

With someone as... *active* as my dad was in his prime, sometimes family, lineages, and relations all get a little misty and confused. I mean, I have one full brother from him and two half-brothers that I *know* about... around when I was sixteen or seventeen or so, he flew me and my brother out for a family gathering, and I saw, like, seven people there I'd never met before. Apparently they were all related to me.

It's for that reason why I'm never sure what to call Cole when my friends ask about him, or when I post pictures of us to Facebook, or when I ask my dad about him. Online we're listed as cousins, though I've asked Dad about him on three different occasions: the first time he responded with "Oh, yeah, Cole, your brother?", the second with "You mean your cousin?", and then the third with "Your second cousin, right?", so. I'm not really sure anyone knows.

Cole Medeiros - a last name heralding from the clear opposite side of the globe as mine, Kawika. He's the only one out of my extended family who I actually spend any time with, due to our physical closeness; in fact, he's my *only* family who lives within, like, a couple days' drive of me. So, we *do* see each other, though it's not an every-weekend thing. Our relationship could best be described, of course, as the one shared between cousins; if we spent more time together, I might even start calling him my brother.

Being family (I think?), he's an otter like me; brown fur like me, cream bellyfur like me; mostly the same manner of speech and body as me. However, where I have turquoise eyes from the pool of blue and green that run on my mom's side of my family, Cole's are a sort of gemstone cinnamon-brown, like my dad's but lighter. And the other thing making me think that, maybe, he's not as closely related to me as everyone thinks, is... well. It's a little hard to explain.

Just as you have both cut and uncut cocks, there's also shaft and sheath - you know, where cut and uncut are both types of 'shaft' cocks, while 'sheath' is another type (and then on some reptiles and other things you have 'slit', but that's irrelevant right now). Me, I have a shaft, hangin' around, uncut - same for my brother and my dad too, thanks to the older otter having walked around naked a few times in my puphood - while Cole, on the other hand, has a full-on sheath. Close to his body, the top four or so inches beneath his belly button, warm and delicately soft-furred like the sack hanging beneath...

On a bit of a tangent, I'm mostly impartial on whether a partner has a shaft or a sheath, or neither. You'll find the same arguments between those as you will between cut and uncut: one's cleaner (a bullshit reason: look at the guy who's supposed to be doing the cleaning, not the penis itself), one feels better, one looks better (just *which* one, though, will change depending on who you ask), one smells better and one tastes better (both of which will also change)... for me, shaft or sheath, I don't care. I'll be just as eager to get my tongue under a foreskin as into a sheath.

Which then brings me to how I learned this information about brother-something-maybe-cousin Cole. It was like when my brother visited me: I got a call a few days in advancing asking if I'd like his company, so of course I said yes, and then promptly spent the new few days cleaning

up and making sure everything was clean and perfect and all that, and then he arrived. Unlike with my brother, Cole managed to arrive late at night, in fact a little bit before 1 AM; I only heard the doorbell ring because he pressed it at least five times, and the roommate of mine whose bed I shared that night pushed me out of it and growled 'go get it, that's probably for you'.

So I went downstairs in my underwear, rubbed my eyes, yawned, unlocked and opened the door, and then tried to focus on who it was standing beyond. Cole, of course, recognized me immediately, and got all bright and huggy and stuff. I helped him bring in his bags first, and then we stayed up talking until half past two - or at least, that's when I fell back asleep, right there on the couch. I woke up with a blanket draped over me, a pillow under my head, and Cole snoozing shirtless in the recliner opposite me; it was my roommate's startled "God *damn*, another one of you, Lukas? I could hardly handle you and your brother..." when he came downstairs and saw Cole that had awoken me.

So I went over to wake up my sleepy cousin-whatever, and - that's where my first hint came from: being a guy, he had a bit of a case of morning wood. With a shaft, usually you're pretty safe when that happens, because you can just direct the surprise erection to the side, or at least angle it away from the waistband; while this is also possible with a sheath, it's a bit harder to do, and probably more painful. I stopped right before putting a paw to Cole's shoulder, but then realized that I was staring. He wore tan pants, like jeans but... well, not blue, with the outline of his length very clear and very straight in front, a good half or so of that length poking out from under the waistband of his pants but still (mostly) concealed by his underwear - I thought I saw a little flesh-pink tip underneath that, but thought it rude, and gently shook him awake. He either didn't notice that he was boning up right there in front of me, or he didn't care, because he stretched his arms over his head, lifted himself up a little - here I got a little whiff of his musk, but not enough to properly *describe* it like you know I like to - and then cracked his eyes open.

"Hey, Luke," he purred softly, and then continued waking up by popping his neck and back multiple times. "You sleep okay?"

"Yeah..." I stepped back to give him space to stand up. He did so, and then again popped his damn back. "You?"

"Pretty good, yeah. Dreamed of... well, something." He scratched behind one ear with one paw, adjusting his pants with the other. "I dunno. I forget now. What's for breakfast?..."

So then the three of us - me, him, my one roommate awake - went in and all ate together, giving me a chance to introduce the two of them to one another. Turns out Cole had been considerably more productive than me since I last saw him, having had two plays win competitions at his college to go on to be performed by local professional groups, and then one musical performed at his school.

"But I don't like bragging," he then said - to be fair, he hadn't been bragging at all; we learned all of that through asking questions of our own. "How've you been doing?"

“Well...” I paused to think. “Let’s see... I rode a horse last week... before that, I almost got arrested... I dogsat for my brother... I went to the beach... and I met a nice cheetah barista... so, yeah. I can’t complain.”

“Ooh. Cheetahs *are* nice, but - y’know...” Cole took a drink of his milk. He asked for something to drink last night, and upon learning that we only have ‘water, milk - whole milk, that is - and... uh, Fireball’ to drink, he expressed his sincere love of whole milk and downed a whole glass right there. “...*lions* are where it’s at. Right? Can I get an ‘a-men’?”

My roommate ignored him.

That statement reminded me of something else about Cole: before then, I’d never really questioned his sexuality. I mean - it never *mattered* to me, you know? If he likes girls, cool, if he likes guys, cool; if he likes both, neither, in-betweens, everything - whatever, right? Both my mom’s and my dad’s sides of the family always taught acceptance, and while I have no idea which of those sides (if either) Cole comes from, he seems to understand. In fact, when I was going through something with one of my first boyfriends in early high school, I called Cole up on the phone and asked him for help, and he was perfectly content to give me advice.

I’ve also accidentally sent nudes to him on two different occasions - ‘Cole Cousin(?)’ is really close in my phone’s contact list to this one nice old wolf I met in a Wal-Mart bathroom once. The first time it happened, I panicked and tried to think of something to say to explain myself, but he’d responded before I could, with a message reading something like “;) *wrong number, dude? Would you like me to delete this, or keep it?*”; the second time, I sent an underwear picture, and he responded with one of his own. Or maybe that second one was a dream; I’m not sure.

After breakfast, we continued talking in the other room over an old black-and-white movie that had come on the TV, and then later played a round of Clue when my other roommate woke up. Cole demolished all of us. After *that*, however, is where this story *really* picks up: it was the weekend, and he asked if I wanted to go to the park with him - “you *do* have a park near here, right? I coulda sworn you’ve mentioned it before...”

“Oh, yeah, sure.” Normally I’d just want to stay home and sleep, or play video games, or read, since I didn’t have any schoolwork to do, but... Cole wasn’t going to be visiting for long, and it felt like it’d be rude to deny him. “Here, let’s go now - neither of those two,” being my roommates, “will want to come.”

So we took a moment to get dressed, as I was still in only the underwear I’d put on the previous night, and then headed out the door. The park was maybe a ten minutes’ walk from home, a few streets down; thank God it lacked a playground, or else I’d never go there. Those attract kids like flies to a fresh pile of shit - on the busiest of weekends, turn around in a full circle in the center of the park and you’ll probably count no more than five people on any given day. It’s a good place to go if you just wanna get out of the house for a bit, or if you wanna enjoy the

weather or something. The landscaping is pretty nice, too, as forested as it gets out here where we live, with a fair-sized river running through the middle, which the pathway bridges twice in an arc. Usually there's a young couple overlooking the river, in the way that dreamy high schoolers do.

There's other things to do at the park, too, some of which I'd done before. When I was in high school, instead of reading poems on the bridge, I was feeling up a nice wolf boy two grades above me; I gave my first blowjob on a bench a little bit past one of the bridges, in the shadows of the trees overhead, and received my first against one of those trees a week or so later; then, I lost my virginity back in the more wooded part of the place, in a clearing by the river.

Halfway to the park, I noticed that Cole had brought along a light jacket, carrying it under his arm. I was going to ask why - I mean, the temperature hovered around a very pleasant 76 - but, hey, I don't really care. Once or twice I tried to start another conversation with him, but he seemed a little... distracted, looking around at the sky and the power lines and the houses, as if he were genuinely interested in the differences between here and where he lived. Which, hey, he might be. I couldn't remember what he was majoring or minoring in, but it's possible that one of them was architecture or whatever.

"Oh, wow," he said when we finally made it to the park. "*This* is the place you were talking about? This is... man, this is great. Hey, can we go over there? Over where those trees are?"

I followed where he pointed: over past one of the bridges, where the trees on both sides of the path rose up into a sort of canopy that blocked out most of the sunlight and let the rest down through splotchy shadows. A little while past that, the path then curved around and came back over the river again, forking off in two places along the way. "Yeah. There's a bench over there; we can sit down."

His relative silence on the way here had given me time for my thoughts to wander - mainly, of course, back to what I'd seen when I'd woken him up this morning, and his apparent lack of worry about that. If that were my brother, unless he were drunk, he'd be all blushy and try to hide it but wouldn't mention a single word of the affair... but Cole just didn't acknowledge it, and then even *lifted it closer to my face* when he stretched. I'd woken up a few boyfriends and most roommates I'd had in the past with blowjobs; I wonder how Cole would react to such a thing...

...but, hey, it felt wrong to think about that. I don't think he noticed when I slipped my paws into my pockets to adjust my pants, right around when we stepped onto the bridge. After all, he *is* family... sorta, I think. For all intents and purposes, he is. Sure, we *could* sit down and figure it all out - it'd just take a pencil, a piece of paper, and the names of our relatives - but there's something *fun*, almost, in the mystery. He could be related to me; he could just be a friend who's become family in everyone's minds.

Yeah. Fun. If it turned out he's not related to me, this story wouldn't be any fun.

We both sat down on the bench when we came to it, me first and then him directly after - and it might just be me, but he seemed to have chosen to sit a little bit closer to me than if I were to come here with one of my friends from class. He bunched up the jacket he'd brought with him and held it in his lap, then rested his paws on top of that. Another difference you see between otters sometimes is that some have webbed fingers and some don't - and then, some are born with webbed fingers but then get the webbies removed, for a number of reasons. Cole and I were the same when it came to webbies.

"...So," he suddenly began after a short silence, "how are you and... that... boy? That... wolf, was it?"

"Oh." He was talking about the one that I mentioned before, the one who I called him for advice with. That was a few years ago, and a different wolfboy than the one who gave me all of my sexual firsts in this park. "We, uh... broke up, a while back. We're - still friends, though." We trade nudes often.

Cole swung his feet back and forth, gently tapping a twig across the path each time. He seemed to be thinking about something, or unsure of something. "Ah. Sorry. I didn't know."

"No, I'm sorry - I think I just forgot to tell you..."

Here, he turned a gentle smile to me. "That's okay. You've always been a little forgetful, Lukas. Do you remember the time we were at Aurora's, and you dared Calvin he wouldn't climb up that tree, and then he did?"

Calvin was the name of one of my other cousins... "...Great Aunt Aurora?"

"Yeah, I guess she *would* be your great aunt... yeah, and he got mad and climbed up, all the way up?"

"I... don't remember."

"And then he fell out, into the pool, and there was dead silence - and then he came up laughing? Or that time Maria caught you and Elijah wearing her dresses?"

Suddenly my ears perked up, and I straightened up. Maria was a second cousin of mine, on Dad's side. "Okay, I made a conscious effort to forget that! I-"

But Cole just laughed, and then rested a paw on my leg. "Hey, hey, don't worry. I mean - *goddamn*, Lukas, you wore those dresses better than she did, and you were - what, eleven years old? - and male. Still are male. Last you told me, at least..."

At that moment, a fox couple walked by, talking quietly - though the vixen's eyes were locked on us two, Cole's paw still on my leg in particular. She nudged her boyfriend, whispered something, then stopped in front of us, smiled, and said "Hey, are you two a couple?"

Talk about getting caught off-guard. Cole's ears turned this kinda strawberry-pink color and I felt his claws slightly prick into my leg, and I had to take a moment to process what she'd asked us. I tried to form a response: "Uh, we..."

"You guys are adorable." The vixen reached forward and pinched my cheek, which in turn made *me* blush too. "Aren't, they, Mark?" she went on, turning to her boyfriend.

"Oh, yeah," was his response. He, too, had a warm smile on his muzzle. "Maybe even cuter than Ethan and Travis... y'think?"

"You might be right... hey, guys, can I have a picture?"

I looked at Cole. He swallowed. "Uh... we're..."

But, the vixen already had her phone raised at arm's length, directed toward us. "Smile!... Oh, that was a good one. What are your names?"

It was my turn to swallow. "I'm... Lukas, and this is... my, uh... this is Cole."

"Lukas and Cole. Mm." She nodded, still smiling; her tail even wagged a little. "Okay. Thanks! Best of luck to you two!" ...and then went off, chatting with her boyfriend. I think I might have gone to high school with him, but couldn't be certain.

Meanwhile, Cole moved his paw away from my leg, folding it back in his lap underneath his jacket, and shifted on the bench. He was still blushing. "So... uh..."

"Yeah... sorry about that. I mean, I tried to say - you heard me, right? That's... the funny thing about gay relationships, though - I swear, we get more compliments of 'you're adorable!' and 'you two are so cute!' than any straight one..."

Cole wasn't listening. Almost before I finished what I was saying, he went on: "What's it like to date another guy?"

Again, I looked at him; however, he avoided my eyes, keeping his muzzle pointed at the ground near my feet, only every now and then flicking his eyes up to me. He'd stopped swinging his feet and now traced lazy circles in the concrete beneath the bench with the toe of one shoe, while he continuously turned his jacket over and over in his lap, just to give his paws something to do. "Oh..." A leaf drifted down from the trees above, landing on my knee where his paw had just been. I brushed it off. "It's like... well, most of the time, it's like a best-friend relationship, except it's okay to cuddle and kiss and... and fuck. No one understands a guy better than another guy,

right? Sure, it takes a while to find out your roles and what you're comfortable doing, but past that... well, lemme put it this way: I've never had a relationship with a guy that I've regretted. Not in the slightest."

He nodded, and then scooted closer to me. "What about... um... the sex?..."

Right after asking, Cole turned his head the other direction; I couldn't help but smile. "I'd tell you, but it's a matter of opinion."

"Well, do you... know anyone that'd maybe... show me?"

I sighed. "Cole... it won't be same unless you know him, unless - unless he means something to you. You know? For your first time with a guy, make it someone you know, someone you like."

"Oh." He shifted again. "Then... could you... do you think *you* could, um..." He moved the bunched-up jacket on his lap. "...show... me? Maybe? I mean, we're - I don't think we're *that* closely related, and... I won't tell anyone...."

To be honest, I was a little curious... I lowered my voice. "What? Out *here*?"

"Well..." That response seemed to give him confidence in not being an outright 'no! are you crazy?', based on how his ears perked up a little and how his voice lost most of its nervous shakiness. "Something tells me we wouldn't be able to get any... *privacy* with your roommates there..."

"Yeah, you're probably right-"

"And, besides..." Cole shrugged. "I... kinda like the risk of knowing I could be caught... y'know? If you're okay with it, I mean."

I almost couldn't believe what I was hearing, but - hey - I didn't resist it. This time it was me who scooted a little closer, moving a paw over to first spread out that jacket of his a little, and then resting that paw on the fly of his pants. A suspicious heat could be felt beneath the fabric.

"You're - a - *freak*, Cole," I purred, punctuating the word with the undoing of his pants button.

"You don't know the half of it..."

"There's too many people here today..." There was a fucking *soccer game* going on in the grass where we'd entered the park at. I could see one of the goals from here, if I squinted through the trees. "...so I can't take you into the forest and show you what it's *really* like... but I *could* give you a handjob right here."

"I'd... like that..." He adjusted his position again, spreading his legs further apart and throwing an arm around my shoulders while I worked at unzipping his pants. They weren't so tight as his

predicament this morning made me think - and then, past the zipper waited the same underwear I'd seen then, pulsing with the heat of his sheath which they certainly hid. I slid my paw in between his underwear and his pants, firmly feeling the shape of that sheath for myself for the first time, feeling the firmness inside and the just-as-warm sack just a little bit beneath - that, I squeezed lightly, massaged gently, all the while keeping my eyes on Cole's muzzle. His breath hitched in his throat; he lifted his other paw to his muzzle and gingerly chewed on a claw.

"Lukas-"

"Mm?" My eyes, having drifted to the point of focus of my paws, flicked back to his face just as I had begun to slip a finger beneath the waistband of his boxer-briefs. The tactical positioning of the jacket kept most of the light off of it so I couldn't get as good of a look as I wanted, but... well. I'd remedy that soon. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah... just..." He licked his lips. I continued, lifting the waistband of his underwear up with a claw and then pulling it down, down, until his sheath - as well as a pink tip of flesh - came into view. The sheath was the same creamy sand tone of his bellyfur, and - God, he must have been nervous and sweated a bit; the musk I'd gotten a taste of earlier in the morning gently wafted up and tickled my nose, and before I knew it, I'd leaned in a little until my ears came about level with the middle of his chest just so I could better smell him. "Be gentle, okay?"

"Yeah..." Soft fur, soft like the feathers taken out of a pillow without the pointy bits. With one paw I held myself up; with the other, I squeezed and pressed his sheath, at the same time keeping the pad of my thumb against his little bit of revealed flesh, moving it around with the slick pre he'd already drooled... "I know my way around a cock, Cole. Just - nudge me if you see someone coming..."

He said something else, but hell, I wasn't listening. With the pad of that thumb, I gently tugged on one side of his sheath near his tip, revealing the moist pink flesh out of which his cock gradually emerged... God. It effused the scent of arousal, and I couldn't resist leaning in the short distance remaining and putting my tongue against it, not only to feel the rich heat but also to acquire a taste for the otter I'd inevitably have under my tail before he leaves. Besides, every guy I'd been with who's had a sheath seemed to enjoy the feeling of having a tongue around his length inside that sheath; Cole, here, suppressed a shiver when I pressed my tongue in further, into the tight flesh surrounding his still-growing cock, at the same time soft like moistened silk.

It was inside the sheath where musk lingers the richest, and oh, I'm a sucker for a guy's scent and taste. His short plush bellyfur against my cheek and ear, I rubbed and coaxed him further out with my paw; with my mouth and tongue, I gladly received him as he became harder, keeping my lips right at the opening of his sheath, tongue cupped and gently pressing and swirling inside. It was a hot, rich, salty liquid that coated my tongue as a result of doing this, much like pre but still definitely different. Sneak up on a guy as he sleeps, slip your tongue into his sheath - first of all, you'll get a lot deeper than when he's awake and anticipating the sensation, and you'll also get a lot better taste of him.

And for those of us who enjoy giving oral, there's nothing quite like the feeling of having up to two inches of your tongue totally surrounded by the gentle heat of the inside of a sheath.

As much as I'd like to continue doing that until he finished - something *very* possible; one time I made a fox friend of mine cum solely by focusing my tongue and lips on and inside his sheath and the spot right between there and the base of his knot - I had to come back up and resume teasing at the edge of his sheath with my thumb instead; if someone were to come walking this direction, they'd be able to tell what I was doing with my head in his lap and a jacket strategically covering me. Besides, he had hardened up considerably, and not much room for my tongue remained in his sheath... though, they *are* stretchy - I'd seen videos where people had fit fingers into them, with the guy wiggling and moaning.

I'm sure we wouldn't be doing *that* anytime soon, but still. Cole seemed to have enjoyed the sheathplay I'd managed; maybe later tonight we can do some more. My tongue *does* need a workout, after all.

It was easy to bring my paw the rest of the way up along his sheath to take hold of his length and slowly stroke him, feeling the contours of his cock, the veins, the little twitches and throbs as he came to his full size. I changed how I saw so I could easier run my paw up and down his shaft, taking care to remember the spots and actions that made him buck upward, suck in a breath, shiver, jerk downward, whatever; I leaned in and pressed my nose into the full fur of his neck, breathing in his natural scent. His pulse, elevated somewhat, reverberated against my nose.

"God..." he panted, "no girl's... ever used her tongue like that..."

"Guys know what guys like," I purred in response, straightening back up. Way down the path, someone was approaching; this made me slow the movement of my paw, but not change the depth of each stroke. Sometimes that's the way to get a guy off faster - Cole sure seemed to have more trouble keeping himself still and his breathing steady like that. I tried, probably unsuccessfully, to look like I'd just rested my paw in his lap as that person drew closer; to further reduce the movement, I lowered my paw back down to his sheath and rubbed the soft skin over the base of his shaft in small, slow circles, just enough to make him continue throbbing.

I wasn't sure where to direct my eyes without being totally obvious, but - thank God - the person wasn't paying attention: she had earbuds in and looked to be on a jogging course. As soon as her back turned to us, I resumed pawing Cole off, with renewed vigor and fervor after such a close call. He lifted his hips up a little, he bit his lip, he squeezed my shoulder with his paw. Ah, if only those two soccer teams through the trees knew what was going on some number of yards away... which then brought me to wonder how many of them had had their paw on a cock other than their own. With soccer players you can never be sure.

That was something else about loving to give oral, too: with an affinity for the taste comes an affinity for the scent. I wouldn't at all complain if Cole were to go run a mile, come back and then

wake me up by resting his sack on my nose - or I could bury him in blankets tonight, then creep up while he sleeps and bury my nose between his legs... again, he wouldn't mind. He wouldn't mind at all.

Footsteps started from the other direction, giving us much less time to cover up; when this person, a weasel, finally passed by, I couldn't tell if Cole was breathing quickly due to his closeness to orgasm or due to his nervousness. If it was the first... well, I wasn't yet done with him, so to prolong it a bit, again I slowed my movements and lightened my stroke as well, spending time in grazing my claws along his veins and squeezing every now and then - and then I moved my other paw to massage his sack and sheath, too, keeping him right on the edge (as he dug his claws into my shoulder whenever I pushed him towards that edge), and then... one more person came by, locking eyes with me, both paws in Cole's lap beneath the jacket. He looked away, a glint of *something* in his eye, just before the otter sucked in a shuddering gasp, bucked upward a few times, and spurted out against this side of the jacket and into the fur of my paws and his belly.

The scent of cum, both heady and heavy, slowly drifted to my nose; I lapped his mess off of my fingers while he caught his breath and zipped his pants back up. At some point along the way I guess I had bumped my upper lip against his sheath, because the scent of it lingered in my nose... God. If the thought of what we'd just done wouldn't keep me hard for the whole walk back home, that scent in itself *would*.

I let Cole catch his breath for a minute, and then offered my paw to help him up. We look different enough so that people don't think we're related; if they want to think we're a couple, let them. Hell, what we just did... that's a thing your average couple does, not your average pair of cousins.

Things were only going to get a lot more... *intense*.