

"The bloody 'ell you want, Mar?" Diego slurred into his phone, rubbing sleep out of his eyes with his other hand.

"Good morning to you too, sunshine," came the retort on the other end of the line. "Or should I say afternoon?"

"Sod off an' get to the point," the coyote growled. Tobias "Diego" Hawthorne was not a morning person, a fact which Mar was perfectly aware of. That didn't stop his daily wakeup calls ever since the otter allowed the older man to crash at his flat.

"You're no fun. When you finally get your ass out of bed, could you run to the grocery store and pick up chicken breast, teriyaki sauce, and whatever vegetables I can manage to get you to eat without too much complaint?"

Diego swung his legs over the side of his bed (the couch) and grunted non-committally into the phone as he pulled on a pair of cargo shorts over his boxers.

"I'll take that as a 'as you wish, and thank you so much for letting me stay here. In fact, I'll also pick up some sake for you while I do that.'"

"Arse."

"See you at 5:30, Tobias, and don't drink all my beer."

Diego glared at his phone as it beeped, signalling Mar's ending the call. Some days he wondered if sleeping in his Land Rover might have been the better choice. Locating his t-shirt from where he flung it the night before, the coyote hauled it over his head and grabbed his keys off the coffee table.

The trip to the grocery took longer than he had anticipated. Who knew there were twenty different kinds of teriyaki sauce? The only thing Diego was sure about was the chicken. Throwing the bags of groceries onto the counter, the coyote glanced at the clock and swore. Mar would be home in less than thirty minutes. He pulled the ingredients out of the bags and into the refrigerator and his swearing intensified when he realised he forgot the sake. The otter didn't request many things and if he had requested sake, he had a good reason for it.

Diego stuffed the plastic bags into the garbage and ran a hand through his spiky grey hair. There wasn't enough time to run back to the grocery. As much hell as he gave Mar (and subsequently received), he didn't want to be an ungrateful house-guest or a burden on the younger man. Opening the fridge, he pulled out the chicken, teriyaki sauce, and several of the vegetables he had purchased. He could at least get dinner started for Mar; how hard could making teriyaki chicken be?

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Ears flat against the shrill smoke detector, Diego hauled open the slider door and raced back to the kitchen and smacked the wailing detector until it was silenced. His nose wrinkled at the acrid stench of smoke and he shoved the pan under the faucet in the sink. The hunk of charred meat sizzled as the water hit it and the coyote banged his head against the cabinet. Apparently teriyaki chicken was harder than he had thought. He had remembered Mar saying wine added flavour when paired with chicken, though he probably should have paid attention when he watched Mar use it that one time.

He honestly didn't expect it to burst into flames though.

Growling under his breath, Diego turned the faucet off and surveyed the kitchen. Teriyaki sauce and wine were splattered everywhere and the haze of smoke still hung over the kitchen. He doubted anything could be salvaged. Mar was going to skin him and use his hide as a wall hanging unless he could figure out a plan, and fast.

A click of the deadbolt unlocked made his ears twitch and Diego realised he had run out of time. He snatched a dishrag off the handle of the fridge and went to frantically wipe down the counters and stove when an idea occurred to him. It was desperate, and maybe even a little below the belt, but the coyote felt an inkling of hope. He tossed the rag on the counter and strode purposely out of the kitchen.

Mar stood in the hallway, a bewildered look on the otter's blue-furred face. He hung his jacket on a hook and turned to Diego, aquamarine eyes narrowing slightly. "Tobias, what the fuck happened? I could smell the -"

The otter didn't have time to finish his sentence. One hundred sixty pounds of lean canine slammed into him, pressing his muzzle fiercely against the younger man's. Mar gasped in shock and Diego pressed his advantage, deepening the kiss.

Hands came up and wound themselves in Diego's t-shirt, pulling the coyote closer. Diego wormed one leg in between Mar's and pressed his body flush against the otter's, whose growing interest couldn't be hidden through his battered work jeans. Tongues danced against each other as the two men fought for dominance. It was a losing battle for Mar, caught by surprise as he was. The otter groaned into the kiss and gave in, bucking his hips against Diego's.

Diego pulled back to divest himself of his shirt before diving back in to attack Mar's neck. His hands untucked the otter's shirt, one sliding up to trace patterns through the short fur and the other working at the belt buckle. The coyote nipped and nibbled and licked at the younger man's neck as Mar made incoherent noises in his ears. Licking at the other man's pulse point, he felt the otter's claws scrabbling at his back and waistband of his pants. He grinned against Mar's throat and bit lightly, shivering as he heard and felt the resulting cry of pleasure.

Grasping the hem of the otter's shirt, Diego hauled it over Mar's head and tossed it over his shoulder. Sometime in between Diego's neck assault, Mar had managed to undo the coyote's belt and shove the cargo shorts and boxers down round the older man's ankles. Diego stepped out of the offending garments and quickly closed the distance between them again. Alternating between kisses and nips at Mar's lower lip, Diego fumbled with the younger man's belt and cursed against his lips.

Mar's hands came up and brushed against Diego's as the otter assisted with the offending belt. Ridding himself of his jeans and boxers, the otter slid down the wall to his knees and nuzzled at Diego's inner thigh. The coyote sank his hands into Mar's silver hair and his head fell back as he felt the younger man's breath ghost across his stiffening length. A hand came up to tease the lightly furred sack and Diego inhaled a quick breath as he felt a tongue lave across the base of his shaft. He felt the blood rush to his groin, his erection hardening fully as Mar sucked lightly at the base.

"Bloody hell, Mar," Diego bit out. The coyote groaned as Mar took his length deep into his throat and sucked hard before lifting back up to just the head. Suckling at the older man's tip, Mar pumped the heavy shaft with one hand, the other tracing patterns between inner thigh and balls. He pulled off the head of the coyote's shaft to breathe, his thumb swiping over the tip as he slid his hand up and down slowly.

Diego watched him from under half-lidded eyes, the visual image itself turning him on just as much as the actual touch of a hand or warmth of a tongue. A low whinge escaped the coyote as Mar lapped at the droplets of fluid gathering at the tip of his erection. The otter was too good at this. His hands tightened in Mar's hair as he resisted the urge to thrust into the wet heat. The younger man swallowed him down to the root and hummed, the vibrations caused by his throat making the coyote gasp and pant.

The coyote hauled Mar up and off his erection with visible effort. With a feral growl he slammed the otter back against the wall, closing the distance between them with a bruising kiss. He could taste himself on Mar's tongue and could feel the younger man's leaking erection slide against the hollow of his hip. Diego was starting to lose control of his own diversion; time to step it up a notch.

Breaking the kiss, he spun the otter around to face the wall. Pressing himself against Mar's back, he nibbled at his ear and ground his hips under the rudder-like tail. Diego trailed his lips from one small ear down Mar's arched neck and down further still to his back. He licked and nipped at the small of his back just above the root of his tail, his hands gripping the strong thighs and holding Mar still. The coyote tapped one thigh, signalling the lust-addled otter to spread his legs. Nibbling and kissing the inner thighs, Diego licked his way up and under Mar's tail, hearing the quiet whimpers and gasps increase in volume. He glanced up, seeing Mar's hands balled into fists as he braced himself against the wall in an image of debauchery.

Diego lifted the heavy tail and lapped at the other man's entrance, his ears twitching as he heard Mar's breathing speed up. He could feel the muscles in the otter's thigh twitch as he focused on driving him insane. Licking furiously, Diego worked his tongue into the otter, stretching the taut ring of muscle as best he could. Mar moaned and swore above him, one hand reaching down to stroke his dripping length.

Noticing what he was doing, Diego pulled back and rose swiftly to his feet. "Enough of that, pet," his deep voice rumbled into Mar's ear as he batted the hand away from the otter's erection. He spat into his hand and inserted one finger into the other's body as he kissed and sucked at the arch of his neck. Mar was tight, but Diego's ministrations to his neck were forcing the otter to relax. It was normally the coyote who was on the bottom (though only figuratively, as Diego preferred to physically be on top). A groan escaped the otter as Diego removed the finger, added more saliva, and replaced it with two.

A few moments of stretching and nibbling at Mar's ears and Diego spat into his hand, adding to the slick fluid already coating his erection. With a low growl, he aimed himself and thrust hard into the otter, biting into the corded muscle between neck and shoulder as he did so. Mar gasped and his head fell back against the coyote and rocked back to meet the older man's thrust. Barely giving the otter a moment to adjust to his size, Diego set a rough pace and braced his arms on either side of Mar's head, lacing his fingers with the other man's. Mar himself didn't seem to mind the pace or intensity and moved one hand back to clutch at the coyote's hip and pull him closer still.

Catching Mar's ear between his teeth, Diego let himself slip out of the otter's body until just the head of his length remained inside. He slowly slid himself back in, grinding his hips against the Mar's ass as he hilted himself once more. A few more agonisingly slow thrusts and he resumed his previous aggressive rhythm. His free hand slipped down to wrap around Mar's throbbing erection and he stroked the otter firmly in time to his thrusts.

Mar jerked his hips up to meet the coyote's stroke and back to meet his thrusts. The otter's head rested against Diego's neck and he moved his hand from the older man's hip to cup his face and turn him for a deep kiss. Diego shortened his thrusts and kept himself deep in the otter's body as he held him close and returned the kiss. Mar's breath was coming in short gasps against his lips and the coyote tightened his grip on the other's shaft.

Breaking the kiss, he thrust in quick, shallow jabs as he felt the warm flesh in his hand begin to pulse. Mar's head fell forward against the wall as he cried out his release, spilling into the coyote's hand and onto the hallway wall and floor. Diego wasn't far behind him; the throb of Mar's shaft in his hand and the throaty groan was all it took. He buried his face into the otter's shaggy hair and swore as he slammed furiously into him one last time. Sobbing and gasping into the alabaster hair, the coyote spent himself into the younger man, spots dancing at his vision as he did so.

Diego felt Mar's knees begin to buckle underneath him and the coyote didn't have the strength to hold him up any longer. The pair collapsed to the floor, Diego's length slipping out of the otter as they did so. A few moments passed with just the sound of heavy breathing and the occasional kiss.

"D'you mind telling me what the hell that was all about?" Mar ventured, his voice still sounding a little raspy.

"Don't tell me you're complaining, pet."

"No. Not at all. That was just... new."

Diego propped himself up on one arm and grinned at the otter. "I can't surprise you? I always 'ave to be up t'something?"

Mar snorted and shakily rose to his feet. "If the shoe fits," he replied, sniffing the air. The heavy scent of sex still permeated the air, but the underlying scent of smoke was still present. "You never told me what that smell was."

"Let's just say I ordered us Chinese take away tonight, yeah?" Diego said vaguely, not meeting the other's eyes. "And I owe you whatever the bloody hell sake is."

The otter stared at him a moment and walked into the kitchen (rather stiffly, much to Diego's amusement). Diego remained in the hallway, having deemed it closest to an escape route if one

were necessary.

“...Don't even explain it, I don't want to know,” Mar's voice reached him. “But if you ever try to cook anything else without supervision, you better be ready for a repeat of tonight.”

Diego grinned. “I'll cook us breakfast then.”