"Got anywhere else you have to be tonight?"

It had been a good dinner, not just in the quality of the food, but also in that of the conversation that accompanied it. Mr. Schuler's outward appearance was betrayed by his affable personality and his skills on the grill and in the kitchen, putting the coyote at ease. Were it not for Ewan's earlier escapade in the master bedroom of the spacious home, he may not have been half as anxious as he was, but he managed to play it cool all the way through a dinner of steak, baked potatoes, salad, vegetable skewers, and a dessert of southern hospitality at its finest – homemade peach cobbler.

"No."

Ewan followed Hayley into her bedroom upstairs, whereupon he was instructed by her to close the door. Suddenly, his nerves went awry again. While he wasn't exactly out to make her his wife, making a good impression on her folks still mattered to the coyote. If Hayley's parents were anything like his own, it would be rude to consort behind closed doors, even if the nature of their interaction would be strictly platonic. Then, he remembered what he'd done earlier, and pushed on the door, shutting it quietly.

The moment he turned around, he was greeted with a kiss, which he gladly returned. With her arms around his neck, Hayley guided him over to the bed and pulled him down on top of her. They deepened the kiss. Ewan moaned and laid his ears flat against his head. Fingernails combed his fur through his shirt, and tongues of differing textures tangled in one another's mouth. Hayley was bound to get hers too, it seemed. No matter, he figured. It wasn't as though he couldn't go one more round; it had been a few hours after all.

All five of Ewan's senses were going nuts as they made out on her bed, and his sheath responded in kind, swelling between his legs and relinquishing its hold on the thick, red dong contained within. It didn't take long, within minutes, the coyote's cock was straining hard against his shorts, and it was starting to hurt. Reaching down, he unbuttoned and unzipped them, letting his dick flop out onto her stomach, the soft texture of her vintage wash T-shirt on the underside of it tantalizing in and of itself. Hands wandered down his back, reaching the end of the shirt, where hot pink nails found themselves buried in dense fur. Inching further down, her hands elicited a surprised yip from the coyote when they took hold of his ass.

"You really are cute, you know that?" Hayley smiled. Ewan took the compliment with a huff. Not exactly the term he tried to be best described by, but he would take it. Inching downward on the bed, the coyote took the corner of her jeans in between his teeth and pulled, managing to the slide the button through with a soft pop. Unzipping them, he grabbed them by the waist and prepared to pull them off, but a sudden din stopped their fornication in its tracks.

"Is somebody Skyping you?" He asked, the two of them looking at the culprit - Hayley's laptop. Whoever it was, they must have been important, because the call suddenly took priority. She opened the laptop. Ewan pulled his shorts back up around his waist, sitting cross-legged on the bed with her and using the duvet to hide his bulging erection.

"It's Tony, my brother. Oh my God, I almost forgot, it's his birthday tomorrow!" She said happily, answering the call and waiting for the connection to establish. Once it did, Hayley squealed with delight and waved to a smiling young man in Army fatigues.

"Hi, sis!"

"Tony, oh my God! I was just thinking earlier how good it would be to hear from you, how've you been?"

"Oh, I've been good. It's been real boring around here lately, been doing a whole lot of nothing. How about you? Who's your friend?"

"Oh! Oh, yeah, this is Ewan. He's my workout buddy." Hayley said, making a tough face and flexing her biceps while the coyote waved sheepishly to the soldier on the screen.

"Nice to meet you. I'd shake your hand, but I'm in Afghanistan right now." The three of them laughed. Hayley and Tony resumed their conversation, the former answering the first question of how she had been lately while Ewan pretended not to listen. At that moment, the coyote's eyes drifted down to her midsection, where on her shirt was something that made his stomach drop. There, right in the middle of her shirt was a sizeable mark where his aching cock had drooled precum onto it, leaving a noticeable wet spot.

"Ewan?"

"Huh?"

"Tony was asking what kind of bike you have." Apparently, they had drifted into the subject of the coyote's favorite sport. Must have had something to do with them talking about how they had originally met.

"Oh, sorry! Must have zoned out there for a second. I ride a Specialized, a Rockhopper. It's a good bike; I've had it for a few years now. Do you ride?"

"I used to, I had a Cannondale for a while, but it got stolen. Just never really replaced it to be honest, I think I might do that when I get back though."

"Yeah, do that! Then we could all go together." Hayley suggested.

"I'll be counting down the days." Tony laughed. "I'm going to come home on leave for two weeks pretty soon, so I'll be looking forward to seeing you all. It really puts things in perspective to be over here, and not be able to enjoy the things you normally do. Like porn."

Everyone laughed, Ewan, a bit uncomfortably.

"Okay, get this – some of the higher-ups get wind of drugs getting passed around, some logistical bullshit that happened in the medical section. Stuff unaccounted for, right? So they order a shakedown of everyone's quarters to find it. They don't find any pills or anything, but they find porn aplenty. And they confiscated it!"

"Really? That's stupid." Hayley said repugnantly.

"Yeah, it's a little hard to jerk off when all you've got is your imagination."

Hayley shrugged.

"We were just about to fool around a little bit; maybe we could give you a show. Consider it a birthday gift." She said with a wink.

"Wait, what?" Ewan exclaimed, suddenly more vested in the conversation. Eyes wide, he looked back and forth a couple of times between soldier and sister, both of whom seemingly amused by his reaction to the highly unorthodox suggestion. They laughed.

"I'd be down." Tony said.

"Ewan, you'll have to get used to my family, Tony and I have seen each other naked more times than I care to remember. We're not nudists or anything; we're just of the mindset that the human body is nothing to be ashamed of. Especially yours..." Hayley said, running her fingers through the fur on Ewan's belly beneath his shirt and up to his chest where she dug her nails into the flesh underneath, making him squirm.

"I just...I dunno how I would feel about someone watching, especially your brother." Ewan continued to protest, gently pulling her hands away from his chest by the wrists.

"Dude, it's cool, I'm not going to kick your ass when I get home or anything, I'm totally cool with you guys fooling around. If you haven't figured out by now, we're a pretty hybrid-friendly family."

Yeah, I noticed, Ewan thought to himself. Sure enough, the idea made him a little uncomfortable, but only because of the blood relationship between Hayley and Tony. It seemed a little weird, and maybe it was. But define normal. If anything, the controversial relationship between Hayley and Ewan would be viewed as even stranger by many.

"So what do you say?" Hayley asked, turning the laptop to get a better view of the bed, where sat the nervous coyote, shirtless and afraid that video was being taken; video that would wind up on the internet for all to see, including his own family. Hey, it could happen. But Tony wouldn't do that to his own sister, would he? Unless Hayley was secretly in on it. Conspiracy theories were cut short by her initiation of the requested act, sliding her hands down his abs until she reached the hem of his shirt, Ewan reluctantly allowing her to pull it over his head. On the screen of the laptop, Tony folded his arms and leaned back in his chair, waiting for the show to start.

And start it did. Hayley gave a gentle push with both hands on the coyote's pecs, pushing him down to his back on the black, silken sheets. Quickly, she whisked off his shorts along with his underwear before he had time to react, leaving him completely naked in front of a complete stranger, the red tip of his penis playing peek-a-boo with his sheath. Ewan propped himself up on

his elbows and refused eye contact with the camera, looking only down at his recalcitrant manhood.

"Mm, what do you think about that, bro?" Hayley giggled, leaning down and grabbing the coyote by his package, gripping his sheath with one hand and cupping his balls with the other, the action producing more of the rosy-hued flesh from the fur that shrouded it. Tony's reaction was little more than a folded-arm shrug and an aloof expression, not entirely excited by male parts, but recognizing them as an integral part of straight porn anyway.

"I think he's a little nervous, he might need a little help getting it up. Wait'll you see this, he's pretty big." Hayley pulled Ewan's sheath back a little bit, exposing more of his cock before leaning down and sealing her lips around the tip and suckling teasingly on the little bit that was sticking out. Soft moans escaped the seal of her lips around the shaft as she gradually coaxed the whole thing out, servicing more and more of its impressive length with each passing second. By the time she had to come up for air, Ewan was fully hard. He was surprised there was enough blood left in the rest of his body to allow him to blush as hard as he was.

"Damn." Tony said, following up with a manly chuckle while Hayley went back to sucking Ewan's cock. It never got old for the coyote. Of all the girls he'd been with before, none of them had been as good in bed as she was. It continued to amaze him every time she was able to go all the way down to the knot, the warm, wet cavern of her mouth pure ecstasy. It was such that after a mere minute of this, the coyote was finally beginning to relax, putting a hand on the back of her head and running his fingers through her hair. Hayley came up for air again, and Ewan stood up with her, pressing his muzzle up against her lips, kissing her deeply while his cock, sandwiched between their bodies deposited a generous amount of precum onto her maroon, vintage wash shirt. Taking it by the hem, Ewan lifted it up and over her head, tossing it to the side before reaching down and unbuttoning her jeans.

"Oh, this is getting good." Tony said from the computer, but neither of them really noticed. It became less and less of a request, and more of the status quo that they had become used to over the past couple of weeks. Never breaking the kiss, Ewan inched her jeans down bit by bit, exposing her panties while she took care of her bra, deftly unhooking it from behind her back, letting the straps fall teasingly from her gently sloping shoulders. A taupe-furred hand slipped down the front of bright green panties, palpating the slit within and inching closer to penetration. The bra was cast aside, leaving her in no more than panties and jeans, the latter of which had been reduced to a wrinkled mess around mid-thigh.

"Why don't you get down there and eat it, puppy?" Hayley growled into his mouth.

"Puppy?"

"Puppy." She insisted, taking hold of his thin, canine lower lip with her teeth, pulling slightly at it and pushing the coyote down to his knees, where he drove his muzzle into her cotton-covered crotch, taking in the scent and feeling his head reel. If he hadn't already been hard, that alone would have cleared his sheath with a sonic crack. While Ewan busied himself with her crotch, Hayley pulled the screen of the laptop down slightly, so that the camera could get a good shot of the coyote down on his knees, his dripping, stiff dick standing out proudly from between his legs. Hayley felt her knees go weak at the command of his tongue, playing across the

damp fabric of her underwear. Had the thin, cotton barrier not been present as a buffer, the poor girl would not have been able to stand from the spine-tingling lashing her nether regions were receiving. She moaned audibly, running her hands through Ewan's brown hair, relishing in every attempt of his tongue to break through the cloth that was obscuring the desire within.

"Hang on a sec..." She breathed, pulling away from him ad retreating to a nearby closet, leaving the video feed full of a naked, horny canine. From off screen, Hayley appeared from the closet with a leather collar and matching leash in her hand, Ewan's consequent wide-eyed expression indicative of something wicked his way coming. Tony burst into laughter once the leather ring was swinging like a hypnotist's pocket watch in front of the coyote's face, threatening him with a good time.

"I've been waiting for a good time to use this. Now's as good a time as any, I suppose. Now be still for me...now, that's a good boy..." She cooed, securing the leather band around Ewan's neck, giving the leash a few firm tugs to bring him up from his knees, guiding him to the bed where he was then ordered to get on all fours. It was one thing to be subservient to a dominatrix, but it was quite another to have her brother watching the entire time. It seemed though, the more into they got, the less it mattered to him. *Maybe this is what it's like to do porn*, Ewan thought, feeling the pressure against his neck. One hand gripping the leash, the other down the front of her panties, Hayley removed a moistened couple of fingers, showing them to the camera before bringing them around to the coyote's face; just close enough to smell, not close enough to lick, but he was going to try his damndest.

"Ah ah ahh..." Teased Hayley, removing the hand and listening to the consequent whine. It was quickly quelled by her hand wrapped gingerly around his dangling member, dripping his precum onto the sheets.

"If only you could smell him..." She said to the camera, receiving yet another apathetic reaction, expected from someone who wasn't into the way that guys smell. Tony's interpretation of the comment was likely along the lines of a cologne or body spray, but Hayley's pleasure was derived from something far more primal. The musk that emanated from his loins was nearly overpowering, to the point of making her head swim when she inhaled it. It had been a good twelve hours since the coyote had showered last, and within those twelve hours had been an eleven mile bike ride, and a romp that he'd hoped would remain secret. Suddenly, he was struck with panic. Would it be obvious what he'd done only hours earlier? Ewan could only hope the virility of his erection would make it seem as though he hadn't gotten any in a few days, but the smell was certainly there. His nose could pick it up, but he wasn't sure about hers.

Hayley pushed her fair face in between his cheeks, abruptly bringing the coyote's train of thought to a grinding halt. With her nose pressed firmly against his perineum, one hand around his cock, the other cupping his balls, she took in as much of the intoxicating scent as she could. Her tongue descended to lick slowly at the fuzzy underside of his scrotum, working its way up his taint and stopping just short of his tailhole, making him whine with each caress of the wet, fleshy organ. Tony could be heard chuckling from the nearby computer.

"How's it smell back there, sis?" He chuckled, shifting a little in his seat. Expressions said more than words could hope to. Ewan's mouth was slightly open, just short of panting, and his eyes were half-lidded, attesting to the feeling he got every time he felt her tongue work its magic

back there. Hayley didn't even bother to answer, let alone stop what she was doing, which was working her way up to his tailhole, which she serviced with her tongue in a circular motion, her hands working in perfect coordination to make sure his cock and balls were tended to. It only lasted a minute or two, but to the coyote, it felt like forever. His haze of ecstasy was suddenly cut short by the collar being tugged tight against his neck from behind – he hadn't even realized she'd let go of his junk. One hand gripping the leash, the other hand gripping the waistband of her underwear, she worked them down her legs until they were far enough down that she could simply kick them off, revealing her slippery sex, rendered devoid of hair by her razor.

"Oh, that's just what I needed, to be reminded of the fact I haven't had the chance to shave my junk for like eight months. It's a fucking jungle down there." Tony grumbled. Hayley laughed. Ewan just shook his head bemusedly, never taking his eyes of the sheets underneath him. Taking her soaked panties, Hayley wadded them up into a ball in her hand and waved it underneath the coyote's nose, going as far as to push the damp cloth up against his snout and into his mouth when he opened it. Her panties weren't nearly large enough to gag him, but that was the intent anyway. Ewan played along. Facing away from him, on her back, with her head between his thighs and the leash pulled taut, Hayley stared wantonly up at the thick, red shaft hanging just out of reach, the pointed tip brushing against her lips and smearing his precum across them.

"Down, puppy."

Getting the idea, Ewan lowered his hips slightly, allowing Hayley to engulf his member with her waiting mouth. She moaned to the soundtrack of his panting, her mouth packed full with each gentle thrust he gave into it. There was a wet 'pop' when she pulled off for air, a generous stream of saliva and pre connecting the tip of his cock to her lower lip. It was a messy soiree, but a hot one for all involved. The oral phase didn't last very long, as neither would Ewan. Hayley could no longer stand the absence of a man inside of her, so she figured live-action show or not, she was going to get what she wanted. She left his aching dick a hot, slippery mess and slid out from underneath him, never letting go of the leash. Forgoing the saunter and sashay normally associated with porn of the late night TV variety, she clambered onto all fours on the bed and tugged on the leash a couple of times to signal what she wanted.

As if she actually needed to.

Ewan got up onto his knees behind her, being pulled forward by the leash, which Hayley was holding over her right shoulder like a laundry bag, the other hand planted firmly into the mattress. Puppy play, the coyote figured, was no excuse for passing up a good chance to drive her crazy with a little bit of teasing. Pulling her panties out of his mouth and grinning over his shoulder at Tony, he placed one hand on her hip, and gripping the base of his shaft with the other, he ran the tip up and down her dripping slit, giving her the conservative amount of half an inch of his manhood.

"Ngh...fuck...be a good puppy and put it in already..." She whined while trying her best to pull forward on the leash, hoping that would result in penetration. It came soon enough however, for without a word of warning; the coyote pushed his stiff dick into her all the way up to the knot with such force the knot itself nearly popped in. No time was wasted. Ewan immediately began thrusting into her with reckless abandon, listening to her moan, listening to the bed under them squeak, and all the while completely forgetting that Tony was watching. Smooth as silk, his

manhood slid effortlessly in and out of her with each push of his hips, muscled and powerful from years of powering a mountain bike around the local singletrack. Every squeeze of her tight, smooth canal nearly pushed him over the edge. He could feel the stickiness of her ejaculate on his balls, which as usual, were along for the ride and doing their fair share of the work – slapping against her clitoris like a wrecking ball. It was almost too good to end, but their fun wasn't over yet. Hayley simply figured that a change of position would keep things from getting repetitive for both them and the viewer.

Moving forward slightly, Hayley unsheathed Ewan's cock from her dripping pussy, rolling over and pushing him down onto the bed. She straddled his hips and with one hand holding fast to the strip of leather that made him her bitch, she used the other hand to hold his throbbing member upright, pointing his loaded gun of a dick right at her sopping wet entrance. She then lowered herself onto it, letting fly with an audible moan the instant that his tip started to part her sensitive folds. Bit by bit, the girthy, red shaft disappeared into her loins, and once it had been rendered out of sight, it quickly reappeared over and over again as she started to roll her hips up and down. Hayley's perfect ass bumped against the coyote's thighs each time, and his knot bumped up against her, threatening to penetrate at any moment. Ewan, hot and bothered to an unprecedented degree was threatening to blow his load inside her. Just watching her bare breasts bounce in tandem with the rest of her was mesmerizing. His eyes followed those perfectly round, pink nipples, undulating happily while he matched her thrusts, now trying to drive his knot straight up into her. It was a slapdash scene. Her hair until recently clean and sleek was now disheveled and unkempt. The fur around Ewan's crotch was matted to his skin with ejaculate, as was the fur on his forehead and back with sweat. The scent was overpowering. He grunted as he felt his knot slip into her, and back out again, not yet ready to tie her, but it would happen very soon.

"Hayley..." He grunted, his hands gripping her thighs. He couldn't get the words out for the life of him, but his face said everything. His eyes were glued shut, and his bottom lip was entrapped by his teeth. It was seconds away, and they passed fleetingly as the coyote drove his knot up into her and held it there, feeling it swell even further inside, locking their bodies together on the bed.

"Ah!" Ewan cried out, releasing his lip and tossing his head back, his mouth agape, his tongue lolling out as he panted and climaxed, releasing inside of her and filling her with his seed. Hayley dropped the leash and fell forward, her hands catching her on the mattress. She shared a similar facial expression, moaning softly with each twitch of the rod sheathed within her. A moment passed, and the panting was reduced to labored breathing, while the two of them simply stared at one another, goofy grins being shared. Suddenly, they remembered that they had an audience. They looked over at a bemused Tony.

"Well, was that what you wanted?" Hayley asked between breaths, brushing her hair behind her ear and laughing a little.

"That's what I needed..." Tony corrected, "...in fact, I think that's what we all needed."

"You can say that again. I've been pent up all day, and this goober didn't even get the hint earlier today when I said I was going to take a shower!" She teased, poking him in the chest and giggling as he laid his ears down in shame.

"I'll remember that next time, I promise..." He said, playing it cool, "...I think it's about ready to pop out, you might want to grab a towel or something, this'll work I guess." He finished, grabbing her panties from nearby. Together, they worked to pull his knot free from her vagina, and when it finally cleared, the deluge of cum that spilled forth was too much for the simple pair of panties. They were quickly soaked, and it wound up all over him. They all groaned in amusement as the discharge continued to make a mess on the bed, but it could always be cleaned. Ewan looked at himself.

"Well, I'm going to go take a shower, you want to join me?"

She pecked him on the lips.

"Yes. But first, let's sing happy birthday to Tony, I don't know if he'll be able to get online tomorrow, so better early than late, right?"

Ewan agreed, and together, they began a raucous duet of 'Happy Birthday'. Ewan and Hayley swung their fists as though they were holding large steins of beer, and with every passing word, Tony's smile grew bigger and bigger. By the time they had made it two lines into the song, Tony was beginning to push the screen of his laptop forward, the camera now facing a large, flat-screen TV where the two of them were shown naked and singing. Seeing themselves on the television made them slightly apprehensive, but they continued anyway with less fervor. Tony was probably just in his barracks room, and had forgotten to disconnect the HDMI cable or something. The third line came, and when it came time for the fourth, neither of them were prepared for what they saw next.

"Happy birthday, dear Tonyyyyy..."

"HAPPY BIIIIRTH-DAYYYYY TOOOOO YOOOOOOUUUUUUUU!" Came a chorus of what sounded like hundreds of voices singing the last line of the song, and as sure as Ewan was about to faint, the laptop was spun around to reveal an entire company of soldiers seated in the dining facility, ringing out in harmony. It was a spectacular display, mouths open in song, some with their arms outstretched. It was one line, but it felt like one million. With the closure of the song, the dining facility erupted into applause, and the laptop was turned again to face a beaming Tony.

"I *told* you I would get you back for texting my dick pics to my friends back in senior year! I know it's been a while since then, but revenge is a dish best served cold, they say." Tony said proudly as the applause finally began to die. Hayley wasn't sure if she should be enraged or impressed with how well orchestrated his plan had been.

"Maybe if you hadn't sent it to me first, I wouldn't have!" She countered, laughing.

Ewan's jaw nearly hit the floor.

Hayley shoved her panties into his mouth.