

"Look, look - he's wakin' up..."

Simeon groaned and rolled over - and promptly bumped into something hard and cold preventing him from moving any further. His head pounded, his legs ached, his throat burned like he'd tried to downed either a really strong drink or just-boiled water... and, frankly, he had no *real* idea where he was.

Realization came to him quickly, though, when he tried to sit up and again found himself blocked by parallel metal bars, as if someone had locked him in a cage for a pet feral dog; through the bars, thin but still too tough for him to bend in such an enclosed space, he couldn't see much of anything past what looked like a high-backed couch in front of a flickering television.

Suddenly, a rough clattering reverberated through the walls of the cage, startling the cheetah - and when he managed to turn around, he looked right up into the bright yellow eyes of a very large alligator, in terms of both height *and* width. With one sharp-clawed hand the alligator pushed himself up from where he knelt beside the cage, his weight causing that corner of it to bend down a little. Simeon scrambled as far back into the opposite corner as he could.

The alligator raised his voice. His had been the one that Simeon had heard. "Hey. Didja hear me?"

"Yeah, yeah, we heard you." *That* voice, too, was slightly familiar - but the cheetah couldn't put his finger on it... he couldn't remember much of anything for a good period of time leading up to now. He had been... at a bar, or a club, or something, and then he'd gone into the bathroom, and then he'd... done something else-

Something cold and wet splashed against his bare thigh from above, startling him out of his thoughts: this alligator, whoever he was, clutched a bottle of beer in one hand, precariously angled by his side. He wore blue jeans that looked a bit too tight on him, leather belt complete with a large buckle, and over his chest he wore a simple white sleeveless shirt that bulged out at his belly and looked thoroughly yellowed at the armpits. "So?" he called, "Are any a' you guys gonna join me, or am I gonna be on my own for now?"

As he spoke he swung his arm, sloshing more of his beer out over the cheetah - who then realized for the first time since waking up... he wasn't wearing anything. The same slim body he'd awoken to look down at every morning - faint lines of ribs beneath his smooth purple fur; flat chest, flat belly, flat groin (one hundred percent physically male, except for the supple lips between his legs) - now cramped in this small cage, where he could find no position that didn't show off part of his naked body...

"Go ahead, Andy," continued the other voice. Simeon just... *couldn't* place where he'd heard him before. "None of us really mind. An', knowing that kitten, I'm sure *he* won't, either."

Another *clang* issued through the cage as the alligator rested his beer on the corner and then reached down towards his belt buckle. "Well, if you say so..." There was nowhere Simeon could go and nothing he could do, then, as that belt came loose, as the top button and zipper of the alligator's pants came to be undone - and then as his soft uncut length flopped out into the open air, one hand aiming it towards the bars of the cage as well as keeping the foreskin half-rolled back. The cheetah looked up at him.

"Don't worry," Andy cooed. He flicked his tongue out over his lips. "I've drunk four of those bottles already waitin' for you to wake up - I *wanted* to do this to you while you were out, to let you wake up to wet fur an' the smell of piss all over you, but the other guys told me not to. But, now you *are* awake, so... open wide."

He knew what was coming before it happened. The alligator's stream of fresh piss arced through the thin bars of the cage, splashing against the metal floor and spattering a few warm drops against Simeon's feet... and then Andy started to adjust his aim. There was nothing the cheetah could do other than watch the clear, shimmering stream as it coursed towards him, closer and closer - and then a shiver unintentionally shot through his body when it first made contact with his leg, quickly soaking into his thick fur and spreading its cloying warmth out across his skin

"Oh, c'mon..." the alligator purred, his other hand keeping his pants up. Simeon looked up through the bars, against the unbroken stream of hot piss as it came down and splashed over him, slowly moving up his naked body. "It's not *that* bad. I told you, I drank a lot - give it a taste, why don'tcha?..."

Simeon tried to turn his head to the side, but only succeeded in giving Andy a bigger target to aim for: the alligator leaned forward over the cage a little so he could hit his mark, his piss splashing against the purple fur of the cheetah's cheek and dripping down his chin, hot and musky. Its scent tickled harshly at his nose with every inhalation, each one carrying it more strongly than the one before. He couldn't help but splutter with surprise after catching some of the fresh piss on his lips, which proved to be an unfortunate reaction: while trying to spit out the taste (*dry, slightly spicy, heavy with musk, but bearable*), Andy took *that* opportunity as well and just continued to wash down the cheetah's tongue with his mark.

Satisfied with that, the alligator then angled his stream back down to the cheetah's chest to more thoroughly soak that part of him alongside what had coursed down from his muzzle, now also very warm and very wet. What rolled off of his fur pooled on the floor of the cage, thanks to the bars of the walls connecting along a solid strip of metal before meeting the floor; within a minute or so, all during which Andy showed no sign of his bladder being any less full than before, Simeon sat in a pool of warm piss about half an inch deep, keeping his rump warm and his nose twitching at the scent.

When it finally did end - Andy spent a few more moments rolling his foreskin back and forth, back and forth over the head of his cock, squeezing out the last drops - Simeon could still taste it on the back of his tongue, a gentle, subtle spice, not *too* much (he must have been telling the truth about having drunk a lot) but still there. He had swallowed at least a mouthful and a half, the first of that on accident but then the rest... well.

Some small part of him warmed up and tingled at getting marked, as much as he hated to admit it. Even now, feeling the intense focused heat of the piss soaking into his paws and feet on the floor of the cage, feeling it slosh around against him between his legs... it all made him *shiver* a little, made him run his paws down the front of his body under the guise of covering himself, when really, he just wanted to trace the pad of a finger up along his clit.

He was glad that Andy had picked his beer back up and turned away to down whatever was left in it, his cock still hanging out from the open fly of his pants. He didn't seem to care at all.

Really, once Simeon got over the discomfort of his slight headache on top of being confined in this little cage, he didn't too much mind having the alligator's length hanging down just a short distance above the bars, still dripping piss every now and then.

"Ah," said the alligator, following a noise from the other side of the room. "Come to join the fun, finally? You could've just *told* me you wanted to wait 'til the episode was over - I've already gone an' marked 'im..."

"Well, now it's *our* turn." It was the same voice he had recognized from before, but when he looked up through the other side of the cage, all he could see was another wide belly hanging down; the tiger to whom it belonged wore a leather mask, obscuring his face. Simeon started to develop an idea of who it might be.

Next to *him* stood a canid of some sort, similarly masked, dusty cookies-and-cream fur with stripes coursing up his legs and arms, and tall triangular ears standing atop his head at an angle. Perhaps more had been going on on that couch than that watching TV: this canid, maybe a hyena, wore nothing other than that mask and a pair of colored boxers - through the front of which protruded his length, red and knotted, very hard. And, then, beside *him* was someone smaller, a fellow cheetah who he didn't recognize.

"And, besides..." The fat tiger directly in front started working at the fastenings of his pants. Simeon turned around, feeling the piss slosh around himself again, and focused his eyes on the bulge behind the front of those pants. "A full bladder ain't somethin' you can just *rush*, Andy. You gotta wait. Gotta let it build up, 'til you can *feel* it every time you move..." Out of his pants he pulled another uncut cock, though he didn't even bother rolling his foreskin back. He angled it down at the caged cheetah's muzzle.

Simeon had seen that cock before; it was the slight scent hovering off of it that cemented this realization in his mind. A few months ago, he'd called a plumber to fix the only toilet in his house; this tiger standing above him was the plumber who came to fix it. He had also aided Simeon in fixing another problem of his, this one being an empty muzzle - and just remembering that, remembering how he had already been in a position similar to this one with the tiger, made him move his paws back between his legs again.

"...and then, you gotta... *release it*."

This time, Simeon didn't try to move out of the stream. Instead, he remained where he was, sitting up as straight as he could, eyes closed and lips firmly pressed together as the tiger emptied his bladder over his muzzle, considerably stronger and more potent than Andy's. Over the splashing of the piss dripping down from his chin into the pool of warm, odorous liquid below, he could hear the plumber chuckle - "*jes' lookit that, what a thirsty slut of a kitten*" - followed by the unzipping of another fly, probably of the other cheetah. When he *did* get a chance to open his eyes, Pete's stream of piss focused against his lips and chin, he could see the hyena slowly stroking himself while watching.

Just as Pete's piss started to diminish, another stream started up at Simeon's shoulder, also carrying a different spice, a different brand of muskiness; he closed his eyes and leaned into it, loving how it cut small rivulets through his thick fur as it ran down, feeling how it dripped off of him, warmed his skin, coated him in its scent - and then yet another suddenly splashed down

between his ears from the other side of the cage, startling him. He didn't know that there was *more*.

He glanced over that way, eyes squinting against the hot piss splashing down over his muzzle: sure enough, there was another couch over there that he hadn't noticed, with more guys standing up and coming over this way to *join in the fun*... already his nose was having trouble handling all of the mixing scents, all of the dry, stinging tanginess of fresh urine soaking into his fur, dripping down his cheeks, spreading across his tongue each time he parted his lips...

"You like that, don't you?"

Simeon looked up. The hyena locked eyes with him, and then angled his cock down so that the tapered tip poked through the bars of the cage a little. The cheetah couldn't stop himself from moving forward - *slosh* - and nosing up against it, spreading the similar slickness of pre across his nose and inviting an entirely new scent into his nostrils.

"That's a good kitten. C'mon, now - on all fours, and raise your tail so my friend Luke over there can get at you."

He did as told, first lowering the front of his body down towards the floor of the cage, keeping himself propped up on his elbows - now all of the piss splashing down on him and running off of his back just dripped into the pool in the floor of the cage and overflowed - and his nose and lips not an inch and a half away from the surface of glistening yellow liquid, and raised his tail as far up as he could. Yet another stream of piss started at his rump, slowly making its way towards his tailhole and pussy, warming his sensitive and already-tingling flesh - he clenched and shivered at the first contact, and then, more turned on than he'd like to admit, closed the distance between his muzzle and the pool of piss in which he soaked, lapped his tongue out against the musky heat of the liquid - and let it spread out across his tongue, the taste a lot sharper, a lot more focused than the scent, but *just* as warming.

The contact under his tail, of having a hot, steady arc of piss against the pucker of his tailhole that then washed down along his lips, already spread partially by a pair of his fingers pressed against himself... Simeon arched his back and lifted his rump up further, trying to present an easier target to whoever this 'Luke' was who relieved himself all over his revealed rear. Whoever it was, he *knew* how to thoroughly douse someone: Simeon could feel it as the focus of the piss moved from his tailhole to his pussy where it remained for a moment, and then from there, over to one side of his rump, then to the other, and then back to the center.

Before he could spend too much time enjoying *that*, though (he got a good start on it, pressing his fingers up between his legs and shivering at the feeling, keeping his mouth closed to hold in the taste of the piss that he'd lapped up), the part of the cage that he clutched onto with his other paw suddenly swung open, causing him to sprawl halfway out over the wet floor of wherever they were, the piss that had pooled in the bottom of the cage washing out underneath him. When he managed to pull himself back up, the mixed urine coursing warmly around his paws, he finally took a look around - and noticed at least *eight* different guys standing around him and the small cage.

Andy, Pete, the hyena and other cheetah, Luke (who was a slim otter), a pair of tall African wild dogs leaning on one another who were both naked and also masked... Simeon had been a little too preoccupied with fingering himself and lifting his rump up into the air to notice if the guys

had taken turns in relieving themselves on him, but he *did* feel that, given how damn *soaked* he was, the piss had never really let up until the end. Even now as he crawled out of the cage, still on all fours, he could feel the last few drops of someone finishing up against the side of his leg-

-but before he could stand up, a firm, heavy weight pressed down on his back, shoving his muzzle and upper chest back down against the floor. A scaled hand - Andy's - came into view, clutching a black leather collar; this was soon affixed around the cheetah's collar, and to that, a leash long enough for the other end to be passed around to anyone in this circle surrounding the dripping cage and dripping cat.

"That's a good look for you," purred Pete from in front of him. Still he hadn't yet done up his pants, and Simeon felt certain that he wasn't about to. The big tiger knelt down in front of him, one paw lifting his wide belly up a little while the other stroked at his cock. A little bead of piss clung to the end... and then spread out along the rim of his foreskin with the next movement of his paw. "One that I think I - and everyone else here - could get used to..."

His voice trailed off, but still, Simeon knew what was expected of him. The end of the leash had been passed to the tiger, and he rolled it up around his paw to pull the cheetah closer; Simeon, with the taste of piss still on his tongue, pressed his nose up into the rugged pubic fur presented to him, feeling the warmth of the plumber's cock and sack seeping through his moistened fur. This was a scent that he had tasted before, and, when he shifted to the side, cupped Pete's cock gently in his tongue, and dove down along it, feeling the way his foreskin tugged back a little, remembered doing this before.

Back then, Pete *had* said "you'll be doing this for me again". Simeon just hadn't expected it to be like this.

As he bobbed up and down, up and down along the tiger's length, twitching and throbbing in his mouth, he kept his eyes on the small crowd around him: the hyena, silent, continued to paw himself off while watching; the two African wild dogs had started feeling each other up, rubbing at heavy sacks and sharing a deep kiss; and then at the very edge of his vision, he could just barely see the other cheetah on his knees with that otter's muzzle on him... a sudden tug on his leash, though, brought him away from all of that and buried his nose in the thick pubic fur yet again while that cock pulsed and throbbed on his tongue.

With time, the odor of urine burned into his fur only strengthened further and further until Simeon could smell it quite clearly over the scent of Pete's musk. This only made him bob along the tiger's presented length with more energy and desire - and he *would* have moved a paw back between his own legs to sink a couple fingers into himself again, had he not needed that paw to keep his balance. Andy hadn't yet removed his hand from Simeon's upper back, and now that he had gotten into a steady rhythm on the plumber, the alligator finally stood back up, moved around behind his pet...

...and then, feeling first a hand wrenching his tail up into the air, Simeon had to pull up off of Pete's cock and remain with his muzzle against his thigh. Andy was *big*: the alligator pressed up between Simeon's legs, the head of his cock sliding between the cheetah's slick lips for a moment before he adjusted his angle and started sinking forward into him.

Andy could almost bridge Simeon's entire lower back with his one hand pushing down on the cheetah, keeping his body arched and rump in the air. Tight fit, the first inch and a half or so of

him sliding up into him - but he couldn't focus on that for long, as the tiger in front of him had started to get a little impatient and seized his head in both paws to force him to continue the rhythm he had interrupted. Simeon closed his eyes, keeping his jaw relaxed and tongue broad and forward.

Pete could fully fit into the cheetah's mouth, but not without a little discomfort: each time he thrust forward, Simeon could feel the head of his cock press against the back of his throat, warm and slick with pre, hard and slightly painful... but certainly not unenjoyable. Andy's slow movement deep into him kept him shivering all over and subjected him to a sweet, resilient wave of pleasure that wouldn't go away; right before the alligator had started, he'd heard him spit into his hand - but Simeon really doubted that extra lube was necessary, what with how he currently felt.

Another glance around, his vision partially obscured by Pete's belly and thighs, showed to him that the other cheetah now kept that otter's muzzle similarly down between his legs as he jerked his hips quickly forward, the leather of the otter's mask showing spatters of some sort of liquid too translucent to be cum. Perhaps *that* cheetah hadn't fully emptied his bladder over Simeon's back. Meanwhile, the pair of African wild dogs had turned from fiercely making out to pawing each other off, one arm around the other as they did so - but that hyena no longer stood beside Pete...

"I want a turn," Simeon heard from behind him.

Andy grunted, starting to churn his hips forward and back, forward and back in a slow, deep rhythm. Each time he pushed forward, Simeon had to draw in a low, shuddering breath through his nose, yet again magnifying the mixed scent of musk and piss in his nostrils. "Fuck you. I jus' started..."

"-And I'm almost done. You know this sort of thing gets me going. C'mon, you big lizard, move over... I won't take long..."

This time when the alligator moved his hips back, he kept on going - and then pulled out of the cheetah with a slick, wet noise. Simeon kept his rump in the air and tail raised, and Pete kept on tugging his head down along his length again and again, steadily growing faster and fiercer in his movements; then, again came the feeling of someone sliding into him, someone considerably *less* than the alligator, but who still made the cheetah squeak gently when he thrust forward and almost hilted in him in one go.

Sharp-clawed paws traced up and down his back, then settled at his hips to hold him in place while the hyena behind him thrust quickly, hips slapping against Simeon's rump almost in perfect sync with Pete as he approached his climax. With each push in he could feel the bulge of his knot against his lips, pressing in just a little bit deeper, stretching him just a little bit wider - and he couldn't help but push right back against the hyena as he thrust into him, lurching forward and back in rhythm, purposely squeezing and clenching around his length. Just as he could feel Pete's throbbing and twitching on his tongue, he could feel the same from the hyena against his sensitive lips-

And then Pete was the one who finished first, pulling Simeon's head down into his lap until his wiry pubic fur tickled at his nose and his throbbing head pressed against the back of his throat. Simeon squeezed his eyes shut as the first of his cum spurted out directly into his throat, hot

and thick - and then again, and again, each one a little weaker than the one before. Finally the grip on the back of his head fell away, and Simeon moved back to lap his tongue over his lips and swallow down the load the tiger had left him - slick and slightly tangy, a little harder to swallow than the piss he had downed just earlier. He had almost grown accustomed to the scent of it, drying into his fur...

Panting, Pete fell back into a sitting position and leaned back, while Simeon continued lurching with the fast, heavy thrusts of the hyena behind him. He reached one paw down and rubbed at his clit with a pair of his fingers, still soaked due to the puddle of piss beneath him. There was just something about this whole situation, about having his entire body soaked in piss, a collar affixed around his neck - the leash of which, after being discarded into the puddle of piss, quickly got picked back up by one of the African wild dogs - and then being used, one after another, by all of these guys, that made him - suck his breath in, let out a shuddering moan, and clench around the hyena, another bright wave of pleasure shooting through him.

This was what pushed *him* over the edge, too: Simeon could first feel it in a strong forward thrust alongside a shuddering throughout the hyena's body, and then *heard* it - right next to his ear in a low, growling moan. He remained hilted in him for a few moments longer, swollen knot pulsing at his entrance in emptying out the last of his cum, and then tugged back out of him. Warm, sticky seed dripped out of him; he moved his fingers down, slid them up inside himself, and shivered sweetly.

Instead of the large alligator Andy resuming his position under his tail, though, Simeon soon felt someone else start to press up into him, much faster and easier than before due to the cum that slickened him up along with the juice of his own arousal - and then, just as smooth, toned hips pressed forward against his rump, another weight pressed down on him from above. He glanced back: one of those African wild dogs had mounted him, and then the other had mounted *that* one... it was the one in back who dictated the speed and rhythm: each thrust forward from him reverberated through the other one, who then pushed forward into the cheetah with a light moan rolling off his tongue. These two went slower, more smoothly, more carefully, but still each sweet thrust made his breath catch in his throat.

"Should get a sign..." panted the wild dog who fucked Simeon. His words were punctuated with fast, unsteady breaths. "...that says - *'free for public use'...*"

"For who?" purred the other, on top of him. He thrust forward, squeezing a soft "*ah-*" out of the middle, who in turn carried the movement forward into Simeon. Perhaps he had already finished: they *had* spent a while rubbing at each other, and even now, he didn't move except for when the one on top of him made him... "The cheetah, or for *you*?"

"*I'm* not drenched in - piss from seven different guys..."

"Not yet, you aren't-"

Apparently unsatisfied with having his toy taken away from him, Andy moved around to Simeon's friend, blocking the cheetah's view of the still-exhausted Pete, and took the same position that he had left. He looked even bigger than he felt: long, thick length, supple foreskin and head glistening with his pre and the slickness that Simeon had left on him - all with his impressive, heavy sack hanging beneath, swaying gently with his steps... he knelt down in front

of the cheetah and stroked himself steadily, the head of his cock tapping against his nose every now and then.

On the alligator he could smell a different kind of musk, the familiar spice of piss that brought back the same shivering warmth that he'd felt when he had been first marked in that cage earlier, and then, beneath all of that, the deeper, more familiar scent of *himself* - what always matted down the fur of his fingers after a night spent buried to the knuckle between his legs and clutching at the bedsheets beneath him. Even though Andy wasn't the one holding his leash (that still belonged to one of the wild dogs, who tugged on it every now and then in their humping behind him), Simeon still gladly leaned forward and flicked his tongue up over the underside of the alligator's cock, again and again when he could.

The rhythm of the dogs on top of him sped up and then stopped suddenly - and the weight bearing down on him increased as the both of them hunched over him, panting off-rhythm. The other cheetah that he had noticed lounged back against the wall, legs spread and shaft twitching against his cream bellyfur; the otter who had given him his release came over, very hard and also fairly close, given how he pawed himself, and knelt down beside Andy. He kept his bright blue eyes fixed on the alligator's sizable length, just as Simeon did: it came as a surprise to the cheetah, then, when the otter suddenly straightened up, scooted forward a little, swallowed - and spurted out *his* cum over Simeon's muzzle, once from his chin to behind his ear, then across his cheek, and then on his lips. The cheetah leaned forward and lapped at the underside of his twitching length, making eye contact with him for the first time; it was hard to tell beneath his mask, but it looked like a rosy blush warmed his cheeks.

The feeling of this wild dog buried deep inside him kept him on edge; he churned his hips back on the dog, other paw still rubbing at himself. The fur between his legs had gotten thoroughly soaked through with piss, with cum, with his own arousal - and he flicked his tongue out across his lips to lap off the otter's seed, mixing the taste of that in his mouth with the remnants of Pete's, all above the lingering aftertaste of piss fresh from the source.

And then, Andy made no great show of his own orgasm - other than the thick spurt of white seed up into the air, streaking from beside Simeon's tail to the nape of his neck, followed by a second that went along the same path, and then a third just-as-thick rope that emptied itself across his muzzle - God, that'd be sticking in his fur for *days*.

Somewhere along the way - Simeon glanced around the darkened room of wherever they were while cleaning off Andy's twitching cock - Pete had gotten up and slumped back on the couch, and it looked like the other cheetah had fallen into a soft doze - though Luke, the otter, had gone back over and now had his head bobbing in the cheetah's lap again.

One at a time, the wild dogs dismounted from above him... and yet again he felt the thick load drooling out of him, warm and slick. However, right as he leaned his head down to catch his breath, someone sharply tugged on his leash and pulled him upright - and again he looked into the olive-green eyes of the hyena, expression indeterminable beneath his mask.

"Time for you to go back in your cage, kitten," he cooed, pulling Simeon back that way. The floor of the cage had become slightly sticky as the piss dried, and now, the scent hit his nose *quite* strongly... that was probably nothing in comparison to all of the scents that *he* had been marked with, though. "We'll have another use for you later. Okay?"

Simeon swallowed. Sure, it was uncomfortable squeezing back into the cage, but... as long as he lay on his back with his head against the back wall and legs spread for everyone to see, it wasn't so bad. The door clicked and locked. "Yes, sir."