

Hayley grinned and tugged the leash over her shoulder again. She loved feeling the way this fox squirmed and jumped at her every insistence, be that a yank on his leash, a scrape of her claws along his thigh, or even just when she sat back and smeared herself against his upper chest and face again. The entire upper portion of his body, from his cheeks and chin to his shoulders and along his chest, she had already soaked through in her scent. It was good that she had put the latex sheets down beforehand. Some part of her had worried she wouldn't be able to use them like she had wanted, but as soon as Matteh had shown up at her front door, the otter saw that she would be able to mold him like clay.

And indeed she had. The first thing she had had him do was strip down naked, right then and there on the front porch, before she would let him into the house. Then she had him wait there – and closed the door on him, for good measure – while she went and fetched the collar and leash, from all the way upstairs. So then those had gone on him, and she wrapped the leash tight around her paw and pulled him over to the living room, where she told him to fetch her a glass of water.

Then a second, and a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, each time with Hayley nudging him down to all fours so she could use him as a footrest. Nothing else was happening here – just her drinking that water and making him watch, and listen, and be there for it. Matteh very clearly put it together when she had made it halfway through the third glass, with the remaining two coming with a noticeably blush on his cheeks as well as a good inch of pink showing from his cute little sheath, but Hayley being Hayley, she couldn't let him have his fun just yet. So instead of share that bounty with the fox himself, she sent him back outside to fetch his clothes where she had instructed him to leave them by the door.

That done, she took his leash back up, guided him out back, and told him to take off her pants and panties beneath. He did so as any dutiful dog would, and Hayley could quite easily see the hunger in his eyes and twitching in his nose when he tugged the fabric down her legs, already slightly slick and humid from her growing anticipation and arousal. This might have been her favorite part so far of their little playdate: having Matteh kneel down in the grass, leash hanging only slightly limp, while Hayley spread her legs, leaned back, tilted her hips forward, and aimed out his pile of clothes to mark them through with her scent, her other paw positioned just right to keep herself spread. The otter didn't really make a habit of doing something like this, but various other instances had given her enough practice that she could do so without being too messy about it.

Not that that would have been a bad thing. She had intentionally stopped herself halfway through, then looked over to see Matteh lapping at the stray sprays that had caught his muzzle. His soaked clothing remained where it lay, then, while the otter pulled him back into the house and up the stairs to the bedroom, where a few easy commands and pushes got him on his back with his paws on his chest, while she lowered herself so, so close to his muzzle. Still she didn't let him touch her, though: every time he leaned in or sniffed at her, trying to pick up her musk a little more strongly, the otter leaned forward, tugged fiercely against his leash, and wrenched his head sideways against the back of her footpaw, toes spread and webbing caught along his nose and lips.

It was supposed to be a punishment, but seeing as how it kept him twitching hard, this part likely didn't settle in too deeply. That was fine, though. Eventually Hayley had gotten into a proper rhythm on top of him, rump and rudder hiked up over his head just outside of licking distance, while she worked alternately on herself with a paw and a vibrator – until she pushed herself to her first peak and emptied the rest of those five glasses of water all across his face and chest.

Really, only the first few sprays had come as a result of her peak. Hayley had always liked filling up before taking some time to herself, since she liked the mess and wetness – but once she had reached that point here, after squeezing and shaking and gasping, she had gone ahead and relaxed to finish draining herself, those forceful sprays turning into a more coherent stream across Matteh's upper chest, soaking him as thoroughly as she had done his clothing. Now, still feeling the residual tingling of that initial orgasm, the otter tugged forward on his leash again and in the same movement pushed herself back, angling along her legs and keeping her rudder hiked so that her tailhole pressed right against his piss-soaked lips.

"Work on *this*, now," she barked over her shoulder, and gave a push back. Matteh whimpered softly, but she knew it was just for the mood: his cock throbbed again beneath her, and though she *so* wanted to wrap that in her other paw and draw it into her mouth, she held herself off. Again she pushed, tailhole puckering and pulsing against his lips, while the fox settled into place, sucked softly along that sensitive ring of muscle, and swirled and slid his tongue in.

Hayley sighed softly and leaned down to rest her head along his thigh again, other paw still in place underneath her. Every now and then she gave that leash a tug again, re-sealing his lips in their proper place wrapped around her pucker while she rubbed and circled her fingers along herself.

*This* was something she could get used to, having a free fox at her every whim. This was supposed to last only this afternoon, but, well... he literally could not say no to her. She shuddered, feeling another peak start to approach, and pushed back – and clenched tightly around his tongue.

Maybe one more day. Or two.

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But, first, they had to get through *this* one, and already Hayley could tell this poor fox of hers was fast approaching his limit. Two more shuddering, shaking, soaking orgasms across his chest and into the bed – it was a good thing she had set up the waterproof sheets before his arrival – and then, her own body aching for a reprieve, she had busied herself with other things for a bit. Now the vulpine lay completely spread-eagled across the bed, wrists bound to the headboard by some soft rope and ankles done the same towards the foot.

Hayley shifted where she sat now, in a small armchair across the room pushed up to the window, and smirked again at recalling what one of her other friends had called this particular setup. *The cuck seat*, often found in hotel bedrooms, with a comfortable chair perfectly positioned to watch whatever was happening on the bed. The otter peered over the top of the book she held, trying to be sneaky about it even though she knew Matteh would see her: she had provided him nothing else to do for now while she took a little breather, although the constant low buzz of the vibrator still filled the air in the room. Every time she twisted it around or changed the setting, one of the fox's ears would flick and he glanced over here, then brushed bright red and looked away again.

She shifted in her seat, hooked a leg over the arm of the chair, and let the book fold partially closed around her thumb, while she angled the rounded head of the vibrator in and down again... and then hissed beneath a smooth, sweet arch of her back in response to the sensation. Right there at the tip, circling slowly around her clit, back and forth, already soaked and slickened with arousal and past orgasms... the otter swallowed, let her head roll across her shoulder, and pushed herself down a little bit

further, here able to feel the patch of wetness that had oozed into the seat's cushion. If she angled the toy down a bit, lifting the shaft of it up alongside her clit while the tip aimed down... her other footpaw gave a kick, and for a moment her entire face scrunched up. Had she not already emptied her bladder across Matteh's chest, groin, clothing, and tongue, then *that* certainly would have done it: she felt the familiar tickle and tension, then the tingle in her abdomen and toes... and when she kicked, jerked, gasped, and squeezed, all that came out was another slick trickle dripping down around the toy and through her thick fur.

Naturally, she had only made it through half of this page since she had come over here to start reading. Slowly, distracted, Hayley rolled her head back over, opened the book along her thumb, and tried to continue where she had left off, though the sensation of angling the vibrator down a bit further, then up... like a string drawing tight in her abdomen and her throat, her footpaw gave another twitch and kick, and for a moment the words on the page blurred in front of her.

A quick glance over the top of the book again showed that her little distraction had had its intended effect, just as it had every other time she had done this since coming over here. Matteh now watched her with his head half-raised and eyes wide, the plump little white-furred sheath between his legs showing a lovely two inches or so of warm red flesh. Hayley smirked behind her book and lifted it back up again to hide her face, while still pulsing the vibe between her legs – pressing it in, squeezing around it, letting it naturally slide back out, again and again.

Safely hidden like this, she felt no shame in bringing the book closer to her muzzle, scrunching her lips up, twitching her nose... and there on her upper lip as well as her fingers, between the musty, woody scent of the pages, she could quite clearly pick up the sharp, heavy aroma of male fox musk. *That* had been quite fun, too, where after enjoying herself on top of him and then tying her up, she had slid down the vulpine's body, rested sideways alongside him, and then just *scooped* her nose, face, and muzzle between his legs, slopping up all of the gathered wetness and slickness from her own mark and arousal on top of his. Every time she had pushed her nose down into his sheath or drew a deep, concentrated sniff from his length she could feel him squirm, stiffen, and sigh, so she made sure to keep on doing it until a paw between her legs had worked herself to yet another finish.

Hell – even now when she finally turned one of the pages, though then had to turn back to read over the last paragraph again, her little ears twitched towards the bed at a sound of frustration from the poor fox bound there. Once more Hayley lowered the book and peered over it, this time seeing that he had worked himself up to full arousal: plump balls tugged up between his legs and his sheath had pressed back a bit, the lip bulging just slightly around his unswollen, still buried knot. Matteh licked at his lips and looked from her muzzle to her spread legs, desire and need quite evident in his eyes.

He swallowed, blinked, throbbed across his belly, sighed, throbbed again. Hayley smirked, closed the book around her thumb, then pushed until the vibe slid out into her palm, and from there lifted it to her muzzle. Matteh's eyes followed the little toy, his ears still angled forward at the faint *vvt-vvt-vvvvt* rhythm she had set it to – and when she opened her maw, flopped her tongue out, and drew it up along the glistening surface of the plastic, another throb bounced through his system, his lower body thrusting up and straining against the soft ropes.

Hayley was no stranger to her own scent and taste. It ignited a deeper, richer desire in her, after so much time spent squeezing and convulsing around her paws and toys, her own so-familiar musk wafting up and wrapping around her, just pulling her deeper into the experience... she turned the toy a bit and

intentionally wiped some of the clinging stickiness along her upper lip and nose, then ran it back down to lap up the remainder. Now there was both Matteh as well as herself weighing down each inhalation, hot and intoxicating. She rolled her head back, set the book facedown across the arm of the chair, then used that now free paw to spread herself so that she could circle the vibe around herself one, two, three more times, for Matteh's sake as well as her own.

Then, finally, the otter pushed herself up from the chair – and had to promptly reach back to brace herself against it, legs unsteady beneath her. That was a fun feeling. She pushed her rudder against the seat, strode forward, and then smoothly climbed up onto the bed above Matteh again, deliberately positioning herself so that she could feel the heat and eagerness emanating rhythmically from his arousal.

This meant that he, too, would be able to feel *hers*. The fox strained against his bonds again and whined, back arching and hips lifting up as far as they could – so Hayley lifted up as well. She grinned down at him, waited until his eyes met hers again, then flicked the vibrator back off. From there the otter licked her lip, smelled and tasted herself there again, and glanced down to lower herself back down... but instead of sink down on that twitching hard length as both of them certainly wanted, she angled herself back a little bit further and slid her sex-slickened lips along his underside.

This drew another throb out of Matteh beneath her, then another, and yet *another*, each one pressing him up against her as he so deeply wanted to press in. She continued back, though, until the plush, soft warmth of his sheath, the fur there already sticky and matted, slid up against her, and it was there that she settled her weight and rocked back and forth, at once riding the boy's knot inside his sheath as well as wiping herself off against him. Matteh seemed to understand this as well, as he groaned and thrust against her trying to angle himself just right, with Hayley of course adjusting as needed to prevent him from doing so.

"That's a good boy," she cooed, leaning in over him again. By the way his nose and whiskers fervently twitched, it was clear that he could smell her musk on her lips and breath. "Show me how much you want it."

So he did. Again and again he squirmed and pressed up against her, and for a time Hayley thought he might almost finish just from the sensation there: vibe still held in her other paw against the bed, she reached down to spread herself around his underside and swept and wiped herself there, thoroughly streaking him in her scent and slickness. Matteh gritted his teeth, swallowed, jerked, throbbed... and Hayley drew up and away again, leaving him thrusting uselessly into the air as far as the ropes would allow him.

That was good. She grinned, wiped at her mouth again, and leaned over towards the nightstand. Matteh swallowed and followed her with his eyes, only for them to widen when he realized what she was doing... and from there, as she leaned over him again and lifted his head close to her chest, saw no more. For a moment the otter thought about squatting over his muzzle and dousing the blindfold in her mark as well, but – it was important they both enjoy this, instead of it being *actual* torture.

"There." She sat back again, this time along his thighs below his sack and sheath. She so wanted to lean in and wrap that sheath around her nose again, but... "How's that fit? Good?"

The fox nodded. Hayley smirked, tilted her head, and placed her paws along his hips, close to his groin without touching – and he throbbed again, sheath pulsing as his knot gave a slight swell within the supple skin.

“Use your words, puppy.”

“Yes, ma’am...”

“Good...” Hayley leaned in again, then smiled as another fantastic idea struck her. She straightened up a bit, slid further down the fox’s legs, and pushed them apart a bit, as much as the bonds would allow. Immediately Matteh’s body responded, a handful of different ideas and thoughts doubtless swimming through her captive’s head. She slid down, positioned herself between his spread legs, folded the backs of her fingers up beneath his sack so that his balls draped down and over, and paused there for a moment, intentionally directing her exhalations to tickle across his revealed tailhole.

She knew what he thought, and as such, she let him think it. One of his legs twitched, lifted up a bit, and slid to the side, with the other soon to follow – putting that lovely little pucker on display just a bit more. It was indeed tempting, and... well, what would be the harm? Hayley lifted herself up and forward a little bit further, once again scooped her nose underneath the fox’s pert sack, and then let out a twisting, dripping huff of breath directly across that center of wrinkled skin, and finally pressed her lips against his rim. one paw hooked beneath his thigh and the other with the vibrator resting along his groin.

Matteh squirmed and sighed beneath her touch, immediately giving a little twitch and clench in response to her mouth centering into place. Hayley looked up past his sheath and sack to see his parted lips and heaving chest, noting the way he twitched and tightened with each flick of her tongue and push of her lips in against his tailhole. She suckled gently there, swirling back and forth, and could taste herself even more strongly than she could him. Good indeed that she had put up the waterproof bedding.

This wasn’t why she had come down here, though. Hayley swallowed down her own slime on top of his, licked her lips, then leaned in to seal herself to his tailhole in another kiss, but at the same time reached up with her paw. With some careful, deft movement, with a bit of skill... Matteh gasped, squirmed, and tightened again as the end of the vibe poked into and then slid under the lip of his sheath, bulging it out nice and smooth against his own shaft there. Hayley drew the flat of her tongue up along his tailhole and flicked the toy back on, which earned another jump and twitch from him – and then she swirled it back and forth inside the supple skin there, watching the way it made him kick and jerk against the ropes, and how his fully-hard cock bounced, throbbed, dripped into his bellyfur.

Back and forth she ran it, tilting it up and down, pressing it in until he jerked and twitched, then lifting it up, stretching his sheath open... and let it pop back down into place, the elastic nature of the skin allowing it to return to its original shape.

Afterwards the vibrator glistened in the light, a thick sheen of sheath slime having coated the surface. She so, so wanted to bring that to her mouth and suck all of that right back off, but managed to resist only with another kiss against his pucker, another swirl of the tongue around the rim and in against the center, and then another gentle suckle as she lifted herself up. Matteh’s fluffy tail swung and flicked between his legs, and she watched as he tried to find her position with his ears, eyes still covered by the blindfold.

Once more she positioned herself above him, legs gripping his hips as she reached down to direct him upwards. Immediately the excitement and anticipation thrummed through the fox's system, and she felt him throb, twitch, spurt another little jet of pre out across her paw, but this time instead of scold him the otter leaned in, cooed another "*good boy...*" and sank back. Matteh's back arched and he shivered, then, as she guided him up and inside of her, intentionally staying relaxed so as not to squeeze too hard. Forward and back she rode, swinging her hips, churning her body down against him. As she rode, Matteh's muzzle twisting side to side with the unexpected pleasure after so much teasing, she inspected the vibe again, sniffed at it – his scent so thickly coating the surface was just *divine* – and resisted swirling her tongue over it once more, just so she could reach back, tease between his sack and tail with it, and then use his own slickness as lube to press it up into him.

With him buried knot-deep inside of her, the result was immediate and quite noticeable, and not only in the way she could faintly feel the vibrations through his body beneath her. The fox swallowed audibly and squirmed again, the natural, reflexive movements of his muscles pulsing and pushing the toy back out into her palm, only for Hayley to slide it right back in, again and again. She pushed it against him in rhythm with her riding, careful to watch his mouth and chest and pay attention to the way he squirmed and bucked inside of her, wanting to bring him close but not *too* close... and then, right as she thought she had him at the edge, Hayley lifted herself up and off of him, let him thump back down against his belly, and resumed her original position riding the base of his sheath, by now thoroughly soaked with her arousal.

"That's a good boy," she rumbled again, other paw briefly coming up to push through the fur of his chest and belly. "Don't want you to finish too soon, right? I'm not quite down with you yet. But I'm just... gonna..." And she reached down to work at herself again, leaning back so that she could feel the buzzing of the toy throughout her lower body from where she had positioned herself, a pair of fingers alternating between slipping over her clit and pressing into her. She gritted her teeth, pushed down against his sheath, felt him pulse and throb and press against her; she swallowed, shivered, shuddered, leaned forward; she pushed the vibe in until it forced another throb out of him, Matteh lifting up against her, bucking-

And then Hayley gasped, jerked, and shook across him, a few rather weak sprays of hot pleasure splashing across his sheath and shaft in her peak. She was surprised she still had any left to give at all, after all the ways she had drained herself over him; but as she sank down onto him, hips still shaking and churning in residual pleasure, the fox underneath her squirmed, grunted, tightened all over... and then bucked as well, hips thrusting forcibly enough to bounce Hayley on top of him, with his unattended shaft spurting thick white out across his bellyfur. Hayley could feel the tightness in his muscles as he emptied out there, the vibrations of the toy shoved under his tail pulsing each time and then abruptly stopping, as his convulsing muscles pushed it free. Still the rhythm continued, *vvt-vvt-vvvvt*, as it lay loose across the bed.

Panting softly, Hayley remained where she sat for a moment and then reached back to turn it off. Matteh wore his shame and embarrassment as heavily as he did her scent, ears flattening down against his head, cheeks tinting rosy pink, and tail trying to curl up between his legs. Even though he couldn't see her, still he averted his gaze, head rolled to the side.

Hayley smirked, pushed her hips down against the base of his sheath once more – which squeezed another lazy dribble out from his tip – and reached down to run a finger through the streaks painted

across his chest. Then she leaned in close to his muzzle, tapped his lips with those sticky fingers, and waited for him to open up.

“Don’t you worry about that, pup,” she cooed. The otter pressed her fingers in and down against his tongue, letting the sides of it curl up around her pads and claws and slurp off his own seed. “It was bound to happen anyway. Just means we’ll have to go for another, longer round. Right?”

The back of Matteh’s tongue lifted up against the roof of his mouth when he swallowed, the front still pressed down beneath her fingers. He nodded.

“Use your words.”

“Ya-” Again he swallowed. She would not let his tongue go. “*Yah, ma’am.*”

That was satisfactory. Hayley reached back, found the vibe, switched it off, looked it over, and then finally swirled her tongue around it again. Maybe it was time for a break. She gave another little thrust and grind down against his sheath, now fully retracted behind his swollen, pulsing knot, and popped the vibe back out of her mouth, now dripping with saliva instead.

*Maybe.*