

Immortal let his gaze follow the foxwolf as he knocked back the rest of his drink, rose, and strode out towards the dance floor, bushy tail swaying low behind him. What an *enigma*, that Brent: from the first time tonight when he'd settled into the seat beside Immortal and called the bartender over for a short drink, he'd had that so-familiar and undeniable hunger in his eyes, the thirst that he'd come to expect to see on wolves with knots about the same dimensions as his clenched fist.

Which, of course, had gotten the fox to thinking, and looking over this stranger a little more closely. No denying it, he was *hot*, with a slightly heavier muzzle, broader shoulders, taller ears; shimmering swath of stone-grey down the back of his head and neck, tint of ochre beneath the red of his arms, left paw gloved in the usual fox's black fur and the right bare. That was actually the first thing Immortal had asked of him, to initiate conversation – "Hey, what kind of fox are you? Your markings are really interesting" – and where he learned that most of that came from being half wolf.

It had been a slow night until then, and suddenly, things sped right up. The foxwolf turned, briefly looked over him, gave a bright smile, and introduced himself. Low-cut V-neck shirt showing no lack of chest ruff, slightly shorter sleeves that hugged his upper shoulders, black claws *far* too well-maintained; all things that just fed into Immortal's own confidence and surety. Usually he wasn't the one to ask someone out, but in *this* case his shyness might actually have allowed him to make an exception.

Still watching that bushy tail and those pert hips even as they swung in and out of view between the others on the dance floor, the fox tilted his own drink back and rolled it over his tongue before swallowing it down. The problem was fairly obvious now, but twenty minutes ago he'd been *certain* of the clear opposite. He chuckled softly to himself; this had to have been how the vixen had felt on their bus ride home that one night.

It had seemed to go so well for those twenty minutes, too. Still did, actually; Brent reflected the question to him, asked his name, didn't even bat an eye when he gave him the "Immortal" answer. Usually he at least got a smirk or a raised eyebrow or something like that. Brent just looked down into his drink for a moment longer, then turned back to the fox beside him and in the most stoic, serious voice, replied with "Well, that's fine. My middle name is Melzagard. It's Japanese."

*I don't think it is*, Immortal almost replied, until the foxwolf's dumbass grin and chuckle caught him by surprise and made him laugh, too. That led to each asking the other where they were from, and their interests. Time went by surprisingly quickly, and Immortal realized – he was having a good time. Really, truly. Magnetic personality, really, pulling him out of his shell, bringing him to scoot gradually closer to the seat beside him... and then Brent asked why he decided to come out to the club tonight.

*To get my ass stretched the fuck out*, his mind wanted to say, but his shyness wouldn't let him. So the fox shrugged, spluttered over his drink a bit, shrugged again. "Make a friend" was all he could manage; not a word about how he wanted that friend to be Brent, nor about how by 'friend' he of course meant 'hookup'. No matter where the conversation went, he found himself floating back to wondering how fat a foxwolf's knot could be.

So he turned it back around on Brent, "How about you?" and lifted his glass to his lips again. Almost empty; while the foxwolf gave his answer, Immortal raised a paw to flag the bartender.

"Tryna put my mind off my ex. We broke up two weeks ago and it – it still hurts."

“Jeez. What was his name?”

That’s where it happened. The assumption didn’t seem to phase Brent at all, but Immortal knew he’d gotten it wrong even before he’d been given an answer. The foxwolf rolled his fingers along the rim of his glass, shrugged, lifted it up a bit, set it back down.

“Her name was Melissa. Normally I don’t tell someone I just met, but... you, I like you, Immortal. I think you’re alright. For a while I thought she was the one, y’know? But... ah, well. I think I’m gonna go dance a bit.” And then he tilted his drink back and went out, and here Immortal sat now, watching him through the crowd.

Maybe it was just the two and a half glasses he had in him by now, but Immortal didn’t feel too put off by that, honestly. Brent had given off *all* the signals, from the way he dressed to how he sat, how he answered the fox’s questions, the barely-perceptible lisp on a few of his words... how he smiled at him. But, then, looking at the way he danced, how he moved and twisted his hips, how it seemed like he tried to touch and feel the music - shit. He was *absolutely* straight.

Still, though; Immortal had thought the same of himself being gay, until that ended up turned on its head one night. Maybe this could go the same. Trying to draw on the same solid, easy confidence that that vixen had worked on him that night, he let the last few drops his drink roll back across his tongue and stood up to make his way over towards the foxwolf on the dance floor.

Dancing had never been the fox’s thing, but that same confidence bubbling in him from earlier gave him the drive he needed. It took a while for Brent to notice, too, as well as a bump from the hips and maybe the slightest of caresses from Immortal’s bushier tail around his ankles. Those eyes, glittering in the colored lights of the club, briefly shone in confusion before he realized Immortal had followed him out, and then they took on a light of their own.

He didn’t move away from the fox, either. Immortal kept an eye on him as they each moved to the music, still audible beneath the sounds of conversation from everywhere else in the club; he thought about all the other times he’d come out here on the dance floor, on his own accord or with someone else’s paw around his wrist. That had led to a number of different outcomes, from a pair of fingers between his lips holding his jaw open while another pair of fingers sank up beneath his tail; to one paw under his sack, another around his sheath, a third under his chin, and a fourth on his throat; to one still on his wrist, moving him to grope and squeeze a pair of balls that he’d need both paws to properly cup, shortly before his nose ended up buried between those balls-

His paw brushed against Brent’s back, smooth and firm beneath his shirt, and the foxwolf wobbled briefly in his movements. When he turned to face Immortal again, he wore a question on his muzzle, and the fox swallowed – he thought he wanted to say something to him. So he coughed, looked away, looked back, tried to think something up, faltered a little when he realized that Brent stood a good half-head above him.

“Hey, what’d’you think about, um – coming back to my place after this, to hang out?” was what he came up with.

Brent slowed in his half-assed dancing (hopefully it was half-assed, the way it looked), pursed his lips, thought about it for a moment, and then grinned and nodded.

“Don’t have anywhere else I need to be tonight,” he said over the music. “You driving, I assume?”

Naturally – Immortal rolled his eyes and scoffed at the tracks taken by his mind at that point a few minutes later, stepping out into the cool wet air of early autumn night – that led his thoughts to a number of different memories. Getting bent over the hood of his car in full view of the street; having to bite his lower lip while he drove to wherever, someone else’s muzzle bobbing in his lap; when *he* was the one with *his* muzzle in someone else’s lap, and-

It took him a few seconds to realize he was tugging on the handle for a door he’d never unlocked. Brent hadn’t seemed to notice, though, so Immortal pushed down his embarrassed smile as best he could and slid in. He waited until Brent had gotten settled beside him to turn the key, and blushed when the radio turned itself on to the classical station he’d left it on, and very loudly so.

“Um.” Another cough. He spun the wheel to pull out. “Sorry about that. What kind of music do you like?” Anything to get the conversation going again, really. Immortal couldn’t stand silent car rides.

And yet again, Brent took him totally by surprise: he didn’t bounce the question back like a tennis ball, like he knew that the fox had posed it for the sake of small talk. He gave a good answer, asked something different of Immortal, listened to what he had to say, and then continued – as if he’d done it many times before and had gotten used to it.

All of that just further cemented the little warmth Immortal felt in his chest: he really *hadn’t* intended it for just small talk. The way Brent spoke and looked at him, how his laugh sounded, the way his answers carried a note of genuine thought, and how his questions had clear eagerness beneath them... Immortal lived about fifteen minutes away from the club, but it felt like a three-minute drive. When he stepped out of his car again, the nervous jitters in his heartbeat had stilled themselves.

After waiting for Brent to come up with him, he swallowed and turned to look back at the front door of his house. What, exactly, *did* he expect to come of this night? He was just a slim arctic fox who liked to think he knew his way around a dick; he was no vixen on the bus late at night, no confident yet gentle voice, pushing and urging, guiding along a strange yet curious path. So much of Brent still screamed at him through the foxwolf’s words, *I’m interested in you*. It took a considerable stroke of willpower not to reach out and take the other vulpine’s paw in his own while he unlocked the door, to lead him in and down the hall towards the bedroom... so instead Immortal just had him follow into the main living room of the place.

And then what? “Well...” The invitation had been spur of the moment, something hardly planned. He coughed into his paw again, had to pull his eyes away from the foxwolf as he started stripping off his coat, and then motioned around the room. “This is it. Feel free to get comfortable. I can put on a movie or something – would you like a drink?”

“Mmm...” Brent gave a little chirp after he plopped down onto the couch it, and the cushions bounced up again beneath his weight. “No, I’m alright, thank you. *You* can get comfortable, too, you know; you look a bit tense.” Then he smirked, eyes following the fox as he made his way back around towards the couch. “Would it help relax you if I took off my shirt?”

That *had* to have been it. He focused his eyes on the wider muzzle, the broader face, the dusting of wolf-grey on his fur. “Are you gay?”

“Who, me?” Brent shrugged. “Nah. Is *that* what you’ve been thinking?”

As if he’d just gotten pushed down a hill... but before the pain could set in, Immortal found himself lying on his back looking up towards the warm sun. No shame, no barb under those words. He could hear his own words hiding behind Brent’s: *Well I, uh... just haven’t exactly had any... experience, with-*

So he licked his lips, shrugged, and rose again from the couch, fingers curled under the hem of his shirt to pull it up over his head. Had to draw on the vixen’s pool of confidence for that – he’d have to send her a text sometime soon, see about getting a *refresher course* – and turned his head away after he’d stripped it off, partially so he could see where he’d toss it and partially so he wouldn’t catch Brent’s gaze and lose that little confidence. When he turned back, though, Immortal just *barely* caught the twitch and turn of the foxwolf’s muzzle, and when he looked more fully at him, Brent had raised his paw to make a show of scratching at his cheek. As if trying to cover that he’d been looking.

Gentle breath, warming the spark of assurance in his chest and, now, starting to tickle in his abdomen. Was *this* what those wolves felt? Immortal had originally decided he’d just take his shirt off, to mirror Brent’s comment, but his paws continued back down his body to work at his pants fly and drop those, too, loose boxers held up at his waist but very clearly having to swing forward around his sheath and sack beneath. Hell, the flap in front even hung open a bit and was probably showing off some of that smooth snow-white fur, but he did nothing to remedy it.

And this time, it took the foxwolf a moment to realize he’d been caught looking. Instead of trying to play it off, this time he met Immortal’s amused gaze, swallowed, leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, reached up to rub behind one of those ears. “Sure called my bluff, huh?”

Immortal let out a small breath. *You bet I did.* He started to step forward-

“I know I said I’d take off my shirt, but I didn’t think you’d show me up. I just *have* to now, huh?”

-and rolled his eyes. *Undeniably* straight, at least in presentation. It was almost cute. Immortal hesitated between steps once Brent moved to start pulling his shirt off over his head, but when the foxwolf rose to his feet to do so... he moved almost without thinking. He closed the distance to his guest, pulled in a breath, half-leaned back so he wouldn’t get his nose bumped, felt his confidence waver for the slightest of seconds, and then tried to pull on the personalities of the vixen who’d pushed him down by his shoulders and showed him that maybe he wasn’t as gay as he’d always thought, and of the wolves who had no problem hefting their brothers’ sheaths and sacks out onto the bar to show him what he was getting himself into.

The important part was not to think about it. Almost before Brent had finished pulling his shirt off over his head, Immortal settled one paw down on the foxwolf’s shoulder – firm, warm – and brought the other up between his legs, gently cupping and giving a squeeze to the heat centered beneath. Brent gave a little jump with that contact and the following squeeze, ears perking upright and small whiskers twitching back. He opened his mouth, arms still caught in his shirt, and – Immortal spoke first, punctuating his words with another small squeeze.

“You want help with the rest?” That sounded like something the wolves would say, right?

Brent swallowed, eyes flicking back and forth between Immortal’s. The fox thought he could feel a stirring beneath his grip. “W-well, I... you know, I just...”

A little bit of force on his shoulder was all it took to push him back down to the couch. Immortal knelt down before him, moving both paws to the button of his pants fly and then the zipper beneath, though he kept his gaze on him – and stopped halfway down. The vixen... “Is that a yes?”

He probably could have taken it from the foxwolf’s posture, in how he draped his arms across the back of the couch, scooted forward towards the edge, and just barely spread his legs, but – Immortal still wanted that word. It hadn’t been something he’d thought about before, until that vixen that had explicitly requested it from him; remember how it had made him feel back then, with his heart thumping in his chest and his mind wrestling with his body... there was no real ground to deny the physical part of it, with the gradually-firmer heat that continued to pulse against his fingers through Brent’s boxers and what of his fly remained up, but he still watched Brent’s muzzle for his response.

As tough as that was, with the gentle mixed-spice of his foxwolf scent hovering up and curling around Immortal’s nose. Sharp, predatory bite of the lupine, then the more earthy, pungent musk of the vulpine... he so wanted to close the distance and press his nose into that soft-firm bulge beneath the fabric, but still he waited.

Brent swallowed again, looked away, met his eyes, looked away yet again. And he shrugged. “...Yeah,” he decided, “okay. Honestly, I’ve been – thinking about it, ever since... y’know, we broke up... and then there was *you*, and I thought, hey, this is neat, I haven’t hit it off this well with someone since I met my best friend Andrew in high school...”

Immortal couldn’t hide the smile that that gave him, the words themselves as well as the way it seemed Brent could flip his nervousness on and off like a switch. Even as the fox continued on that fly and then started at the waistband of his underwear, he just looked down to him, lifted up to let him pull them off, and settled back down, as if this really wasn’t the first time he’d had a male between his legs.

“...and, like... I don’t know. You seemed nice. You *do* seem nice. I *thought* that that’s what you were trying to get at, continuing to talk to me, but you didn’t *push*. For the second half of this night, I’ve been thinking, maybe I could – maybe I... could...”

The fox watched from between his legs as the first contact of tongue to sheath sent a visible shiver up Brent’s body, and then dragging that tongue towards his tip, swirling it around, drawing it back down, gave him enough to make him relax further. The rest of his words evaporated in a low moan, echoed again when Immortal briefly poked his tongue beneath the lip of that sheath, swirled around *there*, and came up again.

Half-hard already, and quickly growing beneath those gentle ministrations, the light kisses against his tip, the fondling of the base of his sheath and of his balls in the fox’s fingers. Sure, they weren’t quite leaden baseballs like he was used to from the wolves, but... if anything, that just meant he’d be able to take *this* knot a bit more easily.

It was a different taste than what he'd gotten used to, then, dragging his tongue up over that slick length, continually coaxing it out of the foxwolf's sheath. A pair of well-placed fingers wrapped around the base of that soft-furred skin, squeezing and rubbing, helped quite a bit; soon Immortal had his muzzle bobbing rhythmically in Brent's lap, with those hips gently lifting up each time he dove down.

He still had his reservations, of course: whenever Immortal let his other paw wander, down to the firm thigh beside his head or up along Brent's lower belly and chest, the foxwolf gave a slight surprised jerk. Nothing more than that, though, and soon he had almost entirely fallen into the pleasure of the warm muzzle wrapped around his length and the tongue repeatedly swirling over his tip, or curling down beneath his knot. Brent was just well-sized enough that he could take him into the back of his throat with only a little bit of difficulty, and press his nose down into the foxwolf's bushier pubic fur to get another taste of the scent that had teased him so just earlier... throughout this, Immortal finally brought his own paw down to fish himself out of his boxers, hard shaft easily slipping through the flaps in front.

Then, though, he changed his mind. It took only another few seconds to slide his underwear down his thighs, and then it just took him standing up from there to get them the rest of the way off. Brent's eyes fluttered open in brief confusion, then settled on his face, and from there coursed down the fox's fully-nude body and fixed on the similarly hard cock throbbing in front of him, rich reddish-pink veined flesh, knot bulging beneath the skin of his sheath before he rolled it the rest of the way back.

Immortal tilted his head, licked his lips, gave his best attempt at an encouraging smile. "Still sure about this?"

Brent looked up to his muzzle again, then back down his cock. And he nodded, eyes wide. "Yeah. Yeah, I am."

From there it was all routine, all things the fox had done before. Paws on his top's shoulders, nose coming in to touch against his cheek and neck and shoulder; climbing in on top of him, feeling him shift beneath him; reaching one paw back to angle his saliva-slickened tip towards his tailhole, small push down, lift back up, another push; slow, careful circles from his hips, grinding steadily further down onto the foxwolf's length.

At least, it *should* have been routine. There came the familiar filling and stretching sensation of a good six inches sinking deep under his tail, and the irresistible shivers and throbs and twitches and squeezes, but... Immortal let his arms drape around the foxwolf's shoulders, and found he couldn't take his eyes from his muzzle. There was just something about the changes in his expression, from slight tension to deep relaxation and pleasure, to a bit nervousness, and then back to that same pleasure. A little extra sweetness echoed out through the fox's body each time he rolled his hips down and squeezed the ring of his tailhole against the slight bulge of Brent's unswollen knot, and when the foxwolf started reciprocating his rhythm... *that* was entirely different.

Soon it was more Immortal hanging on by Brent's shoulders instead of just keeping his arms there. Each thrust under his tail bounced him against the couch and this foxwolf, his own hard cock lurching forward and throbbing under each reflexive squeeze. He *wanted* it to feel good for him, and as such, tried his best to keep his eyes open beneath the waves of fullness and pleasure so he could watch Brent's muzzle and expressions. Maybe some shifting of his legs beside the foxwolf's, maybe a little more of a lean towards him, maybe a little *less* of the squeezing at the end of his knot... he'd made sure to give that dense portion of flesh a good amount of focus from his tongue, and now that it pushed and pressed and

teased at his tailhole each time he lowered his weight down, it didn't take much more adjustment before he started daring to take that knot inside of himself.

Brent didn't give any complaint, of course. Seemed like he couldn't do much of anything, with his head leaning back across the couch and his claws digging into Immortal's thighs, squeezing each time the vulpine's tailhole kissed a little further along his knot, a little more, a little more. Immortal had to move one paw down and spread himself for that, had to bring his fingers in close under his tail and pull himself in preparation for that extra girth and thickness. His knees, drawn up against the cushions beneath him so he could kneel down and ride the foxwolf, clenched on his partner's body; his other paw clamped down on his shoulder, and in that moment, he almost leaned forward and dug his tongue into that partially-canid muzzle, to swallow down his own sharp, shivering moan once it finally popped inside of him, a sudden wave of bright, hot tension and discomfort turning to that full sensation he knew so well by now.

The tying drew a similar response from Brent beneath him, his jaw falling open and broad tongue hanging out at the end of a shuddering breathy moan. A moment later his eyes fluttered open again, and he looked briefly confused at the fox atop him, and his smirking face. Brent's thumbs came in and pressed lightly at Immortal's lower belly, as if trying to feel his own cock buried inside of him.

"Doesn't – doesn't that..."

But Immortal wouldn't let him finish. Not his question, at least: he licked his lips, swallowed, and started to lift up again, intentionally clenching around the base of the foxwolf's knot – the sound of his moan was almost enough to make him throb – and then releasing, allowing that thick bulge to suddenly pull free from him with a wet squish. Sure, that hurt a little bit, just as it always did, but the *feeling* of that extra pressure inside of him, then coming out, and then starting to press back in when he lowered himself down... the fox made sure to wait a few seconds before each turn, squeezing his tailhole as much as the abused muscles could past the base of Brent's knot when he had him inside him, then pulling up until the foxwolf's hips fell down away from him and he gave another needy, urgent buck upwards, in attempts to hilt inside of him again.

Slower riding there, yet no less frantic – and soon all it took to tie again was a good thrust from Brent, paws on the fox's thighs pushing him down much the same that he lowered himself onto that shaft and knot. This was one of those times where Immortal couldn't tell if he'd finished already: he hadn't had the intense sudden burst of pleasure from an orgasm, instead having another rich wave wash through him with each tug of that knot against his tailhole, and – Brent's lower chest and belly felt considerably soaked from the amount of grinding he'd done against him. That sort of thing *usually* happened when he rode a knot, though: loss of control, all kinds of things pressing and squeezing on him from the inside, shivers and shaking and gasping... still, though, Brent certainly hit his peak.

Immortal tried to squeeze around him, tried to take that knot as deep under his tail as he could and clench his tailhole to tug, tug those spurts out of him, but each time he tried, the stretched ring just slid forward over the foxwolf's swollen, pulsing knot again, so he had to press back down and bury it inside of him again... which probably just felt even better for the half-wolf, his claws repeatedly digging in and pulling out of his thighs, suddenly clenching with each powerful spurt and then pricking back out when the urgency left him, only to tighten again with another.

Some of that warm, sticky slickness trickled out from Immortal's tailhole; always a good feeling when he was too stretched out to hold in his top's load, even past his knot. With another gentle tug he untied, and then clenched as much as he could (which, of course, wasn't) on his way up, legs threatening to give out from underneath him.

"See?" he panted, and flopped beside the foxwolf. Felt like he'd just run two miles. "That wasn't... so bad, was it?"

Brent squirmed beside him, then seemed to lift himself up off the couch. Immortal opened eyes and looked – to see that canid forming climbing on top of him, paws braced against the back of the couch and shaky knees coming in alongside his.

The fox's mouth worked to form a word. "W – wh..."

A soft chuckle, followed by a deep, rich blush. Brent first settled down in the fox's lap, leaning in over him from above and angling his hips forward to grind his still-slick cock against the vulpine's; then a paw came down to wrap around the both of them, squeezing them together. The foxwolf gave a small shiver and twitch – he *did* just cum, after all – and Immortal thought he felt another glob of late cum ooze out along the underside of his own cock, held firmly against the other's. The two sized up fairly well, but Brent did indeed have the lupine proportions for his knot.

A few moments more of that, with gentle rocking back and forth from the foxwolf accompanied by quiet, shivering gasps, before he looked away. "You looked like... like you were having fun. So I – can I, um... can I try?"

For a moment, he didn't know how to respond. The foxwolf's chest rose and fell with elevated breathing, and his still-hard cock stood out from his body and his retracted sheath, the red flesh slick with saliva and cum and his knot still at its full width... Immortal swallowed, then looked up at his muzzle.

"Are you – are you sure?"

A moment of thought, a slight shiver in Brent's thighs from the residual exhaustion of his orgasm, then a shaky nod. "Yeah. Yeah, I'm sure."

This was something Immortal had considerably less experience with, but he still wouldn't say no to it. He tried to imitate what the foxwolf had done for him just earlier, with a slight adjustment of his posture, a spreading of his legs, a paw at the base of his sheath to angle his cock up towards Brent's tailhole as he awkwardly tried to find his way with it.

Then the first touch, followed by the reflexive squeeze at his tip, then the paw gripping his shoulder... and the slow yet forceful push down, accompanied by a low grunt from the foxwolf atop him. Immortal watched Brent as he went, mouth hanging half-open from the mix of intense pleasure from his own pounded rump and now with the same sinking down onto his length, and from the exhaustion of all of it – but he still wanted to serve, still wanted to make sure this half-wolf he'd picked up tonight had a good time.



Of course as he pushed his way down, still squeezing tight around Immortal's cock, the expression on his face turned to faint discomfort, then stronger, and soon he was lifting himself back up. Immortal rested his paws on the foxwolf's thighs, trying to think up the words for *you need to be careful sometimes*, but before he could find those words, they were pulled right out of him with that same tight heat sinking back down on him again. The other thing he noticed was that Brent hadn't gone soft at all: his girth still hung out from his sheath, long enough to graze against the fox's lower chest as he started to sink further down.

And then, after a while, that tight tailhole touched against the rim of the fox's knot, the thick ring of muscle pulsing with his heartbeat. Brent opened his eyes a moment later and let out a low, shivering sigh; then, a tired grin on his face, he brought his other paw up to the fox's shoulder and started to push himself back up, just as Immortal had done to him.

*Determined*, he thought, consciously keeping his claws from digging into his thighs. *First time taking a cock and he wants all of it. I was the same way.*

Naturally it wasn't the *best* sex he'd had, but – it still didn't take long for Immortal to start gripping tighter onto those thighs, pulling Brent down on top of him just as the foxwolf sank his weight down along his length. He could still feel that same slick heat from Brent's load under his tail, as well as the small bit that had rolled out as he'd lifted himself up; on top of that and the pressure, the rhythm, the sweet sensations of the half-wolf's rump sliding down to his knot and pulling back up to his tip, again and again, he was well on his way to emptying his own beneath Brent's tail.

The foxwolf wanted it, of course. That much was clear in the force of his riding, in how he dug one of his paws against Immortal's shoulder and steadily pawed himself off with the other, already squirting out a small spray of pre across the fox's belly again. His breathing picked up again with his rhythm; with Immortal lifting up against him in that same rhythm too, soon the heavy, wet slapping of vulpine knot against tight tailhole joined the other sounds.

He couldn't keep himself down. Immortal gritted his teeth, swallowed, slid his paws up Brent's sides, felt the firm muscle tensing and relaxing with his riding... then swallowed again and lifted his hips up against those movements, the forceful pressure down against him trying to push him back against the couch cushions... and bucked, again and again, as the foxwolf's rump milked his load out of him. It wasn't until the third spurt that a moan pushed its way out of his lips, and once that passed, he fell limply back down to the couch even as Brent continued to ride his pleasure out of him, paw working fast and hard across himself.

Immortal's eyes had forced themselves shut beneath the intense pleasure, and now, what brought them to open again was a few quick spurts of slightly-less-thick cum emptying out across his upper belly and chest, Brent clenching tightly around the fox's shaft with each one. He had his legs spread wide, and knelt down above him as if unsure he wanted to keep that length buried inside of him – and sure enough, almost as soon as he'd emptied that last rope, he lifted up off of the fox.

Even so, he still remained above him for a moment, one paw keeping the fox pressed back against the couch as much as it held himself up, and the other braced against his knee. A second later, though, and the foxwolf gave a twitch – and Immortal felt a thick drip of his own cum leak back out of Brent's tailhole and onto his shaft lying across his belly. New feeling for a boy who'd never taken a cock before; the foxwolf blushed, coughed into his paw, and straightened up, his legs visibly shaky beneath him.

Immortal licked his lips, hoping that he was giving off the air of confidence he imagined he did, and rose to his feet as well. When he strode past the foxwolf he let his paw graze down from his chest towards his belly, and then from there to cup and squeeze his sack on his way past.

“Join me in the shower?” He glanced over his shoulder, if only to make sure that Brent hadn’t fainted. He *had* just finished twice in a span of hardly twelve minutes. “We’ll get you cleaned up. If you’re planning on spending the night, we could see about going a little slower...”

The first he heard from the foxwolf was an attempt at a word, then him swallowing, clearing his throat, and trying again. That seemed like a good sign. “Yeah, that... sounds good. Do, um... you have a guest room?”

Immortal’s heart jumped in his chest a little bit. He tried to change the tone of his voice. “My bed’s a queen.” The next word settled his worry, though:

“Good.”