

Chapter 41

Meelo

Day 46

"Spank me!" Seq moaned in that begging tone that I adored.

My boyfriend was pressed up against the wall of my hut with his back to me, while I rammed myself deeper and deeper into him.

"What?" I asked, as if I didn't hear him, while keeping my thrusts at the same speed. I wanted to hear him beg me for more.

It was always adorable to see how hard it was for Seq to speak when we were having sex. "I said," Hump. "Slap," Hump. "My," Hump. "Ass!"

"If you say so,"

While I continued to enter Seq once again, I raised an open hand into the air and brought it down onto his right cheek.

The quivering fox let out a squeak that was rich with pleasure and pain. "Oh Taiya...keep doing that,"

Who was I to say no? Actually, now that I had been a little rough, I decided to spice things up even more. I pressed my chest against his back as I continued to plunge myself into him and whispered into his ear, "You like that, you little slut?"

Seq shook with anticipation for what was to come next. "No," he moaned.

I grinned as I pulled myself out of Seq, only to push back into him. Seq always deliberately said whatever he knew would lead to more spanking. It was his fox nature. I had to admire Seq's boldness, though. He sure had his mind set on getting what he wanted.

"Don't lie to me," I whispered, as I threw more of my weight against him, "I can feel your ass gripping my cock for dear life, so I know you love it,"

I smacked Seq's butt in the same spot as I did before, only harder this time. His moaning grew louder. "I do. I love it! Please keep going,"

"Watch me," I told him, as I leaned back once again and continued to slap his hindquarters over and over again, while I pulled on his scruff with my other hand.

When Seq had first tried getting me to be rough with him in bed, I wasn't very good. He was half my size and I was always afraid he'd break something. Even dirty talking was weird, at first. Sure, I could say "cock" and "ass", but that wasn't even close to what I was able to say now. Seq, being the strong willed guy that he was, pushed me on, despite my discomfort. He took it slow of course, but told me what to work on. Personally, even after I became good at being rough in bed, I wasn't a big fan. I liked being tender, intimate and loving whenever we had sex, not cursing and screaming. Seq enjoyed it, though, so I did my best to please him. I didn't necessarily hate it, but I wasn't in love with it, either. The one thing I did enjoy were the noises that Seq made. His cries and squeals had grown on me and I was encouraged by them to only be rougher.

Seq moaned loudly once again. "Fuck me like the little slut that I am!"

Well, he certainly seemed to be stepping things up, so I decided not to hold back any longer. "I'm gonna make your ass so sore that you won't be able to sit for an entire moon,"

My boyfriend only arched his back in pleasure. "I'm gonna cum soon,"

I tugged harder on his scruff, pulling his head back as I did so. "If you cum, you're ass will tighten up and then I'll fuck you twice as hard. And then you won't be able to sit down for two moons, instead of one,"

Seq leaned his head forward again and pointed his nose down at the ground, as he whimpered, powerlessly. "Nooooo,"

A snarl came through my bared teeth. "Then don't you dare fucking cum before I do,"

He kept moaning.

I began to thrust against him faster than before, driving my throbbing shaft deeper into Seq's still-tight ass. I could feel myself edging towards my orgasm, but I only kept going.

And then, it was over.

A stream of hot liquid left me and poured into the depths of Seq's body. As the final drops left me, I gave one last great thrust to drive my cum deeper inside of Seq. After doing so, I placed both of my hands on Seq's rump and slowly withdrew myself from him. Just as my wet barbed tip popped out of Seq, he let out a tiny squeak of delight. *Typical*. He always loved the feeling of my barbs leaving him.

It wasn't until I took a step back from Seq that I realized that he was breathing heavily. His breathing was quicker than mine, but shallower, almost as if he couldn't get enough air.

Seq turned around and pressed his back against the wall, just before drifting a hand down to caress the top of his hardness. "Well," he said, shooting me a grin, "aren't you gonna finish the job, big boy?"

If I hadn't just cum, I'm sure that my cock would have gotten twice as hard, instead of slowly lowering itself back inside my body, as it currently was. I returned his grin and spoke with a raspy voice. "I've got an idea in mind,"

I moved forward and pressed myself against Seq. As Seq's body became cushioned between my chest and the wall, I could feel his knot starting to push against my thigh. It didn't stop me, though. I bent my neck down and lost myself in the wet embrace of his lips. My eyes were closed as I let my tongue pass into Seq's mouth to greet him. Seq returned the gesture and brushed his tongue against mine. We continued on like that for only a moment or two. Sometimes, our tongues would be in his mouth, sometimes in my mouth or we would occasionally meet in between.

Placing my hand on his chest and gently pushing him away, I began kissing his neck, before allowing both of my hands to drift down and place themselves upon his hips. Seq let out a low moan as I sucked at his neck and let my fingers run through the fur on his sides.

Slowly, I began to slide my mouth down his neck, over his stomach and down until I was on my knees with his knot only a finger's length away from my face.

Seq let out what sounded like his attempt at a purr. "I see where this is going,"

Without any more distractions, I opened my mouth wider than I probably needed to and let Seq's cock slide deep inside of me. As Seq glided over my tongue and rubbed against the roof of my mouth, I realized that his shaft was bigger than I thought it was. Then again, it may have only seemed big since it was inside my mouth.

Once Seq's hardness finally arrived at the very back of my throat, I drew my head back, running my tongue and the roof of my mouth along his knot, only to push my head forward once again. As I continued to use my mouth to please him, Seq's legs would shake every so often.

Soon, the first drops of pre began to trickle their way onto my tongue. It didn't taste how I thought it would. It was sort of...sour. All this time I thought it would be sweet since it had a light color, but, instead, it was more pungent and made me want to spit it out as soon as possible. I couldn't, though, not with the knot of a fox going in and out of my mouth. I kept going and waited.

I was soon reassured that I was almost done when Seq placed his hands on my head and began to whimper, "I'm gonna... I'm gonna..."

His body became limp and he released a rather loud sigh. Soon, a warm stickiness filled my mouth and I had to use all of my will not to spit it out. I knew that if I didn't swallow every last drop of bitterness, Seq probably would think I hated giving him head and would feel bad for letting me do it. I could already hear how that conversation would have gone.

No, it's fine! Really! I don't mind it, Seq.

Meelo, I'm not going to make you do something if you aren't going to like it.

Come on! Do you want me to beg?

Just drop it.

Fine. Please, Seq, let me blow you!

Why can't you just leave it alone?

Because, I'm sure you do stuff you don't like for me all the time! Why can't I do something just for you?

Basically, he would get pissed and we would end up spending the night in silence.

Not if I can help it.

I closed my eyes and imagined a nice cooked piece of deer, fresh off the fire, as I allowed Seq's juices to fall down my throat and into my stomach. Once the cum had gone down, I looked up into Seq's brown eyes and saw that he was smiling. *Good.* Even though I don't feel like it, I pulled my mouth away and smiled back.

It wasn't long until we got into bed and curled up next to each other before we started to talk. My arm was around him as we lay on our sides with our chests touching. His head was underneath mine and I could feel warm streaks of air brush against my neck every time he breathed. Taiya, I wished that the moment could have lasted forever. It was so perfect. Yet, I knew that my wish could not be granted. Even if we did someday decide to be mates, we'd still have arguments and often be in different places doing various jobs. Still, as long as I was able to come back to him at the end of each day, I would be happy.

The memory of Rye walking away as Hurq bled out on the snow the day before flashed in my mind. He saved Grix, which wasn't what bothered me. The fennec just left after killing somebody. Was Rye capable of murder? Granted, he did what he had to do. But, still, he acted so casually about it. Maybe Seq dumping Rye had a worse effect on the fennec than I had originally thought.

"So, what do you think?" Seq asked me.

My ears twitched and I blankly stared at the wall in silence.

Seq pulled his head out from underneath mine and looked into my eyes. He snorted and laughed at my puzzlement. "What? You'll fuck a guy, but won't listen when he talks?"

I almost respond, but got cut off by laughter.

While shooting Seq a look, I tilted my head. "What's so funny?"

"Come on!" Seq rolled his eyes. "You're always so damn serious! I'm not really mad at you or anything, Meelo. After all, I particularly remember you giving me a special present after you were done with my ass,"

For a moment, I was still unsure of whether he was being honest or not.

Then, Seq lowered his head again and snuggled back up against my body. "So what's bugging you?"

Mentioning Rye seemed like a bad idea, especially right after sex, but it wasn't like Seq and I hadn't spoken about the fennec in bed before.

"Well," I said, "I was just thinking about how Rye shot Hurq the other day and how he didn't even seem fazed by it,"

"The cheetah?"

"Yeah,"

Seq shrugged from underneath me. "He *was* going to kill Grix,"

"Yeah, I know," I said. "I get that he saved Grix, but he didn't show any emotion. No pity, no remorse or anything. I don't know why it bugs me so much, but it does. Maybe it had something to do with you dumping him,"

As soon as the words left my mouth, I regretted it.

Stupid. You got away with bringing up his ex in bed and then you go and say something like that? What's wrong with you? Do you want to sleep alone tonight?

Seq sighed, but I was unsure of whether or not it was because I pissed him off. Then, before I could apologize, Seq responded. "Rye wasn't always like this. When we were dating, he was always talking to people and was friends with just about everybody. He talked and told jokes, but not the kind of jokes he tells now. It's hard to believe that he was once...normal.

"When everybody got sick, though, from the tainted food, he lost a lot of friends. He even had to watch both of his parents slowly die in front of him. After his father was dead and his mother died, too, he cried one night in his hut with me. It was the only time I had ever seen him cry before. When he was finished, he looked at me and said, 'You're the only reason I have to be happy'. So, really, it wasn't just the break up that made him like this; it was all of the other shit he went through, too. It twisted him and made him hard on the inside. I still wonder if he's still that nice social guy he used to be, underneath all that anger and pain. But I don't know. I really don't,"

When I heard Seq mention Rye crying for the first time in front of him, I thought back to when Rye and I went on a patrol together. I could still see the misery in the fennec's puffy eyes as I lay next to Seq inside of my bed. Maybe he wasn't an asshole deep down inside. Maybe he was just angry because life hadn't gone the way that he had planned. He might just be broken. Rye probably didn't know why his life had been so shitty, so he got angry and tried to make everybody around him feel the same way, so he wasn't alone in his misery. I know I would be angry, too.

I lowered me head and kissed Seq on his forehead. "Let's go to sleep,"
"Okay," he whispered.

Both our lips met for a sheer moment. There wasn't any tongue, but there didn't need to be. Our lips parted and we lay our heads back down so we could finally go to sleep.

Just before I gave into sleep's subtle beckoning, I realized just how lucky I was. I was a part of a great tribe who accepted me. I wasn't some bitter guy that everybody hated. I had enough to eat everyday. And, most of all, I had the most wonderful boyfriend that anybody could ask for.

And, if I had known that we would never kiss again, I would have made the moment last just a little bit longer.