

Umbral stretched his hind legs out across the grass while he waited, arms raised up behind his head as he did so. Today really was a nice day, unlike the forecast's prediction - if a little on the hot side. Being a taur, though, this only presented a problem for his mostly-dark fur, charcoal-black along his underside and chest and ash-grey on top. Both of these had a tendency to suck in sunlight and hold that heat and warmth, causing him to drip and sweat even through his fur, and that... that wasn't preferable.

Two pairs of legs on him, with arms that reached about halfway down the front of his lower body... some places got a little bit tough for him to clean without someone else's help. This of course also presented a problem whenever he had to go somewhere: seeing a taur like him had never been a common event in this city, so every time he went out, he got more inquisitive stares than his backyard had weeds.

Needless to say, the children were the worst. Anything having to do with genitalia tended to make them point and burst out laughing, and with Umbral's being very large and also very on display at any given time...

At least there were *some* people that appreciated him for who he was, though. He could feel his whiskers perk and his tail thump against the ground behind him, then, as the otter came back around the corner across the yard, tray of cups and such held carefully in both paws. A moment later, his big pet golden retriever came bounding around the corner as well, broad pink tongue hanging out of his mouth and tail going behind him - until the dog's eyes fell on this taur lounging here, taking up a rather large portion of the backyard.

Lukas had mentioned this dog of his before, but Umbral hadn't yet gotten the chance to actually meet him. The retriever's nose twitched at the air as he tasted the stranger's scent from afar, and then he slowly padded forward... and jumped at the quiet clatter of Lukas setting the tray down on top of the short table he'd dragged out here for the occasion.

"Sorry," the otter said, and brushed his paws off on his pants before kneeling down across that table. "I got a little caught up cleaning while the water was boiling, and then I let it sit for too long so I had to pour it out and do another pot, and then Phil here was yelling at me for his food..." Then to the dog, who had fixed his bright blue eyes on his owner: "Hey, what are you lookin' at me for? Go say hi, dummy. Umbral's nice."

That fluffy tail started going again, and next thing he knew, Umbral felt those eyes on him again - and a few seconds later, he had this golden retriever up close to him, sniffing at the front edge of his underbelly against the grass, then up towards his chest... so he leaned down and sniffed right back at the dog, squinting at him. All of that fell away, however, when Phil's tail suddenly picked up in pace, and he flicked that tongue out across Umbral's upper lip and nose - and made him rise back up with laughter shaking his body.

Lukas wore a smile as well, visible even as he bent over to pour each of them a cup. Hot tea normally wouldn't be the first thing on Umbral's mind for a day like today, sun shining brightly above through parts between the clouds, but... the otter really liked it, and his eyes lit up when the taur expressed his willingness to try it. So he wanted to give him that, at least.

"Yeah," Lukas went on, just finishing off his own cup. As he set the teapot down, his other paw bumped against the hot metal - and he hissed with the pain for a moment, quickly bringing that finger to his mouth. "Phil's real nice. I don't think I've met a single - oh, wait, that's not true... there was that one really small dog at the park that time..."

As he spoke, Phil continued snuffling along Umbral's body, warm nose pressing into his thick fur. The taur just let him do his thing; he'd had plenty of experience with ferals before. And, besides, while he could reach the dog to bat him away once he'd started nosing up along his revealed underbelly behind his front pair of legs, past there near his belly button beneath his thick fur was out of his reach.

Lukas adjusted his position a little bit more, and settled back onto his rear with his legs crossed in front of him. Then, he reached forward for his cup, gingerly felt the surface with his fingerpads, took it in his paws... "I guess I really shoulda thought this through, huh?" he said, bringing that cup to his lips to blow. Blue eyes flicked up at Umbral across the table, the taur trying not to show his slight discomfort; he'd been right when he said that Phil was friendly.

Friendly, or - this wasn't the *first* time he'd had this problem with someone's pet dog - he just found an interesting scent that he wanted to get to the bottom of, maybe in more than one way. All of the other times, the owner of the dog had profusely apologized and dragged their dog back, "*oh my goodness, I'm so sorry, it must be hard for you, being, um... naked all the time like that,*" whatever.

The taur squirmed and shifted his hind legs a little bit, trying to brush the retriever away from his underside; that nose had started to come dangerously close to the lip of his sheath, plump yet slack in the heat of the day. That was another thing that he often heard kids laughing about - *hah, wow! look at it swing!*

He reached forward for his own cup, and sniffed at the steam twirling out of the amber liquid in an attempt to put his mind off of the dog between his back legs. This otter across the table, slouched over while he sat with that familiar dreamy half-smile on his lips, looked up to the large oak tree on the other end of the yard, either unaware of his dog's "rudeness" or just willfully ignoring it.

And about that *swinging*... this same otter had gotten quite up close and personal with what he had hanging between his hind legs, closer than Phil now sniffing at the ruff of slightly-coarser fur leading down to the back of his sheath. Warm paws, warm nose, warm lips, warm tongue all touching and caressing, figuring out the not-so-little nuances and differences of a taur's set of

equipment, familiarizing himself with the scent and taste - which he bore rather strongly on his muzzle and breath for a while afterwards...

Umbral coughed on the first sip of the tea, the temperature of the stuff taking him by surprise. Underneath him, Phil jerked his head up at the sound and movement, but then settled right back into place between his hind legs. Now he could feel the little puffs of breath stirring the sensitive fur of his sheath and tickling along the slick skin just inside. With one of his forelegs, he tried to poke and brush Phil away, but the action only resulted in the dog settling more comfortably into the crook of his hind leg near his heavy sack, hanging over his other hind leg and partially onto the warm grass.

Still Lukas didn't do anything. The otter reached forward to refill his cup - no way he'd already downed the whole thing - and for a brief moment, Umbral caught his blue eyes flicking forwards towards the taur's lower body, and something glittered in that gaze. Before he could dwell on it too long, though, those eyes had returned to his muzzle, and Lukas had lifted the cup to his lips again and covered his smile.

"You didn't have any trouble getting here, I hope? I remember you mention that sometimes you try to avoid walking on the streets, 'cause... you know..."

"Yeah, well, I..." -a bright flash of something reverberating through the taur's lower body and up his spine, catching him off-guard enough that he almost lost the grip on his cup. He didn't even have to look to see what it was, since this was something that this otter had done to him a few times before as well: that was the unmistakable feeling of a nose touched up against the lip of his sheath, with tongue quickly making its way inside in a few curious licks. Each one shot through his body in a warm, shivering wave of faint pleasure, growing stronger the deeper that tongue dug beneath the supple skin... "-well, I... I mean, it wasn't... wasn't so..."

"Yeah, yeah. I getcha. But, I'm serious, man..." Lukas briefly leaned back on his thick rudder tail for a moment, unfolding his legs and stretching them out in front of him near the table. "If you ever want me to come over to your place instead, I'm totally down...."

Umbral tried his best to avoid looking down towards his lower body - some people viewed that as *rude*, for someone with his bodily setup to be looking back and appraising himself - but, just... it was as if Phil knew what he was doing, and wanted it. The golden retriever kept his nose pressed up against the taur's underbelly, right along the slightly-raised line of fur leading down to his sheath, while he openly lapped at the slit of skin, head occasionally tilting one way or the other as he did so. Same kind of treatment Umbral would get against his face if he were to lean down close to this dog, but... it was that Phil didn't *stop*, and instead seemed to only dig his way in further, broad tongue folding inside his sheath and tugging gently along the slick flesh of his cock hidden inside, the grab and pull of that sticky surface right along that sensitive area, making his hind leg twitch and the rest of his body tense up.

Didn't help that the feral's breath, elevated somewhat either by the heat of the day or his own growing arousal (Umbral thought he'd seen a flash of pointed pink half-hidden in the sand-colored fur of the retriever's underside), puffed warmly out against his sheath and tip inside, that skin held open briefly under each lick by his working tongue. Umbral's teacup shook in his paws underneath his tight fingers, his lower body already starting to give into the urge to tense up and thrust forward into the urging of that tongue and muzzle; he could feel the warm air of the day against the tapered tip of his cock, coaxed out of his sheath by the attention and quickly growing as Phil continued to lap all along his revealed length and what of it remained hidden, each time lifting and stretching that skin, wet with both saliva as well as his natural musk.

Of course he tried to pass it off as something else, as him maybe trying to sneeze but being unable to or something, but - once more, it looked like Lukas hadn't even noticed. The otter had gone back to idly sipping his tea and watching the clouds drift by, though at one point, those sharp blue eyes flicked over towards Umbral's face for a fraction of a second, then down his bare chest and behind him, and then back away. Sure, he *could* just ask if Lukas wanted to... *help him out* with this; God knows the otter wouldn't say no. In fact, the last couple of times he'd gotten this kind of treatment, it was from this quiet mustelid sitting across from him.

Maybe that little glimmer in his eyes was Lukas's way of letting him know.

Umbral took another sip of the tea, then cleared his throat and set the cup down on the table between them - and busied himself with standing up, trying to ignore the feeling of knowing he was showing pink. Or, rather, rich flesh-red, dripping slightly with pre and even more visible against the dark shade of his fur... "Hey, um - do you mind if I use your bathroom? I, uh... forgot to before I..."

"Of course!" While he spoke, Lukas reached forward to swipe Umbral's teacup, and then poured some of that into his own. "I have some cookies in the oven, too, so on your way back, could you check on them?"

"Yeah, uh - sure. Um..." But no more words came, and he instead just plodded his way over towards the sliding glass door. Thankfully this same little problem didn't happen in public too often: most public restrooms weren't quite outfitted for someone of his size and stature, and-

Once inside (he'd had to duck his head to get into the door), he turned around to slide the door back shut again, and had to wait while Phil bounded up after him. The thought just now hit him, after he felt the cool, relaxing fingers of the air conditioning wisp through his fur, that - well, that Lukas's house would be the same thing. He knew that, and it had just slipped his mind.

After all, the first time Lukas had invited him over was to... well. Umbral still remembered and sometimes willingly thought about the feeling of those paws first against the front of his chest,

then down towards his underbelly and underside; then fingers against his sheath pulling it back, then lips and tongue right there, waiting, thirsty...

And of course that feeling came right back to him, this time with the looser, slicker lips of the feral, and that same broad flat tongue he'd felt just a few seconds ago. The taur shivered with the refreshed feeling of that pleasure along his already-revealed tip, working him out further, making his hind legs tense up and lower down - and he hardly could find the power in himself to at least step out of direct view of the doorway and backyard and further into the living room, stepping slowly back to make sure his large form didn't bump against anything, while still keeping Phil directly beneath him... and once there, Umbral reached out and gripped the upper edge of the couch, claws already digging into the smooth fabric.

Under any other circumstances, he would have just pushed this dog away from himself until he got the idea. But there was just - *something* about the way that tongue and nose worked against his sheath, how the retriever lapped up along the slowly-growing underside of his length and weighed that shaft on his tongue, how Umbral could feel the twitching of his nose against his tapered tip.

Again, it didn't help that the taur couldn't exactly - *reach* back there on his own. Sure, he had more than a few generous friends like this dear otter sitting outside who were always more than willing to offer both paws, a muzzle, or in some cases, a rear, but... that could only really be an occasional thing. And besides, trying to get away from *this* - from this tongue still lapping up along him, catching the little sprays of salty liquid pre as he came to half-mast, from this nose lifting up against his underbelly with that muzzle hungrily waiting... Umbral tightened his fingers on the couch again and spread his hind legs a little bit, lowering the back of his body down.

I should get permission, his mind told him, but still his body went on. From here, standing up, he couldn't see Phil beneath him, but it wasn't exactly hard to follow the caresses and motions of his tongue and nose, of his muzzle briefly coming down to nuzzle up beneath his heavy sack, and then the brush of fur against him as the dog adjusted his position. *I should really get permission, but* - but knowing Lukas (and the pictures and videos he'd sent Umbral in the past from times when he housed his brother's dog...), the otter certainly wouldn't be opposed-

His mind, his worries, all suddenly went blank. Rhythmic panting beneath him, the feeling of a warm back lifting up against his belly, and - and a different moist heat squeezing on the tip of his cock, pressing back, sinking onto him, forcing his breath to catch in his throat and then empty out in a tense huff of a moan. Couldn't say that this dog didn't know what he wanted: that was the unmistakable feeling of a tight tailhole sliding back onto him, tail raised against his lower belly, ridged skin and flesh squeezing all around his saliva-slickened tip and shaft... yet again his hind legs bucked forward, this time into something that pressed right back against him.

Such an odd feeling, having something so much smaller than him beneath him - and especially a *feral*, male dog, willingly taking him under his tail. Hell, that changed his whole idea of what his

distractions out back had been: instead of just curiosity, instead of that “getting to know you, with no human sense of modesty” things that dogs do, that was genuine interest and arousal, genuine desire. Again, just like what he’d gotten from Lukas the first time the taur had lounged back on his side and raised his leg into the air, putting his sheath and sack on display.

Umbral licked his lips, swallowed, leaned his head back, and let out another hot sigh. Phil had stopped a short ways along his length, doubtless to let himself get accustomed to the size; the thing about ferals was that they were so much *warmer*, so much slicker and tighter, though more... *forgiving* with that tightness. It was easier to get started, easier to slide in and get into a good rhythm, warm heartbeat pulsing around his cock and flesh clenching on his length. Even now as the taur’s hips still naturally thrust forward, Phil just let out a quiet breath of his own and pushed right back.

Eager tongue, eager rump, just like his owner. Umbral really wished he could reach down and hold the dog in place, so he could more steadily sink into him and pull out, again and again, but... well, Phill seemed to get the idea. Every time the taur lowered himself down and leaned his weight forward, the retriever lifted his rear a little bit higher into the air, gladly taking that shaft deeper under his tail; and every time Umbral pulled back, Phil leaned forward and squeezed along his length. With that size difference, he could only get about half of his length beneath the feral’s tail before he felt the familiar stiff resistance of trying to get too deep, and, well... *this* would be enough to explain to the otter. Didn’t want to pile *that* on top of it, too.

Breath already coming and going as if he’d just finished running the whole way here, Umbral’s hips worked gently forward and back, forward and back with the slick, sweet pressure of this dog beneath him, still too far away for the also-familiar feeling of his larger sack coming to rest against the back of the bottom’s rear. The scent of his own musk, sharper from the heat of the day and from his arousal, tickled at his nose mixed with a different, heavier scent, one he could recognize as that wet-dog smell of a feral’s hard cock as well.

So much he was missing, since he couldn’t see. His eyes squeezed shut of their own accord beneath the sensation and the pleasure: with the feeling of this tail curled up against his lower belly and this supple tailhole squeezing and clenching and sliding along his length as the both of them picked up their pace, he could just imagine Phil on all fours beneath him, forepaws stretched out across the carpet and front of his body lowered, while he kept his hindquarters lifted up into the air for the taur to sink down into, again and again. His body wanted to squeeze on something, wanted to grab something and hold it for him to thrust into; he reached his other arm out and braced it against the wall nearby, and pawed one of his forelegs against the carpet.

His hind legs started to shake, his lower body started tense up, his teeth gritted... and right as he started to thrust forward with even more force and desire, Phil just - pulled forward off of but remained beneath him, leaving the taur to spray out the occasional jet of pre against that half-stretched tailhole. It was like he *knew* what was going on, like he wanted something specific from this beast above him.

Frankly, Umbral couldn't take it anymore. The taur pricked his claws out of the fabric of the couch, wiped his paw across his muzzle, and then lowered himself down to his side like he'd been on the grass outside, the back of his lower body bumping against the couch and pushing it a short distance across the carpet. From here, like this, he could turn to the side and see Phil there, red flesh of his own hard cock twitching and throbbing between his hind legs, tail still raised.

There eyes met for a fraction of a second, and Phil licked his chops and let out a quiet *bark* - which started the taur and made him jump. Behind the dog he could see his own shaft and sheath, skin swollen out with his looming knot, cock slick and glistening with saliva and arousal... and so, so close to Phil's waiting tailhole.

So Umbral raised one of his forelegs, rested it across the retriever's back, pulled the feral down to the carpet close to his belly, and - and started to slide back up into him, bracing his hind legs against the floor for support. *This* felt a lot better, with the dog panting openly just like himself and paws stretched out across the carpet, body both tense and relaxed at the same time. He kept an eye on that muzzle while he got back into his rhythm, hips dragging across the carpeted floor and thick cock making slick, wet noises against the dog's rump every time he pressed in and slid back out.

Such slick tension and delicious tightness... almost without knowing he was doing it, the taur tightened that leg around Phil and pulled him even closer to him, rolling the dog onto his side against his belly as he did so. Every time he sank into him, a clench and throb rippled through the feral's body and cock, and he emptied another spurt of his own pre out across his golden-tan belly.

Umbral almost thought he could see the same half-discomfort, half-pleasure across that muzzle that he usually got from his partners who took him under their tails, but... that couldn't be right. It was a bit hard to keep his eyes open, though, especially once that rhythm got to where he had to dig his claws more firmly into the carpet to keep him in place, and hold the dog tight against his belly to pound into, cock sliding smoothly into him. He pulled in breath after breath with thrust after thrust, each one adding a little more fuel to the spark burning between his legs; his heartbeat pounded in his chest and his throat, his tongue hung out of his mouth just like Phil's did, his entire body tensed up with the pleasure and the feeling, this intense wet heat squeezing all around his cock - he hadn't even noticed that through the thrusting, he'd forced himself deeper, deeper until the bulge of his knot in his sheath touched up against the rim of the feral's tailhole, just as Phil's strained at the edge of his own sheath.

Phil lay across Umbral's other foreleg, and now with the fast-approaching pressure and pleasure, the taur brought that up around the feral as well and tugged him down, firmly down onto his length while he thrust up into him, fast and hard, teeth gritted and eyes squeezed shut.

Phil had lowered his head somewhat and just let his maw hang open, tongue swinging forward and back with the rhythm, rump still squeezing around Umbral's cock-

-tight enough that the taur almost ended up pulling all the way out, once he felt the bright rush of his peak wash over him. His hind leg lifted further up into the air as he grinded his knot up against Phil's tailhole, each little thrust accentuated by another spurt of his load deep inside the feral, again and again and again, to where he could feel the heat and pressure of his cum squeeze back around his cock as if the dog could take no more. Pleasure of that release still rippling through him, Umbral lightened his grip around the feral and slid back - and emptied his last spurt out against that stretched tailhole, already leaking his thick load down over the carpet.

Now *that* scent wafted up and joined the smells of sex and arousal and taur and dog, Phil panting against his belly with this rather pleased expression spread across his muzzle. Wonder if Lukas knew how much his dog enjoyed getting filled to the brim...?

Thinking of Lukas - with his mind now clearing and settling down, Umbral could pick another scent out from beneath the mix of salt and spice and lust, one sweeter and heavier. That must be the cookies he'd mentioned. Shakily, he got to his legs and made his way over, careful to keep himself turned away from the door to the back so Lukas wouldn't be able to see his still-hard cock throbbing and twitching, leaking out the last of his load across the floor... and, just his luck: right as he reached down to open the oven, leaning his weight against the door so he wouldn't fall over, that back door slid open.

"Everything okay?" came that voice. Umbral forced himself to not look: Phil was still over there on the carpet... "Though you were taking a while... how'd you fit into my bathroom, anyway?"

Umbral swallowed, and closed the oven. Still he remained with his back turned. "Um - it was tough, but I, um... figured it out... tight squeeze, you know."

"Yeah, I know how that is... oh, hey, Phil! I *thought* I saw you go inside."

The taur looked over his shoulder; Phil stood directly above the spot where he'd leaked onto the carpet, tail swaying slowly behind him and muzzle open, tongue hanging out and flopping with his tired panting. Umbral could still feel the phantom sensation of that tailhole squeezing around his cock, sliding slick back and forth along his length.

Then, to him: "Yeah, tight squeeze. Bet you deal with that often, huh?" Footsteps coming up behind him - and then the feeling of Lukas leaning against him, arm draped over his hindquarters. At that distance, there'd be no way that the otter wouldn't be able to smell his musk of arousal - especially since he'd already well-acquainted himself with it. "Cookies look good?"

"Um-" He swallowed. "Few minutes more."

“Oh, no, take ‘em out now. I like ‘em when they’re hot, you know.”

He looked back again: once more, bright blue eyes met his.

“Hot and wet on the inside. Squishy, sticky. Not *too* much, but just enough. You know?”

Lukas winked.