

The she-wolf ran her fingers along the spines of the shelved books, stretching off in either direction along the aisle as well as up above her head and down towards her footpaws. Hardcover interspersed with paperbacks, all sorts of widths and heights between the different series... and sometimes even within the same series. She smirked as her pads grazed along a one, two, three, four, five book series kept neatly in order on the shelf, the first two in hardcover, the third also hardcover but missing its dust jacket, then the fourth and fifth paperback and apparently produced by two different publishers, seeing how one had a good inch and a half on the other.

*Well*, she figured, *trust the fantasy section to be entertaining*. Ever since high school she'd had this unshakeable habit of every Thursday strolling through the library about a twenty minutes' walk away from her place, sometimes with an old book under her arm on the way there, just as often with a new one on the way back.

Today would be neither of those, though coming here had become basically ritual, as had stopping by the convenience store along the way to get a quick drink – especially as the seasons had continued to drag summer more fully around the area. *I was wondering when you'd show up today*, Tess, the clerk had said to her. That had sent a brief flash of embarrassment through the she-wolf; she hadn't realized it'd become *that* much of a routine, for them to recognize her on sight. *You've got your usual, I take it? Oh, wait – that's a large, isn't it?*

*Yep*, she'd answered, *it's hot out there today*. Thus the skirt, too: not usually her style, but it did help to not have thick jeans squeezing around her legs. She'd also done a bit of yard work before heading out, so that thirst hit her extra hard; she'd had to rush to finish the thing before striding into the library, as they'd gotten onto her for bringing a drink in at least three times before, and already she could somewhat feel the... *pressure* of that looming in.

That was alright, though. Tessa let her eyes flick across the books further up on the shelf, then drew her fingers along the edge of the bookcase to turn towards the next aisle. She'd just hit the bathroom on the way out, which wouldn't be too long from now since she didn't have to spend time thinking about which book she should pick up next. In that next aisle, a panther with fur shimmering violet in the lights above stood up on one footpaw to reach something on an upper shelf, her cutoff shorts coming well above that raised knee... and instead of bother with dealing with a stranger, Tessa adjusted her path to continue on to the aisle after that one.

Not today. Besides, there was always the chance that it wouldn't just be small talk, and she'd find herself roped into a conversation, and it seemed that the incessant pressure of a full-ish bladder always presented itself the strongest during conversations. Paw still following along the smooth wood of the bookcase, the she-wolf started to turn towards the next aisle – and then stopped.

*Wait a minute*. Slowly at first, then with more confidence, she turned right back around and slid into the one she'd passed, hopefully without being too suspicious. Here Tessa made more of a show of scanning through the books, reaching up on her toes to touch the ones along the top shelf and at the same time shooting small glances down towards that panther. She, too, tried to reach the upper shelf, though couldn't quite get there. Tessa swallowed: she recognized her, this panther.

But they'd never spoken before. The she-wolf crossed her arms, sighed, half-turned, turned back to the books, then turned fully and strode down the aisle.

“Hey, can I help you with that?”

The panther gave a small jump of surprise, then grinned, laughed nervously, settled back down onto her footpaws, and looked down towards the floor. “Oh. Yeah, uh – I’m trying to get the...”

Tessa reached up towards the top shelf, fingers splayed lightly across the spines. Bright green eyes in a muzzle nearly a full foot below her own flicked up to watch.

“No, not... no, the left... okay, the right... yeah. Yeah, that one.”

The she-wolf had to stand up on her toes again to tilt the book down. She flipped it over in her paws before handing it towards the other woman. “Have we met before?”

“Huh?” A little bite of the lip and faint frown, turning to satisfaction as the panther decided that this one was indeed what she’d been looking for. Then she turned those eyes up to the she-wolf again, muzzle having to angle up a bit this close. “Sorry, I don’t...” Another moment, mouth half-open in thought. “Wait. Yeah, I think so? From the... um...”

Tessa nodded her head in a random direction. “Convenience store down that way?” She’d always been bad with navigation.

Still, though, the panther’s eyes lit up a little brighter. She clutched the book to her chest. “Yeah! And the, um... coffee shop downtown, right? Daniot’s?”

That made something click in Tessa’s head. Arm still above her head, she rested against the bookshelf, and managed to suppress the jump that came from the books shifting in an inch or two. This panther had a beautiful sparkle to her eyes, and that violet fur... “I think you’re right.”

The panther smiled softly, and Tessa just smiled back. After a moment, though, she realized that neither of them were talking, and... perhaps a bit too quickly, she extended a paw. “Tessa.”

Those eyes flicked down, then back up again. If anything that smile... sharpened. “Shani. Good to meet you. Officially.”

“You know...” Soft, warm pads, yet she still had a firm grip. *What was I worried about, with getting into a conversation?* “All of those meetings were accidental. So...” Shrug. “How about you and I make it on purpose for once? Can I get you my number?”

Sometimes that approach worked, and sometimes it didn’t. This time... Shani’s shoulders scrunched up a bit, and she pulled her paw away from Tessa’s to cover her mouth in a sweet chuckle. “Man, you get right into it, don’t you? Sure, lemme just... get my...”

The wolf’s height advantage led her to notice two things right then, the first being that Shani took half a step back and kept her phone tilted down as if trying to hide something, and the *second*... she couldn’t help but raise her eyebrows to that one. The second thing certainly looked like a photo across the whole screen of the same lavender fur of the panther’s lower belly, in a slightly lower view than her shorts allowed. Just a quick flash, and the angle meant the colors looked odd, but it certainly seemed like the

shorts in that photo were tugged down at least halfway down her thighs with a flash of colored panties with them, one paw reached down below the belly button in the picture and obscuring-

Shani cleared her throat, swallowed, and pinched her lips together, though when Tessa shifted her eyes to the panther's muzzle, she could clearly see that the poor kitten didn't think to force her ears upright. Embarrassed, then. A fair reaction for someone almost getting caught with the evidence of yanking their pants down in a public library for the sake of a naughty picture.

"Here." Again Tessa's eyes shifted, this time down to the bright, clear screen before her nose. Just the *new contact* prompt this time. "Sorry. I was, um..."

*You sure were.* She tapped in her number, left *Tess* in the name field, and handed it back. "Hey, send me a text so I get yours, too?"

"Yeah. Sure." Quick recovery, too. Tessa knew from experience the nervous rush of excitement that came from nearly getting caught, and that avoiding mention made it... well, not *too* much better. But it did something. "...Um. Okay. There you go."

Lucky for Shani, Tessa had had her own experience with that not too long ago. She'd already pulled her own phone out of her pocket and was flicking through her photo gallery when it vibrated in her paw, with the *1 new message* notification poking down for a second. Finding what she was looking for, she tapped it, then the notification, then smirked at remembering that picture... and hit send.

"There *you* go." She crossed her arms, resting her weight onto her other leg away from the shelf, and waited for Shani to receive the message. A moment later she did, shown by another little jump and a perk of her ears; then she wet her lips, unlocked her phone...

...and softly-furred pink of her inner ears took on a noticeably rosier tint when the picture message widened out to show an excellent view of white-furred breasts let out to air from an unbuttoned top, one hefted and squeezed in a paw while a small group of people strode by in the background. *That* picture had been quite fun for Tessa to take, since she'd sat there along the lake pier with her front camera open for probably seven minutes straight waiting for just the right time, shirt already unbuttoned yet held shut with her free paw and watching for there to be just enough people to show she wasn't alone, instead of too large a crowd or none at all.

Shani licked her lips again, swallowed, did so *again*, and then timidly looked up at the she-wolf again. If anything, the grin Tessa gave her just knocked her further off-balance. "You know," the panther breathed, tail giving a few flicks behind her, "you don't... really *seem* the type to, uh..."

Starting to feel that same pressure teasing closer, Tessa shifted her weight to her other footpaw and shrugged, arms still crossed. "I mean, neither do *you*." She didn't have to focus to see the perk that that brought out of the cat. "But, then, we *did* just meet, so. Y'know. Although..." Here she leaned in over the smaller woman, smile widening when Shani fumbled to turn her phone screen off: she'd kept it open and had been staring at the photo. "Good picture, right? I could show you more in person if you'd like."

"More?" Rounded ears perked, Shani found the courage to look up at the wolf. "Wait. *Here?*"

“What, *now* you have a problem with it?” Tessa reached in, took Shani’s paw in hers, and then moved that towards her chest. This time she could watch the blush grow. “It’s the middle of the day on a weekday; there’s hardly anybody here. Though...” Slowly she pushed those soft pads down towards her belly, then turned Shani’s paw so that the tips of her fingers dipped beneath the waist of her skirt. “I *am* a bit... *messy*... if you get my meaning, and you know how libraries are about water damaged books. So maybe we should go out back, if you’re alright with getting showered.”

That brought another perk, brighter, fuller perk, and for the first time since taking her phone out, Shani made full eye contact. Cumming with a full bladder *did* feel quite spectacular, though more often than not when that happened, Tessa had trouble keeping the one release from splashing over into the other...

“Showered?”

...though this panther seemed like a woman who knew what she wanted. Tessa raised her eyebrows again.

“...Wait. Oh. You mean, um...” Swallow. As if just then realizing she still had her fingers against the outside of Tessa’s panties, the panther blushed again and gave a little pull. “Yeah. That’s – that’s alright. Out back? Do you know the way?”

Both excitement and that same pressure urged Tessa to take Shani’s paw again and swiftly pull her down towards the other end of the aisle, feeling the smaller panther nearly have to jog to keep up. Another wolf lifted his nose out of the book he was reading as the two passed by, blue eyes lingering on Tessa for a moment, before he realized that that was none of his business – which just made her smirk, muzzle turned his way again as she shouldered the back door open.

Being so daring and belligerent wasn’t *really* her thing – she’d only taken that picture at the lake because her ex-roommate had practically begged her to, but to be fair, he *did* have one of the best dicks she’d ever ridden – but she had to admit, there was some fun in the risk, in knowing that there might be someone *right there*. At first it had been tough to redirect the *oh shit, I’m about to get caught* nervousness into a more shivery, sweet *goddamn, I’m about to get caught* excitement, and sometimes she still got those feelings.

*Especially, she thought, when I’m about to toss my skirt over a stranger’s fuckin’ head and squeeze her between my thighs. It’ll look like someone spilled a goddamn drink on the sidewalk afterwards.*

If they thought to look, at least. Right outside the rear entrance of the library sat a dumpster, around which she dragged the panther before promptly pushing her down to her knees. “Normally I don’t wear skirts, but I sure am glad I did today...” the wolf cooed, half-lifting a leg up and reaching under to slide her panties to the side. In that instant she almost, *almost* gave into that pressure, having been a simple matter of course so many times before – this was a position she’d often taken with that past roommate, who had of course *also* been into that sort of shower – but Shani thought she’d been mistaken about Tessa’s implication.

Well, she had, at first. For Tessa, a full bladder led to wetter orgasms. That just made sense. After hearing *that*, though... it wouldn’t hurt to branch out a bit today.

One footpaw braced against the panther's shoulder, made easier by the wolf's height advantage, Tessa looked down past her arm and skirt tugged off to the side. Shani had her eyes fixed in place on what she had underneath, then licked her lips and swallowed again; then she looked up, flicked her ears as if startled, and looked down again.

"Are you *always* this confident?" was the last thing she said as she leaned in.

"Only if it's—" Then, a hot shiver rippled up the she-wolf's back, and she wobbled briefly. Warm breath, warmer tongue teasing out across her spread lips, dragging up the slick flesh and swirling around her clit... already she could tell that this wasn't the panther's first time. "...wanted, or needed."

Likely the former here; Shani seemed confident enough on her own. One or two partners the she-wolf had had under her footpaw needed her to spell out everything she wanted them to do, and really, that got tiring. Shani, however... Tessa shivered again and pushed down against the panther's shoulder, trying to bring herself closer to those tender lips and working tongue. She'd started that on her own, without Tessa having to grab between her ears and pull her down – though admittedly, doing that *did* lend itself well to some good, wet grinding.

As much as she would have liked to dive deep into the action, Tessa had to keep at least one ear perked and her eyes open, always flicking around the little pull-through that looped behind the library. From here beside the dumpster she could see the tail end of one street off to her right, then another to the left; directly ahead *would* have shown her a church, of all things, were it not obscured by a thick and well-kept hedge of closely entwined trees.

This position was good for starting, and it looked damn nice if anyone *were* to come by and see what they were doing, but before long Tessa could feel her leg shaking, her footpaw slipping along Shani's shoulder, her balance wobbling. So she reached down, braced a paw on the panther's head, pushed her back for a moment to change her stance, and then gave her a little tug back inwards. Those soft lips pursed and kissed right along her clit, then stepped down along her sensitive flesh kept spread by careful fingers, then came back up...

A pleased shiver rippling through her body caused the wolf to lose hold of her skirt, and she watched helplessly as it drifted down and hid the panther's head from view. Still, though, anyone who passed by – her ears flicked as a car drove by along the road to the right – would *obviously* know what was going on here, with one woman on her knees hidden beneath another's skirt, and the second shaking and panting and every now and then letting out a soft moan. Let them come, maybe; that might make for some fun. Tessa lowered herself down a little bit further, pressing herself forward against Shani's tongue as it started to swirl down from her clit again.

Each flick, though, each little lick and kiss and gentle suckle at that sensitive point of flesh, brought that same familiar pressure a little closer. Not the pressure of an approaching orgasm – not *this* time. This was the kind of pressure that made her legs try to cross, that made her tail wrap around her thigh and forced the muscles of her lower body to squeeze together in trying to keep it down. For a moment, she could feel Shani pull back, swallow down the wolf's taste since by now probably half of her muzzle bore the slickness of her arousal, then lean in again; this time, though, she kept her tongue curled gently underneath Tessa's clit, a moment later a pair of fingers rubbing up between her lips, finding her entrance, sinking slowly, sweetly in.

That caused another tightening, another shiver, another tense exhalation of breath... in to the knuckles, another flick of the tongue, a slow pull down. That next press in was what pushed her over the edge, though, Tessa now clutching the edge of her skirt to try to pull it up out of the way in time as she could feel it coming. Her sigh from that last push in turned into a breathy moan of needed relief, then, as the heat started to stream out of her, first trickling down between her lips and along those buried fingers before it quickly strengthened out into an arc, catching Shani by surprise and making her jump again. No room for her to move, not enough time: the panther's head shifted as she looked down at her chest, shirt already soaking through with Tessa's mark.

Then, though, she just leaned right back in to her original spot, nose pressed firmly beneath the wolf's belly button and tongue carefully cupped in place, her licks occasionally catching and breaking that stream, adding another, sharper taste and scent to what already soaked her chin and fur. Each one sent another shiver up Tessa's lower body, causing her hips to jerk forward and splash across Shani's neck and chest again.

Even from where she now leaned against the back brick wall of the library, legs awkward spread and skirt held half-raised in one paw, when the wolf managed to open her eyes she could see that Shani had one of her own paws between her legs as well, wrist gently working beneath the waist of those cut-off shorts. *That* much was out of her field of view, but – Tessa smirked, though it quickly melted into a sweeter slack-jaw of dribbling relief – she already knew that *that* would be soaked through, and then some. Poor Shani would have to go around the library, and hurry to her car.

Usually when she found herself in this position, standing above her partner with her bladder freely draining, the person between her knees tended to sit back and enjoy the shower and the show. Not Shani: with that one paw between her legs, she kept her other between Tessa's, fingers sliding smoothly back out of her so that she could pull one of her lips to the side with a thumb and lean in to suckle along her clit again, gladly taking her stream right against her chin – and still catching it every now and again with her licks, a few feeling too deliberate to not be intentional. And *that*, the continued sweet pleasure of a tongue dragging up and down, circling and swirling along her clit, occasionally flicking down and teasing lower, all the while the different pleasure of letting go still vibrated out of her... Tessa braced her other paw against the wall behind her and found herself starting to push forward and down, squeezing her thighs around Shani's head again, muscles squeezing and tightening, nearly pinching that stream off.

It did, at least for a moment. Then next thing she knew, she had both paws on the back of the panther's head keeping her between her thighs and was doubled over her, hips shaking and grinding – and then bucking as the hot, forceful enjoyment of her orgasm washed over her, shaking, shivering, jerking. She could feel Shani try to pull away, and could hear the muffled little grunts and pleased whimpers... and when the she-wolf's grip did recede, the panther tugged back and nearly wobbled onto her rump, openly panting and with a thicker coating of slick arousal dripping from her mouth, cheeks, chin, and lips.

She swallowed, reached up to wipe her mouth, swallowed again, and turned those green eyes on Tessa. "Jeez," the panther managed between panting, "you weren't... weren't *kidding* about a shower, I..." After adjusting her posture, she reached down with both paws to undo the fly of her shorts and slide a paw more easily in. With that, she gave a small buck upwards, and her eyes briefly fluttered shut. "*Mmh* – honestly wasn't expecting you... to..."

While she spoke, Tessa took the moment to catch her breath and run one of her wrists between her thighs. The fur there was indeed soaked, matted and dripping with both... she brought it to her muzzle, sniffed at it, closed her lips on the edge of her thumb... well, mostly just piss. Her legs felt unsteady, and as she reached down to set her panties back in place her eyes caught sight of someone walking along the sidewalk to the left, coming out from along the church. Hard to tell from here but it looked like a white fox, paw in one pocket and the other holding his phone, with his muzzle focused there... Tessa kept her paw between her legs just in case, nearly inviting that fox to look this way and see what was going on. She could've sworn that the library's back door opened in the middle of her peak, too, but she'd been a bit preoccupied there to pay too much attention.

When the wolf looked back down, Shani looked a bit preoccupied as well: leaning back on one paw with her other beneath her own panties, already-wet fabric clinging to the motions of her wrist and her fingers, and her shoulders periodically tightening up to give way to a shuddering, breathy moan. So she watched for a moment, idly sucking her own taste off of what had clung to her paw from that little touch...

...then leaned down, took the smaller panther by the shoulders, and swiftly hefted her to her feet and switched spots with her, pressing her firmly back against the wall and dropping to her knees before her. The panther showed a moment of surprise, grasping at the wall suddenly pressed against her back and reaching to hold her shorts up, though Tessa quickly took care of that: in just as short a time as it had taken for her to switch, she yanked those shorts and panties down over soft, slightly wet violet fur and licked her lips, looking in at her prize for the day.

Just as Shani did to her, then, Tessa slid a thumb up between those tender lips, circled her pad around her clit, then gently spread the panther. She looked up at Shani, who watched her in return – and then faltered when Tessa repeated the motion of her thumb, but with her tongue instead.

“My turn,” the she-wolf rumbled, and pressed her nose into the panther's fur right above that point of flesh. Long, deep licks over her dripping slickness, the end of the wolf's tongue curling briefly up into the panther every time she dove back down, and spending more than a share of time teasing and tasting her clit, showing her the same things that Shani had made her feel. The shaky legs, the twitching of the hips, the invisible weight bound around her waist and forcibly pulling her down, down to grind against the wolf's working maw... every now and then she pursed her lips and closed her mouth as well as she could on the panther, suckling gently, digging with her tongue, dancing over her spread lips, tasting both of them there.

Tessa could still feel the lingering shivers of her own peak, but still, she slid her other paw right back down beneath the waist of her skirt, ran her fingerpads through the clinging slickness there, rubbed her own clit between a pair of fingers, trailed them down a little further. Just as she slowly pressed one, two fingers into herself, she did the same for Shani, still working with her tongue and lips, moving to the side to suck along wet flesh, sliding down to add the teasing of her tongue to the feeling of her fingers pressing up into the panther.

The thighs around her head gave another twitch and tighten, echoed around her fingers. Tessa smiled, brought her tongue back into her maw, swallowed down the panther's taste again. All of these little noises and whimpers, the panting, the gasping... it looked as though Shani had her paw pressed firmly around her mouth and against her nose. Those would be the fingers that she'd had buried in Tessa just a few moments ago.

“Aah, *God...*” Another shiver, with Shani’s eyes fluttering shut. Tessa’s ears flicked back at the sound of another car driving by, seeming a bit too close and too slow to be on the main road, but she ignored it. “You’re... gonna make me...”

The she-wolf lifted herself up a little bit and brought her fingers out of herself, if only to rub along her clit before pressing them back in. She buried those of her other paw up to the knuckle in rhythm with Shani’s hips, nose kept in place against her belly and maw open, tongue flicking and catching along her clit. She closed her eyes, swallowed, let out her own shivering huff of breath... and felt the panther buck and jerk against her muzzle, and clench tightly around her fingers.

For a moment it almost seemed as though Shani would bring herself to her knees through that, and then even more so when Tessa leaned in for another wet kiss, relishing the taste of the panther’s arousal and pleasure, taking that last to push herself close to, balance along... and then ride over a second peak, her own body shaking with the feeling of it, the palm of her paw receiving another series of short sprays and soaking her panties even further.

Above her, Shani slumped against the wall, paw falling away from her mouth and the other already hanging limp at her side. “Haa... jeez, I wasn’t expecting... to...” She swallowed and watched Tessa as the wolf stood up. “I needed that.”

“Seemed like it.” She wiped her mouth, then slid those two fingers into her maw. “I did too.”

“Only one for you, though? Or was there...” The panther swallowed again. “...a second one in there while I was distracted? I expected you to be the type to wanna go for three...”

It took some effort to stand still, while her legs wanted to give out from under her. Tessa stretched her arms over her head, shivered again – she could *feel* the wetness of her panties against her skin – then walked over and leaned against the wall beside her partner. “That *was* my third.” Another part of why she’d needed that drink on her way to the library: she’d already tired herself out at a friend’s house. Part of her wondered if Shani had been able to taste him on her. “And then I’ve got plans later today for a fourth... well, that one was *supposed* to be my second, but then you inspired a change of plans. And speaking of...”

Here she turned the panther to her, ran her claws through the fur of Shani’s shoulder, and leaned in to get a quick nuzzle and lick along the side of her muzzle. That brought that warm blush back; Tessa licked her lips and smiled. She could *definitely* taste herself there.

“I’ve gotta run. You got my number.”

It took Shani a moment to order her thoughts. “...Yeah. Yeah, I do. Oh, um...” For a moment she looked around, panicked, and then breathed a sigh of relief when her eyes fell beside the dumpster. “Oh. There it is. I was looking for... the book you helped me get...”

She’d forgotten about that. Hopefully it didn’t get wet at all; Tessa followed the panther’s gaze, out across the sidewalk where it did indeed look as though someone had spilled a drink. “Glad I could help,” she said, turning back for a moment. The two held that look and that smile for a second, and then the

she-wolf turned again, fixing the fit of her clothes before stepping over to and around the dumpster to the back door of the library-

-beside which one of the front desk clerks from inside stood, one arm crossed over her chest and the other paw lightly clutching a cigarette. Her eyes flicked right over to Tessa and she raised an eyebrow.

There was that so-familiar shock through her chest again, nearly breaking her stride. Tessa coughed, swallowed, brushed down her skirt again, but kept going. "Afternoon," she said with a smile, then pressed a shoulder against the door and pushed it open; out of the corner of her eye, she saw the clerk watch her and take a drag of her cigarette, then look back over towards the dumpster.

Tessa wiped her mouth again. She'd walked in with the taste of lemonade on her lips, and now would leave with the fresh taste of panther. Pretty good visit today. Something told her that Shani would be open to repeating it sometime.