

vitothewusky

This seemed as good a spot as any. Lukas tightened the thick leash around his paw one more time, trying to keep the German shepherd at the other end from straying too far – which was, really, an unnecessary precaution, as Oakley showed a depth of intelligence almost uncanny in its accuracy. From the very start it seemed that the feral *knew* what it was that stirred in the otter's head and thoughts, as this particular park stood off of their normal walking route, to say nothing of the bumbling path the two took off the main trail, deeper into the thickly forested, more natural section of the grounds.

Nearby Lukas could hear the burbling of the river that passed by the main road back there, and looped around to enclose the nearby neighborhood... that was good: just in case anyone came by here, they would be able to use that for cover. Nervousness vibrating in his fingers, he gave the leash a little tug, felt the limp material swing against his leg as Oakley stood at attention right by his footpaws, and then gave a smile more to encourage himself than the dog. In response the feral looked up at him, let his tongue flop out of his mouth, and wagged his tail... and seemed, for a moment, to turn that feral grin into a quick smirk, as Lukas began to drop down to his knees.

Again showing his deeper understanding, the feral took another step and a half forward, turned his side to the otter as he made himself comfortable along the soft, slightly moist leaf-littered earth, and then hiked his near leg – which gave Lukas the intimate and close-up view that had been stuck in his head since the last time he had taken Oakley out. His plump sheath hung down from a stretch of skin along his lower belly, while his balls underneath, the same pale tan at the base which then melded to a thicker black beneath their heft, jiggled and bounced while he found his balance.

Once more Lukas looked up and over the dog's broad body, nervous about being caught out here in this public park, doing *this* of all things – but Oakley gave him barely more than a second to do so, as the dog himself did not hesitate. A quick, sharp splash of intense heat emptied out right across the otter's nose, startling him upright only for the more concentrated stream to arc out and against his chest, quickly soaking into his shirt, dousing his fur beneath, and trickling down his body, leaving warm, steaming rivers as it went.

He gasped and swallowed, the rich and intense scent of fresh canine mark already strong in his nose. Reflexively his tongue flicked out to lap the trickling wetness off of his nose, which in turn flooded his mouth with a bright burst of salt and spice, metallic and pungent, enough to make him curl his nose and swallow back... but at the same time it still drew him in. Slowly he reached forward, one paw braced against the earth beneath himself, and cupped his fingers beneath Oakley's sheath... and then slowly, carefully angled the loose, supple skin to the side, aiming it more fully along his chest, his sternum, his neck... his chin, his jaw, his pursed lips.

Such *heat* spraying and splashing out across his muzzle, there... Lukas instinctively licked his lips, both felt and tasted the feral's mark as it sprayed fully into his mouth, then spluttered again, but just as quickly closed the distance in towards the source. Above him Oakley chuffed softly and adjusted his stance, leash now laying loose across the ground – which itself had started to form a puddle of gently steaming mark between and beneath the leaves, rolling down the slight hill towards the riverbank below.

He kept his eyes squeezed shut against the hot splashing, but every time he just barely opened them he saw, right here above and before him, the shepherd's tail wagging slowly as he continued to drain

himself. The heat of his mark soaked into Lukas's clothing and fur, and this close he could feel the warmth of the dog's shaft as well, pouched snug within the supple skin of his sheath... responding and twitching to his touch, fingers and thumb bunched at the base, lips settled just half an inch past the end. Lukas swallowed again, braced himself against the sting of metallic spice burning at his throat, and then finally parted his lips again – and just as quickly sealed them tight around the end of the feral's sheath, cheeks quickly ballooning out with the volume of mark.

It seemed to come in repetitive spurts, Oakley's stream jetting up against the roof of his mouth again and again, forcing him to time his swallows so as not to receive a blast directly against the back of his throat. The otter's own shaft twitched at full attention within his pants, humidity caught in place beneath the thick fabric, but that was something he couldn't get to just yet: one paw remained around the dog's sheath while the other propped himself up, fingers spreading now in a pool of piss and dusty mud, sticking to his fur as easily as the source itself.

Once it started, there was no way for him to stop it – but Lukas quickly discovered there was no way he could keep up, either. His eyes widened and though he pushed through the growing weight in his stomach, Oakley continued emptying out with no lull in his pace until his mark sprayed and dribbled from the edges of the otter's mouth. If he pulled back here, though, he'd just receive the same across his face, and then anyone he passed by would be able to smell it on him – as if they already couldn't, what with his shirt and pants darkened from the volume.

So instead Lukas shifted back, swallowed once more, and then pinched his forefinger and thumb along the end of Oakley's sheath, effectively closing the skin right before his spraying tip. Instead of swallow this last mouthful Lukas leaned over and let it dribble from his lips, tongue and mouth burning with the sensation. He intended to take a moment to catch his breath, but when he turned back he couldn't help but sit and watch for a moment, as now it was the shepherd's sheath rather than his own cheeks that bulged and ballooned out with the volume of piss that filled it, swelling it far past its normal bounds, showing the stretchy comfort that allowed for the dog's full arousal and swollen knot to push through.

That was another thing that Lukas wanted so deeply to see in person. He swallowed again, coughed, then straightened up – and finally let go of Oakley's sheath, this built-up sheathful splattering out across his chin and chest. The dog's sheath hung partially open from the stretch, glistening pink interior flesh showing for a moment beneath the tapered tip of his shaft, as a few final spurts emptied out the rest of his mark. Lukas let his paw drop away, moving it to wipe at his mouth – God, the damn dog had *soaked* him – and then, before he could stop himself, leaned in to flick his tongue up and over Oakley's revealed tip, catching those last few drops as they came.

His heart thumped in his chest, his entire body felt hot from embarrassment and arousal as well as the actual piss that soaked through his fur, and he stank to high heaven, but... they were out here already, and maybe the longer he let it sit, he would dry off a bit. The otter licked his lips again, still tasting the sharp salt there, and looked back towards what Oakley held on display for him, hindleg still hoisted up.

There *was* more that Lukas wanted to see of him, and as always, this dog knew.

daetsmlo

This was *certainly* something new. Lukas shifted where he knelt, breathed a soft curse when he bumped his head against the underside of the counter above him, and scooted slightly forward across the soft

ground. Sure, he had spent *plenty* of time in places and situations like this before – under a professor’s desk during a lecture, behind a corner in an office hallway, underneath the blankets while the other person had a chat with their partner – but never specifically like this.

The otter licked his lips, swallowed, and came forward a little further, careful not to bump against either of the forelegs that pressed down into the grass on either side of him. A little space of sunlight cast down through the space between the front of the stall and then where the attendant stood, and as Lukas crossed over this area he caught the flash of yellow eyes flicking down from above. He looked up, met the taur’s eyes, grinned, and then each continued on with his own business, the huge, half-feral wolf-jaguar above him shifting his stance and clearing his throat to greet another customer.

“Hey there! What can I do for you today?...”

Never with a taur, not like *this*. He crept and crouched forward beneath his forelegs and then the lower portion of his body, keeping close to the ground, fully aware that if any customer who came up to the stand so much as leaned to the side they might be able to see him here. A quick chat beforehand, a casual “so would you like a hand?”, some flirting, and then one thing led to another and Lukas felt himself pushed down by the shoulders after the last customer, a glimmer in Daet’s eyes.

Even now the taur shifted again and lowered his haunches down a bit, angling his lower body just a bit towards the grass beneath him. His long tail flicked back and forth, and as he made the movement his *prodigious* undercarriage jiggled and bounced as well. Scent wafted forward and across the otter as he crawled forward, faint yet sharp at the same time, inviting and intoxicating. He swallowed again, mouth already watering, and reached out a paw – then paused when he noticed the thick drip already hanging from the end, from the little point of red flesh poking out amid black-furred sheath.

“Yes, actually, if you’ll look over here-” As he spoke to the customer Daet shifted again, widening his stance and lowering down a bit further... which caused the already moist end of his sheath directly against Lukas’s lips and muzzle, the warm weight of it thumping into place, dragging across, and then smearing free, leaving a glistening streak where it went. He chuckled, licked his lips yet again, tasted that salty spice, then reached up to cup the taur’s sheath in his paw. With the one there, fingers spread, he could still barely encompass half of the length of supple cupped skin and fur, smooth and slick, responding and shifting to each of his touches no matter how little: he squeezed, slid the skin back across the tapered tip of the lupine length, blinked as another squirt of liquid scent jetted out, then shifted forward again. “You’ll see we have quite the variety available, and... if you – look over here, you’ll see we have...”

It was a slight hesitation, just a brief break in the rhythm of his words, from down here right at the source Lukas picked up on it quite clearly. For a moment nervousness thrummed through him – but then was gone, washed away by the sudden spraying spurt of heat against his muzzle and shoulder, the taur’s mark sharp and focused what with his sheath manually pulled back and out of the way. A full day manning this little stand here at the expo meant no bathroom breaks, and no bathroom breaks meant, with bladder as large as *his*...

Well, he wasn’t exactly liable to leaking – that was more for Lukas’s sake – but the otter was always willing to lend a hand as he had offered, or more likely a *mouth*, as had been understood in the flirting, the nods of the head, the wink and little rumble in his throat. He gasped at the sheer heat of the wolf-jaguar’s mark as it poured out over him, quickly growing to full strength like a hose turned halfway up,

full and thick, pressurized without stinging. He leaned back beneath the deluge and closed his eyes, freely letting his morning's worth wash down and over him, soaking through his shirt and fur, pooling along the grass underneath him and trickling down towards the front of the stand, all the while he kept that sheath squeezed back and angled down towards him.

The steam curled up and around his head, caught here within the walls of the stand and the surface above. Lukas swallowed, mouth open, and ran his muzzle up along the side of the taur's revealed shaft as he continued to drain himself up and over his shoulder, careful to keep his *equipment* angled so that he wouldn't squirt against the wall and make too loud of a sound – but even so, ears perked over the pouring and trickling through his fur and across the grass, the attendant otter still heard the conversation between Daet and the customer. Chatting about the pieces, and then another pause, a grunt, and then the customer:

"Ah... what's that sound?"

"Hmm?" For a moment the taur's stream bounced and pinched off as he tried to force himself to stop – but then a little catch of breath preceded the inevitable bursting of the dam. This time the trickle rather quickly grew to its full force, pouring down across Lukas's shoulder while he circled his nose and lips around the rim of the Daet's sheath, until the taur grunted, pushed himself down, and grinded that supple lip against the otter's muzzle, almost halfway folding him beneath the skin. "What sound?"

"Sounds like... a..." The customer paused. Lukas slid back, wiped at his muzzle, glanced behind himself – and then understood. "Is there a sprinkler running?"

Just before he finished this, the otter had slid back, swallowed, and then sealed his lips around the end of the taur's cock, eyes first wide open – and then wrenching shut as he forced himself to drink down mouthful after mouthful of this hot, salty spice, marveling at the speed with which it filled his mouth and ballooned his cheeks. Above him Daet relaxed a bit and the stream weakened, though still he had more to give.

The taur remained there for a moment for effect, and then shrugged in a movement that made even his legs down here shift. "I don't hear anything. Maybe it was something at the next stand?"

"Maybe..." The customer didn't sound convinced. Lukas had to pull back for a moment, thought kept the taur's cock angled towards his chest to keep the noise to a minimum while he caught his breath.

"Anyway. What about this green one here? What's that one..."

Panting gently, breath tainted with the thick, heavy reek of fresh taur piss, Lukas knelt in place and watched as the fresh stream poured down across his body and soaked through his pants, quite noticeably tented in front. He reached up, ran his paws around and along Daet's hanging shaft, pressed the hot flesh in against his muzzle and shoulder, then tilted his head to wrap his lips around the still-spraying tip, like drinking directly from a fountain tap.

It seemed like his offer to help might be more work than expected, but – this wasn't a bad thing.

Zer0TheCrux

"Are you *sure* about this? Right *here*?"

“What are you talking about?”

Lukas sniffed at the air and looked up towards the black-furred wolf standing before him, fur twisting and dancing in the gentle sea breeze. Kai grinned down at him, white teeth sharp in the fur of his muzzle, and nonchalantly tugged at the waistband of his swimming shorts with a thumb. The otter sniffed again as his familiar scent puffed up and out from that space there, then wafted down over him and inevitably drew him in closer.

“Are you saying you *don’t* want to do this?”

“No, I do, but...” Lukas swallowed again and refocused his gaze forward, towards the quite clear outline visible beneath the shimmering fabric – but then just as quickly something else drew his attention, and he looked over towards the trail from which they had come, just between the hills. “I’m just worried, what if-”

A shift and rustle, an adjustment in stance – and then firm, humid warmth flopped out atop his short muzzle, Kai tugging the front of his shorts down past his sheath and hanging sack. His thick, red-fleshed *endowment* hung straight out from his body there, halfway hard, base of his sheath partially swollen with his knot inside; still holding his waistband, he gave a few thrusts forward and back to smear himself along the top of the otter’s muzzle, then lifted up, leaned back, and tapped the tapered tip against his lips.

Every time he did so, a thick strand of sticky ooze hung between his lip and Lukas’s mouth. The otter felt his face flush with embarrassment, but still he reflexively flicked his tongue out to lap it off.

Kai angled his head. “Worried about what? Getting caught?” He slid his fingers back further, briefly tugging along his sheath, then pressed his shaft down again. “That’s never been an issue for you before. Now, c’mon. Open up. I’m not gonna hobble all the way back across the beach for the outhouse.”

“Well, I...” Already Lukas could taste the lupine’s thick, sharp musk in his nose and throat. He reached forward to lightly grip Kai’s hips, eyes drawn towards his shaft here, his plump sheath, his balls beneath that stirred and shifted in the temperature... but then he looked up towards the wolf himself again, who watched through half-lidded eyes with amusement quite clear on his face. “I mean, we could at least go out into the *trees*, or somewhere that’s not on – the-”

Kai’s head tilted back a bit further; he slid his forefinger and thumb down to the base of his sheath; Lukas continued speaking – and then felt more than taste the first spray of hot, salty musk as it arced out across his muzzle and against his lips, breaking briefly before the wolf’s stream grew to its full strength.

The otter spluttered and turned his head, trying to catch his breath and clear his throat, but Kai had other plans for him: one paw still holding his sheath and aiming himself forward and down, the other came forward, clamped around Lukas’s muzzle, and tugged him forward and in, until his half-hard shaft sprayed directly against his lips. Heat and pressure vented there, pushing in between his lips and across his teeth, in along his mouth... and he looked up, met the wolf’s green eyes once more, and then let his lips part around his length, bringing him further back into his maw while he continued to empty himself.

Taste and heat flooded his mouth and senses, and what with four inches of thick timberwolf weighing down his tongue Lukas already had to struggle to keep up with the flow. Kai continued to press himself in as he drained, both paws now going to the back of the otter's head to in turn tug him back down; Lukas wrenched his eyes shut and gulped as much as he could, tongue pressing the wolf's cock up against the roof of his mouth every time, able to feel the pulsing stir along his underside, the force and pressure of his stream as it jetted out into the back of his throat.

Whenever he found the space to breathe, each exhalation carried the wolf's musk and scent so strongly – and every inhalation felt like another swallow, hot and sharp, tingling and tickling at his throat and belly. His cheeks bulged out with fresh mark and then emptied down, again and again; his lips now pushed in against the rim of Kai's sheath, supple skin bunching up and wrinkling forward, while the wolf above him stood with legs partially spread and head back, a low sigh trickling out from between his parted lips. Lukas's eyes watered a bit from the strain and *salt*, throat pulsing in rhythm with his swallows, while Kai's chest simply, slowly stirred with breaths of relaxation and relief.

Only near the end did the wolf finally release his grip on Lukas's head, fingers loosening from behind his ears and shaft just barely starting to slip from his lips. The otter took all the space he could, finally allowing some of Kai's still-pulsing stream to trickle from the sides of his mouth and drip down his chin – just before the wolf slid the rest of the way out, returned a paw to the base of his shaft, and then profusely doused him down with the last of his stream, aiming back and forth across his muzzle, his face, his shoulders, and then his chest, belly, thighs, and groin when it finally dwindled down.

Panting softly, Lukas again looked up at the wolf above him, whose sheath had pulled back a little bit further amid all the action. Kai's tongue flicked out over his lips and he swallowed – and then Lukas twitched and jerked with two more surprise spurts of piss, followed by a few loose drips across his cheek when the wolf shook himself off. Instead of slip himself back into his shorts, though, Kai widened his stance a little bit further, nestled the waistband of his swim shorts down beneath his sack so that his black-furred balls hung down in front, and then gave a few throbs for good measure, enticing red-fleshed length slickened with saliva and still dripping with piss bouncing in front of the otter's muzzle.

Lukas reached up and wiped at his mouth, for his wrist to come away wet. Every time he swallowed he had to do so a second time what with the slick stickiness that coated the interior of his mouth, and the lingering taste and sensation of piss fresh from the tap; his lips still wrinkled and nose scrunched up as though it were still there in his maw, though by now he could literally feel it simmering in his belly. Despite all of this, though, he couldn't deny that his own swim shorts now clung *very* tightly against him, both through the warmth dripping through the fabric as well as the quite noticeable tent in front, and as he moved to stand up he had to adjust himself to hide his own arousal-

-until Kai's slightly wet paw came down on his shoulder again and pushed him back down to his knees. The wolf waved his shaft again. "We're not done yet, y'know."

Lukas licked his lips, sighed, and chuckled. "I know."