

The striped hyena leaned back in his seat and folded his paws over his belly. This evening he had decided to treat himself, and came out to his favorite restaurant - about a fifteen minutes' walk away, kind of in a weird place but nice nonetheless. Its odd positioning on the street meant that there was hardly ever more than four other groups of people there, and it was a fairly small place as well. Best damn chicken noodle soup he'd ever had, and he always drank all of the broth before leaving, even *if* there were still some of the noodles left - just because it was that damn *good*.

He had already paid as well, and as such could get up and leave whenever. That should be soon, he figured: the warm sleepiness of a full stomach had already started to set in. It was a bit cold outside, though, so *that* would wake him up... he flicked his tongue out over his lips, swallowed, and started to turn to get out of the booth-

But, just then, someone slid into the seat opposite him, and set their food out onto the table. At first, the hyena didn't know what to do, so he just frowned and look at them - at *her*: some kind of species hybrid he'd never seen before, head and beak of a bird, blue-black obsidian hair coursing down over stark white fur, the sleek curved body of a feline. This last point came out more prominently with the fluffy tail that she curled under the table after settling in, fur the same smooth white as her face, though speckled along the end with black and also tinted a faint, sweet blue.

The hyena's next thought was to just... go about his business and leave. He strongly considered it, but there was just *something* about this person that captivated him - and instead, he found himself settling back down into his seat.

He licked his lips again. "Um... hello."

Her voice was soft and smooth as her fur looked, and half-lidded cyan eyes glistened up at him across the table. She smiled shyly. "Hey, sorry for just - intruding on your space here... I *would've* sat somewhere else, but, um... I can't..."

"What?" The hyena straightened up and glanced around. It was a single-room restaurant, with - one, two, three, four, *five* tables against the walls. The two of them sat in one; two others were occupied; the fourth was roped off with caution tape; and the fifth... well. When the hyena had come in to place his order, some cheetess's kid had puked on the seat, and it still hadn't been cleaned up.

This was a Chinese restaurant, a small kind-of run-down place. It wasn't like he could easily afford a high-end place, and besides, he liked the food here. One thing he'd heard about Chinese places was that they weren't exactly the pinnacle of cleanliness.

The hyena settled back down into his seat. "Ah. I, uh... see what you mean. It's - no problem."

"Sorry! Sorry..." The swan-hybrid brought her food closer to her, and opened one of the boxes. It looked like she intentionally attempted to hide her face behind the lid; whenever the hyena caught a glimpse at her face, he could see the rose of an embarrassed blush warming her cheeks. "I - *could* walk home, but I live a bit of a ways away, and - I just moved in, I don't know the way back, and... my friend dropped me off, and my food would be cold by the time I got there... sorry..."

"Whoa. Hey, hey." With a long-clawed paw, the hyena closed the lid of her food - and had to stifle a little chuckle at seeing her with some number of noodles hanging limply out of her beak. She slurped them up, chewed briefly, and swallowed them down. "Your friend left you here without a ride?"

"Well - I mean..." She licked her lips - her beak? - and sat back in her chair. Whoever she was, she had a great sense of fashion: she wore a tube-top kind of thing (the hyena didn't know the word for it) that came about halfway up her upper arms and came across her chest, the straps and upper parts of her bra cups visible against her fur. He couldn't see what she wore further down her body, without leaning over and looking under the table like a creep - but he *had* seen her standing off to the side earlier waiting for her food, and remembered that she had on something similar. Something that hugged the curves of her body, something that brought them out without making them too obvious. "That wasn't the original plan. We *were* going to sit together and eat and then head home, and then - something came up with him, and he had to leave, but I wanted to stay..." A nervous laugh escaped her mouth, and after another moment, she flipped her food box open again. "I'm not too good at thinking things through."

"Well, hey, neither am I." The hyena tapped his claws against the side of his soup container, empty except for an unidentifiable mass of boiled chicken, mashed noodles, and congealed fat at the bottom. Then, he sighed, and extended his paw across the table. "I'm Shekh."

The swan-hybrid looked at his paw, then flicked her eyes to his muzzle... then swallowed down her noodles, smiled, and took his offered paw in her own. A nice silver-metal bracelet around her wrist set with bright amber stones jangled quietly when she shook it. "Librus. Again, I'm sorry - I thought you were leaving, so I just thought I'd slide in after you... I don't do well with meeting new people..."

Shekh breathed a quiet chuckle. "Hey. Neither am I. So, Librus - sorry to ask this so, uh, weirdly, but..." He motioned towards her with his paw. "What - *are* you?"

"Hmm? Oh! Sorry, I should've... um. Sonarian. Probably - the first you've seen, so..." She reached for a napkin. "Most people usually just... stare, and don't say anything..."

She trailed off. Shekh couldn't put his finger on it, but there was just - *something* about this woman that caught his interest. She was shy, and nervous, and unsure of herself, but still managed to maintain the hyena's full attention. He scooted forward a little and intertwined his fingers, watching her as she continued to eat. Then, he opened his muzzle to speak again - but she beat him to it.

Librus spoke quickly this time, and didn't look up to meet his eyes until after she had finished. "Look, Shekh, I know we just met, and I'm sorry for asking so suddenly, but - I mean, you seem pretty nice, and I was wondering if maybe... if I could have - I mean, if I could stay, um... at your place... tonight?"

Blue eyes, shining up at him. His mouth still hung open.

"If not, then that's - that's no problem, and I understand... kind of weird for a stranger like me to all of a sudden ask-"

"No, no, it's fine." The words came without him having to think about it, and as if in a natural reaction, he returned her gentle smile. "I live about... fifteen minutes away? About? I - walked here. I've got a spare room that you can stay in..."

At hearing this, the Sonarian's face lit up, and she actually sat up to her full height. "What? Really? Thank you! I wasn't expecting you to-"

"Yeah, yeah." The hyena waved it off. "Don't mention it. It's no sweat off my back, and I mean - who am I to say no to someone in need? Just let me know when you're done here, and we can head out."

"It won't be longer than three minutes. Promise. Also, when we get there-" Librus leaned down to pick off a chunk of meat positioned precariously on the end of her fork. "-do you think you could show me the bathroom? I, uh... drank a lot of water earlier today, and..."

"Yeah. Yeah, sure."

It was dark outside by the time she finished; unsurprising, considering it had been early sunset when Shekh first arrived. Librus's shyness had fallen off considerably after he had agreed to let her stay, and now, she kept stride beside him along the sidewalk, the bag of her leftovers held in one paw while her other swung at her side, resting atop the purse that she had slung over her shoulder. Walking side by side, their heights actually came almost exactly even... which startled Shekh somewhat. Perhaps it was just her slight, shy demeanor, but when sitting across from her he had thought that she'd be at least a full head shorter.

"It's a left here," the hyena said, pointing up at the next road. "Then just four houses down. You said you just moved in?"

"Yeah." Librus adjusted her purse over her shoulder. Even after they had left the sickly yellowish light of the restaurant, her eyes and the blue areas along her body still seemed to glow. "Next city over, actually. But my friend liked that Chinese place and said I just *have* to try it, so we decided to head out..."

"What the fuck coulda happened that caused him to leave you stranded there, though?"

"I told you, it was *my* fault." She gave him another embarrassed grin. "I had to beg him to leave me. You have to understand - I'd been drinking only water all day, I hadn't had any food. I was *hungry*. But... well, I'm glad I ran into you there. I'll - call him up tomorrow morning, or send him a text tonight letting him know I'm okay, and then head home in the morning. Hope it's not too much of a burden."

"Oh, no, no. Not at all. Here - this one up here... let me just get the key."

Even without looking, he could feel the Sonarian's presence a short distance behind him. After working his key into the lock and turning it, he glanced behind himself - and sure enough, she stood there, paws behind her back and long tail flicking around. "Nice neighborhood you're in."

"Yeah, I guess so." The door unlocked with a *click*, and Shekh pushed it open with his shoulder. The slightly warmer, faint-scented air wafted out from inside, the reassuring scent of home... and when he looked behind himself again, he noticed Librus lifting her nose into the air, ears

perked. "I'm - sorry if things are a little dirty. I wasn't expecting company 'til the day after tomorrow, so I haven't bothered to clean up at all... and the spare room is a little all over the place, so I gotta get *that* in order... bet all *you* wanna do is sleep, huh? Dunno about you, but I'm not too used to walking, so..."

The Sonarian stepped up beside him as they entered the house, blue eyes looking around the darkened rooms. Shekh was a little self-conscious: right as he flicked on the light, he remembered (or, rather, was directly reminded) how he'd left the blanket draped over the couch from the *last* time he'd had a visitor over, earlier in the week. The hyena half-raised a finger to let Librus know, but then let it fall as she went over and relaxed on the couch, directly on top of that towel... usually Shekh's visits with others went in one particular direction, and ended up with him either taking an extra-long shower, relaxing on the couch with the weight of the other person on top of him, or rolling around in bed groaning of various sore muscles. More often than not, the most prominent of this pain throbbed in his lower jaw and right beneath the base of his tail.

But she seemed too nice for that, too quiet. She ran her fingers over the surface of the couch, short retractable claws - snow leopard! That's what kind of tail that was; swan-snow leopard hybrid - dragging along the texture without digging in or catching on the threads; Shekh lingered for a moment before heading off into the kitchen. It would be nice to get his guest a drink of water or something, at least.

"So," Librus called from the other room. The hyena's tall ears perked up, to pick her smooth voice up over the noise of the glass in his paw clattering against the others. "You said you *were* expecting company, just not tonight... you entertain often?"

Shekh covered the sound of his scoff beneath that of the glass filling first with ice, and then water. *Entertain...* that was one word for it. "No..." he replied, lifting the glass up to his eyes to check the level in it... it could still hold a little more, without being precariously full. "Not exactly. Sometimes I have friends over, and we... you know. Do things."

"Mm. Things, huh?"

Could've worded that better... he avoided her eyes when he came back out of the kitchen, instead focusing on the glass. Just like him to say that it could hold more, and then afterwards, see that he had filled it up *too* much - any misstep and he'd spill some. "Yeah... one's a... police officer - nice guy, mostly, but he can be a bit... *rough*, at times..."

To this, Librus breathed a gentle laugh. "Police, huh? You didn't tell me you were a criminal."

"No, I-" ...but his foot caught on a leg of the table, and before he could right himself, the glass of water left his fingers, clattered against the edge of the top, and thumped down into the carpet between his guest's legs, water quickly soaking into the carpet. The hyena cursed, and bent down to pick it back up. "....Dammit, sorry, I didn't mean-"

"No, no, that's no problem. I mean, I appreciate the effort..." Librus lifted one of her legs, her foot rather close to the slowly-spreading wet spot. Shekh had to force himself to keep his eyes down: instead of *pants*, the Sonarian wore a pair of thigh-high socks, dark blue-black to complement the colors of her fur. Not exactly suitable clothing for cool weather like tonight, but then again, she *did* say she'd just moved in... and besides, it certainly looked like she enjoyed

wearing this kind of thing. Every time his eyes *did* stray from the floor (he tried to grab at the same ice cube four times before finally getting a hold on it), she'd lifted her leg up a little and moved it a bit further away, only making it easier once he rose back to his knees that - no - she wasn't wearing any pants. Just a pair of black panties beneath that tube top, which came down to about the middle of her thighs, and rose up as she moved her legs. "Shekh."

Again his ears perked upright. A little shakily, he rested the now-empty glass on the edge of the table. "Sorry... yeah?"

"I just wanted to thank you again for letting me stay the night here. Really means a lot to me, especially considering we just met tonight..." The Sonarian raised her leg up and braced her foot on the edge of the table, Shekh still kneeling in front of her. He didn't know where to look; he could feel his tail flicking around behind him and knew very well that his blush could be seen in his tall ears... every time he looked up at her, his eyes were inevitably drawn back to the shadow beneath her tube top, having moved further up towards her hips with her movements. The black cloth of her panties contrasted sharply with the smooth white of her fur there. She *had* to know.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, that's..." Shekh swallowed. He knew he *should* move, knew that he really *should* get up and maybe - grab a towel to dry off the carpet, but... he didn't want to. It didn't feel like Librus wanted him to, either. "That's no problem. I just - should-"

"Is there anything I can do to show my thanks?"

The hyena blinked, licked his lips, swallowed, and again forced his gaze up from between the Sonarian's legs. She had lowered one of her paws down so her fingers teased at the lower hemming of her top, at the same time lifting it up just a little bit further... so she *was* doing it on purpose, then. Wasn't she? It was just - so hard to tell. Shekh wasn't used to the women he spoke to being so indirect: usually he hung out with the kind who would just as soon pin him to the floor or wall and tear his pants off as they would shake his hand or give him a hug. Librus, though... this one gave him no hints in those bright cyan eyes of hers, or at least none that he could see. Even though he just had, he swallowed again.

"My friend knows you, you know," she went on, and actually lifted her leg up and rested it on the table behind the hyena, over his shoulder. Its weight caused him to lean forward a little. "Told me quite a bit about you. Showed me some pictures he had of you, too - that was part of what made me decide to sit at your table, instead of someone else's."

Shekh ran through his mind, trying to think of all the people who knew him and who had pictures of him... damn. That hardly narrowed things down. Suddenly, he stood up, throwing off Librus's balance - and then had to shove his paws into his pockets.

"Sorry! Sorry, Librus, I just remembered - I have to-"

She stood up as well, and looked him right in the eye. Their closeness, wedged between the sofa and the table, meant that her (rather full) breasts pressed forward against his chest. It looked as if she were rummaging around in her purse with her other paw, but Shekh didn't dare take his eyes off her face. "You have to what, hyena? Are you gonna leave your dear guest all on her own, without showing her around?"

This was more like the kind of woman that Shekh often found himself stuck with. The kind who grinned brightly at him, who enjoyed his nervous fiddling and on-the-spot shyness... he and this Sonarian seemed to be perfect opposites in that. He felt his strongest when just starting off, and *she* gained her strength with her arousal - the hyena's nose continually twitched with them standing this close together, though it was less noticeable than when he had been on his knees between her legs. This arousal of hers was fairly obvious to him on the air; of course, this presented another reason for him to keep his paws strategically placed in his pockets.

"Oh, that's what I was... what I was talking about!" Slowly, carefully, he tried to shimmy to the side, finally breaking eye contact. "Come on, let's-"

But right then, there was a quiet metallic *click* and a somewhat-familiar pressure around his neck, the pressure of a band of stiff cloth being affixed in place. Shekh stopped where he stood, swallowed again, and flicked his eyes back to Librus: she lowered her paw back into her purse, and then brought out a pale pink leash. She held it up.

"It matches," she said, giving him another grin. Shekh just stood there as she clipped it on to his collar. "I told you - my friend knows you. He told me a *lot* about you, and what you're into... and that you can be a bit of a pill sometimes. So I figured, I'd *forcibly* thank you. Does that work?"

Oh *God*, did it ever. But there was no way that Shekh would admit that. He forced his ears down and growled, half-playfully... it didn't really seem to work. Librus's smile just widened. "What do you think you're - *doing*?"

"Isn't it obvious? I'm thanking you." The Sonarian wrapped the leash around her paw to tighten it, and then gave a downwards tug on it... and she was stronger than he'd expected. That single tug was enough to pull him back down to his knees. "C'mon, Shekh, don't act like you don't like it... you're squirming. Probably shouldn't've worn such tight pants today, huh?" She lifted her leg up and pushed the table behind him away, giving the two of them a little more space. "That's alright, though. We'll get those off of you soon enough."

He hated how she was right. The hyena took his paws out of his pockets and rested them atop his legs, unsure whether he should keep his gaze on the ground or look up to meet her eyes... the last woman who had collared him (now thinking of which, Shekh realized he should probably send her another text sometime soon) had required that his eyes be on her muzzle at all times - except, of course, for when they just *couldn't* be. Like when she'd had him on all fours in front of her while she pounded into him, or when she squeezed his muzzle between her legs...

What brought the hyena back out of his thoughts, though, was a sudden strengthening of the tantalizing aroma of Librus's arousal on the air - and when he shook his head and refocused his eyes, the first thing to catch his attention was how she had tugged her black panties to the side and brought into full view her smooth lips, warm pink flesh glistening. He couldn't help but flick his tongue out across his own lips, then, as the Sonarian dragged a pair of fingers up along that slit, and then pressed them back down to spread herself.

This was about what he'd come to expect whenever he brought a woman home: for him to end up on his knees, with her standing above him and grinning down. The whole collar-and-leash part of it was optional, but... enjoyable, nonetheless: every time Librus gave a little tug to it, every time she pulled the hyena up a little further and brought his nose slightly closer to her, his body responded with another throb of his hard cock.

She was so *warm*, too. Shekh still shivered a little bit with the chill of the night air on their walk back here, and yet - here he was, nose and lips just an inch and a half away from the Sonarian's slick slit, lips still spread by her fingers. Hell, if he were to flick his tongue out, he could drag it up along that slightly-moist flesh, lightly spiced with her natural musk and that of her arousal... and once he'd done it once (and earned a little twitch and sigh of pleasure from her), he couldn't help himself. The leash went slack as he lifted himself further up and ran his tongue up between her spread lips, taking that taste, that scent on the air, into his own muzzle and swallowing it down.

Librus shivered, breathed a quiet, shuddering moan, lifted one leg up and braced her foot on the edge of the table...

Then, the hyena's ears perked upright - and flattened right back down, with a hot blush warming his cheeks. When she said that her friend knew him quite well... "What - what happened to needing a bathroom?" he asked, his words lightly brushing across the flesh beneath his mouth.

Her response just made his pants grow even tighter. "What do you think? I've found one."

And, then, she didn't give him time to respond - even though he *did* move back and part his lips in expectation. The Sonarian pulled in a breath, held it for a moment, let it out in a gentle moan... and then Shekh jerked backwards, startled by the sudden contact of warm liquid atop his muzzle. The sharp scent of her piss quickly filled his nose, especially as it coursed down over his lips and spread across his tongue. His first instinct was to lift his muzzle up into the stream, to receive it more fully against the front of his mouth - so it was just his luck that Librus tugged on his leash again, forcing him to come up closer.

"This friend of ours... I got into asking a few questions, and he revealed to me that you've downed a full bladder from him before, without spilling a drop. Shame, though..." Librus angled her hips a bit, changing the aim of her piss so that it splashed down against the middle of Shekh's chest. The intense moist warmth from it, the musky, dry scent constantly hovering up off of it, diluted as it was with the water she'd drunk... he couldn't help but nuzzle down into the path of the stream again, letting his tongue hang out of his parted lips so he could catch more of it and swallow it down, with the rest dropping against his tented pants and soaking through the fabric. "You've already missed a lot from me. Guess that just means we'll have to try again later, mm?"

"Yeah..." Shekh panted. Librus had left enough slack in the leash for him to move forward along the carpet - he wasn't worried about cleaning up the mess quite yet - and bring his muzzle closer to his body, pursing his lips forward around the translucent gold stream. He let it fill his muzzle a bit, so that he could feel its salty warmth all around his tongue... and then swallowed it down, letting it splash against his muzzle as he did so, and just opened his mouth back up again. "We will..."

Above him, the Sonarian tilted her head, and again started to wrap the leash around her paw. "Yeah'? That's all you have to say? I think something more appropriate..." Without giving warning, she pulled the hyena forward. "... is 'yes ma'am'."

He *would* have obliged and given this as a response, if he could have. However, he next found his mouth, tongue, and lips all occupied, kept firmly held against Librus's sex by a taut leash, so

that she continued to empty her bladder directly into his muzzle. It filled up quite a bit faster than he expected, and as such, the hyena repeatedly had to swallow down, catch as much breath as he could, and then swallow down again and again... his broad tongue flicked up against the Sonarian's slick, sensitive flesh with each swallow, again adding the taste of her arousal to the spice of her mark that already thoroughly coated his tongue and throat.

Leash taut, collar tugging against the back of his neck as he was continually pulled forward, one paw resting atop his head between his ears... Librus ensured that she kept the hyena's muzzle pressed firmly against her, so that his lips crossed hers, his nose pressed into the fur of her lower belly, and that not a single drop of her piss escaped his mouth. Because of the positioning of his nose directly above the Sonarian's clit, every inhalation he managed came rich with her scent - and only continued to work him up.

The more of her mark he swallowed, the slicker and warmer his mouth, throat, and belly felt, and he loved it. He kept one paw against her upper thigh, while his other first worked at the button and zipper of his fly, then almost frantically tugged his already-soaked underwear down to bring his twitching length into the air. Where before the Sonarian freely emptied her mark over his chest and crotch, now the only drips of it that he didn't swallow ended up rolling down out of the corners of his mouth and down along his chin and neck, cutting small rivulets in the already-moist fur.

He'd been planning to take a shower tonight, but... this wasn't really what he had in mind. And to think that he'd already had his fill of hot, salty liquid during dinner - but now, thirstily drank down her piss, mouthful after mouthful, partially because the pull of the leash and the paw on the back of his head essentially forced him to, and partially because (admittedly) he loved it. She really *did* have a lot to give.

Finally, though, she lowered her paw and let the leash slacken - and Shekh took the opportunity to move back and really catch his breath, dripping tongue hanging out of his mouth as he panted, fully aware that his breath carried the same dry, musky odor that his fur and clothing now did. He hadn't even *thought* about how it would soak into his shirt... and still Librus continued, her paw originally on the hyena's head now keeping her lips spread again as she tilted her stream down towards Shekh's length. Again and again he licked his chops to lap off the last of her mark, and raised his hips up into it as he stroked himself: there was just *something* about feeling the warm moisture splash against the end of his length and drip down over his paw...

But, then, that started to weaken and eventually slowed to a steady drip - and here, Shekh leaned forward and caught it on his tongue of his own accord, nose pressed against the glistening point of flesh of the Sonarian's clit. Every time he swallowed, he intentionally dragged his tongue up along her revealed flesh and swirled it around that clit, noticing how it made her broken stream just slightly strengthen again... until it stopped completely. Still, though, he focused his tongue at its source, and continued to swallow down her taste and musk. Whenever he leaned forward or back, he could feel the volume of her piss slosh around in his stomach, almost a full bladder's worth, with the reminiscent saltiness still on the back of his tongue.

"*That's* a good boy," Librus drawled. She shifted her other foot from the edge of the table to the hyena's shoulder - and pushed him back against it. He didn't resist, and continued to slowly paw himself off while looking up at her. "Guess he was right... you definitely aren't new to this. At least - that wasn't the eagerness of someone on their first time that I just felt... little hyena pet

was - *quite* thirstily - drinking my mark..." Here, she flicked her own tongue out over her lips (beak?) and grinned again. "Something tells me you would've done just that even if I hadn't kept your muzzle between my legs. Mm?"

Shekh swallowed - he could still taste it - and nodded. He kept his lips half-parted for his panting, and also because the odor of Librus's piss still lingered on every exhalation. "Yeah..."

"What was that?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Her grin turned into a sleek smile, and for a moment she said no more, and instead just watched him as he squirmed and stroked his own length, fur and clothing soaked with her piss. Shekh genuinely liked the way that she eyed him... and then he felt himself tugged off to the side, this time with Librus stepping off away from the couch. At this angle, he could very clearly see the wings folded along her back, further reinforcing his idea of her being a swan hybrid; would be a wonder to see those at their full span...

Taken off-guard, he had to scramble to rise to his feet behind her, or else risk being dragged along the moistened carpet. "Ma'am?"

"Don't think I'm done with you yet, pet," the Sonarian replied, looking over her shoulder. "We're only done when I say. Now, this friend of ours... said you *love* taking it under the tail. Whether it's a tongue, a dildo, or a cock, if there's something filling your rump, you - squirm and pant and moan like a bitch in heat. Is that true?"

Shekh's ears splayed down again. It felt odd standing here, with Librus near the wall and him between her and the table in the middle of the room... he could feel her piss dripping off his shirt and fur, and right now there was nothing he could do to clean it up. "Well..."

She didn't have a strap-on in that purse of hers, too, did she? His olive-green eyes flicked over to where she'd been on the couch before standing up above him. It still rested there, against one of the throw pillows. Shekh swallowed yet again.

Instead of following his gaze and moving back over for that, though, the Sonarian turned to face him, and leaned back against the wall. The pink leash hung down between the two of them, separated by about a foot and a half... and her nose twitched faintly. No doubt *she* could smell her fresh mark on him as richly as he could. "How do you feel about topping? About being the one to do the... *breeding*?"

With this last word, Librus grabbed the leash about halfway along its length and yanked, pulling Shekh forwards towards her; he had to fling a paw out against the wall above her shoulder for balance, and yet, the tapered tip of his cock still brushed up against where his tongue had just been, and her breasts against his chest. Just like with her other question, he found that he could only say one word: "Well-"

"Fuck me," the Sonarian breathed, close to his ear. Another tug - and Shekh let his other paw rest atop the curve of her hip. "Can you do that, Shekh? Can you pin me against this wall right here and give me a breeding, the likes of which I'm sure you're used to receiving?" Her tongue came out to trace over her lips - and brushed against the hyena's nose as well. Then, Librus

lowered a paw towards his length, warm and slick with the remnants of her piss, and tilted it down. "Or do I have to do everything around here?"

"No - no..." Really, he would want nothing better. His paw made its way down from her hip to the underside of the Sonarian's thigh, lifting her leg up against him... and at the same time, he tilted his hips and pressed the tip of his cock up between her lips, the same slick, moist warmth that he had just felt firmly against his muzzle and tongue. Her scent still lingered on the fur of his lip, even above the odor of her mark... and, honestly, he wasn't sure which one he enjoyed more. "I can do it..."

"Can you?" The weight of her arms wrapping around his shoulders, of her long tail snaking its way around his leg... she didn't seem to care about his soaked pants. Part of him wished that he had just left them where he'd knelt, instead of struggling with pulling them part of the way up his legs as he stood up. In fact, both of them still wore all the clothing that they had arrived in: Shekh just had his pants open and underwear tugged down, and Librus still had her panties pulled to the side. The hyena had half a mind to tear them the rest of the way off with one of his claws. "Little puppy?"

Instead of voicing a response this time, Shekh brought his other paw to the middle of Librus's lower back and tugged her to him, pulling her off-balance - just so he could squeeze her against the wall, and so that he could let gravity take over in the work of having her sink down onto his length. It certainly was true that he loved getting marked, as he could already feel his semi-swollen knot straining against the supple skin of his sheath, that skin steadily rolling back the further down along his length that she slid. The Sonarian leaned her head back against the wall, mouth parted in a breathless moan, while Shekh kept his chin pressed down on her shoulder.

It was a different kind of warmth and slick moisture that slid down along his cock this time, now accompanied by the sweet pressure and pleasure that he'd felt a few times before. Every time Librus clenched around him, he could feel it - and in turn, that only made him want to press up into her with a little more force. Already he felt the urgent need to pound into her, to - to breed her like she'd asked.

She didn't even have to give his leash another tug. As soon as the lip of his sheath, bulged with his growing knot, touched up against the Sonarian's slick sex, Shekh started to pull back down out of her, out to the contour just beneath his tip... and then sank back up into her, the force from his hips pushing her more firmly against the wall.

And, then, he couldn't help it: he parted his lips and set his fangs into the bared fur of her shoulder, a low growl of pleasure rumbling in his chest. Every thrust into her sent another wave of pleasure rippling through his body, and in turn made *him* clench up and throb and pick up his rhythm just a little bit more, lifting up into her and then settling back down, switching from grinding her into the wall to half-leaning back... as he steadily thrust into her, the Sonarian braced her arms around his neck and wrapped her other leg around his waist, while the hyena shifted his paw from her thigh to the wall behind her.

Again and again he pressed into her, breath repeatedly catching in his throat and then coming out as a shuddering growl of a moan, teeth digging into her skin - and Librus's hold on him also tightened, her mouth hanging open. Shekh had almost forgotten about the collar around his neck and the leash hanging off of that collar, other end still firmly gripped in the Sonarian's

paw... if this was the job of a pet of hers - to bear a good portion of her mark and swallow the rest down, then rail her against the wall - well, he couldn't quite complain.

If it was a good, long, thorough pounding she desired, though, she would have to hold off on emptying her bladder over his muzzle until afterwards. Even now, Shekh thrust into her deep enough to push his sheath a little bit further past his knot, and also to nudge the girth of that knot slightly further into her past her lips - which she seemed to enjoy, reciprocating the motion by grinding her weight down onto him. Fast-paced, energetic, short: both of them sucked in unsteady breaths and let out needy moans, Librus through her parted lips and Shekh into the fur and skin of her shoulder.

When he *did* finally manage to bury his whole length in her, he wasn't even sure if his knot had fully swollen - and couldn't tell for a while afterwards, with the hot, blinding pulses of his orgasm shooting through him, spurt after spurt of thick cum emptying deep into the Sonarian. At the same time, she squeezed tightly around him and shuddered against the wall, especially when he tugged on his now-stuck knot.

"Hah..." he managed, after removing his teeth from her shoulder. Maybe she wouldn't notice the mark... "Jesus..."

It took Librus a bit of time before she could speak, too. Now it was *her* turn to squirm, and as she did so, Shekh had to brace himself against her - since the wriggling of her body, firmly held in place by his knot, just squeezed another few drips of cum out of him... "See? That wasn't so bad - now... was it?"

"No." Shekh licked his lips. "No ma'am..."

Held there by the weight of the hyena leaning against her, Librus removed her arms from around his neck and stretched them up above her head. The clasp of the leash on his collar jangled with the movement. "...Mmh, gosh, I can feel that knot of yours filling me up... but, you need a shower, pet."

"Yeah. I do." He'd considered waiting to shower until after she had gone to sleep. That way, he could lie back in his own bed, hold his piss-soaked clothes to his nose, and breathe that scent again while pawing off... or - maybe - he could ask her for another taste, so long as he had the patience to wait. "Just give it... a few minutes..."

Call *that* a good introduction to a new friend. Once his knot came free - and allowed his load to seep down along the Sonarian's inner thigh, as well as Shekh's own already-moistened pubic fur - he carried her up to the guest room and then slid into the shower, and by the time he'd finished, she had stripped down and pulled the covers up to her chin. It would be rude to wake her, even though the hyena got himself worked up again on the way down the hall thinking about shoving his muzzle up between her legs, so he grumbled to himself and disappeared into his own bedroom.

He wasn't alone for the whole night, however. What woke him up wasn't his natural rhythm, but rather, the warmth and pressure of someone atop him, grinding down against his hard length - and sure enough when he opened his eyes, Librus sat naked on top of him, steadily churning her hips forward and back, forward and back with the underside of his length rubbing between her lips. And after seeing that he was finally awake, she straightened up, licked her lips,

swallowed... and then sighed, releasing her bladder in a heavier, yellower arc into the fur of his lower belly. The scent hit him more quickly this time-

-and before long they had switched positions, with Librus on her back and legs raised, Shekh between those legs pounding her down into the squeaking mattress. He didn't even care about the piss that soaked through the sheets. The smell was nice.

Halfway through this second time, the doorbell rang, but the two of them just carried on - and the hyena tugged out and spurted his load out over Librus's lips instead of letting it fill her up. A little tug on his leash (he'd taken off the collar before his shower, and then absentmindedly put it back on afterwards and slept with it) forced his muzzle down to then clean up his mess, which he gladly did - and then washed it down with the rest of her piss, his maw again held in place by a paw on the back of his head.

Librus asked for him to walk her to the door: that had to be her friend, coming to pick her up and bring her home. Right before she left, though, she asked for the hyena's phone, and - he'd already gotten used to obliging her in her wishes. After fiddling with it for a few seconds, she handed it back, gave him a sly smirk, unhooked the leash to put it back into her purse, and left.

Shekh's other paw came up to the collar he still wore, as he glanced down at his phone: *New Contact...*