

The sun was just beginning to set over the horizon, which caused an array of lights to illuminate the city from the buildings above. Some of the street lamps below were beginning to turn on through the light sensors, but there were many in the distance that still remained firmly dim. There was no doubt that in less than a couple hours, the city was going to get relentlessly chilly from the autumn months drifting away. But for four close friends, who were taking advantage of the brisk evening to enjoy a nice night out, the nerve-tingling shudder from a cold wind was the last thing on any of their minds.

Their table was situated right by the window, giving the group a stellar view of the city overlooking the river as the streetlights grew brighter. All of them had chosen to wear sensible sweaters to this particular venue, not wanting to turn too many heads at a location so bougie. One of the three zebras was even tying rubber bands around the cuffs of his sweatshirt, just in case one of his tattoos tried to peek through from his wrist bone. However, considering how small the bar appeared overall, the fact that four men had taken up one of the four-tops -- one of which a burly pegasus while the other three were muscular zebras -- it was doubtful to assume that a few curious eyes haven't strayed their way. Luckily for the cheerful patrons, they were all left alone as they enjoyed some bottles of rich red merlon blanc.

"Dude, you can't be serious right now!" One of the black-striped zebras at the table, who wasn't afraid to have the sleeves of his sweater pulled back, was trying not to giggle too much in disbelief. "You're seriously telling me that the guy who owns this place also runs that friggin' golf course across town?"

“Hey, it’s definitely a good investment.” The other black-striped zebra shrugged before pouring himself another tall glass from the merlot. While it may have been customary for vineries to encourage small portions and “tasting” their product, none of the four seemed willing to let such luxurious nectar go to gentrified waste. So while the zebra swallowed down over half his glass, the red-striped zebra across from him was smiling contently while his own was filled to the brim.

“So, *he* was the one who gave you that gift card?” The lone grey pegasus, who definitely stood out with a shaggy blonde mane and boyish face, was looking around the table and swirling his half-filled glass. While the zebras focused more on their drinks, the pony helped himself to another generous picking from the charcuterie board in the middle of their table. “Jeeze... I was looking through the menu earlier, and I don’t think you even hit a *third* of the gift card’s limit yet.”

“Yeah, I know, right?!” The zebra was smiling a bit more relaxedly, even as he tugged at the rubber bands that wrapped around his cuffs. “Yeah, apparently he did **not** want his daughter to go to her college graduation with her ex-boyfriend’s name scratched around her thigh. He was trying to push himself in *last-minute* too, so you **know** it had to be something good to make me do it. I’m just lucky the cover-up procedure lasted less than three hours total.”

“Well, I’m *very* glad you took the initiative.” The red-striped zebra leaned over to give his partner a quick, loving peck on the cheek. Meanwhile, the pegasus and his own zebra took that moment to glance back at each other with affirming smiles. They may have both been blushing

profusely, but neither of them seemed uncomfortable in the slightest. In fact, the stallion's face lit up when the waitress returned with a large steaming plate. "Ooh, my queso dip!"

While the waitress took a moment to move around the various half-eaten plates to make room for the queso, The red-striped zebra glanced over at the pegasus curiously. "Wait, you ordered a charcuterie board *and* queso dip, Crash?"

"W-Wait, I didn't order the char-coochie board thing!" Crash pointed at the zebra across from him. "That was Lost Way's idea!"

"Yeah, I figured it would go well with the wine. *Which* it does~" The untatted zebra enjoyed himself a bite of cheese with a pleased smile, and washed it down with the rest of his glass of wine. The waitress, a burly ram who looked to have been older than some of their bottles, didn't even blink an eye as she took their order slip. With the fully-loaded gift card pinned to the top, she left with the emptied bottles while Lost Way asked, "Hey Marzo, how much is left on that card anyway?"

"Hmmm, let's see..." Marzo pulled out his smart-phone, and began to jot down the numbers as accurately as he could on his calculator. "Well, she said I still had three hundred twenty the last time I ordered, so that means I'll likely have about... one hundred thirty five still on the card."

"Damn, we're gonna get *wasted*, aren't we?" Crash's remark made all four of them laugh at the table. Even though the winery looked expensive at surface-level, there was certainly a lot to do

between two couples and a five hundred dollar gift-card. The pegasus shrugged when his and Lost Way's glasses were re-filled by Eirjan. After taking a congratulatory sip, he glanced back at Marzo to ask, "So what did you do with the cover-up? It must've been *good* to be worth five hundred bucks worth of wine and cheese."

"Well, I was just fortunate she had the name 'Anthony' in really soft, curved letters like a feminine style. Just add a few flowing adjacent lines, fill some spaces with color, shade others to hide any issues, and *boom!* You got a lovely floral arrangement that matches her personal aesthetic perfectly! He even sent me one of the official photos to add to my portfolio."

"Wait, that was for your binder?" Eirjan glanced back at his partner with his brows raised. "You mean... I wasn't supposed to frame that for the wall upstairs?"

"What? No! Why would I frame a picture of *her* on the wall upstairs?"

"Well, you just put up that picture with Troy and Canvas!"

"That was because they helped Flamingo out! You know that!"

"Well, it still looks really nice on the wall! You can still show it to clients if you want."

“Hmmm... Well, I might as well see how it looks first...” Marzo contemplated that photo with another sip of his wine, and he eventually shrugged to himself. “Ehh... It *was* a great photograph.”

“You know, I think you got a bit of luck in those needles you use, man!” Lost Way took one of the smaller personal plates from the corner of the table, and was pouring himself a generous amount of melted cheese for a pile of crackers he had laid out. “I mean, you got yourself this awesome night from a cover-up, and you ended up meeting Eirjan after *piercing* him! I swear, you got yourself a good profession.”

“Eh, it’s not like that,” said Marzo with a dismissive flick of his wrist. “I just know how to handle myself in that environment better than most guys would. I’m just lucky I’m able to work independently and keep business afloat.”

“Yeah, that makes sense...” Crash and Lost Way shared another look, with the zebra silently motioning for the stallion to say something first. There was a little resistance from the pegasus, but he eventually complied with a small huff. His eyes nervously darted between Eirjan and Marzo when he asked, “S-So, umm... does that include--”

“Nah that doesn’t include the web series.” Eirjan didn’t even look up from his plate of food, nor did he stare back at Crash’s blushing face as he took a long sip of wine. “... I mean, that *does* bring in some good money now and then, but we don’t do it solely for that. Marzo and I just have

a, ummm... I'm not sure how to put it."

"A shared interest in educating others~" With the way Marzo said that so eloquently, Lost Way and Crash were sure that he practiced that answer for over twenty minutes in the mirror. Nevertheless, the zebra still kept a charming smirk pointed at the couple. "I enjoy knowing that my... *talents* are being appreciated by others, and I like to hope I'm able to *educate* more than a few of them about how it's done."

"Hmph~ J-Jeeze, hun..." Eirjan was just about to refill his glass when he shot his partner a light huff. "So what, we're like... public *educators* now? And here I was thinking you weren't into either of those things."

"What, you think I'm not into public stuff?~" Marzo shot Eirjan quite the wicked-looking smile. The red zebra stood with his muzzle tightly clenched, and a faint blush emanating across his cheekbones. It turned into a staring contest for a moment, with Lost Way and Crash watching the two zebras in confused silence. After several seconds, Eirjan was the first to break eye-contact, which made Marzo smirk devilishly wide. "Oh my goodness, you *didn't*..."

Neither of the zebras could be seen moving, which caused Lost Way's ears to perk up in suspicion. He could hear a couple muffled thumps beneath the table, but nothing that could be seen past the tablecloth. It wasn't until he heard a light gasp that Lost Way glanced back at Eirjan beside him. The red zebra instantly tensed up with a deeper shade of crimson across his face, and his eyes wide-open to see Marzo's cocky smirk.

“Ahh, ahh, *aaaaahhhhh~*” After a little maneuvering, Marzo was able to lean himself back just enough to get the underside of his hoof nestled between Eirjan’s legs. Despite how hard the zebra tried to resist beneath the table’s surface, he soon found himself with his partner’s hoof positioned right beneath the crotch of his trousers. The fabric was already tight and constricting enough, which left his sheath and balls feeling like they were in a sauna. But with that additional press of Marzo’s hoof against the crook of his balls, an instinctual trigger was pressed that caused Eirjan’s nerves to tingle like mad; in addition, the zebra’s sheath stirred *quite* a bit from that first grope, even when he tried to cross his legs under the table.

Eirjan groaned through his gritted teeth, and tried his best to remain “casual” in his seat. Since he was able to see so many other patrons close to their table, he knew that any uncomfortable grunts or squirms were going to get them caught with enough consistency. But at the same time, when he tried to stare back at the grinning zebra, something in him felt compelled not to speak out or make him stop too directly. Maybe it was the wine talking, or perhaps he knew that Marzo was just as keen on pushing limits as he was; either way, Eirjan’s legs eventually tried to relax and stay wide-apart while Marzo’s hoof was between them.

Marzo grinned more notably at his partner, while Lost Way and Cash tried to sip their own glasses and ignore any awkwardness. Marzo motioned his head to the side, pointing towards the pegasus Eirjan was seated right next to. The zebra’s eyes widened in instant realization, and he tried to shoot him a strong head-shake through his flustered blush. Meanwhile, Marzo was already positioning himself so his seat was a little closer beside Lost Way. And with one of his

hooves already unnoticed beneath the table, it wasn't too daring for Marzo to slip a hand beneath the table cloth towards a certain other zebra's crotch...

"Wait, what are you two..." Lost Way blinked a couple times as he stared between Crash's deepening blush, and the other two zebras at the table were looming themselves in closer. He could see Eirjan's cheeks growing a particularly heavy shade of pink, and pushing his chair in closer to Crash's without looking too suspicious. But before he could try to finish his question, Lost had to clutch his muzzle tightly to keep any of the nearby patrons from hearing his sharp gasp. Much like Crash, who squirmed at roughly the same time as his partner, both of them felt the unsubtle caress of the zebras' digits sliding up the inside of their trouser thighs.

*"NNNGHH!!"*

Lost Way writhed in his seat, and his eyes shot wide-open when he felt Marzo's hand grope his tenting crotch. Fortunately for himself and Crash, neither of them tried to move too obviously while their friends continued to have their fun beneath the tablecloth. Marzo smirked rather wide at Lost Way, and leaned into the table so he could get a better reach; unlike the zebra squirming beside him, Marzo kept a completely innocuous expression while his hand cupped over his erection.

*"Sssshhh, sssshhhhhh... It's alright,"* he whispered discreetly into Lost Way's ear, not even flinching in his own seat. *"We're not gonna do anything right now... I just wanted to help speed up the process a bit, if you catch my drift~"*



Given how Marzo and Eirjan's hands were quick to start getting frisky, neither Lost Way or Crash felt too confident in that assurance when they were both given some good gropes beneath the table. However, considering some of the things both couples have done with one another before that point, being rubbed through clothing wasn't exactly the most taboo or risqué activity they've ever done. If anything, the fact that they weren't unzipping any flies showed a decent amount of self-control. Luckily, despite how obviously Lost Way and his mate were squirming, Marzo and Eirjan were innocuous enough to continue rubbing them without arousing suspicion themselves.

“So, Lost Way, Crash...” Marzo smirked at the two rather cheekily, his eyes darting between them to read their flustered expressions. Lost Way was managing slightly better than the stallion, but his fidgeting motions weren't doing him many favors as he endured Marzo's relentlessly tantalizing squeezes. Those skilled digits may have been working blind, but he seemed to know exactly how to caress the bulge in Lost's pants to keep his teeth gritted. Meanwhile, Eirjan was making sure to keep his own digits above Crash's trouser fabric, while still getting the pony nice and bothered. And since neither of them were trying to speak through their strained expressions, Marzo was given free reign to speak towards both of them. “I gotta admit, Eirjan and I were looking to befriend other couples for a while now, but... To be honest, both of us were wanting to make sure any chemistry really *clicked*, y'know?~”

Lost Way and Crash both nodded their heads, even as their muzzles remained tightly skewed shut. However, despite how inappropriately the zebras may have been acting, neither of them were given much resistance as they played with those tenting crotches in secret. Even when

Crash groaned with a small “readjustment” in his chair, the stallion made sure to move as discreetly as possible while Eirjan was rubbing his flaring head. By the time he was in a better position, the fabric of his trousers were getting soaked by the amount of precum gushing through the unbreathing material. Crash tried his best to ignore how he may have been looking under the cloth, and maintained his composure as best as he could to drink another glass of wine.

“Yeah, there ya go~” Marzo may have been busy with a hand and hoof working overtime under the table, but he proved his skills when he used his free hand to pour Crash a fresh glass. Eirjan was trying his best to remain as casual as Marzo, even when his own crotch was experiencing that same teasing by Marzo’s hoof repeatedly prodding the tip. But much like the tatted zebra, his partner was able to keep his appearance in check as he felt every inch of Crash’s plump cock through the fabric. Given how tightly the unnatural fabric was clinging to that throbbing shaft, it wouldn’t have been too surprising if Crash’s cock ripped its way through those trousers like a supervillain revealing its true form.

“Aaaaahhhh...” Marzo sighed in satisfaction after finishing his own glass, not giving any evidence that he was doing anything inappropriate under the tablecloth. “So, if it’s alright to ask you gentlemen... what were the two of *you* expecting to happen tonight, hmmm?~”

Crash was too focused on biting his clenched fist to give much of a response. Marzo kept his attention on Lost Way, and made sure to grasp his bulge *tightly* to ensure the same level of focus. Lost writhed strongly in his chair, and trembled a bit while choking down his glass of wine. Luckily for both the zebras, Lost Way’s attempts of concealment seemed to be going well as the

seconds of discreet teasing continued. Marzo was gracious enough to refill Lost Way's glass, which gave the zebra just enough time to speak up louder than a shuddering whimper.

*"Nnnfff... I-I-I uhhh... Crash and I weren't sure w-what you guys were into. Heheheh..."*

Despite how sincere his smile may have looked, his nervous chuckle was enough to make Marzo tilt his head towards Crash. "Oh, is that so?" he asked with confidence, nodding at Eirjan when he saw how well he was making the pegasus squirm. "Well, given how quickly you two tried to bring up our *web-series*, it seems like you wanted a certain *topic* of discussion to start off from there. Am I making an assumption there, or is there something you wanna admit before the waitress comes back?"

Lost Way and Crash gawked back at one another with their muzzles tightly clenched, and their legs curling up from how effectively the zebras were titillating them in their tight trousers. It was becoming difficult enough to keep themselves from appearing too flustered, let alone trying to convincingly lie to the zebras molesting them. Since it was hard enough to keep their words from sounding like hushed moans, neither of them were able to really try and dismiss Marzo's boisterous claim. In fact, Crash tried his best to give a confident response as he gripped the edge of the table tightly with both hands. "Uhhh!! W-Well, ummm... T-To be fair, Eirjan told Lost and I that you wanted to take a couple guys out for wine and cheese. W-We uhhhh... we weren't sure if that invitation was going to be so *l-literal*..."

Eirjan and Marzo had to keep from snickering to such a blunt answer. The two continued to fondle their friends, but they shot each other a couple of cheeky smirks as well. “Jeeze, I’d hate to assume what they thought the ‘cheese’ would’ve been referring to~”

“Ugh, come on!” Marzo giggled to himself, with his influx of wine already giving his cheeks a rosy hue. He wanted to give Eirjan a judgemental glare, but he was too helpless to his drunken giggling to give any convincing looks. In the end, all that Marzo could do was scoff at his friend’s remark and say, “Hey, at least I can understand that kind of excuse. We’re not exactly the kind of clientele for a place as fancy as this.”

“Yeah, I can tell.” Eirjan’s flat tone was accompanied with a knowing smirk on his muzzle, and a grope effective enough to make Crash lurch forward in his seat. Even though he was being just as discreet with their antics as Marzo, Eirjan’s little squeeze was enough to make his partner look around cautiously. The two were lucky not to notice any wary stares or hushed murmurs from nearby, which helped Marzo to sigh in relief. He eventually leaned back in his seat, allowing his hoof to slide up harder against Eirjan’s crotch. As the hard keratin rubbed hard against Eirjan’s studded piercings, even the thick fabric of his jockstrap wasn’t enough to cushion the intense stimulation those grinds were giving him. “Hmmmphhhh…”

“I’m sorry, were you saying something?~” Marzo kept a jeeringly coy grin on his muzzle, and narrowed his eyes on the squirming zebra across from him. He tried his hardest not to get too overt, since he didn’t want to get overly raunchy with their guests present. But considering how they were already getting them hot and bothered under the table, Marzo knew it was a matter of

time before they could get in the right mood for some proper discussion. Just before returning his attention to their guests, Marzo made sure to give the bulges of Eirjan's studded piercings a thorough grind with nothing but his trousers to cushion the zebra's hoof. Eirjan had to grip the table with his free hand, nearly spilling his wine with a whimpering groan.

"Yeah, that's what I thought~" Marzo wasn't afraid to shoot his partner a cocky grin, mostly due to his confidence in how effectively he was locking the zebra's legs. Considering how badly he was convulsing under the tablecloth, it would take an arduous amount of effort for Eirjan to pull one of his hooves up and maneuver it against Marzo's crotch. And even if he *did* manage such a feat while being rubbed so effectively, Eirjan would likely be too worried about kicking Marzo in the nuts. Nevertheless, Marzo made sure to keep an eye on his squirming mate while addressing their friends again. "So, Lost Way, Crash... Did either of you bring anything in possible *preparation* of tonight?~"

Both of their heads nodded, with their blushes growing even heavier before Marzo pulled his hand away. Eirjan did the same, which allowed for Lost Way and Crash to finally breathe and relax their nerves. In addition to their muscles finally being able to stop tensing, the break in stimulation was pleasing enough to make the two smile tiredly in their slumped positions. The zebra and pegasus chuckled nervously as they tugged on the collars of their sweaters, clearly knowing something their friends did not.

“W-W-Well, ummm... I-I uhhh...” Crash averted his eyes from the three zebras, and smiled bashfully when he looked down at the baggy wool draped over his chest. “... L-Lost and I figured that maybe, *uhhh... that I'd wear my harness under my sweater?*”

Crash may have muttered that last part in less than two seconds, but Eirjan and Marzo caught enough of it for their eyes to widen in surprise. Crash groaned and covered the top of his face with one of his hands. He also chugged down the nearly full glass of wine he was nursing, which made him grunt with a brief wince in his muzzle. Lost Way was blushing just as heavily in second-hand embarrassment, but he wasn't able to keep himself from giggling as he sipped his own glass at a slower pace.

“Oh, *come on*, man!” whined Crash, before cringing at how loudly his voice came out. The only patrons to glance over at them were a couple old ladies at the bar; fortunately, all they did was scoff with smirks and a couple of light giggles. Crash hung his head to hide his shameful wince, even though none of the zebras seemed too offended by his drunken outburst. Marzo reached in to pat Crash on the back, rubbing right between the pegasus' twitching wings.

“Hey, it's alright, Crash,” he said reassuringly. “At least they heard *that* and not the previous part, right?~”

Crash huffed out sharply enough to sound like a snorting attempt at a laugh. When Crash looked up at the zebra, he was clearly struggling to keep his smile from appearing too obvious. That sheepish acknowledgement was enough to make Marzo smile and slap his back gently. “And if it

means anything..." Marzo leaned in with a randier smirk, and whispered into Crash's ear,  
"You're not the only one~"

Crash gawked at him, his eyes as wide as frisbees. Marzo merely perked his brows in response, and motioned his head back towards Eirjan. Crash's head whipped back at the zebra who fondled him for so long, his muzzle slightly agape. Eirjan may have not been able to hear what his partner said, but the previous discussion and Crash's knowing expression were still enough to make him hang his head with an obvious blush. Lost Way, who was close enough to Marzo to hear the two, shrugged and sipped his wine while smirking at Eirjan. "My *goodness*~"

"So, how about **you**, Lost Way?" Marzo didn't reach under Lost's tablecloth again, but he loomed in close enough for the zebras to smell the wine on each other's breaths. Now it was Lost Way's turn to squirm and blush like his boyfriend had. But even with his strongest attempts to avert his eyes or turn his muzzle away, he wasn't able to avoid that piercing gaze in Marzo's eyes as he stared him down like a hawk. "I'm curious... Is *Crash* the only one with something naughty on him? Or do **you** have something to confess as well?~"

With the way Marzo spoke in such a broodingly coy tone, it was near-impossible for Lost Way to ignore his words. But at the same time, the zebra's calm demeanor and unassuming voice were more than enough to keep any nearby patrons from paying much attention to what he was saying out loud. Eirjan had no idea how his partner could amass a skill that good, but he's seen him in action more than enough times to verify the effectiveness of his talent. Because of his trust in Marzo, Eirjan didn't have to look around nearly as frantically as Crash was at that moment.

“Uhhhh... Heheheheh...” Lost Way could feel Marzo’s eyes pinned directly on him, as if his expression was the only significant thing in the entire winery. He may have not felt any physical fear or threat of bodily harm, but Lost Way was feeling more than enough intimidation to try and stay silent on the matter. Not to mention, Marzo’s smile was still quite charming, and able to melt through the zebra’s tension to make him smile timidly. “W-Well, I don’t have anything *on* me right now, b-but... I may have packed a few items in the trunk of my car.”

Marzo pushed his chair in even closer, which allowed for him to slip an arm behind Lost Way’s back. Eirjan did the same as he nestled him closer to Crash. The pegasus blushed at their close contact, but he was just as helplessly stoic as his partner was. None of the others tried to say anything else, which left Lost Way to sigh and clarify what he meant.

“I-I mean, like... I have the bondage rope and other gear in the trunk... *A-Also a couple pup hoods, and... some other toys we picked at random...*”

Marzo and Eirjan shared a couple of impressed nods to one another. Crash tried to reel away from the zebras’ surprised expressions, mostly because of how embarrassed he felt of their kink gear being mentioned out in the open. He may have been fortunate to not be overheard or eavesdropped, but he was certain that his sheepish look was as obvious as a giant neon sign hanging above his head. But since neither of the zebras seemed too keen on outing the poor lad on what he was *specifically* holding in his car, they kept their smirked muzzles shut on the matter and watched Lost Way squirm some more.



“C-Come on, guys...” Lost Way sunk his blushing face into one of his hands, while his elbow remained tightly braced against the table. He tried his hardest to conceal himself, but he wasn’t able to hide from Marzo’s face as he leaned in closer. By the time the zebra got up comically close to Lost with that cheeky grin, all of his defenses went away with a single sharp guffaw.

“Pbbbt!!!” Lost Way couldn’t hold himself together, and wrapped his digits tightly around the bridge of his muzzle. But alas, the corner of his muzzle was still visible enough for Marzo and Eirjan to see the grin trembling at the corners. Lost Way struggled to keep his muzzle shut, which caused a hushed volley of muffled snickers to try and break their way from his pursed lips. Lost knew that his friend’s little stare was enough to get him nice and relaxed; although, that may have also been the vast influx of wine talking. When the waitress finally returned to claim their lost bottles, the zebras backed away long enough for Lost Way and Crash to regain their breaths.

“Anything else I can get for ya gentlemen?” The ram furrowed her brow and read through the hand-written text of her order slip, while her free hand furiously clacked the price numbers all together. By the time she held up Marzo’s gift card, she finished up her calculations and noted, “Right now, you guys have about a hundred twenty five left on the card. Would you like me to make any recommendations?”

“As a matter of fact, I think you *can* help us!” Marzo, who had just molested all his fellow dinner guests a few minutes ago, was now chatting it up with the waitress happily like nothing was

amiss. “First of all, do you have a wifi password available for patrons? I have a feeling we might need to get a ride out of here.”

“I’ll get you a complimentary ride voucher before you guys leave,” she noted with a pleasant smile, not noticing how heavily the others were all blushing. “And the password is listed on the back of the menu, right underneath the number.”

“Oh, I can’t believe I missed that! Thank you *very* much.” Marzo reached into his back pocket, and pulled out a fresh ten dollar bill to slide her way. “Here you go, darling. We’ll be sure to trust whatever selections you think could cover the rest of that card, and provide an adequate tip from all of us before we leave.”

The ram nodded earnestly, and practically skipped away from their table with a skitter of her pudgy hooves. Marzo leaned back in his head confidently, feeling rather happy with how well that interaction went. However, his eyes widened when he glanced back at his friends and saw three equally stunned, gawking expressions. “W-What?!” asked Marzo with his shoulders raised. “I’m being polite here! I didn’t want to piss off the staff at a place as nice as this or anything. Besides, she probably knows the most about wine and what to get.”

Marzo raised his brows and stared the three down, hoping that his explanation shot some sense into them. Unfortunately, all that it did was make Erjan waist a brow of his own and ask, “Did... you really just call that waitress *‘darling?’*”

Marzo's peeved expression instantly dampened, and his eyes widened even more in dreadful realization. Lost Way and Crash snickered with glances back at one another, and Eirjan struggled not to do the same between them. Marzo let out a faint whinny as he rolled his eyes, and tried not to appear too frustrated. "I dunno, I just... sometimes I get more *comfortable* when I drink a bit..."

"Hmph~ Yeah, your hoof made that *very* clear," noted Eirjan, who wasn't afraid to shoot Marzo a thankful wink.

Much like his partner, Eirjan was feeling enough of the wine's effects to become quite "comfortable" as well. His leg coordination may have been badly affected by all that wine in his system, but it also provided him with enough confidence to swing his hoof up and over Marzo's thigh. The hoof stopped right above the zebra's tented crotch, with Eirjan tensing up his leg as tightly as possible. Even with his teeth tightly gritted, Eirjan shot him a coy little smirk as he lowered his hoof with careful precision. The bare keratin nestled right up in the crook between Marzo's balls, while the tip of his hoof's curved edge grazed right against the base of his shaft. Even with the codpiece of his jockstrap *and* his trousers in the way, he still shivered sharply from how the coarse keratin grinded against the material to stimulate his sensitive flesh.

"Oooohhh!~" Marzo finally let out a flustered yelp of his own, but he fell back in his seat just enough for any patrons to just assume he stumbled a little. The zebra's flailing hooves and twitching erection were completely hidden under the tablecloth, which provided Eirjan with quite the advantage as his hoof pressed in hard against his partner's bulge. He could feel every

throb of that veiny shaft pulsating through the fabric, making his leg shiver for a moment as he let out a shuddering exhale. But even with his flustered blush, the red zebra remained smiling as he stared Marzo down.

“Yeah, it’s not that fun the other way around is it?~”

“Oh, on the *contrary*...” Much to Eirjan’s surprise, Marzo was still able to refill his glass without much issue. His hands may have been shaking the tiniest bit, but he still had a fairly natural smile as he glanced back at him with a sultry wink. “Although I gotta say,” he added after taking a sip from his glass, “I would recommend getting up closer to the top if you wanna prove yourself~”

Eirjan wasn’t sure if his partner was just bluffing, or if he really wanted him to push his luck in such a public venue. Nevertheless, Eirjan made his decision with a smirk on his muzzle, and a graceful slide of his hoof up the length of that rigid bulge. He could feel every distinct curve and crevice along Marzo’s crotch, whether it be from the fabric or his stiffening cock. But just as the edge of his hoof graced along the bottom ridge of his flaring head, Marzo had to put his glass down and suck in a quick breath.

“Ooh! Nnnnfffff... O-Oh my...” Marzo chuckled a little with a knowing smile back at his partner, not minding the blushed stares he was getting from their guests. Crash and Lost Way may have already been riled-up themselves, but it was just as gratifying to watch the zebras fondling one another in front of them. Luckily, despite how randy the two may have been getting, it wasn’t nearly enough to cause any scenes. Even when Marzo lurched his head forward

with a brief groan, his hands gripping the edge of the table tightly, only the three around him were able to blush and smirk at his comeuppance.

“Nnnffff!~” Marzo struggled to finish the rest of his glass, which left his cheeks an especially rosy shade of pink between his black stripes. “Whoop boy,” he said with a brief exhale that made him shudder in a mix of arousal and tipsiness. “Okay, I... I think I’m starting to feel that sangria from earlier, guys~”

“Yeah, same here,” admitted Lost Way with a bashfully raised hand, which was still holding a half-full glass. “Hehehehe... Ooh, we might need to get a ride back home...”

Eirjan and Crash giggled with noda of their own. “Yeah, totally,” said the pegasus without hesitation. “Uhhh... is it cool to leave our cars here?”

“Don’t worry, the owner has all-night parking for free if you take a cab or ride-share home. All we have to do is pick our cars up tomorrow.” Marzo took a deep breath, and pushed his empty glass aside to indicate his limit being met. However, even when Eirjan began to browse through his phone to arrange them a ride, his hoof continued to sensually glise up and down the length of his partner’s twitching bulge. Marzo was able to keep his heated squirming below the tablecloth, but his blush was becoming more noticeable by the second. “Oooohhhhhh...”

“So, uhhh... what’s the plan gonna be then?~” Crash kept a nervous smile and darted his eyes back and forth among the three zebras. “Like... Are we going back to *our* place, or...”

Lost Way glanced between Eirjan and Marzo, clearly unsure of the plan himself. However, he appeared equally as willing to hear them out as Crash was. The other couple took a second to contemplate their options, with Eirjan shrugging before continuing with his ride-share setup. Marzo shot their buddies a casual smirk and suggested, “Welllllll... If you guys are willing to get your supplies out of your trunk, we could easily arrange some things back at our place~”

“For *now*, at least...” Eirjan didn’t look up at his friends’ puzzled stares, but still smirked to himself from that intentionally vague wording. Even though he and Marzo had a lot of ideas thought out, there was also a lot of time needed to discuss them with their friends in a more... *private* venue. Eirjan may have still been making his partner writhe with the aid of his tenacious hoof, but even *they* were aware of what they could or couldn’t get away with.

For example, openly discussing kink and pairing ideas may not be as easy to deal with as the waitress returned to their table.

Lost Way and Crash tried not to gasp worriedly, and tensed up in their seats while staring back at their friends. Eirjan was trying his best to mimic his partner’s cavalier smile, appearing quite natural above the table. In comparison though, Marzo had to rest his head against his hand with an elbow on the table to keep from falling out of his seat. From their friends’ perspective, he was obviously dealing with some sensations that could’ve been mistaken for someone getting a full vibe against their prostate. But from the old ram’s point of view, all she was was a blushing zebra trying not to pass out. “Ahh, it seems that y’all are feeling alright?”

“Mmhmm...” Marzo nodded his head weakly, and smiled up at her with a thumbs-up. “Y-Yeah, uh... sorry, I think that last glass hit me more than expected.”

The waitress giggled and rolled her eyes. “Yeah, that happens a lot. Do you need me to arrange anything for you boys?”

“No thank you,” said Eirjan, who was able to effortlessly finish his ride reservation while grinding Marzo’s cock right in front of her. He even held up his phone for her to see the confirmation message on his screen. “I just got a van arranged to pick us up in about... ten minutes?”

“Oh, perfect!” The ram reached over to a nearby empty table, where she left her serving tray before approaching the group. “I used the remaining balance on the gift card to get you four some of my personal selections...”

The guys’ faces lit up when they saw the half-dozen wine bottles intricately arranged in a plush wooden box filled with twine. She also had a couple packages of food to-go, including a huge bag of tortilla chips that made Crash beam excitedly. “Oooh!~” The pegasus leaned in over the table to get a closer look at the selection she arranged. “Wow, this all looks fantastic!”

“Well, thank you, dearie!” Right after the waitress said that, her head tilted quite peculiarly.

“Hmmm...”

It took a second or two for Crash and the others to notice why her eyes were narrowing so suspiciously on the stallion. Unfortunately, both Eirjan and Lost had to keep themselves from reacting more than their eyes widening in shock. With the way Crash was leaning over the table in his baggy sweater, the collar was able to slip down just enough to expose some of his bare shoulder and chest. And since he made the unfortunate choice of wearing his green harness, with the glossy neoprene peeking through his charcoal fur, the ram was able to see enough of it to say, “Oh, goodness!”

All four of them sat with varying looks of worry and apprehension, not wanting to be thrown out of such a nice place for an accidental slip. Eirjan instantly pulled his hoof away from Marzo’s crotch, just in case she somehow noticed *that* too. The waitress was staring at the exposed strap wide-eyed, just before Crash jolted back into his seat. The pegasus frantically tried to cover himself with the sweater, even though the damage had already been done. He and Eirjan tried to shoot her a couple of chuckling smiles brimming in worry; meanwhile, Lost and Marzo stared at each other with their lips bitten shut.

“Oh. you don’t have to be so embarrassed, young lad~” The waitress gave a dismissive flick of her wrist and spoke more reassuringly. “It’s perfectly alright, you have nothing to worry about. I’ve worn enough of those over the years to know their importance.”

All four of the guys’ eyes grew as wide as their empty dinner plates. It took the group a moment to catch what she said, while the waitress stood with a chipper smile. Marzo was the first of the



group to address the ram, but he was clearly hesitant when he raised a finger to catch her attention. “Uhhh... You... You *do*?”

“Well, of course I do!” After looking around to make sure nobody was staring over at them, she quickly waddled herself around so her back was facing the group. The instant she started to lift up the back of her shirt from the waistband of her long skirt, Marzo and the others all quickly covered their mouths and reeled back in shock. But after the split-second of panic all four of them experienced, they were quick to see the black straps wrapped around her lower back. There was also a large nylon pad right above her tail, which was recognizable for all of them to sigh in deep relief.

“See?” After showing her back-brace, she was quick to re-tuck her shirt and turn back towards them. “Believe me, these things can be a *godsend* sometimes. I’ve been dealing with back problems for over two decades, and a lot of others deal with it too. You’re perfectly fine.”

Crash, who was blushing hard and slumped in his seat, sighed with a nod and smiled gratefully back at her. Lost Way and Marzo had to keep themselves from laughing out-loud, but their smiles were trying their hardest to appear on their clenched muzzles. Even Eirjan had to cover his muzzle to keep the waitress from seeing him snicker. Luckily, her focus was more on the stallion than any of the others when he said, “Uhhh... T-Thanks for understanding.”

He reached into his pocket, and pulled out his wallet to give her an appreciative tip. Marzo took that opportunity to look through the receipt taped to the box. “Ooh, you really knew how to use that card to its full advantage!”

“Well, it is my job~” After receiving some complimentary tips from Crash and Eirjan, she smiled at the zebra and asked, “Is there anything else I can get for you gentlemen?”

“That’ll be all, thank you.” Before she could leave them be, Marzo made sure to provide a small cash tip of his own. “And just to clarify, the overnight parking is free, right?”

“Absolutely! We also have hired security in the parking garage to protect everyone’s belongings. Oh, and by the way...” Much like Crash a minute ago, it seemed that he wasn’t the only one with a slight wardrobe malfunction. “... I must say, that’s a *lovely* design on your wrist~”

“Hmm? O-Oh!” Since Eirjan wasn’t pressing up against his dick anymore, Marzo could notice the fact that one of his rubber bands seemed to have snapped off from his sleeve cuff. He gasped lightly when he saw how much the sweater’s sleeve rolled up, revealing a few of his tattoos that went up his forearm. Multiple bright colors were shining between his black stripes, while a deep-black tribal piece was wrapped around his wrist. “Uhh, t-thank you,” he said flusteredly while pulling his sleeve back down. “Sorry, uhhh... I tried wearing this sweater for a reason.”

“Oh, don’t worry, I’m not one of those *sticklers* about such things. Anyway, y’all have a wonderful night~” She gave the group a cheeky wink, and then walked away with her payment and tips in hand.

The four guys waited a few seconds after she disappeared back into the kitchen; however, it didn’t take long before their flustered smiles widened, and a couple of muffled snickers began to break through their tightened lips. After a brief moment of silence, the zebras and pegasus all cracked up and started laughing uncontrollably. Their reaction to that experience may have caused a few of the other patrons to stare over at them with raised brows or miffed sneers; but since none of them were trying to grope each other anymore, it wasn’t really a big deal if they made a small scene right before leaving.

“Oh my god!” Marzo covered his eyes with a hand while leaning against the table. He needed a few seconds to control his laughter before shooting Eirjan a knowing smirk. When the red zebra took notice of his partner’s look with a puzzled stare, Marzo motioned back to where the waitress just exited. He leaned in and whispered with a devilish grin, “*She was wearing a **black** harness, honey~*”

“D-Dude, shut up!” Eirjan and the others may have snickered to Marzo’s observation, but he still needed to look around and make sure nobody heard that. While his head was craned back, his own sweater allowed for Lost and Crash to get a glimpse of the orange strap of his harness over his shoulder. The couple stared back at each other for a moment wide-eyed, but neither of them could say much compared to Crash’s similar getup.

“Well, what do you say, guys?” Marzo was the first to finally pull himself up from their table. His trousers were sporting a rather prominent bulge, with the shaft and flaring head clearly seen pressed against the inside of his right thigh. Luckily, the zebra was quick to pick up the box of bottles with both hands so it could cover his crotch. “If we get back to our cars to retrieve some things, we can be ready for Eirjan’s ride when it arrives.”

“Yeah, he’s only a few minutes away anyway...” Since the bill had already been paid, Eirjan followed his partner as he grabbed one of the large food packages. Much like Marzo, he stood up with the styrofoam clamshell packages conveniently positioned over his own crotch. There were enough items for Lost Way and Crash to do the same, even though both of them were blushing heavily in trepidation. Crash appeared *especially* flustered while holding his tortilla chip bag like a stoner who stumbled out of the kitchen at three in the morning. But by the time the group made their leave out of the winery, none of them seemed to notice any suspicious stares or murmurs from the other patrons.

The hostess by the front door offered to watch their items beside her stand, mostly so they wouldn’t have to lug all that stuff through the snow to store in their cars. By the time the group were back outside with their coats and heading to the parking garage next door, snow had begun to drift down from the pitch-black skies. All along the empty streets, which were becoming increasingly dusted with fresh snow like powdered sugar, all of them were able to see just how much was coming down through the streetlamp lights above. The sight of so many small, fluffy

flakes drifting faintly across the windy skies was enough to add a feeling of serenity and tranquility to the fancy neighborhood.

“So, ummm...” Lost Way walked up alongside Marzo to ask, “Since we’re not surrounded by all those people, I gotta ask... W-What were you wanting to do when we get back to your guys’ place?”

Even though he was stumbling the slightest bit, and his cheeks were notably red from their exciting evening, he still had a confident smile when he looked back at him. “Well... Since it’s currently the time for caring for others and *sharing*...”

That last word was said with more than enough inflection to immediately make Lost’s eyes widen. Both of them turned over to see Eirjan and Crash’s expressions. The pegasus may have been wearing a thick winter coat with a fur-lined hood, but his muzzle was poking out enough for them to see his overwhelmed blush. Meanwhile, the red zebra beside him gave an approving nod to his partner’s statement. He nestled in a little closer beside the pegasus, and finished Marzo’s statement with, “... the two of us figured that if you were willing to trust us, we could... help give you guys a little gratification of your own~”

Marzo did the same with Lost Way, and even reached back to slip a hand into the zebra’s back pocket. Lost jolted a little from that surprise grope, but he only needed a second before settling with a flustered smile. Marzo took that opportunity to move in even closer, which prompted Eirjan to do the same. The zebras’ guests may have been more than a little hot-faced from their

personal touch, not to mention the excess of alcohol in their systems; but regardless, Lost Way and Crash eventually settled beside the two with accepting, albeit slightly frazzled looks on their faces.

“W-Well, uhhh... W-What kind of ‘gratification’ do you mean?” Crash’s voice may have come out slightly stuttered, but he didn’t sound slurry enough to warrant a simple response.

“That’s all up to you guys...” Marzo made sure to nudge Lost’s hips with his own, and also give that ass a playful squeeze through the pocket. Lost grunted with a sharp shiver, but Marzo didn’t wait for him to settle when he added, “If you two wanted to fool around with us tonight, we could easily arrange for all of us to get *exactly* what we want from each other~”

The other couple turned to stare at one another, but neither of them seemed to have an adequate response for Marzo. Even though Crash was slightly taller than the zebra beside him, Eirjan made sure to give the pegasus a little nudge of his own. “Besides...” He spoke in a rather sultry tone to make Crash tense up in his grasp. “The two of you definitely satisfied *us* more than a few times. It’s only fair to give *you* guys a prime opportunity to experience something personal yourselves~”

By the time the four escaped the powdery snow to enter the parking garage, Marzo had to use his free hand to dust off the snowflakes from his and Lost Way’s shoulders. Eirjan noticed what his partner was doing, and caused Crash to yelp out a little when his own hand went into the

pegasus' back pocket. "Don't worry, I won't bite," assured the zebra while browsing his phone. The app may have said their driver was only a couple minutes away, but he wasn't afraid to lean in close to Crash's ear and whisper, "*Unless you want that~*"

Crash's muzzle may have tensed up with a heated groan, but he didn't give much of a negative response to Eirjan's teasing. If anything, it only made his cheeks even redder while rubbing his hands together. "Uhhh... w-wow, I... I might need to think about what I want..."

"M-Me too," admitted Lost Way as he shrugged beside the tatted zebra. Despite his nervous expression, he still managed to show Marzo an optimistic smirk. "Although... I have a feeling we'll have plenty of time to think it out by the time we get back to your place~"

"Yeah, that's the spirit!" Marzo leaned in to kiss Lose on the cheek, which made both him and Crash smile more flusteredly. "Besides, given how bad the roads might get, the ride back might take longer than usual."

"Ooh, that reminds me. I need to message him about us being in the parking garage. I also need to add a good tip for the driver..." Eirjan pulled his hand out of Crash's pocket, and quickly went through the app to add that charge. However, he still managed to say in a devilish tone, "Don't worry though, guys. The 'tips' that we have back at home for *you* two will be much more satisfying~"

“Or vice versa,” added Marzo with a wink for both of the guys to see. “But I’m sure we can have all that planned out by the time we get back.”

“O-Oh, definitely!” Lost Way glanced over at Eirjan’s phone to see the icon of their ride-share driver appearing on the GPS map. In a moment of brilliance (or at least, very clever considering how drunk and horny they were all getting), Lost Way pulled out his phone as well. “Actually, maybe we could, like... text one another about our ideas in a group chat during the ride?~”

“Hmmm...” Even though Marzo and Eirjan assumed the couple would just use the time in the van to think over their own fantasies, that option seemed much more viable for reliable communication. Not to mention, it would be a much easier method of exchanging ideas than just whispering out of the driver’s earshot. “You know what? That’s a really good idea.”

By the time their ride finally arrived in the form of a brand-new minivan, the group had managed to not only get their group text setup arranged for discreet conversation, but also retrieved several of their more risqué items from their cars. Since it was all stored in a dainty little travel bag of Eirjan’s, there was plenty of room for all the leftover wine and food they retrieved from the hostess stand. Their driver didn’t seem to mind the silence as he carefully drove through the near-empty streets, especially since the snow was growing thicker all around. But while the driver kept his attention solely on the road ahead of them, he didn’t seem to notice the naughty grins and silent giggles from his passengers as they all stayed glued to their phones...