

Keith wasn't sure why, or how, he kept finding himself in positions like this. First there had been that "*ordeal*" with Zen on the trip over, which he'd felt primarily in his lower back and the palms of his hands for days after - rough tree bark scraped right through fur and into skin beneath, he'd found out; and then had come that distraction before his bath, resulting in him needing it for an entirely different reason; and now here he was, Natani stretched lavishly out across the massage table before him, length of his bare back on full display.

This wouldn't be so weird if either of them had more than just a single towel draped around their waists, or if they weren't all alone in this room behind a locked door, or if there wasn't that tray of massage utensils right nearby, complete with oils and wooden beads and rollers and everything, and then also the knowledge that the two of them weren't even in here for anything of the sort.

*Hey*, the Keidran had said to him. His voice had been little more than a murmur above the whispering steam of the sauna, still audible now beneath the door. *I've got something I need your help with. Can you come with me for a minute?* And Keith had almost declined, but... they *were* already breaking a few rules of this place what with Natani's... noticeable differences in bodily equipment, so after a moment of consideration the Basitin had gone along with it. Good thing he'd still had this towel, too: his mind had gone through a whole sequence of different ideas about what, exactly, was in store for him.

This hadn't been one of those ideas. He'd figured it would involve the at-least-mostly-naked Keidran within arm's length, and he'd figured he might be looking down to see that smooth, slightly-arched back before and beneath him, but... he hadn't considered it would be for him to pick through with his fingers.

For bugs. Fleas, specifically.

"Do you see anything?"

He looked up to find Natani's muzzle half-turned back towards him, stone-grey eye glittering in the light. He kept his arms folded under his chin and atop the cushioning of the headrest... while he had far more than enough natural cushion along his upper chest area, and that discomfort showed in how he repeatedly turned his head back and forth and shifted his position.

"I don't know what I'm supposed to be looking for." What he *did* find, though, he made sure to keep track of: the way Natani arched his back, or jerked a little bit, or squirmed in response to Keith's fingers parting his fur and pressing into his skin, and against the muscles beneath. Actually, right down along where Natani's tail met his lower back - pressing in right there caused him to push his hips back and into the air, which in turn resulted in his towel sliding a little further down... and showing more of what he had beneath that tail. "Are you sure y-"

"Those ears just for show, huh? I've been itching for a while, more than what you get from sweating-"

"Been doing a lot of that this week, huh?"

This time Natani turned the other way to glare at him, though there was no way to miss the amusement beneath that look.

Keith stifled a little chuckle. "Because... because we just got out of the sauna. You know?"

"Anyway... and, I mean, I'm a wolf, and I spend most of my time outside. It happens."

Might be easier if his fur wasn't so dark, or if Keith hadn't trimmed his claws just yesterday.

"Why don't you get Zen to do it?"

"He's my *brother*. That's weird."

"Do you realize how absurd you sound?"

No response.

"Oh. Hey, I found something."

"Yeah! See? I told you. Keidran can get fleas. I'm surprised you haven't; you've got just as much fur and blood as the rest of us. Or is that just another of your-"

"Wait." Keith leaned in, close enough that he had to half-squat down to get at the height he needed. This put him about level with the curve of Natani's rump, and of course his eyes wanted so badly to stray with that tail half-raised and twitching so close. In fact for a moment he lost what he was actually looking for... and then found it after another minute of extra searching, close to the base of the soft brown fur spread by his fingers near one of the wolf's lower ribs. "It's just a piece of lint."

"I oughtta *give* you fleas. Actually, really, why *don't* you have them yet? With the amount of time we spend close to each other, um..."

Naked. Fur to fur. Keith picked that little bit of lint up between his thumb and forefinger and flicked it off somewhere. He'd be lying to himself if he pretended that the thought hadn't crossed his mind as soon as the wolf brought him in here and closed the door. Sometimes he felt bad about bothering Natani with that side of him so often recently; it wasn't *his* fault that Keith stiffened up in more ways than one when in close contact with the wolf. This right now was no different: thoughts running wild, heartbeat elevated a bit at the sight of this particular Keidran stretched out before him, at his scent - sharpened and twisted a bit by the sweat and steam - wafting around the room, and then especially with the realization that Natani's mind had started to go down the same path.

Keith's hands settled down against the wolf's upper hips, a mix between doing what he'd been told and just showing his affection for him... and Natani gave a small *huff* and adjusted his position again, pulling his legs closer together and settling his tail down against his back, curling down over the edge of the table and against Keith's upper leg.

"Hmm?" Keith kept his hands there, working his fingers into the slightly-moist fur and across the skin beneath. Here he could feel those natural reactions of the wolf's body, the little tensing of his muscles, the clenching and lifting, the sweet shivering. As this happened, that tail also thwapped a little more energetically against him. "What're you doing that for? You said you were itching in your lower back, right?"

"Yeah, but..." As he spoke, Natani lifted his head and turned to face Keith as much as he could, the Basitin standing at the side of the table - and then let his ears drop back and his eyes drift shut beneath the kneading of those fingers. After all, this was a massage table, and it felt like it fit.

"I've seen you naked before." He let his fingers wander down along the line of Natani's spine towards the base of his tail, and from there down along the smooth surface of his rear... and, of course, he could feel the wolf tense up a little bit as his claws dipped beneath the edge of the towel, hanging loose around his middle-upper thighs. "And more than that. You're not still - self-conscious about your body, are you?"

"What? No. Around you? Not at all. It's just..."

Then, a little shock of something shot up the wolf's back, and he once more squeezed his legs closer together. His towel slid off and dropped to the floor beside the table. Keith had noticed it a little bit earlier, but now he definitely tasted a bit of a different scent in the air, one that was also familiar - and that just worsened his own condition. He leaned forward against the edge of the table, one hand now resting fully against the wolf's thigh and feeling the body heat there, beneath the remnant warmth of the steam.

When he next glanced up, Natani had an unmistakable rosy tint beneath the chocolate-brown fur of his muzzle. The wolf avoided eye contact. "Being near you, alone, makes me... makes me..."

*So you knew what you were getting into*, Keith considered saying, but kept that to himself. Again, he'd be lying if he tried to deny he was feeling the same. Pressing up against the table like this allowed him to lean forward over the Keidran, and kind-of slyly run his hands up between those legs, fingers pressing and pushing into the soft fur, against the warm flesh beneath, towards the heavier heat...

"You too, huh?"

"Oh, man, I thought I was the only one." Natani bumped his chin back down against the headrest and relaxed a little bit, but still kept his lower body tense. Keith rolled his fingers against his inner thigh, again and again, feeling the slight dampness that honestly could be from any number of things.

Keith's ears flicked. "So, uh... I... *did* lock the door..."

"Oh yeah? Do you, wanna..." Here, Natani lifted and propped himself up on his elbows, and half-turned his body so that one leg hung partially off the side of the table. "I could... turn over, or get down, or..."

"Huh? Oh, no, you're fine, I think - I think I'll..." And Keith swallowed, letting his other hand fall down to lightly trace over that leg. The wolf gave a little kick in response to the touch, kind of a jump of surprise; Keith held his hand there for a moment, looked up into Natani's eyes again, started further up along his legs... and the Keidran saw his goal, and turned a little further. It took a bit of adjustment and shifting, as well as more than one instance of Keith receiving an accidental kick to the side or hip, but before long he was standing there with his own towel

around his ankles following the effort, Natani bending over the table before him, the wolf's tail lowered and legs spread.

Keith had his hands hovering above that rump, fingers teasing at sliding down and spreading the wolf further, his own longer tail lashing back and forth: no matter how many times something like this happened, it still surprised him like nothing else, and made him feel like he'd gotten caught on-stage without knowing what he had to do.

And every now and then, Natani seemed to catch on to that feeling. The wolf looked back at him, his blush growing deeper with the revealing posture. "...Look, I'm not gonna keep myself on display like this forever. If you're not sure, we could go back to the room and-"

"No, no, that's not it, I just..." So he swallowed again, licked his lips, and brought one hand up, hooking his thumb beneath the base of that tail. "Are *you* ready?"

"Keith, I've got half a mind to get *you* on your back on this table-"

Maybe it wasn't what he was expecting; maybe the feeling itself just took him by surprise; maybe Natani didn't think that Keith would *actually* take the reins in a situation like this, whatever. The wolf certainly gave another little surprised jump at the first *real* contact of the Basitin under his tail, tongue centering right in against the puckered flesh just beneath its base.

Usually, Keith centered his lips a little bit lower, and kept his thumbs in place to spread that rump and drag his tongue up along slick, warm flesh. This time, though - sure, he could feel that same flesh, those same lips against his chin, pressed forward in this angle. Natani had definitely gotten himself a bit worked up leading up to this point: one hand still keeping that tail lifted above his nose, Keith slid his other up between the wolf's legs, teased the side of his finger along there, felt the gathered slick moisture - and he pursed his lips and planted a firm kiss against the Keidran's tailhole with a flick of his tongue to follow, right back against the little clenching.

"Oh - whoa," Natani breathed, and adjusted his stance: lower body pushed back against the Basitin's muzzle, chest lowered, head raised, fingers grasping at the edge of the table. "*That's* a new feeling..."

A treatment Keith himself had received *quite* thoroughly just the other day, from... at least one of these wolves, with Zen's muzzle and tongue doing the work. Keith still wasn't sure which one of the brothers had made the decision to hike his rear into the air and dive in like that, but - well, he didn't exactly have room to complain.

And it seemed like Natani now found himself in the same position. First there was a bit of resistance, tight hot ridged flesh squeezing back against the Basitin's prodding tongue, a bit of surprised wriggling... and then the wolf settled more readily into place, and pressed his rump back. This wasn't something Keith had done before, and as such, he had to wrestle a little with where to keep his muzzle: straight up meant every time he breathed in, he got a nose full of short fur; angled slightly to the side meant that every time that rump pushed back, he'd have to tilt his own head backwards to be able to breathe, or something else.

Soon, the Basitin decided not to just keep his lips pursed against that tailhole, and instead started to drag the flat of his tongue up across the puckered skin again and again, every now

and then swallowing down the scent and taste of wolf. Hard to ignore that arousal, with its source so close below: if he tilted his head down, if he lowered himself a bit and churned his chin forward, he could catch between Natani's slick lips and get a taste of that more familiar savory musk, slicker, stickier. Though he was fast getting there with the coating of saliva clinging to that pucker and the fur around it.

A little swirl around the outer edge, a brief press in at the middle to tease at that tightness and clenching, pushing back against it, trying to squeeze in... Natani's breath caught in his throat, and the wolf continued to push his rump back against Keith's muzzle as the Basitin worked. He put in a slow rhythm, but it was a rhythm nonetheless, and one reciprocated by those smooth hips: the more he worked his tongue against that rump, the more it pressed back against him, pucker giving way and allowing - or, rather, inviting - him to dig deeper.

So of course he did. Back-and-forth of his tongue between his lips, both hands now braced against the Keidran's backside to keep his rump spread while Keith dug into him, chin churning forward against his underside, tongue pressing into warmer, slicker, slightly-tangy flesh inside. Like this, he could now feel the wolf's reflexive clenching *around* his tongue rather than just back against the tip.

Still, though, he needed a chance to catch his breath. Keith moved back, licked the dripping slickness off his lips, and looked down at what he had before him: whether that was his own saliva or Natani's slick arousal that coated the fur of the wolf's inner thighs didn't really matter, since either way, Keith bent over just so he could drag his tongue up along there, then flick over the Keidran's sex right above - finding a pair of Natani's fingers already in place.

"...Wait," the wolf breathed after a moment, and looked back towards Keith again. Just made him twitch a little more to see Natani's shoulder moving slightly with him pleasuring himself, fur of his arm whispering quietly along the edge of the table. "Why'd you stop? I was..." Sound of him swallowing, followed by that paw coming up from between his legs to rest atop the Basitin's, spreading himself a little further. "Keith..."

"Yeah," he replied, and licked his lips again. When he moved back in, this time he kept his muzzle down a bit, just so he could run his nose up over slick, wet flesh, and slide his tongue up across those lips again... this was a bit of an odd angle for that, but it *did* make some things easier. From here he could more easily work his tongue in, thumbs spreading the wolf's lips open for him, that same slickness soaking into the fur of his muzzle and dripping down his chin.

He breathed in through his nose - and tasted a strong mix of his own saliva and Natani's scent of arousal, that characteristic spicy tang that he'd come to know and enjoy in equal parts, made heavier by a different thirst brought out by a tongue under his tail. Keith remained where he was for a moment, working his tongue along that different area until he started to feel that familiar soreness start to ache in his jaw; from there he moved back up, pursed his lips again, and settled right back into place with his nose against the base of the wolf's tail.

Really, here, he didn't have to do much; Natani handled it for him. Steady grinding back and forth, that tailhole clenching and relaxing against his lips and tongue, quiet sounds of those fingers back in place and filling the space he'd left, unsteady panting, gasping, moaning bouncing around the walls... now Keith had the chance to reach down and spend a few moments on himself, fingers and hand slick and sticky from a number of things.

One thing he didn't quite expect to have happen, though, was for that brown-furred paw to suddenly stop once more - and then settle on the back of his head between his ears, to tug him firmly forward. Such intense, wet heat... his jaw having had at least a little time to rest, he parted his lips once more and swirled his tongue into that squeezing pucker, pushing at the resistance that then gave way and into the slick interior warmth once more, that entry squeezing a sharp "Ah-" from the wolf before him.

Certainly wouldn't be the first time that Natani had held him in place for his own pleasure and control; it was just the position and... *circumstance* that were new. He'd had these hips press and grind and churn against him plenty of times before, just not against his face - or at least, not at *this* angle. Again, though, not that he was complaining. Maybe it'd be a little more comfortable if he were on his back (as he usually was during this kind of thing with Natani) with this rump riding his face, hot and slick and tense, but...

Natani's tail remained raised against his face, the wolf's legs spread and knees braced against the lower edge of the table, pushing back, grinding and rubbing, giving Keith a hell of a time staying bent over like this. Once more he had to stop and pull back, to catch his breath and wipe off the sticky-slick moisture that clung to his lips and dripped down his chin; Natani continued to wriggle into the air a bit, and then looked back at him once more.

Those mismatched eyes had half-lidded under the wolf's exertion and arousal, just as his lower jaw hung partially open in unsteady panting. Natani also licked his lips, then swallowed, lifted up a little bit... and with one leg awkwardly hooked around Keith's backside pulled the Basitin right up against himself, hard and sudden enough that Keith had to reach out and brace his hands on the surface of the table.

Now instead of having his muzzle pressed up beneath the base of that tail, Keith had his own hard length there - and the wet heat, the hungry twitching of Natani's tailhole against him, the way the wolf still squeezed him forward as if he *wanted* him to...

Keith still hadn't fully caught his breath. He panted through open lips while slowly, gently reciprocating the wolf's motions; even with his heart beating in his chest like this and the knowledge that, *really*, someone could come through that door at any moment, so long as they had the key - like someone who worked here, who would actually have a *real* massage to give... wouldn't that be something to walk in on. A Basitin bent over a larger wolf Keidran, both sweaty from the sauna as well as certain obvious *other things*, panting and gasping and moaning; it was quite hard to keep himself from settling his hands on Natani's hips to spread him once more, and then just... sinking slowly forward into the slickness left by his own saliva.

In fact, he could still taste that same bite that had squeezed in on his tongue, the kind of mixed heavier musk and dry arousal... and after another half-moment of thought, made the same decision that his body already had, and reached down to angle his cock down towards that ridged rim. Certainly wasn't often that Natani just - *invited* him like this, so the feeling of a tail stirring against his lower belly and chest was something he had yet to get used to.

Right as he started to brace himself and press forward, right as that slick warmth began to clench and squeeze, just as it had done against and around his tongue-

-a short series of knocks sounded out from the door, causing Keith to jump and scramble for his towel. Natani, however, made no move to cover himself, and instead just lounged further over the table, chest rising and falling with rough, unsteady breaths.

A familiar voice from behind that door, one that made both of their ears perk - and that melted most of Keith's concern. *Most*. "Hey, Nat, you're in there, right? You're not... *busy*, are you?"

Keith straightened up and wiped the back of his hand across his mouth, at the same time casting around the room for where he'd tossed his towel. The wolf lying over the table, however, made no effort to rouse himself (no more than he already *was*, of course; the Basitin could taste *that* well enough on his tongue from the few lower, deeper licks he'd gotten in) and instead just lifted himself up onto his elbows, tail swishing back over his bared rump. "Yeah," he called back, and for a brief moment looked over at Keith behind him. Something in those mismatched eyes told him that this interruption wasn't nearly as much of a surprise to him as it was to Keith. "You ready?"

Brief moment of silence. Keith's heart thumped in his chest; this wouldn't be the *first* time that Zen had wandered in on the two of them doing something like this, but whenever it happened, it usually led to... *complications*. Not necessarily bad, though; complications much like the fact that no matter how Keith wrapped his towel around his waist, he couldn't hide the very 'complication' that remained stiff from Natani's scent and taste, rich in his throat and on his lips.

"Wait." The Basitin looked back and forth between Natani and the door, thankfully still closed. Natani briefly rested his weight down through his elbows into the table, then pulled himself up and turned around to lean against it. That slickness coating the fur of his inner thighs... that had to be more than Keith's saliva. This had been one of the few times where his tongue had hardly explored that spot. "Ready for what? Were you two planning something again?"

They did that, sometimes. Natani wouldn't admit it, but Keith felt fairly certain that *most* of those aforementioned interruptions had been because he'd told Zen to come by and join them, in that weird telepathic way of theirs.

However, instead of Natani replying to Keith, the other wolf behind the door answered his brother: "You know it. How about you? Are *you* ready?" Then a pause, and as if Zen could read Keith's mind, too: "Got all your... *fleas* taken care of?"

The look in his eyes, the upward curl of his lips, the idle swinging of his tail... Natani licked his lips.

"There's one more that I'd like your help getting off."