

It had been Hazel's idea to come all the way out here, so of course *she* had to be the one to drive. Asher sat in the back seat directly behind her, phone resting on his leg while he kept the map open and other arm resting on the door. Every time he looked up or leaned over, he had to suppress an inward smile: there wasn't enough room over Hazel's head for her ears, being a fennec fox, so their upper halves just kind of splayed out against the roof of the car, and made a little *swssh* noise whenever she turned her head.

She did this often, too. Often enough to make Asher a bit nervous and dig his claws into the material of the armrest a little bit.

The fennec half-turned back towards him over her shoulder again, green eyes matching the hue of the tall trees bordering both sides of the road. This was one thing that Asher personally loved about long trips, and why he'd agreed to come on this one in the first place: back home, back on campus, the widest array of "foliage" you could find consisted of grass that remained dry and yellow for eight months out of the year, the occasional twiggy sapling of a bush that claims to be a tree, and the occasional dandelion or cactus flower.

"You sure we're going the right way?"

Asher bumped his head back against the headrest behind him, long muzzle up. "You tell me, man. *You're* the one who put the address in, and - we've been passing signs for the past twenty minutes now. You *can* read, right?"

"Hey! Hey." The fennec raised a sharp-clawed finger, now glaring at him in the rearview. The two had been friends for long enough that Asher, a red fox, could now easily tell when she was messing with him. "Don't overestimate me."

"Seriously," said the African wild dog in the passenger seat beside her. That was Hazel's boyfriend, Kory. *His* ears brushed up against the roof of the car, too. "Don't. You'd be surpr- ow! Hey!"

At first Asher had been a bit unsure about Kory coming along (until this morning, the two had never met: he and Hazel were a somewhat recent development, though it's not like anyone couldn't see it coming with the way she spoke of him in private), but during the four-and-something-hour car ride up he had proved to be fairly enjoyable company. *His* personality meshed perfectly with *hers*, and - Asher wasn't gay, but how could you not love those dinner-plate ears?

The fennec shot a playful glare over at her boyfriend, but like usual, she had trouble keeping herself from smiling. "I can beat you in arm-wrestling, you know."

Kory crossed his arms and tried swinging his ears upright. They just *shhf*ed across the car roof. "Well, *I* can beat *you* at Guitar Hero."

"That happened once!"

"Still happened. Which means it's still possible..."

*Time to arrival: 3 minutes*, Asher's phone screen told him. He turned away from the two of them, still arguing and still grinning like idiots at each other as they did so, and looked over at the

fourth occupant of this car. Coyote, looking at his muzzle shape and fur coloration as well as the little fang that sometimes poked out from underneath his upper lip (Asher's last girlfriend had been a coyote, and it seemed that that snaggletooth was as mandatory to the species as ear-notches were to hyenas) and his name was... Kyle? Cody? Something along those lines, but weirder.

Asher'd never met him before, but Hazel said he was a long-time friend of hers, so... he couldn't say anything. They also hadn't had time to introduce themselves, as the coyote had been snoring quietly against the window of the car since they came to pick Asher up earlier in the afternoon.

*"He's a good friend of mine!"* Hazel had said to him a few days ago, when she was planning this trip. *"You'll love him. You really will."*

*"Is he gay?"* had been the red fox's response. He'd known for quite a while that she had a sort of *fascination* with gay guys, and on more than one occasion came to him with stories about how she'd gotten whichever boyfriend she had at the time to do something with another guy. Asher wasn't really interested in all of that, but he didn't particularly mind, either, so - and besides, it was nice seeing her get so excited

*(in more than one way)*

about some things. She'd mentioned that coyote several times before over the years, and Asher just assumed he was a friend from another school or something, since again, they'd never met until today. And instead of coming out and answering his question, Hazel just gave him another sharp-toothed grin and flicked her tail behind her.

Still snoozing in his seat with one paw resting across the fly of his pants and the other limp at his side, the coyote stirred but did not awaken. Asher glanced back down to his phone-

"Hey, take a right here. This should be the entrance."

As soon as Hazel did, though, he found himself doubting whether it really *was* the correct turn. The road changed from paved to gravel, as one would expect at a campground, but the post-and-rope fence along the sides had been totally neglected, none of the electric lamps between the lanes lit the road, the help kiosk near the front gate looked like it had been abandoned years ago - complete with shattered glass windows, dusty screen, nineties-beige computer screen and tower, plants growing their way up and through the chair, sitting off from the counter at a bit of an angle.

Kory echoed his suspicions. The wild dog leaned forward in his seat, trying to get as full a view of the place he could. "Haze, you sure this is the right place? This looks... uh. Worse than my brother after finals this past semester."

"Of course it's the right place. I told you the name of the camp, right?" The fennec pointed out the window, towards a moss-covered and dilapidated sign half-hidden by hanging branches and thick bushes, and... sure enough, the name matched what she'd mentioned the other day when she first invited him on this trip. He'd said yes because, after all, she *was* his best friend, and he trusted her.

Sure, that trust was a little misplaced at times, but... well. Maybe he *should* have looked the place up first instead of just taking her word for it.

Beside him, the coyote stirred again, stretched his arms over his head, and gave voice to a wide yawn, sticking his chest out as he did so. Then, a bit dazed, he looked around first out the window at the forest darkening with the approaching sunset and evening, and then at the others in the car with him.

"Christ. This is some real horror movie shit. We're here?"

"Mhmm. Also, welcome to the land of the living, Quinn." Hazel parked the car and unbuckled her seatbelt as she spoke. "I ain't gonna ding my car here driving through the gate, so we gotta unpack and walk. Trust me - so long as the buildings are still there, this is a pretty good place."

Once he opened the door, Asher felt the cool breeze of the forest air stir through his fur, and whisper in all the leaf-heavy branches above. There was just something about the *presence* of the wilderness, compared to the stifling openness of campus: the air itself smelled and tasted different, the light glittered with a different quality. Quinn - *that* was the coyote's name - was right about the horror movie thing, though.

"You've been here before?"

Hazel clapped a paw on the fox's shoulder from behind. "I coulda *sworn* I'd told you. Back when this place was still in business way back in the bronze age, Mom and Dad used to drop me off here for summer camp."

Quinn from the other side of the car: "What shut it down? Someone get-" -yawn- "murdered?"

"No, but a kid almost drowned once. I signed a court document stating I had nothing to do with *that* one. What shut it down..." The fennec paused as she lifted up the door to the car's trunk, bringing into view everyone's things. They'd only be here a few days, so Asher thought it a bit odd that Hazel had brought a suitcase and two backpacks for herself. "...was that whole scandal where the park director and two of the counselors had been sharing some of the kids. Yes, like *that*."

One suitcase for himself, prim black - it was the same one that Asher always brought with him whenever he went places; Kory had a rugged backpack, rough olive-green cloth with brass-and-rope fastenings; Quinn had apparently just brought along a sports tote... and Hazel dropped one of her backpacks into Asher's arms, taking him by surprise. It certainly didn't feel like it was filled with clothes.

"We'd literally *just* finished filling out my application for the next summer when it came on the news. You can bet my mom had something to say about that." Once everyone had gotten their things, Hazel closed the trunk with a heavy *thump*.

Kory's ears remained visible above the other side of the car, even after he'd hoisted his bag over his shoulder and started towards the gate. "Your mom can get kinda scary when she's mad."

"Oh, baby, you didn't see her *mad*. You saw her grumpy."

"Wait, wait..." Asher quickened his pace to walk beside the fennec. Whenever this backpack of hers shifted in his arms, it just confused him further about its contents. "What happened?"

She chuckled, and lowered her voice. Her whiskers tickled against the fox's muzzle when she leaned over. "He made a joke about my taste. We were *actually* talking about fashion, but - you know how Mom's been, since I came out to her." Hazel was bi. Asher had heard *plenty* of stories proving such. "She took it the wrong way."

The ground had that strange squishy, slightly-bouncy feeling to it under each footstep, after so many seasons of leaves, needles, twigs, petals piling up on top of each other. The camp gate, a single raising bar like at highway tollbooths, hung half-down from its hinges - and gave an exhausted, dragging creek when Quinn bumped against it, on the other side of the trail. For what Asher could see, the trail went on for a while through the trees, gradually thinning from what might be called a road into a simple footpath, a dusty campground directory marking the true entrance. The map could hardly be seen through the scratched plastic in front of it, but from what the fox caught while walking by, this looked like a fairly well-sized place.

It just remained to be seen whether everything else looked as dilapidated as the guide booth.

"Kind of odd that a prude like her, no offense, could give birth to someone like you." His ear flicked. "Again, no offense."

"Oh, nah, none taken. And - right? I kinda wonder if she was a little freak like me in her twenties." Hazel shrugged, and adjusted the backpack she *did* carry. "I've got at least two half-siblings on her side, you know. Ain't supposed to know that, but, well... she doesn't realize how loud she talks on the phone sometimes. Hey, speaking of talking-"

Suddenly, Asher found himself being pushed over along the path towards the coyote, walking a bit ahead of the other three. He had his ears upright and his muzzle pointed towards the tree canopy far above, nose and whiskers twitching in the cool wind.

"Why don't you go talk to dear Quinn? He's a real sweetie, you know. He won't bite..."

He rolled his eyes. *Please, please don't say 'unless you a-'*

"Unless you ask nicely."

She pushed him with enough force that he lost his balance at the end and ended up almost tumbling right into the coyote, though caught himself right at the last minute and instead just kicked some twigs and dirt up over his feet. Quinn's ears flicked forward and his eyes - brown? he couldn't get a good look at them - shot into focus on the red fox straightening up beside him.

At first, neither of them said anything, and Asher briefly considered just shoving his paws into his pockets and remaining silent. He'd never really been the kind of person to just... go up and start blabbing at someone. Unsurprisingly, Hazel had been the one to initiate their friendship way back when, and honestly he was now glad for that.

"Hey."

Quinn's voice actually startled him. Asher tried to play it off as a cough, and as such did so again into his fist. "Um. Hi. Hazel wanted me to - to... talk to you."

"Yeah, I noticed that you, ah... don't make much noise." At one point Quinn's tail brushed against Asher's, startling the fox again. The coyote had his paws in his pockets while he walked, though his arms bounced against his sides a little bit with each step. Again, he looked up towards the trees. "...Hah. Don't remember your name, and I've already slept next to you. Right? No? Do you... do you get it?"

"Yes, I get it." He rolled his eyes again. Looks like Quinn's personality meshed perfectly with Hazel's as well. "I'm Asher. You're... Quinn?"

"Have been all my life, so. Yeah."

"How long've you known her? Hazel, I mean. I remember her mentioning you before, but I don't think I've ever actually *seen* you before."

Quinn reached up and folded his paws behind his head. "Oh, yeah. Guess she just keeps all the cutest guys to herself, huh?" For a brief moment he looked over at the fox beside him, but then squinted his eyes and went on. "Known each other since, like, elementary school or something, I don't even remember. I actually just recently moved back into town, like, a month and a half ago. So she thought it'd be nice if we got back together and hung out, and... here I am now, with her and Kory and you. Lucky me, right?"

"Pssh. I can tell you, she's changed a lot since elementary."

"Don't need to tell *me* that. She grew boobs, and has only gotten even *ruder*. Least her taste in guys hasn't changed, though, right? She always *did* hang around with the attractive ones."

"Eh." Asher shrugged. "I don't really think about it. I mean, I *guess* Kory's not... y'know, not bad-looking-

Of course, the African wild dog in question had to pipe up, walking side-by-side with his girlfriend. The most prominent part of him that Asher could see around her was, of course, his ears. "I heard that! Thank you!"

What pinged his attention more, though, was the way the fennec grinned at Asher - but why, he didn't know. When he looked back to Quinn, the coyote wore a similar sly grin.

"What? Did I miss something?"

"No, no, don't worry about it. Hey - look. That the camp?"

Sure enough, around a curve in the path the trees widened out and gave way to a vast clearing, multiple buildings and other facilities visible. From here could be seen a larger brick-and-wood main building; a row of cabins; a more modest cement structure that was likely the power center, guessing by the steel tower rising from its roof and wires stretching out to the other buildings; tall nets of tennis courts, trails leading back out into the woods, a wide lake in the

center with more cleared land on the far side, probably for... canoeing practice, or whatever kids do at camps. Asher himself had never been.

"God *damn*." Hazel untwined her fingers from her boyfriend's and jogged forward a bit, then stopped in the middle of the path to look around. Her large ears stood perked upright, and her muzzle clearly showed her excitement. "Place hasn't changed a *bit* since I last came here. Except - the lake looks a bit greener, what is that? Is that algae? And the tennis nets are... uh. Whatever, I'm sure it's fine."

"Tennis, huh?" Still beside him, Quinn slid one of his paws back into his pocket, and adjusted his bag with the other. He nudged Asher's arm with his elbow, and smiled at him. "Hey, wanna play a game with me? You 'n me against Haze and her boy-toy. I wanna see what kind of arm you've got on ya."

Up ahead, the fennec's ears flicked back to face them, before she, too, turned around. "Oh, that's a great idea! Or, how about this: Kory's not too big on tennis-"

"You're only saying that 'cause you know it's the only thing I can *consistently* beat you in!"

"-so how about you and me, Quinn, double team our little red fox here?" She came over and draped her arm around the coyote's shoulder, pressing her cheek to his and grinning widely. "Ash is always willing to try new things, if I really want him to. Isn't that right?"

"I..." He frowned. There was just *something* about the look on her face, the glitter in her green eyes... Quinn's tail flicked back and forth behind him, and the coyote licked his lips. "Wait. What? What are you-"

Hazel rolled her eyes and slid down off of Quinn's shoulder. "Hah. Jeez, never mind. Like I said, don't worry about it. I'm actually wanting to take a dip in the lake, cool off after that crazy long-ass drive... Quinn, you don't *have* to look when I change. Kory, you *do*. Asher..."

It was Quinn's turn to roll his eyes. "Pssh. Girl, I have three sisters. You ain't got nothing I haven't seen before."

"Sure. How 'bout you, then, Ash? You coming along?"

"Actually..." He swallowed. All three of them looked at him, Hazel with that familiar mix of interest and hope behind her eyes, Quinn wearing the same sleek half-smile from before, Kory with his ears swaying slightly under the breeze. "That drive left me drained-"

"You weren't even the one *driving*!"

"Yeah, and I didn't sleep the whole way, unlike *someone*."

Quinn grinned and wagged.

"I think I'll go lie down a bit, maybe nap. Cabins are... over there-?"

"God." Hazel grabbed him by the wrist, almost causing him to drop the backpack he still held. "Come here. I'll show you. Hey - you two go ahead. Path should lead you straight down to the docks, there should be a little shed there with floaties and tubes and shit." Then, once they'd gotten further away: "I hope the power's still on... I know in the radio building, they've got a generator, but I don't know if it's gas or coal or what. Or even if it's still fueled..."

"Well, it's a nice day outside. I'll open a window or something; shouldn't get too hot."

"Shouldn't, huh?" The fennec eyed him for a moment, and shook her head. "Quinn seems to like you, you know. That's good."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I like him too. He seems nice enough."

"Yeah..." Along the way, the path beneath their feet turned from soft forest cover to gravel and dry dirt up near the base of the stairs that led up to each cabin door. The windows looked grimy and dusty but intact, and certainly with no shortage of spiderwebs. Asher shivered at the thought; maybe he'd just lie down on the floor... Hazel led him up the steps, careful as each one creaked beneath her weight. "Alright, here you go. Hopefully the door's unlocked, and... nice, it is. Can you - put my suitcase in there, too?" She tugged one of the straps of the backpack she wore. "I've got my bathing suit in this one."

"Yeah. Yeah, sure," he said, though he found it a bit tough to lug two suitcases behind him as well as one backpack on top of those, all the while trying to wriggle his way through the swinging door. Inside it was just as he'd expected: dark, dusty, spiderwebs hanging between the rafters, fuzzy black spots growing in the corners, the floorboards warped and cracked. Smelled like rain, mildew, dirt, rot.

Hazel came up beside him, her paws on her hips. Asher took the chance to finally drop everything to the floor, and rubbed at his wrists. "Look at this place," the fennec said, looking around along the walls, the beds, the appliances on the other side of the single room. "Touch anything, and you'll need to dip in the lake to wash off anyway. Well, good luck napping!" -and she was gone.

It was something, at least. One of the beds pushed up against the opposite wall looked to be in fairly good shape, but just to be safe, Asher unzipped his own suitcase and brought out the thick blanket he'd brought along, to drape it over the mattress and hopefully keep most things from getting through to him while he rested; Kory had been designated as the one in charge of the sleeping bags and tents, and those had been left in the trunk for now. They still had a good two or three hours until nightfall.

The red fox swung his blanket out and settled it over the mattress of that bed, then took a step back to see if it looked any better... and half-stumbled over the backpack Hazel had handed to him, the back of his foot settling against something kind of squishy-firm through the material. After he regained his footing, he just... looked down at it, paws half-raised.

"What the hell?"

What did she bring that required her to take a suitcase and two backpacks? And, besides, he *had* been curious for a while, since she'd first handed it to him... the fox stood up on his toes to peer through the dusty window, and saw her just at the edge of his field of view as she jogged

back down towards the bank of the lake with the others. It wouldn't hurt to take one look, would it? She'd understand. After all, *he* hadn't minded when she'd borrowed a few condoms from his nightstand a few months ago.

But, then again, she'd asked.

Asher bent over, swiped the bag up off the floor, and dropped it onto the bed on top of his blanket, watching as it bounced with the old springs squeaking underneath it. A dry, gentle scent wafted up towards his muzzle from the rough material of the bag, the same scent that clung to her clothes and hovered around in her house, that undeniable scent of *Hazel*... though it changed somewhat once he'd leaned down, took one of the zippers between a forefinger and thumb, and started to drag it open. At one point he almost stopped to put it back where he'd first dropped it, but... curiosity continued to move his paw.

And, then, when he *did* tug the backpack open, he wasn't too surprised at what he saw. Some black cloth, some leather straps, a few condoms (*side-note: can a wild dog get a fennec pregnant?*), a half-full bottle of shimmering liquidy lube, one bright pink dildo about half the diameter of his wrist, another flesh-red one a little bit smaller. Scent of rubber and silicone, sex toy and *Hazel*... and Asher actually found himself wrapping his paw around the red one, canine-shaped with the smooth midline contour and tapered tip, to take it out and look at it in the light.

It wasn't... *realistic*. Wasn't *unrealistic*, either, or at least from what he'd seen on himself. The shape was mostly right, the way the head had that blunted section at the top and squishy tapered end below, how the girth thinned out behind the head, then widened up a bit towards the center, and then the unswollen knot below... he turned it over in his paws. The base was a bit weird, round and flat with a sharp dip in the center, but as far as he could tell, that was how it was meant to be.

Had a good weight to it, too, when he rested it in his palms. Well - not a *good* weight, of course; he wasn't into it like that. It was just interesting seeing one up-close like this, when he so far hadn't yet seen another dick other than his own, and that of whoever had sent photos to *Hazel* that one time she opened her phone picture gallery in front of him. Good weight, good firmness, good size... he wrapped his fingers around the shaft, squeezed, slowly stroked down to the base where the knot should swell out, came back up towards the tip.

Yep. That's a dick, alright. Asher settled onto his rump and leaned back against the next bed, legs stretched out in front of him with this - this *toy* still in one paw, his other resting on the flap of the open backpack. He *did* have some time alone, and maybe - maybe...

...well, he'd never really - *thought* about that whole "*what-if-I-like-it*" thing. It had just simply never entered his mind. Now that he was here now, though, on his own with the others down at the lake for probably upwards of half an hour... he had privacy, a toy, lube... his fingers brushed along the backpack's zipper for a moment, before he brought them back towards him to start undoing his pants fly.

Just once. He'd try it just this once. Nothing wrong with a bit of curiosity, right? And it's not like anyone had to *know*. He lifted himself up a little bit to work his pants and boxers down his legs, then bolted upright at the touch of cool wood against his bare rump... and spent another moment just looking at the toy, resting across his thigh. It'd be about the same size as himself



whenever he got hard, and - honestly, just the thought of the whole thing had stirred him up enough that the reddish-pink tip of his own cock protruded out of the end of his sheath.

Curiosity, right? After he reached in to the backpack again, it took a bit of fumbling to pull the slick bottle of lube out and pop the top open, but from there... one big, thick glob of the stuff against the toy's tip, *click* as he closed the bottle again, then the slick, wet sounds of him drawing his paw back and forth over it, spreading that slippery lube around, ensuring it covered the entire surface and especially the tip. Then, legs still spread and rump lifted slightly, the fox licked his lips, swallowed, pulled in a breath, inhaled again...

Maybe this wasn't the best position. Feeling his way around without sight, constantly slipping back and forth along fur and skin... whenever the slick surface of the toy *did* rub across his puckered tailhole, it *did* make him straighten up and shiver a little bit, but he couldn't - *get it* - in. In fact, he actually ended up having to keep both paws down underneath his thighs, one holding the base of the toy to keep it in the right direction and the other guiding the pointed tip, feeling for his own tailhole, pressing gently in, pressing more firmly... hell, this wasn't so bad. The fox kicked his pants off one leg to widen his legs even further, trying to give himself as much space as he needed.

Here, he could feel the resistant pressure of his rear reactively clenching and squeezing back against the tip of the toy, just *barely* pushing in against his tight outer rim. Still he had to keep both paws down there, fingers constantly working to push it back in if it slipped out, pushing and pulling on it to try to get it deeper, to actually bring it past the small tip, until-

"Ah-"

-sharp discomfort, causing him to wobble forward and lift himself up on his ankles. The soreness throbbed under his tail even after the toy had dropped out of him and against the plank floor, the slickness of the lube rolling down his inner thigh. Is *that* what it really was? That kind of resounding, thrumming pain? Asher braced one slipper paw against the mattress behind him, trying to catch his breath and wait for the echoing feeling to go away... but when he looked down between his legs again, all of that teasing and toying at getting deeper - which there was no way he *had*, or at least, not any further than a half-inch or so - had coaxed his own length further out of his sheath.

Now the interest was there, and he'd gotten a taste of it, and he... and he honestly wanted a bit more, wanted to see if he could push past that pain. He was already shaky with the effort and nervousness of actually doing it, so - what would be the harm in getting a bit deeper, in more than one way? Asher dug his claws more firmly into the mattress behind him and reached down with his other paw to angle the toy up towards him, keeping the base flat against the floor.

So then he started to lower himself down again, ankles shaking a little bit with the odd angle and position. There was the same feeling of cool, slick pressure against his tailhole, the slight discomfort of the tip poking up past his rim, sinking in a little further... and this time, he took it more slowly, working himself down a little bit, stopping when the pain flared up, moving back up a bit, holding there... the pain pulsed back up every time he descended, but he could feel it weakening beneath the deeper, fuller pleasure.

This was definitely something he'd have to try more once he got back home. The fox brought his ankles in a little bit and lifted his paw away from the base of the toy, his rump working along its

length enough to keep it in place underneath his weight, and instead curled his thumb around his sheath to tug it back and bring himself further out into the air. The touch of fingerpad to bare, wet flesh seemed to send a sweet electric jolt through his lower abdomen with this toy sinking deeper into him and coming back out with his movements, filling him up and sliding out, again and again.

God, this wasn't - this wasn't bad at all. In fact, it made him feel damn better than some of the other things he'd done, with his various girlfriends over the years. This *really* got his heart pounding, really made his throat dry with his constant panting breaths, really made him shiver all over and run his paw back and forth along his throbbing, dripping length, pre slick like the lube rolling down his thighs. There was nervousness, and discovery, and some reluctance, and-

-and there was Hazel's voice approaching from outside, a shouted "*hey, up yours, Quinn! I'm a fennec, not an arctic fox! I'm crazy sensitive to cold!*" Asher lost his balance, banged his lower back against the frame of the bed behind him, cursed, fumbled with trying to get the toy out of him, *couldn't* with the way he couldn't pull himself up off the ground... and so he ended up just reaching down and yanking his pants clumsily up his legs, managing to zip his fly (but not button it!) right as the doorknob turned. Seeing that he'd left her backpack open, he reached out with a foot and kicked it so it fell back against the leg of the other bed.

Hazel still had on a wide grin when she slid into the cabin, though it briefly faltered with confusion once her green eyes fell upon Asher. "The hell you doin' on the floor? I thought you were taking a nap?"

"I - I, uh... well, I..." The red fox swallowed and pulled himself up a little bit, but then winced. Now he had the pressure of his pants forcing the toy to remain deep under his tail, and he couldn't sit flat on his rump or else drive it in even further... so instead, he just kind of half-leaned on the mattress and brought one leg up, the other still stretched out in front of him. He could feel the lube start to soak through the fabric of his pants... "I was going to - well, there's, um..."

"Jesus Christ. I don't *actually* care that much." She made her way over from the door towards where he'd dropped her suitcase, and started to open it up. "Was going to go to the far shore to dive in, and then made it halfway before I realized I'd left my goddamn towel. So that's what I'm here for. Sorry to interrupt your nap or your sitting-on-the-floor or whatever the hell. Oh, hey, speaking of - where did you put my-"

Her eyes flicked over to him, and from there onto her open backpack half-underneath the next mattress. Her face lit up.

"Oh! There it is. I dunno if I told you, but I brought along a few extra things for some *fun* later. You're welcome to join, if you want..."

"Fun?" Asher frowned. "What?" Did she mean...

"Yeah! Yeah, there's... you know..." The fennec rifled through the bag, tail wagging behind her. "Few toys of mine, some rope, lube... the usual. Also - Kory hinted, *once*, that he may be up for taking it under the tail - that's *part* of why I brought Quinn along..." For another brief moment, those green eyes settled on Asher's face, and she paused. "...but I *also* brought along a strap-on that one of my exes got me. See?"

She raised up the black straps that Asher had seen in there and held the thing up, allowing it to unfold into a more harness-like shape, with holes for the legs and a brace in front of the dildo itself. Asher's heart skipped a beat, though: right in front there was a protrusion that looked like it would fit *perfectly* into the base of what he still had buried under his tail. Even *with* Hazel in the room and so close to him, keeping his heartbeat elevated from near-terror, he still had to constantly readjust his position... which also didn't help. Still he was totally hard, and each little movement pressed on him in just the right way to make his breath catch in his throat and his whole body clench.

"But..." Hazel set the harness beside her and continued looking through the bag. Asher thought to himself - *if I jump through the window, how far can I get before she catches up with me? Can I even run while there's a goddamn dildo under my tail?* "Oh my God, don't tell me I didn't bring along the thingy... the dick was the most expensive part! It's got an inflatable knot, and a wireless vibrator function... here, I've got the remote..."

*Oh God, no.*

It was as if Hazel's ears perked up even before she flipped the switch. She had her gaze focused on the red fox as she did it, and the look on her face, how she raised her eyebrows and how her whiskers twitched... she'd figured it out, probably by the sudden tensing of his body and adjustment of his position, to say nothing about the dull *vrrrr* that reverberated in the seat of his pants and throughout the wooden floorboards underneath him.

Even though he avoided eye contact, he could still feel her eyes on him, and - his ears felt like they'd rip off his head with how forcefully they shot down.

"Asher..."

Thankfully, she turned the vibrator off. He settled back against the bed, and leaned his head back so his muzzle pointed up towards the ceiling.

"You know, that toy's - what's it... generic canid model. Based after a fox, a wolf... a coyote, maybe. Also, if you *wanted* to try it out, you *could've* just asked..."

"I didn't - *God*. Fuck." He covered his face with his paws. "I didn't want you to know. I just - I wanted..."

"Hey." In front of him, the floorboards creaked; when he looked between his fingers, she'd risen to her feet, and had that strap-on harness bunched up in one paw at her waist. "Stand up for a sec?"

Here, he could feel his face grow warm with his blush. "I... I can't, I-"

But a pair of arms suddenly forced underneath his hoisted him up to his feet, and next thing he knew, Hazel had gripped the waist of his pants and tugged them down, underwear to follow. Before he knew what was going on, she'd closed one paw around the base of his length and slid the other down between his legs to tug the toy out, and - it came quickly and easily with the amount of lube he'd spread over it.

“Are you not going to look at me?”

Of course he kept his gaze directed towards the floor, though - it was hard not to look at her, with how she squeezed the lip of his sheath right behind his half-swollen knot. “I’m embarrassed.”

“Yeah? So?” Hazel peered at the slickened toy for a moment, then briefly busied herself with fitting it into the harness, which she then stepped into and tugged up over her pants. “If you’re not going to look at me, then you - might as well bend over and hike your tail.”

“What?”

So she did it for him. Still wobbly from the pleasure of riding, there was no way he could resist her already-superior strength as the fennec seized him by the shoulders, spun him around, and forced his head down into the old mattress, keeping his rear up. The same paw he’d just felt squeeze his cock lifted up under his tail, thumb slick with either saliva or lube - when had she done that? - to press in against his already-slightly-stretched tailhole, with the greater pressure of that tapered tip soon to follow.

“Wait! Hazel! What are you-”

Paws on his hips, thumbs keeping his rump spread, Hazel grinding the underside of the toy up across his tailhole, reflexively clenching back against the pressure... “This might hurt a little bit. Doggystyle’s always kind of a weird position, I know from experience... ready?”

“No! I-”

But his voice caught in his throat, and next thing he knew, he was digging his claws into the mattress and gritting his teeth under the same growing pressure underneath his tail. She was right: it *did* hurt a little bit, thought it was the same painful discomfort that he’d first gotten from getting the toy into him on his own. This time there was something else on top of it, something *other* than the fennec’s weight pressing down on top of him.

Sure, he’d *thought* about what would happen if he and Hazel ever did anything sexual. As it would happen, this would be their first time doing anything actually *with* each other, and as it would happen, *she* was the one on top. Asher hadn’t really seen this coming, but - *God*, the way she drove forward into him, how she kept one paw on his rump and slid the other up along his lower back underneath his shirt, claws and fingers pressing in against his spine, sending sweet shivers through his body... he swallowed, gritted his teeth again, tried to adjust his position but ended up just lifting his rear up against her.

So she took the opportunity and shifted her pace as well. Asher could feel the fennec move a little bit so she could thrust into him in a slow, steady rhythm, sinking into him until the brace of the strap-on pushed against his rump, then starting to pull back. Maybe it was just how he’d had literally no experience before, or how he couldn’t help but squeeze tight around that toy, but - he could feel the contours along its shaft as Hazel sank into him again and again, stretching him just a little wider each time.

As the fennec got deeper into it, she leaned down further over Asher until he could feel her breath in the soft fur of his ear, and had to brace himself against the mattress to keep upright

under her weight. They'd both seen each other naked before *plenty* of times, and there was that one time Hazel had pinned her boyfriend-at-the-time and ridden him while Asher was in the same room, wanting to watch but too embarrassed to look for longer than a few seconds... and suddenly here he was now, on his knees bent over a bed with her thrusting into him.

How the hell would that sound? *I lost my anal virginity to my best friend, a female fennec fox?* There was also no way that this was comfortable for her; Asher could hear the sounds of her jeans rubbing back and forth against itself as she continued to pound into him, her own elevated breathing audible in his ear over his own, rushing out through parted lips with his chin pressed against the mattress.

"You -" She swallowed. "You're liking this, aren't you? Look at you, Ash... mouth open, ass raised, tail - try'n'a wag. If I didn't know better, I'd say that you seem like a damn good bottom..." As she spoke, Asher thought he could hear some blunt tapping sounds, like - like claws on a phone screen but... he couldn't turn his head to look. And, besides, there was too much going on anyway, and his mind was already swimming with a thousand different thoughts.

"I - *ah*..." But he couldn't figure out how to form a proper, coherent response. There was just - electric pleasure shooting through him again and again, coaxed further on by the fennec's paw slipping down from his rump and around his front, to again squeeze at the base of his cock. His knot had really started to swell up underneath her rhythm.

"Yeah? What was that?" *Tap, tap... tap.* That one paw around his length was the only he could feel, Hazel now using her momentum and position to continue thrusting into him, driving him more firmly against the bed little space for her to stroke him. Asher couldn't help but grind right back against her each time she sank into him, loving the feeling of the toy pressing deep under his tail and adding that noticeable deep pressure, combined with the remnant of discomfort.

*Slap, slap, slap* of her hips against his rump, atop the tired creaking of the mattress underneath them, and then with the fox's own rising panting and breathy moans. He rested his muzzle sideways across the bed, arms splayed out in front of him and mouth hanging open, breath coming and going with each thrust, tension in his body endlessly building up. Hazel *knew* what she was doing to him; he could quite easily tell. If there were a mirror standing here in front of them, Asher knew he would be able to look into it and see her above him, tall ears half-perked with that trademark Hazel grin spread across her muzzle, teeth gritted with the effort and energy.

"Hazel, I'm..." It was just - the feeling of her pounding into him, this new, filling pleasure, alongside the more familiar sensation of a swift, deft paw moving along his length, squeezing at the base of his cock, tugging on his knot and spreading his dripping pre- "I'm gonna-"

Then, there really was too much flowing through him (and shooting out of him) for Asher to think about what she was doing. He could feel her grind her hips forward but lean back, could hear another tap of her claw against what he thought was her phone screen, but - the force of his peak, shooting through him in a few hot waves, forced him to squeeze his eyes shut and arch his back up against the fennec behind him while every full-body clench emptied out another spurt of his load over the side of this bed and the floorboards below, Hazel keeping her paw in place and tugging behind his now fully-swollen knot to get it all out of him.

Even afterwards as she remained buried to the hilt under his tail, he could still feel the little jolts of pleasure resounding out from each clench following his finish, pushing out just a little bit more of his dripping load over the fennec's squeezing fingers. Asher needed a moment to himself to just catch his breath, and to un-prick his claws from the material of the mattress underneath him... Hazel, however, finished up whatever else she was doing, maybe slid her phone back into her pocket (since again, Asher couldn't turn to look), and then braced a paw against his hip to start slowly sliding out.

*That* was a damn weird feeling. Slick, smooth tug backwards, the kind of feeling that made him tighten up all over again and then breathe out a soft "*ah-*" once she did come free; then, Hazel tapped the tip of the toy against his stretched tailhole a few times, and patted his rump with her paw.

They *really* just did that. They really did. And, fuck, he thoroughly enjoyed it.

"There. Satisfied?" Hazel slapped his rear off to the side a bit, making him arch his back and buck forward. "You're gonna be sore for a bit, and... well. At least be glad it wasn't the real thing. It can get kinda messy when it's an actual guy under your tail, and you two use lube, and he drops a load into you... you might wanna clean up a bit. Also-" Asher started to straighten up, but she spread him with a thumb again and pushed him right back down. "Yeah, gonna wanna clean up. Lube's got a really distinct smell."

Would... Kory be mad if he were to find out they did this? There was no way that Hazel had gotten permission - *hey, just in case Asher secretly likes taking it up the butt, can I rail him with my strap- on later today?* "*Oh, yeah, totally, babe*"... and then there was Quin. The other verified homosexual of the group, apart from Hazel. Asher struggled with tugging his pants up his legs before turning back to face her, embarrassed about his nudity even despite what had just happened.

"Um..."

Suddenly, she turned towards him and lifted a finger. While he'd been busy getting his pants on, Hazel had slid out of the strap-on harness. "Are you about to thank me? 'Cause if you are, don't. That is *the* most awkward thing."

"Oh. Sorry..."

"I'm just..." The fennec kicked her pants the rest of the way off and leaned over to pull her suitcase closer. "Helping you along. You know?"

"Helping me a..." Asher frowned again. He *wanted* to sit down on the bed, but - it was pretty dirty because of age, and now there was also some mixture of drool and cum soaking into the surface material. "What do you mean?"

"Oh my God. You know osmium?"

"Osmi - what? Hazel, I dropped out of my chemistry my first time I took it."

"You know what's special about it?"

"Do I need to repeat myself?"

The fennec flashed green eyes up at him for a moment, as she yanked her towel out of her suitcase. Of course she'd brought her favorite: that old beach towel with the picture of the kitten's face across the front. Asher could see her tail wag a little bit. "I'm just sayin, Ash. It's really - you know. Really *dense*. Like I said, I'm just helping you along on your way... so I don't *think* I need to go on to tell you that I'm not the only one on this trip who wanted your tail. Not saying I *did*, but - well. I've told you plenty of stories about me topping my partners, and right now, I'm not sure if Kory's into that. Again, though, he *did* hint that maybe..."

Asher tuned out, his heart thumping in his chest for a reason entirely different from just a few seconds ago. Now that she'd said it, it was so obvious: the way Quinn was talking to him, some of the things he'd said, that little grin Hazel had shared with him back near the entrance...

...and Asher had already agreed to share a room or tent or whatever the sleeping situation would be with that coyote, to give Hazel some time and privacy with her boyfriend. That was something purely for Kory, however; both foxes knew each other well enough, especially now after they'd-

Oh. Asher dropped his muzzle into his paws. That arrangement was both for Kory's sake as well as his own, to pair him with-

"Hey." Hazel tapped his knee, towel slung over his shoulder. "Let's go swimming. You can catch your breath and calm down on the way there - I gave my shit to Kory, so I gotta change after we get there. I think Quinn already dived in. It'll be fun, come on. The night's just starting."

The red fox rose to his feet, and gingerly rubbed at his rump with a paw. That coyote hadn't been the *only* one to dive into something, apparently.