

“This is the last time I’m gonna let you do this, you know.”

Shekh looked up at the big German shepherd above him, legs spread with one half-draped over his shoulder, unkempt bellyfur showing from beneath an untucked police uniform shirt. This wasn’t exactly how he’d planned to spend his Halloween evening, but - at least it was *something*. Maybe somewhere along the way, he’d find a chance to send Hayley a text telling her that he wouldn’t be able to make it to their haunted house thing tonight.

“What?” This wasn’t a position he was unused to, especially with this particular police dog. A small brass badge, simply reading BEAU, glittered on the upper chest part of his uniform. “Suck your dick?”

“No. Get away with breaking the law. Sometimes I think you forget I’m an officer...” Beau lifted his hips, feeling the pressure of Shekh’s paw pressing into him. His belt had already been undone, leaving just the button and zipper of his fly - which were soon to follow. “Other times, I think you just ignore it.”

This wasn’t how *he’d* expected to spend *his* Halloween, either. First time in five years where he’d successfully gotten the night off, which meant he’d sleep damn well tonight as opposed to all those other Halloweens. In fact, his patrol ended in about twenty minutes, so hopefully this little *diversion* would take him right to that point... though knowing this hyena, it was possible he’d be held back afterwards for a little something extra.

At least it was a pleasant night, so far. Cooler than it had been for the past month, with a slow breeze almost always rustling quietly through the near-naked branches of trees all around... the shepherd lounged back on the bench, spreading his legs a little further. Probably wasn’t something he should be doing in a public park like this, but... *technically*, the park had closed earlier in the night around ten P.M., with the large front gates closed and locked. Parks like this were the places where delinquent teens tend to congregate after hours on Halloween, so he figured it would be a good place to pick up some action while still on duty.

As it turned out, though, he stumbled upon a delinquent hyena rather than a teen, and found a *different* sort of action in exchange for not bringing him in for trespassing. Again.

“Yeah, well...” Shekh licked his lips as he drew down Beau’s zipper. Even before getting his fly open, he could taste the familiar dry spice of his musk on the air; seemed like he’d decided to omit wearing underwear today, too. Just like last time, and the time before that, and *maybe* the time before that as well; he couldn’t particularly remember *that* one. “I get off with a warning and a mouthful, and you just get off. We both win.”

“You keep talking instead of getting to work, and I’ll be giving you a lot more than just a mouthful.”

Olive-green eyes flicked up, watching Beau as the hyena undid his fly. Again the German shepherd lifted his hips up, this time to allow him to tug his pants down his legs. "Is that supposed to be a threat?"

"Call it another warning. Haven't pissed since I left for work this morning, and - hey - your mouth is still open, isn't it?"

Cool wind on his back, the warmth of Beau's body so close to his muzzle... Shekh closed his eyes and lifted his nose up between the officer's legs, breathing in the scent that had been gathering there all day. It was one he'd long since grown accustomed to, through afternoons spent with Beau intentionally grinding this scent of his into the hyena's fur and nights having his head shoved down into this position.

The stones of the park sidewalk were a little uncomfortable on his knees, but again, it wasn't something he hadn't been through before. In fact, right before he caught sight of the spinning colored lights of the police cruiser, before the beam of the shepherd's flashlight punched him in the face, Shekh had just finished putting his tongue to work on someone else, back behind those bushes to his right.

Clear, cold night tonight... Shekh dragged his nose up along the side of Beau's sheath, putting in just enough pressure to feel the contours of his cock beneath the warm, supple skin. Out of the end of that sheath peeked the reddish-pink flesh of the end of the shepherd's length, slick and moist already, gradually being coaxed further out by the hyena's touches; the fair-sized ring pierced through the flesh there caught the silver light of tonight's moon and reflected it fully, and it was there that Shekh shifted his focus to next.

He lifted his gaze again as the shepherd squirmed, trying to grind against his face more firmly. In fact, Shekh had been the first person to taste Beau's Prince Albert after he'd gotten it put in, quite some time back: *be gentle*, Beau had told him, *it's not quite healed yet*. That night the two of them had originally planned to co-op a new shooter game start to finish in one sitting; instead they got halfway through, and Beau soloed the rest while Shekh kept his head in his lap, tongue playing at the end of the shepherd's cock and the metal ring through it.

He was glad to see that each little flick of his tongue over the piercing still caused Beau to squirm. Because the ring had spent all day hidden within the shepherd's sheath (unless he'd whipped it out to *enjoy himself* at some point during the day, which, knowing him, was entirely plausible), so it retained the same intense heat and tangy, musky taste as the rest of his length, most of which also remained hidden underneath that supple skin. The hyena brought a paw up to rub at Beau's sack and tug his sheath down, feeling the very same heat and tension there that he did in the rest of him. There were few things he enjoyed more than feeling a cock grow and stiffen up against his lips, under the attention of his tongue - and as he worked at Beau more, the slickness of his oozing pre spread across his tongue more and more, the taste burying everything else-

-until his tongue grazed along another piercing, further down along the shepherd's sheath. He moved back so he could see what was going on. It was a small bulb, or rather two separated by a space, through the middle of the underside... with another pair some distance below that... and then two more, all evenly spaced and coming into view the more the hyena rubbed at the base of his sheath.

"That's new..."

"What?" Beau had had his head leaned back over the back of the bench; here, he rolled it forward, having to take a moment to focus his eyes. He'd been getting into it - and still gently humped upwards into Shekh's paw, squeezing at him right above his unswollen knot inside his sheath. "Oh - yeah, I had those put in some time back... it's been a while since you and I've last had some - quality time..."

"Frankly, I'm disappointed." Shekh flicked his tongue out over his lips, then moved down and dragged that tongue again up Beau's underside, making sure to press along each row in his ladder. The shepherd let out a low, shuddering moan, and brought a paw down on the back of his head to hold him in place. The hyena had to brace his paws against the officer's thighs to give himself enough room to speak - though his nose was still held against the underside of the now-twitching cock, knot just barely starting to take shape near the end of his sheath. "I expected you to - send me a whole bunch of pictures just like when you got the Prince Albert... expected to be the first person to get a good look at it..."

"Surprise," the shepherd rumbled. "Turn around and lift your tail. You'll be the first to feel it."

"What, so soon? Aren't you gonna let me lube you up a little more?"

"Jesus." Beau rolled his eyes - or, rather, just the one; Shekh still hadn't yet seen what it was he had beneath that eyepatch of his. "Such a fag. Hurry up, it's almost midnight. I wanna get home as soon as possible so I can go the fuck to sleep."

And Shekh *would* have given a response more verbose than "Mm." were his mouth not already full, in slowly descending back onto the shepherd's hard cock. He'd gotten used to the feeling of the ring at the end, tapping against the roof of his mouth and tickling at the back of his throat (he'd already chipped a tooth on it once, which, given Beau's *holy shit, that's the third time that's happened with someone*, wasn't a particularly rare occurrence), but this new ladder... smooth metal balls across the surface of his broad tongue, adding more weight to Beau's already-heavy cock. Had he not already had experiences with piercings, all thanks to this same shepherd, he'd be worried about swallowing one.

One thing that kept him from enjoying this as much as he could have was how, every now and then, he thought he could hear some kind of *noise* or another from elsewhere in the park. Halloween night, approaching midnight, it would totally make sense if they weren't alone; Shekh just didn't particularly like the idea of getting caught again with seven inches of shepherd cock

buried in his throat. Still, though, he couldn't deny - part of the rush, part of the interest was that small chance of getting caught, that possibility of something going wrong. Every time he came back up along Beau's cock, feeling the base of his Prince Albert against his lips, the hyena cast a look around in case anyone came by.

Try as he might to tell himself that he *didn't* want someone to find him with his muzzle between Beau's legs, there was still that part of him. Shekh dove down on him once more until the bulge of his knot pressed against his lips, and while there pressed his tongue against the studded underside of his cock - which, as expected, made the shepherd's paw tighten on the back of his head. When he finally drew his muzzle off of him, a strand of saliva still linked his lips to the ring of his Prince Albert. Then, that done, he raised himself to his feet again, and reached his paws down to undo his own pants.

"Pssh," scoffed the officer. The radio hanging from his belt made a noise of static followed by some unintelligible string of words; he put his paw down to it, and shut it off. "Look at you - can't wait to go for a ride-along. Get it?"

Shekh stuck his tongue out at the shepherd while sliding his pants and boxers down his legs, just enough to bring his own throbbing cock into view and to free up his tail. "Ha-ha. And I'm only doing this so you don't put me in prison for the night. Again."

"Mhmm. Your tail's wagging." Beau moved his paw from his radio to his own lap, angling his length up and stroking it gently. The moisture of his pre glistened off the pad of his thumb. "And, besides, I only told you to blow me."

An indulgent shiver ran the length of the hyena's spine, right as he turned to lower himself down into the offered lap - one of his favorite things to hear was those two words: *blow me*. One paw against each of Beau's thighs, tail raised, moving down as he grinded his bare rump against the shepherd's cock and the piercings studding the underside. The slick warmth of his own saliva covering that length aided his movements, and the hyena brought one paw back behind him to point Beau's length up towards the pucker of his tailhole. This was *another* reason he enjoyed the shepherd's Prince Albert: the feeling of the slick metal ring pushing easily up against him, with the firm heat of the end of his cock right underneath... Shekh licked his lips.

Where he was now, he could see down the sidewalk towards the entrance of the park, though the curve of a hill hid that from sight. Still nobody else around, and what he could see of the parking lot was empty except for Beau's cruiser; up in the sky, a smooth sheet of blue-black broken by puffy grey clouds, waving spotlights of all the haunted houses open tonight came into view, swung around, and disappeared. Each inhalation through his nose brought in the taste of autumn leaves, the chill bite of night, and the unmistakable heavy musk of the shepherd, weighing down his tongue and tickling at his nose.

Just as he started to churn his hips back against the end of Beau's cock, right as he started to sink down onto his tapered tip - something started to happen with the shepherd. Shekh first

noticed in how the officer's paws on his hips gripped him steadily tighter, before his claws started to dig into his skin; he squirmed and tried to move forward, but Beau wouldn't let him. It was just - big shepherd paws gripping onto him.

"Hey-" the hyena grumbled, trying harder to free himself. Beau's body had started to shake, too, and now he pressed his chin down against Shekh's shoulder, half-pulling the hyena down onto his hard cock. "What are you-"

And, then, sharp teeth dug into the flesh of his shoulder, causing his words to bend into a yelp of pain. Something was *happening* to Beau, something that caused his body to shift and pulse all over, that made his flesh and muscles ripple and bulge out... though he was held firmly in place, Shekh could tell that the shepherd's body quickly grew too large for the restrictive clothing of his uniform, and promptly caused it to burst and tear at the seams. Such an odd feeling, being clamped down in Beau's lap while he transformed - and terrifying, too: the breath on his neck, the teeth in his shoulder, the meat underneath his tail, the paws on his hips... everything warped and changed, becoming bigger, more intense, *heavier*.

In fact, one of those paws - it had grown massively in size to match the rest of the changes in the shepherd's body, with long claws reaching out and scraping through - started making its way up from his hip, along his belly and chest, toward his bare neck...

Finally, though, he managed to rip himself free, but then promptly stumbled over his own pants halfway down his legs. Nervous breath in his throat, Shekh tried to crawl forward across the sidewalk, paying no attention to the little bits of gravel, leaves, and twigs digging into his lower belly and revealed length - but the sounds of Beau's continued transformation attracted his attention. He scrambled a short distance away and rolled over, half-attempting to tug his pants back up in the process, and then saw something he thought he never would.

It was Beau, sure... or at least, it *had* been. Silver light of the full midnight moon shining down from above, the beast that now writhed and growled on the bench, the same one that Shekh had *just* almost taken under his tail, now looked like something halfway between that same German shepherd, a very large feral wolf, and - well. Shekh wasn't entirely sure.

Muzzle elongated, ears sharpened, fur all over its body tufted and ragged, limbs and joints warped to look more like a feral's, but the most drastic change rippled down its chest and between its legs. It was also halfway between male and female, it seemed, with a full pair of breasts hanging from its upper chest - and two more rows growing down along its chest, seemingly straight out of the muscle beneath the skin. Thick fur rippled and shifted, giving shape to them as they bulged out, then parted entirely to show each nipple, full and reddish-pink.

The cock that Shekh had already drawn into his muzzle and swirled his tongue around had changed, too, thickening out and lengthening quite a bit, so that it now reached up between the

lowest row of those breasts, its previously canid shape having turned into something almost equine, with a broad head and medial ring.

The bite wound on Shekh's shoulder stung brightly, as if someone had jammed an ice cube into the flesh. His vision blurred and he winced, causing him to lose his focus... and when it came back, Beau - or what used to be Beau - had risen to its hind legs, single yellow eye focused sharply on the hyena in front of it. Though his heart pounded from what he'd just witnessed, Shekh oddly could not bring himself to flee; that yellow eye, burning bright like the sun, held him in place - and besides, there was something almost... *alluring* in the primal aura emanating from the thing, its deep rumbling growl and the thick drooling shaft still throbbing in front of it. Not only that, but its sack had grown as well, to something that Shekh - *certainly* wanted to lift his muzzle up beneath, just to feel the weight and warmth of it atop his nose.

There was something *else* that had changed, too, something in the beast's scent. He noticed this with another sharp throb from his shoulder, powerful enough that he had to bring a paw up to the wound; his fingers came back bloody. Now there was *that*, too, splitting his attention between the beast slowly stalking towards him and the open wound on his shoulder. Sure, Beau had bitten him before, but never hard enough to draw blood-

His heart caught in his throat, then, as he noticed something else change: the beast's breathing, the noise it made, changed from a low growling to an investigatory series of sniffs. It stood full up on its hind legs, putting it easily at eight feet tall, and then just as quickly dropped down into a low crouch, coming towards Shekh. The hyena remained in place with his pants halfway down his legs, cock half-hard - but why, he didn't know. He hadn't felt this in *such* a long time, this mix of nervousness and excitement... a near-insatiable *I want to see what happens next*.

It was that interest that rooted him in place while Beau closed the distance to him, and that interest that kept his eyes fixed forward at the beast's endowment, piercings still in place and swinging with the movements of its hips. If he'd thought that the shepherd's scent had been enticing *before*... now, with the beast crouched almost over him, it was all he could breathe. Same dry spice as before, same familiar tang, but now with something indescribably different over all of it, something that caused his whiskers to twitch and mouth to water. He ran his tongue out over his lips, scanned his eyes up along this beast's front: he could easily read its pulse in the throbbing of its cock between its lower breasts, which looked full and bloated, almost, only further nagging at him about the different *something* in its scent. It was a faintly familiar sharpness, like a good scent ground into the fur of his upper lip, always present, always teasing at him, but he couldn't figure it out.

A low rumble of exhaled breath over the side of his body, burning like hot steam, and then - long, broad tongue rolled out and dragged up the bite wound on his shoulder, lapping off the oozing blood and making the wound itself sting even more. But, oddly, it was a good pain, one that made Shekh straighten up further and arch his back - which only put his muzzle closer to the beast's breasts. He swallowed, licked his lips again, then lifted his nose a little further and

flicked his tongue out over one of the nipples - warm, fleshy, firm; the beast above him shivered, it seemed, and let out another low rumble of a growl, loud enough for Shekh to feel on the air.

Not only that, but the contact made his now-clean wound pulse with that same sharp feeling again, somewhere between bright pain and sweet pleasure. The creature that had used to be Beau straightened up as well, putting the base of its cock as well as the lowest row of its hanging breasts about even with the hyena's muzzle, so that all he had to do was lean in and close the distance. He swirled his tongue around first one nipple and then the other, pressing his nose against the slick flesh of the beast's large cock in the transition between them.

Like licking a battery: faint tingling across the surface of his tongue, unique taste... but he wanted more. The entirety of Shekh's immediate vision remained obscured by the beast's body and proportions, and as such, it consumed his focus, too. Olive-green eyes traced up and down the muscled form so close to him, from the topmost largest row of breasts to each one beneath; to the thick, long shaft twitching between those rows, clear pre steadily rolling down the underside and dripping off to the sidewalk underneath them; heavy sack, more voluminous than Shekh's own head; powerful legs, sharp joint angles, huge paws with similarly large claws that repeatedly dug at the concrete with the kneading of its feet. And - God, the rich scent wrapping around his muzzle, keeping his gaze half-lidded but still impeccably focused...

It almost felt like someone *else* moving his body rather than himself, then. Shekh dragged his tongue up along the underside of the beast's length, starting along the bulge of its knot, less prominent than before, and then finishing about halfway to the blunted end. If he leaned his muzzle back and kept his maw open, every couple seconds he would receive a fat drop of slick, tangy pre atop his tongue. The hyena's heart still pounded in his chest, now due to arousal and excitement rather than fear. Again and again he ran his tongue over the beast's length, tasting every inch of it, bringing its heat and richness into his mouth - and at the same time cupped its sack in his paw, lifting up the heavy orb and massaging it around in his palm.

If he'd thought *this* part of the beast felt hot... along the back of its hanging sack and up towards its body, it felt almost as if he'd dipped his fingers into a wound, it was so hot and slick. It wasn't a feeling entirely alien to the hyena, though, especially as he continued up with his fingers: he could feel the slick rolling drips of the juice of arousal, the supple lips, the slick interior, clenching and squeezing around a pair of fingers plunged into it. The beast shivered again, and clamped a huge paw on Shekh's other shoulder.

*That's* where that scent came from. Between swallowing down those globs of pre and flicking his tongue along the ring piercing still hanging from the end of its cock, Shekh brought his paw back to his lips and lapped off the slickness... if only his first instinct upon seeing Beau's transformation *hadn't* been to run. *That* was something he wanted to bury his muzzle into, to put his tongue to work for a second time tonight.

Beau had a different idea for him, however. Perhaps it was having the hyena's muzzle along its cock - he had angled it down to him and brought it into his mouth, though he could only fit it a

few inches past his lips - or having his fingers up inside him, but its breathing had yet again changed, and it was clear for what purpose. The large paw on Shekh's shoulder tightened, strengthened, threatened to break bones or at least skin - and then pushed him down onto his back.

Better to just... go along with whatever it had in mind, he figured. Those fangs, each at least as long as his index finger, looked like they'd have no trouble piercing into his flesh if he were to try to flee again. The beast moved its paws to Shekh's shoulders, held itself above him for a moment while inspecting his muzzle with that single bright yellow eye - and then started to lower itself down. First there was the pressure and faint pain of those huge, heavy paws pressing down on him, already making his bones crunch against the sidewalk; then there was moist warmth against the hyena's revealed cock, fully hard and waiting; and then - *then* - that warmth came to squeeze around him, started to slide down his length.

The hyena couldn't help it. He gritted his teeth, he arched his back and lifted up as much as he could, the breath of a low moan passing between his lips. Even despite the size difference between the two - or maybe that was the reason *why* - it felt damn *good*, this soft, delicious slickness he was being made to sink into, gently clenching all around his cock, squeezing at all the right places... before long, the weight of the beast's body pressed down on his lower abdomen, the full of his length buried between those lips - with Beau's large, heavy sack weighing down the hyena's belly, as well.

What a way to spend an evening. In fact, when he opened his eyes, the thing first and foremost in his vision was the end of this creature's length, clear pre still oozing out, rolling down, dripping off and into the fur of his chest. He had honestly thought that was just saliva, just drool, but... it didn't take much effort from the hyena to reach up, angle that cock down with one paw - warm, supple skin moved smoothly over the surface, only making the beast shiver and leak *more* pre onto him - towards his muzzle, and part his lips once more.

Even if he hadn't intended to this time, it seemed Beau was still going to give him a bellyful rather than a mouthful. The beast churned its hips on Shekh, keeping him hilted in it while still shifting itself forward and back, forward and back on his length, and at the same time pushing its own cock deeper into the hyena's muzzle. Every time it drew back he had to swallow again, and again, and again, the slick pre coating his tongue and the inside of his mouth, filling his belly... just like how he could already tell that the creature's liquid arousal had soaked through the fur of his groin and thighs. *That* would be a scent that he wouldn't be able to wash out for - weeks, probably.

Not that that was a bad thing. In fact, Shekh's only complaint about the current situation would have to be that being sprawled out on a sidewalk with a creature of *this* size and weight resolutely riding him... well, all of that couldn't be good for his back. In fact, with each movement of Beau on him, he could hear (or rather feel) some joint in his body *pop*. All these rich scents and tastes hovering around, keeping his senses excited and tingling... there was nothing the

hyena could do but lie here, repeatedly lift his hips up into the beast, and keep his muzzle open as wide as he could.

Beau took advantage of this fact, too. At one point, hips still churning, the beast moved one of its paws to the back of Shekh's head, to hold him in place as it thrust forward, then slid back down onto him. It was like having a rather eager top underneath his tail, which, honestly, had been the hyena's original expectation of tonight: each thrust carried a little more force, a little more urgency than the one before, and each one pressed a bit deeper, brought a bit more discomfort... the Prince Albert dragged against the roof of his mouth, the ladder piercings rolled across the surface of his tongue, and that thick pre continuously dripped down his throat.

He couldn't even make eye contact with the thing. If anything, it had seemed to grow *bigger* as the night deepened: here Shekh was beneath it, hips lifting up as far as he could, bent half-over himself so he could suck the thing off... it was like a rather large feral dog, drooling at the mouth and humping at a toy. Now, it had started to lift itself up along his length higher and higher, only to sink back down onto him right after; Shekh's entire body lurched and shifted with the rhythm. He wouldn't last very long at this rate.

Thankfully, though, it seemed the same held for the beast: every time it lifted up, it also shoved its hips forward, burying its thick cock in the back of the hyena's throat and keeping it there for a second. Both paws around the base, he could feel every twitch, each pulse of the thing's heart, each throb - that always emptied more pre over the surface of his tongue. If he *could*, he'd move one paw down, find this thing's clit, and rub at that while it rode him, repeatedly grinding him down against the rough concrete of the sidewalk... but, there were more important things at hand. If he got Beau off quickly, he wouldn't have to worry about getting crushed, or about his stomach exploding from swallowing so much, or about his jaw becoming unhinged...

Part of him just wanted to shove his nose up beneath this full, heavy sack hanging down over his belly, and bury his tongue between the same lips that slid along his cock. Hell, maybe he'd have a chance later. More than one set of genitalia, three pairs of breasts - who's to say this thing couldn't have multiple orgasms?

It was well on its way to its first. Before too long, *both* of its large paws had settled on the back of Shekh's head, and steadily pulled him down along its length as it thrust forward, roughly shoving the pierced end of its cock into the back of his throat. He squirmed, and wriggled, and tried to breathe when he could, but couldn't do much - and each thrust forward always came before the beast settled back onto him, yet again causing him to hilt inside of it, which in turn sent another wave of hot, sweet pleasure through the hyena.

Hell - he was *already* right on the edge, where any movement felt like it'd be the one to push him over. He *had* been on the edge for a while now, and yet seemed like he couldn't reach his climax. It was like there was something preventing him, as if-

But, then, he couldn't put much more thought into it. Beau above him shuddered, growled deeply in its throat, dug its claws into the back of his head - and pressed its hips forward even more firmly than it already did. Shekh felt like it had been a *very* good thing that he'd managed to breathe when he could: he could feel that thick cock against the back of his throat, forcing its way in, cutting off his breathing - and *then* he felt it, all along the surface of his tongue underneath it, as it emptied out spurt after spurt after spurt of thick, heavy cum, straight into his belly. He didn't even have to swallow, it had forced itself so deep into his throat; it was just... well, like someone had filled up a quart-volume carton, dumped it into his belly, filled it up again, dumped it again, filled it up *again*...

It came as no surprise to him that he could both feel as well as see his stomach, at the edge of his vision, starting to bulge out with the load of seed filling him. Its slick warmth seeped into the rest of his body, just as the last of that load dripped out of the corners of his mouth - especially as Beau shifted back, in order to empty his last couple spurts across the hyena's muzzle, face, neck, chest. And it was this final movement, this last small shift in weight, that pushed *him* over the edge, too - though it's not like the beast could tell. Shekh dug his claws into Beau's large thighs, squeezed the taut muscles of his legs as he lifted up and felt his own climax ripple through him - and then shortly settled back down, his own sack emptied. Beau just gave him a low, contented rumble, accompanied by a sly smile curling his lips.

Hell - Shekh had forgotten about the bite wound in his shoulder throughout their exertion. Now that it was over, though, now that his jaw ached, his belly strained with the load bulging it out (as well as the sack and cock, both still heavy, resting atop it), and every muscle in his body felt like it had been stretched beyond its limit - now, he was reminded quite acutely of that wound. He couldn't move too much or else risk puking from the sharp pain, and - he *already* had more than enough of the beast's seed soaking into and matting down his fur. The way he was now, there'd be no way he could stand up and walk away anytime soon.

Beau similarly didn't move. The beast just remained sitting back on Shekh's cock, having propped itself up on its massive hindpaws, while its own length repeatedly throbbed and squeezed out the last of its cum while it retreated into the supple skin of its sheath... and, still those breasts hung full and heavy, nipples pink and standing out against the cool midnight air.

Head finally clear, though his body still thrummed with faint desire... Shekh's nose twitched, and he focused on that scent he picked up, trying to put his mind on anything other than the throbbing pain in his shoulder. It was the same smell that he'd picked up when Beau first transformed, the same rich, dry spice that adorned his fingers after sliding up behind the beast's sack and finding those lips - and doubtless the same scent that now soaked into his own fur. Then - his ears perked. He recognized it, and why it had turned him on so inexplicably; even now, just barely tasting it on the air, there was that familiar stirring in his abdomen.

Whatever it was Beau had transformed into - it was in heat.

Shekh thumped his head back against the sidewalk underneath him. He probably wouldn't be moving from this spot before dawn came.

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Beau smirked down at the hyena, sprawled across the backseat of his police cruiser, groaning and squirming. The shepherd had a faint idea of what had happened through the night, but the details escaped him: as in, he knew *why* he'd suddenly woken up naked, but didn't remember the part where his clothes had come off. Same thing happened to Shekh, too, with his short torn open, pants ripped straight down the middle, underwear shredded...

And - God - the *volume* of cum splattered across his face, soaked into his chestfur, dripping from underneath his tail. There was no doubt that that's what filled his belly and made it bulge out like that, too. Beau had taken a sniff at it - and, there was also no doubt that it was his own cum. Couldn't remember much of *that* either.

Bite marks pierced this hyena all over, too. Both shoulders, his neck, the middle of his chest, his inner thigh... Shekh tried to lift himself up, failed, and slumped back down.

"Oh," he drawled. "Hey, Beau. How long've... you been standing there?"

"It's past seven AM," the shepherd replied. Realizing his predicament of being *naked* in a *public park*, he'd lugged Shekh into the backseat of his cruiser and driven him back home; his clothing might have torn off of him, but thankfully, his keys remained on the bench where they'd settled earlier in the night. This wouldn't be the first time that Beau had had to borrow a change of clothing from him. "You passed out. I'd just pulled up by your place when you started to wake up."

"God, I'm sore all over..." Shekh rolled onto his side, causing only more thick cum to ooze out from beneath his tail. "Passed out? Dude, you can't blame me - you, or *whatever* that was, took me through - six? Seven orgasms? I dunno, I lost count... sure, I like sex, but - even *that's* a little too much for me..."

"Aah." So that's what had happened. Beau could feel the familiar slick warmth under *his* tail, too; unlike most of the times they'd spent together, for once Shekh hadn't been the one on bottom. "Look - I'm standing out here buck-ass naked in your driveway. Get up so we can go inside."

The hyena held his arms out. "Help me."

"Do you need to go to the hospital or something?" He'd certainly put on quite a bit of weight. Beau knew exactly why. "I don't think your stomach should extend that far."

"No, no, don't worry about it..." Shekh draped one arm over the shepherd's shoulder, and then sucked in a hiss of pain. "It's not the *first* time you've done this to me. Nor the second."

"Probably shoulda warned you what happens to me on the full moon, huh?"

"Wait - you *knew* about this?"

Beau chuckled. *His* body ached, too; he had last night off, but not today. Maybe he'd call in anyway. "What? Not like you'd *believe* me."

Olive-green eyes, half-lidded with exhaustion, flicked over to Beau's face. Shekh looked unamused. "Sure about that? Besides, if there's one thing I know for certain, it's that you *bit* me." He motioned at himself with a paw. "Lots of times. All over. So - guess we're gonna be spending next full moon together..."

"Sounds like a plan." Beau waited while Shekh, shakily, searched through what remained of his pants for his front door key. "As long as I don't end up looking like you."

"Hey! That's not fair..."

Honestly, spending the day resting sounded better than anything. Though - Beau *would* have dragged the hyena off into the backyard for one more thing, if not for the multiple open pierce wounds dotting his body.

He still hadn't emptied his bladder since the previous day.