

For a young lizard like Ryan, college life was great. He was studying to be an architect, and doing pretty well so far at it, too. He'd since ditched the dorm room life, now staying with another guy in a shared apartment. His roommate Caleb was pretty cool.

Ryan had first met the dog in the campus cafeteria last semester. He was a tall Akita, stayed in great shape, and had a charming voice. He was just the sort of guy that people seemed to gather around at parties, that kind of fun guy that people always tried to invite to their shindigs and hoped he'd actually show up.

The day they'd met, they just happened to sit at the same table to eat, and Caleb had been the one to start up a conversation. He was such an outgoing person that had too much extroversion in him. He was super chill though and was fun to be around, made parties more fun to attend, was just kind of the highlight of a person's evening.

When Caleb's ex-roommate had graduated, he gave Ryan an invite to take his place to save on rent. It was better than living in a shitty dorm! So, of course he took the chance. It was a small apartment, like barely one thousand square feet, but it still gave them each their own bedroom. It was also nice being able to do your laundry at home instead of going to a laundromat, and having a bathroom that you only had to share with one other person was pretty cool, too.

Just having an actual kitchen was cool! The community kitchen they had in the middle of the floor at his old dorm sucked and was always a gross mess, because hardly anyone cleaned up after themselves.

Once they started living together their friend dynamic became more cemented. Caleb was the confident extrovert and Ryan was his exact opposite as the shy introvert. They were more different than they were alike, with the one big commonality being that Ryan had orange skin from head to toe while Caleb was sporting mostly orange fur of his own. That similarity ended at the dog's chest and stomach, which turned pure white from his neck and down past his waistline.

Caleb helped Ryan get out of his shell a lot, even if all it meant was tagging along to hang out at a party. Ryan was able to meet a lot of girls this way, but either they always lost interest, or he would chicken out. He wasn't some smooth Casanova like Caleb was.

That dude knew how to pull in women.

Which was also kind of cool, considering how much of a pervert Ryan was. Caleb, for all his extroversion and charisma, was also enough of a gentleman to give Ryan a heads up if he was bringing a girl home. Also, what was better, was that Caleb seemed to have actual standards in who he had sex with. Almost every girl Ryan saw him with was the sort of chick that your mom or dad wouldn't mind seeing hang off your arm. Caleb had a taste for women that we're good enough to make your parents happy, but still fun enough to want to 'have fun' in college. It was kinda rare that Ryan ever saw Caleb with a girl that had the reputation of being the college bicycle.

But it didn't really matter who he brought home, since they always ended up sounding like whores through Caleb's bedroom door. It was like clockwork, too. Caleb would show up with a girl he liked, and then they might hang out in the living room a bit, sometimes drinking and sometimes not. Other times they'd go straight to the bedroom soon as they arrived. Either way, once that door was shut Ryan was

guaranteed to get blasted with audio porn of a girl getting her black blown out for at least an hour, maybe more.

No girl that walked through that bedroom door the next morning ever looked as confident or independent as she did when she first walked through it. Caleb's dick was a magic wand that left women weak in the knees, and Ryan could tell who he'd fucked and who he hadn't based solely on how they looked at him from a distance, or how they talked to him in public. Caleb might not like fucking sluts, but he was a bit of one himself.

That didn't bother him any though, as Ryan liked hearing live pornography in the background while he played Xbox or did his homework.

"Oh, hey, you know that rabbit you were talking to?" Caleb asked, dropping himself down on the couch next to him. They were both hanging out in the living room now that it was Saturday and neither of them had any responsibilities to take care of.

"You mean Ashley? Yeah." He replied, knowing exactly who the Akita was asking about.

"Are you still talking to her? Like, serious talk or are you two just 'whatever' now?" He asked.

"I mean, I gave up on anything going anywhere. She's cool, but I don't know." Ryan replied with a shrug. He was shit at picking up women, and trying to get one to go on a date with him was hard. Ashley was really cool, a really sweet girl that acted like she liked him, or at least might have had the potential to like him.

But she wasn't really, like, responsive? Ryan didn't know if he was just doing something wrong, or if she was playing hard to get, but whatever it was he was now running on empty with her.

"Was it a you thing, or she thing? Who's giving up on who here?" Caleb asked, more insistent now.

"Why?" Ryan asked.

"There's this girl I was kinda interested in, the sheep girl I was with. You remember?" He asked.

"Yeah." Ryan remembered. Short, kinda curvy, long curly hair.

"Well, I'm cold on her now, she's revealing colors I don't like to see on a chick, but I found that out too late this week and now I'm stuck going to a party tonight and she's going to be there. Last thing I want is to have beer in me and find myself walking home with that chick on my arm." Caleb started explaining, but Ryan didn't know what this had to do with Ashley.

"Ok?" He asked.

"So that Ashley girl is going to be there. Her whole sorority is apparently turning up, and so I want to know if it's ok if I use your love interest as a get out of jail free card? I think I know her well enough

through you that I think I can get her to help me ditch the party early, so I don't have to deal with the other girl." He replied.

Ryan laughed.

"Wow. You could just tell her to scram, Caleb." Ryan told him.

"No, I would rather just coast away quietly and let her lose interest. I don't need to make a scene with her, she's got a temper I didn't know about, and I don't want to come out one morning to see my truck got keyed in the middle of the night." He replied, which suddenly explained why Caleb was so adamant about handling this girl in a very particular way.

"Oh, shit. Well, I mean I was trying to date Ashley. Or, tried asking her out but she never could give me a time or place. I just kind of gave up on her, I guess. I put in an effort like you always tell me." He replied.

"Ok, well, I want her as my escape vehicle tonight, but I won't do anything with her." He replied, insisting with his hands that he was swearing on his Scout's honor.

"Are you coming right back here?" He asked.

"Was my plan, but like later on. I figured I'd just shoot the shit with her while I killed enough time, then drop her off somewhere and come back, yeah." Caleb told him.

"Dude, any time you shoot the shit with a girl the only place you're dropping her off is in your bed." He laughed.

"You could come with? I can be the third wheel that gets you two talking." The Akita suggested, and Ryan sighed, shrugging.

"I don't think she likes me. She's nice to me, and we chat, but I've tried getting her to go out for coffee and whatever and she always has an excuse not to." Ryan replied, giving up on Ashley and him ever being a thing.

"Sometimes shit works out in the 11th hour, dude. You don't have to go; I'm just trying to be fair with you." He replied.

"I know, but I think I'll just hang out here this time. If you hang with her tonight and she makes a move on you it won't hurt me if you take her up on it." Caleb told him, giving up completely.

"You sure? Might mean I come back here with her if I do." He replied.

Ryan shrugged again.

"I mean, at least that way I get to hear what she sounds like." He replied, and Caleb laughed, clapping the back of the couch with his hand.

"Alright, we'll see what happens then, I guess." Caleb told him.

Later in the afternoon Caleb eventually left to go to that party, and Ryan did what he always did on a Saturday, which was ignore his homework and focus on the things that mattered most in his life, which was video games. Though this time he was actually in his bedroom using his laptop instead of being out on the couch where they had the Xbox plugged in.

As much as he acted like Caleb bringing Ashley home was fine, he was actually feeling awkward about it now that 'the plan' was in motion. Best as Ryan knew, Caleb was probably going to come home with Ashley hanging off his arm and then he'd be fucking her brains out. Maybe hanging out in his bedroom was for the best if it meant avoiding eye contact with her.

He kept watching the clock, too, but he had no idea when Caleb would be coming back. His timetable for this sort of thing was always chaos. He could leave on time like he was in the military, but coming back home was a mess to predict. It was anyone's guess.

And there were no messages on his phone that he could see. He'd been checking his notifications religiously for any sort of update on what was happening.

When the clock on his computer was close to reading 10:30 he was almost certain that Caleb was probably going to get laid tonight, since he was usually home between 10 and 11 on nights where he wasn't getting his dick wet. Ryan was actually anxious now, too distracted to pay much attention to his game to find any enjoyment in it. He decided to call it quits, exiting the game before getting up to leave for the kitchen.

He hadn't eaten anything for dinner, so he started searching the freezer for something and pulled out the brand-new bag of pizza rolls they'd bought at the store earlier in the week.

And of course, that was when the front door decided to burst open. Ryan stopped what he was doing to look out over the kitchen counter and across the living room. He was just in time to see Caleb walk into the apartment with a rabbit in tow behind him.

With a petite build but rocking a nicely sized pair of all-natural tits, Ashley was the girl Ryan had been so smitten. Shorter than him, with light dusty tan fur and a tussled tomboy mop of short brown hair, the rabbit was a cutie. Too bad she wasn't interested in him like he was in her.

"Yo, make enough for everyone!" Caleb pointed a finger at him, then down at the now open bag of pizza rolls.

"Hey, Ryan!" Ashley said with a smile. He smiled back, he really liked her smile a lot.

Judging by both of their voices and how they seemed to sway as they walked, it was obvious they were both enjoying a buzz from the party. Maybe they'd stayed there longer than Caleb had planned?

"Hey!" He replied, and started pouring out more pizza rolls onto his paper plate before realizing he probably needed to use two plates instead.

“So why didn’t you go to the party, huh? Don’t you normally tag along with the big guy?” Ashley asked, having swayed her way around the couch along with Caleb to make it to the kitchen counter opposite Ryan. The counter wasn’t a kitchen island, just a narrow wall that split the living room apart from the kitchen. They’d put some cheap folding stools on one side so the counter doubled as their kitchen table.

“He wanted to stay home today. You do anything while I was gone?” Caleb asked.

“Nah, well, did some homework but not much else.” He lied; he actually didn’t do any homework, but it sounded more responsible than admitting he just played video games all afternoon.

“I should probably do mine, but maybe tomorrow.” Caleb laughed.

“Maybe you should! I do all mine same day it’s assigned so I don’t have to worry about it on the weekends.” She replied. Caleb leaned in real close to her.

“You enjoy that while it lasts because the homework gets harder after you stop being a freshman.” He told her, and she rolled her eyes.

“I’m a sophomore, Caleb.” She corrected him.

“Oh, well I mean it gets harder once you’re a junior like me!” He replied.

“Mhm, I bet. You two have any more beer?” She asked them both.

“You bet; we got the good cheap shit!” He replied, and then walked around the counter to start looking for what booze they had, which was just as he’d claimed. The ‘good cheap shit,’ or the best beer you could afford on a college budget.

Caleb broke out the beer, and Ryan heated up the pizza rolls, and thirty minutes later all three of them were sitting at the counter eating and drinking. They only had the two stools, so Ryan let the inebriated pair sit while he stood on the other side of Ashley, feeling warm not just from the beer, but from standing next to her. They’d not been drinking for very long, but Ryan was already starting to feel a buzz coming on, but the other two were wasted.

“Like, oh muh god, her glare was soo fucking hot, dude. Like, not like Hot hot, but like evil. She was wannin’ to stab you.” Ashley laughed; a happy, almost boyish trill, slurred by the alcohol in her system.

“Ahnd tha’s why I needed a wingman, er girl, so I could show up then bail out. Need to snub ‘er withou’ actually talking to her.” Caleb replied, his speech just as slurred as Ashley’s. No telling how much either of them had been drinking at the party.

The two of them were talking about the party, and how that other girl was trying to move in on Caleb, but Ashley had agreed to ‘cockblock’ her for him. The sheep got snubbed, like Caleb had said, and Ryan guessed the idea was that she’d just lose interest and start hounding some other dude.

“What did you two do after you left the party?” Ryan asked, since it sounded like they’d left the party kind of early but only just now showed up here.

"We tried to find another party but un of 'em were in walkin' dizance. We were too Drunk to be drivin' anywhere." Ashley told him.

"Man, only party that would have been worth goin' to is like 'alf an hour away." Caleb replied.

Even drunk Caleb was responsible enough to keep his keys in his pockets, and it was nice finding out that Ashley was apparently the same way. And it was nice that he was getting a chance to hang out with her, even if it was under the present circumstances. Ashley being one of the girls Caleb brought home was a bittersweet arrangement.

All while they bullshitted and talked over beer and pizza rolls Ryan couldn't help but let his mind wander to if Caleb was going to drag her back to his room for sex. When the three of them left the kitchen to find seats on the couch, Ashley was in between the two guys while Caleb carried the conversation along.

The rabbit grabbed the bonder of CDs under the coffee table to start flipping through what they had to listen to. With her hunched over and trying to read the fine print of every CD through the haze of alcohol, Caleb silently waved his hand over her back to get Ryan's attention.

The two men locked eyes, then Caleb started mouthing words, which despite him being drunk, were easy to read with his nonverbal, exaggerated enunciation of every drunken syllable.

"Can. I. Fuck. Her?" He asked.

Ryan suddenly felt cold, and a shiver went down his spine. The awkwardness of being put on the spot with Ashley right next to him made it hard to answer.

After a moment, he realized he'd already tried shooting his shot with her, multiple times in fact. If she wanted to hang out with him, she would have already. He nodded to Caleb, then mouthed out a reply so that Caleb wouldn't misunderstand.

"Have fun, dude." He silently replied.

The dog cheesed a big smile in reply, then lowered his hand to touch Ashley on her lower back. She didn't seem to notice, sitting back up to put her back to the couch, trapping Caleb's hand behind her back in the process.

"You don't have any pop music! This is all ole shit." She complained.

"Don't rag on my brother's collection! These are classics." Ryan told her, the CDs all being his handed down to him from his elder brother.

"Well, I Don't mean they're bad but wanna to listen to sumptin' New!" She whined.

"Got Spotify in mah room we can use." Caleb told her, using one of his clues that helped get women to figure out that it was time to head back to his bedroom.

"On your laptop?" She asked, turning to look at him.

“Yeh.” He replied. “Wan’ go check and find somethin’?”

She made a loud UGH noise and stood up, her body swaying more strongly than it had been when she first arrived at their apartment. Caleb quickly joined her, swaying just as much. When she started to walk past Ryan, she reached out and touched the top of Ryan’s head, tussling his hair while she stumbled away. When Caleb stepped past him, he flashed him a grin and a thumbs up.

Ryan of course stayed seated, waiting as the pair wandered back through the small apartment with Caleb guiding her in the right direction. Ashley was asking him what kind of playlists he had, the bedroom door opened with a click, and before Ryan could hear Caleb’s answer, he heard the door close behind them with a clack.

He sighed, knowing what was going to happen, and almost on autopilot began to go through his routine of turning on the Xbox. With the controller in one hand, he searched for the tv remote, found it hiding between the cushions. He normally turned the volume up high, but this time he didn’t. He actually turned it down.

Just like he’d told Caleb before, if he couldn’t get with her himself, then he could at least find out what she sounds like. He turned on his game and started playing it on low volume. Ashley must have actually gotten as far as Caleb’s computer because music started playing that wasn’t anything the Akita would normally listen to. It was some flavor of the month pop music instead of the usual rock and roll playlists Caleb usually listened to.

Between the muffled music through the bedroom door and the game on his screen, it felt like Ryan was alone in his apartment. He checked his phone and guessed that they’d been back there for ten minutes or so. His heart was beating faster just waiting for something to happen.

Caleb wasn’t a man to rush his magic, but when women got back to his bedroom it usually didn’t take long for enough stuff to start happening that Ryan could hear them. It was starting to get stressful that he wasn’t hearing anything yet. Sure, there was a chance that Ashley wasn’t actually interested in having sex with Caleb, which would have made sense since she wasn’t there at the party tonight to see him in particular. It was rare for a girl to swing by and not get the dog’s dick wet, but it had happened before.

Then he heard a thump, kind of like a musical bass, but it only happened once. Whatever thoughts he had that Ashley might not be putting out tonight were quickly dashed. He knew what that thump meant, but it was weird that it only- Ok, there it was again.

His heart was racing now, like a burst of adrenaline had hit him. The thumping was slow and steady, a rhythm he’d heard through the door and walls plenty of times.

Ryan had to pause his game, he couldn’t concentrate on what he was playing when he was too busy trying to listen to the background noise of Caleb and Ashley. Back when they first moved in together, Ryan couldn’t stop himself from catching an erection listening to Caleb wreck a pussy, but after a while he’d grown desensitized to it. He went from being frustrated and horny to sometimes being straight up annoyed that the noise of his roommate fucking was ruining his gaming or homework time.

But right now, he was locked stiff in his seat with both ears desperately listening to that steady thumping from the other room, and his cock was uncomfortably stiff in his shorts as he gripped his controller.

The thumping suddenly started going faster, and for the first time he heard a voice. It was just a gasp, or maybe a shout. He couldn't tell. It sounded like it was muffled, not from the bedroom door, but something else extra was keeping it quiet. He heard it again and it was obvious that she was crying out into a pillow, and Ryan suddenly couldn't sit still.

He put the controller down and quickly reached for the remote, hitting the mute button. Now he sat in near silence, the only sound coming from another room. The upbeat tunes merged with Ashley's muffled shouting as Caleb fucked her.

As his heart ran laps in his chest, he couldn't stop himself from admiring just how good Caleb was. It took a little more than ten minutes for Ryan to hear that first thump. Just trying to calculate the math on how quickly he was able to navigate Ashley away from Spotify and to his bed, and then getting his dick in her... Jesus, Ryan wished he had even have the silver that was on the Akita's tongue!

And Ashley was getting louder, the thumping getting faster and faster until the thump started to morph into a metallic clack. Caleb's bed only made the thumping noise when he was taking it easy on a girl. It was just the cheap wooden headboard bumping against the wall, but if he was going all in, dialing up the tempo to fuck her brains out, then the metal bed frame would start to whine, creak, and clack under the strain.

"Gah-ah-aaahD!" Holy shit!

Ashley was shouting, long and loud, and Ryan bolted upright. He was standing up, and he didn't even know why he'd done it. His body was shivering from head to toe listening to them going at it. There was so much electrified energy coursing through it that it felt like it had nowhere to go, rattling around inside him and leaving his body trembling.

"Fah, AHK, dude! Go-Ahd!"

She was still shouting, now a total mess, no more muffling, no pillow, just the cheap, thin bedroom door.

Ryan forced himself to sit back down, hands planted on his knees, listening to the wild clacking and thumping of the bed as Caleb was obviously fucking her with all that he had to give, the rabbit howling and shouting like crazy.

"G-AH-OD! Ple-heeze!"

She kept screaming, practically wailing, then the thumping stopped, the clacking fell silent. She fell silent.

Why did Ryan feel this way? He'd heard all this before! Other girls were sometimes even louder, but Ryan was sitting on the couch gripping white knuckled to his own knees as he shivered under the audio attack of Ashley's voice from the other room.

He couldn't hear Caleb snarling any, the noise he only ever made when he was getting his rocks off in a girl. All he could hear was the pop music playing in the distance, like nothing else at all was going down in the apartment. It was suddenly eerie being in a mostly quiet room like this, Ryan's cock was frustratingly erect and trying to run down the leg of his shorts.

The bedroom door opened, and he spun around sharply, looking towards the hall in surprise.

Caleb stepped into view, now totally naked. Ryan's face turned from orange to a bright red as the Akita's bright red rocket swung back and forth with every step he took, a set of overly loaded nuts bouncing against his thighs.

Ryan sharply spun back around to face the tv, fumbling in his attempt to find the remote to unmute the tv.

"Yo, dude." Caleb panted, voice out of breath.

He stopped just behind the couch, ignoring the tv in front of him. Ryan felt the dog put his hands on the back of the couch while the big dog leaned over to look straight at Ryan, who was doing his damndest to not look at anything below the dog's navel.

"Y-yeah?" He nervously asked.

"Ah think shhe still wants to 'ang out with you still, that Ok?" He asked, his voice still breathless from exertion, still slurring from all the alcohol he'd drank earlier in the night.

Ryan was shaking quietly in his seat, the smell of sweat hung heavy in the air now that Caleb was hovering over the back of the couch. Ryan was panicking so much about being caught with both an erection and that he'd been walked in on with the tv muted that he just looked up at the big dog and awkwardly smiled. He quickly nodded up at him with a hasty reply.

"Y-yeah, sure dude, whatever works." He blurted out.

"Kay, I'll letter know your cool wit it." Caleb told him, then leaned back away from the couch and began to head back toward his bedroom.

After he was out of sight Ryan began to actually process what the dog was saying or asking. The sight of the dog's package was still burned into his vision like a bright light, Ryan having never actually seen anything of the dog before that wasn't just a bulge in a pair of shorts.

What was Caleb talking about? The Akita was drunk, well, both of them were drunk. All of three of them had been drinking, so maybe he was just talking out of his ass not knowing what he was saying. Ryan finally found the remote and put his thumb over the mute button. Before he could decide if he was going to unmute it or not there was a new commotion coming from the bedroom behind him.

He turned to look just in time to see Caleb walking back into the living room with a very naked Ashley cradled in his arms.

Staring at them in shock, Ryan was frozen in place as the big dog dropped his butt on the couch next to him with the rabbit falling into his lap. Ryan's first instinct was to slide himself away, putting distance between him and the pair, and only got as far as the couch allowed. The armrest stopped him.

"W-whait!" Ashley slurred, the rabbit looking exhausted despite having been back there with Caleb for such a short time. As the big dog began to lift and twist her squirming body until her back was to his chest, she turned her head, looking at Ryan now with the biggest look of confusion and embarrassment Ryan had ever seen.

Caleb was reaching under her and fumbling around for his dick, found it, then angled it up to press his tip against her slit. Ryan couldn't stop his eyes from falling down her body, her petite frame covered in disheveled fur from head to toe like the Akita had been putting his paws all over her small body. Seeing Caleb's dick nuzzled up to her entrance, she already looked wet and puffy. All that thumping and clacking from before had been aimed squarely at her cunt, and now Ryan was being made to see the evidence of it.

When he slipped back inside, she made a happy gurgling noise as her body sagged complexly into his arms while his cock road its way up her cunt and towards her womb. When he bottomed out in her, the only thing that hadn't wormed its way into her was the swollen knot nestled up to her lips. Ryan couldn't help but gawk at how much she was stretched out around the Akita.

"Ash's Fuhkin' tight, dude!" Caleb grunted, then started bouncing her in his lap.

"N-no, wa-ATE!" She started off quietly, but ended sharp as the force of his thrusts knocked the wind out of her.

Moments later and Ryan was locked in stunned silence as Ashely was being violently jackhammered on the couch next to him, her petite body thrashing in the dog's grip while her tits jiggled on her chest. Her head was slung back, caught into the crook of the Akita's neck while she shouted and grunted.

The sounds coming out of her mouth were the ugliest noises a woman could make in the bedroom.

But they were HER ugly noises, and they woke something up deep in him that he didn't know existed, feeling so much raw excitement that he was fidgeting in his seat, pawing at his erection through his shorts but too mesmerized by the action happening next to him to find the time to drop his shorts.

"OH, FUHK!" She shouted, her back arched, lifting off the dog's chest as she writhed in what Ryan was pretty sure was an orgasm. Her noises, her body language, she was totally into this kind of rough sex, especially with a big dog like Caleb slapping her cunt with a knot as big as his!

"Kay, CAaHb!" She shouted his name, her head rolling to the side, and she was now looking at Ryan.

First, it looked like she was trapped in the most intense euphoria, eyes unfocused and glazed over with pleasure. That changed when her eyes tilted towards Ryan, seeing him truly for the first time since the jackhammering had gotten started. Her eyes shot wide open, the embarrassment from before returned in full along with a sudden burst of panic.

“Wah, Wah ate! N-not lah-ahk this!” She whined, but without thinking the Akita lifted a hand up to her face, cupping her chin and slipping two fingers into her mouth. It looked like she couldn’t resist them, and she started nursing at them, her earlier protests now muffled by the dog’s fingers.

The Akita starting screwing her even harder, the couch rocking forward and back, the little stumpy legs underneath creaking into the carpet. Ryan could feel through the couch just how much force the Akita was putting into his thrusts!

It looked like Caleb was getting ready to cum, he was growling so much now, his hand locked onto Ashley’s face while the other was firmly latched onto her hip as he bucked wildly up into her smaller body. She couldn’t look away from Ryan, her face stuck in an expression of bliss and embarrassment as she was dragged along by his cock into her next climax.

She started screaming through the fingers in her mouth, total ecstasy as her eyes rolled back into her head.

“FUKIN TIGHT.” Caleb suddenly snarled, his thrusts stopping so that he could drop the hand from her face to slap it onto the other side of her hips. He shoved her hips down, her cunt stretching out around his knot while Ashley writhed and openly gurgled, her eyes fluttering, rolling back in her head. Her face twisted from one expression to another as the sensation of Caleb’s obscene knot being forced up into her cunt overloaded her five senses.

He squelched inside her, the petals of her cunt stretched out white taut while her mound suddenly bloated out from the inside by the girth of Caleb’s dick. Ashley was done, her arms and legs sagging limp as her final climax came a knocking, her torso silently shuddering against the big dog’s body.

But Caleb’s had only just begun with the vice grip tie on his knot ripping a snarl out of his throat as his nuts started thrashing between his legs.

Ryan didn’t know a guy could cum so hard you could hear it from feet away. His nuts were quaking under Ashley’s pussy, forcing rope after rope of cum up into the rabbit until her stomach was starting to swell with it. Each new rope of cum forced the dog’s nuts to jerk so hard they slapped audibly against Ashley’s thighs.

Then, the snarling abruptly stopped, Caleb sagging limp into the couch along with Ashley, the pair locked tight together by the mating tie. The painful erection in Ryan’s pants finally lost it, and he felt himself throb, spilling his own seed to the same tempo as Caleb’s still twitching nuts.

After several long moments had passed, the combination of alcohol and sexual exhaustion finally caught up with them, and the pair seemed to fade into unconsciousness, eyes shutting and breathing deeply. They were both out cold.

Except for Caleb’s nuts, those things were still churning away, animatedly. They kept rocking up against her body, though not as violently as they had been before... Steadily dumping more and more into her until Ashley actually looked like she was in the 3rd or 4th month of a pregnancy.

Ryan stayed, the cum stain in his shorts growing wetter and colder by the second, watching them until Caleb was snoring and his nuts had stopped twitching. Ashley had been long since out like a light, her chest slowly rising and falling while her stomach looked taut with the Akita's cum.

Finally, Ryan unfroze his legs, stumbling up from the couch and hobbling his way towards the bathroom where he stripped off his soiled shorts and underwear. He had enough wherewithal to think and grab a beach towel out of the cabinet. Instead of wrapping it around himself, he walked back into the living room and draped the towel over Ashley, not caring Caleb got enough of the fabric to be warm or cold.

Then he fled to his own bedroom and shut the door behind him. He didn't even turn off the Xbox, his game was still on pause with the television muted.

The next morning, he woke up to the sound of the shower running in the distance. He was in bed, half his covers torn off the mattress and hanging to the floor, still wearing his shirt from the night before with his pecker free ballin in the cool morning air. Remembering the previous night, regrettably, he picked himself up and tucked the covers back onto his bed in a pile before pulling a pair of gym shorts out and tugging them up his legs.

He didn't know what to expect, but now with a clear head he was remembering way too many things from the day before. He'd left the Xbox on, and weirdly he was really concerned about turning it off. Ryan stepped out of his room, feeling something wet under his foot, but paid it no attention. He saw no one in the living room or the kitchen, but there was someone in the bathroom, though he didn't know who it was.

Ryan saw that the tv was off. He sat down on the couch, turned it back on to discover that the Xbox was in fact still running. He fucked around with the remote to get the volume back to where they normally kept it, then saved his game and turned off the console.

As he sat there alone on the couch, he picked up the scent of the detergent they used. Someone was running the washer and dryer, both of which were in the bathroom.

In addition to detergent, the scent of sex, of cum, was lingering all around the couch. The spot where Caleb and Ashley had been sitting was a crumbled mess from where the weight of two bodies had been. There were stains on the couch cushions and the floor immediately in front of where they'd sat. The stains led away from the couch and back towards the hallway. He stood up and followed the stains with his eyes to find that they stretched all they back towards the bathroom.

Remembering that he'd felt something wet on the floor earlier, he looked down at his feet, twisting one foot to the side to check the bottom of his foot. Gross.

He heard the bathroom door open and shut, then out stepped Ashley, her fur damp from a recent shower, wearing only a t-shirt that was so large it must have been one of Caleb's. She saw him, and they silently stared at each other until she made a small coughing noise, lowering her head and eyes to the floor to walk quietly down the hallways towards the living room.

“Um, Caleb said it was ok if I used the shower, so I did. I started a load of laundry, too. Our clothes were messed up, I uh, so I just put all the colors in for you guys. Washing everything.” She told him, her voice quiet with embarrassment.

“Oh, ok, cool.” He replied, awkwardly looking at her then looking away at any other spot in the room.

Ashley was still watching him, then quickly lost courage and looked away, her eyes lingering over the couch. Ryan glanced back at her, saw her face flush pink when she started noticing all the stains that littered the floor.

The awkwardness of the situation was sucking the life out of him.

“Where’s Caleb?” He finally asked after a moment.

“Asleep, I think. He’s still in his room.” She told him, nervously gesturing her hand in the direction of Caleb’s bedroom.

“Figures.” He replied.

She carefully stepped around the couch, standing on her toes to avoid the stains, then sat down. She made sure she didn’t sit right where the stains were, keeping herself distant from that side of the couch, which awkwardly put her closer to him than he felt comfortable with right now. Ryan scooted away, until he found himself pressed against the armrest again.

For a moment neither of them said anything, until he saw her begin to silently work her jaws, trying to say something. She eventually succeeded.

“I’m sorry about last night. I was really drunk, and, like... You saw.” She told him, her voice very quiet, her face revealing how embarrassed she was. Sober now, post-nut clarity on full display, dealing with last night in her head.

“It’s cool, I mean, it’s fine. Stuff happens.” He replied like an idiot. Ryan didn’t know what he was supposed to say.

“I didn’t come by last night to sleep with Caleb. I was hoping you’d have come with him to the party, so I came back with him thinking we could hang out.” She said, it sounded like she was trying to make up an explanation.

“Oh. Yeah. I just, guess I didn’t feel like a going to a party.” He told her.

She shifted in her seat, and brought her hand up to fix her hair, brushing some of it away from her eyes.

“When I was with... When I was in his room, I was trying to tell him I wanted to hang out with you, but I guess...” She said, taking a deep breath for a moment, her eyes shutting as she seemed to recall more of the night before, bringing her other hand up to her face to hide herself briefly before rubbing her cheeks and dropping her hands into her lap.

"I guess he was so drunk he thought I wanted to keep hanging out with you while having sex with him." She quickly finished, drawing her knees together tightly while sagging backwards into the couch, her arms coming up to hug herself like she was cold.

"That's kinda weird, yeah." Ryan replied flatly. She wanted to hang out with him, huh?

He felt so weird and confused now. If she wanted to hang out with them then why did she have sex with Caleb last night?

"I'm sorry." She told him.

"It's fine, I mean, we're hanging out right now, I guess." He told her, shrugging, but he wasn't feeling it.

"Yeah, I guess." She agreed.

They sat in silence on the couch until the buzzer on the dryer dinged. Ashley quickly stood up and fled towards the bathroom, and as soon as she could, she got herself dressed and left as quickly as she could without saying anything else.

Ryan couldn't blame her. He sat there on the couch for a while longer in zombie mode, staring at his reflection in the blacked out television screen until a bedroom door behind him opened and shut.

In walked Caleb, looking hungover, a disheveled mess of hair and fur, but at least he was wearing boxers. Ashley might have taken a shower, but it didn't look like Caleb had bothered, and the evidence was damp spots smeared across the front of his shorts.

"Where'd Ashley go?" He yawning real big, coming around to crash on the couch where Ashley had been, but not bothering to dodge the stains, that's assuming he even noticed them yet.

"She left a while ago." Ryan told him.

"Bummer, ya'll two could've hung out." He replied, sleepily scratching behind his neck.

"Yeah." Ryan replied.

In the reflection of the tv screen Ryan could see the dog yawn again before suddenly stiffening up, eyes locked forward to stare at himself in the black screen. He swiveled his head around to look at Ryan, but he didn't look back. He could see just fine in the reflection.

"I ended up fucking her, didn't I?" The Akita asked.

"Yeah." He replied.