

That night was particularly warm, the kind of soft, gentle spring evening heat that often made it feel more pleasant to be outside rather than behind closed doors. Natani let his gaze drift from Keith at one end of the room, to Kathrin on the bench beneath the far window, seemingly unnoticing of the occasional breeze that rustled its way through her fur and clothing.

Which was to say, according to common Keidran fashion, mostly just her fur. Once everyone had chosen to retire to their rooms for the night, she'd donned a dawn-blue evening robe of soft, puffy cotton... but had left it wholly undone in the front, so that it slid smoothly off her shoulder just about as soon as she'd bent over the table to get a closer angle on her sewing.

Maybe she'd noticed that; maybe she hadn't. She seemed perfectly content to focus on mending the hole that Trace had brought back in his cloak after falling from a tree today, and as a result hadn't yet noticed the way Keith was eyeing her from across the room. Of course, the Basitin acted as if he hoped to evade notice by the two Keidran with him tonight, alternating between running his eyes over the snow leopard's - Natani wasn't sure if that was *really* what kind of Keidran she was, but she had yet to correct him on that assumption - form, sleek as the fur she wore, and the half-filled glass he clutched loosely in one hand.

At one point he ended up making eye contact with Natani over his own glass, who dodged the look as if he were simply going in for another sip. Partially true, that: mostly, he just wanted to see what might come of this. Tonight would be the first night in a while that the three of them had had a chance to sit together, talk, and unwind. And to that end, Natani had naturally also opted to abandon any kind of covering.

'What?' he'd said in response to Keith gaping at him, for dropping his vesting and undoing his binding as soon as Kat had closed the door behind them. 'Do you really expect me to wear all that, in *this* weather, with *this* fur? I've still got my winter coat. My body's not used to the seasons changing so quickly.' A half-truth, again, but for a good purpose. Besides, it'd been a nice feeling, having two pairs of eyes make their way up and down his bare body, and appreciating it for what was there... since he himself still struggled with that, every now and again.

He'd gotten Keith out of his shirt, too, though the Basitin's pants and foot bindings had stayed on - so far, at least. Not that the wolf was *planning* for those to come off (and, also, not that he *wasn't* planning it), but if they would, he didn't think he'd do anything against it.

"...You two act like you've known each other a lot longer..." Kat mused, picking up the thread of a conversation that had been left to dangle some time ago. Another, different thread hung from between her teeth, loosely linked to the needle she worked in one paw. Natani noticed the way that Keith's eyes followed the trace of that thread from Kat's jaw, to her shoulder, and then to her bare breast, the loose fabric bunched up in a few coils there... "...but you only met each other around the same time I did, too... right?"

Keith opened his mouth - but Natani replied first, at the same time adjusting his position a little... and letting his tail drop away from where it rested in his lap. What he'd said about his winter coat before really *had* been mostly true; whenever he stood up from relaxing, as long as the furniture had fabric on it, it'd also have a thin layer of soft soil-brown fur clinging to the surface.

"I mean... *something* like that." His gaze met Keith's again in that space, and for a moment, all kinds of memories flitted through the wolf's head: hot steam of the baths curling up into his

nostrils, vaguely floral aroma of scented soap, another then-unfamiliar scent from across the bath making its way through the steam. Remembering that scent, and knowing by now that its source again sat across from him, made him shift his position again, and fold one leg over the other. This time Keith's eyes flitted over to him, and remained there for a second longer.

Not so nervous about eyeing Natani. And on any other night, he probably wouldn't be so... *twitchy* about being in the same room with Kat like this, who so often went around clothed in nothing more than her own fur that really it came as a bit of shock that she had *anything* on tonight. Thing was, though, just earlier in the hallway while she was out retrieving that robe, Natani had leaned down - as he often had to do to close the distance between his muzzle and even Keith's tall ears - and planted the seed of an idea in the Basitin's head, a thought, a suggestion. Nothing more than a few words, still enough to make those ears stand upright and cause his tail to lash behind him. Then when Kathrin first addressed Keith directly, the Basitin had stumbled over his drink, stammered, avoided eye contact, and ended up making Natani answer for him.

"...I don't think I've ever seen a relationship like yours before," the snow leopard went on, half-distant. She reached up and left her needle between her teeth to spend a moment focusing on the stitch, and then plucked it back out to continue. "I mean - Basitin and Keidran. I've read about it, though. Those weren't exactly... historical and respected research documents..."

Even from here, even in this light, Natani could see the blush that started to tint Kat's ears. She leaned in closer to her work and tried to clutch her tail closer around her body, though only succeeded in making the flicking of the tip more apparent.

The wolf leaned in closer. "Research documents?"

"Y-yes..." Kat fumbled with her thread, twice losing hold of it. "Studies on the - nuances of relationships from the Isles to the coast and inland, um... *personal* relationships, and..."

Natani raised his eyebrows behind his glass, just now lifting it for another sip. This was some vintage of red wine from... somewhere, definitely (the label was in some human language, and he didn't care enough to ask either of his companions for the translation; it tasted good, and that was good enough for him), and throughout the night the three of them had worked it down maybe halfway. Just something to help them relax, and - to better bridge the gap to confidence.

"You know, Kat..." Natani leaned on his elbow, the sunset-red liquid in his glass sloshing lazily with the movement. Keith's ears sprang up again. "If you wanted to learn about how Keidran-Basitin relationships work..."

This time it was the leopard's ears that perked, and she actually looked up from her sewing. Along the way she'd dropped a good portion of her loose thread into her lap, and now had her legs clamped together in an attempt to keep it from spilling out over the floor. "Mm?"

Keith half-reached out for him, then shocked back into his seat when Kat glanced his way. "Natani..."

"You could've just asked *us*." Natani rested his glass atop the table beside him and uncrossed his legs, then rose to his feet. Solid hardwood floor in this room, pitted and cut along the lines of the boards; his toeclaws tapped lightly across that wood as he made his way over towards

Keith, one paw extended. The Basitin looked at it as if it were a snake poised to bite, but made no effort to resist once Natani rolled his eyes and took hold of his wrist. "We'd love to tell you how things work."

"You would?" Kat seemed to forget about her sewing for a moment, letting her paw drift down to her lap. A second later, though, she remembered herself and worked at getting everything bundled on the table. "Well, I-I mean, I don't think there's really anything that... well, see, it's, like..."

Natani faced Keith towards him, unable to keep down his smile at seeing the Basitin all tense and nervous. Natani could feel that tension in his body, then, as he ran his paws smoothly down Keith's sides and toward his waist, as he pressed his fingers into the muscles beneath his fur and skin, as he tugged him closer to him... "We *do* have different courting practices, Keidran and Basitin. Well, we wolves, at least. I wouldn't know for other Keidran."

"I wouldn't know either... I mean, I've - seen and heard some different-" Kat's ears perked again, and she looked up to the two of them standing before her. "Oh! I'm sorry. You don't want to hear about that. Um - but - I was more concerned with, the... you know..."

Still wearing his sly grin, Natani looked down at Keith. The Basitin held his gaze for a moment, tall ears straight up, and then looked away, tail flicking behind him. Natani knew that he could feel his claws pricking at the waistband of his trousers, and his fingers starting to tease their way beneath. Natani had long since figured out the tells that meant Keith actually didn't want to do something, and right now, he showed none of those.

So Natani just went on. "Oh, yeah, the sexual interactions are different too. Wolves, we're a very... very *scent-based* kind of people..." He had to half-bend over to do so, but here, he pressed his nose right into the section of warm fur and skin between Keith's neck and his shoulder, and took a deep, heavy whiff. The Basitin in his grip let out a small chirp and shivered with the sudden contact. Nose still buried there, Natani looked over; "What's the word for that?"

Kat had crossed her legs again, and now kept her paws in her lap. "Pheromones?"

"That's it." And his scent really *did* bring out something in the wolf, something like... like the bright, fast spark of tinder, first in the back of his head, then in his chest, and finally between his legs. Keith didn't have a strong scent to him - not *here* on his shoulder, at least - but it was still enough to send an unconscious shiver down Natani's back, and bristled his fur. He had to continue talking, though, or else he'd just keep his nose there and forget about everything else. "I don't think Keith knew that's what I was doing when we first started sleeping together." Natani started to run his nose from Keith's shoulder, down along his collarbone, towards his chest - and he had to steadily kneel further down as he went... "For wolves, it's something we can't really help. Like a - like a natural reaction. You smell some food you like, you want to eat it. You smell a *person* you like..."

Keith's partial undress gave Natani easy access to dig his nose into the softer fur of the Basitin's belly, beneath which strung tighter, firmer muscle - which tightened up a little further in defense against the tickling of his nose and whiskers there, as Natani breathed in his scent. If he nuzzled in firmly enough, he could also get an undeniable whiff of Keith's actual, sexual - *pheromones*, wafting gently up from the dip beneath the waistband of his pants. Natani breathed in, held that taste, breathed out, ran his tongue out over his parted lips.

Keith shifted. "Natani..."

"Mm. Ah - but... yes, there's..." Another moment, and the wolf squeezed his paws on Keith's hips and held the Basitin against him, breathing deep of his warmth.

Somewhere behind him, Kat squirmed in her chair. "Um - maybe I should go..."

"What?" That allowed him to tear his muzzle away, though it took his eyes a moment to focus. Kat wore a bright red blush over her ears, and she sat as though she had a straight steel rod for a spine. "No, there's - could you come here? Kat?"

"You want..." She pointed towards herself. "Me?"

"Yeah. I'm not done - *explaining* things."

"No, I..." Still, though, she stood, and started to make her way over to the two of them. A glance up at Keith confirmed Natani's suspicions: he was going out of his way to avoid looking at either of them. A noticeable sharpening in that scent hovering up from within his pants, as well as a more present firmness there, told him exactly why. "I think I understand-"

Natani perked his ears, his eyes on Kat's. She stopped mid-step, and his gaze held her in place; she brought one paw halfway up to her chest, as if to cover her bare breasts, then changed its angle and pulled her robe closer around herself. Knowing he had her attention, Natani spoke softly: "I'm just thinking, I doubt your books have much to say about the... *sexual interactions* themselves..."

"Well, I mean..." She swallowed, and made as if to cover herself with the robe. Whenever she tried, though, it just floated back open. "I've read - plenty of, ah, fictions, and..."

Natani licked his lips, part for effect, part because he really was starting to salivate. Maybe he had a heat coming on. Good thing they weren't planning to leave this town anytime soon; he could *really* benefit from having himself and Keith locked in their room in the inn for... an entire week, last time felt like. For several days afterwards Natani couldn't walk without feeling a twinge in both of his thighs. "There's a lot of foreplay, naturally."

Kat made a little jump, as if caught off-guard. "Naturally?"

"Naturally. Basitins are good with their tongues." On his knees like this with Keith standing right in front of him, muzzle perfectly level with what he now thirsted for... Natani swallowed, and pried his fingers off from around the Basitin's waist. "Keith, could you - help her with her robe?"

"Help her?" Keith said, at the same time as Kat's startled "Help me?"; Natani nodded, and - as Keith stepped away - let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. Any longer and he would've *really* given Kat something to blush about.

"Well, what better way to show you than with a demonstration?"

Kat's lips tasted that word - *demonstration*. "Oh, Natani, I think that maybe I sh..."

But, then, she fell quiet beneath the touch of Keith's fingers over her shoulders, just enough to knock that robe loose. It fell into a loose heap around her footpaws, cloth bunching up and rolling smoothly over itself, the back portion catching along the wide puff of her tail for a moment. Her blush deepened a little bit there, but still she made no move to extricate herself from the situation. Keith's hands hovered over her shoulders and arms for a moment, as if he wanted to touch her but feared to.

And just as Natani opened his mouth to continue - another, different scent tickled his nose, unfamiliar in that he hadn't tasted that one before, yet familiar in that it seemed so similar to his own when... when thoughts and words got him worked up, when memories and fantasies led him to decide that next time he got time alone with Keith, he'd pin the Basitin to whatever bed they currently called theirs and ride him into it until the springs threatened to snap. Of course, Kat's arousal smelled a bit gentler, a bit more reserved, but it was still undeniably present. There was interest in that scent, too. Reluctance, but definite interest.

The wolf ended up licking his lips. "Could you c'mere, Kat?"

She obeyed without question, arms now loosely wrapped around her lower body as if cold, and now it was her who avoided eye contact with the both of them. Keith stood off to the side a bit. "Natani, when you said - *demonstration*, I don't believe that you-

Her words cut off in a quiet squeak as Natani spun her around, paws on her waist, fingers pressing into the soft flesh beneath her fur. The snow leopard's tail followed her motion and swung around, too, and remained half-raised with how it flicked and twitched behind her, out of excitement mixed with anticipation. Keith, too, took a step back, suddenly face to face with not one but two very naked Keidran, one on his knees and the other wobbling off-balance and having to reach out to steady herself against the Basitin's shoulders.

"Sorry-" she muttered, "sorry, Keith, I didn't mean - to-"

Then another squeak, not for losing her balance again, but rather for the touch of a warm nose against the base of her tail, right where it met her lower back. Natani inhaled, held that breath, swallowed, let it out... and slid his muzzle down along the curve of Kat's rear, paws in place on either side with fingerpads pressing into the flesh there, thumbs toward the center, spreading her for him. Whatever he'd been talking about, he'd forgotten: now there was just this stirring, burning flame in his abdomen, and the hunger that made his head buzz and his mouth water.

"Natani-

For a moment he just... looked up at what she had to offer him, paws on either side of her rear pressing into her soft rump, thumbs centered in and spreading her. Whether she kept her tail raised as a reaction to the touch or because she knew that was what he expected her to do, he couldn't tell - and it didn't really matter, either: her smooth stormcloud-grey fur shortened and took on a clear pattern pointing right in towards that center of puckered, ridged flesh, sweet soft pink.

He licked his lips and swallowed again, then did so once more with his nose touched right against the side of the base of her tail - and ended up catching the edge of his broad tongue along the rim of Kathrin's pucker beneath, the hot ridged skin giving a quick twitch in response

to his touch. The leopard stiffened up again - from this angle Natani could tell that she'd had to grip onto Keith to stay upright - and then turned that into a shudder as Natani's tongue folded out across her again, this time in a deliberate lick and drag.

From here, at this angle, he could catch her scent if he really searched for it, trickling slowly down the fur of her inner thighs from her slit just above, just on her other side. He could lean in, purse his lips against the ring of her tailhole, then slide his tongue out over the underside of her body... and slip it up along her sex, just a little bit, just to sharpen that taste and bring it into his muzzle.

So, he did. Just that once, though, just once to send another electric jolt through the other Keidran's body, before he centered back in along her tailhole, pushing his lips in against her soft, tight flesh and dragging his tongue back up over those warm ridges. The edge of his tongue caught the center of her ring and tugged lightly out on it, for Kat to twitch and clench back against it, again and again, with Natani giving short, smooth laps over the entire surface, and gradually pressing and digging deeper, heavier.

The thought had been in his head for a while, and it was exactly the same thought that he'd shared with Keith in the hallway earlier: *"By the end of tonight I want to have Kat between both of us."* Just turned out that how it went about happening was different from how he'd previously envisioned. Better, actually.

The snow leopard clutched onto Keith in front of her, lifting up onto her toes as Natani lapped again and again beneath her tail, flat of his tongue dragging up over that puckered flesh, curling against her short fur, slipping back into his mouth, then coming back down, again and again. Every time he pressed forward into her, he could feel her squeeze and clench back - and his nose, settled firmly in the crevice between her rump and the side of her tail, picked up that same scent of arousal, progressively growing stronger.

It felt good. Natani knew that much for himself; the wolf drew back to catch his breath, and also to swallow down the warm slickness clinging to his tongue, and leaned around Kat to see Keith standing with Kat's muzzle pressed firmly against his shoulder, and him looking notably uncomfortable. As usual, though, Natani couldn't help but smile. Keith tended to get - *twitchy*, in more than one way, when he got turned on.

Kat's tailhole repeatedly clenched and relaxed, probably still feeling the remnant shivering pleasure of the wolf's tonguebath. Beneath the sound of wind through the window and trees rustling in that breeze, Natani's perked ears very easily caught the rhythmic panting of this leopard before him, especially as she struggled to straighten back up from Keith's shoulders. Kat settled shakily back from standing on her toes.

Before she could wait too long, though, Keith started to lower himself down to his knees as well. Natani peered around the rosette-clouded thigh before his muzzle, other paw still resting on Kat's rump, and gave a sly grin. "Coming to join me?"

The Basitin held onto Kat's waist for balance as he lowered himself, and stoically avoided making eye contact with Natani. His tail lashed behind him again, and his ears half-folded over. "Shut up," he managed, a hot blush beneath the fur of his cheeks. "You knew I wouldn't be able to resist."

"You're right." Natani lifted himself up a bit, and this time drew his tongue over the bare fur of the back of Kat's leg. The other Keidran half-spun around to look at him, and appeared as if she wanted to say something - but that gave way to an embarrassed blush, then, once her eyes met his. "Good thing, too," he went on, and started to nose beneath the leopard's tail again. Kat swallowed, still trying to catch her breath, and braced her paws on the top of Keith's head between his large ears - which, intentionally or otherwise, caused him to faceplant right between her legs. "Because we're supposed to be covering the interaction between Keidran and Basitins, not two Keidran..."

Grouchy grumbling from across - and then another sharp shudder rippled through Kat's body, lifting her up and away from Natani's lips for a moment. He grinned, taking that moment to enjoy the other Keidran's little noises and gasps and grunts, and the quiet, wet sounds that certainly caused them. He hadn't been kidding when he'd said Basitins were good with their tongues; each one he'd felt had been devilishly good with it.

Not that Natani had felt another's: Keith made up the entirety of that sample size. But, also, not that he wasn't open to the idea of expanding it, if a good opportunity were to come along.

The wolf nuzzled back up beneath Kat's tail and got right back to work, now swirling his tongue over the already-slickened ridges and pressing in towards the center, also loosened somewhat from his prodding before. Kathrin shook and shivered where she stood, audibly struggling with keeping her panting from coming out as low, breathy moans; Natani tilted his head to the side, spread her rump with a well-placed paw, kept his lips in place and churned his jaw to work his tongue in... and was rewarded with a snow leopard paw clamping down on the back of his head, and holding him there.

Through half-opened eyes he looked up to see Kat with hers closed and her muzzle hanging open, breath coming and going in hot, unsteady gasps. Hard to see Keith from here, but his movement and ministrations were apparent from the bobbing of his ears atop his head - as well as the undeniable stiffness in the front of his pants, keeping the fabric there raised. Might just have to take care of that later.

Two tongues at once like this, both working at their own rhythm, in their own pleasure... honestly Natani was surprised that Kat could remain standing, even with one paw on each of their heads for balance. Just as the wolf started to feel the familiar ache of soreness in his jaw, she started to grind her hips forward and back, forward into Keith's attention to her sex and back against Natani's focus along and partially inside her tailhole, hot slick flesh sticking, squeezing, pulling back.

This wasn't quite the best angle for it, but - as he worked, as he ran his tongue up over Kat's pucker again and again, Natani reached forward with his free paw... and first touched the smooth fur of the Basitin's chest, then slid down towards his belly, and the waistband of his pants again. Keith let one paw down to help him out - and not a few seconds longer before his hard cock twitched in the air between the two of them, slick bead of pre gathered at the tip. He gave a few small thrusts into the wolf's fingers, just enough to leave his pads wet with that pre.

Then, though, Kat shuddered again, and bent forward over Keith with both paws on his head. Her breathing had picked up so that now every exhalation went with a needy moan beneath it. The Basitin's fingers squeezed into her thighs from the front, and he pressed his muzzle deeper and deeper between her legs - just as she bent further over him, holding him in there just as

firmly. Her moving, her squirming, made it a bit difficult to remain focused on what he wanted, so Natani settled back on the balls of his feet again and watched, one of his paws making its way down between his own legs. As much wet slickness down there as Kat now had rolling down along her inner thighs, from both their attentions.

As well, apparently, her orgasm: she sucked in a sharp breath, then another, and another - and let it all out in a longer, shuddering moan, jerking her hips against Keith's face hidden between her thighs, saliva-wet tailhole twitching and clenching beneath those throes. Her legs almost buckled beneath the weight of the pleasure, and Keith himself also visibly squirmed - and a second later, slick liquid dribbled down from his chin into a quickly-growing puddle on the floor between his legs.

Natani brought his fingers to his muzzle, wet with both the Basitin's pre as well as his own arousal, and lapped that slickness off. Salty, faintly bitter, tinged with the kind of spice that he associated with Keith... and all above, of course, this new taste that clung to his tongue and the back of his throat, the slight, sweet taste that came back in force once he lifted himself back up and planted another long, slow lick up over the underside of Kat's tail. The leopard Keidran jerked upright with that lick, still shuddering all over; every now and then it sounded as if she tried to speak, tried to form some kind of words, but every time she failed, and instead just rocked back into the rhythm of both of these muzzles against her, Natani now just keeping his lips pursed and tongue forward. Kat had taken over doing the work of riding back against it.

Seemed she'd kept herself right on the edge from her first orgasm; Keith no longer had to keep his hands on her waist, since hers on his head ensured that his lips remained sealed to hers. That was nice - Natani lifted Kat's tail with his other paw, giving deep, slow licks against her faster, more urgent rhythm now - that she was enjoying herself so much; all of this had been a bit of a gamble, something of an exploration in relationships. Natani had long figured that Kat had had something for him, and it'd just been a matter of figuring out how to broach the subject.

And, oh, what a solution. Kathrin tensed up again - this time with the wolf's tongue a good inch past the ring of her tailhole, buried in hot, tight flesh; he could feel the tensing, the clenching, the energy... the release. Again she bucked, and jerked, and thrust; again she gasped and moaned and shivered - and Keith had to half-lean back, the juice of Kat's peak dripping down his chin and along his throat again. He panted to catch his breath, tongue hanging limp out of his mouth and tail still flicking behind him.

This time Natani spread his legs out from beneath him, and propped himself up with one paw against the floor - and gave Keith a tired laugh. The Basitin licked his lips, swallowed, licked his lips again, looked up at Kat above him - she seemed about to fall over, one paw pressing heavily down on his shoulder - and let out a low, satisfied breath, even though his cock still throbbed between his legs. Would definitely have to take care of that later.

It took her a moment, but soon Kat, too, lowered herself down to the floor, though she made her way down as if the floorboards were floating on top of water, as unsteady as her breathing. She looked from Natani, to Keith, then back to Natani... and flopped her head back on her shoulders with her mouth hanging open, and chest rising and falling in exhausted breaths.

"Is *that* how it is?..." she panted, and fell fully onto her back. Looked like Keith did a good job: the fur all around her inner thighs and about halfway up towards her belly button was soaked through. Maybe it was just Kat's lack of experience with that kind of thing (to Natani's



knowledge, at least), but Keith had only managed to do that to *him* maybe two times, one of which was half his own doing, due to being in heat at the time. That always made things... *wet*.

The wolf wiped the back of his paw across his muzzle - all he could smell, all he could taste was Kathrin - and leaned in towards Keith's ear. The Basitin side-eyed him, but leaned forward as well.

"Seems like you enjoyed this about as much as I expected you would," Natani murmured, and grinned. Keith rolled his eyes.

"I oughtta hold you down and rail you for saying that-"

"As if you could." Keith's breath smelled strongly of Kat and her pleasure. "But, um... maybe if..."

Kat breathed another tired sigh, and both of them looked over. She hadn't managed to pull herself back up yet, and looked content, if totally drained.

Keith raised his eyebrows. "Are you telling me you're actually considering it?"

Natani settled his paws between his legs again, feeling another sweet shiver rack his body. Honestly, they could both use it.