

The fox drummed his fingers along the sides of his cup, keeping them there just long enough for the heat of the fresh coffee inside to seep out and warm his pads. Not that it was a particularly cold morning: the encroaching change of season from summer to autumn just meant that nights became a little bit cooler, and mornings a little bit foggier. Early sunlight glimmered through the shop window beside him, uneven speckles spread out across the tiled floor of the shop from the fat drops of gathered condensation along the glass.

Not really the best of looks for a Friday – he licked his lips and peered through the window, watching as a car bumped its way along the street outside the coffee shop – but at least it was a Friday he had off, where he could actually sit and *enjoy* his drink instead of pound it back in hopes it would keep him awake long enough to make it to lunch. Weekends as full as his had been recently tended to keep him drained, in more than one way, for the week ahead; he had to get his relaxation when he could. No plans for *this* weekend so far, though.

He touched the mouth of his cup to his lips, felt the steam rising up over his tongue, tilted back a little bit. Bittersweet, hot, prominent cinnamon, the slightest bit spicy. That blue-eyed foxwolf behind the counter... he'd given him a wink and a little smile when he'd handed him his drink, and let his fingers linger over the fox's for just a fraction of a second before looking over at the customer behind him. For a moment there he'd thought about maybe changing his lack of plans this weekend, but before he could build up the confidence to say anything, the opportunity had closed as quietly as it had opened.

And speaking of quiet, the fox's ears flicked forward past his own drinking towards the noise of soft footpaws padding their way over to his table. Hard to see with this coffee cup obscuring most of his vision, but when he'd first sat down, he didn't think the place was particularly crowded: the morning rush for a workday passed about an hour and a half ago. Scrape of the chair across the floor, quiet rustle of clothing, softly-murmured sigh – and the scent that gently wafted over across the table and over the bite of his own coffee did indeed carry an interesting mark on it, but it was not foxwolf.

He swallowed and half-lowered his cup, licked his lips, lowered it the rest of the way down, then looked forward – and right then, hoped that his little jump of surprise hadn't come out sharply enough to be visible. The coy smile and bright eyes, these amber instead of sapphire, were still there, but this was a black and white housecat sitting across from him, phone held lightly in one paw with his own drink in the other while he looked up at the fox. A pause, another tap of his thumb on his phone screen, and then he rested it face-down and mirrored the vulpine's sip, clear gemstone eyes still levelled across at him over that cup.

This cat wore a very clearly feminine-cut shirt, pale sky-blue texture with angled sleeves, a bit of a hug around his slim waist, and a slight little V-cut along the collar that showed his smooth, soft chest, a puff of clean white fur above the point. His little textured tongue flicked out to catch a stray drop of whipped cream clinging to his upper lip.

The fox stopped drumming his claws along his drink, meeting that gaze for a second. Then he opened his mouth, took a breath to speak, and-

And the cat beat him to it: "Hey." Middle tenor voice, smooth and soft like velvet, sweet like that cream. "Saw you sitting here on your own and just thought I'd come over to say hi. That alright with you?"

"I..." His eyes flitted down; the cat sat sideways in his seat, one leg crossed over the other with apparently no concern for the – the *skirt* he wore, gently ruffled along its length. It cut off above his knees and *well* above the upper rim of the leggings he had on beneath, similarly blue though striped with soft white. "I guess so?"

"I'm Michael." The feline leaned forward a bit, bracing one elbow against the table as he idly stirred his drink. "What's your name?"

Those were goddamn bedroom eyes if he'd ever seen some. The fox adjusted in his seat and sat up a little bit, folding his paws in his lap; it felt as though those bright amber eyes were picking through his head and especially through his clothing, seeing what he had to hide. "I – uh. I go by Immortal."

"Oh." Michael took another sip of his drink, his little finger held lightly away from the cup as he did so. Of course his gaze still remained on the vulpine across the table from him throughout the sip, the swallow, the little flick of that tongue over his lips again. "There's a story there, I'm sure. You enjoying your drink?"

"Um. Yeah. Well enough." There was just something about this boy that kept Immortal on his toes and at the edge of his seat. He felt as though he were back in school, aware that he'd be the one next picked to answer a question and constantly trying to anticipate what that question would be. Not an unpleasant anticipation in this case, though; he thought that he could feel the tip of the housecat's tail tickle across his ankle beneath the table while he spoke. He twitched his foot away, then paused and put it back. "It's just my usual. Nothing special. How about you?"

"Well enough." Shrug of those slim shoulders, small adjustment of his posture. That type of clothing fit the feline so well that Immortal half-expected to see his sleeve fall down his shoulder and show the strap of a bra. Of course it didn't, though, and as if he could tell what he'd thought, Michael reached up and scratched at his shoulder with a few fingerpads. The fabric of his shirt was just barely translucent, enough so that those white stripes in his dark fur could be traced with a keen eye. "Not quite hot chocolate season yet, but. Y'know. It's getting there."

"You got hot chocolate?"

"Mhmm." That tongue came out again, this time across another little patch of caught whipped cream.

"At a coffee shop."

"Sure did."

"How much did you pay for that?"

Michael leaned in across the table. This time his tail *definitely* grazed over Immortal's ankle, then flicked away... and came back to wrap right around it. A warm chill shivered up the fox's back. "If I don't treat myself, hon, nobody will." Triangular nose and thick whiskers, black at the roots then melding to the same snow-white as the markings in his fur, twitched with him tasting the air. "Hmm... and it smells like *you* treated yourself recently too, huh?"

"I... excuse me?"

The cat half-rose from where he sat, his chair scraping quietly back across the tiled floor. Immortal reflexively leaned back as Michael drew closer, though his muzzle came no further than halfway across the small red-painted table. Still that nose twitched; Immortal swallowed and shifted.

His weekends *were* usually fuller than his weeknights, but sometimes if he got out of work early and one of his contacts called him up and let him know his balls were full and his evening was free...

"...Wolves, huh?" Out came that tongue again, curling up across Michael's nose before he settled easily back down into his chair, spreading his skirt out before doing so. "Just one. No, wait, two. Brothers?"

All of that, just from scent? Immortal always tried to make sure he got a shower in after going over to their place, but maybe he'd just gotten used to the intensity of lupine musk after burying his muzzle in it and wearing it in his fur so often and for so long. He started to speak, coughed, cleared his throat, and lowered his voice to try again. "Um. Three."

"Oh my. Wouldn't a thought you'd had it in you, foxy. I *thought* you were sitting a little funny." Michael stirred his drink while he spoke, every now and then raising his spoon up to mash some of the remaining cream down into the liquid; after a while he looked down and gave it another taste. "Always hard to tell with brothers. One time I had two otters blindfold me and try to get me to figure out which was which, just by scent and taste and size."

Good thing this place was pretty empty. Immortal could feel his cheeks heat up just from being present in this conversation.

Still, though, Michael went on as if it were any other conversation. "It was supposed to be a game," he remarked with a shrug, leaning against the back of his chair. "Neither of 'em knew that I'd already gone down on the other a few times before, though. Wasn't that tough. Then they had me do it between them and their cousin..."

Immortal could do nothing but gape at him, coffee cup forgotten until the heat started to prickle at his fingerpads. His swiping his paw away caught Michael's attention, and the cat gave him another little smile.

"That the look you gave your wolves when they first took off their pants?"

"Is there something you want from me?" Hard to say that without making it sound accusatory. Truth be told, that sizzling anticipation had turned to something more like expectation, bordering on want. Interest.

"Well..." The cat crossed one leg over the other again, this time while facing Immortal. He reached down and tapped at his phone, then spent a few moments one-handing a reply to some text message.

"Honestly, 'til now I've been testing the waters. But you haven't run off yet, and if anything, I think I might've piqued your interest. Is that right?"

"I mean, I-"

"You haven't touched your drink since I sat down, hon." Michael rested one paw over the other on the table, phone facedown beneath the both of them and claws lightly tapping against the wood. Then he pursed his lips, struck a pose there in his seat, and winked. "You can touch *this*, though. I just want someone to fuck my ass. You free today?"

Under *any other* circumstances... Immortal tried to cover his surprise, and likely failed, by dipping down to drink half his coffee in one go. It burned at his throat on the way down, but other than the coughing that that forced out, he didn't really notice. There was that spicy cinnamon again, smooth sweetness wrapping over the inevitable bitter bite in the back of his throat from the coffee, and all of that atop the stinging pain from his ambition just a moment ago.

*Ambition.* Immortal covered a smile by taking another sip. Ambition often got him into trouble in situations like this. "I mean... there's that new superhero movie that hit Netflix earlier in the week." Whether it was the bitterness of the coffee or the glimmer in the cat's eye that gave him this sizzling confidence, he chose to take what he could get. "We could head back to my place, I can put it on, and then we can ignore it."

The cat's whiskers twitched forward, then folded back again as he took another sip. "Sounds like a plan. I'll let you lead the way, dear."

A bit of an odd turn of events, if anything. Immortal could feel his new companion's presence nearby even though Michael lingered behind the fox, on their way out the shop and down the street, into his car, along the road towards his home. The cat mostly kept to himself, paws folded in front of him or clutched lightly around his phone, but still Immortal felt his eyes repeatedly drawn over towards that slim form beside him, distracting him from the driving and twice causing the person behind him to honk – he just couldn't really believe how damn *good* the feline looked. The whole thing felt a bit surreal, actually.

Especially when the first thing to happen after he pulled into his driveway turned out to be Michael creeping up from behind the fox, standing on his tiptoes to rest his chin on his shoulder, and bringing his paws up beneath his shirt in front. Soft, warm fingerpads pressed into his belly, short retractable claw-tips tracing through his fur as he slid those paws first up towards the fox's lower ribs, then down towards the waistband of his pants; he expected them to slide beneath, but instead they just grazed down over the fabric, settled into place around his bulge, and then gave a soft squeeze. All while the two still stood out next to his car.

"How about," that warm voice cooed into his ear, "let's go and put that movie on. I'll let you do it."

Of course this wasn't Immortal's first hookup. He didn't even bother showing the cat around the house, or trying to make small talk or even say anything past the "TV's back here in the living room". He stood up with the remote in one paw surfing through the options while Michael slid down onto the couch behind him, already touching and feeling and working at his fly from behind. Little pop and zip, then soft rustling of his pants falling down his legs... and then those little fingers slid beneath the elastic of his underwear and tugged them down, too, immediately coming into place along the center again, cupping the fox's sack in one paw and giving his sheath a gentle squeeze with the other.

Immortal actually wasn't sure that he put on the movie he said he would; he just saw it coming up in the list and hit the button when he thought it rolled by. After all he *did* have other, more important things

on his mind. Still standing there with the remote held in a light grip, he let his eyes drift shut and enjoyed the feline's touches and gropes and squeezes for a moment, then turned around and half-knelt to return the favor. However, his confidence faltered once he brushed beneath the folds of that skirt; did it attach in back? Was there some secret to the fastenings? Maybe he had to-

Michael rolled his eyes and breathed a soft laugh, adjusting how he sat to bring his lower body closer to the edge of the couch. The smallish place he had required Immortal to use the space as efficiently as he could, which meant that there would be more than enough room for the two of them to lie down side by side on that couch, which in turn meant that Michael's leaning back turned into him relaxing back on his elbows, the back of his head just barely brushing against the cushions.

"Here, just..." There was that warm paw again, lightly brushing Immortal's aside. The fox kept his eyes in place there, though at the same time kicked his own pants – wouldn't need those for a while – off his footpaws and to the side. Michael squirmed, slid a finger beneath the blue-striped panties visible underneath that skirt, and just pulled them to the side, first pulling up to bring his sheath out and then arcing down to let his balls hang free as well. "There. Better?"

Immortal licked his lips and moved to take his place sitting beside the cat, though instead of reaching over to feel that sheath under his fingers, or nuzzling down to learn a new scent and taste, he scooted back a bit, rolled himself around with one paw pulling the cat's leg to lead him to do the same – and then, keeping his gaze on Michael's, slid a bare footpaw slowly up beneath the soft fabric of that skirt, lightly-calloused pads quickly soaking up the cat's heat. Less dexterity there than in his handpaws of course, but still he found and gave that pert sheath a squeeze between two toes, to feel a definite throb and grind in response.

"Ooh," Michael purred, with a twitch of his whiskers and a flick of his ears. He settled back into that position, head now near the far arm of the couch with one leg hanging down over the front of the couch and the other half-pulled up beside him, though slowly sliding down towards the fox's body across from him. "We're doing this, then, huh? Then how about... you..."

One arm went into keeping himself propped up and giving a point of balance for the fox to grind and press the underside of his footpaw against that warm sack and warmer sheath, light slick wetness of the cat's growing erection pulsing out between his pads; then his other went to sliding beneath the feline's extended leg and lifting it lightly up towards his own muzzle. The ease of doing this showed that Michael would've done so anyway, but now at least Immortal had more control over it.

And with that control he held the smaller, rounder feline footpaw beside his muzzle for a moment longer, holding that polished amber gaze at the same time, before he let his eyes drift shut and tilted his muzzle towards those spread toes. First his nose touched right between the smooth little mounds, soft yet firm, yielding to his gentle nuzzling and pressing; then he moved to the spread of skin between them, lightly furred, warm.

Michael squeezed his toes around the fox's muzzle and angled his footpaw down a bit, leaving his nose in place between toes while pressing his wide pawpad against the fox's lips – which pursed in response, pressing back against the smoothly-rounded skin for a little kiss, followed by another, and another. He tilted his muzzle as he did so and intentionally dragged his lower lip along the surface of the cat's pad, expecting some kind of roughness or callous but finding none.

Immortal half-opened his eyes and peered between the stretched toes, little points of claws just barely poking out from beneath airy fur. Michael chewed on his lower lip while he continued to press against the fox's footpaw, now steadily grinding himself and his sheath back and forth against the underside, twitching, throbbing; it took a moment for him to notice he was being watched, and when he did, he tried to bring his other paw up to wipe at his forehead – but had to put in a little extra effort to unstick his claws from the fabric of the couch. Immortal breathed a light chuckle, warm breath washing out between smooth skin and soft pads, then swallowed and let his tongue out.

First thing to float back along the surface of his tongue as he dragged from wide base to rounded tip of that little pawpad was a vaguely floral taste, the slightest bit oily. Made sense that a boy like *this* – another glance between stretched toes: the feline's skirt had folded up in front, striped panties pulled off to the side and leggings just short of his knees pointing a roadmap between those stretched legs and towards the center of focus – would lotion his paws.

Michael gave a bunch of little twitches and flicks and jerks with that footpaw during the time it spend beneath the fox's tongue, curling in between the toes and against the short furred webbing between them, coming down along the side of that larger, softer pad. Ticklish, it seemed; Immortal felt a little bit of that along his own footpaw, from the soft little barbs of the cat's fully-hard cock brushing against his pads and between his toes, sensitivity brought up a bit from the sticky slickness of leaking pre.

He swallowed down that mix of tastes and scents, none strong enough to really consume his senses like he was used to from his wolf partners, and put more focus into his footpaw pressed up between Michael's thighs. The cat had started to lean forward and squeeze around the underside of that paw, one paw holding it in against him while the continued to grind and thrust, base of his shaft against the pad and tapered tip sliding easily up between his toes. Immortal licked his lips again and squeezed those toes closer right as he started to thrust, which earned a shiver and a little breath out of the cat; then amber eyes flicked up to him again, and he tried to press the back of his footpaw down against Michael's sack.

The cat had other things in mind, though, since Immortal ended up just pushing against the couch cushion with that sack tickling lightly up his footpad and toes as Michael drew himself up and then readjusted to crawl over the reclining fox, with him managing to get one more good lick in before he did so. Through that movement their eyes remained locked, and for a second Immortal paused where he lay... and Michael leaned in and closed the distance between their mouths, just a quick touch, press, flick, then a little bit more of lips to lips, before that shorter muzzle dove down between the fox's half-raised legs. A slight tickling remained along the inside of his upper lip, from where the cat's sandpaper tongue had flicked out and then pulled back along when he drew out of the kiss

A few touches from his small nose pushed away Immortal's fingers, for Michael to wrap his own around the knotted base and angle that slick flesh up towards his muzzle. Slow inhalation, lick of the lips, swallow... and then he continued to slide down, soft-sandpaper tongue running along his underside, slow and gently just as the fox's attentions to the underside of his footpaw had been. Just the same, the little points on that tongue made him twitch and shiver and grip at the cushions of the couch, especially once Michael started to draw back up.

Immortal reached down and rested his paw along the cat's shoulder, feeling at the fabric of his shirt. It *was* pretty damn soft, and again, that feminine cut looked good on him; he had the shoulders and the waist for it. *Definitely* the waist: Michael spent only enough time with his muzzle between the fox's legs

to get him slickened up before he drew back up, licked his lips once more, and then relaxed back into his original position, with one leg hanging off over the edge of the couch and the other raised beside him. One paw remained down between his legs, hanging limp at first before he lifted his skirt with it, then raised his lower body to slide his panties partially down his legs.

“C’mon,” he purred, and brought that other leg up for a moment. Soon those striped panties settled silently against the carpeted floor where he’d tossed them, a few feet away. “This is nice. Usually I have to deal with a lot of fuckin’ around, but you get-” His breath puffed out of his nose in a low huff at the moment where Immortal crouched over him from above, one paw on his shoulder and the other lining his tapered tip up with the cat’s tailhole beneath his sack. “-right to business.”

“I know what it’s like to really want it, and have your top drag things out.” Warm, ridged pucker, gentle squeeze back, resistance and pressure... the fox drew in a shuddering breath as he started to sink forward into that wet heat, going for an inch or so before he changed the movement of his hips and started to draw back. Good to slowly work at that, to push deeper and deeper in little increments; Immortal didn’t top too particularly often, but he sure as hell had bottomed enough times to know the best way to do it. Michael didn’t appear to have any trouble, though. “I like to imagine I’m a pretty good host.”

Michael’s tongue flitted out over his lips again. For a moment Immortal’s balance ended up thrown off by the cat’s little readjustments, resting one arm up behind his head and lifting his hips up to allow the fox more ease in thrusting into him. A quiet purr rumbled in his throat, and then he pressed in towards the vulpine against his pushing in until rump touched against hips and the not-yet-full width of Immortal’s knot teased at the rim of that tailhole. “There, *that’s* better... you’re gonna fill me with this knot of yours, right?” Gentle wriggle of his hips, firmer clench.

Immortal’s arms shook a bit with that sensation. He raised his eyebrows, adjusted how he kept himself braced above the cat, and started to pull back out. “Can you handle it?”

“You don’t *really* think I’m that inexperienced, do you? If it weren’t against my own personal values, I think I’d hold you down and fuck myself on you – ooh...”

With that last firm thrust from tip to base, Immortal couldn’t quite stifle a self-satisfied smile. All the better that Michael didn’t have to, or at least didn’t want to, spend time in stretching out; seeing his wolves the other night had as usual instilled this burning hunger in the fox’s abdomen. *Bitch in heat* they’d call him, with him bent over the bed, tail raised, and tailhole gaping wide enough so that the youngest of the three could slide right up into him without any lube more than just one or both of his brothers’ loads, already in place and dripping.

Immortal swallowed. Could still just barely taste the cat’s paws on his breath. “What was that?”

Another purr, this one accompanied by Michael bringing his other leg up alongside the fox atop him, solely so he could continue to lift his lower body up. There came the slick pressure of squeezing flesh along his cock and pushing deeper onto him, and Immortal responded by drawing back and pressing forward again and again, already setting a steady and not particularly gentle rhythm. That long tail came and curled around his lower thigh, giving a squeeze along each clench of the feline’s tailhole around his cock; Michael’s eyes fluttered shut again, though his mouth remained open in soft panting and breathy moans.

Immortal felt similarly, alternating between gritted teeth and parted lips for his steady yet heavy breathing. With the way that Michael had angled his hips, it took as much of a downward movement as it did a forward to thrust into him, each time pressing a little harder, a little deeper, and stretching that tailhole around the rim of his knot even as the cat rhythmically squeezed and released. *That* was the part that felt good, the clenching with each pull-out and slick, wet pushing with each sink back in.

Sharp retractable claws dug at his sides as he fucked the cat into the couch, trying to pull him in deeper and faster. The movie still played across the room, but neither of them had paid attention or even bothered to notice: Immortal's ears remained perked forward towards the hungry panting and quiet purrs from the cat squirming beneath him, while Michael's seemed to constantly flick around as though there were too much for him to focus on.

Just as well, too; not much longer from there and Immortal started to feel that sensation creep up his back as well, forcing his eyes shut and causing his jaw to hang open. Each thrust ended first with a punctuated jerk and then a forceful yank backwards. Other than the groping and squeezing from his footpaw he hadn't even touched the cat's cock yet, and still a noticeable damp spot had soaked through the fabric of the skirt from where his tip lay along his lower belly.

Suddenly though, as if able to feel the fox's imminence, Michael drew himself back and squeezed his thighs firmly enough around Immortal to push him back, and readjusted his position. All fours, raised tailhole, hungry saliva-slickened and slightly-stretched tailhole waiting for him... a little glimmer from amber-orange eyes was all Immortal needed to find his rhythm and sink right back in, bending over the cat from behind as he pounded away and brought himself closer and closer.

He kept his gaze over his shoulder to watch the fox, and once again their eyes met – only for Michael to shudder and roll his head to the side, and for Immortal's to suddenly squeeze shut again. That tingling turned to a hot, sharp pressure, a shiver radiating sweetly out through all his limbs and up into the back of his throat as a deep rumbling growl just like the ones he'd heard from his wolves, and then from there into a tight shudder, a pause, a forceful thrust to bury and hilt himself inside the cat... and then throb, throb, throb as he emptied his load, still trying to push deeper.

At first Michael tightened and squeezed around Immortal, but soon that turned to him pulling forward as if wanting his last spurts across his back. Intense waves of pleasure with each tug let Immortal know just why he wasn't coming free, though, and the resultant little shivers and gasps and moans from the feline showed that *he* felt the pulsing tie as well, though it was with that attempted pulling that Michael ended up pushing right through his own peak as well. Immortal might not have noticed – all the sensations of his climb and orgasm left him buzzing and vibrating from the waist down – if not for the feline's shuddering and squeezing of the couch cushions followed by the front of his skirt, hanging down loose beneath him, swaying forward a few times as a rope of his cum emptied out against it.

Immortal swallowed, licked his lips, then swallowed again. Throat felt dry. "How's – *that* for pounding your ass?"

"Good enough..." was the cat's tired response, followed by him pulling forward again. Immortal had to let the motion, or rather Michael's backside, guide him in pulling him down atop him, or else maybe faint or at least lose control of his bladder from the fluttery over-stimulation of his knot getting tugged so soon after orgasm. "You said... said you don't have any plans tomorrow?"

At first he wasn't sure what Michael intended. He nosed down against the cat's shoulder from behind, and found there a light whiff of a sweet floral perfume. Of course. "That's right."

"Got nothing to do?"

Michael wriggled around a bit more, and it was only then that Immortal understood. The fox settled himself down beside and behind him, arm draped across his lower belly and their heads propped up along the small pillow beside the couch's arm; he could very easily feel Michael's pulse, throbbing through his tailhole locked behind his swollen knot. "No."

"Liar." There was another pull and press, and a grunt shared between the two of them. "You have *this* to do. If it's alright I hang around for a bit? I mean, I kind of *have* to anyway, since... you know."

Immortal knew. He chuckled quietly and started to run his paw up along the cat's belly, only to stop when he felt wet stickiness there. "How about we shower later, and decide then?"

He also knew that they had both already made their decision. Maybe they'd try to watch this movie tomorrow, too.