

"Come on, Riley. You *have* to have done *something* fun since I last saw you."

Roxie flicked her eyes over to her brother beside her. This would technically be the second day of her visit since she'd gotten off for a break from classes, but - there had only been three hours left to that first day after her flight landed, and those hours had been spent lounging back in one of the seats at the airport because *someone* had fallen asleep instead of driving out to pick her up.

Maybe that was part of why he seemed so... *dull* today. The little round ears of Riley's otter half couldn't exactly show much in the way of emotion, but the whiskers along the end of his wolfish muzzle had remained drooped down. Honestly, Roxie was starting to worry about him: nine hours of sleep was certainly more than enough for him, as she'd heard from their mother that he often stayed awake until the sun came up, and then would 'sleep' for all of four hours. Hell - in the early-afternoon light, she could see the bags under his eyes even through his fur.

"Well..." He spoke more quietly than she remembered, more deliberately. As if picking each and every word so as not to say something wrong. "My channel hit another ten thousand subscribers. So that's neat. Um..."

"Ten thousand, huh?" Roxie craned her neck back to look up at the tops of the skyscrapers, rising up on all sides. She hadn't set foot in this city in over a year, back when Riley was still going out with - with... well, she couldn't exactly remember. Their mother had told her about the breakup, though, and that it seemed to have affected Riley kind of deeply, and - she'd asked him about it, but couldn't ever get him to say anything. Eventually, the subject was dropped. "Didn't know you could count that high. Speaking of which - classes start for you soon, right?"

She turned her muzzle back to him and watched as he walked. Even in his gait, in the way he kept his paws shoved into his pockets and muzzle pointed down towards the lines in the sidewalk, she could see that their mother hadn't lied when she said he hardly left the house. "Three months."

"Ah. So, like... soon, but on a geological timescale. First semester at college, huh? You nervous?"

Here, he brought one of his paws out of his pockets and rubbed at his other wrist. "...Yeah. Kinda."

"Oh, c'mon. You can't lie to me. You hate trying new things." As a puppy, he'd adamantly denied riding any of the roller coasters at the local amusement park except for one... which he rode fifteen times in a row. On the last three, the workers just let him keep his seat.

He sighed. "Yeah... okay, I'm terrified."

"Well, look-" A bus drove by a little faster than it should have, the sharp wind blowing a bit unpleasantly along Roxie's ear and whiskers. "It's not as bad as you'd think. Big sis has been there! And you know if something's ever bothering you, or if you need help on homework - I'm here." When she nudged him with her elbow, he briefly lost his balance, but quickly regained it. "I'll have you know, I passed college algebra with a solid B minus."

"Roxie... I got a hundred in my high school calculus class..."

"What was that? A hundred? That's not what Mom said..."

His small ears actually flicked back for a second, and he averted his gaze. "...Seven."

"What?"

"I got a hundred seven."

"Yeah. That's what I *thought*." The next time she looked ahead of them, she could feel her ears and whiskers perk. Their mother used to bring them down this way all the time when they were younger; the restaurant's familiar sign still hung down from that faux-rusted pole sticking out above the door, dark heavy wood set with thick glass. "Shit - this place is still here? Riley, you hungry?"

He looked up. "Huh? Oh, I - I mean, I guess... I can't pay, though..."

"Nah, nah, don't worry about that..."

Way back in her memory, Roxie had a vague inkling that it was their father who had first brought the family to this restaurant, back when she and Riley, a year younger than her, were just small pups. It was so long ago that she couldn't really remember most of it, but... throughout all the years that their mother had brought them here, Roxie felt almost certain that Riley got the same dish, every time.

They chose a nice little booth next to a window, with a wide and well-grown flower planter on the sill. She ordered water, he ordered soda; having had this insatiable hunger for good, juicy meat, she ordered a steak she knew to be good, while Riley went exactly along with her expectations; and as they ate, they talked. Maybe it had just been his hunger that kept him quiet and mopey, because she actually got him to open up a bit - and had made him laugh three times by the time the waiter came around to refill their drinks.

And, then, she took the dive and asked the one question that had been on her mind the whole time. It wasn't Riley's hunger that dampened his mood. Roxie knew the answer, and had known for the past six months.

"So. Whatever happened to you and that girl?"

Instantly the effect of this subject spread across his muzzle. Little ears drooped, whiskers hung down, eyes flicked to the side, he slowed his chewing, and took his sweet time in getting another sip of his drink. Roxie almost expected him not to answer and just go on as if he hadn't heard her. She had gone back to focus on cutting her steak, but-

"We broke up. Like... half a year ago, now. It... wasn't great. She... um..."

...but, nothing more. He just sat hunched over in his seat, looking down at his half-finished meal. Seeing his change in expression had caused Roxie to lose most of her appetite as well; she stopped with a rather nice red, dripping chunk of steak halfway to her maw, and rested her fork back down against her plate.

"I remember before you got with her, there was someone else you had your eye on. Right? Whatever happened to that?"

Shrug. "She's still there. I just... lost interest."

"And that friend-with-benefits of yours from junior year, three streets away? Oh - come *on*, don't gimme that look, Riley. I'm your big sister; of *course* I knew what you two were doing." She may or may not have peered through the door to his room one time he'd persuaded their mother to let that friend stay the night - but there was no reason that Riley had to know about that.

His initial look of surprise quickly faded, to give way to that same dull... well. *Lack* of emotion was really the best way to put it. His ears and whiskers drooped, sure, but his mouth and eyes... he took another moment to gather his thoughts, tracing out lines in the sauce on his plate with his fork. Those lines remained for a few seconds, before the thick liquid flowed back over them.

"She heard about the breakup, and asked if I needed anything. Told me to let her know if I ever wanted some company, if I ever just wanted to unwind - I'd told her the same thing when *she* had a bad breakup-

"I remember." Roxie leaned back against the soft cushion. It really *had* been a long time since they'd first started coming here; she could remember when she was short enough so that her head rested against the cushion instead of back against the hard wood above it. "I think you left the house more often in that one month than you have... well, than you have *since* then."

"...but... I dunno, I just..." Another shrug. "Never had the want. Y'ever sat at the computer, and looked at all of the game icons, and *knew* you wanted to play one, but... none of them appealed to you?"

"Yeah." A lot of both of their money growing up had gone into keeping an up-to-date and top-of-the-line system, as well as the games to go with it. Roxie wasn't nearly as much into it as her brother, but she'd had her experience. "All these options, but no desire?"

He licked his lips and nodded, solemnly. So *that's* how it was. Roxie had been able to tell when her little brother had... *discovered* things, because all of a sudden, one summer he kept the door to the room with the computer closed almost all of the time. And, then, he'd started off with that friend-with-benefits, and then after a few years got into that relationship... and here he was now. Eternally drained of energy, devoid of interest in just about anything - and anyone.

Roxie flagged down the waiter to pay for the meal, and then within another few minutes they had resumed walking along the sidewalk and keeping to themselves. She had something of an idea in her head to get a rise out of her brother, but - whether it would work or not...

A cute little *yip* made its way out of his lips, then, as Roxie grabbed his wrist and tugged him along. She *hoped* that the place she had in mind was still here; it'd be perfect... somewhere she used to come with her friends without catching her mother's attention, apart from that time they got thrown out and almost arrested for sneaking in without legal identification.

Thankfully, though, after turning a few corners and sliding into a few alleys, another familiar sign caught her eye. Riley had remained silent since they'd left the restaurant, but now she could feel him trying to pull his wrist away- "Rox, what the hell? What are you-"

"Oh, c'mon." She raised her other paw towards the sign, a rather... *artistic*, if that were the right word, rendition of a canid lady of indeterminate species, well-proportioned and hanging upside-down off a vertical pole. "Just try it. For me?"

The only thing that had changed about the strip club since Roxie had last been here was the music they played. A thick haze of flavored smoke still hung on the heavy air, dark and flowing lazily like a thick fluid; the bar was still packed, almost all of the seats occupied by guys of various species and builds - Roxie could feel their eyes on her (as well as under her tail) as they made their way in. She had released Riley's wrist upon entering, but now could feel him squeeze a little closer to her.

Admittedly, the music *did* hurt her ears a bit, the smoke *did* sting at her nose and eyes, and... once they'd made their way to the stage upon which multiple women of the same body type danced and showed themselves off... it wasn't as interesting as it used to be. Sure, it was nice watching the way they twisted and turned, how they leaned over further than should be physically possible and openly flirted with the other patrons - as they were paid to - but... well. There was a rather nice snow leopard with bright blue eyes near the back of the stage that Roxie kept her eye on, and she'd started to try to work her way back there - when Riley pushed past her. She'd thought he was just going to the bathroom or something, but when he didn't come back after ten minutes...

The walk home was a bit awkward. Roxie left the strip club shortly after and found her brother sitting outside, legs pulled up to his chest and chin on his knees, just... looking ahead, just breathing, fluffy rudder-like tail wrapped around himself. Roxie had tried to get him to say something, but he just stood up, kept his paws in his pockets, and walked a short distance behind her on the way home.

Well, at least she'd tried. It was the thought that counted, right? Even though she'd pushed him to open up like that, and then probably embarrassed him deeper than she ever had in the past... he pushed past her yet again once she'd opened the door to their house, and went down the hall to his room and closed the door.

Mom was still at work, which meant they had the house to themselves. Roxie, still feeling the cold fingers of regret and disappointment in her chest, spent a little bit in the entry room putting her jacket into the closet and then just waiting there, but - then she, too, made her way down the hall. She raised a paw, knuckles forward to knock on his door, but a second later changed her mind and went in anyway.

If she hadn't wanted to embarrass Riley - well. Another failure. The first sight to meet her eyes after opening the door was that of her brother's bare rump as he tugged his pants down his legs, fat tail raised and hanging sack visible between his thighs. The noise of the door opening gave him a bad startle and he quickly spun around, paws covering himself - while Roxie just whistled.

"God - dammit! Rox!" Riley raised his other arm, waving her out. "The hell are you doing? Don't you know how to *knock*?"

Instead of leaving him, though, she just took another step forward and then leaned back against the door, closing it behind her. Her tail flicked around behind her, and she couldn't help but smile - and run her eyes down along her younger brother's slim body. With as little exercise as he got, it was amazing that he still looked as good as he did. No lines of muscle visible in his belly, but... "I didn't know you don't wear underwear, Riley."

"Rox! Please! I'm - gonna go back to sleep-"

"Oh, good." Each time she took a step forward, he took a step back - until the backs of his legs bumped against the edge of his bed. He stumbled briefly and swung his arms out to catch his balance... which also gave Roxie a good half-second look at his soft cock, fair-sized, uncut. She flicked her tongue out over her lips. "I was just coming to recommend that you lie down for a bit, relax... God knows you deserve it."

Ears flicked back and then stood right back up, tail swished around behind him, eyes couldn't focus on one spot for longer than a second... he was more startled than embarrassed, it seemed. "Leave me alone, I-"

But the words died in his throat as soon as Roxie placed her paws on his shoulders. Honestly, this was something she'd wanted to do for a while, and now that she finally had the chance - and that Riley was in a good position for it, too... "What are you whining about?" Short, thick fur along his shoulders and upper arms, more the otter of their father than the maned wolf of their mother. Roxie's little ears perked up in response to the quick shiver she felt run through her brother's body, as she brought her paws down his arms. "Not like I haven't seen you naked before. We used to bathe together, remember?"

"Yeah, but, this is - that's different, I..."

Paws on his wrists, both in front of him covering himself, so close to the base of that cock... Roxie swallowed and licked her lips again. With a little bit of force, with a small tug, she managed to pull those paws away - and then lifted her eyebrows. At first he struggled and resisted, but when her eyes met his again, and when she gave a quiet rumbling growl... that resistance faded, and he let her.

"Come on, Riley," she cooed, dragging one of her paws to the side to press into the warm fur of his upper inner thigh. Another shiver ran through him; she could feel the heat of his length on the back of her paw. "I'm your big sister. I just wanna take care of you - 'cause you haven't been *taking care* of yourself..."

"That's no reason for you to - I mean, Roxie, this is crazy! I'm not just gonna sit down and- let you-"

Other paw pushed him down by the shoulder; with a gentle *oof* he sat down on the edge of the bed, legs still together in front of him. Curious eyes looking up at her, mouth half-open, his reluctance and nervousness evident in his face and how his rudder twitched behind him... but then, when Roxie lowered herself down to her knees, spread his legs apart with her paws, and rested her eyes fully on her brother's length-

She knew how guys worked. Her most recent boyfriend had actually been into that sort of thing - intentionally undertaking dry spells of considerable length leading up to a night where it was just him and Roxie. God, she'd been able to get him to do just about anything. And, here, looking at her brother, finally able to get a good look at him...

"Ah. What've you got here?"

He had hardened up a little bit, foreskin rolling slightly back over the pink flesh of the head - and Roxie watched as he continued to twitch and throb and stiffen against each of her warm breaths over his length. When she next looked up, he averted his eyes. "Rox, I don't..."

"Ah, Riley..." And she closed the distance between her muzzle and his cock, touching her nose up against the underside of his length and then dragging it up along it, rolling that supple skin forward for another brief moment before it slid back on its own. Cool, even scent, carrying the same sort of dry musk that she had often picked up in his room in the past, except here much stronger, much more concentrated. This was the scent of her brother, and Roxie breathed it in, soon replacing her nose underneath his cock with the flat of her tongue, slow and gentle.

Such slick, pleasant warmth... still she could feel him continue to harden against her tongue, especially as she moved down to lap along his length again and again. With one paw on his lower thigh, she could feel the tension in him rise and fall, rise and fall with the rhythm of her attention.

She'd always *thought* that she had a special place in Riley's heart. Looking up at his face, seeing how his eyes had drifted shut and his mouth had fallen open... Roxie could feel her tail sway behind her, starting to focus her tongue more on the head of her brother's cock. Flick up against the ridged rim of his foreskin, slide her slick tongue underneath, roll it around, watch how it sent a sweet shiver up his back and made him dig his claws into the fabric of the mattress. Now she could feel each of his throbs against her tongue and lips, and could taste the salt of his pre as it drooled out into her muzzle. Then, giving one more swirl of her tongue, she closed her lips on him and started to bob slowly down.

Certainly admirably-sized, on the upper end of average if not a little more - and thick, too. Roxie slid her other paw down between her own legs as she bobbed on his length, her own arousal warm and slightly wet beneath the tight fabric of her jeans and panties. *Pop* of a button, quiet noise of the zipper being undone... and then she couldn't help but let out a little breathy moan of her own out over her brother's pubic fur, just an inch and a half past her nose.

Roxie had certainly thought of her brother like this before, with the last time actually being the night before her flight out. It had been on her mind for a while, something she'd been considering and thinking about for the longest. With their father being gone most of the time through their childhood and their mother being more than openminded, both of them had had ample opportunities to try out new things that they otherwise wouldn't be able to, and now... Roxie wrapped her paw around the base of Riley's length, to stroke him in rhythm with her bobbing. Slick skin sliding back and forth, the rim of his foreskin against the roof of her mouth-

That last fantasy had been *something* like this, except Riley had been on his back with Roxie above him, *her* legs similarly spread around *his* muzzle. There was just something about the thought of swallowing down his load while she soaked his muzzle with her own arousal that got

her so worked up, but... even with that, she knew that there was something else both of them wanted this time.

Six months without a good lay or, as far as Roxie had been able to tell, a single sexual thought or desire; it had been clear to her in his reluctance to say anything that he'd been telling the truth on this. And, yet, his sister's paws drifting close to his crotch once had the exact effect she'd desired from bringing him to that strip club.

"Roxie..." he breathed, his tension and arousal audible on his voice. Every time she dove back down onto him, every time she brought him into the back of her throat where she could feel his throbbing and twitching, another little buck shot through his body. She lifted her gaze to meet his, but he had his eyes closed. "We - shouldn't be..."

"Mm..." After another moment she came up off his cock, thoroughly slickened with her saliva, and then ran her paw over his whole length. "Says who? It's just you and me, and..." Here she placed a light kiss to the end of his cock, and then lapped off the salty pre there. "...you trust your big sister, don't you?"

"I'm - eighteen." Still he lifted up against her lips as he spoke. "I don't - *need* to trust you."

"I'm not asking you that." Roxie rose to her feet, fingers hooked under the hem of her shirt. First that went, followed by her bra... and then she started to slide her jeans down her legs, keeping her slightly-moistened panties in place. If only those boys at the club could see her now. She certainly wasn't opposed to the attention. "I'm asking - do you?"

Riley's eyes had grown in vibrancy over the years, she'd noticed. What used to be flat brown now held that ringed by moss, and steel, and honey, following the curve of her body along her breasts down to her waist and hips. "Yes."

The mattress creaked under their combined weight. Whiskers forward, lips parted, eyes bright... this was a look she hadn't ever seen him give to anyone else. Riley leaned back on his elbows, his sister above him churning her hips against his hard cock - and another smile crossed her muzzle, then, when he pressed back.

"Feeling better already?" she purred, draping her arms around his shoulders. Riley brought a paw up, fingers shaking slightly, and settled it then into the fur of her thigh. The warmth of his fingerpads, the cool bite of his sharp claws on her skin... God. She hadn't wanted someone *this* deeply (in more ways than one) in a long time.

Slowly, that paw of his made its way to the thin fabric waistband of her panties, against which his thumb rested. Roxie could feel his hesitation and reluctance in how his fingers pressed gently at her fur and flesh, as if wanted to tug that underwear off - and in how he didn't. "A little."

So she guided him with her own paw, while her other dropped down to the middle of his chest to push him down. Instead of putting in the effort to add her panties to the heap of clothes at the foot of the bed, she just had him tug it to the side.

Again his eyes came up to meet hers - and something briefly crossed his muzzle once she lifted his fingers up against her lips, slick with her arousal. She held him there for a little, grinding herself against him, intentionally sliding down onto those fingers and slickening his fur.

“Roxie...” he panted again. Still she could feel his throbbing beneath her tail. “I - you-”

She, meanwhile, had trouble willing herself to give a coherent response: once she moved her paw away from her brother’s, he continued to work his fingers at and in her. Despite his nervousness, she could tell quite well that this was not his first time doing this. Her body acted without her conscious choice: she curved her hips against his pair of fingers pressing up into her and thumb teasing at her clit, she grinded down against his hard cock beneath her, she panted through her open muzzle.

“Fuck me-”

He halted for a moment. When he next spoke, his voice had taken on that note of shyness that she’d heard so often from him.

“Can I?”

Oh, What Mom would think of them now. The first time she’d walked in on Roxie riding one of her first boyfriends, she expected her to yell at them for not wearing a condom. Instead, though, she’d just whispered “sorry”, then “dinner’s ready” and closed the door. This was a bit different than that, though. The same face Roxie had grown up looking at, now beneath her with an expression she’d never seen before; the same scent from her childhood, now sharper, richer, mixed with the characteristic musk of arousal on her muzzle; the same paws, pads in the past callused from his time as principal cellist in the school’s orchestra.

His first concert had been when Roxie became aware of her deeper feelings for her brother, after she’d squeezed his paw, kissed his cheek, and told him “I’m proud of you. I love you, Riley.” His scent had stayed in her nose for the rest of that night.

He was the one, then, to guide his length up against her when she raised her hips up. Still slick from when she’d gone down on him, even with his girth the first half-inch or so sank into her with ease... but, then, she had to bend forward over him, brace her paws on his chest, and pace herself, pushing down a little bit and then coming back up, again and again. Feeling Riley’s cock sink up into her, stretch her around his girth, feeling him throb and twitch and grip at her thighs while trying not to buck upwards...

On a whim, Roxie leaned further forward and - pressed her lips to her brother’s, one paw on his chin tilting his muzzle up. He tensed up all over for a moment but then slowly, gradually relaxed, giving full control over to her as she rode him against the bed, settling further down onto him every time until her rump pressed down onto his hips. Then, she moved away - a thin strand of saliva still connected their tongues - and slid her paws down to the middle of his belly, her eyes on his.

“Bet you didn’t see *this* coming,” she panted. Each and every movement from either of them, no matter how small, sent a sweet electric shiver through her entire body. Slowly, she started to slide back up and then press down again on his length, beginning an easy rhythm the effects of which she could see in his muzzle.

Riley let out a quiet huff of breath. “See - what?”



God - she could hardly contain her own want, especially as she widened her rhythm and came further up on him before sliding back down. Her breath caught in her throat, her eyes fluttered shut, her breaths came out as low shuddering moans- "Your favorite sister being the next one to ride you."

"Favorite? You're-" They both shared a gasp, then, when he lifted his hips up into her. His paw tightened on her thigh. "-my *only* sister."

"You wouldn't be able to handle another one."

"Says who? I - *ah...*"

That was her answer right there. With longer, deeper movements, Roxie dragged Riley's words and breath out into low moans, in the same rhythm with her riding. His paws came up to her hips, to hold her on him every time she sank back down, and then help her rise back up; at the same time, he also lifted his hips up into her to press back against her, he leaned his head back and panted through his open maw, he licked his lip and swallowed and breathed out a gentle "Fuck..."

The bed started to squeak and rock under their rhythm, especially as Roxie started to pound down against her brother with more and more force. Her paws made their way up from his belly to his chest to his shoulders, at the same time pinning him down and holding him in place so she could fuck herself on him - not like he *minded*, of course. At one point she looked down, saw his dumb open-mouth drooling smile, and... couldn't resist: yet again she tilted his muzzle to hers and met him in a deep kiss.

His tongue flicking and pressing against hers, wrestling into her muzzle while his lips remained tight on her own... another shudder rippled through Roxie's body, and next thing she knew she was pressing firmly down onto him, this shudder finally being relieved with some grinding, some forward-bucking... and a few squirts of her climax across her brother's bellyfur. With her now remaining still on top of him, Riley took over control and picked up the rhythm right where she left off, though with more force, more speed, more want. Muzzle still against his, Roxie panted into his open mouth.

So he *did* have a libido. She'd just had to pull it out of him. Honestly, this was exactly what she'd wanted once she had decided to pin him to this bed and ride him: for him to take control and pound up into her, for him to show her exactly the same lust and desire that she felt so often. And here he was, digging his claws into her hips and pounding up into her, burying his length to the base inside her, remaining there for a moment, and then tugging back out... just him lifting up into her was enough to drive her to another climax, kept on the edge right after her first one. As Riley fucked her, she moved one of her paws down to work at her clit - as well as touch the pad of her thumb to the base of his length, now even more thoroughly slickened.

The siblings had shifted their muzzles a little bit so that now their foreheads pressed together, short muzzles allowing this more easily than if they had gotten more of their mother's maned wolf genes. Hot breaths washed out over each other's faces and whiskers, eyes remained locked, tongues occasionally flicked out and met - then Riley's paws tightened on Roxie's hips; his eyes squeezed shut, his mouth tensed up, he sucked in a long gasp...

...and right as he bucked up into her, she lifted herself off of him and left him to empty his load out across her lips and his own belly and chest, each spurt shooting out with a shudder through his whole body and a delicious tensing of his mouth. Once he settled back down against the bed, chest rising and falling in uneven heavy breaths, Roxie dragged her fingers up across her coated sex, and then brought those fingers to her lips and lapped off her brother's seed.

Hell - she had half a mind to move up and pin his head down to the bed with her hips, to have him clean her off with his tongue. But, this wasn't the first time she'd watched him finish - not that he knew that, of course. Riley was one of the ones who lost all energy to do anything right afterwards: even now, his eyes drifted shut and he draped one paw over his streaked chest, breathing starting to slow.

The air in the bedroom was rich with their mixed scents, her own familiar musk dancing along her brother's, new and fresh to her - and then the flat, muted aroma of arousal and cum... tired as well, Roxie flopped down onto the bed beside Riley. The blankets were still underneath them, but - that didn't matter. She still felt warm all over from what they'd just done, and besides: her brother was a veritable heat generator.

"How long're you visiting for, Rox?" Riley panted, a few minutes later. He had wrapped his arm around her shoulder and now kept his paw draped across her chest, wrist against one of her breasts. The pressure was a little uncomfortable, but - whatever. She really enjoyed the closeness.

Despite the thrumming exhaustion all throughout her body, part of her still wanted to slide a paw down and rub at herself again, to soak her little brother's - "little", being only a year younger than her - leg with the juice of her climax again... maybe later. "Little over a week. Why?"

"Just wondering. Just... wondering..."

Silently, Roxie cursed to herself. She'd left her *good* video camera at home.