

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Hound was an easygoing guy, and Grizzer was pretty laid back as well, usually. Not now, separated from their squad and chased far too deep into the city. Their jeering pursuers had them cornered, backed up against a drop off jutting out over what Hound thought might be one of the vast junkyard deposits. He was on high alert despite his exhaustion and the stitch in his side that was not abating, watching for the slightest chance of escape, but nothing opened, not big enough for them both. Grizzer growled lowly, just as tense.

"Anything to say for yourselves, gov?" the mouthpiece of the gang sneered at them.

"We're Republic soldiers, here to protect your city. We aren't enemies," Hound said, jostling his fritzing comm with little hope.

They loomed closer, and Grizzer's back foot knocked rubble over the edge. It plinked and echoed as it fell.

The pain in his side felt like it might be getting worse, not better, and Hound hoped fervently that it *was* just a stitch. He needed to figure out what was worse, letting the gang take out their rage upon him—and Grizzer, he realized with a sinking heart.

The other option was a fall that would likely seriously injure, if not kill, them, into an area that was too hazardous to attempt rescue. All the choices were shitty.

"Look, please let us go," Hound tried. "You won't be in trouble, not like you'd be in if you hurt us. We've got no quarrel."

Grizzer could probably survive the fall unharmed. Massiffs lived in steeper and more desolate environments.

His plea fell on deaf ears. "Listen to these two attack massiffs whining," they said, and laughed derisively. "Don't cry, reppie bitch, we're going to make sure you're put down like the mongrels you are, both of you."

One attacker lunged at him, and frantically Hound commanded, "Grizzer, hard starboard!" He turned and shoved it the rest of the way over the edge so it wouldn't try anything stupid like staying with him. He heard it yelp and clatter as it went down, before cruel fingers yanked apart his helmet seal and a sharp pain blossomed through his neck.

That's as far as he was able to recall when he came to. He hurt, even more than he had, and his head felt awful and hazy. Grizzer was licking his face, but he thought he'd sent it away.

"Griz, go; leave that. Go home. Grizzer, back to base. Get help."

For a long moment, Hound thought it wasn't going to obey, and a weak, selfish little part of him wanted it to stay. He wanted company if he was dying.

But he didn't want to contemplate imminent death, and so he'd keep trying until it actually happened. Hound was as loyal as a massiff, and Grizzer was an actual massiff, and therefore the aurodium standard in loyalty.

The patrol was over, so the next step was to report back to base. Grizzer limped away, and Hound worked up his courage to attempt a crawl. It was agonizing, but he couldn't stop trying. He'd die at

home if it was the last thing he did.

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He didn't make it far, but Grizzer did, and it returned with reinforcements.

Diagnosis: internal bruises for Hound, strained hock tendons for Grizzer; cuts, abrasions, and exposure to unknown chemicals for them both. Bed rest and isolation, the medic declared, for at least two tendays.

"You can keep your mutt entertained, *without* overdoing it, and it can sit on you when you get too antsy. We need to make sure you don't have any long term effects." Unstated was the fact that this was mostly a pretext for keeping them off the streets for a while.

Hound moved from his squad's bunk room to the quarantine kennel and settled in with Grizzer. It was a filter-ventilated but windowless duracrete room, and despite the heated stone bed to one side, it was cold.

Of course Hound crawled in with Grizzer. They turned around each other several times and got situated, curled close with legs tangled together. Grizzer insisted on boxing Hound against the back wall, with its spikes toward the door. It did let Hound lay his head on top of it, cheek to jowl as they were.

Hound knew why, based on massiff pack behavior. It was because Grizzer was using the shield of its back to protect him, and also relying on Hound to watch the entrance.

"You're such a good packmate," Hound cooed, scratching gently under the lip of Grizzer's chest plates. He knew the creature understood affection, but Hound could do better; Grizzer had given him access to its soft leathery neck. He turned and nipped Grizzer's underjaw with his blunt human teeth in a gesture massiffs used to show their trust.

Grizzer turned and stared at him for a long moment. Hound swallowed and raised his chin, baring his own throat in turn. Grizzer's mouth was enormous, and its teeth were sharp. He'd *seen* it tear a humanoid's head clean off.

Its long, slimy tongue coiled around his neck, laving saliva copiously and swirling around his pharyngeal prominence a time or two. Then its teeth settled, so delicately, on either side of Hound's jaw. The entire lower half of his face was in Grizzer's mouth, and instead of crushing, killing power, its teeth did no more than indent his skin.

Hound breathed out a gusty little sigh into the inside of his patrol partner's cheek, and got a blast of oily-scented breath in response. Then Grizzer let go and licked him a few more times.

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As they were delivered rations through the airlock the next morning, Daa called out with a laugh, "How's pack bonding going in isolation, eh? You dead in there?"

"Of course we're not," Hound said grumpily. "We're getting along very well. Man's best friend and all, you know."

Grizzer grunted and yowled like it was answering indignantly too. Hound smacked a kiss by its head-crest. "He's joking, buddy," he reassured it.

"Post up so I can scan you," Daa ordered Hound. "This'll be daily; I'll deliver it to the medics, but they'll only come by if anything is wrong."

At the *post up* command, it was Grizzer who stepped into the proper place near the front, glancing confusedly back at Hound, who was the one who usually told it what to do.

Hound chuckled. "Scan it, and then me," he said to Daa, who also chuckled.

"Silly beastie," Daa said affectionately, activating the handheld scanner. "Alright, good! *Leave that*, Grizzer."

Grizzer obligingly stepped away and Hound moved to the front of the kennel so Daa could scan him. "Let me know if you need anything, vod," Daa said distractedly as he juggled the scanner and the rucksack of rations he still had to deliver.

"We don't, thanks, vod," Hound said, "Say hi to Yo-yo from us." Daa waved acknowledgment as he walked on.

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It was nice to rest, but it wasn't long before Hound was bored. He worked out, he talked to Grizzer, who was an excellent listener, albeit indecipherable conversationalist, he caught up on all the holodramas on his datapad, he held back from working out too much so he didn't reinjure himself, he made up better versions of the holoshows, he wrote messages.

Different vode came on each morning round, and Hound liked to chat with them, but none of them could stay long. And he wasn't lonely! He had Grizzer to play with and lean on.

They both had pretty restless personalities. Hound flopped on his back on the heatrock and wiggled until he was comfortable, then started daydreaming about the latest story he'd watched. It was a nice one, romantic, with satisfying parallels. He caught himself smiling at the ceiling.

Grizzer approached and stood over him, snuffling at his pockets for treats. Hound absently petted its crest and nudged its muzzle away. "I don't have any treats, Grizzer," he muttered, but Grizzer shoved its nose right back in, teeth catching in the seals of the blacks.

All at once, Hound became aware his cock was hard, and that it was not a recent development. He hadn't jerked off since he got here. Grizzer was curious, naturally it was. Hound had never displayed this in front of it before, and it could probably smell the difference.

He pushed at Grizzer's stubborn head again, but then it just *laid* down on him, the heavy wattle of its throat pressing his erection tightly against his belly, his sensitive shaft touching leathery skin through the half-open seal.

Hound closed his eyes and sighed raggedly, resigned. His cock pulsed. He wasn't going to be able to budge the massiff physically.

Grizzer whistled through its nasal cavity and trilled in its glottal sacs. Hound's hips jerked involuntarily. That...felt more phenomenal than any hummer a human had ever given him.

Slowly, Hound laid his fingers on Grizzer's snout. "Good Grizzer," he hummed. "Would you do it again, my good lad?"

As Grizzer indulged him, Hound had the fleeting thought that this was probably super fucked up. But the way those people had jeered and called him an animal just as much as Grizzer...if animals were like Grizzer and people were like *that*, Hound would rather be a rutting animal, thanks.

Grizzer crooned again, vibrating its glottal sacs. They could inflate, making a tremendous noise, and were used as a mating display for the dual purposes of wooing and intimidation, Hound recalled reading. He was fairly sure Grizzer was not trying to intimidate him like this. Damn, it felt good on his aching cock.

It wanted to woo him? It wanted him to be more than a simple packmate; a mate in truth? Hound was a little flustered. Grizzer was a picky massiff when it was slated to breed, and almost always preferred to stud. It had thrown one clutch early on, and then refused to do so again. And it couldn't even be counted on to fertilize its fellow massiffs with any regularity.

So Hound... was honored.

He was also horny. "Good Grizzer," he whispered again, rubbing its favorite spots on its face and rolling his hips up. After a minute or two, he tried to wedge his hand under its chin to get his seals all the way open, and Grizzer lifted its head entirely. Hound froze, disappointed groan caught behind his teeth.

Then Grizzer slipped its tongue into the gapped-open seals and licked his cock. Hurriedly, Hound parted the seals entirely, and watched dazedly as his massiff wound its dark, slick tongue around his flushed cock over and over again.

Hound arched and spread his legs a bit more, and the wet and agile tongue ventured further, curling behind his balls and sweeping along his ass. It explored over and around his hole repeatedly, and continued to drool messily all over his groin, inner thighs, lower belly and back to his desperate cock.

He made a punched out noise of pleasure at that, and Grizzer trilled again, focusing its attentions on Hound's cock.

*Oh, my clever critter*, Hound thought as he came, but Grizzer did not stop. It licked up every drop of cum and coaxed out even more than Hound thought he'd had in his balls. Grizzer licked up his stomach where some had splattered, and then stood over him again to lick his face, under his chin and across his mouth. It took his chin in its jaws again and lightly shook his head in its dangerous, gentle mouth. Then it nosed back down, investigating his no-longer-hard cock.

Hound saw what was coming a moment too late to try and prevent it. Grizzer arched its back, then released a stream of pungent urine all over him, splashing out from his crotch and soaking his blacks and all the bedding of the nest.

Frozen in shock, Hound's mind flipped. He knew massiffs scent-marked. They scent-marked their territory and each other, especially their mates. He *knew* it. He just hadn't put together that knowledge with the conclusion that now Grizzer would want to scent-mark him in this manner. At least, not before it was upon him.

He rolled away and stripped off his sodden, fouled blacks, then gathered the bedding up with them and piled them beside the spigot to clean. He had soap for his body that would work decently for washing the cloth as well, but as he considered how to clean everything including himself, he realized Grizzer would either take the complete removal of scent as a rejection, or an opportunity to refresh it. He did not really want to send either message.

He rinsed the bedding thoroughly and scrubbed his blacks with the soap, then hung everything in front of the ventilation to dry. He cursorily doused himself, and then sprayed down the heatrock with water. Waiting for the humidity control to equalize and dry everything, he huddled naked, perched on the balls of his feet on the bare heatrock, wishing Grizzer wasn't such an idiot.

No, *he* was the idiot. Why had he let Grizzer do any of that? He could have given the massiff any number of commands that would have had it stopping at once, but the thought to do so had not occurred to him.

Grizzer padded across the kennel, nails clicking on the hard floor. It rested its chin on Hound's shoulder and licked his ear, then leaned heavily against his back. Its plates were hard but not sharp, and it smelled comfortingly familiar, musky and reptilian. Piss was antibacterial anyway, so it wasn't like it would hurt him.

"Okay, okay. I forgive you, ya dumbass," Hound said with good-natured scolding. "But now you really have to help keep me warm, hmm?"

Grizzer draped itself more thoroughly over him as though it understood perfectly.

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Hound was roused by food delivery. It was Lano this time. "Hey, morning," Hound croaked. "Can you have them bring my armor tomorrow? I want the extra weight for working out and my spare blacks."

Lano nodded and wagged the scanner at him. "C'mere. Yeah, I'll just need your locker code, and then I can make sure it gets tagged for delivery here tomorrow."

"Awesome," Hound said, relieved. "Just grab my whole kit, it's all put together. Code is: seven, one-eight, nine, twenty-six. At your convenience, vod, and thanks."

"Everything looks good... I'm updating medical without flagging anything, there we go. Hope you're having a nice vacation, Hound. Sunbathing like that to avoid tan lines?" Lano's voice held only a little sarcasm.

"Pfff, can't complain," Hound told him with a laugh and an easy smile. "How's Radar?"

Lano smiled back and said, "Oh, the usual. Wish you were around to help manhandle its huge butt plates. Spike-filing day is coming up soon."

After another minute of idle chit chat about the kennel gossip, Lano gestured apologetically to the ration cart he was pushing. "I do have a job to be doing. See you later, and I won't forget your kit!"

Hound sighed and sprawled back against Grizzer. Their rations, both human and reptile, shortly cleared the airlock and they ate together companionably, leaving half for the evening. Grizzer took its leftovers to bury in the sand pit, the opposite end from where it did the necessary. Hound put his into the small footlocker he'd been allowed to bring.

Then there was nothing to do again, as usual. Hound looked over his partner appraisingly, and Grizzer with its chin on its paws gazed back with enormous eyes, pupils dilated to suit the half-gloom. Eventually, Hound hit upon the idea to do some of the finer bits of grooming they didn't always have time for, so he called Grizzer to him and it got up immediately and pranced over like it'd been waiting for this.

Grizzer flopped heavily across Hound's thighs, and Hound stroked its crest fondly. He pulled out the tin of oil and old rag that went with it, so Grizzer would know what was coming, then set them aside. He needed to do a full inspection for debris or loose skin before he started polishing.

Massiffs had domesticated themselves, the joke went, because humanoids had dainty, clawless, jointed fingers to sweep between their plates and into all the fiddly little cracks and crannies. If the massiff shifted, its handler's fingers could get crushed between plates, but they usually sat nicely, because such grooming was a treat in and of itself. Wild massiffs always looked rougher.

Hound crooned a litany of praise for how well-behaved his massiff was as he worked, and Grizzer's third eyelid came down to cover its eyes with lazy ecstasy. It let him easily maneuver it into whatever position he needed it, and he always had preferred to have a lapful of massiff.

He just didn't usually buff his massiff in the buff.

Tentatively, he ran his fingers up the underside of its tail and into the soft gaps between thigh and back plates. The belly plates were slightly softer and more flexible, but not by much.

Grizzer curled its tail down between its legs, clamping Hound's hand tightly to the notch of its middle abdominal plate. He felt the tip of its penis emerging from within, and faltered, but then firmed his resolve. Grizzer hadn't hesitated to touch his erection, and Hound sort of wanted to experience it too, maybe even return the favor. He was curious.

It extended, and kept extending. He'd read that the sex organ of a massiff was long, nearly half as long as the torso, and he'd seen them during mating, but never exposed like this. It was very wet, and moved with a bit more muscular control than his own might.

Beneath the massiff's flank, Hound's cock started to fill with a sympathetic rush of blood. He ignored it and stroked exploratory fingers along this newly revealed anatomy. Its tail tucked tightly and its cock flexed, the slanted slit at the tapered end starting to peep open as well.

Hound pushed Grizzer off his legs and bent his head to stick out his tongue and taste. Grizzer lolled back and lifted its leg, tail trembling, and it contorted itself to nudge at his head with its snout. Hound licked over the leathery bumps, more plentiful near the base, and up the length which got steadily less leathery and more mucousy, until he reached the tip. Here he dipped his tongue into the slit and wiggled it, peering upward to see if Grizzer would object. Grizzer licked his face.

The slit opening cupped open just smaller than his mouth, and there was a kind of bud further within he could just touch with the tip of his tongue. Grizzer crooned when he did that, so he licked it a couple more times. Mucous precum painted his lips and slicked down his chin.

Then Grizzer bumped him away and stood up. Hound knelt back on his haunches as Grizzer circled him, and then felt it at his back. It licked the nape of his neck, then placed a front foot onto his shoulder.

Was it going to try to *mount* him? Hound twisted down and rolled away onto his back. Between the claws and the plates, it wouldn't matter how gentle or careful a mate Grizzer was, Hound's back would get torn up. He did not want to try to explain that to the medics.

Grizzer warbled and watched him with concern. "C'mere, Griz," Hound said, with as little of the tone of an order as was possible. He wasn't trying to reject his partner's attention, just divert it. When Grizzer moved toward him, Hound indicated with his hands where it should stop, right above him.

Carefully, Hound planted his feet and lifted his hips until he was almost rubbing up against that tucked tail. He moved his hand behind it to grasp the slippery end of Grizzer's cock with its cupped tip, and pressed the tip of his own cock inside, a perfect fit. Grizzer nuzzled him and yodeled a happy noise. It was producing more mucus, from the skin, not just the tip, and soon Hound's forearm and entire groin were shiny with it.

Grizzer stood still and let Hound rut up under it. The flared glans of his cockhead helped keep it inside the furled edge of Grizzer's...foreskin, maybe? Whatever the technical term was, Hound did not much occupy his thoughts with. He was busy jacking them off together and losing his mind about how good it felt. He hitched his leg up around Grizzer's middle and planted his heel against the lip of a plate, and Grizzer crouched its hips. That angle was even better.

Hound realized he was making noises not unlike his massiff, grunts and whines. Then its tail-tip stroked his ass and settled, bluntly pointy, right behind his balls. Hound howled and came, filling and overflowing the connection and obliging them to separate.

His cum was dripping from Grizzer's cock, and he ducked back under it to taste them together, salty bitter and pretty objectively disgusting, but perfectly the base scent of them both. He wrapped his hands around the long shaft and petted and rubbed, encouraging. Grizzer had been so sweet, licking Hound until he came, and it deserved nothing less.

Its tongue slid across Hound's lower back and dipped between his cheeks, curling and prodding around his asshole. What Grizzer really wanted was to mount and fuck him, instincts telling it to breed him until he threw a clutch. Hound moaned at the thought.

His mouth flooded with acrid cum and the cupped part of the tip *flared* open rigidly, trapping it behind his teeth. He swallowed convulsively and tried not to choke. It took him a moment, but he did know how to drink and breathe at the same time. He calmed down and sucked down gush after gush of semen, and caught little sips of breath through his nose in between. Grizzer steadied one paw on his ass and licked him from cock tip to asshole methodically.

Hound knew then he was going to let Grizzer fuck him if it wanted. He'd just need to prepare a little more thoroughly than he'd ever done for any of his other partners before.

He stood up to take a piss after, and hesitated, glancing at the reclining massiff. The bedding hadn't been replaced, and he wouldn't need to do much more than rinse the floor again... Decided, he turned and knelt by Grizzer, holding his cock and aiming it at Grizzer's side. It took him a moment to start the flow, but he managed, then swiveled his hips to cover more area. It was only polite to follow the customs of one's partner.

Grizzer hopped up as soon as he was done, wagging its tail and stamping its feet happily, splattering piss around the room. Hound wrinkled his nose, but honestly, he'd seen, and smelled, much worse.

Hound got smoothly to his feet and started to step away, but Grizzer danced up to him and licked his dick, swiping over the slit with relish. It wrapped its slick tongue around and gently lifted Hound's soft dick up into its mouth, half-closing it and resting its nose on his belly, looking up at him adoringly.

"Awww, my good Grizzer," Hound said, smiling sweetly down.

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His armor arrived the next morning in the hands of Jek, and not a moment too soon. Grizzer had

woken Hound up early with kisses and was continuing to be very affectionate. Fortunately, Jek was in a hurry and didn't stop to talk long.

Hound distracted it with food and set about his preparations. He detached the harness overlay from his blacks and put it on over his bare skin, then started mounting armor pieces onto it. He left off as much as he thought he could get away with: the chest plate, power pack in the back, hand guards, boots, and the 3-piece crotch array.

In just arm and leg pieces, plus his back and midriff plates, Hound knelt and melted some of Grizzer's body oil on his fingers. He reached back and rubbed it in and around his hole. Then, stars help him, he went to seduce his massiff.

It was simple enough. Grizzer was an affectionate mate and it had demonstrated clearly how to act. He nipped its jaw and dropped his arms and chest to the floor, wagging his ass in the air like he had a tail, bright-eyed and tongue out, just like Grizzer when it wanted to play. He nosed under its belly and under its tail, kissing and licking and petting.

His cock was hard, and Hound wondered briefly how it would feel to mount Grizzer and sink into its vent, breed it full of *his* species' cum. He'd really liked all of Grizzer's clutch that had hatched. He rubbed his nose against the horizontal slit under its tail and then followed it with his tongue, soaking it with spit.

At the same time, Grizzer had its snout and tongue buried between Hound's legs, catching every dribble of precum from his tip but mostly focusing on his hole.

Hound knew his massiff's history of preference, so he bowed graciously when Grizzer circled his back, not shying away this time when it put its paw upon his waist.

The other followed, and Hound could feel the pressure of both its feet through the semi-rigid midriff plate.

Its tail brushed Hound's inner thighs, and the soft, still-closed tip of its cock slipped up the length of Hound's. He gasped a little. Grizzer had more control over its cock's movements than a human; it adjusted and then stroked wetly up and down Hound's cock, around his balls and then up along his crack. Grizzer just let it rest on his tailbone for a few moments while it bent its neck to lick Hound's ear, then lightly clamp its jaws around the back of his neck.

"Oh, kriff," Hound groaned, breathless and hopelessly turned on. The slick drag of the cock slid down and teased around his hole. The first few tries at insertion did not work, skating away upwards. Hound, guessing he was angled differently, pushed up with his arms and tucked his hips forward. Grizzer's claws scrabbled up the sides of his backplate, some catching on the straps and leaving light scratches on Hound's flanks between the armor gaps.

It hooked its paws over the pauldrons, and groped with both its cock and tail, seeking entry. Hound hastily tucked his hand between his legs and after evading the first few grabs, Grizzer seemed to understand what its soft and strange mate was intending and let him help guide.

Hound aligned its cock at his hole and Grizzer steadied itself with its tail, then surged in. Hound gasped, loud and ragged and tried to position himself more comfortably under the onslaught of that sudden intrusion.

Nothing he did could escape that slick, wriggling, widening shaft from going in, and in and *in*.

Hound felt like his guts might implode. This had been such a stupid idea. He choked on a hysterical laugh. Hadn't the medics put out enough PSA's about the risk of putting weird things up their asses?

Grizzer laid heavily on him, trilling happily. "Glad one of us isn't regretting everything right now," Hound muttered, strained but still fond.

The bumpy base of Grizzer's shaft was firmly seated at his asshole, he could feel by clenching. Not that he could tighten much around that thickness. Above him Grizzer crooned and then started making a drool-sodden mess of his hair. Its cock wriggled inside Hound, and he fancied he could feel it all the way up to his diaphragm.

Massiffs didn't thrust and hump with their whole bodies. They fucked their way in and then stayed on top of their mates for a while, the record being more than a day. Hound sagged. He hoped it wouldn't be a whole day. Grizzer curled its front legs more securely around his shoulders and chest, and kept crooning its song as its cock stroked and writhed inside Hound.

After a little bit Hound concluded that Grizzer hadn't actually injured him, he didn't think. It wasn't *painful*, just, too much. He felt dizzy and his legs were starting to go numb from being folded under him. His face felt funny, like he'd hung upside down too long. Hound squirmed and tried to stretch without moving too much.

Grizzer growled and Hound froze. The massiff promptly licked a swipe over his nape and gurgled a happier noise. Hound felt like crying; he was stuck like this?

Then something shifted and flared inside him, and Grizzer howled, unlatching its front feet from around Hound to stand up on his deltoids and shove in hard between his legs.

"*Fuck*," Hound cursed fervently, trying to figure out what in the galaxy had just happened and whether the localized ring of pressure he felt deep inside made everything better or worse.

Something cool seeped past it into his gut. "Oh shit, Griz, that was—fuck, that was its orgasm, wasn't it?"

Grizzer flopped its chest onto him and stopped standing on its back feet as well, leaning full-body on Hound's hips to push him down. Hound hastily grabbed his dick, which was somehow still mostly onboard with all of this insanity, and positioned it up along his hip, out of the way of being smashed.

Grizzer's cock receded a little bit, shortening and thickening even more. The ring, most likely the same flared-out tip that had gotten caught in his mouth before now that he thought about it, dragged inside him with exquisite, excruciating pleasure. Grizzer's tail wagged, clattering across the backs of his cuisses.

Hound trembled.

Grizzer curled its forelegs around Hound's arms and pulled him along as it flopped to the side.

The dizziness, flush, and headrush were still present and actually not that unpleasant. With a jolt, Hound realized what it reminded him of: being tipsy.

Maybe there was some sort of chemical fuckery happening to him. Maybe it would show on the scans. Maybe...maybe he might as well worry less and enjoy this more. It was already happening. If he was a fool, he could at least be a happy fool.

He reached down between his legs and wrapped a hand around his cock, letting out an involuntary groan, broken and wheezing.

Grizzer's copious discharge was everywhere from his ass to his knees, and it made his hand glide on his cock. He squeezed and sped up until he was nearly coming, then slowed down again to a hideously teasing pace. There was no need to rush this; they would be stuck this way for just as long as Grizzer pleased.

Hound's guts cramped. Massiffs ejaculated nearly as prodigiously as they slicked. Such a significant loss of fluids from a desert animal at first didn't seem to make sense, but their natural ecosystem reaped high benefits; a breeding ground, if used for several continuous seasons, was likely to become an oasis.

Miraculously, the pressure eased a little and he could feel the flared ring ever-so-slowly descending even though it didn't seem to get any smaller as it moved. He thought he'd probably come instantly when it got down to his prostate, if he hadn't already by then.

He let out a sob as he teased himself, and Grizzer shifted behind him, then wrapped its foreleg around his midriff and propped its head over his shoulder to survey his activity and flick wet tongue-kisses onto his cheek.

Hound turned his face toward it and licked back. "Hng, good, so good," he mumbled incoherently. He propped his higher leg up, and Grizzer's tail immediately curled up between his legs, smooth underplates pressing up against his balls just perfectly. Almost there; Hound hitched his hips just a tiny bit, and the flared ring dragged across his prostate.

His orgasm felt like looking directly at a welder, all-encompassing, white-hot, and with sparks flying everywhere. He thought he probably yelled pretty loud, based on how rough his throat felt afterward, and his whole body felt like pounded rubber. In the *best* way.

The flared tip was still in him, but only just, and it was slowly relaxing back to its soft state. Hound squeezed around it, and Grizzer yodeled and gushed a little more cum into him. Hound hid his grin under his arms, then carefully turned onto his back so he could see and touch his massiff more easily.

Grizzer looked quite pleased with itself, and tired, as was usual after mating. Hound rubbed its facial dents and Grizzer swiped its tongue leisurely across his face in return.

"Need to request extra rations for you," Hound murmured, making his mental checklist out loud as he usually did whenever it was just the two of them. "And more soap for me. Decide what I'm telling the medics if anything weird comes up on scans. Make a plan to spirit us away if they want to do anything like reassignment or decom to either of us."

He stroked Grizzer's crest absently, lost in thought. "I'd do anything for you," he said softly, and Grizzer blinked its big, expressive eyes at him—in agreement, he liked to imagine.