

11. Watersports

LomiDePuzlo

Sarah spread her legs and shifted up against the wall behind her, the cold surface insulated first through her soft fur and second by the towel they had laid out beneath her. “O...kay,” she said, fiddling with another setting on the camera. “Ready, I think.” She swung it up – and brought right into view the soft legs of the cobalt-blue Locus before her, the broad waist and hips, the smooth chest and belly, and the soft curves all over.

He looked stunning, really, wearing nothing but thigh-high socks, full-length gloves, and the little masquerade mask they had picked up on sale at the Halloween store for this purpose alone. He was to keep quiet, too: green eyes flashed in the thin eyeholes of that mask, and he tilted his head in a silent question. Sarah grinned, ran a hand down her bare chest and down between her legs, and with two fingers spread herself; immediately those eyes followed the motion, and the Lolo reached down to slide a paw along the base of his hanging shaft as well.

“Yeah,” the caribou went on. She panned down and zoomed in right in line to keep the base of that shaft in frame, with herself at the bottom. “Good to go. Hope you are too. I’ve been looking forward to this a-all... all...”

He *had* been holding it. The two had planned out this little video exhibition since the last time they had gotten together, and in preparation Sarah had had him turn towards the toilet and press himself until he started. In the meantime she was to turn on the camera and get it started, and after admiring her own figure where she lay here along the bathroom floor, naked head to toe save for her pelt, Lolo stood at attention gently hopping from one foot to the other, pressure built and peaking, not to be released until she gave the word – and now that she had, his stream picked up immediately where he had left off, the Locus’s fingers unwrapping from underneath the base of his cock and sliding up a bit so he could aim.

Sarah let out a low, shivering breath at the warmth and sensation of that hot liquid, spraying and streaming down along her bare belly, soaking into her fur, rolling through the folds of her skin and fur and pooling down in her belly button and the towel underneath her. She lifted up a bit, rested the camera on her chest, and guided the Locus with her other hand, still in place between her legs – and made sure to keep the stream and its source in frame when he adjusted his aim downwards.

As soon as that spray focused again along her clit and then lips beneath, the caribou’s legs tried to clamp shut in response to the sudden burst of pleasure – and she had to scramble to catch the camera from where it tottered and almost fell off her chest. She swallowed and panted, willing herself to keep her legs and lips spread, and lifted the camera up to aim it down. A little bit of the splashback made its way onto the lens, but that was alright; she knew from experience that it helped with the immersion and realism of the video, and often when checking and editing her own she had to take a quick break to enjoy the footage.

That would be a good angle, but it would help to have more. Again Sarah moved the camera, bringing it back up her chest – and with a quick nod to the masked Lolo above her she signed for him to follow as it went. He licked his lips and swallowed, and angling both his hips and his shaft between his fingers and thumb, trailed his stream up from her clit towards her soft belly, then up along her chest. Sarah turned the camera to the side for this angle, making sure to get her own muzzle in the shot as well: she half-closed one eye against the mark as it sprayed down across her, quickly soaking through her thick pelt

whenever Lolo concentrated it in one spot. After letting it remain there for a moment she brought her other paw up, pressed and squeezed that breast against herself, lifted it up into the stream, and tilted her body so that it splashed down between the two and coursed down her chest.

Lolo took things into his own hands, then. Camera still focused at her upper chest and muzzle, the Locus grinned under his mask, spread his stance a bit, and angled himself back, putting a bit more arc behind his stream so that it came up and then splashed down across Sarah's snout. Surprised by that, she jumped a little bit and shook off under the wetness, but then sighed, closed her eyes, and leaned into it. Lolo's familiar scent washed over and across her, trailing down her cheeks and jaw, dripping off her chin, continuing to soak into her fur and dribble off into the already doused towel beneath her and the pool of the mark in which she lay.

That gave her another idea. It felt quite nice to remain there for a moment, eyes closed and snout lifted to receive his stream against her lips and chin, but after leaving that for a while the caribou leaned out of his aim, lifted herself up, and moved to kneel in front of him. Lolo took a half-step back and again stemmed the tide, but at a nod and a wink from her he let it open back up again – just so that she could hold the camera out at arm's length and get an up-close view of herself as she nuzzled and nosed her dripping face in against the side of his cock as he continued to drain himself, his paw slipping away so that he could rest over her nose instead. Sarah swallowed and let her tongue flit out, just barely tasting the dry, musky tint of his piss on her face and breath; she tilted her muzzle to the side to nuzzle up against him, causing his half-soft length to flop up and over and again spray the camera. Good thing, too, as it looked like he was finally at the end of his volume.

Sarah smiled up at the masked Locus and licked her lips again. She lowered the camera but kept it on. This was just the first part of her plans for him.

12. Watersports

WordGuru

Shen swallowed yet again, throat dry yet so sticky at the same time, teeth chattering, head rolling from side to side, as this was just about the only movement afforded to him. Elbows at his sides and wrists bound together over his chest, fingers splaying and clenching, splaying and clenching; he tossed and jerked in place, trying to lift himself up, but the sleek leather strap around his body kept him snug against the table. Not *too* tight, as he could still breathe as raucously as he was, and he was allowed a little bit of squirming and shifting space, but the cat could by no means escape.

Not that he would *want* to, of course. Arms and chest bound, legs raised up over a bar and held apart with a second spreading between his ankles, and... he swallowed again, failed, gasped, moaned, rolled his head again. Other than his own heavy breathing and sounds of exhausted pleasure, all he could hear in the room was the constant whirring of the motor and *shff-chak, shff-chak* of the machine's piston – and, if he perked his feline ears closely enough, the slick, wet sucking and slapping of the toy as it thrust rhythmically in and out of him, well-lubed both in preparation and from his own natural wetness.

He lifted his head and looked down through half-lidded eyes: from here he could even see the toy's progress inside of him, the tapered yet broad head pushing deep inside of him, swelling out the spot along his belly between his groin and his belly button, and then slipping back out again, his long tail hanging beneath and lashing side to side with the sensation. Every time it pushed its way in his body reflexively, instinctively responded, legs trying to squeeze closed around the spreader bar, abused and

exhausted tailhole clenching uselessly around the lubed girth, hard cock twitching and dripping into the gathered pool in his thick bellyfur there, heart thumping again.

By now he figured he would have finished. Maybe he did? It was hard to tell. Just about every time the cat tightened his body enough to lift up and look, he caught another spurt of some kind of juice emptying out across his belly from his hard shaft. Too clear to be cum, too milky to be pre, too liquidy to be either. All he knew at this point, head foggy and thoughts melting as soon as they could form, was that he *loved* the feeling of getting railed like this, and that his body loved it too, and that whatever was going on, he didn't want it to stop.

Lower body tingling, every nerve tightening and tensing and then releasing in rhythm with the ribbed surface of the toy sinking into him and tugging back out, again and again, Shen let his tongue hang out of his mouth and dropped his head limp on his shoulders. Squeezing around the toy made it pull against him a little more roughly until his tailhole just wouldn't respond anymore, muscles stretched and exhausted; if he pushed back against it...

Now *that* was a feeling. He swallowed once more and shifted, arms straining around his body and inner muscles readjusting yet again, this toy suddenly squeezing its way into and around bunched flesh and muscle, hot and slick and wet inside of him. The lube dribbled down the rim of his tailhole and underside of his tail, still flicking and lashing. The wet slapping of the rhythm sharpened in his ears, and he let another breath out when he let that tension go – and then started again. Soon that breath turned to a moan, and that moan to a grunt, and he tightened up, squeezed against his various bonds, shivered, and – jerked as another spray of something jetted out across his belly.

This time, though, that spray didn't stop. Again and again it pulsed out across him, bouncing with each thrust of the toy, strengthening into a dribble, a stream, an arc. Yet again he lifted his head and looked down, still pushing around the girth as it pushed into him; so *that's* what that pressure was, that bright heat inside his lower abdomen, bulging and pressing and sloshing in rhythm. Shen hadn't even noticed that he had been forced to release his bladder, yet now that he had started there was no way he could stop.

Again the cat let a moan dribble out between his lips, no longer pushing or squeezing his muscles, yet still his mark poured out across his belly and dripped off his body, coaxed, coerced, *forced* out of him under that relentless rhythm. He had never been able to piss while hard before, yet now he couldn't imagine *not* doing it: every time the bulbous end of the toy mashed into him that pressure grew and spiked and poured out of him stronger than before, familiar scent washing up and over him, fur of his belly and chest soaked through with it.

Part of him wished that he were free from these bonds and bars, just so he could reach down with his footpaws and squeeze the machine closer to his body. He *wanted* it inside of him, and wanted it to coax him empty again and again – dumping out his bladder first and then his balls across his belly, and then likely the same all over again. The pleasure of emptying himself this way felt much the same as the other: the cat's entire body tensed up in an effort to brace off the flow, yet all he succeeded in doing was add some extra force to his stream so that it splashed up against his muzzle before dribbling off to a finish, the last few sprays and drips bursting out across his belly. Even afterwards his still-hard cock lay there along his soaked fur, oozing and dribbling – and now he wasn't sure whether that was pre, cum, or piss, for now.

It didn't matter, he supposed. Shivering from the sensation, body tight and pulsing yet relaxed at the same time, Shen lay back again, took a deep breath – and started pushing again, just to see if he had any more to give.

13. Mawplay

BryanWildlough

“Hah... hah... *ah*...”

The otter licked his lips and turned his head to the side a bit, those hot puffs of heavy breath washing down over his muzzle and tickling his whiskers as they came. He couldn't help but tense and lift up every time Raul sank down on him again, the coyote's legs squeezing tight around his body and chest for balance as he rode him hard, tail raised and rump pounding down, settling into place, pushing back, and then coming back up again. Raul kept one paw pressing firmly into the otter's shoulder, the other with fingers bent and claws bared along the floor beside his head. He could hear the scraping of those claws over the floor, too – good thing this was just laminate, and not real hardwood.

Maybe it was something he had said. Bryan reached up and ran a paw up and back along Raul's muzzle, fingerpads and thumb running along the sleek skin and soft fur, pushing at his lips, fingering gently at the sharp teeth beneath. Maybe it was the anticipation and excitement of teasing one another throughout the weeks leading up to this visit, and then the actual meeting itself, walking around, spending time... and then as soon as the front door had closed behind them Bryan had felt Raul come up against him from behind, had felt him start working at the fly of his pants, and then he had pushed him down to the floor right here. The otter licked his lips again and looked back behind the coyote's writhing, bouncing body: he himself still had his pants on, his shaft simply brought out into the air through the flap in the front of his underwear, while Raul's hung limp off one leg. The coyote's hard shaft throbbed and bounced as he rode, slapping rhythmically against the otter's belly and leaving a growing stain of sticky arousal there.

“Ah... *hah*...”

His paw had drifted down from Raul's muzzle to his collar, but hearing these hungry noises, this thirsty growling, Bryan opened his eyes and trailed back up again. This time he hooked his thumb in along the corner of the coyote's mouth, freely spreading the slick warmth there over his pad and fur; feeling this, and sensing the other male's interest and desire, Raul adjusted his position again and leaned in closer over the otter, elbow pressing down sideways against his chest and his other arm coming in as well. His rhythm in riding slowed and softened a bit but still he kept at him, squeezing and lurching more than anything now.

Bryan liked when he bit down, just a bit. Raul knew this. Wide canid muzzle opened, hinging around his thumb, with lips curled back in a needy snarl to show sharp yellow-white teeth rooted in the firm wrinkles of fresh pink gums, glistening with gathered wetness. Right there in the back of his mouth, loose coyote lips pulled back around now both of his thumbs instead of just the one, Raul squeezed his jaw a bit and threatened to crunch down around the otter's thumb – but held back at the last movement, rough gums back there clenching and squeezing and grinding, never breaking through.

Yet again Bryan licked his lips; he was aware of the little smile that lingered on his own shorter muzzle, interest mixed with arousal and nervousness all together, just like always. Raul took this to his

advantage: he pushed himself down into the otter's lap, squeezed around the base of his cock, gave his rump a wriggle, pushed again, and then leaned dangerously close over the other male's head, this time opening his mouth wider around the offered paws.

Raul swallowed. Bryan watched as the back of his tongue lifted up and squeezed to the roof of his mouth, then felt the puff of breath following in the wake of the coyote's throat muscles pulsing, squeezing, and pushing down – and in doing so, in flicking his tongue forward again to nestle between sharp teeth, a slim rope of sticky saliva rolled down, hung in the air between them, and then finally dropped down against the otter's cheek, just beneath his eye. He blinked at that and inadvertently lifted up to press into Raul's rump again, earning a sigh and shiver from the other male atop him as well as another dribble of thick drool. This one slapped against Bryan's nose, hot and heavy, smelling of Raul's breath and the stink of animal saliva as well.

Again and again Bryan did this, his paws settled in place along Raul's waist to hold him down as he thrust up into him. The coyote leaned in and tilted his head further, parting his jaws around the otter's shorter muzzle and freely breathing through his mouth, each exhalation carrying with it a rumbling growl or panting moan. In this position the coyote could afford himself a bit more leverage and movement, and he used that to his best advantage in picking his pace back up, pushing down on Bryan's shoulders and riding in place, not caring to move his muzzle away to lick his lips or swallow again.

The dripping increased and continued, thick globs of stickiness rolling down the fur of his muzzle, spreading across his nose and parted lips... impacting his own tongue, falling into the back of his throat, mixing with his own. He inhaled Raul's little sighs and moans, and Raul sucked the breath right back out of his throat – and at one point Bryan even coughed, but instead of move away as he had expected, the coyote just clamped his muzzle more tightly down around the otter's jaws, teeth clacking against teeth, as he continued to grind himself down in his lap.

Only then, though, did Raul straighten up again, swallow, and lick his lips, but still he wasn't done. He sat back in place, reached back to lift the otter's knees up to have something he could lean back against, and then, still bouncing with his legs clamped along Bryan's sides, took the otter's head in his paws, lifted him up, coaxed him to open his mouth with his thumbs pulling at his lower jaw... and then Raul leaned forward and in, pursed his lips, pulsed his throat, and squeezed out a thick thumb-sized glob of frothy saliva, rolling out, dripping down, hanging from a thread quickly thinning out.

Bryan thrust up again and opened his mouth in turn, tongue out. It was *his* turn to let out a little moan.

14. Watersports

Lightweaver

"Oh – no, no. I'm sorry. It's *my* fault. Thank you for being understanding. I'll just... head on my way, then..."

He had to duck his head on the way out of the fast food joint, as always. The doors were never built high enough for someone like him. Not only this, but another patron made the mistake of holding the door open for him, too: his size often meant that he had to squeeze and push and tug himself through regular human-sized doors, often with ample brushing and yanking and creaking of the walls around him. Usually it was just embarrassing, but this time the pressure was quite unpleasant for another reason as well.

Hopefully that didn't show in his face too much, as he raised a hand to the baffled fast food patron and then quickly made his way down the sidewalk again. He could naturally move quite a bit faster than the humans around him as well, which combined with his stature, size, and general demeanor, meant that most of them gave him a wide berth, even if they seemed unable to keep themselves from staring. That was quite alright.

As a centaur caught in a human city, he was used to it.

This, now, was something he *wasn't*, though. He kept his eyes lifted to the buildings, looking for any sign of something that would be able to accommodate him. An early morning set out to explore, bouncing from one shop to another, looking around at human culture, trying things out, learning new tastes... many of these folks had seen him before, and regarded him either with open curiosity, slight disdain and apprehension, or more often than not, total apathy. As the day had gone on and his urgency increased it had become more of the second of these, as apparently their first instinct when they saw something much larger than them moving quickly was to put up a defense.

"I'm sorry," said with a frown and a glance down across his broad body, *"we don't serve your kind here."* *"What do we look like? A barnyard?"* *"There's the alley out back,"* said with eyes fixed quite noticeably along his underside, and mouth quirking in a disgusted grimace every time he shifted his stance, *"why don't you go there with all the other animals?"*

At least two of the people here had offered him money to relieve his problem with them as the target. The centaur's natural disposition had led him to turn down these offers, though now as that distinct, hot pressure down in his lower body nestled firmly up between his hind legs had grown so much, he almost regretted the decision. His hooves clopped rather loudly on the cement sidewalk of the city, carrying over even the roar of traffic and general bustle of everything else. So focused was he on himself, attention diverted right to that swollen balloon hanging inside of him, that every time a car rushed by it startled him – and he had to glance down and back to make sure he hadn't inadvertently sprayed the sidewalk.

His pace picked up the further he went on, pressure and urgency both growing. Humans on the sidewalk veered away from him, and the centaur could feel their eyes on him after – first for the sight of him at all, then in wonder at his sheer size, then the usual morbid curiosity to see what it was that had gotten him in such a rush, brushy tail hiked up a bit, masculine heft swaying and bouncing beneath him. That was another reason he avoided coming into the city too often: he could not wear clothes, and humans were quite obvious about where their eyes wanted to wander.

Despite his bustle still the centaur found himself caught at a light at the next intersection, the noise of the traffic bearing down upon him and eyes of everyone here waiting as well as across the street digging into him as well. He swallowed, squeezed his fists at his sides, and looked forward, the position of his upper body allowing him to ignore most of the prying eyes – but one human in front of him was a little too open about where he looked, down at an angle along the centaur's lower side, brow lowering first and then eyes widening. He opened his mouth as if to say something, frowned again, then half-raised a hand... and the centaur felt it then, too.

Embarrassment and humiliation already flushed through him, but now these redoubled bright and powerful all over again. The tingling pressure was the first sign, his hiked tail the second... and now there

was the familiar, undeniable sensation of his equine shaft pushing slowly free from his sheath hanging beneath him, humid heat of his body suddenly replaced with the cool touch of city air over newly-revealed skin, as he began to drop in preparation to relieve himself.

Not now, he begged himself. The centaur wrenched his eyes shut and gritted his teeth. *Please not now. Not right here*. He bounced gently on his hind legs, hoping that that would somehow stave off some of the pressure – but if anything, it just made it worse.

The light dingd. He couldn't just gallop off, as that would draw too much attention as well, so he kept himself to a swift canter, fully aware of this meaty weight steadily dropping down beneath him, the blunted head of his shaft surely visible in front of his balls to anyone who walked behind him. He knew that he was near the edge of the city, so it was just a matter of getting there, of weaving through the buildings and across the sidewalks, and...

And by the time he *did* make it, one hand reached out against the trunk of a tree and entire lower body shivering with the force of the relief, he looked back and saw that he had indeed left a trail of leaked dribbles off the sidewalk and path into the woods. The force of his full bladder hissed out through the grass and against the ground and kept his ears perked; the centaur widened his stance a bit so as to avoid splashback, bit his lower lip, and shivered again with the sensation.

The worst part was, with the positioning of his sheath along his underbelly, and how his shaft dropped out a bit like any other feral horse... he had no idea when he had first lost that control.

15. Bonus – Femdom

Matteh

Hayley grinned and tugged the leash over her shoulder again. She loved feeling the way this fox squirmed and jumped at her every insistence, be that a yank on his leash, a scrape of her claws along his thigh, or even just when she sat back and smeared herself against his upper chest and face again. The entire upper portion of his body, from his cheeks and chin to his shoulders and along his chest, she had already soaked through in her scent. It was good that she had put the latex sheets down beforehand. Some part of her had worried she wouldn't be able to use them like she had wanted, but as soon as Matteh had shown up at her front door, the otter saw that she would be able to mold him like clay.

And indeed she had. The first thing she had had him do was strip down naked, right then and there on the front porch, before she would let him into the house. Then she had him wait there – and closed the door on him, for good measure – while she went and fetched the collar and leash, from all the way upstairs. So then those had gone on him, and she wrapped the leash tight around her paw and pulled him over to the living room, where she told him to fetch her a glass of water.

Then a second, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, each time with Hayley nudging him down to all fours so she could use him as a footrest. Nothing else was happening here – just her drinking that water and making him watch, and listen, and be there for it. Matteh very clearly put it together when she had made it halfway through the third glass, with the remaining two coming with a noticeably blush on his cheeks as well as a good inch of pink showing from his cute little sheath, but Hayley being Hayley, she couldn't let him have his fun just yet. So instead of share that bounty with the fox himself, she sent him back outside to fetch his clothes where she had instructed him to leave them by the door.

That done, she took his leash back up, guided him out back, and told him to take off her pants and panties beneath. He did so as any dutiful dog would, and Hayley could quite easily see the hunger in his eyes and twitching in his nose when he tugged the fabric down her legs, already slightly slick and humid from her growing anticipation and arousal. This might have been her favorite part so far of their little playdate: having Matteh kneel down in the grass, leash hanging only slightly limp, while Hayley spread her legs, leaned back, tilted her hips forward, and aimed out his pile of clothes to mark them through with her scent, her other paw positioned just right to keep herself spread. The otter didn't really make a habit of doing something like this, but various other instances had given her enough practice that she could do so without being too messy about it.

Not that that would have been a bad thing. She had intentionally stopped herself halfway through, then looked over to see Matteh lapping at the stray sprays that had caught his muzzle. His soaked clothing remained where it lay, then, while the otter pulled him back into the house and up the stairs to the bedroom, where a few easy commands and pushes got him on his back with his paws on his chest, while she lowered herself so, so close to his muzzle. Still she didn't let him touch her, though: every time he leaned in or sniffed at her, trying to pick up her musk a little more strongly, the otter leaned forward, tugged fiercely against his leash, and wrenched his head sideways against the back of her footpaw, toes spread and webbing caught along his nose and lips.

It was supposed to be a punishment, but seeing as how it kept him twitching hard, this part likely didn't settle in too deeply. That was fine, though. Eventually Hayley had gotten into a proper rhythm on top of him, rump and rudder hiked up over his head just outside of licking distance, while she worked alternately on herself with a paw and a vibrator – until she pushed herself to her first peak and emptied the rest of those five glasses of water all across his face and chest.

Really, only the first few sprays had come as a result of her peak. Hayley had always liked filling up before taking some time to herself, since she liked the mess and wetness – but once she had reached that point here, after squeezing and shaking and gasping, she had gone ahead and relaxed to finish draining herself, those forceful sprays turning into a more coherent stream across Matteh's upper chest, soaking him as thoroughly as she had done his clothing. Now, still feeling the residual tingling of that initial orgasm, the otter tugged forward on his leash again and in the same movement pushed herself back, angling along her legs and keeping her rudder hiked so that her tailhole pressed right against his piss-soaked lips.

"Work on *this*, now," she barked over her shoulder, and gave a push back. Matteh whimpered softly, but she knew it was just for the mood: his cock throbbed again beneath her, and though she so wanted to wrap that in her other paw and draw it into her mouth, she held herself off. Again she pushed, tailhole puckering and pulsing against his lips, while the fox settled into place, sucked softly along that sensitive ring of muscle, and swirled and slid his tongue in.

Hayley sighed softly and leaned down to rest her head along his thigh again, other paw still in place underneath her. Every now and then she gave that leash a tug again, re-sealing his lips in their proper place wrapped around her pucker while she rubbed and circled her fingers along herself.

This was something she could get used to, having a free fox at her every whim. This was supposed to last only this afternoon, but, well... he literally could not say no to her. She shuddered, feeling another peak start to approach, and pushed back – and clenched tightly around his tongue.

Maybe one more day. Or two.