

Lukas felt his throat pulsing with each burst, hot and thick and slick into the back of his maw. So quick and sudden were these waves that he barely had time to taste them before his mouth filled up again and he had to swallow it down, the heaviness of the stuff coating his throat and weighing down his belly – but still he could pick out the distinct, familiar tang and bite of canine musk, rich and warm and sharp. That much should be obvious, though: he remained there with his lips nearly pressed against the wall of the bathroom stall, separated from the cool smoothness only by the good inch and a half or so of tight, swollen muscle at the base of the still-twitching cock that pumped and twitched and bounced where it hung through the hole cut into the side, rich red-veined flesh throbbing with each one.

Once all of that slowed and stopped, and all he felt was the occasional remnant squeeze and trickle onto his coated tongue, the otter swallowed once more, relaxed his lips around the offering, and slowly drew back, careful not to press too heavily along the spots that he knew would now be hypersensitive. Even so, though, that hard shaft still twitched and tugged, locked in place with the swollen knot keeping it tight at this side of the glory hole.

Unfortunate. Most folks knew to keep themselves back a bit to prevent this from happening. A little amused, Lukas sat back on his haunches, his own hard shaft twitching out in the cool bathroom air between his legs, and wiped at his mouth while he watched the thing bounce and twitch. Perhaps this was the other person's first time: every time they squirmed and tugged, the otter could see just a little bit of the plump pert sheath on the other side, and the heavy balls swinging back and forth – and then the resultant shudder that those tugs inevitably sent through their body, sharp and intense.

The more they did that, the more they would – squirm and shudder and grasp at the stall divider, little noises of urgency and sensation trickling through. Lukas sat back and returned a paw between his own legs, enjoying the show as much as he did the rich musk that swirled around within the stall now. Again and again the canid's cock pulsed and twitched, bouncing up where it was locked there at the base to empty out another milky spurt of cum mixed with pre, mixed with the natural dripping slickness. A sharp-clawed set of fingers suddenly grasped the top of the stall, either for support or leverage; then there was a scratching against the divider from the other side, a breathy, murmured *"fuck – ah..."* and then the frantic, deliberate tapping of a finger right next to the hole.

A sign. A warning. The otter scooted forward, turned his muzzle sideways, brought his nose up right underneath the base of that still-swollen shaft... then reflexively jerked away at the first splash of trickling wet heat that poured down across his muzzle. He opened his eyes and watched, then, as the lupine shuddered and jerked, his forced piss growing from weak dribble into a fuller, heavier stream, arcing up and out away from him, pushed further by the extra tension from his tingling arousal. It reached up and over, pattered across the tile floor and left a trail of yellow puddles as it went, then finally impacted against the far stall wall and stayed there, lifting up a little further each time they tried in vain to pull themselves free.

So Lukas reached up with his other paw, still slowly stroking at himself, and angled his visitor's hard cock back down a bit. Hypersensitivity and overstimulation like that often led to one of two things, though sometimes both: a frantic, shaky, half-realized forced orgasm, pushed into place before the body would have time to fully recover; or in the more common, more likely case, a leg-shaking and uncontrollable release of the bladder. Again and again the lupine tried to stop himself, though each clench caused his stream to just arc and spray upwards again, the noises of his embarrassment as well as relief echoing clearly between the walls of the bathroom stall.

“Sorry,” he thought he heard, breathed from the other side. “Sorry, I-”

That was enough of that. The otter ran his muzzle up along the underside of the lupine’s shaft, loving how he could feel the trickling heat of his piss through the flesh – then angled up, flicked his tongue over, and finally closed his lips around the tapered tip there, blocking the flow from where it streamed out across the already-ruined bathroom. Rich, musky heat flooded his mouth, flattening his tongue and ballooning his cheeks; he closed his eyes and swallowed, that intense saltiness pouring down his throat and filling his belly further – then swallowed again – and again – and again, catching what tainted breaths he could in between. One paw worked feverishly at himself, spilled drops pouring from the corners of his mouth and soaking his own arousal, while the other pressed down along that sleek, contoured shaft and wrapped beneath the base of the already tied knot. He slid his fingers around the revealed root there, two on each side, then tugged – tugged – tugged, like coaxing more brew from within a tapped keg.

Even from the other side of the stall here he could feel – and hear, in a firm *bump* – the lupine’s legs nearly give out at the sensation. Lukas intentionally kept his lips position just past the tip, so that each reflexive squeeze and clench forced the other’s cock to bounce within his mouth and grow there, then settle heavily back along his spread tongue. His head, his breath, his lungs, his belly filled with the sharp, salty spice of fresh mark, just as it stewed in the stall around him – and there he remained until the stream died back down to a trickle, then a trickle to a dribble, then a dribble to the few occasional spurts and sprays.

Then once more Lukas drew himself back, though he kept his mouth open and tongue hanging out to catch the last few stray drops. His belly felt warm and full with everything he had so eagerly received just in these past fifteen minutes or so, and looking at the size of the knot that still twitched and held his visitor captive, he knew that they would be here for... probably at least another forty more.

So the otter licked his lips, swallowed, and nuzzled back up along the underside of that hard cock, taking his time in slowly stroking his own piss-streaked length so as not to finish up too early.