

Wolffy's ears perked and his heart dropped at the sound of the school bell ringing out the start of the day. He sighed, closed his eyes for a moment, then stood up and shifted his backpack over his shoulders again, all the cacophonous sounds of the high school already closing in around him. *At least it's Thursday*, he thought, waiting for the sharkdog behind him to follow. *That means tomorrow's Friday and then we're done. Just today, and then tomorrow, and then the weekend.*

It was that sharkdog lightly taking his paw in her own that caught his attention again, the sensation of short velvet fur over smooth skin one that still made him smile. The two shared a quick little squeeze, all that was permitted by the school's public display of affection rules, and then let that touch slip. Wolffy still instinctively glanced around the already-crowded hallways to see if any teachers were watching, after the one time he and his girlfriend here had gotten pulled aside and lectured for, God forbid, sharing a kiss on the cheek before math class.

"Regular day for you today, huh?" he asked, looking to the sharkdog. Turquoise eyes glittered up at him. "I know you said, Gem, but come on. It's not even eight in the morning yet."

"Yeah." She raised that same paw that had touched his and covered the yawn dripping out of her mouth. "I know. You said the day hasn't even started yet and you're ready to go back to bed. And boy oh boy, I'd like to be there with you."

"Well..." He glanced around again, twisted himself around a slim pair of fox-otter hybrid twins, one with tinted mint-colored fur and the other with a cooler blue – he had seen those two around several times before; they hardly ever left one another's side – and then settled back into step along Gem's side. In that quick moment he leaned in to run his nose along the side of her muzzle as well, loving the sensation on his nose of going against the grain of her skin, that sweet smooth surface suddenly turning to a sandpaper roughness. "We'll be able to have that soon enough."

That brought the familiar sly grin out of her, the same one that she had shown to him the first time she had snuck onto his bus home, and when she had waited for him that one day school got out early so they could walk home. Then, of course, there was that time they had both persuaded their parents to let them come to the yearly musical, only to sneak out before the intermission and make their way into the normally off-limits courtyard...

Gem chuckled and rolled her eyes, though by the flick of her angular tail and quick, deliberate adjustment of her expression, Wolffy could tell that she had been thinking of the same thing all morning. They two stuck close together as they made their way through the western locker bank and on to the hallway heading north. They each had a locker in that section, but neither used it.

"Uh huh. Your parents are gone all weekend?"

"Yeah. Leaving Friday afternoon."

"Nice. Well, you know I'll be there. I can probably get a ride from Askia – you know he can't turn me down..."

"You know I can't turn you down either."

"Yeah, but you can't drive." She stuck her tongue out at him. "He can. Oh, you have that quiz in math today, right?"

"God. Don't remind me." Wolffy rolled his eyes, the pair again splitting around someone else pushing their way through the halls. "It's the worst thing about that teacher. Like, the fact it's calculus is bad enough, but hey, let's also start *every single class period* with a quiz. Didn't understand it on the homework? Well, too bad!"

Beside him Gem shifted her books under her arm. She never really took that many things with her and as such didn't need the big, bulky backpack that Wolffy always brought. It was a place he could hide not one but both of his handheld game systems, in case things ever slowed down in class or at lunch. "I don't know," she said with a shrug. "At least it lowers the impact of each on your grade. You know?"

"I guess so. Doesn't mean I have to like it."

That class wouldn't be coming until after lunch, too, which made things worse most days. Wolffy sighed again, then lifted his paw to his muzzle to stifle the string of yawns that then evolved into, and shook his head to banish the lingering sleepiness after. The couple would make their way through the northern locker bank and then split up there, Gem heading one direction at the cross and Wolffy going the other; they had shared a period junior year and then another their sophomore year, but had no classes together this time. She was also in a couple of groups and clubs that got together at lunch or after class, which often meant that their time on weekends was all they could get together, and...

Wolffy's thoughts trailed off as his glazed eyes went over the crowds, each and every one of the faces familiar even if he couldn't put a name to them. Some of them he could, whether from past shared classes or simple association with other friends; some he *thought* he knew the names to; some he used to know but had since forgotten; and then a couple that had stuck in his head, even though he had never met, spoken to, nor shared a class with them.

One of these was Fidget, the slim, somewhat short river otter working his way through towards the lockers at the end of the hall. Part of this familiarity was due to his appearance, warm chocolate-colored fur highlighted here and there with stark patterns of lighter mocha, coming up towards his head in a smooth whitish mask around bright blue eyes, accompanied by the mane of fur cresting over his head and down between his shoulders that he had had dyed to match his eyes the previous year. Wolffy knew him mostly from the countless rumors constantly spreading through the halls, some of which came to him from the mouths of his own close friends.

"Fidget has a boyfriend now. It's that one stallion from the football team. Yeah, right, of course it's a stallion." "Fidget and his boyfriend were caught kissing behind the gym. I hear the principal gave them both three weeks of detention." "Kyle put a dead toad in Fidget's locker the day before spring break. It's gonna be so fuckin' funny when he gets back."

"I hear Fidget's parents kicked him out 'cause he's gay. And you know what? I'd do the same to my kid. Good for them."

On first hearing these rumors the wolf had just shrugged them off. He didn't know Fidget, had never met him, and as such those things didn't really mean anything to him. It hadn't been until one afternoon their junior year when Wolffy and Gem had been sitting outside eating lunch that he had seen the otter

trudging along the sidewalk, looking as though he would rather be anywhere other than here, that he had asked about him.

He had nudged his girlfriend and motioned towards the otter, Fidget's gaze fixed on the ground while he walked. One of his pants legs had been torn just above the knee, the fur beneath split by a thin gash.

"Who's that?"

"That?" Gem had nodded toward him over her sandwich. "That's Fidget. The gay one?"

"Oh, that's him?"

"Of course it is."

Wolffy had watched a while longer. "Is he... alright?"

"I mean, again, he's gay. At this high school? What do you think?" She took another bite. Wolffy remembered following the line of her sight: the otter's rudder looked battered near the end, as though someone had slammed it in a door. That had happened to himself once when he was a pup, resulting in him being unable to sit straight for four days. "I'm surprised you don't know him already. He got made fun of pretty badly at prom last year. Remember that photoshop that made it into the slideshow? With his face on some chick in lingerie?"

"I feel like I wouldn't be able to forget that."

"Maybe you were in the bathroom. Oh – and then Nick got his hands on his little poetry journal and read a bunch of them over the morning announcements? And then the other time when..."

Wolffy blinked and straightened up a bit, trying to see where Fidget had gotten to in the crowd. Around the next row of lockers he could see the also-familiar forms of Kyle, the big black bear, and his pals Nick and Sean. Gem was saying something to Wolffy, but he wasn't listening; he watched as Fidget bumped into Kyle, jumped, and took a step back when the bear leaned in over him. Kyle grinned, showing sharp yellowish teeth, and Fidget's little ears flattened back against his head. His lip quivered and he swallowed, and for a moment his brow furrowed in a way that almost made Wolffy think he was getting ready to spit right in that ugly face.

Then, though, that tension left, and Fidget released a low sigh and dropped his head further, for Kyle to push him roughly aside and against the locker. The sharp sound cut over all of the other noises of the morning rush, dampening the racket even for a few seconds after as nearly everyone turned to watch what was happening. Nick shot a thick wad of spit into his paw and used that to press down the otter's hair along the side of his muzzle, and Sean laughed raucously and made as though to grab Fidget's waist and pull him against him. The otter squirmed and pressed at his body, trying to wiggle away, but Sean's superior strength held him in place while he scrunched his face up in a mock kiss, only to pull away and continue his laughing a moment later.

Fidget avoided looking at them as they went off. He didn't even bother fixing his hair: he just shoved his paws in his pockets and went the other way, rudder held close to his body and head down. His backpack

was open, too: as he went off Sean hung behind, looked around to make sure people were watching, and let loose another glob of spit into the open bag, then wiped his mouth and continued on.

“Wolffy. Wolf?”

He perked again and looked at Gem. “What’s up?”

“What’re you looking at? I asked you something.”

Wolffy looked over to the lockers again. Fidget had disappeared down the hall.

“Oh. Nothing, I guess. Sorry, I got distracted. What’d you say?”

“I was wanting to know if you’d like to meet up in the library after class – I think I have a club meeting at lunch today, so I might not be able to make it by...”

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Halfway into first period, the otter had yet again left Wolffy’s thoughts for him to instead focus on the day at hand. Tuesdays and Thursdays he had the same schedule, while Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were on another: today he started off with history in the morning followed by an “outdoor adventure” elective class, a nice alternative to regular gym in which he learned how to set up a tent, how to tie ropes, how to cook over a campfire, and other such things; then came lunch, his calculus class with daily quizzes, and finally a smooth wind-down with chemistry.

History this morning the wolf spent most of his time doodling in the corner of his notebook, though he scrambled to recall what the teacher had just said when everyone else moved to write something down as well. It wasn’t until she mentioned an upcoming presentation that he really started paying attention, though, and immediately wished he had taken more and better notes. Roughly an hour and a half of that class gave way to another bell and another passing period, during which Wolffy looked through his phone. At this time of year his body had more than memorized his route between his classes, allowing him to drift off into his own world between; sometimes this worked against him, as he’d end up at one of his classes from the *previous* year with hardly a minute left to make it to his *actual* class...

Gem had texted him near the end of his history class – her name in his phone contacts was a simple, cute *babe* <3, input by she herself – so as he settled into his outdoors class he typed up a quick response. Then he realized there was a missed message from Randal, the nice otter he had been paired with for a project in his science class the previous year, so he replied to that one too; and then he wondered if he was right about the time his parents had told him they would be leaving the next day, so he looked over that, too – and then the instructor of the class called him out for him to put his phone today, so he blushed and did just that.

At least it was a pleasant day outside, with the sun shining and a nice breeze blowing through the courtyard every now and then. It was indeed the same courtyard as the one he and Gem had snuck off towards to mess around that one time; each time the wolf’s gaze wandered over to that one corner behind the tree his thoughts flashed back to that night, making him smile and squirm a bit.

Gosh, he thought, going through the rope-knot assignments waiting for his turn, I really am lucky to have her. Who knew that it would start from something so simple, too? But I guess I could feel there was something there, way back in middle school. I just didn't know what it was.

He could remember it, too. His concentration briefly slipped as the teacher came to him, so he went through the assigned three knots and showed each one of them. All except the last were perfect, and he realized what he had done right afterwards. Back in middle school, during one of his math classes he actually sat right behind the sharkdog, and as such they were often paired together for in-class assignments and self-grading quizzes and such. That classroom association turned into a passing friendship, which then led to her chasing him down afterwards and asking about hanging out sometime outside of class. He had been shy and she had been firm and forward, poking and prodding him, making him smile and laugh and, one pleasant summer afternoon their freshman year, making him gasp and shiver and squirm at the feeling of those carnivorous teeth grazing lightly over his neck.

A lot of it was fun, but Wolffy really did value her companionship too, of course. As the class went on he snuck out his phone again to send her a quick *thinking about you* <3 message, which came back quite quickly with another <3! in response. It had started to feel strange to spend their weekends apart, when he had gotten so used to either her coming to his place or his to hers, spending most of their time taking turns on whichever video game console they had or watching movies, or getting caught up on one of the many shows she liked to watch, or any number of other things. Apart, all he could do was think about her, and judging by the number of texts she sent him those weekends, it was the same for her.

Today was another cooking period, it looked like. The students were apportioned into small groups and sent off to do their things after the teacher explained and demonstrated it, and as usual Wolffy tried his best while still focusing most of his attention on his phone. Once all the ingredients were mixed and the meal started, though, while the rest of them were wandering around looking for something to do, Wolffy went over towards the tree where he and Gem had had their fun that night.

It made him smile, remembering that night. He was up against the tree with her in front of him, and then he had managed to turn her around so that they swapped positions; he leaned in and nipped at her neck, and she grinned and returned the favor, her sharklike teeth immediately more palpable than his own fangs, and still quite capable of making him shiver. They hadn't really *done* anything, of course – or at least not more than some mutual chewing and a string of kisses that left him breathless with his chin fur dripping with saliva not entirely his own. The wolf stood there for a moment in front of that tree, paws in his pockets with one around his phone, then turned to head back to the group – but something caught his eye.

It was a small thing, round and flat, half-buried in the dry dust of the pathway. Frowning, Wolffy looked around and then crouched: it looked like a coin, though one the type of which he had never seen before. Close to a quarter in terms of size yet quite different in appearance, a warm metallic yellow with the bust of a horned canine-like creature on one face and a pair of crossed swords on the other. The more he looked at it, after pulling it out of the dirt and wiping it off on his shirt, the less Wolffy could tell whether that color came from the coin itself or from the way the sunlight reflected off of it, sparkling and changing as he tilted it, never staying quite the same tint.

What a neat little thing, he thought, and moved to slip it into his pocket. His ears perked at the sound of one of the others in his group calling him over, though, and a second later his nose twitched too at what

smelled like burning rice. Just like Fidget, then, the coin ended up pushed into the back of his thoughts, partially there yet distant unless something happened to force his attention back to it.

Lunch served as the catalyst for both of these. Wolffy made his way over to his usual spot with Gem and waited for her, though a text received about ten minutes in confirmed that she would not be able to make it. That left the wolf sitting against the wall looking down first one direction of the hall and then the other, idly chewing on the lunch he had brought – since he had waited to order lunch in the school cafeteria once during his freshman year, and decided to never do so again – and letting his thoughts wash over him. There was his quiz coming up next period, the new presentation in history class, the weekend with Gem to look forward to...

Off in the distance he caught sight of a river otter walking with her friends, a smile on her face and her little ears upright. Wolffy smiled at the sight, then felt that smile melt away when he remembered Fidget this morning. Throughout the rest of his lunch Wolffy sat upright and kept an eye out for the poor guy, but never saw him in the crowds going by. *That might be for the best, he figured. I guess I'd hear about it one way or another if he was here.*

Once he made it into calculus and finished his quiz, luckily the rest of the day went by fairly quickly. Gem texted him again near the end of the period and sent his mind down another path, forcing the wolf to keep his phone underneath his desk so he could surreptitiously check it and respond to her messages. She was making a lot of hints and promises about precisely what they would be doing this weekend with the house to themselves, enough that Wolffy wished even more than usual that today was Friday instead.

The downward slide after lunch always took much longer than the morning climb, but soon enough Wolffy found himself on the bus heading back home, head resting in his paw with his other around his phone in his lap. Mostly what occupied his mind now was getting back to the new video game that had come out just the previous Friday and which he still hadn't managed to complete; because of this he shrugged his backpack off nearly as soon as he made it into the door and slid right over into his computer chair, where he remained until he heard first his mother arrive at home and then his father. Then it was the usual discussion of everyone's day over cooking dinner, then the meal itself, and then back into his room for another few hours of relaxing before he climbed into bed.

"Can't wait to see you again," Gem had sent him as a goodnight message. *"You bet we're gonna get some hard studying done. ;)"*

Of course he was tempted to do a little extra *relaxing* once he started to get ready for bed and reached to turn off the light, but as he tugged his pants off he felt something there in the pocket and, curious, fished around to take it out. It was the coin from earlier in the day, warmed from being so close to his body all day, still that pleasant golden sheen. It immediately derailed his thoughts, pushing the wolf back towards all that had happened that morning and the things that had been lingering in his head since then: the history presentation, the calculus quizzes... Fidget.

Wolffy sighed and pulled himself up into the bed, settling in beneath the covers with the coin still between his fingers. *How is he... well...* the wolf thought, looking off into the distance. *How does he know he's gay? Well, I suppose the same way I know I'm straight. I don't think he's actually had a boyfriend yet, has he? There were all those rumors, but I've never seen anyone like that with him, and... well, maybe if he has, he's just... what's the word? Closeted?*

There was that white tiger two years ago who just suddenly disappeared one day. I hope he's alright. His boyfriend was an otter, too. I'd hate to see that kind of thing happen to Fidget. I guess... I'd like to have a reason to talk to him. He seems nice enough.

Then he thought about the couple of times he had actually seen that bullying in action. There was today, with Kyle and his cronies; then again a month or so ago, one of the other popular kids making fun of the otter as they passed by; and then Kyle again, rearing up as if to punch Fidget in the face again and again and again, each time laughing more loudly as the otter flinched back in fear... while he remembered Wolffy rolled the coin back and forth between his fingers, idly feeling its shape, its weight, the distinct lack of ridges along the sides.

I just...

Without thinking about it he glanced down at the coin, held it in his fingers, and then squeezed it into his palm. The smirking face of the horned canid disappeared in his grip, though he could still feel it there beneath his fingerpads.

I wish I could give Fidget what he needs to be happy. He really does deserve it. If there was anything that I c-

"Ow!"

A quick shock zapped out from the coin in his paws and up through the wolf's arms, startling him into jumping and letting go of it. It flashed in the light coming in from outside his window as it spun, then landed softly atop his blankets; the wolf rubbed at his fingers, neither seeing nor feeling any residual mark, though still maintained his caution in reaching out for it.

"The hell was..."

Nothing about it had changed, except for... Wolffy turned it over in his paws, making sure it caught the light. Had he imagined the golden tint on it? Shortly after his family moved into this house, the orange lamps out on the street were replaced with a much more efficient bluish-white, but he could have sworn it still looked gold when he had taken it out of his pocket just a few minutes ago. Sure enough, right now it was the same smooth silver of a regular quarter.

Wolffy peered at it once more. *Were his eyes always closed?* The shock, whatever its source may have been, had derailed his train of thought – so he held onto it for a moment longer, sighed, and then reached over to place the coin on his nightstand, in the same movement flicking on his phone to see if he had missed any messages. There was indeed one, from the usual *babe* <3:

"nighty night. <3 gonna be nice to see you tomorrow. remember that there's that snow cone thing going on too! they're always really good"

A little bit strange, as Gem had already said goodnight to him, but he shrugged it off, responded with a quick acknowledgement, and then again set his phone facedown. From there he reached up, flicked his lamp off, then rolled over and settled in to sleep.

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He saw Fidget there among the crowd, the only person with a face and a voice. It was silent, and yet at the same time he felt as though he could still hear all of the laughs and jeers, all of the remarks and rumors spinning around and squeezing in on him. The otter looked around, panicked, and reached up to cover his ears with his paws. He shrunk down into himself, squeezing his eyes shut, trying to close himself off.

So Wolffy reached out to him. "Hey!" he called, pushing his way through the crowd of students as though swimming in a sea of molasses. "Fidget! Over here!"

Warm blue eyes flicked open, looked around, found him. Confusion briefly flashed across the otter's light-furred face, though it quickly turned to recognition and then, finally, relief. Something visibly changed in him: he straightened up and broadened his shoulders, pushing back against the crowd, and started to make his way towards Wolffy's outstretched paw.

"Fidget..." The wolf continued forward, not caring a bit for the people he pushed past. "I'm here. You don't know me, but I saw you today, and I just wanted to tell you..."

"What are you talking about?" His voice was warm and melodic, a pleasant tenor a bit higher than Wolffy had expected. Hearing it made his ears twitch and, oddly enough, put a smile on his face. Fidget's paw slid into and intertwined with his own, the velvet webbing between his fingers yielding to the wolf's. "Of course I know you. I'm glad you're here."

Fidget stood slightly shorter than Wolffy, a bit of a difference compared to how his girlfriend towered a few inches above him. He felt a little bit strange holding the otter's paw, but it seemed to make Fidget more comfortable, so he gave a little squeeze – and felt one in return. "Are you – are you okay?"

The otter smiled up at him, eyes sparkling. "I am now. And I will be."

Hearing that brought Wolffy such relief, even though he realized he had no reason to believe it. His smile spread into a grin, and before he could stop himself, he reached down to take Fidget's other paw as well.

"I'm glad."

"Yeah. I am too." Fidget's tongue flicked out across his lips. He swallowed. "I'll see you tomorrow, Wolf."

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By the time Wolffy made it off the bus and in to the school he could already tell today would be a strange day. First he had woken up with his bed on the opposite side of the room from where he could swear it had been when he fell asleep, only to remember halfway into getting dressed that he had moved it over there about a month ago. Then he had been looking through his messages on the bus ride in, and it seemed that at some point in the past, Gem had stopped capitalizing her sentences in texts.

Another thing he couldn't quite remember, yet still seemed somehow familiar. He had looked back through his conversation with the aforementioned *babe* <3 in his phone, each little bit of chat maintaining that same half-familiarity, right down to the "gonna be nice to see you tomorrow", the "i

hope you did well on your quiz today!”, and a little bit before that, the *“rrrfh, can’t fuckin wait to come over this weekend so you can ride me”*

That one made him pause, frown, and look out the window of the bus, even though he wasn’t really seeing anything out there. That had definitely been a message sent by the *other* party in the conversation, but the phrasing didn’t quite make sense, and... as far as he could remember, Gem had never spoken to him like that over text before.

It still stuck in his head as he made his way through the halls this morning, all of the other students the same: familiar, distant, dull, many looking his way but never saying hi, some avoiding his eyes, even others ignoring his existence. That was usually how he preferred it: he had long since settled into his own little circle of friends, and had no real reason to expand that circle. The wolf shifted his back on his shoulders, sighed, and continued on, again pulling his phone out of his pocket; it looked like he had received another message since getting off the bus.

“morning <3 meet up at the usual spot before class today?”

Just seeing that made him smile and set his tail to wagging. He quickly alternated between looking down at his phone and glancing up and forward as he typed his response and sent it, then changed directions to head down the next turn in the hallway.

A turn that was, he realized, in precisely the opposite direction of the spot at which he usually met Gem in the mornings. Wolffy knew this, and thinking about it made him frown again, but still he let his body and muscle memory – if that was the word for it – carry him over here, past the eastern stairwell, around the back hallway leading into the cafeteria, down towards the English hallway. Before he knew it he was slinging his backpack off his shoulders and then sliding down against the wall, to sit at the corner there where he could see one of the school entrances down one direction and the eastern bathroom block down the other.

And he waited. As he did so he looked through his phone some more, trying to figure out *why* he felt so strange this morning: most of his saved images were the same, although there were maybe five more nudes that he didn’t necessarily remember taking, and which he promptly selected and moved over into his hidden folder. One of them had been taken two nights ago, looking down over his bare body with his shaft held up on his thumb, balls resting in his fingers...

Again Wolffy shook his head and looked around, then back down to his phone. The time crept ever closer to the morning bell, so after another few minutes he opened the conversation again, paused, typed *“Hey I’m here, where are you?”*, and then within the minute received another response:

“sorry, ms. kay pulled me in to get something finished up before first period >.< will see you after school today for sure tho! i have something for you”

That made him smile, too. The wolf settled back in his spot for a moment longer, every now and then looking down either direction of the hallway to see if she was coming his way. No luck, though, and once the morning bell rang he stood up, stretched his arms over his head – for once he felt as though he had slept well, the stretch serving to wake him up further instead of put him back to sleep – and then headed off to his first class of the day.

On the way there he noticed Kyle and his squad out in the crowd, though Fidget was nowhere to be seen nearby. That was probably for the best, again. The bear noticed Wolffy in turn, though, and he felt as though he was watching him as he went by, even though the two had never spoken: that was another face that he knew only by association and rumor, and as far as he knew, Kyle had no reason to know *him*. He shrugged it off as coincidence, though, and went on to his class.

As usual, halfway into first period – his Monday-Wednesday-Friday schedule started him off with biology – he got bored and slouched over in his chair, trying to find something to occupy himself. First he looked through his phone under his desk, then he did so again, and then again; then he started doodling in his notebook, flipping back to the page he had been working on the previous day; then he looked at his phone again; and then he reached into his pocket and played his fingers over the spare change in there, swept off of his nightstand this morning as he had remembered the snow cone stand that would be up after school. *Behind the gym*, the announcements said: *today and every Friday until the end of the semester!*

Just like every other biology period, the second half of the class became a lab section, in which the students were split into two- or three-person groups to work on the assignment. Wolffy was assigned to work with Alicia, a canine mix he had actually never been paired with before, but the two didn't get much progress: as soon as he went over to her table and sat down to introduce himself her face scrunched up and she scooted away, giving him a simple "I thought I told you not to talk to me" before turning away and starting the assignment herself.

That was odd, and more than a little bit startling as well. The wolf sat there for a moment confused, trying to figure out when he had last spoken with Alicia, and then eventually shrugged, turned away as well, and did the best he could on the assignment before the period bell rang. He kept an eye out in the hallway during the six-minute passing period, looking for either Gem or Fidget in particular or any of his other friends, but the walk to second period hardly gave him enough time.

Friday meant that classes were either winding down for the weekend, or picking up to give him a quiz or something. Second period was thankfully the first of these, meaning he had plenty of time to sit back in his chair and stare up at the ceiling, or surreptitiously look through his phone some more, or dig around in his pockets for something else to do. This morning he had swept the loose change off of his nightstand, remembering the snow cones after school: the wolf pulled out one of the coins and idly played with it between his fingers, feeling the contours and patterns and the oddly smooth edge while he half-listened to the teacher.

Again and again he checked his phone, maybe for some reason expecting something else to show up, but it never did. The more he looked through his conversation with Gem the more familiar it felt, from the back-and-forth teasing to the specific phrasing of certain things, to the image files marked as *Missing* in the history. It seemed unusual that Gem had sent him so many, but again, the more he thought about it the more right it felt.

Near the end of the period he had run his pencil around the exterior of the coin on his notebook and then started to try to sketch in the details, though the bell interrupted him right as he was drawing in the eyes of the horned figure on the face, one eye open and the other shut as though winking. He realized on his way out the door that he had forgotten to pack a lunch today, and as such Wolffy went through the extra twelve minutes or so standing in line at the cafeteria to pick out a meal of which he would eat maybe half.

"Will I see you for lunch today?" he asked Gem at the front of the line. Her response came in when he was halfway to the entrance: "im usually busy at lunch, remember? x3 gotta keep stuff in order for the gsa, especially with our fundraiser coming"

The GSA? Wolffy frowned and thought about that, trying to match the acronym to any of the clubs he knew his girlfriend was in. There were so many of them, though, and he had no doubt he had forgotten at least a few, so he tried not to worry about it when he couldn't come to anything.

Some of the others in the line glanced at him, to which he smiled and waved if he recognized them enough, while others still refused to acknowledge his existence. That was fine. The wolf went through the line and picked out his lunch, paid for it, and then this time ignored his body's attempts to pull him somewhere he otherwise wouldn't sit, instead going over to his daily spot with Gem.

At first he was the only one there, though this in itself wasn't unusual. He didn't know how long her GSA meetings usually lasted – since, again, he had never really heard of them before – but school rules mandated lunchtime club meetings last no longer than half an hour, so that the participating students could still eat. Naturally this meant that *all* of those meetings went for the appointed thirty minutes, so Wolffy settled in and picked through his tray while he waited.

Nobody else came by to sit with him. The wolf finished up his lunch within a few minutes and set the tray aside, going through his phone again instead of fiddling with that one odd coin from his pocket. He hadn't been expecting to see her until at least the halfway point of lunch: this was why he jumped hardly ten minutes later, when a familiar pair of legs and long, angular tail swept into view.

"Wolffy?"

He looked up and immediately felt the grin spread across his face. "Oh, my God," he breathed, already reaching to throw his arms around her shoulders, "I'm so glad you're here. What happened to your meeting?"

Gem squirmed in his embrace a little and then lightly returned it, her paws on his sides. "Meeting? What meeting?"

"Your – GSA thing, you told me about." She smelled so nice, though something was a little off about it. Maybe she had changed her perfume in the time since he had last seen her. Wolffy sighed and pushed his nose into her neck; the sharkdog jumped a little bit and tilted her head away.

"GSA-" Those paws on his waist pushed lightly. "We've spoken about it, I thought? I'd love to be in it, but I don't like how they need your parents' signature for you to join, and we both know how they'd react if I were to – okay, *what* are you doing?"

He pulled back from the kiss he had planted against her cheek. Bright eyes watched him, confused, baffled, a little bit amused. Wolffy swallowed and stepped back.

What's happening?

"I'm just..." He scratched behind an ear and shrugged. "Glad to finally see you after texting all morning. It's been a weird day."

The sharkdog rubbed at that spot on her cheek, then folded her arms in front of her chest. "Texting..." she muttered, then reached for her phone. "Wolf, I haven't gotten a single message from you today."

His heart skipped a bit, his paw tightening on his own phone. "What? We've been – here, let me..."

Gem looked through a few of the messages, her parted lips silently forming the words and eyes occasionally flicking up to the wolf. After a moment she smirked at him, and a little chuckle came from her sharp-toothed mouth.

"Is this a joke?"

Wolffy frowned again.

"Wolffy, stupid, look at your – dumbass contact name. "*Babe*"? That's your boyfriend. Did you hit your head on your way out of bed this morning?"

The rest of the school and all the sounds of lunchtime conversation fell away for a moment. Wolffy leaned back against the wall for support, able to feel everything swing and sway beneath him, and reached up to rub at his head.

"I don't..." His thoughts, his memories, felt a bit misty. Everything prior to this morning seemed as though it had passed in a dream, and yet the more he focused the clearer things became, familiarity locking into place. "Wait, how long have I been – *gay*?"

Gem scrolled back further in his messages, found one of the images, raised her eyebrows, and tapped it. It didn't open. She rolled her eyes and handed it back. "Goodness. *Did* you hit your head this morning? You at least remember who I am, right?"

"Yeah, you're..." Abruptly he became aware of the coin in his pocket, turned a bit so that the flat edge pressed against his leg. When he slipped his phone back into his pocket he made sure to knock it out of place. "You're Gem. My... girlfriend..." But as he said the words, he knew it wasn't true. They felt strange and unfamiliar on his tongue.

Hearing this made the sharkdog scoff and roll her eyes again. "Yeah. Sure. Freshman year for, like, a month. Do you remember *that*? I came over to your house one weekend your parents were away, we kissed, you nearly choked since you weren't expecting tongue... I stayed the night..."

All of this, at least, sounded familiar. Wolffy remembered how it went, in that foggy half-clarity that came from recalling a dream: Gem stayed the night and slept in his bed, and it took him hours to get to sleep due to the warm radiating off of her body. She had squeezed around him and gotten in the mood, and he had rolled over and felt around in the dark with unsure, nervous paws, and before he knew it they were both working on each other, panting and squirming and moaning, then bucking, gasping, shivering–

Gem lowered her voice. "We fooled around a little bit, and you nearly had a panic attack because of how it made you feel. Or, I guess, how it *didn't*. So we talked about it, hung out over the weekend, tried a few other things, and..."

"And I..." Wolffy frowned. The mists began to clear. "I admitted that I'd been thinking for a while I was gay, and that night was what made me know for certain."

The sharkdog nodded. She moved around to lean against the wall beside him, then slid down to sit. "So you *do* remember. Yeah. So then we kept it up for the rest of the month, for our parents' sake, and then a little bit after that I helped you come out to yours and your other friends."

That part he recalled. Dad had been less than pleased – his disgruntled face and crossed arms still stuck in Wolffy's head, and he thought he could still see some of the icy disappointment whenever he looked at him – and Mom had put on a good face, though Wolffy was fairly certain she felt the same. She had always been one of those *I can't wait for grandkids* people, and Wolffy got the idea she had taken his sexuality as some personal offense against her.

After a moment Wolffy sat back down as well, reaching for his mostly-empty tray. Gem had picked one of the pickles he had stripped off of his burger and popped it into her mouth, as she always did.

The sharkdog bumped her shoulder against his. "Then you met Fidget in your geo class your sophomore year," she said softly, "and became the happiest I've seen you since you and I first met in middle school."

Fidget.

We were assigned to a project together, and he came over to my house to work on it. We played video games after, and he kind of started leaning against me, and I leaned back. Then I went to his house to hang out, and we started talking some more, and I learned about him, and he about me, and we... we kissed. Just once, but I couldn't stop thinking about it for a week after. It still makes me smile.

More memories flashed into Wolffy's head and fell into place in the misty gaps. Sitting together at lunch, not here but at the same spot he had gone to this morning, holding each other's paws in the space between them so that nobody passing by could see; sharing a quick hug or nuzzle or kiss in the bathrooms during Fidget's orchestra concerts; Fidget sneaking onto his bus home so that they could spend a little personal time together before Wolffy's parents came home; and then, of course, the sensation of pressing up against him, of feeling the otter's firm eagerness against his own, the heat, the anticipation.

The scent and taste on his muzzle, his nose, his throat, the way Fidget squirmed underneath him and lightly held his head or his shoulder, and how his hips always slowly, gently pushed in the rhythm he set. Then the glittering in his eyes and warm smile on his face when Wolffy came up, when he slid out of his pants, when he licked his paw and rubbed it beneath his tail; the parting of his lips when he straddled the otter's lap, when he reached back and angled him up, the soft exhalation of breath when he started to press back onto him, and...

And the wolf squirmed, realizing he had drifted off into his own thoughts. Trying to cover it, he coughed and slid a fingerpad through what remained of the mashed potatoes on his tray in an attempt to get

them off. For a moment he avoided looking at the sharkdog beside him, and when he finally did, she was of course eyeing him.

"Yeah," Gem said, amusement still audible in her voice. "A real long morning, huh?"

Wolffy swirled his tongue around the cooling potatoes. "Yeah. I guess so."

"Hope you're alright." She reached over and patted his leg. A brief shock echoed through his body at the touch, though was gone as quickly as it began. "I know I don't check in on you as often as I should but, hey, in that vein – we still on for Sunday?"

Briefly he paused, though then that fell into place, too: *oh, right. Fidget's coming over tonight since my parents will be gone, and then Gem's coming over Sunday to join us so we can play that new game together.*

"Yeah," he answered, turning to her with a smile. "Of course. That part I remember. It must've just... I don't know. Been a weird dream that messed me up."

Gem reached for the other pickle slice. "I think that's gotta be it. Sometimes I still dream about you, too, y'know."

"Yeah? I'm flattered. Don't you *have* a boyfriend?"

"No. Well, not exactly. Well, not *officially*. You've asked about it before, but yeah, it's complicated, so I don't blame you for not remembering *that*, too – do you know Marcus? That tall, slim mink boy..."

~ ~ ~

Wolffy sat with Gem for the rest of the lunch period, one paw on his phone and the other in his lap. By the time the bell rang to signify the end of lunch and the start of the next period he had already forgotten nearly all of his worries from earlier in the morning, and strode down the hall feeling much more at home and in place, even with the last few remnants of confusion burbling in the back of his head.

What was I worried about? he thought, walking into his final class for the day. He slid his bag off his shoulder and down along the side of the desk, then opened it up to get his things out. *I can't remember. Maybe it really was just a dream. Wasn't it about... where she was my girlfriend? I mean, I think she had a crush on me once...*

In the three or so minutes he had before the class officially started, the wolf pulled his phone out of his pocket again along with the few coins from his nightstand, and looked through it. He flicked back through his conversation with that *Babe* <3 in his phone, now – obviously – his boyfriend, while idly dragging those coins back and forth across the desk with his other paw. Messages about classes, about homework and assigned projects, about disappointing grades and surprisingly easy exams; then about weekend plans, and meals they each cooked while at home; about missing each other, about wanting to cuddle and kiss; and then a fairly solid block of *Missing Image* messages, for which he could quite easily fill in the gaps by looking at the context.

"god", Fidget had replied at one point, *"i know i've told you how good you look, hon, but damn"*; then a little bit later, a photo sent from the otter and followed by *"look what you went and made me do >/>"* rounded off with a *"Wish I could be there to help you clean up <3"* from Wolffy himself. He remembered that and smiled.

It was another message from Fidget that brought him back out of his warm memories, with the otter reminding him of the snow-cone sales after school and asking where to meet the wolf. This of course expanded into a different conversation after the bell rang, with Wolffy every now and then peeking under his desk at his phone to send another response, only half-listening to the class at hand.

It *was*, after all, Friday after lunch as well as his final class of the day. Again and again he looked up to the clock throughout, never quite locking on to what it was the teacher was saying. Finally, thankfully, the bell rang for the end of the class, the day, and the week, and Wolffy was out the door. *"Where you at?"* he texted Fidget, his tail wagging behind him at the thought of seeing his boyfriend again. *"I'm on my way to the gyms to pick one up."*

Once he got to the line he looked around, trying to pick familiar faces out of the crowds. Not everyone came by here, many students electing to head straight home instead; part of him expected to see Gem milling about among the crowd, the red-furred sharkdog hard to miss in any situation, but then he recalled that she had a couple more meetings and obligations after school. Usually those functions provided the snacks and treats like these snow cones – and then a second later Wolffy realized he had no idea how he knew that. She had never really told him about her clubs and meetings, and he had never really asked.

The line moved at a steady pace, Wolffy nearly constantly shifting his posture or taking a step or a half forward, paws in his pockets with one around his phone. It vibrated at one point so he took it out, then smiled at seeing Fidget was on his way. *"I'm at the corner now,"* he sent back. *"Looking forward to seeing you."* By now he could see the sign above the stand, declaring each snow cone to be the comfortable price of \$1.25 each.

The wolf slid his phone into his other paw and dug the coins out of his pocket, briefly needing to dump those into his other as well to fish the bills out of his wallet. It looked like he had brought precisely enough to get two – *"exact change only!"*, said a small note at the bottom of the sign – so long that this quarter with horned canid on it was legit. He peered more closely at it: it was hard to really tell with only the textured metal, but it looked as though it smirked back at him now, both eyes open but slitted as though it were judging him. It would be a shame to give it away, as he thought it was a neat little thing, but he hadn't brought enough otherwise.

Finally it was his turn at the stand, so he spent a moment looking through the flavors and then went with rainbow for himself and pineapple for Fidget, as he knew the otter liked.

"Two fifty," the student running the stand told him. Wolffy smiled and nodded, yet again passing his phone to his free paw to get the money back out of his pocket. The two dollars first and then the quarters to follow, cupped inside the material of the bills; Wolffy wasn't watching as the student put them away, but he thought he caught a glint of golden yellow from one of the coins.

Briefly distracted by it, he looked closer, and this time definitely saw it flashing off of the one with the horned canid on one face. Just for a moment, though, and it only flashed when the student's thumb

actually touched the surface... and then it was gone into the collection drawer with the rest of the proceeds. Wolffy frowned, paw half-extended for one of the snow cones; an odd feeling passed over him in that moment, one he could neither place nor recall once it had passed. It just felt like... *something* had happened, as though he had forgotten something.

The student smiled. "One rainbow and one pineapple. Thank you!"

The feeling was gone. Wolffy looked down at them, blinked, then smiled and returned the thanks, taking each in one paw. As he walked away he looked for Fidget again but, still not seeing him, decided to go wait over by the back corner of the gym building, where he said he had been. Some of the syrup had missed the actual cone part on his own, so he leaned down to slurp up some of the bright red stickiness from the side before it touched his paw.

While focused on that the wolf hardly noticed the otter when he did come up behind him. It wasn't until Fidget draped his arms around Wolffy's shoulders from behind that he realized he was there, and even then, his body instinctively responded before he had time to really realize it: he tilted his head back and bumped his muzzle against the smaller lutrine's, giving a soft, short nuzzle to the familiar fur and scent. Fidget giggled quietly and tilted in for a kiss, then slid away from his shoulders to face him full-on.

"Hey, you," the otter said, his voice warm and pleasant. "Got you a snow cone. The rainbow one, like I know you like, and..."

He trailed off, looking down at what Wolffy held in his paws. The wolf couldn't help but grin.

"Hey, you," he responded, and leaned into bump his nose to Fidget's. "Got you a snow cone. The pineapple one, like I know you like." The two stared at each other for a moment, each trying not to laugh, until Wolffy let the dam break and nearly doubled over with it. "God, I'm glad to see you. It's been a *weird* day."

"Sounds like it, from what Gem told me after lunch. I'm glad you're still talking to her. I thought for a while there you two weren't really on good terms, which was why we set up this weekend thing..." Fidget scooted closer while he spoke, eventually involving himself in Wolffy's bubble of personal space. He reached and wrapped an arm around the otter's shoulder, pulling him firmly against himself; a moment later, though, Fidget perked, squinted, frowned, and then rolled his eyes. "God. Day's about to get a little bit weirder. Watch out."

"Huh? What are you-"

As soon as he turned to see where Fidget was looking, he found out. The otter extricated himself from Wolffy's side and crossed his arms in front of his chest, looking a little silly with a pineapple snow cone held in each paw, but there he remained while the small group approached. A bear, a cougar, and another wolf, this one with smooth black fur that he could swear was dyed.

Kyle grinned at the two of them, though it was a sharp, malicious grin. "Look who it is," he said, leaning in close. "The famous two lover-boys of senior class. Going off on a date? Gonna go get caught kissing in the bathrooms again?"

Wolffy winced, his heart already in his throat, but beside him Fidget simply scoffed and rolled his eyes.

"Piss off, Kyle."

"Whoa." The bear made a show of rearing back and looking between his two cronies. "He sucks dick with that mouth?"

Fidget brought one of his snowcones to his mouth and took a bite. "Why?" he said, pushing it into the side of his cheek. "You interested? I'm a little surprised, considering," and here his bright blue eyes flashed from Sean to Nick and back, "you've already got two boyfriends."

Kyle paused, stunned for a moment, then shook his head and took a step forward. "Oh, I *swear*, I'll--"

"You'll what?" All Fidget did was lean slightly back. "Get yourself another two-week suspension? You'll miss exams, you know. I mean, it was already a given you won't be graduating this year, but..." The otter slid his arms in along one of Wolffy's and lightly tugged him away and around the bullies. "You could at least aim a little higher, Kyle. You're plenty tall so it shouldn't be an issue for you, if that giant gut didn't keep pulling you down. Come on, Wolf."

He nearly couldn't believe it. Wolffy glanced behind himself as they left, quickly finding out that Kyle was as surprised as he himself was; for some reason he had an image in his head of Fidget cowering underneath the bear's attention, of his confidence and will crumbling so that all he wanted to do was escape – and then seeing *this* in contrast. He blinked.

"Wow."

"Huh?"

"That. That was..." Wolffy grinned at his boyfriend. "That was amazing. How long have you been doing that?"

"What, standing up to him?" Fidget averted his gaze, a blush warming his cheeks. "I don't know. Usually he tries to pick on me when we're apart, just 'cause I'm smaller. A month or so? You know you give me a *lot* of confidence, Wolf. It's a big part of why I--" The otter's little ears flicked. "Why I love you. Oh – there's the bus. C'mon, we've gotta go."

It was a nice feeling, holding Fidget's paw on the way onto the bus and sitting next to him. Wolffy found himself leaning in against the otter on the ride home, then smiled when Fidget leaned back as well; the two looked at each other, shared a smile, and then a kiss, followed by a second and a third, before they broke apart in a fit of embarrassed giggles.

"I'm excited," Fidget murmured to him, his breath tickling the sensitive fur of Wolffy's ear. "Remember how I said I have something for you?"

Wolffy perked. "Now I do. Was it not the snow cone? I still have half of one left. I wish I could put it in the freezer..."

"No, no," Fidget chuckled. "Well, okay, that was part of it. The *real* thing, though, I'll give to you once we get to your house."

Wolffy put his paw to his chin, making a show of thinking about it.

Fidget leaned in closer, lowering his voice. "Specifically, when we get upstairs, down the hall, into your bedroom, and on your bed..."

"Oh. *Oh*." The wolf felt a familiar stirring in his pants. "I think I get the idea."

"It's been a few weeks. You can't blame me."

"I sure don't. Our stop is coming up, and now you've got me all excited..."

Even though it was Friday, even though Wolffy felt the weight of the week and everything else pressing down on him, for some reason it still felt as though something *new* were beginning, the feeling starting as soon as the bus turned onto his street and growing as it slowed to his stop. He smiled back at Fidget behind him and slid his paw into the otter's as they made their way down and out of the bus, then shared a warm grin before starting the short walk to the wolf's house.

His parents would be already gone, confirmed when they turned the corner to see the sidewalk empty. Wolffy's tail wagged behind him and he felt Fidget press himself a little bit closer. The otter separated from him to allow him to open the door, followed by each of them dropping their school stuff off near the door, before Wolffy instinctually led his boyfriend up the stairs, down the hall, into the bedroom...

...and then it was Fidget who took control, throwing his arms around Wolffy's shoulders first and pressing his muzzle into his neck, taking a deep breath of the canid's scent among a string of slow, deep kisses. These brought him up along his neck, his jaw, his cheek, and then to his mouth as well, where their lips met and locked and broke again and again, and it felt *wonderful*.

"God," Wolffy breathed, feeling himself pushed back towards the bed. It squeaked gently when he fell back against it, then again when Fidget climbed up into his lap and pushed him down by the shoulders. "I've missed you..."

"I mean, you last saw me just yesterday at lunch, but..." Warm, webbed fingers slid up his sides, pulling his shirt off over his head. It was such a gentle, wonderful touch, one that sent soft little shivers through his body and a stir in his pants. "I know what you mean. I feel the same way, Wolf..."

Fidget worked his paws into the soft fur of Wolffy's chest for a moment, then did the same to himself, tossing his shirt to the side where it would certainly lie for the rest of the afternoon. Wolffy drank in the sight of smooth, streamlined otter atop him, that lovely cream-toned fur beginning around his chest-ruff and continuing down along his chest, his sides, his thighs, disappearing beneath the waist of his pants. The otter scooted forward and leaned back, reaching down to pop the button of his fly through with the zipper to follow, then shifted a bit to begin working his pants down his legs.

"I'm sure it's no surprise at this point," he said, leaning far forward over Wolffy. The wolf felt Fidget's pants fall loose across his legs, then saw those, too, drop to the floor. "But you wanna see what I have for you?"

Wolffy strained where he lay, lifting up against the firm warmth of the now fully naked otter atop him. Fidget straightened up, hiding himself behind his paws at Wolffy's stomach, fingers teasing at the wolf's pants fly. Naturally, he made no effort to keep them from brushing across the twitching firmness hidden there.

"Do I need to answer that? You know I... I do..."

A smirk crept across the otter's face, and he parted his wrists between his legs. Wolffy nearly lifted up at the weighty *thump* across his lower belly, surprise briefly flashing through him before it turned to interest and arousal instead. Fidget worked his hips along his boyfriend's thighs, his half-hard shaft slipping smoothly forward and back beside his paws while they worked at his fly.

Bigger than I expected... Wolffy thought, looking down at it. The otter's paws came up to his shoulders and pushed him back down, then Fidget lifted up so he could shimmy Wolffy's pants and underwear halfway down his legs. *Wait. What am I thinking? This isn't our first time. I already knew he was big, and I... w...*

Thought failed him, then, as Fidget straightened up, ran his paws up his own streamlined body, then shifted his position. Wolffy watched as the otter came up towards his head, winked, and then turned around, bracing his knees against the mattress on either side of his muzzle while he lowered his own down towards Wolffy's, breath puffing out warm and eager into the fur of his lower belly from above.

"Oh." Wolffy swallowed and scooted himself further up onto the bed, Fidget's legs on either side of his head. From here he could look down past the otter's heavy length, resting warmly along his cheek and chin, and see his boyfriend start running his nose down through his own bellyfur, pushing closer to the tapered tip of his fully-hard shaft... "Gosh, Fidget..."

"Mm?" The otter nuzzled along that length and then continued down towards his sheath. "See, *this* is what I've missed..."

Wolffy lifted up, grinding in against Fidget's muzzle. He received a push downwards in return, the otter's strong scent washing over him and filling his nose directly from the source; he sighed softly and nuzzled into the thick fur at the base of his shaft, one paw coming up to rub at the end of it. A throb pulsed through it against his lips, then another when he began kissing his way up towards the tip.

"Me too," he breathed, and flicked his tongue down around that tip. The scent and taste were both so familiar to him, yet felt like something entirely new with each breath or lick he took. They both elicited such a response in him, from a shiver rippling down his back to a throb between his legs, accentuated and embellished by the otter's tongue swirling around his tip as well. Memories and thoughts flashed through his head of past encounters, of the time he had gone down on Fidget in the boy's bathroom after school one day; of the otter giving him a handjob in his car since his parents were home at the time; and before that, their first time doing anything together, so shy and so nervous...

Another sweet shiver shot through the wolf's body, his hips reflexively lifting up into the lips pursed at the end of his shaft. Fidget chuckled softly and dove further down on him, his paws pressing into the mattress on either side of Wolffy's body. A slow, careful embrace, lips firm without being too tight, tongue cupped, one paw coming up to rub at the skin of his sheath... Wolffy tried to emulate the same

care and attention when he angled his muzzle up, but felt as though he were too distracted from the sensation to really do his boyfriend justice.

He really had missed this. That much came to him without a second thought, every inch of his body enjoying the touch and closeness, his still-building arousal thrumming back and forth through him. Above him Fidget worked his hips slowly, pressing down into the wolf's muzzle and then pulling back up, never thrusting too deep that he gagged or had to adjust – yet still Wolffy felt that his own skill in this realm faltered against the otter's, as though Fidget had had more practice.

Which, really, he might have. Wolffy squirmed again, a tense breath wafting out around the otter's shaft between his lips. His paws came up Fidget's bare thighs and hips up towards his sides, then one worked down from there to slide along the base of his shaft and stroke it in rhythm with his thrusts, all the while Wolffy himself tried to maintain a similar rhythm. His body twitched and responded in turn to Fidget's ministrations on him, each little electric shiver and sweet tightening of his muscles just bringing more gasps and moans from the wolf. The flicking and swirling of his tongue, the pursing of his lips, the way he rolled his fingers first over Wolffy's sack and then tugged behind the base of his knot, still unswollen for now though it certainly would not remain so for long.

At one point the otter came up off of his length and just pushed his nose into Wolffy's pubic fur, mouth hanging open and eyes closed. Wolffy felt each little thrust downward from above, echoed in the powerful throbs against his tongue. Fidget's legs clamped around the sides of his head, the otter's other paw squeezed into his thigh, his nose pressed firmly in against the base of Wolffy's sheath...

"A-ah, Wolf-"

...and then the sleek, lutrine form above and around him twitched, shivered, tightened, and finally jerked, Fidget's sack resting across the bridge of Wolffy's nose and muzzle. The wolf squeezed his eyes shut and tried to relax against the firm warmth pressing into the back of his throat, and from there he could feel each splash into his throat, thick and hot at the end of repeated throbs. Wolffy tilted his head back and pulled against his boyfriend's hips to try to get him further in, then felt the need to back off a bit.

Above him Fidget shivered, entire body heaving with the exertion of his peak. A bright smile flashed up at Wolffy from past his own length for a moment, just before the otter got right back to work on him with two swift paws and an attentive maw, quickly bringing him close as well. Fidget pulled up off of Wolffy just before he finished, though, resulting in the wolf bucking upwards into those paws and emptying across his belly and chest, the spurts of sensation zapping through his body more powerfully than anything else he had ever felt.

The two remained entwined like that for a moment, Wolffy with Fidget's shaft and sack against the side of his muzzle, Fidget with his nose still digging between his boyfriend's legs, before the otter huffed a low sigh and rolled off to climb up alongside him. It felt so, so easy to turn on his side and drape an arm around Fidget, then, just as the otter did the same and nuzzled up beneath Wolffy's chin, not caring at all about the drying stickiness between them.

Already the exhaustion started to close in around Wolffy. He pulled himself and his boyfriend up towards the pillows of the bed, settling into a more comfortable position. He nuzzled down between the otter's ears.

“God...” he breathed, squeezing Fidget close to him. “It feels like I haven’t seen you in days...”

“I know.” Fidget’s voice came soft and warm from where he had burrowed beneath his chin. “Me too. But I’m here now.”

“Yeah.” That made him smile sleepily. “You are.”

“And I’m never gonna leave.”

“No. You make me... really happy, Fidget.”

“Yeah. You too, Wolf.” Fidget pulled his head out for a moment just so he could smile up at him. “You make me the happiest I’ve ever been.”

For some reason, hearing that last part sent a small shock through the wolf’s mind and memory, as though it were the first time he had heard Fidget say those words. He thought about it for a moment, sifting through all of the remnant foggy half-memories from last night’s dream – *Gem, my girlfriend? What an idea* – before letting them drift back into nothingness. He turned his head again and nuzzled back into Fidget’s familiar, comforting scent, feeling the otter’s body against his own as they both settled in for a quick nap.

In a lockbox somewhere in one of the rooms at the school, a quarter-sized coin glittered. On one side the coin bore the face of a horned canid locked in a sly smirk, while the other showed a pair of crossed swords. The edge of this coin was devoid of any ridges, and if tilted in the light just right, it seemed to glisten a warm, bright yellow-gold.