

Business Deal, Part 1

Written by Keirish

DRAFT COPY, Notes and comments appreciated!

Negotiations, Round One

The red panda tapped his claws on the dark lacquered table top, keeping time with the steady tick-tock of the wall clock. Keirish worked his thumb claw inside the portfolio in front of him and peeked inside for the hundredth time. He hated waiting, it was a bullshit tactic used by bullshit people. He had done tones of these negotiations before, and he was about to deal with the worst kind of opponent.

Keirish sat alone in the meeting room facing the door. Behind him, a big floor to ceiling CommTechno logo filled the wall. He tried to ignore it, as if it was some mind game his opponent was using on him. He wore a custom tailored suit made to fit his broad shoulders. His tail billowed out behind him, curled loosely behind his chair. He leaned back and eyed the clock, contemplating how much longer to give him. He had not changed to plan B for a client so quickly, but if his opponent doesn't show up soon, he will have to. The door opened and Keirish sat bolt upright to see an ass of a man greeting him.

A young lion walked in with a cheeky smirk, wearing sunglasses and a blatant disregard for manners.

"Listen, daddy wanted me to show some interest in the company, so here I am. So let's just sign whatever and go, I got places to be."

Keirish expected some sophomoric attitude, but this was absurd. Not even 30 words in and he already wanted to punch him.

"These are technical changes to a billion dollar program. The change fees alone are over a million dollars." He opened the portfolio and slid it across the table. "I advise you at least take a look at them"

"Whatever, it isn't rocket science."

"This is LITTERALLY rocket science. The DB-87 launch is..." Keirish froze mid-speech. He caught a glimpse of a form through the door. He thought he had just seen a face smiling back at him, but the face was gone. Maybe the stress of this contract was getting to him.

"The launch is what?..."

Tith sat, eyeing the red panda, then following his gaze to the door. The lion motioned through the door and a bespeckled young white fox joined them, smartly dressed in a thin blue suit and clutching a leather briefcase. He pushed his glasses up his nose and extended his hand toward Keirish.

"Cha...Charlie Dale" he stuttered. Keirish stood and took his hand from across the table. The white fox had much thinner hands, which were easily enveloped in Keirish's. Surprisingly, his grip was firm and practiced, given his current timid nature. "I-I-I'm Mr. T-T-T-Tith's assistant."

"Quit stuttering and give me my damn primer," heaved the lion.

The red panda frowned at Tith, he was far too brash and overbearing, but to no particular end. He turned his attention back to the stuttering assistant.

"Keirish, pleased" he motioned for everyone to sit down.

The white fox pawed through the briefcase. It may have been Keirish's imagination, but he thought he heard the clink of glass bottles. He wouldn't be surprised if Tith had stuck a few mini bottles in there from the company limo. He handed daddy's boy his folder.

"Jesus, could this thing be any bigger?" Mr. Tith flipped through the document in front of him and began reading. Charlie watched over his shoulder, finishing each page far before his boss. Every time the fox finished a page he glanced up at Keirish, who did his best to appear busy, watching him through his peripheral vision. Keirish took this moment to take a few notes behind his hand.

"Ok, here are our revisions to the contract." The lion slid the document over to Keirish, who quickly sifted through it. He had been working on this case so long, even a single period out of place screamed at him. He did not like what he saw.

"No, we can accept this" muttered Keirish.

"What, why not?"

"The bare cost to cover these changes alone... This eats up so much of our earnings that this project may not make it out of the red."

"We feel that the addition of the..." Tith grasped for words.

"Launch Insurance underwriting, Section 12 on page 38." Charlie chimed in.

"Right, that, our addition of a required... Uh" the lion fell blank again.

"A required secondary underwriter to absorb the cost in the case of on orbit loss after insertion..." stated Charlie with a bored look on his face.

"Yes, of course, that is an absolute requirement for this..." Tith trailed off again, flipping through the pages.

"Type 21b non-fault tolerant relay network." Charlie's boredom gave way to annoyance.

"Stop, just stop. Jesus Christ Tith, were you coached on how to do this? It sounds like poor Charlie here had to sit through it with you. I know your father wanted you to get your dick wet with a contract but maybe he shouldn't have let you pop your cherry yet. Unless..." He flipped through the contract to a random page. "If, in the case of non-conformance with—"

"—proper disposal mode, ie. Failure of ACS or an inability to active a 400 Mhz beacon—" Charlie continued, not missing a beat.

Keirish sat back and smiled at the fox. It was not often that he was surprised during these negotiations.

"Impressive Charlie. It is not often that I run into someone with an eidetic memory." Said Keirish.

The fox blushed at the complement. It must have been a while since anyone bothered to be impressed by him.

"I don't have a photographic memory, I am... just good with paperwork," said the fox.

“Listen,” Tith began mimicking his father’s mannerisms, grasping for the semblance of authority, “I know that we are the only game in town right for you guys. You can either accept the changes, or go bankrupt.”

He was right. This is why Keirish had be hired, and this negotiation was not going anywhere. Keirish needed to peruse alternate routes, or Space Inc. was going to be royally fucked. And he knew what Tith’s father was like, an absolute bastard. He would run Space Inc. into the ground, buy it for pennies on the dollar, strip it, and make a handsome profit. Meanwhile, thousands of employees lose all of their stocks and then their livelihoods. Keirish resisted the urge to swear, he was better than that.

“Well, gentlemen, thank you for your time.” The red panda stood up, “We will have to take time to review these documents and we will have an answer for you on Monday.”

“Damn right,” said Tith. He stood up and walked out the door with a confident stride, having thought he won a battle for himself.

Keirish stared in astonishment that the lion thought he had any part in these negotiations. He turned his attention to the beautiful fox who was diligently organizing and packing documents.

“We are going to need to speed up this process a bit, the launch window can’t move. Let me know immediately if there are any more changes.”

Producing a card, Keirish opened Charlie’s suit jacket and slid his paw inside. The startled white fox looked up at Keirish over the rim of his glasses. A smile curled on the panda’s lips as he slid the card inside Charlie’s breast pocket; he could feel Charlie’s quick heart beat against the back of his hand. Withdrawing he spoke again, much softer than before.

“If there is anything further, don’t hesitate. That is my personal card.”

“Ah, th...um” Charlie stammered.

Keirish lean in, their noses nearly touching. He ginned at the stuttering fox, who closed his eyes in anticipation. Keirish slowly, but deliberately, reached around Charlie and opened the door for him.

“Have a good day, Charlie.”

He loved his job.

Midnight

Keirish laid in bed, watching the lights from the city dance on his ceiling. The face of his clock glowed red, 00:45, rubbing in his inability to sleep. He rolled the facts around in his head, looking for an answer. Tith Edwards was a pawn with too much power. His father, Noel Edwards, wasn't going to budge on any of this, he was too ruthless to not push his advantage. It was living hell to negotiate with Noel. That was to be avoided at all costs. Maybe he can push the son. Tith had to have some desire, something that he would want that Keirish could use. Hell, the kid was an arrogant idiot, maybe he would settle for some whores and a 4 wheeler.

His phone vibrated on the nightstand, walking its way to the edge and certain doom. Keirish rolled over and caught it, making a mental note to do something to fix his suicidal phone. He didn't recognize the number.

"Hello?"

"Hey, uhh, Keirish?"

"Yes, this is he."

"I hope I didn't get this wrong, but..."

"Yes?"

"Do...do you want to get lunch tomorrow?"

"Heh, sure."

"Excellent! How about Geradelli's on 6th, maybe 1pm?"

"I will be there."

"Fantastic."

"Have a good night Charlie."

"Oh, you too Keirish."

Keirish threw the covers away and got out of bed, the air cool against his nude form. He padded his way into the next room and poured himself a nightcap. Swirling the whisky, he walked to the window and looked at the city below, trying to contain his excitement. The drink rippled from his slight tremble. He may not have a solution yet, but at least he had a date with a fox.

First Date

Keirish sat at a table outside the café, drinking his coffee. This café gave you a tiny pitcher of simple syrup instead of sugar, along with a small pitcher of cream. Another cup sat across from him at the table, slowly cooling in the early fall air. The coffee was phenomenal, Keirish's hair stood on end with every sip. He looked down into the cup of liquid heaven watching his reflection in dark brown, disturbed by his own breath.

Taking a break from his cup of bliss, Keirish dared to look at his watch again. It was seven after two, this meeting may have not been a good idea. Just then he spotted Charlie crossing the street. He was wearing a white collared short-sleeve shirt and jeans. Keirish felt his anger at the white fox's tardiness fade away as he watched the fox stride towards him. Unaware he was being watched, Charlie walked with a sway to his hips and a bounce in his step. It became apparent that he was listening to music, as he took a few rhythmic steps and performed a little dance move. Keirish couldn't help but chuckle at the fox.

About twenty feet away Charlie looked up, meeting Keirish's gaze. He stumbled and unclipped the earbuds from his ears, trying to be nonchalant. Keirish smiled at the fox. Charlie walked the rest of the way to the waiting red panda, taking measured steps, now acutely aware that his every move was being watched. He sat down opposite Keirish, neatly placing a napkin in his lap.

"Sorry I am late, my—"

"It doesn't matter," interjected Keirish, "I..." He was very close to berating him out of habit, but the growing fear in Charlie's face suddenly stopped him. He didn't want that. "I..I am glad you came. You must try this coffee it's--"

"Excellent, so I have heard. And thank you, but I don't drink caffeine." Piped Charlie

"You don't drink coffee? With your job?"

"Nope, I don't drink alcohol either."

Keirish's ear twitched and his eyes narrowed. "That's cute" he mumbled condescendingly. He took a long sip from his cup.

"I find it to be a distraction." Charlie leaned forward. "Besides, there are much more, uh... physical... ways to relax"

Keirish coughed into the cup, surprised by his answer. He took a few seconds to catch his breath, nearly spilling the coffee all over himself. Regaining his composure, he came to a realization.

"Wait, if you don't drink coffee, why did you suggest this place?"

"Because you do. I heard you really enjoy quality coffee"

"How did you know that?"

"Oh, uh, well..." Charlie's brief spurt of confidence retreated again. He looked down at his lap. "I called your secretary."

Keirish paused, then laughed.

“Ok, now I am sure. Charlie, I want you, I need you”

“Wha, woah, umm...” The fox looked around frantically trying to find the words. “Don’t you think we are moving a bit too fast? I mean we just met and...and...and we haven’t even ordered lunch!”

“No such thing, Charlie!” Said Keirish, “I can’t bear to watch someone like you suffer under such a horrible bastard of a boss. If you want to, Charlie, I can get you a different job. And, if you will have me, I would like you to work with me.” Keirish slid over a folder to Charlie, who picked it up and quickly read the document.

“OH, Oh no, I thought this... I am so sorry. This is a job offer. I didn’t...I thought” He stood up flustered. “I am sorry, I have to go. I am so sorry.”

“Charles, sit down” Keirish bellowed in a strong and forceful voice.

Charlie froze in his tracks. Slinking back into his seat he asked “But I already have a job. Mr Edwards—”

“Mr. Edwards is an unqualified asshole. You are far too smart to work for a tool like that.”

“HEY, he may not be—”

“I mean tool in the literal since, all he does is parrot what is father wants him to do.”

“Oh...” Charlie stared at the contract. “I think I may need a while to think about this”

“I would have it no other way.”

They ordered lunch and took the time to pick apart the complexity of such a partnership. Charlie had a hard time seeing the clear path that Keirish somehow saw. He spoke confidently about their potential together and what good they could do. Charlie could figure out how it would work out.

“So how is this not conflict of interest?” asked Charlie.

“Well, first, your boss never had you sign a non-compete, they are bullshit anyway. Plus, you wouldn’t be working for a competitor.”

“I am not surprised, but how... if I worked for you...would this not be working for a competitor?”

“You wouldn’t be working for Space Corp. You would be working WITH me, and only me. I am a negotiator, a freelance worker.”

“...and you make enough to hire a personal assistant?”

“Not an assistant Charlie, a partner, I respect your skills too much to have you just serve me. I always complete every contract I am accept, no matter what the requirements are.” Keirish raised an eyebrow, “I work in a sort of legal grey area.”

“WHOA wait, NO.” The fox held up his hands defensively. “No, I am not killing people”

“Nor would I want you to, what do you take me for, some sort of animal?”

“I’m sorry, it just sounded like...”

“An understandable leap, but no, it is more tactful than that.” Keirish slipped into his formal business banter. “Everyone has desires, everyone has wants, everyone has dreams. I find it easiest to sweeten the deal.”

“I am not sure I get what you mean.” Charlie sat back in his chair.

“Let me give you an example. Say we are playing monopoly, and you own Park Place and Boardwalk. I want to buy those from you. You would do one of two things, either refuse or name a very high price. If you refuse, you want to keep your advantage. If you high ball me, you are willing to have me walk away or you think that my loss of the money would leave me at an equal or worse advantage. Now what do I do if I don’t have the money?”

“Not much?” answered Charlie.

“I may not have monopoly money, but I sure as hell have real money. What if I gave you a hundred monopoly dollars and a hundred real dollars? Surely it is just a game.”

“Yeah, but I have a job, I can get my own money. That is just bribery. What if I really want to win?”

Keirish smiled. He could see that he was catching the fox’s interest.

“Maybe I get you access to the experience of a life time? How about I get your rival to stop bidding on a rare painting you want? Maybe I get you a membership at an exclusive club. What if I could get you a date with a very handsome red panda?”

“Well, I don’t know if that counts as bribery.” Smiled the fox.

“But you are considering it now.” Keirish rested his head on his hands with his elbows on the table. “I can tell you one thing for certain. It is bribery, but if you find the right thing, no one is willing to admit to it. Because no one is willing to lose it.”

“Sorry, I have to admit, I thought this was a date.” Said Charlie, looking disappointed.

“And you were worried about conflict of interest?”

“I was too interested to say no.”

“And what makes you think that this isn’t a date?”

“Well, all of that. The job offer, your background, the —”

“I see...What would you think if I kissed you?”

Keirish could almost hear the fox blush.

“Well, that would be, ummmm, I think it would be...nice.”

The red panda leaned over the table and grabbed the fox’s shirt collar, pulling him into a soft kiss across the table. Keirish peaked though his eyes at the enamored fox, letting the kiss continue for a few moments before releasing him.

“Good” whispered Keirish. “So what do you think now?”

"I think I want to see you again," said Charlie.

Keirish reached over and held the fox's hands in his. Charlie's eyes were blue, dark blue. The red panda couldn't help but smile ear to ear.

Workout Date

Keirish sat in his arm chair, sipping whisky and drinking in a novel. The sun had set a few hours ago, leaving the city below to stream in its own orange artificial glow. He had drawn the shades against the amber light, opting for the light from his reading lamp instead. He felt his pocket vibrate and he dug his paw in after his phone.

"Hey Charlie"

"H-Hey Keirish"

"Don't you know you are breaking the three day rule? We just saw each other yesterday."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I...I couldn't wait"

"HAHA, it is perfectly alright. Honestly I was thinking you had lost interest."

"Well, I just wanted to thank you for the other day. I had fun."

"Have you considered my offer?"

"I, I don't know yet. It is complicated."

"That is alright, I am used to dealing in grey areas. I am a bit desensitized to it."

"Oh, ok. Well, I just wanted to say...thanks."

"Charlie, wait." He worried that the fox had already hung up.

"Yeah?"

"...How was your day?"

Keirish and Charlie spoke on the phone every night from then on. They talked about anything on their minds, always avoiding the touchy topic of work. They talked about where they were raised, their families, what they wanted to be when they grew up, how they both had a really spiciest aunt that they dreaded seeing once a year. Charlie lamented growing up in a pack of twelve, Keirish had only known being an only child. Their calls grew longer with each night, stretching into nearly two hour marathons.

It didn't take long for them to want another date. Much to their dismay, they were both so occupied during the week that they couldn't find a single hour in the evening to meet. With the weekend far too distant they opted for an early morning date. Keirish ran in Clive Park every morning, it had become a big part of his morning routine. Charlie jumped at the untraditional date, his eagerness only adding to his adorable mannerisms.

Keirish stretched on the bench at the entrance to the park. He grabbed his left hind paw and stretched out his quadriceps, gripping the bench for balance. The rising sun warmed the air around him, with its golden autumn glow. He breathed in the air, the smell of the turning leaves was a particular joy of his.

The red panda wore training shorts, running shoes, and a light t-shirt, his usual exercise attire. He sniffed the shirt absentmindedly and regretted not doing laundry the night before. Hopefully his running date didn't mind. A white blotch in his peripheral vision jarred the red panda's thoughts.

Charlie jogged over to Keirish, taking well-formed strides. The fox was only wearing short gym shorts, the white coat on his legs and chest was eye catching. Charlie was thin, but very healthy, the body of a runner. He immediately thought about tackling the fox and pulling off his little shorts. Keirish stammered as the fox greeted him.

"Hey Keirish, I hope I am not late."

"I, you, ah, um..." He caught himself and took a deep breath. He pointed at the fox's bare footpaws "So you don't wear running shoes?"

"Nah, numerous studies have shown that bare paw running decreases the chance of injury." Charlie joined him in his stretching. "Plus I don't wear shoes normally, why bother?"

Keirish felt over dressed and out of shape.

"So, what path do you normally take?" Asked the fox, jogging in place.

"Oh, I was thinking this." He traced a path with his claw on a wooden map put out by the park service. It was a basic circuit around the park, about three miles long.

"Hmm, can I make a suggestion? Wanna take a detour through here?" Charlie traced a path through a heavily wooded section just past one of those wooden exercise stations. "I want to see the leaves."

"Sure thing, but I am going to make you do pull ups with me then." Maybe Keirish could use his upper body strength to his advantage. He had to do something to escape complete embarrassment.

"HA, competitive are we?" laughed the fox. "Alright, deal." He shot out a hand, Keirish shook it reflexively. "Well, let's get this show on the road."

They started out with a light jog, heading along Keirish's usual circuit. It was a warm fall morning, which was lucky for them. Normally, this time of year, the indoor track at the gym would start filling up with avid runners. But now, several early risers could be seen jogging around the park, trying to make the most of what may be the last good day of the year. The pair politely exchanged waves with other runners as they passed by. Keirish had never bothered to learn their names, but he knew their faces.

To Keirish's dismay, Charlie steadily sped up his pace. He didn't admit it, but the red panda's morning exercise was normally a casual jog around the park. Trying to not seem weak, Keirish sped ahead of the fox.

"HA, feeling warmed up?" called out Charlie. "Alright, lets go." Charlie sprinted past him with ease, giving Keirish a firm slap on the ass as he passed. He huffed and tried to not embarrass himself. The pair managed to keep pace together for about four minutes, but Keirish couldn't keep up. He slowly slipped back until he lagged about ten feet behind the fox. Keirish was in over his head, this fox was not going to give up, and he was already tired. He had to find some motivation or he was going to be left in the dust. The fox's flicking tail caught his attention. *A HA! There is my carrot*, thought Keirish.

He bore down and concentrated on the swaying motion of the fox's hips. His shorts fit well, cupping his butt and never letting anything shift out of place. The pullup station was only a hundred yards ahead. *LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT LEFT...* He didn't think he was going to make it. *LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT LEFT....* Maybe twenty feet to go. *Left Right Left Right...* Charlie stopped to Keirish's sweet relief.

"Ha, that was fun!" Exclaimed the fox, breathing deeply.

"That... *Huff* ...was... *Huff*"

"Take your time cutie." Keirish put his hands to his knees and tried to inhale all the air in the park. "You put up a good fight, but you picked the wrong war. I have been running all my life. Varsity team in high school and everything."

Keirish keeled over onto his back, giving up and laying in the grass, his huffing slowing. Charlie snickered.

"What... *Huff* ...you think...you think this is funny?"

"Ha, a little, but it's mostly your tent pole." Charlie prodded Keirish's obvious erection with his foot. Exercise shorts do absolutely nothing to hide it. The red panda laughed, too tired to do anything about it.

"Face it Charlie, I think I like you." Keirish didn't bother hiding it. If he couldn't be fast, at least he could be confident.

"Oh get up you big oaf, come kick my ass at pullups." Charlie extended his hand and pulled Keirish to his feet. They walked over to the pullup station, a wood bordered area filled with mulch. It had several jungle gym style bars at different heights, along with a laminated instructional placard in case the idea of pulling yourself up on a bar was somehow new to you. Charlie gestured at the awaiting equipment. Keirish lumbered over and did five quick pullups, then stopped.

"What, that is it?" Prodded Charlie.

"Tit for tat Charlie. Now you do five."

The fox grabbed the bar and followed suit, struggling on the last pullup.

"There you wheezer. Bring it!" The fox mocked him with an overdone macho attitude. Keirish smiled.

"Fine, try this." He did twelve pullups this time.

"Ugh." Charlie got into position and started. Keirish kept count.

"One...Two...Three...Four...Five, half way!...Six...Seven.....Eeeeeiiigghhhtt..." The fox wasn't going to make it, he needed some motivation, Keirish didn't want to lose on round two; that was too easy. He stepped over and kissed the struggling fox while he surmounted his eighth pullup. "Gotta do pullups for kisses." He smiled at the surprised fox, who paused for a beat, processing what had just happened. With new resolve, the fox threw himself at the challenge.

"Nine*Smooch*...Ten*Smooch*.....Eleven*Smooch* One more, you can do it!.....Twweelve*Smooch* Good job!" The fox fell to the ground, panting. Keirish laughed.

"What... No I am not good at pullups ok?" Said Charlie defensively.

"No it's not that." It was Keirish's turn to prod his partner's erection though his shorts. Charlie blushed and fumbled to hide it.

"You are a good coach ok?" Said Charlie shyly.

Keirish mounted the pullup bar in front of Charlie and hung upside down from his legs. He watched the fox sit on the ceiling of his world.

"I think we are a pretty good workout team." Said Keirish from his inverted perch. "You can help me with my running and I can add some muscle to that white hunk of fur you call a torso." Keirish began doing inverted sit-ups.

"Haha, yeah, I guess so. Though I have a great idea for our next work out session."

"Oh yeah?"

Charlie leaned in and kissed the upside down red panda. Not a smooch, but a full on kiss. Charlie's tongue slipped into his mouth, flicking across Keirish's. Caught by surprise, he struggled to keep his perch. He let out a sigh as Charlie released him.

"Yep! But we should get going, my muscles are starting to tense up."

"Awww, can we at least walk for a little?" Keirish protested, still upside down.

Charlie stood up and sighed. "Fine, but don't think I will take it easy on you next time." He smirked.

They walked into the woods and watched the leaves turn. The orange and red leaves gave them an awe-inspiring canopy to walk under. Stubborn birds, not yet willing to migrate south, sung their song through the trees. Keirish felt Charlie's hand slip into his, he squeezed it, but didn't look down.

"Do you think they expected this when they designed this path?" Keirish pondered out loud.

"Who?"

"The people who designed the park. Surely they planned on all of the open fields and bridges, and yeah they knew there would be trees here, but that it would look like this?"

"Well, sometimes you can only plan for so much. Maybe they didn't plan on this happening, but after all their hard work, they hoped for it."

Keirish felt his hand tug and stopped. Charlie stood still, looking up and down the path.

"Charlie, what's wrong?" Asked the red panda. The fox stepped into Keirish's arms and kissed him.

"Nothing, I just figured we could get some privacy here." Keirish laughed to himself as they embraced in under the trees. He knew this spot well. The trees provided a false sense of security, but anyone passing by can easily see people screwing in the bushes. He had found a few passionate couples himself, but always just let them be.

"Really? In there?" Prodded the red panda.

"What you don't want to?"

He didn't answer, he just let the fox lead him into a small clearing off the path. Keirish stepped out of his shoes and pulled off his shirt. He may as well level the playing field. Charlie lay on his back on a small patch of grass and gestured for Keirish to lay down next to him. They lay side by side facing each other in their own private world. They knew that just a short distance away was the roaring city, but here, this little basket of nature was theirs. Keirish gazed into the fox's blue eyes, the only blue thing in their red and orange world. They held the other close, heads nearly touching, legs entwining in an attempt to get even closer. Charlie's eyes were hypnotizing. Keirish felt for the fox's crotch, rubbing his member through the thin fabric of his shorts.

"May I?" Asked Keirish, looking down at their touching bulges. The fox nodded, too shy to say anything. Keirish gently reached in and felt the warm cock in his hand. He pulled on the elastic of his shorts until it popped out. Charlie moaned as his member was exposed. He thumbed the tip of it and watched the fox squirm. He found the fox's sudden shyness terribly cute.

"Wanna compare sizes?" Asked the red panda again. Charlie smiled and nodded eagerly. Keirish pulled out his own cock and held both of them in his hand. They both throbbed, hot in his hand. "Sorry little guy, looks like I am just a bit bigger." Charlie just smiled and leaned his head against Keirish's. They lay there watching the gentle motions of the red panda's paw. "Are you ready?" Asked Keirish.

"MmmmHm." Hummed Charlie. Keirish kissed his forehead and started stroking his hand back and forth. Charlie couldn't keep silent. He squeaked and moaned at the sensation. Soon they were gyrating against each other, adding to the sensation. A minute in, Charlie spoke, whispering, "I'm...I'm going to..." Keirish sped up his efforts, hoping to join the fox. Charlie flexed and tensed; too late. The fox's candid member erupted as he whimpered cries of pleasure. Keirish loved this part, he loved watching this pleasure, watching this fox enjoy the pleasure that he gave him. It was enough to push him over the edge. He moaned as they came together, savoring every bit of the sensation. They sat in silence, breathing together, smiling together, and letting their first orgasm together subside.

"Charlie?"

"Yeah?"

"This is the best workout I have ever had."

Charlie kissed his cheek. "Me too."

"Do we have to run the rest?" Complained Keirish.

Charlie put a hand on Keirish's slight paunch. "I have half a mind to make you carry me around while you do it."

The red panda's eyes widened. "OHH ho ho, I see how it is." He stood up and pulled Charlie to his feet. They walked out to the path, their world still surrounded by the autumn leaves.

"It's a good thing no one saw us," said Charlie. As if on cue, a twig snapped behind him. The fox whirled around to see where the noise came from. Keirish took his chance and knelt down, putting his head between the fox's white legs, and stood up. Charlie rose, screaming in surprise and joy, onto the red panda's shoulders. "AHAHAhaha, KEIRISH, PUT ME DOWN!"

“YOU ASKED FOR IT!” Keirish called back. He wrapped his arms around his charge’s legs and jogged down the path, Charlie laughing and squealing the whole way. The fox held his arms in the air, trying to touch the orange canopy that sheltered them. Keirish made it out of the woods without faltering, but quickly fell into the grass when they got out in the open. They collapsed together, laughing in their nirvana. Other joggers passed them by, eyeing the impulsive couple, but they took no notice. They didn’t finish their run, opting to spend the rest of their time with their backs on the grass with a hand to hold as the trees slowly rained their autumn leaves.