

Chapter 6

Meelo

Day 5

"Thanks again, guys!" I yelled to Syta and Sebastian, as they walked away.

After a muffled response from Sebastian that caused Syta to slap him on the arm, I turned and knocked on Rye's door with my rabbit pelt in hand.

"Come in," a voice called from within the hut.

With my free hand, I opened the door and entered. "Hey, you're-?"

Before me, in the dimly lit interior of the hut, was a fennec fox that was sitting down at his desk with his back facing me. But that's not what startled me. Nor was it whatever the fennec was working on. Instead, what I found to be particularly troubling was Rye's bare ass pressed against the seat of the chair, causing his cheeks to clench together. While his tail hung off of the back the chair, it dangled somewhat to the side, covering most of Rye's right cheek, yet still allowing me to see the crevice that ran down the center of Rye's hindquarters.

I didn't move. Instead, I stood there gaping at the fennec's butt like a complete moron.

"Could you close the door please?" Rye asked, without looking away from his current project.

"Sure," I murmured, unsure of what else to say. Without turning around, I stuck my right paw behind me and lightly kicked the door closed.

Rye didn't stop working, nor did he turn around in his seat to face me. "You had a question?"

I cleared my throat and desperately dug through my mind for what I was going to ask. As I tried remembering what my question was, I attempted to shift my focus from Rye's butt. *Look at his head, or his shoulder, just anywhere but his ass!*

Even when I was finally able to look away, I could still see the fennec's rear peaking out at me in the corner of my eye. Once I actually remembered what I was going to ask, I spoke quickly for fear of forgetting it again. "Um... You're Rye, right?" *Wow. That sounded a lot less stupid in my head.*

"Yeah, who's...? Wait," The fennec finally stopped what he was fumbling with on the desk and gradually turned in his chair to face me. "So, you're the guy,"

Suddenly, I became very aware of my breathing. "What do you mean?"

"The guy that everybody's been talking about!" the nude Rye said. "I heard about what happened, how your old tribe drove you out and nearly killed you. Tut, tut, tut,"

The fur on the back of my neck began to prick as uneasiness grew in my belly.

Rye's blackish-brown eyes flicked down and spotted the rabbit pelt in my hand. "Oh, you have a pelt for me," He patted an area desk that was free of clutter with his right hand. "Put it here,"

My legs wouldn't budge. Instead of rising and moving forward, they had chosen to become rock. Yet, after a moment, I was finally able to move them and walked forward slower than any newborn.

As I neared the desk, I kept my gaze forward in order to avoid seeing anymore unwanted parts of Rye's body. As I tried to nonchalantly place the rabbit pelt on the desk, I muttered my appreciation. "Thanks. Nice meeting you,"

Quickly, I turned to leave.

Rye's hand leapt forward and caught my wrist in its mouth, which used fingers instead of teeth to keep me from escaping. "Turn around,"

I slowly did as I was told, afraid of angering the fennec. Once I stopped my turning and faced Rye, his head was only a hand's length away from my chest.

"I can't let you leave with that enormous stain on your tunic!" Rye explained with a sly grin.

At first, I had no idea what he was talking about, but when I looked down, I found a large red blotch which stained my side. *How did that happen? Syta was the one who carried the innards back to camp.*

I looked over at my pelt on the desk and noticed some blood on its furless side. How didn't I notice the blood until now? I sighed in relief. Oh well. It could have been worse. In my head, I had pictured Rye suggesting something that involved me being tied up and having my balls slapped.

Sadly, my relief was short lived. "Here," Rye said, as he stood up from his seat.

We were now standing toe-to-toe. I forced my eyes to focus on Rye's face to avoid accidentally seeing his balls.

"Take off your tunic," Rye ordered.

"What?" I gasped.

Rye laughed and gave me a playful look. "I'm just going to get the stain out," "Oh,"

I was still uneasy about being so close to the nude craftsmen, but once I presumed that Rye's intentions were probably good, I pulled my arms inside my tunic and then lifted it off of me. I held my tunic out towards Rye who then placed it on his desk.

Rye walked over to the side of his desk and bent over. As he was bending over, Rye's cheeks slightly spread, revealing the tiny pink circle that they hid between them. My face burned and I glanced away.

When Rye finally stood upright, he walked next to me with a bucket full of water and placed it on his desk next to my rabbit pelt. He then picked up my tunic and dunked it into the clear liquid while scrubbing it with his bare hands.

After finishing his scrubbing, Rye twisted all of the excessive water out of my tunic and then hung it off the corner his desk.

"How come I can't put it back on?" I asked.

Rye rejected the very idea. "Oh no! I couldn't let you wear that! It's soaking wet! It'll dry off in a little bit. And in the meantime, we can get to know each other,"

Rye then held out his hand towards the floor in the center of his hut. Seeing as I had no other choice, I moved forward and sat down where I was told. Rye then sat across from me with his legs crossed.

I sat there on Rye's floor silently, unsure of what to say. Rye then broke the silent tension bearing down on me. "Would you like to know why I'm naked?"

I didn't speak.

Rye bent his right leg up against his chest and leaned on it, exposing a portion of his crotch. "Well, let me ask you something. Why do we wear clothes?"

I lowered my gaze and shrugged.

Rye continued his little philosophic speech. "Exactly! People have been wearing clothes for generations. Nowadays, clothing has become so normal that nobody even questions it! They cringe at the sight of the naked body. Why do we cover up something that's natural? And," Rye grinned devilishly. "I find being nude...*titillating*,"

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat and noticed the tip of Rye's cock sliding out of his sheath. *Is he flirting with me?*

"I'm up here," Rye mentioned, as he pointed at his face.

My tail wrapped around my body from embarrassment when I moved my focus to Rye's face.

He chuckled. "Not that I'm complaining. You can't tell right now, but I've been told by a lot of guys that I'm the biggest they've ever seen,"

Oh crap. He is flirting with me! I have to get out now while I still can. I shouldn't even bother getting my tunic. I can get a new one!

"Sorry," I whispered, as I looked away from Rye.

Rye lowered his right leg and stretched it across the floor. "There's no need to apologize,"

Gradually, Rye put his hands on the floor in front of him and began crawling towards me, as though he were a starving hunter slowly creeping up on his prey. He then drew himself next to me, brushing against my right side. "I guess you could say, I feel closer to nature without any clothes. It's almost as if I can do whatever I want. I can hunt down a boar and rip it apart with my bare teeth, I can bathe in a cool stream and even," Rye placed his muzzle in my ear and whispered, "fuck whoever I choose,"

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

"Wow, you carry a lot of tension," Rye said, as he gazed over at my bare back. "Would you like a massage? I'm quite good, or so my ex-boyfriends have said,"

I shook my head, but still Rye insisted. "Oh, no! You're my guest! Here,"

Rye then placed his hands on my back and bent me facedown on the ground. For someone as small as he was, Rye sure was strong. I had to remind myself that height and build don't always mean strength. I would have pushed myself up, but Rye grabbed both of my arms and placed them under my chin. Next, Rye plopped himself down and sat where my thighs formed into my butt, as I lay sprawled out on his floor. He wasted no time setting his hands to work on my body.

Whatever resistance I had burning inside me instantly cooled as Rye's hands started to rub my back. He began with my lower spine and slowly worked his way up. Every vertebrate was singing songs of pleasure at Rye's very touch.

"If you ever need a massage, feel free to stop by anytime," Rye told me.

I grunted, finding myself at a loss of words.

After Rye had arrived at the top of my back, he veered off to the right and rotated my shoulder blade. I was about to tell Rye that I was fine now, but instead, I let out a moan. This only caused Rye to press down even harder on my body,

sending me into a surge of bliss. As I drowned in pleasure, my claws unsheathed and dug into the ground of Rye's hut. I even moaned a second time.

Rye laughed. "How many people have had the pleasure off hearing you moan?"

"Please, keep going," I begged him.

"If you say so!"

He then applied even more pressure, which made me whimper in guilty satisfaction. "Yes! Right there!" I buried my face into my hands and bit my lip in order to keep quiet.

Rye placed one hand on top of the other and began to press them down together. I could taste blood in my mouth, but I didn't care. I never wanted the pleasure to stop. My heart raced and my knees quivered underneath the fennec. In those few moments, all of my troubles were forgotten through the help of Rye's touch.

After a few more rotations, Rye stopped and patted me on the back. "You're good to go!"

The fennec hopped off of me and got to his paws.

As I looked up, Rye held out a hand and helped me off the ground. After standing back up, I was reminded that Rye was nude and that his privates had been on me while he was massaging me.

We both stood there together in silence. Rye's near-black brown eyes cut through me and made every hair on my body prick with uneasiness.

After what seemed like an eternity, and without any warning whatsoever, Rye leaned in to forced his warm tongue into my mouth. As Rye invaded me with his tongue, our bare chests pushed against each other. My widened eyes looked down to see if the fennec was going to pull away and found no such sign. Rye closed his eyes and let himself be fully immersed in the insides of my mouth. I didn't return the kiss. In fact, I forced my tongue to the lowest regions of my mouth to avoid touching Rye's as much as possible.

I then broke the kiss and took a few steps back.

Rye's eyes snapped open the very moment that I pulled away. "Not much experience huh? That's all right. Feel free to visit soon,"

Without even the slightest sign of guilt, Rye turned and retrieved my tunic from his desk.

I wasted no time snatching my tunic from the fennec's hand, as he held it out to me. While quickly making my way to the door, I stuck my head through the collar and slid my arms through the sleeves. After nearly crashing into the door from walking so fast, I opened it and left without saying goodbye or thank you.

After hurrying down through camp, I found myself at the fire where I discovered Callix and Seq roasting some prey. Suddenly, I felt a pang of guilt at the sight of Seq. It would have been easy for me to knock Rye off of me when he was rubbing my back, or when he had snuck a kiss from me. But I really liked the massage and the kiss took me so much by surprise that I froze. I wasn't turned on or anything, but it still felt wrong for me to let Seq's ex-boyfriend massage me. The kiss didn't make it better, either. I had to tell Seq.

I sat myself down next to Seq in the snow and tried thinking of what to say, as he and Callix continued discussing whatever it was that they were talking about. I didn't want to talk about what was on my mind to Seq with Callix around, so I decided to wait until later.

Then, my chance came. Callix opened his mouth to say something, but was called away for some reason. I don't know who called him, since I was still focusing on how to tell Seq what happened without seeming like a dick, with very little luck.

My inner thoughts were interrupted when Seq took his left paw and began to poke my right paw with it.

I flinched and moved my paw away in shame. "I need to tell you something,"

Seq hunched forward. "What is it?" Based on his tone, I knew that he could see how bothered I was.

My throat tightened and my stomach coiled into knots, as I remembered Rye's fingers making me moan like I was his plaything, yet I swallowed my humiliation and confessed what happened.

Throughout my recollection of how Rye massaged me, Seq showed no sign of emotion. He only stared at me with those brown eyes of his with ears standing up and taking in every word that I said. I kept waiting and waiting for him to speak or show some kind of emotion. Even when I got to the kiss part, I thought Seq would say something or express what he was feeling. But he never did, which only made my throat tighten even more.

After I had finished talking, it was silent, other than the crackling of the fire.

Seq let out a deep sigh. The red fox took his stick with roasting prey and stuck the bottom of it into the ground. He stood up and began to walk towards Rye's hut without saying a word.

I became frantic about what Seq was going to do. Was he going to punch Rye? Was he going to cry? *Oh, please don't cry!*

Seq was already inside the hut by the time I reached the doorway. As I entered the hut, I was met with an eerie silence. Seq stood and stared at Rye, who was still naked while sitting in his chair, staring back at Seq.

"Hey, Seq," Rye said.

Seq did not say hello in return, but instead jumped to the point. "Rye, you and I are over. Now, Meelo and I are together. So whether you like it or not, keep your hands off my boyfriend,"

Rye's ears perked up. He then slowly rose from his seat. "I...I had no idea that you two were a couple,"

Seq crossed his arms with authority. "Well, now you do,"

I stood in the door and felt a sudden lightness spread throughout my chest. "I'm your...boyfriend?"

Seq's ears flattened and he turned around. It was easy to see guilt in his eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry. We haven't really-"

"No," I interrupted him. "It's fine. I was..." I paused and looked at Seq, who intently waited for a response, "I was going to say yes,"

I didn't know how Seq was going to react. We could have left right then and talked by ourselves. Or, he could have turned to give Rye a snarky comment. Instead, he did something much better. Something wonderful.

Seq stepped towards me, graceful in each step, and kissed me, but this kiss was different somehow. It wasn't physical or lustful like when Rye kissed me. It made me feel closer to Seq in a certain way. Not in a physical sense, but deeper. It was as though I had known him my whole life.

The two of us ended the kiss and smiled at each other. Then, Seq turned and faced Rye again. "This is your one warning Rye. Don't do it again,"

And, with that, we left Rye's hut. We even held hands as we returned to the fire, where we continued to talk.

He glanced over to me in remorse. "Does it bother you that Rye and I use to date?"

I thought about it for a moment and shook my head. I was just glad that Seq was still speaking to me.

"Good. He and I ended rather...poorly. I want you to know that I don't have any leftover feelings for him,"

"I believe you,"

Seq sighed and leaned against me. "Good,"

As I watched the flames slowly eat away at Seq's food, I couldn't believe that, for the first time in my life, I had a boyfriend.