

Interwoven

NEED: PART SEVEN

47th Day of the Crimson Leaf, 24 AoE

The night was cool, and a fine reprieve from the beating sunlight that had marred the funeral procession of King Eric. William had wandered around, especially in the middle of the day as he'd tried to find Daniel. Despite his best efforts, it seemed he'd arrived a little late to his partner's station; they'd dispersed in the wake of the procession's completion. Later, he'd learned that several commanders and their captains had been charged with a meeting with some higher-ups about new assignments. Given the orders came from Fredrick, William wasn't certain he liked the sound of them.

He was still home before the bear, but could do little more than notice how exhausted Daniel seemed when he arrived. The hyena frowned as he stood to meet him, and gasped as Daniel all but fell onto him as he pressed in for a hug. "Whoa! What's wrong?"

"Trus' me. You don't wanna know." Daniel sighed as he caught his own weight again, easing back off William but still remaining close. He sighed as he kissed the top of the hyena's head. "But *damn* am I glad to see you. We gotta talk."

"Just as soon as we get you get out of that armour." William pulled back just far enough to begin to unbuckle the bear's mail. "What's got you so tired, anyway? You're not normally like this."

"What else'd tire me out? *Meetings*." He snorted as he helped William unbuckle the armour and lifted it up and over his head. "Weren't just ordinary meetings, neither. Every commander in the city was there. And two members of the king's council."

William blinked. That *was* unusual... and they'd left him out. "And what did they want to talk about?" He unbuckled the bear's belt, pulling it gently free of his trousers to carry it and the sheathed sword on it away. He didn't make it far before Daniel reached out to his arm to stall him out though, and the hyena frowned. "Hmm?"

"Might want that close. Not gonna let it out of my damn sight, the way things look to be going." Daniel leaned the sword against the wall and took a slow breath. "Look, I gotta know and I gotta know right now. This... thing, with the watch captain? How important's that? Important enough you can't just quit?"

The hyena frowned. What in the world had gotten into Daniel? He'd almost never heard the bear so worried. "Last time you sounded like this, you thought I was going to die."

Daniel frowned. "And you might get the chance. Watch and army both's got some new orders. Looks like word's come down from the new king. He's gonna have us lookin' into anyone who's not native Ratholarin born. Anyone from anywhere else." He swallowed as William's blood ran cold. "Word he used was 'purge.'"

William stumbled back, reeling from the word. It echoed in his ears even as Daniel caught him, and the bear shook his head. "Is that... is that why I didn't-"

"No." The reply brought a sigh of relief from William's muzzle, though it did little to ease the cold tightness that gripped his heart. "You weren't there 'cause of that special assignment. And I didn't tell 'em nothin' about you, but more than a few of 'em knew you."

"I'm... Ratholarin born." William shook his head as he started to turn the problem over in his head. "I am, through and through. The war with Caris was ending. Father was coming home with mother, and she..." He shook his head again, more sharply. "I was born in Holsk. Just a little town, and it was just barely inside the Ratholarin border, but... I was born *in* this kingdom."

Daniel nodded and sighed in relief. "Good. Alright, good. So they ain't gonna be able to just throw you out yet. Good. Thank goodness." He sagged with relief and pulled William back in tight against him.

The hyena leaned into Daniel's embrace and closed his eyes. If what Daniel was saying was true – and he had absolutely no reason to disprove that – then Fredrick was making big moves on the literal day the crown touched his head. Everything Leena and Yves had said and all that they had feared seemed to be coming true, and far faster than William could have expected. He wondered if they'd even believed it, and what they were thinking right then and there.

William shook his head as he lifted it once more. "It's not good, because it won't matter. If Fredrick wants to throw out everyone not Ratholarin, I won't be Ratholarin enough for him."

Daniel frowned. "But you-"

"I'm the blood of Caris. Of Catherine and William." He closed his eyes as Daniel's paws slid down to the hyena's hips. "I may have been born here, but everything I am is Carisi. At least that's what he'll say, and you *know* he will. He hates the Carisi, but he hates *me* specifically." William frowned. "I gave him a reason, after all."

When Daniel frowned in confusion, William sighed and shook his head. "It was a long time ago, and all the better you don't know anything about it. And... now that he's king it might not even matter anymore." William sighed again. "The point is that I need to be very, very quiet, and very, very loyal. If there's even a whisper that I'm not absolutely perfect, he'll come. He'll destroy me."

The bear chuckled and leaned down to kiss William's forehead again. "Nah. That's not gonna happen. And besides, from the sound of things you're not the sorta person they're lookin' for. As long as you *are* Ratholarin born, you're gonna be safe. You're no rebel."

William might have scowled. "A lot of other people whose blood is not pure Ratholarin can't make the same claim so easily, Daniel. Rebels or not, they'll get branded just the same. This isn't right."

The bear blinked and pulled back slightly from William after his outburst. "I never said it was, love."

“I... I know. I’m sorry, this is just all so much.” William sighed. Daniel was a kinder soul than that. Of course he knew better. “I’m scared. Not just for myself, but for so many others. If mother was alive, she would be...” He shuddered. “How many families? How many couples?”

“Maybe... they’re only going to do it for a little while.” He frowned himself at the words, long before William could glare up at him for the suggestion. “Hey, look at the work you’re doing, alright? They got you playing around like a knife in the dark, spyin’ and lyin’ and all that to try and get these rebels under control. I mean... rebels in Sanwell? That’s never happened. Not ever. Maybe they... just need something hard for a while t’get things under control.”

All of William’s quiet praise for Daniel’s empathy started to unravel. He could barely believe the bear’s words. “And do you think that’s fair? All those families torn apart? All those lives ruined? Just to get a pawful of rebels under control; rebels who haven’t even seemed to do anything yet?”

From the twitch of the bear’s eye, William could tell immediately that he’d upset him. “Will, ‘course it ain’t fair. I’m just not thinkin’ about what’s fair right now. Only thing *I*’m worried about is a king with a personal grudge ‘gainst you, and that he’s takin’ the first step toward throwing you out of the damn kingdom. I’m not scared for a bunch of people I’ve never met. I’m scared for *you*.”

“Well, I *am* scared for a bunch of people I’ve never met. People you might be asked to throw out of the kingdom. People you might be asked to lock away in cells. People *you* might be asked to kill.” William shook his head as he squared his shoulders. “I know you’re scared for me, but this is... this is so much bigger than just me.”

“And I can’t do anythin’ about the big stuff; you know that.” Daniel reached back out again, and William lifted his paws and allowed the bear to take them into his gentle grip. “I don’t worry about things I can’t control.”

The hyena’s muzzle clenched tight. He didn’t get it; the bear didn’t see what was starting. “So if you were part of a squad sent by Fredrick to a home like this one, with a family inside and they were all... I don’t know. Lenkis? Lenkis refugees who’d fled here.” He lifted an eyebrow. “You’d throw them out?”

“Or do what? Disobey a royal order? Flout the damn king?” Daniel shook his head as he squeezed William’s paws tight. “If the king’s given an order, what can I do? I’m a soldier, Will. I get given an order, and I’ve gotta follow it.”

“Then what about me?” William squeezed back at the bear’s paws. “What if Fredrick himself came through that door, with a squad of soldiers? What if he barged in, right now, and said *I* needed to be exiled? What if the king called me a... a *rebel*, and gave you the order to take me away?”

“That’s not going to happen.” Daniel’s voice was quiet, and it wavered.

“How can you be so damn sure?” William tilted his head as he watched Daniel’s expression soften. Sour. Turn away from him. “You *know* the truth. You know what he thinks

of me. He'd absolutely accuse me to get rid of me. So would you cut down the king himself if he arrived to take me away?"

"That's *never* going to happen. I'd never let them think that."

"And that's... not an answer, love." William gently tugged his paws back from Daniel's. They trembled as they fell back to his sides. The bear still wouldn't look at him. "You're a better male than that, Daniel. I know it. But I just--"

"Just what? Just *what*, Will?" There was a spark of anger Daniel's tone as he turned back to the hyena. "You need me to promise you? Tell you I'd kill the king if he came to take you away? You need me to tell you that I'd be willing to get us both killed?"

"I need to know how far we can go!" William all but shouted it. His fear and his hurt and his doubt all took hold, and they came through in his desperate voice and wide eyes. "I need to know what you're willing to do, because things are changing out there faster than *anyone* could have guessed! And they're changing in ways that put *us* in danger. Not just me, not just you, but *us*! Us, and goodness knows how many others! And I love, really, that you're scared for me but *I'm* scared for all of them!"

Daniel shrank back from the hyena's shout, and guilt rolled in its wake to join the other emotions all whipped up in William by the news. It left a bitter taste in his muzzle as he squeezed his eyes shut and looked away. "We need to be prepared. We... need to know where we stand. What we're willing to do, and what we're..." He sighed and patted Daniel's arm as he stepped past him. "And what we're *not*."

The bear didn't turn back to face him. He just grunted as William let his arm go. The hyena was able to open the door without any hint of a chance of Daniel stopping him. He lingered a second more as he opened the door, just in case.

But no; Daniel held his tongue. He just stared at where William had been, shoulders slumped and hunched forward. William sighed. "I'll be back in a few hours. Maybe the news will have spread and I can find some rebels out there."

That wasn't why he was leaving. He knew it, and he knew Daniel knew it too. The bear nodded slowly, but said nothing to otherwise acknowledge William's intent. For as much as Daniel often knew exactly what to say, it was always striking in those difficult moments where he was at a loss for words. William felt bad for leaving.

If he stayed though, he wouldn't be able to think. He'd be stuck in a loop with Daniel, trying to get the bear to understand something he wasn't ready to understand yet. And Daniel would keep trying to convince him that William was the only one he needed to save. The hyena shuddered again as he stepped out into the cool night and closed the door behind him. He didn't need saving. Others, however, did. William didn't know if he was able to do anything about that. If he could help though, in any way... for him at least there wasn't a question.

Maybe Daniel could understand that. He hoped so.

###

If there were rebels out that night, William didn't meet them. Or, at least, he didn't know if he'd met them. The 'search' had been a farce; a contrivance that allowed him an

opportunity to get out of his home and into the open air. It didn't give William a quieter place to think, but it did give him a *different* one. That was worth a lot to him.

The city was alive; positively alight with the news. Reception seemed painfully, unsurprisingly mixed. The loudest voices crowed that Fredrick's edict would secure Ratholarin and he was already a worthy successor to his father. Those that spoke out as loudly against it as the tyranny that it was were far fewer. The quieter folks seemed to drift more toward the latter camp as the hyena listened in, but as the patriotic fervour grew louder and louder, those quieter souls either slipped away or nodded in reluctant agreement.

By the end of a half circuit of the city though, William was no closer to finding a solution to either situation at the forefront of his mind. He'd known, in no uncertain terms, that Fredrick was going to be a problem. That he would be an awful king was a given from the day they'd met. The tiger himself was fouled from the start, cruel to the point of sadism and with a sharp enough mind to conceal it as needed. As a prince he'd been a terror. As a king... well, the Age of Enlightenment his father had announced wouldn't feel so enlightened for long. If it ever had been.

William had tried to figure a way around that problem. He'd tried very hard to give Leena's proposal some serious thought. He'd even managed to keep his mind locked on the problem for a few minutes at a time, but no matter how he turned the problem over it always came bitterly back to Daniel. It had been a startling realisation when he remembered that he'd brushed off the invitation to join Leena's rebel cell with the same callous, selfish reasoning that Daniel had used. Daniel had said he didn't care about others, just William. William had decided not to join the rebels because it would take him from Daniel. They had argued, effectively, the same thing. Their selfishness, against the betterment of others.

And that made the second problem of Daniel's stance all the more difficult. For all of William's words to his lover on the subject, how could the hyena claim his argument to be right? How could he look at all of the other people in Ratholarin who were not 'true-blooded' – or whatever nonsense it was going to be called – and say he cared about their plight if he wasn't willing to do anything to actually help them? William loved Daniel, and he was more sure of that than anything else he had ever known in his life. He loved the bear through and through, right down to the bone. He'd have cast off the chance to do real good to stay with him... at least, if he assumed for the sake of argument that the rebels' cause *was* good. That still remained to be seen.

As much as it helped him to see where Daniel was coming from and to empathise with him – and it *was* sweet in a twisted, cruel sort of way that Daniel would let a thousand people suffer if it meant that William was happy – it also clarified what William knew he needed to do. He loved Daniel. He'd do anything and everything he could for the bear.

But that *didn't* mean he could stop caring about others, too.

By the time he'd made it back to their home, the lights were out. William crept through the dark, familiar enough by that point with where everyone was to make it without an ounce of fuss back to their bed. A shadow moved slowly in the dark atop it; Daniel had clearly already gone to lie down. William sighed. Whispered. "Are you awake?"

There was silence for a long moment, and the hyena's ears began to droop. Then, quietly, he heard a soft, "Nope." He couldn't help but smile as the shadow shifted. It resolved slightly as the bear rolled onto his back, and William began to disrobe. "Glad you're back."

"I'm glad to be back." He hurriedly shucked the rest of his clothes – he'd worry about them in the morning – and sat down on the edge of the bed to look down toward where he expected Daniel's head to be. "If you... want me to go after all of that, I-"

"I never, ever want you to go." A meaty paw came up through the dark to pull back the quilt over him. It was as open and deliberate an invitation as Daniel had ever made. "Not ever."

"And I don't want to go." William slipped smoothly in beside the bear, and his body heat immediately washed over the hyena like a second blanket. He sighed into that warmth and the bear's natural scent, and snuggled in against Daniel's shoulder. The bear's arm rose to wrap around him. "I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too." Daniel sighed in the dark as William wriggled in closer. "I realised it, you know. Right after you left. What I wasn't sayin' but should've. Is it okay if I say it now?"

William blinked, but he nodded slowly. "Yeah. Of course."

The bear nodded back, though he did lean down to kiss between William's ears first. When he did speak, he positively rumbled with conviction. "What I didn't say but should've is that if Fredrick came here for you, I'd kill the bastard. No hesitation. I'd run him through, right then and there, and I'd cut down his kingsblades right after for good measure, and then the whole damn Ratholarin army if they came for you. He's not taking you. No one's not taking you *anywhere*. You leave because you want to leave, and not because *anyone* tries to make you. An' I'm sorry I can't promise the same for the rest of the city, but... you're the only one means that much to me. Only one who ever could."

William felt his eyes mist up as he buried his face once more in Daniel's fur. His bear. Always his bear. "I know. I know you would."

"I know you know. I still should've been able to say it. I was just... bein' dumb." He sighed again. "No matter how many letters or numbers you teach me, I'm just a big, dumb brute in the end. Can't do much more'n swing a sword good." His arm tightened around William as he kissed the hyena through his headfur again. "I don't wanna fight Ratholarin. I really, really don't. But if it was a choice 'tween you and the kingdom... you win. Every single time, you win. I need you to know that."

The irony was what made William chuckle, but the sentiment from Daniel kept the tears flowing. "I'm not going to give you a reason to fight all of Ratholarin for me. I don't want to do that to you. I'll never ask you to do that."

"You'd never have to." The arm that was wrapped around William gripped him tighter, and it tugged him up and over until he was laying on the bear's chest. Daniel's other arm wrapped around him too, squeezing him close. "Bein' a soldier's how I provided for my family. How I followed what my father did. But you're my family too, and you're everything to me, Will."

Arms and legs splayed out around Daniel, the bed itself keeping William from squeezing him properly back. He didn't need to though as he lifted his head, wriggled up along

his lover's body, and planted a soft kiss on his muzzle. "And you are to me, too. Really. And I shouldn't have put you on the spot, or in the position to choose a kingdom or me. That was wrong of me."

The bear clicked his tongue and shook his head. "Nah, that's not what you did. You were lettin' your heart speak there. You wanted me to care about more than just you." He paused as William nodded and nuzzled against his neck. "And I do, I swear. Couldn't do my job if I didn't. Gotta believe in what I'm fightin' to protect, and all that. You jus' see a... a bigger picture than me, I guess. All I see's you. All I ever wanna see's you."

"Leaves you blind to an awful lot, too." William shrugged as he kissed at the bear's neck, and he received a rumbled growl of approval for his trouble. "My father used to say, truth is nothing but illusion unless sought with both eyes open. Can't remember who he was quoting, but it was some Marovani thinker or other."

"That's what I got you for." He squeezed tighter at William as he shifted beneath the hyena. "You get to focus on the big stuff, and I get to make sure *you're* okay." He paused as he leaned down, nuzzling back into William's cheek. "You *are* okay, aren't you?"

The question was more loaded than Daniel even knew. William frowned, and finally sighed as he considered his answer. "I don't know. I really don't. But I know one thing, if nothing else." He leaned back, all but sitting up over the bear to smile down in the dark at him. "No matter what else happens – no matter if the whole world is torched around me – I love you. And I would still love you, long after it all turns to ash."

Daniel's paws settled on William's hips, and he could imagine the bear's return smile. It came through clearly in his voice as he chuckled. "You best be careful. Sayin' such nice things, sittin' where you are? You're like as not to get your guts poked in."

He wasn't wrong; the hyena could feel the heat at his back. He'd only have to shuffle down a short ways to feel the bear's sheath tickle his backside, and for a moment he hesitated. It had been a long and trying day. He still didn't know what he was going to do about the rebels, or about whatever else the future might hold, or even how to reconcile everything with Daniel.

But William had spoken true. If nothing else, he loved the bear. He wanted, to the exclusion of almost everything else, to be with him. Of all the ways to show it, there were definitely less fun ones. "Is that a promise?" He slid back.

Daniel groaned under him as William's backside ground against his sheath. The bear's tip had already begun to poke out, and William quickly lifted himself just enough to let it tease up and under his tail. "I mean, I just wanted a nice *hug*. But sure, call it a promise." He smirked as he squeezed at William's hips again, helping to guide the hyena to grind down against him. "You don't usually sit up on me like this, though. Something different tonight?"

He wasn't wrong; the bear's size was usually ample reason for William to be the one inside him instead. They'd made it work in the past with grit and determination, but they'd certainly been fewer and further between than the other way around. Something was different, of course, in William. Something he didn't know how to express to the bear, not even in the way he knew he was about to try.

The truth was simpler than all of it, as William smiled and ground himself down harder against Daniel's tip. "I just want to." His words had an immediate effect; a twitch ran up through that growing length, setting it throbbing and already spilling pre up under William's tail. It matted his fur and soaked right through as he smiled. Sometimes it was a very, very good thing his lover was somewhat messy. "If that's okay with you."

"Ooooh, it's very okay with me." Daniel groaned as he let his legs spread a little wider. That in turn forced William's legs further apart, leaving him to rest all the more heavily on that twitching, leaking tip. "You do whatcha wanna do, love. Take your time. I ain't goin' nowhere."

That was for sure. William smiled down at Daniel again as he wriggled his hips, shifting his weight from side to side over the bear's hips. Daniel's groan of pleasure helped to wash away the concerns of earlier, and any lingering friction that there might have been was eroded under a very different sort of friction beneath William. He let one paw fall on the bear's, helping it to stroke along his side as the other dipped back and under him, taking a hold of that still-firming length of flesh and squeezing tight.

Experience told him that if he waited too long, the sheer girth the bear brought to bear would be too much for him to take. William gave Daniel's length a quick tug, feeling his lover tense up under him. Another groan reached the hyena's ears as he brought that still leaking tip right up to his tailhole and all but painted his entrance with it. Little jerks of Daniel's hips betrayed the bear's appreciation.

And that appreciation broke into a moan of pleasure as William sat himself back down harder. He relaxed as best he could to allow Daniel inside of him, and it still took him a couple of lip-biting seconds of pressure before that hot, slick head spread him wide. They gasped as one, William's toes curling against Daniel's legs as he shuddered, sinking down the rest of the way in a single smooth drop. A twinge of pain wound through him, his body unused to the intrusion.

The soft stroking of Daniel's paws on either side of William's body helped ease that however, and there the hyena could do little more than sit. Daniel's fingers roamed his body, claws tracing lines in his fur and running with spine-tingling gentleness up against the grain as inch after inch of himself firmed up, pushing out of his sheath and immediately into the clenching depths of the hyena's body. His utterances were nonsensical. William understood them completely.

The first time William had tried to take the bear, they had been frustrated by failure. The second and third, as well. His inexperience and the bear's sheer size had been too great an obstacle to overcome. Time had shown them means by which to overcome both, but the one that he'd always preferred was what he was feeling. His fingers clenched tighter at Daniel as the bear continued to grow up and into him. That raw slab of flesh pulsed and throbbed inside him as it thickened, spreading his muscles wider and wider around it. It was the most curious feeling he had ever known, and yet it never, ever failed to set his own malehood to dripping.

Each drop soaked into Daniel's fur, his belly growing more damp by the minute as William began to move. Paws shifted to Daniel's shoulders to brace himself as he started to lift up. It was clear to him that it'd been too long since he'd been in such a position; his legs turned to jelly as Daniel's length shifted inside him, grinding against that spot deep inside that the

bear couldn't help but hit. A gasp escaped him as he fell back down again, backside audibly landing in the bear's lap as Daniel moaned again. Wanting. Needful. William struggled to rise once more.

That time though, he had help. Daniel's paws shifted back to William's hips. They gripped tight and lifted William as the hyena struggled to work along the bear's length, and relaxed as William let himself slide down again. It was slow; staccato shifts of his body around the fullness of Daniel's malehood, but for as much as a hint of pain lingered in the burn of William's taut-stretched tailring, immense waves of pleasure flooded out from deep inside with each motion to cleanse it.

Daniel had always been a gentle male, at least outside of combat. Despite being one of the largest people William knew, he was delicate and careful with every single person he encountered. Never was that more clear to the hyena than in moments like this. His grip was as loose as the hyena wasn't. Every single motion he made was only to help something that William had already set into motion. Even the slow rise and fall that he eased the hyena into, working him steadily along his malehood much as he might work his own paw, was careful. Tender.

It drove William to arch his back and bear down all the harder, squeezing himself in just the way he knew Daniel liked around the bear's shaft from root to tip. Every downward push aided by the bear's paws saw the rim of his sheath kiss the hyena's tailring, only for Daniel to lift him up again for another drop. His breathing started to match the steady ride, out in a groan as he pushed down and inward sharply as he rose once more. His shaft remained untended, left to bob up and down over Daniel's rapidly-slickening stomach. He knew it wouldn't need any help. Daniel knew it too.

A chuckle from the bear brought William's attention downward, as he continued to slowly work himself up and down along his shaft. "You, ah... you comfy up there... hmm?" What a question. William's insides continued to tingle; his toes curled and uncurled with each pull of Daniel's paws.

He tried to answer, but his muzzle parted just as Daniel tugged him down harder. The words evaporated in a haze of pleasure as William's eyes rolled back in his head. There he tried to rise again, but the bear's paws kept him locked in place there instead, left to squirm and writhe atop his lover's length. "Nnng... why?"

"'Cause you're lettin' me do the work for ya." Again Daniel chuckled, even as heat bloomed in William's ears. "Don't mind, love. Just wanna know if you'd rather lie down, 'fore your legs just give out."

Now that was an idea. William bit his lip, one ear flicking idly as he nodded to himself as much as anyone. "Y-yeah. Yeah, that sounds good." He leaned himself down as best he could, wrapping his arms about the bear as Daniel began to sit up.

He shuddered as Daniel lifted him once more by the hips, that broad, pre-soaked spear of flesh popping audibly free of William's body. The hyena felt himself go absolutely limp as he was emptied so completely, and his own shaft left a streak of watery pre across Daniel's chest as his tailring twitched and winked at the cool night air.

Daniel didn't waste any time, though. He rolled William over swiftly, realigning the hyena's body to the edge of the bed in much the same way William had just felt his insides rearranged. That was due to happen again in short order; his heart skipped a beat as Daniel slipped off the bed, right between William's legs. The head of his shaft, thicker by far than when it had first slipped inside William, nestled right up against the hyena's spread hole. He shivered as he felt it throb against him, and at the warmth of the bear's pre as it drooled into him.

He didn't ask Daniel to be gentle. Daniel always would be. Instead he spread his arms wide, grasping at the quilt tightly as the bear slid his hips smoothly forward. There was resistance, of course; the hyena's body had begun to adjust once more to the lack of Daniel's shaft inside him. It was reminded of that fullness again, and William couldn't contain a sharp moan of pleasure as his lover hilted inside him once more. His legs splayed wide. Shook again.

But Daniel didn't stop once he was buried to the hilt. With full control surrendered to him, the bear leaned over William as his hips began to move. What were once little more than twitches of want enticed by the rise and fall of William's body were the full-blown thrusts of rutting need, tempered by love and care for the male he'd opened up. Skills so seldom used anymore came back to the fore as Daniel rolled his hips upward, grinding sharply into that little nub of pleasure within William.

The hyena saw stars. Indeed, all he could do beneath the bear was writhe atop the bed. His eyes crossed as Daniel began to saw his full length back and forth, slowly at first but then with quickening vigour. The hyena's length pointed straight up, forced to the hardness of rock by the constant shifting and grinding of the malehood that so thoroughly hollowed him out. Sounds issued unwarranted from his muzzle; a cacophony of unintelligible grunts and gasps and moans. Not one of them was a plea for Daniel to stop.

His body knew what it wanted, and it didn't settle just for squeezing down around the intruder fulfilling Daniel's promise to rearrange it. Every inward thrust was pushed back against; William used the bed as leverage to all but mash his backside in against the bear's sheath. He squeezed back down as Daniel drew back, as if to suck his lover's shaft right back down into his depths again. And then he'd push down once more as it returned, ensuring that every last delicious, spreading inch of that thick length was sent into him.

The line between gentle and rough blurred. Its meaning vanished as the bear began to huff and growl above William. His trust in Daniel never wavered, but he knew for a fact that he couldn't stop the bear. He *wouldn't* stop the bear. His whole body sang, bucked as it was by every one of Daniel's sharpening thrusts. The rhythm began to break as some thrusts ran longer and deeper, and others turned sharper and shorter. He leaned further over William. Hot breath washed over the hyena's face as Daniel's angle shifted, and more of his weight went into his thrusts. William might have gasped for breath. All he caught was a muzzleful of Daniel's tongue. So much the better.

Arms rose immediately to wrap around Daniel's shoulders. They tugged him closer. Heads tilted, muzzles parted as the tenderness of their beginning was overtaken by the lustful, rutting need of the conclusion. The kiss was hot and sloppy and eager and messy and all the things that the rest of their bodies were in that moment. Lewd squelching sounds came from the edge of the bed with every inward push of Daniel's shaft. If his voluminous preseed hadn't

slicked up William enough to ease his entry before, the way it drooled across the edge of the bed and pattered to the floorboards certainly would have been enough then.

It also allowed him to speed up. His hips started to positively slam against William's body, the hyena's legs forced as wide as they could go in order to accommodate the bear's broader waist. They rose, easing their load somewhat as Daniel absentmindedly tugged them up one after another, William's feet left to rest up against the bear's shoulders. He felt almost like he was going to be broken in half, but whether that was from the bend of his spine or the shaft splitting him open he didn't know. He also didn't care.

As Daniel leaned further over him, the kiss broke and his thrusts intensified. His pants for breath shifted into hungry, eager growls that only set William's shaft to throbbing harder. The bed groaned beneath them. William all but cried out with each thrust. Tears filled his eyes, though from what sensation or emotion he didn't have the mindfulness to determine. He clutched at Daniel as he felt the heat building behind his balls, tingling in his shaft. He might have screamed for *more*. He definitely got it as his body – and the bed – buckled under Daniel's weight.

Its legs gave out just as William's would have, and sent the two crashing together. Daniel's weight all but knocked the wind out of William as he suddenly and with full force rammed himself in to the hilt. The hyena could only gasp, his cry of pleasure turned into little more than a breathless squeak as the bed collapsed beneath him. His malehood, undaunted, erupted and spat heavy, creamy white ropes across their mashed-together bodies.

His legs wrapped instinctively around Daniel's hips as he clenched down in the throes of his pleasure, and any attempt the bear could have made to pull himself free was left in vain. As William's body shook and squirmed in pleasure beneath him, he could do little more than tumble over the edge himself. He roared, all but drowning out William's cries with one of his own loud enough to shake the walls. William felt the seed pulse its way along the shaft buried under his tail, tugged forth by every beat of his heart squeezing down around it. It exploded within him, his body bred as thoroughly as it could be with each virile surge of the bear's length. He drank it down greedily; every muscle in William's body worked that shaft to ensure that every last spurt was drained into him. Not one single drop would be spared.

Daniel still had the presence of mind, even then, to shakily lift himself up and off the prone William. It freed the hyena's shaft as well, leaving it to shed the remainder of his seed in a couple of quick spurts that lanced up to strike Daniel in the chin. The pleasure of William's own climax was but a shadow of the bear's however, or perhaps it was one that lent its power to the other. They fed on one another, the hyena's body surging with every pulse that delivered another eruption of the bear's seed into him. It left his whole body floating, shaking in the wake of a climax almost beyond any they had shared before.

And even when the physical pleasure of their coupling faded and all William was left with was soreness and stickiness and breathlessness and afterglow, he was left with nothing but the largest smile on his muzzle. It split him ear to ear as he panted for breath, still squirming and trembling under his bear. With his mind at least somewhat restored in the wake of his orgasm, he became able to feel the twitches of Daniel's shaft, still utterly buried inside him and still drooling out the last dregs of his load. He opened his muzzle, but no words came out.

“Yeah.” The words was little more than a groan, lazy and drawled out over the course of almost ten whole seconds. Daniel nodded slowly above William, his shadow shifting as he grunted once more and ground himself against the hyena’s rump. “That... *yeah*...”

“Yeah...” William’s response was but a sigh in turn, barely audible over the bear’s pants for breath. He allowed his arms to fall back across the broken bed, and his legs struggled to do the same before they found themselves caught on the bear’s hips. “Wow.” He closed his eyes. “Wow.”

“We, uh... we gotta do this more often.”

“Mmmhmm.”

“Uh... I think we, uh... we broke the bed.”

“Mmmhmm.”

“Deal with it tomorrow?”

“Mmmhmm.”

“Heh... that all y’can say?”

“... mmmhmm.”

Daniel started to ease himself back, shifting that titanic malehood out of William’s rear. An inch was as far as he made it before the legs around his waist stalled him out and tugged him back down into the hyena’s seed-drenched insides. “I gotta pull out, love.”

“Mmm-mmm.”

“We can’t sleep like this.”

“Mmm-*hmm*.”

Daniel chuckled above him, and William couldn’t help but drowsily smile back. “Alright. We’ll... just stay like this for a moment.”

Nothing in the world could seem more right to William. For all the problems and concerns and fears and troubles tomorrow would bring – including their need for a new bed – those were *tomorrow*’s problems. The now was for their comfort and their enjoyment, and they had *earned* it. “Mmm-hmm.”

“Mmm.” The bear rolled his hips again. The soreness under William’s tail throbbed, but a twitch of pleasure ran through his spent shaft. “If I stay in ya, though... no guarantee you’re jus’ getting’ one load.”

“Mmm...”

“You don’t mind.”

“... mmm-mmm.”

“Mmm...”