

What did she think she was doing, sending him messages like that - and at a time like *this*, too? He'd *told* her where he was. *Not my fault you've got a strange urge to read all your messages when you get them*, she'd said - as if that was weird! He'd been in the middle of sending back a text when the first of those pictures came in, big and full across his phone screen while he was in the middle of the store right next to a group of kids from whatever local high school.

*Big and full* indeed. Even after he'd shoved his phone back into his pocket and hurried away, his sharp ears still picked up their giggles. Of course that hadn't been the last picture, though, and of course she knew that he wouldn't be able to resist if she told him (that was important: *told* him) to slip a paw into his pants and take some of his own pictures in exchange.

Except he'd forgotten that his flash was on at first. And then he didn't think to check around the corner. And *then* he almost slid into an occupied changing room, because the damn person hadn't locked the door. He was fairly certain that one of the store employees had been following him around for a while, too, so - two birds with one stone - he ran off into the bathrooms at the back of the store, took the far stall, and *finally* got around to enjoying himself, now that he actually had both the time and opportunity. Of course he made sure to get the pictures she'd wanted, too.

Didn't help that it had been a few days since he'd last been able to get off. The hellhound lounged back against the tank behind him, one paw gripping his pants around his thighs while the other continued to work along his length, fingers rolling smoothly over the ridges on the underside. This really hadn't been his intention when he'd decided to come to the mall this morning, but... well, it would be a lie to say the thought hadn't entered his mind. And, now, there was just - too damn *much* on his mind. His claws dug into the fabric of his pants and he steadily humped up into his other paw, breath coming out through parted lips.

Every time the door to the bathroom opened, he'd slow down just a little bit and keep an ear perked, but - honestly, there was some sort of intrigue or pleasure for him in knowing that someone might be able to figure out just what he was doing. The way he was lounged back like this, how he still had his pants mostly on, the quiet, rhythmic shuffling of his movements... and then he hadn't noticed until quite a bit into his *distraction* that (lucky him!) someone had carved a hole between this stall and the next, conveniently at about muzzle-height for someone sitting in his place.

Looking at the edges, it had been covered or filled on more than a few different occasions, only to be continually cut out and the edges smoothed with duct tape. Someone must be a regular customer, then. The hellhound had sent a picture of *that*, too, of course with his own hard cock still in view of the frame, with the message *hey, maybe I'll get lucky today ;)*, and then a few seconds later received in response-

*Good thing you like sucking dick, then, huh, Hev?*

That was also part of the reason he perked his ears whenever someone else came in, and why he sort of half-leaned to the side - so he could get a better look through the glory hole, so he could more easily see if the adjacent stall door would open. No luck yet, but... his tail flicked around the base of the toilet underneath him, hearing the gentle tapping of claws on the tile floor. Whoever it was had already passed urinals: either that was the employee coming to throw him out (how rude; he hadn't had a chance to finish yet) or - or...

Sure enough, the door to the next stall swung open and then shut, and then some slim guy's body obscured Hev's sight through the hole. The hellhound straightened up, sliding his paw down to the bulge of his knot still hidden within the short black fur of his sheath: this visitor was breathing a bit heavily, and swiftly worked at his belt and the fastenings of his pants, but remained standing. He stood *just* far forward that Hev couldn't get a good look at him, though, but: quiet *zip* of his fly being undone, low exhalation of breath, first drips that quickly strengthened into a steady stream - and the hellhound's proximity to the glory hole as he leaned over allowed him to just barely pick up the familiar dry bite of fresh piss, something that in itself was enough to make him throb in his paw.

Maybe he was a bit more worked up that he first thought. Next thing he knew, he'd rested a pair of fingers on the bottom rim of the hole curled into the next stall, and then, quietly-

"Hey. Mind giving *me* a taste of that?"

It came to an abrupt stop, the visitor visibly startled by Hev's voice. More rustling, a half-turn of the body, and - sleek cream bellyfur above an uncut shaft, foreskin half-rolled back in a webbed finger and a thumb, darker earth-brown in coloration. An otter. When he spoke, he seemed unsure of himself. "... excuse me?"

Just because this was his first time doing anything like this didn't mean he had no idea what to do. That would be silly. After all, Hev had watched a *lot* of videos, and read a lot of comics and stories on this particular scenario. Part of him doubted he'd have the confidence to do this if he weren't already halfway to climax, but - he was here now, and he'd gotten the otter's attention. A single drop of pale yellow piss dripped off the end of that revealed head, before the otter rolled his foreskin forward over it and then turned away again.

"Just saying, man. I could help you out."

Silence, shuffling. Hearing how urgent it had been when he'd first come in, there was no way that it was comfortable for this otter to stand here and hold it after he'd already gotten started. Hev licked his lips, trying to taste that salty spice on the air again. "Well, I, uh... can I - finish here, first?"

"Well, sure." His phone dropped off of his lap and onto the floor with a muted *thump*, then, as the hellhound turned to bring his muzzle closer to the hole. "Swing that my way and I'll drain it for ya."

Even if that came back as a no, just *saying* that had been enough to make him shiver faintly with pleasure. The otter was definitely putting some thought into it, too, seeing how he stood there with his paws on the waistband of his pants, halfway between turning and staying in place; his urgency was visible, too, in how he shifted from one foot to the other, one to the other-

-and then right as he opened his mouth to ask again, Hev had to move his head back a little bit, with the soft uncut shaft suddenly pushed through the glory hole. Good amount of overhang, fair-sized, moisture of his piss visible in the wrinkled skin at the end... the hellhound dragged his tongue over his lips first before doing the same to the offered cock, taking that slight saltiness into his mouth.

His pale blue eyes flicked up towards movement near the top of the stall - the otter curling his webbed fingers over the edge of the divider for support - and then another soft exhalation of breath, a slight push forward... and that same salty spice quickly flowed out into the hellhound's muzzle, the heat taking him by surprise at first. He held his fingers at the base of his length to keep it resting between his lips, tongue working its way up into the tapered skin and back against the hot stream, but... he very quickly became aware that he'd underestimated the otter's urgency in making it to a bathroom.

Of course it wasn't the *most* foul thing he'd swallowed down. By far, no; in fact, he could drink this otter's mark with relative ease compared to some of the *other* times someone had emptied their bladder into (or onto) his tongue. One swallow, a second, a third, and then he had to catch his breath: he parted his lips but kept his tongue cupped, allowing the smooth, hot liquid to pool in the bottom of his mouth and run out of the corners of his lips, soaking into his dark fur and his shirt. That was something he'd worry about later.

From the other side of the divider came another quiet exhalation of relief, accompanied by a slight throb in the shaft held in his fingers. With those fingers, he tugged the otter's foreskin back, briefly interrupting his stream and causing it to splash up against his lips and nose. Warm, smooth head, bearing a different and heavier musk than the piss that Hev could already taste on his breath above what continued to douse his tongue and chin - he had to swallow again, and briefly shivered with the saltiness.

There was just something about running his tongue over and around the ridged rim of this otter's skin while he continued to empty his bladder into his muzzle, showing no sign of slowing. Slick from natural musk as well as both saliva as well as his own mark now... Hev closed his eyes and let it roll out of his mouth, down over his chest and under his shirt, dripping into his lap and along his own throbbing hard length. Part of him wanted to move back a little bit and receive that piss all over himself, just so he'd be able to smell it as strongly as taste it...

...and the part of him that wanted this was the part that hadn't gotten off in a few days. Instead, though, he just tilted his head down a little bit, rolled that foreskin up over his tongue, and angled the otter's cock down towards his chest, intentionally arcing his aim against his own chin and forcing it to spray down over his body. Again, that was something he'd worry about later.

With the flicking of his tongue and movement of his lips on the otter's shaft, though... Hev might have gotten a little bit *too* into swallowing down his taste. Before long, that stream had pinched off to a dribble perhaps too quickly than it naturally should have, and the hellhound felt the also-familiar twitching and throbbing of a hard cock on his tongue, with the otter gently pumping his hips forward through the glory hole. It'd be quite rude to stop here, wouldn't it? So Hev tightened his grip on that cock and got right to work, closing his lips and bobbing slowly along its length, keeping his tongue in place first to catch any drops he'd missed.

He kept his paw in rhythm with his muzzle as he worked, eyes still closed and lips tight. With this movement he could feel the otter's slick foreskin rolling forward and back, forward and back over his tongue and against the roof of his mouth, the taste and scent of his arousal mixing with the sharp bite of his piss on Hev's tongue, muted with - to put it simply - how well-hydrated he'd been. Though that took some of the fun out of it, it *did* make it quite a bit easier to swallow down as much of it as he had to give... and would allow the hellhound to slip out of this damn store with fewer people wrinkling their noses and staring at him.

While this glory-hole thing was a first, *that* had been something he'd experienced before. It *had* been more than seriously embarrassing, bearing such a strong (and exceedingly masculine) scent of piss not only in his chestfur, but also atop his muzzle, soaked into his pants, and on his breath, while having to make his way back out through the crowds of people to his car, but... *God*, what a *rush*. He'd actually had to lie back and rub another one out, keeping his wet shirt pressed against nose as he did so, before he could think straight enough to make his way back home.

A quiet scratching came from above, as the otter's fingers tightened on the divider above Hev's head and his claws scraped against the - what, wood? He hadn't even thought about what it was. Not that it mattered, and besides, there were *much* more important things at hand. As he bobbed, picking up speed and energy, the hellhound curled his tongue up around the head of the otter's cock, intentionally rolling that foreskin up over it every time he came back up; doing that seemed to make him twitch and throb and thrust forward even more forcefully than he already did, which he took as a good sign.

Hell, with everything going on, Hev had to slow his other paw on his length, knot now out of his sheath and already swelling to its full size with his growing arousal. Being marked, and especially drinking down that mark, had a tendency to do that to him - which the friend he'd been texting knew quite well. That was something she often liked to tease him with. She'd probably be a bit pissed if she found out that he *had*, in fact, had some fun through this glory hole today, but - his phone was out of his reach right now. And again, there were more important things.

The door to the bathroom squeaked open again, and both of them stiffened and stilled in response: footsteps across the tile floor to the urinals, rustling of clothing, sound of a zipper... all above the otter's panting, deliberately quiet, and the sounds of Hev's lips as he continued to work on him, slow and careful. He moved back so that only the otter's head remained between his lips, his tongue swirling and churning against the underside, along the line of his frenulum... with his ears perked, he could hear perfectly well the effect that this had on him. And - he could *feel* it, too, in more little twitches and throbs, in the otter pushing even more firmly forward towards his muzzle.

Who had the patience for this, though? Even with whoever had just walked in still busy at the urinal, Hev adjusted his position again so he could dive back down on that twitching length, down until his nose bumped against the cool surface of the stall divider. He remained there for a moment, keeping the otter's girth cupped in his tongue, tasting his salty pre that oozed down into the back of his throat.

With the time that had passed, the aroma of the piss that Hev had deliberately missed and let soak into his clothes had started to tickle at and curl around his nose, causing his whiskers to twitch and making him draw in deeper breaths. With the otter pushing so close to his side of the glory hole, some of his scent had come over and mixed with that as well... if not for this damn divider, the hellhound would have put no second thought into diving down as far as he could and burying his nose against his lower abdomen. Hell - since he still felt as though he hadn't completely emptied his bladder before getting worked up by the tongue, Hev fully intended to drain his balls and then remain with him buried in his throat to drink down the rest.

That opportunity was starting to come close, too. Now the otter steadily worked his hips forward and back while Hev bobbed along his length, paw remaining against his lips to tug his foreskin

back and roll it forward, even slicker now with both saliva and pre. The other person finished up at the urinal - loud flush, during which Hev's ears picked up a tense, shuddering moan - and moved to the sink, giving them both a chance to let out a few more little noises of enjoyment. By now, Hev couldn't tell if it was piss or pre that rolled down the underside of his own length, and he didn't really care.

If he had time to himself, he'd have liked to make this like one of his nights spent at home, alone and very horny. Once or twice (or three or four times, or five) he'd intentionally chugged a two-liter of water at least once, waited a while, then rolled over himself in the bathtub, braced his feet against the wall behind him, and - held his breath and released all over his muzzle, his chest, his tongue. The angle made things a bit awkward, and often he found that he had to settle back down onto his back with his shaft held in his paw at some point... but once he'd gone *that* far, there was no point in settling for just that. If he had the time and patience to clean up afterwards, he'd set out a pile of towels on his bed and do the same thing, though would continue to squeeze himself down until the hot, hard flesh of his own cock slid up between his lips, and so that he could directly drink his own mark like that.

Then there was the time one of his friends came over unannounced, and rang the doorbell *right* as the hellhound was squeezing himself together, paws firmly on his hips above his muzzle to bring his cock as far into his muzzle - an inch and a half or so; he'd had a lot of time to practice - while his entire body shook with orgasm. *That* had been a bit of a surprise. He didn't think to brush his teeth afterwards, either, and - could still remember the look on that friend's face when they must have smelled his breath.

The otter let out another sigh of a moan as soon as the bathroom door closed again, and then gripped onto the top of the divider with both paws. Hev returned his other to his shaft to finally take up stroking himself again, kept near his peak of arousal by all the tastes, all the scents washing over his senses and bearing him down. He felt the otter's orgasm before he actually came in a few quick, hard thrusts, a couple strong throbs, a sharp intake of breath - and then one, two, three, four powerful spurts of liquidy cum out into the back of his throat, quickly swallowed down. While stroking out the rest of his load, the hellhound opened his muzzle wide and let his tongue catch the final weaker spurts, salty and slightly sour once he'd swallowed it down. This otter needed more fruit in his diet.

That done, Hev moved that paw down to his own chest and sank his fingers into the soaked fabric and fur, still slightly warm with the heat of his body, as he quickened his pace on his own cock and swirled his tongue around the otter's slowly-softening shaft. Now he couldn't tell if it was his own panting or that of this stranger on the other side of the glory hole he heard, but - the fast rustling of his wrist against his pants, the quiet sounds of skin on slick skin, his rising heart rate in his ears-

-well, Hev was right about this otter being interrupted before. As he could feel the bright pressure of his own peak approaching, that same hot, salty piss started to flow out onto his tongue again, still cupped beneath his head. There wasn't much left, and the otter gave it with a slow, quiet sigh, but - the warmth and taste, the scent were all enough to kick Hev over the edge. He didn't even think to tug his shirt up (*what would be the point?*), instead just closing his lips around the end of the otter's length, letting him continue to fill his muzzle, and jerking up into his paw until the hot pleasure had been suitably released out over himself. Only then did he swallow down that last mouthful, and drew his tongue over his lips afterward to finish off any stray drops.

“Gosh...” he heard from that next stall, accompanied by some rustling. After another moment, the otter took a step back and zipped his pants back up. “I needed that more than I thought...”

Meanwhile, Hev looked down over himself and at the shallow pool of slightly-yellow piss that had gathered around the base of the toilet. Luckily his phone had dropped out of its range; he leaned over to pick it up and was about to slide it into his pocket, when he realized that he was *really* soaked. How the hell was he supposed to get out of here - a store in the mall, not even near an exit - with his clothes and fur thoroughly wet and smelling of someone else's piss?

Something he'd worry about later. Always something for later. Silver lining: he had a *damn* good time. Another silver lining was that - hey - he was no longer thirsty. And, another, when he looked over towards the glory hole again...

A wrinkled twenty dollar bill held through, between two webbed fingers. He took it and looked it over: on one side, in slightly unsteady handwriting, was the name *Lukas*, followed by a phone number. On the other was someone else's phone number, crossed out with the same marker.

Before he could give his thanks or return his own number (what, was he supposed to just send a text with *hey, I'm the guy who drank your piss and sucked your cock this past Sunday*), though, the lock of the otter's stall clicked open, he briefly washed his paws at the sink, and then the bathroom door squeaked open and closed behind him.

Hev reached up and wiped the back of his paw across his mouth. His phone vibrated on his leg, and when he looked down - *7 unread messages*. He had a bit of explaining to do.