

Your Wildest Dreams

The house at the very end of the cul-de-sac always impressed Alan whenever he was over to visit. Large and stately, it was a veritable manor. That the houses all around it were equally massive and expensive hardly made a difference. He'd never seen inside those houses.

As the slight little fox shouldered his backpack and glanced back up the road, he couldn't shake the ever-persistent feeling that he didn't belong. His jeans had one knee ripped open from a fall (but that was all the fashion now, right?) and the red shirt he wore had begun to fade from over-use and repeated washing. He was a middle-class fox in an upper-class street.

Of course, with the school year just about done and high school almost a bittersweet memory in the hot summer wind, he didn't know just how many more times he'd get to see that opulent house from the inside. Alan made his way to it, shouldering his pack into a more comfortable position as he started up the driveway. Nervous looks to the houses on either side of his destination showed no glares from the neighbors, but his ears flattened and his stride quickened all the same.

The front door was open before he'd even arrived. There in the doorway was Vince, with that familiar little smile on his muzzle. The equally-raggedly dressed – at least for that street, anyway – raccoon leaned against the doorway as Alan approached and his smile began to widen. "I was starting to wonder if you had trouble finding the place."

"Dad wanted to make sure I had everything for the weekend," Alan replied as he stepped up onto the porch. No sooner was he there than Vince wrapped him up in a tight hug, and Alan sighed as he melted into the embrace.

He could feel Vince smile as he gave the fox a tight squeeze. "He still thinks I'm driving us out to camp with the others?"

"Yeah." Both of Alan's ears tipped back. "I don't like lying to him, but... well, since I told him I like guys, well-"

"He doesn't like you hanging out with guys one-on-one?" Vince finished for him as he disengaged from the hug and began to draw Alan inside. "You'd think he'd make an exception for me. We've been best friends for, what, twelve years?"

Alan nodded as he nudged the door closed behind him with a footpaw. No sense letting the hot air in. "And *together* for only one," he pointed out as he was led into the kitchen. "Your parents still don't know, do they?"

At that Vince could only laugh as he all but danced over to the fridge. He remained silent as he pulled it open and withdrew a couple cans of soda and lobbed one over to Alan. "Pretty sure all their hopes and dreams for me would be nicely dashed if they found out," he chuckled as he pulled the ring on the can. "Can you imagine mom's reaction?"

Alan had to laugh at that, and his voice took on an exaggeration of Vince's mother's shrill tones. "Why, I never! Not in *my* house, Vincent! There has never been a single gay president in the country's history, and you are *not* about to be the first!"

The mockery launched both Alan and Vince into raucous laughter for few moments, but it wasn't until Vince fell silent that Alan began to frown. One ear tipped back as he cocked his head to the side. "Something wrong?" he asked.

Vince's eyes were fixed to the soda can for a moment before he looked up again, and then the smile was back and everything on his face seemed fine. "Not when you're around!" he replied, and nodded toward the massive living room. "C'mon! You like Star Wars, right? Got a new game last week you'll like. Episode One: Racer! You're gonna love it way more than the movie, I promise!"

Even as Alan's ears perked up at the mention of Star Wars, he couldn't help a little concern showing on his face. He was glad Vince had turned away to dash into the living room. Something was wrong. He could see it on Vince's face, but Vince wasn't ready to talk about it.

It was the end of their last year of high school, and they should have been happy. There were a million things that could have gone wrong; concerns that gripped at Alan and made the joy of this weekend with his best friend melt under the threat of something terrible.

He tried to shake it off as he followed Vince into the living room, but it just clung to the fox all the tighter.

True to Vince's word, the game he'd bought was indeed far, far better than the movie they'd gone to see only a few weeks earlier. That wasn't a huge task, of course; Alan had been thoroughly disgusted by the contrast between the movies he'd grown up loving and this new, as he put it 'computer-generated trash' even while Vince had tried to defend it.

They'd spent the better part of the afternoon and well into the night just playing that one game, until thumbs were sore from working analogue sticks and backs were cramped from hunching forward toward the TV.

When they'd finally realized the time and their need for food, a quick call had seen to the delivery of a couple of pizzas and drinks, courtesy of money Vince's father had left for him. They'd sat on the couch in the living room as they ate and drank, watching a far, far better Star Wars movie than they'd last viewed together.

The whole time, Alan had been having fun. He'd enjoyed Vince's company just the way he always had. He'd trembled with every time the taller raccoon had distracted him with a kiss to his cheek as they'd race in the game. He'd almost jumped clear out of his fur when Vince had groped his backside when Alan had answered the door to collect the pizzas. He'd even enjoyed their argument on *The Phantom Menace's* merits (or lack thereof, as he'd reinforced time and again).

But through it all, that niggling sense of *wrongness* still persisted. Everything that they did and said and enjoyed carried some unseen concern. It was written all over Vince's face when he wasn't distracted. When the game wasn't demanding his full attention, or when they were curled up together on the couch, or when they were stretching out on the floor after finally sitting up after five straight hours of gaming, there was something in his eyes. Something worried. Something desperate.

It wasn't until the vast array of pillows had been sorted and structured into something almost but not quite resembling a fort – something they'd not done in about six years – that Alan grew frustrated with the strange looks and stranger behavior. "You gonna tell me what's up?" he asked with a smirk.

Vince looked like he'd been delivered an electric shock as he lifted his head. His ears twitched as he frowned slightly. "I can't get the TV in view for both of us," he grumbled as he started to adjust the pillows nearest it again. "I thought I could set it up right, but–"

"I meant you, stupid," Alan drawled back as he reached over to yank the pillow out of Vince's paws. He tossed it over their fort and to the couch, narrowly missing the western wall of their fort with the throw. "You've been off all night. C'mon! We're here to have fun, aren't we? Why aren't you having any?"

The raccoon looked indignant. "I had plenty of fun tonight, actually."

"Sure." Alan affected an overly mopey expression as he drooped his ears and shoulders. "'Oooh, look at me, I'm Vincent and I'm having a *great* time.' You know you *can* tell me what's wrong, right?"

Even as Vince continued to fidget, he glanced up and held Alan's gaze for the longest stretch since the fox had entered his home. "Does it have to be something wrong?" he asked with a frown. "Can't I just be thinking about something? Or a lot of somethings?"

"Not with that empty head of yours," Alan replied with a grin. It slipped as Vince failed to even smile, and the fox sighed as he reached out again to squeeze one of the raccoon's twitchy paws. "Please? Tell me what you're thinking?"

The kiss, of course, was *not* something that Alan had expected. It came on suddenly, and Vince moved with such surprising quickness that Alan nearly fell backward and away from him. It took him a moment to even realize what had happened, but by that time the raccoon's arms were around him too and pulling away wasn't an option.

Not that he was all that interested in it. Time alone was at a premium at the best of times, and it surprised Alan that they'd even waited that long for something so intimate. His question was abandoned as he leaned up and into his boyfriend's embrace and pushed back up into his kiss.

They stay there for what felt like hours before Vince pulled back with a sheepish little smile. He shrugged as he glanced away from Alan for a moment before he finally said, "Sorry, I... figured I'd show you instead of tell you."

Alan tipped his ears back to hide the red flush in them as he smiled wide. "We do that all the time already," he teased with a wink. "There's nothing new to show me there."

"Well, that's not... *all* I wanna do," Vince mumbled. He still seemed to lack the courage to actually speak up.

It wasn't like Alan didn't know what he meant, and a tingle of anticipation raced through his body. It settled in his sheath, thickening it with his hardening shaft. "Well, what else do you wanna do?" Alan asked as his grin grew. "Play more games? Rebuild the fort? Get some sleep?"

"Mount you up?" the raccoon offered, and there was no mistaking the nervousness in the sudden offer.

It shut Alan up right away. They'd joked about it before, of course, but neither one of them had done much of anything with one another. They'd seen each other naked, of course, but all they'd dared do together was a little jerking each other off. Never anything more, and not out of a lack of desire. Circumstances just prevented them every time they really got into it.

But right there and then, with no one else able to interrupt them or catch them out, it seemed like the perfect time to the fox. It must have been why Vince had brought it up and why he'd been so nervous all night; he'd been building up the nerve to ask him just that. "Oh? And why wouldn't I mount *you* up?" Alan countered, still grinning wide.

There was only so far he could tease Vince before the raccoon would shut down. Alan knew this from experience. He was rapidly approaching that point as Vince started to skitter back from him. "I mean, we can, but you always said--"

"I'd love to," Alan replied, and that shiver of anticipation turned into something else. He was committed now. He'd said yes. The way Vince's eyes lit up left no more room for waiting. They were really going to do it.

But the nervous little raccoon didn't even seem to be capable of moving, let alone doing anything. Alan sighed as he crawled over to his boyfriend and reached out to unbutton his pants. For a second it almost looked like the raccoon was about to try and stop him, but the stroke of a fingertip against the bulge in his jeans was enough to shut him up. Well, shut him up save for that little moan.

If he wasn't going to do anything, Alan was more than happy to take charge. His own paws shook in spite of his excitement as he began to awkwardly work the raccoon's pants down, and he was honestly surprised to see a complete lack of underwear on his

stiffening boyfriend. A glance up showed a sheepish expression on the raccoon's face. "You planned this, didn't you?" he accused Vince.

"I didn't *know* you'd go for it," he replied with a little giggle. Between his legs, his shaft continued to slide out of his sheath. "I mean, I hoped, but I didn't- *ooohh...*"

The words faded away into that moan as Alan's muzzle shot down to lick slowly along the underside of Vince's shaft. He didn't know what he'd expected from the taste – it definitely wasn't anything like the stories he'd been told or what he'd overheard some of the more 'popular' girls from school talk about – but it wasn't as bad as he'd feared, either. Vince's response to the new feeling was to hump upward along that tongue, so that was all the encouragement that the fox needed.

A look of intense concentration spread across Alan's face as he placed both paws on Vince's legs and spread them just a little wider. His head lifted for a moment only to sink back down again, taking the first few inches of the raccoon's length into his muzzle. Vince's gasp was all the assent he needed, and Alan began to smile around his boyfriend's shaft as he awkwardly started to move his muzzle over it.

He didn't really know what he was doing, but it didn't seem to matter. The moment both of Vince's paws came down to push at the top of his head, Alan felt a little thrill run through him. It helped guide him further down the raccoon's shaft, and his tongue ran up and down along the side of it as he twisted his muzzle around.

If Alan hadn't quite expected the taste of Vince's shaft in his muzzle, he at least was better prepared for the taste of pre. It spilled across his tongue, similar to the taste of his own but distinct in its own way. The fox closed his eyes as he ran his wetted tongue up over the tip of Vince's length, gathering still more pre and slathering it across every inch trapped between his lips. All the while he hastily unzipped his own jeans, awkwardly pulling them down and kicking them off.

He'd barely begun before he felt a rough tug on his ears that pulled him up and off Vince's shaft entirely. Alan coughed as a spurt of pre caught in his throat before he was freed from his boyfriend's grasp, and he shook his head as he looked up. "What're you-"

"Gotta stop," Vince breathlessly replied. A glance down showed Alan what the raccoon meant; his shaft was fully hard, drooling constantly and throbbing so hard it looked like it was about to pop off his body. "Was... oh *God...* how'd you do that?"

Alan blinked as he grinned wide. The praise felt good. "You liked it?" he asked, one ear perked as his tail twitched from side to side. Between his legs, his own shaft rested just as hard. Even though it had been completely neglected, it didn't seem to care. Alan wasn't sure he did, either.

Vince could only nod vigorously, though it changed to shaking his head as he slumped backward and continued to pant for breath. "I don't know if I even *can* mount you. I might pop the moment I get in you!"

The fox wasn't sure he minded that either, but Vince had a point. If they were going to actually get to any of the big stuff, the raccoon needed a moment to catch his breath. An idle paw wandered down to Alan's shaft and he gave it a sympathetic little squeeze as he murred quietly to himself. It felt good, but not as good when he'd had Vince's length in his muzzle. He could only imagine how much better things would feel when they got to the main event. "Wanna give it a try yourself?" he asked as he spread his own legs a bit.

That seemed to wake Vince up. He sat up quickly and looked over at the fox's length, dripping pre onto one of the pillows and began to crawl toward it. "How'd you do what you did?" he asked as he reached out to stroke a finger across the fox's tip.

Pleasure tingled outward from the contact as Alan simply shrugged. "I dunno," he admitted as he grinned. Beneath him, Vince began to take a proper hold of his length and

give it a couple careful little pumps. "Just... did what I thought'd feel good to me, and you seemed to like it."

None of those thoughts were able to prepare Alan for the feel of lips against his own tip. It was amazing, but that all paled in comparison to what was to happen a moment later. When those lips parted and the raccoon's warm, wet muzzle began to slide down along his length, it was beyond description. It didn't matter that he didn't do nearly as much moving as the fox did, and didn't use his tongue as much.

It didn't even register to Alan that he was moaning and panting until he glanced down at saw a curious look up at him from Vince. That view of his boyfriend's face serving as a frame around his throbbing shaft was something he never entirely thought he'd see. It was brilliant, but it was just the capstone to the feelings that were rushing through him. He'd expected to be the one giving head at some point, sure, but he didn't expect that Vince would actually just dive in the way he had.

It wasn't going to last nearly as long as his own first attempt had. He could already feel a little reluctance run through Vince as he started to awkwardly bob his head and slurp at the fox's shaft in imitation of what had been done to him moments before. There was no smoothness to his motions though, and a moment he popped up and off Alan's length with a frown and made a gagging face. "I don't know how you did it," he muttered as he licked at his lips. "It's... it tastes so weird..."

"I kinda liked it," Alan admitted as he leaned forward to lick after the raccoon's tongue. His boyfriend's familiar taste mingled with that of his own length, and Alan felt another shiver run through him. Cock, he decided, really *was* fun. If there was any doubt left in his mind about his attraction to other males, it was gone.

Vince just laughed quietly as he leaned in against Alan and wrapped him up in a tight hug. "Of course you did, you *fox*," he teased with a grin. "Wanna see what else you like?"

The suggestion alone caused Alan's shaft to twitch, and it spurted a short stream of pre against Vince's leg as the fox began to blush again. "You don't even have to ask," he replied, and he began to roll over and onto his belly. He was careful not to crush his own shaft against the ground, but the pillows provided a delicious bit of friction to work against as he waggled his rump at Vince.

It barely took a second for the raccoon to position himself up behind Alan and guide the tip of his shaft between those fuzzy cheeks. Even as Alan spread his legs a little wider to give him more room, Vince reached back to his pants and pulled from it the little bottle of lube that had been part of his preparation for the evening. He upended its contents into his paw and began to run it over the full length of his shaft. "How, uh... how much do you think I need?" he asked.

The question caused Alan to glance back up over his shoulder and notice the bottle for the first time. His blush only grew hotter as the realization hit him. He was about to do it. Vince was going to be in him. He was going to be mounted and filled for the first time, and he could barely keep the smile from his muzzle. "I think you've got plenty there," he finally replied, and a giggle slipped out before he could contain it.

It didn't do anything to inhibit the raccoon, however. He just smiled back and stroked one slicked finger between the fox's cheeks as he took a hold of the base of his shaft again. "You ready?" he asked, and barely waited for Alan's nod before he pushed inward.

And missed.

The head of his shaft rubbed through fur and flesh with no yield, and Vince scowled down at the fox-butt before him. He wriggled his hips a little and gave another push, but nothing. "Huh. Maybe you're too tight."

Alan blinked and began to laugh as he reached back. A single fingertip found what Vince had not, and he grinned as he reached back to try and take the raccoon's shaft into his grip. "No, you're too low. Here. Let me."

But Vince lightly batted the paw away and shook his head. "No, no! I got this. I can do this! Just... there?" His shaft shifted slightly as it pressed inward again.

Still it didn't quite make its mark. Alan had to pull his paw back to help cover his muzzle to keep himself from laughing. It didn't do a very good job of it, because Vince gave his backside a firm swat after a couple of seconds. "Shut up! It's not as easy as porn makes it look!"

"Maybe it is and you're just bad at it!" Alan countered as he wriggled himself back. If he could just shift down a little further, then...

There.

It all happened suddenly. The fox's wriggling brought Vince's shaft into alignment just as the raccoon began another frustration-fueled thrust. It hit its mark thanks to Alan's intervention, and the pair gasped as Vince sank all the way down inside that tight, virgin hole. The raccoon's was a moan of pleasure, while Alan's cry was one of surprise mixed with pain. He clenched up around that intruding length of flesh as his claws tore apart two of the pillows beneath him.

Vince at least had the decency to stop moving the moment he realized what had happened. He panted through a couple of unintelligible words before he managed to finally say, "Oh, God! I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Are you alright? Should I-"

"Please... don't... move," hissed Alan back from behind clenched teeth. His ears lay flat as he squeezed his eyes shut and forced himself to relax as best he could around the raccoon's shaft. It didn't feel that big when it was in his muzzle, but now that it was stretching out his untouched backside it may as well have been a brick.

Thankfully, Vince didn't move a muscle. He followed the instruction given without a moment's regret or hesitation, though he was still not the one who had to deal with the intense feelings radiating outward. Alan had to shiver and twitch as his body slowly adjusted to the shaft that had bottomed out inside him. He squirmed this way and that, and prayed to anyone who was there that nothing had been torn.

However, his wriggling did something more. It helped to grind that embedded length of flesh against his insides. It brought it around inside him and, with one little wriggle, Alan gave a sharp gasp as the pain he felt was suddenly overcome by a momentary spike of pleasure. His malehood twitched in response, and he squirmed back against Vince's hips again as he tried to repeat the feeling.

It came again almost out of nowhere, and all of a sudden all of Alan's wondering about how anyone could enjoy such an act were replaced with complete understanding. "Oh," he mumbled to himself as he wriggled back again. And again. And again. "I... ooohhh..."

Vince, for his part, still seemed terrified of moving. He squeezed tightly at Alan's wriggling hips as the fox worked himself back against the raccoon's length, blushing intensely from the squeezing passage wrapped around his shaft. "Are... I mean... are you okay?" he asked.

"I think I'm *better* than okay..." Alan panted. He gave an experimental squeeze down, and grinned as he felt as much as heard the gasp from Vince. The raccoon's hips twitched in the shortest little thrust, so small that Alan could be forgiven for thinking he'd just ground against the fox's backside. "You've... oh, you've *gotta* try this."

The raccoon began to smile, sagging slightly as his concern melted away in the face of how just damn good the fox felt wrapped around him. "Later," he agreed as he wriggled his own hips, and his grin broadened considerably as he felt Alan squeeze back at him in response. "Can... I mean, can I...?"

Alan's nod came quickly and without regret. The first slow, little thrust that Vince gave rocked the fox's body down against the pillows, and for a moment Alan could feel a spike once more in pain as his body was forced to shift around the raccoon's shaft. With the second thrust, the pain began to fade.

By the third, everything Alan felt was *amazing*. He arched his back and began to push back against the raccoon's hips, awkwardly trying to gain a little more force but only succeeding in throwing off Vince's rhythm. It didn't matter to him in the slightest, and it didn't seem to be affecting Vince, either. Moans echoed off the walls as they moved against one another, tried to move with each other and, finally, worked in tandem.

Alan figured it out quickly enough. The fox let Vince move at his own pace, using his grip on Alan's rump to help move him with his thrusts. Rather than push back, Alan began to wriggle in place to help grind the raccoon's shaft against his prostate, shooting pleasure right up through him and leaving him to drool onto the pillows. He could do little more than lay there, squirming under Vince as the raccoon began to pound away.

The fox jammed his paw down under the pillow for his shaft, only able to brush against it as he heard his boyfriend moaning and grunting with effort behind him, and his voice joined Vince's as he started to hump down against the pillows. Everything felt more sensitive, and every sense seemed heightened. Every time he felt Vince's shaft grind along his prostate, Alan saw stars. He'd already spilled enough pre on the pillows directly under himself to effectively ruin them before they could be washed, but he didn't care. Every thrust Vince made just pushed his shaft down between them, so it was the raccoon's own damn fault anyway.

Not like Alan cared whose fault it was. He could feel Vince's fingertips digging into his hips with growing eagerness as the raccoon began to really jackhammer at his backside. The little spikes of pain began to return, but they only served to help heighten the pleasure that coursed through Alan's every vein.

It came faster than he thought. All of a sudden Alan could feel Vince's thrusts lose their rhythm, and the fox shivered with delight. He knew what was about to happen, and he grit his teeth as he squeezed down as tight as he could around Vince's length. The fox could feel the way the raccoon's heart skipped a beat at the sudden tightness crushing his length and pulling it in deep. He thrust forward and held it there for a moment, then another, before his fingertips dug in hard enough to Alan's hips for it to hurt. He cried out without words as his hips continued to twitch, all while his climax washed over him.

Alan couldn't feel it, even though all the stories had told him he would. It didn't matter in the slightest. His paw rubbed vigorously at the tip of his shaft as he heard the huffing breaths of his boyfriend on his back, leaning down and low as he began to empty himself completely in the fox's backside. It only took a couple more seconds, spurred on by the knowledge that he was being filled up for the first time for Alan to join Vince in his orgasm.

It was the most intense thing he'd ever felt in his entire life. There was nothing to compare it to and no way to describe it. He felt his eyes cross as he arched his back, leaning up into Vince's tight embrace even as he absolutely messed the pillows and his fingers, thick spurts of his seed sinking into their fabric and his fur as he rubbed himself right through his climax. That full, hot sensation buried in his backside was without compare, and it drove his orgasm to a height he'd never before even dreamed of.

When he came down from that high, it was to find Vince slumped down on his back with his full weight. Alan fell back down into the pillows as his strength gave out, his shaft tingling with overstimulation as it slipped down through the cum-slicked pillows under him. He could only gasp for air himself as Vince squirmed atop him, shaking his head as he attempted to speak.

Alan had nothing to say in response, save to reach back with his dry paw and grasp about for the raccoon's. When he found it he gave a weak squeeze, and smiled softly as he felt Vince squeeze back. He didn't have anything to say. The act itself had said it all for him. He couldn't move, but Alan didn't want to move for anything. The fact that he'd smeared one of his favourite shirts with his own cum as he shifted on the pillows didn't even enter into his mind.

In the silence broken only by their soft pants for breath, both exhausted males closed their eyes. There, one buried in the other in the midst of a half-built pillow-fort, a movie playing forgotten behind them and exhaustion the only thing on their minds, both Alan and Vince fell into a deep sleep with a smile on their muzzles.

When morning came, they'd done it all again.

It was careless and silly and full of laughter and embarrassment and fumbling paws and sticky messes, just like the night before, and it was *perfect* in its total imperfection. It felt right. It was right.

By the time they'd each showered and had breakfast, Alan was almost certain that everything he'd worried about the last night was just the product of his overactive imagination and his boyfriend's planned move on him. Vince didn't even look the slightest bit concerned. He looked at ease. Peaceful, as he reclined on the couch with the fox's head laying across his chest and his arm draped over Alan's back. Everything was peaceful. Everything was right.

"I'm leaving next week."

The words came out of nowhere.

Peace fled.

Alan's whole body twitched with the words, as if he'd been burned. He shot up out of Vince's embrace and stared up into the raccoon's eyes. They refused to meet Alan's gaze, locked instead on the floor as he fidgeted. "What?" the fox managed after a moment.

Still Vince refused to meet Alan's gaze, and he winced as he slowly shook his head. "I didn't know how to tell you, so... I put it off. And then we-"

"No, seriously: what?" Alan frowned as his tail tucked in close. "What do you mean you're leaving next week?"

For half a second, Vince seemed to look up and meet Alan's shocked eyes. Then the moment was gone and he sagged back down against the couch and studied his paws instead. "Got one of the scholarships I applied for, and... well, it's across the country, and I know you're staying nearby, and..." He took a deep breath and then heaved it out in a sigh. "And... I'll be gone. Probably gonna be too busy to come back for a while..."

As his ears folded back, Alan could feel the tears welling up in his eyes. Why was he hearing about this *now*? He'd known something was wrong! "And you didn't want to tell me until *after* you got under my tail," he accused, as anger slipped into his voice.

Vince looked shocked by the assertion, and a little whimper slipped out of him as he shook his head harder. "No... no! No, it's... it wasn't like that. I wanted... I mean, I thought we-"

"Am I even gonna see you again?" Alan interrupted with a shake of his own head. "You're going away, and you'll be too busy with... well, whatever, and..." He clenched his jaw to keep his muzzle from trembling. He could feel his cheeks growing wet as his eyes continued to fog with tears. "You don't think so, do you?"

Vince's silence spoke volumes. It told Alan all he needed to know. The raccoon continued to fidget with his paws as Alan pushed off the couch and headed toward Vince's bedroom. He heard the muffled call, "What're you doing?" from Vince.

Alan didn't immediately reply. Instead he grabbed his backpack and started to stuff his dirty clothes into it. His cum-stained red shirt was last, and the fox hesitated; if his parents smelled it, he'd be in trouble he couldn't handle just yet. Instead, he left it on the floor and grabbed the pack before he stormed back out again.

By the time he was back in the living room, Vince was upright as well. "Alan, please," he said, his voice cracking as he held up both paws.

Alan ignored him and headed straight toward the door. He almost made it before Vince quickly ducked in front of him and barred his way. "Please! This weekend was... it was meant to be special!"

"Well, it's definitely special now!" Alan all but yelled at Vince. He brought both paws up and shoved at the raccoon, who took the blow and offered no counter. "Twelve years! The only person I could tell *anything* or be myself around, and..." He grit his teeth and forced himself to silence, before he dissolved into hard sobs. "Oh, god... oh, *god*..."

"I needed it to be now..." Vince's voice was pleading as he pressed a paw to Alan's chest. It only lingered a moment before the fox batted it aside with bared teeth. "We've... we've just got this weekend. I leave on Wednesday. I didn't want to leave... and if I have to go, I don't want to leave without-"

"Getting laid?" Alan growled.

"Being with you!" Vince all but shouted back. "We never had a chance to before, and we both wanted to! Last night you wanted to as bad as I did! I didn't know if we'd *ever* get the chance again!"

"And you didn't even want to tell me that I was going to lose you after this weekend!" snarled the fox. "You waited until *after* it all!"

Vince's shoulders sagged as he looked down and gave a single nod. "I should have told you the moment I found out, but... I thought I'd have more time. I thought I could figure something out. I thought maybe you'd get into a university near me, but you didn't, and I don't... I..." He ran out of words and spread his arms wide before they dropped limply back to his sides.

That time, as Alan shoved past him, Vince didn't try to stop him. He simply stumbled back under the force of the hurt fox's shove and watched him go for the door. "Alan... please, I-"

Anything more he said was lost, as Alan fled into the morning. He squeezed his eyes shut, tears matting his cheeks as he began to run.