

“So, what, he just... didn’t show up?”

Hayley nodded, finishing up the message she was typing out before returning her gaze to the wolf across the table from her. “Yeah! Just like *that*. No call, no text, no warning. Nothing. It’s not like he could’ve used ‘I overslept’ or something as an excuse, either – it was a *dinner date!*” The otter motioned towards the window behind her, blinds half-drawn. “Look! It’s dark outside!”

“Maybe he’s just a day-sleeper?”

“He wasn’t when we set up the date.” Hayley rolled her eyes and looked back down towards her phone, flicking through his messages to her. “*Certainly* not. At least one part of him seemed like it was awake all the time...”

“*Hayley*. Oh my God. First date?”

“Yeah?” The otter rested her phone face-down on the table, and leaned her chin into a paw. “So? I like to know what I’m getting into.”

“Your place or his?”

“We were gonna head over to his place after.”

“Stay the night?”

“Look, Major, I’m horny, not stupid.”

“Hey, those two are often pretty interchangeable, if you ask me.” The wolf shrugged, in the same movement that she pushed her chair back to stand up. She brushed a paw over light sandy-tan fur, and from there pointed behind her. “I’m gonna make some tea. You in?”

“Uuuuugh.” Hayley let her paw drag across her face for a moment before she straightened up. “Yeah. What kind?”

“Chai okay?”

“Could you do mine without milk?”

Green eyes flicked back her way from halfway across the kitchen with that, and Major put on a look of mock horror. “Wow. I knew you were gonna see a hyena today, but I never realized your taste in things was just chronically bad.”

“Blah blah. You’re the one who invited *me* over tonight, so I don’t think *you* can talk.”

The two shared a bright grin for a moment, Major’s tail swaying slowly behind her in that way it did, before she turned back towards the sink to fill the kettle. Hayley watched the wolf for a little longer: she looked good in clothes like that, close without being too tight, showing the curves and the... *softness*, the *give*, of her body without drawing attention to it. She had a few hazy memories in the back of her head of feeling those bare curves beneath her palms one night, of knowing that Major looked *just* as

good and probably better without those clothes on as she did with, and of running her nose, lips, and tongue down the front of the wolf's body, between her thighs...

All of that had gotten locked behind the thick fog that always fell after a night spent at the bottom of a bottle, though, tantalizingly close yet just out of grasp. The bite marks she found on her neck the following morning remained clear, of course, and the path they made down along one of her breasts.

A tail-swish across the room brought her back to the present, though, right about the same time her phone vibrated between her paw and the table. She glanced down at it, and then elected to ignore it after seeing it wasn't from the guy she'd supposed to meet. "Major."

Soft, thick ears – Hayley could *also* pretty clearly remember nibbling one of those ears that night – perked and twitched towards her direction, on hearing her name. "Sup?"

"I'm bored. I wanna play a game."

"Drinking game?"

"No. Well – yes, but not tonight. Well – okay, not *right now*."

"Hmm..." Soft clanking of metal on metal, little *click-click-fssh* of the stove turning on, satisfied *hmph* from Major. The wolf nodded, then turned and leaned against the smooth countertop while she looked back at Hayley, arms crossed in front of her chest. Roughly a C-cup, if Hayley's drunken memories of how those breasts had fit in her paws could serve. Little bit bigger than herself, nice and firm... abruptly, the otter realized that Major had continued talking, and she shifted her attention up to her face. "...card games, but those are usually more fun with more people... uh, Monopoly, I guess... Uno..."

"Uno!" Hayley scooted forward, bracing both her paws against the table to lift herself up. Her phone vibrated again. "Let's play Uno! Strip Uno!"

Major paused in the middle of counting on her fingers, and squinted at the otter. "Strip... Uno."

"Yeah. Every time you get one of those 'draw four' cards, you gotta take off four pieces of clothing."

"How many are you wearing?"

Hayley sat back in her chair. "Four. Wait, do socks count as one or two?"

"One?"

"Yeah, four." She blinked. "...Oh. Wait a second. I see your point."

Major crossed the kitchen towards the pantry to start rummaging around for the tea. Her brushy tail swayed in the air behind her, visible past the edge of the door. "Hang on. *Four*? Socks is one, pants, shirt for three..." Then her head stuck out too, wearing that same half-scowl from just a few moments ago. "*Hayley*."

"What? I've done it with this shirt before; you can't really see them unless you're looking. Besides, even if I *had* worn a bra today, it'd just come off later in the night..."

"Okay. Jeez." The wolf closed the door with her foot and trotted back over towards the stove, where a thin column of steam had just started to curl its way up out of the spout of the teapot. "For a second I was worried you'd gone without panties. Like, if you're into that, sure – but not when you're wearing jean shorts..."

"Again, I'm just horny. Not crazy, either. Oh, actually, speaking of..." Hayley waited for the whistling of the kettle to go down before she continued. There was something... *pleasant* in watching Major work, swiftly yet easily floating around the kitchen. The mugs, the spoons, the milk (only in one of those mugs, thank God), the sugar... for a moment, she forgot what she'd been saying. "...Oh. Okay. Instead of strip Uno, how 'bout we just make it a plain-ass sex game?"

"How so?"

"Loser's at the winner's mercy. Just like in all the porn." She leaned back and intertwined her paws behind her head, waiting for her back to pop, and... *there* it was. A smooth sigh pushed its way out her nose. "I refuse to believe you invited me over without expecting something like this to happen, anyway."

"I invited you over since I felt bad for you getting stood up. Any sugar?"

"Surprise me."

"Can do. And, yeah, okay – you and I *have* hung out before. I *knew* how things were gonna go." Her claws *tick-ticked* quietly across the tiled floor as she made her way back over, one mug held in each paw; Hayley's looked considerably darker than Major's. Sometimes the spiciness of taking her chai without milk burned her tongue and throat, but then, it was a good kind of burn. Major slowly stirred hers, keeping her green eyes focused on the otter across from her. "So. What. You're expecting to lose? Girl, I'm gonna do everything in my power to ensure that you're the one who wins."

Hayley lost.

"What, you think I *wanted* this?" she grumbled an hour and a half later, Major repeatedly poking her in the back to lead her down the hall and towards the bedroom. "You know how I get. I like to be the one in control."

"That's why I'm gonna tie you up. I *did* get those new ropes just last week; I sent you pictures."

Silk ropes, the really soft kind. Hayley had used those herself on another of her partners, a slim otter boy who squirmed and gasped at the slightest touch, *especially* when he has his wrists bound up above his head. Boy was shooter, too; even on his knees and held up like that, he still managed to spurt against his chin.

"Besides, seems to me like you're not doing anything to stop this, huh?"

Hayley grumbled a little more and then said, over her shoulder, "I could win against you in a fight."

"You and I both know that's not true. All the boys you pick on are smaller than you, and if I remember right, you said that last time you played with a woman, she was six foot four and worked out regularly." The poking from short claws turned to a light, shivery caressing near her hips, fingers gently lifting up beneath her shirt, pressing into her short fur. Major turned her into the bedroom. "You were the one who ended up on all fours that time, I think."

Shouldn't have told her that one, maybe. Still, though, Hayley couldn't help but shiver with those light touches along her hips and belly, and then any sort of halfhearted sourness melted out of her as soon as those touches started to trace their way up her body, still beneath her shirt. Frankly, she just... *forgot* whatever it was she'd been thinking about.

Hookups were fine and all. Major was a friend, though, and that showed itself in her body's reaction to those touches: claws gently pricking against her skin through her fur, cool touch of the air stirring around the room against her belly and then chest as the wolf continued to lift her shirt, faint little electric jolt when she squeezed her palm around one of her breasts...

"Oh." Major touched her nose to Hayley's ear from behind. "What was that?"

"What?"

"You squeaked."

"Did not. I-" Another squeeze, more firmly this time, and the sudden pressure caused the otter's voice to pinch off into what was definitely a squeak. She clamped her mouth shut, frowned, turned to glare at the wolf, and-

"Pants off."

-was pushed back by her shoulders, the soft bed catching her with a bit of a bounce. No squeaking of springs, though; she vaguely recalled from last time she was in this position that Major *did* have a pretty nice bed. Memory foam, maybe. For the time she'd spent with her muzzle pressed sideways against it and rump hiked into the air that night, she couldn't remember. After regaining her mental balance, she looked up – and saw Major just standing there, arms crossed in front of her chest again.

"You're... gonna make me do it myself?"

"Yep."

Nothing more. No quips about how Hayley was used to being the one in control, or how Major was *very clearly* the one in that position now, which... she'd honestly expected. Grumbling all over again, the otter raised her lower body while she worked at the fly of her pants, then wriggled those down her legs; meanwhile, Major had continued around towards the nightstand, and now shifted some things around in the top drawer.

The sex things *always* went in the top drawer; while visiting that otter boy she'd tied up before, Hayley once opened the top drawer of *his* nightstand, and there found a toy as wide around as her upper thigh as well as a pair of latex gloves. Shoulder-length gloves.

Her shorts settled to the floor past the foot of the bed with a soft *flump*, but when she slid her thumbs underneath her panties-

"No," said Major beside her. Hayley glanced over: the wolf held those ropes in her paws, soft shimmering fabric coiled over her wrists. "Those stay on."

"What?" Strong paws closed around one of her wrists, pulled her arm up over her head, tugged her body with it. She lifted herself and went with the movement – damn Major for being right: she really *wasn't* doing anything to stop this. She recognized that, and... still did nothing about it. "Why?"

Brief moment spent in getting the rope around her wrist, and settling the knot, and... "So I can make you ruin 'em." Simply stated, matter-of-fact. Another tug, and Hayley felt her arm pulled up towards the headboard; without looking at her, Major flipped another length of rope around in her paws and started around towards her feet, hoisting one footpaw up and swiftly wrapping the shimmering red fabric around her ankle. With that one done the wolf moved on to her other leg, pulling the ropes tight without being uncomfortable, with just the slightest bit of slack to her arms so she could still squirm and writhe and wriggle.

Which, naturally, Major made sure that Hayley did plenty of. Before moving on to her one remaining arm, the wolf slid in between Hayley's legs, giving her the slyest of knowing smiles... and leaned in over the otter, a pair of her fingers resting lightly against her lips through the thin fabric of her panties. The slightest pressure, the softest rub – and there was that electric jolt again, rippling through the otter's body. She tugged on the ropes and lifted her hips up, grinding against that paw in its place.

Major's smile widened. "Pink, huh?"

"What?"

Another touch and squeeze, just barely running that fabric up between her legs, pressing her fingerpads into the warm, wet flesh beneath. This wouldn't be the first time Major had had her fingers there, and another memory rolling around in the back of Hayley's head was that *last* time this had happened, she'd ended up as shaky as the memory itself. Her breath caught in her throat, and a second later, she let it back out in a shivering sigh. A bit unusual for her to get so worked up so quickly, but... then again, it was also pretty unusual to have a woman capable of quashing any of her attempts at grasping control, and tying her to a bed. Without complaint.

"Pink panties." Major rolled the remaining length of rope back and forth in her free paw, her other still firmly in place rubbing between the otter's legs. Fingerpads pressing in, finding the spots that sent those same shivers through her abdomen, ensuring that those panties ended up thoroughly dampened before long. Then, though, as swiftly as she'd started, she stood up and started over towards the other side of the bed, lapping that faint slickness off her fingerpads as she went. Hayley watched from where she lay, her one free arm draped across her bare chest, muzzle hanging loosely open in quiet panting. "I never really pegged you as a 'pink' kind of gal, Hay."

"You haven't pegged me at – all yet." A tug of the rope around her wrist cut her words off for a second.

Major chuckled, soft breaths washing out over Hayley's wrist where she leaned in to tighten the knot, and then give it one good test tug. "Oh, that's a good one. I really walked into that, didn't I? Anyway – I know how sassy and mouthy you get when... in a circumstance like this, so..."

Hayley watched as she made her way back around the bed again towards the nightstand. Some more rummaging in the top drawer, some quiet murmuring to herself, then an *ah*, and...

"Close your eyes and open up."

"What if I don't?"

"Well, I think I have a belt around here somewhere. I could strap the magic wand between your legs and go out to do my grocery shopping if-"

"Okay, okay." She did so, and wasn't surprised to feel a few moments later first the sinking of the bed beside her as Major knelt above, and then the unforgettable feeling of a ball-gag being set between her teeth and fastened around the back of her muzzle. With her paws bound up like this, there was nothing she could do about it.

"That okay? Not too tight, not too loose?"

Not like she could say anything. Hayley tossed a playful glare towards where Major sat, still on the edge of the bed. The wolf responded with a sweet smile and leaned in close, and for a second she thought she might kiss her forehead or her cheek... but, no: that paw returned to its place between her legs, and after those fingers worked themselves back up between soft lips, the wolf started to move down her body, leaving small little kisses along her neck, her shoulder, her collarbone... the upper curve of her breast, down towards her nipple.

"I was kidding about the magic wand thing, by the way." Her words tickled warm and light over the sensitive skin of Hayley's nipple, the wolf's lips just barely, *barely* brushing against it as she spoke... and then another little jolt as she drew her tongue over the surface, in one smooth, quick lick between words. "I don't have one. Just a regular vibrator. I think it's *almost* as powerful, though..." In the same movement where she straightened herself up, she also brought her other paw forward from around her back – and Hayley's eyes fixed on that smooth orange-silicone toy, smooth at the end then ribbed halfway down, and buzzing quietly in the wolf's grip.

Hayley squirmed a little bit more as Major shifted above her, working at getting her own pants off first and kicking those off the side of the bed, then her panties to follow. Then, naked from the waist down, she resumed her position above the otter, though moved back so that she sat directly above her guest's sex, and leaned forward to bring their muzzles close together again. Right before she started speaking again, that toy made contact with *both* of them, unobstructed against Major and blocked only barely by Hayley's own panties, already a bit damp. With that touch and sweet, sweet vibration, her body responded on its own and she grinded her hips up against the wolf above her, just squeezing that toy even more firmly between them... and Major shuddered at the first syllable of her next word, having to take a moment to clear her throat and start over again.

"You – didn't think I was *just* gonna tease you tonight, did you? I gotta have some fun for myself, too. Let's ride this thing out together."

The otter grumbled through her ball-gag, only for that growling to turn into a low, breathy moan once Major slid the toy further down between her lips, then brought it back up. Again and again she made that move, slow and soft yet *definitely* there, each time with a light circle around the otter's clit through her panties – and again and again she tugged against the soft ropes around her wrists in response, her legs also trying to squeeze in towards her body against the delicious feeling.

Major knew full well what she was doing, too. The wolf straightened up and sat back a bit, keeping her weight along her partner's thighs while still keeping herself as closely lips-to-lips as she could, and as she worked she kept her half-lidded gaze along Hayley's muzzle, watching the way the otter squirmed and pulled in little gasps through her nose, how she bit down along the gag and panted, how she tilted her head just slightly back to swallow. Right as the otter started to tense up and shiver and let her eyes flutter shut, Major would shift the focus of that vibrator more to herself, circling around her own clit, sliding down between her own lips – with the tip and surface of the thing already well-slickened with both of their arousal – and would leave Hayley to watch and listen. Every time Major let out a shivering moan, the otter's ears flicked, either with interest or with annoyance that that wasn't happening to herself.

"You're not really a... *submissive* bottom, right?" Major scooted back a little bit and resumed running the vibrator on Hayley, still through her panties. The otter managed a glance down: the originally-pink fabric had turned closer to burgundy-red from all of the teasing and rubbing and grinding, with a noticeably slick surface. Between traces with that vibrator, Major ran a pair of fingerpads along the surface again – and when she brought them back, a thin strand of sticky slickness linked the two. She made sure to make eye contact with Hayley beneath her before slipping those fingers into her mouth and licking it off again. "So, what. If you went home with your boy tonight, you'd probably end up in my position, right?"

Another little grumble, turned yet again into a gasp with that vibrator settling back into place through her panties. Major teased at slipping it up into her, stopped only by that wet fabric. But, *God*, Hayley wanted to get fucked. Maybe, hopefully, that would come later in the night.

She wasn't going to come out and *say* that much, though. Not even if she were able to. Major ran the vibrator up along the front of her panties for one more pass over her clit, suddenly muddling and mixing the otter's thoughts into a fizzy, panting mess, before she returned to focusing on herself.

And it looked like *she* had gotten herself pretty worked up, too: with her other paw she gripped and squeezed one of Hayley's legs for support, and she regularly worked her hips forward and up against the shaft of the toy where she held it down between her legs, smooth end just barely slipping up into her while she kept it pressed against her lower body. Slow grinding, churning, panting, every now and then with an extra jerk or buck, or squeeze of Major's legs around Hayley's. It burned the otter up on the inside to watch her partner go at herself above her, having the time of her life, while she could do nothing but that: just watch.

"D'you think that gag was a mistake?" Major panted at one point, settling back to focus the vibrator right around her clit. She adjusted her position again to spread herself with two fingers from her other paw; Hayley looked down at her, pink flesh slick and wet. She swallowed. "I mean, I wouldn't mind sitting back on that pretty muzzle of yours. I know for a fact *you* wouldn't mind that either, huh?"

While she spoke Major returned the vibrator to buzzing against Hayley, though still she pulled it away right as the otter felt herself pushed close to her peak, teetering just along the edge there. She lifted her lower body up as much as she could against the ropes and beneath Major's weight on her legs, and then settled back against the bed as that warmth and sensation fell away from her, chest rising and falling with needy panting, teeth digging into her gag. Major watched all of it, steadily working that toy against herself, now pressing a pair of fingers inside of herself as she went; another adjustment and she braced her other paw against Hayley's breast, squeezing and rubbing with her own movements, the slow forward-and-back against that vibrator...

...then shudder, gasp, tighten of the legs. Major swallowed, bucked against the toy, let that breath out, sucked in another one... and suddenly straightened up again, lifting partially up off of the otter's legs with the shaft of the toy pressed firmly along her slit, tip pressing up into her with the side squeezing against her clit. Hayley watched as she bit her lip, and squeezed her eyes shut, and pulled in another gasp... and then jerked shakily a few more times in the open air, the throes of her orgasm rippling through her and pulling that breath back out of her in a few higher, heavier moans.

Just that one go wasn't enough for the wolf, though: she kept the toy in place, rubbed it against herself a little more smoothly, brought it up to focus right beneath that little point of glistening flesh – then gritted her teeth, swallowed, sucked in yet another breath, and finally shuddered again, the first spray of a maybe-accidentally-emptied bladder arcing out across the otter's bare belly. A moment spent in catching her breath before she let it resume, shaky legs beneath her causing the stream to wobble over Hayley's body and drip off onto the blankets and mattress beneath her.

Thing was, she couldn't remember Major being a squirter. The otter writhed where she was bound, that intense wet heat quickly soaking through her fur and to the skin beneath, coursing down and around the curves of her chest and beneath her breasts... and since she could only breathe through her nose, the sharp, dry scent of that piss filled her mind, reinforcing the electric shivers that buzzed through her abdomen from the vibrator's touch moments before. Major kept her lips spread apart with two fingers and the toy held off at an angle, other paw braced against the otter's leg again to help keep her raised up into the air while she continued to drain herself across her body, apparently trying to soak as much of her chest as she could.

Hayley could do nothing but squirm around and take it, and even then, whenever she raised up off the bed some of that mark dribbled down and pooled beneath her, for her to settle back into. She so, so wanted to raise up and grind against that vibrator, so tantalizingly close to her, but these damn ropes wouldn't let her.

"It's okay, don't worry..." Letting her stream dwindle down to a steady dribble, Major rubbed that pair of fingers between her lips for a moment, and then yet again brought those to her muzzle. A drop of piss rolled down the side of her finger right before her tongue came up along the side; Hayley could feel those last few drops add to the already thoroughly-soaked fabric of her panties, spreading a delicious wet warmth across her. "I was gonna wash these sheets tonight anyway. Oh, wait – you didn't cum yet, did you?"

Major lowered herself back down against Hayley's body, leaning in close again, and rested the vibrator right up against her through her panties. Already buzzing with arousal and desire and need, the otter's eyes fluttered shut and she tugged against her bonds, knees trying to cross, teeth threatening to pierce into the material of the gag. Each breath started to come with a voiced moan underneath, and she



worked her hips, and humped, and grinded, and felt the pressure and bright pleasure building up, especially with the way that Major nuzzled and circled her tongue around her nipple again, skin warmed and wetted by the same piss that soaked her fur and dripped down her body, and... *then* it came.

It was the same sort of electric jolts that shot through her so many times earlier in the night, though this time, they didn't go away. Intense, focused pleasure rippling out from right there between her legs, causing her entire body to tense up and squeeze together, forcing her to pull in a deep breath through her nose – which meant that Major's scent flooded her senses even more sharply than before. Hayley bit down on the gag and moaned, moaned again, and again; she pressed as firmly up into the toy as the ropes would allow, and even then, they strained in place around where Major had tied them to the bed.

Hayley definitely *was* a squirter, too, and she could feel it beneath the pressure of the toy and the confines of her panties. Sudden wet heat spurting out between her legs, warming her thighs, dripping down towards the base of her tail and against the bed beneath her... and as Major held the vibrator in place through the tail end of her orgasm, the otter lowered herself shakily back down, twitching and pulsing, feeling the full effects of the night's teasing.

"*There* it is..." Major rumbled, and left one more kiss right against the front of Hayley's breast. As she lifted herself up she switched the vibrator off, but didn't put it away: without even looking at it, she brought it to her muzzle and slid it in, lips pursed and tongue cupped to clean it off, bearing both of their scents. "See? That wasn't so bad, was it?"

The first thing to come off was the gag, followed by the ropes around her wrists. Hayley rubbed at them; silk *was* nice, but it could still cut in through her fur a bit. Especially with the way she'd been tugging near the end there. "You can be a real bitch, you know."

There was that grin again. Major chuckled. "What? I'm just seeing what it's like to be you, when you're playing with one of your boys. You tie him up, you ride him close to crazy, you piss on him. I thought about leaving you tied up there while I go do errands, but I really *should* get things cleaned up before the mattress gets stained. Besides, you *did* lose the game. We were only playing by your rules." After undoing her footpaws, Major leaned in across the bed and bumped her nose against Hayley's cheek, then moved up to place a kiss there. "*I* had fun, at least."

"Your breath smells like piss."

"Oh, *someone's* a sore loser. Come on, get up. I need to wash the sheets."

Hayley looked down at her legs. A very noticeable pool of faint yellow had gathered right there beneath her body. "I don't think I'm able to stand up right now."

"Oh my God. Gimme your arms. I'll drag you."

"But I'm covered in piss!"

"You think I care? And you're an *otter*, you're used to being wet. Come on..."

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Some forty minutes, a shower, and at least two more orgasms later, Hayley flumped down into a chair in Major's living room, totally naked other than the towel wrapped loosely around her lower body. Good thing she hadn't planned on going home tonight anyway; as she'd expected, her legs could hardly behave tonight, and she wasn't certain that her mind was in a place suitable for driving anyway. After spending a few moments with her head leaning back against the chair and mouth hanging open in quiet, tired panting, though, she looked down at her phone, hit the power button...

*1 new text message.* She spent a moment reading over it; it was from the hyena she'd originally planned to meet tonight, asking if she was open tomorrow night.

Hayley licked her lips. "Hey Major?"

Moment of silence, followed by the rattling noise of the washing machine turning on. From down the hall towards the laundry room: "Yeah?"

"Would you mind if we have company tomorrow?"