

A larger bump in the road - and the hyena found himself dragged out of his dreams and back into the small car, wedged into the center back seat between a pair of snow leopard brothers. He lifted his head (off of one of their shoulders), wiped the drool from his muzzle, and looked out the window: the landscape of vast grassy hills and clear blue sky he'd remembered from before he dozed off had since changed to a thick forest of... well, trees. Tall trees, thick-trunked, bark hanging off in threads at some places while being completely bare in others. They were too tall for him to see the sky through the canopy, far above, but the tone of light between the trees made him feel that it was early evening.

Looking forwards toward the dash of the car confirmed this - and at the same time, a glance up into the rearview resulted in him making eye contact with the driver, a fruit bat with mismatched eyes.

"Hey there," the bat said, reaching one of her paws - hands? - forward to turn down the radio. Not like they got much of a signal out here. "Inks is awake. At just the right time, too; we're almost there. I had Sam go ahead and get everything set up for the site, so all we've gotta do is pay the entrance fee and then find our spot."

*"Wanna go camping?"* one of these snow leopards had asked him in a text message. *"You, me, my brother, two other friends of ours. Just a nice getaway for the weekend. You in?"*

Clearly, he had said yes. His brushy tail tried to wag behind him, squeezed between his back and the material of the seat, and caused the leopard on his other side to stir awake too. The last time he had gone camping had been just the three of them, and that had been the most fun he'd had in a while. It was all of three days, and twice a day, the hyena had to make his way back down to the river near their campsite for a deep, thorough bath.

Except for the final day on which Rikka, one of the brothers, specifically told him *not* to bathe. The rich scent of snow leopard went well on his fur and his breath, he'd said. That had been a long, hard car ride home, with Inks almost able to taste it every time he swallowed... being a hyena in the passenger seat, of course he ended up bent over with his muzzle bobbing in the driver's lap as he drove. The brothers took turns driving, and switched out every two hours or so.

...But, remembering that, he had to squirm and adjust how he sat here, folding his paws in his lap and leaning forward a little to feign interest in the surroundings. This would be a different place than that last time - and already his nose and whiskers twitched with the cool, sweet scent of the forest, something different than the various things that filled the car. Not that he *didn't* like the warm spiciness swirling around in here, though: his experience with the leopards allowed him to very clearly pick their scents out of the mix, which of course did little to diminish the tightness in his pants. They'd totally *planned* to squeeze him between them in the backseat here.

Really, though, he was excited for this weekend, and for reasons other than the usual. They had agreed to bring two tents, this bat and Sam in one with Inks and the brothers in the other, so he would take that however it came (and probably would 'take it' in more than one way). It was just fun to get out of the house and out of the city for a bit, to lie back on cool, dusty earth far beneath intertwined branches above, even to have to pick little twigs and leaves out of his fur before he crawled into his sleeping bag at night.

Thankfully, the signing-in process went by quickly, with the bat only having to lean out of the window and show her ID and the registration and reservation papers. Then they were on their way through the trees, car tilting this way and that over the uneven road, Kieran on the other side of him stirring awake as well. Inks might have imagined it, but once they'd pulled up to their spot and started to file out of the car, he could have sworn that the brothers shared a certain kind of *look* around him. Rikka gave him a little pinch on the rump as he carried one of the tents out of the trunk, and then Kieran slid a wink his way.

The hyena had to keep one paw in his pocket for the entire time he worked at helping set things up: one tent, the other tent, their sleeping bags, the grill, the ice chest. At one point Rikka bent over him and (intentionally) grinded up against the hyena's back, but it wasn't just *that* that made him pull in a light breath and squirm: it was the resultant wave of hot musk that drifted up over him. Rikka wasn't usually one with a particularly strong scent - as Inks should know, having spent more than a few nights with his nose pressed right up between the leopard's legs - so that had to mean...

...well, there was no doubt he'd find out later. Just when "later" would be, though, was unclear: neither Kieran nor Rikka were brash enough to slide their paws into his pants with those other two watching, from just across the fire. Their physical closeness didn't present a problem - not at all: at one point on the ride over here, Inks had awoken to the feeling of soft fingerpads and sharp retractable claws against his lower belly and underside of his hard length in his pants. Vaguely, he could remember having quite the enticing dream right before.

What little light filtered through the leaves above had continued to dim and darken as the evening deepened, bringing with it a faint chill that made the hyena get up to go rummage through his backpack for his jacket. Not quite cold enough for him to be able to see his breath, but still more so than he thought comfortable. Again, though, he knew that before long he'd have to have warmed up a bit... those damn snow leopards knew just the right ways. He hadn't yet scouted out where the river was near this site, thought he *had* seen it on the map... the thought of wearing their scents in his fur all night until morning when he could see, of being squeezed between them in their tent while already reeking of both of them-

Here he was, again, getting ahead of himself, again. The crackling fire in the middle of the campsite, meticulously maintained by Sam who sat perhaps a little too close, threw it slight out over the car, their tents, and the trunks of the trees surrounding their clearing. Every now and then, a slow, steady breeze whispered through the leaves far above, and shook some gently down towards the ground below. Inks brushed one off his shoulder, for a second thinking it to be a spider that had crawled its way up his back.

Of course the plan for the night was smores. "Haven't had these since I was a pup," the bat exclaimed, a fat marshmallow stuck on each claw of her other hand. The one downside was that it always tended to stick to Inks's fur around his muzzle, no matter how much he tried to evade it or prepared otherwise, and - they'd spent some good time looking around for a good place to camp, and had decided on this one even despite the lack of public showers. Bathrooms, sure, but no showers.

Not the conventional kind, at least. The hyena, sitting with his knees pulled up in front of him, leaned back a little bit to make things more comfortable. At least turning the marshmallow over the fire - Sam had found some good sticks for the job while getting it set up - gave him

something to focus on and distract him from his own thoughts and memories of last time he went camping.

Until, of course, they ran first out of chocolate and then out of marshmallows.

"Goddammit," the bat said, rising to her feet. She brushed crumbs off herself. "Was hoping those would last longer... ah. I guess I'll run into town tomorrow to pick up some more. And, speaking of which, that drive tired me out. I think I'm gonna head to sleep. You four behave, okay?"

And then, suddenly, there was a snow leopard behind Inks, long tail stirring at the dust near his legs and tickling his fur. He leaned back, and looked right up into Kieran's moss-green eyes, tinted orange by the fire.

"Actually," Rikka said, still sitting on his log, "I was thinking of going for a late night walk. Kieran, Inks, you wanna come?"

"Of course," was his brother's reply. The hyena opened his mouth, but-

"Cool. How about you, Sam?"

He just pointed to the fire, ears perked. That would have to be as good an answer as any. Next thing he knew, Inks was being lifted to his feet by two paws under his arms. With both of them close to him like this again, walking close by his side so that their tails repeatedly brushed against his legs as well as his own, the cool aroma of the forest gradually mixed with their stronger, warmer scents, similar in siblinghood but still with their own individual characters... and now that they were actually *moving*, almost every step shifted their clothing in such a way that he could pick up first one of their musks and then the other, again and again.

They each knew perfectly well what certain kinds of scents did to this hyena. Kieran had been the first to indulge him in this, sometimes intentionally spending a few days without a shower just for the hyena to come over and press his nose up between his legs, against his sack and the base of his shaft... and then one time, Inks slid his tongue beneath the leopard's foreskin, which he hadn't been expecting.

When it came to being uncut and not showering for a few days...

As he'd quickly find out, though, the hyena didn't mind. Not one bit. Inks couldn't remember being more turned on with that snow leopard than that first day, one finger and thumb slowly rolling his musk-slickened foreskin back while his tongue and lips worked over the revealed head, grazing gently over the surface and lapping off the little bits of slick stickiness, the concentrated moist warmth... that first time, there wasn't much for him to lick off and swallow down. Still, though, he kept that heavier smell on his upper lip for the rest of the night, and the morning following - and enjoyed it about four or five more times. Then, the next time Kieran invited him over, he opened the door to see his brother there, too, and both naked.

"The hell're *you* thinking about?" growled Rikka on his left, nudging him with his elbow. The hyena jumped a bit. "Look at you - I can already see you boning up in your pants... that happened when you were snoozing in the car, you know."

"Oh yeah." As he walked, Kieran slid his paw around Inks's other arm. "You were moaning, too. I thought I'd give you a bit of a helping hand. I don't think anyone noticed."

Rikka leaned over. "I noticed."

"Of course *you* noticed. You don't count. Also - did *you* notice that I didn't get out for the last two rest stops we passed by?"

Oh, they *knew* what they were doing. This was something they did fairly often whenever the two brothers could get some time alone with Inks; after so many years having known each other, they'd both figured out just what it was that got him to squirm, and whine, and moan, and in some cases beg. And they promised not to tell, in exchange for *his* promise never to tell anyone about *their* little thing.

Moss-green eyes sparkling at him from beneath half-lowered eyelids, gemstone-violet on his other side... paws sliding up his rump, fingers brushing together under the base of his tail, two different tails tickling at and wrapping around his legs. They didn't act like this with each other around anyone else. Near Sam and the bat, around any of their other friends, in public, whatever, they were just another pair of brothers. But with Inks, and when on their own...

The hyena let out a little yip, having to grab onto both of them as he almost tripped over a fat root sticking out of the ground. One time he'd been invited over to shove his muzzle under Kieran's tail, but what he *hadn't* been told was that he was going to have his paws tied behind his back as he did so, and then forced to watch (and, the worst part: not participate) as Rikka then bent Kieran over the edge of the bed and pounded him down into the mattress... not through one orgasm, but two.

Inks *did*, however, get to clean Kieran's load off the side of the bed and from his twitching length, though. As it would turn out, Rikka had planned to empty his bladder as well as his balls under his brother's tail, and - the hyena ended up with a soaked muzzle as he remained there underneath, own cock drooling pre after being teased for so long.

They made him promise - three times! - not to tell anyone. And *then* he was allowed to get off, but had to do so with his paws still behind his back.

"This is good..." Rikka mused beside him, drawing him out of his memories. If it were up to him, God - he'd drop to his knees right here and shove his muzzle up between the snow leopard's legs, to find out just *how* musky he'd gotten. Either of them. Or, hell - both. "What do you think?"

When he looked over to the other brother, Kieran had already started undoing his belt. Eyes traced down the sleek front of his body, white fur tinted graphite by the deepening night... and he could still tell that he'd omitted wearing underwear for this trip. "Yeah. It'll do. You wanna go first?"

Again to the other leopard, who was now doing the same. "I *do* have to pee..."

Inks swallowed. He'd be doing a lot of that in the next few minutes. They both turned to face him; Rikka was the one to speak next, and the hyena anticipated what he was going to say before he said it.

"On your knees, yeen."

...*where you belong*, his mind completed. So he obeyed, and knelt there with his tail wagging behind him and pants tight, eyes flicking back and forth between the brothers. Kieran slowly stroked himself, side of his finger and thumb rolling his foreskin back and forth, slickened from the liquid musk and grime that had built up-

"Give my brother here a tongue, won't you?" Rikka went on, his own soft and also-uncut length now pulled out of his pants. He kept his skin intentionally rolled forward, but not like he *had* to; when soft he had enough overhang for the point of Inks's tongue, or for a finger a little bit past the first knuckle... and definitely enough for him to easily pinch shut and balloon that skin out with his piss. "He's a bit overdue for a cleaning."

Didn't have to tell him twice. Even with the smooth movement of the skin over his head, he could see the whitish buildup, pushed forward a little bit with each stroke. Of course at this distance, the scent - heavy, a little bitter, much more concentrated than the scent that always naturally hung on a covered head, almost enough to make his nose wrinkle - washed over him, made his whiskers twitch, his mouth water... and when he leaned forward and closed his lips on that head, flesh fresh pink and glistening with moisture, the taste that went with it, one he already knew quite well not only from these two, spread into his muzzle. He loved the way it would stick in the back of his throat, especially as he moved forward, pushed that skin back with his lips, flicked his tongue up against the warm underside. Salty, almost, musk definitely Kieran's... and was that the tang stale piss he could taste, on the ridged rim of his foreskin? Inks shivered.

He could feel Kieran stiffen up on his tongue the more he focused there, staying in place to wipe off all of that slimy slickness with his broad tongue, and swallowing it down. Honestly, one of his most-visited fantasies was being on his knees as the designated sheath-cleaner for a line of his friends: Kieran and Rikka of course, Lukas, Frost, Marlo, Zed, Hunter, some others, one after another after another... enough that he'd be able to feel it cling to his lips and tongue and drip, roll, slide down his throat, so many different scents and musks ground progressively stronger into the fur of his muzzle.

And then, right after he shifted back with Kieran's slick skin pinched gently between his lips - Rikka breathed out a gentle sigh. His stream started out weak, dripping down against the earth beside him, and then came up along his leg, his side, his shoulder, the top of his muzzle where it remained. He closed his eyes against the warmth, quickly soaking into his dark fur and dripping down off his chin. That salty, dry odor on top of everything else that he breathed in, making him squirm even more... when he moved further back and parted his lips to take another breath - that breath already heavy with Kieran's musk - the sharper taste of Rikka's piss flowed in over his waiting tongue, dripping down from the top of his muzzle.

Of course the other leopard noticed this new target, and adjusted his aim so that he sprayed directly against that waiting tongue. The hyena responded by opening his maw wider, letting the mark, hot and rich yellow with as strong of a taste as the scent that bit at his nose, fill his muzzle up before it then flowed down his front, soaking into his shirt, his fur, his pants. He'd agreed to come on this trip already knowing that he'd reek of snow leopard at some point or another; might as well wear that scent as strongly as he wanted. Kieran, half-hard, kept his skin pulled back and wiped the head of his cock against the hyena's upper lip, right beneath his twitching and flaring nostrils.

One more lick to Kieran's head, and then Inks turned the other way and took Rikka into his mouth, tongue first flat to catch his piss. Then he curled it up, dug it into his tapered skin against his flowing stream, hot and fast right from the source. He'd done this enough times, piss or not, and Rikka was stretched out enough that he could press the tip of his tongue further in between the leopard's head and slick skin - where he could feel slimy buildup similar to his brother's, though a little bit... more, slicker, heavier. Strong enough that he could still clearly taste that over the fresh piss spraying against the back of his tongue and filling his muzzle, swallowed down again and again. Filling his stomach, intense salty warmth...

A noise from above him; he glanced up, and for a few seconds watched the leopards slip into a deep kiss, open-mouthed at first with tongues touching and pressing between them, before their lips closed on each other. Rikka's stream gradually reduced to a dribble, a drip... and then nothing. Inks tugged the leopard's foreskin back with a finger and thumb and ran his tongue over the end of the revealed head, lapping off the last of his piss that gathered there as well as any small bits of congealed musk he had missed.

Most of it had collected in the little folds of skin and the warm space behind the ridge of his head, and there was enough there that he could feel it roll off against the tip of his tongue as he dragged it by, slick and sticky, squishing against the roof of his mouth with each swallow. Though - sometimes he *liked* to keep it on his tongue and in his maw, so that its heavy musky odor remained strong on his breath.

Kieran had continued working at his own length while Inks drank from and cleaned off his brother. The hyena reached over, slid his paw up around the base of Kieran's, now fully hard, and then dove further down to bury his nose in Rikka's pubic fur. The motion of his tongue, the pressure of his lips, how he kept him cupped in that tongue... just like with the other brother, he could feel Rikka harden and twitch. He made sure to keep his lips tight enough so that the leopard's skin rolled forward and back, forward and back once he had started bobbing.

Strong in his throat, warm in his stomach, and growing steadily more firm on his tongue. Another glance up - and the brothers had only been drawn deeper into their kiss, breaths heavy, tails flicking behind them and stirring the brush around. Rikka started to thrust in rhythm with the muzzle along his length, Inks's eyes closed again.

He slid his other paw down the front of his body, shirt and fur soaked with still-warm piss - and grinded that paw up between his legs. Rikka's mark still dripped down against his hard cock through his pants, and his paws shook with excitement and anticipation as he undid his fly and brought himself out into the cool night air, adding his own pent-up musk to the heavy mix already in his nose.

One thing about the scent left behind by the grime he'd cleaned off of both of the brothers was that it was resilient. Even now, Rikka fully hard and steadily thrusting into his muzzle every time he dove down, he could still pick it up on the air around him and especially against the back of his tongue, now mixing with the saltier taste of his pre.

*"So I like kissing my brother,"* he'd said once, Inks between his legs doing his service-hyena thing. *"So what? That's nothing compared to you. You, who likes nothing more - am I wrong there? No? - than to shove your tongue under a musky, dirty foreskin..."* ...and he rolled his skin back, dragged a finger behind the rim of his head, wiped off a good amount of the stuff - then

pressed it between that finger and a thumb, and wiped it off directly on the hyena's nose. Inks pulled in a deep breath. *"...and clean it out. Sheaths, too, right? I still have that video of you making out with Shekh's sheath after he'd gone a week without being able to shower-"*

A paw against his forehead stopped him in his movements, though, and he remained with the snow leopard's throbbing head on the back of his tongue for a moment before that length was then pulled out - and of course tapped and wiped against his upper lip. Still watching, always watching, the hyena remained on his knees in the puddle of piss that he *hadn't* managed to swallow beneath him, running his other paw over his slick length. Already he could feel the fast-approaching hot pressure and pleasure of his orgasm, and knew that he'd have to pace himself; it was just that everything was going so damn *right*.

And something about siblings that he'd noticed, particularly *these* two, was how they usually seemed to know what the other was thinking through little more than a shared look. One more kiss - thin strand of saliva hanging between their lips, which Rikka licked off - and then Kieran was leaning forward over the hyena, paws braced on his shoulders with his tail raised and his brother moving into place behind him, paw rolling his saliva-slickened foreskin forward over his head.

Inks looked straight forward, this other leopard bent over him and using him as support - and who then proceeded to lurch slowly forward once his brother started to sink up into him, light moans on both of their breaths. The hyena could watch, then, as that hard cock twitched, and throbbed, and visibly leaked more pre down over the underside, quickly coming to be enough that it dripped off in a thick, sticky drop... so he lived up to his purpose, and leaned forward to lick it off.

Again and again he dragged the tip of his tongue over Kieran's ridged rim, then, as the two of them leaned forward and back as Rikka started to fuck him in a slow, steady rhythm, his paws on Kieran's hips, Kieran's paws on Inks's shoulders. The position and angle were a little bit weird, but thanks to his longer canine muzzle, he could remain where he knelt with his tongue forward and cupped and lips pursed, and the snow leopard just repeatedly slid between those lips.

Oftentimes when in a position like this, Inks found himself with his eyes shut imagining and wishing whoever it was thrusting into his muzzle would first empty their balls down his throat, then wait a while with their paws holding his head in place, and then proceed to empty their bladder as well... Kieran hadn't said anything about needing a bathroom break - and, now, he *couldn't* say much of anything, every exhaled breath coming out instead as a moan slightly louder than the one before as his brother picked up his pace in pounding into him, but still. Maybe he'd done it while Inks was asleep, maybe he didn't. He'd keep his muzzle in place just in case.

Kieran's paws tightened on his shoulders, his claws came out and pricked into his skin beneath his fur, he churned his hips forward into the hyena's waiting mouth and then back against his brother's hips every time Rikka pressed forward into him, one leg half-raised and braced against the back of Kieran's own for balance... the faster and harder they went at it, the more they leaned over Inks's body and settled their weight onto him. One paw unoccupied, he brought it up underneath the leopards and squeezed and rubbed at Kieran's sack, gently swinging with the force of his brother behind him and with his own reciprocating movements.

Seemed like these two were suitably pent up too, listening to their moans and panting, and the soft rhythmic slapping of Rikka's hips against Kieran's rump. But, then again, they *always* got like this when they had the chance to play with one another - just as how Inks got so huffy and squirmy whenever someone shoved an uncut cock under his nose, especially if he could smell it before it came near his muzzle.

The last time they had gone camping together, the three of them had gone off for a bathroom break together (and nothing more, as the plan actually went), but Inks just ended up getting worked up by how he could *smell* each of the brothers on either side of him when they rolled their skin back for it... and next thing he knew, he was on his knees between them with Kieran's on his tongue and Rikka's in his paw, doing the aiming for him. Hell - even thinking about it made him shiver and moan around the throbbing length currently on his tongue, and again have to slow the movement of his own paw.

Kieran stiffened up above him in more ways than one, dug his claws more firmly into the hyena's shoulders, bucked firmly forward into the back of his muzzle, remained there for a moment - and then, a rather loud, breathy moan dripping from his lips, had one, two, three spurts of thick cum forced out of him by his brother's pounding into him, in rhythm with the thrusts. Inks of course dutifully swallowed down each one, and waited until he heard a similar string of panting moans from Rikka, until both of them slowed down. Yet another sharp, musky taste to add to those already weighing down the hyena's tongue... he moved back to Kieran's head, rolling his skin forward between his lips as he went, and suckled off the last of whatever dripped out.

But it looked like Rikka had the same idea as *him*, though. The other brother's paws came up from Kieran's hips, rubbed gently at his sides for a moment, and then - squeezed at his lower belly, fingerpads pressing into the fur and skin.

"Come on..." he cooed into his brother's ear, while Kieran squirmed. "We both know what he wants. Why don't you give it to him?"

This time the rustling brush came from Inks's tail, wagging out of his conscious control. He dove back down and kept his paw firmly around the base of his length, his eyes closed, his nose in the leopard's pubic fur touching against his lower belly enough that he could feel him straining... and then had to relax his throat once that gush of hot piss started, weak at first just like his brother's but quickly picking up strength. With him already in the back of his throat, he didn't have to worry about the taste being too strong for him (though he *did* move back at one point to purposely douse his tongue in it), instead feeling it flow straight down and continue to fill his belly.

As he did, lips tight around Kieran's base, Inks finally pawed himself off with as much energy and eagerness as he wanted - and managed to finish himself off before the leopard finished emptying his bladder, managing to suck in needed breaths between repeated swallows and bucking up into his paw. Of course he didn't care about shooting across his shirt and pants; those were already ruined enough.

Which only further reminded him: one time both of the brothers soaked a washcloth through with rich yellow piss, both at the same time right in front of Inks while they had the hyena's paws bound behind his back. Then, they draped that dripping cloth over his nose, and just - left both it and him there, watching as he inhaled, and moaned, and shivered, and humped at the air...

Both of them breathed out a protracted sigh of relief once Kieran's stream dribbled to an end, Inks again having moved back to receive it directly on his tongue. Certain heavier and saltier than his brother's earlier, almost enough to make him wish that it had been Kieran to soak his shirt and pants through - there was just something about absolutely reeking of rich mark, and knowing it. That done, he lapped tenderly at the leopard's softening cock, watching (and tasting) the last drops of piss as they dripped out. Rikka still remained hilted under his tail.

"Kieran," murmured the other leopard.

"Huh?"

"When we get back to the tent- how about you... how about you offer our friend here a good grooming tongue?"

Ears perked, tail flicked... Kieran grinded back against his brother and let out another shivering moan. "I'd love to."