

Three snow leopards in the room, and yet the most prominent scent was still the undeniable and characteristic bitter-salty tang of urine, wafting heavily from the one of them bound with his paws above his head to the headboard of the bed. All of the blankets had been stripped from under him, and a few towels from the nearby bathroom had been shoved in beneath his already yellowed fur.

Actually - the female snow leopard in the room leaned in and sniffed at the air wafting up from this one - that wasn't *just* urine. Rather, it was the piss of... at least three or four of the guys downstairs, and judging by the sharpness of those scents, all canines, too. Just like her brother to go and let a pack of dogs mark him head to toe, and probably just as thoroughly inside, too. Kiera wrinkled her nose and straightened upright. This was supposed to be *her* party, not her brother's. All those dogs - and the one wolf, actually - were *her* friends, and the part of the point for this get-together tonight was to see how many times she could get off, either by getting railed or by using any number of her toys (on herself or on one of the others) before her body gave out on her.

And then there'd been Kieran. Poor Kieran, wrists bound above his head, totally naked with originally-grey fur now matted and sort of dirty yellow, hard plastic cage tight and squeezing around his cock straining and twitching to grow to its full size but unable to, with a line of cloudy pre having rolled down towards the fur of his sack and dried along the plastic. Unfortunate Kieran, who'd already gotten stretched out enough - there was also a rather handsome horse-dragon hybrid down there, lovely cobalt-blue scales, and endowed well enough to do his blood justice - for his tailhole to remain visibly gaping as long as there was nothing shoved up into it. Thanks to the other snow leopard in the room, Darius, who now sat back on the chair in the far corner stroking himself as much as he could beneath the cage he wore, they'd found something to keep Kieran plugged up.

Actually, the matriarch here had gotten that toy with the sole idea in mind to use it on her brother. It was a tunnel plug of sorts, that kind of firm yet soft silicone, flesh-toned: rich red along the tunnel part, glistening like the slick wet flesh of the inside of a rump, business-end fresh smooth pink and molded in the shape of a bitch's spade. Fitting, she thought, for her brother who more often than not reeked more strongly of dog than... well, than the average dog. Even now as she looked his naked body up and down, lips straining and working beneath the bindings of the steel dog's muzzle she'd fixed over his head earlier in the night, he squirmed and writhed with the feeling of that plug keeping him stretched.

Try as he might to act like he didn't like that, Kieran had behaved exactly the same to getting muzzled as he had to getting caged: all he needed was a thick cock buried under his tail, and he'd let just about anything happen to him. The cage had been there before tonight; hardly four days out of the year did he get to experience what it felt like to cum without one on. Tonight Darius had helped with getting the muzzle on him; as in, Kiera had gotten it in place while the other male snow leopard distracted her sister, in the aforementioned manner.

Poor, vulnerable, squirmy and hopelessly horny Kieran, who'd drawn most of the attention away from her tonight. Not counting that time in the women's clothing store yesterday, and that time at the pet shop two days before that, and the time in the nightclub's restroom the day before *that*, Kiera hadn't really had much time to tease him. Darius had been in part to thank for tonight's success, so she figured he deserved a little reward, too. Two birds, one stone; two cats...

Then, however, it was Kiera's turn to squirm. She'd had a good amount to drink tonight, and now could feel the pressure of that simmering in her lower abdomen especially as she leaned over the bed, intentionally pressing her bare body against the edge of the mattress. Two of the guys downstairs had already gotten a taste of that, one after some rather deft tongue work and the other simply because he had been in the right place at the right time - which had been, to say, right beneath her as the first pounded into her from behind.

Now, though, Kiera had the solution for her brother's stink, and a quick questioning eyebrow-raise from Darius cemented that plan in her mind. He liked to watch, especially when these two siblings were involved - and then Kieran could do nothing *but* watch as his sister lifted herself up to the bed, straddling his lower body and then coming closer towards his muzzle with her knees pressing down into the soft material of the mattress and the slightly-damp towels atop.

Well. Kieran *could* talk; that muzzle had been made for a canine, not a cat. He'd just long since learned that when his sister expected something of him, he'd best do it without complaint or question.

Even now he squirmed where he lay, while she took her position above him. With her kneeling like this, her lower body didn't *quite* clear the smooth metal of the male's muzzle, but that didn't present much of an obstruction at all: Kiera just forced her brother to look down while she settled herself up along that muzzle, one paw down between her legs keeping her lips spread and sliding smoothly over the metal. Even from where he sat Darius could see the slick wetness that her sex left along the metal, and whether that was her piss from before, her own arousal, or the loads of any of the guys that'd had a turn at her, or any combination of all of these, he couldn't tell. She hadn't yet shoved his nose down there for him to tell by taste.

"Familiar sight for you, huh, brother?" she purred, reaching down with her other paw to scritch behind one of Kieran's ears. The male sibling swallowed and panted, inhaling through his nose and letting out those heavy, ragged breaths through parted lips, no doubt worked up even more than he already was by the scent of her arousal, so close but just out of reach. His little pink tongue worked hungrily out over his lips... but never hers.

Kiera glanced over at Darius; he'd moved his paw down from his cage, hard silicone rubber in contrast to Kieran's solid plastic, and now rolled his balls over his fingers. That softer material meant that it was considerably easier to get him to cum, and also since Kiera had never claimed explicit control over him, she enjoyed using that as yet another thing to tease Kieran.

The other male snow leopard straightened up beneath the strength of her gaze. She'd been told once before that it was a bit like a concentrated heat lamp: even when you're not looking, even when you can't see it, you can still very strongly feel when it's focused right on you.

"Go get my strap-on," she said to him, now rubbing her one paw idly along her slit. Her body still tingled distantly with the remnant pleasure of... four orgasms now? After she'd taken that horse-dragon for a ride *and* had that hyena work his tongue on her at the same time, she'd had to take a break for a while, only to come down here to find Kieran handcuffed in front of the toilet with a "Public Use" sign taped the door... "And the lube, too. They should be in the night stand in the other room."

Hard to keep herself from going right ahead with her desire, here, but... self-control was part of the fun. Once the tip of his tail left the room, she looked back down at Kieran beneath her, and

caught his eyes looking straight down and forward at her sex before they flicked up to meet her gaze. Again and again she circled a pair of fingerpads around her clit, every now and then sliding down to part her lips again... hell, she could feel the pressure just like if she had a toilet beneath her instead of her brother, that... *loosening of the floodgates*, so to say. She'd long since trained herself to become more comfortable with and ready to release her bladder over whoever stuck their muzzle between her legs and asked for it, and sometimes when they didn't, but it just came more naturally with Kieran.

"I gotta pee," Kiera said then, without any further ado or teasing. Nonverbal teasing, that was. Now she just remained where she knelt, weight and warmth and wetness angling her brother's muzzled snout down, his green eyes still on hers. He swallowed, and just continued to nervously, hungrily, lick his lips. "Drank a *lot* tonight. Already pissed once - your hyena friend got it, as if *he* hadn't already had more than enough to drink, too - but I'm feelin' it again. So, you wouldn't mind if... I just..."

Inhale, swallow, slow exhale... and then a sweet shudder racked her body as that so-familiar relief began, almost causing her to release her fingers from spreading herself. That would've resulted into a messy spray instead of a good, coherent stream, near clear with the amount she'd had to drink tonight, but still... still noticeably scented, sharp and salty, bitter with her own characteristic smell. Kieran blinked and squirmed as that stream coursed down over his face and dripped off the metal of the muzzle, raining down over his nose and parted lips, rolling down over his chin, towards his already-yellowed chestfur and the towels beneath him.

Of course with as much volume as she had in her, a bit of force was unavoidable. As her stream came to its peak, it arced right over the male's head and splashed against the smooth wood of the headboard behind him - so Kiera took that as a cue to change her position, and lifted herself up only enough to clear the end of the muzzle and then sit back down against his chest, hot piss now splashing directly against the other leopard's lips and chin through that metal. She rolled her head back and let her maw hang open, for a moment not caring where it was her mark landed - and besides, the strong odors of all the other marks her brother wore, brought out fresh by the new wetness, curled her nose a bit. Only scent she could really stand on him was her own.

As she continued to empty herself, she slid back down along his chest, towards his belly, and his abdomen... until her tailhole, also partially slickened and stretched from use throughout the night, brushed across also-wet end of his cage. Kieran's eyes shot open - this was a position that Kiera never took with him - and he watched her, putting visible effort into keeping himself from grinding up against her rump settled in his lap.

No; definitely not. Kieran didn't *top* her. She didn't even put her harness on him and strap-on over his cage and fuck herself on *that*. Hell, if she'd had a mind to, once Darius came back with those, she might've gone ahead and given her brother's already-stretched rear a good pounding, silicone of her toy sliding easily into the same of his plug. But, she had another thought in mind for that.

As she felt her stream start to wane and her bladder finish out on emptying, the leopardess ran her fingers fully along her slit, this time intentionally spraying the last few spurts across her brother's body. Then, still dripping, she brought those fingers to her lips and lapped off some of the salty wetness... and felt her ears flick back towards the door, just as Darius came back. How convenient.

"Damn," the other male said, the sounds of music and conversation drifting through the slightly-open door behind him after he entered. Kiera gave another churn of her hips, feeling the stiff surface of her brother's cage against her tailhole, before standing back up. *That* felt much better, without the weight and pressure of a full bladder threatening her every move. "I missed something, didn't I?"

"Nothing you haven't seen before." Kiera held her paw out towards him, keeping her eyes on his. Another thing she'd long since trained herself out of was feeling any sort of modesty or embarrassment about being nude and aroused in front of others. "Give that here?"

Darius tossed it towards her and made his way back over to his chair, nose just now curling with the woman's added scent. Kiera noticed him licking his lips. "Gonna give him a good hard pounding?"

She looked up from working the harness on, thumbs hooked around one of the straps. "What, *him*? No, he's already gotten more than enough. He's dripping cum from that plug, you know."

The other male raised his eyebrows, and half-leaned forward. He was starting to piece it together. "So, then, what..."

He'd grabbed the thick, knotted strap-on, the one that had been marketed as something like the *Werewolf Queen*. Kiera couldn't remember. These days for her birthday, most of her friends got her sex toys. It had a good, solid weight in her paw, the kind that told her she wouldn't have been able to use it on herself because her arm would've gotten tired if she'd taken it in any position other than riding it - and also a good thing that she planned to leave Kieran right where he was, since even stretched out as he'd gotten, she doubted she'd be able to shove this knot into him with that plug in here.

That would look *damn* good, though, wet spade stretched and filled by a thick knotted cock...

So Kiera, still watching Darius, pointed to the bed where she'd just been, above her brother. "Your turn. I already got what I wanted from him."

"Yeah?" Even though he'd just sat down, the other male promptly obeyed and stood right back up. Nobody spent time with Kiera unless they knew where she stood in relation to everyone else. "And what would that be?"

She shrugged, settling the base of the strap-on into its place in her harness. Always a nice feeling, the weight of the thing hanging forward between her legs, the tug of the harness itself near the base of her tail. "Somethin' to soak up my piss." As the other snow leopard passed her - she caught the characteristic tang of alcohol on him, as well as (surprise) even more urine - she held her other paw out, and he slid the bottle of lube her way. Water-based, liquid, general-purpose for playtime. She had a smaller tube of a much thicker consistency in one of the other drawers in her dresser, for - *larger insertions*.

"I'm jealous." Darius eyed her, then, crawling up to the bed on all fours and then turning a grin towards Kieran beneath him who, of course, strained against his bonds and gave a noise somewhere between a growl and a purr. "You look nice."

Kiera popped the cap of the lube and squirted a sizeable glob into her palm; this toy always took a good amount more than she'd expected. Sure, sometimes she liked to use it dry on Kieran, especially when he had one of those plugs in, but - this time, she actually had a goal in mind. And, besides, Darius's ass - he obediently got right onto all fours and hiked his tail, and gave a little push back when she reached forward to spread his rump - was still in prime condition, firm and puckered, smooth pink. If she remembered right, he'd only gotten it once tonight so far.

About to make that twice. The mattress sunk slightly under all three of their combined weight, Kieran doing his best to pull himself up, Darius with his paws beside the other male's soaked chest, and Kiera just now kneeling behind him and lining the tapered tip of her shaft up with his tailhole. He adjusted, twitched, clenched in anticipation - and she rolled her eyes. Boys were always like that, always so eager to get filled.

Not to say that she wasn't. She just made sure not to show it all the time. Easier to get what you want when you don't show how much you want it.

She leaned forward over him, then, using her weight and angle to just barely start to press into him; even that was enough to earn a response out of him, evidenced in how he dug his claws into the towels and pulled in a gentle breath. Then, in a soft, warm whisper that made Darius's ear flick:

"How many times've you cum tonight?"

He swallowed, and briefly bit his lip. One thing Kiera had always wanted was to be able to *feel* her boys clenching around her strap-on whenever she pressed into them. Always wanted the heat, the slick wetness of their rumps squeezing and sinking back onto her... but, hey, it still brought her pleasure to make them gasp and squirm and moan and shoot.

"None," he said, and licked his lips. "You - had me put the cage on before anyone got here..."

"Mhmm. You bed I did." One paw on his shoulder, the other down at the base of her strap-on to keep it aligned as she continued to slide up into him. Had to be careful, here: couldn't go *too* fast on this ass, already used as it was. Wouldn't be fun if she broke her boy before she even hilted in him.

Well. It *would*, if it was Kieran. That might be later in the night, though.

"You *wanna* cum?" Press in, stop, pull back out a little. Press in a little further... stop, pull out. Again and again, each time slightly deeper, slightly faster, slightly harder. Kiera knew from experience that before too long, Darius would be leaking from the end of his cage just like her brother did, pretty much all of the time.

Actual tactile sensation or no, she could still very well feel the response in Darius's body to her plunging deeper into him. He pushed back against her every time she sank forward, and adjusted his stance again to get her deeper, and- "Yeah. I do."

This time, she leaned around to his other ear, and gave the edge of it a soft nip - at the same time as she bucked her hips, and pressed her knot against his tailhole. He lurched forward with that motion and let a soft moan drizzle out between his lips, the kind of sound that Kiera had learned to count as synonymous with a voiced "*deeper*". "Excuse me?"

"Yes-" Darius swallowed. Kiera straightened up a bit and peered around him: Kieran had his eyes half-lidded but looked back at her, lips still parted in slightly-labored breathing. She could tell that he hated and loved every moment of this, of having her fuck Darius right on top of him. "Yes, *ma'am*."

"Mm." Kiera punctuated that with a firm buck of her hips. "God. I'm so worked up after getting teased for so long... y'know that feeling where when you cum, like, five times, and then all you wanna fuckin' do is rail someone? Probably not, huh?" Here, she settled her paw on the back of the snow leopard's head and pushed his muzzle down, right against Kieran's piss-soaked shoulder. Both of them squawked with surprise, with Darius's drawn out beneath Kiera's thrusts. "You boys are so flimsy..."

Flimsy, but enjoyable. And, really, you could treat them pretty damn hard and they'd still come back for more. Kiera slid her paw down along Darius's back, claws digging smoothly through his thick fur, until her fingers came to the base of his tail - around which she wrapped them, and tugged to keep it raised. Darius half-pulled himself back up, now keeping one paw braced where his muzzle had been a moment earlier; he lapped his tongue out over his moist lips, and Kiera took some pleasure in knowing full well that he should be able to taste her there.

After a while longer, she had to get a better angle at his backside, and adjusted by giving another firm thrust - followed by another, and another. Darius might've thought that she was trying to tie him then and there, since he reached a free paw back to spread his rump for her... and Kiera just continued at him, already fast and hard, firm and deep.

Same noises that she would've heard were she to take a quick walk back into the main room of the house: heavy, wet slapping of hips to rump, needy panting, breathy moaning, Kieran now squirmed with more effort, audibly struggling with keeping from saying something out loud - tonight there was no gag actually preventing him from speaking, other than self-control around his sister - and maybe, just maybe, trying to lift himself up into the rhythm. Kiera took the chance to run her other paw down beneath Darius's chest, along his tight belly and towards the material of his cage.

There, she ended up feeling what she'd expected: noticeably hot firmness beneath the silicone, and a good amount of slickness rolling down from the slit in the end. Every time she thrust forward into him, each time she churned her hips and kissed her knot against the pucker of his tailhole, another glob dripped out over her fingerpads. Not like she'd thought he would, but Darius really hadn't been lying when he'd said he wanted to cum. His cage didn't even have a lock mechanism: he'd kept it on just from pure force of will.

Or, rather, obedience. The female snow leopard lifted that paw to her lips and lapped off the tangy saltiness, then put it right back in its place, squeezing and pressing into the flesh beneath straining to reach full erection.

Here, now, she grinded her hips deeper at Darius's rump, keeping her body low as she pounded into him, again and again. Fast, short thrusts, each one making both him pant as well as the mattress squeak - and earning more than a few grunts from Kieran below him. If she played this right, if she hit all the right spots and squeezed and pressed on that soft cage just where she should, then...

...then Darius should tighten up against her, dig his claws into the mattress, suck in a gasp, clench tight against the bulge of her knot if she'd be able to feel it - and then jerk once, twice, a third time, maybe a fourth, as he emptied out his load through the thin slit at the end of his cage. She could feel the intense heat and pressure of his orgasm over her fingers, hot and thick, spraying more than spurting from his still only half-hard length beneath that.

Of course, though, Kiera continued her pace past the end of his peak for a while longer, loving the way his gasps and moans had taken on a shaper, more ragged edge to them; she wanted to be sure she'd entirely drained his balls across her brother beneath him, who humped weakly into the air above him, as if in thinking she couldn't see him. Kieran would get his, later. As much as she said she didn't like having anyone's scent on him other than her own, Kiera could still feel her body pushed into a few more excited, eager thrusts against the thought of dragging her tongue up through his matted, yellowed fur and tasting everything that had soaked into there, piss and cum both. It was nice to know that her property was appreciated.

Halfway through all of that, Darius had reached up and now hung by his paws from the edge of the headboard, chest heaving with heavy breathing. It took him a moment to uncurl his fingers from around the stiff wood, and when he did, he just - flopped limp across Kieran beneath him, forcing another aggravated grunt out of the other male, and no doubt just working his own load further into his fur. Kiera remained hilted for a moment longer before sliding back out, slowly so she could watch the way Darius's tailhole clung to her shaft... and then gave a satisfied scoff upon seeing the fat glob of lube that dripped out, rolled along the back of one male's sack, and then dropped down onto the sack of the other.

Legs shaking only a little bit - normally after one session, she wouldn't have felt any kind of exhaustion at all; tonight, however, was after *multiple* orgasms - Kiera stood up off the bed and ran her paw over the surface of her strap-on again, enjoying the moist heat that the cat's backside had imparted to it. Would be a shame to let it cool off before plunging it into another rump.

Darius's blue eyes caught hers, and the male licked his lips again. He hadn't yet moved from above Kieran. "Thank you - ma'am..."

"Mhmm. You gotta piss, Dari?" Kieran's ears perked.

"No." Brief moment of thought... "...Not yet."

"Well, you know where to go when you do, right?"

"Yes, ma'am." Then she leaned in, this time intentionally bringing her muzzle close to Kieran's. If she wanted, she could probably... spit right through the thin bars of his muzzled face. "What do *you* think, brother? Should I bring the others up here?"

He swallowed, probably just bringing back the tastes of every guy he'd drunk from tonight, and nodded. "Yes, ma'am." Voice meek, yet solid.

He knew his place and knew it well.