

I'm into some kinda weird things, okay?

This morning started out like any other. See, I rent a place with two dogs, a big king shepherd named Pan and a bigger Arcanine named Arkani, and we... well, we're all '*in good*' with each other, so to say. I'll keep it simple and easy: I sleep with them. Both of them. 'Sleep with' being both sex *and* actual sleeping, sometimes in the same night, sometimes with both of them. Last night, I slept with Arkani, though Pan came in and blew a load into my throat while the Arcanine was in the shower - he stepped out to see Pan pulling my head down onto his cock and moaning out into the air. He just chuckled, shook his head, said "fags", and went to bed.

Well, for one, I sometimes have trouble sleeping through the night. It's not that I have nightmares, or insomnia or anything, no: sometimes, I wake up because I can feel a persistent erection throbbing, and it's not always my own. Last night, this happened twice. The first time I ignored it, but the second time... well, I was on my side, and Arkani was behind me with his big arm around me - just for measure, I think he weighs three or four times what I do (all muscle), because he's almost two and a half feet taller than me - and his big cock pressing up under my tail. I normally try not to go lubeless even when I really want it, which is, admittedly, more than I'm proud to say, and especially not when it's with someone whose shaft is roughly the same girth as my wrist, but... well. I have a thing for big dogs and uncut cocks.

Needless to say, I was a bit sore this morning. I awoke to an empty bed and house, Arkani gone off to work and Pan doing whatever it is that he does during the day; I, however, had a holiday off from school, and was damn glad for that. It gave me a nice day, a whole ten to fourteen hours to get *absolutely fucking nothing* done, depending on when I went to bed at the end of it. I could play video games, which I did; I could watch TV, which I did; I could eat the rest of the ice cream, which I did; I could work on a reading assignment for school - Dostoevsky, more like Dostoe-bleh-vsky, am I right? Yeah? - which I did not; I could masturbate, which I did, and managed to hit my eye and the wall behind me; I could call a friend over to 'play', but last time I did that, Pan got mad and fucked the two of us for getting stains on his sheets...

Yeah. Before I knew it, it was around five PM (I had woken up - or, dragged myself out of bed, at least, at around 10 in the morning); the two dogs would be getting home soon. As I expected, I had gotten nothing useful done during the day, apart from the whole eating-the-rest-of-the-ice cream thing, so Pan would have to run to the store to get some more, but that's whatever. I hadn't even gotten dressed in more than what I had fallen asleep in, which were pajama bottoms and boxer briefs underneath... usually I didn't wear underwear, but it'd gotten cold at night recently, even though I *do* have at least one dog to warm me up.

I'd learned that one otter squeezed between two dogs always made for quite a bit of heat... or, I guess I should say, two dogs squeezed *into* one otter...

Arkani had asked me the previous night to do the dishes and the laundry and fold towels and whatever while he was at work today - '*put yourself to use for once, Lukas - act like the bitch you are!*', and then he slapped my butt and planted a kiss on my forehead - none of which I had done, so after lounging on the couch trying to focus my mind enough to swallow a sentence of what I had to read, I hopped up and got to it. The front door unlocked, opened, and then closed again just about when I had finished the top rack of the dishwasher.

"You awake yet, Luke?" he called. The volume of his voice startled me a little.

"In here, Ark. Doing what you asked."

"I don't recall asking you to do anything." I heard him take off his coat and a few other things in the other room, then step into the kitchen behind me. Were I to turn around, I'd have to tilt my head back and stand up on my tiptoes to give him a hug; instead, he just wrapped his big arms around me, squeezed me half to death, and nuzzled into my headfur between my ears. "I do, however, remember *telling* you to do some chores. Glad to see you finally decided to get around to it."

"Oh, blah, blah, blah. All you do is complain."

"I don't complain of a *sore tailhole*..."

I sent him a fiery scowl between inspecting and putting away a couple plates. His bushy tail wagged idly behind him, and he wore an amused smile on his face. "Pan actually said the same thing to me the other day. He was all, '*blah blah, it's not my fault I have a huge cock*', which isn't the first time he's said *that*, either..."

"That sure sounds like him."

"Yeah. You know who else it sounds like?" I pointed a tall glass at him. "You. That's just the sort of thing you'd say."

"Yeah, well." Arkani swiped the glass from my paw and went over to fill it with water at the fridge. He didn't speak while it was filling, then downed it in two gulps and started refilling it. "Y'know."

"Jesus. Thirsty? You're gonna have to piss somethin' fierce later."

"I know. Long day, and I didn't get a chance to drink anything. Besides, I'm a damn Arcanine; whatever water my body doesn't use quick enough tends to just evaporate, so. It's a pain sometimes." He took another drink of the water, lowering it by about half. "Anyway. Your day alright?"

"Yeah, can't complain. Did all the things I normally do on days off." The dishwasher closed with a *thud* after a bump from my hip, and I started across the room to do the laundry.

Arkani caught me with a big arm around my waist, and tugged me to him. He took another drink of water, finishing off his second glass. "Good. I wish I had a day off."

"Don't you have some time available?" I brought my paws up and rested them in his warm arm-fur. He held me tighter, though swung me off my feet and to one side when he turned to yet again refill the glass.

"Yeah. I mean, I *could* take a day off, but... tomorrow's Friday. It'd be a bit of a waste."

"Really? That's odd, given that today's Wednesday."

"...Damn." He released me, drank the rest of the water, and turned to leave the kitchen. "I'll be in my room if you need me, Luke."

"Kay."

"Oh yeah, Pan told me to tell you that he's out shopping for some... thing... very specific, I don't remember what and I also don't really care. So he'll be out late; it'll just be you and me for most of the night."

I could hear him clomping up the stairs, then, as I focused in the laundry room with moving stuff from one machine to the other and folding other things. I enjoyed the days I had alone with Arkani: though I'd known him for a shorter amount of time than the shepherd, I almost felt like he had... God, I don't know how to put it. Pan had a tendency to pay attention to my wants and desires more, but Arkani was better at tiring me out and really, *really* satisfying me. Where Pan would ask whether I'd like to suck him off or take a ride in his lap, and then let me take control of the pace we went to be sure I was comfortable, Arkani would unzip his pants, push me down, and hold my head against his shaft until I took it into my mouth, or he'd flip me onto my belly, place a few deep, focused lips under my tail to lube me up, and then sink into me, checking every now and then to see if I needed him to slow down.

One time when it was just me and the Arcanine, he told me to wait outside the shower for him, so I did. I could see his the muscled outline of his body and a foggy general image of him through the glass, which got me a bit interested and worked up to start with; when he finished, he stepped out, dried himself off with a towel, then stood over me - since I was sitting on the closed toilet, facing the shower - and flopped his big shaft over my nose. I remember looking up at him around his thick meat... he rolled his foreskin back, just to tease me, and smiled when I shifted. Then, he just said, 'suck', so I did. We ended up with me leaning back against the tank of the toilet and him above me, arms out against the wall behind it, thrusting in and out of my muzzle and throat. I had to shower right after him, since there was enough cum that I had been unable to swallow soaking into my chestfur that it would mat it down, as if I had taken a previously-unopened bottle of maple syrup and drizzled it all over myself.

That's not to say that I didn't also enjoy the days I had with Pan, though. One time a while back, before he'd introduced me to Arkani over lunch one day, I climbed into bed with him and nuzzled up under his chin, and he wrapped his arm around me and - pressed his hard cock against my thigh. 'You wanna?' he asked, so I said, 'sure', and slid down along his body to lube him up with saliva. When I came back up and got over him, he put his paws on my hips (and drew little circles in the fur there with his claws, which was *awesome*), and then said, 'take it as you're comfortable'. Had Arkani been at home that night, he would have come in complaining about us waking him up; I don't think I've ever moaned louder than I did that night, and that was because, while he was thrusting up into me, Pan also wiggled himself so that he was sucking me off as he did so. I held his head down and shot my load into his muzzle at about the same time he unloaded under my tail.

...Well. There I was, half-folded towel in my paws, noticeable tent in my pants, and staring off into space as I remembered these times. I'll be honest, most of my (*sensible*) fantasies had been fulfilled once I'd moved in with these two dogs, though a few remained. Thoughts were quite enough to keep me satisfied and get me off, but why would I want to do that when I had a nice Arcanine upstairs? Although, he probably wouldn't let me do anything while I still had these chores to do...

Ugh. I sighed and got back to folding; all of that took maybe two minutes, and then there was some more basic cleaning stuff around the house to do. At the end of it all, though it was only maybe ten, fifteen minutes out of my life that I wouldn't get back, I felt like lying down afterwards. Hell, maybe I would... I climbed back upstairs and followed the hallway to Arkani's room. He had the biggest room out of the three of us and the biggest bed as well, large enough to hold all three of us comfortable - sometimes I thought that he threatened Pan with something to get that room, since it was originally the shepherd's. That, or they were just good friends (which they *had* to be; I don't know who other than 'good friends' suck each other's cocks occasionally).

The Arcanine turned bright eyes up from the book he was reading to me when I walked into the room. He had taken off his shirt, and lounged back on the bed in just his pants, almost the same color of black as his chest and bellyfur (and shaft...). "When I said 'if you need me'," he growled, though playfully, "that wasn't an invitation. But, I like you, so: whaddya want?"

"I wanna lie down."

He kept his eyes on me as I pulled off my pajama bottoms and threw them to the side. "Lie down? *Just* lie down? Nothing else?"

"Mhmm." I kept my underwear on, to prove to him that I was only interested in sleeping. This was false, of course: when he fell asleep, if he chose to, I'd tug those pants of his down and suck him off. "My back hurts. You know, from all the standing up I had to do today when I was slaving away doing your chores."

"Ha. Yeah." He went back to reading. "All, what, ten minutes of standing up?"

He moved over when I hopped up into the bed, and then put his arm around me after I wriggled under the covers and nuzzled against his side. "Something like that," I answered, "yeah. Acting like the bitch I am is hard, man."

"I could show you something hard, Lukas. I've shoved it down your throat before; no harm doing it again..."

"I would like that."

"...but, since you're just here to lie down, I'll leave you alone."

Oh, he knew. Fucker. My boner from those memories in the laundry room had lingered on my way up the stairs, and these words from him now just made it perk back up. I couldn't help grinding into his leg through the covers; after a little while, he slid his legs under the blankets as well, even though he still wore his pants. I would have drifted off to sleep if it hadn't been for the scent of his musk, suspiciously stronger than before, which in turn kept *me* going... I didn't blame him, though, when he moved a paw down to adjust his pants. We all knew that having a hard cock grind against me turned *me* on, so...

Right as I actually was falling asleep, though, he nudged me and said, "C'mon, Lukas, let's go outside." I was startled and dazed, and tried to say something like 'do I have to', and in response, he just pulled me by my arm out of the bed until I stood up and plodded along behind him. He'd have told me to put on at least pants if we were going on a walk around the block, so there must be something in the backyard he wanted to show me.

"Okay..." he said as we passed through the kitchen, "looks like you did the dishes, and cleaned up everything else, that's good... did you do the laundry, too, like I asked?"

"Ark, you were there when I went into the room to do it."

"Hey, I dunno. I've known you to start something, and then not finish it halfway through."

Hah. He led me towards the back door; I guess I was right. Wonder what it was he had to show me, especially since he'd interrupted my naptime to do so. "Whenever it's you I've started on, you always make me finish."

“‘My jaw hurts’, ‘my arm is tired’, ‘I’m still sore from last time’, whatever, ott.”

“Hey - what is there outside that you wanna show me? I don’t get it...”

“You’ll see. Here, open the door.”

I turned a questioning look to him, but he just released my paw, crossed his arms in front of his chest, and nodded towards the door. I went to unlock and open it, then looked back to him.

“Go out. Don’t worry, I won’t lock you outside.”

“It’s cold outside, and I’m only in my underwear!”

“You won’t be cold for long. C’mom, do it for me, please.”

Ugh. I did as asked (really, when do I not?); he followed right after me and closed the door behind him. “...Okay,” I said, “we’re outside. It’s kinda cold. There’s nothing here. What w-”

There was the rustle of fabric and noise of a zipper being drawn down behind me, and when I turned to look at him, he had opened his pants and was just preparing to pull his soft cock out from his underwear. “On your knees.”

“I...” Before I’d even managed to process the command, I knelt down in front of him. His thick black cock hung a few inches from my muzzle: he had no overhang, his foreskin instead stopping just short of the end of his head. Though he was soft, the shine of glistening pre lingered there, and I was so tempted to close the distance and lap it off.

“No, no.” He held it up away from my face, as if sensing my intentions. “On the grass.”

“But it’s-”

“On the grass, Lukas.”

I moved back, trying to ignore the cold grass tickling my legs through the fur. My heart beat in my chest, a little nervous, but definitely anxious, expectant, excited. Above me, Arkani lowered his paw to point his cock at me again, adjusted his stance, gave me a sly smile. One time, Pan took me out back and did the same thing, and he-

A splash of warmth over my muzzle startled me, and I looked up to see Arkani directing a stream of piss right at my face (*the nerve of that, am I right?*); he just continued grinning, and angled his cock so that it splashed against my lips. “You like this, right? I mean, I’ve seen Pan ‘treat’ you to this several times, and you open your mouth for him like you do for me whenever I take off my pants.”

“I-” ...tried to speak, but sputtered instead. Honestly, at that point, I couldn’t tell whether my face was warm because I was blushing, or because fuckin’ piss soaked into the fur of my cheeks. “-Arkani-”

“Keep your mouth open, and look at me. C’mom, Luke, look at me.”

...again, I obeyed. I swallowed once, which brought down some of the sharp taste, and then tilted my head back and kept my muzzle open. Arkani, satisfied smirk on his face, made sure that his stream splashed into my muzzle; any drops that missed were my own fault, or the result of how much was being held in my mouth... I didn’t know whether to spit it out or swallow. Yeah, it kept me hard - damn hard - but, piss is piss, and no matter how much water he’d drunk when he got home today, the taste was still there, that characteristic salty tang, and... well, I should say that it was the whole *idea* of the act that got me off. I wasn’t in it for the flavor.

It got to the point where any more just flowed out of my mouth, it was so full. I had no real idea how long the Arcanine could go on for, but his stream remained strong, until he squeezed a finger around his shaft and lifted it up, stopping the piss short. I’d known him to cum at least three mouthfuls, on a good day; he probably had a bladder of similar voluminousness... “Swallow,” he growled. I squeezed my eyes shut and swallowed once, as much as I comfortable could... the action pushed out a lot of the rest, which splattered down over my chestfur. God, I already smelled like him. I wondered what Pan would have to say about it when he got home.

After swallowing once, I almost gagged, then coughed, shook out my head, swallowed some of the rest, spat some out. Arkani of course still grinned at me when I looked back up at him. “There. Happy?”

"Somewhat. Here, come closer."

Ugh. I moved forward on my knees, until his cock was again just a few inches from my face. He lowered it back down onto my nose, pulled in a breath, and then resumed pissing. I had to close my eyes against it-

"Put your mouth on it."

"What?"

"Do it."

...Okay, I won't lie, that was something that I had pawed to *multiple goddamn times*, the thought of having a guy's cock on my tongue while he relieved himself... God, I have problems. Of course, I couldn't resist. The combined scents of his piss, his musk, and the natural aroma of an uncut cock, all just... *wow*. To be honest, after I nosed down and closed my lips around the end of his cock, I found myself a little disappointed: because of how damn much he put out, my mouth filled up quickly, and I had to either swallow - which, let's be honest, wasn't really what I wanted to do - or let it flow out over me and the grass underneath...

Eventually, though, he *did* empty himself out, and left me panting, coughing, and dripping, both piss from my chin and pre from my own shaft, straining against my soaked boxer-briefs. I felt like I'd just finished taking a five-minute shower in warm water, except there was no showerhead, so it was just one continuous stream of water on me. And, you know, instead of water, it was piss. Straight from the source, the best kind.

I leaned back - first time I've ever taken my mouth off of a thick uncut cock of my own accord, right? - and coughed, then wiped my mouth on the back of my paw. It didn't help, because that was soaked as well, since I'd held it up under my chin to catch whatever leaked out from my lips. "If I was thirsty before," I began; the lingering taste distracted me. "I sure as hell wouldn't be anymore. I mean... Jesus, dog. Is *that* why you drank so much water when you got home?"

"Hah. Partially. You make no effort to hide that you enjoy being marked, and again, I've seen you take it from Pan several times. Hell, one of those times was in the goddamn *front yard* - remember, he was mowing the lawn, and you were out there doin' something, and he called you over, '*hey, Lukas, c'mere, I gotta piss*', and you just got down on your knees - didn't even take off your shirt - and opened your mouth... heh. Really, though, I *was* pretty thirsty, but I thought, why not. Two birds with one stone. Two erections with one glass of water?"

"You drank, like, three glasses."

"Yeah, shut up. Oh, and Lukas-"

"What?" Ugh. Fuck. I was so turned on. The hot moisture bearing down my underwear just made it harder, in more than one sense of the word.

"Why are you still talking, instead of sucking?"

I looked back down. His thick shaft still hung in front of my nose, and it dripped a little at the end. After a moment, Arkani moved his hips forward and rubbed it along my muzzle, rubbing the flesh against my soaked fur, and then poked at my lips with it; so, I opened my mouth once more and brought him back in, shaping my tongue to cup the underside. It didn't take him long at all to get hard, and once he did, he took over the thrusting in and out of my lips and muzzle. I kept my lips tight so that his foreskin moved forward and back when he pushed in and out - or, rather, so that his cock did under his foreskin... having one of my own, I knew how that felt.

His paw gripped behind my ear, so that he could pull my head down whenever he thrusting in, and vice versa. I loved it when he did that; now, he pressed into the back of my throat, staying there for a little while before pulling back, only to slide back in. All I could taste was him, a wonderful mixture of his piss and musk, just as all I could smell was him - he was both thick and long, so no matter how roughly he pulled my head down onto him, when he was as far into my throat as possible, my nose didn't quite come to his pubes, as it did with some less-well-endowed guys. Even despite this, I could still smell him as strongly as if it did...

I slid one of my own paws into my underwear, pressing the back of it against the warm, wet fabric, and started stroking myself. When I wanted to play with a loving companion, I went to Pan; when I wanted to be dominated, I went to Arkani. Hell, I had it made. There was no room for me to complain. Here we were, me on my knees and

thoroughly soaked with and smelling of piss, and him thrusting in and out, in and out of my maw... his thickness had a tendency to quickly tire out my jaw, which was part of the reason why I let him take over.

This time was one I hadn't been expecting. In the past, I'd gotten a strange urge to drink piss - weird, I know - a few times; the first time this happened when I could do anything about it was before I lived with Pan and Arkani. I had another friend-with-benefits, a very homosexual wolf who was into a lot of the same things as me; one time I sent him a text and asked him if he'd like to come over to watch a movie, so he said sure, and soon showed up. Near the end of the movie, I remember he said 'hey, I have to pee', so I just slid to the floor, opened his pants, and wrapped my lips around his sheath. That night, I drank all that he had, partially because I was so turned on for finally getting to do something I'd been fantasizing about since, like, high school, and partially because if I didn't, it would get all over the couch and the carpet, and that would've been a *huge* pain to clean up. Much more of a pain than a bad taste in the mouth for a few minutes. Had I been the one to pull Arkani outside instead of the other way around, I might have now been a little fuller than what I really was... or, hell, maybe not. That had to have been at least, like, two liters that flowed out of him. Ridiculous.

Not that I was complaining.

Arkani tensed up a little, and drew back until just the head of his cock remained in my mouth. I moved my other paw to the base of his shaft and worked my tongue under his foreskin, the way I knew he liked - sometimes he'd buck forward, or just breathe out a low moan, or hold my head there and let me work with my tongue... this time he did all three, one after the other, and pulled me back down. I had cease moving my paw and squeeze, and then lift the fabric of my underwear away from my cock, because the rubbing almost, *almost* pushed me over the edge, almost added another hot fluid to what soaked the underwear.

I didn't have to wait long, though. Arkani was apparently quite a bit pent up, or maybe just worked up from earlier: a few more thrusts, and then he shoved into the back of my throat again and began unloading his cum, spurt after spurt, causing me to gag and struggle. Hot and thick, rich and musky - flowing over my tongue; I could only swallow so much, as was usual with him and Pan. Afterwards, he flopped his cock out of my mouth and watched me, chuckling, as I leaned back and finished myself off, a few seconds later. Opposed to his bucketful, my load seemed like a raindrop.

His slick cum coated my mouth and throat, and I had to cough and clear my throat a few times before I could speak. Some of it clung to and dripped down my lips and chin; I wiped that off. "I told you, I just wanted to lie down..."

"Yeah, you mighta told me that, but that wasn't *really* what you wanted." Arkani pulled his pants back up, after running a paw over the end of his shaft to clear off the rest. "Thanks, Luke. I needed that."

"Whatever. I need a shower..." I tried to get up, and wobbled on unsteady legs; he offered a paw down to help.

"You already got a shower."

"I need a *clean* shower!"

"Can I join you?"

"No." I looked over his body. We'd showered together countless times before, sometimes actually cleaning up, sometimes leaving dirtier than when we went in. "...Well, okay, maybe..."

I'd found that Arcanines are like sleep: not always what I need but always what I want, and if I get too much, I'll be groggy and stiff and sore afterwards...