

Roxie peered at her brother from across the table, his pointed ears half-folded down against the noise of the mall. When they were tiny young pups, she used to enjoy gently chewing on his ears and running her fingerpads over them, the skin and fur soft and smooth from their father's otter genes while still being sharp and larger like the maned wolf of their mother.

She lifted her soda, clamped her lips on the straw, and took another short sip of her drink; the ice had started to melt and dilute the flavor, but still, she was thirsty. Last night she'd bit into one of those ears quite a bit harder than ever before, just looking for *something* to keep herself from moaning too loudly what with their mother sleeping in the room down the hall. In the whitish-blue daylight filtering in through the skylights overhead, she could still make out the half-moon arc of fresh scabs in dark fur.

"Hey, Riley."

Those ears perked up a bit, and a moment later he looked up over his phone to meet her gaze. "Mm?"

"What do you say we head home after this?" Roxie flicked her tongue out across her chops, catching the last of the salt grains that had caught in her fur from their meal. One thing she hadn't realized she'd missed so much until she came back home to visit was that the fast food here was so much better. Just had an entire double-quarter-pounder (Riley had ordered a regular quarter-pounder which, looking across the table again, he hadn't even managed to finish) and she only *kind of* felt like dying. "Is - Mom's still at work, right?"

"Yeah, sure. And - why?" Blue-green eyes, like a rich pond under warm sunlight, squinted at her. When she'd first arrived back in town yesterday, those eyes had been nowhere near as bright, nowhere near as... *energetic*. The Riley she'd come home to yesterday had been absolutely deadened by a rather bad breakup, though - Roxie took pride in how she'd had him all fixed up after one night and about... oh, three or four squirts of the lube she'd bought before arriving at the old house.

Airport wouldn't let her keep her own, which sucked. It had been strawberry-flavored.

"Oh, just wondering... planning, you know..."

She *had* been a little surprised to see how well he'd reacted, though. How could she not be? After all, it's certainly not every day where your sister walks in while you're undressing for bed, then - feels you up and pushes you down onto your bed... seeing as how the rest of the night had gone, though, that very well might be how the rest of this visit would go.

After Roxie had ridden her brother into the mattress and gotten them both shaky and panting, they heard the sound of the front door opening and closing, followed by their mother's "*hey, I'm home - is Rox here yet?*", and - they spent a panicked handful of seconds untangling from each other and tugging their clothes back on. It was a damn good thing that the two of them made it back out into the living room to greet their mother, though; when the older sister made her way back down the hall afterwards to grab her phone, the light musk of sex had seeped out from behind the closed bedroom door and spiced the air of the hallway. She shuddered to imagine how noticeable it could have been to Mom's entirely canid nose.

It had been a massive leap of faith on her part - she hadn't thought about what she'd do if Riley rejected her advances, where she'd stay (since God damn if it wouldn't be too awkward to stay in the house with him in that case), what she'd tell Mom, what *he* might tell her - but one that had turned out almost better than expected. Certainly said something about this young hybrid sitting across from her, too, the eighteen-year-old male who hadn't had a libido in half a year.

All it had taken was his sister running her claws down through the fur of his lower belly, her squeezing his length and slowly rolling his foreskin back beneath her fingerpads. His *sister*.

Of course she didn't sleep in her own bed that night. Roxie had made sure to bring all her suitcases in and make it *look* like she'd been in her own room, but instead followed her brother into his around midnight after their mother had gone to bed. This second time, things were a lot smoother, a lot less nervous and fervid. Riley had actually taken control at one point, pressing his sister down into the bed with one paw on her shoulder while his other kept her hips raised up for him to thrust down into, again and again...

A faint shiver shot through her body, and for a moment, she had to slide her other paw down between her legs. Such fresh and enticing memories still had the same effect on her as the acts themselves - not as *extreme*, of course, but still could she feel the familiar tingling and desire. Riley's blue-green eyes remained on her muzzle, his whiskers twitching a little; could he *smell* her arousal? Certainly not. Not as faint as it was, with the smells of their food and the mall and literally everyone else here floating around...

...but, then again, he *had* gotten more than a good whiff of it earlier this morning, when Roxie had awoken with his muzzle between her legs and her thighs squeezing on his head (talk about a sudden boost in confidence, seeing how he'd been the day before); that had been damn early, before Mom woke up. Afterwards, Roxie'd had a bit of trouble making her way silently to her own room, with the way her legs shook and how she could feel the sticky slickness of saliva and arousal clinging to her inner thighs.

"...Sssso," her brother drawled. He'd slid his phone back into his pocket, and now leaned on both elbows on the table. "Are we gonna go, or?"

Now she wanted to get home even more. It was times like this where she was damn glad she didn't have to worry about hiding a boner, but - even standing up, she still felt a little self-conscious. Never *could* be sure in a place like a mall, where you're always bumping up against someone else whose nose might be better than yours... that was actually how she'd met one of her friends-with-benefits, after she'd gotten a bit tipsy and accidentally grinded back into someone on her way home. He'd just smelled - so good, especially once she found herself on her knees with her fingers tugging the front of his pants down. "Yeah. Yeah, sorry, let's go. I got a little - distracted..."

Thankfully, though, walking back towards the exit through all the crowds of people while trying not to get in anyone's way did a fairly good job of clearing her head. Riley kept stride beside her, paws in his pockets and ears still lowered against the noises - he'd long had a fear of large crowds of people, and leaving his room only to go to school in the mornings had done little to relieve that.

Still, though, he put on a good face for his big sister, and she couldn't help but smile over at him once they'd gotten back to her car - he hadn't yet put in the time or effort to get his license,

either. He was only eighteen, after all. She waited for him to get settled on the passenger side, then shoveled her bags over into his lap; their fingers brushed across one another at one point, and even that was enough to send another shiver down Roxie's back.

It would only be fair that she return this morning's favor once they got home, right? At a red light about halfway there, she reached over and rested her paw on Riley's leg for a moment... and had a bit of trouble keeping herself from sliding it further up his thigh. When she first got home the other night, hardly five hours' worth of plans had been floating around in her head - *oh, we'll go to the mall, we'll see a movie, maybe at the end of the week we'll stop by that one burger place he used to really like* - but since last night, every day (or night, rather) seemed full to brimming with things she wanted to do.

*Since last night.* The corners of Roxie's mouth lifted up with that thought.

"...Rox. Hey. You there?"

Her ears perked at her brother's voice, and she glanced over at him. There wasn't much time left before they got home. "Yeah? Sorry. Didja say something?"

"Should I... uh..." Quiet rustling of the bags as he shifted his position - and when he went on, he lowered his voice a bit. "...go ahead and, um... take my pants off when we get home?"

Roxie couldn't help but laugh in response to that, and saw him jump at the sudden sound. "Now you're getting it! That's - okay with you, right?"

"Oh, yeah. Yeah, definitely. It's just..."

She looked over at him again. "Riley... you know if you're not comfortable with anything, you can tell me, right? I mean - yeah, it *is* weird. Like *hell* we're telling Mom, or anyone else. You know..."

...and then a few words they'd shared the previous night came back into her head, right after she'd gotten his taste on her tongue for the first time: *"I'm eighteen. I don't need to trust you." "I'm not asking you that. I'm asking - do you?"*

"...I'm your big sister. You can trust me."

Brief silence, and again, he adjusted how he sat. "Yeah. I know."

"You can tell me anything."

"Yeah. Thanks, Roxie."

"...Like if you want to bury your muzzle between my thighs again until I squeeze around your head and hold you down there. I could smell myself on your breath, you know; I hope you brushed your teeth after."

"Roxie..."

“Or if you want me to hold you down again and ride you until we both cum, panting and shivering-”

“Roxie!”

The next time she looked over, her brother had squeezed his legs together and glared at her with a hot red blush beneath the fur of his cheeks... but still she could hear the quiet thumping brush-noises of his tail swaying between his seat and the car door. She gave him another grin as she pulled onto their street.

Neither of them said another word for a while, though she could tell that Riley had a lot on his mind - both thoughts as well as expectations: she couldn't and didn't resist grinding up against him in the hallway as they were carrying the bags in, and briefly nipped at the skin and fur of his neck, which earned a shudder of a gasp out of him.

They didn't even bother bringing the bags with them, instead leaving them on the counter in the kitchen. More pressing matters at hand; Roxie led her little brother down the hall with her fingers intertwined with his, that same tingling desire that she'd felt earlier now back in force. Riley felt it as well, visible in the bulge straining against the front of his pants - and that Roxie pressed her palm into before pushing him down onto the bed. He propped himself up on his elbows, legs hanging off the edge of the mattress.

Roxie eyed him for a moment. “Well?”

“Well what?”

“You know what to do.” She turned to start towards the dresser on the other side of the room; if his habits hadn't changed since early high school, then Riley still kept his lube in there. Another smile spread across Roxie's muzzle when she heard the quiet *pop* and *zip* of the fly of his pants back over near the bed, and - sure enough, stashed underneath a pile of boxers and socks was the bottle, clear liquid and half-empty. They hadn't yet needed it, but today she was planning for something a bit different-

-until the back of her paw brushed against a fabric case, long and flat, zipped shut along the side. Her ears perked, and she glanced back at her brother on the bed - who'd undone his pants and now lay back, one paw slowly stroking up and down his hard length - before focusing down on the case again, and slowly pulling that zipper along... could be it was just, like, his favorite pair of socks or something. Roxie wouldn't put it past him, the guy who used to keep his favorite pen wrapped up in silk cloth in his nightstand.

The case came open with a quiet shuffle, and then, she couldn't help but raise her eyebrows. Socks, or - or it could be several steel rods of varying thicknesses, all lined up from one hardly thicker than the tip of a pencil to one about as wide around as her index finger. Some of the thicker ones had bumps and ridges along their length, while all of the tips stood off at a very slight angle... Roxie drew her fingerpads over the cool, smooth metal, just barely able to feel the numbers etched at the halfway point showing their respective sizes.

She had no idea that her little brother was into *this*. But, then - why *would* she know? They hadn't even been this close for a full twenty-four hours; back when they were both in high school, the most that Riley told her about his private life was when he got that bitch of a

girlfriend, and then when he asked her not to tell Mom about how that same girlfriend spent the night at least twice a week. If Roxie had known that he enjoyed sliding a sounding rod down into himself every now and then...

She still had the bottle of lube in her other paw. Originally it had been something *e/se* that she'd had in mind for "let's try something different tonight", but this would work too. Riley, of course, had gotten too distracted with himself to pay her any attention, so she was able to take the whole case in her paw, close the drawer, and then come back over to the edge of the bed, even kneeling down before her little brother lifted his head to look at her. Past his length held up in his paw, she met his eyes.

"Roxie..." he murmured, and then lifted his hips up into his paw. From here she could quite easily taste his scent on the air, the heavy, masculine musk that she'd become so accustomed to in the past twenty hours or so, and that had been quite thoroughly ground into the fur of her muzzle after she'd nuzzled up between his legs sometime during the night. She licked her lips first, then leaned forward and flicked her tongue up over the rim of his foreskin, right along the taut skin of his frenulum... which, of course, earned a sweet, breathy moan out of him.

It'd be hard not to get distracted: already she found herself with both paws on his length, one at the base of his cock and the other keeping that supple skin half-rolled forward over his head, lube and case of sounds resting against her legs while she worked her tongue more firmly against him, curling up under the rim, lapping off his slightly-salty pre... she'd drained him pretty damn thoroughly the previous night; it'd be a bit surprising if he had much more of a load to give today. Still, though, he certainly seemed worked up enough, and from what? - from the anticipation of sinking up into his sister yet again?

Well. That would come later, perhaps. After a little bit longer, Roxie moved back off of him again - he peered down at her through unfocused blue-green eyes, mouth hanging half-open - and spent a little bit of time picking out one of the sounds, one of the ones on the smaller end. The quiet *pop* of the lube opening, that little sound of some squirting out onto her fingertips... and then a soft *clink* of the rod she'd pulled out bumping against the others.

From up above, the mattress squeaked beneath Riley's movement. Roxie looked up over the edge of the bed and yet again met his eyes. "Rox-" he said, ears half-lowered, "what've you got there? I thought I heard-"

"Oh, don't worry about it..." Fat glob of clear lube glittering in the light from the ceiling fan above, quickly spread over the round-pointed tip of the sound and along the rod itself, some of the liquid catching in the fur of her fingers. With what remained on her fingerpads, she came back up and did the same to the tip of her brother's cock, watching (and enjoying) how he squirmed and gasped with the slick movement over his sensitive head.

The look on his face made her think that he had a good idea of what she'd found. Still he continued to sit up, from propping himself up on his elbows to gently digging his claws into the sheets, trying to peer down around the edge of the mattress to see for certain what she was messing with - though when his sister brought the metal rod up into view, tapered and angled tip held at a distance from her fingers. Yet again she flicked her tongue over her lips, watching Riley's face.

Then, she tapped a claw against the metal. A small drop of lube hopped off and landed on the edge of the blankets. "These *are* clean, right?"

"Um." Riley swallowed, starting to lean back onto his elbows again. "Y-yeah? I mean, I - they... do you - *know* what you're doing?"

"Oh, yeah." The edge of the bed sagged underneath Roxie's added weight as she came forward and rested her arms on it, one paw keeping her brother's cock angled towards her muzzle while the other kept a good hold of the metal rod, angled down towards her. Eyes flicked up towards Riley's face when he let out a quiet "*ah-*", probably in response to her tapping the cool metal tip against his lube-slickened head. Slowly, carefully, she ran the thin rod between the lips of his cock, spreading that lube more smoothly around, gently pressing down against him... "I've done this before, with - ah, you don't know them. Brother and sister pair, met 'em at my college... I've had some practice. Trust me."

*That* had been a fun time, but ultimately, was a story for another time. Those two had never done anything of that sort with each other before, but both knew the feelings were there... and Roxie had been more than glad to bring them together. That had actually been part of her inspiration to act on her own long-standing feelings for Riley, something she ended up vowing to do (and then having a wet dream of) on the plane here.

The older sibling kept her ears perked and eyes raised for a response, but... none came. Instead, Riley's whiskers twitched and he swallowed, and then he continued to lower himself back down onto his elbows, tailtip stirring against the side of the bed near Roxie's muzzle. She brought the rod back a little bit, and tilted it down against the tip of his cock.

"Just... be careful, okay?"

Used to be that just watching or even thinking about something like this was enough to make Roxie shudder and turn away. After some time with friends into the whole thing, receiving pictures and videos and even camming one night, she found herself a bit more receptive to the idea - but not in *that* way. She just enjoyed watching, and being the one to slide the rod down in...

A light shiver rippled through her brother's body as that tapered tip started to slide in, slow and slick between the tight flesh. Roxie kept her fingers low on the rod and his cock lifted so that she could easily feel if she needed to stop or slow down, but... already she could tell he'd had more than a little bit of practice, with how he lifted his hips up, how he moved his own paw down to tilt his cock closer to her muzzle. At one point he pulled in another tense gasp of breath and tensed all over, but when Roxie straightened up to lift the rod a short distance out, he batted her paw away and instead rested his own fingers along the lubed metal.

Yet again their eyes met, Riley's quite clearly showing his arousal and desire, and Roxie certain that hers did as well; with one paw free now, she reached down to undo her own pants and slide a pair of fingers underneath her slightly-moistened panties. The lube already on her fingers made it a little easier to press up into herself, though - part of her preferred the slow, slightly-rough drag without it. As if she weren't already wet enough anyway.

This time their gaze held only for a few seconds, because then, the brother turned the rod between his fingers a little bit, pulled in another low breath, straightened up... and then let it go,

and Roxie watched as it sank slowly down into his cock, glimmering metal catching the light from the window as well as the ceiling light, little ridges and contours of its graduated diameter slipping one by one into Riley's twitching, dripping tip. She couldn't tell if it was that lube or his pre that rolled down the underside of his length, but still she brought a thumb up to spread it down over the rim of his head and foreskin.

After a while, the rod slowed down, came to a stop; Riley shivered again, and closed his fingers on it to lift it back up. Roxie licked her lips, thighs giving small involuntary squeezes around her paw as she worked at herself. One thing that annoyed her about using lube was that she couldn't go down on the guy afterwards... or, she *could*, but didn't particularly like the rubbery taste that was often present even in the flavored varieties. Half the fun was being able to taste the musk on her tongue and in the back of her throat.

She watched as, again, the steel rod slid back down once he released it. Afterwards, he moved his paw down to squeeze and stroke his length, rolling his slick foreskin all the way up over his head so that it closed against the metal.

"Riley, do you... do this often?"

"I..." He swallowed, hips slowly lifting up and down with the movement of his paw. As he did so, Roxie lightly took the sound between a finger and a thumb and lifted it gently up, then released it... and then did again and again, each time squeezing a visible throb out of her little brother. "I've had some practice... period of time there when - *ah* - when I didn't have much interest in anyone else, so I... spent some time on my own..."

Here, she lifted herself up a little bit - and felt her own breath catch in her throat as she slid her fingers further into herself, burying up to the knuckle. Something warm and slick rolled down the back of her paw: whether it was her own arousal, or just lube again... "And then *I* came back." She pressed her nose up against his sack, half-hanging off the edge of the bed between his legs. Though the smell of the lube remained strong on the air, still she could make out Riley's scent - especially if she nuzzled more firmly against his warm skin and fur, hot exhaled breaths washing out against his thighs.

"And then *you* came back."

In this position it was a lot easier to watch and help him out: Roxie kept her muzzle in place between his legs for a moment longer, lips and tongue against his sack as she slid her fingers in and out of herself, palm growing steadily more soaked - and then straightened up and with her other paw slowly worked the rod in and out of her brother's length in rhythm with his stroking, careful not to move too quickly or turn at a bad angle.

Again, this hadn't been her intention for today, but... hell, she wasn't complaining. There was just *something* about watching Riley squirm and gasp and pant and moan, about feeling the tension in his body beneath her paw and smelling his arousal on the air on top of her own. Seeing the little twitches and changes of his facial expression, a bit of a ways back behind his throbbing length, his slickened foreskin rolling up and down over his pink head and against the metal sound, how his sack lifted up and then settled back down, how his tail flicked and his toes pressed into Roxie's legs from above... Roxie rubbed at her clit with her thumb as she continued to dig her fingers up between her lips, a bit of an odd angle, but it just felt so good.

Looks like that's what Riley was feeling, too, judging by the look on his face and how his breath had started to pick up in pace and urgency. Still as careful as she could, Roxie slid the sound out of his cock and let it sink back in faster than she did before, and lifted it higher up each time. Riley's little twitches and snippets of breath caught her attention and half-worried her, but not once did he stop her or move her paw away to take control. In fact, the faster she went - now she retained hold of it instead of letting it drift back down in on its own - the heavier he breathed, the more he humped up into the air, the more his muscles tensed...

...until a string of clipped, breathy moans dripped out of his mouth, and he bucked his hips up into the air. Such a strange thing to watch: Riley twitched and throbbed and jerked a few times, giving voice to these sharp, sweet moans, and yet nothing happened - until a few seconds later the first of his spurts came, shooting up along the rod half-buried in his cock and then dripping down off of it, again and again. The force of his orgasm actually caused the sound to move up a little bit, which he took hold of and slid all the way out before his last group of small spurt; milky-white cum clung to the tapered tip, drip, drip...it took all Roxie had not to come up and go down on him, to clean off what of his load rolled down along his length. Instead, she just flicked her tongue up over the spatters that had landed across her muzzle.

Sure, he *looked* damn exhausted, but - Roxie still had a need of her own. She wiped her paws off on her legs and stood up, sliding her pants off as she did so; once he managed to open his eyes again, Riley's gaze focused down on his sister's naked body. His ears perked as she climbed up onto the bed over him, and he rested his fingers against her thighs - but then lifted them up again, with her continuing to come forward.

For a few seconds she could feel his heavy, uneven breath in the hot, wet fur around her crotch, but - then, both paws on the back of his head, she tugged him forward and pressed his lips against hers, between her legs. Slickness of saliva, the flick of a tongue... Roxie shuddered.

"There," she breathed, churning her hips forward against his tongue. It mimicked her fingers in digging up into her, nowhere near as deep but - *damn*, it still felt *great*. "*I indulged you*, so now *you're* going to indulge *me*, okay? Will you still be good to cum again in about - oh, twenty minutes?"

She lightened her grip on his muzzle so he could speak. When he leaned back, a strand of liquid still linked his lower lip with her sex. "I - probably? Roxie, I don't think I can - eat you out for that long... I haven't exactly had a lot of tongue practice..."

Another sharp exhalation of breath when she pulled him back down.

"*Here's* your practice."