

Let Off With a Warning

Story by [Sleth](#)

It was dark. The wolf whose eyes were concealed by a hood glanced around before stepping into the alley. There was a street light post very close, but its light didn't go too deep into the narrow alleyway between the two large buildings, so the lupine was fairly certain he'd be out of sight. All he had to do was work fast.

According to Sleth's calculation, it had to be almost midnight. The streets were fairly quiet save for a car going by here or there. In the safety of the alley's darkness, the wolf pulled the hood from his hoodie down to let his ears flop up free. The wolf's dark gray fur actually worked better for camouflage than the logo-stamped, white hoodie and blue jeans he wore, but then again Sleth wasn't really used to doing inconspicuous things.

"Should've worn something darker..." he grumbled to himself, but ultimately just shrugged. From the front pocket of his hoodie, he pulled out the instrument of his crime: a can of red spray-paint.

Looking around the alley he didn't find much he could use. Metal pipes ran close to the walls and a closed fence blocked the path to the other street at the end. Other than that, there was just a flat dumpster box left there between the buildings. The wolf approached it to inspect it and smiled when he saw that it was empty. Luck was with him! With a few pulls and some pushing, the scrawny wolf managed to move the large metal box against the wall he wanted to reach: the black brick side wall of a bar.

"Gonna show 'em..." the wolf muttered as he climbed up on top of the dumpster box to reach higher. He shook the can of spray paint, reveling in its familiar rattling. "Gonna show those jerks who's 'not enough of a top to enter'..."

As Sleth started making a circle with red paint on the wall, the wolf frowned as the memories of why he was there steeled his paw and fortified his motivation to tag that otherwise perfectly clean wall.

Two days ago, on that Saturday, Sleth had been there, except that instead of being in the bar's side alley like he was, he had been by their main door. The wolf had stood in line with everyone else to enter the 'Leather Leash', a famous gay bar known to be selective.

They were holding an event that was only for 'tops', which meant that the bar was going to be full of the nicest, best-looking gay furs around. Though Sleth was fairly young in his twenties, he was still a wolf! He could totally be a top. And yet, when his turn to enter came, the muscular rottweiler dog at the entrance took one look at his lean frame, one sniff towards him, and had the nerve to call him an '*obvious bottom*'! Granted, his ears were kind of lowered and his tail might have been tucked, but anyone would be nervous going in a place like that!

...True, Sleth had never shoved his knot into anyone, but he was looking forward to maybe doing that that day! Instead, he was denied entrance that night. The words of the rottweiler still swirled inside his head.

"Look, pup, I know that you're eager to find a knot that fits into you, but tonight is tops-only so you're gonna have to hunt for it somewhere else."

The wolf let out a small growl. Oh, he was going to show them. The bar was quiet that day since it was closed to the general public on Mondays, but the next night when it was open? They would see just who was the 'top' when whichever hot, hunky guy that worked there was forced to spend an hour scrubbing the wall to clean his personal tag off of it.

That image in his head made the wolf's tail wag as he worked. He carefully closed up the circle and was about to get started on the "S" when he heard a car passing by awfully close to the alley. The wolf looked at the alley's entrance, but it was gone before he could spot it, so he just sighed and continued working. Sleth focused on it so that he could be done faster and, in fact, he was almost done with his signature "h" when suddenly a bright light came shining from his side. The wolf turned to look in alarm, but the light was strong and blinding. He protected his eyes for a moment, then saw that it was actually getting closer.

"And what do we have here?" the voice behind the light said. Sleth quickly stepped back from the wall in alarm, except his foot paw hit the end of the dumpster he was standing on and, before the wolf could do anything, he found himself falling.

A loud panicked whine echoed around the alley. The wolf's world turned sideways but, instead of hitting the hard concrete of the ground, Sleth found himself caught instead by a pair of arms. And big arms, at that. Light swirled around the alley as the strong flashlight that had been pointing at his face fell down to the ground, dropped in the urgency of catching the falling wolf.

When Sleth looked up, he found his snout a mere inch away from the snout of the large hyena that had prevented his hard fall. His fur was of a typical light brown and spotted, but black fur also showed itself prominent on the fur of his head and around his muzzle. The hyena was smirking down at him and, even as the panic of the sudden, unexpected fall started subsiding, the wolf found his heart starting to beat faster instead of slowing down. The hyena was large, the arms that had caught him were ripe with a beautiful musculature. The wolf's sensitive nose caught hints of his smell and his canine brain could not help but register the masculine scent of it, taking in all the subtleties it contained. A wave of hotness washed over Sleth's face and he realized he must be blushing.

"You okay, pup? That was close." The hyena's voice was strong, fitting for him, and his smirk never wavered.

Sleth swallowed but simply nodded. It was enough for the hyena to lower him, helping him get back on his proper feet. It was only then when the wolf took a few steps back to take in

the full sight of the hyena standing right in front of it that he took notice of what was probably the first thing he should've seen.

He was dressed in blue. The common blue police uniform hung tight to his broad chest with his badge there on full display as well. A utility belt was draped around his waist, complete with a gun, a hanging set of handcuffs, a radio and every device a police officer usually carried. The wolf's eyes went wide, but the hyena still carried himself quite casually as he went over to pick up his dropped flashlight, and then the can of red spray-paint that Sleth himself had dropped as he fell. The officer then took one look at the wall, still dripping with fresh paint from that very can, and shook his head.

"Spray-painting walls, huh? Oh, that's bad. That's pretty damn bad."

Sleth took a step back from the hyena, then another. He was about to bolt from the scene, but when he looked back, his heart sank from the realization that he would not get past the fence that cut through the middle of the alley. As the wolf's eyes scanned for other possible escape paths, they only found one: the end of the alley he had come in from that stood right behind the tall, strong police officer. The wolf swallowed, his ears already sinking.

"I- I was just... uhh..." he stammered, but his words faded. What could he even say?

The officer raised an eyebrow. "Really? Not even an excuse or some made-up story to give?"

The wolf's ears fell flat against his head. He studied his options. Maybe he could try dashing past the hyena? Upon closer inspection, the police officer looked even more impressive than before. His tight, button-up shirt left little to imagination. The broad chest and well-defined abdomen spoke of obvious physical prowess. Even the hyena's legs looked thick and strong, looking like they could outrun him three times over. As the wolf's eyes trailed down there, they also stopped at what was between them. Were those pants also intentionally tight? The bulge of what must be the hyena's sheath looked firm and snug there, but it was clear as day, at least to the wolf. Some level of heat returned to his face from staring at it alone and he swallowed. An improper thought or two did spring up in Sleth's head despite everything.

"What's your name, pup?" The officer's question snapped Sleth out of it. His eyes trailed back up to meet the hyena's gaze and he swore that the officer looked even more amused than before. The direness of his situation started weighing on the wolf, though. If he told him his name, he'd know who he was, and then he could get punished...

"It's, err..." Sleth started... but instead of answering, he took the only option he knew he had. He tried making a sudden run for it, ducking down past the hyena's side in the fastest sprint he could manage to reach the end of the alley and run away.

For a moment, he thought he had succeeded. He made his way past the hyena who was only just turning around and his escape path was within his sight unobstructed. That only lasted

for the briefest of moments, however, for a sudden grab at the fur of his scruff suddenly yanked the wolf back so hard that he whined in surprise. Sleth was pulled back by the sheer force behind that hold then spun around until his back, not spared of the impact this time, was suddenly pressed against the brick wall hard enough to make him grunt. A bit of a growl came from above him and, stunned for a moment, the wolf only felt another paw grab his arm and yank it up so hard it hurt.

"Ow!"

There was a clicking sound, the clang of metal, and suddenly something closed around his wrist up in the air. The wolf was barely able to recover before his other arm was lifted up with remarkable speed and, in a matter of seconds, he found that he couldn't pull his arms down anymore. The wolf had to look up to realize that he had been handcuffed with the chain going over one of the high horizontal pipes by the building's side in what must have been a record time. When he tried to pull his arms down, the tight metal around his wrists stopped his paws, yet the wolf still pulled a few times.

"What the-" Sleth complained, and only then did the policeman take a step back from him.

"Bad choice, pup. I was ready to try playing nice, but you look like you want the bad cop experience instead." The hyena was back to smirking. He didn't even look winded by all the fast action while Sleth himself was already panting softly. That might have something to do with the realization that he was truly stuck against that wall with his arms raised up, though.

"Look, I- I'm sorry! I won't try to run away anymore!" The wolf tugged at the handcuffs to make his point of wanting to be released.

The officer, however, only shook his head. "You think I was born yesterday? I know how punks like you operate. You think you're all high and mighty, but when you get caught your flight instincts kick in and you tuck your tails between your legs and run."

Sleth blinked, but looked away. "I'm not a punk!"

"Indeed. You're more like a pup," the hyena said, chuckling. "Now, let's try this again. What's your name, pup?"

That brought a small, frustrated growl from the wolf. He looked at the hyena and weighed his options one more time, except that he found, well... almost none. Begrudgingly, he lowered his ears.

"...Sleth," the wolf muttered.

"Very good! Sleth. That's cute. I'm officer B..." he stopped for a moment with a thought, then his smirk returned. "Actually, you can just call me Brim."

The wolf glanced up at the officer again. The hyena still looked at him exuding confidence and amused as if he was looking at something funny. His chest caught the wolf's eyes again, too. Right above the neck of the shirt, amidst the black of his fur, there was a hint of a darker brown coloring that the wolf guessed went down his chest, stomach and possibly all the way to his...

"I see you're not the chatty type, at least not when you're in trouble," the hyena started again. The wolf's ears perked up with renewed attention. "Therefore, I'm going to explain what's going to happen. I'm gonna give you two options here. Option one."

The officer lifted a single clawed finger.

"I take you back to the station. We're gonna have to charge you with vandalism, which is a serious felony mind you, and you'll be convicted to, at best, a few months of community service and at worst, some jail time so that you learn not to deface private property ever again."

The wolf's eyes went wide with panic. Sleth shook his head.

"No no no no! I was just- they didn't let me in, so I was angry and I decided to-" The wolf stopped talking. Was he about to confess? "I- I mean, I can't go to jail! I was only tr-hnmfg!"

A paw came to clamp the wolf's muzzle shut. The hyena, Brim, looked at him and shook his head.

"Calm down, pup. I said two options, didn't I?" The officer kept the hold on his muzzle and lifted up a second claw on his other paw.

"Option 2. I let you off with a warning this time. A big warning that will help you always remember that, if you do this again, consequences will be dire."

That did calm the wolf down. He nodded right away, meeting the hyena's eyes, which had Brim slowly opening his paw to let him speak again. The wolf breathed with relief.

"I'll take the warning! I'll never do it again, I promise!"

That made the police officer's smirk turn into a bit of a grin instead. He nodded.

"That's what I thought. Now let me test something so I can gauge how big of a warning I can give you."

Without further explanation of what that meant, the hyena advanced upon the bound wolf. Completely against everything Sleth could have ever expected, what the officer did was shoving his muzzle against his neck to... lick it. At the same time, the hyena's paws came to his chest and side. They held the wolf with a firm grip, yet they moved to caress and feel his body in a way that could only be described, at least to the young wolf, as extremely erotic.

Though Sleth's ears fell back at first, his words got caught in his throat as the large, muscular hyena nipped at his neck in a pleasant way. His question instead became a surprised little moan before it could get out. The unexpected treatment lasted only for a few seconds and it ended with the officer's paw coming over the bulge of the wolf's pants. There, Sleth felt a grab over the growing erection he barely had time to realize he had. That paw gave it a gentle squeeze through the hard fabric of his jeans before the hyena retreated again, leaving the wolf quite breathless and completely dazed.

"That's what I thought," Brim said, licking his lips and right back to grinning. The wolf looked up at him with a confused expression.

The hyena continued. "Yeah, I saw the way you stared at me from the moment I caught you. Those eyes of yours seemed like they would tear my clothes off if they could. I wanted to confirm it and, from the noises you made from a few simple nips alone, I now know for sure what kind of warning you'll be getting here tonight, wolf."

"...What's that supposed to mean?" Sleth's expression was still riddled with confusion. The wolf, however, pressed his legs together a little harder so that the bulge there wouldn't be as obvious.

Brim just snorted. "Why don't we run one final test?"

The wolf pressed his back against the wall half-expecting the hyena to advance upon him again and, though a certain part of him only grew a little excited about the prospect, the officer managed to catch him off-guard one more time.

Brim's claw reached for the first button of his shirt. It was undone with ease and then that paw slowly moved on to the second, the third... The fur of his perfect chest popped out of the shirt, revealing more and more with each button that the police officer undid. Sleth swallowed, speechless, and even more so when the hyena reached the abdomen area. Its definition was clear through the fur coloring that adorned the whole his belly and chest.

Sleth's surprised eyes stopped there. They trailed to the hyena's beautiful biceps as the shirt was pulled off in its entirety. The wolf swallowed hard and pressed his legs further together. He wished he could bring his paws down to at least cover himself a little bit.

"Like what you see?" The officer went as far as flexing an arm. The wolf's eyes widened yet a little more at the sheer display of strength. "I'd let you touch it, but your paws seem to be a little busy right now."

The hyena nodded towards the wolf's handcuffs which reminded him of his unusual predicament. Just as the wolf was looking up, he missed the officer approaching him, but he felt the cop's paws suddenly coming to his waist to undo the wolf's belt. It was pulled out in a moment, which had the wolf squirming, lowering his ears and pulling at the handcuffs in a sheer reflex to cover himself up.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?!" The wolf pressed his legs together as best as he could, but that did not stop the hyena from pulling his pants down to his ankles, leaving the wolf in nothing but his boxer briefs. Much to his panic, however, those too soon followed, leaving Sleth's sheath and, more embarrassingly, the red of his peaking, half-hard member coming out of it, on full display to the night's air. "HEY!"

"Relax, pup. I'm getting you ready for your warning." The hyena crouched down and Sleth was almost swept out of his feet from the way the officer pulled his pants out from under him, forcing him to step out of them and leaving the wolf truly naked from the waist down. His pants were discarded, thrown to the side, and when Brim stood back up, Sleth got to see him licking his lips while blatantly staring down at his sheath, which he had no way of hiding now.

"This isn't a warning! I'm naked! What are you doing? W-what if someone comes by?!" The wolf looked at the alley's entrance as if expecting someone to pass by right then, but the night was quiet.

"Would it make you feel better if I were naked too, then?" The cop asked with a grin. Sleth's eyes went wide once more.

"What? Uhh- no! That doesn't solve the problem!"

"Maybe not, but I'm sure it'll take your mind off of it." The hyena's grin was wide as if the whole thing was some kind of joke! ...Yet, the wolf's eyes sure as hell shot down when the cop started undoing his own belt. The utility belt was left strapped around his waist, but the belt of his pants underneath it was popped open by the hyena's sharp-looking claw. Unlike what Brim had done with the wolf's belt, his own was unfastened slowly, pulled out, and then those fingers moved to zip down his pants. The wolf swallowed again.

In one thing the hyena had been right. As his eyes stayed completely fixated on the scene unfolding in front of him, Sleth had all but forgotten where he was and his own lack of clothing. The officer's paws took the waistband of his pants and slowly pulled them down, revealing white underwear underneath. No... A white *jockstrap*. As his pants went past his muscular thighs, the way the jockstrap hugged his bulge in the snuggest manner made the wolf's face grow burning hot. The rest of the process was faster and soon the cop had stepped out of his pants as well leaving nothing but the utility belt around his waist and that small jockstrap.

It got even more intense when Brim's paw came down to rub his own bulge right after. That paw pressed against the jock's thin fabric, creating a faint outline of the hefty sheath and hanging furry orbs that were hiding within.

"Someone is excited," the hyena commented. The wolf blinked and looked up at the cop, then followed his eyes down to-

"I- It's just-!" The wolf had no words to explain it. He pressed his legs together, but that could not hide his own fully grown erection. The red, tapered member stood from his sheath with nothing save the knot still hidden within, but that too was already starting to bulge the gray-furred pouch, making it just a tad uncomfortable.

The hyena just let out a soft laugh at his reaction. "It's alright, wolf. That's the point, isn't it? Come here."

Before Sleth could question him further, the cop advanced upon him again. The hyena was a little taller than him, which made the wolf's muzzle press against the fluff of his neck when the officer suddenly embraced him. He got to smell the hyena's scent from up-close, feel that broad chest against his own leaner frame and, most importantly, he felt his bare erection grinding against the soft fabric of the other male's jockstrap. He swore the hyena moved his hips on purpose to make that happen. The wolf's face grew as hot as burning coal again and he couldn't help but let out the soft groan he did. His member throbbed, pressed between both bodies. What was even happening?!

The officer's paws reached down past his back to grab his exposed rump. The cop squeezed it with both paws, clearly feeling it up, then he lowered himself so that those paws could go even lower to the back of the wolf's thighs and suddenly... lift him up.

"Hngh!" Sleth grunted. His back was pressed against the brick wall behind him as the hyena's paws raised him up. Then, the fabric of the jockstrap's bulge was suddenly felt just beneath his balls and against the wolf's most vulnerable spot.

"Mmmm. I love doing it against the wall," the hyena whispered to him. There was a lusty growl added to his voice. Sleth could swear that the bulge of the cop's jockstrap pressed against his rear from below was growing bigger. Though the wolf felt like he should've known better before already, that was when his eyes grew wide. He realized for the first time that the cop was actually thinking about...

"Wait! You mean you're gonna...?!"

The question seemed to surprise the hyena. He stopped his grinding, holding the wolf still for a moment to look at him and smirked.

"What did you think I meant by 'warning', wolf?"

Sleth's eyes remained just as wide. "But you're a cop! You can't really do that!"

The hyena chuckled. "Technically I couldn't, but I choose to give myself the liberty when the punk *clearly* wants it to happen."

There was another small grind against his rear there, but the wolf squirmed against it.

"Wait! You can't be serious. Do you really mean to...?" He didn't even know how to say it. It was true that the image that went through his head could have been what made the first droplet of precum to appear from his exposed and still very much erect cock, but it was still unthinkable!

The hyena actually let go of him, allowing him to stand on his own two feet again. Brim was still chuckling and grinning.

"Look, wolf, I'm gonna make it very clear to you so you understand what's gonna happen. This," the officer said, poking at his own bulge with his paw. Before Sleth could react, the cop was upon him again, forcing him to turn around, which left his arms in an awkward position above him, and then pressing the wolf's chest against the wall behind him rather than his back. The wolf let out a grunt.

"Is going into this," the hyena continued, and suddenly there was a finger prodding right between his cheeks. The wolf's eyes went wide when that finger pushed past his resistance to enter his tailhole. Though he let out a surprised gasp, the wolf's dick still pulsed, hard-pressed between the wall and his own stomach. That finger pushed deep into him one single time, then pulled out as quickly as it had come in.

"Let me add some extra help here. Just to help me make sure I hit the target..."

The officer's grip shifted from his hips to suddenly grab the base of the wolf's tail and yank it up. It was pulled a little too hard, forcing the wolf to adapt by raising his rear up a little bit. The wolf saw with the corner of his eye how the hyena leaned to the side to grab the discarded can of red spray-paint. Then, much to his surprise, the sound of the spray-paint coming out was accompanied by the cold feeling of paint coming right under his tail. The cop drew a circle around his butt in a fast manner, passing by the back of his balls, then another smaller inner circle within it. The wolf blushed heavily when he realized that the hyena was painting a real target on his butt with his own spray-paint, with the center of it being...

"Aaahh!" Another finger coming to the target's bullseye made the wolf squirm and press himself against the wall again, but there was nowhere he could go to escape from how that finger went in, then was twisted turned within him. It was only after he had let out his first small moan that the wolf blushed harder and grit his teeth to avoid making more of those embarrassing sounds.

"That looks beautiful. Do you understand what's going to happen now, pup?"

Sleth kept his ears low. "Yes, but-!"

"Good," the cop said, cutting him off. "I think you're a little tighter than I thought, though. Normally I'd have you use your tongue to get me ready, but since you're in an awkward position for that and I like you like this, I think I'm gonna have to do the work myself this time..."

The wolf had no idea what that meant. At least until he looked back to see the large cop getting down on his knees behind him. Those paws grabbed at his cheeks and spread them open. Sleth could barely see it, but he gasped when he felt the hyena's cold nose coming right above his entrance so that he could press his muzzle against it. And what came next was...

"Aah! Aaahh~" This time, there was no way the wolf could hold back from moaning. The cop's warm tongue came to press itself into him, licking him in a way he had never been licked before. He had heard of rimming, of course, but in his first time experiencing firsthand, he found it to be way more intense than he had ever imagined. The wall in front of him got painted with hints of white from his precum as the hyena pressed his muzzle right against him to go deeper, pressing that amazing tongue inside and swirling it around, lick after lick, with each one of them making Sleth let out a different type of moan or groan. The wolf stood at the tip of his toes at first, but soon the officer's paw came under one of his legs to hold it up to the side so that he would spread himself wider and give him further access.

The whole thing was entirely out of the wolf's control. The cop kept rimming him, that tongue dominating him entirely through pleasure alone. Sometimes he would twist his muzzle one way or another, changing the angles his tongue could tease and reach and providing whole new arrays of sensations to the bound wolf. His knot grew so wide that it pulled his sheath back naturally and tendrils of precum, that started coming more frequently, connected the tip of the wolf's cock to the wall he was pressed against. Every now and then the hyena would give him little breaks, but those only meant that his tongue would lick him from the back of his balls, through his taint and all the way up to his entrance two or three times, then soon enough that muzzle would advance upon him again.

Sleth couldn't tell for how long that tongue assailed him, but when Brim finally pulled back, the wolf pretty much went limp, leaning against the wall. His tongue was lolling out of his muzzle and his face still felt hot, but the wolf had a small smile there as well. His member still pulsed in tandem with the pleasure he had felt which had taken him by complete surprise.

"That's better. Should be enough, huh? You got me all worked up too, pup."

Sleth's ears twitched. He lazily looked back... and his eyes went wide one more time. The hyena's jockstrap was straining *hard* to contain what was within. The wolf looked just in time to see the cop's claws hooking up on the jock's waistband and, as it was pulled down, all the wolf saw was glistening ebony.

"Muuuuuch better..." The hyena stepped out of the jockstrap, but the wolf's eyes remained on his large, girthy, black canine-shaped length. A paw came to envelop it, the hyena pushing his own sheath back to reveal some of the knot that had yet to grow, then that paw gave his member a few more strokes to entice it to harden some more. The wolf's sensitive nose twitched when hints of an earthy musk belonging to the cop reached his nose. A powerful scent that just had 'male' all over it. Sleth's eyes didn't leave the source of that scent, but Brim's

paw left his cock, then the sound of spitting came and soon that paw returned to spread a glistening wetness that made that black member all the more beautiful.

"Someone *really* likes what they see. I knew that would be your reaction." The wolf finally trailed up to look at the hyena. Brim was smirking, just as before, and his paw came to the wolf's own muzzle to grab a strain of drool that had been slipping down from his maw without him even noticing. The wolf swallowed, trying to recompose himself. He tried to turn back around towards the hyena but the cop stopped him, keeping him with his chest against the wall. As Brim came closer and pressed his cock right against his rump, grinding it against it a little... well, seeing it was one thing and feeling it was an entirely different matter.

"Look, I'm not even sure if that's gonna fit...!" Sleth said, slightly worried. The hyena embraced him from behind, one paw slipping under his hoodie, the only piece of clothing still being worn, to feel the wolf's chest and caress it. The other paw, however, went down to play with his balls a little bit. He continued to grind that dick against his rear in a slow fashion, but Sleth couldn't help but moan again when the cop's paw slowly went up to reach his cock, teasing his grown knot, giving his length a few strokes...

"Oh, it'll fit. We'll make it fit. It wouldn't be a good warning if it was too easy. I want you feeling this for a day or two, make sure you *really* remember the consequences of being a little punk."

The wolf opened his muzzle to speak, but a lick to the back of his neck took his breath away again. The hyena licked, then nipped at it. Those sharp teeth triggered every primal submissive reflex the wolf could possibly have, making him lower his ears. He had never felt so helpless before, bound there with that naked cop embracing him, yet at the same time he didn't remember ever feeling so *aroused* before either.

"I want you to watch, though..." the hyena said, retreating from his neck but still speaking close to his ear. "I want to see your cute reactions as you watch it sink down on you."

The cop had full control. As always, all Sleth could do was ponder on the meaning of his words with anxiety and reluctant excitement mixed together within him. The hyena retreated so that he could turn the wolf around again, press his back against the wall... and just as before, reach under his thighs to lift him up, though this time faster and without ceremony. Sleth found the officer's larger cock pressed against his for a moment, their erections hot and throbbing together. The hyena made a point of grinding them like that for a moment before he lifted the wolf up a little further. With those muscles, he seemed to have such an easy time handling the leaner wolf's weight, then making good use of the wolf's innate canine flexibility to push his legs a little more towards his body to expose his rear, leaving it right above his own cock...

Sleth looked down, able to see exactly how that black tip threatened his exposed entrance. He looked up at the hyena to find him grinning again. The cop spat down and, with

accuracy, it hit his cock to add a renewed layer of wetness over its glistening surface. Then he lined himself up...

"Ready, wolf?"

"I- I'm not sure if t-"

"Too bad," the hyena said, cutting him off again not only with his words but by thrusting forward as well. With the previous fingering and rimming, the wolf's entrance gave way to the cop's member with relative ease, spread open wider and wider as the hyena's member grew thicker around the middle and making the wolf gasp in surprise. The sound he made was a mix between a grunt and a groan, watching and feeling how the cop's member sunk into him until half of it was nestled within.

The hyena too let out a huff from above him. Sleth could only imagine what he felt, but there was no way it could be as intense as what he was feeling there and then! With half of his cock buried within the wolf, the officer's hips started pulling back only for him to thrust forward again, going a little deeper the second time, and then to slowly start working out a rhythm of fucking that made the wolf gasp anew each time he saw that dark red member go into him from below.

The wolf's own cock reacted alongside the sounds he was making. Droplets of precum came from its tip, some running down the throbbing length bouncing between both bodies, some being sprinkled towards the fur of either his or Brim's stomach, yet the cop hardly cared. The wolf's paws up above curled into tight fists, stuck to the pipe but with the wolf wishing so hard that he could at *least* use them to grab his own length.

Brim himself huffed and growled above him. Each thrust brought a high to that growl, signifying the effort he was putting behind it. His active muscles holding the wolf up surrounded Sleth. The only smell the wolf could feel was the hyena's, a mix of his scent with the musk they both produced, a smell that couldn't be described as anything other than the smell of sex. It was intoxicating. The heat and redness never left the wolf's face and, in fact, it grew so much that he closed his eyes, barely able to bear watching how that cock sunk deeper into him with each thrust. The cop's knot starting to grow at the base, pushing his own sheath back and then growing and growing to an increasingly intimidating size...

"Someone's *really* enjoying this," the hyena said from above, making Sleth look at him in time to see a grin even amidst the little grunts of effort as his thrusting never faltered. The wolf opened his muzzle to say something in reply, but maybe that was Brim's intention because the moment he did, the cop gave him a stronger, faster thrust at an angle that had him moaning so loud that it echoed through the empty alley. Sleth forced his muzzle close right away, reducing his noises to the huffed little whines and suppressed little groans that were at least probably only audible to the cop. The hyena looked even more satisfied after making him do that instead of being nervous that someone might have heard it!

As if able to perceive the wolf's woes, the cop suddenly pushed himself closer to him. He hilted the wolf, burying the whole of his member inside the lupine with nothing but the now far too large knot sitting outside his tailhole, and pressed Sleth harder against the wall so that he could press himself against him, too. The way the hyena's perfect abdomen squeezed the wolf's throbbing erection between both warm bodies made the wolf moan all over again, but this time his moan was interrupted. By the cop's muzzle that advanced upon his to kiss him.

The wolf's ears, already lowered in natural submission, fell flat against his head. There was a moment of shock when he felt that muzzle against his, that tongue coming to wrestle with his own in a controlling manner that fit everything else the hyena had done so far. Yet, resisting against it didn't even occur to the wolf anymore. He closed his eyes, groaning and huffing through the kiss as he returned it. He tried to match the passion the other male was displaying, but the kiss left him breathless, and as if that wasn't enough...

While they were still kissing with that high intensity, the hyena started moving his hips again. So close to each other, his thrusts were short, yet they were also *deep*. With the whole of his length pressed inside the wolf, it only retreated a little before the cop harshly pushed it back in, fucking Sleth from up close. Each time he did, the wolf couldn't help but let out a new muffled moan through the kiss. It was just so *intense*, unlike anything he ever thought he'd experience.

With each deep thrust from the hyena, there was also a new factor that the wolf did not miss. That knot pressed against his entrance each time, with *force*. The realization that the cop was actually trying to push it inside him worried Sleth. It wouldn't fit! A fleeting thought of telling the hyena that went through his head, but a new thrust made at a new angle had the wolf melting and moaning as loud as he could through the kiss again.

It felt like it went on forever. The kissing, the fucking, the way his own cock pulsed and continued to leak, getting teased with the way Brim pressed himself against him every now and then when his thrusting was particularly strong. Finally, at some point, the hyena broke off the kiss and it was only when he did that Sleth realized that he had barely been even breathing. The wolf broke into a gasp for air, breathless and overwhelmed, and yet though the cop gave him some respite when it came to breathing, he made up for it by repositioning himself while the wolf recovered. He held the wolf up a little higher against the wall but never ceased his speedy thrusting.

"It's time for the finale, pup," Brim said through his lusty growling. Sleth made an effort to look at him just in time to see him smirk. Then, again and on purpose, Sleth was sure, the hyena gave him another angled and particularly strong, deep thrust just to make him moan out loud again. A whiny moan undignified of a wolf, but there was no helping it. It seemed to satisfy the cop greatly. "Let's finish your warning."

Again in a most unexpected manner, the hyena advanced upon him. This time, however, his muzzle wasn't aimed for Sleth's own. The wolf instinctively lifted his head up, exposing his

throat when the cop's teeth came upon it, locking the lower part of his neck into a mating bite that had his sharp teeth threatening the wolf's skin and definitely succeeding in keeping him still.

It only added to the intensity of what came next. Dominated and at the hyena's mercy, Sleth could only keep groaning and grunting when he felt the cop actively trying to shove his knot into him. His thrusts as he fucked became more powerful than ever, each one hitting deep into the wolf and attempting to push that large bulb of flesh in as well with an instinct the wolf knew too well himself, yet to be on the receiving end of a knot, and a knot like *that*...

There wasn't a thing Sleth could do, though. He tried to brace, to prepare himself to what was bound to happen, and yet when it did, the wolf still saw stars for a moment, feeling the knot finally beating his resistance, stretching him open to make its way into him and quickly locking itself within him. The wolf let out an airless gasp when he felt it, then grit his teeth hard when the feeling of the officer's cock entirely inside him, deeper than it had ever been, felt just overwhelming. That large knot kept him stretched beyond the point of comfort and way past the point of *intensity*. Even Brim himself let out a groan through his closed teeth around his neck, the low rumble of the hyena lusty growl felt against the wolf's own skin, and then the thrusting resumed.

Moaning was all Sleth could do. The fucking was shallow, just a few thrusts with the knot and everything already stuck inside, but it was enough to rattle the wolf. That cock grinding against every single pleasure spot he had inside was too much and the damned hyena knew it!

Brim didn't seem to care about that at the time, though. The growling against his neck intensified, the thrusting reached a crescendo, growing faster and more intense by the second until, finally, the huff of pleasure that came from the officer's nose combined with the way the wolf could just feel that black rocket pulsing inside him gave hint to what was happening. Warmth flooded the wolf deep within as the hyena held himself into the wolf, yet still thrusting softly every now and then, using the wolf's warmth to milk his own orgasm as best as he could. The hyena's knot grew to its full size, effectively locking them together and adding to the intensity of everything the wolf felt. Sleth felt his face grow hot all over again knowing what was happening. Never in his life he had thought that that was how that night was going to end, yet there he was, and his own cock continued to throb at the verge of his own pleasure from it despite the wave of embarrassment he was feeling over getting rutted in an alley.

The cop's orgasm lasted a good while, but when the throbbing of his cock slowed down, the hyena, panting softly as well, slowly let go of the wolf's neck. The sting of where his teeth had pressed hard during his orgasm remained, but a warm tongue immediately came to his neck to provide both relief and further arousal.

"There is one more thing I need you to do for me..." the officer slowly said while he licked. Sleth looked down at him and met his eyes. He was smirking again...

"I need you to howl for me," the hyena whispered. Sleth's overwhelmed brain only had time to process the meaning of these words when he felt the cop repositioning his arm in a way

that left the wolf's right foot paw hanging from his side, no longer held up now that there was a knot to help in keeping the wolf against the wall. That gave the hyena's paw freedom, so the wolf suddenly felt a grip on his cock that was still pressed between both bodies. A squeeze on his knot, a few hard strokes and the high intensity of the knotted cock inside him was all he needed to throw him past the point of no return.

Sleth didn't even question it. It felt right to throw his muzzle up and howl up to the night in tandem with the rush of pleasure that coursed through his body. Its sound echoed not only through the alley but through the city as it filled the night sky. It wasn't uncommon to hear a wolf howl in the night, it was just downright disrespectful, especially that late, yet the howl lingered as the wolf's member started shooting jet after jet of his spunk. The hyena must have aimed it towards the wolf himself because Sleth felt the warmth of his own cum splattering almost solely against his own hoodie that he still wore, but at the time he didn't care about that. He didn't care about anything but the pleasure. Each time his cock throbbed to release his own pleasure, Sleth involuntarily clenched hard against the cock filling him up, and that brought a growl from Brim, yet it was one of pleasure. The hyena himself thrust in a few extra times despite having already released himself, which only intensified what the wolf felt even more.

As his orgasm started to dwindle, the wolf pretty much fell limp. He let his head rest on the cop's shoulder and heard a chuckle from him. His body felt weak and sore from the sheer intensity of everything he had gone through and, even though the hyena's cock and knot that were still firmly lodged inside him felt bigger than ever, the way his own dick remained hard between their bodies felt comforting as well even if the wolf hadn't really gotten to tie with anything himself. The wolf's ears twitched. He saw with the corner of his eyes how Brim reached into one of the pockets of the utility belt, the only piece of gear he still wore, and brought up a tiny key. The next thing Sleth knew was that his arms were finally free. Lowering them felt good on his sore muscles. They enveloped the officer holding him up to help keep himself firm, even if they felt as weak as all of his body did in his afterglow.

The hyena did the unexpected again. He turned them around so that Brim himself had his back against the wall and slid down. Sleth still grunted. Even the slightest movement had the knot inside him jostling around, which still felt quite intense.

"Careful!" Sleth whined. With Brim sliding down he ended up sitting on the ground, with the wolf sitting on his lap, stuck to his knot, face to face with the hyena. The cop still smirked at him, which in turn made the wolf blush and look away. Some of the reality of what he had done started sinking on him. The cop had caught him spray-painting the wall and had... fucked him for it. Sleth could feel some of the soreness in his tailhole that he hadn't when he was too overwhelmed by pleasure. He was sure that he would indeed be feeling that the next day, especially given how the image of that black knot against his entrance was still livid in his mind. How had that thing even fit inside him? He would never know, but he could still feel it there.

Another thought finally crossed Sleth's mind. They were still out in the open and heck, even naked and now locked together! The wolf looked at the alley's entrance again. The night

was quiet, not a soul seemed to be around anymore, but he did remember his howl. There was no way the whole block hadn't heard that, so if anyone came out looking or something...

"Relax," Brim finally said. "I can feel you clenching when you get nervous, you know."

Sleth looked at him and frowned. "How can I relax? We're naked and in the middle of the city! You should never have-"

"Knotted you?" the cop interrupted, finishing his sentence. "As if you could have resisted it even if I hadn't been planning to."

The heat returned to the wolf's face.

"Don't worry," Brim continued. "No one will find us here."

"You found me here!" Sleth protested.

"I have a good nose to find pups needing a good knot. Years of experience." The hyena grinned, but the wolf just rolled his eyes. He still looked around, kind of anxious, and he was about to complain again when suddenly the cop's large arms enveloped him. They pulled him close against his fluffy chest and held him there. Sleth trembled given that his own still hard member was pressed between both bodies in a pleasant way as well, but while he did try to retreat for a moment, the hyena held him firmly against himself.

"Relax," he repeated, this time in a soothing voice. "Enjoy the tie. Trust me."

The wolf still hesitated, but slowly, he started easing into the cop's arms. He let himself relax, his head leaning against the hyena's shoulder and even the feeling of that knot still inside him felt a little less intense. The other male's smell filled his nose, pleasantly mixed with the musk of what they had done. Sleth sighed. Slowly but surely, he relaxed.

The hyena sure was warm. His fur was comfortable. His arms stayed around him, enveloping the wolf, holding him close, and that helped the racing thoughts Sleth was having to slow down a little. His focus became less about his situation as a whole and more about what he had experienced. Memories of how it felt resonated with the knot's presence still inside him and it made his own member feel a little stiffer again. It had been... good. Pretty good.

They remained silent there. Brim didn't say anything else while holding him close. The wolf let himself get lost in his thoughts and, because of that, he had no idea about how much time passed. There was only warmth, their smell and the comfort of their closeness.

When the world started moving again, Sleth realized that his eyes had closed at some point. He was pulled from the world of dreams as he had been drifting a little too close to sleep, but suddenly he felt arms going under his own. He looked up and Brim to meet his eyes just before the hyena lifted him up and pulled back at the same time. The wolf still winced and, much to his embarrassment, moaned again when that still hard but deflated knot was pulled out of him

in one go. He shuffled to the side, finally able to move on his own volition and realizing for the first time just how *sore* his butt was.

The hyena stood up. The wolf couldn't help but glance up at that beautiful black member still on full display between his legs, but the cop started gathering their clothes around the ground one by one. Sleth's own pants and underwear were thrown at his face while Brim started dressing up, putting the cop uniform back on.

"That was a lot of fun, pup," he said first while Sleth still blushed. "Sorry about the painting that target on your butt, but you had it coming."

The mention of that made the wolf's face burn hot again. He scrambled to get up and start getting dressed. His hoodie smelled of wolf spunk and, heck, all he could smell on himself was sex. Well, sex and hints of the hyena...

Brim was fully dressed before he was finished. Back in his full cop uniform, he made for an intimidating figure, especially as he approached the wolf that was trying to pull his jeans up. In another very unexpected gesture, the hyena leaned in to give his muzzle a single lick. Then, while the wolf was distracted with that, he brought up a business card that Sleth only got to glance at before the cop pulled the waistband of his boxer briefs back to open them and slipped the card down the front next to the wolf's still semi-hard length.

"That's my card. This bar, which I'm sure you're familiar with, opens tomorrow. It'll be 'Collar Night', which means that if you come with a nice dog collar around your neck, they'll let you in."

Sleth looked up at the large hyena, ears still lowered, blushing again as his muzzle approached him.

"I'll be there by ten, waiting," Brim whispered to him. The wolf opened his muzzle to answer, but the moment he did, the hyena's muzzle came to take his own in a new kiss. It held as much passion as the first had and Sleth would be lying if he said it didn't bring up memories of what was happening during the first one as well. The wolf had no idea about how long it went on for. It could've been a minute or ten, but when the hyena pulled back he was breathless again. That and the edges of the business card sitting inside his underwear were starting to feel uncomfortable around his newfound erection as his boxer briefs started feeling far too tight for both of them.

"See ya there, wolf." The cop, Brim, winked at him and turned to leave. The blushing wolf just followed the hyena with his eyes as he headed out, taking a few seconds to recover. It was only when the hyena was nearing the end of the alley that Sleth scrambled to quickly pull his jeans back up and fish the business card from his underwear. The cop still glanced back at him and winked when he turned to head back to the street.

When Sleth made his way to the end of the alley, his clothes a mess and the smell of everything still lingering on him, but when he got there he did not see any police cars or anything of the sort. In fact, when he looked to the side...

A familiar hyena winked at him just before the door of the bar opened for him. It closed right after the hyena and the sound of a lock soon followed. Going closer to the door, the wolf's eyes went wide when he read what was in the small sign next to it.

"MONDAY: Leather Leash VIP night! Today's theme: costumes!"

A rush of heat came upon Sleth's face. Realization that the muscular hyena dressed in unusually tight cop clothing and with a jockstrap underneath ready to *fuck* someone might have meant that he was actually...

The wolf growled softly. He quickly turned away and started walking away! Yet, even as he walked, the smells of... well, everything, still clung to him. He'd need several showers to get it off his fur, not to mention the ache under his tail. That damn 'cop'! That arrogant, cocky bastard has taken him like... like he was some sort of obvious bottom! The wolf's ears folded back at the thought...

Yet when the memories of what had happened played back in his head, his tail wagged ever so slightly behind him.

Maybe he was going to have to go buy a collar. Just to get things settled! Yeah... just to get things settled.