

The lanky coyote pushed his hair back from his face, the humidity hanging heavily in the air. He lounged on a towel looking out at the ocean, the stars reflecting on the water's surface. Diego loved this time of year, but he hated the humidity. Grabbing his water bottle, he took a long draught and dumped the last of it over his head before rolling over onto his stomach, letting the cold droplets roll down his forehead and muzzle. Mar cavorted in the waves a few yards away, not caring that the sun had set and the coyote was beginning to get hungry. Damned otters.

Diego laid his head on his crossed arms and let his eyes drift shut. He *was* relaxed, just as Mar had said he would be, despite his earlier reluctance. He dug his footpaws into the sand behind him, enjoying the cooling sensation. It was still unreasonably hot even with the sun not adding to the overall temperature. *Nothing the bloody air conditioning won't cure*, he thought, a smirk appearing on his face as he imagined the car ride home. Mar would complain about his driving, no doubt, and about the air conditioning blasting away the heat and humidity of the day.

A rush of footsteps startled the coyote out of his light doze and he yelped in shock as cold water droplets stung his bare back, arms, and face. Dark green eyes snapped open and he glared up at the grinning otter poised above him. Mar was on all fours standing over the coyote, saltwater dripping from his shining blue pelt. Diego rolled onto his back and held his friend by the shoulders as Mar prepared to shake again.

"What the bloody hell is wrong with you?!"

Mar barked a laugh and sat back on his haunches across Diego's thighs. "You were looking way too comfortable," he said, running a hand through hair that shone silver in the moonlight. "If you're getting comfortable, then I'm clearly slacking."

"Could just leave a poor bloke alone, yeah? Let 'im nap 'cause someone who shall go unnamed dragged his arse out of his nice comfy bed into this sauna," Diego grumbled, crossing his arms across his chest as he glared up at the younger man.

Mar leaned in close, nose to nose with the coyote and shook his head vigorously. "Nope!" he said with a satisfied smile as Diego bit out obscenities and turned his face away from the water dripping on his snout.

Shoving Mar back onto his haunches, Diego propped himself up onto his elbows and glared. "Otter water torture?"

"Something like that."

"Have I mentioned today how much I hate you?"

Mar shrugged and pulled his tail into his lap and wrung the last of the water out and onto Diego's swim trunks. "A few times, but who's counting?" he said airily, ignoring the scowl the older man aimed at him. "I suppose you're hungry."

A flicker of caution reached Diego's brain, just barely reaching him as the initial implication toward food piqued his interest. Mar was giving in far too easily. He eyed his friend suspiciously, taking in the casual posture and flopped rudder-like tail. If the otter was planning something, he was hiding it well. Normally the coyote could see through a bluff easily, but Mar remained an enigma. "Not too late for a pub," he ventured, steeling his expression into neutrality. "Get you some of that piss-water you call beer."

Mistake number one. Mar arched an eyebrow and leaned forward once more, his still-wet hair dripping the occasional droplet onto Diego's face. "Pretty sure I didn't just hear you call my beer piss-water, you bastard."

A slow grin spread across Diego's face. He leaned up, his nose touching the otter's, and whispered "rat piss."

Mistake number two. Diego's shoulders hit the ground as soon as the words left his mouth, his head smacking back onto the towel. Mar's hands gripped his shoulders, holding the coyote firmly in place. A quiet chuckle escaped Diego as he wriggled tentatively in the younger man's grasp. He could likely get out of the otter's hold; both men were roughly the same build with Mar being a few inches taller.

Emerald eyes met aquamarine as both men came to the same awkward realisation of their rather compromising position. Diego let his eyes roam appreciatively down Mar's still damp body

as he smelled a subtle change in the younger man's scent. He wriggled again, less of an attempt to get loose this time, and watched Mar's eyes darken a fraction. Raising an eyebrow at his friend, Diego smirked and his tail twitched against the otter's leg. "Gonna let me up then?" he said, his voice a deep rumble. "Or are you gettin' comfy, pet?"

Mistake number three. Mar's eyes went wide for a split second then narrowed. He trailed a claw down the centre of Diego's chest, parting the cream-coloured fur and brushing his poker chip necklace to the side. "Nah. Just keeping you in your place," he replied.

Diego clenched his jaw as he felt the clawtip against his skin, turning the instinctive groan into a throaty chuckle. "That right?" The coyote shifted his weight underneath the otter and with an upward surge, flipped the otter onto his back on the towel. He straddled Mar's hips and grinned down at him. "Too bad y'can't keep me there."

Mar gaped at him, small ears flicking backward in shock. He recovered quickly, Diego had to give him credit, and with a small growl of frustration, he grabbed the coyote by the scruff of the neck and pulled him down for a bruising kiss.

*Lad's full of surprises today*, was Diego's only coherent thought. Shaking off his initial surprise, he wound his hand through Mar's shaggy hair and returned the kiss with equal force. He shivered as Mar dragged his claws down his back, coming to a stop at his hips. Reluctantly breaking away, he studied his friend's face. "If y'going to start something y'not gonna finish, pet, we better stop now," he said, his accent thick and betraying his arousal.

"Come on, *Tobias*; you afraid I'll be too much for you?" Mar retorted, his chuckle sounding a bit shaky but his grin no less cheeky.

With a rough twist, Diego ground his hips against the otter's, eliciting a strangled yelp from the other man. "Cheek of you," he rumbled, nosing his way to Mar's neck. "I'm never goin' to get you to stop callin' me that, am I?"

Mar managed a shake of his head and bit his lip as Diego nibbled at his throat. "Nuh-uh," he said, hands slipping into the waistband of the coyote's swim trunks. "Fancy English name for a fancy English acc – *fuck!*"

Diego sank his teeth into the juncture of Mar's neck and shoulder, cutting his friend's banter off abruptly. The otter shuddered, arching up into the coyote. Pulling back a few inches to watch the reaction, Diego smirked in satisfaction. It was rare he could shut Mar up. A whap upside his head broke the smirk, turning it into a scowl.

"No biting, dammit!"

"You liked it, pet; admit it."

Mar pulled Diego down for another kiss as a response, nipping lightly at the coyote's lower lip. "Shut up," he muttered against the other man's lips. His hands roamed across the toned chest and stomach before gripping Diego lightly through the fabric of his shorts.

It couldn't be said that Diego couldn't take orders, he was just picky about which he obeyed. Shutting up and resuming his assault on Mar's neck, the coyote bucked into the otter's palm and wormed a hand between them to undo the ties on the damp swim trunks. He tapped Mar's hipbone, signalling him to lift up his hips. One last nip to the otter's throat and Diego slid down the younger man's body as he pulled the shorts down and tossed them away. Nipping and licking at the hollow of Mar's hip, he traced light patterns through the short fur of the otter's inner thigh and grinned as he felt the hard muscle twitch and flutter beneath his fingertips.

A hand wound itself into the coyote's spiky grey hair and he felt Mar finally give in. Diego settled himself comfortably between the younger man's legs, reaching up to rest one hand on the flat stomach. He licked experimentally at the tip of Mar's erection, snickering at the strangled whinge that resulted from it.

"Fucking tease," Mar spat. "You know that?"

Diego sighed dramatically and rubbed the base of the other man's length. "Gotta make up y'mind, pet. First you tell me to shut up, now you're askin' me questions?" He shook his head and licked up the shaft, keeping his dark green gaze on the other man's face.

The hand in his hair tightened almost painfully. "How about you put that tongue of yours to

good use for the first time in your life?" Mar gasped, aquamarine eyes meeting Diego's amused gaze.

"Far from the first time," Diego retorted. "Though at least the former is something we can agree on, yeah?" He took Mar into his mouth before the otter could muster the energy to respond, bracing himself for the inevitable buck of the hips. He lost himself in the otter's scent as he bobbed his head up and down slowly, settling into a rhythm. One hand rested on Mar's hip, holding him steady and teasing the hollow of his pelvis with light touches.

Mar swore incoherently beneath him. Diego chuckled, the vibration causing a fresh jolt of pleasure to the tormented otter. The coyote swallowed him to the root, pressing his tongue against the thick vein on the underside of his erection and adding pressure as he slowly pulled back off him. Clenching one hand into the towel and footpaws digging furrows into the damp sand, Mar threw his head back against the towel.

Diego's tail twitched as he suckled hard on the head, his tongue laving across the tip. He reached one hand down to divest himself of his own shorts, groaning quietly in relief as he was freed. His own erection throbbed insistently between his belly and the towel, surprising him with how much his friend had turned him on.

"Diego."

The coyote ignored his name, intent on making the younger man lose control and entirely focused on the task at hand. He blew lightly at the glistening tip before taking it back into his mouth.

"Son of a – Diego!"

He could feel Mar's pulse begin to quicken and his tail thumped again the towel in a wag of pleasure. Any minute now. Diego dragged his teeth faintly up Mar's shaft and bit back a yelp as the hand in his hair tightened sharply.

"*Tobias!*"

Diego scowled and pulled off the hard organ. "Bloody hell, what?!" he snarled, propping himself up on his elbows. Mar's use of his first name had managed to sink into his lust-filled brain, much to his irritation. His ears flicked back against his skull and he narrowed his eyes at the otter, who lay in a picture of debauchery.

Mar tugged at the older man's arm, pulling him up his body until they were face to face. "You keep that up and this'll end too quickly," he murmured, kissing the coyote fiercely. "Besides, we haven't... uh... figured out who's doing what."

"Taken care of, pet," Diego replied, tilting his head slightly to the side in surprise at Mar's awkward tone and flushed complexion. "Be a love and grab m'bag, will you?" he asked, gesturing to the black backpack just out of his reach in the sand. Said backpack was tossed onto the towel next to him and he leaned over and rummaged through it before finally pulling out a small white tube with a triumphant look.

"...Do I want to know why you're carrying a tube of lube with you to the beach?"

"Don't you? Besides, y'not complaining, are you? Certainly appropriate for the situation, innit?"

Mar just shook his head at the incorrigible canine and stroked the strong thighs that straddled his hips. "Didn't peg you for a bottom," he said, watching the coyote intently as he prepared himself.

"You complaining?" Diego grunted. "I'm flexible, pet. You should know this about me by now."

"Definitely learning more about you today than I have in a long time," Mar replied, trailing his fingers along the length of Diego's erection. The coyote grinned at him and thrust into his hand. "Not sure why I didn't want to learn sooner."

"Damned if I know."

Mar laughed and sat up, holding Diego in his lap. He tugged the poker chip necklace, bringing the coyote's head down for another deep kiss. Diego shifted in the younger man's lap, raising himself up and guiding the otter's length into him. A low grunt of discomfort caused Mar to

pull back and look at the other man worriedly, his ears flattening into his shaggy hair. "Are you all right?"

"M fine, jus' out of practice a bit," Diego said with a groan as he forced his body to relax. Burying his face into Mar's neck, he sank down quickly and bit back the instinctive moan of pain at the intrusion. A wave of pleasure battled against the dull ache as Mar's hand found its way unerringly to his dripping shaft.

The pair remained still for a moment, only the heavy breathing and occasional sigh breaking the silence. Diego slipped his arms round Mar's neck and nibbled at the otter's ears. "You going to start movin', pet? Or do I have to do all the bloody work?" he breathed with a slight grin.

"Lazy," Mar shot back. The otter slid his hand up and down Diego's shaft as he rocked up into the other man's body, finding a slow rhythm that worked with their seated position. He pressed his muzzle to Diego's throat, finding the pulse point and sucking gently. The erection in his hand twitched and he grinned against the older's man's neck. "I find a good spot?"

"Bugger off."

"Thought that's what I was doing," Mar pointed out, rolling his hips more forcefully upward and squeezing the base of Diego's erection. Taking advantage of the coyote's momentary loss of brain function, the otter shifted his weight to compensate for Diego's and attempted to lay the older man down to give himself better leverage.

In an instant, Mar was slammed back into the towel, Diego's hands holding him in place to revisit their previous position. The coyote lifted himself up off the otter's shaft, leaving only the tip remaining inside as he raised an eyebrow at his pinned friend. Mar gasped at the sudden loss of heat, his claws digging into Diego's hips. "Fuck, Tobias, you're such a jackass," he whinged, tugging ineffectually at the narrow hips.

Diego threw back his head in a full-throated laugh. "At least I'm a bloody sexy jackass, yeah?" he said, sinking down once more and resting his forehead against Mar's. Both men groaned at their sudden reunion and Diego set the pace, gradually increasing the speed and force of his rising and falling. Mar's hands clawed at his grey-furred back, digging through his pelt to feel the heat of his skin as he thrust frantically upward to meet the coyote.

Despite his outward appearance, Diego was starting to lose his composure. The lad knew what he was doing, despite the coyote's aggressive control. He growled low in his throat and kissed Mar, catching a lower lip in his teeth. His shaft dripped steadily onto the otter's stomach as Mar pumped him in time to their frantic coupling. Leaning forward, he let his weight rest on his elbows on either side of Mar's head as they kissed, the new position allowing the tip of his erection to gain some much needed friction between their stomachs.

Mar's grip on Diego's flesh grew erratic. His fingers dug into the coyote's ass as he attempted to pull the older man closer. Blue-green eyes met dark emerald in a silent plea.

"Let go, Mar," Diego whispered, biting hard at the muscle between the otter's neck and shoulder.

With a harsh cry, Mar gripped Diego's hips almost painfully and slammed up into him twice more before shuddering violently in release. He buried his face into the coyote's neck, gasping for breath as orgasm hit him like a train.

The feeling of Mar pulsing within him was too much for even Diego. With the otter still hilted inside him, he pulled the other man close and reached between them to give his own throbbing shaft several quick tugs. Mar smothered the coyote's cry by leaning up and kissing him deeply as Diego spent himself across the younger man's stomach and chest. He collapsed onto Mar, breaking the kiss and panting into the younger man's hair. It had been far too long since sex had been that good.

"Tobias," Mar murmured after a moment's respite, his breath ghosting across Diego's inner ear. "My arm's falling asleep."

A grunt was all Diego could come up with as he managed to roll over onto his side next to the otter, both men groaning quietly as their bodies separated. He pillowed his head on Mar's shoulder, eyes drifting shut as exhaustion overcame him. Certainly a pleasant surprise, he had to

admit; one which he'd happily do again.

As if reading the coyote's mind, Mar's voice drifted through his sleep and sex addled brain. "Should do that again sometime."

"Aye."

"Except next time, if you're going to bottom, let me have a bit of control?"

Diego snorted and turned his face to grin at his friend. "In your dreams, pet. Gonna make you work for it next time."

Mar laughed and ruffled Diego's hair. "Somehow I expected that," he said wryly. He carefully extricated himself from the tangle of limbs and stood, stretching his limbs and tail. Turning to look down at the sprawled coyote, he grinned. "You know what this means, right?"

"Pub?"

"Nah. Means we've gotta go wash off," Mar replied, swiping a hand across the coyote's seed still clinging to his chest. Licking his hand clean, he eyed Diego with a smirk as the older man watched him with apparent hunger. "Which means more playing in the waves.... which if I recall, is what started this whole thing." He took off down the beach and dove smoothly into the surf, splashing water toward the coyote as he surfaced.

Diego shook his head as he followed the otter. "I like the way you think, pet. I like the way you think."