

Askia nodded his head in rhythm to the music from the stage, one of his footpaws tapping as well. Wasn't really his type of music, but Rhea had certainly been excited to come – that much made sense: if *he* had a boyfriend who sang lead vocals for an up-and-coming group, Askia would want to go to their first big local show, too – and she'd seemed intent on dragging him along too. He'd come along in the first place since he had nothing else planned tonight, and yeah, it was fun enough.

If not for the slightly-too-drunk bear on his other side who kept stumbling into him, of course. And the putrid scent of someone who'd vomited into the crowd somewhere off to his right, wafting over every now and then between the mixed smells of everything else, of all the people and their perfume and cologne, the cool bite of alcohol on the air, the too-sweet tinge of vape haze. The wild dog basically had to force himself to focus on the stage and the band members there to keep himself from yelling; big social events like this weren't really his vibe. Nod and tap, nod and tap.

Rhea beside him looked to be having a hell of a time, though. He wouldn't really consider her one of his *closest* friends, but they'd spent enough time together for him to figure out her tells and body language, past the obvious. Not only was she excited from all of this, which was clear on her facial expression and how her tufted lynx ears stood straight up, but she was *excited*, too. *That* part was in the angle of her tail, a slight sharp tweak to her gentle scent floating through everything else, and then most noticeably in the grip of her fingers whenever she lost her balance from bouncing and had to brace herself against Askia's arm for support.

All of those he'd figured out when hanging out with the lynx and her boyfriend one night for a movie marathon, and the boyfriend – Sam, a tall-ish fox with a gritty middle-tenor voice that came across quite well for their type of music – had fallen asleep on the couch. Askia was sitting back on the other end enjoying the movie, and he'd thought Rhea had similarly dropped off on Sam after downing what had to be her fifth drink for the night. Right as things onscreen were getting interesting, though, the wild dog felt a pair of paws running up his side, and looked down to see that feline muzzle with a hungry glimmer in her golden eyes...

He'd turned her down for no fewer than three reasons that night, of course, and the two went on pretending as if it had never happened. He'd considered on a few occasions that Rhea maybe just didn't remember, which would honestly be the best and easiest turn of events.

The crowd around them roared as the song ended, and both the wild dog and lynx looked up to the stage, Rhea having to stand on her toes to see. Sam held a paw up into the air, visible from probably everywhere in the venue atop all of that fox, with his lips practically pressed against the mic; *this is our last song for the night, you've been a damn wonderful crowd, it's great to play here in our hometown*, the usual, and then they tore right into it.

"Ooh," Rhea cooed beside him, "this was the one they did for high school prom, senior year. It was just Sam and Laiken back then..."

*Laiken.* She'd mentioned him before, the raccoon bassist. He was cute enough, sure, and looked... *alright* in what he wore, jeans and a plaid flannel over some graphic t-shirt that Askia couldn't make out in this light. Maybe he'd get a chance to talk to him later – with Sam being her boyfriend, Rhea usually managed to arrange for backstage visits for herself and whoever she brought along to their shows. That was what she'd told him, anyway.

The song went on to its finish, a bit faster and harder than the rest of what had been played tonight, and the band filed out off-stage for about forty seconds before they came back to do the customary encore bit. Askia clapped, and he whistled (or at least tried to, after getting his claws trimmed the other weekend) and looked over to the lynx beside him. Good thing he did, too, since she started squeezing her way through the milling masses of people without looking back for him. Nobody stopped her as she slid easily past the security near the stage door; Askia smiled nervously and pointed towards her, and hoped that that would be good enough. It seemed so.

Unsurprisingly Rhea beelined for Sam, for him to swing her up in his arms and pepper her muzzle with kisses. Askia rolled his eyes and looked away... which put his gaze directly on that raccoon, laughing as he spoke with the badger who might have been the drummer? Hard to tell in that lighting, and at that distance. He leaned easily against a standing amp, bass resting against his leg with one paw braced lightly on the head; poofy ringed tail swished behind him, occasionally flicking like a gentle whip with his words.

Then as if able to feel the wild dog watching him, Laiken looked over mid-sentence, tilted his head, blinked. Green eyes – he could see that now, in the lighter, whiter light of the backstage. Still hard to see the details from this distance, but... glittering brightly, and warm with that faint smile on his short muzzle. A little pink tongue flicked out across his lips in a fraction of a second, and Askia thought that those green eyes ran the full course of his body, down and up, before the raccoon turned back towards the drummer to say one thing more and nod.

And then he started coming this way. Askia swallowed, straightened up, looked around for Rhea: she was deep in happy conversation with her boy, paws on his chest while she leaned against him, short little tail sticking straight out and ears perked his way. The fox kept his body pressed against hers, too; no doubt *he* could tell better than Askia, better than anyone, what his girlfriend was feeling. Wouldn't be surprising if they ran off for a bit.

The wild dog looked back towards the raccoon... and felt his heart jump into his throat. This time there was no doubting those eyes looking him up and down, sizing him up, seeing what he had to offer. He had his bass slung over one shoulder and that paw draped lightly along the side, fingers resting over the thick strings. Calloused fingers, but he probably knew how to use them, right?

Then there was that tongue again, followed by another smile. This one for Askia and Askia alone, and he could *feel* that. Was he sweating? Hard to look away from those eyes, smooth sweet green, cool like fresh-ground mint, warm like sunlit moss.

"Hey," the raccoon said. He sounded totally relaxed, as though he hadn't a shred of worry or nervousness about anything. "You're Rhea's friend, aren't'cha?"

They caught the light the way that the water of the pond in the local park did, small bright flashes enough to catch his attention, not enough to force him to look away. The kind that he'd caught himself watching long enough to make him late for work on at least four spring mornings.

Then he realized Laiken was waiting for his answer. The wild dog jerked, cleared his throat, swallowed, cleared his throat again, shoved his paws into his pockets so that he wouldn't see them fiddling. "Oh – um – yeah, uh, she-"

Rhea's voice made him jump all over again: "Hey, 'Kia! You hear that?"

"N..." He swallowed again. Laiken had swung his bass around in front and now idly thumbed at the strings, green eyes still tilted up towards the wild dog in front of him; Askia turned his head towards Rhea and her boyfriend, though continued to hold that gaze for a second. "No?"

She peeled herself mostly apart from the fox, though kept an arm around his shoulder. Sam had his around her waist, and paw teasing up beneath the hem of her shirt... "Hope you didn't have any dinner plans tonight, 'cause we're goin' with them."

"Oh. Um..."

"Good." Laiken shrugged when Askia looked at him again, that motion more nonchalant than smug. "I was wanting to get to know you better, and that saves me the trouble of asking you out myself."

Oh, it felt like *that* blush lingered until the group actually arrived at the restaurant, a ramen shop a few streets down. Just out of walking distance, just close enough to be a hassle to drive to. Laiken explained on the way out the door that they weren't *quite* big enough yet to have a tour van, and as such had to take all their own cars; Askia of course waffled between riding with Rhea and with his new friend, and eventually ended up in the backseat of the lynx's car with his paws clasped in his lap and mind buzzing like it did whenever a new chapter of one of his favorite stories was published online.

Rhea was still locked in conversation with her boy – every time the three of them hung out it was like that, except for the times when one or both of them got drunk – which left the wild dog to his own thoughts. Naturally they started straying a bit by the time they reached the restaurant, and when that came he was glad for the deepening evening around them, and that he'd worn pants today with pockets deep enough for his paws. Raccoons have good night vision, don't they? There was just something about Laiken's easy confidence in approaching and speaking to him, and – *asking you out myself*, what did he mean by that? Did he mean as in a date? Then there were those *eyes*...

As things went, Askia would get ample opportunity to look into those eyes: after being led to their table and waiting for the others to arrive, the wild dog busied himself in his menu – and then felt the chair beside him drawn out, followed by a bushy tail brushing across his leg.

"You ever been here before?"

Maybe he was overthinking things. Maybe a lot. Probably. Even Laiken's voice sent a little shiver down his back, after the thoughts he'd wandered into on the ride over. "Um... no, I... I haven't."

"Ohh, man, they've got some good stuff." Laiken flipped his own menu, then flicked those eyes towards Askia for a moment. "You are in for a *treat* tonight."

It didn't help at all that that last bit felt separated from the rest, as if it carried some kind of extra meaning to it. Askia didn't have the confidence to watch the raccoon's face for any other hints, though, so he just buried himself back in his menu and felt like he was distracted in school all over again, reading the same thing over and over and unable to figure out what it said.

Really, though, it wasn't so bad. Laiken kept on poking and prodding him into conversation, and the more he did it, the easier it became. Made him smile and laugh, made him put his menu down and shoot a playful glare... and then the wild dog's nose started twitching with something caught on the air, something he couldn't place. In spaces between the conversation that had somehow been struck between the two of them he looked around the restaurant and eyed others' meals, trying to figure out if that was where that scent came from.

An aroma, really, caressing and tickling his nose, making his short whiskers twitch as though caught in a light breeze. Somewhat dry, somewhat spicy, and yet not the kind of scent to make his stomach growl. After looking around a bit longer, he leaned over and nudged Laiken with his elbow; touching the raccoon still gave him a bit of a shiver.

"Hey, what's the smell?"

He frowned as he took a sip from his drink, thought about it for a moment, then suddenly perked up, swallowed, and laughed. "Oh. Oh God, that might be me you're smelling. If you think it's hot in that venue in the crowd, just imagine what it's like up on stage with those bright-ass lights staring you down..."

Laiken gave a little fluff of his shirt, and – Askia realized very quickly that, yes, it *was* him he could smell. That one wave, stronger and more sudden than anything else, washed over him and zapped through his awareness... and it was all he could do not to grab that super-soft flannel, yank it open, and press his nose directly into the fluff between the raccoon's chin and his shoulder.

Not that he would anyway, of course, with his whole shyness thing. But he'd certainly be *thinking* about it for a while.

"Hey, um..." Abruptly, he braced his paws against the edge of the table and pushed his chair out. "I'm gonna go hit the bathroom real quick. I'll be – right back."

Laiken looked up after him. "Hey, wait – the food's almost here, it's-"

The sounds of the restaurant stirred around him as he made his way to the end of the place, and then cut off to muffled near-silence once the bathroom door swung slowly shut behind him. The wild dog remained there for a moment, then headed over towards the sink and turned it on. What was *wrong* with him today? He woke up this morning feeling totally normal, totally alright; he'd had an average day at work, nothing really too great or too bad; then Rhea invited him out, and he said *sure*, and he'd started to get bored halfway through the show.

Then everything switched gears as soon as he caught sight of Laiken. It had *never* been like that before. Askia swallowed and looked at himself in the mirror, the sound of the faucet keeping his dinner-plate ears perked forward: he *was* sweating a little bit. Not a nervous sweat, or at least not entirely – it felt like the sweat from the first time he'd come face to face with the little blue-eyed otter who'd stolen his heart several years ago and a thousand miles away.

Sighing, he lowered his muzzle back down towards the sink and closed his eyes. How could it be that everything was going so right, and yet he felt like it was all going wrong? Sometimes he wished he could be like Rhea, bold enough to make a move one night and then confident enough to pretend it hadn't

happened just nine hours later. Hell, she'd even felt Sam up in public more than once. Why couldn't Askia do that? Sure, he got a bit *touchy* once he had some drinks in him, but it really depended on-

Suddenly, warmth and weight against him from behind, one arm wrapping around his lower body and paw lifting up his shirt, another sliding in along his thigh towards his groin, for that paw to wrap and squeeze and feel. Naturally his first reaction was to jerk upright and try to squirm free; then his second reaction, upon noticing the raccoon behind him in the mirror, was to simmer down and... not quite *relax* into the groping, but. Something.

"You ran away," that voice murmured; Laiken had to stand on his tiptoes a bit to keep his muzzle at the wild dog's shoulder. Askia shivered with that paw finding the shape of his sheath through his pants, squeezing firmly around it, then moving up to tease at the button of his fly; those same fingers he'd been eyeing earlier combed through the short fur of his lower belly, trimmed claws drawing thin lines along his skin. "That was a little rude, don't you think?"

"W-well, I..."

His voice trailed off as soon as that paw made its way beneath the waistband of his pants, and from there into his boxers as well. Warm fingers wrapped around his sheath and pulled it slightly away from his body, slick skin sliding down along the tip of his cock – which soon met the slightly-softer pad of the raccoon's thumb, swirling slowly, easily around that soft flesh. Askia leaned more heavily against Laiken behind him and shivered. Was this *really* happening?

"I told you I wanted to get to know you better." That other paw made its way down from under his shirt to finish his fly, pulling the zipper smoothly down to allow him more room to squeeze and rub. That done, Laiken tilted his wrist a bit, angled Askia's sheath so that his slowly growing length poked up and out from beneath the waistband of his underwear, continued rolling the skin of his sheath back and forth, back and forth. Askia's fingers tightened on the sides of the sink. "And I think the stall in back is the perfect place to do just that."

Didn't have to tell *him* twice. He straightened up, let his own paws drift down to close on Laiken's and squeeze them in place, then pulled himself away towards the back of the restroom with the raccoon close behind him. Before he could look around and get to know their new surroundings, though, the latch of the door clunked shut and Laiken turned to face him, paws on his hips. Then, those paws quickly switched to working at his own fly, and shoved his pants and underwear down – to bring his half-hard cock lifting out into the air in front of him.

Then, he just pointed down and licked his lips. And Askia obeyed, coming forward and dropping to his knees so he could run his nose up along the underside of that shaft, base to tip. Hot, slightly damp from the time spent pent up, and *heavy*, too; he pushed his muzzle back down against the base and this time made the same movement with his tongue, hefting that flesh up over his muzzle as he went.

This was *exactly* where his mind had wandered earlier. Again and again he made his way from base to tip, each time burying his nose back against the raccoon's pubic fur when he moved to begin again; there he found a stronger, richer source of the scent that had... *distracted* him over dinner just earlier, and now that he had an unobstructed taste of it, it made him whine. Laiken bumped his head back against the stall door and let out a rumbling sigh while Askia worked at him, tongue making its way up

one more time before his lips wrapped around his head and dove down, slowly. Taste to go with scent, something that would stay in the back of his throat probably through his actual meal tonight.

As for that girth, that heft... he couldn't make his way further than halfway down on the raccoon's cock before he found himself stopped. That didn't keep him from trying, though, from wriggling his tongue out against the underside and suckling gently along that tip, already leaking salty-sweet pre. Askia let his eyes drift shut and slid a paw down between his own legs, himself fully worked up after so little.

Sometimes he just *really* let his mind get away from him, and then when those things he'd thought about came to reality...

Before he could sink too deep into bringing his fantasy forth, though, one of the raccoon's paws tightened on his head and pulled him back. He moved back with a soft grunt, a rope of saliva hanging between his lower lip and the twitching tip of Laiken's shaft; thankfully, though, he was permitted to come back in and lap that off, each lick sending another throb through the raccoon's body.

"Can't be away for too long or they'll get suspicious..." Laiken rumbled. With his free paw he motioned for Askia to stand up. "Let me see what you have beneath that tail of yours. Let me feel it."

A little hard to believe how things had taken such a sharp turn, but Askia certainly wasn't complaining. He rose up, swallowed down the raccoon's taste while looking into those smooth green eyes, then turned, bent over the toilet – which thankfully had a lid to it – and half-pushed his pants down his thighs, leaving them for Laiken to finish the job.

Which, of course, he only half-did. There was that warmth and weight again bearing down on him from above and behind, this time with that extra intense, wet heat against the base of his tail; then Laiken yanked his pants down maybe two inches farther, just enough so that he could feel the cool air of the restaurant restroom snake its way through the fur of his rump, and no further. And *then* the raccoon angled himself down, lined up... started to press forward, slowly, carefully. Askia gripped the side of the toilet and sucked in a low gasp as that length, that thickness, started to sink its way into him – he'd *thought* he'd done a good job of getting it nice and slick, but it still felt like he'd have a hell of a time here.

Nothing he couldn't handle, though. Hopefully. The wild dog reached up to brace one paw against the tank of the toilet, both pulling his body forward away from that pressing girth, and angling his rump back against it; above him Laiken gave voice to a low, shuddering sigh as he continued to slide his way in, paw moving slowly back along his length to keep him straight.

Askia repeatedly had to pull himself forward a bit, forward off of that thickness pressing into him and stretching his tailhole... and yet still before he knew it the raccoon's hips bumped up against his rump, and lower belly against the underside of his tail. It was then that Laiken let out another shuddering sigh, followed by a few little movements from his hips to bury himself deep inside the wild dog's backside.

"Tight..." he purred, then pulled out just far enough so that he had space to press back in. Askia's body reflexively clenched around that cock, which just made Laiken rumble all over again. "Ooh... I'm gonna have fun with *this*, you know..."

The wild dog knew he was really in for it, with *that* tone of voice. He didn't have to wait long to find out for certain, either: a moment later one of the raccoon's paws shifted to his waist and the other to his shoulder, and then Laiken started pulling his way out just so he could sink back in, and then again, and again, each time a little further and a little faster. Askia just braced himself and hung on, each pound into him making his hard cock twitch and throb and forcing another clench around that length under his tail.

If he hadn't heard the bathroom door when Laiken had entered, he probably wouldn't be able to for someone else. Especially not with the raccoon's panting and grunting in his ear, and his own unsteady moaning washing out between parted lips; the rustling of fur on fur, the quiet *pap-pap-pap* of hips to rump, the softer, wetter sound of Laiken pulling almost all the way out, taking a moment to line back up, and sinking in again.

And, really, it wasn't so bad. He couldn't say he wasn't enjoying it; that just wouldn't be the case tomorrow morning, or the day after when he had to climb the stairs at work, or maybe even the day after. Familiar tug, squeeze, sting that let him know he *was* going to be sore, beneath each thrust into him – but still Askia pressed back into that movement and rhythm, working against Laiken's pace, trying to pull as much pleasure from the raccoon as he could. He *had* been looking forward to this, of course, and seeing how swiftly and easily Laiken had dug his paws into his pants, the raccoon had as well.

"Haven't had the... chance to..." Laiken slid his paw back down to Askia's rump to spread him a bit and pound deeper, faster, harder. The wild dog jerked forward against the toilet and couldn't *quite* suppress a gasp and moan. "Get off in like three days. I've been needing a good ass to empty into..."

Askia knew the feeling. Could he find the ability to speak right then, he'd have told the raccoon *you can use mine whenever*, but what instead came out was another sharper moan beneath a fierce thrust forward against him, enough to make him bump against the back of the toilet again.

Paws shifted from shoulder and rump to waist, thumbs angled in to spread him a bit more; then from there one came down and around his body, pushing his pants down a bit further to wrap around his hard cock and stroke him, not quite in rhythm with the thrusting. Already pushing him dangerously close to the edge, and listening to the hot, frantic breaths of the raccoon in his ear from above and behind, he wasn't the only one. Askia swallowed again, let his tongue hang out of his mouth, angled his backside up a bit so he could press back into the raccoon, relaxed as much as he could...

...and then intentionally clenched around that cock as soon as he started to feel the shuddering and twitching, and hear the rising moans and gasps. Laiken's paw jerked along the wild dog's length, Askia gasped as the raccoon buried himself as deep inside of him as he could with those throbs, those spurts, actually able to be felt – and then next thing he knew he, too, was unloading across the front of the toilet, claws trying to dig into the smooth surface and failing.

It felt like it went on for a while, too, with Laiken pulling back half an inch or so then pushing back in beneath another spurt and moan until he'd fully emptied himself, and then a bit past that. Then, panting, he slid out, gasped as his half-hard cock came free from the wild dog's backside... and leaned over him, pressing a pair of fingers right into where his length had been just seconds earlier, and with them lifting Askia's backside up a bit.

"I don't want my food to get cold..." the raccoon murmured, close to his ear. Those fingers came free and turned to a gentle stroking near the base of his tail. "You can get into contact with me through Sam's girl, right? Or – actually – remind me after dinner and I'll get you my number. Hand me some of that toilet paper?"

He did so, and in the same (clumsy) movement, pulled himself up into a sitting position. It would definitely have to be a few minutes before he could go back out there; if he'd been worked up enough before for Laiken to be able to notice it on him, taking all those six – six and a half? Seven, maybe – inches under his tail and having the damn raccoon on top of him probably just made it worse.

Green eyes briefly fluttered shut as the raccoon wiped his slowly-softening cock off, and then focused on Askia again. Then, he grinned. "Or if you're free tonight, I could have you for dessert. God – I've *always* wanted to say that. You good to go?"

"Gimme..." The dog struggled with pulling himself up. The soreness would take a while to set in, but it would certainly come. "A minute..."

That fleeting thought and quick worry from before turned out to have a solid base, too: as soon as the two left the stall and turned the corner, both of them perked up and looked over to see a fox standing at the urinal, muzzle pointed up to the ceiling. Then those vulpine ears flicked, he paused, and looked over at them – and they both let out a sigh of relief.

Sam waved. "Hey. You two have fun?" He looked back to the urinal, then shook himself off. "Food's here, by the way. Unless you two... already ate?"

Askia frowned beneath his cackling and opened his mouth to say something – then yipped as Laiken gave his rump a squeeze.

"Nah," the raccoon answered, "that'll come later. You – you missed it, Sam, I literally *just* said-"

"No, no, I heard. I think the others were starting to wonder where you two went; go get back out there." As the two passed by, though, the fox looked over his other shoulder at them. "Try not to leak on the nice seats they have, alright?"

With how thick this damn raccoon was, that might be a bit difficult.