

"Ok, well, she's clearly been drinking." Martin said before dropping himself down in a chair. The three of them were now seated in the wolf's living room. Chase and his girlfriend had dropped by after leaving a party. They had originally planned on staying later at said party, but Shannon, his girlfriend, had made the decision that they should bail. It was some kind of chick thing. The party was being hosted by one of her coworkers and that coworker had decided to invite some people Shannon had no desire to hang around with. That was all fine, since the dalmation didn't know most of the people there anyway. It was just a party Chase had felt obligated to go to since his girlfriend was invited to attend and could bring along a guest.

And, per Martin's astute observation, Shannon had been drinking. Fortunately it was just wine she'd had. A glass of moscato wasn't too bad when he considered the girl's ability to hold her liquor. The lioness was on one end of the couch with Chase sandwiching her between the sofa arm and himself. The cat reaching up with her middle finger and tugged one eyelid down while sticking her tongue out. This childish display was aimed at Martin who only grinned in reply.

Since they had decided to leave the party Chase suggested they stop by Martin's before it got any later. The two men had agreed by text earlier that Chase would swing by on their way home to drop off a shoebox of old computer parts that Chase had salvaged. Martin worked in IT and knew more about the value of PC parts than Chase did, so it would have been a waste to keep them himself or toss them in the bin. By giving them to Martin maybe they'll go somewhere useful.

"So what are your plans, bucko?" Shannon asked after putting her hand down and leaning over into her boyfriend's shoulder. Chase grabbed her over the thigh to pinch her with his thumb and index finger. She swatted his hand away.

"Drink." The wolf replied and held up his opened bottle to rock it side to side in the air. He let the liquid settle still before taking another swig from it. "Had a party to get ready for but that fell apart. Too many of my friends have women stuck to their hips, Chase."

He said that last part as a playful jab at Chase's own woman, who was currently stuck to his hip.

"Hey now, I'm here, aren't I?" The dog said and grabbed Shannon by the thigh again, which made her yank her leg away to keep him from tickling her.

"Stop, you butt!" She giggled.

"Yeah, yeah, but you weren't even invited! You don't give a shit about football." Martin replied, and all that was true. Chase wasn't much of a sports guy and neither was Shannon. He'd be an awkward extra wheel to a party full of meatheads that loved tossing a leather ball around.

"I guess I ought to start watching football, huh?" Chase said while looking over at the lioness next to him. She looked at him funny and

mouthed out the word 'no'. Most of her ex boyfriends had been meatheads similar to Martin in their passion for sports. Maybe that was where her lack of tolerance for it came from.

"Well, you two are here now. I got more beer if you want to have another!" He said and stood up from his chair. "And junk food, too. I had pizza planned but canceled that in favor of... whatever I have in the kitchen."

"I'm hungry." Shannon spoke up. "And I'm not the designated driver, either! I'd like one beer, please."

Chase was surprised by the quickness of his girlfriend in standing up to follow Martin into his kitchen. Sometimes Shannon embarrassed him in public, which was mostly due to her attitude. She was very friendly, which was a good thing, but she could also be very bratty, which sometimes left him cringing.

"I said 'please' this time, babe." Shannon whispered at him from over her shoulder like she knew what he was thinking. At least they had enough synergy for her to know when she was triggering him in public with her behavior. When she was sober at least.

"Me and the boys mostly drink only one or two things so I bought a bunch of that. Take your pick." He said and led them into the kitchen where he opened the fridge and let Shannon lean over to look at its contents. Chase eyed her ass from behind, which was shrink wrapped in a pair of tight jeans. The dalmation glanced over at Martin and saw he'd stepped back to make way for the lady and he was looking at her ass, too. The wolf caught him looking his way and grinned.

Chase watched Martin mouth the words 'you pick those out, or her?' The dalmation grinned back and shook his head over to his girlfriend in answer as the lioness stood up having taken three bottles out of the fridge. She had two suspended from her fingers of her left and the third in her right.

"There you go." She said and looked over at her boyfriend and handed him a beer.

"Hey now, I'm driving." He tried to-

"It's only one!" She cut him off and pushed the beer against his chest. The cool glass chilled him through his shirt and he took the bottle from her. Martin was chuckling, but stopped and smiled when Shannon turned toward him and offer him one of the two she had in her other hand. "Yours is almost out, dude."

Martin took the fresh beer and drained his old one quickly. Chase wished he could toss them back like the wolf could. Martin could drink like a champ.

"Well, thank you, Shan. Scoot over next to your boy so I can hunt and see what food I got." He said and shooed her away, which she did and leaned

herself against the kitchen sink next to where Chase had leaned himself up.

"You really don't need to go through the trouble, Martin." He added and the lioness batted him on the arm.

"Yes he does! You gave him that box of stuff! It's only fair!" She accused him, and Chase was feeling embarrassed again. That shoebox wasn't full of expensive goods. It was junk at best probably. The dog just felt bad about chunking it all in the garbage if there was a better way to recycle them.

"She's right, you know. Your girl is so sharp." The wolf agreed with her, but that compliment was clearly laced with sarcasm, which she did catch.

"Don't be a butt, you mutt." She accused him, and Chase felt his face flush. As his eyes rolled on behalf of his girlfriend Chase felt her hand grab at his side and she pinched him. He glanced at her and she stuck her tongue out at him. "He knows I got a mouth."

"Boy does she ever!" Martin replied and was completely unphased by the reference to his mixed heritage of wolf and coyote. He presently held a box of Kraft.

"I want mac and cheese, and that's quick to make. That ok with you miss skinny jeans?" The wolf asked of Shannon and she shrugged.

"You're the host!" She told him and started trying to twist off the cap to her beer with her hand. "And quit looking a my butt, bucko."

"Red handed." Martin pulled a bottle opener from a drawer and handed it to Chase. He made Shannon wait until after he was done opening his before handing the item over to her. She elbowed him in the arm and popped the cap off her own bottle with ease.

Chase was reluctant about letting Martin make dinner for both him and his girl, but Shannon was being her belligerent self, and Martin was being his generous self. It was going to happen, and he resigned himself to just apologizing on her behalf later in private. It wouldn't phase Martin any, as he seemed genuinely pleased to have some company. And it was just macaroni anyways.

Martin made them macaroni and cheese, and they each ate a bowl of it like they were a trio of college students trying to save a buck so the beer would flow more plentiful on the weekend, and judging by the stockpile Martin had in the fridge the beer certainly could flow ratherly liberally. Every shelf had beer bottles stuffed in it like he'd been expecting several people to come over. Chase felt bad that the party got canceled. Martin had probably been looking forward to it.

Even after they were done eating neither the wolf nor the cat seemed intent on letting up on the evening's activities. Shannon helped herself to another beer from the fridge without asking, and Martin told them both

to help themselves to the same fridge before excusing himself to the bedroom.

"Need to ditch this polo. You two don't misbehave too much, and the fridge is yours." Martin said while making his exit. Too little too late with the lioness opening her beer already. Chase could only sigh. He had no intention on imposing himself longer on Martin than he had to. The only nugget of joy he could find in this awkward scenario was that Shannon was going to get drunk, and then that would mean sex later when they got back home.

Chase ushered the lioness out of his friend's kitchen and into the living room where it was proper to be. Being there without supervision and Shannon being her ornery self made him feel self conscious. Martin was too good a guy to let Shannon be Shannon without some supervision.

Shannon dropped herself down onto the couch and tried to make herself comfortable. Martin's couch wasn't the best. Every time you sat on it you could feel the springs in the frame creak all funny. It didn't look like an old couch, but it sure sounded and felt like one when you put your ass on it. Chase sat next to her and she leaned against his arm, which put a smile on the dog's face. Chase took another drink from his beer while Shannon rubbed her cheek against his shoulder. That broadened Chase's smile even more as she was now showing some drunken affection. Sex was definitely on the evening agenda.

Martin returned and his friend was dressed in just a white undershirt and a pair of grey drawstring shorts. The dalmation took another drink from his beer and tried to pay less attention to how good the guy looked wearing so little. The shirt clung to him and didn't leave much about his physique to the imagination. Shannon surely noticed, but she thankfully didn't make it as obvious as Martin and him had when they were looking at her ass.

It was so weird to feel attracted to a guy friend! It was just strange envy, he guessed, creeping up into his thoughts. Thanks to that envy Chase and Martin occasionally found time to go to the gym. Chase was making it a point to go more often, and the effort was paying off. His own build was fit and trim, but he didn't have that chiseled definition that the wolf was sporting. Martin looked damn good, and those moment in the gym locker room were the worst. Worst in that Chase was forced to content with feelings of his sexuality being questioned.

In a way Chase really just wanted to emulate Martin's look and confidence a little more, and perhaps through that he was feeling friendly affection. Just some strong platonic feelings, surely. He drank more on his beer and tried to pay attention to the cheek rubbing at his shoulder.

"Don't hold back. Mi casa es tu casa." The wolf said, then stepped around to the chair off the side of the room and plopped himself down in it. That chair was much more comfortable than the couch.

"Aye, me no habla español, señor!" Shannon replied in bad caricature and then drank more of her beer. Chase rolled his eyes.

"Ignorarla." He told Martin. Just ignore her. The wolf gave him a look and a grin.

"No habla español, pardner." Martin laughed. "I just know phrases."

"Ignore her, I said." Chase translated. He knew enough spanish to get by, but not enough people in his circle spoke it on the regular for Chase to ever be fluent at it enough to do more than simple sentences. If Shannon and him ever got to go to Cancun then it'd be a real test of his skill, or lack thereof.

"Well, I'm not going to ignore that it's getting late and we're all drinking. If you two want you can fold that futon out and bed here tonight." Martin said and pointed at the couch they were sitting on.

"What? Nah, man. We don't need to stay the night." Chase said, and his attention was partly diverted to the realization for why the couch was so uncomfortable. It was a folding mattress thing.

"If we stay we can both drink more, babe!" Shannon said and slapped him playfully over the knee. "Like an adult sleepover party, guy!"

The dog rolled his eyes again and rubbed a hand over his face. Shannon was going to fight for this just to be contrarian to him. She was horny when drunk, but also a stubborn tomboy, too. Take the good with the bad, he repeated to himself.

"It's not like it's going to trouble me any. I got my own bedroom and a nice queen size to sleep on. You two are the ones chilling out on that thing." The wolf pointed out.

"Is it not comfy?" Shannon asked him.

"Shannon we're not going to impose on Martin."

"It's not imposing if I invite you, Chase." The wolf laughed and stood up. "You're the most considerate asshole I've ever met, you know that?"

Chase didn't know how to combat that contradiction, but instinct told him to stand as Martin had, but what the wolf did was step over to his coffee table so he could slide it further away from the couch and closer to the entertainment center pressed against the opposite wall. Chase sighed. Martin was going to be a friendly drunk and he was also going to be stubborn just like Shannon who was jumping up to grab her boyfriend by the arm.

"Yeah! You asshole!" She looked him in the eye with a flirty smile and forced a big kiss on her boyfriend's cheek. He sighed again and wrapped an arm behind her and patted her ass, which prompted her to bump her hip against him playfully. Her ass always had a good swing to it.

"You two are staying the night. Keep me company until I or all of us pass out." The wolf said and pretended to glare at Chase, but there was a easy smile that went from his lips to his eyes and Chase gave up.

"Ok, fine."

"Yay!" Shannon said and almost sloshed beer from his half drank bottle when she cheered with her beer hand.

Chase had to pushed his woman to the sidelines so he could help Martin unfold the futon. Chase had only seen one like this once before in an old motel he'd stayed at once. The futon looked like a decent enough couch, but the cushion was a thin mattress folded over three times. Cheap and simple like a military cot when you folded it out onto its thin metal frame with what looked like chain link fencing supporting the mattress. That explained all the muffled creaking when you sat on it.

When they were done folding out the futon Shannon dropped herself down onto it and spread herself off like a snow angel. She somehow managed to achieve this without spilling her beer. Since the mattress had no bedding Martin left to fetch a spare sheet and found a blanket. The couch came with throw pillows so he didn't need to sacrifice any from his own bed. Shannon had actually helped make the bed, but they were still going through a lot of effort at the wolf's expense.

The dalmation sat himself on the futon next to his girl. The cheap mattress and its springs creaked under Chase's weight a lot more than they had when Shannon had dropped herself onto it. Chase was afraid that the futon would prove to be a terrible bed to sleep on.

"You two need anything? Another beer?" Martin asked and looked over to Chase and pointed before looking back over at Shannon who was back making snow angels on the bed with her face buried into the blanket.

"I want one." She said with a muffled voice. Chase was going to say she wanted a beer, but Martin stepped over and grabbed her by one ankle first and gently shook her leg.

"Say again there." He chuckled. She turned her head so her cheek was pressed to the futon and she exhaled. Chase could tell she was maybe two or three beers away from her usual limit.

"I'd like one!" She said real loud, and Martin laughed at that and looked back over to the dalmation.

"You still working on yours?" He asked, and in reply Chase lifted his bottle up like he was giving a toast.

"I'm fine for now, man." He said. Martin nodded and stood back up and popped his back before walking his way to the kitchen. Chase listened to the sound of a fridge opening and shutting and the accompanying clink of glass bottles.

"So when do you two think you'll be heading out tomorrow? Early, or you got nothing to do?" Martin asked when he got back.

Shannon rolled over onto her back and rubbed her face before looking over at Martin as she stood over the coffee table and the two bottles he had in hand. The wolf leaned forward and sat one on the coffee table and took a bottle opener and popped the cap. He handed it over to Shannon, and she sat up to take it.

"Don't spill that on my couch, prissy." Martin chided her as she took her first swig. When she was done she lifted a hand and flipped him off, which only made him laugh. The dalmation smiled too and let himself slouch into the futon and took another drink. He watched Martin pop the cap on his own beer and begin to drink before retaking his seat in the other chair.

"So, plans? What you two doing tomorrow?" Martin asked again.

"I don't have anything planned, and I don't think she has anything either." Chase said, but added. "Unless she's keeping secrets."

"I have NO secrets." She said loudly and pointed at her boyfriend with the same hand holding her cold beer. She drank down a gulp right after. "I'm planning on hanging out with my boy tomorrow, you?"

She had turned her head to look at Martin who shrugged.

"Nothing. When you to get your asses up in the morning maybe we can go to IHOP. Some co workers of mine were talking about how they're doing some sort of special this weekend for all you can eat pancakes." Martin told them, and Chase laughed.

"All you can eat pancakes?" He asked, and Martin nodded while he swallowed the mouthful of beer he'd swigged after he'd finished talking about IHOP.

"Totally. I was going to go for the hell of it. Haven't been to IHOP in awhile. I wouldn't mind it. You guys can come with." He said.

"I'll go blow points on IHOP!" Shannon added quick and kept on drinking.

"Guess we're going to IHOP tomorrow!" Chase added and drank more of his own beer, which was getting awfully lighter and would need replacing soon. "How much more beer you got, Martin? You sure you have enough?"

Chase knew he had enough, but he wanted to at least make a friendly gesture that maybe they shouldn't drink too much of his beer.

Shannon typically quit drinking around this many beers, but Chase knew that all three of them could drink more if they wanted, and to be honest none of them were going to be doing any driving tonight and so what if they all woke up with headaches in the morning? They were just going to go to IHOP.

"Yeah, man, I've got plenty. Remember that pizza party I was going to have went tits up so I have like, a pantry full of extra beer. Couldn't fit it all in the fridge. You need a refill?" He asked. Chase looked down at his bottle and started to stand when he decided that he could do to get a fresh one. Martin immediately stuck his arm out and put his palm up.

"No! You keep sitting, Chase. I'll fetch you one." He said and stood, and Chase reluctantly eased himself back down. Martin sure was a great host, and he watched him... yeah he watched the stud walk back toward the kitchen in his tight shirt and boxers. There wasn't much point in pretending Chase didn't like looking. It did more to surprise him that Shannon was ignoring the fact Martin was underdressed. Men were more visual creatures, he reminded himself.

Maybe with a few more months of working on on the weekends, some early morning jogs, and a better diet, he'd match Martin a little better. He wouldn't be near as tall, as the wolf was something over six foot to Chase's own five and eight. Fortunately Shannon wasn't much a strickler for height, as she was actually a tiny bit taller than him, too. Both her parents were tall.

"Hey, babe." Shannon got his attention, which forced him to look away from the direction of the kitchen and down at her. The lioness sat herself upright and switched to a cross legged position on the futon. "I don't have anything to wear tomorrow."

She huffed and sighed, and Chase shrugged his shoulders. 'Prissy' was going to be fussy in the morning if she didn't have something clean to wear. That would be a drag especially if the men had headaches to deal with, too. He looked back over to Martin who was now returning.

"You got any spare pajamas for Shannon?" He asked as Martin fiddled with the opener until the metal cap popped off and went flying into the air suddenly. A surprised Martin leaned back and caught the cap in his open palm before tossing it casually over onto the coffee table.

"Yep. Well, nothing a princess would wear." he said and stepped over to the dalmation to hand him his new beer. Chase gulped down the last mouthful from his first bottle and gave it back to Martin so all he was left with his fresh cold one. Martin continued talking as he went back to walk the empty bottle over to the kitchen.

"I've got some shirts and shorts, yeah, if Shan will wear them." He answered Chase's question. The lioness groaned and put her arms out to her sides.

"Have mercy on me! I'll have to put up with it!" She proclaimed and went back to drinking. She was draining her bottle fast. When the wolf returned from the kitchen he took a drink from his beer and left it on the coffee table before walking back off to the bedroom to presumably search for pajamas.

"Be more polite, kitten." Chase said when he felt Martin was out of earshot. She groaned.

"SORE-REE." She said, then gave him a smile and blew a drunken kiss at him. At least she was being a sweet tonight. Her getting hammered was again, always a nice thing. Her engine always got to purring when she was drunk. Not that that would help him get laid tonight. She wouldn't want to fuck on their best friend's futon. Well, even if she was ok with it there'd be no way to do that without making a bunch of racket. That cheap ass futon would creak like crazy. Martin would hear, and be a bit of a dick move to get laid one room over.

Martin came back with a handful of items. It was more than just the two things Chase had been expecting. Martin took two items in each hand and tossed them at both Chase and Shannon. Chase caught his bundle in his lap, but Shannon had a delayed reaction and was hit in the face with laundry. The articles dropped into her lap and she glared at Martin and gave him an exaggerated middle finger.

"Gee, thanks!" She said and looked down to check out what she'd been given. Both of them had had only been given the basics. Looked like a plain undershirt and a pair of shorts just like Martin was wearing. All identical pairs like he bought them in bulk, which he probably did.

"You're welcome." Martin said and retrieved his beer before continuing on to sit back in his chair. Shannon looked over the shirt and shorts she'd been given again and sighed in an exaggerated fashion before uncrossed her legs and scooting past Chase to drop her legs off the futon.

"I'm going to go change, babies." She said and stood up with clothing and beer in hand.

"Wasn't aware you'd knocked her up yet, Chase." Martin commented and then grinned broadly at the lioness' extended middle finger as she disappeared through the doorway leading off to the bathroom. Chase noticed she had a subtle sway to her gait that told him she'd drank too much.

The two men enjoyed their beers while Shannon changed out of her clothes. After a few minutes and one flush of a distant toilet she came back with Martin returning from the kitchen with a fresh beer for himself. The lioness snatched the beer from him and handed him her empty bottle instead.

"Why thank you, Martin! How'd you know I needed another!" She said with a big smile. Martin gave a pretend look of shock and glanced Chase's way and the dalmation felt embarrassed. His girlfriend was being a butt.

She sat down on the edge of the futon to fumble with the bottle opener for her beer while Martin left to toss the bottle and get himself a new beer. Chase eyed his girl and liked how the shirt hung off her shoulders real loose. Martin's broad chest meant the shirt was simply too big for the lioness to ever hope to fill out, and she'd tightened the drawstring pretty snug on the shorts.

When Martin returned Shannon handed him the bottle opener, and then her unopened bottle, and he had to open it for her. "Thank you." She replied when he handed her now open beer back to her.

"Mhm." The dog replied and then opened his own. "And go change, man. I'll keep her out of trouble."

"Out of what?" She asked him and pointed. "You're being a bully."

Martin didn't hide his chuckle. Chase up from his seat and left to change. The wolf kept Shannon occupied with the remote as she thumbed her way through the channels to find something to listen to. While Chase found the bathroom and started changing he heard what sounded like... 90's rock. Yeah, Shannon found herself a channel and then it looked, or sounded, like she was turning the volume up. She liked rock music and playing it loud. He didn't mind his girlfriend's taste, but he was more interested in synth himself.

Chase took note that the wolf's bathroom was cleaner than he'd have expected it to be. Martin didn't seem the sort of guy to be up to date on his house cleaning. The bathroom counter was mostly clear of mess, but there were stray bits of fur from where he'd have trimmed and tamed his fur in the mirror. Martin was pretty well kept whenever he'd see him. Guess he carried that into his home.

He found Shannon's... everything... just draped over the curtain rod. He sighed and stripped himself down to his boxer briefs, then put his khakis and shirt over the curtain rod. He moved all of Shannon's stuff on top of his own with her panties and bra sandwiches between his and her outerwear. She probably wasn't even thinking about Martin walking into the bathroom to see her undies.

Once he was changed he stepped stepped out of the bathroom and stole a glance at the wolf's bedroom and saw the bed wasn't made, but everything else was made into good order. Some shirts and a pair of jeans draped over the side of a plastic clothes hamper, but that was about it. Chase also noted the items Martin had been wearing earlier.

He'd been to Martin's only once or twice before, but never this far into the apartment. He'd always stuck to the kitchen and living room and avoided using the restroom. Just a quirk of his of not wanting to stray too deeply into another person's home.

"So when are you getting yourself a Misses, huh?" Chase caught the end of Shannon's conversation with Martin as he left the bedroom to rejoin the party. She was still sitting cross legged on the futon with beer in hand.

"Never." Martin replied with a chuckle.

"Loser! Go find some cute chicky and be normal." She pointed at him and then took another drink.

"How's it feel to be normal, Chase?" Martin asked him when he stepped over to Shannon's side and sat. "Fresh beer on the table, man."

Chase found the opened beer on the coaster and picked it up to start drinking. He thought about the question. How did it feel to be normal, and dating Shannon?

"Frustrated most of the time." He said with a smile, and she turned and hit him on the thigh.

"Well, ANYway. It'd be a lot more fun if we had another layday here." The lioness added between sips. "You're generous, but no fun!"

"Shan," Chase tried to zip her up, but Martin interjected.

"No fun!" The wolf laughed. "How'd you come to that conclusion, honey?"

She lifted her arms up and out, palms up. Chase thought to take her beer away. She was buzzing hard.

"Ok, Shannon. Don't harass our host." Chase told her and she turned to stick her tongue out at him.

"If he did more than drink and watch football we'd be going on double dates." She said, and Martin laughed from his chair. Chase sighed and shifted further onto the futon sit closer to her.

"I can do all kinds of things! Fix computers-" The wolf started.

"Lame!" She interrupted.

"Pay all my own bills," he added.

"You're an adult, big whoop!" She countered sarcastically and Chase rubbed his face with a hand.

"Well fine then, buttercup, you tell me what I should do." Martin laughed and took a big swig from his beer and gave Chase a look that told the dog he wasn't upset. The wolf was playing along with the drunk girl.

Shannon gave an exaggerated sigh before polishing off her beer. Chase took it from her and leaned out to sit it on the coffee table.

"Can you sing or dance?" She said in a poor imitation of Stallone. Martin chuckled.

"Not unless I'm in the shower." He replied and she laughed.

"Lame. Chase can at least dance, right!" She turned to him and Chase gave in and nodded.

"A little." He replied, then Shannon poked her boyfriend in the chest triumphantly. Chase could actually dance, but it was all just glorified high school prom shit. He had enough grace to not step on Shannon's toes any.

"See! Something! And look who he bagged!" She shouted and poked herself in the tit. The dalmation was feeling awfully embarrassed about who he'd managed to 'bag'.

"Tell her something romantic you can do, Martin. She's on a mission so just give her what she wants." Chase told him and then tried to finish his own beer. The warmth from all the beers was settling over him now. The wolf sighed a bit and slouched in his chair while he had this thoughtful look about him. He leaned his head against the back of the chair.

"I can give a mean massage." He finally said, then swirled the remaining beer in the bottle before hoisting it up to finish it. "I guess I can kinda cook? Not much of a menu though."

"MASSAGE!" Shannon just about shouted for the neighbors to hear.

"Shan, inside voice." Chase reminded her.

"He has one romantic bone in his body, see! Now go get a girlfriend." She insisted.

"Maybe one day, Shan." Martin said, and then got up. "Getting myself another beer. You both good?"

"Me!" Shannon replied. Chase thought she'd had enough.

"Shannon, you're drunk." The dog told her.

"She's not that bad off, man. Worse thing that happens is you end up holding her hair in the bathroom." The wolf laughed and left to the kitchen. Once there he called out if Chase wanted one, and the dog shouted back that he did. Maybe he'd need one to put up with Shannon embarrassing him.

Martin was a tank when it came to handling stress, or maybe Chase was just weak about it. He was too self conscious about it, he thought, and needed to relax a little more. More beer would help him do that.

"I bet he can't even give a massage, babe." Shannon said kinda quiet, and Chase immediately laughed. She didn't even believe him when he said it!

"Ye of little faith?" He asked her. She shook her head.

The wolf returned with three fresh cold ones and gave both of them a fresh beer. Chase thought a little on it, then smiled. Turn her shit on herself.

"You know while you were in the kitchen Shannon told me she thought you were lying about those massage skills." He told him, and after a moment's drunken delay Shannon perked her ears and looked sharply at her boyfriend.

"What's that?" Martin asked.

"You butt!" Shannon hit her boyfriend on the arm looking hurt.  
"Snitching!"

It was now Chase's turn to hoist his arms, palms both up. 'Sorry'. She exhaled hard and went right to nursing at her beer with a pout. Martin could only chuckle at her.

"I actually do know how! Got in a lot of practice through my many misadventures." The wolf started bragging. "Why, I might even be as good as a professional."

Ok, he was purposely sounding smug. Chase had to laugh. The wolf even gave him a look and wagged his eyebrows. Chase couldn't tell if he was yanking their leg or what. Shannon groaned with an exaggerated sigh.

"I think he's lying." She said, and Chase looked over at her sulking over her beer. For some reason he was feeling bad for her now. He guessed it was just his protective instinct. He put an arm around her and started rubbing her shoulder.

"I think you're lying, too, buddy. Gotta side with my woman." The dog said, and Shannon perked up and said,

"Ha!" Triumphant. The wolf put his hands up defensively and laughed. He looked only mildly wounded by the accusation.

"I'll fucking prove it." He said.

"Then fucking do it, bruh!" Shannon shot back. Chase look at them both and laughed. How childish was this? The two of them had drank quite a lot of beer. Make that all three of them.

"Well then!" He laughed at them both. "Is a man not allowed to defend his honor in his own home?"

Shannon pushed her half drank beer against Chase's chest. Her eyes were narrowed to slits at him. "I bet he can't!"

"Ok, you know what? Fine." Chase laughed and took her girlfriend's bottle. "Bunch of a children here."

"Whatever!" Shannon shot back and left her beer with Chase while she uncrossed her legs and plopped herself facedown on the futon. "Come on, bucko!"

Martin looked at Chase, and then gestured to the lioness laying face down on the futon. He mouthed out 'For real?' and the dalmation shrugged and stood up. He left Shannon's unfinished beer on the coffee table.

"She's drunk. Just tolerate her mister 'I needed to brag about something.'" He told the wolf. Martin pulled himself upright in his chair and stood. Chase stepped around and took a seat where Martin had been.

The wolf dropped his beer down next the Shannon's half empty one. He hunted the coffee table for the tv remote, found it.

Martin turned the volume on the tv up a little more, then dropped the remote back on the table. The 90's rock jams playing on the tv didn't really fit the activity of giving a massage, but it was what Shannon had picked out before so she wasn't like she was going to be complaining about it. Chase sipped at his beer hoping to let the bottle last a bit longer than his previous ones had. They'd all been downing them a recklessly.

He watched as his friend crawled over onto the mattress and happily straddled and sat over the back of Shannon's legs. Since she was belly down she didn't complain about his weight. Martin clapped his hands together and rubbed them like he was warming them up, and when the wolf put both hands on her shoulders to squeeze the lioness let out a strained groan.

Chase was initially surprised. He hadn't actually believed Martin actually knew how to give a massage. Well, maybe he could have given a really amateurish one at best. But now there his friend was rotating and rubbing firmly with his hands and making careful use of his thumbs to apply pressure. Every now and then the lioness would groan again as Martin applied additional force here and a little extra push there.

Martin's face was a mix of placid and pleased. To the dalmation it seemed like the dog was actually losing himself in the work of exploring his girlfriend's shoulders and neck. It looked a lot like what he'd expect a professional massage to look. A weird feeling came over him about letting another man straddle Shannon, then a feeling of guilt crept up to join it. Chase had to be better about his suspicions.

Chase knew Martin well enough to know his habits with women, but he should have also known his habits with friends. Martin was a great guy to have around. Maybe a little too great seeing how generous he was with his friends that bring drunk women along like Chase had. He'd seen Martin be generous to a fault before. He let out a silent sigh and took a swig of his beer. At least he'd get to watch his hot friend give a massage to his hot woman.

Martin leaned back and put his hands down around Shannon's lower back. Starting with his thumbs making little circles on either side of her spine he slowly worked his way up her back until Chase could see her toes curlings behind the bigger dog. Her purring was just barely audible with the music playing as loud as it was.

The wolf cocked his head to the side like he was searching for something, and his hands moved and searched around her back until the lioness flexed and groaned like he'd found a tender spot. Chase watched him plant the base of his palm into her back and rub nice and firm until Shannon finally let out her held breath as a sigh of relief.

More and more the dalmation watched his girlfriend go limp under the steady skillful massage she was getting. Chase drank and made the

decision that he'd need to take up massage therapy as a hobby. He'd now discovered a new trick to make his girlfriend purr. If he could ever get as good at it as Martin clearly was then maybe he could rely less on alcohol to make Shannon horny. What woman would refuse a free professional massage? He idly shook his head at no one in particular as he thought out the answer.

He kept watching as Martin moved away from Shannon's back and shoulders and start kneading her arm arms gently. He grabbed and squeezed her muscles and did more circular motions with his thumbs. Chase wondered if that actually did anything, or if it was just something that felt good. Maybe Martin didn't know either and was just doing what he'd seen work before. If he gave out massages to women like Santa gave gifts then he'd have had a lot of practice at finding out what worked.

Chase wondered what it would take to learn how to give a massage, and if Martin would have any way to teach it. It was genuinely interesting to him now as the dalmatian watched on as his friend left Shannon's arms alone and returned to her spine. His stay there was brief as his hands found new regions to prod and rub.

Both his hands stopped in the middle of her back and slipped off to stop at her sides. His fingers traced over her ribs and Chase waited for her to jump or recoil from being tickled, but it never came. The lioness' breathing was calm and steady as Martin surprised him again by finding a way under his girlfriend's arms without making her swat him for tickling her.

Martin hadn't looked up once from his work and it looked like the two of them were pretty lost in their activity. Chase still had plenty of beer as he'd managed to keep himself to the occasional sip. Martin leaned back again to pull his hands away from her and he started taking off his shirt. It happened so quickly that Chase had to blink a few times to confirm that it had happened, and Martin hadn't taken his eyes of Shannon the entire time.

The dog was now keeping a smile on his face while Chase's heart began to race. Martin was so chiseled! He looked damn good and the thought of washboards came to mind as his eyes passed over the wolf's abs. Why did he take off his shirt? It certainly improved the view, but still... The dalmation sipped at his beer again and continued watching as the music played through another track.

Chase saw the wolf put his hands back where they'd been and he went back to rubbed his fingers and thumb in circular motions. None of it was sexual, and there was a technique to it, too. As he wound his fingertips in a circle his thumb did the same. He was applying pressure on her back and side together and finally Shannon groaned again and Chase caught her toes curling once more.

She moved her arms out from under her head to plant her cheek against the mattress. Her palms came to rest behind her head and she was stretching her fingers through her hair while Martin watched intently from behind. The dalmation caught Martin starting to grin. He pulled his hands away

from her sides and put one behind her neck. There he started to firmly grab and massage her neck just below her skull and Shannon started to groan and purr together.

It must have ached and felt good at the same time. Chase watched nervously as Martin's free hand went low down her body until he found the hem of her borrowed shirt. He worked it up her back until her fur was exposed, and little by little with all Shannon's attention focused on the hand at her neck the dog had her shirt tucked up so it was bunched up below her breasts. With only the one hand working it up the shirt couldn't get past her ample mounds.

What was Martin thinking? The wolf ran his tongue across his teeth and Chase immediately felt himself go chill. Something was happening! His mouth felt dry and he took a big drink from his beer to wet his tongue, but the barren sensation didn't abate. Martin turned his head and for a brief moment he thought Martin would look his way, but no. Instead he leaned to the side and snatched the remote back up off the table and gave it a couple of button taps.

He'd turned the volume up even louder and Martin went right back to his massage. The music was now loud enough to make conversation difficult if they tried speaking with their inside voices. The hand left Shannon's neck and Chase watched with widening eyes as his best friend took both sides of her nightshirt in hand and gently tugged them up her torso. He had to reach down close to her tits, and Shannon, clearly not even thinking about it, actually shifted and pushed herself lightly up so the shirt could come up higher.

Her bare breasts came back down to rest on the mattress. Chase stared at her in shock, but her own eyes were shut as she purred. He knew she was purring even though the music drowned it out with its noise. Her face, with eyes shut and mouth curled into a smile, said it all. Martin coaxed her gently into lifting her arms and he deftly extracted her from the shirt until it was finally free of her head and he let it fall off the edge of the mattress and to the floor.

Both Shannon and Martin were now topless on the futon. Chase watched as the wolf leaned forward and put both hands back on her shoulders to return to giving a massage. He didn't stay there for long as he allowed his hands to retrace their steps rapidly. He moved down her back and up her spine for a time before allowing them to fall back down to her sides.

Without any hesitation he slipped his hands under her chest and the dalmation gasped quietly as his friend groped his girlfriend right in front of him. Martin licked his chops again. The dog's eyes were glued to her constantly like she was his prey.

Chase wanted to speak up and say something but the dryness of his mouth, and the shock of the scene was leaving him speechless. He couldn't think! The dalmation could only watch as he was filled with confusion from the betrayal he was watching, and the arousal from seeing them together.

Martin leaned forward and pressed his nose into the back of her neck. He kissed her. Chase watched the wolf's face and he could 'see' that Martin was growling low at his girlfriend. Shannon shifted under him and pulled her arms down so her hands could grip the edge of the mattress. Her elbows were at her sides.

The wolf was very slowly starting to dry hump his girlfriend, and Chase was stunned and at a loss for what to do. He'd never been in this situation before, and this wasn't like either of them! This wasn't something he thought was even possible! Shannon wasn't a cheater! Her ex boyfriends didn't leave her because of something like this!

Excuses and confusion bounced about back and forward in his mind like ricocheting bullets in an action movie. Pow, pow, pow, but not one thing hit the mark he needed. Nothing. The empty air between Chase and the amorous pair was being filled not by anything he should be saying, but the noise of music playing and the ever so faint sound of the cheap bed frame creaking beneath the mattress.

The wolf was starting the grind more vigorously into Shannon's ass. Chase watched silently as Martin licked the back of her neck once, then kissed her. He followed it up with more kisses, his lips curling up to reveal he was growling at her possessively. His strong hands kept themselves below her. The motion of his arms and wrists revealed he was kneading and mashing the lioness' tits like they were his toys.

The devil on his shoulder told him it was one of the hottest things he'd ever seen. Martin's perfect body had the lioness straddled. He was so tall that by leaning over her like he was it made him hunch down to grind. He was getting faster and more aggressive with his humping. Chase licked his lips to try and wet them, but failed. He'd been breathing through his mouth, that was why his mouth was so dry. The dalmation had been panting.

Martin pulled his hands away from her chest and placed them both over her shoulders. He grazed the back of her neck with his teeth and nipped at her fur as his hips lifted an inch and dropped down with a thud. Chase heard the mattress squeak once clearly despite the music. The wolf repeated this again, and again. He was growling loud enough at his girlfriend that he could hear it now.

The mattress was creaking quietly every time Martin gave the lioness a firm thrust. The dry humping was escalating. The big wolf was giving her a small taste of what was to come, and the lioness was arching her back. Quiet moaning and panting escaped her lips as her ass lifted up on its own to offer itself up to the hungry wolf's thrusts.

Chase could see the tense energy Martin had. He was excited, and why wouldn't he. The wolf was going to plow a girl he'd always said was 'smoking hot'. Martin was finally going to take what he must have always wanted.

He sat upright then, looking down at the prostrate feline. Chase's eyes widened at the sight of the wolf's boxers tenting with a huge pole.

Martin was bigger than Chase without question, and Chase... he thought he did ok down there himself. His arm still held his beer. It had gone empty some time ago, but he wasn't sure when. It now just dangled over the floor by his fingers. His arms both laid limp across the arms of the chair. He felt defeated. The angel on his shoulder cradled his face in his hands while the devil smirked with wide eyes and crooked grin.

Martin stuck his thumb under his waistband. The wolf licked his chops again, and Chase knew what was going to happen. The bottle slipped from his fingers and he failed to catch it. It hit the carpet. The thud against the carpet wasn't audible over the music, but the sharp clack of glass hitting the chair leg was enough to break the rhythm of the 90's guitar. Martin's eyes darted up at the source of the noise and the two men shared a gaze.

The wolf looked confused. His hungry expression was replaced with a slack jaw and furled brow like his mind was now a clockwork machine turning all its wheels trying to seek a solution to something. Chase saw his jawline twitch, his lips curling together to form the 'wha' sound, and then the feline rump beneath him rocked upward and Martin looked back down.

His brow was still furled, then his eyes widened, then he looked back up at the dalmation with panic etching across his features. Shannon was unaware of all this. Her cheek was still pressed to the mattress as she continued to drunkenly grind her ass up at her faceless lover.

Chase didn't know what to say, and Martin was caught between looking down at the taken lioness beneath him and his best friend sitting in front of him.

"Look, Chase." Martin whispered, but it was hardly something that could be heard over the music.

"It's ok." Chase blurted out, but it was all mute. He hasn't found his voice. They were basically reading each others lips. They were all so drunk, and Chase knew it, and Martin's reaction to seeing him told him everything. He'd been so drunk he was going through the motions, wasn't he? Giving a hot girl a massage while loud music played to cover the noise of their lovemaking. Shannon was there enjoying herself, drunk, and probably not paying any attention to her surroundings. She hadn't even opened her eyes. For all she knew it was Chase giving her a good time back at home. Right?

"Hey, didn't mean to go this far. Wasn't my plan." Martin mouthed, which looked like he was doing so without words. Just sounding out the words so Chase could see them spoken. The dalmation nodded along. This was made more sense to him. Martin was in his element and got lost in it, and then seeing Chase sitting in his living room jolted him back to the here and now, and the reality that he was straddling another man's woman while sporting a hardon.

"It's ok." Chase repeated himself. "No harm done."

Oh, that was a lie! Chase's heart was still confused and, and, things he couldn't put words to. He was still grappling with the fact he found it all so hot to watch. That was so weird, and he couldn't put that into words either if he was forced to write it down. Shannon caught his eye again as she'd moved.

The lioness was probably pouting. She turned her head to push her forehead against the mattress and she was rocking her hips still against the wolf's crotch. Sometimes she'd rock up and down, but then she'd go side to side. Chase knew what that was like. The lioness liked to gyrate like that when she'd sit in his lap to turn him on, or when she was riding cowgirl. The feline was very good with her hips.

It was so hot seeing her there, obviously horny, and grinding her ass up against Martin's stiff tent. Did she even know what he was packing? Surely some dim part of her brain must have felt something huge when he was forcible grinding it at her cheeks.

"Chase." The wolf mouthed, but the dalmatian wasn't looking. He pulled his hand away from his waistband and gestured, which caught the dog's attention. Their eyes met again, and Martin's expression was apologetic, but also... intense. Martin looked like he had something he needed to fulfill. "Hey."

"Yeah?" Chase mouthed back, then licked his lips. Still dry. Still panting with shallow breaths.

"Can I do it?" He asked, and Chase felt cold and hot. It felt like he'd sat down in a bathtub full of hot water, but the tub was in the middle of the open arctic. His loins were on fire over this, bewildering him, and it was hot! But he felt chilled everywhere up higher than that. All of it was confusion!

He liked Martin! They were good friends, and he was fucking hot, and Chase knew it. Chase knew he had this weird closeted thing for the wolf. His heart was racing faster, and if Shannon's grinding on Martin was anything like what the dalmation was familiar with then he knew Martin's heart rate was going a mile a minute, too.

Mental images flashed in his mind and Chase couldn't stop them either! The wolf plugging his girlfriend full of dick while he hunched over her body growling and snarling like a horny animal. Shannon taking what was clearly a bigger and fatter dick than what the dalmation had to offer her. A spitless swallow followed with a trembling gaze at his lioness who was still rubbing her face into the futon as her ass ground harder into the bigger man's crotch.

He looked up at Martin and sealed his fate with a hasty nod. A broad and delighted grin grew across the wolf's muzzle.

"Right on!" Read Martin's eager lips.

The dalmation watched as Martin leaned forward and placed a hand between her shoulder blades. He shoved her down and the lioness' instinctively

hiked her hips up to accept what awaited her. Chase shifted in his chair and watched as his friend licked his chops and used his free hand to reach behind his girlfriend's rump. She made a noise louder than a purr and let it grow into a moan.

Chase could only just hear the wet sound of fingers digging into a woman's slit. Martin was looking at Shannon with a hot hunger as he was no doubt fingering the feline. It sounded really wet, and Chase couldn't deny that it was because she was so turned on. She was drunk and horny, and Chase knew exactly what she was like when she got like this.

Ply her with enough alcohol and she was a big slut in bold letters. He always got her to drink for that very reason. It melted away her chill and made it so much easier to get her engine running and her mouth purring for him.

Martin was taking full advantage of Shannon's intoxication as his arm began to rock back and forward rapidly with the schlicking growing in volume along with her moaning. She started to pant into the futon and her arms tried to lift her up, but Martin shoved her back down. Her toes were curling behind her as Martin picked up his pace as he finger fucked her.

Chase had never tried to do that to her. He usually just ate her out because she never liked it when he used his hands. She always told him he wasn't any good at it and should stick to licking.

"Cha! Chayssse!" She moaned hard into the futon as Martin increased his speed like he was trying to win a button mashing contest. The noise sounded like he was slapping his fingers over a faucet and her tail started to twitch violently along with her fingers and toes as she lost control.

Her orgasm hit her first, then her climax hit Chase's ears. Music or no there wasn't anything keeping her volume from reaching some bystander's ears. She didn't hold back and she let her legs kick out behind her as her hands clawed the cheap mattress.

Chase gasped and arched his back as he felt a rise in his loins. A wet spot formed in his boxers were the first ejection of pre soaked the fabric. His abs and asshole clenched tight to stem the tide of climax that threatened to explode prematurely. The dalmation's mouth was now agape as he watched his best friend single handedly, literally, bring Shannon to an explosive orgasm. He'd never seen this!

He'd never popped her cork that hard before and this wasn't even with a cock in her. Chase's ears folded back naturally even as his cock desperately fought against the fabric of his shorts to rise to peak attention. A dry swallow came in between every one of his labored pants as his eyes were glued tight to his girlfriend shaking and trembling over the futon as Martin's slowly eased back on his assault on her cunt.

The wolf looked up at Chase and smiled real big. The dalmation met Martin's eyes and watched his friend mouth out a message.

"She's gonna coke out on dick tonight or what?"

Hot and cold. Hot and cold. Chase felt hot and cold when he read the words on Martin's lips. The wolf darted his eyes back down and leaned back. Chase watched as the wolf's hands retreated from Shannon's body. His finger blasting hand was soaked with juice like Shannon really had been a running faucet of juice. He watched as Martin brought his fingers up to his lips and he cleaned them off.

The wolf put his hand down and reached inside his boxers. The dalmation's heart seemed to stop as Martin pulled his cock out and let the elastic band catch beneath his dick. Chase couldn't put into words just how good Martin's cock looked. It was a fucking porn star's dick!

It was just like in porn, and Martin was prepping it with a slow stroke of the hand to cram it right up inside Chase's own girlfriend. He dared to look down and Shannon was still blissfully unaware of her situation. The lioness was wasted, and had just cum harder than she probably had in months, or even years. Maybe she'd never cum that hard until now.

Martin scooted backwards a bit, and used both hands to yank the borrowed boxer's down over her ass. Chase had never seen her butt from this angle before. The wolf pushed the boxers halfway down her thighs, then took a look at his own waistband. He rolled off to his side and had his own shorts kicked off in a hasty second.

Chase looked back to Shannon and saw that before she could even turn herself to see why her 'boyfriend' had gotten off of her legs that Martin was already rolling back on top of her with his cock dropping between her ass cheeks.

The wolf put a hand on the back of her neck and squeezed. She squealed and managed to turn her head to the side. With a long hungry lick of his chops Martin grabbed his pole and lined himself up with her tunnel with his knees nice and spread to cradle her ass between his strong thighs.

Chase didn't know where to look. He couldn't see her pussy. It was just the red barrel of Martin's cock dipping low and behind the crest of her rump. The dalmation followed with his eyes the line of the wolf's cock down to its base, and then up its owners chiseled chest until he was watching the wolf's face. Martin was ignoring him now. All his attention was focused down below.

Shannon gasped, and eyes darted quickly to the top of her head. Her hands grabbed the edge of the mattress and squeezed as her gasp turned into a strained grunt. She began to pant. Chase looked back to Martin's face. He looked feral!

Jaws open, tongue almost at the cusp of hanging free, and a single drop of spit fell from his teeth and onto her ass.

"Guh!" She grunted just over the music. "Chah-sss!"

She was still using his name. His heart was trembling hot and cold all over again with renewed energy. It was a panicked erratic energy that flooded his bloodstream and filled his cock harder with pressure until the dalmation was shifting in his chair as his shorts threatened to stroke him off without a single touch of his hand.

"Cha-!" She tried to say his name again, but she stopped it part way to pant. She panted harder and faster as her hands squeezed and crushed the mattress' edge in her now balled fist. The music wasn't loud enough to hide her now shrill and high breathing as the wolf force fed dick into her cunt.

The wolf's hips pushed forward slow and firm and Chase could almost heard the growl as it rumbled out of Martin's chest. Chase's hand shakily found the waistline of his boxers and pushed it down. Just trying to move the tightened fabric over himself had him close to cumming. He was afraid to even touch himself now!

He wished he could see what was happening between their legs. Chase wanted to see what it looked like, but he was terrified to even try to stand. His thumb hooked under his waistband and he struggled in his seat to pull his shorts and underwear off. His cock popped free and jutted up in the air with a thick bead of precum formed on its tip. His shaft was damp as was the inside of his boxers.

Martin pulled his hips back for the first time. It was a slow gesture with one more lick of his chops serving as a period to the end of his sentence. Now that his cock was buried inside the lioness he didn't need to hold his dick anymore. The now freed up hand planted itself on the futon to support the big wolf's frame, and he knocked his hips forward hard.

She shouted, then squealed as Martin's hips took up a rhythmic, but sluggish pace. Chase kicked off his shorts from his feet and almost grabbed his cock, but the excitement he was feeling was now too explosive. He couldn't touch himself. Chase wouldn't last thirty seconds if he tried. The dalmation looked down and saw a line of wet pre trickling down his dick. Chase used to think he was big enough to satisfy most girls.

Sure the guys in porn were always bigger, but Chase never had trouble with women before. Most women weren't fucking pornstars in between average guys like Chase. He looked at Shannon whose knuckles were surely turning white under her fur as the large wolf crammed his many girthy inches inside her smaller frame. She was actually a hair taller than Chase, but both of them were dwarfed by Martin's impressive body. The wolf mix was a stud, and Chase was more turned on by watching him rut his girlfriend than he knew he should be.

Martin was so god damn hot! Chase watched as Martin started to jerk his hips into Shannon rapidly. He was no doubt hilted. He had to be. His imagination painted such a lurid and delicious picture in Chase's mind. A fat feral cock knocking down every barrier to its entry. A huge knot

kissing wetly at his girlfriend's abused entrance. He wanted to see it so badly!

"Chase!" She shouted again over the loud music. "God!"

Martin started going faster. He leaned forward like he was going to start doing pushups. The wolf kicked his legs back and rose up on the arm pressed into the mattress and the toes of his feet. The wolf looked up at Chase.

"Watch!" He grunted just under the volume of the music. Chase watched him drop his hips hard and Shannon squealed. This time the dalmation could heard the squelch of a piston squeezing inside a wet hole.

The futon creaked like it was ready to give out as Martin pummeled the lioness with the rapid rise and fall of his hips. His teeth clenched in a toothy snarl that left the corners of his muzzle curled up in a smile. It was so fucking hot! It was like some kind of wet dream.

Chase had carelessly imagined Martin with women in the past, and if he'd not had been dating Shannon he might have even taken up Martin on his offer to share some of the women he'd been fucking. The idea of taking a woman Martin had been with already had a filthy and strange allure to it. What would a woman even think of Chase after having a stud like Martin plowing her field beforehand?

What would Shannon think?

He swallowed and shifted as Martin stopped and got back on his knees behind. His cock slipped free. It was glistening with a mix of sloppy juices, and the wolf grabbed the lioness around her middle and hauled her up until she was ass up and face down. Shannon didn't even have time to recover and the wolf was already lining himself back up with her and pressing his dick back in.

She gasped at his entry just as Martin leaned to the side to plant on foot down beside her knee while keep the other knee firmly planted into the futon. Chase watched that hungry look on Martin's face. There was something so predatory about seeing the wolf lick his teeth and glare down at his girlfriend like she was a piece of meat. He fucking loved it!

With hands back on her hips Martin started bucking into the lioness hard. He wasn't holding anything back. The springs were going crazy and giving the music real competition for what was louder. She shouted his name again. Shannon was still laboring, seriously laboring, under the impression that it was somehow his cock that was breaking her in, and not Martin's.

That was alcohol. Shannon could get stupid drunk, and she was so hot in bed when she was wasted. Kinky, and fun, and hot. Did this all mean she hardly knew what was what whenever he'd go to town on her himself? If she was mistaking Martin for Chase, then... Maybe she'd not care if Martin was bigger. Not if Chase got her drunk every time he fucked her.

The dalmation grabbed his knot and squeezed so he felt a tingle down his legs and to his toes. Martin was snarling quietly now and baring his fangs with teeth tightly clenched.

"Cha! Ace!" She was a fit of claws and shouts. Her fingernails dragging desperately at the mattress while squirming and struggling under the assault the wolf forced her to take. Even with the bed springs and music being so loud Chase could plainly hear that subtle undercurrent of noise, that almost pleasant wet schlick and slurp of the wolf's cock pistoning in and out of her like contents under pressure. With how thick he was Chase was certain that there was a lot of pressure with every forward thrust. Judging by the sounds the lioness made every time the wolf hilted it she was getting the air pushed out of her lungs.

"She on the pill!" Martin's snarl came out harsh, but he was actively fucking Shannon's brain out, and so Chase could forgive him for his tone. Chase looked at the wolf, who was casting a piping hot glare back at the dalmation. It sent a hard chill down the dalmation's spine. Martin's body was working like a flawless and fine tuned machine. Perfect physique performing at its absolute peak performance to fuck his best friends girlfriend until, like Martin had said earlier, she was 'coked out on cock'.

Shannon was always on the pill. It was fine.

"Cum in her!" Chase replied. His confidence surprised him, but the words were as silent as a lubed hinge. Martin read his lips and Chase caught himself in the act of smiling as the wolf's toothy grin grew more intense. Martin looked back down at the lioness and stopped his pelvic assault just long enough to reach a single hand down to grab Shannon by the back of her neck.

He yanked her up roughly, and she grunted in reply, but at this point she was a submissive slut. Chase had learned that she was pretty open to rough sex when you plied her with drink, but he was always too timid. He never had the courage to really experiment with what she'd let him do. Chase was afraid of getting an earful from her in the morning if she woke up with any bruises or aches.

Martin hauled her upright until her back was to his chest, and with a quick slip of the hand on her neck he'd wrapped his muscular arm around her neck and tightened it. Chase watched as the wolf put his girlfriend into a headlock like it was something Martin did all the time with his conquests.

The dalmation finally dropped his eyes down to see the penetration while Martin was quick to throw his other hand up to grab Shannon by the top of her head. She didn't even offer protest as the wolf started violently bucking his hips up into her.

Chase gasped. Martin had a massive knot! The dalmation tightened the grip on his own swollen knob, but dared not to move his hand. He felt like he was being edged to the brink of orgasm and he felt so close to climax just from watching the lurid display ahead of him that just letting go of

his dick would push him over the edge. He had to remain still even as his fingers and toes wanted to flex and curl with glee.

Martin was going to leave Shannon totally gaped. Chase couldn't believe how tight his girlfriend looked as her cunt was wrapped around the barrel of the his best friend's fat cock. Somehow Martin had made it fit. He'd literally forced the lioness to take every inch of his dick save the obscene knot that was now battering against her lips. It looked like the wolf was intending to make even that monster fit as the wolf's hips worked hard to cram it against her folds! Chase's eyes couldn't get any wider as he watched, but the thought that maybe Martin really did intend to go that far crossed his mind.

The lips of his girlfriend's cunt was already surely stretched to his limit. It's not like she was some kind of milf. She'd... never taken anything that huge before! Surely not! Even when Chase fucked her she felt tight to him!

"Chase!" Shannon choked out, and it literally was choked. The dalmation looked back up and saw Shannon now looking at him. He felt cold, then a throb dropped like a lead weight from the center of his chest down to his groin. A rush of surprise and thrill spat a rope of clear pre from his dick, and the sensation of it hitting his chest hardly registered.

Shannon looked confused, bewildered. Her hands, which had been clinging to Martin's arm for support were now... tugging at them desperately. She was pulling at the wolf's arm. Shame was etched all over her face even as the ecstasy seemed to explode out from her every pore. Her entire body, that beautiful sexy body Chase had been proud to claim as his own when he took her to bed, was shivering and quivering under the vicious assault the wolf to battering into her.

Chase didn't say anything. He watched. His eyes were glued to the scene as Shannon shook her head like she was struggling against the powerful male impaling her from behind. She bit her lower lip hard and breathed hard through her nose. Her eyes shut tight and the dalmation watched as it looked like she was trying to hold her breath now. The corners of her eyes looked damn, her body was going taut from head to toe as she struggled and fought harder and harder until something broke and gave.

She spat out her tightly held breath and in sucked air. Without any pause a loud whorish moan followed and ripped raggedly out of her just as her eyes bulged back open and her pupils rolled back beneath her fluttering lids. Her cunt shot a wet load of feminine cum as the muscles in her stomach responded on instinct and seemed to almost vibrate with the power of her orgasm.

Then she started shrieking incoherently. No words, no names, not even a cliché porn star's moan or groan. It was like listening to something primal. A feline yowl mixed with a song bird's call. It was something he'd never heard come out of her mouth before, or any woman's mouth.

The lioness' came off her high despite the never ending supply of thrusts Martin was pumping into her slit. With her having just squirted Chase

could hear over the music the wet and sloppy squelching of the wolf's cock pistoning in and out of her. She was lost, she had lost. He watched her struggle and squirm against Martin even as her extremities trembled and shook with the afterglow of her climax. She made eye contact with him once, and she managed to silence herself by biting her lips. The look of shame was mixed still with ecstasy she couldn't deny. Martin still had her in the headlock with his opposite grabbing gripping tight to her hair and he wasn't letting her have any slack.

Chase watched as her hands lost their strength and fell from the arm wrapped around her neck. Her eyes were rolled up and down with every thrust of the wolf behind her. Chase didn't even want to watch her cunt be ruined. He wanted to watch as her face rocked to the rhythm of Martin's thrusts. Her gaze would rise and fall with the motion, and she'd see him, then just as Chase could note again the look of hot shame in her eyes another thrust would knock her head back and there her eyes went. Rolled back in pleasure she couldn't hope to hide as her mouth fell open and hung agape with her tongue now in full pant as the pleasure washed over her with the brutality of a rolling pin over fresh dough.

Martin leaned backwards and took Shannon with him. He dropped onto his back and drew his knees up to plant his feet firmly into the mattress. The wolf didn't need to hold her up now anymore so he let go of her head. Shannon's arm fell limp to the wolf's sides and Chase watched as Martin slid his hands over the lioness' body until his palms came to rest on her hips.

He gripped her tight, then started slamming his hips up into her harder, faster. The pair were bouncing on the mattress and making the metal frame squeak and squeal.

Every thrust punched his knot right against her entrance with force that Shannon would be feeling the next day. He was snarling and growling aggressively, but just out of view of Chase's eyes. The wolf was arching his back and keeping his ass lifted off the futon as he gave the lioness everything he had in this final stretch of sin.

The dalmation just stared dumbly while his girlfriend's tits shook up and down her chest. He couldn't keep his eyes from darting up and down her body from her tits to her splayed cunt. Martin was truly having his way with her in a manner Chase would have been terrified to ever try himself, and the lioness was nearly limp from it! She was still moaning and yowling like she'd been turned into a whore.

Chase watched her hands finally move. Shannon must have been summoning up the last of her reserves as she began to desperately grope at Martin's torso, but there wasn't anything she could do. The wolf slammed himself back into her again, but this time he held her still. He was snarling, angry and louder now. The wolf was even louder than the music as his hands clenched themselves like steel clamps over her hips tighter and tighter and tighter as he pressed hard against Shannon's cunt.

She started panting loud, in sharp bursts, and her hands weakly grabbed ahold of Martin's hips. The dog watched his girlfriend then reach wildly

behind her ass and try, as her panting came faster still like she was on the cusp of hyperventilating, to push the wolf away, but there was nothing stopping this. Chase... wasn't going to stop this. This was the hottest fucking thing he'd ever seen.

He stared with eyes unable to flinch or blink as the lips of his girlfriend's cunt started to stretch wider... Martin was going to do it. Shannon was twitching now as her fingers desperately poked and prodded at the wolf's body to stop him. Even drunk and ashamed as she was Shannon still knew what was happening. She'd somehow figured it out, and...

Chase's eyes widened as that enormous lupine knot pried her pussy lips open to the very crest of his girth. His ears twitched as she began to shriek, no... his girlfriend was now started to uncontrollably squeal. The moment Martin's knot sank into her cunt came, and the wolf exhaled loudly with relief when it happened. It happened so fast! One moment there was a huge knot gaping his girlfriend's cunt wider than he'd thought possible, and then...

Her cunt was bulging from the inside as his best friend's knot filled it to capacity and thensome. It wasn't even fully inside her. There was no way Martin could make his entire cock fit inside her. The very base of that bulbous monster was still visible. Dark red with hot blood and visible twitching angrily against her taut lips.

The lioness' legs started shuddering like crazy, and Chase looked up her body. Her arms were twitching, too! Her back was arching, and Martin started jabbing his hips into her silently under the cover of music.

"Take it!" The wolf finally barked. Shannon was silent, twitching, body gone haywire, and then Chase noticed something lower and he looked back down her body. Martin's fat nuts were yanked tightly up against his body. The wolf was still holding his hips in the air while his hands never left Shannon's hips. Chase swallowed a dry mouthless as he watch the wolf's nuts throb and jerk against his girlfriend's pussy. They. Were. Twitching. It was nonstop. The steady jerking of powerful muscles pumped some unearthly payload into the lioness and Chase just sat there and watched.

Martin took a long while to relax, but eventually he did. He eased himself back down onto the futon and let his hands loosen up on Shannon's hips. She was now completely limp. Every now and then Chase would catch a muscle in her leg or her abdominals twitch involuntarily. Some leftover spasm from her many orgasms.

But the two were now finished. Chase needed to finish himself off, but for some reason his cock was soft, and he squeezed his now shrinking knot. He looked down. He was really going soft. He was confused... There were wet streaks all across him and his shirt. When did he get off? Chase didn't know... when he got off. His heart was racing. Just by watching them he got him off and he... Jesus fucking Christ.

Chase let go of his dick. He returned to watch the pair on the futon. They'd gone still, but Martin's nuts were still gently doing their thing.

Steadily rocking in tiny motions against his girlfriend's limp body. Pumping her full of whatever was left in those big nuts of his. The dalmation tried to swallow, but there was nothing but sand in his mouth. He really needed another drink.

"Holy shit." Chase just barely heard the words as they left Martin's mouth. The wolf roused himself and gently tried to roll him and Shannon over onto their sides. Chase dryly swallowed again and watched as Martin groped his hand out for the remote until he had it, then the music slowly went down in volume.

"Holy shit, is she a great fuck!" The wolf laughed, and panted, but continued moving and rolled himself back onto the futon with Shannon still limply laying over him. She was breathing slowly, but was otherwise comatose. "She's clenching like crazy, man."

Chase's eyes drifted down to their joined crotches and saw that Martin's nuts were still steadily rocking against her cunt. The wolf was still going. Chase was speechless and then became more so as he noticed that Shannon was not as limp as she'd seemed. Her pussy was struggling to wink around the massive knot locked in it. She really was milking Martin's dick like he'd said.

"You ok, man?" Martin asked him.

Chase looked up and caught the wolf's eye. "We good?" He asked.

Somewhere in his head he laughed at the situation, and the question. It didn't stop Chase from nodding to his friend slowly. He licked his lips, which turned up nothing to help him, and replied, "Just really stunned. That was really hot, Martin."

"Shit, Chase, you're doing better than Shan is." The wolf barked a laugh and reached an arm around to her front to pinch her on the side. He made like he was trying to tickle her, but the sensation didn't register to the lioness at all. "She's out cold."

"Yeah, she is." The dalmation replied. Chase took a breath and let his eyes wander back down to the wolf's balls. They were only slowly twitching, but to Shannon, he wondered if she'd have felt Martin pumping cum in her still if she was conscious. Maybe the wolf was just firing blanks now, but Chase didn't know. Wouldn't know until he pulled out. With Martin being such a stud it could be that he really did cum like a hose, but maybe it was all just for show. Chase was kind of average, but his dick would still twitch even after he knew he was 'done'. He swallowed. Chase hoped that Martin was still cumming in his girlfriend, and the thought made him flush and feel warm again.

Martin leaned back down against the futon and seemed to relax to catch his breath. Chase was still in need of a good drink. Martin might want something, too. He was feeling itchy, and cold. Not in a way that made him want to scratch. It was like energy on the skin right beneath the fur. All over him like ants. He was fidgeting, and as his eyes continued

to stare at the knot in the lioness' cunt, and the balls rocking below that... Chase was feeling it in his loins.

By the time he gathered the courage to stand he was starting to get hard again. "Hey, uh, you want another beer?"

"Nah. I'm tapped out. Grab me a water though." He replied. Chase stepped around the coffee table and saw that Martin was watching him go. Chase got a beer for himself, opened it, then found a bottle of water in the fridge door. Chase went back to his seat and handed Martin his water on the way.

"H-how long are you going to be stuck?" Chase risked asking. He knew that whenever he would tie Shannon they'd be together for at least five minutes before he could forcibly pull out. Ten to fifteen if they just snuggled until he popped out on his own. Chase always thought himself impressive for those numbers. Internet made it out to be like he was average to above average with the sex details. Sure, there were outliers, and some breeds were just 'better' in some areas, but common sense kept Chase from comparing himself to stallions and the like.

Martin was a wolf. Put side by side the domestics and ferals were comparable, but holy shit Martin was some kind of stud. A real outlier if there ever was one. Blessed, or maybe even cursed, genes.

"Dunno, you in a hurry to take a turn?" Martin laughed. "Am I hogging your pussy?"

"Yeah, kind of." He replied to that with a little more confidence. He heard Martin sigh, and his hands reached around to grab her under her butt and he lifted her. His knot tugged gently at her cunt, but didn't budge in the least.

"Twenty minutes. Maybe. I don't want to just rip it out of her when she's this tight." Martin said. Yeah, Chase added, maybe he should be trying to yank his knot out of her like that. Twenty minutes...

"You looked really hot fucking her." Chase added and felt his ears drop. He was embarrassed, but his own dick was catching a second wind just thinking about what he'd just seen happen.

"She's fucking hot, man." The wolf said. He rolled them both on their sides and shifted until he was comfortable. Chase looked at Shannon whose eyes were open. Open, and her breathing was nice and steady. She looked out of it still. Was she even 'awake', or? "Sorry I let that massage go this far. Wasn't even really thinking about it until it was too late, man."

Chase nodded. He looked up at Martin and saw his face. Chase could tell Martin wasn't lying about that part. He wet his lips with his new beer and savored the cool chill as it ran down his throat. He'd gotten to watch him fuck his girlfriend stupid. He felt so weird and cold, and hot and tingly. All kinds of strange.

"It's cool, Martin. You were really fucking hot." Chase told him, and Martin relaxed a bit.

He, as in Martin, was fucking hot. Shannon hardly did anything but take dick. Martin did the work. The wolf was the one walking the walk and being all impressive. Stoking the flames of envy in the dalmation. Chase wished he could do to Shannon what the wolf had done on the first try.

"I bet! When I pull out I'll let you two have some privacy. I'm sure you're itching to take care of that." Martin said, referring to the erection in Chase's lap.

Chase was watching the lioness' face. She was definitely awake now. They made eye contact, and she wore an expression that was still a mix of shame and embarrassment. Shannon probably had no idea what was going on outside that there was a huge cock stuck inside her, and that her boyfriend was watching her with another man. With a stiff erection.

"I liked watching you two." Chase said the words and swallowed. The lioness had looked away out of shame, but she looked back when she heard him say it. It was a look of surprise. The dalmation's hand was already gently touching his knot around the edges with his fingertips. "If you think you can go at her again you can, man."

"For real?" Martin asked as his ears perked up with excitement at the prospect. Shannon then squirmed, and the wolf caught notice. "Oh shit, you're back."

Martin slipped an arm under her side and let his hand find her breast. She gasped as he squeezed and pinched at one of her erect nipples. "Think you're up for another round, Shan?" Martin asked her and grabbed her other breast so she was getting both tits fondled in front of her boyfriend.

The lioness was speechless, and then looked back at Chase. Her lips moved with hesitation, but her confused left her with nothing to say. Chase took a drink from his beer and swallowed it down. His mouth didn't feel dry anymore, and his fingers wrapped around his knot.

"Let him fuck you, Shannon, I'm fine with it." The dalmation said. The idea of watching Martin fuck her stupid was turning him on all over again. He wasn't skittish or afraid of it now. He wanted to see it again. The lioness looked at him nervously, then turned her head to look at Martin. The wolf was already rocking his hips into hers with an easy rhythm to tease an answer from her.

When she didn't say anything Martin let go of her tit and reached up to grab her chin. He turned her head more and planted his lips on hers and he forced a kiss. Martin didn't give Shannon a chance to tell either of them what her answer was. By the time Chase was blowing his second load the music had been turned all the way back up and she was screaming Martin's name instead of his, and it was fucking hot!