“One drink!” Tohrk had said, almost as soon as he’d walked into the bar. He wasn’t particularly… *stout* himself, but he’d once made the mistake of wearing his pads to the bar, and had had to half-turn to get in through the door. Tonight was not one of those times. “One drink for everyone here, for each touchdown our team scored in that game!” Even for people who had originally cheered for the opposing team, who had regarded him and his teammates as they filed into the building with considerable disdain… until he’d finished his statement, of course.

The bartender eyed him in turn once he’d plopped down into one of the seats, probably annoyed at this German shepherd running-back resting his elbows on his bar and shaking little bits of soil and turf off which he then had to wipe away. Sure, the shepherd was a bit self-conscious about all of that as well as his teammates’ behavior, and he tried to slide a few apologetic glances the bartender’s way, but - he wasn’t about to be a total priss and outright apologize while the rest of the guys (and the girls) were here. That’d have to wait until later.

Of course this wasn’t the *first* time their team had won a game worthy of celebration. By far, no; this was just the closest game they’d had the whole season, and won by a rather stunning (if he said so himself) play by this very German shepherd running-back right here, who within seven minutes was hoisting his second glass into the air for a toast. Normally someone else would treat in *his* honor, but he figured… he had the spending money, why the hell not?

Besides, it was the whole treating-strangers-to-several-drinks that always landed him with a bit of an extra reward for the conclusion of the celebration. He just hoped that it wouldn’t turn out like *last* time, with a girl grinding on him and settling herself into his lap, expecting him to grind and press back and get into the action in front of everyone else… he always thought that he didn’t really do well putting on a show like that, but *she* certainly didn’t seem to mind.

*That* time, the girl hadn’t been wearing panties beneath her skirt - which she’d made sure to prove to Tohrk, after grabbing his paw and guiding it down between her legs at one point. He could still remember how she’d lowered herself into his lap, how she’d draped her arm around his shoulders and grinded down against him, other paw pressing down between his legs and working at the waistband of his uniform pants… admittedly, she *did* get him worked up to the point where his body pushed up against her in response to her grinding, but… shyness got the better of him, and before long he’d had to push her off and go busy himself up at the bar again until the tightness in his pants had gone down.

However, he hadn’t thought of the consequences of her not wearing underwear, and getting worked up on the bulge of his sheath and shaft… and the white material of his pants quite clearly showed the stains of her arousal, focused in one spot in front but with enough to have made its way down his inner thighs and along his legs. Maybe she’d drank a little too much, because honestly, that was a *lot* for a girl to have *just* gotten worked up on him; she’d never came, or at least not that *he* could tell, and the scent that lingered on those pants afterwards…

It wasn't something he'd ever tell anyone else in person, especially not on the team - and something he wouldn't want to show that he enjoyed, but… after he got home shortly after (since, really, could he spend the rest of the time at the party with some girl's arousal and piss soaked into his pants?), the first thing he did after the door locked behind was strip those pants off, fall into bed, and press them against his muzzle, imagining the fabric to be that of her panties… if she'd worn them, of course. And did that same thing of grinding against him, tensing up on him, releasing just a little bit… and if it had been his nose and lips right there, instead of just the front of his pants.

Suddenly - a paw on his shoulder from behind shook him out of his fantasies and back to the present, and startled him enough that some of his drink splashed out over his fingers. It was a wolf, charcoal and stone fur with amber eyes, easily showing his slight buzz that also carried through on his breath when he spoke.

"Hey, the wolf said, and then lifted his own glass to his lips again. "You're the - running-back for the Morningstars, right?"

Tohrk squeezed his legs closer together, hoping that the… *physical consequence* of him straying back into thoughts and memories like that wouldn't be too noticeable. "Yeah. I am."

"Steele, right? Number sixty-nine?"

Four years on this time and the shepherd still couldn't help but smirk at his own jersey number. Some of his teammates had given him ludicrous offers to switch numbers with them, but he loved it just too much. He jerked a thumb towards his back. "Glad you can read."

"You saved the game for us, man. Can I - can I buy ya a drink?"

Of course he couldn't say no. That was another reason Tohrk enjoyed treating his team to celebrations like this: in a college town like this, especially in a bar so close to the stadium where they most often played, usually there were enough fans around that he more than made up his fair share in spending on drinks bought for him.

"Oh, and…" This wolf leaned in once the bartender brought another glass, filled to overflowing with the same amber booze that he had in his own paw. "There's a girl over there eyein' ya, man. Lioness, short dress, over there - no, over *there*, by the bathrooms… see her? Ah, shit, she's lookin' this way - she told me to come over and… and send you her way…"

"What, really?" One thing that made Tohrk nervous was how this wolf tried to avoid eye contact with that lioness, and how he leaned down close to the shepherd's ear and spoke in a low voice. It wasn't like a wolf to get easily intimidated by just some random lioness. "Well, I'll go talk to her, then."

“Wait!”

The shepherd’s ear flicked back after he stood up.

“Drink!”

That *would* be a good thing to bring her. Make it look like *he’d* bought it for *her*… though the closer he got, the more he felt like she’d also told that wolf to buy him a drink. Sand fur, just as smooth and probably just as warm, tinted reddish-green in the dim lights of the bar; the lioness *was* wearing a short dress, blue or violet or something, clinging tight to the form of her body and the curve of her upper chest, her waist, her hip - with that long tail swaying around behind her, occasionally half-curling around her revealed ankle. Tohrk couldn’t quite make out the color of her eyes, but he *could* tell that she had those sharp gems focused on the full drink in his other paw, each step sloshing a little bit more over his paw again.

Right as he opened his mouth to greet her and introduce himself, she stood up from leaning back against the wall and nodded at the drink. “That for me?”

Her voice was low and husky but still undeniably feminine, like the voice of someone who’d had more than her share of yelling. And the brazenness with which she spoke and eyed him - sharp eyes indeed; even without looking, he could feel them digging into his shoulder and neck, the side of his muzzle, his own eyes - caught him off-guard, too. That dress cut off about halfway to her knees, and was low-cut enough in front that she had to have been intentionally showing off that cleavage.

“Uh - yeah, here…” For the briefest of moments when he handed it over, her fingers brushed over his, and he felt a little electric jolt zap into his skin. “I guess - I guess you expected me, huh?”

“Mhmm.” The lioness leaned back against the wall again, settling the drink close to her chest without taking a sip. “I saw you in that game. You did well.”

“Oh. Hah.” The shepherd reached up and scratched behind his ear, acutely aware of his stink of grass and sweat. That was part of why he tried not to stand too close to her. “Thanks. It was a good game. Close one, but good.”

Those eyes appraised him for another moment before flicking away, to some nondescript thing on the other side of the room. “Mm.”

Already this wasn’t going how he’d expected it to… and seeing the unimpressed look on her face, the same went for this lioness, too. She held herself with the kind of relaxed confidence that Tohrk *wished* he had, instead of this anxious fiddling, this… this gaping expectation. Had he expected her to strike up a good conversation? Had he expected her to fawn over him, just

because he was the star running-back for the Morningstars? Had he - what - expected her to take him by the wrist and drag him into one of these bathrooms?

The German shepherd swallowed, shoving his paws into his pockets (or, rather, trying to, and then suddenly remembering that he was still in his uniform tights, and thus had no pockets) and trying to think of something to talk about. Every time someone entered or walked out of the bathrooms, they looked over him for a fraction of a second, eyebrows rising if they recognized who he was, gaze turning right back away if they didn't… and as the time (and painful silence) went on, he became gradually more aware of the growing pressure in his bladder. After all, he *had* already had three glasses. Big glasses.

That was a lot for him. Still, though, it wouldn't be good at all for him to leave this lioness alone, especially right after he'd gotten here. So he let his eyes linger on the not-so-sterile white light flowing out of the open bathroom door for a moment longer, then cleared his throat and straightened up.

"So," he began, putting a little more growl into his voice. It was the same way he spoke to his teammates when they weren't jiving and ribbing at each other, when he wanted to seriously congratulate them or ask them to do something. "Have I met you before?"

Wrong pick-up line. The lioness rolled her eyes, exaggerated enough that Tohrk got a clear flash of bright emerald-green. "No."

"Oh." Inflating a balloon, only to have it spring a leak and pop right after he tied the spout. "Well, in that case, I-"

"Shows how much *you* pay attention. I *cheer* for your team, Steele."

He looked her over one more time. Definitely had the body and the height, but… the personality? "Oh! Damn, I'm sorry, you must - you gotta forgive me, I've got my eye on the ball during the games…"

"And I've had my eye on *you*."

Another little jolt, this time originating in his lower spine. With her staring him down like this, Tohrk felt an odd obligation to straighten his posture. "Yeah?"

"Mhmm." She looked down into her drink, tilting it back and forth so that the golden liquid came up close to the edge of the glass, but did not spill over. Still she did not take a drink. "My name's Scylla. But you can call me Syl."

Due to his lack of pockets, Tohrk wasn't really sure what to do with his paws, so he ended up folding them behind his back. Still those bright eyes held him in place, standing upright with his

ears perked. “That’s - a lovely name. I’d introduce myself, but I guess you already know about me, huh? Hah…”

Once more his eyes flicked over to the bathroom, to the yellow-white lights in stark contrast to the dim but jaunty colors of the bar, to the square navy-blue sign that showed a nondescript image of some kind of canid, with the text beneath reading *Whatever, You’re Adults (And Our Architect Forgot To Put In A Second Bathroom); Just Wash Your Damn Paws*. That was one thing about being so close: it only kept the gradually-growing need foremost in his mind, even if he forced himself to think about something else. That kind of ever-present annoying pressure, always drawing him away from the conversation at hand…

Not that Syl presented much in the way of *conversation*, of course. Tohrk found himself to be the one guiding the course of things, jumping from subject to subject and judging whether he should continue on it or just move on again based on her reactions, little telltale signs in the position of her small ears, how she held her whiskers, the curve of her mouth and motion of her tail. Never got more than two sentences at a time out of her, and even those were short, to-the-point.

*There’s a girl over there eyeing you…* whatever. Stink-eye, maybe. Tohrk pulled in a slow breath, held it for a moment, then let it out in a slow sigh. There wasn’t anything to do here. The German shepherd raised a paw, rubbed at his neck, tried to get his words straight in his mind so he could excuse himself-

“Steele.”

Syl’s voice caught his attention, and instantly wiped any thought of leaving out of his head. “Yeah?”

The lioness held out that glass, still just as full as it had been when he’d first brought it over. Her green eyes glimmered at him. “I want you to drink this.”

“Oh - well, see, thing is, I… I actually kind of… have to…” He nodded his head toward the nearby bathroom door, ashamed to say the words themselves.

But Syl didn’t seem to care. Her expression remained unchanged, and she shifted her weight onto her other leg. “You have to drink this, you mean.”

Could he say no to that face? Girl must have known from the start that she had a fierce hold on him. Once more their fingers brushed together in the exchange of the glass, and Tohrk actually had to tighten his grip on it after, having forgotten the weight of the drink… and it took him another moment, but before too long he’d put it to his lips and tilted it back, feeling the still somewhat-cool liquid roll over his tongue, burn and bite at his throat on the way down, settle into his already-mostly-full belly.

Right now what made him squeeze his legs together was some of the water from the game; better to be over-hydrated than dehydrated, he'd always figured, even if it meant he'd have to run to the bathroom some four times in the two hours following the conclusion of the game. He hadn't had the time to make it once this evening, and as such, that pressure was starting to become almost painful, with him having to consciously squeeze to hold it back. There was no way that this lioness hadn't noticed, either: Tohrk tottered back and forth from one foot to the other, one arm squeezed tight around his lower belly while he kept the half-empty glass in his other paw, trying to pass that first arm off as support for his other elbow.

She wasn't buying it. Next he looked up at her, the lioness responded with a single raised eyebrow, followed by a flick of her small pink tongue over her lips. "You know something I can't stand, Steele?"

He swallowed, gritted his teeth, tried to avoid looking at the bathroom. The lights were so bright in comparison to everything else in the bar, though, that their glow always forced their way into his field of vision, so long as he was facing this way. "No…" He glanced around, saw a table nearby, and reached over to place the drink on it. Better get rid of that before she makes him down the rest.

For the first real time since they had started talking, Syl's posture changed. She came forward away from the wall and took a half-step towards him, arms at her sides rather than crossed in front of her chest like before. Now those eyes of hers carried a kind of venom behind their glow. "Overconfident boys. Particularly, football players like you."

"Wait, wait, what did I do?"

"The way you strutted up to me, the way you thought I'd want to talk to you about football… there was a reason I got out of my cheering outfit as soon as I could, and into this. But you stayed in your uniform…" Those paws settled first against his shoulders and then moved down along his arms, claws digging in slightly. "Look at you. Proud of what you do. Wearing this like you expect girls like me to *oh, Tohrk Steele, number sixty-nine* - don't think I missed *that*, oh, no - *take me back to your dorm and fuck me 'til I can't walk*. Whatever. I bet…"

The fur on the back of his neck stood straight out, like it did whenever he felt something bad was about to happen. Those sharp-clawed paws made their way down his sides to the waistband of his tights, and from there, around to his front… when he looked up at Syl, she had her eyes focused firmly on his muzzle, not bothering to look around and make sure nobody else was watching. The German shepherd jumped a little bit, then, when she curled her fingers down around the bulge of his sheath and sack in his pants, thumb digging a little uncomfortably into the flesh of his lower belly.

Syl's expression changed a little bit, but just what exactly that entailed, he couldn't tell. He'd expected her to let him go after she'd gotten her grope, but - no; the lioness kept her paw where

it was, digging in a little more firmly, wrapping her fingers up around his balls through his pants and grinding her palm against the front of his sheath.

“Hmm.” Once more, her tongue came out and curled over her lips. “Hard to tell, with you being soft. Something on your mind, puppy? Last time, I did this same thing to our loudmouth quarterback, and - Christ, even before I’d gotten a paw on him, I could tell he was straining in his pants. All I can think of is that you’re either gay, or distracted…”

“Yeah… I mean, I-” The pressure and warmth of her paw, thumb still pressing into his lower belly but moving down beneath the waistband of his pants and toward his fluffy pubic fur, caused his body to half-consciously grind forward. “I gotta… you know…”

The lioness squinted, and leaned forward a little bit. Her other paw remained on the shepherd’s hip, claws of her fingers tickling underneath his shirt at the fur of his lower back. “What do I know?”

Once more he nodded towards the bathroom. Those eyes, that face, how her tail just continued to flick around behind her… there was no way she hadn’t figured it out. And, besides - she pressed her thumb a little too firmly into the shepherd’s lower belly, right in that spot that seemed to almost double the pressure in his abdomen, and forced him to clench himself even tighter. At least it was only one paw, he figured. “I have to - well, I had a bit to drink, and there was the water during the game…”

Or… maybe he *shouldn’t* have said. A fire lit up in those eyes, and next thing he knew, Syl had brought her other paw more closely around to the front of his body, and started to press *that* thumb into him as well. It wasn’t just pressure in one spot, no: after he revealed this to her, she started circling around beneath his belly button, pressing in at one place, releasing it, pressing in at another, down towards his sheath hidden in his pants but still cupped by that paw. Every time she squeezed at his bladder, he could only respond with a tense exhalation of breath and a shiver through his body... and not necessarily the *pleasant* sort of shiver.

Again, it was bordering on pain, and he could tell that she knew it. Really shouldn’t have sat up at the bar for so long, when he could feel the need to empty his bladder coming on about the same time he got here. There was always the option for him to just pull away and leave, but… there was something in those green eyes, in that half-smile, half-snarl curling up at the corner of her lips. *Things will be a lot worse for you if you deny me this pleasure,* that face said.

And, yeah, there would be pleasure in it for Tohrk, too - the pleasure of release, the relief of no longer carrying that weight and pressure… but this wasn’t the place where he’d want to relieve that pressure. No; he’d rather just about fifteen fight  ahead of him and to his right, past the open door of this bathroom, up into one of the urinals or whatever. Syl wouldn’t let up, though, and continued pressing her thumbs into his bladder through his lower belly, ears perking at each

noise he made, eyes constantly switching between his face and his legs to see how he squirmed and squeezed together.

“Please-” the German shepherd breathed. Part of him was glad that he had his back turned to the rest of the bar. This way, he didn’t have to see everyone else’s faces as they watched him… and he *knew* they were watching him. Star running-back of the team, over here in the corner with a damn hot lioness who really just couldn’t keep her paws off of him… “I need to-”

“You’re going to.” She turned her paws around and now drummed her fingers against that same spot in his lower belly, no longer squeezing his sheath and sack through his pants. “C’mon, Steele. Be a dear and give a girl what she wants. Just a few drops, just enough to soak through these turf-stained tights of yours…” For a brief moment, she tapped the pad of her thumb directly against the end of his sheath through those pants. “...right here. And then I’ll let you go. I just want you to remember that you’re not *all that*.”

Just a few drops… under probably any other circumstances, he wouldn’t even have considered debasing himself in that way. But this was a tight situation, and the continued rolling of her fingers over his lower belly, from right beneath his belly button down to the place where his sheath met his body, again and again… with *that* still going, he wouldn’t have a choice in the matter in about half a minute anyway. So the shepherd licked his lips, swallowed, gritted his teeth, closed his eyes…

...pulled in another breath, relaxed his body, let his paws unclench at his sides… and felt the so-familiar warm relief of letting himself go, just a couple of drips before he squeezed himself tightly up to prevent any more. Syl had kept her thumb in place at the end of his sheath, and now rubbed the pad of it over the slightly-slick material of his pants. As she did that she pressed in, pushing the lip of his sheath back just a little bit, just enough to rub at the sensitive tapered tip of his cock… and then *that* was what did it for him.

She’d probably planned that. Tohrk realized this as soon as he felt his resistance fail, beneath the intense sensation of slick material against his head and the warmth of his own piss and her thumb, kind of tickling at his flesh. His paws flexed and clenched into fists at his sides, looking for something to grab onto but unable - and his stream increased to the point where it flowed slightly out of the front of his pants once Syl had moved her thumb, glistening in the light of the nearby bathroom and coursing down along his inner leg, staining the white fabric to a darker yellowish-grey.

“Haah…” he breathed, sharply aware of what he was doing, and also aware that he *shouldn’t* be doing it. It just - felt *so* good, the slow emptying of his bladder, of that painful pressure in his abdomen… and there was something to say about the warm moisture seeping into the fur of his thigh and leg, too, dripping down from the fabric of his pants in places where it gathered the most, quietly pattering into a growing puddle beneath him. As he continued to empty himself, inhibition totally abandoned beneath the pleasure, Syl squeezed her paw around the plump

shape of his sheath through his already-soaked pants, wringing a few drops of his piss down over her fingers and forcing his stream to arc out in a higher angle through the fabric, splashing up against her wrist and from there coursing back down to him into its normal path.

“See? Doesn’t that feel good?” With him draining himself as she’d probably intended, Syl released the shepherd’s lower belly and cupped her paw beneath his sack again, allowing his piss to cup in her palm and gather and soak into his fur there, ensuring that that spot right between his legs showed the discoloration the strongest. There wasn’t *much* of a scent there this time, since Tohrk was usually well-hydrated like this on game days, but - before long the faint musk of it still tickled at his nostrils, that kind of salty spiciness that, admittedly, brought a little bit more pleasure than that of the relief to him.

And Syl’s squeezing paw didn’t help, either. She kept her thumb in *just* the right place to keep his sheath rolled slightly back, so that his tip strained against the soaked material of his pants as he continued to give into the pleasure and relief, the stirring desire in his lower abdomen only further blocking out the noise of the rest of the bar. It would be downright weird as hell if nobody else had noticed what was going on over here, especially with someone leaving the bathroom every now and then and eyeing him for a half-second, seeing the look on his face, noticing the placement of Syl’s paw between his legs… and that was probably all they cared to see, before they went on.

Beneath the steady pattering of his stream into the pool underneath him, and beneath the music thumping throughout out the building and the conversations of everyone else, Tohrk thought he could occasionally pick up someone mentioning his own name, someone snickering, someone saying *oh my God, is he…?* - but, really, he couldn’t focus on anything else right now. This lioness looked in straight in the eye, both fully aware of the control she held over him with her paw squeezed tight on his sheath and sack, shaking him gently to work out the last of his piss as his stream started to wane to a trickle. At that point, it no longer arced visibly up out of his pants, and instead just flowed down along the fabric, shimmering in the light as it went.

The true realization of what he’d just done didn’t really set in until Tohrk released his breath, the weight and pressure in his lower abdomen now replaced with a pleasant emptiness and burgeoning desire, spurred on by Syl’s continued groping and rubbing, her fingerpads making quiet little squishing sounds on his piss-soaked fur and pants. The shepherd folded his arms in front of his chest and squeezed close together again, trying not to show too much of his warm, dripping legs to anyone around… though the way his ears plastered down against his head and how his tail clung close beneath him probably showed his embarrassment well enough.

After squeezing the last of his piss out of that fabric, Syl finally released him - Tohrk rubbed both of his paws down between his legs, hoping to God that it wasn’t as bad as it felt - and then brought that paw to her lips, tongue flitting out to lap the warm liquid off of her fingerpads, green eyes still focused on the shepherd’s face. There was some kind of amusement behind that gaze, and in the smile lifting the corners of her lips.

“You’ll need a change of clothes, it looks like,” she said, steadily moving from one finger to the next. As she licked, some of that piss repeatedly drip, drip, dripped off of her paw, splashing down between the two of them. “Lucky you, I may have some thing in my car - and if not, the last one of you jocks left *his* pants at my place. We could go check it out, if you’d like…”

Did he have much of a choice? Tohrk swallowed, and licked his lips. If he kept his head down, if he didn’t look at anyone, maybe he could avoid the embarrassment of making eye contact… but, then, everyone could still see the big, blue *STEELE - 69* on the back of his jersey, and with the volume of what he’d dripped out, the scent of fresh piss lingered around and followed him.

“Yeah…” he said, heart skipping a bit once he saw Syl’s smile widen into a grin. “Yeah, okay…”

The lioness closed her still-wet paw around his wrist, starting to lead him away from the bathrooms. *So* close. “Come on, then… I wanna get there before that dries.”

Despite himself, though, the shepherd couldn’t help but look around at the other patrons on his way out behind this confident lioness. Sure enough, there were people watching the two of them, some pointing down between his legs, some making no effort to hide their amusement - that wolf who had tipped him off about Syl earlier was unsuccessfully hiding his laughter behind another drink. The looks in those eyes, those unbelieving grins… those would remain in his mind for quite a while.

For multiple reasons, Tohrk had probably had a little too much to drink already.