

"He said *'You want me over right now'*, right? So then I sent... here, give me a second..." Mora thumbed through her phone, other paw resting idly on her waist. Her very bare waist; Riley squirmed where he sat, obediently yet begrudgingly keeping his own paws in his lap where she'd told him. After a moment the she-wolf's eyes lit up, and she nodded. "Ah. Here we go. I said, *'Well, he's been in there for... five weeks now? I fuckin' forget. What's thirty minutes more? It's his dick that's caged, not his tongue, so I can still get my fun out of him. Come over whenever'*. And that was twelve minutes ago, so he should be here soon."

Somehow he'd gotten used to the feeling of the damn thing on him, smooth plastic keeping his shaft permanently forward and down with the rattling of the little padlock on top. That was the worst part, really: he'd gotten *used* to it. It had been dumb of him to agree to that damn bet all those weeks ago, but he *was* drunk, and so was Mora, and he'd been *certain* he could beat her on that. Of course she'd chosen pink, too, from the unsurprisingly immense variety of different shades of the color at the shop the next morning.

What was worse was that she'd been on the tail end of her heat when that bet came to pass, too. Because of that and now she'd used him to satisfy her needs at least four times a day for the past week, it wasn't like Riley was particularly desperate at first, with the strange sensation of the cage itching at his fur and tickling at his cock whenever she walked by with her tail raised or brushed a paw against him... but by the end of that week he could *really* feel it. That was the messiest time, too, with the wrinkled overhang of his foreskin hanging out of the slit in the end of the cage always moist and glistening with pre and want. It had only gotten worse since then.

Once Mora had left her heat – the she-wolf leaned forward with the key to the lock swinging from one finger, black lips in the white fur of her muzzle still wearing that same satisfied, teasing smile – she didn't let up on him, though. As it was just the two of them living here, the usually-tenuous balance of power between the two of them suddenly shifted in her favor, and she commanded that he spend all of his time wearing nothing other than the cage and the collar she'd given him for their second anniversary a couple of years ago. This meant that she could drop to her knees whenever she liked and tease at that small length of sensitive skin protruding from his cage, that she could wriggle her tongue in along the wrinkled folds and add the slickness of her own saliva to the mess was already there... but maybe two weeks into it, she'd stopped doing that.

Riley knew why, of course. Keeping that cage on literally all the time meant he couldn't clean, and it wasn't like his ability to sense when he needed a cleaning just suddenly disappeared with the click of that lock. That was also the reason why they'd invited Inks over – or, why Mora had. She'd woken him up this morning by grinding her scent against his muzzle through panties soaked by her having spent the last half-hour teasing herself, and letting him know in no uncertain terms that his time was up and he'd be set free today.

*"I know how you get when you're pent up, though,"* she'd told him, that same key clutched in a closed fist. *"Can't forget after we've had to pay for patching the wall in the bedroom twice now, and for getting a new kitchen table. I've gotta tire you out before I'm gonna let you at me – and it's no fun if I just have you shower to clean up the mess you've made down there. So Inks is just a win-win, isn't he?"*

As if on cue, the bell for the front door just over and past Mora's shoulder rang, bringing her ears upright. The she-wolf straightened back up, giving one of her breasts a brief squeeze with her free paw

as if to make sure her clothes hadn't spontaneously made their way back onto her body since she'd stripped them off earlier, and then waited until her boyfriend met her eyes again. She licked her lips.

"That must be him. Win-win, right, Ry? You stay here, puppy."

Not like he had a choice. Well, he *did*, but she'd kept a tight grip on his behavior as well as around his cock for these five weeks. The desire and need, and especially the inability to satisfy either of those, had made Riley particularly bristly and rough – but Mora quite easily had the strength to combat his... *rambunctiousness* and get him to sit, just like the good dog she told him he was. That was part of why the two had gotten along so well for so long, especially when both preferred to dominate in the bedroom.

Funny thing about that. The male wolf leaned to the side in the chair dragged in from the dining room, trying to get a view on their hyena friend as Mora opened the door, fully naked, to let him in. Riley had of course expected to pin his girlfriend to their bed and ravage her, again and again and again, to pay her back for these five weeks without an orgasm of his own – and then as if sensing that, as if *expecting* that, she turned it around and told him he'd pound out his first load under the tail of a shared friend-with-benefits of theirs.

Frustrating, sure, but he'd gotten used to frustration by now. A smirk touched his lips despite his current situation: the dark-furred hyena had started with a grin and a waved *hello*, but as soon as the door full opened his eyes fell on the she-wolf's heavy breasts, then drifted down across her bare belly, then a bit lower. And he licked his lips. Riley mirrored that interest on his own muzzle, then had to do so again to catch a rope of saliva that dripped out along his chops. He was *damn* hungry.

Couldn't hear them from over here in the next room, but Mora put her arm around Inks to bring him into the house, bumped the door shut with her hip, gave a little pinch to the hyena's rump through his pants, and then immediately fixed those sharp sapphires she had for eyes on her captive boyfriend, sitting in his chair with nothing but the leather of his collar and the plastic of his cage covering himself. Even that look gave him a useless twitch beneath that binding plastic: he *loved* the way she looked. Blue eyes, smooth snow-white fur head to tail and past, revealed flesh charcoal-black. The insides of her ears, her lips, her nipples, her pawpads, her *lips*.

With these last few, both himself and Inks were well acquainted. The three had met by chance at a party thrown by some mutual friend several years ago, and after getting some alcohol and some drugs into all of their systems, had ended up in the same bed... then on it, and all over it. And it had stuck. Inks had much less of a tendency to nip and bite when given commands, so he was a good stress relief toy for the two of them. Besides, Riley enjoyed watching his girlfriend take out her desires on another guy every now and then, since afterwards she was always too tired to bother putting up much of a fight for *him*.

Doesn't mean she *didn't*, of course. It just ensured he could win, which again, wasn't always a sure thing. Mora always got him back for it too, which was also a plus. Maybe these five weeks were payback.

"...so *you*," she was saying to Inks. Riley shook his head and looked up at the two of them, coming closer. "...will get the honors." She held the key out, a small, insignificant thing that had done so, so much. All in play, though. Mora knew that the bites of flesh Riley had taken out of her shoulder these past several weeks were love bites; like with everything else, she'd made sure to get her share in return. Hell, nearly

trying to suck her tongue out of her muzzle while he could taste his own blood on her lips had almost gotten him off regardless of the cage. *Almost.*

Inks looked from the key she'd pressed into his paws, to her muzzle, to Riley's muzzle, then down to his caged cock. The male wolf spread his legs apart and squirmed again, feeling his balls shift on the chair. Inks's ears flicked, and he licked his lips.

"So... just... put it in and unlock it?"

Mora patted his shoulder once, then again a bit harder. Apparently with enough force to make him stumble and half-crouch down; a moment later he dropped to his knees. "You got it. Every minute you wait is another minute of stink he's building up."

The hyena breathed a light chuckle, adjusting to a more comfortable position on the carpet between Riley's legs. "Is that supposed to encourage me?"

"Ugh. God." Mora rolled her eyes and crossed her arms in front of her chest, though in that short space, Riley caught an amused twinkle in her eyes. The whole idea didn't *actually* disgust her, of course: that was why every time she brought Inks over to do this – and this certainly wasn't the first – she made sure to stay close by and watch his... *cleanup*. Standing close enough to see, yet far enough that she wouldn't have to smell it. "*Boys.*"

Riley's body gave a subconscious twitch as soon as he felt the tapping of their friend's claws against his cage, lifting both it and his shaft while Inks got a better look at the thing. Then those fingers made their way to the lock, solid metal, jiggled it, brought the key close... "Well," Inks mused, "I *am* a hyena. That's kind of... my thing..."

*Click* of the lock, slight struggle in pulling it from the holes, and then... and then Inks tugged the front sheath of the cage off, letting the ring dangle for a moment before carefully slipping that down off of the wolf's sack. Riley struggled to keep down a hungry growl, already able to feel those five weeks of want surge back into him: he wriggled on the chair, let out a low *huff*, half-lifted his hips, throbbed beneath Inks's muzzle.

And the hyena's nose twitched and wrinkled, as that throb gave enough to roll his foreskin back a fraction of an inch... before it stuck. Riley swallowed and squirmed again, just the *feeling* of cool air and warm breath along the skin of his shaft working him up and dragging another throb out of him, allowing him to stiffen up for the first time in over a month – but Inks had to reach forward, rest a finger and thumb around the rim of his foreskin, and give him a bit of help to roll the rest of the way back.

Even still, that went with some difficulty. Riley couldn't help but wrinkle his lips and look away for a second, partially from embarrassment and partially because he could *already* smell himself: when he looked back down, first brushing by Mora's still amused, now somewhat entranced expression as though she were watching a video she found simultaneously hilarious yes somewhat strange, he actually half-thought about standing up and plodding off to take a shower.

But that would ruin the fun, for both Inks and for Mora. He didn't want to ruin Mora's fun.

“Oh, God...” he heard Inks murmur, dark brown eyes scanning over the... *bounty* just a few inches below his nose. Riley’s flesh was also black like Mora’s, though black beneath fur also black and brown like rich peat – and the scent that drifted up from between his legs smelled about as strongly as peat, too, he thought. He couldn’t really understand *how* the hyena could stay there, so close, short whiskers angled forward, nose constantly twitching in drawing in that richness, but the hunger he could see in his eyes and hear on his breathing... well, those just made him stiffen up even more.

Finally his foreskin finished rolling back with that final throb, a small, dryish chunk of the gunk of those five weeks flaking off from the last roll. Inks lowered his muzzle down to the base of Riley’s shaft and placed a gentle kiss there, though kept his eyes seven and a half inches up to the underside of his head, tinted red from so much time unattended – reddish-pink flesh with a somewhat thick layer of greasy, slimy white nestled into the ridges, hanging from the wrinkles, clinging to the back of his head. Not being able to roll back to piss meant that most of that moisture stayed underneath as well: a few more kisses up his length, coming closer and closer to that gunk, Inks brought his fingers up as well, the pad of his thumb just now brushing against the tender rim of Riley’s head... and streaking that gathered grime over a bit.

“How long?” Inks drawled, lips pressed against the wolf’s cock with one paw keeping him against his face. Riley’s hips worked against that muzzle, slowly pulling his sticky foreskin back and forth, back and forth – such a sweet, delicious feeling, even if his nose *did* curl from his own damn scent. Like... like ammonia and piss, concentrated together with something sharper and wetter that was undeniably his own.

Mora shrugged again. She’d taken a step back to give the hyena his space, but still kept a close eye on the action before her. “Little over one month? God, there’s – hardly anything I like more than seeing my two boys have fun...”

“Christ...” Inks drawled, warm breath wrapping around Riley’s sensitive length just the same as his fingers did. Nose and lips pressed right against the underside of his head, tongue teasing at his frenulum and partially digging into the little ridges on either side, the hyena brought his paw up, rolled that slick foreskin forward so that it bunched up at the end of his tip... then came up, took a deep whiff of that glistening, wrinkled skin, and slowly started to swirl his tongue in against. Riley tensed up again and forcibly held himself down on the chair, though he couldn’t keep from giving another throb – which ended up as a fat glob of liquid pre oozed right out into those gathered folds of skin, quickly lapped up along the hyena’s tongue. “You didn’t let up on him at all, did you, Mora?”

“Course not.” Blue eyes settled on Riley’s again. He tried to return her gaze with daggers. “Why d’you say that?”

Inks swallowed, a hungry sound nearly inseparable from the breathy moan following it, and drew the wolf’s skin back down again. Another chunk of his gathered gunk flaked off, and then just as though none of that were there at all, Inks tilted his muzzle to the side, pursed his lips against the hot flesh, curled his tongue partially around his head, smeared that mess over a bit, brought it back into his maw and swallowed down the little bit he’d gotten.

Like – like lukewarm butter. About the same color and greasiness. Riley squirmed again. From this angle he had an excellent, for lack of a better word, vantage on his own mess: from the red-tinted flesh of his head, more fervid than usual due to his lack of having gotten off for the past several weeks; the thick,

slick gunk clinging to each wrinkle under his foreskin, each little ridge of flesh, and especially underneath the rim of his head, coming back into view every time Inks drew that skin back; the shining dampness that had started to spread down along his shaft as well, the oozing from his own oils...

And the hyena just ate it all up. Literally. Another long, slow lick from base to tip, turning into him coming around the back of his head and starting to swirl his tongue down around there, steadily cleaning him off from the top down. Inks swallowed and sat back for a moment, looking up at Mora – who rolled her eyes, a smile on her lips.

“‘Cause,” Inks went on, “he’s got as much fuckin’ buildup as – another friend of mine after *three* months...”

The she-wolf above him snorted, took a half-step closer, leaned in to get a look... then rolled her eyes again, starting to raise one leg up. She brought it down on the back of Inks’s head, not *hard* but still enough to push him back down between the male’s legs, chin against his sack and nose digging into the bush of pubic fur at the base of his shaft. That contact made Riley’s body grind forward against the hyena’s muzzle again, which just rolled his foreskin back down again.

“So then get to cleaning it off.”

Inks chuckled, then drew in another breath, then let out another moan. This time when he came back up along Riley’s shaft, he made no hesitation in moving around to wrap his tongue around the back of his head. Such an odd sensation, feeling that slick sliminess pushed and smeared around beneath another layer of saliva, thick and heavy with hunger and want... he lifted his hips up, trying to push deeper into the hyena’s muzzle, and Inks complied. Lips tight, he made sure to keep Riley’s foreskin pushed back as he descended, then ran them along the rim of his head once he came back up.

Just once, though. At least, once for now. He swallowed again and moved back down to the underside of the wolf’s head, keeping his cock against his lips with one paw while slowly stroking him, eyes fixed on the rim of his foreskin as it rolled back and forth, back and forth across his head. “Yes, ma’am,” the hyena breathed; he gently nipped Riley’s frenulum between his lips and gave a light tug, letting go against the throb that that pulled out of the wolf. Already felt as though he were two steps away from-

Riley rolled his head back over the edge of the chair and let a needy growl rumble from his throat. “*God*. Mora. I wanna cum.”

“Not yet, puppy. There’s still-” Again as if on cue, this time it was Inks’s tongue that pushed its way in between the rim of his foreskin and his head, pushing that built-up gunk together and then digging it out. Even without looking in that direction Riley could smell it, sharp and harsh, yet it *was* his own scent, and that certainly didn’t dampen his arousal at all. “...Mm. I mean, *I* wouldn’t put my mouth on you, but Inks here...”

Another dive down, this time with Inks bringing Riley into the back of his throat and keeping him there. The hyena rumbled with satisfaction, nostrils flared as he tried to draw in more of the wolf’s heavy scent. Some of his gunk had ended up smeared across his upper lip – though maybe Inks knew, and kept it there.

Riley gasped, twitched, lifted up some more, tried to thrust deeper to push himself over that edge – and instead found himself humping at the empty air like any other horny dog. His eyes fluttered opened and he brought his head forward again only to find Mora pushing Inks's head down beneath her footpaw again, though this time in the other direction: as he tilted over backwards, adjusted his legs under him, and eventually lowered himself to his back along the carpeted floor, the *very* hard tent in the front of the hyena's pants came into view. This time it was Riley who rolled his eyes. *Hyenas*.

Inks, meanwhile, had hardly noticed when the she-wolf had started to pull him back once he'd lifted up off of Riley's cock. He could still smell him on his breath and lip as strongly as when he'd had his muzzle pressed against him, right in the source of that gunk; sure, it made his lip curl, but it still got him so worked up. Besides, it seemed Mora wanted him for something else now, too, so he gladly followed when she guided him down to the floor... then looked up to see those delicious black-fleshed lips between white-furred thighs starting to lower down towards his waiting muzzle.

The she-wolf reached down as she descended, spreading herself between two fingers; Inks shifted to get into a better position, and in the same move peered past her thigh at her boyfriend still sitting on the chair and only now realizing what was going on. No jealousy in that look, though: Inks had no doubt that during his five weeks of confinement Mora had taken his face for a ride as often as she liked. Maybe a bit of frustration, but certainly that paled against what he'd just gone through. Admirable that Riley still had the self-control to keep his paws off of himself, though: the last thing Inks could see of him before heavy white-furred thighs obscured his view of the male was yet another strong throb from that thick, hard cock, now shining from his recent cleaning of it rather than from the gathered grease of five weeks without a shower.

Then his nose twitched and brought into his focus something *else* that needed his attention: slick, soft black lips spread directly above his maw, the she-wolf keeping herself up with her knees on either side of his head, precariously balanced right there. As if she were waiting for something. Inks licked his lips, swallowed, twitched his nose again in breathing in the so-similar, so-different aroma of her arousal, worked and teased from – what had she said? Watching her two boys have fun.

"Don't think I don't want some of that tongue of yours, too," she growled, for a moment sliding her fingers down along black flesh before spreading herself again. With a slight adjustment she pushed her hips down closer to Inks's jaw; this close he could *definitely* see the dampness in her fur. "But, your breath stinks. So I think I'll... have to..."

A bite of the lip, a brief hesitation, a small inhalation... followed by a smooth rattling sigh, and with that, the first drops of piss streaming down across the hyena's chin, then arcing up towards his lips and cheek as it strengthened. Mora relaxed, letting herself give in to the relief.

"...wash out your mouth..."

Sure, Inks expected this to happen just about as soon as she'd spread herself again, but that didn't mean he'd *prepared* for it. The first taste of her mark, nowhere near as rich as Riley's built-up musk but still the same sort of acrid, splashed across his tongue and joined the lingering odor of the male's on his breath. The hyena squeezed his eyes shut and turned his head against her stream, taking it across the side of his face, down his chin, along his neck, so that it pooled along his chest and flowed down beneath him.

Mora wouldn't give him a chance to breathe, though. He turned the other direction, the feeling of the liquid heat soaking into his fur and its scent filling his nostrils just making his pants even tighter, but along that movement the she-wolf saw her chance to bear down on him a little heavier and grind her clit directly against his nose, forcing another good splash of her piss between his lips. Inks had no choice there but to let it flow into his maw and down along his tongue, adding a sharp saltiness to everything else already stirring there; he sealed his lips against hers, one mouthful, a second, a third turning to a short series of coughs and splutters, bringing him to tilt his head to the side a bit to continue letting her drain herself against his cheek and neck while he could still get the occasional lick at her.

He was so focused on her that he didn't even notice Riley standing up from the chair behind her until those two strong paws seized his legs, fervently worked at his pants fly, yanked them right off of one leg, then pulled his lower body up into the air and spread his rump to line that slick length up with his tailhole. Mora glanced over her shoulder as well, her stream just now beginning to wane to a dribble.

"What do you think you're-" Her breath caught in her throat as Inks, panting, leaned in again and drew his tongue up along her still-dripping lips. "-doing, puppy?"

Just as Riley had had no jealousy on his face when watching his girlfriend straddle Inks's muzzle, now Mora bore no anger or disappointment in her voice. Like she'd expected - no, *wanted* Riley to come and join the two of them. Inks wriggled his lower body, settling himself into the big wolf's lap and wrapping his legs around his waist, gently poking and prodding at that hot tip kissing against his tailhole...

"Getting the rest of my share," he answered in a smooth growl, and started to push in. Then it was Inks's turn to suck in a breath, chin braced against Mora; the she-wolf reached back down and ran a pair of fingers over her clit while he got used to her boyfriend's girth sinking slowly under his tail, refreshing the scent of sex and piss in his nose.

With her other paw she reached forward, lightly grabbed the back of the hyena's muzzle, and tugged him back in against her, working her hips against his face until he found the energy to continue digging his tongue into her and suckling at that little nub of sensitive flesh. She gave the same sort of little twitches and jerks that Riley had when he'd done the same to the male's head.

"Don't break him now, dear..." the she-wolf purred, reaching a paw back. A moment later Inks felt those warm fingers brush along his hard and *very* eager length, earning another shiver and squeeze out of him which in turn made Riley suck in a breath, about halfway inside of him. "I'll still wanna use him a bit after we're done here."

"I - thought you..." Riley was very obviously having a hard time himself. He worked himself into the hyena's rump slowly and in stops, pushing forward then taking a break, again and again. Inks could still feel that thick, slick foreskin of his pulling back inside of him, though, then rolling forward once he started to draw back. He moved back to get a breath of air, then wormed his arms up between Mora's thighs, spread her with his thumbs, and dug right back in. Her legs shook from that, and she had to lower herself down against his muzzle. "Wanted a turn at me afterwards?"

"Oh, I do. *Ooh...*" Then began the churning of her hips again, grinding her clit against his upper lip while he focused his tongue further down, then settling it against it when he moved up again. That was what made her shiver the most. "Just - doesn't mean I can't have *both* of you."

It had been a while since Inks had felt the sensation of firm, muscular hips pressing up against his rear, with those seven-something inches of hard, eager wolf buried inside of him, but *God*, he'd missed it. With his legs still wrapped around Riley's body he worked himself along that length, pulling up just a bit and pushing back down, keeping the male nestled inside of him and squeezing, pulling, pushing all around him, just barely able to feel the rolling of his foreskin but still loving it.

Riley loved it too, of course: those strong paws now gripped the hyena's waist, holding him tightly in place with his small movements, and with claws digging steadily deeper against his skin the more he worked. Even over Mora's own rising moans and tense panting – she'd doubled over him, one paw still on his head holding him down while the other went against the now-wet carpet to keep herself up – he could hear the other wolf's approach, almost as well as he could *feel* it. He was holding back, maybe trying to push his peak back one, two more seconds, constantly urged and coaxed on from the hyena's rump now working itself halfway up his length and then back down, again and again.

Instead of the fast, hard thrusting he'd expect from the wolf after five weeks without getting off, in what of his attention remained outside of working his tongue over and against Mora's clit and between her lips he suddenly felt Riley lift up and press into him, burying himself to the hilt... and then one, two, three, four, *five*, and then *six* thick, heavy throbs and spurts deep inside, the latter few of which came with a sigh that would have made Inks think that Riley had started to drain *his* bladder, too, were he not already familiar with that particular feeling.

Couldn't let that distract himself, though: while the wolf rode out the tail end of his long-awaited orgasm, hips weakly thrusting forward and back to milk the last drops out of himself, Inks wrapped his arms back around Mora's thighs and kept her as firmly on his muzzle as Riley kept him in his lap. Soon she was grinding against his face, those muscles beneath her white fur tensing up until they were taut as steel cords... and *she* was the one that bucked, and jerked, and gasped, and shuddered, finally settling back against the hyena's also-soaked chest.

"*Fuck...*" Riley drawled. A moment later his paw came down on his girlfriend's shoulder; panting, she rolled her head to the side to try to look at him. "I needed that. I *really* needed that."

Mora had to swallow before she could speak. "I did, too, dear. How're you, Inks, hon?"

He responded with a low, hungry rumble and a thrust into the air, which pulled him partially off of Riley's length. Her taste still hung so, so strongly on his lips and in the back of his throat, and even though he'd had his face between her legs for these past minutes, Riley's reek still floated heavily in his head as well. The male shuddered with that little movement, and after a few seconds slowly drew himself the rest of the way out. Might as well have pissed in him, with the volume of the load that Inks could feel trying to drip down out of his tailhole...

"Mm. Yeah. About what I expected." The she-wolf half-lifted herself up, then settled back down when her legs shook. "Ooh. Yeah. I think we all need a breather."

Riley just flumped back onto his rump, letting Inks's legs splay around him. "I could go for that."

Inks rumbled again.



“Oh, don’t you worry,” Mora cooed down to him, with a pat to his cheek. She didn’t care that her piss still remained fresh and wet there. “You’ll get yours. There’s a reason I invited you over so early in the day. Riley?”

Brief moment of panting, catching his breath. “Mm?”

“Once your legs decide to start working again, would you be a dear and get my strap-on from the bedroom?”

He cleared his throat. Inks lifted his muzzle to nose at the she-wolf’s lower belly; she responded with a slight adjustment – and then he had slick, wet clit against his upper lip again. Instead of getting right back into it, though, this time he pushed his nose into that damp fur and took a low, deep drawl of her scent. “Yes ma’am. Which one?”

“Um... nine-inch.”

“Horse or the knot?”

For that, she turned sapphire-blue eyes on the hyena still lapping at the mess between her legs. He met her gaze, though did not slow in his licking. “What do *you* think?”

Almost unconsciously, Inks gave another thrust into the air.