

Brown fur, not quite the rich tone of fresh moist soil, yet still deeper, heavier than smooth aged wood. Keith bit into his lip, trying to force himself to remain focused. Too goddamn much on his mind - and even with that he could still at least rely on his reflexes to pull him out of the way, right as a fist cut through the air. It tickled the fur on his cheek.

Fist bound with coarse white bandages, the very same sort of which also bound his opponent's chest... today Natani wore a thin pair of undyed pants, nice silk, all part of Kat's generous workmanship... and then his binding and nothing else. His face - ears splayed, lips parted, eyes sharply focused - showed his exertion and... *exhaustion*, in more than one way. These past few days had not been particularly good for him.

Keith could feel it, too, also in more than one way. There was the familiar scratchiness at the back of his throat that flared up with every breath, the burning ache in his arms and ankles from all his movements, the sharper pain from all the times he'd been struck... and then, the also-familiar 'discomfort'. Like the discomfort of an empty stomach, with the aroma of some tasty meal on the air...

The last time this had happened, Natani had locked himself in one of the bedrooms and begged Keith first to stand guard, and then to *"please, help me out - I need it... Keith..."*

Another dodge to the side, though the sudden change of motion caused him to bite down on his lip a little too hard. Bright pain - and the metallic taste of blood, followed by steady throbbing in that part of his mouth... this time, all the wolf Keidran had asked was *"help me keep my mind off of it"*. Keith had moved his lips to ask *help with what*, right before - the scent hit his nose, the dry, musty spice that ignited a thousand little fires throughout his body, and one place in particular.

There were about... fourteen or so things he'd rather do with this particular Keidran at this particular time, but that *certainly* wasn't something he'd admit. He rolled the slickness of his own blood across his tongue, swallowed it down, and then raised his fists and lowered his head. Sparring with Natani had become a twice-weekly thing over time, but this would make the third day in a row - with the toll on each of them evident.

Natani was, of course, somewhat distracted with the effects and influence of his heat: he hadn't landed a good, real hit on Keith in over a week (the Basitin could remember trusting his reflexes when he shouldn't have, and pitching right into that fist - and then waking up on his back), and always sort of lurched around with a persistent blush coloring his cheeks and ears and his breaths coming out in little heavy puffs. And as the session went on longer, Keith found himself encountering steadily more trouble in focusing as well, especially as that damned scent just grew stronger with the wolf's exertion.

Both breathing heavily, tails flicking and swaying behind them; both keeping their fists raised and backs arched, Natani still coming to about a full head and a half above the Basitin. He reached up to wipe more of the blood off his lips, looked down at his hand...

...out of the corner of his vision noticed Natani lunging forward once more. He moved to dodge, but his foot caught on the edge of a warped board sticking out of the floor. He lost his balance, he scrambled to reclaim it, he failed... and thumped against the floor. Right as he rolled over to get back up, though, Natani tumbled over him too, the wolf's sudden weight - two hundred-something pounds of lean muscle - on his legs causing him to yelp out.

"Keith! Sorry, sorry..." The Keidran quickly righted himself, fingers pressing in against Keith's belly and chest, but... he did not stand up.

The Basitin squirmed. At this distance - closeness, rather - he could very clearly pick up his scent, natural aroma mingling with the bite and spice of his heat. Not only that, but he could also feel that heat pressing down against his legs, warm and - and slightly slick, slightly wet...

"I'm okay," he managed, and propped himself up on his elbows. It felt odd to see Natani wear that expression - *that* expression, try as he might to hide his desire during a sparring session. It really *was* to take his mind off it, but the Basitin couldn't help but think: what if he just really 'enjoyed' fighting? "But - are *you* alright? You look..." Ears down, mouth open, tongue hanging out, mismatched eyes flicking back and forth across Keith's face, one hand pressed into the fur of the Basitin's chest and the other picking at his own binding - "...flustered."

Huff - huff. Broad pink tongue flicked up and lapped across his lips. "Yeah." The wolf nodded. "I just need a moment to catch my breath..."

"And you need to sit on me for that?" Said for himself as much as for the Keidran; as if his own desire wasn't already enough without this scent tickling at his nose. A different kind of hunger - a response in a different part of his body. He found his eyes drawn not only to the wolf's eyes and muzzle, but also to the curve of fairly sizeable breasts still hidden beneath that binding, and the lines of tight muscle in the belly beneath that.

"Legs are tired... been on my feet all day..." Natani reached up and undid the knot keeping his hair tied behind his head. It fell around his shoulders and swayed briefly with the rocking of the boat beneath them. "And - *you know*. Making me shaky all over, especially when..." His hands pressed against Keith's chest again as he scooted up towards his thighs. "When I'm... you're..." ...huff, huff -

"Natani-" Wouldn't be at all acceptable for them to have a *moment* right here. Something had almost happened after the events at Edinmire: once the recently-awakened Natani and Keith found time to themselves... well. The Basitin felt Nat's full strength against him, squeezing him between wolf and wall with a warm kiss on his lips holding him in place. A part of him couldn't help but wonder-slash-hope that this might go the same.

"Yeah, I know... sorry, it's just..." This time when Natani removed his hands from Keith's chest, he slid them down his stomach and up between his own legs - and shivered, a gentle moan on his lips. "Keith, I think I need... to..." But when his eyes next opened they focused on the Basitin's face, and he stopped. "Oh. You're bleeding. Did I hit you?"

"No, no..." Keith turned his head away, but soon felt it turn back by a warm hand - and then realized the strength of the scent on it, from that little press up between the Keidran's legs. He had no doubt that his blush already showed in his ears, but still he couldn't help but nuzzle against that hand, the bandages coming loose from around the wolf's fingers. Once again his eyes made their way down toward that sleek lined belly...

...and then his muzzle was gently lifted back up by that same hand, with Natani leaning in closer. Mismatched eyes, smooth-furred muzzle, lips always parted in soft panting... and his

natural scent noticeably strengthened by both the exhaustion of their session and his heat. Nothing good could come of the two of them being this close together at a time like this.

'Good' depending on a few things. Keith could hardly get that damned *entourage* of his to leave him alone for longer than an hour at a time. Honestly, being pinned to the floor with this wolf atop him was one of the most pleasant (and persistent) thoughts to enter his mind these past few days.

"Here - let me... just..."

Keith winced at the touch of Natani's fingers against his slightly-swollen lip. Still the wolf continued to lean in, with Keith watching through squinting eyes... and then, the gentlest of touches against that sore spot, lips to lips as Natani met him in a kiss. One hand on his chin, one against his chest, the Basitin remained in place propped up on his elbows - and then winced again when the wolf's tongue flitted out against the interior of his lip, right against that same spot.

Because of their height difference, Natani had to hunch over quite a bit to meet him like this. Still, though, he slid further up the Basitin's body as he sat up, one of his hands also lifting up to wipe the little bit of blood and saliva out of the fur of his muzzle. Keith just squirmed again, a little uncomfortably: with how they now sat, he could very clearly feel the wolf's slick warmth in his own lap, pressing against him, grinding down... easy as it was to get lost in the rhythm of things with this damn Keidran, his mind continually went back to thoughts of 'what if we get caught, what if Maddie pops her head in, what if Trace and Flora come down for whatever reason, what if, what if-' but then:

"Keith..."

The Basitin's eyes refocused. That was a tone of voice he'd heard before, beneath his usual timbre a note of not only want and desire but need as well. Keith flicked his tongue across his lips, over the little spot of warmth and wetness that the Keidran left. "Natani. I told you-"

The wolf churned his hips forward in Keith's lap, stopping those words in his throat and eliciting in their stead a low puff of tense breath.

"Here's an idea," Natani murmured, continuing to move his hips. That kiss had started Keith down that familiar path of excitement, of arousal, of desire that he knew he should resist but was unsure if he could - that path that kisses with the wolf usually did, but... the grinding, the pressing... "Why don't you shut up?"

He had never really been one to disobey Natani's suggestions. The Basitin started to lower himself back down, but - strong, sleek-furred arms wrapped around his back and actually lifted him up further, pressing him against the larger wolf's bound chest.

There, the only thing to tickle his nose - other than the little bits of rebellious fur between the bandages, and the bandages themselves - was strong, sharp animalistic scent, laden with the same hot desire, urgent need, and a hundred other things. The undeniable scent of a Keidran in heat, except this was Natani in particular, with his own character of aroma bubbling beneath everything else.

So, of course, it worked Keith up more than anything else. Especially with the wolf still grinding his hips on him, still squeezing his head against his chest - where he could feel the firm presence of the breasts he'd seen more than a few times before. There was that period of time when the wolf just barely escaped from Eric's burning ship, and then spent a short period of time in full Keidran fashion, with more fur uncovered than otherwise. Just... out, all the time.

One of Natani's arms fell away from Keith's back... and then he felt the wolf's bindings start to come loose, unravelling and falling away against his nose and face. Soft, hot breath in his whiskers; he looked up, he swallowed; he lifted his hips up and pressed back against Natani, back against the warmth, the faint wetness seeping through the thin fabric of those pants-

"Gods," the Keidran sighed. White tendrils of bandages hung off his fingers for a moment, before he waved them to the side - and they floated down into an uneven heap. That same sleek, smooth brown fur, coming down along the line of his chest - and then suddenly arcing out, forming the full shape of supple breasts, large, heavy. "Don't get me wrong, it feels good to have them bound up - but sometimes it feels better to let them go... and now..."

Keith parted his lips to let out a word of complaint... but then remembered the wolf's *suggestion* and stopped himself. Natani seemed either not to notice or not to care, instead continuing to lift himself up until he stood above the Basitin, feet on either side of him. Keith swallowed again, letting himself fall back down to his elbows.

Long fingers, sharp claws - sliding beneath the waistband of those pants, lifting up, tugging down... and then they, too, lay in a discarded heap off to the side. Keith looked up and down the wolf Keidran standing above him. Sleek texture of fur, sharp lines of muscle rippling along his flat stomach, down his firm thighs, up his arms - and then the curves, the arcs and shape of the thinner shoulders, the full breasts, the smaller waist above wider hips, and the lines of tendons on either side of his lower stomach pointing down to the source of the slight moisture clinging to the front of Keith's pants.

He licked his lips and swallowed. No complaints, then, when the wolf took another step forward, half-lowered himself down, and - and pushed his hips forward towards the Basitin's waiting muzzle. He licked his lips again, whiskers set to constantly twitching. Natani's arousal and wetness were palpable on the air; Keith could taste it on every inhaled breath...

"Help a - a guy out, would you?" panted the Keidran. The scent so heavily infused in the air was the very same on that hand that had tilted his head up, just earlier. Now he received it in its full strength a few inches from his muzzle, hot and heavy and tantalizing.

Right as he leaned in to close that distance, though, one of the Keidran's hands settled on the back of his head and forced him forward. Scent turned to taste, strong and bright and sharp on his tongue as it slid up between the slick lips suddenly against his. Short fur tickling his nose, just as heavily doused as everything else-

This wouldn't be Keith's first experience with this musk of arousal. There had been times in the past, times with them wrestling and sparring just like tonight, and - occasionally he'd get a small taste of this aroma, but waved it off as his imagination.

With a rumbling exhalation of breath, Natani churned his hips forward against Keith's face, continuing to grind his slickness and arousal into his muzzle. The Basitin dug his tongue up into

the warm wet flesh, feeling it clench and squeeze around him, and the supple skin of Natani's lips.

This certainly wasn't how he expected their sparring session to go. Three days of dancing around throwing punches, heavy breathing, sweating and smelling... to culminate with his muzzle shoved up between Natani's legs, swallowing down this warm wetness and enticing taste - both of which clung to the back of his throat and seemed to roll down out of the corners of his mouth.

That scent, the taste, the hands tight on the back of his head, the hot wetness against his lips and tongue that slowly soaked into the fur of his muzzle... as a Basitin he generally tried to hide expressions of want and desire, especially of a sexual nature. Of course, he only had the willpower to do this for so long in regards to *this* wolf.

Honestly, he'd rather be nowhere else than where he was now during Natani's heat - muzzle between spread legs, lips to lips, tongue reaching up, digging in, dragging over supple silky flesh that clenched and twitched. He had to occasionally shift his head to rest his slightly-aching jaw and to catch his breath, inhaling that salty heated spice and exhaling his own shivering sighs.

Part of him wanted to push Natani down to the floor, to slide up between those legs of his and sink deep into him, to feel the warmth and moisture clenching around his length to the base-

"Haah..." the wolf panted, the muscles of his belly tensing and relaxing with his little waves of pleasure. His face scrunched up, his tail flicked, his fur stood a bit on end with every flick of Keith's tongue over his lips or against his clit... and between uneven breaths, he swallowed.

One of the Keidran's hands lifted from the back of his head - and then slid down in front of Keith's muzzle, fingers keeping those slick lips spread for a second before he began rubbing at himself. Keith couldn't tell if it was his own saliva or Natani's liquid arousal that rolled down his chin now, but he took the chance to slip away from the other hand and lean back, wipe his muzzle, and slide a hand into his own pants, to lighten the hot pressure there. He'd be able to smell this Keidran on his own breath probably for at least another day - assuming that Keith wouldn't end up with his head again pinned between wooden floor and twitching, dripping lips.

As for the likelihood of that, he couldn't say. Natani *had* mentioned that his legs ached.

There was just something about hearing this wolf's panting moans and watching his chest heave and fingers work against himself that the Basitin enjoyed so much. He lifted up into his own hand as he watched, pants tugged down to allow him to finally act on his fervent excitement - and he repeatedly flicked his tongue out over his own lips to refresh that taste in his mouth...

They shared a room on this ship, though usually kept to their own beds. Even with that, these last few nights had been hell for Keith, Natani's rich musk always on the still air - and sometimes Nat took matters into his own hands, regardless of Keith's presence. Then, it was an entirely different moisture soaking into the blankets of his bed than the usual sweat of their sparring. After today, though... it wouldn't even take so much as a gentle claw beneath his chin and Keith would be willing to return his muzzle to where it belonged.

A deep shiver rippled through the Keidran's body above him, and his legs briefly faltered. When Natani lifted his hand away from himself with a slick sound, a few strands of that same thick juice hung between his fingers. Keith swallowed.

"Gods..." the wolf sighed again. Another second and those mismatched eyes focused back on the Basitin beneath him, rocking gently with the motion of his arm. It felt a little odd to pleasure himself with such a sharp gaze on him, but... it was a gaze he knew, trusted, and loved. "Keith, I - I want to-"

Again he swallowed, mouth hanging open. "Yeah?-"

-but then the breath was forced out of him with the unexpected weight of a strong wolf suddenly against his chest. Natani wasted no time in sliding back towards the Basitin's hips, leaving a streak of moist matted fur as he went. Keith's hand fell away from his twitching length - and instead came up to feel the wolf's firm rump, thumb daring to trace up beneath the base of his slightly-raised tail. Intense heat, faint moisture, tight ridged skin... Natani briefly lifted up so that he could then continue grinding Keith's cock between his slick lips and the Basitin's own belly, now with nothing in the way between them. The feeling of that alone was enough to pull a tense moan out of Keith's maw and make him lift his hips up in return.

Hot breath on his face, strong hands on his chest only further squeezing the breath out of him... with each and every slick movement from the Keidran atop him, no matter how small, he could only respond with another throb from his cock and tight moan from his lips.

"I want you to fill me," the wolf rumbled. Keith could feel his face and ears turn red with his blush. As he spoke, he lifted up a little and slid one hand down towards the Basitin's length. "Haven't been able to get you out of my head for days. Close my eyes to sleep, and next thing I know - I'm in a dream of your hips or your muzzle is between my legs, or I've got my nose and tongue shoved right up against you..." The same hot, wet flesh that had just been pressed and grinded against his lips, now teasing at the tip of his cock, sliding down only far enough for him to dig his claws into the wooden floor- "Do you know what it's *like* to have a sexual dream if you're magically inclined?"

Once more he swallowed. All he could smell and taste - hot, rich wolf heat. This wouldn't last long for either of them. When Keith next spoke, his desire was audible under his voice. "I can't say I do. I - I..."

But Natani wouldn't let him finish. That warm slickness steadily pressed down onto his length, squeezing him from all sides, making him arch his back and suck in a low breath - with the same enjoyment mirrored in the wolf that held him down. Natani's ears remained sharply upright as he sank further down onto the Basitin, the strength of his hips holding him down and driving further onto him, until there was nowhere else to go.

Panting breath, this sweet shivering pleasure rippling through his whole body over and over again... Keith just barely managed to rest one of his hands on Natani's thigh before the wolf started to push himself back up, the mixed Basitin's saliva and wolf's heat providing more than enough in the way of lubrication. Along the way his eyes had drifted shut: now he cracked them open, brought his other hand up to cover the larger one pressing down into his chest holding him down, and looked up.

Natani had *his* eyes closed as well and mouth hanging open, breath puffing out in the same needy bursts that they it had when it had been Keith's tongue between his legs instead of his cock. With his other hand he cupped one of his full breasts, also moving with his slow bouncing - that gradually picked up pace, and force, and speed. He didn't rise up and down, up and down so much as he just churned his hips forward and back on the Basitin, keeping him buried deep in his hot flesh and instead just - dragging and sliding across his length.

It was almost as though Keith could feel the strength and muscle of Natani's body more fully *now* than while they had been sparring. Mind set to a single thing, a single deep desire that tied the two of them together - and also seemed to just further soak the Basitin's fur. Now he could feel that same warm slickness drip down his inner thighs and up over his pubic fur, spreading a little further every time Natani pressed back down onto him with. Strong legs tensing and squeezing Keith's lower body, sharp-clawed fingers digging into the fur and flesh of his chest, hot needy breaths washing out over his face and tickling his whiskers.

Once more, this wasn't *quite* how he'd expected this sparring session to go. Sure, Keith's mind had strayed to scenarios like this more than a few times these past few days, but he'd imagined that he'd have at least *some* control over the course of things - instead of just having first his head held in place, and then his entire body... again, though, not that he was complaining. He was perfectly content to watch Natani's face move and change as he continued to drive both of them closer to their peaks, and seeing the thick muscles of his belly and legs tense and relax every time he pulled himself up and then sank back down - to say nothing of the *feeling* that it brought him, running through him in sweet electric pulses that only grew in power. When he figured it wouldn't be long...

"Natani..." he panted, hand tightening on the wolf's thigh. Though Keith tried to raise his hips up, he just found himself repeatedly slammed back down into the wooden floor beneath him. "You're gonna-"

But, then, the wolf spread his legs as he rode, moved his hand back down to again rub at himself - and tensed up all over, clenching tightly around the Basitin right on the edge... and then gave voice to another breathy moan echoing with a full-body shudder, the squeezing and the heat and the wetness and the pressure enough to make Keith, too, arch his back and choke back a series of tight gasps. He could feel each throb, each spurt reverberate in his body, pleasure bright and hot and slowly receding - *spurt, spurt, spurt... spurt...* until, breathless, he settled back onto the floor, now fully unsure if it was sweat or drool or arousal that soaked into the fur of his lower belly.

Breaths of exertion had turned to breaths of pleasure, and then to exhaustion. Encroaching sweet sleepiness, warm contentment... and then his body jerked upwards as Natani tugged swiftly up off of him, leaving some of his cum to pool on his own stomach and roll down the side of his length. Mismatched eyes glittered at him from above for a second, before that muzzle then lowered itself down between his legs...

Keith swallowed and lifted his head. The sight of Natani with *his* head between *his* legs, nose against the dripping base of his length, was almost enough to get him ready to go again. "What - are you doing?" he managed, his voice momentarily dying when the wolf's broad tongue took the place of his nose.

“What?” Another lick - long, slow, base to oozing tip. Keith shivered again. “Did you think I was *done* with you? I think I’ll give you a little longer to rest your jaw, but - after...”

He leaned back again, trying to resist the twitches and bucks that came with that slick tongue curling up around him and cleaning him off, replacing his own load and Natani’s slickness with warm saliva.

To think he wasn’t *already* exhausted with the wolf’s heat.