

Ash-grey rosettes fading out and turning to snowy white, curling up along the base of that tail, coming towards the center... Shekh licked his lips and touched his lips against the pink, puckered flesh under that tail, eyes opening and mouth curling up in a slight smile in response to the snow leopard's little jump of surprise.

Sure, this wasn't what she'd originally come over for. The hyena flicked his tongue out, grazed it along the slit of slightly-wet flesh just below, pulled it up along the ridged skin of her tailhole, teased in for a moment, brought it back into his mouth and swallowed down that gentle taste. But there was no way she hadn't seen this coming: when Luci had first dropped her purse to the floor to work on the hyena's laptop, he'd gotten a glimpse of the translucent-lavender bottle that she'd brought over last time, when they *had* gotten together for something like this. It'd taken three different sessions of washing his paws to get the residual slick-stickiness of that lube out of his fur.

"Hey-" the leopard breathed, and squirmed. This just resulted in her pushing her rump a little more firmly back against Shekh's muzzle, for the hyena to take her rear in both paws, spread her apart, and set his tongue more eagerly against her tailhole. "You're gonna - distract me-"

He opened his eyes again, but realized the pointlessness of that. From here, only thing in his field of vision was the base of that flicking tail, and the cool cotton-candy lavender-pink of her dress. Another thing that led him to the conclusion she'd expected this was the simple fact of how she wore no panties underneath. "Mhmm." Another long lick, another puckering of the lips against her tailhole, another gentle wiggling in - he could feel her squeezing and clenching back against him, could taste the dry spice of her scent and growing arousal, the distant, almost tangy quality of that slick flesh inside. The hyena worked his thumbs in closer, ran the pad of one up along her slit below, wiggled it just slightly in... and yet again felt her squeeze back against his tongue.

Quiet *cl-cl-clack* of her typing something in, and then, her body shifted as she swung her head back to him. Shekh left another kiss against her tailhole and leaned over as well, swirling his tongue across his slightly-wet lips as he did so.

"You're making this hard for me, yeen."

"Mm." This time after he made his way back, he slid his thumb in a little further, up to the first knuckle... and focused his tongue there, lapping off the growing moisture, swallowing down that slickness. Luci had a tendency to be... *productive*, one way or another. First time she'd used his face as a seat while trying out his new gaming system, he'd ended up looking like he'd just dunked his muzzle into a bucket of water, chest ruff all matted down and damp. He gave a little thrust of his hips, intentionally lifting up against her chest. "I could say the same."

Slight adjustment, snow leopard legs clamping around his lower body, Luci hiking her rump a little higher and pushing back against his muzzle while he got right back to work... certainly wasn't a complaint that came out of her mouth. He kept his lips tight against her pucker, jaw churning with the motion of his tongue squeezing into that tight-clenched flesh and then drawing back out, again and again, working her into something more... *workable*. Of course when the cat relaxed, he could slip his tongue in just about as far as he could stretch it - and then he'd move, and she'd clamp down on him again, and he'd feel those slick inner walls squeezing all around him yet again.

Down below, he'd continued working that thumb in and out of her, careful with the speed and direction... and soon slid it back down out of her, teased the pad over her clit for a second, then brought his paw to his muzzle and lapped off the warm slickness. Didn't stop there, though: the hyena twisted his paw around, dragged his tongue up along the underside of a pair of fingers, swirled it around over them, made sure to get them nice and wet... and then, other paw still gripping the leopard's rump and keeping her partially spread, set the pad of his middle finger against that saliva-wet tailhole, loosened a bit from his tongue treatment just earlier.

That got another reaction out of Luci, puckered flesh tightening against his finger just for a moment. "Shekh, what do you think - you're..." ...and she trailed off just as he started to sink that finger into her, slow, careful, keeping an eye on her facial expression. Didn't know about other people, but Shekh didn't really like the feeling of a finger or two under his tail, unless it was his own.

Luci, though... well. That was a bit of a different story.

Almost on cue, the leopard worked her rump back against him, responding in turn to whenever he wriggled his finger inside her. The original reason he'd asked her over was to take a look at his laptop, after it'd noticeably slowed down and also started to make a coarse grinding sound whenever he tried to get into any of the system processes; while working that one finger in and out of her, up to his knuckles and then back so that only his pad remained past that rim, he leaned over and got a look at the screen. Looked like she'd done... *something*, and now something was loading. Or trying to, at least. Over the snow leopard's quiet but heightened breathing, Shekh's ears could pick up that now-familiar grinding sound.

"See?" he said, and now started to tease his other moistened finger at the edge of her tailhole. Luci instinctively squeezed back around that one finger as he pulled it out, and then relaxed at the feeling of both of them starting to squeeze their way in... and gasped once they rolled in past her rim. "If I hadn't started anything, you'd be bored right now."

Luci swallowed, braced her paws on the carpet, spread her legs a little further... and pushed her rump back, taking those fingers deeper into her than Shekh had intended to give them to her. With this, another low, shuddering breath ended up getting squeezed out between her lips. "I could - could tell you I *am* bored..."

The striped hyena raised his eyebrows at that. After pushing both fingers in all the way, wiggling them around, stretching them apart inside her slick, sticky insides, he slid them back out - her tailhole remained partially open for just a second after, during which he probably could've gotten his tongue a good inch and a half or so in if he'd tried - and then... and then gave the same treatment to his other two fingers, eagerly lapping over the warm slickness that now coated his forefinger and middle.

Four fingers wasn't really *that* big of a step up from two. Not at the start, at least. Still, though, Shekh had learned himself that he needed to be careful, so he squeezed his first three together, rubbed at that slowly-relaxing tailhole, started to push in... and felt the natural resistance, the tightness, the clenching, all with the eager desire beneath. Now he had to clamp his other paw a little more firmly on the snow leopard's raised rump, holding her in place. "And I could tell you that you're lying, hon..."

Honestly, getting three fingers in turned out to be quite a bit easier when it wasn't his *own* ass. Still had to make sure he wasn't going too fast, still had to watch Luci's face and work his paw back and forth, back and forth to stretch out that tight ring of muscle, to loosen it out... still had to lean in, slip his tongue up over the opened ridged flesh, and briefly work it in beneath his fingers as he spread them apart, stretched them open.

Well, he didn't really *have* to do that last part, and it was a bit of a weird position with one arm raised above his head and his muzzle trying to fit in underneath. He'd just wanted to, though.

Yet again Luci clenched back around his fingers, and it took just about all his strength to resist clamping those fingers back together. Somewhat weakly, she lifted herself up onto one arm, and waved over towards her purse nearby. "Shekh-

The hyena kept his ring and forefinger in place, and now worked just his middle finger back and forth. Weird feeling, touching the clamped, slick flesh further in, feeling it part easily for him, squishing and squeezing back against him. "Mm?"

She held her purse back to him, but clearly wasn't looking where. He had to scoot over to the side (which, again, made her gasp and clench) to take it from her. "Lube..."

"Ah. Yeah. I was getting a little too eager, huh?" And this time after he slid his fingers back out, her tailhole remained stretched like that for a count of a few seconds longer, red flesh on the inside catching the light of the nearby lamp and glistening wetly. Had he not had other things in mind, and were his jaw not already a little sore from getting her prepared, the hyena would've loved to go in for a deeper tongue-kiss there. The bottle of lube came open with a stiff *pop*, and then bubbled a little while he spread some out into his paw. And then a little bit more... and some more. "How's my PC looking?"

It took the snow leopard a few seconds to gather her thoughts, and clear her throat. She pushed the laptop forward and rested her chin down on both of her arms on the floor in front of her. "Hard drive... might be failing. It's... having trouble reading from the disk, and there's an entire portion I can't - *nnh*- oh, jeez..."

*There* it was. All it took was four fingers teasing at her rump, the hyena's paw lubed all over and down below his wrist. Luci dug her claws into the carpet below her and tensed up all over, feeling like she was caught halfway between pushing back against those fingers and pulling forward off of them. Four fingers was where things usually got a bit tight, in more ways than one: Shekh swiftly licked over two fingers on his other paw and worked those against the leopard's tailhole, too, just giving something to stretch, something to tug out against that ring of muscle while keeping his other paw still.

That made things easier. Already his four fingers had started to get sore from the instinctive clamping of the leopard around them, pressing them tightly together, forcing him to try his hardest to keep them apart... but that other pair of fingers in beside them, pulling out along her tailhole, resisting that clenching quite a bit more easily, changed it up a bit. Before long Shekh had twisted his other paw around and now intentionally pulled Luci open, by two fingers on either paw.

To this she relaxed a bit and raised her tail a little higher, though gave no change in her breathing or her noises. From here it was just... patience, persistence. The hyena regularly

gave a little firmer of a tug on either side of her tailhole, then relaxed; tug, and relax, again and again, until he could easily keep her rump open to work in another finger on either paw, and do the same.

“God...” Luci panted, and squirmed. She worked one of her own paws down along her body and between her legs, and rubbed a pair of fingers between her slickened lips. The hyena had also kept his eye on that, watching the way her sex glistened and twitched, and now how the leopard worked her hips back both against *his* paws as well as her own. She wriggled, and squeezed, and tensed up, and relaxed... and if Shekh looked in just right, he could yet again catch the glistening of the lamp light across her slick, wet interior, prepared both with saliva and the same lube that coated his other paw. “You just gonna - stretch me out, or are you actually gonna-?”

“I’m getting there, I’m getting there.” Shekh leaned in again, nosed up beneath the base of her tail, breathed a warm sigh out across her stretched tailhole... and grinned as it flexed in response. Then he removed his saliva-slickened paw, watched how that muscle slowly squeezed back in around his now-four fingers of his lubed paw... and brought his thumb up to the edge as well, keeping everything as tight and easy as he could. “Are you ready?”

“Ready?” Luci sprawled out a bit more, pushing the laptop further away from her. Now she rested her muzzle sideways on the floor, looking back at the hyena. “I can’t promise that, but... I *do* want it.” Her words were strained, her breathing ragged. A line of liquid arousal had started to drip down her inner thigh; Shekh leaned in, lapped it off, placed a kiss against the leopard’s shivering fingers half-buried inside herself. “If I scream, promise you’ll get it on camera?”

God. Shekh rolled his eyes and squeezed the leopard’s rump a little more firmly, running the tips of his fingers over that now-reddish pucker and pushing in, easily for the first inch or so. Then the tension started, the clenching, the firm, tight resistance, despite his somewhat-thorough stretching beforehand - and Luci reacted in turn, sucking in another gasp, gritting her teeth and pressing back against him. He kept his fingers forward and thumb bent beneath, turning his paw just slightly as it sank deeper into her, working his wrist back and forth so as not to push in too much too fast - and then that ring of muscle crawled up against his knuckles, wide and hard, and stopped.

And, then, it pushed past, the hyena’s paw pulled fully into the snow leopard’s rump, squeezed on all sides by that same slick, wet flesh, squeezing and squishing around him. Luci let out a short yelp, followed by a gasp, a groan, a sigh... and Shekh watched her face as she squirmed around his entire paw, muscle of her tailhole still working its way back towards his wrist. He kept his fingers straight and arm forward, not quite balling up into a fist yet: he wanted to be sure that the cat could take it, that she wasn’t feeling *too* much pain about the sudden hike in size shoved into her.

So the hyena gave a few tugs on his paw, and found it firmly buried past that tailhole. Luci groaned again and squirmed with each tug; her paw beneath her now rested limp across the carpet, palm wet with either arousal or piss dripping from between her lips. She’d mentioned that, sometimes, the pressure of taking an arm under her tail could cause her to...

“You holding up okay?”

No hesitation: Luci nodded, licked her lips, swallowed. Her face showed concentration and strain and maybe a little bit of pain, but she was a good sport about it. Looked like she mostly

just needed time to get used to it... and every time Shekh pushed in a little further or tugged back against her tailhole, another part of her train of thought derailed. "Yeah," she panted, then tried to lift herself up... and failed. Her arms shook a bit. "I'm - okay."

"You're very..." The hyena turned his paw slowly back and forth, feeling the way that tailhole squeezed down on his wrist, the way the leopard's inner walls rolled easily over his just-as-wet fingers and knuckles. There was one spot where, if he pushed his fingers into it, he could swear that he could see Luci's lower belly bulge out a bit. "...warm."

Her clenching had weakened considerably, though if he looked close, he could still see the twitching and flexing of her stretched rim, reddish-pink flesh clamped around his wrist. She pulled forward whenever he started to tug his paw back, putting equal force into it... and another gasp rippled in through her body once the bulge of his thumb came free of that rim, and her tailhole slid back to about halfway along his fingers. From here, he worked his way back in, waited until he'd buried his paw in her a second time... and then did it again, and again, each time a little closer to the one before, each time a little bit easier.

Luci's back arched up and she groaned every time, too, rump and sex both tensing up, dripping just a little bit more every time he worked back into her. A little bit deeper each time, spreading the thick coating of lube back along towards the middle of his forearm, a little further, a little further... the hyena pulled his paw out one more time, this time with a wet *squelch* sound, and couldn't help but grin at the sight before him.

Already-exhausted snow leopard flopped down on her upper body, arms limp and useless beneath her, tail raised and tailhole gaped open, gooey lube and saliva rolling down her inner thigh.

"Huh? she managed, and swallowed. Every ragged breath came and went through her open mouth. "Did'jou... say somethin'?"

"Hmm?" Easy entry this time, with the slightest of weak resistance. Shekh plunged his arm into the snow leopard, into the warm, wet flesh, against the throbbing and squeezing walls inside of her... and then rolled his fingers up into a fist, other paw braced against her rump. "Oh, nah, don't worry about. I'm just..." ...and he pulled it back out, having to put a bit more force into it. Another yelp, another grunt... another tense moan ended in relief when he managed to press that fist back into her, another spurt of warm liquid down against his own lower body, position right beneath her. "...just giving you a hand. How's that laptop coming along?"

No answer. Just tense grunting and moaning, gasping and squirming, just a warm body rhythmically pressing back against his paw and squeezing around him as he picked up force and speed, working his fist deep into her, turning it just a bit, sliding it back out towards her rim. Luci had managed to pull herself up to her elbows... shakily: her jaw hung open, her eyes remained closed, her tongue flopped out of her mouth and swung forward and back with the movement of her body, lurching in reaction to the hyena's arm pumping in and out of her.

Of course all of this had made his own pants considerably tighter, but - this required all of his concentration in itself. The hyena worked himself back so that his groin sat directly beneath Luci's lower body, and he slid his other thumb in up against her clit, and he drew his fist back out of her, pressed it back in, drew it out, pushed it back in, again and again all beneath Luci's rising panting and tensing.

Then, as if on cue, the snow leopard arched her back, shivered, jerked - and splashed that same warmth out across Shekh's lap, first in a few loose sprays, and then coming together into one not-so-discrete stream beneath the pumping of his arm. So she'd been right about that, then... and that honestly just gave him a little more energy, the dry, salty scent of piss wafting up to tickle at his nose, mixing with the familiar smell of her arousal and the cloying weight of the lube along his arm.

"S-sorry..." Luci groaned, and fell back down to the floor. Shekh watched as she emptied the last of her bladder out, stopped every now and then by his working arm (which had started to get sore, right around his shoulder region); so he licked his lips, swallowed, stayed with his arm halfway to the elbow under her tail, and leaned in to clean off those dripping lips as best as he could, tongue lapping up between the wet folds and slipping over the slick skin.

This, of course, just got her shivering all over again. Hurt his back, and he had to really stretch his neck out to get where he wanted, but... if he kept his paw *right* there inside of her, fingers pressing out against the walls of her rump, and if he circled his tongue around her clit, mouth awash with that same taste of piss...

...not much longer and there was another string of splashed out against his muzzle, these a little less strong, a little more... *something*. Shivering, shuddering, panting... and then relaxing, if that was the word for it, the leopard's chest heaving with her breaths and her lower belly bulged out with the presence of the hyena's paw and arm. That bulge retreated as he pulled out this time, and then shook the wet slickness off his fur as best he could in the open air.

Then, he shook his head, and felt himself through his own now-soaked pants. Smelled like leopard and lube. "All over my carpet... hey, did you ever manage to-"

But Luci was in no shape to form a coherent response. She flopped over sideways, tailhole still stretched open, and let her tongue hang out of her mouth again; she wore an exhausted but amused face when she next managed to make eye contact with the hyena, and gave a weak smile.

"Later," she panted, and swallowed yet again. "You - distracted me."