

"Have I ever told you that's a good look for you? A good position for you to be in?"

A cool breeze on his back that blew gently over his shirt and tickled his thick fur underneath... the otter lifted his nose up into the firm warmth that rested atop his muzzle. Today was a nice early autumn day, one of the few where he could step outside in a t-shirt and jeans and *not* freeze his rudder off, as his winter coat hadn't come in yet.

"But you probably get that a lot, huh? Not that that's a bad thing, of course."

Upon first stepping out into the backyard, his whiskers flicked at the smell of burgers sizzling on the grill, but now - he shifted his muzzle again and closed his eyes, drawing in a slow, steady inhalation - it was an entirely different scent soaking into his nose, more enticing, meatier, heavier. One he hadn't smelled in quite a while; just like back then, it still made him squirm, still caused him to lift his rump slightly up and made him grind forward against his own arm, between his legs.

"God - I remember when you used to wake me up like this. Things have cooled down around here since you moved out, y'know, Luke, leaving just me an'... that old shepherd... look at him over there, acting like he doesn't notice. Though, hell, I guess it's nothing out of the ordinary for you to be where you are now."

The otter opened his eyes and looked up, right into fire-yellow eyes glimmering in the light of the sun. This Arcanine leaned back in his chair and kept his legs spread, pants fly opened and hips tilted forward, perfect for the otter between his legs to nuzzle into. He ran his nose up along one of the stitch lines of his underwear, smooth red in color like parts of the dog's fur.

"Lukas."

His gaze had drifted back down to the bulge before him, outline of a familiar thick shaft visible under the fabric - but on hearing his name, it returned to the Arcanine's muzzle. "Mm?"

"Lend me a maw, why don't you? Had an awful lot to drink getting everything set up for your visit, and - hell, I can't be bothered to get up to make a trip to the bathroom."

The breeze picked up again and made Lukas shiver - or, maybe, that was just the anticipation of what would come next. He hooked his fingers around the waistband of the Arcanine's underwear, already able to feel the same unmistakable warmth in his pads that burned against the end of his muzzle - and couldn't help but lick his lips, then, once he pulled that underwear down. Thick indeed, supple black skin of his shaft rolling gently back as his length flopped down across the otter's nose, the head half-revealed beneath the rim of that skin... Lukas swallowed and nuzzled up beneath it.

"Admit it," the Arcanine cooed. With one large paw, he rolled his foreskin all the way back - Lukas pressed his lips to the underside of his revealed head - and then forward, again half-covering his head. The otter *loved* the slightly-different musk that lingered around that covered flesh, a little heavier, a little deeper, and ever more persistent, if he were to get it on his fingers or lips. He knew *that* much from thorough experience. "You missed this."

And really, how could he not? Lukas had more than thoroughly gotten to know this Arcanine after moving in with him - him and his king shepherd friend, who worked the grill across the

yard. That had been a temporary thing, though, and after a year and a half or so, he moved out to get a place of his own; today was his first visit since then, and he found himself doing the same thing that he had on the day he'd left.

As Lukas flicked his tongue out against the firedog's length, occasionally teasing at the rim of his foreskin, he could see that shepherd glance over at the two of them.

"Arkani!" the other dog called, spatula in one paw. "Don't stink him up too bad. We still have to eat with him, you know."

The Arcanine rolled his eyes, and yet again tugged his foreskin back... but this time pressed the end of his cock directly against Lukas's lips. The otter could tell that he'd worked up a bit of a sweat 'getting things set up', as he'd put it: even without straining, he could still easily pick up his scent. "Nothing I can do about that, Pan. It's up to *him* whether he wants to swallow it, or let it soak 'im..."

In fact, Arkani had actually been one of the first to mark Lukas's muzzle, and chest, and tongue, while Pan was the first to empty his bladder beneath his tail. The feeling of that rich, intense heat filling him up from behind, dripping down the rim of his tailhole and along the back of his sack... it had been on his birthday, actually, when both of them had done so from either side of him, leaving him tingling, warm, dripping, and reeking all over. Not that he minded, and, hell - he'd brought a spare change of clothes today for his visit, just in case (rather: in hopes that) something like that were to happen again.

Arkani shifted above him, eyes half-closed and tail stirring behind him, as if he were focusing on something. Lukas started to flick his tongue out, to get a taste of the source of the musk tickling at his nose - but the Arcanine had something else in mind, something else for him to taste. As soon as he parted his lips, he received a burst of hot liquid against his tongue, splashing down his chin and coursing into his muzzle... so of course, he did what he remembered always doing: he opened his mouth further, and let the mark fill his muzzle.

That bright, rich taste settling over his tongue, its warmth filling his maw and rolling out of the sides of his mouth... Lukas straightened up, raised his tongue up, swallowed down some of the piss, and let the rest trickle down his chin and the front of his body. As much as he enjoyed getting marked like this - this much could easily be seen in the stiffness of his arousal tenting the front of his pants - he always still had to will himself to make that first swallow, to bite down the acrid tangy bitterness, always so powerful.

It wasn't a necessarily common occurrence (to some degree, at least) for Lukas to find himself sucking the piss from a canid friend or hookup, but he *had* noticed that Arkani's easily overpowered the rest: that first swallow felt like it burned its way down his throat, due to either the sharp taste or the intense heat, and boiled in his stomach almost. The otter kept his lips parted but turned his head to the side, gladly and willfully accepting the Arcanine's mark in the thick fur of his cheek and down along the rest of his body.

Once in the past when he still lived here, he awoke early one morning and made his way to the bathroom - and on the way down the hall bumped into this same firedog, who had just finished his morning piss. Of course Arkani was naked, and of course he saw his opportunity and took it... and pushed the half-asleep otter down to his knees in front of him. One part of him certainly

woke up, then, when his nose picked up the unmistakable scent of Arkani's length and piss, a drop of which still hung from the end of that length.

So he had flicked his tongue out, licked it off, and then could feel the musk and heat spread through his maw. He had wanted to stay between his legs and continue on him, but - all the Arcanine had wanted of him was a tongue to clean him off, and he just patted Lukas on the cheek, stepped around him, and disappeared down the hall into his room. It ended up taking Lukas about five minutes longer than he'd planned to go to the bathroom, as he had to wait for his distraction to go down - and then another forty extra to take care of that distraction before settling back down for bed.

And all because he was still able to taste the firedog's mark as fresh as when he'd first licked it off.

Lukas dragged his tongue out over his lips to lap off more of Arkani's piss, and at the same time leaned back, to receive that stream more fully against the front of his chest. To him, there was just something about feeling his shirt become heavier with it, about feeling its heat soak into his fur and tasting it ever stronger on the air before him - that dry, pungent spice, enough to make his nose wrinkle and to cause his mouth to water.

And, then - even more, having it pool between his abdomen and the tent in his pants, and soaking through to drip down his hard, twitching cock...

Thick shaft held between a sharp-clawed finger and thumb, Arkani directed his stream up a bit, at the same time rolling his foreskin further over his head. So far, the big Arcanine showed no sign of slowing down. Lukas turned back to face his stream directly again, closing his eyes and lips so that it splashed directly against his mouth, the occasional drop of spray catching in his nose and sending another shiver of enjoyment through his body.

Honestly, he had been fantasizing about something like this since the date of his visit had been set up. Lukas touched his lips to the half-covered head of Arkani's cock, positioned so that his piss coursed into his mouth and again started to fill his muzzle up. The salty taste, the intense heat, the smell of it already richly ground into most of his fur - and, now, he could feel the bubbling, the frothing of it as it continued to fill his maw. He moved forward and kept his lips tight around the Arcanine's head, so that he emptied his bladder directly into his muzzle. This was how it had been the first time Lukas had tasted his piss: with the weight of Arkani's length bearing his tongue down.

It was more than enough to bulge his cheeks out and flow out of the corners of his mouth, and now with the acrid taste burning all over his tongue... but, finally, he could feel the Arcanine start to finish up. Lukas dropped both paws to the ground in front of him, let that last mouthful and a half stream down over his chin, and...

...remained in place with his muzzle held open by a large paw from in front of him, while Arkani emptied the last of his piss onto the otter's waiting tongue. At the end of it, there was again enough to submerge his tongue in the hot yellowish liquid... had to have a hell of a stomach for salt, if he wanted being this firedog's urinal to be a regular occurrence.

Arkani wiped his last few drops directly off against Lukas's lips, still steadily rolling his foreskin back and forth. Were his muzzle not already occupied, the otter would have gladly gone down

on that cock in half a heartbeat; just looking at it, he could tell that Arkani had taken some amount of pleasure in watching his old housemate receive and bear his fresh mark just as eagerly as he used to.

"Swallow that," Arkani growled, again tapping the underside of his cock on Lukas's lower lip. Then, he sat back in his chair - throughout the marking he'd leaned forward a bit to follow the otter's movements - and slowly, idly stroked his length, sliding his slick foreskin over his piss-moistened head with a single finger and thumb. "All of it."

And Lukas did as told. He closed his lips, tilted his head slightly back, swallowed once, twice, three times... and then let out a sigh of satisfaction and relief, and dragged his tongue across his already-wet lips. Though he had already downed a considerable amount of it (any movement with too much force behind it caused it to slosh around in his belly), its sharp taste still bit at him and remained strongly on his breath afterwards. If he could smell his own breath this easily...

"Hey, Pan," Arkani called over his shoulder. Lukas couldn't take his eyes off the firedog's lap as he slowly stroked his length, the dark flesh glistening with a mixture of musk and piss, and steadily growing stiffer. *That* was something he had been fantasizing about, too: feeling the rim of that foreskin kiss against his tailhole, sinking onto that thick shaft again after so long, squirming and panting with that girth hilted beneath his tail and keeping him stretched- "The damn burgers done yet? Stomach's growling over here."

"Oh, come on," the shepherd replied, "you can wait a few more minutes. Not like you'd get up, anyway - not with Luke between your legs. Remember, don't use him too hard."

"Yeah, yeah..." Arkani moved closer to the edge of his seat and tugged his underwear further down, allowing his plump, warm-furred sack to hang out into the air. Lukas came forward and pressed his nose against it, just as he had through the fabric of his pants earlier... but here, that scent was much clearer, much sharper - with an added pungency from a few stray drops of piss that had soaked into his thick pubic fur. "If he wants to go for a ride, I'll let 'im."

*Later*, Lukas thought, continuing to grind his nose against the base of the underside of Arkani's cock, where his shaft met his sack. *I'll like to get Pan under my tail right after Arkani if I can. Use one's cum as lube for the other...*

"But..." And Arkani shifted his position again. A low growl of pleasure rumbled in his chest as Lukas started making his way up along his length, keeping him raised with a paw while running his lips and tongue up the underside. "Looks like he's content to give me a needed tongue-cleaning."

Belly already half-full with something of his - what would be the harm in adding to that? Lukas closed his eyes yet again and came up on Arkani's underside, intentionally catching his tongue against the rim of his foreskin. He had spent many evenings and mornings both figuring out just what made the Arcanine squirm and moan, and that was one of them: keeping his lips on the slick, ridged rim of his skin, curling and pressing his tongue against the frenulum beneath, occasionally bringing it up and tracing it along the slit of his cock.

The way it used to be, the otter's jaw would get sore if he worked on Arkani for too long. He'd have to move back and paw him off, keeping his maw open to catch his load - and sometimes

he'd miss, on account of how the firedog tended to buck and jerk when he came. That proved to be the source of many sore throats as well; now, however, he'd had his practice, and could bring the Arcanine's thick cock more easily into his muzzle.

Lukas couldn't resist grinding a paw against himself, against his own throbbing erection straining against his piss-soaked pants. The taste of that mark still lingered in both his mouth and on the end of Arkani's cock, mixed with the natural musk of his length and his head beneath his foreskin - beneath which he still worked his tongue, careful not to press too hard.

He knew from experience the feeling of an overeager tongue against the sensitive flesh of his head beneath his foreskin; Lukas had a friend in late high school who *loved* giving oral, but absolutely could not figure out how to handle an uncut cock. Sure, it had its appeal - in the same way that having his paws tied behind his back and being ridden to the edge of orgasm again and again had an appeal - but it wasn't something he found himself actively wanting.

Arkani rumbled again and lowered a paw to the otter's head, starting to steadily pull him down along his length. Lukas could feel the firedog's foreskin roll slowly back against the roof of his mouth and his tongue - and then back over his head when he started to pull out. With Arkani setting his own rhythm, he could focus on himself; Lukas swiftly took the opportunity to undo his own fly, open his pants, and bring his own length out into the air, running a paw smoothly along the slickened skin, and breathing in the refreshed aroma of piss above the Arcanine's musk in his nose.

Lips tight and throat relaxed - that was the only way he could do this, with Arkani's girth as it was. The weight of his meat on his tongue, repeatedly pressing into the back of his throat - while he storked himself, slightly out of sync with the rhythm set by the paw on his head,

"Damn, I've been needing this..."

Lukas choked briefly on the shaft pushing into his throat, but regained his composure right after. Every inhalation he managed was ripe and rich with the hot, dry spice of the Arcanine's piss, seeming only to grow stronger the longer he wore it. At one point, Arkani worked his other paw down, down to the base of his cock - and lessened his grip on Lukas's head.

But, still, the otter maintained his rhythm, moving back so he could focused solely on his head and the supple skin rolling back and forth, back and forth with his stroking. He could taste the salty tang of his pre regularly leaking out onto his tongue, warm and slick and mixing wonderfully with the other robust tastes in his mouth.

Taking Arkani's fresh mark across his face, tongue, and chest had gotten him so worked up - Lukas had to slow his own stroking, had to move his paw down and hold it in once place, as any movement just pushed him dangerously close to the edge. Once or twice in the past he had specifically woken up early for one of his housemates to mark him, and then remained awake until both of them left... and then spent the day pawing off, burying his nose in his soaked clothing or inhaling the scent off his fur.

Lost in his thoughts and memories, Arkani's sudden movement caught him off-guard. Before he had a chance to respond, before he could bring his tongue back into his maw - there was that thick cock against his nose and lips, twitching and shaking with his stroking - and then the big firedog gave voice to yet another low, rumbling growl of a moan... and spurted his load out

across the otter's muzzle, thick ropes of cum catching on his whiskers and atop his muzzle, one, a second, a third. He closed his lips around the end of his cock and caught the last weaker spurts as they came, able to feel each throb through his tongue.

Different taste than his piss, his musk his pre - one with its own bite and bittersweet tang. It was different than he remembered, as he'd certainly tasted a lot of his seed, but still carried the same characteristic undertone. The Arcanine's chair creaked beneath his weight as he sat back in it, arms falling limp at his side... while Lukas dove forward, finally able to bury his nose in Arkani's pubic fur with his cock starting to soften within his muzzle. He lifted his tongue against him, working out the last of his cum, and swallowed it down.

Then he moved back, licked his lips, and smiled up at the Arcanine. For a moment, he had forgotten about his own need... but, that could wait. Pan wanted a turn at him, and every time in the past that Arkani had marked him, the king shepherd pulled him off to the side and promptly overrode that mark. He had *that* to look forward to.

Arkani rumbled, his whiskers showing his contentedness. "It's good to see you again, Luke. Now, I've worked up a hell of an appetite... want me to get you a burger?" Then, over his shoulder: "Pan! Goddammit!"

Lukas wouldn't be able to swallow anything more, though. In fact, he already kind of had to piss.