

"Wait, wait. Hold that - no, Floww, bring your paw back... up, just a little... okay, good. Hold *that*."

Quiet *chk-chk-chk* of the camera shutter, just another of the muted noises of the dying house party. The fennec half-knelt against the steps leading up into the hot tub, inside of which posed the two good friends that he rented this place with. One of the lights attached to the patio nearby behind them had gotten bonked by a beach ball tossed earlier in the evening, which had pointed it directly down at the tub itself and provided conveniently good staging. A wolf and a cheetah, bodies partially intertwined above the water; that light brought out the white in one's pelt, and the sandy gold in the other.

More people had shown up to this party than had been expected, honestly. Drinks had run out about two hours ago, which was probably the main reason people started leaving; where one of the bathrooms in this place had gotten clogged near the end as well, the other just hadn't ever worked, so on more than one occasion this fennec had come outside to see someone relieving themselves into the snow off the balcony; and the driveway out front, one of those fancy roundabout ones that go all the way around the lawn, had been completely occupied up and down at the party's peak.

"Kano? Hey, Kano."

This fennec glanced up from looking through those last few shots. "Hmm?" In two of them, Chatah's eyes had caught and thrown back the light shining down, making for a rather odd picture. Here he was, slim and sleek like most cheetahs, clothed only in a tight form-fitting swimsuit while he had his leg half-wrapped around that wolf... and the eyes of some housecat caught in a camera flash. That wouldn't do.

Up in the tub, the wolf, Floww, wobbled. "I'm losing my balance. Can I sit down?"

"Oh, yeah, sure. That was good. I want to..." Here, Kano looked over his shoulder and kept his large ears perked. Just a few more voices inside the house, and a couple of silhouettes passing by. He'd posted a curfew of sorts on the original ad for the party, but felt almost certain he'd have to go through and forcibly remove anyone who stayed behind. "...want to wait 'til we're alone to get the next few sets..."

"Oh, come - *on*..." A light shiver rippled through Floww's body as he slid back down into the water, giving off pale wisps of steam in the cold night. "Oooh, that's nice... I mean, you let them know that you'd be doing our photoshoot after, right? They should know."

He slowly turned one of the dials on the top of the camera, and then lifted it to the light to ensure it'd made the adjustment he wanted. "Yeah, but still. It's a... a propriety thing, you know?"

Chatah ran the claws of one paw through the still-moist fur of his other arm for a moment, then sat back down in the hot tub as well. After he did so, Floww scooted over next to him and leaned against his shoulder. "I think I'm speaking for both of us," the cheetah began, pointing to himself and Floww, "when I say that if anyone wants to join in, they can."

Floww flashed a bright grin. "Only if they're hot."

"Well, yeah. Only if they're hot."

Kano eyed the two of them for a moment, then looked over his shoulder again... and sighed. "Fine. Lose 'em."

"Nice," Floww hissed, and stood right back up. He worked his thumbs easily beneath the waistband of his speedo, smooth purple to go with the accents in his fur, and slid it down his legs. This was *really* the point of this photoshoot: get pictures of these two boys all up on one another, good things to post online. The wolf turned back to Chatah after he'd dropped his speed and kicked it over the edge of the hot tub, paws on his hips; the cheetah licked his lips, eyes focused on that firm sheath and hanging sack, and then leaned forward to run his nose up along the wet fur.

Seeing a chance, Kano leaned in a little closer and snapped a few more shots, to look through once Chatah had gotten up to strip down as well. Pretty nice: flicking through them, he could definitely see the tip of Floww's cock coaxed slowly out of his sheath beneath the cheetah's nuzzling, reddish-pink against white bellyfur. At one point, he'd brought his paw up to caress that sack, to gently feel and roll his balls along his fingers... so the fennec just flicked the zoom of his camera to get in close to that.

And, then, he breathed a quiet laugh. Floww had a good set of equipment on him - both of these boys did - and he could already feel the results of staring right at them, stirring faintly beneath his pants. Sure, it was cold out here in nothing but those and his own thick fur, having shed his shirt earlier with the intent of joining them in the hot tub... but for the photos and for his friends, he'd brace it. Besides, all three of them knew the possible consequences of coming out here for a *nude* photoshoot, the same sort of consequences that had happened the last two times. Kano had *just* managed to get his one of his camera lenses cleaned off before coming up here.

*Chk-chk* of the shutter again... *chk*. Chatah had knelt right back down to get into his original place; he dragged the pad of his thumb gently down along the lip of Floww's sheath, folding the skin back over the exterior fur and tugging it down just a little bit, bringing more of the wolf's tapered tip into view. *That* was a good look; Kano shifted his position to get at another angle, for the sole purpose of getting that little sheath-wrinkle in frame. Some people *really* loved that kind of thing.

"Hey, um..." he interjected, and raised his paw. Chatah looked up at him over the wolf's sheath, nose still pressed quite firmly against the supple skin. "Before you get too much into that, I wanna get some of you, too. Yeah?"

"Yeah! Alright." The cheetah rose back up, hot water coursing off down his shoulders and body and outlining his sleek form, the lines of tendons and bones... Kano swiftly hid his face behind his camera, then, upon seeing that second sheath and sack so close to Floww's. Chatah had quite enjoyed his few seconds of nuzzling and rubbing.

Cheetahs had a good look to them too, of course. Sunset-gold fur speckled with chocolate-black, smooth white bellyfur, neat balls and firm sheath... Chatah had the slightest lines of muscle visible in his lower belly, too, brought out further by his water-matted fur. *Chk, chk, chk*, all good; Kano waved his paw to let them know he'd gotten the shots, and then waited for the two to get into their next pose.

It didn't take long. With both of them standing, Chatah turned to his wolf, lifted his chin with his fingers, and pressed their lips together - and grinded his lower body against him, leaving enough of a space between them for the fennec to get some more shots. Before the party had started, he'd intentionally set out a few towels along the edges of the hot tub as well as a small portable mattress-pad thing, *just in case* the photoshoot got a little bit out of hand.

Which, of course, it would. With his free paw, the fennec reached down and adjusted himself in his own pants, to make things a little more comfortable. Though actually, he had a bit of a more pressing discomfort bothering him, the kind that made him squirm and shift about every seven seconds. It had been like that since he'd brought his camera out, but he hadn't wanted to miss the background imparted by the sun setting over the mountains in the distance...

So after another few moments, another few shots, and another few gropes, he rose to his feet again, and reached over to gingerly set his camera on a nearby table. Floww noticed him, but was too busy seeing how deep he could bury his tongue between Chatah's lips to ask.

"You guys stay here," the fennec said, just for the sake of it. They wouldn't be going anywhere anyway like that. "I'll be right back. Drank a lot of that damn soda - I gotta pee."

As he'd half-expected, *that* was what caught the wolf's attention. Chatah knew it, too, breaking away from the kiss with a sleek smile lifting the corners of his lips. Floww eyed the fennec straight-on, one arm hooked over the cheetah's shoulder for balance while he had his other paw on his hip.

"Dude. You can't just say something like that near me, and not expect me to want in on that."

Kano shrugged, and hooked his thumbs down in the waistband of his pants. He'd taken a few steps back out onto the deck away from the hot tub, but stopped there. "Well, I mean, the bathrooms aren't working, so..."

It had never really been something that got him going, but after finding out just how much this wolf liked that sort of thing... well, it just made it hard to say no. And, besides, it was a lot of fun, he had to admit. Kano waited where he stood while Floww stepped out of the hot tub and briefly shook off his fur, then quickly closed the distance to the fennec and knelt down in front of him, water dripping down to pool beneath him and then through the boards of the deck.

Then, eager wolf paws working at the fly of his pants, the button and the zipper... Kano set his own paws against his waist and looked over at Chatah, who had also stepped out of the tub and now leaned back against the edge.

"Hey," the fennec said, quietly. Cold bite of the night air in his fur, followed by hot breath a second later... he could feel the little puffs in the air of Floww's sniffing, tasting his scent. It would take a moment for him to focus to relieve himself. "Could you - get the camera?"

The cheetah wiped his paws off on one of the towels before reaching over for you. "You put this down literally like five seconds ago."

"Yeah, but this is something that I think..." He swallowed, straightened up a bit, tried not to think about that nose just an inch and a half from the revealed tip of his own length. If he focused on

that need and discomfort, it came closer and closer... "...I think would be better recorded from a different angle..."

And then - like every other time, *especially* when he had a wolf's muzzle between his legs, it started slowly and then grew to its full force. Warm, shivering relief came with that, his stream arcing smoothly up and out over the bridge of Floww's muzzle, darkening the already-soaked fur there. The wolf closed his eyes and mouth and lifted his nose up into that stream, the latter only remaining shut for a second; then, he parted his lips and leaned back, catching it against the front of his muzzle, his chin, his neck, his chest - all the while Chatah stood nearby, *chk-chking* with the camera.

Kano wrinkled his nose at the scent of it wafting up around his head, salty and musky. Again, he didn't quite get it, but... Floww let out a tense huff of breath and slid both of his paws down between his legs, grinding his wrists against himself. Giving him a good marking was always a sure way to get him worked up and drooling and needy; at one point Kano had to readjust his footing and find his balance, due to the way the wolf pressed his nose up against the underside of his sheath.

The wolf let out a dreamy chuckle, and leaned back again. "Kinda funny," he breathed, and let a shiver rack his body. Next time he moved his paws away, Kano could see the bulge of his unswollen knot beneath the skin of his sheath. "Water in there's so hot that your piss feels cool..."

Kano aimed the end of his sheath down a little bit between his forefinger and thumb, intentionally soaking the fur of this wolf's chest and watching how his mark flowed down his body, curved around his cock and sack, dripped down to widen the puddle beneath him.

Warm, wet fur just stayed that way. Kano actually had to put a little bit of effort into emptying his bladder, to push through the slowly-growing arousal stirring in him as a result of watching this wolf thirstily nuzzle up between his legs and take his mark. Those lips, warm and slick and wet, closed around the tip of his cock and pushed his sheath back a little bit once he'd dropped off to a slow dribble, and - he couldn't resist bucking his hips forward a little bit, shaking the last drips off onto the wolf's waiting tongue.

Then, still churning his hips against that muzzle and rolling his sheath forward and back, forward and back over his still-growing cock, Kano looked back - and jumped a little bit at Chatah's sudden closeness. The cheetah must have stepped forward while he'd been focused, and while holding the camera tight in one paw (Kano had made absolutely *sure* that they both knew how much that thing was worth), had his other down at the base of his own sheath as well. He flashed Kano a sharp grin when he noticed the fennec looking.

"What?" he said, and then... breathed out a light sigh, starting to add his slightly-stronger scent to the one already soaked into Floww's fur. "Bathroom's out for all of us, remember?"

The wolf shivered with the feeling of a second marking so soon after his first, and let out an audible moan through his nose while he continued to coax Kano out of his sheath, tail swaying behind him; Chatah braced his hips forward a little bit to get a bit more of an arc to his stream, and traced his way down from the top of the wolf's head - Kano could feel a few little splashes against his paws and lower belly - and then down along the line of his back to his tail, and from there, back up around.

Floww kept one paw on Kano's hip to hold him in place while he bobbed along his cock, now fully hard but still partially sheathed, and with the other stroked himself - and then did so with a little more energy, a little more motivation beneath that added warmth and wetness, focused for a moment along his shaft and fur down there. It got to the point where he actually had to move back off of Kano's cock, a strand of saliva hanging between his lips and the fennec's tapered tip, and lean back to just enjoy the marking, mouth open and paw moving quickly over himself.

As he did so, Chatah reached over and tapped the camera against Kano's arm; the fennec took it from him and instead of looking through the pictures, just aimed it down at that open mouth - just like Chatah did right now, in a different way - and snapped a few more frames. Wouldn't post these ones online on their usual accounts, but everything had its audience.

"Jesus," Kano panted, eyes still fixed on the cheetah beside him. Floww had gotten the taste he wanted and now returned to nuzzling up along the fennec's length, renewed warmth and wetness of his fur rubbing off against the slick flesh. "How much did you have to drink?"

Chatah shrugged, and slid his sheath a little further down. "If we had things *his* way, boy would get three showers a day, about..." As he spoke, he aimed back down towards the wolf's tail again, stream remaining strong for another few seconds for it, too, dribbled to a stop. Then without missing a beat, the cheetah stepped over behind Floww, knelt down, lifted his rump up into the air with both paws under his tail... and then spat into one, to wipe that saliva slickness against his half-hard cock and the rest directly against the wolf's tailhole.

If only he had something to lean back against. Kano let his camera hang at his side for a bit, feeling the way Floww panted directly into his pubic fur while Chatah got himself prepared. Was always fun watching these two go at it, and most of the times he'd agreed to shoot for them, he had ended up involved himself - with the camera lazily set to a repeated timer. Of course all of those pictures were less-than-perfect, but sometimes you just couldn't get a point-of-view shot.

Then, a quiet snapping of fingers, and he looked up to see Chatah reaching his paw out over the soaked and dripping wolf between them. It took Kano a moment to realize what it was he'd wanted, but then it clicked in his head, and he passed the camera his way - and then got back to slowly churning his hips against Floww's muzzle, lips tight about halfway along his length.

Thoughts and worries about the other partygoers, if any still remained, quickly fell away from Kano's focus. Tongue and lips along his cock, Floww's muzzle steadily bobbing up and down along him with one paw following that movement, over braced against the equally-soaked planks beneath him for balance - all the while Chatah focused right beneath that tail with the camera, snapping a few pictures while he sank slowly in.

This was *his* kind of photoshoot. First, those shutter noises clicked fast and often, punctuating the cheetah's quiet panting and gentle moans, but then slowly dropped off until it seemed he only snapped a picture as a last thought; Kano opened his eyes and looked up again, and saw Chatah's hips pressed firmly against Floww's rump, just as the wolf had his nose buried fully in his own pubic fur. Everything remained still for a moment... and then as Chatah started to pull back out, a needy huff of breath puffed out of Floww's nose, and he resumed bobbing along the fennec's length, each time coming back up to swirl his tongue around his tapered tip..

First had gone his caution and worry, and now his sense of the cold air around him departed as well. There was just the warmth of the muzzle clamped around his cock and sliding along his sensitive flesh, and the distant but steadily-growing head of arousal in his abdomen, piercing through his awareness even with his eyes closed and ears perked only to the sounds of these other two panting and moaning, and the rhythmic patting of hips to rump, hips to rump, also picking up in pace and force.

One time he'd been fucked into the bed himself, Floww bearing down against him and then Chatah on top of *him*, both of their scents ground thoroughly against his upper lip and his jaw already aching with how they'd had him service them...

Floww's violet eyes flicked open, then, as the fennec slowed his bobbing to a stop with one paw, and then lifted him entirely up off of him. Amused clarity came into that gaze, though, as the fennec shuffled his pants and underwear entirely off of his body, and then dropped first to his knees and then to his back in front of and beneath the wolf... and pulled himself forward, sucking in a tense hiss against the feeling of cold wetness against his back.

He braced his thighs against Floww's, squeezed his legs around him - felt the front of Chatah's rhythmically connecting with his own, each thrust in turn making this wolf above him lurch forward and then back - and wriggled into as comfortable of a position as he could get down here. Beneath the encroaching pleasure, Floww could manage to grin down at this fennec beneath him, and run his tongue out over his lips - and Kano blushed and looked away.

Would Chatah's piss, still dripping from the wolf's length as he reached down to angle it towards his own tailhole, be enough in the way of lube? Probably not. But, now he had that scent on his paws and fingers, and didn't *particularly* want to bring that to his muzzle to lick... again, having a bladder emptied over him didn't do quite the same thing for him as it did for Floww, the tip of the wolf's quite hard cock repeatedly bumping and pressing against his own tailhole, forcing its way past the tightness of his tailhole.

Well, maybe it wouldn't be so bad. The fennec tightened his legs once more around this wolf and started to work his way down in the slow, careful back-and-forth that he usually did, easing first that tapered tip into him, then moving down along his shaft as well... he'd been right about the whole piss-as-lube thing, but it wouldn't be the *first* time he'd been overeager and ignored proper preparation. Last time this had happened, he'd ended up tied to one of Chatah's toys for the duration of an afternoon, stunned that he'd even *gotten* that point in the first place.

The rhythm of these two above him helped as well, each of Chatah's thrusts still echoing through Floww, pushing him just a little bit deeper into this fennec squeezing his way down onto his cock... of course he had to tilt his muzzle back and breathe through his mouth, else get the sharp mixture of both his own mark as well as the cheetah's rich in his nose as strongly as they'd ensured it had soaked into Floww's pelt, but that was a little thing. Elbows braced on the deck beneath him, lips parted, rump tensing and squeezing around that contoured cock every time it jerked a little bit deeper into him, until the bulge of that knot stopped it... by now, Chatah had entirely stopped snapping pictures, and had the camera braced against Floww's lower back beneath his paw.

That was fine. All three of them knew that this would happen at least another four times while they had this place rented for the week, and for *those* times, they wouldn't have to worry about other people watching - Kano glanced over towards the glass door leading into the house, but

saw nothing there - or the cold of night, permeating through wet fur. He thought he could see Chatah shivering in his thrusts, already fast and hard enough to squeeze a breathy moan out of the wolf he buried himself in with that same rhythm, *"aah- aah- mmn..."*

The position for Kano was a little bit odd, Floww on all fours above him with paws on either side of his shoulders for balance, but it was still enough for him to squeeze his legs around the wolf and lift himself up into the thrusting, after the familiar discomfort of having someone slide up under his tail had melted into that also-familiar pleasure of being fucked. Chatah kept the paw with the camera braced against Floww's lower back, while his other remained on his hip as he pounded into the wolf, tense face very clearly showing his arousal and urgency.

These same two things could be felt through the canid on top of him, his whole body repeatedly tensing up with each thrust in and then relaxing with every tug out, tongue hanging out of his mouth and swinging with the movement, just as he pressed down into Kano beneath him with a little more hunger, a little more force. The fennec pushed through the ache in his thighs of keeping himself in this position and just grinded right back against that rhythm, one of his own paws moving swiftly along his length, the other arm behind him and shaking with the effort of keeping himself upright.

Now, the chill of the night was even further from his mind, the heat of both his own as well as Floww's enjoyment bearing down on him, piss still dripping from that fur notwithstanding. Repeated heated breaths puffing out into the air, tense and tight, picking up in pace and need... Chatah's paw clenched around the camera on the wolf's rump, Floww brought his tongue back into his maw, swallowed, bit his lower lip, Kano rolled his head back and let out a sighed *"fuck..."*

It was like a chain reaction, almost. The first sign of Chatah's peak rippled up through his tail and spine, followed quickly by him slamming forward into Floww with quite a bit more force and desire than before - and then, the tense, slow sigh of relief and pleasure, like releasing pressure from an overburdened pipe... and that extra fierceness of thrust was what sent the wolf over the edge, too, claws digging at the still-wet wood beneath him and forcing him in turn to push as deep into the fennec beneath him as he could, each spurt palpable in the hard shaft buried a good five inches beneath his tail, knot too large to add to that length inside him.

There was the heat of that loud being emptied out inside him, the pain of that knot trying to stretch him further, the swirling odor of drying piss so strong on this wolf's fur... and after a few more seconds of quick stroking, Kano bucked up into the air, grinded against Floww's belly, and had to jerk his head to the side, his own cum shooting out across his chest and shoulder, the third spurt just barely catching the side of his chin. That had a tendency to happen when he had someone filling him up.

Not that anyone here minded, of course. While catching his breath - and finally giving his legs a break, Floww's still-hard cock buried in him keeping his rump lifted - a small shiver went down his back; Floww had leaned in and dragged his tongue right up along the trail of his cum across his fur, lapping off the sticky warmth before it settled in place and matted down that fur. Kano managed to half-open his eyes and looked - to see that amused violet gaze looking right back at him.

Chatah had bent over the wolf while finding his energy, and now straightened back up and pulled slowly out, a light sigh dancing across his lips as he did so. Then, he lowered himself down to a sitting position and leaned back against the hot tub, legs drawn up close to him.

"I think," he panted, "I got some good pictures of that... Kano, you wanna take this? I think I'll - slide right back in, it's fuckin' cold..."

"Yeah, just..." He squirmed beneath Floww and pulled himself off as well, sharing a sweet shiver between the two of them. "Gimme a moment. I gotta-"

But before he could finish, there was an unsteady knocking against the glass door leading back into the house, followed by the sound of that door being opened. Floww's ears pinned back against his head, Kano felt his heart jump into his throat, and-

"...Hey." Someone stood in that doorway, visibly *very* drunk and resting most of their weight against the threshold. "D'you know that your toilet's clogged? I kinda... made it worse, so... so..."

Kano thumped his head back against the wooden deck beneath him; Floww buried his muzzle in the fennec's chestfur, shaking with quiet laughter, while Chatah just lowered himself back into the hot tub.