

*“So, how about once we get back, I give you my number and we see about getting to know each other a little better?”*

*“Yeah. That sounds good, I think.”*

Asher had had a bit of trouble getting to sleep that night, head buzzing with all kinds of thoughts and scenarios, heart thumping and fluttering in his chest at the same time, and... naturally, another twitchier distraction between his legs, throbbing against the fabric of his pajamas. *That* had stayed with him pretty consistently whenever he let his mind wander, since it always made its way back to recalling what had happened between him and the coyote that last night of their camping trip.

Well - what else was going to happen? It really made sense once he'd had time to go back and think over everything that had happened, from the ride up to the camp, to the way Hazel introduced him to Quinn, to the... the *strap-on* incident, to the showers, to sharing a bed with the coyote.

All of that would stay between them. The four of them. Or, three, rather; he really didn't think that Hazel's boyfriend had been around for most of that, unless she decided to tell him. But knowing how much trouble she had keeping her mouth shut, in more than one sense of the phrase, Asher couldn't be so sure. That was another thing that kept him awake, and tugged at the stiff, cold threads of worry. He *thought* that it went without saying that his whole liking-boys thing, or rather one boy in particular, was private information enough for Hazel to respect his unspoken wish to keep quiet about it.

But he still couldn't be sure. And, then, what if it was obvious? His first class the following morning, he caught himself staring at his phone during the professor's lecture scrolling through the few texts he'd exchanged with Quinn, and became painfully aware of the sweet smile that those messages had left on his muzzle and the fluttering warmth in his chest. It wasn't even anything particularly out of the ordinary; just some "hello"s, a few other things, and then one message from Quinn - *I've got a surprise for you later, hon. ;)*

Surprise. When he first read that message, Asher's mind started wandering again to the many possibilities of what that *surprise* could be, knowing the coyote, and for a few minutes he was glad that class hadn't ended just yet. It would've been awkward to have to stand up out of his desk at that moment.

One thing he hadn't considered, though, was that 'surprise' turned out to be a familiar face, a familiar scent, sliding down into the seat beside him for his last class of the day. Apparently Hazel had known about Quinn transferring schools before the camping trip, and had wanted to put off telling Asher until afterwards... and then forgot.

Not that that turned out to be a bad thing, of course. Asher ended up missing the entire first half of the lecture simply because of the coyote next to him, from talking and whispering and wagging his tail... and then almost missed the second half, from a certain wandering paw making its way down under the desk and over towards his thigh.

Back at the camp when it was just the four of them - Asher and Quinn themselves, then Hazel and her boyfriend Kory - he probably wouldn't have done anything about that, or at least if it was just him and the coyote. But here, in class, with all these people around... before the fox could

put another thought into it, the fox had reached down and stopped Quinn's paw before it made its way further up, and he tried to pass it off as just a quick, affectionate squeeze. Knowing Quinn, he was a bit scared that the coyote would just try again when he moved his paw away, but - something in his expression changed, and he kept that paw along Asher's leg where the fox had moved it to.

And there was a thought, a worry about *that* that stuck with him through the end of the class, to when he started making his way out towards his parking lot, and held his attention so firmly that he hadn't noticed Quinn had followed him, and was trying to ask him something. Maybe Asher had been wrong, and that was just a little sign of affection rather than the coyote trying to get into something under the desk. Maybe he just - wanted to be a little closer to him, wanted to let him know that what had happened over the weekend wasn't just some fling that they'd never speak of again.

Then a few hours after *that*, Asher just ended up scolding himself for thinking of it as such - 'just a fling'. Would *just a fling* result in him sitting across from Quinn at a local noodle bar, grinning and laughing at the coyote's jokes, willingly leaning over to get a taste of what he was offered? All of that confusion and reluctance and worry during the day, when he was apart from him... but now that it was just the two of them again, now that he had some time to spend alongside the coyote, it felt *right*.

"How come you didn't tell me you'd transferred schools?"

Across from him, Quinn shrugged and slurped up another noodle, leaving a little bit of some leafy green vegetable clinging to his lip. After chewing, his pink tongue flicked out and caught that, too. "Iunno. Before we went on the trip, it wasn't important. I didn't even know you *went* here. And then I met you, and I realized I liked you, and..." Another shrug, this time with a huffed sigh. "Wouldn't be worth it if nothing happened, you know?"

Asher stuck his fork into his bowl and tried to spiral a few of the noodles around the tines. That didn't work so well with the fat, more traditional-style noodles that this place served. Out of curiosity the fox had ordered the tea listed on the menu, and their server - a nice, kind of short weasel - brought him a mug filled with a steaming liquid that smelled like no other tea he'd had before. "What do you mean?"

"I mean - oh, come on. Like. I had a crush on you before. Okay?"

That made Asher blush. He was glad for the dimmed lights in here.

"Hazel'd talked about you before, and showed me pictures, and... I don't know. You just seemed like - like the kind of guy I'd wanna know. Once we got there, I realized just how true that was, and... well, to my knowledge, you were straight. Or-" He held his fork out in yet another shrug, sharp ears splayed. "You never said you *weren't* straight, and you'd had no reason to think otherwise. Then she told me about the..."

Once more, Asher's heart hopped into his chest - *the strap-on thing* - but, to his relief, the coyote just trailed off, a knowing grin on his face.

"Yeah. You know what I'm talking about. So it all fell into place from then, and... wait, what was the question?"

Talking about it out here, where it was just the two of them, and nobody else they knew nearby... Asher felt good, felt confident. He felt happy, and he recognized that. As he ate, he relaxed back in his booth and stretched his legs forward... and brushed one foot against Quinn's leg, and kept it there. The coyote returned the touch, and their eyes met for another moment while they focused on their food.

"Wait." Asher finished chewing, and swallowed. Not only was the tea something he'd never had before, but this particular type of soup had been made with a broth that smelled *vaguely* familiar, but he couldn't put a name to it. And even if he could, he doubted he'd be able to pronounce that name, looking at the menu. "So you were scared?"

Quinn pointed his fork at the fox again. "Hey. I'm a coyote. We don't *get* scared. But, I mean..." Here he reached for Asher's mug of tea, eyebrows raised in question; the fox shrugged and nodded, and Quinn brought it to his lips for a taste. "I guess I was kind of nervous. You'd be too, if you liked a guy and didn't know if he liked you back."

Ha. Ha ha. Asher shifted in his seat.

"It all turned out okay, though, y'know? So." Quinn reached out across the table, towards where Asher had his atop his phone, facedown - and gave his paw a squeeze, quick enough to make the fox jump with the sudden show of affection, and yet not enough for anyone else to notice. Then, however, he felt... *ashamed* about being relieved for that. "And that actually leads me into my next thing, um..."

Asher perked his ears, bringing himself out of his thoughts again. "Yeah?"

Quinn's eyes flicked up to his, then away, then back up again, and away again. His whiskers stood straight out and his ears up. "I know it's kind of silly to ask, considering what's... already happened between you and I-"

*-hot, wet pressure against his tailhole, pushing, teasing into him, stretching him, filling him, just like Hazel's strap-on but with a different kind of soft firmness to it, and throbbing, twitching with the pulse of the coyote above him - and Quinn's breath washing out over his muzzle in heavy puffs, in rhythm with his own, gasping, grunting, moaning, lurching and leaning into one another, with the old springs of the mattress squeaking and straining underneath the motion-*

"...but I mean, I know that you're new to this, and I wanted to make sure, so... uh." This time when those eyes met Asher's, they remained there. "D'you, wanna... be my boyfriend?"

Hesitation, just in the slightest. Asher thought about the time they'd spent at camp, how he'd felt falling asleep next to and waking up in the arms of this coyote, how he'd been feeling throughout this date of theirs, everything else that these two shared. But - did that mean Quinn would expect them to walk around at school, holding paws? Hazel would hear about this soon, if Quinn hadn't already spoken to her about it, and then most of the people in *her* circle of friends would hear about it, and then everyone would know, and...

"Yeah." He gave a smile, and then a wider one when he saw the relief and excitement on the coyote's face. "Yes, I think so."

Quinn pumped his fist into the air, and then glanced around, embarrassed. "Yes! Ah - that means Hazel owes me ten dollars..."

Asher frowned, then glared playfully at the coyote across from him. "Wait. You made a bet?"

"Yeah."

"And she bet *against* me saying yes?"

"Oh, yeah." Quinn took another sip of the tea, shrugged, and did so again. "She thought you'd be too shy. You *are* close to being too straight for my tastes, but... as your boyfriend, it's now officially my job to find out what you like. And, hell, maybe *you'll* find out some new things about yourself. I know you have already."

Asher shifted, already able to feel the blush coming on. Quinn had a way of knowing just what to say, and when to say it. "Oh yeah?" Brief flash of that same nervousness... "Like what?"

Quinn's brown eyes took on a sunlight-yellow sparkle in the weird light fixtures in this place, hanging down over the table. He flicked his tongue over his lips again, leaned in, lifted his eyebrows...

"Like you don't like the tea they serve here, but I do." And he lifted the mug, and settled back into his booth with a quiet laugh shaking his shoulders. Asher rolled his eyes.

Following that their dinner took on a more relaxed mood, and the fox could feel the stress leaving him, faster and easier than before. That was another effect Quinn had on him, something that he'd noticed back during their camping trip: the fox would be all worried and wondering about what was going to happen, and what new thing the coyote would toss at him, and... then when the time came, he always found it went better than he'd expected, and that he felt better about everything.

Tonight Quinn wouldn't let Asher pay the bill - though after some bugging, he *did* allow the fox to place his money onto the tip. As soon as they left the building, the coyote reached over and intertwined his paw with Asher's... and he felt some strong, shameful want to pull away, to shove his paws into his pockets, but drew some confidence from the darkness of the evening around them. Whether Quinn noticed, he couldn't tell.

"I'll drive you back to your dorm, alright?" the coyote said to him, once they'd gotten into his car. Music came on as loud as he'd left it when they arrived - but he promptly turned it down. "I'd ask if I could hang around, and..." Slightest of hesitations, just like Asher's when he'd thought about the boyfriend question. "...well, I have a quiz I need to study for tomorrow, so."

During the drive Quinn didn't really say anything, which stuck out as odd to Asher, and he kept the music down instead of turning it back up. That worried the fox, and he found himself searching through his thoughts and trying to put together some kind of apology for his reluctance to hold paws outside the restaurant, and anything else that he might have done to bother the coyote...

...but once they pulled out outside his dorm and Quinn leaned over for a kiss, though, all of those worries left his mind. Started out soft, gentle, warm, with one paw caressing his jaw - and

then as the coyote pinched off that first kiss, he remained in for another, and another... and tilted his head, slid his tongue in beneath Asher's upper lip, slipped it deeper, against his own tongue, in and around, firm, confident... for a while Asher forgot about everything else around him, everything other than the heat of the affection, the arm-rest between the seats against which he balanced a paw, the way he could feel Quinn's hot exhalations wash out over his muzzle, and how he caught little snatches of breath in spaces between the kiss... and, of course, the growing tightness and stiffness in the front of his pants, which the coyote's exploring paw made sure to find.

This time, Asher didn't bat his paw away. There was nobody else to see in the car, and besides, it was dark outside anyway - and the kiss already got him *damn* worked up. He reached down, pressed that paw more firmly into himself, throbbed again in response to the added pressure... and Quinn took that chance to slip back out of the kiss, and lap the fox's saliva off of his own lips. With the same sly, self-satisfied smile that Asher had become so familiar with, Quinn wished him a good night. "I'll text you tomorrow, okay?"

On his way to the door of the building, back towards the elevator, up to his floor, down the hall... Asher had a certain bounce in his step now, a kind of electric excitement halfway between arousal and relaxation. What was there to worry about? - that kiss, the look that Quinn had given him over dinner and afterwards, the way the coyote's tail always wagged around him... looking at everything else that had happened to Asher, he truly, honestly felt that this was the way a relationship was meant to be.

When he pushed open the door to his room with his shoulder, a wall of cool air hit him, soft and sweet with the aroma of the oil diffuser he liked to keep running. Before the semester started he'd been told that he'd have to share this dorm with someone, but then they never showed up. Lucky for him, especially since the damn boner that Quinn's kiss had given him hadn't yet gone down.

In here, all by himself, with only his own thoughts... the fox made his way back to the bedroom and sprawled across the bed, paws already working at the fly of his pants. Hard to believe that the night he spent in a bed alongside Quinn was just - what, two nights ago? And it felt like so much had happened since then, like he'd come so far. Another unavoidable consequence of that, more to his half-guilty enjoyment than annoyance, was simply that - the fox swallowed, squirmed in working his pants and underwear down his thighs, and gave an unconscious throb when he wrapped his paw around the base of his hard shaft - his desire had sharpened in that time.

These were the kind of thoughts he went out of his way to avoid at school and during the day, when there were other people around. Not like someone else could look into his mind and see what he was thinking, but... well, they might be able to piece it together if they watched closely, if they looked at his ears and whiskers, how he licked his lips and swallowed, and especially how he wriggled in his seat and tried to keep his legs crossed. Thoughts of Quinn running his tongue up along the side of Asher's throat, thoughts of the way he'd bent over him and grinded up under his tail in the shower that day, of the way his paws and fingers felt as they worked their way up his hips and waist.

Half-guilty simply because he wasn't sure how he should feel about them. There were those times at school, and then... and then times like now, where it felt like there was nothing better. Oh, what he'd give to have had Quinn come up the elevator with him, and settle down on top of

him like he had during that camping night. Something else that gave Asher confidence was how even before he'd crawled into bed alongside the coyote, thinking him asleep, was how he'd been in much the same position as he had tonight: with an unignorable throbbing between his legs, annoying until he'd take care of it.

Or. *That* night, until Quinn had taken care of it. A bit of grinding, a bit of touching, some heavy breathing... and before Asher knew what was happening, Quinn had rolled over onto his side to face him, nose twitching with the hot scent of both of their arousals. Asher imagined he could still smell that now, that kind of dry, spicy scent that made his whiskers twitch and his mouth water; he imagined that it weren't his own paw squeezing and sliding along his length now, imagined that the mattress beside him pressed down with the coyote's weight.

It wasn't hard to imagine that. That's what came to his mind before anything else, and it's what felt - and seemed - right to him. Imagining Quinn to be the one pawing him off, imagining the feeling of those teeth against his shoulder again... or, maybe he'd pull back and flick his tongue over his chops, catching Asher's upper lip in doing so, and then would dive in for another deep, wet kiss, just like he'd left him with in the car today.

Or - and this was something he hadn't thought about before - what if Quinn went down between Asher's legs, and used that broad tongue of his there? The fox bit his lip as he imagined the way that would feel, with the smooth, warm flesh dragging up along the underside of his length, pulling up at the skin of his sack, maybe slipping in beneath the lip of his sheath... he wrapped his finger and thumb down around the underside of his slowly-growing knot, imagining that extra pressure to instead be the movements of a hungry tongue.

Asher rolled his head towards his other shoulder, and in that same movement switched the paw he worked along his shaft - and brought his first one up towards his muzzle, warm scent wafting off of his fingerpads. After Quinn went down on him, of course he'd come right back up and lean in for another kiss, with Asher able to both smell and taste himself on this one, along the coyote's lip and muzzle, on his tongue and thick saliva. That was something Asher had noticed from the few times he'd actually kissed the coyote: Quinn wasn't afraid to let his kisses get... *wet*.

Not that Asher was complaining. He dragged his tongue up along the pad of one of his fingers, feeling the slight greasy musk there, and swallowed it down. Hell, it had been that messiness that'd got him so worked up in the first place, and thoughts of it that still made him squirm and throb. Quinn might leave enough drool on him to roll down his sheath and sack, probably more than enough to use for lube if the coyote ever wanted to bottom, which... might not be so unusual. He'd been open to other things that Asher wouldn't have considered.

The fox drew his legs up a bit, now imagining the weight and warmth of that coyote to settle down in his lap, Quinn's lower back brushing against his upper thighs as he settled into place. It'd probably be a tight, intense heat squeezing down along his length, hot and moist, slick and sticky all at the same time - Asher tightened his paw, especially down near his lower fingers to emulate what the rim of Quinn's tailhole might feel like, squeezing around him as he slid down on him.

Hell, he could see it now: Quinn would have on that same sly grin, eyes half-lidded with pleasure and desire, and he'd roll his tongue up over his muzzle with his hunger... he'd have one paw back on one of Asher's knees for support and the other down between his own legs,

keeping his own hard cock forward as he pushed further down, probably with a thick glob of pre dripping out into Asher's bellyfur. If it were just the two of them, the fox might even have the confidence to wipe that up with his thumb and then lick it off.

When they'd gone at it at the camp they'd been slow and careful about it, though that was due to how Asher was new to the whole thing, and how he'd still felt a bit sore from Hazel the day before. In fact, even now he could still feel a twinge of the discomfort from both of those, annoying and embarrassing at school but somehow enjoyable now. Quinn might not have to deal with that, with *his* level of experience. He might just... sink down as far as he could on the fox, churn his hips and kiss his tailhole against the bulge of Asher's knot, and then come right back up and started working him like that, riding him into the mattress, paw moved from the fox's knee to his chest.

*That* would be a good look for him, Quinn riding his lap with his back arched and rump pressed back, always hilted Asher as deep in him as he could. The fox swallowed and panted, still imagining that it was Quinn's scent ingrained into the fur of his paw along his muzzle rather than his own. This wasn't the first time he'd had a thought like that: just earlier this morning in that weird hazy time between when he first woke up and when his alarm would go off for class, Asher vaguely recalled rolling over, burying his muzzle into his pillow - and then opening his eyes in a dream where the firm softness against his nose was instead Quinn's sheath and sack behind the smooth fabric of his underwear. Asher recalled looking up and seeing those brown eyes twinkling at him, and that familiar smile - and then felt himself tugged even more firmly into that sweet, spicy warmth, scent overwhelming his senses.

He'd been surprised that he woke up without a puddle of his own cum drying into the fur of his lower belly. At the rate he went now, though, that'd soon become a concern.

Hell. He squirmed again and let his mouth hang open, breaths coming and going in almost the same raucous unsteadiness that they had the other night, with Quinn's hips working against his rump and shaft pumping into him. Things would probably feel different if it were Asher's length buried beneath the coyote's tail, though: he'd probably be able to feel Quinn squirming and clenching around him as he came closer to his own peak, as well as in the force and urgency with which he rode the fox and pushed himself down against him, and maybe, just *maybe*, he'd-

Asher gasped at the air and squeezed his forefinger and thumb beneath his knot, at the same time tugging up along the hot bulge of flesh. That feeling, that tugging and pressure and squeezing, sent him far over the edge of his own climax, and he actually had to dig the claws of his other paw into the mattress beneath him with the force of his orgasm, hot spurts of thick cum emptying out across more than just his lower belly. Quinn would probably jerk and gasp with the first tie, and then tug and squeeze to make Asher whine and moan just as he did now; he'd probably remain as far down on the fox as he could while still moving, both to get himself off and to drain Asher's balls the rest of the way, and *then* he'd unload across the canid beneath him, probably leaving the same sticky trail across his chest that Asher had been responsible for himself, here and now.

Panting and throat dry, the fox kept his fingers in place wrapped around his cock, though lightened his grip - and opened his eyes. No coyote sitting back in his lap, sack against his lower belly and tailhole clenched tight around the underside of his knot; no scent other than his own wafting around the room or clinging to his upper lip; no saliva other than his own dripping down his chin. Maybe he'd gotten a little *too* into it.

Well. He reached over, fumbled in the dark for where his phone had dropped when he'd first flopped into bed, and finally closed his paw around it. With the pleasure fast fading, that slight bit of nervousness started to crawl its way back into his mind, but... well, that hadn't been the *first* time Quinn had made him cum, directly or indirectly. And it certainly wouldn't be the last.

Still panting - he'd have to get up soon to wipe this sticky mess off of his chest, or risk getting his fur all matted down and stuck together - the fox swiped his phone open, and navigated to his Messages screen. Had to start planning their next date, of course.

He was thinking it'd be an at-home date. One thing that gave Asher confidence in this was that it already felt like it'd been too long since he'd last slept in that coyote's arms.

Dorm reservations for next semester would be opening up soon.