

I may have mentioned before that I have a certain dingo friend who's into some of the same things that I am. These shared interests weren't what brought us together - no; in fact, it's a wonder that we're still as close as we are, since our similarities stop right about there and with how we're both not particularly picky about which set of genitals comes into contact with our tongues. We've spent a few nights in the other's bed, we've held paws at the mall, he's pounded me in the backseat of his car, I've brought him to orgasm multiple times in places we shouldn't by way of a swift paw or sneaky muzzlework.

He's also thoroughly marked me head to tail and inside and out before, and has expressed an interest in receiving the same treatment more than once. He and I actually don't often get a chance to see each other, so we tend to enjoy to the fullest and get the best out of the times that we do. When we finally managed to arrange a day for him to come over, I spent all the previous night making sure I smelled okay (though the one time I was kind of busy and hadn't showered in three days was the time when he compliment my scent and mentioned how much he liked it), making sure that I was all nice and clean and would get enough rest...

The next morning before he arrived, I also made sure to drink a lot. It was hard to say exactly how much would be enough, so I downed maybe, like... five or six cups of my favorite variety of tea between breakfast and lunch, and then more following. In fact, I had just poured another one when a series of knocks resounded out from the front door... well, I guess my bladder would be full enough when it came to that.

Today I was home alone. Because of this, after unlocking and opening the door, looking up into his fine, familiar eyes, a natural smile lifted the corners of my lips, and were I a canid, my tail would doubtless have started wagging.

"Lukas..." he breathed, and then before I'd even had a chance to invite him in, he'd stepped over the threshold, clamped my wrists in his paws, and pressed his lips to mine. Soon the cold surface of the wall pushed up against my back, and then all of a sudden there was warm dingo against me holding me there, heart beating against mine, chest rising and falling in slightly unsteady breaths, a firm and hot bulge grinding expectantly against my own... one of his paws released my wrist and then traced down my back to tug me closer to him, and I gladly assented.

I wouldn't quite say that I'd *forgotten* how a kiss from him felt, but damn, it *had* been a while, and it elicited the same shivering reaction in me that our first one had. When we broke apart, I could only bring a paw up to wipe at my mouth, as my brain had essentially shorted out; he, however, gave me the bright grin that I'd come to know him for and proceeded to shut the door with his foot. When he briefly looked away to make sure that it had been closed, I reached down and adjusted my pants.

"Good to see you again." He spoke in a low, steady voice, calm and easy, soothing - lightly accented. "After last time I was worried that it'd be a while..."

Last time. When he and I first started this thing, I was in a relationship with someone else - and, yeah, I felt bad, but there was nothing I could do to change anything without feeling even worse. You can probably imagine what that led to. Needless to say, after 'last time', I'd found myself single again.

"Yeah." My pants shifted on their own, this time due to an uncontrollable throb. He wore a fairly tight shirt today, one that he had lifted above the waistband of his own pants so I could see the

trail of coarser fur leading down underneath... "I'm really glad you make it out, Tay." You and I both know that I'm not really one with a discriminating eye (or tongue, or tail), but - *God* - sex is immeasurably better with someone who means something to you. After tasting three different loads in as many days, you might be surprised to learn how damn *good* it feels to bury your nose in a familiar and enjoyed scent.

It's also true that, as you know someone for longer, your insatiable want to bang them decreases while your want to love them increases - to put it simply. Separation for long periods of time also tends to prevent this. After looking at each other for another moment, just to let it settle in that he was really here, I extended a paw towards him. One of his ears flicked, and then he took it - and I started to pull him towards the stairs with the full intent of throwing him onto the bed and riding him.

He, however, had something else in mind. Right as I started to turn towards the bedroom, Tay tugged on my paw, pulled me past the door, and then again pressed me against the wall - though this time simply bumped his muzzle against mine and ran a paw first up under my shirt and then down my body, sharp claws tracing lines in my fur and sending shivers all throughout me. He turned his paw, pressed it against the fly of my pants, popped the button through...

I wriggled. "Hey, stop it - you're gonna make me pee-"

"Mm." Warm breath exhaled close to my ear, tickling the soft fur on the inside, making it twitch. "Good. But we don't want to soak your bed, or the carpet out here, do we?"

I mean, both of those had happened before... then, something else popped into my head, brought on by the feeling of one of his claws moving down and tracing through my pubic fur, beneath the waistband of my pants. "I could... tie you to the bathtub faucet. You like that, don't you?"

And then, there was a set of sharp teeth on my neck, gently biting. "You tell me," he said in response, mouth full of otter fur and skin. "Last time, you tied one of my wrists to the headboard and then rode me through two orgasms, without a break between."

"You have-" His wrist pressed uncomfortably into my belly again. "-rope?"

"Of course. I was going to ask you to tie me up anyway."

With this he let me away from the wall and then led me back to where he knew the bathroom was - as he'd been there a few times before, when I was to be the one kneeling in the tub with my muzzle turned up to him. I took my time in closing the door behind us, because even though nobody could disturb us today, I still had to wait for my boner to go down, which it didn't often do around Tay. When I finally turned to him, he'd gone over to the bathtub and stood there with a length of fairly thin cord between his paws, one end still in his back pocket.

"Clothes on or off?"

I started to tug off my own shirt. "Up to you."

"Will you undress me?"

"I'll just get hard again and then we'll have to wait longer so I can finally be able to piss on you."

"Fair enough." He started to do the same, tossing his shirt to the side after struggling briefly with it and then dropping his pants to the ground. He wore no underwear; the sandy tan of the fur of his body melded to a more creamy white along his belly and inner thighs, with fluffy sheath and sack at the center of that. Now I could finally see where that trail of coarse pubic fur led. "You know how to tie a knot, right?"

"I can figure it out..." In high school I'd taken an 'Outdoor Adventure' class, which featured an emphasis on knot-tying - and not the kind that I'd prefer to learn at that point in my life. I'm pretty sure I got a solid C on every test. After stripping down naked and waiting for him to finish doing the same, I went over to him, took the cord - it was fairly soft, but strong - and proceeded to try to tie him to the faucet, with him kneeling down to make it easier.

Well, that didn't quite work - I'd have to tie his shoulders to the faucet, the way the height was. So instead I lifted the drain cap and slid the cord underneath that, and locked it so that he couldn't just tug the cap up and out.

It took a while, but I eventually got it - not a tight knot, as I didn't want to hurt him, but good enough, at least judging by how a good inch of his tapered length had slid out of his cream sheath (thought maybe that was due to my hanging length being an inch and a half from his nose while I'd struggled with the cord) and how his tail stirred against the wall of the tub.

"That good?"

He tugged on it - I'd tied his paws behind his back to the drain, which was low enough to be doable, but not without a considerable amount of space in the rope. "It's there, yeah. If you were trying to ransom me, I think I could easily escape, but for our purposes..."

"Good." That done, I, too, stepped into the tub, and position myself in front of him with the base of my length held lightly between a finger and thumb, foreskin rolled half back. To be honest, I'd never *actually* marked someone else before; I'd always been the one on his knees, the one with looking up with his lips pursed or muzzle open, the one who couldn't help breathing a soft sigh at feeling the warm stream splash against his chest, who couldn't help stiffening up at the heat and scent...

...okay, thinking about that wasn't good; I breathed a nervous laugh and shook my head. I had respect for those people who could record videos of them pissing on themselves, since whenever I tried to I always got hard *before* I started. This was apparently the same thing: standing here naked with an expectant dingo below me, eyes bright, lips just barely parted, paws behind his back and reddish-pink point of flesh peeking out of the velvet of his sheath - God, I just wanted to go down and wriggle my tongue into that sheath against his cock - but, no, I still had to change my thoughts. Hell, my bladder was full enough to be almost painful; shouldn't be too hard.

And once I'd put my mind to it, it really wasn't. It started just like any other piss, with the rush of heat and pressure that quickly turned to smooth relief; today, though, this time, instead of hearing it splash into the calm water of a toilet, it did so against Tay's shoulder first and then trickled down his front, turning his creamy chest- and bellyfur a lighter yellow and then dripping down onto the floor of the tub. Tay closed his eyes and straightened up when the stream first hit

him, and then leaned into it; I tried not to think about what was going on, or about how I could see his cock steadily growing, or how the light scent hovering around the room now consisted strongly of fresh piss, my own musk, and the aroma of excited dingo.

I angled the steady stream against the side of his muzzle, and as expected, he turned his head to take it on more fully and then parted his lips further. During this he lifted his hips slowly upwards, lowered them back down, and then did so again, humping into the air while his cock was coaxed out of his sheath, knot now visible beneath the smooth fur. Tay tilted his muzzle down so that he took my piss against the top of his muzzle just behind his nose, and opened his eyes and looked down at me - and my heart caught in my chest for a brief moment thanks to the look he gave me. My mark, just barely pale gold like the tea I'd been drinking all day, dripped down off his chin, off his shoulders and chest, off the tip of his hard length. He flicked his pink tongue out over his lips, brought it back into his muzzle, and swallowed, all the while maintaining eye contact with me.

It was a damn great relief to finally empty my bladder, and to also do so all over someone who enjoyed it probably almost as much as myself when I'm the one in that position... that was nice, too. Always wonderful to do something that someone else enjoy, and judging by how Tay wriggled against his bonds, still humped up into the air, lifted his nose and mouth up against my slowly weakening stream of piss, it seemed pretty clear how he felt.

He leaned forward and nuzzled up against the underside of my cock as the last of it dripped out; then he closed his eyes at one last burst - *my bad* - but caught it all on his tongue instead, and swallowed again. That tongue then flicked back out and lapped up the final few drops of my piss hanging off the end of my length, and made me shiver and tense up as it did so.

"That all you got?" he drawled, and closed his lips around the head of my cock, just past the ring of my foreskin. I could feel his tongue lightly tracing along the sensitive skin, gliding over the slickness left by the piss. Just beneath the heavy, almost cloying scent of fresh piss, I could still pick up the quiet spice of aroused dingo - I'd had my nose up against his length many times before, right at the tip of his sheath while coaxing it up, running along from base to tip... I knew what his musk smelled like, and I loved it.

"Sorry that I can't stay soft while - pissing on you..." Instinctively, my hips twitched forward. His broad, flat tongue slid down and cupped my cock, which only made me lean in further. "...or rather, that I can't piss while hard..."

He moved back and looked up at me. "Practice, hon. Maybe next time, I'll pound you while your bladder is still full. See if I can force it out of you along with an orgasm." Here, he struggled against the cord keeping his paws bound behind his back. "However, I can't do much pounding right now."

"That's alright, Tay."

I lowered myself to my knees and moved back a little, so that there was a fair amount of space between us; the dingo gave me a soft smile and licked his lips again, just as another drop of piss loosened itself from the fur of his chin and *pinged* against the floor of the tub. Down here all I could smell was my own mark, soaked into almost all of his fur, dripping off his chin and rolling down his length... I could feel his eyes on me as I continued to lower myself, down towards the heat of his abdomen and throbbing cock, smelling richly of piss and musk.

With his paws restrained, I could take all the time I wanted, and wouldn't have to yield to a paw on my head pushing me down or holding me against him... still, though, I took my time in pressing my nose against his piss-moistened sack, breathing in the sour scent that I'd come to know so well and learned to enjoy, and then coming up along his soft sheath, tracing over the shape of his knot, rubbing my nose and lips along the slick surface of his veined length... I had no idea whether it was my own piss or his liquid musk that rubbed off on my lips, but I didn't care. I licked it off anyway.

Any hope of resuming marking him had disappeared, as by now I was already throbbing hard and wanting him even more than when he'd first slammed me into the wall. The place of my nose along his cock was soon taken by my tongue, gently at first, tasting just how soaked he was - very - but then moving more purposefully, curling up along the contours of his length, tracing along the veins and flicking over the tapered tip. With one paw I pushed his sheath down to reveal his knot, already partially swollen, deliciously reddish-pink like the rest of his throbbing length.

Tay again tensed against the cord when my tongue drew along him from beneath his knot to past his tip, and then did so again, and a third time. I normally actually couldn't really stand the taste of piss - good thing I'd drunk a lot - but, God, there was just something about cleaning my own mark off of him... when I finally went down on him, lips tight and eyes closed, all I could taste was myself and I *loved that*.

"Gosh..." I heard him murmur, "first I feel the warmth of your piss, and now the warmth of your muzzle... you're too good to me, Luke..." and he lifted his hips up into my muzzle. I kept a paw wrapped around the base of his knot, tugging lightly, coaxing salty pre out of him to mix with the taste of piss. Soon my nose was buried in the sandy pubic fur, now slightly matted down, dripping, muskier than anything - and I breathed deeply in, shivered, swallowed around his hard cock in my muzzle. I think another drop of piss dripped down from his chin and into the fur of the back of my neck.

Hell, I could hardly restrain my own desire. After bobbing on him a few times, gagging on him a few times (thanks to overeagerness; I still had yet to learn that maybe I should stop when his knot presses against my lips), after getting to the point where each swallow only revived the taste of piss on the back of my tongue and to where he felt fairly slickened up, I straightened back up into a kneeling position, came forward, wrapped my arms around his shoulders, wiggled into his lap...

"...and now I'll get to feel the warmth of your rump, huh?" he breathed, and nuzzled into my neck. "Damn, if only you'd told me."

"You should've known that I'd planned for you to fuck me..." It was hard to keep from pushing right down onto him, especially when I felt the hot tip of his length kiss against the rim of my tailhole. "It happens every time I see you. Sometimes twice."

"Usually twice - sometimes more. But, hey, I ain't complainin'..."

This was usually the part where he'd bring his arms up around me, run his nose up along the fur of my neck, tease me by humping gently up into me but not plunging in... well, what with his paws bound behind his back, he could only do a few of these. I kept my own paws around his

shoulders with my legs wrapped around him and leaned back onto him, feeling how my on piss soaked into his fur transferred into my own, made me stick to him a little. And, then, there was the powerful scent, stronger in my nose than ever before, and that only turned me on to the point where I was clenching tightly around him before even sinking halfway down onto him.

“*Fuck...*” pushed its way out between my lips, and right after, I heard Tay snicker a little. It was a tense little laugh, though, and when I opened my eyes partway, he had his head tilted back, lips parted, and his eyes squeezed shut. He’d always said that he likes making me squirm - and, well, I like doing the same to him. God, does he squirm when he’s tied up. All this energy coursing through his body, and he can’t squeeze me to him.

Because of everything leading up to this, and how much I naturally desired him, today I went a little faster than I normally would. After pressing down onto him until I could feel the width of his knot against the base of my tail, I shifted a little, let myself grow a little more accustomed to his girth, and then started back up - but only just a little, so I could push right back down and set a rhythm. Soon he adopted the same rhythm, in lifting his hips up into me each time I pressed down on him, a little more firmly and a little faster each time so that I soon had to reach out and grip the edge of the bathtub or else risk losing balance.

Already my breath came in fast little gasps and sighs, into the fur of the dingo’s shoulder - and still each inhalation brought again the scents of desire and piss, making me just fuck myself on him harder. He leaned back against the wall of the tub, which wasn’t a *huge* distance away, to put himself in more of a lying-down position; I shifted my paws to the middle of his chest and rode him like I had as soon as my boyfriend had left to go to the store.

Even though his paws and arms were both behind and below him at a fairly odd angle, Tay still lifted up into me again and again, and I continued to press back onto him, churn my hips on him, and draw back up, only to slam back down onto him again right after - and, yes, each time his knot pushed up against the rim of my tailhole and I could feel the tapered tip of his length deep in me, a feeling similar to the one of having to piss reverberated through my body, but it was pleasure above all else. There were other things I’d rather focus on than finish what I’d started while a dingo throbbed six inches under my tail, close to finishing himself...

“Ah-” he breathed, and then tried to say something else but couldn’t. He brought his legs up behind me, lifted his hips up, thrust rather fiercely up into me, and then let out a low moan through his teeth while a sweet shiver coursed through his body; then, afterwards, he slouched back and panted shakily, entire body limp. I leaned back on him, as deep as I could go without taking his knot, and moved a paw to my length to finish up. Hell, *that* didn’t take long, either - soon I was pushing even further down onto him (and risked tying anyway, due to the extra lubrication provided from the load he’d shot under my tail) and clenching tightly around him, stuck between sucking in a gasp and breathing out a sigh, and - shooting one spurt, a second, a third, a weaker fourth over his already-matted chestfur - and then, tired, I had to lean back against his legs, which he’d kept up.

So then there was him leaning back against the wall of the tub throbbing beneath my tail, and me resting back against his legs clenching around him each time he throbbed. We remained like this for a while, and then I leaned forward, him still hilted in me, and pressed my lips again to his. It was a bit of a lengthy kiss, and he churned his hips in me during it just to tease me and make me gasp out against his smiling face. I considered peeing on him right there to get back at him for it.

Eventually we untwined, I slid off of him with another little noise from both of us, and then moved to untie him. The dingo breathed a soft thanks, stood up, rubbed his wrists - by now his cock had retreated back into his sheath - and then while I was looking down at the mess we'd made (as the position of his body had prevented most of my piss from draining out of the tub), all of a sudden I felt a familiar splash of warmth against my muzzle, and looked up to see him returning the favor.

"...What?" he said when he noticed me looking at him. He adjusted the direction of his stream with a paw. "I was gonna suggest that we take a shower, and I had to piss anyway, so. You know."

If I hadn't just finished, I'd nuzzle up along his sheath while he did this, wriggle my tongue in against his cock, feel the hot stream against my tongue... oh well. I'll save that for next time.

Once he'd finished - he probably hadn't prepared for it, so as such, much less dripped off of me afterwards than what had soaked into *his* fur - he shook his sheath a few final times and then extended a paw down for me. While the shower warmed up, he kept me pinned to the wall again with little murmurs of "*when will you want to go at it again?*" and "*you stink, little otter*", and then once we'd gotten into the shower, he pushed me down to my knees again and had me work on him while he struggled with getting the mark out of all of his fur.

We'd arranged for him to stay the night, and after the rest of the day had passed, we started getting ready for bed... and then he revealed that he'd brought a second cord, and fully intended to tie both of my wrists to the headboard of the bed.

I let him.