

What more was there to do on a Friday night than go out?

The red wolf had had a long week behind, and really all he wanted to do was settle down somewhere and relax, preferably with a drink either in his belly or clutched between his paws. He knew just the place, too, a nice bar on the same block as that god-awful stuck-up coffee place - so, after finishing up everything he had to do, he grabbed his wallet and headed out the door.

Thank God his winter coat was coming in; a few days ago a rather fierce coldfront had hit, and it hadn't yet retreated. The wind bit into his fur and skin even through his jacket, so by the time he finally got to the place he was glad that he'd soon have the pleasant warmth of a drink (or two or three; he didn't have anywhere else to be) buzzing through him. If all went well, he expected to have anywhere between three and five drinks, say goodbye to anyone there he knew, and then walk back home for a nice nap.

"Hey, Fyrien," drawled a sleepy voice from behind the bar when the wolf sat down, making his ears perk. He didn't expect, however, for the bartender to recognize him, because *he* sure as hell didn't recognize *him*. Sure, he'd kind-of made a habit of coming here every Friday, but... did he really get *that* drunk last week?

"-Oh." He tried, probably unsuccessfully, to hide his embarrassment. The slim otter behind the counter had his blue eyes fixed on him, ignoring the two people to his left calling for a refill. "Yeah. Hey."

"Want your usual?"

"Eh, nah. Surprise me. Nothing too strong, though."

"Sure." The bartender turned around to do his business, and then promptly swung back around with a tall glass in one paw and a bottle in the other, amber-orange and seeming to glow faintly in the dim light. "Your friend was in here earlier. Think he's left by now, though."

"Friend?" He racked his memory, keeping his eyes on the level of liquid in the glass. If it were considerably more viscous, someone might mistake it for tree sap.

"Yeah. Tall dragon, black scales? 'Least, that's how it looked in this light. I keep on asking the management - can't fuckin' see what I'm doing, I could poison someone and call it an accident, and nobody would blame me..."

"Oh." He remembered. This bartender had walked in on Fyrien bent over one of the sinks in the bathroom, with that black-scaled dragon seven inches under his tail; the otter had just chuckled, washed his paws in the next sink, watched for a while, and then walked back out. Still, though, that wouldn't explain how he knew his name... "Um. Yeah."

"Listen, I gotta get to these other guys. Just call my name if you need somethin' else, yeah?"

"Yeah." The wolf tried to read the otter's nametag, but - *damn this light...* "Thanks."

Last week he must have gotten more drunk than he thought... oh well. Wouldn't happen again; usually he tried to keep a pretty good grasp on how he was doing. In two or three glasses,

hopefully he'd still have his senses well-enough about him to know that then would be about time for him to run to the bathroom - he could feel it right now, but it was a far-away need, not at all urgent. It could wait.

This bar had held his favor due to the generally friendly atmosphere around the place: anywhere else, you sit down at the table of someone you don't know, and they'll look at you funny and stand up to leave after a while. Here, however, you get drunk enough to do that, and not only will they talk to you and pat you on the back and everything, but they'll buy you a drink and maybe a second if you ask nicely enough, or blunder out "*I'll suck your cock for another*", and then of course they hold you to that. Fyrien *did* remember that one.

It was either warm enough in here that he didn't need it, or the first of the effects of the alcohol were already hitting him - he'd only downed half the glass! - but, it started feeling warm enough to be uncomfortable, and after a brief bout of wriggling he lumped his jacket up in his lap. He'd lost track of the otter, though when he turned his back to the bar briefly to check his phone - this was one of the only public places where he could receive nude pictures (which, apparently, he had: three of them) and not worry who say - and then spun back around, his glass had been filled to the brim again. The tapered end of a brown-furred rudder tail flicked out of sight past a table.

Usually things were more exciting than this. There was the whole thing with the dragon, which had started out with Fyrien balling his jacket up in his lap much like today, only for the dragon to reach over, slide his scaled hand under, and start rubbing into him... and then last Friday, he *could* remember walking into the bathroom to hear the stall door repeatedly banging against the slide-lock, with slick slapping sounds and breathy moans in between. Apparently sex in the bathrooms was a common enough thing here that, a few years ago, that bartender (who pretty much ran the place) ordered construction done for three more stalls, and made sure that there were at least two glory holes among them. "I drilled and sanded the holes myself," he'd said, "and used my wrist as proper size measurement."

Speaking of the bathroom... Fyrien adjusted in his seat a little. The thing about *that* was that it got more urgent the more he thought about it... though, alcohol tended to be rather adept at inhibiting most thinking. He tilted the glass to his lips, swallowed down the liquid - to someone like him who really *didn't* drink too much, it burnt like fire, or at least like boiling vodka. Perhaps it was a little stronger than what he'd like. Every Friday, sometimes with a week skipped because he just *really* wanted to get to his nap, he came here. Today he was only getting so many drinks because he thought he deserved it.

After a little longer, his emptied glass tapped back down on the surface of the bar, and the red wolf dragged the pad of a finger around the rim. That was... what, his second? *Maybe I'll stop there. Probably better, and I do have to piss, anyway...*

He cast his eyes around for the bartender again, caught his eye, and waited for the otter to pad over. "Need somethin'? Another?"

"Nah, I was jus'-..." Well, okay, maybe it was harder to keep track of how drunk he was than he'd thought. "...gonna... run to the bathroom. Watch my glass?"

"Sure you don't want another one? On the house." The corner of the otter's mouth twitched, and he flicked his tongue out over his lips. "Anything you want. I like you, Fyrien."

Goddammit. As the bartender spoke, Fyrien continually tried to make out the name on his tag pinned to the front of his shirt, but couldn't. "...Hell, sure, might as well. Somethin' that doesn't shred my tongue as much's this, though."

"Course." This time the otter slid to the side, reached under the counter, pulled out a misty-white glass bottle that bore no label, and filled Fyrien's tall glass a little less than halfway. This time the alcohol was the same odd whitish color as its bottle, and yet smelled sweetly of cherries and mangoes... it went down smoothly, was delicious, and immediately radiated its warmth throughout his body.

"Thanks-" Fyrien started, the otter's name on the tip of his tongue - but he didn't know where he was going with it, and instead bent over to act like he'd dropped something. When he came back up, he hoped that his blush of embarrassment couldn't be seen under his red fur. What with this light, that hope seemed pretty strong. "I'll, uh... be back..."

This was a bar, not a club. Thank God for that. Fyrien had once asked about a place for a drink while visiting friends a while back, and found himself being steered into a smoky place with pounding music that he could feel through his feet, bright colored lights about as obnoxious as that music, and someone bumping into him with every third step he took. Here, he could actually make it into the bathroom without having to detour around at least four people who had apparently been wrongfully told that they were good at dancing.

However, that didn't mean he was necessarily *lucky*. Someone flung open the bathroom door just as he approached it, which startled him and almost knocked him off-balance- and that person, a tallish deer, looked rather annoyed by something, which was strange. Fyrien didn't understand why he'd have reason to look like that until he entered the bathroom himself, saw the three urinals side-by-side against the wall, and the three accompanying "Out Of Order" signs hanging from the handle of each. That was okay, he'd just use a stall - if he could: all except for one had been blocked off by construction tape, probably to fix a plumbing issue or something. The only remaining stall had its door hanging off its hinges, and the toilet inside certainly looked like it wouldn't be the friendliest of places for him to sit down.

The wolf's alcohol-leadened brain caused him to just stand there for a moment, slightly befuddled, and then begin to step back over to the bathroom door... but again it swung open, this time for a pair of guys laughing rather loudly and talking at one another. A coyote and a lynx, both also slightly drunk, judging by their speech.

"Bathroom's out of order," Fyrien said beneath their talking - and then felt his ears heat up when the pair suddenly fell silent and turned their eyes on him. He'd expected to be ignored, not focused on... the coyote's brown eyes traced up and down his body, and the lynx seemed to be trying to send some sort of message to his friend by the way he looked at him.

"...Yeah?" Finally, the coyote brought his gaze to rest on Fyrien's muzzle. His voice had lost the unsteady lilt it had carried when he first walked in, and now ran smoothly and a little suspiciously... "Well, that's a bit of a shame. I *really* gotta piss." He caught the lynx's eye and nodded. Fyrien shifted.

"Me too," purred the cat. "Drank one - or three - too many, I'd say."

"I dunno what to tell you..." He didn't much like the way these two were looking at him - this coyote with his mulch-brown eyes and sand-colored fur, arms crossed in front of his chest, brows lowered; and this lynx, silver-grey but tinted with brown, like a thin coating of snow over cold earth... when Fyrien tried to push past them, a nervous apology on his lips, they wouldn't let him.

"Hey Cal," barked the coyote, "does that door lock from here?"

The lynx stepped away for a moment towards the door, and then came back after a *click* echoed through the bathroom. The gentle rumble of conversation out in the bar could still be heard. "Indeed it does."

"Well, I don't think I can hold it anymore."

"Neither do I."

"Hmm." The coyote dragged his tongue over his lips and then grinned at Fyrien. "On your knees, wolf."

"What?"

"Get on your knees. *Please*."

Fyrien looked down: the coyote was working at his belt with one paw, the other lifting his shirt slightly to make it easier. Maybe it was just the effect of alcohol on his mind, how he hadn't gotten a good hour to himself almost at all this week, or the odd association he'd developed of coming here and getting laid, but... before he could think up a witty response, before he could even register if he didn't want to, the wolf had begun to lower himself down to first one knee and then both, the cold tile of the bathroom floor chilling him through his pants and fur. Something told him he wouldn't be cold for long, though.

When he next looked up, he could see that the coyote had finished with his belt and now fiddled with the fly of his jeans - and then opened his pants to reveal a plump sandy sheath, unbounded by underwear. The coyote then stepped forward, almost totally closing his distance from Fyrien, and shifted his paw to his sheath to squeeze and rub gently... the wolf kept his eyes focused there and more than once got a peek at reddish-pink flesh hidden within the moist inner skin of the sheath. He'd forgotten all about whatever complaints may have tried to rise up when Cal, the lynx, went to lock the door.

And, speaking of which - the sound of another zipper being undone slightly to the right made him look over there and right at another sheath, thicker-furred if not as meaty, and already slightly aroused with maybe half an inch of soft-barbed flesh protruding from the end. Fyrien would have spent more time drinking it all in - he'd never really been this close to a barbed cock before; usually he had a knot pressing against his lips or under his tail - but a sudden splash of warm liquid against the side of his muzzle made him squeeze his eyes shut and turn back to the coyote.

"Shoulda warned ya, I guess..."

He squinted up against the stream, translucent yellow and arcing out of the end of the coyote's cock, with the sheath pulled back just enough to allow it to flow freely and unbroken. Fyrien could feel his own pants steadily grow tighter, especially as the coyote's piss flowed down from the fur of his muzzle and dripped down onto his shirt, making the fabric cling to his body... one eye closed, he looked over at Cal, who appeared to be biding his time for something. Still, though, the show of marking turned *him* on, too, as it steadily coaxed his length out of his sheath under his paw.

Fyrien had to reach down and undo his own fly, as things were starting to get uncomfortable between his own erection and need to piss as well... hopefully these two only came here to empty their bladders, so Fyrien would have time to take care of that himself. The coyote did not yet show any signs of stopping, either - if anything his stream had only strengthened, and now he turned his sheath and his body to angle the sharp-smelling piss at the wolf's shoulder, at the top of his head, against his chest...

Suddenly a paw closed on the back of Fyrien's head and tilted it back, and then that stream of piss was splashing against his closed lips. "Open," growled the coyote; he obeyed, again without a second thought, and briefly coughed on the sudden taste and rush of liquid, just as sharp as its scent - which would certainly soak into his fur and remain for quite a while, even after a shower or two... he closed his eyes and let the coyote's mark fill up his muzzle, and was just about to let it drip out of his muzzle when the paw behind his ear came forward and snapped his muzzle shut for him.

Here the stream briefly cut off, and when he opened his eyes again he looked up to raised eyebrows and an expectant expression. The wolf wrinkled his nose, swallowed once, twice, a third time, licked his lips and opened his mouth wide again to show that it was empty - and received a softly-breathed "*good boy*" and a continuation of the stream onto his tongue, tingling from both the taste and the heat of the liquid.

He hadn't noticed Cal step around behind him, but knew what was going on as soon as two paws gripped his hips, lifting his rump up into the air and bringing him down to all fours in one move. This of course messed up the coyote's aim, and his stream of piss, only now starting to weaken slightly, briefly coursed down over the wolf's back before resuming its place atop his muzzle, right over his nose so that Fyrien was forced to keep his mouth open to both breathe and catch the stray drops on his tongue.

As the last of the coyote's piss dripped down the underside of his sheath and onto Fyrien's nose - here the coyote knelt down and wiped the end of his sheath against the wolf's lips, and received a helping tongue to clean up whatever still dripped out - the wolf felt his already-undone pants being pulled down his legs from behind, with his piss-soaked boxers soon to follow. The pad of a thumb, moistened somewhat by saliva, pressed against his tailhole - and he twitched forward a little.

"Ooh..." breathed the lynx, "this one's still got a bit of tightness to him... color me surprised. Still, though..." He paused to spit into his paw. A moment later, Fyrien felt something else take the place of that thumb, something exceedingly warm and gently textured with small barbs... "...it's a matter of - being *kinda* tight, but not *too* much so, y'know?"

"Oh, I know." The coyote tugged one of the flaps of his pants down, giving Fyrien a brief look at his hanging sack while the wolf flicked his tongue in and out of the presented sheath. The little

point of flesh hidden in that sheath had started to grow and slide out against his tongue and lips. "That's why I like mouths, Cal. And, besides - the feeling of a tongue on you..."

There was a brief moment of discomfort - this *really* wouldn't be good for his need - as the lynx first pushed into Fyrien, paw keeping himself lined up as he leaned forward, but soon that went away - and the wolf was too drunk to really feel too much of it anyway. Whatever burn of alcohol on his tongue had since given way to the bright spice of coyote piss, now mixed with musk as he swirled his tongue up around the steadily growing length in front of him - Cal had only tugged his pants down in back to allow easy access to his tailhole, so his now fully-hard length strained a little uncomfortably against the fabric.

He *would* have moved to remedy that, had the lynx not suddenly pressed forward into him, sucked in a deep breath, and then let it slowly out - and with that breath came an odd feeling of warmth deep under the wolf's tail, one that both made him arch his back with pleasure but also pressed on his full bladder... he tried to distract himself by dragging his tongue up along the coyote's length, which by now pulsed with a half-swollen knot at its base - but still that feeling came, still Cal emptied his bladder into Fyrien as the coyote had all over his muzzle and into his maw-

-and, due to both that and his own drunkenness, Fyrien ended up losing control of his own need. He didn't even notice at first due to everything going on, from a hard cock throbbing between his lips to one under his tail, with the coyote's considerably voluminous mark still dripping off of his front and his pants - and at first he just thought he was leaking a bit more pre than usual, due to having at least a half-bladder's worth of piss emptied into him by now. It was the relief that made him notice, though, and sure enough when he shifted a paw down to adjust the fit of his pants on his length, he instead ended up soaking his paw with his own piss. He just wished that they wouldn't notice...

No matter what he did - no matter how he clenched, how hard he tried, how he angled his paw - he just couldn't keep any of it in. He could feel his ears heat up and fold back in embarrassment once he'd realized what was happening, and also busied himself with bobbing up and down on the coyote in front of him to keep *him* from noticing; he kept one paw held directly in front of the end of his own length from which his stream flowed, trying to provide a barrier so that it did not splash so loudly into the puddle beneath him...

"Oh, such a waste..." Cal breathed above him, with another thrust in. It was hard to tell if *his* stream was waning - each movement from any of the three made his mark slosh around inside Fyrien, which in turn just made him shiver all over and have to suppress a moan. One of the lynx's paws came down, tugged Fyrien's pants away from his length, and tilted the wolf's cock up so that his piss arced up against his chestfur. "I'd like to have you on your back marking yourself, but... oh well. That would mean me pulling out, and hell, I'm having too much fun."

Thank God he spoke quietly enough so that the coyote, head tilted back, eyes closed, and muzzle open, didn't hear. Some part of Fyrien wished that he'd been holding back earlier, that he still had an amount of piss left - God, how he'd love to have the coyote six and a half inches past his lips, only to have that stream of hot piss continue against the back of his throat... and other than that, Cal seemed to have finished as well, as he'd started slowly thrusting in and out of the wolf, who was already filled with sweet delicious warmth.

He wasn't so worried about wetting himself anymore - hell, he was already on all fours in a rather large puddle of the coyote's piss; what would adding his own to that mix do? Besides, it felt damn nice, having a hard cock piston in and out of him, squeezing the last of his own piss out of him while he could feel some of the lynx's drip out of his tailhole and down the back of his sack. He had to keep one paw on the ground or else he'd fall flat on his face, but he ran the thumb first and then the palm of his other over the end of his length to soak in the last of his own piss, and then started stroking himself with that paw - relishing in the wonderful warmth and scent of fresh mark that tickled his nose.

The coyote's breathing had picked up a little, and now he held Fyrien's head loosely in place while thrusting forward and back into his waiting muzzle. Cal was handling himself just fine, both paws firmly on the wolf's hips while he pushed in and out of him. Fyrien couldn't help but wonder how it'd feel to fuck someone after emptying a whole night's worth of piss into them... all he had was his own soaked paw, though, and his imagination. Both of these were doing quite well for him, especially with the throbbing cock on either end of him.

There was a small bang against the door, startling him, but it stopped just as quickly as it started - "just someone tryin' to get in," muttered the coyote, before tugging Fyrien's head down onto his length. A warm, firm knot pressed against his lips, and he tried to work his tongue out against it - this coyote was close. Maybe Cal was too, given the speed with which he thrust into Fyrien... alcohol had a tendency to do that to people: if it didn't totally kill their ability to fuck while doubling their desire, then it definitely inhibited it. Hell, to tell the truth, Fyrien had had trouble keeping himself from locking the bathroom door and taking care of his full bladder himself...

It was actually Cal who came first, despite what he'd think from the noises and movements of the coyote. The lynx, whose breathing had started to become more audible, suddenly dug his claws into Fyrien's sides, bucked deep into him, remained hilted for a moment, and again breathed out the same sort of low, slow sigh... Fyrien just felt a bit of a disturbance in the hot liquid that remained in him (he could almost swear that his stomach bulged out a little with the volume of it) followed by the weight of the lynx slumping over him. All of the pressure against him almost pushed Fyrien himself over the edge, but he held himself off until the coyote pulled him back down, pressed forward into his throat at the same time, and squeezed behind his ears; when he felt the hot, tangy bursts of cum against the back of his tongue, Fyrien continued stroking and soon spurted his own load out into the puddle of piss that had pooled beneath him.

Now it was a mixture of the spice of fresh piss and the tang of cum that occupied his senses; the coyote kept his paw on his head for a moment, throbbing a little and squeezing out the last of his load, before tugging back and stepping back from the scene. Cal, meanwhile, braced both paws on Fyrien's rump and pulled out of him in a quick tug, though he could still feel some of his piss splash out of him onto the floor... Fyrien, panting, dropped his head down and rested it against the tile floor, fully aware of the liquid seeping into his fur.

"Wow..." The coyote wiped a paw across his mouth, and then wiped that paw on the back of his shirt. He fumbled briefly with zipping his pants up, after his length had receded into his sheath. "You're really a freak, aren'tcha, wolf? Though, you know, what we did just now didn't fix those toilets... I think it'd be rude if we just all walked out of here without trying to fix anything... isn't that right, Cal?"

Fyrien looked over to the lynx, who stood with his pants still open. "Wanna borrow my belt...?"

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Thankfully, the first person to come into the bathroom after the coyote and lynx stripped Fyrien naked and tied him to one of the urinals, paws held above his head, was that otter bartender with the bright blue eyes. The wolf, who had since regained some semblance of his senses, couldn't help but wag his tail on seeing him wander in - once he'd been left all alone here, his predicament seemed a lot more embarrassing than enticing.

"Oh thank *God*," was the first thing out of his mouth. The warmth of Cal's bladderful still radiated in his lower belly.

"Oh dear. What've *you* gotten yourself into? I thought you mighta walked out without sayin' bye, but... damn." The bartender gingerly stepped around the still-present pool of piss in the middle of the bathroom, then stopped in front of Fyrien. The button of his fly came about even with the wolf's head.

"It's - a long story..."

"I always thought that you could take your alcohol."

"I *can*, it's just-"

The wolf's words caught in his throat when his eyes flicked down and he saw a pair of brown-furred paws slowly unbutton and then unzip the fly directly in front of his eyes. A moment later, that fly opened and the otter brought his shaft into view, soft and uncut.

"I mean..." The otter rolled his foreskin half-back and chewed on a claw. "Might as well take what I'm given, right? I'll getcha out of there... right when... I'm done here..."

...and his stream started.