

When you're the one behind the bar working and pouring the drinks, of course you're going to get propositioned. Never just once a night, too, even if your shift is only for two or three hours after you get out of class for the day... and depending on how much of those drinks they already have in them, sometimes you get multiple offers from the same person. Usually it's pretty easy to just roll your eyes and shrug, or pretend you didn't hear them, or give them that one certain look – I'm still working on it; it doesn't come naturally to me – but sometimes...

Sometimes it can get a bit tough. Like when it's a German shepherd twice your age who smells of cigarette smoke and old leather. Or a tall spotted hyena woman who you could *swear* has something extra underneath her skirt, and it's not underwear. Or an *elf*, which you don't really see too often, all blonde hair eyes that seem to glow as bright as the neon signs hanging in the windows.

Or, like tonight, a trio of wolves all leaning on one another and talking among themselves in the familiar back-and-forth you get from brothers who'd grown up together. One of them came up and slouched at the bar, a loud bark of a laugh bouncing from his lips after something one of his companions said to him – and then he spun around, caught my eye, and asked for three shots of Fireball. Just, straight. Not *too* unusual, sure, but enough for me to raise an eyebrow.

Then I raised my other when he knocked them back, one, two, three, and gave enough of a reaction suitable for if he'd just drunk lukewarm tap water. His eyes, reflecting all of the bright lights here inside the bar against the general darkness of the place itself, lingered on my muzzle for a moment before they ran down what of my body he could see over the bar, and then made their way back up. Then he licked his lips, swallowed again, and tapped two of his empty glasses for a refill.

"If you're trying to impress me..." I began, lifting the bottle. About halfway down by now, a good part in thanks to wolf right here.

He tossed back that fourth shot even before I'd finished refilling the other, and flicked his broad pink tongue over his dark-furred muzzle again. "I don't need to impress you," he said, in a voice just loud enough to come across over the music. His ears flicked as one of his brothers sidled in alongside him, resting an elbow along the lacquer-topped bar. "That's not how it works."

The new wolf jerked a thumb at the other, and waited for me to look up at him to smile. A good head and a half taller than myself. "My older brother James here thinks you're a cutie."

The cap of the bottle squeaked a little as I twisted it back on. Not too tightly, though: I might have to pour another two goddamn shots. "Oh. Is that right?"

The one sitting, James, lightly smacked the other with the back of his hand; the brother bounced a half-step back and chuckled under his breath. Those eyes remained on me throughout it, though. "*Brian*. I was gonna tell him – I had this whole thing planned out..."

I leaned my hip in against the bar from the other side and tilted my head. The third brother hung back a bit, though obviously kept his eye over here. "Yeah? What'd you have in mind, puppy?"

For the first time since they'd settled on me, those eyes flashed, and for a moment a shock of hot nervousness flicked through my heart. Sometimes you thought you got a feel for what kind of person responds to which kinds of flirting, and for a moment I thought I'd messed up – here I am, slim skinny

otter calling a wolf who looks like he regularly bench-presses twice my weight ‘puppy’. James lifted that fifth shot to his lips, though, and slowly sipped it down, all the while leaning his weight on his elbows.

“I was *thinking*,” he rumbled, that glass kept in front of muzzle, “that I’d come over here, get these drinks from you... share the last one or two.”

“You don’t look like you need some of that liquid confidence.” He kept his paw where it rested even as I reached out to take the glasses back from him, which meant that my finger brushed against his. So *warm*. “Or were you trying to get me buzzed enough so I’d go home with you? That’s a bit scummy, y’know.”

“Pssh. No. The booze’d be to make you more... receptive.”

I half-turned and leaned against the bar again, rubbing down one of the glasses with the cloth. “Just diggin’ that hole deeper, hon.”

“Yeah,” the other brother murmured, “that *does* sound pretty bad...”

But he stopped when James growled at him. “*More receptive* to seeing my balls and sheath dropped along the edge of this table.”

That made me roll my eyes and scoff. Still, though, he kept that gaze level on me when I turned back to him. “I’ve heard every variation of *I’ve got a big dick*, you know. You’ll have to do better than that.”

So he just nodded at his brother. “What if he does it for me?”

I opened my mouth to come back with *Does what? Shows me his dick?* but – then they demonstrated. James stood up, busied himself with undoing his belt, licked his lips again... and then Brian, the other wolf, was the one who reached over and tugged those jeans partially down, then did the same for his plaid boxers. Then he reached right in and hefted his older brother’s heavy sack and fat sheath out, right onto the edge of the bar, and kept his paws there for a moment longer than anyone else might have. Hell, even *touching* his brother was already more than that.

Really didn’t help that it was a *good* looking sheath, too; soon I found that I was the one swallowing and licking my lips, and it took effort to tear my eyes away and focus them back on his muzzle. The glass in my paw ended up forgotten for those several seconds. “Okay. I’m-” Then I caught a whiff of the scent drifting up off that sack and sheath, and the little point of red flesh coaxed out from his brother’s touch. Obviously strong and rich, though a bit muted at this distance... I had to swallow again, and pressed my weight a little more firmly against the edge of the bar. “-interested. I’m gonna...”

Just then the third brother strode up and stood between the other two, resting his arms on each of their shoulders – before his nose twitched and looked down to see James’s package sitting right there along the bar. It’d probably leave a damn grease stain that I’d have to clean before I go home tonight. A few of the other patrons had noticed, too; out of the corner of my eye I could see them leaning over, trying to get a better look at what had so captivated their bartender’s attention.

“Ugh,” that third brother said, with a roll of his eyes. “*That’s* how he decides to tell you you’re cute?”

James slid a few of his own fingers underneath that heavy sack and gave it a heft, thumb hooked back behind his sheath. "Well, it worked, didn't it? Look at his face."

Couldn't help but look down between the other brothers' legs, too, trying to judge their relative sizes through their pants. After a moment I placed the half-cleaned glass back down against the surface of the bar and leaned in a little closer. Remember how I said that sometimes it could be hard to say no? "What d'y'all want? I finish my shift here in about... twelve minutes. Can it wait 'til then?"

"That's perfect," rumbled James, leaning back to slide his equipment off the bar and zip back up. The wolf in between the other two rolled his eyes again and reached a paw out across towards me; I took it and shook it.

"Hi," he said, quietly. "I'm Eric. I apologize for my older brothers' behavior. They can be a bit crude."

After shaking, I swung my finger over the three of them. James had turned to leave, with Brian slowly walking backwards so he could keep an eye on me. "So," I murmured, only loud enough for Eric to hear, "is this, like, a three-for-one deal? I *assume* that the thing he wants me to do is that fat fuckin' sheath of his?"

"Three for one. You got that right." He turned around and leaned back against the bar, elbows propped against the surface. Between the three of them, this one smelled the least of booze – though I could still pick up a faint musk similar to what had tickled and stuck in my nose after James... *unloaded his cargo*. "S how it usually goes. And – yeah, probably. Our usual hookup cancelled; he had a... a date, with a girl he met recently. James is the oldest..." Eric shrugged. "He's the biggest. Sometimes he starts a conversation with the story about how he made me drink a glassful of his cum."

That perked my ears. "Excuse me?"

"Oh, yeah. He and Brian would have this whole thing, where he'd just grab someone's shot glass on the way over, and he'd hold it up and would be all *one time my older brother filled this thing to here with his load, and then our little brother Eric chugged the whole fuckin' thing down...* it's pretty good. Pretty good."

I mean. I've played with twins before, but *three* brothers? Someone down the line tried to flag me down, and I gave them the *wait one minute* finger. "Wait. So did you?"

"Hell yeah I did! It was awesome, too. Aah – anyway, look, they're... wantin' me to come along. There's an alley out back of this place, right?"

"Yeah." As I started to slide my way back down the bar to the other patron, I pointed in its direction. "Out that way, between here and the bookstore. Why?"

Eric grinned, winked, and pointed at me. "Meet us there when you get off your shift."

Well. Longest twelve minutes of my life. I don't know what it was about those wolves that got me going like this, especially when I'd already gotten some good action just last night; despite this I still found myself floating off into my own thoughts, imagining what it'd be like to dig my nose up between those balls and that sheath, or grind back and feel its heat under my tail while one or both of the other

brothers let their weight down on my muzzle and my tongue. Hell, I hardly even bothered to make sure the shift after me made it in before I'd gotten my things together and slid out the door, pants already feeling a bit tighter.

Cool night tonight, though it certainly would not stay that way for long. Out front, the buildings across the street rose into the smooth blue-black night sky, the tall windows reflecting back the yellowish light of the occasional car going by on the street. Probably not good to look that way first and then down around the corner into the alley, entirely unlit and bordered on both sides by high, impassable brick walls.

Steeped in thick shadow, old trash, used condoms – of course the four of us wouldn't be the only ones to use this alley as a place for a quick fuck, probably not even just tonight – and off behind one of the dumpsters, the light rustling of soft fur and quiet panting. I perked my ears and stepped a little quicker, trying to keep my eyes wide open to see them in the shade of night. Only then did I realize, *hey*, maybe this was a bad idea. Three wolves, all much larger and stronger than myself, luring me out into a back alley with the promise of dick-

"I never caught your name."

That deep voice made me jump and spin around. Leaning up against the other wall was James, pants already unbuttoned and unzipped again, fat balls and plump sheath waiting out in the cool night air for me. I glanced behind myself again: one of the other brothers – Eric, maybe; I hadn't gotten a good enough look at them to tell them apart – was on his knees in front of the other, muzzle bobbing slowly along his hard cock. They both opened their eyes and looked at me, and the one having his dick sucked licked his lips and nodded.

"Lukas." I swallowed and turned back to James. Hard to keep my eyes on his face and not on that sheath.

He nodded, then casually reached down and adjusted himself with one paw. I licked my lips again. "Lukas... I hope you don't mind, I've had more than a bit to drink tonight..."

"Oh, that's..." Couldn't take it anymore. I closed the distance between us in another step and a half and dropped to my legs so I could get right to work, bringing both my paws up to weigh those balls for myself, and feel the slick, supple skin of that sheath as it rolled back across the tip of his cock... and there was that scent again, stronger, richer. If I hadn't already been hard, that definitely would've gotten me there; I spent a moment with my lips pursed against the slick surface of his cock as it slid slowly out, then moved back to continue speaking. "That's fine. I don't mind."

"I'm just saying." He adjusted how he stood, so he could lean back against the wall. "I'm gonna end up having to piss here soon, and don't expect me to take the fuckin' time to pull outta your muzzle and hit the bathroom."

"You won't have to."

That was the last thing to come out of my mouth before I then filled it with his shaft, first by dragging my tongue up along the underside of his revealed length and then wrapping my lips around the tapered end. No drinking on shift, but they never said anything about drinking *after*. While slowly working my

way down along his length, keeping my lips pursed and tongue cupped, I kept an eye up on his muzzle: he rested his arms behind his head and pushed off from the wall a little bit, thrusting his hips forward just as I made my way further down on him.

Thick, though. That was something I found out pretty darn quickly, his thick cock filling my muzzle even before I could feel his tip at the back of my throat. Such intense, wet heat, slick with arousal and with the lingering musk from his day... a taste that would doubtless linger on my breath for a while. Even more so once I drain him and then drain him again, probably. That was the thought that stuck in my head the strongest, even after I slid back and started to swirl my tongue around his tip; let's get this over with so I can get a good taste.

Not that I wasn't enjoying what was currently going on, of course. One paw remained at the base of his cock and the lip of his sheath, pair of fingers and thumb rolling that slick skin back and forth, while I kept my other down beneath his heavy balls. Cum probably wouldn't go well in any mixed drinks, would it? My eyes drifted shut as I slid my way back down again, swallowing down a spurt of salty pre, with Brian's – or was it Eric that had stayed after to talk to me? I'd already forgotten – little story still on my mind. Glassful of cum from his brother, chugged right down... I guess seeing the two of them just behind me, one on his knees doing exactly what I currently was on James, shouldn't have surprised me after that story. And, I guess it didn't, too much. I've seen some wild things.

What *did* surprise me, though, was the sudden feeling of warm paws on my back, first sliding up my fur underneath my shirt and then moving back down towards my tail, and from there wrapping around my belly to work at my pants fly from behind.

"Three for one." That was Eric, for sure. I could feel the heat of his shaft, not quite as thick as James's between my lips but still certainly something to brag about, pressing up against the side of my tail once he'd pulled my pants halfway down my thighs. "Well. Two for one. Brian likes to watch. He'll get his go..." ...and he pulled his hips back, sliding a paw down beneath the base of my tail.

Gentle fingers, just as slick with saliva as the cock tip I'd expected, pressed up against the center of my tailhole and then spread out towards the rim, tugging me open just enough for my body to instinctively clench back against it – and it was right in the middle of that clenching that he started to push his middle finger up into me, slowly against the straining and squeezing, just enough for me to feel. A little bit of wiggling, a little bit of forward-and-back while I couldn't really make much sound due to the thick, slick meat keeping my jaw stretched open as wide as it could.

Normally I'm not really big on fingers. The way *he* did it, though... already a bunch of different sensations muddled my thoughts and kept my mind buzzing, and maybe it was due to him lifting my rump up into the air with that finger buried inside me at the very same time that his older brother did the same to my head with his cock, but it felt *good*. He'd slid himself in up to the knuckle before I even really realized it, with the feeling of the rest of his paw bringing me there.

"Ooh," the younger wolf rumbled, and drew his finger back. Another pressed up alongside it, teasing at pushing its way in as well. "Not exactly tight, but feel that *squeeze*..."

Then there was another heat angling up beneath my tail, the more familiar point of a canid cock lining up against the rim of my tailhole, held partially open by that one finger – and, *god*, I wanted to get

fucked. I moved back off of the older brother's length again and pushed my nose down into his pubic fur, just as hot as the rest of him and slightly damp with sweat. Scent made my head swim just a bit.

"Yeah. Brian will for sure get his turn. Once I fill you up, of course."

Wouldn't have to try hard to get that done. The so-familiar feeling of a thick canid cock sinking up into my tailhole pressed into my body next, and caused me to pull in another deep breath through my nose buried against the base of James's sheath, and to dig my fingers into his muscular thighs near my muzzle. Out of the corner of my half-closed eyes I could see the third brother come up and lean against the wall beside the oldest, wiping his mouth with one paw and slowly stroking himself with the other.

"You're not on break," James rumbled, and tapped a claw against my head. "Get back to work."

I just can't tell a customer 'no'. While Eric continued to press up into me and fill me with that slick, heavy need to take more, I took one more breath of his older brother's musk, swallowed it down, and then drew my tongue all the way up from his base to his tip so I could dive right back down. That claw on my head soon turned to a full-fingered grip, light but still domineering in how he guided my actions and my movements, pushing me down each time he thrust forward, pulling me back whenever he did the same. I couldn't help but scrunch up my face every time this thick cock of his pressed as deep as it could into my muzzle and my throat, his just-as-impressive balls swinging forward with his rhythm but not quite knocking against my chin. Good thing, too – they might just break my jaw.

Another set of sharp lupine claws started to dig into my hips, pushing my pants further down my legs. "Ooh..." Eric breathed, tilting up under my tail with a palpable throb. He'd gone slow and steady, tip to knot, definitely there but not at its fullest. Part of me already wanted to reach back, dig a few fingers in alongside his shaft, and stretch myself open until that knot ended up buried inside of me as well... not yet, though. I still hadn't yet gotten used to the thickness of *just* his shaft. "Fuckin' good, Lukas... won't take me too long to blow if you're feeling like this..."

That would be acceptable too. Fuck me nice and good, empty his balls into me... move aside for Brian over there to take his turn. One guy's cum often made for great lube for the next; I knew that from experience. Meanwhile, James's paw had shifted from my head to my chin and muzzle, thumb wrapped underneath and fingers around my snout, keeping my lips squeezed around his shaft as he thrust into my muzzle in the same slow, steady pace that his younger brother had started at my backside. It was all I could do to keep my own arms beneath me, paws spread against the dusty alleyway ground to keep myself up between the two of them.

I could definitely feel what Eric meant, too, when he said that he wouldn't last long. Tip to base, base to tip, each thrust long and deep and hungry, punctuated both by the squeeze of his knot against the rim of my tailhole and by another throb I could feel. He definitely wanted to push that knot into me, too: as he drifted further and further into the arms of his pleasure, he started to lean over me as well, and churn his hips against my rump at the end of each thrust in attempts to grind that fat knot past my ring. For what I could past the thick shaft pumping between my lips and rhythmically cutting off my breathing, I tried to wriggle and slide and push back against Eric to help him out a bit.

You know that feeling when you can tell it's working? That kind of slick, wet grab and slide and sink? Each thrust, I got that feeling from the wolf behind me while he pounded away at me, fingers wrapped around my hips close to my own bouncing hard cock, but not quite touching me. That was fine: it just

wouldn't do if I went and got tired out so early on. James still had his paw on my muzzle guiding my movements, though he'd shifted his other down to rub at his sheath and cup his balls as he fucked my muzzle in the same way, his face above showing the strain and growing pleasure of his own actions. Hopefully he'd give me a warning: if his load was as big as everything else on him, I think I'd have trouble with it.

Eric posed no real problems at least, as the youngest brother. Still one of the thicker cocks I've had under my tail, but it wasn't like I was out of practice or anything; at one point I started more easily pressing back against him with his rhythm, especially once I could feel and hear the imminence of his orgasm. Right around that time the third brother came forward, too, reaching down underneath me and wrapping his paw around my cock – which actually startled me; I'd almost forgotten he was there, between the two others on my tongue and under my tail – and stroked my belly with his other.

Eric's claws dug again into my hips, this time breaking skin by the feeling of it, and the wolf sucked in a sharp breath, straightened up and arched his back, bucked against me a few times... and didn't *quite* force his knot into me as he came. If he'd been a second and a half earlier, then maybe, but no luck here. He let that breath out in a few low, shuddering moans, each one coming with another much-softer thrust against me, and then he leaned further over me... but didn't release his grip from my hips. In fact, he actually tightened it a little bit, making me squeeze my eyes shut even tighter than James's cock already made them.

Just *why* Brian had started feeling my belly didn't come clear until just then, though. Even James pulled back so that only his tip remained in my lips, and for a moment I swirled my tongue around it... and then started to *feel* why. Eric let out another breathy moan, this one longer and lighter and considerably more relieved, and also released his tight grip on my hips – right as I started to feel a few hot spurts deep inside of me. Not the thick, heavy throbs of cum being unloaded, no: the faster, shorter sprays of a full bladder in the process of emptying itself, the heat and pressure filling out my insides coming into my awareness first.

Just that feeling in itself made me have to move the rest of the way back off of the oldest brother's length and push my nose into his pubes again, taking deep, shivering breaths as Eric continued to drain himself into me. "*There it is,*" Brian chuckled, and patted my belly a few times – which caused some of that fresh piss to squirt out my tailhole, still stretched and squeezing around the other brother's cock, and drip down the back of my sack into a small puddle beneath me. That happened again and again if I released the tension in my tailhole, too, and judging by the way that Eric just pushed forward into his own mess, I guess he didn't really mind.

I certainly didn't. One by one he pricked his claws back out of my hips and, with a low laugh similar to Brian's, tugged himself slowly back out of me – until he popped free with another rush of his piss leaking out of my slightly-stretched tailhole, before I managed to squeeze back around it. I still had my nose against James's sheath, drawing in unsteady breaths through parted lips while he slowly stroked himself above my muzzle.

"I just figured," Eric said, panting, "that if *you* get to use him for a urinal, why can't I? Hey, Bri, you up next?"

"You bet to hell and back I am..." the middle brother rumbled, with one more pat to my belly – I wonder if it'd ballooned out at all; it certainly felt like if I stopped clenching, I'd leak out like an untied water

balloon squeezed at the middle – and squeeze to my cock, before he stood and made his way around me. “I’ve been looking forward to this all night. And now that you’ve started to stretch him out...”

Another gasp and electric shock of mixed pleased and discomfort shot through my body, though that discomfort quickly faded and turned to a deeper, needier want. I let out a soft moan into James’s pubes and rubbed my muzzle against his groin, letting my tongue hang out and roll up along the smooth skin of his sack, lifting his balls just a bit before dropping them back down.

“...I intend to take him the rest of the way.”

He certainly did. Tip to base in one steady push, much faster than Eric’s first, and then base to tip and back again. He kept his paws on my rump instead of at my hips, thumbs reached in towards the base of my tail so he could stretch me open as he pounded his way in, every now and then with another spray of his little brother’s piss leaking out across his shaft and the bulge of his knot, steadily slamming its way against my abused ring and pushing *just* slightly further in with each thrust.

Felt good. Felt so good. I actually didn’t notice the shaky squeezing of James’s paw on my chin until I looked up, and noticed he’d squeezed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth – and I managed to close my lips around his tip just in time for the second spurt of his load to empty into my mouth, hot and thick and bearing the noticeable astringency of a good amount of alcohol. Of course I swallowed each spurt down, though, even as they threatened to push their way from my lips with their volume like Eric’s piss from my tailhole.

“Not done yet...” the big wolf growled, his paw stroking what of his length remained out of my lips. All I could hear was his few words, Eric’s lingering panting, the occasional car going by on the road outside, and then the steady slapping of Brian’s hips against my soaked rump and thighs. “Give me... just a moment, and I’ll get you your five shots of whiskey back...”

I squeezed around Brian’s cock as he tried to force his knot inside of me again, which earned a gasp and a grunt out of him followed by another smooth tug backwards, then another push in. He kept his thumbpads right at the rim of my tailhole, rubbing softly over the flesh slickened with saliva, with pre, with cum, with piss, and tried to pull and hold me open... until that knot finally *did* push its way into me. I’d played with knotted toys several times before, and there’s *definitely* a certain feeling when that knot finally makes its way in. There’s no “if” or “maybe” about it: you know it when it happens. And it definitely happened here.

That very feeling made me jerk and let out a surprised “Ah!-” which, wouldn’t you know, was perfect for what came next. Smooth arc of fresh piss from a still-hard shaft spraying out against the roof of my mouth, catching me by surprise by not enough for me to accidentally inhale any of it. As soon as I felt that heat and tasted that rich, salty musk, I closed my mouth again around his tip and let him fill my cheeks out before I swallowed it down. That filled my head and my nose with the swirling spice of his mark, and I didn’t have time to moan or to think between drinking down what he gave me – and though I could still feel the sting, tug, pop, press, sting of Brian working my tailhole around his knot, it felt further away for a moment.

At least until that knot started to swell, even between his forceful tugs and pushes. No point in clenching around him anymore to keep his brother’s mark inside of me: a bit more splashed out and made that puddle beneath me grow every time he yanked his knot free from my tailhole, and it remained gaped



open around his shaft for the short quarter-second before he forced it right back in. James continued to empty himself into my muzzle with no sign of slowing or stopping, and before long I had to open my mouth and let that hot mark flow down out of my muzzle and along my chin, coughing and spluttering a bit with a missed swallow. My tongue sizzled and tingled as if I'd just licked the inside cavity of a jalapeno, and I felt almost lightheaded from the richness of the scent – even though it came out almost clear. He'd *really* gotten his drink today, I guess.

Still, though, James didn't miss a beat with me coming back off his cock. With his paw still in place at the base of his sheath, he angled his still-hard length up over my muzzle so that that stream splashed against the back of my head and neck and flowed down my shoulders, quickly soaking through the fabric of my shirt. Such intense, concentrated heat against the cool of the night, combined with the similar growing heat under my tail of the stretched muscle. Brian gasped, and swallowed, and with considerable effort forced his way inside me once more, and my body reflexively clenched back around the base of his cock past his knot – or at least, clenched as much as the muscles could.

That last squeeze forced him to double over my body too, far enough so that his own muzzle almost got caught beneath James's stream; if Brian hadn't pulled back up right after, I think his older brother might've adjusted his aim, too. His entire body pulsed and shivered with his orgasm, hot thick cum spurting out into the piss that still churned and sloshed in my belly, and I think he almost fainted in pulling his swollen knot free from my tailhole.

I'd heard and I'd read that too much pressure and focus on a poor canid's swollen knot especially right after he cums can stimulate him enough to lose control of his bladder, too. I'd poked around with it a few times, especially with another wolf friend of mine, but... this right here proved that to be true, at least with Brian: the first thing to wash over me, other than another little burst of pain from his claws digging in alongside the spot where his little brother's did, was a burst of his piss right across the base of my tail and lower back.

The stream trickled off soon after it began, though with some effort and some pushing he managed to start it back up again, and maintained it. Through the fog and the buzz in my head, I could just barely make out the sound of Eric chuckling to himself where he leaned against the wall near his older brother, and James still wiping the underside of his cock against my muzzle as *his* stream tapered off to a finish, the last few hot sprays of his mark coming out across my face and dripping down my fur.

Felt much the same on the other end of my body, too, with Brian keeping himself nestled between my rump and the base of my tail as he went. No regard for the shirt I still wore, or my pants hanging halfway down my thighs; this pool beneath me, first dribbled out of my tailhole, widened with the middle brother's added mark as it splashed down across the ground beneath me. He grinded slowly against me as he did so, too, and started to slide one of his paws up towards my tail... I thought he was going to push himself into me and finish up by filling my belly again, but instead he just dug a pair of fingers easily past my stretched ring and pulled me open, right up to that point of *ow, that's a bit too far* – which meant that I could not squeeze shut around those fingers, as much as I tried. Which in turn meant that Eric's mark just continued to flow out of me and soak the fur of my sack and through my pants beneath me. Just as hot as when he'd first empty it inside of me.

"Lookit that..." he cooed, and slid those fingers further in to the knuckle. I'd had my own fingers under my tail when I'd gotten stretched out like this, and – even when clenching, I could hardly feel a thing. Just hot, soft, slick flesh all around, thoroughly wet with lube or spit or whatever. Piss, in Brian's case. So

much piss. I licked my lips and swallowed, refreshing the taste of James in my mouth, and nuzzled up along that same cock still throbbing gently against my muzzle. "Filled to bursting, aren't ya? I hope you're not gonna be walking home, 'cause..." ...and here he pulled me open again, then slid himself further down and just barely rested his tip against my gaping rim. I could both hear and feel his piss, then, as it coursed freely down inside of me, then bubbled back up and flowed out even as he continued. "...you're gonna *reek* of wolf. Already do."

I managed another swallow, and drew my tongue up along James's cock. The big wolf smirked down at me as he rubbed between my ears. "Won't be the first time."

Slowly, Brian's stream dribbled to a stop, and he tapped himself against my tailhole again. Instead of finishing with that, though, he angled himself down again and slowly slid back in, slicker and wetter now with both his own and his brother's piss dripping from my stretched backside and spread along his length. A little gasp, a little grunt, a bit of a push paired with both of his thumbs again pulling along my rump, and he hilted himself inside of me again, fat knot taking just a bit more pressure to squeeze its way in past my ring; that caused him to twitch and throb and spurt out the last of his piss, this one powerful enough for me to feel in my attempted clenching.

He panted as though he had his tongue lolling out of his mouth then, and remained buried inside me and in the hot mix of cum and piss for a little while before he tugged himself free again, one rough tug pulling his knot free and then a slow, steady pull back of the rest of his length, making me shiver all over. If my jaw weren't already sore, and if I was more confident I'd be able to turn myself around without both losing the rest of that piss from my tailhole *and* falling down on shaky arms and legs, I'd offer to clean him up with my tongue.

Before I could do anything, though, James tapped his own shaft against my muzzle again, suddenly flooding my senses again with his musk. The rest of my thoughts left my head. "So," he began, and stroked himself from base to tip; one last drop of piss rolled out and over his fingers. "This covers our tab, right?"

"Mmh." Any more of that pounding and I might've emptied my own balls and bladder as well. That happens sometimes when you take something about as wide around as a clenched fist, like a knot: you hit your peak, your cum, but nothing actually comes out until it's outside of you again, and then the next push stacks on so much more pressure, and next thing you know you're doubled over against the wall making a mess on the carpeted floor beneath you, since no matter what, you just can't keep yourself down enough to stop your cock from leaking your piss, with this eight-inch toy and fat knot tied under your tail, and-

"Should we offer him a ride home?" That was Eric, still leaning against the wall, still with his own equipment hanging out in the cool night air. His cock had retreated back into his sheath about halfway, the bulge of his own knot clearly showing beneath the skin. "He looks tired."

"I think if we give him a ride, he'll *want* to ride. All of us." Brian chuckled again and grinded against my backside, fur soaked through with piss. Hell, *I* could start to smell myself, and I'd had my nose buried in wolf pubes just a little bit ago. "I dunno about you guys, but I need to get up early for work tomorrow. James, I know you can get off while asleep, so-"

"I think he's had his fill." The big wolf breathed a soft laugh and tilted my head back with his paw; I swallowed, and gave a weak smile. "More than his fill. Any more and I think he'd burst. Besides, we know where to find him..."

At first it was hard to speak. How *would* I be getting home? I licked my lips. "You sure do. I work – Monday to Wednesday evenings, and then all day Saturday."

"Perfect. We'll be by Tuesday." He leaned in closer. "Wear a plug through your shift. *I* want to feel that ass of yours squeezing behind *my* knot next time."

Tired nod. I might not have the energy to finish myself off once I get home... though I guess I *would* need to hop into the shower before bed. "I can... do that."

That paw rubbed behind my ear. "Good. Thank you for your... excellent service tonight. We'll be seeing you again."

One by one, the brothers withdrew themselves and started back down the alley, leaving me shivering and panting above a pool of still-warm piss, and with my belly sloshing full of it from both ends. Again, though, it wouldn't be first time.

But this also wouldn't be my last. I wiped my mouth and managed to pull myself up, with effort. I guess I could call up a friend to take me home, since I certainly couldn't walk like this; knowing my luck, though, he might ask for a little something in return.

My night hadn't finished yet. But that wasn't a bad thing.