

Cold water all around soaking into his fur, resisting his movements as he swam... it wasn't the kind of chill that sank its fangs into his skin and made his limbs feel like they were made of lead, not the kind of cold that forced his heartbeat to double in pace just to try to keep his internal temperature up. Rather, it was a relaxing chill that seeped slowly into his fur and skin, clearing his mind and giving at least some kind of relief to the ache along the fox's rump. Every time his mind wandered back to that ache, though, his cheeks burned with a revived blush, and he pushed himself just a little bit harder with the swimming. Couldn't think about anything else if he had to focus on getting back to the surface to breathe.

His arms stung with the effort, as did his legs and ankles... it had been quite a while since he'd last had good swimming time like this, and of course he'd gotten out of practice as a result of that. When next the fox surfaced, he sprayed a half-mouthful of water out from between his lips, shook his head out to get as much of the water out of his face and ears as he could, and turned around a few times, eyes closed until he could wipe them clear.

"Hey! Hey, Asher!"

Those ears of his flicked over towards the source of the voice, but it still took him a couple of seconds to find where that was, with dripping water and quickly-dying sunlight filtering through the intertwined treetops in his eyes. It had been early sunset when the four of them had decided to hop into the lake for a dip, and by now the sun had lowered down behind the trees surrounding the wide-open campsite.

Finally, the red fox's eyes focused on the other figures floating in the water, a bit of a ways away. There was two of them there, Kory's large dinner-plate ears (as an African wild dog) being the most easily noticeable characteristic, with a third sprawled out on the nearby shore. Or, at least - as much of a shore as there could be, for the central lake of a long-abandoned campground.

"Huh?" Asher cleared his throat, paddling in place to keep himself afloat. Part of him wasn't fully comfortable with swimming out in a lake instead of a pool; just natural fear of not being able to see the bottom, paired with the occasional tickling grasp of some kind of kelp or grass or something grazing along his ankle. That's what he told himself it was, anyway. "Yeah?"

"Hazel has somethin' to tell you!"

That would be Kory's girlfriend, fennec fox, floating on her back beside him. Asher started swimming back towards them, having made his way about a third of the way to the center of the lake in his aimless exercise. She was a large part of why Asher had this thrumming soreness in his rump, right beneath the base of his tail... though, maybe, that was giving her too much credit. *I'm just helping you along*, she'd said. Everything else, he'd done of his own accord.

Hard to believe that all of that had happened probably just an hour and a half ago. Asher still wasn't fully sure that he'd caught his breath, or if that was just the result of his swimming.

Hazel's tall ears flicked upright once she'd righted herself, and she waved as Asher approached. "You know..." She had to shout a little bit to reach him over the distance. These two had known each other for quite a while; Asher knew perfectly well how loud Hazel could be-

-and with what had happened back in the cabin that hour and a half ago, she'd started to figure out how loud *he* could be.

"...Back when I was going to this place when it was open, we had this rumor about a lake monster. This huge worm thing, slimy all over with a hundred eyes, and tentacles that float up and grab at you like seaweed."

Asher picked up the pace of his swimming, to Hazel's enjoyment. "That's - not funny!"

"No, no, it *is* pretty funny. That was just us kids telling each other, though. The camp counselors always got so confused at why we were scared to death of getting in the water... back *then* it was considerably cleaner, though, and you could see further than..." The fennec dipped her paw back into the water, watching as it descended. "...four inches beneath the surface. You know that's about how far I can see without my contacts in?"

He slowed down once he came closer, and nodded his greetings to Kory beside her. The wild dog's fur patterns shimmered and seemed to change under the refraction of the water, cinnamon and ochre tinted to mud and ash in the murky sediment. "That all you wanted to tell me?"

"Course not. I wanted to see how you were doing." Her green eyes, half-lidded, remained on his muzzle as she spoke, easily revealing a lot more than her words let on.

And of course those eyes lit up at Asher's response, his ears and whiskers perking with the question. Both of them knew what she was talking about. "I - what? What do you mean?"

"Since you kind of sped right out into the middle of the fuckin' lake as soon as your fur hit the water. I mean..." Hazel glanced over at her boyfriend. "Kory's a *wild* dog, sure, but he doesn't stink. Not *that* bad, at least. Not enough for you to want to get away from him."

Kory nodded. "Thank you. Wait - no! Hey!"

That's right. Asher still wasn't sure if Hazel had gotten permission from her boyfriend for - for their little *thing* earlier. That worry had been in the forefront of his mind for about four and a half seconds right when she bent him over the bed and lined her strap-on up with his tailhole, already slickened and stretched a little bit his own distraction and exploration with the fennec's toys. And, then, anything coherent had been wiped right out of his thoughts with the sensation of her sinking into him...

Then, he realized he'd been zoned out, and shook his head again. "Oh. Yeah. I'm fine. Just - a bit sore..."

"Oh, yeah," Kory interjected, rubbing at his arms. "That drive was killer. Part of why Quinn snoozed the whole damn way here..."

So yeah. Looks like he didn't know, or just didn't catch on. Hazel and Asher made eye contact and just looked at each other for a couple of seconds, before the latter nodded over towards the shore and the other figure sprawled out across of.

"Speaking of." That would be the mentioned Quinn way over there, coyote who apparently spent a good amount of time sleeping. Asher still wasn't fully certain how he should feel about him, especially after what happened with Hazel earlier in the day; *that* had revealed much to the red fox about himself that he hadn't previously considered (and was still trying to work through; right now, everything was just a big fat *maybe*), and she'd also tipped him off that Quinn may or may not have a bit of a *thing* for him. Made sense, looking back at some of the things the coyote had said to him. "How's he doing? He looks... tired."

"Oh, yeah. He dove in headfirst, and once he came back up, I told him the lake monster thing - you were off..." Hazel waved her paw in the general direction of the center of the lake. "...*somewhere*, doing whatever you were doing. I guess he's not really one for scary stories, huh? 'Cause he made a beeline right the fuck out."

Kory leaned in close to her ear. "Dangerous," he said, and looked between her and the coyote. "Five dollars says he's gonna prank you back."

"Hon, if I took all your bets, you wouldn't have any money left to give me..."

Asher occasionally looked back over to the coyote as he got back to swimming, for some reason unable to get Quinn out of his head. What did he expect, though? - Hazel had been so confident about everything after she'd pounded him into the bed, and put those thoughts into his head while he was still catching his breath and trying to wrap his mind around what he'd just done...

*"I don't think I need to tell you that I'm not the only one on this trip who wants your tail." "You know osmium? I'm just sayin', Ash. It's really - you know. Really dense." "I'm just helping you along."*

There was no denying that that had felt good. *Damn* good. The big question was just in how he *felt* about it feeling good; really, that was the thing that kept his heartbeat elevated, out of nervousness rather than eager excitement. Asher had gone back to the cabin after they'd arrived here under the guise of wanting to take a nap, which he really *did*, but... then he'd gotten distracted, found one of Hazel's toys, wondered to himself about it... and she'd walked in right in the middle of his distraction, and took over.

A lot of this would definitely come back to him whenever he finally *did* get to sleep tonight. Then, he'd be able to work through his thoughts and feelings, he'd be able to figure out just what it was he liked and wanted, and - work through just what, exactly, he expected to take away from this little camping trip.

And what Hazel expected him to take from it, too. He watched the two of them as they made their way out, the fennec waving her paw at Quinn to let him know... and on him his eyes remained.

Quinn lazily pulled himself up into a sitting position, and from there stood the rest of the way up. Greyish-tan fur down from his muzzle over his shoulders and down his arms, like pulverized concrete powder that gave way to smooth sand along his chest and belly, disappearing beneath the material of his trunks, cool dark blue. The coyote grinned at Hazel and Kory as they made their way by, and moved to follow - but then looked back at Asher, just now starting to swim up towards the shore, and hung back for him instead.

Asher deeply hoped that his blush wasn't visible beneath his own fur, then, as the coyote fell into step beside him. Quinn stood a couple of inches taller than him and walked with a quiet confidence to his step, as if he already knew the exact reason why this smaller fox didn't know what to say to him. But, then - there was no way he *could*; after they'd finished up in the cabin, Hazel had come right back out here to swim, while Asher spent maybe seven minutes getting cleaned up and making sure the room didn't smell quite so strongly of lube and cum. That wouldn't be enough time for her to tip this coyote off.

Would it?

The two of them trailed a short distance behind Hazel and Kory, chatting amiably amongst themselves with the fennec's sharp laughter occasionally coming loud and clear over the other noises of the forest. Funny thing; the roughest thing about Quinn seemed to be his personality, and even that was only so in a jaunty, playful way. Asher had been told once or twice to stay away from coyotes since they never showered or washed their clothes, and since they loved eating trash (which he later realized was just his father poking fun at his best friend, who was a coyote, and also loved Mexican food), but... Quinn was *certainly* well-groomed, fur short and even and soft in appearance.

His natural scent had been masked beneath the dirt and grime of the lake, too. Asher *would* have tried a little harder to pick it out, but then he realized that Quinn could probably notice him nosing into his personal space and trying to smell him. That would be weird. And, besides, he didn't really think he cared *that* much. Or at least, the scent of another male had never been something he'd thought about before.

"So," the coyote began, a bit abruptly. His voice, smooth and low, carried the same mixed note of sleepiness and happy energy that it'd had when they first arrived. Another thing Asher had heard about coyotes, from an ex of his, was that they were - how did she put it... *devastatingly charismatic*. "How was your nap?"

*Ba-dump, ba-dump*. Asher tried to shove his paws into his pockets, realized he didn't have any pockets, and instead folded his arms tightly around his chest. *Act normal, act normal...* "Um... short. Bed wasn't exactly comfortable. And - I, uh, woke up within like... twenty minutes, and found a... a spider crawling across my chest. So I figured-"

"So you figured, fuck that, right?" Quinn's eyes, brown in contrast to Hazel's green, glittered in the dimming sunlight still visible through the trees. Not much longer to sundown. "I understand, man. I don't do well with things like that. Did - that bitch of a fennec tell you about the - the lake monster thing?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah, no, fuck *that*, too. I know, I know, there's no way it's true, whatever. But I'm still not gonna fuck with that. Right?"

And, just like that, he'd put his worry to rest. Asher glanced up at him again, and saw genuine casual enjoyment in those eyes, instead of the sly sneakiness that characterized Hazel's gaze. In another moment, he found himself smiling back.

"Hah. Yeah. You know, that reminds me - whatever happened to *good* urban legends? Like the one of the lady who wanders a riverbank wailing about her drowned children, or..."

That smile turned into a wide grin, bright white fangs also catching the sunlight. "Or that one with the real deep hole in Russia 'cause they were wanting to drill into the center of the Earth - and then stopped because if you put your ear to it, you could hear distant screaming?"

Their conversation continued along this track, Quinn responding quickly and easily to anything Asher might say, the red fox gradually becoming more and more comfortable with this coyote's presence... when they'd first arrived at the camp, Hazel had pushed him to talk to and get to know him, but that had all been forced. This was... this was different, this was *open*. Different enough that the fox didn't actually notice that they'd been led to what looked to be the old shower building of the camp, a simple faded brick building with two doors on either side.

"Yeah, and I remember there once was - oh, lordy." Quinn looked up towards the roof of the building, set off from the walls by big open windows for the steam from the showers to escape. "Thank God we've got showers here. I think I might die rather than go a whole weekend with lake muck sticking my fur together - can't even... roll my sheath back to pee... let's hope they work, right?"

Asher glanced around for Hazel and Kory, but didn't see the two anywhere. He'd been too caught up in his conversation with this coyote to pay attention to them or where they were going, but - that wasn't important. Quinn led the way into the building, dark and dusty after years of disuse; the lightswitch over by the entrance showed that the place at least had lights, though those didn't function too well either.

"So, um..." The red fox stepped forward and looked around the brick divider separating the actual showers from the entry area, towel racks all rusted and coated in spiderwebs, or just hanging off by one hinge. One drain sat in the center of the floor, mostly clogged up with some mixture of things that Asher didn't want to get close enough to in order to identify... while the showers themselves stood in one row, *if* it could be called that. There were two of them, side by side. "Do we... just..."

But when he next looked over, Quinn had already gotten started. First thing he saw was the top of the coyote's head as he bent down, paws tugging his swim trunks down his legs - and he wore no underwear beneath. Just that same sand-colored fur coursing down his lower belly and inner thighs, coming out along the plump shape of his sheath and hanging sack below, still dripping with the water of the lake that hadn't evaporated from that area of him.

Asher could easily see a central ruff of slightly thicker fur coming down along the front of the coyote's sack, the fur matted together into a point from the water. That ruff came up towards his sheath, spread out around the sides - Quinn wobbled briefly from one foot to the other, getting his trunks the rest of the way off - and bushed out near the top of that sheath in short but visibly thicker pubic fur, well-trimmed like the rest of him. He had to quickly look back towards the knobs of the shower, the little H and C insets long since faded from their respective colors to blanched white.

"...Figure we oughtta be fast about this," Quinn went on, as if nothing had happened. Asher didn't dare look over at him as he took his place in front of the other showerhead, though could see that smooth chest and pointed muzzle out of the edge of his vision - and when the coyote's

tail brushed against the back of his leg, he jumped with surprise. "I don't imagine this place has a fully functioning water heater, and with Hazel over in the girls' showers... I got three sisters, so I know very well what chicks are like with showers. But, then, she's got her boy with her, so maybe they'll get distracted with one another..."

He reached forward for one of the knobs, waffled between which one to turn on, tugged it towards him and turned... and the pipes in the wall gave a lurch, a rattle, and a thump, and nothing more. Quinn remained where he was, paw still resting on the knob, and turned his head towards Asher beside him; the fox tried his best to keep his eyes on that muzzle, though acutely aware of the coyote's nudity (as well as his brazen confidence about it).

"Uh." Quinn cleared his throat. "You try yours?"

So he did, reaching for the knob that looked like it was the one for the warm water. It took a bit of a yank and turn to get the knob to move, stuck in place by a glue of partial rust and mold; it came free with a crackling *thump*, followed by the pipes making the same noises as the other shower. Asher waited a second, looked up at the showerhead, looked back at the coyote, shrugged-

-and then jumped with the burst of cold water suddenly spraying down over his head and shoulders, that spray sputtering a few times before coming to its full strength. *That* was the kind of cold that bit into his fur and made his entire body tense up, but thankfully, it didn't stay that way for long; it warmed up slowly, but noticeably. Beside him, Quinn's face lit up.

"Well, alright," the fox said, taking a step back so that it didn't spray directly over his face. He lifted his arms and started rubbing at his fur. "I, um - left my soap and stuff back in the cabin, so I guess this'll just be a quick thing, and then you can have... your turn..."

The coyote wasn't listening, though. Asher had kept his eyes averted while he spoke, but when he looked over to the shower spot beside him... well, that spot all of a sudden was empty. It wasn't until he felt the tickling of a tailtip against the back of his leg and long whiskers on his neck from behind that he realized where that coyote had gone, though, and he both jumped and blushed under the realization. Quinn's breath washed out over the fur along the side of his neck, a totally different warmth from that of the shower.

It was obvious that Quinn was grinning, even without looking for him. Asher jumped again when the coyote started to drum his fingers on either side of the fox's waist.

"You don't mind, do you?" he cooed, and stepped forward a little bit - dangerously close to Asher's backside. "I mean, I was ready to shower, and then mine went and didn't work... I'm all ready to take my shower, you know? And the thing may be warm now, but you can bet it's not gonna stay that way for long - five dollars says these pipes haven't had an inspection in the last fifteen years..."

Could he say no to that? Actually - how could he say *anything* to that? Asher did his best to ignore the heat of the coyote's body so close behind him and just stepped to the side a little bit, allowing Quinn to come up beside him and get his own share of the shower. The fox kept his back turned while he scrubbed at his fur, trying his best to eliminate the slick stickiness of the lakewater, but... this positioning would turn out to be a bit problematic, especially with *this* personality beside him.

Whether he did it on purpose or otherwise, Asher couldn't tell, but Quinn repeatedly rubbed up against him, shoulderblades to shoulderblades or tail to tail. The one thing that he just couldn't ignore no matter how much he tried, though, was how Quinn's tail continued to sway and half-curl around the fox's leg, first down near his ankle, then closer to his knee, then upper thigh near the lower hem of the trunks he still wore.

And, then - Quinn turned towards him again, and returned his paws to hovering right above Asher's waist. The fox could just *feel* his presence there, so close, teasing at him as if he knew. Or... maybe, this was all for Quinn's sake. Maybe this was him trying to - how had Hazel put it? Maybe this was him trying to show Asher just who else it was that wanted his tail. And the fox *would* be damn dense if he didn't see it by now.

Or, at least, if he didn't *feel* it. He couldn't help but notice that Quinn no longer pressed his hips up against Asher's lower back, as he had before.

"You know," the coyote said, the closeness of his voice igniting an odd shiver in the base of Asher's spine. "You ain't gonna get fully clean if you keep these on. I dunno what you've got under here, but whatever it is, it's some good stuff that won't be made any better by lake scum... so, you know..."

First, it was just the tickling of claws through wet fur, down along Asher's hips... and then Quinn started to slide his thumbs down beneath the waistband of the fox's trunks, and beneath that of his boxers underneath. Asher's tail curled around his legs, and - he briefly thought about slapping at those paws, or stepping forward out of his grasp, or turning and leaving the shower, or pressing back against this coyote behind him... but that last thought was fleeting, and came and went before he could fully realize what it was.

With Quinn this close to him, too, there was a different scent beneath the steam of the shower and the cloying dirt of the lakewater and other such gunk all around the place. It was something he couldn't quite put his finger on, something... *dry*, almost, like the scent that lingered on his bedsheets if he went too long without washing them. Hell, maybe *that* was the scent of coyote that he'd been curious about earlier. It did nothing to quell the gentle tingles still rippling through him, tingles of anticipation and worry and maybe just a *little* bit of interest.

Then there was pressure against him from behind, Quinn leaning forward over him with his chest against the fox's upper back and muzzle brushing just slightly against his. With that weight leaning against him from behind, Asher couldn't help but lean forward as well - which resulted in him arching his hips back a little bit, right up against the coyote's bare waist. There was the pressure of his body against him as well as the *heat* of that part of him, the slight firmness of his naked sheath and what stirred beneath that skin, just barely palpable through the material of Asher's trunks... and the coyote turned the shower knob a little bit further to the left, to warm up the water a little bit more.

Asher was already *quite* warm enough, both between his legs, in the center of his chest, and right beneath the base of his tail, against which Quinn gently grinded. Then the coyote settled back into place, leaving an odd coldness where he'd just been, and returned that paw to the waistband of Asher's trunks.

"And, besides," he went on, circling one of his paws back around towards the base of Asher's tail, "it'll give you a chance to, I dunno... take care of any sore muscles. Warm soap and water is good for that, you know. Get all the..." Instead of continuing all the way underneath (thank God), Quinn stopped right as the pad of his thumb brushed up against the side of Asher's tail, and let the fox's waistband snap back into place. "...all the knots out."

That made his heart stop for a fraction of a second. Asher scrambled again to find something to say in response to that, something to ward off any confusion or - whatever the hell it was that Quinn was doing, but before he could even *start* trying to focus on something, the coyote had released him and stepped out of the shower, footsteps padding wetly across the tile floor.

"Thank God Hazel went back for her towel," the coyote said, voice now echoing across the barrier. "I left mine, too. Lucky for both of us."

It still took Asher another few moments to get his heartbeat under control. He waited until after the coyote had left, and then - took his advice and slid his trunks off, just for a couple of seconds so he could get himself clean. Fingers and pads working through his fur, pressing in and squeezing out the grime of the lake, running along the edge of his sheath and - and the half-inch tip of his cock protruding from that slick skin.

Those words wouldn't leave his mind, though, and nor would Quinn's voice itself. So close to his ear, tickling along his thoughts like the coyote's claws on the fur of his hip... like before, it felt almost as if Quinn *knew* about Asher's concern right now, and his little trying-to-figure-everything-out that Hazel had started him on. And when he'd said *lucky for both of us*...

Just who had he meant?

A few seconds longer, though, and Asher felt himself more than inclined to finish up and step out. Damn coyote had been right about the water heater: the shower had warmed up surprisingly quickly, about as fast as his shower back home did, but - as he stood there with his trunks tugged halfway back up his legs, the water suddenly turned back to the same cold knives that he had felt before. So the fox, muscles all tensing up against what felt like ice in comparison to the pleasant warmth before, shoved the knob back in as quickly as he could to turn the water off.

Quiet trickling and dripping of the last of the water against the tile floor, followed by the *tp-tp-tp* of his feet as he made his way back around to get his towel... and from outside the showers, Hazel's familiar laugh came through the near-silence, soon to be joined by Quinn's as if nothing had just happened. Meanwhile, Asher was still waiting for his heartbeat to calm back down.

It was Kory who waved for him once he'd left the showers, though, and as he made his way over, two pairs of eyes brown and bright green watched him. That time spent in the shower, though short, was enough for the sunset: the sky above between the trees had given way from the pink and violet in which it had glowed when they went in to a deep blue-black instead. Quinn pointed up at the sky as the four made their way back to the cabin, path only sporadically illuminated by the dim, flickering yellow-orange electric lamps set up among the tree trunks; "*damn, look at those stars! Don't get anything like that back home, huh? Ash - quit foolin' with dinner plate over there, are you seein' this?*"

At least the area around the cabins was marginally better lit than the rest of the camp. Hazel stopped a short distance from the cabin, hand-in-hand with Kory beside her; Asher noticed early on and slowed down as well, while Quinn made it all the way to the short stairs leading up to the door before he realized, and had to turn and come back. Of course he put on a stupid big grin while he did so, to cover the shame.

“Okay,” the fennec said once he came back into the circle, “I dunno if I mentioned it to you guys before - I think I did - but me n’ Kory are gonna take that other cabin,” and she nodded over her shoulder, “over there. So we don’t bother you with our... y’know.”

Asher glanced at the wild dog; his tall ears flushed a little bit, and he looked sheepishly away.

Then, Hazel pointed two fingers at the red fox and coyote. “So that means you two get to share! Asher, you already know how the bed in there is. I don’t... *think* we have cell service out here, so if you need something, just... knock, okay? Please knock.”

For Asher, the tension was palpable almost as soon as the group split up, Kory heading over to that other cabin with Hazel coming with the other two boys to get the stuff she had left there. Asher couldn’t help but suspect that she was looking at Quinn a little funny, as if the two of them knew something that *he* didn’t... but she didn’t say anything to either of them other than a warm *goodnight*, and left with a kiss on each of their cheeks, which Quinn made a show of wiping off. With Asher, she lightly settled her paw against his waist - and this sent another cool shiver up his back, reminding him of Quinn’s “advances”, if they could be called that, in the shower.

And then she was gone, old door of the cabin creaking shut behind her and banging loosely against its threshold... which left the two of them alone, side by side. Still mostly wet, of course; with no convenient (functioning) air-drying system in the bathrooms, they had each had to just vigorously wipe themselves with their towels, which always just resulted in damp fur and an equally damp towel instead of anything actually drying.

But then, with just fox and coyote alone in here, Quinn remaining in place for a moment longer before padding over to the other side of the room towards his things... Asher was *very* aware of the single-bed situation in this cabin. “Um...”

“So, I was thinking.”

His ears perked, and his train of thought derailed as soon as he heard those words. Quinn was still busy kneeling over that one sports tote bag he’d brought, rummaging around as he spoke without looking back. Instead, his ears just swivelled around.

“Since I slept for, like... a quick minute on the drive here, I’m still gonna be up for a while. I have some reading I wanna do, so I’ll - sit... somewhere... and do that. You can have the bed, alright? I’ll just, crash out on the floor or something.”

The words came before Asher could catch himself: “You sure?” It just seemed a bit... *odd* that this was the same coyote as the one who had straight-up ravished him earlier. Now he speaking slowly, deliberately, without throwing out euphemisms and innuendo. As if there were something weighing on his mind.

Or - and this realization caused his own ears to perk again - was that *nervousness* he could hear in Quinn's voice? After all, Asher would be nervous, too, if he were spending the night alone with his crush...

"Yeah." Then, the coyote turned and looked up at him, a warm smile on his face. When he was a pup, Asher didn't really realize there was anything different between coyotes and wolves... but now he could see the longer, thinner muzzle, the slightly different facial structure, the bushier tail. Besides, wolves had a tendency to have that inflated ego that they were infamous for; meanwhile, coyotes knew the stereotypes about *their* species, and sometimes ran with it. "Though, wait - you took a nap, didn't you? You said you were, at least."

The bed remained exactly as it had following that "nap": a blanket he'd brought along draped over the bedding itself, unkempt and out-of-place from all of the lurching movements that he and Hazel had put themselves through earlier. At least - and here he had to lean over as discreetly as he could and take a look - his little mess, spurted across one side of the bed, had dried... *mostly*.

Asher coughed, and tightened his towel around his lower body with one paw. "Um. Yeah."

"So - you're gonna be awake a while longer, too, then?" Quinn quickly turned back to his bag, and dug something out of the bottom of it. When he turned around next, he had a brightly-colored rectangular box in his paws. "I brought a board game! It'll be more fun with the other two, but - God knows I don't wanna go in and bother them, with what they're probably doing. I mean, I *would* like to, but I'm not supposed to say that." That grin turned sly, as it often did.

Small little flutter in Asher's chest, warm and pleasant... he reached up and scratched behind one of his ears. "No, I... I think I'm gonna turn in. Tired." Hazel had pounded out most of his energy earlier today. "If that's okay."

"Oh, yeah, yeah, def. Don't let me keep you up, man. You need anything?"

There was a couple of ways to quiet the worry in the back of the fox's head, the thoughts and considerations about this coyote right here, this *guy*... but of course he had neither the courage nor the confidence that it was *really* what he wanted, to go ahead and ask. So instead he just stood there a moment longer, watching Quinn as he set the game box back into his bag beneath his clothes. The coyote kept his tail curled close to his legs, the tip flicking and stirring around beside him; his ears and whiskers showed that he was relaxed but attentive.

Outwardly, at least.

"Nah. I think I'm good. Thank you, though." Asher kept his eye on Quinn as he leaned down to take his towel off, but the coyote just gave him another smile and then looked back to his things. So the fox waited for a moment longer, mind bubbling with thoughts of things to say to him, but... he found nothing, and instead went to lie down on the bed. Yet again, the springs creaked and complained beneath his weight, though this time fell silent once he'd settled into place instead of having a second weight press in on top of him.

The blanket bore his scent most strongly, with a light dusting of Hazel's beneath. If *he* could barely smell it with his nose pressed into the fabric, then he really shouldn't worry about Quinn being able to pick it up on the floor across the room... but, that still didn't stop him from

worrying. The fox spent a few minutes trying to find a comfortable position, and then several more minutes trying to quiet his mind.

His thoughts kept on coming back to the two of them, to Hazel and Quinn. This wasn't at all how he'd expected this camping trip to turn out; he hadn't expected all of this self-inspection and questioning. And, even then, he *still* wasn't sure - though the slight throbbing pain beneath his tail brought back memories of how *good* that had felt, back in the moment with her. So, maybe... but, he wanted to leave it as just that for now, and nothing more. A "maybe".

He rolled over again and dug one arm up beneath his pillow, skin beneath his fur still tickling somewhat with the ghostly remnants of the shower water spraying down over him, and the feeling of claws dragging lightly along his hips and sides...

*...and then just like before, he found himself pressed down into the bed by a warm weight on top of him, pushing his muzzle sideways against the pillow and keeping his rump hiked into the air. Desire and want zapped through his body, causing his tail to flick and lash and making him suck in a light gasp with each physical contact against him: fingers against his upper thighs, whiskers against the base of his tail, light breath against his rump - and then sudden slick wetness of spat saliva, right against the rim of his tailhole.*

*Then there was a thumb against that wet spot, pressing the makeshift lube into him, working it around his already-used tailhole. The feeling of that, slight pain, distant discomfort beneath the odd pleasure that made him clenching around that thumb and push back... when he let out this moan that followed, it felt like an actual physical weight, leaving his chest.*

*Then those paws settled on his hips, thumbs held back to stretch his rump, force him to present. A firm, tapered tip kissed up against his tailhole, wet and dripping with that thick saliva - and the weight of whoever it was on top of him pushed him more firmly down into the bed, mouth hanging half-open with the anticipation. His ears flicked back at their voice, but honestly, he wasn't surprised to hear who it was:*

*"Look at you," Hazel said, claws digging gently into his flesh beneath his fur. The little pricks just sharpened the feeling of everything else, mainly his own throbbing arousal between his legs, and the intense want to feel her buried in him to her hips again. "If I didn't know better, I'd think this wasn't just your second time. You're more eager to get railed than my last boyfriend, and he left me for a stallion."*

*All Asher could work out in response was a tense "rrfh" followed by another press backwards. He couldn't move his arms; after a bit of straining and wriggling, he realized that his wrists were bound beneath him, between his body and the bed. That would explain why he couldn't easily lift himself up to all fours.*

*Not that he would really want to, either. Worked up as much as he was, he felt perfectly content to be in his current position with his face against the pillow and rear up in the air, Hazel circling the end of her strap-on around the ridged rim of his tailhole. It was something damn nice, having the weight of another person's body down on his lower back while thrusting into him.*

*"Mm? What was that?"*

*Speak of the devil. The fennec leaned in over him, pressing slowly into him as he did so - which of course made his entire body tense up, and caused him to clench his fists against one another beneath him. The weight and warmth of her body, of her belly pushing down on the base of his tail as she leaned in, whiskers coming down to tickle at the tip of his ear and force it to flick... she kept her voice low and steady, but with a hint of that growl she got whenever she got turned on.*

*They'd been that kind of friends long enough for him to be able to recognize that growl.*

*"C'mon, Ash," she purred, still sinking down into him. There came that discomfort again, more forceful and forward in his mind... but now he knew it was something he just had to push through. And, sure enough, it passed. "Can't tell me you didn't like it, last time. I heard you gasping when you came, you panting right after... and that reminds me, I need to introduce Kory to the whole thing. Hell, maybe I oughtta top him, and have him top you at the same time - how's that sound?"*

*The thought of that... there was just something off about it, though. Asher had never really thought of Kory in that way before, but seeing as how these thoughts now ignited a little spark in his loins on top of the throbbing and squeezing from Hazel steadily pounding into him... well, it was something to keep in mind. But, then - she kicked up her pace a little bit and slid another inch and a half past the tight rim of his tailhole, yet again wiping his thoughts clean. She straightened up as she got into her rhythm, paws making their way up his sides a little bit to squeeze him and hold him in place, and then back down towards his hips so she could start pulling him back against her every time she thrust in.*

*Just like last time, each thrust sent a little shivering jolt of pleasure through him, making his mouth bounce open a little further, and causing his cock between his legs to twitch. The bed creaked beneath them with the movement, especially as they got past the initial difficulty and roughness; Asher closed his eyes, licked his lips, and swallowed, breathing in the scent of his own musk and the heavy, faintly mildewy scent of the pillow, packed deep in his suitcase for the entirety of the drive over; there was the characteristic smell of the lube, and the silicone of her strap-on, and the general mustiness of the cabin itself...*

*...but then above everything else, a kind of dry, warm spice, not familiar enough for him to easily recognize, but still causing a small, lovely twinge in the middle of his chest. That was something he'd smelled before, a faint, pleasant aroma... it was the kind of thing he longed to find the source of and bury his nose into, to breathe that scent more strongly, to learn it and taste it... and it was all he could think about, paired with the pounding pleasure of hips against his rump, slap, slap, slap.*

*That weight returned to his lower back and shoulders; those whiskers tickled again at his ear and his cheek; that warm breath puffed out against him, gentle panting, heavy with desire. But this time, it wasn't Hazel who purred into his ear.*

*"But, that wouldn't be much fun, would it? I want some time to get to know you, Ash... just you 'n me..."*

*His eyes shot back open, but before he could voice any kind of question, the thrusting stopped and tugged out of him, and he found himself rolled over onto his back with his bound wrists resting uselessly against his chest - and looked up into glimmering brown eyes. Quinn grinned*

*back down at him, tail stirring behind his nude body and that grin still bearing his usual sly look, especially as the coyote reached under one of Asher's legs and hooked it up over his shoulder, lining himself back up with the fox's tailhole.*

*"Dunno about you," the coyote went on, starting to press himself back in. Asher couldn't help but shiver sweetly with the feeling of that length, a bit thicker than Hazel's strap-on and noticeably warmer, stretch and sink into him. "But I've wanted this for a while. Wanted to - feel you squeeze around me, just like this... wanted to get your scent in my nose, your taste on my tongue..."*

*Quinn continued to lean in as he spoke, close enough that Asher thought he was about to have his first kiss with another guy - but instead of that, the coyote tilted Asher's muzzle to the side with his nose, and then dragged his tongue up along the front and side of his neck. That feeling made him shiver again, followed by yet another one when sharp little coyote teeth dug gently into the skin of his neck through his fur; then, that little nip turned into a soft kiss, and into another, and another, moving up along the side to his jawline, along his cheek, towards the front of his muzzle.*

*Then - that same warm breath, warm voice, whispering through his fur and whiskers: "And, hell, lemme just say... I sure ain't unsatisfied."*

*Claws coming up through the fur of his neck towards the back of his head, then, and pulling him in - in against Quinn's muzzle, lips to lips, while the coyote held him in place and got back into rhythm, churning his hips slowly against the slightly-smaller fox, pressing up to the bulge of his mostly-unswollen knot... depth like that, since Quinn certainly wasn't unendowed, brought a bit more discomfort to Asher, but he could ignore it. He could ignore it just fine, for both of their sakes.*

*After a while, he couldn't really tell whether it was himself panting or Quinn, hot tense breaths puffing out in a steady rhythm in spaces between their kiss, between their parted lips with noses still touching and muzzles slightly tilted. Each time he opened his eyes, he looked forward to see that same smooth brown gaze, whiskers and ears and cheeks twitching with the tension and the urgency; Asher could feel the growing need in the coyote on top of him, body angled so that Quinn's lower belly rubbed against the fox's hard cock each time he pushed into him, earning a tense gasp and strain from the smaller canid.*

*Slap, slap, slap against his rump, sending that same sharp, pleasurable sting through his body... Asher panted openly against the coyote's lips, feeling Quinn's own breathing and panting and moaning hot and humid against his own. The coyote's paw came back down from Asher's head, but slid between his shoulders and down his back, holding him up against him as he continued to pound into him-*

*-and he could feel his heartbeat strong against his own, the heat radiating off of Quinn's body, the intense desire and want that thrummed through him and echoed into the fox with each thrust up into him... and then, all of a sudden - teeth digging into his shoulder again, a powerful shudder echoing through the coyote's body, a low growl of a moan... and those claws tightened on the fox, Quinn bucking up one, two, three more times into him, a slick, wet warmth aiding the last thrust.*

*Not that Asher could focus on that, though. All of the grinding and pressing, the scent of Quinn's natural aroma mixed with his powerful musk tickling at his nose, the feeling of a warm belly against his own cock and of his tail being stretched and filled - and before he really realized what was going on, he was grinding back and groaning beneath Quinn's orgasm, having reached his own peak as well. Toes curled, teeth gritted, eyes closed and head leaned back - and Asher felt himself spurt, spurt, spurt out between both of their chests.*

*Then, even before he could catch his breath - Quinn leaned down and planted a tired kiss against his nose, that familiar sly smile coming back to his muzzle and replacing the drained, satisfied look he'd worn up until now.*

*"Couldn't take my knot, huh?" the coyote teased, churning his hips a little bit more. Asher groaned and shivered at the feeling of that, his cum having added extra slickness; and, sure enough, there was the hot, firm flesh of that knot against the rim of his tailhole, fully swollen and very wide. Quinn was definitely more than Hazel's strap-on. "You know what that means, though?"*

*It was hard to speak. His mouth felt dry. "What?"*

*The coyote leaned in close again, close enough so that Asher could feel his words in the sensitive fur of his ear as well as he could hear them. "That just means we'll need to practice. Yeah? Asher..."*

*"Asher? Hey, hey Ash... c'mon, wake up..."*

Bright sunlight shining down right across his muzzle, his mouth hanging open from his sleep - and a dry crust of saliva sticking to the fur around his lips. Asher blinked against the light and looked around, parts of his dream sharp in his mind but quickly fading... though a few select pieces of it remained clear in his head, especially when his eyes adjusted to the light and he saw that same coyote leaning down over him, tail wagging slowly behind him.

Most of it was gone, and what wasn't was fast fading away. That might've been the fastest he'd fallen asleep in a while, even despite the myriad thoughts still running rampant in his head - almost without a break from last night. Thoughts of Hazel doing her thing, thoughts of Quinn with his grin and his voice and his... and his...

Asher squirmed, a bit uncomfortably, beneath the blanket that at some point during the night had been drawn over him. There was definitely a little bit of warm stickiness near the lip of his sheath and across his belly a little bit... he just hoped it wasn't enough to show through his clothes. He would worry about *that* later; right now, he had to focus on diverting Quinn's attention so the coyote wouldn't notice that he'd had a goddamn *wet dream* in the same room as him.

That is, if he didn't already know.

"Um-" The fox had to clear his throat before he could speak. "What? Everything... everything okay?"

"Oh, yeah, yeah." Quinn wasn't wearing a shirt, which was the first thing Asher noticed about him. The second was that he wasn't wearing pants, either, with his boxers sitting a little low on

his hips, clearly showing the lines of his groin and the bushy top of his pubic fur. "Just that Hazel's getting breakfast ready, and - well, I think you know her well enough to know what she'll do to ya if she comes back and finds you still snoozing and talking into your pillow..."

The fox sat up and stretched his arms over his head, giving voice to a wide yawn. Despite the ancient mattress and springs, that was one of the best sleeps he'd had in a long time. Would just have to do something about this little problem of his as a result of that dream... "Yeah..." Then, his ears perked. "Wait. I was talking?"

"Yeah. I wasn't listening, though. C'mon, let's go. Can't you smell it from here?"

So Asher lifted his nose and sniffed - but all he could smell was his own musk, floating up from the wetness beneath the waistband of his pants. He looked back up to let Quinn know he'd be ready soon (and would hopefully find time to wipe that off), but the coyote had already started off towards the cabin door.

It would've been hard to miss the glimmer in those brown eyes, though.