been a scenario about which she had fantasized before, of course. Her mind remained there for only a second, though, before both paws now slid along her shoulders and then down the front of her chest, freely touching and squeezing and feeling, grasping and gripping at everything she had for them. The lioness gasped, once more getting a burst of her own scent, and turned her head from one side to the other, each sensation adding more fuel to the flame that burned in her loins. Her hips grinded and thrust at the air, and her muscles clenched and squeezed – and she felt more of that slick arousal trickle down along her inner thigh, surely gathering into a puddle beneath where she knelt.

Normally she had at least *some* idea of who, or what, it was that felt her up. Usually she could tell by scent, though this one had made sure to eliminate that possibility; then where patrons like snow leopards and lynxes had thick, dense paws and short fingers, while lupines had the long fingers and thick knuckles, and some mustelids had the webbing in between, this one had kept their touch light, simple, and careful to avoid any hint at this. Most *guys* – inwardly she rolled her eyes, though shuddered with pleasure at the thought of there being multiple – couldn't resist touching themselves against her, and the size and shape of the sheath, or the shaft, often provided a good enough hint. Again and again

Samara leaned forward, nostrils wide and drawing in thick, heavy breaths in attempts to draw out any of this, yet ultimately unable to.

That drove her *wild*. She pressed her tongue against the roof of her mouth, intentionally welling up more drool there just so it could trickle sloppily from the corners spread around the gag. Going from the self-assured, confident, *respected* alchemist behind the stand, to something in an alleyway with all control and ability handed over to a stranger, whose species or even sex she didn't know... comfort and stability, to degradation and free use. Again and again she drew in her own scent through her nose, loins tingling with anticipation and arousal, every touch against her chin, her throat, her shoulders, her breasts, sending ripples of sweet electric energy back and forth through her.

Then, as suddenly as they had started, those touches slid away. Panting softly, Samara swallowed open-mouthed again, leaning forward to let the spit drain out, then perked her ears to hear if her visitor had gotten bored and left. She thought – *thought* – that she could make out the sound of slow, steady breathing, and then the quiet rustling of clothing against fur... and then, for a moment, nothing again. Another swallow, and she let out a little breathy noise of inquiry, fishing around for whoever might still be there. The lioness lifted up, turned her head, leaned forward, adjusted how she knelt – then suddenly jerked back again at a splash of wet heat pouring against her upper shoulder.

It streamed down her fur from there, trickling over the curves of her breasts and chest, dripping off of her nipple and cutting shallow rivulets through her thick fur. She shivered against it, the heat such a strong contrast to the slight chill of the city nights, and instinctively angled her body into the warmth before she had a chance to figure out what it was.

Up and across her chest from one side to the other, then down over her belly; she leaned back as far as she could, hips shuddering again at the tickle down between her thighs. Beneath the aroma of her own musk smeared across her nose Samara could start to pick out something else, sharp and dry and dizzying, but it wasn't quite strong enough yet for her to discern; not until the aim angled up from her belly, to her collar bone, and then from there across her cheek and right into her mouth gaping around the ring.

Then taste mixed with scent, and her back straightened upright. Salty, bitter, acrid, heady; she tried to swallow down the stranger's mark, yet each time found half of it to instead dribble out of the sides of her mouths and down her chin again, further coating her in the clinging scent of fresh piss. The lioness's throat and belly rebelled with each swallow, but still she kept her shoulders back and head forward, letting it pool in the back of her opened mouth before attempting to gulp it down.

Something about the particular *taste* – though as of yet she made no habit of tasting the piss of the patrons who visited her shop – and the weight of the scent, the musky bite underneath it, the distinct cloying presence it left in the back of her nose, strong enough to punch through her own arousal... she let her tongue hang out of her mouth now, letting it pour freely out in trying to taste that scent, unnoticing as it pinched off to a trickle, then ceased entirely.

She was so, so close to figuring out who this might be, but nothing more came. Samara rolled her head forward, letting that fresh mark spill from her tongue and puddle beneath her, then lifted up again in expectation that she would feel the shape, or warmth, or personal scent, of whoever had visited her tonight.

But nothing else was there. Again she was alone in the alleyway, ears perked, panting and sighing, shivering and wriggling from hot, burgeoning arousal – and now *reeking* of someone whose species she still couldn't determine.

She had been out here for barely two hours. More would come.