

Crisp walked hesitantly down the street in the brisk January cold, his hands were nervously fidgeting as he made his way towards the bar. He checked his phone for the hundredth time, fingers trembling as he scrolled up the page either due to the cold or his nerves. He read the words silently to himself once again, "M4m, 25, otter. Looking to get back into the dating scene. I'm pretty lenient about species/bodytype. Just hit me up at rudderfluff@ymale.com and we'll see where things go!"

The grey husky looked up at the street lights which bookmarked each block of the downtown streets longingly. He could still turn around and head home, maybe catch up on his favorite television series or watch some porn. Yeah, porn sounded good. Suddenly, his foot couldn't move any further and he could feel his weight shifting as he plummeted to the hard cold concrete. He landed with an "Ooph!" and a grunt before realizing he tripped on his own shoelaces. However, as he was getting up and brushing himself off, something else caught his eye. It twinkled in the fluorescent lighting of the street lamp just enough to coax him into crawling toward it on his hands and knees. He dugged around the flat object until he can wrap two claws around it and bring it up to his muzzle.

"A coin?" he remarks to himself. It wasn't like any coin he had seen before. It was notably brighter than any coin he had seen and it had no discernable head or tail side. The designs were relatively simplistic: no year of issue, legend, or motto could be found on either face. Instead, on one side it bore a simplistic almost cartoonish star in the center with each point meeting the rim while on the other it had what looked like a myriad of ribbons overlapping one another. On closer examination, Crisp could see that it wasn't a bunch of ribbons, but in actuality a single ribbon folding into itself. However, the most puzzling thing about the coin was not in its appearance but in its temperature. The coin was still warm to the touch and not just

like it had been in someone's pocket. No, this coin felt as if it had a warmth emanating from it, like a miniature ray of sunlight trapped inside of Crisp's palm.

He pocketed the strange item and stood up once he realized that he had been kneeling on the dirty concrete more than he needed to be. The thought of turning around and heading home returned fleetingly but that coin made any idea of giving up quickly dissipate. As he strolled more leisurely down the street, he pulled the coin back out and flicks it up into the air with a chuckle. Perhaps his luck was about to change for the better.

Finally, he arrived at his destination, "McDuggan's Pub", a bar with a warm atmosphere that was made all the more inviting by the bitter cold outside. The front door required a little more weight on it than most, but with the wusky's frame he made it inside without a problem. He took a moment to familiarize himself with his surroundings. Large wooden chandeliers which appeared to be made out of wagon wheels hang from the ceiling with electric bulbs made to look like candles circling the border. The hard wood floors have a reddish tinge to them, perhaps due to the lighting of the bar. There aren't too many occupants in the bar. Other than the fox and weasel bartenders there was a dark furred wolf sitting at a stool tendering his ale with shoulders hunched, a leopard and a lioness by the window sharing their cocktails by the window, and lastly a young lithe otter sitting by himself in the far corner of the bar. Before the canine had much time to react, the otter was already motioning him over to the table. He wore a teal button-up shirt underneath a navy blue vest complete with a black bowtie with grey diagonal stripes reaching across it. Compared to the white and red shorts and jacket the wusky was wearing, Crisp couldn't help but feel a little underdressed. His fears were soon assuaged by the mustelid's friendly demeanor. "Oh, good! You're here!" he said cheerfully and loud enough for everyone to hear. "I was worried you might not show up!"

Crisps blushed embarrassedly as he walks over to the booth to join him. He checks his phone one last time to see that he was only a few minutes late. Apparently, he wasn't the only one nervous about the first date. "Rudderfluff?" he asked hesitantly with his index finger pointed at the otter.

The mustelid stands up with arm outstretched, offering a handshake. "The one and only! But you can call me Olson... er... Olly if you'd like." Despite his stuttering words, the otter seemed to have an air of confidence around him, one that the wusky could only hope to match. His hands clasped around the mustelids before they shook and he noted how those webbed fingers were deceptively powerful. Now that he had the chance to see Olson standing up, he could see that the otter was a couple inches taller than he was but shared a similar build. He took his seat opposite the other male before he motions for the bartender to take their order.

"What'll you be havin' today, gentlemen?" asked the fox more out of routine than genuine courtesy.

"I think I'll have your IPA on tap," said Olly in response.

Crisp quickly glazed over the menu not finding any of the drinks he's used to seeing. He never had any of these lagers, porters, pilsners, and IPAs and he didn't see any of the usual cocktails or domestic beers. He looked over to the otter for guidance and then to the fox who seemed more annoyed than when he first came over. "Uhhh... I'll... I'll have the same."

The vulpine nods and jots the order down on his notebook with a quiet, "Right..." before returning to the bar to complete the order.

Now came the mandatory small talk that the wusky dreaded most. The awkward silence loomed ominously over them for what felt like minutes when in reality they were mere seconds. "So, uh..." he said if only to break the silence, "What do you do for a living?"

The otter's face immediately brightened up and his ears perked up cheerfully as he indulged the wusky's question. "I'm a software developer for an online financial advisory company. I mostly just help create apps for smartphones, debug codes, all that jazz. I know it doesn't sound like the most exciting job, but it gets the bills paid. What about yourself?"

The wusky froze up and his eyes widened as he desperately searched for the answer in his mind while a myriad of other questions stood at the forefront. What if the otter thought he was boring? What if he thought his job was easy or basic? It was a simple question and yet he had no idea where to begin. Finally, he took a deep breath before coming clean. "I'm a clerk at Big Buy Electronics, mostly just helping people find the right set up for their computers and phones, but I also work at the register when they need help. Really though, I'm hoping to find a job elsewhere because while the paycheck isn't bad, I'm a little overqualified to still be working retail."

"That's not so bad," Olly said just as the waiter returned with drinks in tow. Crisp immediately brought the beer to his lips and took a sip, nearly coughing on the bitterness of the drink in the process.

"Jesus, that's sour!" he curses as he wipes his lips with his sleeve. Olly chuckled before taking his own drink and taking a hearty swig of the light amber beverage.

"Yeah, that's an IPA for you. It's the hops that give it that acidic, crisp taste! It's definitely not a drink for everyone."

Crisp looked the pilsner glass over, watching the light head of the beer disappear from the top before taking a much larger drink. This time, the carbonation of the beverage danced over his tongue and the sour notes seemed much more pleasant the more he drank. Despite the powerful aftertaste, he was finding it to be more pleasant than his initial response had lead him to believe, especially now that the alcohol was giving that warm comfortable feeling in his

stomach. "Actually, it's not that bad once you get used to it..." he says with a laugh followed by another big gulp of his beer.

"Careful, you still have to go home after this," teased the otter with his tongue poking out between his lips. Crisp glared at him with playful disdain as he took yet another drink.

"I think you're just worried that I'm going to finish my beer before you do!" he said.

Just as Olly was about to respond, the sound of a phone buzzing catches both of their ears. Almost simultaneously, they both dive to check their phones only for the otter to curse under his breath. "Shit... I have to go. My coworker, Andy, managed to screw up one of the apps we'd been working on and he needs me to come in and help look it over. Do you mind if we reschedule for another night?"

Crisp's heart sinks in his chest and as genuine as the otter seems, he can't help but get the feeling that this date was falling apart at the seams and his companion was attempting to bale. Even still, he couldn't deny Olly from going to work regardless if it was eleven o' clock at night or not. "Oh, yeah! That's totally fine!" he said in the cheeriest voice he could muster. "What day and time works best for you?"

The otter was already stuffing his smartphone in his pocket and digging out the cash to cover their beers while he spoke. "Umm, how about same time on Friday? I'll definitely have things ironed out by then and it'll also give me time to clean up around the house just in case we really 'hit it off'."

The wusky's ears flickered and blush filled his cheeks as his hopes were rekindled again. Not even an hour into their first date and the otter was already considering taking him home for the night! He nodded his head enthusiastically, his worries about coming across too strong dampened by the thought of getting more intimate with the cute mustelid. "That sounds perfect! I'll slide that into my schedule." Crisp dug out his billfold and placed a sizable tip down

next to the otter's money as they both headed for the door. Their tails swayed in tandem together and even brushed against one another once or twice before they reached the cold outdoors.

Olly looked happily into the wusky's eyes before saying in a lowered voice. "Thank you for understanding, Crisp. I would have loved to stay longer because you seem really sweet and cute to boot, but I can't leave Andy hanging. The poor deer is practically incompetent on his own especially when he's messed something up, and this app is supposed to be out the door by the end of the week." He quickly dove forward and wrapped his arms around the wusky's chest, burying his flat muzzle into Crisp's fur. His head poked back out with that familiar joyful grin and tongue sticking out between his lips before finally letting go. "And hey," he said over his shoulder just as the two were parting ways, "If you do manage to slide that into your schedule, maybe this next date we can slide other things around."

Crisp chuckled under his breath which turned to vapor in the brisk evening air. "You won't hear any complaints from me!" he said happily. "Good night and good luck to you!" His voice seemed to echo down the nearly empty street as did his footsteps which had a special bounce to them now. The cold January air was no match for his warm fur, elated spirit, and alcohol stirring through his veins and his thoughts were so rife with memories of the otter's cute appearance he barely noticed that he was already at the door to his apartment. Once inside the warm safety of his home, he clicked the lock on the door and kicked his shoes off before heading inside his room. Almost immediately, he headed towards his bed and took off his jacket, pants, and socks in the process, lazily tossing the assorted clothing into the hamper and placing his phone down on the bed beside him. With the memory of the otter still fresh on his mind and the heat of the IPA still warm in his belly, he spent the first few minutes in his bed scrolling through Olly's profile with a gentle smile on his face which nearly matched the wide

grin in the otter's selfies. His phone vibrated in his hand and a notification popped up in the corner of his phone: one new picture message from Olson Tanner!

The wusky's mouth suddenly felt dry and his finger instinctively twitched to view the message in full. His eyes quickly scanned over the short text, eager to reach the photo portion of the message. "Hope this might make up for the date getting cut short. As you can see, I'm not short or cut by any means." it read, making the canine shiver with anticipation. As he scrolled down he saw more and more of the mustelid holding up his shirt to reveal the chiseled muscles which rippled underneath his smooth pelt of fur with a teasing wink on his face. Crip's eyes traced the individual muscles as he slowly scrolled down the page with one palm wrapped around his growing cock. Sure enough, the otter's pants and briefs were wrapped around his knees and between his legs was a thick uncut shaft held out for Crisp to lust after. For a moment he hesitated, his hand only half heartedly stroking his erect cock as he stared intently at the image before him. Then again, what else would be the point in Olly sending the message in the first place if he didn't make use of it? After an exhausting ten minutes, the wusky was confident he'd made the right decision and once he finished cleaning himself up, he had little trouble in falling to sleep.

Crisp wasn't sure what brought him out of his slumber, but judging by the darkness of the room and how groggy he was, he hadn't been out for more than a couple hours or more. What he initially dismissed as a dream interrupted, he was soon fully awake after hearing the pattering of paws across his wooden floorboards. He sat up in his bed, ears swiveling around and nose sniffing at the air suspiciously as he searched for the source of that noise. Without having to wait for too long, that question was soon answered by a small rodent like creature crawling into the bed beside him. "Oy!" it said in a squeaky irritable voice. "This has to be the

one!”

Crisp felt the need to rub his eyes and even pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. The rat-like creature with what looked like an orange beard and dazzling green clothing was lit by only the street light outside and stood on his chest with a mischievous grin and an other-worldly aura surrounding him. “How the hell did you get in my room,” he said drowsily. The strange creature didn't seem phased by the question and instead rolled his eyes with disdain.

“Haven't you ever heard of leprechauns?” he said with a waggle of his head. He was soon joined by a similarly dressed creature of slightly smaller size though this one stood at the foot of his bed with a long red mustache on the tip of his muzzle.

Crisp shook his head wearily and replied in a low groan. “You've got to be kidding me... Who put you up to this? Was it Fred? You can go tell Fred to fuck off, I need to sleep!”

The creatures simultaneously sighed before the bearded one continued. “We ain't here to play a practical joke- er- at least, that's not the main reason we're here. You didn't happen to find a gold coin lying about anywheres, did you?”

The mustachioed one piped up behind the other, “Cause it's ours and we think YOU stole it!”

Crisp remembered the coin from before his date and nodded his head. “Yeah, I found it! It was just lying there in the middle of the street. How was I supposed to know it belonged to a bunch of little magic men?”

The leprechaun on his chest crossed his arms over his chest with a raised eyebrow and muttered loud enough for both of the others in the room to hear. “This one's feisty, remember that for later!” As the smaller one nodded his head in response, the larger one, who Crisp assumed was the leader, turned to look the wusky in the eyes. “Listen, just tell us where you hid

the coin and we'll be outta your hair and perhaps, we might give you a reward in return for your troubles."

"A reward?" Crisp thought to himself. He pondered over giving away the coin's position since it didn't seem to have any monetary value. He was pretty sure no legitimate business would accept it in a transaction even if it was made out of gold. He rubbed his eyes and pointed towards the hamper as he spoke. "It's over there, in the front pocket of my shorts."

Without delay, the smaller rodent hopped off his bed and scurried over the pile of laundry where he disappeared into the pockets of his shorts. After a few seconds of digging around, he popped his head out with the gold coin held securely in his paws. "Found it!" he quipped triumphantly before rejoining his companion on the bed. The larger one delivered a wide grin as he slowly turned back towards the canine.

"Much appreciated for your troubles!" he said with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice. "I assure you, your good deeds will not go unpunished." His hand fiddled around in his green coat pocket before throwing a strange green powder that flew in the wusky's face. It tickled Crisp's nose and he felt the growing itch of a sneeze forming at the back of his throat. However, he never felt that sneeze arrive before he fell back onto his pillow, fast asleep.

The next thing he knew, sunlight was grazing the corner of his eye, stirring the wusky awake. As he stretched and yawned underneath his covers, he realized just how rejuvenated he felt after the long night regardless of that strange dream he had. As he walked over to his dresser to pull out his clothes for the day, he noticed a strange squeaking noise following him around and to his horror, he looked down to find a pair of glowing green sneakers tied tightly to his feet. Panic set in moments after as he tried to recount where these mysterious shoes came from. It couldn't have been from the strange little creatures in his dream, could it? Was it even a

dream he had last night? He reached down to tug the shoes off of his feet but found that they were stuck, and the more he pushed on them the tighter they fastened to his ankles. He could feel the fabric constricting around him with each forceful action and he worried that if he pushed any harder, he might lose circulation to his toes. Without any other option, he decided that the shoes would have to stay... for now. Getting a new pair of underwear and shorts on proved to be a bigger challenge than he expected with the large shoes in the way, and as he hopped around trying to get the fabric past his ankles, he could have sworn he heard a small giggle emanating from one of the dark corners of his room. He turned on his heels sharply to catch what he swore were little green coattails diving underneath his desk, but after waddling over he found nothing to suggest that little green men were still in his room. The shoes dazzled brightly and a strange glow flowed up his legs before he suddenly felt the urge to dance. His feet pranced about in a corny display, making him leap in the air and click his heels together, all with his pants and underwear caught around his ankles. As much as he wanted to stop, he couldn't find the willpower to do so. It was an awful indication of what power these shoes held over him. Once the magic had worn off, he was able to grab onto the waistline of his shorts and with one more thrust upwards, his pants were finally secured around his waist albeit with a small tear along the hemline. "Just great," crisp muttered to himself while examining the rip in the fabric. He poked his finger through to get an idea of how noticeable the break was, only to realize that he was already an hour late to his shift. He swiped his phone off of his bedside, through on the rest of his work close and dashed out the door, cursing under his breath all the while.

Outside of the fact that his feet seemed permanently fused to the garish green footwear, the next few days seemed relatively normal to the wusky. He got a few stares from coworkers and customers as well as a couple exclamatory "What are those?!" from passersby on the streets. There were a few moments at work where he felt like his mind had been intruded and

his feet began to tingle before images of naked muscular anthros flooded his mind, a clipshow of pornographic masculinity that only he could see. Every time this happened, he had to make sure that he was standing behind a counter to hide his apparent erection from visiting customers. His clumsiness did seem to be at an all time high while wearing the sneakers: the rip in his shorts did catch on a hook at work, making the hole much more noticeable and earning him a warning from his manager and an early end to his shift. That's still not mentioning he tripped on his own feet more than once on his way home, but the wusky chose to blame his nerves for the upcoming date instead of his new footwear. It didn't help that the winter days always felt so much shorter due to the sun disappearing from the horizon right around dinner time. Before Crisp could worry much longer, the big day had arrived and he was already on his way to meet Olly for the second time that week. The two had agreed to meet at a nearby park to enjoy the snowfall and share the cool air together. As the otter put it over their private messages it was an excellent excuse to "warm up together" later on in the night.

Crisp was running late due in part to having to find clothes that remotely matched the bright green shoes, and although his green jacket and white undershirt weren't the perfect fit, they were the closest he could find to a working wardrobe. However, just before exiting the door he felt a familiar tingling moving up his legs, only for the wusky to notice his socks had been switched around to something much more garish: green and white knee highs with sparkles embedded in the fabric. The wusky closed his eyes and put a hand up to his forehead in frustration before finally making his way out the door. By the time he got to the designated meeting place, Olly was already checking his phone on one of the nearby benches with concern. Before Crisp could even begin to explain himself, the otter's face lit up with excitement followed by a stifled chuckle. "Woah!" he said as he pointed down towards the glittering shoes and socks, "Did you make a quick detour to Emerald City before coming here?"

Crisp rubbed the back of his head nervously before going along with the joke. "You'd never guess what just happened. I was on my way here, a cyclone picked me up, I fell on top of a witch, bing-bang-boom! Before you know it, I have a new pair of shoes and a newfound respect for home and cute otters."

Olly feigned surprise, "Oh? What'd you say to get back here? There's no place like a freezing night out in the park?" he remarked while getting out of the bench and joining the wusky with a big hug.

Crisp gladly accepted the otter's warmth and held him close to his dense coat of fur, their hands rubbing along each other's backs as sensually as was socially acceptable. "You're close," he said in a low whisper into the other male's ears. "It was 'There's nothing quite like a hot date with an otter.'"

Olly blushed at the compliment, his nose poking up at the wusky with affection in his teal eyes. "Aw, that's awfully sweet of you! Where'd you learn that one, did the lollipop guild teach you?"

"Of course! I had to learn quick though, all that sweetness was going to give me a cavity if I stayed much longer," he joked.

Olly put a finger on his chest and teased, "You'd better be careful then, I'm pretty sweet myself!"

"I'll just brush my teeth when I'm finished with ya'" he said with a lick of his lips.

The otter couldn't stop laughing, even forcing the pair to stop for a moment while he caught his breath. "God, please let this joke be over! I'm not sure my lungs could take any more wit!"

Crisp held him close as they continued their walk through the cold winter night, the snow gently falling down on them like a fine powder which stuck to their fur. Each flake glittered in the

light of the full moon and the street lamps which dotted the concrete path through the park.

"That's fine with me," he said with a little bit of embarrassment slipping into his tone of voice.

Normally, the wusky would have felt the need to shiver but with the close proximity of the otter and the warmth of his hand clasped in the other's he felt oddly comfortable, peaceful even, strolling through the park.

They hadn't walked more than a few more yards before the wusky's foot caught on something and he was sent tumbling to the ground. After a few seconds spent gathering his bearings did he realize that the otter had fallen as well and that their shoelaces were tied together in a sizable knot. "Ohhhh," he groaned, "Are you okay over there?"

Olly shook his head and let out another wry chuckle as he stared down towards their feet. "That's the strangest thing!" he said as he pointed towards the wusky's shoes. "I don't know how they got like that, but... Yeah, I'll be fine." Despite the otter's comforting words, Crisp could tell that he was bothered by the shoes not only for their ugly appearance but also because of the powers that were quickly becoming apparent to him.

Suddenly a flash of green caught the wusky's eye and a shiver swept up his spine, not due to any breeze but more of an uncontrollable need, as if he had been hit by some magical aura. For a moment he could have sworn he heard a high pitched giggle emanating from the bushes behind him. "Did you hear that?" he asked out loud as he paused to swivel his ears around.

"Hear what?" asked Olly quizzically as he dramatically searches around the area in a teasing manner. "Did one of your munchkin friends follow you back into the real world?"

"It's possible..." muttered Crisp to himself in a voice too low for the otter to hear. His heart began to beat fast in his chest and a warm sensation filled his body without any cause for doing so. A sudden dizziness fell over him and he had to hold his head for a minute until it

cleared up, only for his attention to be brought back to the otter. However, the rest of his body wasn't following what his mind was trying to process as his heels clicked together three times spontaneously. Behind him, like a whisper on the wind, he heard a squeaky voice speak into his ears. "There's no place like in public to get a boner..." it said with a malicious undertone.

"Woah, dude! Are you feeling alright?" he asked with concern before noticing a thick bulge in the center of Crisp's shorts. The canine had only just recovered from the sudden dizziness when he noticed that his arousal was threatening to burst through his pants. Emotions of embarrassment and shame swelled almost as strongly as the red rocket in his pants and he instinctively curled his fluffy tail between his legs to provide him with a little bit of modesty. He hung his head in shame only to notice those shoes of his practically glowing in the dark with emerald sparkles trickling up his trembling legs. His attention was then caught by a pair of teenagers pointing and laughing at the couple from across the street, and though the wusky wasn't about to make a larger scene out of it than it already was, he definitely thought their green attire looked suspicious.

"Come on," he said quickly, taking the otter's hand and walking away behind the bushes as fast as he can with his tail tucked between his legs. "I'm fine, really, it's just..." he racked his brain to find a valid excuse for his uncalled for arousal. "I was reminded of that pic you sent the other night and I got a little excited."

Olly put his hands on his hips with amusement. "Talking about munchkins reminded you of seeing me naked?" he asked. "Are you trying to tell me something about my appearance?" While the otter's words may have come across as offended, the otter's face eased the canine's worries. He was still smiling and those eyes still sparkled with joy under the light of the full moon. Crisp had no idea how to respond to him either, so he just rubbed the back of his neck nervously while shaking his sheepish smile back and forth.

“Well, regardless of what triggered your dirty thoughts, maybe it’s time we head back to my place and put your perverted head to good use. God knows we can’t just tear our clothes off in the park and go at it in the cold.” said the otter with a smirk.

Crisp let the mustelid grab his hand and drag him off towards what he assumed to be the direction of Olly’s house. Even though the magic of the shoes seemed to have worn off and their dazzling display calming down, the anticipation of intimacy with his date kept his arousal on edge for the duration of their journey. The otter certainly wasn’t helping matters by gliding his thick rudder against the wusky’s crotch every few minutes as if testing to see if he was still as excited as he appeared, and every time he did so, he cast a knowing teasing grin over his shoulder at the canine.

Finally, they made their way to Olly’s apartment which stood on the second level of a large white building dotted with golden rococo ornaments around the doorway. Only the large green front door, a couple hallways, and some stairs separated the wusky from the sweet release of those pants constrained around his throbbing shaft. The otter continued to lead him, palm clasped tight around his with the occasional playful squeeze and backwards glance until they arrived at the entryway to the otter’s room. Crisp could barely contain his excitement and he wasn’t sure his pants could either for much longer, but sure enough they both made it inside completely in tact. As the door shut behind him, Crisp was already tugging at the zipper to his shorts, eager to at least get them down around his knees only for the otter to place one paw on his crotch. “Slow down there, tiger!” he said with a smirk, “Er- I guess I should say wusky...” But as the otter rubbed those webbed fingers around the tip of the shaft, he realized just how hard the wusky was. “On second thought, maybe we can skip the clothed foreplay and go straight to the “fun” part.” he remarked with a slight chuckle. Those words were like music to the wusky’s ears and he was quick to shimmy his pants and underwear down to his ankles while the otter

started by removing his jacket and shirt. Crisp could barely keep his eyes off the undressing mustelid, the way his broad shoulders tapered down to his chiseled abs which were covered by the dense coat of luscious fur. Judging by the otter's intense gaze, he was having just as much fun studying the canine's method of undressing. "You're not going take off the shoes?" he asked.

Crisp replied with the best excuse he could make off the top of his head. "Uh... I'm trying to break them in so that they're more comfortable in the future. Besides, what better work to get them loose than sex?" he replied with a shrug.

Olly didn't look convinced in the slightest judging by the raised brow and half smile on his muzzle. "Whatever, dude, as long as you're happy, I've got no room to judge. Just remember I'm not about to run a marathon mid-coitus if that's what you had in mind."

The wusky rolled his eyes sarcastically as he sat down on the floor to work his shorts and underwear off the heel of his shoes, which seemed to glow again with a mischievous glimmer. Just as he broke himself free of his lower garments, he looked up to see the muscular otter standing in front of him, his hard shaft throbbing right before his eyes and even tapping on his snout. The beautiful sight set his loins ablaze with arousal and forced his own erection to dribble slick pre down the shaft where it gathered at the lips of his sheath. Olly brought a footpaw forward and dragged the pads softly along the length of Crisp's cock, his visage carrying an especially crafty grin.

Moments later he plopped himself down next to the canine and wrapped his thick arms around his body while prying the jacket off his own shoulders. They laid there together on the carpeted floor, fluffy bodies intermingling with their hands searching out their unique curves and musculatures. Their shafts made contact with one another, causing the otter to instinctively wrap them both in his palm where he stroked in long even movements. Crisp nearly groaned but

he found his muzzle soon occupied by the otter's slender tongue, the same which had teased him throughout the night, venturing past his lips and intermingling with his own. Their soft velvety lips pressed together and wrestled as they shared each other's warmth and slick saliva. The wusky wrapped his thick legs around the mustelid's body, his shoes resting just above Olly's rudder, as the otter began to thrust his hips forward to grind their cocks against one another. Precome stained their fur and mixed together to create a singular musky liquid which they shared with one another impartially.

Out of the corner of Crisp's eyes he could see the shoes glowing behind the otter's back. Before he could even think the words, "Oh, no. What's it going to be this time?" he felt a wave of pleasure fill his body and the warmth of hot seed spurting from his cock. The otter broke their sensual kiss to examine the canine's mess with a sheepish grin.

"Oh, you're one of those kinds of guys, eh?" he said with second hand embarrassment. Luckily for the wusky, his shaft remained as hard as ever despite the premature orgasm.

"No, no! It's fine, see?" he quickly responded, wagging the still erect shaft with two fingers. The otter stood up and began to walk away, making the canine panic with thoughts that it was over already, but much to his relief, the otter opened the door to his bedroom and motioned for the wusky to follow.

"Maybe it's for the best," he said cheerfully, "Wouldn't want to get a carpet burn when things get really rough, now would we?"

Crisp shook his head no just as the otter tossed him a clean hand towel to dry himself up before they both made it to the foot of the otter's bed. The large mustelid almost immediately pounced on top of him and their lips were once again locked in a sensual embrace. Gradually, the pair made their way to the front of the bed where the wusky's rested on soft pillows while the otter held him down. Olly took a moment to savor the taste of the wusky before sliding himself

off and spreading his legs out on the bed. "As much as I enjoy a good make out session," he said, "I think it's time we diversify the meal a little bit." His webbed fingers wrapped around his cock which he shook vigorously with a wink in his eyes.

Crisp needed no further encouragement to move his head forward and guide that shaft along his muzzle. He dragged his tongue up the hard throbbing length tenderly as his paws groped the pair hanging between the otter's legs. With one finger, he traced down Olly's taint until he found the round little button nestled between those muscled cheeks which he rubbed in a tight circle gently. Olly moaned in response while his paws scratched behind the wusky's ears with affection and the canine hummed his own muffled coos between sloppy licks. The otter stretched his arms upwards and curled them around the pillows as his legs raised up into the air and wrapped around Crisp's neck. All the while, the wusky kissed, licked, and prodded around the otter's body to his heart's content until finally sliding the tip of the shaft between his soft velvety lips.

This time, it was Olly's turn to shiver out of embarrassment and arousal as the wusky's head bobbed up and down on that throbbing shaft with his tongue lapping eagerly along the bottom of the cock. Not a drop of precome made it past the wusky's lips for as soon as the otter's dick spurted out the salty slick liquid, that tongue retrieved it to relish its taste. However, the otter wasn't about to let himself hog all the fun and he was soon tugging on the back of Crisp's head to pry him off his slicked up cock.

A thin thread of saliva kept the pair connected for a brief moment before the otter pulled Crisp forward into his arms. His dripping shaft prodded the wolf's backdoor teasingly, as beads of precome were slathered around the puckering hole. Olly grabbed the wusky's thighs and rubbed up and down the muscled hips with a calm and loving expression looking up at the canine. Gradually, he pressed Crisp downward onto his erect shaft which eventually made its

way past the tight entrance with a pop. The wusky immediately felt the warmth of that cock inside him, reverberating off those walls as it stretched them wider the more it sunk in. Crisp huffed and panted as he felt Olly bury himself deep inside him and that thickness press up against his sensitive prostate. His hips shimmied and his curled tail wagged excitedly behind him while his own exposed cock throbbed and slapped against the otter's chiseled belly. "Oh God, you feel so good!" he exclaimed fervently as he bounced up and down on the otter's cock. Olly would meet with the wusky's rear half way down with his passionate thrusts upward, causing his weighty orbs to slap against the canine's rump. His thick tail provided extra support for their passionate sex as the otter's mast quickly slid in and out of the wusky's tight corridors. "You're not so bad yourself!" remarked the otter between heavy panting. Despite the mustelid's teasing words, it was obvious by the look on his face and the throbbing of his cock that he was enjoying this just as much as the wusky was.

Before the wusky could protest though, the otter had already pulled himself forward and met with Crisp's lips, the taste of precome still sweet on his tongue and the masculine scent still on his breath. The mustelid's humping showed no signs of slowing down, but instead switched to quicker, more shallow thrusts as he remained mostly hilted inside the wusky. Each miniscule movement was enough to brush the cock head against his prostate and fill the canine with another wave of pleasurable warmth, and the sensual kiss only fueled his aching cock more. The canine groaned into the kiss as he laid a fuzzy paw on the otter's thick chest, rubbing it in wide circles and toying with the flat nipples hidden underneath his fur.

The pair shuddered together as they both approached orgasm, tails intertwined and paws roaming up and down each other's bodies. The otter broke their kiss to give Crisp ample warning of what was about to happen. "Fuck, I'm going to come!" he exclaimed passionately to which Crisp responded with a strained, "Me too!" The wusky's teeth clenched as did his ass

around that throbbing shaft until his own cock spurted out thick rope after rope of come onto the otter's chest and stomach. The musky scent filled the room as it soaked into the otter's fine fur coat just as the wusky felt the warm messy feeling of come splattering against his inner walls. He could feel the mustelid's muscles trembling underneath his paws while that cock unloaded deep inside of his body, remnants of the orgasm dripping out of his abused hole and gathering onto the sheets below them.

For the next few minutes, the pair enjoyed each other's warmth in the afterglow of their passionate lovemaking. Even with their fur damp with their combined seed, the comfort of their bodies hugging one another was too great to pass up, if only to catch their breaths. Finally, Olly pulled himself out from Crisp's ass, causing what spunk that was still trapped inside to trickle down his taint. The otter stood up slowly to retrieve some more towels out of his closet which he then shared with his exhausted canine partner. "Alright," he said with a long sigh. "You wanna clean up in the other room while I change the sheets and throw these ones in the wash?"

Crisp grabbed one of the towels and headed for the bathroom that connected with the bedroom, wiping himself down as he walked and shut the door behind him. He debated taking a shower, though those shoes wrapped tight around his feet reminded him that such a luxury was not available to him. Still, he was able to clean himself with the towel easily enough and by the time he had exited the bathroom, the otter was already spreading new bedding down for the pair to sleep. Even as the wusky got into the bed beside the mustelid, Olly brushed his webbed feet against the canine's shoes as he teased. "Don't tell me you plan on exercising while you sleep too," he said with a wink. "You realize that we both have to share the bed."

Crisp shrugged his shoulders wordlessly though his blushing cheeks showed just how embarrassed about the situation he still was. Regardless of the circumstances though, he managed to quickly fall asleep in the otter's loving embrace.

Hours passed until Crisp was forced awake by yet more giggling and the sounds of little feet prancing about the floor. The wusky remained prone in bed for fear of waking up the otter sleeping next to him, though Olly seemed sound asleep due to his soft quiet snores and the steady rise and fall of his chest. The wusky didn't need to sit up to know who those sounds belonged to and sure enough, the two little rodents were standing next to him at the side of the bed.

"Well aren't you two just the cutest," said the leader with a sarcastic smirk on his face.

"Yeah, we recorded the whole thing for... reasons we're not willing to discuss with you!" said the smaller one, earning a harsh slap to the back of his head from the beard.

"Point is..." he continued, "You're relieved of your shoes, your reward is finished and we'll be leaving you alone from now on."

The wusky grinned and whispered back in response, "You're lucky he's a heavy sleeper or you'd both have a lot more explaining to do. Besides, your little reward was more trouble than it was fun."

"What'd you expect?" said the mustachioed one. "It's a leprechaun's gift, of course it's going to be troub-"

The leader interjected, "So what would you like us to do if you're not happy with your reward? We can't just leave a business partner unsatisfied! We'd lose our reputation as honest traders!"

Crisp shook his head drowsily before he had an idea. "How about, you let me keep the shoes but this time I can take them off as I please." He tapped a finger on his muzzle as he explained. "I mean, I did have some fun with them and that way you'd still be able to have your own fun every once and awhile."

The leprechauns paced back and forth on the bed as they pondered over the wusky's proposal before the larger one stuck a little paw forward and said, "You've got a deal!"

Crisp couldn't even grasp the leprechaun's hand before he snapped his fingers and the pair of shoes finally unlaced themselves and loosened their grip on his feet. The wusky managed to catch one last glimpse of the strange creatures before they disappeared in a wisp of green smoke and glitter. Silence filled the room while the husky buried himself underneath the covers and sidled next to his otter companion, who was murmuring sweet compliments concerning a certain wolf-husky hybrid in his sleep. Crisp argued internally about taking the shoes off for now, but chose instead to go ahead and retie the laces himself. He smiled contentedly and quietly joined the otter in peaceful slumber while the green shoes emanated a soft comforting glow from the foot of the bed. As if the leprechauns gave him one last parting gift, he felt a tender ache in his groin brush against the otter's comfortable sheets.