

Keith sighed and braced his palms against the windowsill, looking out over the landscape beyond. Weather here was so... fair, any rainstorm moving in from the ocean promptly interrupted by the spined mountains along the coast, and the vast lake in the other direction lending more than enough cool moisture to keep this valley region fertile and green. Not at all like the Basitin Isles, where the encroaching grasp of the ocean on all sides meant a constant spray of cold brine against your cheeks, tickling your whiskers and stinging your eyes, no matter how far inland you stood...

With that thought, he shook his head and breathed a quiet chuckle to himself. Silly, thinking of that place when he had spent such an inconsequential length of time there, at least within the portion of his life that he deemed worth remembering. That place wasn't his home anymore. Hadn't been in a long time.

A light breeze stirred the trees outside, shaking loose a few drying leaves that fluttered and twirled as they fell to the ground, joining the cushion of soft grass beneath the window. It was the soft rustling of those leaves and grasses to which he'd fallen asleep last night, those and the slow, steady breathing and heartbeat of a certain wolf against his sensitive ears.

No, the Isles weren't his home. However, so long as the scent of wolf lingered in his nose, on his hands, along his upper lip... well, he had a pretty good idea of where he could find 'home'.

Atop the chest of drawers standing beside the window lay Keith's sword, his helmet, Natani's travelling cloak, the coarse-fibered map of the area they'd purchased two towns back, and a candle that had been lit before they had settled down for the night but had since sputtered out, yellow-white wax dripping off its base and pooling beneath it. The Basitin had awoken this morning a little bit dazed, finding himself alone in the bed and rather cold without six and a quarter feet of Keidran wrapped snugly around him, but - Natani's cloak remained, so at most he might have made his way to the baths at the other end of this place. And that was where Keith was about to head, in hopes of finding him, with just a towel draped around his waist.

Across the room, the door into the quarters clicked and creaked open, and Keith half-turned his head. From the very corner of his eye he could glimpse the figure; tall, slim stature, brown fur tinted slightly grey in the growing light of morning... And a fresh scent of wolf in the air, though he couldn't quite pick out the undertones unique to Natani from this far; he would have known a stranger, but the two brothers he'd been traveling with were so close in their scents that it had taken a while and some very close quarters before he'd learned the subtle distinctions that marked Natani - and, though it had come with its own sort of begrudging enjoyment, Zen.

Maybe such close quarters were just what happened when travelling with a pair of wolves. And, really, he couldn't complain: in fact, his body's first reaction to the feeling of warm paws settling against his shoulders from behind was to close his eyes and lean his head towards that touch.

"Good morning," cooed the wolf - and instantly, Keith's body tensed up and he felt his ears stand stiff with slight embarrassment. Cool, gravelly voice, not quite Natani's unmistakable husky contralto, but damn close. "You slept well, I assume?"

Keith's hand, halfway up his bare chest to settle across those sharp-clawed fingers massaging softly into his shoulders, stopped where it was. It wasn't that he disliked Zen - not in the slightest, after the time they'd spent together so far; it was just that... well, with Natani, there was...

"I did. And you?" At least they were at the point where modesty no longer presented an issue. But he did wish that Zen would have at least knocked: some forty seconds earlier, and he would have walked in to see smooth-furred Basitin rump and raised tail while Keith worked at binding his ankles.

Not that he would complain, knowing Zen. Even that first night together, beneath the trees by the river, not just one but both brothers squeezing up on his body, muzzles in his neck, arms draped across his chest, legs riding up on his waist in the most uncomfortable ways... he'd known that Zen had an interest in him ever since the first time he'd spoken through Natani's mouth, but the boldness and confidence with which he had taken his chance had surprised the Basitin. Hardly three weeks since they'd officially met, and here they were.

Keith could feel Zen's breath tickling warmly through his hair as he spoke. "Beautifully. You know..." The wolf dropped his paws from Keith's shoulders and padded out towards the center of the room. "I was thinking. How about you and I head out later and stop by that woodworker you pointed out yesterday? It'll be fun to take a look around, get to know the local craftsmen..."

That made Keith's tail flick. He turned to the side to give the wolf an appraising eye, though he had to keep himself from looking down over that smooth, flat chest, the easy V disappearing down beneath the waistband of his trousers toward his groin... before he'd met Natani, struggles like this wouldn't have even occurred to him. But that wolf had opened his mind to the idea, and now he had another wolf doing just the same. "Wait - I was with Nat when I said that. You'd gone ahead to get us the..."

Zen tapped the side of his head with a pair of fingers, a quiet smile spreading his muzzle.

"Oh. You were listening?"

"Always listening."

Not a hundred percent true, but close enough. Keith always let that slip his mind... and like every time the thought resurfaced, he had to steer his mind away to save himself the embarrassment of thinking of all the things Zen knew about him and what he'd done. *He* might have only known the *wolf* for three weeks, but...

Keith coughed into his fist, and then scratched behind one of his tall ears. "Ah - speaking of which, where is Natani? He wasn't here when I... when I woke up..."

It was the look on the wolf's face that gave him pause right there, that kind of amused half-smile look that both brothers had perfected. It only lasted for a fraction of a second, but was still enough to plant the suspicion in the Basitin's head; he couldn't see the wolf's eye color from here, though, to verify, and noticed quite quickly that every time he took a step towards him, Zen took an equal step back.

Keith glared. "Are you two really doing this to me again?"

Zen pursed his lips. "Doing what?"

"You know exactly what." It really wouldn't surprise him, and this certainly wouldn't be the first time the brothers had pranked him in this way: usually there was some sort of tell that gave it all away, that let him know that it was Natani in Zen's body or vice versa, but over time the two had

gotten better at their act. Natani had a tendency to grin and laugh out loud, and there were just a few things he'd said that made him wonder... but this, right now?

That smile, the swishing of his tail, the way he swiftly and easily sidestepped Keith's persistent tramping towards him to get a good look at his eyes. These were all undeniably Zen.

Right?

"I mean..." Nonchalant shrug. That could honestly be either of them. "I could tell you."

"Yes." With a puff of impatient breath from his nose, Keith crossed his arms in front of his chest. "You could. But I-"

And no sooner had he done so than the wolf closed the distance between them, promptly undoing his change in posture and swinging the Basitin bodily around to face the bed, tugging both of his arms behind his back. All Keith could get out was a surprised *oomph* and then grumbling, as one of those paws shoved his head firmly yet gently down against the poof of the blanket and the mattress beneath.

Suddenly he was brought back to the time Natani had asked him (which put it nicely; really, it was more of an emphatic demand) to spar with him in order to relieve some of the energy of his heat... and of course Keith had ended up on his back with the wolf over him, paws on his shoulders, hips grinding down against Keith's... the breath that washed over the back of his neck now felt much like Natani's breath back then, hot and dripping with interest, edged with desire.

Sometimes, Natani didn't have to be in heat to get that way around Keith.

But as for Zen... the Basitin squirmed against the bed, unable to move beneath the one paw keeping his wrist against his back, the other on his shoulder, and the wolf's full weight bearing down against him from above and behind. Instead of wet warmth sticking to the front of his pants and soaking through to his fur beneath, though, this was a more focused, firm heat lifting up under the base of his tail, grinding through both Zen's pants and the towel tucked beneath Keith's tail.

If his suspicions were correct, then he and Natani *had* spoken about this before, about... Natani using Zen's body, to have Keith in a way that he couldn't in his own. That was also something that these damn wolves had opened his mind to that he otherwise never would have considered. Though to say that he had only *considered* it...

That wouldn't be so much an understatement, as just plain untrue. Some two weeks ago and further north, they had gotten caught in an inn alongside the road during a terrible rainstorm, and the one room still available had only had a single bed in it that could hardly fit the three of them side by side - but as it turned out, that wasn't much of an issue. Most of the night Keith had spent either on his knees at the foot of that bed with a pair of legs hooked over his shoulders, or with his forehead pressed against the wall and bumping rhythmically there with Zen's movements against him from behind, paws on his hips, teeth clamped firmly down on his ear while Natani watched and enjoyed from below, paws touching and squeezing and stroking all the right places along his body until he gasped, tensed, shuddered, whined... bucked, bucked, bucked.

So. This feeling, this weight on top of and heat pulsing against him, growing in intensity and urgency the more the wolf rubbed against him... none of this was new or unknown. And he hated to admit it, but that pressure and feeling in themselves, Zen's sharp aroma of deepening arousal so close to Natani's on the air, swirling around Keith's head, slipping into his mind and muddling his thoughts... it all made him a little less annoyed that this was either one or both of the brothers playing a trick on him, and a little more annoyed that the wolf's paw, having been lifted away from his wrist, just teased at the edge of his towel instead of yanking it all the way down.

"Huh," rumbled that voice in his ear. The wolf leaned down over him, putting all his weight into the contact between the front of his body and the base of Keith's tail, both males grinding into the touch. "You got real quiet, real fast... give up, Keith?"

He had to roll his head to the side and speak out of the corner of his mouth, face still partially mashed into the blankets. "Give up on what?"

"Oh, come on. I was just starting to have fun, with you flustered and confused... I bet you still don't know who I am."

"*Starting?* You're telling me you're not having fun with this right now?" Keith squirmed, only half-succeeding in loosening the towel around his waist. Part of it draped down across his right side, having totally unwrapped from his front, and were this wolf to glance down between his legs he would see the proof of Keith's own growing interest and eagerness, never mind how he tried to maintain a displeased facade.

"If I could just - see your -"

Every time he tried to turn his head and body to look at the wolf's eyes, though, that paw just tightened on the back of his head and turned him forward again, chin against the mattress and eyes staring ahead at the far wall.

"Well, I mean... yeah, I *am* having fun. Just a little, though."

Then, the teasing paw closed around the loose towel, claws digging through the Basitin's fur. Zen took a half-step back, leaving the base of his tail suddenly cool with the lack of towel or body heat.

"Why don't we change that?"

He didn't even give Keith a chance to respond or adjust. That was a real Natani thing to do, looking back at their few sparring sessions that had devolved into something more exhausting, or the times where something had kept them separate for a day or two, or when they just *really* wanted it... Keith's mind flitted back to the moment as the paws that had been pinning him down settled on his rump, thumbs inward, spreading him until his skin stretched taut. Keith thought the wolf was just going to spit against his revealed tailhole, put right on display, and call it good, like last time, but no: another half-second, and he felt first the tickle of hungry breath against his sensitive flesh, and then the inimitable sensation of smooth, moist tongue in that same place.

Broad tongue, flat, smooth, but still with that grip and tug that Keith had felt before, both there and then along the underside of his shaft, and back up past his sack... and just like those other times, it made him arch his back, press his chin more firmly down against the bed, and hike his

rear a little further backwards into that lick, soon followed by another and another. Zen's nose brushed up against the underside of his tail at the peak of each of his licks, tongue grazing stickily over puckered flesh and pressing in at the center.

Each time that warm, wet flesh made contact, a sweet shiver of enjoyment jolted through Keith's body and made him clamp down on the blankets under him, made him stretch his toes out against the floor, made him raise his tail a little bit higher... The wolf shifted one of his paws just slightly up to wrap his thumb around that tail and keep it raised, now focusing in at the center of his tailhole and gradually, carefully digging his tongue into the tight rim.

Keith could feel the movement, the churning of the wolf's chin against the back of his sack as he worked, that somewhat-uncomfortable sensation of tongue digging deeper into him and stretching him just slightly, just enough that he couldn't resist clenching around it. Nose pressed firmly beneath his tail, lips pursed right against his pucker for a few seconds - before the wolf parted those lips and let his breath out, still hot and even more hungry than before, through Keith's already-moist fur.

Hot, slick pressure, sliding up under his tail, wriggling against his flesh and inside him in the just right way to make him gasp and clench and shiver, Zen's other paw moving down between Keith's legs, down past his sack that now had a drip of saliva rolling down the back, the wolf wrapping his fingers around the Basitin's length, hard and twitching. His grip, his first gentle stroke, his squeezing... Keith couldn't resist, and grinded his rear more firmly against the Keidran's muzzle, then thrust forward into that paw; all of the shivering sensation, the tingling pleasure, leading him to lift his head back up and half-turn back to get a look at that brown-furred muzzle, fit snugly beneath his tail against his rump, the wolf's eyes closed in the heat of the act.

Damn wolves. Get him all worked up in one way one moment, and then after a handful of seconds and some rough handling, they got him pushing back, his ears burning as if he were under the effects of his own kind of heat. Then a pair of paws on his rear, a tongue under his tail, a few minutes more... and here he was digging his claws into the blanket, freely pushing back against that muzzle and alternately clenching and relaxing on that tongue, length throbbing between his legs with the wolf's steady stroking, mouth hanging open and tongue dripping as much saliva as his cock did pre.

Hell, he couldn't even remember what it was that had gotten him fired up earlier. His mind had gotten reduced to a sizzling lump of intertwined, messy thoughts, squeezing together even less clearly as the wolf drew his tongue out of Keith's rump, swallowed down that slickness, and then placed a wet kiss against his pucker. Then he rose up, pads of two fingers spreading that saliva around and sliding an inch and a half into Keith, and positioned himself behind him.

The Basitin could feel him lean down over him once more, hear and feel his elevated breathing against his sensitive ears, and he swished those ears back to him... but the wolf had nothing to say. Those fingers pressed in a little bit further, dug into his warm wet flesh and made him squirm all over again, and then drew right back out - for the wolf's tip to take their place, easily pushing its way past Keith's thoroughly-slickened tailhole.

Of course *that* squeezed another breathy moan out of him, that hot, firm girth sinking up into him, stretching him further. Instead of lips pursed against his tailhole, now it was the slick rim of

the wolf's sheath, Zen churning his hips steadily against and into Keith's rump to work himself further out, directly into the Basitin.

He had *experience* with this now, and with this wolf in particular - or, with this wolf's body, at least; he still wasn't entirely sure who it was in that head, and really, at this point, he didn't care. There was the familiarity, the emotional link, the definite attraction... and of course, the desire, the want, the need, pounding in his chest and throbbing between his legs. Keith worked himself backwards at the same pace the wolf pushed into him, rump to hips, again and again; he swallowed down and bit into his lower lip against the slight discomfort and stretching, his hungry desire easily overcoming it, his need only growing with the feel of Zen's weight and arousal against him.

As the two of them continued to pick up their pace, Keith slid his hands down along the bed, straightening himself up at the same time, intentionally arching his hips so that the wolf pounded into him straight-on. Steady *slap, slap, slap* of hips to rump, again and again, his sack swinging gently beneath him and cock throbbing, the Basitin's diminutive height coming perfectly so that he could thrust and grind against the bed each time he pulled himself forward.

Then - sharp teeth against his shoulder, digging into his flesh beneath his skin and fur, Zen's gravelly growl tickling at his ear. That was something that Natani did to him, too, though from the front, and on the other side. As a natural reaction Keith tilted his head away and showed more of his neck, in case the wolf wanted to change his hold; Zen tended to bite harder than his brother, but by now, the *other* bite marks should have at least scabbed over.

A few days after that rainstorm that had gotten them stranded in the inn, it had just been the two of them sitting around a campfire while Natani was off hunting, and Zen had gotten close under the guise of helping Keith bind a wound that he'd gotten earlier in the day. The wolf's careful attention, fingers and paws pressing and pushing at him, wolf whiskers and breath tickling at his face, the scent that he'd started to grow accustomed to... Zen had to have had the same idea in his head as well, because next thing Keith knew, his head was being pushed down between the wolf's legs, spread in front of him.

Natani had been the first thing to enter his mind, then, and his heart had pounded at him for a number of different reasons, but... under Zen's urging he'd gotten over his worry and gotten to work, giving in to his body's wants and desires. The taste of wolf on his tongue, different from what he was used to from the other, and that also-slightly-different scent on his lip and muzzle... those had kept him busy for a moment, until he'd felt strong paws grip his shoulders, pull him up, and turn him around. Of course he'd obliged.

And then his worry had come back, not even five seconds after he'd painted the side of the log he'd been sitting on before being bent over, bracing against it as the wolf pounded into him from behind, teeth grasping his shoulder. He'd voiced that worry and his concern and guilt, and Zen had just - tapped the side of his head in that way that he did, and said, *whose idea do you think this was?*

Those same jaws digging into his shoulder brought him back to the present, one of Zen's paws now holding Keith's hip and tugging him back against his unswollen knot in rhythm, while his other was around the Basitin's body, stroking him against the mattress.

Every time Zen sank in, every time Keith pushed back - he could feel his breath grating against the back of his throat: "*haah... haah...*" already picking up in speed, in pitch. If he closed his eyes, if he focused his mind, he could almost convince himself that that *was* Natani's musk tickling at his nose, his teeth on his shoulder, his paws on his body... *his* length sliding up under his tail, *his* knot threatening to pound into him and tie him tight.

This was as close as Keith could get to that. If he really wanted it. Getting something the size of a fist lodged under your tail was quite the commitment to staying put. And even if this was Natani doing all of this to him, just using his brother's body as a go-between, these two could only maintain their mental link for so long, right? And Keith had no real doubt that any sort of exertion or exhaustion would put some measure of strain on it, so even if Natani tied him, at some point... it would be Zen instead. And either way, he would be stuck there, locked tight against a big heavy wolf, unable to as much as squirm-

Bright, hot fire igniting on his shoulder, soon after the *crunch* of those fangs piercing into his skin - and then that intense looming pressure filled against his tailhole, hot and sudden, but did so before the wolf could bury himself to the hilt inside him. The wolf's entire body shook with his peak, breath puffing out through his nose and claws digging into Keith's hip, each of the wolf's spurts a shock against his clenching rim - and even as he unloaded his balls into Keith, the wolf continued to stroke him, fast and hard, until he, too, bucked forward and back, forward and back... and did the same, shooting across the side of the mattress, thick ropes streaking out across the blankets and dripping down to the floor between their legs.

Heartbeat pounding in his chest, his throat, his ears... Keith swallowed dryly, then did so again and dropped his head down against the mattress, maw hanging open as he attempted to catch his breath. Now he needed to make his way to the baths even more than before, but... he'd have to find a time to himself: it wouldn't do for him to wander in, one particular area of his body reeking of male wolf. After a few moments, the wolf pricked his fangs out of Keith's shoulder, then breathed a tired laugh and licked at that spot. Whether that was blood or saliva Keith felt trickling down his neck...

"There," the wolf panted, still buried some six inches under Keith's tail. He could feel Zen's heartbeat, pumping through the swollen flesh of his knot right up against his rim. "*Now I can say I've had a good morning...*" The wolf straightened up, swallowed again, and set both of his paws on Keith's hips, preparing to pull out of him.

Keith didn't quite know what being tied meant to the wolves, whether it was just about breeding, or whether there was more to it than that... but Keith thought that he wanted his first time getting tied to be with one of these brothers in particular, dark brown fur and unbound hair flowing down over his shoulders, familiar contralto grating in his ear and hot breath against his neck. Maybe Zen knew that, and understood. Or maybe this was Natani, and he had some other reason. Either way, at least he'd still be able to sit for the rest of the day, with only *minimal* difficulty.

"So-" he started, then had to bite into his lip again with the slick feeling of that pullout. No longer was it just saliva rolling down the back of his sack. "-will you - *tell* me if you're playing with me? If that's Natani up in there?"

But, then, a short series of knocks on the door... and the wolf breathed another tired yet amused laugh. "You want your answer?"