

"Well, it's not like I *intended* to get two bottles. Y'know? It was just, like - you go to a place like that expecting to spend fifty, see that they're having a sale, and since you've already committed, why not get twice as much for that same amount?"

Shekh leaned back in the large, plush armchair, holding his own glass - made of smooth buffed steel, rather: it held and deepened the color of the wine beautifully, and he rather enjoyed tilting the glass back and forth, back and forth to catch the reflection of the hooded lamp behind him on the crimson surface of the liquid... even if the heavy, heady scent kind of made him nauseous.

He kept his tall ears perked forward towards the snow leopard as she spoke, though, one of her legs crossed over the other and shimmering velvet dress flowing down over her lap and the front of the couch, like smooth water frozen in time and slipping back into motion every time she tilted her head back for another sip, every time she swung her muzzle to throw her hair back over her shoulder, every time she reached out and pressed her fingerpads against the cushion beside her. That dress seemed a little... *extravagant* for the occasion, but hell, it looked good on her. Also, seemed like she'd picked the color to match that of the wine she'd served tonight; Shekh had noticed a few instances during her talking when she tilted her glass a little too far, and spilled some over herself... after one of those times, honey-yellow eyes met his and he knew that she knew that he knew, and he had to try his best to stifle a laugh.

Luci usually dressed like this, if time allowed her a chance to plan ahead and think about what to wear. There *had* been that time a few weeks ago when Shekh had asked her over on a whim to help him out with some laptop trouble, and she'd shown up in a slim-fitting t-shirt and kitten-print pajama bottoms. And actually - here Shekh touched the cool metal to his lips again and drew in the scent of the wine through his nose, feeling the way it rolled around in his head, muddled his thoughts, made him just a bit dizzy - she'd looked darn good in that, too.

Pajama bottoms also meant easy access. The snow leopard seemed markedly unconcerned with modesty, especially after she'd downed her fourth glass of wine; now she sat with that one leg crossed over the other in front of her and both arms draped over the back of the couch, eyes drifting lazily back and forth between the hyena sitting with the same single glass he'd been poured at the start of the night, and then the slim wolf who lounged back in the chair opposite him. He, too, had been going his pace on the drinks, though noticeably slower than Luci.

"Oh, yeah," the wolf said, just now lowering his glass again. Every now and then he'd look over to Shekh, and the hyena would kind of... feel a warm shock ripple up his back, like static electricity somehow fired between the two of them across the room. Kaytu, he'd been introduced as. And, *goddamn*, was he pretty. "I've been there. And - I didn't know we had a liquor store over there."

"Neither did I!" Luci licked her lips and looked down into her glass, rolling the liquid inside much like Shekh did. He hoped it wouldn't hurt her feelings that he wasn't really a fan of wine. "Turns out it's new, actually. I was gonna go somewhere else, but then saw that little shop there, stopped in... 'hey, how long has this been here?' 'Oh, we opened last week', well, hell yeah, right? Closer than the other place I go to, and a lot more... *respectable* than those gas station liquor shops." Near the end of this, Luci squeezed her glass against her chest with her arm and swiftly typed out a message on her phone.

Shekh waved his finger in the air, like drawing invisible lines. “The ones with the barred windows?”

“Yeah! Those are - God. Feels like every surface is coated in a thin layer of liquid cigarette smoke.” The leopard shuddered, and leaned forward to top her glass off again. The level of wine in the bottle (one of those big ones, about as wide around as Shekh’s upper thigh - he’d never known the actual name for it) had been brought down to about halfway along the label, and the three of them had only been here for... two hours or so? The television in the other room, in view of all of them, played a bunch of Christmas cartoon episodes that the hyena remembered first seeing as a pup. Something nice to have on beneath their conversation, something to fill the gaps.

Kaytu leaned forward to rest his glass on the low table between the three of them, then swiped his phone from next to it. He spent a moment looking over the screen, and then braced his paws on his knees to stand up. “Oh, man, my cousin had me go with him to one of those once. I feel like they could just send you there instead of prison, since you’re likely to see the same people either way. Hey, Luci - where’s the bathroom? Wine hasn’t quite gone through me yet; I just had a buncha soda before I got here...”

The snow leopard half-rested her wrist and glass against her chest, running her soft pink tongue out over her lips. Then she pointed with her other paw, in the... general direction of the stairs. “Upstairs, down the hall, turn the corner... second door on the... right. You’ve been here before!”

“Yeah, well, it’s been a while. I’ll be back in a bit.”

Shekh watched as the wolf made his way across the room, shoulders straight, ears up, tail flowing behind him. Like he *knew* that he was a prime example of *hot*. Hell, he probably did. When the hyena looked back to Luci on the couch, she swiftly turned her muzzle the other direction - and ended up sloshing another few drips of wine into the stormcloud-grey fur near her collarbone.

Shekh glared. “I saw you looking.”

The snow leopard reached down, tugged the already-low collar of her dress down a bit further, touched at the wet spot. Yellow eyes flicked up to him again, and she uncrossed her legs. “You like him, don’tcha?”

“He seems nice.”

“He *is* nice. Acts nice, talks nice... smells nice... tastes nice.”

Shekh swallowed and straightened up a bit. The gentle *thmp, thmp, thmp* of the wolf’s footsteps rattled down through the ceiling above. “Yeah?”

“Mhmm. If he hadn’t’a been so quick to go, I woulda asked you to go with him...”

There it was. Bright, hot blush radiating out from the hyena’s ears and across his cheeks - Luci was good at that, especially as she found herself falling deeper and deeper into a bottle like tonight. Not only did booze weather away her own modesty, but also for how she acted in

regards to other people. Last time she'd gotten a bit tipsy like this was when she and Shekh had gone over to another friend's house for a movie night, and the two of them had ended up sitting on the floor with her back to his chest and his back to the couch... and his paws had ended up beneath her dress and under her panties, all of that beneath another blanket.

That time hadn't been his idea, either, but he definitely wasn't against it. He'd just let her grip his wrists and move his paws into place, and then he took things up from there.

From upstairs, distance, came the sound of a door being shut. Luci shrugged and settled back into place. "Guess it's too late now. I mean, *I'll* still have to go in a bit... you know, he's the type of guy that wouldn't really complain about coming back downstairs to find a hyena muzzle under my dress and between my legs..."

She'd finished her glass a while ago, and now just rolled her fingers over the smooth metal surface. Shekh focused his gaze on his, intent on not making eye contact - while still trying his best to watch for the wolf coming back. "O-oh yeah?" he managed; lots of things about this current situation were hard. That was another thing about Luci: her eyes, the way she held herself, how she approached and spoke to him...

This time, she leaned forward to place her empty glass on the table, parted her legs a bit for balance - and with one foot pushed that table a little further away. "Oh yeah. And now that I've mentioned it, I kinda really want it..."

Wouldn't that be rude? The hyena shifted. "Luci, you're drunk-"

"Uh huh. An' I'm also horny and I gotta pee." She pointed down with a painted claw. "Y'gonna help me out here or not?"

Okay. Well. *That* would be rude, to say no to that. Shekh cast another nervous look over to the stairs, kept his ears perked... and then rose to his feet and came over towards the snow leopard, who wriggled a little closer to the edge of the couch and spread her legs just a little further. Soft scent of perfume and wine wafted off of her, both heavier and sweeter than - than the more familiar smell he could pick up here, once he dropped to his knees.

Distant, faint at first, noticeably drier, warmer. Shekh looked up to those honey-yellow eyes once more, licked his lips, silently reprimanded himself - *speaking of rudeness, isn't it rude to do this without asking the guest first* - and then went on and lifted the fringe of her dress with his nose anyway. She really *was* worked up: that scent of hers strengthened the closer he brought his nose, urged on by the feeling of her ankles squeezing against his rump and lower body, and then the leopard's own paws settling against his shoulders through the fabric of the dress.

Another reason he figured she enjoyed wearing dresses: they hid things better than, say, jeans or short skirts. Certain things that had a tendency to bulge out the material of her panties, to lift up the front, to throb beneath the elastic of the waistband, to twitch a little more when Shekh touched his nose to the smooth-skinned surface and breathed in her musk from the source. She hadn't gotten herself fully hard yet; the pressure of her full bladder probably prevented that, or the thick mist of alcohol did.

Shekh remained there for a moment, keeping his nose and lips pressed to the underside of the snow leopard's length to just... *feel* her heat and her scent, to enjoy it. A lot more palatable than

the wine, and what would come next should quench his thirst even better. A little squeeze to his shoulders, a half-impatient “well, you better get ready, ‘cause once it starts it ain’t gotta stop” and he perked his ears and moved forward, a pair of fingers curling around the leopard’s half-hard cock and angling it towards him.

Half a head shorter than him, and this snow leopard had more to brag about than he did. Not that he was complaining, of course; Shekh didn’t really mind so long as he could still enjoy what it was she had for him. And, most of the time, she freely and gladly gave it: as he closed his lips around the head of her cock, as he cupped the underside in his tongue and lifted up, one of her paws settled against the back of his head, still through the dress. Since the line of sight between them was broken, she pressed down on one of his ears and flattened it sideways against his head - but he didn’t really care. More important things to worry about.

Things such as clearing his throat, as making sure he had his breathing rhythm right, as wondering if he could really handle this. This seemed like a pretty damn nice carpet, and who knows what Luci would do if he spilled on it. He knew for a fact that he couldn’t take quite the same punishment that she could, and maybe she would-

Slow intake of breath from the snow leopard above him, slow release of that same breath, soft “nnh”... and then a shudder, followed by first a few drops of intense salty heat that then quickly strengthened and sped into coherent stream. Like usual, that took the hyena by surprised at first, and he felt the leopard’s mark quickly filling his muzzle and bloating out his cheeks... and for a moment he worried that he wouldn’t be able to swallow fast enough.

A very long moment, it felt like. Salt and spice, hot and rich and fast: the hyena could bring his tongue up and slip it up across the slit of Luci’s head, and feel the force of the stream there, how it sprayed into his muzzle and warmed his throat and tainted his breath. That paw just tightened on the back of his head and pulled him down a little further... and he had to tighten his lips around the leopard’s shaft, tongue settled back down to cup the underside where he could feel the flow of that stream before it emptied against the roof of his mouth.

This was what he’d meant when he’d worried about being able to breathe right. Of all the people he’d gotten a taste of, Luci was... one of the more *voluminous* ones. That held true about most parts of her, actually. Shekh had to swallow like he’d just gone two days without water, chugging with hardly space in between to breathe - and when he did get the chance, his breath already tasted of salt and ammonia and the undeniable, characteristic tang of Luci.

This wasn’t the first time he’d done this for her. Just... it was the first time where he had to make sure he got everything, since it would be *really* rude to stain her carpet when she was expecting him to do a good job.

Some more tightening of that paw, spreading of the legs, lifting of the hips... the hyena let his paw slide down from the base of her shaft to her sack below, resting easily across the cushion of the couch. Also warm, fur short and soft, slightly... slightly humid, the word might be, from being held in panties for the duration of the evening. So he squeezed gently and rolled those balls between his fingers, now working his chin back and forth with his tongue lifting up against the underside of the snow leopard’s head while she still emptied into his muzzle, her stream having just increased in strength, in fullness.

Not for long, though: with that extra movement, with his lips clamping down just past the rim of her head while he drank from her like she was the best thing he'd tasted in weeks.

Well...

Before much longer, the snow leopard squirmed again, let out a low huff of breath, lifted her hips a little higher... and Shekh could feel that stream start to dwindle back to a hot, lazy dribble just as her shaft continued to stiffen between his lips. Finally managed to get himself a break; he caught his breath as best as he could between his last few licks, tongue coming up over her head to catch those drops as they came out, that so-familiar taste spreading quickly through his muzzle and fading into the rest.

"God... dammit..." Luci breathed. Beneath her voice, the hyena's ears picked up the tapping of her short claws against the screen of her phone, and then the characteristic *woosh* of another message being sent. "I'm only half-empty. That's gonna be uncomfortable..."

Instead of find his way out of the billowing folds of the dress, Shekh remained down between the leopard's legs and pressed his nose into the fur near the base of her shaft and sack, breathing slowly through his parted lips while he let himself calm down. The air tasted heavily of her, and even though he could tell from that taste that she'd had more than her share to drink tonight, he could still feel the soft, buzzing muskiness of her mark on the back of his throat. "Mmh," he managed, and... nuzzled in a little more firmly, now with his lips pursed against the side of her cock.

"Hey." Both paws now tapped against his shoulders through that fabric. Now that he was down here, and now that he strained hard in his own pants, he didn't really want to move. "Get up. We've got somewhere to be."

That actually caught his attention. The hyena opened his eyes, perked his ears, and leaned back in attempts to free himself from the underside of the dress, taking the chance to wipe the back of his paw across his muzzle as he went. He'd missed... *some* of it, but not enough to really spill. Well, not to spill over anything other than himself. The front of his shirt looked like he'd tried drinking from a bucket of water a little too eagerly. "What? Where? You're not driving, are you?"

"No, no, not *driving* anywhere." Luci's cheeks had tinted faint pink, probably a combination of both her... lack of sobriety as well as her now-peaked arousal. She tried to stuff her dress back down evenly, but now that Shekh knew what she had going on, he could just barely make out the outline of that shaft. "We're goin' upstairs."

As the hyena spoke, he looked down over himself. Not *too* bad... but he really *did* feel pretty darn full. Move too fast and he'd hear himself sloshing around. "Upstairs? What for?"

"To join your new wolf friend." Lucy rose to her feet, wobbled a little, reached out towards the back of the couch for balance, stood straight. She held her phone in her other paw and looked down at Shekh, still on his knees; he knew that if he were to stand up, his own tent would be *very* obvious. "I told 'im to go upstairs and pretend that he had to pee since I knew it'd work you up. Turns out, he really *did* have to. So now that you and I've conveniently come to a good stopping point, we're gonna go join 'im... and then we're gonna continue."

The fur around his lips had “somehow” gotten soaked, especially down near his chin. The hyena flicked his tongue out against that moist fur, brought that taste fresh into his muzzle again, swallowed it down... and nodded, just now rising to his feet to follow the snow leopard as she somewhat shakily made her way over to the stairs. “Oh. Uh. Yeah, sure. That... sounds good.”

She turned her head over her shoulder: “I told you, someday I’ll have you n’ me n’ a friend together and just... everyone piss on you. Er. Both of us.” Her first attempt to grasp the handrail by the stairs failed, and she wobbled again. Shekh scrambled forward behind her and places his paws on her hips, keeping her steady on her way up the stairs. Warmth of her body seeped through her dress (*cats, right?*), and about halfway up the leopard let one of her paws down to cover the hyena’s, just for a second.

Looked like Kaytu was in the master bath, going off the way the door to the bedroom stood ajar, and the thin sliver of light from beyond there across the carpet. Every time Shekh’s mind wandered back to the thought of what would probably soon take place, his pants tightened right back up from where they’d been before, and he swallowed - and tasted Luci’s piss all over again, still soft and distant, still definitely there. Good thing he hadn’t had too much of the wine, or else *he’d* have to go, too. Would soon anyway, after tonight.

Just as this wasn’t the first time he’d drunk from Luci was this also not the first time he’d get it from two people at once. And just like all those other times, getting into the whole thing could be a bit... awkward, to put it simply. The snow leopard led him into the bathroom, her short toeclaws clicking on the cold tile - and Shekh made eye contact with Kaytu in the mirror first, and then just as quickly looked away. In that small snatch of time, though, he’d still caught the wolf’s nose and whiskers giving a small little twitch with the current of air the hyena brought with him; maybe it was just because he’d been right there at the source when draining Luci’s bladder, but was her scent on him really *that* strong?

“So,” the wolf said, crossing his arms in front of his chest. He’d already undone his belt and the button of his fly, though remained zipped beneath that. “Where we doin’ this, Luci? Shower, bathtub... right here in the middle of your floor?”

The snow leopard wobbled a little again, and reached out for the sink counter for balance. Shekh hung around behind her, trying not to look into those blue eyes again; he could feel Kaytu looking him over, undressing him with his eyes, doing who knows what else. Maybe wondering how good his shaft would look balanced across the hyena’s lips...

“Ehh. Shower might be a li’l tight. Let’s get him in the tub...”

Shekh swallowed, and now looked between the two of them. They just looked right back at him.

“Well?” Kaytu stepped aside and held his paws out towards the tub, large enough to hold probably two or even all three of them. “Go ahead. I *do* gotta piss, so please, be quick about it.”

Good thing about that, though: now that he’d been *told* to do so, Shekh didn’t really have any reason not to. The little nervousness of doing this for someone he’d pretty much just met still thrummed in his chest, and once more he could feel those eyes on his back as he passed by and unsteadily stepped into the tub, but... well. Luci had started fiddling with the fastenings of her dress, probably to make things easier on herself, and as Shekh turned back around to face

the two of them, he looked right ahead - towards grey-furred wolf paws undoing that pants zipper, opening the flaps of his jeans, hooking beneath the waistband of his underwear.

"You look surprised," Kaytu remarked, one eyebrow raised. The hyena looked up at him, fully aware of the startled blush warming his cheeks. "She's talked to me about you before, y'know. Knowing the both of you..." Shekh's eyes naturally flicked back down when that new, unfamiliar musk hit and curled around his nose, recently-washed but still noticeable. Kaytu slowly stroked himself, pair of fingers and thumb gliding easily and wafting his scent towards the hyena's muzzle again and again. He found himself leaning in, breathing that aroma, licking his lips... "...I just figured something like this would happen. Though, honestly, I was expecting Luci to be the one in the tub."

From behind him near the sink: "Hey!"

Kaytu shrugged, rolled his shoulders, leaned his head back, relaxed. He kept his paw near the base of his cock, lazily angled towards the hyena's waiting muzzle. "That'll be for next time, I guess. Also - you're doing this, wearing all your clothes?"

"What?" Shekh looked down over himself, and then perked his ears. He... *hadn't* brought a change. "Oh. Well, I mean, I didn't-..."

As he started fumbling to pull his shirt off, though, the wolf breathed out a light sigh, which then melded into a relaxed "...*too late*..." and - and Shekh jerked back, startled by the sudden wet warmth splashing down over the bridge of his muzzle. Stronger, heavier than what he'd drunk from Luci, enough to make him wrinkle his nose and just... take a moment to get used to it.

Different feeling, receiving a mark across his body rather than right into his muzzle and throat. The heat, the wetness, seeped and soaked into his fur and dripped down, moistening his skin beneath; that warmth remained right there in front of him and rolled down his body, dripped over his lips and off his chin, splashed against the fabric of his pants and soaked through. He closed his eyes, parted his lips, lifted his muzzle up into that stream, willing took some of it in his muzzle... and swallowed it down, briefly letting his mouth curl with the taste.

Sharper indeed, brighter, a bit coppery, and just made his tent come back as prominently as it had been when he'd had snow leopard cock halfway in his maw. The hyena swirled his tongue out over his lips to catch more of that dripping mark and, all nervousness and reluctance gone, pressed both of his paws down between his legs against himself. As he tilted his muzzle back, Kaytu aimed his stream first towards his bared throat, then down against his chest to *really* soak his shirt, and then down towards his groin and legs.

Then, *tp-tp-tp* of short claws on tile, rustling of fur against clothing, and... Shekh opened one eye, only to have to close it again right after as that second stream began against his cheek. Just like before, Luci's was weak at first and then quickly grew to strength, joining the wolf's across his body; now not one but two scents, two rich musks, filled his nose and swirled around in his head, and - *God*, part of him wished that he *had* taken his clothes off before this. A six-and-a-half inch part of him, about.

"Thought you already emptied yourself for him?" Kaytu breathed. Shekh opened his eyes, blinked between the wetness dripping down off his eyelashes, tilted his muzzle back down and watched the two of them: Luci stood with one arm around the wolf's shoulders and the other at

the base of her cock, keeping it directed towards the hyena kneeling in the tub. Maybe it was a little weird, but the first time he'd seen her naked he'd just wanted to - bury his muzzle in her fur and drag his tongue all over her body, over every contour and curve, up between her thighs, along the side of her sack and her cock, around her full breasts, over her nipples, across her shoulder, and so on.

Kaytu wasn't so bad himself. Shekh turned his muzzle towards the wolf, opened his maw a little wider, let that stream fill his waiting mouth and trickle down out of the corners of his lips. He'd have to get some time alone with him to say for certain, though.

"Hey," Luci drawled, and beckoned Shekh forward with a claw. "Come closer. I'm almost empty..."

So, of course, he obeyed - and then soon felt the weight of that shaft against his lower lip again, the force of the snow leopard's stream spraying directly against the roof of his mouth. Once again, the two of them was all that he could smell when he breathed, and all that he could taste after he downed that mouthful, and felt it burning its way down his throat and into his already-full belly. Ahead of him, Kaytu breathed a light laugh, adjusted his aim - which resulted in Shekh just getting splashed across the face again, not that he minded - and wiggled himself forward, turned half-sideways, sort of bent over... until he, too, had rested his length in the hyena's maw, right beside Luci's.

And *that* was a feeling. Two different marks emptying directly across his tongue, two tastes, two scents, rich, salty, bitter - and the heat and heft of what it was that gave these to him. He looked up at the two of them, Luci visibly tipsy and Kaytu with a look of half-relief, half-pleasure spread lazily across his muzzle, before closing his lips as much as he could around both shafts. He could - swirl his tongue around one head, flick it over the other, bring it up between both of them, all the while feeling his muzzle continue to fill up and drain at the same time with that mixed piss, the same scent that had already thoroughly soaked into his clothes and fur.

Naturally, having *two* bladders emptying into his muzzle at once... got to be a bit much. The hyena kept his eyes squeezed shut and took a few adventurous swallows of that mixed mark, but little more than that - until one of them, or maybe both of them, thrust their hips slowly forward against each other and slid just a little further into his muzzle. Kaytu had one of his paws around the base of his shaft and the other now on the back of Shekh's head, warm fingerpads pressing into warmer, wetter fur - and a moment later one of Luci's came to join it there, holding him in place, forcing him to breathe that sharp scent atop their musks from the source through his nose.

Coughing, spluttering, panting... it was Luci who first came to her finish, and when she did, she slid back out of the hyena's muzzle, shook herself off, tapped herself against his nose; and then Kaytu did the same, though instead wiped his still-dripping tip against Shekh's cheek. The hyena swallowed down those last few drops and nuzzled against the underside of the leopard's length, then turned his head to first place a kiss to Kaytu's, and then to close his lips around it and directly lap off the lingering drops. His throat burned a bit, just as did his mouth and tongue and really every part of him that had gotten doused, but it wasn't anything he couldn't handle.

Luci took a step back, still running her paw slowly over her shaft. One or two more drips of her piss rolled down over the fur of her fingers, though she didn't seem to notice or care. "Mmn..." she purred, and then brought those fingers to her muzzle to lap the wetness off. Definitely



noticed, definitely didn't care. "Feels good to finally let that out. All of it, I mean. Got me half-worked up again, but, hell... whiskey-dick, y'know?"

"Oh yeah," Kaytu assented, and similarly stepped back. Shekh took the time to lick his lips off, and look down over his thoroughly-soaked body. "And I've drank enough that I don't think I'm comfortable driving home. You okay with me bunking here for the night, Lu?"

"Hon, you know I am. And our urinal over there..."

-earperk-

"...didn't bring a change of clothes, I don't think. So that means he'll have to throw everything he's got on now into the wash, and stay here overnight while that's going... unless he wants to go home wearing one of my dresses?"

Shekh swallowed again, that sharp taste still strong in the back of his throat. Seeing the way these two were looking at him, they still had plans for him later tonight. And, needless to say, he wasn't going anywhere.