

Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of This)

For the three months that Taylor's apartment had been Lucas' home, it had taken everything in Lucas to re-learn how to assert himself. Instead of bowing his head and letting whatever was the status quo continue on, he'd begun expressing his own opinions on small matters.

Certainly, he'd taken control of his life back on several prior occasions. He'd chosen to leave his abusive boyfriend and move across the country to get as far away as possible. He'd tried to stand up to his boss and earn fair pay conditions, though that hadn't been quite as successful. He'd swallowed his pride and asked for help from the one person in the world who would most readily deny it, and then had swallowed that pride again long enough to accept it.

It might not have seemed like a big deal to anyone else. Insisting that a certain type of food be prepared instead of something else. Asking for rather than begging to have something extra. Taking a position in the household, and in his life, that wasn't simply the lowest rung on the ladder. It gave Lucas back something he'd not had in years. It began to restore his confidence; his sense of self.

That was why he'd been so surprised to feel it all slip away when Taylor had told him that he had to talk.

It was the phrasing that set Lucas squirming in his seat at the kitchen table while he waited for Taylor to come home. An hour. That was how long he had between Taylor coming home from work and Lucas needing to head off to his own. If it wasn't bad enough that he'd been booked out for the night by a group from out of town and had been told he had to be at his best for those clients – admittedly with overtime pay – Taylor's tone had been suspicious.

The otter had grown more comfortable with Lucas' presence over the last few months. They had settled into their old routines very quickly in terms of cooking and cleaning. The pair spent time together gaming and watching TV, or going out with other friends of Taylor's. They definitely didn't do everything they used to do – they certainly weren't sleeping together for sure, and their old game of Sneak A Blowjob In Public had been over for years – but what they had was familiar. Warm. Pleasant.

Guilt kept Lucas from feeling anything stronger than appreciation. If the memory of how he'd betrayed and left Taylor years earlier did anything, it did a wonderful job of suppressing the emotions that constantly threatened to resurge. Taylor had made his thoughts on a renewed relationship very clear, and Lucas had shared those thoughts. *Had* shared. Maybe.

But lately, he'd been more distant. Lucas had had the apartment to himself more often than not. He supposed it was the other reason he knew he could never patch things up fully with Taylor: Taylor's boyfriend, Mike. The otter and the crocodile were serious about each other. They didn't spend every waking moment in the other's presence, but that seemed to only stabilize their relationship. It wasn't like Lucas knew how 'real' relationships worked. He'd screwed up his chance with Taylor, and Damien had been... well, Damien. Maybe their situation was good. Real. Ideal.

The sound of a key in the lock snapped Lucas' head up. He watched the front door unlock and put on his best smile as Taylor stepped inside. "Hey there," he said as he stood up. "How was work?"

Taylor loosened his tie as the otter stepped inside. "Awful," he muttered as he set down a small laptop bag and cracked his neck. "Server crash last night took a lot out of us. I spent half the day working with IT on accessing my backups while they tried to fix the main

system... or something. I dunno. I wasn't really paying attention." He looked the fox up and down and frowned. "Have you just been waiting at the table for me?"

With a shake of his head, Lucas looked around. "Uh... not all day. Did the washing up, vacuumed the place and cleaned the bathroom. Took a nap; I've got a busy night ahead." He tilted his head up slightly as Taylor sat down on the arm of the sofa. "But, well... you say you wanna talk, so I'm curious."

"Yeah... yeah, talk. Right." Taylor stood up again and moved over to the table. He waved for Lucas to sit down, and the fox did so with no small volume of nervousness as Taylor followed suit. "How's work?"

The question threw Lucas for a loop, and it took a moment with cocked head to figure out that the otter was seriously asking that. "Uh... it's good," he replied as he pinned one ear back. Taylor was firmly and studiously disinterested in Lucas' work exploits. "Work's picking up at last. Mister Carter started this... uh, *location*, at a bad time of the year. Struggled for a while, but word's getting out that we're good at what we do."

"Well, that's good to hear. Glad to hear it." Taylor folded his arms on top of the table as he looked anywhere but at Lucas. "And you're... I mean, you're still pretty popular there, right? The, uh... the people that... you know..."

Lucas frowned. Taylor was more uncomfortable with the topic than he'd thought. "The clients?" he offered.

The otter's eyes lifted up, and in that brief moment Lucas could see the stress in his gaze. Taylor was really worked up about something. "Yeah, them. Clients. Your clients still keep coming in, right? I mean... coming into the establishment. Not... not you. I mean-"

"Tay, what's going on?" Lucas asked. He reached out with one paw to try and offer the otter a reassuring touch to the arm, but Taylor pulled back from him as if he was electrocuted. "What's wrong?"

Taylor just shook his head. "How about your boss there? The... you said he was a bull, right?" The otter refused eye contact again, instead staring into the surface of the table. "Is he still being a jackass about your pay? All those back-expenses he trumped up?"

The frown on Lucas' brow deepened as his other ear slowly flattened. What in the world was wrong with Taylor. "Taylor, just tell me. What the hell's this about? You're worrying me over here."

"It... it's hard." He glanced over at the front door for a moment, and when he turned back to Lucas it was with the smallest of smiles. "I'm... selling the apartment. Mike and I are gonna get ourselves a little house about thirty minutes outside the city. We've been talking about it for a while, and he's got some money saved up for a nice deposit, so the sale of the apartment would cover a fair chunk of it from me, too. We'd have low repayments, and..." He trailed off and nodded once as his smile started to slip.

And all at once, Lucas understood what the conversation was about. "And... when you two move into this new place together, you don't want your ex crowding your space," he said at last.

It felt like a block of ice had settled in the pit of his stomach as Taylor gave a reluctant nod. "It's not you, Lucas," he quickly added. "I didn't want you here at first, but I didn't want you to just suffer out on the street because I tossed you on your ass. Just because you were an asshole to me in the past doesn't mean I wanted to be an asshole to you when you came back."

"No, no... this... this isn't being an asshole, Taylor," Lucas protested as he forced the smile back to his face. "You've been good to me... you've been real good. Way better than I deserve. You took me in when you should have thrown me back out again and when you had no reason to trust me at all. You're... you're a good person. You're not being an

asshole. Your life's just moving on, is all." He felt his smile slip a little. "It just has to move on without me."

"I just don't understand why you have to be a *whore*," Taylor continued, as if Lucas hadn't even spoken. His voice was earnest even as Lucas frowned. "I mean, we met in college. For god's sake, you finished your business degree. You could do, like..." He sighed as he looked up again. "The boss treats you like shit and your 'clients' fuck you over... literally. Over and over. They're all just using you. Don't you want to be more than just a whore?"

Lucas could only hold Taylor's intense stare for a couple of moments before he had to drop his head. He tensed in his seat as he tried to keep the shiver from working up and through him. It wasn't the first time he'd considered that degree and what it could do. "The last time I... the last time I used what that taught me, it was... it was Damien who made me do it for him."

Taylor frowned and tilted his head to the side. "What's Damien got to do with your degree?" he asked.

The fox shook his head slowly. His head refused to lift as his ears and tail drooped. "I... I honestly don't remember. He had me go through financial documentation from time to time. Different companies he said he consulted for. He had me make sure everything was above-board on them, but they often weren't." He felt his arms slowly wrap around himself in a tight hug. "If I didn't go over them, he'd... beat me and rape me. If I did go over them, then he was nicer. He'd just rape me."

"Christ, I... shit, I'm sorry, Lucas. You told me all about how he was abusing you, but this..." Taylor shook his head. "I guess I can... I can see why you wouldn't want to go into that kinda work again just yet." His brow furrowed slightly as he looked Lucas over. "But why would you want to... you know... do what you do now? Isn't that something he made you do, too?"

Lucas gulped as he gave a nod. When had he started shivering this hard? He'd had it under control a minute ago. "You wouldn't understand."

"Try me." Taylor leaned back as his voice softened.

"I have control." When the otter looked confused, Lucas sighed. "They pay to use my body. Just... a little fucksleeve for them to dump their load in and then go. Right?" He looked up as Taylor nodded. "But they come for me. They pay for me. They blow because I make them blow. They behave for me. They don't hurt me. They don't beat me and they don't break my heart. They're detached, but if they're there it's because they want me. They *need* me."

"They don't need you though, Lucas," protested Taylor. "If they couldn't have you, they'd have others."

But Lucas shook his head again as he forced himself to sit still. "About half of my clients now return. They ask for me specifically. And I know," he added as he saw Taylor open his muzzle, "they could just ask for the familiar person. Someone to make paying for sex seem less... business. They're still mine. I still have, for a little while, full control of myself. They tell me what they want, but I know how to make them do what I want to give them what *they* want."

"That's a whole lot of circular logic, Lucas," said Taylor. The otter leaned back in the chair as he loosened the collar of his shirt. "If it works for you, then fine... but you still need a plan once you get out of there." He shook his head slowly. "You think you can do this forever? Soon, the slinky fox look's gonna give away to the vulpine in his forties still selling his body. You're still hot now, but how long's that gonna last?"

He couldn't help a little smile. "You think I'm hot?" Lucas asked.

It didn't appear to have phased, amused or embarrassed Taylor in the slightest. "Damn right I do. Always have. You're a good looking guy, Lucas. You've got that whole slim, tight, young fox look down. Always did have a kit-face on you." He shrugged. "How many years until your metabolism slows? Until your fur grays? Gets thinner while your stomach gets thicker?"

A little anger flickered through Lucas. "Get out while I'm still attractive?" he asked from behind folded arms. "Is that really what you're trying to tell me?"

"Yeah. If you wanna take all the concern and good intent out of it and lower it to something that sounds so insulting, yes. That's exactly what I'm saying." Taylor narrowed his eyes. "Don't try to make this out to be me taking pot shots at you. This is me caring, and it's probably a whole lot more than you deserve from me, so take it or leave it."

That took some of the fire out of Lucas, and he grit his teeth for a moment before he lowered his head. Taylor was right. He wasn't trying to be a jerk. He was just taking the otter's words in the worst possible way. "You're right. I'm sorry, Tay."

Taylor just nodded once. The frustration on his face hadn't faded nearly as much. "So you should be. I'm sitting here as a courtesy. I don't *have* to do shit. I didn't have to take you in after what you did. I don't *have* to give you warning. I could boot you anytime I feel like it, and I don't. I could have just sorted out where Mike and I were going, and then left you to fend for yourself. I'm not. Instead I'm here, now, before we've started looking for specific places and before we've built a solid plan. All of this, so *you* can have the best possible options."

Lucas opened his muzzle, but he couldn't figure out what to say. His jaw hung uselessly for a moment before he sighed. "I know. And I know you've done more for me than I ever thought you would, after what happened. I just..." He licked his lips for a second as he thought for the right words. "I thought that we were... getting better. You and me."

When he looked up, it was clear that they'd been the wrong words. "You and me?" Taylor echoed with a tilted head. "What 'you and me' did you think was getting better? Since you got back here, I've treated you like a person. I've treated you with the decency that I treat everyone I know. Did..." The otter frowned. "Did you think I'd forgotten what you are to me? What you'd done? Did you think that I was being nice to you and that's because I'd *forgiven* you?"

The words struck like a knife as Lucas' heart sank. He felt his fingers began to tremble, and he quickly swept them together on top of the table as he coughed to hide the barest hint of the whimper that slipped out. "No," he replied at last. "No, I didn't think you'd forgotten. I didn't think you'd forgiven. I guess I... hoped that I was a new enough person to... I dunno, maybe start making up for what I'd done."

"Yeah, well good luck with that," Taylor muttered. "You were my friend. You were my lover. Then you went and broke my heart, and..." The otter shook his head more firmly before his eyes locked once more on Lucas. Raw emotion – which specific one Lucas couldn't identify – seethed behind his gaze. "Do you know how hard it is for me? To sit here, right now, and *look* at you? Even after all these months... even after all these *years*, do you have any idea how difficult that is for me?"

"No, I don't," Lucas admitted as he stared down at the table again. "But I'm pretty sure you can't hate me as much as I hate myself for it."

Taylor snorted. "I don't hate you. I *never* hated you. I thought you'd figured that out by now. You wouldn't *be* here if I hated you. I loved you. I was *in* love with you. You were my fucking world, Lucas. If I just hated you, it wouldn't hurt so fucking much whenever I see you.

"And that's why when Mike and I get our place, you *can't* be there. I'm not saying you'll never see me again... I feel like you need someone outside of your life as a hooker you

can talk to and I'm still pretty much it." He frowned deeper as he gave a firm shake of his head. "But this place... this apartment just *reeks* of you. Every wall, every room... I can see you even when you're not there. It took me years to be able to live here happily again after you left, and then you came back just a couple years later. I need a change. I need to cut the past loose, and I can't do that with you taking a spare bedroom."

Lucas nodded as he tried to look up. It was too much to meet Taylor's gaze, and settled instead of watching the otter's paws on the top of the table. "No, I understand. I can see how you'd need that. It's just... it's going to be weird, is all."

"Never said it wouldn't be." Taylor squeezed his paws together. "I'll let you know when things are happening and what Mike and I are planning. I'll make sure you know what's going on well in advance. That's only fair. You just should start looking into some plans of your own, you know?"

Again, the fox nodded. He frowned for a second as he let his gaze drift slightly to the watch on Taylor's wrist. They'd been sat down for far longer than he'd anticipated; if he didn't leave soon, he'd have to risk being late. "I'll start tomorrow," he said with as much firmness as he could muster. "I've got the day off, so... maybe if you've got any thoughts or suggestions, I could figure out where to start. Not like I have much experience in this area, you know?"

Taylor nodded, and the otter rose out of his chair. He shuffled awkwardly from footpaw to footpaw as he looked everywhere but at Lucas. "Yeah... if I can help, I'll do what I can. You probably have to go, right?"

"Well, for tonight I do," Lucas said as he tried a smile. "Up to you when I have to go for good."

The comment didn't seem to do anything to set either at ease, as Taylor nodded again and headed off to the bathroom. Lucas stood up and sighed as he leaned on the back of his chair. Well. At least that was over and done with. Now he knew why Taylor hadn't been around lately. He'd probably been at Mike's figuring out what was going to happen. That was something Lucas would have to do soon, too. He had a lot to figure out.

With a deep breath, he started toward the door. It was tomorrow's problem. For the moment, he could focus on his work. That, at least, was a problem he could solve.

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Thankfully, Lucas was able to arrive at work just in time to change and prepare himself for what he'd been promised would be a busy shift. Nearly everyone else working that night was well and truly out of Lucas' way. It wasn't unusual; more than a few of the boys that worked there wondered why there was such favoritism shown to some old fox who barely looked anyone in the eye.

It was quiet, though. That too wasn't unusual, but certain things were staples. The occasional muffled crash or bump behind a wall, some music turned up just a little too loud, or the conversation of one of the boys and their client as the client was led up to their room... there was nothing that night. It was strange.

It only bugged Lucas until the moment he reached the room he was to work out of for the night. He took a deep breath there as he closed his eyes. He couldn't afford to have distractions. He had one job that night; entertain the group of four that had booked out his services and paid an extensive amount of money for. He straightened up tall as he ran his free hand down his front. The silver silk outfit he wore, reminiscent of the garb of an Arabian harem boy, was almost too flimsy for his tastes. It, too, had been specifically requested though, and that was all there was to it. He opened the door.

Immediately he had to pass through a shimmering curtain of red silk. When he emerged on the other side, the doorway at his back was impossible to see through the dense drapes. There was no bed, no electronics and no other modern accoutrements. Even the video cameras that had been installed in every single room in the establishment were covered by elaborate silks.

Those lengths of fabric hung from the ceiling and imitated a sort of dome, lit by small braziers of flame sustained by gas vents. Piles of luxurious cushions rested across the floor in various locations, with a couple of wooden stands in place that offered old-looking pitchers and goblets. Lucas knew from experience that the wine in those pitchers was hardly expensive, but it was costly enough to complete the illusion.

The three clients that sat back waiting for him were obviously not the sort of males to normally appreciate the effort that had gone into the illusion of the room. Two were coyotes, almost certainly brothers by the looks of them, who wore tattered jeans that matched their unkempt fur. They stared at Lucas with openly-displayed hunger.

Between them, reclined in the middle of the largest pile of cushions, was a massive black bear. Still fully clothed – though in what Lucas’ experience had taught him was a worn and inexpensive charcoal suit – he stared at Lucas with more disinterest than anything else. One of the goblets was already in a meaty paw, and he took a sip from it as Lucas entered.

The fox tried one of his warmest smiles as he offered the trio a slow, lithe bow to complete the room’s illusion. The harem suite was full-service; they paid for the illusion as much as the sex. “I welcome you, honored guests,” he said, and allowed a little sultry note to slip into his voice. “Your pleasure is mine this eve. How might I serve?”

“With a bit less yakkin’ and a lot more fuckin’,” suggested one of the coyotes with a drunken laugh.

Lucas froze in place for a moment while the bear elbowed the coyote in the gut. He felt his smile slip as the bear growled at his compatriot. The coyote sounded like someone who’d be happier picking some tail up at the club or something, not a high-class and expensive establishment such as this. “I... I’m sorry, honored guests-” he started, not willing to abandon the act just yet.

“You’ll have to forgive Danny,” the bear growled, his words a throaty rumble that almost set Lucas’ bones rattling, “He never learned much in the way of taste.”

The bear’s words set Lucas more at ease, and he nodded slowly. Whatever had led such a scruffy pair to his suite, the bear at least seemed to know what role to play. If nothing else, he had an in. “He has it, as you my thanks,” Lucas replied as he offered the bear another bow and started toward him. “What can I offer you this eve? More wine, perhaps? Or do your tastes run more to the flesh?” Idly, he wondered where the fourth member of their party was. Running late, perhaps? Lucas put it out of his mind as he offered the bear a flirty wink.

There was still no smile on the bear’s face. If anything, he looked even less impressed than before. “A demonstration, first,” he said as he raised his free paw. “Danny and Marcus here are a... rowdy pair. I’d like to see you mellow them somewhat before I determine your worth.”

Lucas smiled, though it hid a scowl. They’d been promised the best for the evening, and in his experience someone asking what he was ‘worth’ after they’d paid was leading to something that wouldn’t be all that fun for the fox. “Your pleasure is mine,” he said as he bowed low once more.

This time he slipped down to all fours and began to make his way slowly toward the trio. He kept his eyes down as he reached for the nearest of the wooden stands. There, in a small wooden bowl that was caught between the legs of the stand, rested a small collection of satchels. If he took the bear’s meaning, then he wanted a show. Those coyotes would need a little work.

A paw closed around his wrist before he could grab the nearest satchel. A glance up showed Danny grinning down at him, having somehow shed his tattered jeans in the space of a few moments and made his way over. "They said you'd been 'prepared' for us, little fox," he said as he tugged Lucas firmly away from the stand. His grin only broadened as he heard Lucas' whimper. "Better open up!"

He was only half surprised when the semi-hard length of the coyote's shaft was shoved unceremoniously into his face, though his gasp was enough of an opening for it to be guided right into his muzzle. The abruptness of it all was enough to freeze Lucas up for a moment, before he settled himself. The coyotes were gonna be rough. That he could handle. He could deal with that.

There was no protest when he brought both paws up. One slid to the coyote's waist and tugged him in tighter against Lucas' muzzle, while the other drifted between his legs. Fingers stroked and toyed over the fuzzy orbs that hung below his sheath, and Lucas found himself rewarded with Danny's moan above him. Good. The coyote was enjoying himself. They sure paid enough for the privilege.

He closed his eyes as he focused on his other senses. A view full of Danny's stomach wouldn't tell him anything. The swelling of the coyote's shaft was another matter. Each throb of it told him to curl his tongue, or slurp down along it, or issue a moan. Each twitch of Danny's body was a marker for how he'd done so far. He was a new male to Lucas. He had to learn what worked and what didn't for him.

A challenge came in the form of Marcus. The second coyote had moved around in the interim to press up behind Lucas. The fox's tail was unceremoniously tugged up and out of the way, and his cry was muffled as Danny took that moment to hilt himself in Lucas' muzzle. As the fox coughed and tried to take in more air than cock, Marcus guided his tip under the silken cloth about Lucas waist, up against the fox's tailhole and thrust eagerly inside.

Danny had been right; Lucas had been prepared. He'd taken the liberty, as with all clients, to apply sufficient lubricant inside himself before he handled someone who might take him. The number of clients who'd forgotten that they were going in dry was higher than one might think. He was ready to be fucked without the consideration of lube.

He wasn't ready for an unlubricated coyote shaft to be buried to the root inside him in a single, forceful thrust. Lucas' eyes squeezed shut tightly as the length in his muzzle kept him from crying out. He felt himself start to gag, and it was only years and years of practice and professionalism that allowed him to stop. The constricting of his throat became more regulated and less random, and he gripped all the tighter at Danny's hip to keep his balance.

For all the roughness that Danny displayed, Lucas was able to take a moment's solace in Marcus' behavior. While Danny might have simply rutted him right away – and indeed, the coyote was all too happy to hump at Lucas' muzzle even as he struggled for air – Marcus stilled himself. He gave Lucas a chance to adjust to the intruder buried inside his rump. While hardly the largest thing Lucas had ever taken back there, the minimal lubricant made things harder than they needed to be. As he caught a breath of air around Danny's malehood, he gave a couple of enticing squeezes to the other coyote's length. *It's okay*, those squeezes said. *Come take me*.

And he did. Still not rough like Danny, Marcus thrust nevertheless relatively quick and sharp. The slack-jawed moans and grunts from Danny echoed in the rhythmic slaps of Marcus' hips against Lucas. Two paws took up residence on the fox's hips and squeezed tight, though they didn't tug him back. While one of Danny's paws slipped down the back of Lucas' head and pulled the fox forward again, Marcus simply set to pumping himself steadily away at the fox. Compared to Danny and his unrestrained, chaotic bucks, Marcus was a machine. They were complete opposites, but just as 'rowdy' as the bear had warned.

Even as the brothers went at his respective ends, Lucas' attention was fixed squarely on the bear. At some point he'd unzipped his pants and one paw had somehow forced its way through the gap to reach inside. While Lucas couldn't see any of the bear's malehood, the bulge that ran down his left pant leg was enough to send a shiver through him. He looked huge!

Before he had a chance to speculate further, Danny pulled himself out of the fox's muzzle with a broad grin. "Damn, slut; you know how to work a cock!" he praised, as he tousled Lucas' formerly neat headfur. "Marc, you wanna take his muzzle after this. He's a pro!"

"Might have to stick it in *your* face for a bit first," Marcus growled as Lucas bore back down onto one thrust with a little wiggle of his russet hips. "Shut that mouth up for a little while. You coming back here or what?"

That perked Lucas' ears up. Individually, the two coyote brothers weren't that larger than average, but the implication was clear. Even as Danny replied, "Yeah, yeah, I'm comin'," Lucas gave Marcus another tight squeeze. Without the extra lube, he wasn't sure he was going to be able to take them *both*.

"Probably figured out what we're doing now," Marcus spoke up, the words coming through the growl caused by Lucas' clenching motions. Before Lucas could offer a response, the coyote hooked his arms up and around the fox and lifted him up off all fours. His knees stayed on the ground for a moment, before the coyote at his back fell away and pulled Lucas with him. He yipped for a moment as he felt Marcus' growing knot mash against his tailring as they fell.

When the motion was done, Marcus was on his back in a pile of cushions and Lucas was suddenly on top of him. Lucas looked down his body to see he'd grown hard at some point during the proceedings, and figured it had to be after Danny had stopped and he'd had a more reasonable male to enjoy. It was fortunate that he had, because both the bear and Danny looked at his malehood with approval.

The plan the coyotes had hatched became more apparent as Danny knelt down between and spread out Lucas' legs. As Marcus continued to thrust up into Lucas from beneath, Danny was free to press himself down under the fox's balls and tease the tip of his spit-slicked shaft against his brother's length. "Reckon you can handle us both, slut?" he asked.

Lucas tried to reply, but Marcus pulled back just enough to give Danny the opportunity he needed. He cried out, pleasure overwhelmed by the pain of being stretched out so abruptly. He bit his lip as he grunted against the pain, eyes squeezed shut again as his back arched off Marcus' chest. His legs parted as wide as they could, as if his body was trying to take the brothers as deep as possible to alleviate the sensation of that initial penetration.

The pain didn't fade right away, but at least in that situation both Marcus and Danny knew enough to stay relatively still. There was a fine line between 'you can be rough with the boys' and 'don't break the boys' that they had to straddle. As Lucas panted for breath and fought to bring himself back under control, the brothers gave him the chance that he needed.

Almost. Danny started moving a little too soon, and Lucas had to grit his teeth as he tried to settle back as gently as he could against Marcus. It took a moment, but Danny swiftly buried himself to his knot inside Lucas. He grinned down at the fox with a look of triumph and gave Lucas' spread rump a swat with one paw. "Lookit that! You're a real champ, slut."

"And you're a fucking charmer, Danny," Marcus said, as he eased his hips up to guide his shaft in alongside his brother's. Lucas hissed as it pushed deeper, though he copied Marcus' sigh as he felt both lengths of flesh buried together inside him.

The satisfaction of it didn't last long. The pair began to move like it was a practiced thing, hips rolling against one another slow and careful. Each draw back from one met the onward push of the other. It created this stirring sensation deep inside Lucas that, if not for the lingering ache of Danny's rough penetration, he might have thoroughly enjoyed. His prostate was mashed against one of their shafts – which one he didn't have the brainpower to establish – almost constantly. It was either the pressure of having both males inside him at the same time, or the grind of one of them as they moved over it.

Either way, it managed to keep his length hard as he worked through the discomfort to focus on the pleasure of the act itself. He kept himself as limp as he could save for his inner muscles, tugging and pulling and squeezing at the coyotes with every thrust. If he was there for his own pleasure, he might have wanted to explore the feeling of being so thoroughly worked over inside for longer.

But there were other people to attend to, even if Lucas couldn't see the bear from his present vantage point. He could see the ceiling, and he could see Danny's face in the midst of scrunching up in pleasure. The coyote was closer than his brother. Danny's hips were moving faster, and had started to disrupt the rhythm. Privately Lucas felt a surge of his own pleasure; the difference was minor, but it sent shocks through his body. His moans, for just a little while, were genuine.

They only grew louder as he heard Marcus panting underneath him. While Danny merely began to move faster, Marcus bucked harder. There was more insistence with him than with his brother as Lucas felt them both approaching their peaks. It was almost like Marcus was trying to fight his brother for the right to breed the fox between them. The way he thrust up was as much to push deeper into Lucas as it was to grind himself against Danny's shaft, and Lucas had to wonder how many partners the brothers had shared in the past.

He only had a moment longer to wonder before he heard one of them give way. He didn't know if it was Marcus or Danny who blew first, marked with only a rapid series of bucks and thrusts before a guttural moan rolled out and marked their climax. While he couldn't tell one's cries from the other, the sensations inside him were electrified when he felt the other brother make the exact same motions and sounds. All of a sudden there was a pair of shafts in his tailhole, both erupting with hot spurts as they continued to buck and grind against each other and against Lucas' inner walls. Pre ran down the fox's length, adding to an impressive pool around his sheath. The silk cloth about his waist was *soaked*.

And yet he rode the pair out with no climax of his own, relief just out of reach as his shaft throbbed angrily for attention. All the while the two lengths of flesh embedded in his backside continued to vent, adding to the slickness he'd applied there earlier with their own warm, nature brand of lubrication. The warmth soothed the ache they'd inflicted somewhat as both brother's desires drained away into their fox between them, and the groan from Lucas as they finished was equal parts frustration, appreciation and lust. His eyelids fluttered closed for a moment as he felt some of their mingled seed drooling back out around his stretched hole, soaking the fully-engorged knots that ground against his reddened tailring.

He had only a moment of respite before a chuckle from Danny above him drew his attention. The coyote sneered down at him, and Lucas was forced to face the knowledge that the male who'd just taken him was just another male who failed to appreciate the effort he put in. "Fuckin'... *damn*, slut. I wanna take you home after this, keep you all to m'self. Best fuck we've ever shared."

"Jeez, just... jus' *shut up*, Danny," groaned Marcus from below the fox as he started to lift Lucas up slightly. The motion surprised Lucas enough that the bottom coyote's shaft slipped right out of his body, and the sudden extra room meant that Danny's length went the

same way before Lucas could clench down around it. The sticky pair of coyote shafts pressed together as the fox rolled off Marcus with a sigh.

He kept himself squeezing down on his muscles, desperate to keep their loads as deep inside him as he could. He knew why they'd gone first and what was next to come, and if he was right he was going to need every last drop for the next round. A glance over showed the satiated canines sprawled out on their cushion pile, panting for breath and luxuriating in their afterglow. Lucas didn't have that luxury, and instead affected his most professional face and most charming smile as he slipped up to his knees and turned back to face the bear.

His jaw dropped as all professionalism left him. There, on display through the zipper of the bear's dress pants was probably one of the largest spires of male flesh that Lucas had ever laid eyes on. Tall, broad, reeking of musk and drooling pre, one of the bear's massive paws gently ran up and down the length of it as Lucas stared. Even Evan, the establishment's resident size queen, would give that thing second thoughts. "I... buh... h-honored guest, I-"

"Quiet," the bear said as he lifted his other paw and crooked a finger. "You did well enough to serve them. Now you will serve *me*." He lifted his head to look past the fox. "Strip him."

Lucas barely had a moment to turn his head before two pairs of paws were on him. The coyote brothers must not have been so drained as they had appeared, for they were already up and on him again. They grabbed at his outfit with surprising care and equal eagerness, and pulled the silk from his body within a matter of moments.

He started to open his muzzle to speak, but the bear nodded his approval as he looked Lucas over. Even as he relegated himself to silence, he watched the bear start to smile. "Bind him."

This time, Lucas managed a quick, "Wait, what-" before his arms were quickly pulled back around and behind his back. One of the coyotes – Danny, he had to guess from the rough nature of the motion – looped the fox's silken top around his wrists and tied it off with a speed that surprised Lucas. Any other words he wanted to offer were stifled as Marcus slipped the fox's pants up and over his head, rolled up and caught in his muzzle.

The improvised gag caught on Lucas' teeth for a moment, and he had to overcome a moment's concern before he could keep himself from trying to shred the fabric. If he damaged it, he was certain that the boss would insist that it come out of his pay. Halleran was a dick that way.

When he turned his head forward again and found himself looking at the bear, it wasn't so much the bear he was focused on rather than that titanic shaft poking out of his trousers. Lucas felt his eyes widen, professionalism be damned, as one of the coyotes hoisted him up and shoved him up against the nearest wooden stand. Lucas cringed for a moment. They were well-built, but against what they were about to be stressed with...

It wasn't like he could protest on behalf of property damage. He couldn't suggest, however flattering the client might have thought, that the cock was too big for him. He couldn't say anything at all. All he could do, as the broad head of that fat shaft pressed against his already stretched and cum-slicked hole, was grit his teeth and brace as best he could against the stand.

Lucas had been expecting the same kind of rough treatment that had been visited upon him by Danny. Instead, the bear's motions were slower. Deliberate. That pre-soaked head rubbed against his stretched hole in just the right way to plump up Lucas' flagging erection again. It gathered up some of the brothers' seed, further wetting it down as it traced slow little circles around the fox's tailring.

He hadn't realized how tense he was until the bear's shaft began to push against him and retreat again. The smoothness of the motions and the heat that practically boiled off that thick flesh was oddly soothing after the coyotes. It was almost like a particularly pointed massage, and Lucas allowed himself just a moment to enjoy the feel of it. Then another. And another.

The fox was surprised when he noticed that he'd begun to push back against it. Some unconscious, professional part of his mind might have taken hold and tried to play to the client's desire for an eager partner, but Lucas didn't dare deceive himself. The teasing was nice; nicer than it had a right to be for someone in his position. As it was, he still felt the want for something more. He hadn't gotten off with the coyotes, but the bear looked to be a client who wanted something more than just a quick fuck.

Regardless of what the bear wanted, his hips twitched forward to give Lucas just what he'd been expecting. The fox's tailring parted with surprising ease around the bear's head, the mixture of the brothers' loads and the bear's own pre lubricating him enough to slip into that stretched hole. A breathy, muffled moan slipped out of Lucas' bound muzzle before he realized it as he was spread open anew.

The bear pushed forward slowly, but relentlessly. Inches vanished into Lucas' already well-used backside. He felt himself slide down against the stand he braced against as his legs spread wider, but the bear only matched the motion and bore into him just as smoothly as before. It felt like that colossal length was prying his legs apart, spreading his whole body as it spread his inner muscles out around it. For a moment he wondered if the bear was intent on reshaping his guts and, preposterous as the notion was, Lucas shivered at the thought.

He didn't stop. He sank in to Lucas even as the fox began to squirm at the over-filled nature of his body. When Lucas began to grunt with strain as the bear pushed deeper than either canine had been able to go and continued to spread him out all the way, the bear continued. He didn't relent until every inch of that massive shaft was engulfed in the fox's cum-slicked rump. Then, just as Lucas felt a twinge of pained pride at taking the bear whole, he began to thrust.

It wasn't like with Danny, who'd just forced himself into place and taken him however he'd liked. It wasn't even like Marcus, with his intense, mechanical rhythm. Everything about the bear was *natural*. He took Lucas with a sort of confidence that the coyotes had lacked. His hips moved smoothly as he shifted his malehood back and forth inside the fox's body. The motions weren't the rough, needy thrusts of Danny, and they weren't the solid, rapid bucks that his brother offered. He went at his own pace: slow, deep and firm. He moved like he owned the fox under him.

He might as well have. Lucas' mind swam as he found himself rocked down against the stand over and over again. He didn't even care that the coyote brothers were watching him with interest, their cocks in their hands as they watched the bear hollow him out with each thrust. They didn't matter. What mattered was the way that the bear's shaft left him drooling as he braced himself against the stand.

It was a strain, certainly, but the strain itself was lost to the motions themselves. The burn of overstretched muscles was soothed by the way the bear's shaft worked the cum that'd already drenched Lucas' backside. It kept him warm, the ache soothed by the very pumping of the hips that caused it in the first place. It felt like if the bear stopped for an instant, the ache would overtake the pleasure.

Maybe it was fortunate for Lucas that he didn't. The client seemed equally unfussed by the audience as Lucas himself was. Thick fingers squeezed at the much smaller male's frame as the sheer mass of his body drove him easily down to the hilt over and over again. Lucas' moans weren't as much for show as an involuntary, reflexive reaction to the way his

inner walls were pried apart. He had as much control over those moans as the quaking of his leg muscles. He couldn't stop trembling if he tried.

At least it didn't stop the bear any. His thrusts were slow and careful, deliberately paced and with the full weight of the bear behind them. They weren't so much a show of dominance as a declaration. There was no argument. Each breathless second that he pushed forward, Lucas saw stars as his body was forced to accommodate that prodigious girth. When the bear pulled back, Lucas could only slump down against the stand. It was almost like that cock was a part of him; a support pillar that maintained his entire body.

Beneath Lucas, his own shaft twitched and spurted pre across the side of the stand. He had no idea when his knot had inflated to its full size, but through hazy eyes he could see that he'd stained the carpet with the amount of pre-cum that had already been spilled. A particularly sharp buck from the bear came as one of the paws on his hips shifted to his shoulder, and Lucas found his back arching as that paw guided him back down hard on that ursine shaft. The stain was forgotten; he had more pressing matters to attend to.

Thankfully, he didn't need to devote any brainpower to that matter. The bear had full control, and he took Lucas' body at the pace he dictated. It never sped up and it never became rough. He was simply persistent. His hips never tired or slowed. His eagerness never took hold. He certainly didn't take to simply slam-fucking the smaller fox under him. If Lucas didn't know better, he'd think that the bear was a true gentleman.

It was the little things, though. It was the tightness of the squeeze on his hips and shoulder. It was the little pause whenever the bear shoved himself down to the root, with his sheath bunched up against Lucas' abused tailring. It was the hot pants for breath that ruffled the fur on the back of Lucas' neck. The bear wanted to let go. He wanted to fuck like a feral animal, but something was holding him back. Something gave him pause, even in the midst of Lucas squeezing down on every buck inward and tightening even harder as he tried to pull back again.

He had full control of himself. That was how he'd taken full control of Lucas. It wasn't instinct or lust that ruled the bear, like it did so many of Lucas' clients. He enforced his will over his body, and that will overtook Lucas as well. It was what had turned the fox, so confident when he'd entered the suite, into a moaning slut of a thing, bent over a wooden stand meant for wine and taken for what he was absolutely certain was the ride of his life.

The intensity of the bear's climax was almost as surprising as its suddenness. There was only a moment's warning in the huff of breath and the further tightening of the paws on his body before it hit. The bear threw his full weight into a single, sharp thrust that rammed him all the way to the hilt inside Lucas. Not an inch was spared as he began to grunt with his orgasm, but Lucas made up for it with a cry of pleasure as he *felt* it.

It was a sort of warm swelling inside him, punctuated by the throbbing of the shaft lodged firmly in his rump. He could feel the seed that surged up through that length of flesh. The fox could count each and every one of those virile spurts as they raced through the bear's malehood and into his body. He was dimly aware of the way his muscles squeezed tight just as they ran up into him, as if his body wanted the bear to give him every last drop. Without shame, Lucas realized in the midst of his lustful haze that that was exactly right.

On and on it went for what felt like forever, though it lasted only a few moments. Lucas' head swam in that haze for a few seconds more as he sprawled out over the stand, his breath caught in his throat. He felt satiated in a way no client had ever left him before, and even the prospect of his professionalism having gone out the window was no real downer after the way the bear had so thoroughly taken him. He relaxed – somewhere in there he'd tensed up against the stand, and on the air he could detect the familiar sent of his own seed – and sagged down as he heaved a sigh. The fox slowly worked the makeshift gag out of his

muzzle and tried to force his mind back into professionalism. "I... my honored guest, that... that was..."

"That was a fine demonstration," the bear said, and you wouldn't have known that he'd just bred the ever-loving hell out of Lucas' backside from his still-neutral tone. The only giveaway was the slight breathiness behind every word, and even that was so subtle that Lucas almost missed it.

Still, it was more than he'd shown the entire evening, and Lucas was determined to take that as a win. He gave a tired, little squeeze down around the bear's still buried shaft as he lifted his head with a smile. "I am grateful that you find me pleasing, sir," he replied as he closed his eyes and bowed his head ever so slightly. He still had a part to play.

"It's a shame, really," came a familiar voice from back toward the door. "You looked like you enjoyed him so much more than me."

Lucas' eyes went wide as, all of a sudden, the afterglow of that amazing romp was vanquished in a searing moment of recognition. He turned his head quickly, but before it could go anywhere or he could say anything one of the coyotes had slipped up beside him and quickly slipped the silk back into his open muzzle. "Mmrrph!" *Four*, he remembered, too late. *Party of four*.

He tried to move, but the way that his wrists had been bound by the coyotes was surprisingly effective. The fox squirmed in place even as the bear slowly wrapped both arms around him and kept him pinned against his larger body. He tried to work the gag out of his mouth again, but this time the canine at his side made sure it was secured more effectively.

The struggle only stopped when a chestnut-furred, equine hand came out of the corner of his vision and closed around his throat. The whimper that emerged from Lucas' muzzle was almost entirely swallowed up by the gag, but it was clear enough to put a smile on the face of the hand's owner. "Time was that you and I would have that kinda fun, Lucas."

Damien's smile only widened as he crouched down on the other side of the stand and tossed the terrified, shivering fox a wink. "Hey, don't worry. It's gonna be okay. The night's young, and we paid a lot for you.

"We're gonna have a *lot* of fun before I'm done with you."