

For a cat like Jinx, news of a music festival featuring three of his favorite bands coming to the next city over from where he lived meant a few weeks beforehand of saving money and clearing his plans for the few nights it was going on. Then, once he'd gotten there, he was damn glad that he *had* ensured he could come: it was a two-day festival with two of his bands performing the first day and the third late into the second, so he intended to just stay for those, go home, and then come back the next day.

At first he stressed over what to bring: a change of clothing? Some food? How much food - like, a few snacks, or a bagged lunch, or what? What about drinks? Or will there be stuff offered at the show? How expensive will it be? What if it gets cold? What if it rains? What if it gets hot? - so eventually, he just decided to bring a backpack with everything he might use (including condoms and lube; music festivals like this were *great* places to hook up), *except* for a change of clothes.

Just his luck, though, that that would be the one thing that he'd actually *need*.

His bands were scheduled to go up a little bit after noon, so Jinx didn't worry about waking up too early and simply got to the festival when he did. As it turned out, food and drinks *were* offered there, with an emphasis on the 'drinks': not even by noon had he seen two people fall over from being drunk, and another three throw up. So that was nice. Jinx had full intention of enjoying himself here, but certainly not *that* recklessly; he just stuck to sodas he'd brought from home, since a drink was twice the cost for half the amount here.

Being a small, skinny cat, more often confused for a seven-year-old girl than the twenty-two-year-old male he was, he had a hard time seeing over the heads of the crowd - and then also blushed deeply when a buff, attractive wolf lifted him up onto his shoulders, holding his legs tight so that he wouldn't fall off. Then, he almost fainted when, after getting a good grip, he heard (or rather, felt) the wolf rumble, "Can you see okay, kitten?"

That didn't last for long, though: the wolf started trying to work his way towards the front of the crowd, but ended up having a rather drunk bull bump into him, which threw off his balance, which almost caused Jinx to fall off... but then someone else nearby caught him, and soon he found himself carried around atop the crowd. A hundred paws grabbing him and poking him, pressing into his lower back, his upper thigh, to the side of his tail... by the time he was finally set back down, far away from his starting place and from the attractive wolf, he had to shove his paws into the front pocket of his (intentionally) too-large hoodie and hold it down over the front of his pants. They were tight when he'd first put them on, and now, they were only tighter.

Then, it *also* didn't help that he ended up squeezed between a ferret jock and someone who seemed to be his brother, a similar height but not as toned of a build. The two talked to each other as if the small cat between them didn't exist, bumped and rubbed against him while they danced to the music... and then as the show went on, they each kept on drinking from a shared bottle that seemed to just continually and infinitely refill, until one of them almost fell over onto Jinx.

The cat, blushing, propped him back up - normally he'd be annoyed with something like that happening, but he really was more embarrassed with how he could smell these two brothers, both their sweat and their natural musk - it was kind of warm outside today - which wafted up and tickled his nose again and again with each of their movements...

"Wha's your name, kitty?" the jock drawled at him once. A second later, the other brother draped his arm over Jinx's shoulder.

"Uh..." He had to repeatedly roll the sleeves of his hoodie up, but he couldn't take it off - simply because he wasn't wearing anything underneath. Technically he *could*, but... "It's... Jinx."

"Ey!" That ferret leaned around behind Jinx to shout at his brother, all of two feet away. He almost fell over backwards in the process. "Hey Mike... Mike!"

The brother took a moment to respond, and when he did, he didn't even look over. Even though both of them were right next to him, Jinx could hardly hear them over whichever band was currently playing - the second of his favorites would be going up next. "Yeah? What?"

"Me 'n... ah... James here've gotta piss. Come with us."

"Yeah, sure..." This second brother seemed marginally less drunk than the jock, as he slurred a lot less and instead only wobbled on his feet every now and then. Jinx didn't feel very safe with both of the ferret's arms around his shoulders - *I probably weigh half as much as one of you guys...* "I wasn't much likin' those guys anyway. 'N - what'd'ya say your name was, kitty?"

"It's - Jinx - hey, please, don't lean on me so hard..."

Mike smelled faintly of beer and rich male musk, also noticeable emanating off his brother. Jinx had always heard that ferrets (or, mustelids in general) tended to have a slightly stronger scent than other species, but... well, he'd never had his muzzle shoved between a ferret's legs before, so he couldn't really say for certain. Some part of him wished that, maybe, that's how this 'bathroom trip' would turn out; after all, these boys *were* drunk, which meant that they'd probably be a lot easier to influence than, say, that attractive wolf on the other side of the crowd.

Some part of Jinx wanted to pay that wolf back for lifting him up, because he actually could see *much* better on his shoulders - and he'd intentionally grinded that part of him against the back of the wolf's head while trying to get into a more comfortable position. Every time one of the ferret brothers shifted his position while walking or stuffed his paw into his pants - the jock wore his rather loose, and Jinx couldn't help but focus his eyes on the space behind the fly; it looked like he'd neglected to put on underwear - the cat between them caught a fresh whiff of musk, saturated and spiced. It was a scent that teased at his nose, that made his mind go blank for a quick moment - and also made his pants slightly tighter.

Mike tugged on Jinx's shoulder, pulling the cat closer. "Good to meetcha, Janx. I'm Mike, and this here's my brother Steven. Y'know, cat - you're a cutie..."

Jinx felt his cheeks heat up, and felt his pants grow tighter yet again. That would make it even *easier* to influence these two, if one of them thought he was cute. Of course, that could just be the booze talking... but that'd make for a great story once the ferret had sobered up. The cat flicked his long tail, intentionally brushing it against the back of Mike's leg. "Oh yeah?"

"Mhmm." He raised his voice. "Ain't that right, Steve?"

"Hell yeah it's right!" There was no way he could have heard.

Along the way, Steven had released Jinx - the cat could still feel the warmth and faint moisture of the ferret's sweat on his shoulder, and when he turned his head that way, he could pick up the faint acidity of it on the air. That ferret bumbled forward towards the back of crowd, near where the food stands and bathrooms were. This venue was just an open-air stadium designed for concerts, so it actually had standing constructed bathrooms instead of portable toilets. However, at long concerts like this with an abundance of alcohol among the audience, the one wasn't necessarily better than the other.

"Gah, fuck..."

Jinx was about to ask what had happened, when he and Mike turned the corner as well. The bathrooms were back there, alright... but a long line coursed out of each entrance, snaking first out a distance, then back around on itself, and then finally disappearing behind the building. The two brothers locked eyes for a moment, and Jinx glanced between them to see if he could read what they were thinking - but no; all he could see was similarly-colored pairs of eyes fogged over with drunkenness, half-lidded and unfocused.

"How much've you two gotta piss?" Mike drawled, also letting his arm fall from around Jinx. The cat rolled his shoulders and then intentionally fell back a bit behind the two, as neither had stopped walking. Steven seemed to have somewhere else in mind.

In response to Mike's question, "I don't" and "I'm 'bout to explode" were given at the same time, so the less-drunk ferret just rubbed his paws together and said "Well, let's go... find a tree, or somethin'..."

But, suddenly, from Steven: "I have a better idea." Then, Jinx found his wrist roughly grabbed and tugged around past the bathrooms towards the food stands - then past those, too, towards a mostly empty area near some unlabelled building that looked to be empty. Nobody was back here, and given the amount of trash on the ground (or, rather, lack of trash), it looked like this was quite out-of-the-way for most of the audience...

But not these ferrets. Jinx must have missed something between the two, because just as he started to turn around to ask "so what's the plan?" the other brother's paws pressed against his upper back and pushed him down to his knees in the short, dry grass, Steven right in front of him and lurching slowly forward and back on his feet.

"Hey-" Jinx tried to get up, but Mike held him firmly down. "What are you doing?"

It was Steven who answered him: "Takin' a piss."

This time when the cat looked up, he did so to see one of the ferret's paws briefly disappear under the waistband of his gym shorts, and then reappear - with a fair-sized and uncut length held gently between a forefinger and thumb. He felt his face go red, stopped trying to resist being held down, and then let his eyes follow the tapered end of that shaft - Steven had a bit of overhang - as the ferret knelt down in front of him, bringing his shaft eye-level with the cat.

"I jus' can't hold it..." he purred, rolling his excess of skin back and forth over his head. Jinx, still overcome with the shock of such a transition, could do nothing but watch, lick his lips, and shift his legs - until a weak stream of translucent yellow piss arced out of the end of that cock and over the bridge of his muzzle. He blinked and recoiled slightly, but again felt the paws on his

back - behind him, Mike had knelt down in the grass, too, to more easily hold him there. "Been drinkin' all day. Feel like my bladder's holdin' twice its limit."

To be fair, Jinx had been hoping for something like this to happen since even before he'd arrived... now finally presented with the chance, he leaned forward, nosed up against the supple hanging skin of Steven's overhang (the ferret kept it forward while pissing), felt the hot liquid spray out over the front of his mouth and lips, and then moved down to bury his nose in the ferret's thick and unkempt pubic fur, dark blackish-brown against the more chocolate tone of his fur. The scent that concentrated there, hot and strong and sharp and wonderful, matched what he'd continually caught in small snatches while the three had been on the way over here... and now that he had the opportunity, he seized that and enjoyed it, all the while Steven continued emptying his bladder over the cat's neck and back.

He could feel the piss soaking into the thick fabric of his hoodie, and then through that into his fur - and, as he brought his muzzle up out of the ferret's pubes and back along his shaft, could already pick up the spice of the ferret's mark on the air. Then, Mike's paws lifted from his back - Jinx still remained down, eyes half-closed and nose twitching with trying to inhale all the scents swimming around his head - and he heard faint rustling behind him.

"Jeez..." Mike murmured. "Usually we have to hold 'em down..."

"Yeah," Steven said, licking his lips. With one paw underneath Jinx's chin, he lifted the cat up, rolled his foreskin back with the other - causing a short offshoot spray of piss to splash against his chin - and then centered the faster, more focused stream against Jinx's lips, which obligingly parted for it. "Looks like we got... lucky today, huh?..."

It was a great feeling, having the head of a cock spraying out fresh piss on his tongue, filling his muzzle up, overloading his senses with stale spice... Jinx chanced a few small swallows, found the taste acceptable, and then let his muzzle fill up almost entirely, keeping his lips tight. Already the tiny movements of his tongue against the underside of Steven's head had an effect on the ferret, causing his stream to falter a bit and his cock to twitch and harden slightly. Jinx waited until his cheeks almost bulged out with warm piss, until it had filled up and surrounded all of the ferret's cock in his muzzle - that would get pretty musky if left unchecked; however, Jinx also intended to give him a thorough cleaning - and then started swallowing all of the salty richness down.

With one paw against Steven's thigh, Jinx unbuttoned and then unzipped his pants, at the same time willingly pressing back and grinding against the other ferret still behind him. Apparently *that* one had a full bladder, too; just as the force of Steven's started to wane a bit - Jinx had shifted back a little and rolled the jock's foreskin back over his head, now catching the piss in his open mouth from a short distance away - the cat felt the warmth soaking into his hoodie from behind to suddenly begin again and start coursing back, down towards the base of his tail.

On a warm day like this, getting thoroughly doused in so much piss straight from the source could hardly cool him down... but now that he reeked of ferret and was more turned on than he could remember being in the past three weeks, he just wanted to keep his hoodie on, to be able to continue smelling the brothers' marks in the fabric and in his fur. Even after Steven had finished emptying his bladder, Jinx busied himself with circling his tongue around the ferret's overhang, getting steadily smaller as he hardened up; then, he flicked his tongue inside and

swirled it beneath the supple skin, licking off the remnants of slick piss that had gathered there and tasting the soft musk.

He heard Mike behind him sigh with relief, then a "I didn't know I had to go so badly..." and then, in a swift movement that made the cat's back arch with surprise, the stream over his back suddenly redirected towards the back of his pants underneath his tail, separated from his tailhole just by tight fabric - and soon that, too, was pulled away, thanks to Jinx's eagerness and the paw already working between his legs.

Having someone mark underneath his tail, right against the warm pucker of his tailhole... that was something he'd only felt a rare few times before, but *God*, each time it *did* happen, it sent a shiver up his back and made him pause in whatever he was doing to just enjoy it. One half-hard uncut cock against his lips, another up under his tail, the cat readjusted his position and lurched back - wanting to feel the kiss of barely-parted loose foreskin against his tail, the heat and moisture of fresh piss... Mike took the hint and put his paws on the cat's hips while continuing to empty his bladder all over Jinx's pants and legs, rubbing against his rump as he did so.

It hadn't even yet occurred to him what he'd do when all of this was over; he'd left his backpack with all of his stuff in his car, but even there, he'd still neglected to bring a change of clothes... and these two boys seemed that they didn't worry too much about condoms or lube. That would ruin the fun, anyway.

After finishing, Mike slid a paw off of the small cat's hips and rubbed himself against the presented and eager tailhole, pressing the slickness of his piss slightly further into him, spreading it around over himself... Jinx went back to work running his tongue along Steven's throbbing length, mostly hard but still maintaining some amount of give due to the alcohol - the ferret certainly seemed properly turned on, what with the paw rubbing behind Jinx's soaked ear and tugging him closer.

When he heard Mike spitting into his paw, though, Jinx did the only proper thing he knew to do in this situation, and lifted his rump and spread his legs... he'd had brothers before, sure, but never *at the same time*. Here he was, fur and clothing soaked thoroughly through with the marks of a pair of ferret brothers, one cock between his lips and another being lubed up with saliva behind him and then gently pressed against his tailhole... he shivered, swallowed, and looked up.

Steven leaned back on the balls of his feet, paw still on Jinx's head regulating the pace at which he bobbed along his length. Brownish eyes, still half-closed, looked straight forward above the cat, probably at his brother - Jinx caught a small something crossing this ferret's lips, a mouthed word or something, right before the familiar feeling of having a hard cock sink into him took over his senses. Saliva and piss weren't the *best* of lubes, but... sometimes a little roughness was fun. Above the noise of the concert still going on and the intermittent cheering, above the gentle wind and his own heartbeat, he could hear Mike breathe out a tight sigh while pushing deeper into him, keeping one paw right at the rim of the cat's tailhole-

"God..." that one murmured, "Steven, if you'd told me that we'd both be claiming a cute cat - the *same one*, nonetheless - well, I wouldn't - believe ya..."

The only thing Steven could offer in response, thanks to Jinx's tongue teasing at his sensitive head just past the rim of his foreskin kept forward by a well-placed paw, was a breathy "*Mhmm*."

Every now and then, Jinx had to take a moment to catch his breath, or move forward a little, or try to concentrate as Mike steadily pushed deeper into him, but - soon he felt the pressure of that ferret's hips against his rump, trying to squeeze in as far as possible. Once there, he remained hilted in the cat with his paws pressing down into piss-soaked fur, keeping himself buried in him. One of those paws lifted up, circled around Jinx's body, found the cat's own cock hard and dripping with both pre and urine... "How're things feelin' for you over there, Steve?"

"Mmf..." Jinx looked up again at the ferret, whose mouth now hung half-open. "This kitten's gotta - *damn* nice tongue... already gettin' close..."

"Don't pop *just* yet..." With this, the ferret beneath Jinx's tail started to tug slowly out of him, just enough to make the cat moan with desire around the brother's hard cock on his tongue. He kept one paw on the base of Steven's length now while bobbing back and forth along it, keeping it cupped in his tongue, lapping off the pre that steadily oozed out of it, similar in tangy spice to the taste of the piss he'd swallowed, which still lingered on the back of his tongue. "You 'n I've always done things together in the past - why stop - now?"

Mike already sounded slightly winded, effort of speech magnified by the heavy pleasure of slowly pulling out of and then sinking back into a tight cat. All Jinx could smell was musky ferret, bittersweet pre, the uneven spice of urine drying into his fur... and now with Mike's paw around his own length, squeezing tightly and slowly stroking as the ferret gradually picked up his pace, it was all he could do not to push fiercely back and demand to be fucked into the grass.

He was tempted, though, and gave a quick push backwards so that Mike's front slapped gently against the wet fur of his rear, also tugging a soft moan from the ferret. That seemed to give him the general idea, though, because next thing Jinx knew, the sharp claws of Mike's other paw dug into the flesh of his thigh while the ferret repeatedly drove into him, hardly pulling out before pushing back into him.

Jinx forgot about how his favorite band was going up next, forgot about what he'd do with these piss-soaked clothes, forgot everything except these two ferrets - *this* was much more important than all of those. Steven's paw had fallen away from the back of his head so that he could lean further back on the grass and hump upwards into the cat's muzzle, running his length with lips tight and tongue working - but then, Mike's paw released his cock and took the place where Steven's had been previously, pushing Jinx's head down against the ferret's length.

Mike had straightened up and lifted Jinx's hips a little further into the air to be able to thrust into him more easily, and did so both faster and harder. "...Shit..." he breathed, "you *stink*, Jinx..."

Steven licked his lips, still lifting up into the cat's muzzle. Jinx could feel the throbs and twitches along his length, as well as the steady increase in the speed of his movements, that told him he really was getting close. "It's... a *good* stink..." the ferret purred in reply between heated breaths. "Jesus, Mike, I'm gonna-"

Mike kept Jinx's head firmly pressed down on Steven's cock while the latter repeatedly lifted up into his laps, panting and moaning, until - with one last shivering gasp, he pushed in even deeper, pressed against the back of Jinx's throat, let out one spurt of hot cum against his tongue, and then tugged down out of the cat's muzzle and emptied the rest of his load over the black fur of his muzzle, streaking out across his face, onto the back of his brother's paw, against

one of the cat's ears... and then, paw limp around his throbbing cock, Steven fell back onto his rump and panted, relaxing for a moment while his brother still thrust into Jinx.

"Damn," Jinx heard Mike say. The ferret's paw moved away from the cat's head, and he couldn't see it, but Mike then licked the thick whitish cum off of his fur before returning that paw to its original position along Jinx's length, stroking with the same rhythm. "I asked you to slow down, man..."

"Well, that's... *your* fault, Mike, for pushin' 'is head down onto me..."

"I hope y' know you're not done yet, Steven." As he said this, maintaining eye contact with his brother, the ferret buried underneath Jinx's tail suddenly stopped his movements, tugged out of him - of course he pushed his hips back in attempts to get him to sink back into him - and then moved both of his paws to the cat's sides, letting him know that he wanted him to roll over. Jinx took the hint and obeyed, again rolling the sleeves of his still-dripping hoodie up. "My arm's gettin' tired - come over here an' take over..."

As Mike said this, he angled his cock down and sunk back into Jinx to resume - which caused the cat's eyes to drift back shut. When he next opened them, Steven had stood up and was walking wobbily over towards his brother, pants still half-down; then, he knelt down beside him, put one arm around his brother's body, place his other paw in the middle of Mike's bellyfur and traced it down, down towards the V of his groin...

...continued down until he hooked his thumb around the base of his brother's length, right now only half-buried in the cat, and gave it a small little squeeze (he could feel the resulting throb tease at the rim of his tailhole) before coming back up and closing around Jinx's. In this position - on his back with his rear hiked up a little bit on Mike's hips, and with a paw stroking his length - each thrust sent another wave of warm pleasure through the cat, as if there hadn't been a break at all.

It was interesting watching the two ferret brothers, though: as Mike approached his orgasm, clear in both the expression on his face and the pace of his thrusts, he leaned more heavily on Steven beside him, pressing his body against him and leaning his head towards his shoulder - and then, Mike's breath suddenly picked up and he first leaned forward over Jinx, slamming deep into him a few more times, then straightened back up, turned fully towards his brother, and met his muzzle in a full-on kiss, a low moan escaping through a small part in their lips.

So, that was interesting. Jinx felt the few strong throbs through Mike's cock of his cum being unloaded into him, and that, combined with the still quickly-stroking paw on his own length, as well as watching these two kiss in front of him while one of them rode out his own orgasm, was enough to send *him* over the edge, too; he swallowed, bit back a gasp, and spurted out over the black fur of his belly and chest a few times, each time clenching tightly around the ferret still hilted in him.

After a short while, the two broke apart - Mike flicked his tongue out over his lips, also brushing it against his brother's - and exchanged another look before releasing one another. Steven rolled back onto his rear again in the grass, trying to work his pants up his legs, while Mike tugged back out of Jinx. The cat leaned back in the grass on which he lay, originally dry but now moistened with the piss from earlier. The movement caused him to catch a whiff of its scent

again, now drier and somehow even spicier than before, slightly bitter, more embarrassing than arousing after his orgasm...

"Good God..." Mike breathed, putting the cat's thought into words. "That was... a bit of a... *deviation* from th' plan... feel like it sobered me up a bit, though..."

"I'm still drunk," Steven drawled, also lying back on the grass. "An' I'll have to pee again later, too, so... what're your plans for the day, James?"

Jinx pulled himself up into a sitting position. The urine that had soaked into the fabric of his hoodie had cooled during that time, so now he was almost *cold*... "Well, I, uh... *was* going to watch the show, but..."

Mike smirked at him, also tugging his pants back up. "But what?"

"But I stink."

"Yeah, well... it's a good stink. I think I might have a change of clothes in the car..."

Steven raised a paw. "You go have fun. I'll... be here..."

Jinx got unsteadily to his feet, at the same time doing up his pants - which were similar still soaked through. Mike caught his slight grimace, though, and gave him another sharp smirk in response, as if he had another plan for the cat once they got back to the car.

He licked his lips, and then realized that he still had Steven's load streaked across his muzzle.