

“Hey Mike, what would you say about, ah... I dunno. Maybe gettin’ out of here, heading back to the room?”

The stag hoped that the dim lighting in the place would hide the blush that ignited on his cheeks upon hearing those words. When he looked around, all he could see between the darkness were the bright shafts of colored lights focused on the makeshift dance floor in the center of the room, as well as the similarly-colored silhouettes of all the other party attendants, the outlines of the furniture pushed back to the walls to make room... and then the form of this wolf standing next to him, leaning against the wall with one arm leaning against the threshold of that door.

Those bright yellow-orange predator’s eyes caught whatever small amount of light they could and seemed to magnify and throw it back. Maybe that was because he was just standing so close to him, or because this wolf was one of the few people here that he actually recognized: they were roommates this semester, and had shown up to this party together. So that’s all he’d meant when he said *head back to the room*.

But, still, it made Mike’s heart skip a beat and caused that funny tingling in his cheeks and chest. This certainly wouldn’t be the first night he’d noticed those sun-yellow eyes - many nights before when settling down to go to sleep, he’d rolled over onto his side and seen those sharp eyes looking at him from the other bunk across the room, only for the wolf - Calem - to then turn over and face the wall, as if he hadn’t been looking.

It was a hungry look, sure. Just not the same kind of *hungry* that you’d expect from a classic wolf-deer relationship; instead, it was the kind of hungry that made his pants tighten just slightly, especially whenever he could smell that hunger on the air, a kind of wispy, musky spice, whenever he passed by his bunk in the mornings on his way to class.

“Yeah,” the stag replied after a moment, lifting his own drink to his lips to take a sip. He figured that he’d end up being the one to drive home tonight, and besides, the party host had purchased seven bottles of orange Fanta. How could he turn that down? “That sounds good. Think I’ve had my fill of crowds and noise for tonight...”

“Ha. Such a wimp.” Calem wiped his paw across his mouth and then looked down at the fur. “I was hopin’ to get laid tonight, but this group’s a bit too dry for my tastes...”

And there it was, this wolf’s driving motivation for going through college: getting laid. Mike had learned that the second night in their dorm, since he’d rolled over in his bunk in the middle of the night to see a shaft of light pierce into the darkness of the room, from the open door out into the hallway... and then the not-quite-yet familiar shadow of this wolf with not one, but *two* visitors.

This was also, incidentally, the same night where he learned his roommate was very homosexual. Afterwards, it was hard to miss it: in the way he walked, the way he spoke, how he worded things and talked about certain subjects... and then, of course, how he trailed and thirsted after various guys, especially at parties like this. Mike never asked, and Calem never told him.

Of course that went the *other* way, too. The stag had never shared his own... *interest* with his roommate, since it wasn’t really something he wanted to show as publicly as the canid did. But he couldn’t deny that he’d stayed up to listen and to watch what he could of his roommate’s

various trysts in the dorm late at night, one hand down beneath his own boxers while he tried to stay discrete.

Really, though, he'd probably have to *try* to get caught enjoying the show. More often than not, this wolf over here had his muzzle either buried between some guy's legs or pressed facedown against the mattress, rump hiked up into the air. Every now and then, though, he gave him some look or said something that made Mike almost think that he knew.

"Oh!" Calem said, triangular ears perking up. He stood up straight, and held his drink out towards Mike. "Hold this for a sec, please? I see someone over there..."

So. Yeah. Needless to say, things could get a bit awkward back at the dorm, with one of them being totally open about his sexuality and the other constantly trying to avoid having to admit to even to himself. Especially when they met at the door, stag going out and wolf coming in... with at least one (though more often two) guys flanking him.

It wasn't that Mike hadn't thought about being... *gay*... before. It was just that, now, he thought about it a damn lot more often. It had been on his mind for a while, and he'd always heard that college was the place for self-discovery, so of course he'd hoped to find some answer on that.

As if the fantasies running through his head every few nights and his private enjoyment of his roommate's... *conquerings* weren't enough of an answer. It was just hard to think about, really; Mike could look around this party here, see the she-wolves and the cheetesses and that one doe over in the corner (about whom he could just hear his brother telling him, *shit, go for it, Michael - imagine what Mom'll say when you come home with that on your shoulder!*), but he didn't really feel any sort of interest towards them, other than the usual 'oh, I like her dress', 'she's got a nice fur coloration', 'look at that smile'. Even the barely-visible form and curve of that black pantheress as she spun and swayed between the other dancers, the line of her shoulder, side, hip, thigh only discernible from the ambient shadow of the room... even she didn't do anything for him. Not even when she made direct eye contact with him, bright blue sapphires that similarly caught the colored lights - again, those predator's eyes - piercing into his.

And that was hard to consider, hard to understand. But it's just the way it was.

Before he could dwell on it too long, another voice made its way into his general realm of awareness, and he swivelled his head to the side - to see his roommate coming back with an unfamiliar striped hyena on his shoulder, both male, both laughing and chatting among themselves. At first he'd thought it was just a second wolf, though a bit slim, a bit lanky... and only when he came closer could he make out the rhythmic stripes along his arms and neck, the slightly longer muzzle, the tall triangular ears. They made eye contact as he approached, and then-

"Ha! Oh, man." This hyena released Calem and then came forward to slap Mike on the bag, one paw extended. "You must be this one's roommate this semester! I hear you make for a damn good audience, huh?"

He took that paw and shook it. Warm, firm grip, though claws a little too sharp, digging into the flesh of his palm just enough to annoy him but not to actually hurt. "... what? Do I know you?"

"Nah, nah, you don't. I was - I was Calem here's roommate last semester. Name's Haren."

"Oh. Well, um." The stag reached forward to give Calem what remained of his drink; the wolf nodded in thanks, peered into the cup, and then downed the rest in one gulp. "Good to meet you? I'm sorry, we were just about to leave, so..."

Calem patted him on the shoulder as he went by, trying to dig his keys out of his pocket as he did so. "Yeah, change of plans, Haren here is coming with us. You don't mind, do ya? We're gonna take a quick detour, and then be back at the dorm..."

"Oh."

Mike could feel his cheeks start to burn a little, then, as this hyena leaned in close to him and gave him the widest of grins, sharp fangs glittering in the dim light and nose and whiskers twitching as he tasted the stag's scent. All of that brought up a hot twinge in his chest similar to what he got from seeing Calem's sleek form late at night as he undressed for one of his *playdates*, but... not as much. And as soon as that thought crossed his mind, the hyena's tall ears perked straight upright, and something that looked like surprised interest seemed to cross his expression for a fraction of a second.

"Yeah, sure, I guess. Where, um... where are we going?"

While it did annoy him that neither of his passengers would tell him the destination until he'd already gotten them there, it wasn't enough for him to do anything about it. Calem had passed him his keys on their way out of the place, that certain look in his eye that said *yeah, yeah, I know, whatever* (and at least the wolf could be responsible about *something*; maybe he was just extremely discreet about it, but Mike had never been able to figure out where he kept all his condoms or where he disposed of the wrappers afterwards).

Nobody noticed them on their way out, and then they had to spend a good seven minutes trying to pull away from the curb due to how closely behind them someone had parked... but, then, they were out, with Calem every now and then calling directions out from the backseat, occasionally with correction from Haren beside him. Mike had some idea of what was going on back there even without glancing up in the rearview: he could hear the shuffling and rustling, could hear the giggling and little huffs of breath.

Just roommates, huh?

After what sounded like the last direction, Mike leaned in closer to the window and peered through at the sign by the road. "So, this is it?"

A little bit more rustling, like the repositioning of bodies and clothing... and Calem squeezed his paw on the shoulder of the stag's seat to pull himself up. "Mm... oh, yeah, this is it. Park benches right over there. It'll be nice at this time of night." He sounded slightly out of breath.

"Oh. Wait - guys, we can't be here. Park closed at ten. It's..." Mike tapped the console, and then had to bump it with his fist. It didn't always work. "Almost one."

Not that either of them were listening, of course. Before he had a chance to turn around and look them, regardless of what he might see, the car tilted just slightly with the force of Haren

opening the door and sliding out, Calem close behind. After a while, Mike rolled his eyes, sighed, turned the thing off, and went to join them.

This was one of those odd small parks off from the sidewalk a bit, visible in all its entirety from the road - all two picnic tables, one overflowing trash bin, and single standing lamppost. Really, it felt like the sort of place that the city erected to honor some generous donor or something. Mike had passed by this little park some hundred times before on his way to one of his off-campus classes last semester, and never once had he seen anyone here.

"Look," he said, patting his pockets to make sure he's grabbed his phone. "I don't know what you guys are wanting - to..."

...and he trailed off, once he looked up towards the far bench. Calem had sat down and was now leaning back against the edge of the table, arms resting atop it with his legs spread and - and the hyena kneeling down in front of him, muzzle tracing up along his inner thigh. Dark-furred paw between those triangular ears, holding him down and guiding him up towards Calem's fly, button already opened and zipper handle sticking out from beneath the fabric-

Bright yellow amber eyes, half-lidded, flicked up towards Mike, and Calem licked his chops. "No offense 'r anything," he drawled, and adjusted his position to scoot closer to the edge of the seat. "But I was gettin' worked up after all that dancing and drinking, and just... just needed to get a chance to..." Here, he lifted his hips up - and Mike almost averted his eyes instead of watching Haren undo that pants fly *with his teeth*, nose pressing up into the slight bulge in the front of the wolf's boxers. Almost. "Mmh..."

"So you wanted me to drive you out here - *in view of the road*-" He waved his arm out in that direction, right as a car passed by with headlights blaring. "-so you could get off?"

Even with that annoyance, though, it took considerable effort to keep his eyes up on Calem's muzzle and not down between his legs, where Haren nuzzled and nosed at his sheath. The lighting made the shadows a little confusing, but it was still fairly easy to make out the glistening red tip of his cock, slowly coaxed out by the pressure of that curious nose.

The wolf half-tilted his head and turned one of his paws up. "You're welcome to help out, if you'd like. I just figured... *oohh...*" A shiver rippled up through his body; Mike glanced down and saw the warm pink of a tongue sliding up along that revealed flesh and slipping just barely beneath the lip of his sheath. "...just figured you were - too *shy*..."

"Well, I - I mean..." But he had to shove his hands into his pockets to hide the slowly-growing tent in his own pants. Calem rhythmically churned his hips up and down, up and down into Haren's muzzle while the hyena worked at him, lips tight around his cock and tongue continuing to dig into his sheath to bring him further out.

Haren came up off of Calem's cock and dug his nose into the wolf's thick bellyfur, mouth hanging open. "God..." he breathed, and flicked his tongue across that tip again. "I missed your scent, Cay..."

"An' I missed yours, man. Speaking of-" Calem tapped a pair of fingers against the hyena's head, and then brought those down around his jaw to tilt his muzzle back. "Up. You got me worked up; now it's your turn. Switch places"

"What about your friend?"

Mike had taken a seat along the near bench, hands then moved back out of his pockets and into his lap, and - turned away when he noticed them looking at him. Didn't want them to see that he'd been watching.

"Don't worry about him. He likes watching."

Another hot blush and slight twinge of guilty pleasure. Haren wiped his mouth across the back of his paw, stood up - his own half-arousal was very visible beneath his tight pants; Calem reached down to feel and squeeze that bulge - and then leaned in to press his mouth to the wolf's for a second, before Calem grabbed him by the arms and spun him around so the hyena was the one with his back to the table. Instead of sitting down, though, he just braced his paws against the edge and pushed his hips forward.

"Wait - hang on a sec, Cay. I gotta piss. Lemme just - run off and take care of that, and then you can..."

But Calem didn't move. He just continued mirroring the hyena's movements on him from a moment earlier, muzzle tracing up the stitching along his pants towards the button and zipper. "You think I care?" he said, and dug his nose in against the outline of Haren's length, paws working at his fly.

"Yeah. I do." Haren canted his head towards Mike again, who was having a hell of a time resisting unzipping his own pants. "Was just thinkin' you wouldn't wanna do that if we've gotta ride in your car after-"

"I picked this park 'cause my parents' house is, like, a ten minutes' walk away. Poor Mike already deals with enough from me back at the dorm; I wouldn't wanna subject him to that if he doesn't want to..."

Yellow eyes flashed up towards the stag past Haren's half-hard length flopped out across his muzzle; every time he nuzzle up against it and breathed in the hyena's musk, his foreskin (that was honestly the first thing that Mike noticed about him: instead of plump, furred sheath and animalistic length, Haren had a very uncut shaft) rolled back a little bit underneath his throbbing and twitching. Even half-hard, and even in this light, the stag could tell that he had enough overhang for Calem to easily dig his tongue into.

"Wouldn't wanna stink up my car, after all. Not like I haven't done it before, though - remember our road trip last summer? Besides..." And, then, he *did*, pair of fingers and thumb at the base of Haren's cock to keep it angled up for him to swirl his tongue into and under that supple skin. "I'm thirsty. What was served at the party wasn't the kind of drink I *really* wanted."

Haren raised an eyebrow. "You sure?" Then he looked over at Mike, totally unabashed about the canid nuzzling and licking along the inside of his foreskin, making his body twitch and squirm and turning him into a shivering, moaning mess. "Do you - do you mind if we...?"

Any other night...

Mike swallowed, licked his lips, thumbed the waistband of his pants and underwear beneath. "No," he breathed, and shook his head. "No, I... no, go ahead."

"Well, you'll have to excuse me if it... takes me a while..." Haren batted Calem's muzzle away and took his cock in his own paw, steadily rolling his foreskin forward and back, forward and back for a moment before taking aim, right towards the bridge of the wolf's muzzle. "All that licking got me half-hard, and - hey, *stop* it - puppy down here trying to see how far he can get his tongue under my... ah... oh, man..."

Calem jerked back a little bit at the first splash across his muzzle, but then eagerly nosed up into the stream with his lips parted and tongue hanging out. Mike couldn't draw his eyes away, then: he watched Haren's tongue similarly flop out from between his teeth in gentle panting as he relieved himself, stream quickly picking up speed and force as it splashed down against the wolf, dripping off his chin, soaking into his clothes and fur, and - already tickling at the stag's nose, the scent of it.

This wasn't really something he'd considered getting into before, but still, actually seeing it done to someone else, and knowing how much that other person enjoyed it... Calem closed the distance between his upper lip and the head of Haren's cock, again trying to slip his tongue beneath his slick foreskin, even as he continued to drain his bladder against the wolf's chin and neck.

Mike had gotten back to the dorm one evening after one of Calem's playdates, and for the longest time he'd wondered what it was that made the wolf's fur stink to high heaven and back - but, now, he knew: this was the same bright, sharp musk that he'd picked up on him then, and looking over at the canid as he moved back down and closed his lips on the rim of that foreskin, as he let his friend's piss fill his muzzle and bulge out his cheeks before he gladly swallowed it down... this was the same general expression on his face as he'd had then, that kind of indulgent, exhausted enjoyment.

And when it came to enjoying it... well, there was no denying that. Even if he couldn't see his face or hear him swallowing it down, it would be damn obvious in the twitching and throbbing of his cock between his legs, thoroughly wet with that piss as well as the slickness of his own arousal and dripping pre.

On and on it went, Haren at one point aiming his stream further up along the wolf's muzzle, against his forehead, between his ears, along his back and then down his shoulders... and then the hyena leaned forward a little bit and took Calem's head in his other paw to hold his nose down in his bushy pubic fur, emptying the last of that directly over the canid's length. Calem, panting, licked his lips once more, swallowed, and nuzzled right back into that fur.

Then, Haren finally slumped down to the bench, and let go of his cock. Of course Calem got right back to work, grabbing where he'd released and dragging his tongue all along the rim of his foreskin, sliding it beneath, curling up under the slick skin and tugging it gently between his lips.

"God," the hyena breathed. Still he had one paw behind Calem's ears, rubbing softly as he watched him work him back up. "That felt nice, and now you've got me wanting to... to..."

Dammit - Mike couldn't take it anymore. He tried to steady his breathing, pressed his palm up between his legs, shivered with the feeling - there was absolutely no denying that he was *loving* this, nervous as he was about being so close to the road; about halfway through that marking, another car had driven by - and then finally undid his own fly. The stag paused for a moment with his hand half-closed around the outline of his hard cock through his underwear, unsure if he really did have the confidence to just whip it out right here... and then he did anyway, giving into the want and desire and giving himself a few slow strokes, feeling his gathered pre roll down the back of his shaft and along his thumb.

Because of this, though, he hadn't heard the last couple of things those other two said, and then also jumped a little bit as Calem strode past him, smelling richly of striped hyena. Haren sat back, half-hard length resting against his lower belly with the last few drops of his piss soaking slowly into the dry-sand fur there... and when his eyes fell on the stag nearby, that broad pink tongue of his came out and licked over his lips.

"You know," he said, keeping his voice low. Calem was doing something over at the car, but Mike kept his focus on this hyena. "We wouldn't put on a show like this for ya if we didn't want you to join."

"O-oh, I..." *Goddamn*, did it feel weird to be... stroking himself off with someone else watching. Mike wiped his hand off on his pants and adjusted his position, turning away a little bit. "Yeah, I mean, I... I'm not into..."

Haren nodded towards Calem and the car. "He's getting lube. And some other things."

"Lube? In the car?"

"What? It's *his* car. You of all people should know how much of a freak he is. And, like I said - he knows you like watching."

That made Mike straighten up and blush even deeper than before. A quick glance behind him - Calem had gotten whatever it was he'd been looking for, and had also shed his soaked shirt in the process - and then he leaned in closer, to keep his voice down. "What? How? I always thought I..."

Haren just tapped a pair of fingers against his nose, and then got back to rolling his foreskin slowly back and forth as Calem came back. The hyena's ears perked. "What've you got for me?"

"Couldn't find the set or anything - must've left that back at the dorm or something, but... I *did* find *this*..."

It was hard to see in this light, especially with the way he was holding it, but - it looked as if he were holding a little bottle of lube in one paw and then a pen in the other. Just... a writing utensil, a pen. A bit of an oddly-shaped pen, with the back end smoothly tapering to a rounded point, but a pen nonetheless.

"Oh my God." Haren took it from him and looked over it... and then, to Mike's surprise, lowered it down and dragged the barrel of it along his cock, barrel between the lips of his slit. That

tapered tip just barely poked inside of him once he reached that point, and then he handed it back to the wolf. "This is from our road trip, too, isn't it?"

"Mhmm." Calem popped the lid of the lube and squirted some onto his finger, which he then carefully spread across the tip of the hyena's cock. Then, he emptied another glob out across the tip of that pen and rubbed it all around, down to about three-quarters of the way to the writing end. Mike sat up a little bit; he had *some* idea, but... "This okay?"

"Have you - *cleaned* it since then...?"

The longer the stag sat here watching and giving into his desire and arousal, the less nervous he was about the whole thing - though of course every time a pair of headlights went by, he instinctively covered himself and tried to turn away from the road. Then, when he next turned back, Calem had taken over the slow, steady action of rubbing that pen along the head of the hyena's cock, every now and then angling it down and teasing as sliding it in.

*This* wasn't new to Mike, either. Not that he'd ever done it before, of course; he'd just... heard about it somewhere online, looked it up once, felt weird about the way it kind of turned him on, and just hadn't gone back to it again. Honestly, the thought of doing it to either himself or someone else made him somewhat squeamish, so when Calem looked up at him and nodded down towards the pen barrel as if to say *hey, you wanna?*, he just shook his head.

"I mean..." The wolf massaged Haren's hanging sack in his other paw, keeping a finger and thumb along the base of his length to hold it in place angled out. "I can say I have. Only places it's been is in my glove box and, oh, about..." He briefly released the hyena's balls to size up the pen with that same finger and thumb. "...five inches inside you? I remember we didn't want it to get too deep."

"Can you blame me? I'd never had anything but a - but a..."

Haren trailed off, then, as Calem angled the pen just right with the slit of his cock and let it slowly sink into him, slick lube gathering around the lip the further it fell. Another shiver rippled up through the hyena's body, and even from here Mike could see him stiffen up as that pen slid further down into his length, Calem keeping the pad of one finger against the other end so he could guide its course, push it a little further.

After a while, the hyena's fingers visibly clenched around the underside of the bench, and he bit into his lower lip with the feeling. At first Mike wanted to say that there was no way that could be pleasurable, but... right now, he wasn't sure whether Calem had just slid the pen in past the taper, or if Haren had just gotten hard enough that his cock sort of grew up around it, with no stimulation to reach that peak other than it sliding down into him and stretching him around it. Now that he was fully hard, Calem moved his paw up along the hyena's length and stroked him slowly, bringing the lube-slickened rim of his foreskin up over his head so that it kissed along the barrel of the pen, and then tugged it back down... up and down, up and down, with Haren steadily churning his hips into the rhythm.

Then at one point, the wolf removed his other paw from the remaining length of the pen, and - both he and Mike watched as it just continued to slowly sink down into the hyena's length, sliding along the lube already there and just making him wriggle and squirm more. In this time, Calem reached down and tugged his own pants and underwear down his legs, putting on full

display that tail and rump that Mike had wanted for so long to see without another guy pounding into it (but of course that wasn't something someone like him could just ask), and then straightened up a little to squirt some more of that lube into his paw...

...which he worked beneath his tail, first to spread it around his tailhole and then with a couple of fingers pushing, pressing, squeezing into him, forcing his muzzle open in a light gasp with the pressure. Mike had continued to slowly stroke himself while watching all of this, too nervous to try to force his way into the fun, but - when Calem looked right at him, licked his chops again, raised his eyebrows, waved his tail... how could he say no to that?

His body couldn't, at least. Mike rose to his feet, let his pants and underwear fall down along his legs a short ways, then made his way over behind the wolf, knelt down, placed both paws on that rump, spread him open a little bit. This was something he'd fantasized about many times before, too: having Calem on all fours in front of him, either muzzle or rump settled into his lap... but again, he'd always been too damn shy to bring it up with him. But now that he'd been *offered*, there was no way he'd turn it down.

Intense heat against the end of his cock, bright slick warmth - soon followed by pressure, tightness, squeezing around his tip, sliding down along him as he steadily pushed himself in. Calem similarly pressed back against him, muzzle hanging open and both paws now resting against the hyena's thighs, nose close to the base of his cock and sack hanging down beneath; the wolf breathed out a shivering sigh, swallowed, and closed that distance, the little bulge along the underside of Haren's cock steadily sliding down towards his nose there with the movement of the pen.

The hyena had taken that over for himself, too, finger and thumb lightly gripping the thing and sliding it down into himself, holding it there for a moment, and then pulling it back up, grinding his hips and the base of his cock against the wolf's muzzle between his legs as he did so. Looked like he had a lot of practice with that, seeing the ease with which he manipulated the pen, and how after a while he closed his paw around his uncut length and stroked himself in rhythm with the movement, foreskin shining with the excess of lube that had dripped down along the rim.

Mike couldn't really believe this was happening. When Calem had told him he was ready to leave the party, he'd expected to do just that, and go back to the dorm and fall asleep there... and here he was with his cock buried halfway beneath the wolf's tail, scent of hyena mark fresh in his nose, in a park just off from the road... and if he'd heard right, Mike would be driving the wolf's car back to the dorm alone tonight. So he'd have time to himself to reflect on the happenings of this night, and to relive the enjoyment and pleasure.

"Ahh, God, Mike..." Calem had his eyes closed, and dragged his tongue a short distance up Haren's cock in front of him. The hyena breathed out a light moan; by now he'd released the pen and just continued pawing himself off, with it still sunk into him. "Why didn't I have you do this before? I - o-oh-"

Calem's breath hitched in his throat and interrupted his words as the stag's hips bumped up against his rump, Mike's sack swinging forward against his with the force of the thrust. The stag, already panting a little, tightened his fingers on that rump, steadied himself there, and started to pull back out, each little movement sending a sweet little shiver through him, like he got

whenever he stroked himself off while *really* worked up. Like whenever he could all see, hear, and smell what was going on in the bunk across the dorm.

"I could tell you've liked me, you - you know," the wolf went on, his words bouncing every now and then with the stag pushing forward into him. "Could tell how it... worked you up when I had someone over, when I stripped naked out in the room before my shower, when I left my sheets unwashed for two or three weeks... one time I - I walked in and saw you with your nose pressed up against the sheets, right in that spot I grind against when I'm getting railed..."

That would've made Mike blush again, were he not already so focused on something else. Again and again he thrust under this wolf's tail, feeling each delicious clench around his shaft, the slight roughness of his pucker, the slickness of the lube he'd spread across himself. The stag traced one paw up along Calem's back toward his shoulder, and from there, to the back of his head, to push him back down between Haren's legs - simply because he enjoyed watching him work, enjoyed seeing him nuzzle up against those balls and curl his tongue along the bottom of the bulge in the underside of his cock by that pen, visible beneath the hyena's lowest finger as he stroked.

"And now - *ah* - *you're* the one doing the railing. An' how's it feel?"

It actually took him a few moments to realize that he'd been asked a question, and then another to clear his throat and formulate a proper response. And, then, it came out breathy, needy: "Good... feels damn good..." And he could actually already start to feel the quiet, tingling heat at the base of his cock, the buildup of an orgasm. It was a little ways off, but it was definitely there; he certainly couldn't say that Calem was an inexperienced bottom. Not only had he had front-row seats to proof of the contrary, but he'd also seen pictures; the wolf had left the folder open on his computer, probably intentionally after hearing what he'd said about the whole thing.

"Gonna fill me up? Gonna - *ah* - shoot your load into me?"

"Yeah-..." *Slap, slap, slap* of hips to rump, over and over, steadily building in urgency and force. Haren enjoyed the show going on right in front of him: a quick glance up at his muzzle showed his tongue hanging sleazily out of his mouth, his eyes half-lidded, his ears up but not perked, breath coming and going in steady panting as he pawed himself off, that pen still in his cock and moving slightly with the force of his grip.

Okay, on second thought, when worked up like this... Mike also wouldn't turn down a chance to slide a rod down into Haren's length, or Calem's if he were into that. Maybe not quite as heavy on the lube, though, or at least get the flavored variety - so he could swirl his tongue around the head at the same time, so he could lap all along the hyena's foreskin, or dig his tongue into the wolf's sheath...

"Ah - *God*-"

Before he could stop himself, before he could slow down or try to get a handle on things, Mike suddenly felt that electric pleasure build up tenfold, shoot through him in an intense wave of desire, and then - shoot out of him in a couple of hot, fast spurts deep inside this wolf, strong enough that he had to pull back a little bit and then thrust his hips forward against his rump each time, the heat of his body now combined with the heat of his own peak.

Calem glanced back at him, a little strand of saliva (or piss; Mike had actually mostly gotten used to the rich scent) dripping off his lips. "Kind of fast, aren't'cha? I was - *just* getting into it..."

"S-sorry..." And with that pleasure went his confidence; after a few more seconds, Mike slid back out of him and went back to the nearby bench, to quickly wipe himself off and do up his pants. "It's just, I... I haven't really had a lot of - a lot of..."

"Hey, it's okay..." Calem got right back to grinding his nose against the base of Haren's cock, careful not to get in the way of the hyena's stroking. After a brief adjustment of his position, the wolf also started pawing himself off, body bouncing with the rhythm; his panting and moaning showed that he, too, was close to his edge. "You and me, Mike? We're gonna have a *lot* of time to practice. And - I'll be sure to get this dirty hyena here to play with us, too, if you'd like..." He turned his muzzle in and ran his nose down along Haren's sack, the hyena starting to grind his hips forward with his panting rising. "Smells damn good..."

Not surprisingly, Haren was the one to finish next... but what *did* surprise Mike was that he didn't bother sliding the pen out of him when he did so, instead just keeping it wear it was and bucking up into his paw. At first, nothing happened other than his heavy moaning hissing out between his teeth - and then a few intense jets of white cum, spraying out around the barrel of the pen, actually pushing it out an inch or so. After the bucking and humping stopped, Haren reached down and slid it out of him, for the rest of his load to ooze out and pool in his lower belly.

Of course Calem was quick in getting that cleaned up, though. Mike watched as the wolf leaned in, set his tongue to the short fur, lapped off that mess... and then traced his tongue down along the base of Haren's cock and his sack. First drained his bladder over this wolf, and then his balls... and he just as eagerly took both. Mike had never thought about being on the giving end of one of these, but - again, seeing how much he enjoyed it...

Really, his first hint that Calem had gotten himself to finish wasn't the wolf's sharp intake of breath or the shudder that shot through his body, but rather, the force with which he pressed his muzzle up between Haren's legs and huffed his scent, each breath broken and shivering with his pleasure. He remained in place for a moment, just letting the last echoes of his orgasm ripple through him, and then rose shakily to his feet - and pushed Haren back with another kiss, full-on mouth to mouth (with tongue, of course). The hyena didn't care one bit that Calem's fur was still soaked, and probably cold by now, with the remnants of his own piss... and he actually leaned in after that kiss broke and dragged his nose and tongue along the wolf's jawline, relishing that rich salty taste.

"So," he said, affixing his sharp eyes on Mike. "That wasn't so bad, was it? What's the plan now, you two? Cay, you - said you were gonna walk home?"

"Yeah, I think so..." The wolf scratched behind his ear, not yet bothering to do his pants back up. "Can smell me a mile and a half away. Car'll reek of you for weeks if I sit in there..."

"Again, you say that like it's a problem." Amber-orange eyes joined Haren's in staring Mike down. The stag shivered with that feeling, with two predators who had just satisfied their hunger watching him. "I mean... do *you* mind?"

At first Mike didn't know what to say. And then, just like how his body acted for him, his mouth went ahead: "Are you gonna shower when we get back?"

Calem shrugged; Haren just crossed his arms, his lips curving up into a sly smile. "I mean, I *can*, if you want me to."

"That would be preferable. I'd like to... I want to..." ...and then he realized what he was saying, and felt the resultant blush take over. "...okay, come on, get your pants on, let's go. Can't believe I let you guys do this out here in the open..."

"You didn't say *no*, man. Certainly not when you were slapping up against my ass, moaning and breathing in my ear..." Calem squeezed onto Mike's arms from behind, muzzle close to the stag's. His nose twitched with the scent wafting off of him. "And like I said, we can practice. Would you like that?"

He swallowed, digging around in his pockets for the keys. This allowed him to avoid eye contact when he made his answer, voice low with embarrassment.

"I would..."

Then it was Haren who spoke next, spinning that slick, sticky pen between his fingers. "Sounds like we've got a plan, then."