

The fox kept his gaze obstinately turned out the window, watching the silhouettes of the tall buildings and mostly-functioning streetlights as they drifted by. Or rather, as *he* drifted by *them*: a not-uncommon bump or jerk in the road kept him aware that he sat in a moving bus, if the seat cushion halfway between cotton and wood didn't. At least he had the thing to himself tonight – in a city like this it was rare to clamber onto public transportation and be the only person there, no matter the time of night.

Mostly to himself, at least. There *was* that vixen in the aisle directly across from him, resting with her back against the window and her legs crossed along the rest of the seat towards the aisle, intentionally despite how she wore a skirt tonight. She'd been waiting there at the bus stop by the time he'd arrived, and the first thing he noticed was that her tail and ears flicked at his arrival, and she slid her phone back into her pocket and sat there doing nothing. And then her scent had changed.

The fox had tried to sneak glances at her muzzle to see if he knew her, but nobody came to mind. He felt fairly certain that she returned the looks, too: her scent changed slightly though he couldn't really pick up the result of the change, as the vixen wore just enough of a light perfume to cover those intricacies without blocking out the entirety of her natural scent. And it seemed she'd scooted closer to him as the minutes ticked by, too. He hadn't been able to smell her at all when he'd first sat down.

Mostly, he just wanted to get home and go to sleep. It was late and he'd had a long day. Once he got back home, too, there was sure to be a-

"Hey."

Her voice actually startled him, as something outside of the grinding and sputtering of the engine, and above the music he had playing quietly from the headphones hanging around his neck. She couldn't be talking to anyone *other* than him, unless she'd started talking on her phone, which – at this time of night? The fox straightened up, sighed, turned to look at her... and then felt his ears flick back upon him seeing the sweetest smile that had ever been directed his way.

"I apologize if you were wanting to stay in your own bubble..." she went on, pulling her own earbuds out from along the base of her ears, "but I just gotta ask – is everything okay?"

The fox folded his paws in his lap, and looked from her to the seat in front of her. For some reason it was tough to maintain eye contact. "...Um. Yes. Why...?"

"Well, it's just..." The vixen shrugged, and in the same movement swung her legs forward into a proper sitting position, and then scooted closer to the edge of the row. "It's not *every* night someone takes the midnight bus around here. You didn't get evicted from your apartment? No family emergency you gotta get to? Girlfriend didn't kick you out?"

"I – what? No." *Definitely not that last one*, he thought; *I'm gay*. There'd been a little quirk to her mouth with that last - was she trying to...? The fox shifted where he sat, and finally looked down into his lap. "It's just, my car's in the shop right now. I've had to-"

"Take the bus. Mm." Here she nodded, and put a short-clawed finger to her lips. "At midnight."

Another flick of his ears, and an unconscious twitch at the base of his tail. "I visited some friends downtown." He'd actually been let out early tonight; usually their little hangouts went past three in the morning.

The vixen canted her head. "Good friends?"

She couldn't... *smell* them on him, could she? He'd taken a shower afterwards. There was no way he'd ride public transportation with his fur matted down across his muzzle, neck, and chest with the loads of two wolf brothers, and a third dripping down his chin from when he'd failed to swallow all of it... that little twang under his tail came from their session three days ago. And he was *still* a little sore.

"Yeah. Good friends."

"Seeing them again tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow? No." He glanced back out the window. His stop should be coming up soon. Admittedly, having someone to talk to wasn't *that* bad, and she seemed nice enough. "Car's supposed to get finished tomorrow, so I was gonna call one of my other friends and have him take me by to get it."

There was that smile again. It looked good on her: she had a bit of a sway to the border where her fur turned from orange to cream along her muzzle, and that small smile both brought it out and smoothed it down. She held her phone in her paws again, though the screen had gone dark a while ago.

Then, abruptly: "Aren't you gonna ask *me* why *I'm* on the bus so late?"

"Um." The fox licked his lips. "Why are you-?"

While he spoke, she murmured something under her breath – *oh, you're just the cutest*, it sounded like; there was another flick to his tail – and then perked up a little. "Movie night at a friend's house. Good friend." Shrug. "Not *too* good, though. You know how it is. But, we were sitting there on the couch all night, and... and now I'm full of energy and twitchy and... God. I'm sorry." The vixen held a paw out. "I'm Luzi."

"Luzi?" He glanced at that paw, and then before he could stop himself, reached out to take it. "That's a bit of an odd name."

Her grip was warm, steady, soft yet firm. "This is where you tell me yours, hon." Still that smile lingered.

"Oh. Right. Sorry. Well, my friends call me Immortal-"

Just like her smile, her laugh fit her well and made him feel... *something*. The noise startled him again, but he found he couldn't keep himself from smiling as well: this smallish vixen sitting in front of him with an arm extended out across the aisle between them, fluffy tail curled in her lap and head thrown back in rich laughter... then she grinned at him, showing bright white teeth in that sharp muzzle.

Immortal swallowed again, and glanced around. He could still feel the touch of her fingers on his paw even after he'd settled it back into his lap. "Wh... what's so funny?"

"You're the one who said I have an odd name. It's just-" Luzi wiped at the corner of her eye with a knuckle, her tail stirring in her lap. "No, never mind. Is your stop coming up soon?"

"Yeah, um..." Immortal wriggled around and glanced out the window again. Kind of hard to see the street signs at this time of night. "The next one. I oughtta start... getting my stuff ready..."

"Oh, neat. Since you said your *friends* call you Immortal, and we just met, whaddya say to comin' on over to my place tonight? It's just-" The vixen nodded toward the front of the bus. "Two stops after yours."

No, she – *wasn't*. She *couldn't* be. Immortal pursed his lips; maybe he really *should* have made a point of telling his interests earlier. Though he would be lying to himself if he wanted to maintain that there was absolutely no interest or curiosity there – that was something that had been building in him recently, a small little thought nagging at the back of his mind, creeping into his fantasies whenever he was on his own. The first time he'd actually admitted it to himself, however, came maybe two weeks ago, when one of those wolf friends of his opened his pants and grinded the end of his sheath against Immortal's nose, talking about how he'd just finished '*breeding a bitch I know*' earlier in the day, and needed someone to clean him off. That was where the fox came in.

And he'd still been able to smell her on his length and in the fur of his sheath and crotch, and could *taste* her on the cloying muskiness between his legs. The wolves could tell that something got Immortal especially worked up that day.

Only thing was, a *lot* of anxiousness and nervousness came with that, and it was much, *much* easier to shrug off any opportunity that came up and resort to his usual defense, rather than take the dive and go for it. Not that those opportunities showed themselves often, though. He squirmed in his seat again, this time for a different reason, and tried to settle his paws in his lap in a not-too-suspicious way, and-

"So is that a yes or a no?" While he'd been *thinking*, Luzi had scooted to the end of her seat and now sat facing him again, paws on her knees in front of her, and leaning forward so that he... had to consciously keep his eyes on her muzzle. Skirt and low-cut blouse, and unless he missed his mark, no bra tonight. That couldn't be comfortable. She swayed gently side to side as the bus drew to a stop. "You've got about five seconds to decide if you wanna get off here, hon."

Then, it wasn't that he'd decided to *not* get off at his stop. He just didn't have his stuff ready by the time the bus stopped completely, and then before he could do anything, the door had closed and the thing started shifting into motion again. Luzi across from him let the edges of her mouth pull up in a slight smile, and she shifted as if to scoot closer again – and then ended up bridging the gap between the two of them, and taking a seat right next to Immortal himself. Her hip against his pushed him to the side, closer to the window.

In that instant he got a good whiff of her scent, and that confirmed his suspicions. Her *I'm full of energy and twitchy* must have meant... Immortal swallowed and shifted. Luzi crossed one leg over the other, the angle causing her skirt to fall back along her thigh a bit and show the edge of the long stockings she wore tonight.

*Damn, what did I get myself into?*

"I could drive you in to get your car tomorrow..." the vixen went on. She rested a little bit of her weight against his shoulder, so that he couldn't avoid her scent swirling around in the air with each of her movements. There was that perfume, then the natural vulpine sharpness, and then something similar to what he'd picked up on the wolf that night.

"Tomorrow?"

"Will you be staying the night?" The vixen tilted her head again. "I don't want you to be uncomfortable, hon. But I'm also not going to let you walk home at night, so if you wanna go when we're done, I can drop you off..."

He swallowed again. "You know, let's... let's see how it goes."

This was the hard part. He'd never been particularly good with this type of social interaction, especially with women; his thing with the wolves started at a club after he'd gotten a few drinks in him, and he wasn't even the one to begin anything. None of that seemed to bother Luzi, though, just as it seemed their physical contact didn't bother her. Every now and then she shifted or adjusted her position, and reminded Immortal again of her presence and her poorly-hidden desires. Or, maybe, she was *trying* to put that on display, to test the waters.

Immortal had gotten used to having his waters tested, but usually not like this.

Once the vixen's stop came up, she rose from her seat, adjusted her bag over her shoulder, and waited for him to follow her down the aisle and along the short stretch of sidewalk towards the apartment complex just a few buildings down. Nice place, not too over-the-top, definitely not shabby. The halls smelled faintly of carpet cleaner and swimming pool chlorine. Luzi turned that smile on him yet again before she slid her key into the lock for her door, and then disappeared into the dark room for Immortal to follow.

She didn't let him get very far, though. A fraction of a second after the fox bumped the door shut behind him with his ankle, he felt warm paws on his wrists lifting his arms over his head, then those same paws against his waist to start pulling his shirt off. His heart leapt into his throat, and a small noise made its way out of his throat as Luzi pressed him back against the wall, and then...

Then, she stopped. Faint glimmer of orange eyes in the darkness. "You're nervous," she said, softly. Her paws slowed and then stopped where they were, fingerpads lightly pressing against his ribs through his fur, hem of his shirt bunched together there. "Is everything okay? I didn't come on too strong, did I?"

"No, no, it's just-" Here it was again, where his thoughts and his words struggled against his body. Luzi stood so that one of her thighs pressed up between his legs; Immortal shifted a little bit, which resulted in him grinding against that thigh, which in turn pulled a little throb out of him... *that* had started a little bit before she'd opened the door. He swallowed; she was standing so close to him. "I haven't... haven't really had any experience with-"

A sweet shiver radiated up his back as soon as she continued the movement of her paws, slower now, and with her claws lightly tracing along his skin through his fur. She spoke as she tugged his shirt off his head, somewhat clumsily in the darkness. "You're a virgin?"

“What? No, I just haven’t...” Lost his words for a moment. Luzi tossed his shirt aside and then started in at her own, swiftly undoing the buttons down the front with one paw. Immortal’s eyes had just started to get accustomed to the dark, too. “Haven’t done anything with a, uh... a woman...”

“Oh, so *that’s* what it was.” Her blouse dropped to the floor, too. He’d been right about her not wearing a bra.

“What?”

This time when one of her paws came up, it was to take his by the wrist and move it forwards against her chest, to cup that warm heft, squeeze, feel... Luzi leaned into his touch. It took a moment for Immortal to realize that she’d let go, and when he did, she smiled. “I thought I’d smelled something on you when I first sat next to you.”

That made his cheeks and ears go bright red, and even if Luzi couldn’t see it, she could certainly sense his blush. With a quiet chuckle, she leaned in and nipped at his neck, then straightened up again; Immortal had let his paw drift down along her breast, towards the other. What was he supposed to – to *do*? Just squeeze? Did rubbing feel good? Was he-

“Here...” She lightly tugged his fingers off, and then showed him where to touch and press, where to drag his fingerpads, *how* to squeeze. Slightly-calloused pad of his thumb drifting up over velvet nipple... “I’ll ask you, though, hon – do you wanna do this? I mean, I know *this*–” She pressed her thigh between his legs, and licked her lips at his huff of breath. “-wants to, but I need to know: do *you* want to?”

What an odd turn of events; two hours ago he was struggling with a knotted length as wide around as his wrist shoved down his throat, and now he had something *quite* different on his plate. Immortal kept his paw in place there, thumb slowly coursing around the vixen’s nipple... and then pushed his paw around her body towards her back, and from there down towards her waist. His fingers teased at slipping beneath her skirt.

Then he tugged her forward against him, and felt her thumbs work their way beneath the waistband of his pants near his tail. “Yeah. I think I do.”

Luzi’s paws already in place there gave her a good handle by which to pull him forward away from the wall, before she turned away and intertwined her paw with his. “I’ll show you a thing or two you might like,” she purred back towards him, and took a turn around the corner; the silhouette of a double-wide bed solidified in the dark. “We’ll go slow. Okay? Lie down. On your back.”

This was the part where he expected her to crawl up over him and undo his pants, and dive down on him right then and there. That’s how it always went in the videos, and how he treated his guests when he told them to lie down. As it would turn out, he was only half-right: the vixen settled herself into place alongside him, her muzzle near his groin and his near hers, and spent a moment touching and feeling at what he had to offer beneath the fabric of his pants and underwear. Here her touch felt like any other, though a little gentler, a bit more careful. He watched as she popped his button open, then took his zipper between forefinger and thumb and pulled it down...

...and then she was on top of him, pressing her nose into the hot bulge behind his boxers and letting her skirt hang down before his muzzle, giving him a prime look at striped panties – as well as a much better

taste of the scent that had first sent that electric shiver down his back and through his groin. Luzi nuzzled at him for a moment more, then adjusted to get herself into a better position... or maybe to urge him to do the same. He reflexively moved his head backwards out of the way to avoid bumping against her.

Then, though, she looked back at him, one paw gripping at the elastic of his underwear. "Don't tell me you're one of *those* gays, hon. It doesn't have teeth." She swayed her rump from side to side; Immortal's whiskers twitched, and he throbbed beneath her fingers. "And unless you use yours, I doubt you can do anything I won't like."

Still sensing his reluctance, the vixen reached back with her other, slid a pair of fingers beneath her panties, shivered briefly... and then tugged them not down, but to the side. Just enough to bring that glistening-wet flesh into view; just enough to coax Immortal forward.

"Come on." Another wiggle of her rump, this time resulting in her lips grazing across his. His ears perked, and again he jerked back; this time, however, he intentionally leaned forward again, repeated that touch, drew back... and then dove in as if he were kissing a different pair of lips, tongue working its way out between soft folds, poking its way around, trying and touching at her.

It seemed she hadn't lied, either. While the male had been thinking and considering, Luzi had tugged his underwear down and buried her nose at the base of his cock as well, and had *just* wrapped her lips around his tapered tip when his tongue first made contact with her sex. With that touch, her legs around his head wobbled, and her lips tightened around his length; a little bit more and her thighs were definitely squeezing around his muzzle, holding him in place as he clumsily worked, offering little space for him to breathe.

Each inhalation brought her scent to him again, bright and rich and – and *delicious*, another thing keeping him in place there even though his jaw already started to ache, and though he had to continually pause and pant through his open mouth to catch his breath. Luzi bobbed steadily along his length as well, tongue cupping his length and tickling at his unswollen knot each time she reached it, a well-placed paw squeezing behind it and keeping his sheath pulled back.

Anxiousness returned to nag at the back of the fox's head. He churned his hips up against her muzzle and her lips and tongue, and yet while all of her little noises and shudders and clenches around *his* tongue sounded and felt sincere and genuine, he couldn't help but wonder or suspect that some of them were... not exactly so, for his sake. The muzzle diving down and slipping back up along his cock very obviously had had its experience, in contrast to his; he tried to cover that somewhat by letting one of his paws wander up along the smooth curve of her rump by his muzzle, lifting her tail away over his thumb, squeezing into the soft fur and skin. If he angled his paw right, he could spread her just a little bit, and reach his tongue in a little closer...

...and a rather heavy shudder went through the vixen's body, right there, and she straightened up off of his cock. Still working her hips and squeezing her thighs, Luzi reached back to spread herself between two fingers and said something between a pair of heated breaths. Something like *right there*, so Immortal took the hint. Little point of soft flesh right beneath the end of his tongue, right at the edge of her slit, and every time he swirled his tongue around it, or flicked and grazed and licked, the result of doing so vibrated up through her body and pulled her even more firmly down onto him. There was *something* dripping down his chin and matting his fur, and it felt too sticky to be his own drool.

So that's what felt good, then? He couldn't exactly see what was there between her legs from this angle, but still the fox continued with his tongue in that spot, and tried to work his thumb in to feel around. Her sex felt even smoother and softer to his fingerpads than his lips and tongue, and she responded to his touch in turn. Luzi's paw bumped against his, and he moved away – only for her to grab and pull him back, and show him just where to keep his fingers while he continued with his tongue. *That* definitely worked, too: a few seconds of that and Luzi was squeezing and shivering above him, nose buried against the side of his length while she struggled with stifling those breathy little moans.

Suddenly, shakily, the vixen rose up off his muzzle, lifting that wet heat away from him, and remained there in the air above him for a moment. Admittedly it *was* a good sight, her bushy tail flicking around in the air above his head, those striped panties pulled off to one side and visibly dampened, and then that sleek, soft flesh dripping with both saliva and her own arousal... and then she leaned down, drew her tongue up along his length once more, and braced her paws against the mattress to turn herself around.

Immortal absently brought his paw to his lips and lapped at the slick stickiness there, then wiped at his muzzle and swallowed - and could still taste her on his breath afterwards. That would probably be the case for a while, which wasn't really a *bad* thing. He watched as she got into place above him, her jaw hanging open with slightly-shaky breaths, and then sat down along his hips with his hard cock settled between those soft lips. Warm paws on his chest now, she worked her hips forward and back along him, making him squirm and twitch and throb beneath her.

That just made her smile even more. Luzi maintained a good face, but there were little quirks at the edges of her lips, flicks in her whiskers and ears, and the occasional catch of breath that showed that that slow back-and-forth riding felt good to her, too. "I gotta check..." She swallowed. "One more time, hon. You wanna do this? No second thoughts or anything? We can – we can stop if you want to, if you're not sure."

"No," he answered, and confidently enough to make those tall vulpine ears perk. Luzi leaned forward over him, and rested her chin on her folded paws, atop his chest. "No, I... I want to. But I don't really... know how to-"

"Oh, come on." A little turn of the hips, a forefinger and thumb reached back to position his length, the slightest of pushes backwards... and Immortal sucked in a slow breath through his teeth against the feeling of that same hot, soft wetness that he'd had on his tongue and lips now sliding back along his tip, squeezing just slightly as it went. "You've topped guys, haven't you?"

Those claws pricked into his chest, the one thing keeping him from grasping her hips and sinking up into her. "No."

"No?" Orange eyes sparkled down at him, and Luzi slowed in her pace for a moment before starting right back up. Slick pressure squeezing around him, fitting *just* right, sliding down towards his knot... "Oh, *man*. My lucky day. You just sit back, and..." The vixen emphasized this pause by bracing herself against his chest, and pulling herself back up above him so she could use her weight to continue pressing down onto him. "...and relax. This'll feel good. Promise."

Indeed it did. Immortal felt his head pull backwards once Luzi had sunk the rest of the way down onto him, and gave her hips a little churn that tugged at his knot and probably made him leak a bead of pre

into her. Still she kept one paw on his chest, and shifted the other back and forth between caressing one of her breasts and holding the male's length in place for her to press back down onto, then pull up from, and then down, again and again. As she went, she started to work herself forward and back as well, pulling up off of him until her muzzle hovered in the air above his, and then settling back down.

He himself had been in that position before, so he knew the feeling. Before long, Luzi was holding him down by the hip so she could more quickly and easily ride him, quiet *slap-slap-slap* punctuating both her panting and his. The first time he lifted his hips up into her against one of her descents, she lurched forward and had to grip at his chest, and he thought he'd hurt her... until she opened her eyes, licked her lips, and leaned in to nip at his neck, though.

That nip turned into a full bite, with the vixen drawing breaths through teeth clenched along his throat, heavy breasts squeezing against his chest with her motions, her hips slapping down against his, pressing, grinding, pulling back up... the male wrapped one arm around the smaller vixen atop him, and reached down with his other to feel that rump. A squeeze, a tug, a brush of a fingerpad across puckered tailhole; if he slid his fingers just a little bit further down, he could feel how she sank down onto him and came back up, again and again, leaving him slick and wet and *very* warm.

Sharp teeth released his neck, and Luzi kissed at where she'd just bitten. "*There* you go," she rumbled, a bit breathlessly. It felt as though she'd started to push more forcefully back once he's gripped her rear. "See? That's not so bad, is it?"

With all of his panting, he hadn't realized how *dry* his throat was. Still he could taste her on every swallow. "Feels – good..."

"Yeah? D'you wanna take over, then?"

He glanced down at her, through difficulty in opening his eyes, and opened his mouth to give his answer... but Luzi's arms slid beneath his lower body and tightened, and she pulled him over on top of her. With her on her back and him above her, he had to scramble so as not to crush her, though after a moment it seemed that she might not mind: the vixen kept her paws entwined loosely around his back, and wrapped her legs around his hips to continue pulling herself up against his body.

The bed squeaked beneath the two of them as Luzi let herself settle back, legs loosening around him; Immortal's cock came free of her with a wet sound, and tapped against his belly in a needy throb. "Just do what feels natural, hon. Whatever comes to your body."

*What feels natural.* Simple enough. First order of business was to get himself lined up to dive back in... but as he moved to do so, he ended up drawing the underside of his cock back between her slick lips, just as she'd done atop him earlier, and that felt good enough that he spent a little bit doing just that. It took a moment to find the best place on the bed for his paws, and the best rhythm and angle to drive his hips at, and even then he had to readjust once or twice.

Until Luzi's legs tightened around his lower body, at least, and held him there. Immortal let out a gentle huff of breath and shifted once more, finding that slight tightness against his tip, pressing forward into it. He made sure to keep his eyes on her muzzle as he sank back in to make sure that he wasn't going too fast; as an experienced bottom himself, he knew from experience that changing positions could



sometimes give a little bit of discomfort. Whether that was the same with women, though, he didn't know, and Luzi gave no signs.

It very quickly became difficult to maintain that watch, though, as her body started lurching with his rhythm, as she let her head roll to the side and jaw hang open to let out those panting moans. Once he actually found his pace and rhythm, it was easy to get into it: the male pounded down and forward into her, halfheartedly trying to keep his claws from digging into the sheets, teeth gritted as he went. Luzi reached up and squeezed one of her breasts again, and then clumsily felt for Immortal's wrist, found it, and had him do the same.

Again, he could take a hint as obvious as that. The energy and pleasure of the sex washing through him in thick, hot waves, it took the fox a few more seconds to make the movement, but he pried his grip out of the blankets, closed his paw along Luzi's slim waist, and leaned down to first purse his lips against her nipple, then flick his tongue out, circle it around that little point of flesh, drag it up and then back down over it... and that seemed to work quite well. The vixen squirmed and squeezed around him, briefly interrupting his rhythm, and wrapped an arm around his head. That was as much a "please don't stop" as any.

His body wouldn't give him much of a choice, though. *Just do what feels natural. Whatever comes to your body.* He pressed his nose against the soft of Luzi's chest and panted through open lips against the growing pressure, the hot tingling spark in his abdomen and at the base of his length, threatening to swell his knot and empty his balls.

What was he supposed to do about that?

One more drag of his tongue up around her nipple, straight swathe along her breast, and he inadvertently gripped at her waist. "I'm – getting close to–"

"Do it," Luzi panted. Pink tongue flicked out over her lips and she fixed her gaze on him, half-lidded. "Tie me."

Too late to do anything else really, especially with her legs squeezing around his lower body – and what *strength* she had there – and him shivering, shuddering, pressing in as deep as he could... and then there was a different pressure on him, pulling and tugging against his bulging knot with the powerful waves of his peak, Luzi echoing and mirroring the same as she squeezed around him and squirmed under the sudden filling.

Immortal tried to hold himself up, but his elbows refused to support his weight and he soon crumpled atop the vixen, also breathing heavily. She writhed against him, as if to try to milk out all that he had to give – or maybe to push herself over her own edge as well; the male would need more practice and study to determine just what *that* brought. And hopefully Luzi would be willing to oblige; she'd untwined her legs from around his body and now stroked her paws through the fur of his lower back, lifting up beneath the hem of the shirt he still wore. In the midst of everything, he'd forgotten about that.

Another few moments passed before he found the strength to lift himself up, and even after he did so, there would be no moving from this position for at least fifteen more. Luzi was still going through the last echoes of her pleasure, and occasionally squeezed and squirmed around the base of his knot buried

past her lips, which just made him gasp and shake all over again. Distracted like this, the feeling of her putting a finger against his chin made him jump.

“See? That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Throat felt dry. Immortal swallowed, and promptly got another taste of her on his lips. He pressed his hips forward. “It wasn’t. I think... I think it was pretty good...”

“It was. You did great for your first time, hon.” Luzi struggled with lifting herself up onto her elbows, and leaned in again towards his neck; he’d forgotten that she’d bitten him earlier, slight little flares of pain echoing down his shoulder every time she licked there. “I could tell your confidence was going a bit in the middle there. Guess you just need more practice, huh?”

Just like before, he could feel himself blush with that, and also just like before, her laugh made him smile and feel better.

“Have you decided whether you’ll be staying the night tonight?”

Maybe another tug of his knot wouldn’t be enough of an answer. Immortal pushed his nose down against the side of Luzi’s muzzle, then used his leverage there to lay her back against the mattress... and move down to graze his lips over her breast again.

“I think I have.”