

The low pounding of some electronic song remix that sounded similar to the one before it; the quiet murmur of conversation, hovering just above the music; an odd, foggy air floating around the place, smelling faintly of sweat, alcohol, saliva, and lust; the lights that were either very dim or brightly colored and near-blinding; the occasional bark of laughter rising above the other sounds, or some brushing past the fox that sat at the bar, or something that *felt* like a paw on his rump... he didn't exactly feel at *home* here, but it *did* make him feel something. And that was the whole reason why he decided to come here in the first place.

Smallish, slim, twenty-something, exceedingly vulpine - to tell the truth, he was somewhat surprised that he wasn't getting quite as much attention as he'd thought he would. A friend of his had recommended this place to him after he'd expressed an interest in *having some fun* - and yet, in the close-to-an-hour that the fox had been here, he'd only gotten an appraising eyebrow-raise from the otter bartender (who was kinda cute), a pat on the rear from a tall dragon whose scales looked somewhere between bronze and scarlet in this light, and a few half-seconds of eye contact with a big wolf further down the bar.

This wolf was the most interesting. The fox continuously stole looks over at him over the rim of his own drink, watching for when the canid turned to talk to his friends or focused on whoever was dancing on the stage at any given moment: nothing could be told for certain in such terrible lighting as this, but he looked to have steady, smooth-patterned grey and dark grey fur over his whole body, pitching into deeper black at his ears, across one eye, and further down his arms... he wore a tank top, and had the muscle mass to justify that fashion choice. This fox - Matteh, his name was, though sometimes he went by Matt - couldn't help but wonder what the chest and belly hidden behind that fabric looked like.

Too lost in his own thoughts, he failed to notice the wolf looking back at him - that is, until he saw another source of light coming from that direction and refocused his gaze; it was just the bright decorative blacklights hanging around the bar reflecting off the wolf's eyes, reflecting back whitish-purple, pointing directly in Matt's direction. He choked on his drink, bit it down, and spun to face the bar again, intentionally keeping himself from looking back over there - that wolf was looking *right at him*. He *knew* that he was looking at him.

Small as he was, and also having no *real* idea of the alcohol content of any of these drinks - he'd only heard of four of them on the list before - it didn't really surprise him that the world spun a little after he'd turned around so quickly. The fox clutched his glass in his paws, watching the tiny bubbles appear in the colored liquid, float up to the surface, linger there for a moment, and then fizzle out; he swayed one foot vaguely in rhythm with the music pounding through the floor; he tilted his head back to take another swallow...

...and the thought of that wolf re-entered his head, and he closed his eyes. He'd been with guys like that before, the big, strong, gruff kind, who could pin him down and keep him down without effort (which he knew from experience). Those guys often smelled like booze, and cigarette smoke, and masculine sweat, which altogether didn't make a brew that the fox necessarily wanted to remain steeped in for hours on end; maybe for just ten minutes while a paw squeezed the back of his head and held him down, or for when he had his nose pressed into unkempt neckfur while well-muscled hips pumped up into him from below-

Someone roughly pushed into the seat right next to him, so he muttered a soft apology, no doubt inaudible over the ambient noise of the place, and scooted over the other way. It wasn't until Matt reopened his eyes and glanced over did he see... a dark-grey-furred arm, the color of

a smooth stone cliff-face doused in sea spray, rested out on the bar. Matt's eyes followed the line of that arm and its contours of muscles, to the thin white fabric shoulder of the tank top, up along the wolf's neck, to his muzzle, to his eyes, still reflecting light from somewhere.

"Hey," the wolf rumbled. Matt took another sip of his drink. "Saw you looking at me from down the bar."

The fox's ears shot up, and then promptly lowered back down; he tried to take another sip, but ended up bumping the cup against his chin, almost dropped it, almost fell out of his chair trying to pick it back up after it clattered against the bar and rolled a short distance... "O-oh," he managed, wiping his arm across chin. "Sorry, I - uh, I..."

"Like what you see?"

It was a low, rough voice, one that seemed a bit too old for this face of... maybe thirty-something. Matt's first reaction was to say *are you joking?* but when he looked over and saw those tight lips (though a snaggle of a fang hung over the bottom lip, adding a sort of wild allure to his appearance), that straightforward gaze, his ruffled brow... the line across his left cheek that had to have been a scar, like a sudden dip in the texture of his fur. Matt forgot about the drink dripping down his chin and lowered his arm. "I... what?"

"C'mon, little fox-" *-little fox*. That made him shiver sweetly. "-you've been checking me out while my back was turned for at least fifteen minutes now - yes, I know. My friend over there," he nodded in that direction, "noticed and told me."

Oh. Yeah. He was at a bar. People do that. Matt hoped that his blush couldn't be seen in the dim lighting. "Oh, yeah, *that*... um... h-how old are you?..." Now that the wolf was facing him, the smaller fox couldn't take his eyes off the fluff of chestruff that protruded out of the neck of his tank top, or the lines of his pecs beneath the fabric, or how the lower hem of that shirt was untucked enough so he could see the shape of his hip above the waistband of his pants.

The wolf tapped his claws on the surface of the bar, giving something for Matt to force himself to focus on. "Old enough to know when a younger guy is interested. So, since you're done with your drink..."

Matt's paws made their way back to his chin, still dripping. His blush deepened.

"...what d'you say to... following me outside?"

"Out...side?"

"Yeah. I'm something of a usual here - there's a nice, isolated alley out back..." As he spoke, the wolf leaned in and Matt got a faint whiff of his breath - tinged with whatever alcohol he'd chosen, somewhere between spicy and fruity. "...where two guys can get to know each other a little better, out of everyone else's eye. If you're following what I'm saying."

Matt was nodding before he knew what he was doing. "Y-yeah," he heard himself say, "that... that sounds good."

The wolf slid soundlessly out of his seat, with Matt right behind him - when sitting, the fox's feet didn't quite reach the floor, so he made a soft *tap* when he landed against the floor. Again the room spun a little, and he wobbled on his feet - and had to reach out and brace his paws against the closest solid surface, which turned out to be the wolf's back. Matt directed his gaze straight towards the ground when he turned to look at him, but the only response from him was a low chuckle.

Now that the two of them were standing so near each other, weaving their way through the crowd, Matt realized: this *definitely* was the sort of guy that could easily pin him down, or pick him up, or drag him around, or... or lift him up, press his back against the cool brick of this alley he spoke of, and sink up into him...

A bright red 'EXIT' sign hung over a simple push-to-open door near the back wall of the place. Matt had to readjust the fit of his pants when the wolf pushed through it - and then had to quicken his pace, since the canid didn't hold the door for him. It still ended up knocking against his shoulder on the way out, and he was rubbing his arm when the cool evening air enveloped him on all sides and the door *chk-shk'd* behind him.

"Looks like it might rain tonight..." the fox mused, as if he *wasn't* just about to get fucked against the wall. At least, that's what he *hoped* would happen - and when he turned to the face the wolf but ended up having his wrists grabbed and lifted over his head... well, his heart skipped a beat, and his pants didn't get any less tight.

"Damn, look at you..." purred the wolf, pushing Matt back against the wall; he bumped against it with a light *oof*, and didn't at all try to hide an instinctive forward thrust of his hips as a result of a rather strong throb. The wolf held both of the smaller canid's wrists above him in one paw, lifted the side of his shirt with his other, let his claws drag along his lower back in feeling him...

"...What's your name?" Matt managed to ask, between the drowsy weight of alcohol and the bright buoyancy of lust.

"Why?" the wolf growled in response, taking his paw away from his willing captive's side and moving it around to his back pocket. "So you know what to moan?"

Matt closed his eyes and tilted his head to the side, feeling his excitement bubble warmly in him; soon he'd get to see what this wolf had in those pants of his, soon he'd feel him pressing against him, soon he'd hold on to the firm canid chest while being pushed against the wall, again, and again, and again- "Mmh."

That paw returned to his side and spun him around so that his front pressed into the wall, while the other one briefly let go of his wrists so he could drop them to his back. Matt expected at any moment to feel the warmth of the front of the wolf's pants nuzzle up under his tail, or to hear the *pop* and *zzzip* of his fly being undone, but... instead, he just felt some sort of cloth or rope being wrapped around his wrists.

"W-wait," he stammered, feeling his heart rate start to pick up - and not in the way he was used to when he had an attractive wolf behind him. "What are you doing? Why are..."

However, the wolf ignored this question and instead answered his previous one. "Sean," he growled, close to the young fox's ear. Paws now bound, Matt gave a little struggle; in any other

consequences (meaning: if he were marginally less drunk) this would make him worry a little more, what with being invited into an alley by a tall, strong stranger, who then tied his paws behind his back... well, even *with* that, he was quickly feeling less and less comfortable, especially with the buzz of lust disappearing from his system. He struggled again, a little more fiercely this time, but found that he couldn't move - and a paw held firmly against his shoulder kept him pressed against the wall, when the wolf's other came back up and lightly caressed his neck. He almost didn't feel the tickling of another strip of fabric dangle over his shoulder. Finally, the wolf leaned forward into him, squeezing him between the cool brick wall and warm flesh hidden just beneath pesky clothing... "And what's *your* name, little fox? You and I will be getting very close, where we're going."

He pushed his rump back and again strained against the rope heartbeat now rising into his ears; he thought that Sean was tilting his head back so he could bite his neck. However, a tense "*Let me g-*" was all he could manage before that other strip of fabric was stuffed into his mouth and tied around his head, with a blindfold soon to follow. The wolf, keeping him pinned by his own weight, easily subdued the fox and could overpower him without much effort: this little fox struggled a bit, whined, whimpered, wiggled, certainly *tried* to free himself - Sean had to grip him extra tight and squeeze the breath out of him, for fear he'd try to yell through the gag - but altogether didn't put up much of a resistance. Not enough to hamper the wolf's intentions, at least. Lightweight must have drank more than his fill: when Sean hiked him up over his shoulder to carry him further around to the back of the bar, the fox went quiet except for a few small groans, signalling nausea. Poor guy.

It could have gone worse, Sean told himself. He could've had to slam the fox's head into the brick wall to get him to shut up and stop writhing, just like last time required... he hadn't quite yet gotten the bloodstain out of his van's upholstery in the back. The wolf had purposely parked behind the building, in the back corner close to the chainlink fence blocking off the alley - but the fence gate had never been locked, all the times he'd been here. It wasn't this time, either.

Once this twerp had noticed he was being carried out of the alley, his attempts at resistance redoubled... but then were quickly silenced when Sean flipped him down off of his shoulder, bodily dropped him to the solid concrete ground - the fox's back arched in pain, his eyes squeezed closed, and he writhed a little - and knelt down over him.

"You're going to be *quiet*," he hissed. When his captive didn't look at him, he grabbed his muzzle in a paw and made him face him. "Understand? I'm being very, *very* nice to you, but you're positively *sprinting* towards the end of my patience." And with that, after a timid nod, he picked the bound fox back up and slung him back over his shoulder, to nothing more than a few kicks and light moans again.

He opened the gate from the alley, gave a quick glance around, and then fished the key to his van out of his pocket. The back door swung silently open; relieved, he brought the fox down into his arms and then tossed him in - his head banged against the corner of a heavy, locked toolbox he kept back there, and then the fox went still. That might turn into another stain for him to clean up later - and then he went around to the front.

A few years back he picked up this van (having to try the ignition a few times reminded him of its age; it had been out of commission for a while before he got to it) from a local plumbing company that had gone out of business. That company did so quietly, though, and had sloughed off its clients to other partner and neighboring companies; because of this, nobody

really knew what had happened to it, and Sean had found the most common reaction to be a simple “oh! I didn’t know they were still around!” and nothing more. It was funny, too: whenever someone, usually young teenagers, saw a big van with painted-over windows, it was common to say “*oh! look! creeper van!*” but nobody actually considered that maybe, just maybe...

Feeling the warmth of his drink and of another success blossom out in him, Sean flicked on the radio and turned it up a little.

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Matt jolted awake due to a rather painful pounding on the back of his head - what the *hell* had he done last night? He sat up, bumped that aching spot against something cold and hard above him, winced, lifted his paws to rub at it... and then stopped upon hearing the jangling of metal chains. Not only that, but he also couldn’t move his paws *apart*, and each time he tried, he just heard those chains again... he almost avoided looking down at his wrists for fear of his suspicion being true.

Which, it was, and even after seeing the heavy cuffs on his wrists, he didn’t want to believe it. The metal cut into his fur and chafed against his skin, and no matter how he tried to get them off, they wouldn’t *break*. Now definitely panicking, with elevated heartbeat and fast, nervous breathing, he didn’t even notice his surroundings until he’d given up on the cuffs.

And then, he realized, this wasn’t right. None of this was. His ears stuck up through whatever ceiling was above him, but if he tried lifting his head, it bumped against something solid and metal - and then he thought to actually look around. Steel bars on all sides and across the ceiling, flat metal floor, door... he tried it. It was locked, of course.

So, not only had someone put him in metal handcuffs, but they’d locked him in a *cage*, too. This wasn’t a thin wire-barred pet dog’s cage, either. This was one that was designed to keep in something - or, and he shuddered to think about it, *someone* - who had full intention of trying to get out.

There was still a gag in his mouth; he remembered his heartbeat jumping wildly, and not in a good way, when he’d first felt the fabric tighten around his muzzle... since his paws were now chained in front of him, he lifted them up to rip the gag out. His tongue and lips were dry and cracked - how long had he been out? As far as he could tell from looking around through the bars, there were no windows here: just a high, dark ceiling; tall walls of what looked to be enameled metal, though it was hard to tell in this light (or lack thereof, rather); long, wide boxes wrapped in some sort of thin plastic, stacked on pallets and on top of each other... was he in a *warehouse*? Who would put him in handcuffs, in a cage, in a warehouse?-

The soft tapping of untrimmed claws on the concrete floor echoed through the place, and soon, Matt caught sight of a faint light coming around the corner. He remembered... he could remember there being... well, he was at a bar, minding his own business, drinking probably more than he should have been (his head still pounded painfully with each heartbeat), eyeing a... a...

...a tall, toned wolf with stone-grey fur in jeans and a white tank-top. His name had been Sean. He came around the corner, phone clutched in one paw and facing toward the wall - that had been what was giving off the faint light. Something orange glowed from the corner of his mouth;

he lifted a paw, took the cigarette from between his teeth, breathed out a wispy puff of smoke, and then replaced it. From somewhere out in the darkness, the wolf grabbed a foldable metal chair and dragged it roughly across the floor; in his other paw he carried a limp fabric backpack. The clattering made Matt's ears ring.

After pulling the chair closer, Sean sat down in it and leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees and dropping the backpack to the ground with a strange . He exhaled another puff from his cigarette, but just blew it out of the other side of his mouth; the fox's nose twitched and his eyes watered a little, especially with this pounding in the back of his head, and he had to bite back a soft whimper. God, he was scared. He'd *had* his own phone in his pocket, but... he didn't have to check to know it wasn't there anymore.

It was one of the first things he'd noticed, but he'd simply chosen to ignore it and hope that it would turn out to be false, a trick of his mind: he was naked, other than these chain cuffs around his wrists. The cold touch of the steel floor against his bare rump, biting into his skin through tan fur...

"Howdy," Sean rumbled. He spat the cigarette out of his mouth, somewhere off to his left. Matt watched it until the orange glow turned to pale grey and then blinked out, thankful for something other than this gruff face to look at. "You're awake."

Matt swallowed. His mouth was almost too dry to speak, and he didn't think he wanted to reply, anyway - but then, before he could stop himself, he was shouting out, "Yes! I am! And I want to know *where* I am! Why did you bring me here? I just - I just wanted to-"

Sean waved his paw. Despite himself, Matt fell quiet. "Do you know why you're here, fox? ...No? Well, I'll tell you." Here, the wolf leaned in, his breath smelling sharply of acrid smoke and bitter alcohol. "*You're mine now.*" And he leaned back.

Matt tried as hard as he could not to let his mouth curl down in a frown, kept on blinking so as to keep the tears back, forced his ears to remain upright... he reached forward, gripped the bars of the cage's door, and shook it. It, as well as his handcuffs, rattled. "Yours?" he asked quietly; his voice wavered.

"Yes." Sean spoke calmly and quietly, just as he had in the bar. "Mine. Your phone, the money in your wallet, that credit card? Nice picture of your pets? Those're mine, now, too. Clothes are too small for me, and I don't much like the smell of fox anyway, so I'll be givin' 'em to a friend. But, I don't really care about any of that... that muzzle of yours? That'll be mine. Your tail? God, I can't *wait* to claim that. In fact, I've got something here to *show* that you're mine..."

He reached down and rummaged around in that pack, then pulled out something that looked like an average collar, but with a little box wired to one side and metal prongs pointed inward... moving that to his other paw, Sean reached into his pocket and took out a little shiny key. Then, he leaned forward, made stark eye contact with the fox in the cage, and unlocked the door. It swung open with a weak squeal. Matt did not budge.

Without warning, the wolf lunged forward, nearly knocking his chair over in the process, and grabbed the fox around one of his arms and roughly pulled him out, causing his head to bump against the door (which, due to already being sore, made his eyes well up with tears all over again) and one of his claws to snag on and break against one of the bars. Afterwards, with Matt

whimpering on the ground in front of him, Sean just sat back in that chair with the shock collar in his other paw.

The fox waited for the pounding in his head to go away, which it showed no sign of doing - and then felt his head roughly grasped and tilted back, for that collar to make its way around his neck. He didn't put up any resistance this time, and especially not as a heavy padlock hanging from the other side snapped shut, with no sign of the key even being in the wolf's possession. The collar's prongs dug into the soft flesh of his neck, and Sean's thumb hovered over the button of the remote.

At seeing *that*, though, again Matt felt the intense weight of panic and fear press down onto his shoulders, and he tried tugging at the collar to at least loosen it - but instead received a fierce jolt rippling through his body, one that made all of his muscles tense up for its duration and then ache afterwards. He couldn't even whimper or shout... God knows he wanted to.

"I don't wanna have to use this." The upward curl at the corner of Sean's mouth, as well as a small flick of his whiskers, revealed that that wasn't quite true. "But I'm not afraid to, pup, if you *misbehave*. You're lucky you caught *my* eye, though - that friend of mine, at the bar? Last time he got his hands on someone - he's long since sold that one by now - little bitch didn't know the meaning of 'don't do this'. Got punished about as often as he got fucked. Which, mind you, *aren't* the same thing."

Matt kept his mouth shut and sat back on the balls of his feet, keeping his cuffed paws lowered in front of him so as to shield sight of him from the bigger wolf... even though he'd doubtless already seen him, and probably had felt him as well. The very thought of that made him shiver all over... really, before all of this, Sean would've just had to ask...

...*bah*. The fox swallowed. That wasn't very funny. Nothing seemed to be anymore.

Sean leaned back in the chair so that it creaked. Matt could feel those eyes tracing over his body, slow and uncomfortable, like long-clawed fingers. Even though he hated being here, hated being naked in front of this guy (imagine that), hated how he was *stupid* and horny enough to follow him out into an alley... well, he'd be lying to himself if he said he'd never pawed to the thought of a scenario like this before. However, now that it was actually happening, *much* of the appeal was lost to him. Sean clearly wanted the fox's eyes to focus on one part of him, right between his legs - he lowered a paw and popped open the button of his fly, never breaking eye contact - and he followed the silent command, but didn't see anything there that interested him.

Not until the zipper followed the track of the button, though, in being undone. The wolf pulled the lower hem of his shirt up over his belly and shifted his body, moving his pants down a little bit - and into view came the round, furred shape of a full sheath, a slightly lighter grey in color than what surrounded it. He wasn't wearing underwear.

"Get up," the wolf growled, with an upward flick of his finger. A flash of rebellion burst through Matt's mind - *no, fuck you, let me go home* - but he obeyed-

No, actually. He didn't obey. He knew it wasn't in his own best interest, but Matt stoically remained on the ground in front of the wolf.

Sean peered down at him, as if seeing something on the side of the street that he couldn't believe was there. "Well?"

Still Matt did not move. However, he didn't make eye contact either. He didn't even have to change his mind: once his resolve had wobbled, right before he stood up, another fierce shock jolted through his body, and didn't let up for what felt like quite some time. He couldn't breathe because his throat had force-closed, he couldn't see through the tears and bright lights in his vision, he couldn't stand up because his claws just scrabbled against the concrete... then, all of a sudden it stopped, and he was face-down on the floor with an odd high-pitched noise in his ear - which he soon realized was himself whimpering. Shakily, he pulled himself up to his feet.

"Good boy. Now, come here, turn around, and bend over. Try to touch your toes. Let me see in better light what you've got under your tail there."

His heart started pounding in his throat as he slowly inched closer, swallowed, turned around... and then, squeezing his eyes shut and pulling in a breath, the fox started leaning forward, intentionally keeping his tail down. However, Sean just moved a little bit forward in his chair and lifted that tail himself with the back of his paw. Matt shuddered at his touch, at the feeling of his claws against the fur of his rump, of his warm cigarette-tinged breath tickling over the pucker of his tailhole... he expected a finger, or a tongue, or something else, but instead what he got was the feeling of something almost icy-cool clamping around his sheath and sack from behind, after another brief sound of rustling around in the backpack.

He glanced down between his legs: a chastity cage, shiny brushed metal, and one that fit rather snugly around his sheath. The wolf behind him clicked the lock shut with his fingers and, when moving his paw away, traced those fingers over the soft fur of Matt's sack. He swallowed.

"That's better... I own what's locked up in that cage now, fox, that little cock of yours, so I get to say when it gets to come out. If ever. Now, turn back around," Sean rumbled, and again leaned back in his chair. When Matt obeyed, the wolf had a few fingers rested across his grey sheath, pressing in gently and tugging the supple skin back past the tip of his length. "And give your new owner what he wants."

The fox felt his ears flatten back, but he still forced himself down to his knees, still forced himself forward towards the space between those legs... Sean adjusted his position for him, moving to the edge of the chair and dropping his pants entirely down his legs. At least he seemed well-groomed: his fur leading up his thighs and down his belly towards his sheath was smooth and fairly soft, when Matt rested his arm on it... as he leaned in, as he swallowed back his distaste (if *that* was what he was currently feeling) and traced his nose up the warm side of the wolf's sheath, he breathed in a light musk that certainly would have made him go wild had they stayed in the alley and done what he thought would happen.

Honestly, the wolf's words and noises of encouragement were the worst part - "*there's a good boy*", "*be sure to use your lips*", "*damn, maybe I need to share you with some of my friends*"... without those, Matt might, *might* have been able to close his eyes and pretend he was *servicing* someone else, someone he actually wanted to. Still, though, as the contoured, veiny length slid progressively further out of its sheath under the treatment of his tongue, he could feel this cage around his own sheath tighten... the rich scent of wolf washed over his nose, coated his tongue, stuck to his lips - and he just closed his eyes and went along with it.



Sean wasn't quite content with a slow, easy blowjob, though. As soon as Matt had closed his lips around the wolf's twitching tip, he felt a paw settle on the back of his head and push him down - down, further down. He tried to keep the length cupped in his tongue and tried to keep up the pace, but Sean didn't stop once he pressed up against the back of the fox's throat: he pushed further, until Matt, almost unable to breathe and tearing up, felt it push past and slide uncomfortably down his throat, totally cutting off his breathing.

"Mmh..." the wolf purred, remaining there for a moment. The bulge of his knot, still hidden in his sheath, pushed against Matt's lips. "Nice muzzle you've got... I'll be sure to put it to good use - don't you worry..."

And he released the fox's head, allowing him to come back up, suck in a needed breath, and promptly succumb to a fit of coughing. At least he didn't taste any blood. The taste of the wolf's musk lingered on his tongue and in the back of his throat, tainting each inhalation with its spice - and he took the chance to gather his thoughts about him. He wanted to spend as little time serving this wolf as possible, and showed it: soon his coughing started to sound fake even to him, and as *motivation*, the collar around his neck gave a soft whine before sending another burst of sharp electricity through his body, sending him into a fresh fit of genuine coughing.

Before he was allowed time to recuperate, he found himself being tugged back up to his knees by his collar - the prongs bit into his neck - and then pushed back down onto the still-hard cock throbbing between the wolf's legs. God, he'd rather be *anywhere* but here. Matt wrapped a finger and thumb around the base of Sean's knot, tugging the sheath back with a squeeze. Even in that alley, or in the bar's bathroom... anywhere but here, anywhere so he'd know that he could still go home. Here? He didn't have that luxury. Hell, he didn't even know where *here* was. He-

"Speed up, dog," growled Sean. He obeyed, trying to move fast enough so that he wouldn't force him down again.

Still, he supposed he was lucky. He'd heard stories of people being kidnapped, waking up in a warehouse, and then being thrown to the floor and roughly fucked again and again and again, until blood dripped down their thighs as well as cum and piss... could *this* wolf, whose cock twitched between his lips, be behind some of those stories? He and his *friends*?

Matt suddenly got the image of being in this position, on all fours with an uncomfortable cage around his sheath to keep him from getting hard (but, still, and he hated to admit it, he was leaking a little...), and with one cock down his throat and another beneath his tail. He opened his eyes again: Sean had his phone pointed down towards the fox while he worked, bobbing steadily up and down along the throbbing, contoured length, a paw beside his lips to help. There was no way he could get good video quality in this lighting...

But Matt wasn't about to tell him that. He felt like if Sean wanted him to open his mouth, he'd tell him.

"Deepthroat me," the wolf commanded, a bit of an edge to his voice. Matt feared his paw coming back down and forcing him again, so he immediately obeyed the order and tried to angle his head to make it easier... "I want to feel your lips against my knot, pup. I wanna feel your throat clenching around my cock. You gotta *earn* my load, and if you don't... well, hope that you do. Don't forget that you've got a shock collar around your neck."

He didn't. He never had. It would be hard to, what with these metal prongs sticking into the flesh of his neck with each movement... he straightened up, gingerly placed a paw on Sean's thigh, and pressed down onto the wolf, feeling the tip of his cock against the back of his throat, a little painful. Just when he thought he was about to succeed, though, *both* of the wolf's paws seized his muzzle and moved him up and down along that cock, fast and hard, with no care for how roughly that tip grinded against the back of his throat.

He tried to breathe when he could, but didn't get much of a chance. The tears welled up at the corners of his eyes with each thrust, leaked out down his cheeks; the gagging came again and again, each one a little stronger than the last; but, still, Sean did not let up. In fact, he only sped up and tugged him down onto him harder and harder, at the same time lifting up out of his chair in thrusting - again, and again, and again. Soon not only the bulge of his knot, quickly swelling up, pressed against the fox's lips, but his full and heavy sack repeatedly swung against his chin, only further reminding him of this deeply embarrassing position he had gotten himself into-

Sex toy for a brusque, strict wolf. The chastity cage squeezing his sheath, now with a line of pre dripping down from the hole, showed that he wasn't even allowed his own pleasure as a toy: he was to serve a purpose, and nothing more. A moist mouth to fuck, a tight tail to fuck.

Sean enjoyed this mouth, too. After a seconds he stood up and fucked Matt's muzzle fast and hard, ramming again and again into the back of the younger fox's throat, while holding his head in place or tugging him down onto him - before his breath came in through his teeth in a sharp gasp, before his tail flicked behind him, and he pushed deeply into Matt's throat with a series of heavy throbs over his tongue. He could feel the thick spurts of hot cum shoot down his throat, could feel the last of it dribble out as Sean pulled out - and when he did, Matt fell over onto all fours and heaved a few times, as a result of the relentless pounding into the back of his throat. That'd be sore tomorrow - even now, each swallow already felt like he was choking down rough sand.

Still, though, the wolf wasn't done. Chest rising and falling in exhausted breaths, the wolf widened his stance a little, lowered one paw to better angle his cock... and started emptying his bladder in a yellowish stream over the fox, still on his paws. He first felt is as a splash of warmth against the fur of his back, which then traced down his tail, rolled off his rump and sack, and then came up along his spine, over his shoulders, against his muzzle-

"Look up at me and open your mouth."

Hesitantly, he obeyed. That warm splashing spread to his tongue, and further into his throat: it was a bright, rich, acrid taste, bitter and sour at the same time, heavily musky. He almost gagged at first tasting the piss, and let as much of it drip out of his mouth as possible-

Sean squeezed below his knot, cutting off the stream. "Swallow."

Matt looked up at him, as if to say *please, no*. The wolf's expression didn't change. He obeyed.

He was made to do this another three times, each one making his face twist up in disgust, until the wolf's stream dwindled and pattered to a stop over the bare concrete floor, leaving Matt dripping with piss from his ears, from his chin, from his tail, down his chest, along his shock collar and chastity cage...

“Good boy,” Sean rumbled, and started doing his pants back up. “If I’d known you’d had such a thirst for fresh piss-” no, he didn’t- “then I would’ve chained you up in the bathroom, in front of the broken urinal. I think that’d be a good place for you, with that cage on you and that collar, too... yeah. If you won’t flush, whoever’s takin’ a piss can just hit the button, *force* you to swallow... Y’know what?”

Sean went over to the backpack and took one thing more out of it, a leash, which he then clipped to the side of Matt’s collar. “Get up. Come with me; we’re goin’ over there. No, no, all fours - just like a good bitch ought to.”

Well, at least his headache had mostly gone away...