

The crosses borne by the two-wheeled outdoorsman were two in number. One was sand and the lack of traction that accompanies it. Second was the confusion amongst the title held by those who enjoyed the sport of mountain biking. Those who preferred their wheels be powered by a motor as opposed to by one's legs had monopolized bike and biker alike, since 'motorcyclist' sounded a little too refined to be used by someone in riding leather. It was often necessary to preface these terms with one's specific type of biking, lest they be falsely praised by an object of their affection as tough and edgy. Never mind the fact that mountain bikers, especially those of the downhill variety, often subjected themselves to environments far more dangerous.

Ewan Rickard never paid the distinctions any mind. Motorcycles bored him, and women who fawned over tough, leathery men in chaps with a Harley-Davidson between their legs weren't his type anyway. Nature was nice, and it was even nicer when it was flying past you on either side courtesy of your wheels, but it was just the ice cream in the sundae that was being outdoors. Rewarding on its own, but bland and boring in comparison to the nuts, cherries, and chocolate syrup that were the turns, drops, climbs, and jumps that made the local singlettrack what it was.

It wasn't all fun and games though. Mountain biking yielded hazards much in the same way operating a motor vehicle or riding a motorcycle do. Blind spots. Blind corners. Pedestrians, or trail runners, specifically. Other riders. And speaking of other riders...

"Whoa!" Ewan cried, leaning and swerving just in time, narrowly avoiding another rider who had neglected to make others aware of his presence as he was coming around a blind corner. The coyote depressed both brake levers to avoid a wipeout, coming to a stop on the trail and catching his balance with a cleated foot, snarling at the other rider who continued on without so much as an apology. Not that he would be able to hear anyone else anyway, as even his own chain slap would be thwarted by the seals his earbuds formed.

Ewan never listened to music while he rode, nor did he understand those who did. It wasn't so much that it dulled a rider's senses to his or her environment; to the coyote, it detracted from the experience itself. To Ewan, the whole point was to escape from a world dependent upon MP3 players, smartphones, and tablets. He was as guilty of their use as anyone was, after all, the convenience they yielded to everyday life was nice, but when one with nature, nature was the only soundtrack that he needed. It was an ensemble of birds chirping high in the trees. Wind rustling through the foliage. Cicada songs in the summer months, all accented only by the sound of chain and derailleur, and the percussion of twenty-nine inch wheels making mincemeat of tree roots.

With the wind at his face, Ewan relished in the sensory load and at the command of his thumb, the front derailleur seamlessly folded the chain onto the third chainring, the mechanical equivalent of a shot of nitrous oxide. Powerful legs took the bike to a higher velocity, and the coyote perched high upon the saddle smiled while foliage whipped past him. Ewan knew these trails like the back of his hand, and at the end of this straightaway was a banked helical drop that necessitated the use of centrifugal force to take the sharp curve at an adrenaline-inducing speed.

Well, perhaps not necessitated, but fun no less.

Click-clack went the shifter. A slight rattle accompanied the derailleur's handiwork as it tossed the chain back onto the second ring. Leveling out, he ducked and dodged a felled tree that a recent storm had decided should be there before leaning into the curve, that familiar rush of

adrenaline making his fur bristle. Riding that curve was never any different, but it never got old. Ewan savored the rush he got from feeling his aggressively-treaded tires dig into the dirt track. Hearing the same. Narrowly avoiding a whip-like cord of low-hanging foliage. Nearly crashing into some poor, human girl coming from the opposite direction.

Both riders were flung from their bikes in their effort to avoid a collision, the canine letting loose with a loud yelp once he hit the dirt. Grunting he struggled to all fours, cursing the other rider under his breath. Ewan performed a quick check to make sure that he was still in one piece, and confirming such, he stood up and turned to make sure that the other mountain biker was all right.

"Are you ok?" He asked, walking over to her and offering a hand, which she refused.

"Yeah, I'm good; just let me sit here for a second..." She said, wincing and gripping at the side of her knee with a gloved hand, imbibing in a drink from a water bottle with the other.

"Are you hurt? Let me see." Ewan urged, kneeling down next to her. Gripping her wrist gently, he moved her hand away to see skin raw and bleeding moderately, having been abraded by a felled tree sitting tangent to the earthen track.

"It's all right, I should be fine. I'm on my way back to the parking lot, anyway."

"Well, you've got quite a ways to go if you're going that way." Ewan warned, gesturing up the aforementioned curve with his head, "...did you come from the BMX Park?"

"Yeah." She replied, nodding.

"You took the left fork, didn't you?" He asked, grinning before turning and retrieving a small, black bag secured to the seat post on his bike, "...the left will take you back through here, and it's not really the best way to go. I mean, you can *do* it, but the right is easier, faster, and debatably more fun."

"Sounds like you know these trails pretty well. You sure come prepared, huh?" Asked the girl, watching as Ewan opened the black bag and removed from it some gauze, a small roll of tape, and a small bottle containing some antiseptic rinse.

"Well, you know what they say, an ounce of prevention..." He replied casually, trailing off while he prepared to dress the superficial wound. He figured he didn't need to finish such a well-known idiom anyway.

Ewan popped the cap off the top of the antiseptic after removing his helmet, and warning her that it would sting, he washed the skin clean, noting silently to himself that this was much easier to do on skin than fur, the latter of which was usually pretty good at buffering scratches and scrapes anyway. He didn't notice while she watched with casual interest at what he was doing – patting the wound dry, before applying some clean gauze to the area and taping over it to secure it. Just as quick as she had banged herself up, she was in riding shape once again.

"Thanks..." She said, flashing him a small smile, which he readily returned. Ewan thanked his lucky stars that he had fur; otherwise, she might have caught him blushing. He'd been so preoccupied with fixing her knee; he hadn't even noticed how pretty she actually was. Clearing his throat, he pulled his eyes from hers and stood back up, offering his hand once more. This time, she accepted.

"You should be good to go from here. You may need to walk the bike up this curve, though. There's one downed tree near the trailhead, but it doesn't sneak up on you or anything. Also, remember to call 'rider' when you're coming around a blind curve like that. It's not always necessary, I usually judge whether I need to do it or not by how many cars are in the parking lot." Ewan finished off his little lecture with some informal body language and tone of voice to make it sound more like friendly advice than a public service announcement. He was single, and she was cute. Thin at the waist, wide at the hips, red hair, fair complexion, big breasts; naturally, the motivation to act a little more suave than normal was present, but one can only be so debonair with sweat-matted hair, ridged comically by the helmet's padding.

"I'll make a note of that. Well, thanks again..." She said, pausing on the last word, about to address him by name before coming to realization that she didn't know it. "I'm sorry; I didn't catch your name."

"I'm Ewan Rickard."

"Hayley Schuler. Nice to meet you; by the way, can I pay you for your trouble? I feel like..."

"Don't worry about it. That's what it's there for, I don't mind helping out a fellow rider. Just try to get back to the parking lot in one piece, huh?" They laughed.

"I'll try."

Ewan stopped the awkward silence before it started, but what issued from his muzzle wasn't really that much better.

"Well, I'll see you on the trails, I guess."

"Yeah, I'll catch you around." She replied, her voice hinting at the fact that should he ask her for her number, she would readily have given it. Ewan smiled painfully at his own awkwardness, watching stealthily as she bent over to pick up her bike, marveling for a moment at how perfect her butt looked in the black, skin-tight bike shorts she wore. Wishing not to get caught, the coyote tore his eyes from the sight and mounted his own bike, tearing off into the woods to finish his ride.

She was still on his mind by the time he got back to the parking lot, an hour later. Ewan chastised himself for not having tried to take things a bit further. Perhaps he could have changed his route so as to bike the rest of the trails with her, or asked her for her number...but would it have been appropriate? Unlike marriage, courtship between humans and hybrids was not illegal, but was considered taboo in more conservative areas of the country. Generally, the younger generations were more tolerant, but the generation before them still made up the majority of lawmakers. He sighed. Oh well. No big loss. He would probably see her again at some point, but

for now, he would go home, pull off his sweaty shirt and bike shorts, shower, masturbate, eat, and probably surf the web for a while before going to bed.

Twenty-nine inch tires skidded to a halt on the hot asphalt of the parking lot. Ewan dismounted from his saddle and hauled the bike up onto the rack, where he secured it and slumped into the driver's seat of his car, only to see something pinned underneath his windshield wiper.

Ewan's stomach dropped when he realized what it was. Gleaming in the light of the setting sun was a small, two-inch square package, a circular impression centered in the foil. On a background of silver were bright, purple block letters spelling out 'K-9' and 'XL' just below it in smaller print.

He popped the door open and piled out of the car, snatching the packaged prophylactic out from under his windshield wiper and looking surreptitiously around the parking lot to see if he might be able to identify the prankster that would have placed such an item on his car. He pocketed the condom and with a suspicious expression, spurned even, re-entered his vehicle and shut the door.

"Waaauughhhh!"

Ewan screamed bloody murder upon turning, feeling the color drain from his face. Somewhere in the afterlife, Death scratched a year off of the coyote's lifespan, and a few hairs were sure to have gone grey. Next to him in the passenger seat, Hayley giggled while the canine's chest heaved with his eyes as wide as his bike's tires.

"You scared the shit out of me!" He exclaimed once his senses and his breath had returned to him, further amusing the female next to him.

"You don't say!" Countered Hayley, stifling her uproarious laughter as best as she could while Ewan fidgeted in the driver's seat, his hands seemingly unable to find a place where they were comfortable.

"Okay...okay, give me a second here. Holy...holy shit, hang on." Ewan bailed out of the car and promptly dropped to the asphalt where he attempted to expend his sudden burst of adrenaline by executing several push-ups in rapid succession, which only made the situation worse. Hayley howled with laughter in the passenger seat, her face red, her expression pained. Sufficiently calmed, the coyote rose and retook his seat behind the wheel.

"Want to tell me what's going on?" He demanded, not rudely, but certainly expecting a damn good answer. Hayley nodded and wiped a tear from her eye, getting the remainder of the mirth out of her system.

"You...aheh...you uh, you left that out there on the trail. Did that fall out of your first aid kit?"

Ewan's face flushed a bright red beneath his fur. One of the many advantages of being a hybrid. No less, his body language said enough. He was embarrassed, no doubt, but the look on

her face certainly took some of the sting away. What he expected to be a reaction of offense was instead one of mild amusement, and if he dared to say, curiosity.

“Are you testing me?”

“What do you mean?”

“I think you know where that came from. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have stuck it on my car like that!” Ewan countered, turning their confrontation into a game of wits.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about...” Hayley professed sarcastically, swooning. Ewan furrowed his brow bemusedly. Was she dropping hints? He was never very good at picking up on subtleties.

“Heh, like I said. An ounce of prevention...” He crooned, playing it cool.

“Yeah, I know right? You never know what you might run into on those trails, or, dare I say it? *Who*.” Hint dropping intensifies. Hayley shifted in the seat, leaning onto the center console and closer to the canine, who balked at the blatant suggestion. He would wake up any moment now, but for the moment, he decided to call her out.

“If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were coming onto me.” Attempt a sly grin. Fail, and look queasy and awkward. Funny, it only seemed to make the coyote that much more endearing to her.

“Well, I can’t help but be curious about what the whole ‘K-9’ thing is about...” She admitted, reaching over slowly and slipping a finger into his pocket, retrieving the package and bringing it up to her face, where she clenched it in between her teeth with a coy smile.

“Open it.” Ewan instructed, bold. Eyebrows raised for a moment in aloof abeyance, Hayley took the package from in between her pearly whites and tore it open, removing the condom and marveling silently at the girth to which it hinted. Slowly and seductively, she began to unroll it, noting that at first, it seemed strikingly similar to a regular contraceptive designed for use by humans. Then, about two thirds of the way down, the latex sleeve ballooned out to at least twice the size of the several inches that preceded it.

“For the knot, right?” Blue eyes filled with wanton lust flicked upward to meet the coyote’s whiskey-hued orbs. Gulping and breathing a silent sigh, he nodded. Between his legs, he could feel his sheath begin to swell, and in that moment, he was glad he hadn’t opted to wear form-fitting bike shorts.

“Yeah.”

“So...does that go in, too?”

“Usually, yeah.”

All it took was one spark to light the tinderbox that was Ewan's car at that point, and that spark just so happened to be Hayley biting slightly at her lower lip. Seeing that, the coyote inhaled sharply but silently, feeling his member slip free of his sheath, rapidly hardening in the padded shorts he wore as an undergarment.

"You fill this thing out?" She asked, her voice growing hushed, the length of the condom spanning the width of both of her hands. A droplet of sweat broke free of a pore on the coyote's head and rolled down his face as he nodded.

"Yep."

"Show me."

Ewan looked around, glancing around the parking lot, and while there was no one else present, it was still a risky move. Exposing oneself in public was not necessarily a good thing to do, especially in the vicinity of a park often frequented by children.

"Here?"

"Yeah. Right here. Come on, there's no one around." She urged, checking the lot herself, if only for the sake of the coyote's assurance. Finally, while suppressing apprehension as best as he could, Ewan reached down and unfastened his shorts while the human girl next to him watched, breath abated. Figuring there was no turning back, the coyote tugged his shorts down, listening to the gasp from his right as soon as his erection flopped out, glistening in the light from outside. Now it was Hayley's turn to be wide-eyed, and slack-jawed to boot. Ewan's dick threatened her with a good time, albeit a painful one, dripping slightly at the pointed tip.

"What do you think?" He asked of her reaction, not sure whether to feel amused or complimented. Usually, it took putting it in someone's mouth to render them speechless.

"Okay, not to suggest that I've seen a *lot* of dicks or anything, but that is definitely the biggest one I have ever seen. Congratulations." They shared a short laugh, and a nervous one at that.

"Uh, thanks."

"Um, feel free to say no to this, but...can I suck you off? I guess it's the least I can do, right?" She gestured to her bandaged knee with a wink. Talk about a bold question. Time to up the ante, the canine reasoned.

"That depends; can I go down on you afterwards?"

"Only if you'll throw me in the backseat and fuck me with that thing. Knot and all..." She breathed out, her eyes lidded, her face inches from the coyote's. Suddenly, the car sprang to life, and she jumped in fright at the noise and sudden whoosh of warm air from the vents. A cheeky grin split his muzzle, his thumb and forefinger pinching the key in the ignition. Sweet revenge.

“Deal.” He said, his low, rumbling voice quiet. For a second, the priming of a kiss took place, but before their mismatched lips could meet, Hayley dropped her head and immediately took his penis into her mouth, sucking and bobbing wantonly on the stiff length. Ewan felt every muscle in his body tense up at the sudden contact. There was no teasing, there was no licking, tip sucking, or hot breath tingling the sensitive flesh, there was only immediate and glorious fellatio. He wasn’t sure why he was surprised at how quick on the draw she’d been; with the speed of her advances, he certainly should have expected that this girl wanted a cock in her mouth. Needed would probably be a more appropriate term, considering her enthusiasm.

Hayley moaned around the thick member, the girth pushing the limit of how wide she was able to open her mouth, the length brimming on the requisition of deepthroating. She gripped just behind his knot with one hand, propping herself up on the center console with her forearm and elbow while keeping her hair brushed behind one ear with the other. Little details like that were what drove the coyote crazy, and he briefly debated holding her hair for her, thinking it the gentlemanly thing to do, but she seemed to be managing.

“Mmmmm...” Came another moan from around Ewan’s dick, sending smooth, gentle vibrations along its length. Rosy lips drew back into a pucker around the pointed tip, paying special attention to that for a short while before expanding back to the diameter required to suck him off. All the way down she went, until those perfect, plump lips were pressed right up against the chamfer where the coyote’s member expanded out into the orange-sized knot. Despite her best efforts, she couldn’t fit it in her mouth, and hoped the same would not apply once he was inside her.

Ewan felt himself pre-ejaculate, squirting thin spurts of his precum into her mouth, which she either swallowed immediately or didn’t notice. No, there was no way she couldn’t have; the coyote was rather leaky when it came to situations such as these. Reaching over, he slid his hands underneath her and cupped her perfectly round, firm, C-cup breasts, squeezing and fondling them and pinching her nipples through the dark grey sports bra, to which she reacted in a manner that only intensified the pleasure for both of them. Hayley popped her lips off the tip of Ewan’s cock with an audible pop, breathing heavily and watching the slick, red shaft twitch and squirt, dangling dangerously over the precipice of orgasm.

“In the back...” He said, and the both of them bailed out of the car. Ewan, ever the careful one, tugged his shorts back up over his erection to at least attempt to hide it, whereas his bold counterpart peeled off her tank top and sports bra right there in the parking lot. Hayley giggled at his shocked countenance, and then jogged with bouncing breasts over to the coyote, dropping to her knees and pulling his shorts down to his ankles. Before he could protest, she was sucking him off again, this time in broad daylight.

“Hayley! Shit, come on!”

“Oh, fine.”

Standing up, she pulled her tight, black bike shorts down and off, leaving her in nothing more than her shoes and a pair of lurid, pink and purple cotton boybrief panties. Ewan felt his dick get even harder. He didn’t think he could possibly be any stiffer than he already was, but

when his sensitive, canine nose caught the telltale musk of arousal wafting from between her legs, it nearly set him off right then and there.

Hastily, he ushered her into the backseat of his sedan, where bedroom eyes once again graced her gorgeous face. Drawing her knees up to her chest and spreading them wide for him, she wet her lips, almost wishing that he would simply skip the foreplay and plow that fat cock into her. Blocked from view by the open door, the coyote leaned into the car and buried his face between her legs, breathing in the scent that emanated from her loins. Hayley's panties were already efficaciously dampened with sweat from earlier activity, but it only added to the appeal of the musk that came from the crotch, where the fabric had been unequivocally soaked by her pussy. Olfactory senses satisfied, Ewan released his long, agile tongue, dragging it up the crotch of the fabric and tasting everything he'd just smelled. It was good, but needing a more potent fix, he grabbed the edge of her panties and pulled them aside, gazing momentarily at the hairless, tight, pink slit he would soon penetrate with his knot, but first, with his tongue.

Her head lolled backwards comically when he pushed that rough, thin tongue of his inside of her, pushing the lips apart and tasting her musk. Hayley's pussy tasted faintly sour, as sweat has a tendency to incur, but it did not detract at all from the ecstasy either of them derived from it. Ewan grunted slightly, working his tongue in and out of every fold of her vulva, lapping furiously at her clit and pushing as much of it inside of her as he could manage. Hayley bit her lip, squeezed her breasts, pinched her nipples, gripped the car seat, and generally writhed about as much as the confines of the vehicle would let her. Ewan's mouth began to ache. One hand pulling wet panties aside, the other pumping two fingers in and out, the coyote's skilled tongue mounted for a final assault, going berserk on her slit one more time. Luckily, it was all he needed to do to push the human over the edge. Hayley cried out as she began to cum, her starving pussy exploding with her juices, squirting them all over the canine's face and car seat. Ewan panted, his face dripping, and climbing further up into the car, he grabbed his penis by the base and rubbed the tip vertically in between her sensitive folds, chuckling a little.

"You want it?" He teased, eliciting a cute whine from the girl below him.

"Ngh...Don't tease me Ewan, just fuck me!"

"Tell me you need it..." He whispered hotly, mere inches from her face. Ewan noticed the condom sitting on the center console of the car in his periphery, and grabbing it, he prepared to slip it on.

"I need it...I need you inside me, please!" Hayley whined, squirming naked beneath him. Grinning, the coyote slipped the condom over the end of his cock and pulled it down, stretching the thin latex over his knot and making sure it was secure. Pulling her panties aside again and positioning himself at her entrance, he pushed, and his length slipped effortlessly into her, the feeling nearly sending him over the edge.

In all the way up to his knot, Ewan wasted no time in bringing himself to full throttle, bumping his knot into her entrance with each thrust. He didn't care much for condoms, but a better feeling wasn't worth contracting anything that the other person might have. Even if she did have herpes, he was already screwed anyway, but he paid it no mind. In fact, little else was on his mind other than the sleeve that was squeezing the life out of his cock at that very moment. Latex

or not, Hayley was tight, and that alone felt amazing. Ewan reached down and grabbed her by the hips, feeling the soft curves of her anatomy press against his palms. With an anchor point, the coyote picked up his pace, plunging his dick inside of her as hard as he could before drawing it out slowly and repeating, getting vociferous response every time.

Climbing further still into the car, the canine used his hips to part her legs, letting go of her panties once they had no chance to return to the original position of covering the human's entrance. No longer occupied with securing the integrity of physical interaction, clawed hands grabbed soft breasts, squeezing and playing with them while they bounced with each thrust of his hips. Hayley's nipples were hard, made stiff by the whirlwind of air conditioning, and were just begging to be sucked on, an unspoken request to which the coyote gladly obliged. He sealed his thin lips around the firm nub, sucking and flicking the tip of his blade-like tongue against it, the female rider nearly screaming as she started to cum once more.

Ewan had never actually had a girl cum *on* him before, but he had to admit, feeling her juices exploding all over his cock, balls, and inner thighs felt amazing, especially with her boob in his mouth. Bored with that after a minute or two, he decided he'd give her a taste of something that a human couldn't. Hayley shuddered hard and gasped when she felt his hot breath and his sharp, canine teeth poking at her neck. He didn't bite hard, just gentle nipping here and there, which only served to drive her crazy. As if having his girthy member pistoning in and out of her wasn't enough, he had to go in for one of the most widely-celebrated erogenous zones known to humans and hybrids alike.

"Let's switch..." Hayley suggested between heaving breaths, and obliging, Ewan rolled to the side, allowing her to clear the seat and climb on top of him once he was on his back, never breaking the seal formed between their genitals. Ewan usually liked to be on top, but he wasn't complaining, especially now that her breasts were hanging right there in his face. It was a well appreciated break, and taking his chance, the coyote took both breasts in his hands and one nipple in his mouth, and proceeded to suck and squeeze in tandem while the human girl rode his shaft like a hobby horse. She would pull it almost all the way out, before sinking back down onto it, the knot barely beginning to stretch her out slightly more. Letting go of her chest, he gave her nipple a rough lick and grabbed her by the hips, meeting her thrusts with his own.

After what felt like an eternity (and neither party was complaining), Ewan could start to feel his knot beginning to clear. With each powerful thrust of his hips, combined with Hayley's weight coming down on it, the swollen, condom-covered bulb came closer and closer to penetration. Both of them were growing tired, and with the last little bit of energy that he had, Ewan pushed hard up into her as she came down, eliciting a scream of mixed pain and pleasure from her as his knot popped in, locking his member inside of her. Slamming his hips up into her, the coyote worked what little of his cock he could, feeling his heavy balls slap against his taint, his orgasm creeping up on him. A few more, and just like that, it hit him. Ewan cut loose with a stifled yell and a soft, unintentionally-cute whine as he filled the condom with his hot, coyote spunk. Breathing heavily, Hayley collapsed down on top of him, her ample chest smashed up against his, their breath intermingling between their faces.

"That was...that was the most amazing sex I've ever had in my life..." She moaned, her head still swimming from the orgasms she'd had. Ewan was speechless, and mainly so for the reason that he was about ready to pass out. Every muscle in his body was on fire, and for several

seconds following his climax, he was pretty sure he was still ejaculating. His chest heaved against hers, fur matted with sweat. In the blowing wind of the air conditioner, he could feel her cum drying on his scrotum and thighs. That would be hell to wash out later, but it was more than worth it.

“Yeah...I needed that. It’s been a while for me. Thanks...”

“So, how long are we stuck like this?” She asked, looking down between her legs to see that they’d been tied.

“Couple minutes at best, I can usually make it deflate pretty quickly.”

And so he did. Eventually, after four tense minutes of hoping no one would show up in the parking lot, Ewan’s softening shaft slipped out of her pussy, the telltale sign of a good time apparent in the end of the condom. Hayley giggled when she saw it, and the coyote grinned and blushed in an odd mixture of abashment and pride. The amount of cum present would have easily filled a shot glass, maybe one and a half.

“I’d say you were pretty pent up, ever try masturbating? It works wonders, I hear.” Hayley said sardonically, winking at him, to which the coyote returned a roll of his eyes.

“Well, I hate to be brief in our encounter, but I do kind of need to get home...” Ewan said, feeling his confidence go flaccid along with his dick.

“Oh, yeah, me too. Hey uh...give me a call sometime? Maybe we could meet for coffee or dinner or something.”

“Yeah, sure. I’d like that.” He said, smiling. She smiled back, and gave him a quick peck on the lips before piling out of the car and collecting her clothes, throwing them back on haphazardly. With an aqua-hued gel pen, she penned her number on an old receipt and handed it to him with a smile.

“Thanks again for the bandage and the good time, Ewan. See you later?”

“You got it.” He said waving and watching warmly after her while she sauntered back to her car, those hips swaying all the while. After disposing of the condom, Ewan pulled his shorts back up and shut the rear door, climbing into the driver’s seat and finally managing to leave the parking lot. Third time’s the charm.

“Hey, hon.” Said Mom, her back to the door, Ewan creeping silently in and making a dash for the stairs so as not to be discovered – he surely still had her scent all over him.

“Hey, Mom.”

“Did you have a good ride?”

Oh yeah. Oh-h-h-h yeah.

“Yeah, it was all right. I’m going to jump in the shower. Don’t run any water down here, okay?”

Fwump.

A wet towel was tossed unceremoniously to the floor, and a naked coyote padded through his bedroom in search of clean underwear. A pair of grey boxer shorts passed the sniff test, and would soon find themselves about Ewan’s waist after a short pause taken by the canine twenty-something to gaze upon his reflection.

From the full-length mirror in his room, a queasy coyote stared back at him. Ewan wasn’t the most muscular type. Ectomorphic build, with gently sloping shoulders and halfway-decent muscle mass. Rich, hazel eyes and brown hair in a quiff cut, popularized by artists such as Morrissey and Macklemore. His flat stomach and chest had little definition, but then again, humans always had a leg up on hybrids when it came to that, as fur had a tendency to conceal. Not one to waste a chance to fondle his package, Ewan cupped his nicely-sized balls in one hand, and wrapped the other firmly around the base of his sheath, coaxing out the red, glistening tip of his cock. He relinquished his hold on his privates, realizing he wasn’t really in the mood to masturbate anyway.

Looking at the number, the coyote thought about his encounter earlier. How it crested to that point was beyond his wildest guess, but he had no complaints. If he played his cards right, he may just have a regular partner, even if it meant forgoing a relationship in light of the pair’s taboo nature. Some probably would have thought it reprehensible just for him to bandage her up on the trail.

Sitting up, he dressed, and returning to the garage, the coyote retrieved his first aid kit, having remembered that he needed to replenish his supply of gauze. Once inside, Ewan pulled down a larger box containing various first aid supplies, removing a liberal amount of gauze pads from it. He unzipped the black bag, placed in the gauze and just for good measure, picked up the bottle of antiseptic rinse and nearly dropped it in shock once he had.

There, beneath the bottle of antiseptic rinse, was a small, two-inch square package, a circular impression centered in the foil. On a background of silver were bright, purple block letters.