

Five hours of driving in a car with a broken AC, right after a three-hour flight - with some unfortunate complications beforehand that made it so the spotted hyena in the passenger seat here hadn't been able to take a shower before his original departure. He'd planned to right before he and his boyfriend set out for the airport (why else would he decide to mow the lawn right then?) but, well... tough circumstances.

He'd be a bit more self-conscious about it, though, if he didn't know that both of the others in the car here didn't mind at all. The hardest part, really, was enduring the heat: all of the windows in the vehicle had been rolled down while they made their way over the road rolling and bending between the tall trees all around, cool mountain air whistling in and along their fur, whisking through their clothes, sucking on their ears...

Decatur rolled his head to the side to look at the husky driving. "How much further, hon?"

"Um... not long, I think. Things have changed a bit since I was last here - I think they did road work? - but the forest looks right, so. We should be having some signs up soon. Keep an eye out, okay?"

It had also sucked on the plane ride over here. From then to now he wore the same grease of sweat at the base of his fur against his skin, the gross slickness that he'd felt on himself right after he'd finished up the lawn and rolled the mower back into the garage under the glare of the sun above. He'd rubbed himself down with deodorant once he found out that a construction mistake down the block knocked out his neighborhood's water, and climbed into bed only to do the same the following morning, right after his alarm buzzed himself and his boyfriend awake.

And, yeah, sure, that covered the most outwardly apparent symptom of the whole haven't-showered-in-a-few-days thing. There was something else, though, something that he could feel each time he slid off into the bathroom to piss - and something that he could smell, too. The evidence of that had a tendency to cling to the pads of his finger and thumb, warm and moist and slick, persistent enough that it still tickled his nose if he were to scratch his muzzle even after he washed his paws. Hell - even now he sat with one elbow on the armrest of the door, other paw draped against his muzzle with that slight scent hovering around.

Decatur glanced up into the rearview and saw, in the backseat, the third party of this camping trip: another hyena, this one striped and named Inks. Bright gold eyes in that mirror flashed back up at him, and the two looked at each other for a moment... before Ink's ears flicked and he turned his head back towards the window, the ghost of a blush tinting his dark-furred cheeks.

Of course he knew. Decatur and his boyfriend had both made sure to inform the striped hyena of their little predicament, and how they hadn't had a chance to shower since this past Wednesday. Even so much as that had been enough to make him squirm and shift a little bit, and drop his arms to his sides... the *last* time they'd visited, they'd intentionally gone for about a week beforehand without cleaning in - a *certain place* between their legs, and then forced Inks to do the cleaning for them.

Big wooden sign coming up on the right with the name of the camp, then Damian, the husky behind the wheel, slowing down a bit to turn... and Decatur adjusted his posture. Just thinking about the way the striped hyena's tongue had felt, curling up under his foreskin and digging into the warmth and sticky slickness that had built up there over that week... really, it was something to enjoy, that deliberate negligence of that kind of hygiene. Not bothering to wipe up after Damian pawed him off, rolling his foreskin back every time he went to piss and looking down to see the moist yellow-white flecks spread across his head and caught behind the rim-

Again, he squirmed. Would have to stop thinking about that before things got a little bit tight. The two of them had landed in town, met Inks at the airport to bring them to his place, ate a nice lunch... and then headed right out, bags still packed. And the last time Decatur had made a pit stop at their arrival airport, he made a good mental note of how he had pretty obvious buildup. That would be something to tease the stripes about later.

For now, though, Damian beside him leaned out the window to speak to the ranger or whatever up at the front entrance of the campsite, telling him about their plans and reservations... and a moment later, the bar blocking the road rose up, and they were in.

Late August, the time when kids between eight and twenty-four were just starting school back up - and when the average daily temperature here just so happened to reach its peak. So, perfect conditions for the little plan that Decatur and Damian came up with the previous night. They'd made sure to check that the camp had boat rentals so they could take a little three-person thing out to the middle of the lake, where they wouldn't be disturbed.

"I'm so ready for this," Damian murmured, glancing all around to find a spot. "Nice to finally get a break from work to just - relax, y'know? Relax and enjoy nature and the company."

"Yeah, definitely. Hey, Inks, you remembered to bring the marshmallows, right?"

From the backseat came a quiet crinkling of cellophane, which had caught his ears every couple of minutes since about half an hour ago. Then, a little muted: "...Yes."

"Here. This looks good..." Damian half-turned in his seat, looking back over his shoulder. "We all already knew that this wasn't gonna be, like, a log cabin sort of camping trip, right?"

"I mean, we *did* bring the tent..."

Just the one. They'd all agreed on that, of course with bright grins from Decatur and this husky, and blushing squirms from Inks. Easy to tease, sure, but he didn't let that get to him. When he *really* wanted something...

Not much longer before they found a spot, a bit of a ways from the road with a nice expanse of trees blocking off the sounds of passing cars. Shadows cast down from overhead lightened

some of the burden of the late afternoon sun, but still Decatur could feel that heat sink into his fur and skin just like when he'd been mowing the lawn; they hadn't brought too much on this trip, but it was still enough to make his arms sting a little bit afterwards. He could feel the exertion in the back of his throat with each breath, and noticed that Damian was doing the same - and when he got a chance to, the spotted hyena slid a paw down beneath the waistband of his pants, rubbed his thumb into the overhang of his foreskin, felt the slippery gathered sweat and gunk there, brought it to his upper lip... and Inks's voice behind him startled him, causing him to press that thumb a little more firmly than he'd first intended.

So for the next hour or so while they got the tent set up and firepit ready for later in the night, he had the rank odor of his own dirty cock washing into his nose and throat with each inhalation. Things could be worse, really. Sometimes it left behind a thick enough residue that he could see the slick moisture on the pad of his fingers, and feel it like a thin layer of grease when he squeezed it against his thumb. This was one of those times.

So then they had the tent set up, with the firepit ready for tonight and all of their things as unpacked as they needed to be at this point in time... and the sun just now had started to come in at an angle to the forest, lengthening and deepening the shadows so that early sunset felt and looked like it had pitched them into the deep of night. Damian had said that this campsite was well spread out between the trees, enough so that one time as a puppy with his brother, he had to walk fifteen minutes to find the nearest bathroom, and then got lost on the way back. Tonight if they looked around, they could just barely see the yellow-orange flickering of other campfires between the trees, like little fragments of stars pocked between solid shifting darkness. The actual stars would be perfectly visible above, as far as they were from the nearest city, but the interconnecting thick boughs of the trees blocked them from view.

At least until the three of them made their way to the lake, shown by the signs and the flattened path along the ground. It was a bit of a walk down to the shore with the storage building standing back a bit, the three talking about their trip so far on the way: Decatur mentioned the kid on the plane who puked into the seatback pocket rather than into the provided airsickness bag, and then about how that mare had opened the luggage compartment after they landed and got smacked right in the face with her own bag... then Damian mentioned how he spent a good thirty minutes panicking about whether he'd closed the garage door, to the point where he called his neighbor to go and check.

Inks maintained a quiet but contented smile throughout all of it, which honestly was a bit strange for him: usually *he* was the most outgoing of the three of them. This had happened before, though, and they'd dealt with it then and were perfectly capable of doing so now: Decatur had made sure to bring along a little something *extra* for that, still in the little ziploc bag that the airports required medication and pills be put in.

Well. Two of them were still in there. He'd crushed up the third and mixed it into the water bottle he carried at his side.

Out past that storage building, a few wooden piers extended out over the water. One of them was occupied by an older dog who looked like he'd fallen asleep with his fishing pole clasped between his paws in his lap; near one of the other ones, one of the little wooden rowboats that the camp had advertised were "free to use for all attendants*" floated idly in the shallows, loosely tied to one of the spars.

"A rowboat?" Inks murmured, Decatur and Damian a short distance ahead. They'd already decided that the two of them would be the ones to do the rowing, for the simple sake of working up a sweat. "Are we in fuckin' 1760?"

Decatur looked up over his shoulder, of course catching the glimmer in the striped hyena's eye and the little amused smile. "Would *you* want to bring a motorboat all the way up here? Back it down into the water at this time of evening?"

Inks looked up at the sky. The clouds had turned a deep purple-grey, with the rest of the sky behind them already that deep charcoal blue with just the faintest hint of pink along the other horizon. "I mean, we can still see."

"You don't even own a boat."

"Yeah, but... I don't know, man. I'm just saying."

While he worked, Damian's paw brushed up against Decatur's, and he looked up to see the husky smiling at him. "This won't make me seasick, will it?"

"It shouldn't..." Then, quieter: "Also, we aren't the ones who should be worrying about getting sick. With what we're gonna make *him* choke down?"

That smile widened, and Damian licked his lips. "You couldn't help but touch yourself earlier, huh?"

"What? How can you tell?"

Then, the husky closed the distance between them, kissed his boyfriend - and gave a little flick of his tongue across Decatur's upper lip, before standing up. His nose scrunched up a little bit as he did so.

"Can smell it." Then, to Inks as well: "Alright, we're good. Come on."

The other hyena obeyed, tail swaying slowly behind him. He looked at both of them while they took a seat on either side of the boat, one oar each. "So, like... why are we going out on the lake this late? You're not gonna kill me, are you?"

For about half a minute, the two struggled with getting the boat under control and making it go where they wanted to, interrupting themselves with laughter at the difficulty of it. Once things had gotten underway, though - it had been a *long* time since Decatur had had to row a boat - he settled more comfortably into place and looked up at Inks, perched at the far seat.

"I mean, that wasn't the plan-"

Then Damian butted in: "I think you know what we're gonna do to you."

Decatur made sure to picture in his mind the blush that that should've elicited in the other hyena, were the light better. Inks squeezed his legs a little closer together, and forced himself to look out across the lake.

"Oh. Hey, that reminds me-" Decatur reached down for the bottle beside him and held it out. "Brought this for you."

"Water?" He took it, unscrewed the cap, and sniffed at it. The drug that Decatur had chosen was actually Inks's favorite for the purpose; between the three of them, the striped hyena had the most experience with that kind of thing. Of course it was both odorless and tasteless, and as such, he gave no outward sign of recognition. "Boy, thanks. As if we're not already surrounded by it."

"It'll help you relax, since I know sometimes you get... well. You know." Once they'd had to tie him down, arms stretched up behind his head and legs spread for him to do his job, Decatur's paw on the back of Inks's head to hold him down with his tongue in his foreskin. They'd also invited over an otter that they all knew, and he was just having the time of his life riding the poor striped hyena until he panted and whined and bucked... "But, I mean, if you don't *want* to take it... if a chemical doesn't help for getting something cleaned, then you just gotta push it harder, right?"

This time he didn't have to imagine anything. Those sharp ears flicked upright, along with his whiskers; Inks swallowed, nodded, and unscrewed the bottle again and took a few good gulps. "Um. How long has it been, since...?"

Decatur could hear his boyfriend panting beside him. The water was nice and smooth, calm and easy, but still it was work. Damian swallowed his exertion and straightened up a little. "Though we'd told you. Like, what - a week, now?"

"Around that, yeah. Water went out right after I'd mowed the lawn, so I've still got *that*, and..." He nudged Damian beside him. "You'd just gotten back from the gym, right?"

"Yeah. Ain't enough showers where I go for everyone, so I wanted to come back and get cleaned up there..."

Inks took another sip, visibly relaxing some. He leaned back and stretched his legs out in front of him. "I mean. You *will* be getting your cleaning in, of course."

"Oh, yeah. Of course. And, speaking of..."

Water *all* around. Decatur could feel that burning in his arms, and slid the oar into its locked position. Across the boat, Inks had the bottle tilted back while he continued to down it...

"I'm ready when you are."

Right as Inks leaned forward, though, Damian reached his arm across- "Wait, wait. I wanna get you undressed."

Didn't even wait for permission. The husky kind of half-leaned over, paws quickly working at the fly of Decatur's pants... and of course the spotted hyena already felt the reaction to this, to his boyfriend's fingers and paws pressing in against his groin. *Pop* and *zip*, followed by the rustling of his pants and underwear worked down his legs... and then he couldn't help but shiver with the wave of his own musk, dry and pungent, washing up to tickle at his nose.

Pubic fur did a great job of holding sweat and scent. He knew from experience that, with Damian reaching down to rub at his sack and tug along the end of his foreskin, that he'd have that greasiness and smell on his fingers for a while after - and sure enough, the husky brought his fingers to his nose and took a small sniff, a similar shiver of enjoyment rippling through his body. One paw down at the base of Decatur's shaft and the other pinching the end of the overhang of his foreskin, rolling the wet, slick skin over itself, squeezing out a little bit of the week's gather of - whatever it was.

Not quite slime, not quite congealed grease... kind of just a loose, almost flaky gunk. Decatur reached down to wipe a little bit of it off against his finger, and then squished it against his thumb... and with that same paw beckoned Inks over. The striped hyena, confidence restored to him by the drug, dutifully came forward and dropped to his knees - but then stopped, that finger and thumb pressed firmly against his upper lip right beneath his nostrils. Golden eyes catching the last fading light of the evening flicked up, flicked down towards Decatur's slowly-stirring cock, flicked back up... and he felt him inhale.

"Oh - *God*," Inks panted, and moved back. "You smell fucking *terrible*."

"Well, yeah. I think I've cum... seven times in the past week?"

Damian partially rolled his boyfriend's foreskin back, angling his cock towards Inks's muzzle. The hyena took another whiff, licked his chops, whined. That was the funny thing: neither of him had ever met *such* an eager sheathcleaner. Not that they were complaining, of course.

"Yeah," the husky added, "and, remember, for about three of those, you had me pinch your overhang shut so that all of your cum would stay inside..."

"Yeah. So that's in there, too." Decatur adjusted his position a little bit to get more comfortable, then reached down, slid his paw up behind Inks's ear, pulled the other hyena down... and lifted his hips up, intentionally grinding his sweat-moist pubic fur between his thigh and the base of his cock against that nose and lips. Inks instantly sucked in a slow breath through his nose, and let it back out through parted lips. "Also, you went through that water quickly, huh?"

Muffled voice between his legs. Damian quit messing with his slick foreskin and sat back to work at his own pants, an obvious bulge lifting the front of his fly. "I was thirsty. I haven't drunk much today."

"Oh, God," the husky panted, "I have..."

Those golden eyes looked towards him, Inks shifting his muzzle up a little bit. He touched his nose to the base of Decatur's cock, equally slick with sweat... "I know. Why do you think I haven't?"

The spotted hyena leaned his head back and closed his eyes, focusing solely on the slow back-and-forth pitching of the boat on the water, on the hot breath repeatedly washing out across his shaft and sack, on the warm nose making its way up the underside of his length... and then as it smushed into and against the overhang of his foreskin, breathing deep of the slick odor that lingered there.

Piss, cum, natural musk, some other things... Inks didn't care. Hell - he *wanted* all of that. That much could be heard in his excited breaths while he worked, both paws on Decatur's cock slowly, slowly rolling that unclean skin back, folding it back over the little ridges and flecks of built-up yellowish-white gunk... even with his head tilted back like this, Decatur's nose still twitched with the characteristic stink, heavy and heady, something like muted ammonia and stale urine.

"Christ..." Damian said, just now standing to his feet to kick his pants and underwear off. "I can smell you from over here. I didn't know you'd let it get *that* bad."

"Yeah, well..." ...but he didn't finish. Inks had his nose pressed right up against the underside of Decatur's frenulum, just that contact and his slightly-unsteady breath enough to cause him to continue to stiffen up. The striped hyena couldn't help himself, and repeatedly drew his tongue out along the underside of that cock, and over the rim of his retracted foreskin - which Decatur knew had caught some of his buildup and rolled it back with it.

Damian settled back down - just watching and smelling had gotten him fully hard: he kept one paw down in his lap, slowly working his own slick foreskin back and forth - and reached forward

to push Inks's muzzle more firmly down into Decatur's groin, spreading some of that sticky gunk across his upper lip.

"Well? Quit sniffin' and get to work. You need to clean me off, too."

Didn't have to tell him twice. Inks angled Decatur's now-hard cock up towards his muzzle in one paw, while he worked his foreskin back and forth with the other... and then closed his lips halfway along his revealed head, kept nice and moist from the week without cleaning. His tongue worked fast and steady, careful from experience not to press in too hard, licking off the little flecks that had gathered along the surface and eagerly swallowing it down.

Decatur straightened back up so he could watch, and brought his own paw back up to Inks's muzzle to rub behind his ear. The striped hyena dove down a little further, pushing that foreskin back with his tight lips and now curling his tongue behind the rim of his head, where that gunk had really had a chance to build up and thicken; a few times in the past when plans fell through and he couldn't get this hyena to clean him out, Decatur could remember climbing into the shower, rolling his foreskin back, running his thumb along the back of his head, and being able to watch a line of the stuff gather up and roll off beneath the spraying water.

With half his cock past Inks's lips, though, he couldn't really see that. But the feeling was definitely there: deft, experience tongue tip digging along behind his head, swirling up the sticky little chunks and the slick bits of congealed gunk. Again and again he rolled his tongue around the other hyena's head, making sure he got all of that build-up; then at one point, he flattened his tongue as much as he could, rolled Decatur's foreskin about halfway up, and tugged back against it until his tongue came free.

By now Decatur couldn't help but slowly churn his hips in rhythm with Inks's bobbing and with the motion of his tongue, working back down towards the underside to get at the tight spot beneath his taut frenulum. While he worked, Inks still rolled that foreskin back and forth, back and forth, smoother now than with all of that beneath it. The slow stroking, the feeling of a tongue against him and teasing along that sensitive spot, Inks's breath now carrying the rancid odor of his unclean foreskin and wafting up towards his nose with every inhalation... Decatur swallowed, tensed up, lifted his hips a little further.

Inks had finished cleaning him up by now, but that didn't mean he was *totally* finished. He kept his lips tight around Decatur's shaft, tight enough so that they slid his skin up over his head each time he came up, and tugged it back down every time he descended. Just like all of the other times he found himself between this spotted hyena's legs, he kept his tongue cupped along the underside of his length, lifting up and flicking right at the base of his head or along the side of his frenulum, just little things to add to the motion... and once Decatur started panting and tensing and twitching, Inks moved up the rest of the way, rolled that foreskin as far forward as he could, wriggled his tongue into the bunched-up overhang, dug down into it...

...and lapped up the little spurts of cum as they came, shooting right out across his waiting tongue and leaking down into the folds of skin, giving him something else to clean. Had to be careful, then, since any contact to that sensitive head made Decatur twitch and gasp. The spotted hyena, breathing heavily in the aftermath of his orgasm, slouched back and struggled to keep himself up with one paw braced against the edge of the boat, watching as Inks turned himself around and got right to work on Damian over there.

Eager, hungry for that mess - Damian's muzzle tensed up and then relaxed in much the same way that Decatur had imagined his own to, once Inks had dug his tongue beneath his sticky foreskin - and, hopefully, thirsty too. The spotted hyena wiped his fingerpads along the now-slick rim of his skin, trying to wipe off the slipperiness of saliva and fresh cum... now he'd have *those* smells wafting off of him as well. A thorough tongue-cleaning, as he knew from experience, got most of the grime and the stickiness off, but left part of the scent, which in turn mixed with everything he got *during* the cleaning... needless to say, he'd *really* need a shower at the end of this trip.

Again, though, not like Inks cared. Was damn nice watching the other hyena's muzzle bob slowly between Damian's legs, the husky with his head tilted back and jaw hanging open. Quiet, wet slurping, heavy swallows, little exhalations of breath and needy whining... Decatur rolled his own foreskin back and forth a few more times, and reached forward with a leg to nudge the striped hyena.

"Hey," he said, and pinched the end of his overhang shut. If he tried, if he relaxed... "Inks. I've got something else for you."

So the striped hyena perked his ears and looked over, one paw still at the base of Damian's shaft, and then licked his lips once he noticed what Decatur was doing. It was a bit hard to keep himself pinched shut with all the slick slipperiness of spit and seed, especially as he let loose more and more, but... it was another nice feeling to drain his bladder into his closed foreskin, and feel the skin balloon out with the growing volume. As it started to spray out of the side between his fingers with nowhere else to go, Decatur settled his paw on the back of Inks's head, tugged the other hyena closer down so that his lips touched against the sides of his fingers, and-

-just released himself without caring where it went, causing the warm piss to splash all out across that already-stinking muzzle and roll down his chest. With his foreskin forward, his stream came out wider and slower than if he were to roll back, that same warmth pushing up at the front of his overhang before making its way through; and Inks gladly lapped at that stream. *That* scent came up and burnt at Decatur's nose alongside all the others, characteristic dry musty piss on top of everything else.

Inks had his tongue hanging out and cupped, willfully gathering a mouthful of that mark before he swallowed it down - and let the rest course down the front of his muzzle and along his chest, quickly soaking through the fabric of his shirt and dropping down against his tented pants, all the

while Damian watched and slowly stroked himself, a finger and a thumb all he needed to slide his half-cleaned foreskin. As he watched, Decatur noticed him roll that skin up over his finger, swirl it around inside, drag it back out... and then squeeze whatever it was he'd dug up against his thumb, just as the spotted hyena had done earlier.

The feeling of lips wrapping around the head of his cock again brought his attention back down to Inks between his legs, tongue working in beneath his skin while he gulped his mark down, again and again, until he had no more to give. Then that tongue dug its way around a little more, cleaning up anything he might have missed... and without needing to be told, he moved back, licked his lips, and turned to get right back to work on Damian, the last few drops of Decatur's piss dripping from the spotted hyena's cock.

For a while, he'd forgotten about the slow movement of the boat beneath them - after all, there *were* more important things to focus on. They'd have to start the campfire once they got back, and Inks would need time to dry off...

...or, well, maybe not. In the back of the car, they'd made sure to bring a cooler full of various booze and sodas. Just a short distance away, Damian's paw tightened on Inks's head, and the husky bucked up a few times and then let out a slow, shaky breath - but didn't let the hyena up, and soon gave his own sigh of relaxation and relief.

The plan was, keep their balls empty fill up their bladders as much as they could.