

*Okay. Just... breathe in, breathe out, and ring the doorbell. We've been planning this for weeks. We've talked about it. Just... go ahead, and...*

Even with his mental preparation, the distant sound of the bell still started the wolf once he pressed the button. Nervousness and anticipation pounded in his chest, though beneath that stirred the languid warmth of arousal and desire, of interest that had been building up over time. Like a bottle of champagne, tight and solid under pressure, and the cork was this smooth metal chastity cage that he wore beneath his clothing.

That had been where things had *really* started. He and this otter - the wolf leaned over to try to peer through the fogged glass next to the door - had been talking for some time now, but hadn't really gotten into anything until just a few weeks ago. And once those boundaries crumbled...

The door knob jiggled, clicked, and then turned, with the door swinging open in front of him - and there stood Silas, in the same tan shorts and sleeveless white shirt that it looked like he'd been wearing for at least the past week, seeing the stains and the darkened fabric in a few very particular locations. The wolf swallowed and shivered, instinctively straightening up just a little bit... until a draft from inside the house wafted Silas's scent over and around his muzzle.

"Eyazen. Hey." There was that deep voice. Silas leaned against the threshold with one arm above his head, puff of bushy armpit hair quickly drawing the wolf's gaze. "Was wondering when you'd show up. I got off work a while ago and have just been lounging around waiting for you. *Usually* this is when I'd shower, but... you know."

And, boy, *did* he. For a moment there Eyazen's mind failed to work: instead of scent it was more of a *reek* that drifted out and tickled at his nose, the heavy, sour smell of several days gone without cleaning. The wolf licked his lips and swallowed again, and squirmed where he stood; his cage had started to feel a little uncomfortable, a little tighter than before. "Uh. Yeah. Yeah, I know. I-"

But before he could say or do anything else, that thick arm wrapped around Eyazen's back and pulled him in for a tight and admittedly slightly slimy hug, burying his nose almost directly in the source of that sour scent. Indulgent disgust mixed with that nervousness, and for half a second Eyazen wasn't sure whether he wanted to gag and pull away, or dig his nose closer to the base of those wiry hairs glistening with sweat to take a deeper breath.

It was that same indecisiveness that had led him three weeks ago to decide, *yes, I wanna hook up with you*; then two weeks ago he'd received the chastity cage that Silas sent him in the mail; and then one week ago he got really, *really* horny even despite (or, maybe, because of) the metal bars squeezing around and keeping him sheathed, and he'd dumped out onto the otter everything that he'd been thinking of, all of his fantasies and indulgences. And that was when he'd asked the otter to please, *please, throw me right into everything. Don't ease me in. Don't give me time to change my mind. I want it fast and I want it hard.*

Silas let him out of the hug, and Eyazen tottered back onto his feet. His eyes were watering a little bit, and his nose still felt the sting of that scent afterwards; the otter's eyes remained on his muzzle for a moment, maybe weighing his response and reaction. Facial expression wouldn't be the best guide for that, though: with a sheepish grin, Eyazen dug his paws into his pockets to adjust the fit of this damn cage on himself. Even if he *had* felt a gag starting at the back of his

throat, that breaking wave of sharp odor had resulted in his cage suddenly feeling a lot tighter around his sheath.

The otter's gruff face spread into a soft smile and he turned, one paw held out, to lead Eyazen into the house. After two weeks locked in this thing, his near-constant arousal had grown into almost enough to overcome his inherent shyness - and right now all the wolf could really think about was staying right here and yanking those shorts down, to faceplant right between those thighs and overwhelm himself with a different stink. That's what he'd done in his fantasies before, and since he'd revealed his interests, Silas had sent him plenty of pictures showing his... *progress* over these days.

For Eyazen it was two weeks locked in this cage, with keys mailed to this address. For Silas it was two weeks without a change of clothes or a shower, his position as a night-shift post office package handler allowing him to avoid having to expose anyone else to his... *effluence*. Six feet of slim streamlined muscle beneath thick pelt, hoisting and carrying mailed packages all day quickly led to a buildup of sweat and grease and grime.

With his free paw, Silas motioned around the house. "Bedroom's in the back of the house, at the end of the hall. Living room's right there... you can see the door to the back through there... there's the kitchen - I've sent you a video of me pissing into that sink before..."

Another shiver, another swallow. That had been before the chastity-cage thing, after Eyazen had just barely hinted that that was something he'd into... and Silas, bold and confident, had latched onto that hint and dug at it until the wolf just short of begged him to see. Never once did the words *I want you to piss on me* come out of Eyazen's mouth - or, rather, his thumbs... and yet watching the way this otter strode through the house before him, feeling how he gripped his paw in his own, knowing the confidence and surety with which he approached all of his other adventurous kinks, Eyazen felt pretty certain that he'd be needing to take a shower before he left today.

A regular shower. With soap, and water. Things that hadn't been used here in two weeks. His eyes floated down along Silas's back, following the line of his spine beneath the thin, grayed fabric of his shirt. He wore a belt, but that thick rudder tail provided a bit of a problem for that, and from here Eyazen could see the patterned waistband of the underwear the otter wore.

*I like boxer briefs*, Silas had said - of course with a picture attached. That had been Eyazen's first taste. *I like the way they feel and look, and besides. They're really good at holding in scent.* ;)

Not much longer, now. Silas led the wolf down the hall, Eyazen peering up at the framed pictures yet not really seeing any of them. Every step reminded him of the metal cage wrapped around his sheath and sack, and the little iron padlock hanging from the front; it pinched sometimes, but as he'd worn it longer he found that he rather liked the extra weight, the jingle of metal on metal when he moved. So long as it wasn't too loud, of course.

Sometimes when he got home after work, it was all he could do not to toss his clothes off, flop down onto his bed, and paw off - so it was a good thing this cage prevented that, limiting him to just fervent yet ineffective pokes and prods and squeezes of his fingerpads through the smooth bars around his sheath, touching and sliding over what of his tip could slide out in that limited

space. There had been plenty of leaking and dripping and panting and whining, sure, but... no cumming.

Not that he didn't want it, of course; again, that arousal and desire had been the main motivation for him to overcome his natural shyness and come over here. Silas nudged open the door of his bedroom with his other shoulder and turned to Eyazen, taking his other paw so the otter led him back and into the main of the room, where he stopped near the foot of the bed. Squirm, twitch, swallow, especially as those webbed paws released Eyazen's and came in along his sides, warm fingerpads pressing in against him along his chest, coming down towards his waist. These past two days, he'd actually started wondering if this cage was one size too small with how tight it felt, as if his hungry would-be boner and too-full sack could burst the welds.

So. When those heavy yet gentle paws started teasing in along the waist of his pants, centered at his fly, popped the button and undid the zipper... Eyazen swallowed, and unintentionally twitched again as the back of one of Silas's paws brushed against the metal of his cage through his underwear.

"Looks even better on you in person..." Silas breathed, lowering the wolf's pants and underwear halfway down his thighs before focusing both of his paws in on that cage. Eyazen couldn't help but jump a little bit beneath that touch, warm and gentle despite the way the otter liked to speak to and treat him over text - and besides, after two weeks without unloading, every touch to his sheath and sack felt like a little jolt of electricity. Hell, the tap of a claw against the hanging padlock was enough to make him twitch and stiffen up, just slightly.

To his surprise, though, Silas was the one who dropped to his knees, and promptly ran his muzzle up along the side of that cage, nose tracing through the wolf's pubic fur. He could feel the sensation of that inhaled breath drawing in along his fur, then the sweet tickling warmth of the exhaled sigh that just made that cage tighter... and blue eyes flicked up to him, mischievous glimmer behind them.

"Haven't washed your sheath in two weeks?"

"W-well, I-" Eyazen swallowed. Took all he had not to grind against that muzzle: first surprise was Silas intentionally putting himself in this position, and then the second was Eyazen feeling confident and dominant enough to think about doing something like that. "I mean, I haven't exactly been able to... to-"

"To reach it?" Without waiting for an answer, the otter leaned in, squeezed one paw around Eyazen's sack and the bars around it, tugged down - and took a deep whiff right from the end of his cage, and the slick glistening pink point of his cock. After that he sat back, looked like he was thinking about that scent - Eyazen suddenly wanted to cover his face out of embarrassment - and then just a smoothly rose back to his full height. "Yeah, seems like it. You don't really... *get* stinky, though, do you?"

Eyazen's pants fell the rest of the way down, into a heap at his ankles. He swallowed. "I don't?"

*There* was that grin, then, wide and sly. Without bothering to look, Silas's webbed paws started in at his own belt, with the clinking of metal and rustling of cloth, the sound of his zipper beneath his words... "No, not at all. Maybe that's because you haven't gotten off. I usually find that not

cleaning up after cumming is what makes *me* smell - and you bet I've been doing my best to build myself up..."

Eyazen found himself caught between keeping his eyes fixed on the otter's, Silas's slight height advantaged meaning he had to keep his muzzle tilted partially back, or looking down to the source of the new wave of scent that wafted up over him once the otter's pants dropped, too. He couldn't help but curl his nose at it, and yet, it still made his cage strain even tighter, and he found that even as he tried to ignore that smell he still drew deeper, heavier draws of it, like the steam from a pot of boiling soup filling out a room. Or, rather, the oily wisps of hot air curling thickly from a stagnant swamp.

Silas kicked those pants to the side, underwear taken off in the same movement, and then spent another moment to tug his shirt off over his head... and of course send another wave of unwashed scent over to the wolf standing just a short distance in front of him, muzzle and lips curled yet curiosity and arousal scraping at his thoughts. Just as he licked his lips and twitched his head to look, to see the sheath and sack that Silas had shown him so many times before in pictures, the one of the otter's paws that he'd kept at his waist suddenly came up - and smeared the pad of a thumb right across the front of Eyazen's nose, along the soft skin.

His first reaction was to stumble back out of surprise of the touch, flinching back... and then his second was to curl his muzzle even more strongly, and almost gag again. Thick swamp indeed - like his own musk but sharpened a hundredfold, oily and greasy, tang of ammonia and vinegar and something deeper, heavier, totally unique to the otter and his thoroughly unwashed sheath. Silas peered down at his paw while waiting for Eyazen to overcome the brunt of that smell, a small slimy chunk of the whitish grime still clinging to the edge of his thumbpad.

"Smells good, doesn't it?" The otter licked his lips... and then brought that thumb to his maw and lapped off the chunk, showing no disgust at the taste whatsoever. Eyazen could feel his eyes watering, could feel the disgust and distaste welling up inside him, and yet some part of him still wanted *more*. He didn't even move as Silas strode over towards the nightstand near the head of the bed, mind still focused on what had just happened to him. Or, at least, he didn't move his feet: one of his paws, however, made its way down to around his cage, and gave a firm squeeze and jiggle to his cage. Tighter than ever.

And as such, the last thing he expected to hear when Silas made his way back over was the jingling of keys, the same that the wolf had mailed to him after he'd gotten this cage on in the first place. Probably not good to let his eyes fill with *too* much hope, but - his body trembled with the anticipation and excitement of having that lock undone, his cock continuing to slide out of his sheath as it hadn't in two weeks once the otter wriggled the metal cage off of him, his legs wobbling and shivering with one light-as-air stroke from those webbed fingers along his underside.

Silas raised his eyebrows. "Feel good?"

For a moment, Eyazen forgot about the rancid scent still curling around his nose, still wafting around and mixing with the rest of the warm air bubbling around the otter. But then, once he remembered it, it forced its way back into his consciousness in full force... and this time he curled his upper lip against his nose to take a good, uninterrupted taste of it, soiling taint mixing indeterminately with the same trait of it that made him throb and squirm and sigh. Every twitch,

every squeeze in his abdomen with his newly-freed cock felt as though it brought with it a thick glob of pre. Probably did, actually.

His eyes had fluttered shut beneath that gentle stroking, no more than wind in his fur - until it abruptly stopped, to be followed by the tip of a rudder tail flicking across one of his ankles, and the squeaking of the mattress as Silas sank down onto it. Eyazen opened his eyes and saw the otter lounging back on his elbows, legs spread and balls hanging off the edge, gunk-tipped sheath ready. All he needed to do was point down, and give that same grin.

"You do what I say over text readily enough." That webbed paw moved down to caress his balls, hefting them up before letting them fall back down. "So let's see if you're actually prepared for what you asked for."

Honestly, Silas didn't have to beckon him over and spread his legs further. Just having him sit so close to him, practically radiating that sour scent of sweat and dirt, both repulsed and enticed the wolf, tenuous balance between those two just barely tilted in one direction. And that slight twinge made all the difference. Before he could stop himself and before he really knew what he was doing, he'd crossed the distance towards the edge of the bed and lowered himself down, paws briefly resting on Silas's knees as he did so - and his next inhalation through his nose, now so much closer, brought that bright smell to him like a solid fist of stink.

And, yet, he couldn't resist it. Lips parted, Eyazen leaned in closer, tasted the air above that grime-encrusted sheath, swallowed it down, choked back a slight gag... and then it was the otter's paw on the back of his head, tugging him down, that made him close that distance. Moment of shock, slightest of resistance, squirm and gasp (through his nose, which didn't help things), but then his tongue was working against him, dragging up along that slick slit, curling beneath the gathered gunk.

Hot, slick, sticky, and as his tongue worked and slid over into his muzzle, that intense scent filled his head and fogged his awareness. Down inside that sweat-slickened sheath was the tip of Silas's length, hotter, a wetter kind of moist in contrast to the clinging stickiness of the skin around it. Eyazen had to breathe in through his nose and receive the full brunt of that shock, between the sour-salty taste filling out his mouth while he swirled his tongue into that sheath, dug out the two-weeks' buildup, spread it around his teeth and muzzle and swallowed it down, all the while coaxing that cock further out of the otter's sheath.

Every movement and action made him shiver throughout with disgust, both at himself and that Silas let it *get* this bad, but the wolf still hungrily drew his tongue along that sheath and length, replacing the oily slickness with his own saliva, bringing that heat and taste and sticky taint into his maw and on his breath. He wanted *more* of it, so much more; Eyazen brought one paw up to tilt Silas's sheath towards him, and to squeeze out more of that cock and the gathered grime around it, while he reached his other down between his own legs and-

-and then felt it kicked away by one of the otter's footpaws, grimy and gritty in its own way. Eyazen opened his eyes and looked up at the otter, but before he could draw anything from his expression, the sensation of those webbed toes squeezing around the tip of his cock and grinding his length against his belly made them flutter closed again, and forced him to take a moment to just *breathe*, Silas's length between his lips and pubes beneath his nose.

"No, you don't," the otter purred, and gave a little squeeze and rub. Eyazen's body instinctively grinded back against the underside of that footpaw, and ended up shivering all over again. The wolf slid up off of Silas's length and enjoyed that feeling for a few moments, the otter's uncleaned paw squeezing and stroking, heel pressing into his full balls, webbing between his toes already slick with his leaked pre... but before long it drew back, leaving the wolf to hump at the open air. "You've gotta work for it, puppy. Wanna get off, you gotta get *me* off." Silas lifted his cock, fully hard, with his thumb, and waved it in the air; Eyazen's nose wrinkled with the scent still hovering off of it. "So, get to it."

So - *disgusting*, that same greasy slickness clinging along the entirety of Silas's length, wiping off on the wolf's tongue every time he licked up along it and lapped off his musk and his pre. Little clumps of sweat from working his job had coagulated in and stuck to his bushy pubic fur, though Eyazen felt the wet slickness from all of that rub off against him when he reached up and ran his fingers through that fur. His nose and eyes stung, there was that familiar gagging pressure at the back of his throat every time he bobbed down along Silas's cock, he could feel some of his sheath grime gathering against his lips and in the fur just beneath his nose, and yet he couldn't stop.

Not only because Silas had instructed him to, and he had a fair idea of what would happen to him if he disobeyed. More, his eagerness and interest came from himself, from his irresistible slow grinding against the underside of the otter's footpaw. Eyazen pulled in breath after unsteady breath through his nose, felt the weight of the otter's stink in his chest, then let it back out in a slow sigh through the corners of his mouth and around Silas's cock, all the while the otter lounged back and lifted his hips up against his muzzle, working his footpaw and his toes, squeezing and teasing and spreading the wolf's thick pre over him.

Before long, though, Silas had straightened back up and leaned forward over the wolf, his own panting having picked up in pace and urgency. Eyazen could feel his approaching peak in those throbs and thrusts, and with the otter sitting up like this now, he was given no option but to press his nose down into thick pubes with each descent, and slip his tongue just barely beneath the grime-coated lip of the otter's sheath...

...until he couldn't anymore, a pair of webbed paws clamping firmly down behind his ears to keep him with that cock twitching, throbbing... spurting into the back of his throat, briefly blocking his breathing, forcing him to swallow down the few thick ropes of his load, bitter and slightly tangy, a taste totally different from the times Eyazen had rolled over onto his back and emptied his own balls across his tongue and muzzle.

Naturally, though, cum wasn't the *only* thing that Eyazen had drunk from himself before. Above him, Silas panted heavily, one paw still between his ears and keeping him halfway down along his cock; the wolf suckled along that tip and gently drew his tongue over the last few sprays and drips of seed, careful not to press too hard along the sensitive flesh. Feeling the grip behind those fingers and the slight adjustment in Silas's position, bringing himself closer to the edge of the mattress, spreading his legs, tilting his hips down a little bit... Eyazen felt that in a few minutes, his belly would be considerably fuller and warmer than it was now.

A slight glimmer from those blue eyes verified his suspicion. Silas licked his lips, footpaw relaxed around Eyazen's length but still in place, and then said in a slightly-drained voice: "Don't spill a drop, yeah? I just had this carpet... put in..."

Wasn't like he had any time to gather his thoughts, or prepare himself, or say *hey, wait a minute* - because another few seconds and he felt the hot, dribbling spray of the start of Silas's piss empty out onto his tongue, sharp and rich, over-salty. More than obvious that the otter hadn't put any effort into ensuring he was well-hydrated today: Eyazen swallowed down that piss before it could fill his mouth, before the taste could burn his tongue and the roof of his mouth any more than they already were from the clinging, heady gunk of the otter's sheath and cock. This was something else that grated at his throat and disagreed with his stomach and tongue, but - between each swallow, tongue lifting up along the underside of that still mostly-hard length, his inhalations carried the same thirsty shudder that they had while Silas had grinded his footpaw against his length. Even now while trying to keep pace with the flowing stream into his muzzle and throat he tried to thrust forward against that footpaw, so close that he could feel the heat coming off of it - but he couldn't quite reach.

After two weeks of being caged and then everything today, from breathing deep of Silas's unwashed scent to bearing that grease and grime on his lips and tongue, to thrusting between the otter's webbed toes with his own pre as lube, to drinking down his cum and his piss... another gag racked the wolf's body as Silas pressed his hips forward once more, again burying his nose in his pubes to let his piss start to wane from that strong stream back to a dribble, just as quickly as it had started. He glanced up, and saw that Silas had his eyes closed and muzzle hanging open in sweet relief; this time Eyazen let that rich liquid fill his mouth and bulge out at his cheeks, heat and taste seeming to singe his tongue, before he swallowed it down. In his current state, he had no idea whether that took considerable self-control, or considerable arousal.

That paw finally lifted from the back of his head, and in the same motion that Silas let himself drop back against the mattress, Eyazen pulled up off of his cock to catch his breath - but wasted no time there, taking those breaths from right along the underside of that still-twitching length, running his nose from the slick rim of his sheath to the marginally-cleaner tip, and back. With both of his own paws free now, the wolf reached down and grasped the otter's footpaw, and brought that closer to his own cock - slickness of his pre and Silas's sweat slid along his fingerpads - and thrust against it, and humped and panted and whined. His eyes had fluttered shut again, and now he kept his nose buried in that pubic fur; the slightest wetness of fresh piss dribbled down his chin and the corner of his mouth, and every inhalation he drew heavily through his nose, thick and humid as the grime that he'd cleaned off with his tongue just earlier, until he became aware of the growing and sharpening pressure in his abdomen, that urgency, that need, that peak-

-until Silas suddenly yanked his paw away and stood, leaving the wolf humping needily at the air at the forefront of his climax, just *barely* out of reach. Not to be deterred, he rolled back off of his knees and slid his paw down between his legs, but before he could wrap his fingers around himself, Silas had closed the distance between them and pushed him the rest of the way down to the floor, stronger arms keeping the wolf's pinned above his head and out of reach. Whining, humping into the air, panting and trying his best to resist the weight and muscle of this otter atop him, dribbling a last few drops of piss into his bellyfur... as Eyazen felt his orgasm sputter and fizzle out, and melt out beyond his grasp. Dejected, he thumped his head back against the carpet beneath him; through fully-opened eyes he saw Silas grinning down at him, the otter's mouth still half-open beneath his panting.

"...You done?" Silas rumbled, but made no move to let Eyazen up. "We talked about this, puppy. You get me off-"

“-And I get to get off, too!” The wolf lifted his head again, and was met with a kiss to the tip of his nose. That took him by surprise.

“Sure.” Silas shifted and then stood up, holding his paws down to help the wolf up. Somewhat begrudgingly, Eyazen took that help, and then found himself bodily tossed over to the bed. Seemed like Silas really wasn’t done with him yet. “I didn’t say you’d get off *today*, though.”

At first, that didn’t make sense with what the otter was doing: he climbed up over the mattress alongside Eyazen and sprawled out, muzzle close to his groin with one of his paws pressing into the wolf’s smooth, clean bellyfur, nose and lips coming close to his full sheath and twitching erection... but the longer he stayed there, the longer he understood. And, also, the more it annoyed him.

Talk about *teasing*: again and again Silas ran his nose, or his lips, or his tongue up along the underside of Eyazen’s cock or around the base of his knot, making him squirm and whine and have to exert quite a bit of self-control not to push the otter’s head down and fuck his muzzle. Every time his paws came down, though, Silas batted them away - until one point where he crawled up over the wolf and pinned his wrists beside him, playful growl on his muzzle.

“You don’t cum ‘til I say you do,” the otter rumbled, and leaned in closer. His blue eyes flicked over towards the nightstand. “And I already told you that’s not happening today. Or tomorrow, or...”

Next thing Eyazen knew, he was struggling and squirming, trying to avoid the otter sliding that dirty sock swiped from the nightstand down over his nose and muzzle. Even with one paw free, though, he couldn’t put up much of a fight... and the first inhalation he drew of that sharp, sour reek sent all of his *disobedience* out of him. Maybe Silas had actually started to think about binding the wolf’s paws to keep him from squirming and trying to get off; he watched him for a moment, watched the way Eyazen breathed deep, shuddering tastes of that intense, bitter scent and then shuddered with mixed disgust and peaked arousal, and then released his other wrist.

Eyazen had no idea how long that went on for, Silas digging his muzzle up between his legs or tracing one finger and thumb lightly along his length, forcing him to throb and buck and gasp, but never actually pushing him over the edge or letting more than just another drop of pre soak into his fur. The seconds felt like they stretched out into minutes each, and the heaving of his chest made him feel like he’d just run two miles without a break - while his entire abdomen, his balls and his sheath and his length, tingled and twitched so that if he could just squeeze his paw around underneath his knot, he’d have enough to empty his sack across his muzzle. But, for some reason, his body wouldn’t let him remove his paws from where they were, clamped around that white-turned-grey crusty fabric.

He hated it, and loved it at the same time. Eyazen’s body moved on its own, hips lurching upwards with each approaching orgasm, then grinding back down into the mattress since he knew one would never come. Silas’s fingers, firm and confident, felt like feathers along his length and around his balls, dancing lightly over his skin, tickling and tingling and brushing, until it felt like a breeze of air would push him over that teetering edge.

Well. Not *all* of that tingling was from the otter’s touch; some of it had to come from Eyazen himself, since with his eyes closed and beneath his deep whiffs of the stink of the otter’s



footpaw with that sock pulled halfway along his snout, he never noticed the shifting of Silas's weight as the otter reached across him towards the nightstand again. Then came the jangling of the padlock against the metal bars of the cage - and again was the otter sitting along his thighs and pinning his arms, looking him straight in the eye, waiting for the wolf's twitching, throbbing length to go down.

Naturally, that took a while. But Silas was patient. And as his arousal crumbled and blew away, Eyazen came to be sharply aware of what still hung around his muzzle (as well as what he'd had his nose and tongue shoved into earlier), and how strongly those scents still clung to his fur and breath. If Silas wasn't going to let him cum tonight, then maybe he'd at least let him brush his teeth before he went. He grunted and rested his head back against the pillow, while Silas poked at his still half-hard cock; all of the energy had gone out of him, and now he was just waiting for his body to follow. Admittedly, the thought of getting caged back up again kept that spark burning, but - the frustration and annoyance went against it. Silas scooted himself back a little bit further, and within the next few minutes had that cold metal fixed back in place around the wolf's sheath and sack with the padlock heavy and heaving.

The otter dangled those keys between his finger and thumb, and then closed his fist around them. Then he slid off the bed, and offered his other paw down for Eyazen. "So. That's that, then. Thanks for your service, puppy. Can I expect you back here in another two weeks' time?"

Grumbling, Eyazen took that paw and stood up, and made as if to brush himself off. Amid everything, he'd forgotten that he still wore his shirt; a small wet spot had soaked into the collar where he'd missed about half a mouthful of the otter's piss, the scent of which floated up and sizzled in his nose. He crossed his arms in front of his chest and avoided eye contact - since looking this otter in the face just brought back the awareness and shame of what he'd just done, and these in turn made his cage a bit tight all over again. "Why? What's in it for me?"

Silas shrugged. He reached down to swipe his discarded clothing up off the floor, but made no move to put them back on. "If you do a good enough job, I'll let you cum. You'll have to clean both my sheath and my feet, though." Here he pointed one finger at the wolf, then pointed it down and drew it around in a circle, as if swirling that finger around in his sheath. "I mean *clean*. Not just lick, not taste, but *clean*. You did pretty good for your first time, so next time will be even better, right?"

"What if I don't w-"

"I'll step on your face, press your muzzle beneath my footpaw." Silas started towards the bathroom. "Could keep my socks on for that if you'd like. Or I guess I could sit you on the toilet, tie your arms behind your back, and mark you head to toe. Oh! Maybe before that, I could hang my underwear on your nose, and get to soaking *that* first, or-"

"Okay! Okay." It took Eyazen a moment to steer his mind away from those thoughts and scenarios. He drew another breath. With the way he felt now, it was pretty hard to believe he'd let his shyness almost get the best of him earlier. "Can we just... do that now?"

There was that grin again, and Silas jangled the keys between his fingers. That was as much of an answer as anything.