

Malloy had always enjoyed the charm of staying in a nice hotel for a few nights. There was just something about waiting in the elevator late at night, listening to the quiet whirr of the machinery that then turned to sleepy silence in the hallway; something about the bright pastel colors of the walls and floor, of the soft, smooth carpet beneath the pads of his toes; something about unlocking his door and stepping into a cool, cozy room...

...of course, all of that was made even better when he was being *led* to these places by a familiar wolf, the same one who had surprised him with this trip for their anniversary. The hotel of course wasn't the main point of the trip, but it still provided a nice place to retreat to at the end of the day, a pleasant evening of relaxation...

*Relax*, he could imagine Darwen, this wolf of his, telling him tonight. *It's been a while - damn eager fox... just take your time, go at your own pace...*

Right now he was down in the lobby enjoying the hotel's assortment of drinks (though he *did* still have to monitor himself). Such thoughts, which had been plaguing his mind since first setting out on this trip, made him have to slip a paw into his dress pants to readjust; luckily, the chastity cage he wore beneath his underwear made that easy. Just had to shift it a little bit, move the padlock that weighed down atop his sheath. Darwen promised him that he'd get at least one night for this anniversary without that cage on him, and after so long being locked up, the idea itself was enough to make the smallish fox leak quite a bit of pre.

He lifted the glass to his lips and tilted back the cool liquid, eyes scanning the rest of the room. Dimmed lights, nice carpet - someone had spilled their drink earlier in the night and then instantly excused themselves, and he hadn't seen them since - and leather furniture, heavy crystal glasses, alcohol that came in bottles that looked like ice sculptures or pieces of art or something.

*Darwen had really gone out of his way to make this weekend nice, didn't he?* - Malloy caught sight of his wolf, on the other side of the room holding quiet conversation with a king cheetah and a black pantheress who might be his wife or something. The fox let his gaze linger on his lover for a while - *that suit's a little small on him, but then again, he is fairly broad-shouldered... ah, and such a time I had trying to get that tie onto him.*

'Please,' Darwen had complained, '*anything* but the one with the kittens on it - this is a formal event, Malloy!'; when the wolf turned to speak directly to the pantheress, Malloy noticed her eyes flick down to his tie, up to his face, then back down to his tie again, where they remained... and she seemed to forget what she had intended to say, halfway into saying it. Malloy couldn't help but smile over the rim of his glass, swallowing the rest of it down - this one was his favorite so far, carrying a strong taste of almost sour fruit over the depth of the alcohol.

Really, Darwen looked as good out of his suit as he did in it - and maybe even better. As he drifted back over to the tables, Malloy thought back to when they were preparing for tonight: Darwen kept on asking him for help - *help me get into this damn shirt; help me with my tie; help me tie my shoes; help me fit into these - God - damn - pants* - and Malloy kept on obliging, though he took care to enjoy it as well. Part of him thought that that had been the wolf's intention, too: to get his little fox to touch him all over, to squeeze his rump and brush against his chest, to get down onto his knees in front of him while fitting his shoes onto him... he'd had a perfect chance then to look up, lean forward, and press his nose against the warm bulge in the

front of Darwen's then-unbuttoned pants, and he'd taken that chance. The wolf's paw had descended on the back of his head and held him there, just forcing him to breathe his scent-

At that moment, he was damn glad that he had stopped in front of one of the tables, because he had to readjust the fit of his cage yet again. While there between his legs, Malloy had learned firsthand that the wolf had gone a day or two without a shower, and the faintly spicy scent had clung to his nose for good two hours after so he got a brand new whiff of it with each inhalation. In fact, if he focused, he could still taste it on the air, hovering tantalizingly beneath the cool aroma of alcohol. His paw tightened around the glass, other still in his pocket around the metal of his cage.

It was a two-piece thing, with a main part that enclosed his sheath and wrapped around his waist, kept closed by a heavy metal padlock - Darwen enjoyed knowing that his favorite part of his favorite fox was kept secure, and Malloy liked the feeling, too - while a separate ring remained affixed around the top of his sack, keeping his balls pushed down a bit, ensuring that they stayed full and fresh... he moved his fingers down in the loose pocket of his pants, tracing along the surface of his warm-furred sheath, feeling the tautness of the slightly-stretched skin and the teasing jolt of pleasure that each touch sent through him.

*God* - just what would Darwen do to him tonight? Push him down between his legs again, keep his nose pressed against the bulge of his sack? Maybe move his muzzle up so he remained locked to the end of the wolf's sheath in a kiss, tongue working so that he could feel his mate's cock stiffen and grow, sliding out of the warm moisture of his sheath and into the just-as-warm moisture of his waiting muzzle... or perhaps he'd go for something more urgent. Maybe he'd lift the little fox up onto the counter in the room, tug these annoying pants off of his, and then shove his muzzle up underneath his tail with a well-placed tongue and pair of lips - no part of Malloy's cage kept his tailhole from being accessed. One time in the past when he was locked up, Darwen slipped down under the covers, rolled the fox onto his belly, and slipped his tongue up against his tailhole - and Malloy had to strain, had to claw at the blankets. *That* had gotten him really close to cumming in his cage.

Also, it *had* been a while since Darwen had last marked Malloy as his. The fox opened his eyes a crack and glanced around himself, still half-bent over the table as if inspecting the labels on all the bottles lined up. The last few times they had gone somewhere special, Darwen had seemed to make an effort to push his fox down in the bathtub, undo his pants, and then empty his bladder all over Malloy, regardless of if he'd had a chance to take his clothes off or not. Not that he minded, of course... there was something oddly pleasurable in feeling the warm, wet fabric stick to his fur, in being able to smell the rich odor of piss, at the same time slightly sickening as it was deeply enticing.

Sometimes he'd even go for a few hours before washing his clothes or taking a shower, because the scent of his mate's mark on him would be more than enough to get him going all over again-

A warm paw descending on his shoulder startled him, yanking him out of his reverie (as well as making him tug his paw out of his pocket, where it had remained clutched around his cage and sack). He tried not to show his embarrassment at being caught, but could still feel how his ears burned and splayed out, and how his tail flicked and pitched around behind him - it was viewed as improper etiquette to have a misbehaved tail during a formal gathering.

"What are you thinking about?" cooed a familiar voice, inches away from his ear - close enough that the warm breath on which the words rode tickled at his sensitive fur. A shiver ran down Malloy's back. "I was over there having a conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Olabegi, and I caught sight of you and excused myself - but then you were gone, and I find you over here..." Another paw settled on Malloy's body, this one on his side just under his arm, and started moving down. "...half-bent over the table, eyes closed, one paw in your pocket... you weren't being a naughty fox, were you?"

A light haze of alcohol peppered Darwen's breath, not quite enough to seem to have an effect on him, but still noticeable. Malloy shivered again as the paw on his side made its way down to his waist, then briefly came up to untuck his dress shirt from the waist of his pants. "No, sir! I was just - I mean, I was thinking about... about..."

That paw didn't stop at his waist. It continued down, easily wiggling its way beneath the tight waistband of his pants and then past that of the underwear right beneath it as well - and a half-second later, Malloy felt the same warmth of those fingerpads that he felt gripping his shoulder seep into the skin of his sack, through the single hole of his chastity cage at the end of the tip. Then, just as quickly as that paw entered his pants, it left.

Darwen lifted his forefinger and thumb to his nose, turning them over in the light; sticky clear pre clung to the pads. He met Malloy's eyes for a second, and then licked the fluid off. "You're leaking, dear. I think it's about time we call it a night and head up to the room..." He leaned back in, and placed a soft kiss against the fox's throat. To do this, he had to lean over a bit. "...so I can fix that leak. Yeah?"

"Yeah. Yeah..." Malloy swallowed and nodded. "That sounds good."

"Good." Darwen's paw shifted over and took hold of the fox's. "Let's go, then."

The crystal glass gave off a gentle rattling against the table when Malloy left it there, tugged somewhat abruptly away towards the elevators around the corner and down the hall. Gradually, the noise of quiet conversation and the clinking of glasses faded into sweet silence, and all the mixed smells of different species and alcohol enclosed in one room gave way to more the muted, steady scent of the deeper hallways of the hotel - and then, *ding*, the elevator doors opened, a tall stallion ducked out, and Malloy was led in behind Darwen.

Then, as soon as the doors closed behind them again - Darwen kept one paw on the control panel to ensure that the elevator went straight to their floor - Malloy found himself squeezed up with his back against the wall and another paw swiftly undoing his belt, all while Darwen pressed his muzzle against his neck, pushing kisses into his fur and parting it with his teeth in gentle little nips.

"Ha... hang on..." Malloy breathed, tilting his head to the side. With a soft metallic jangle, his belt pulled free from itself, and in another moment, the zipper of his pants had been undone, too, and his underwear tugged down to bring into view the locked cage keeping his sheath hidden. "Don't you think we - should-"

"No," growled the wolf, squeezing the palm of his paw around Malloy's sack, kept away from the rest of his cage by that single ring. The fox breathed out a light yip, and Darwen just rolled his balls around over his fingers, slowly and sweetly. "I don't."

"But someone could-!"

*Ding.* The doors opened again, and just as quickly as Darwen had pinned Malloy to the wall and opened his pants, he removed himself from the fox and started down the hallway, leaving him with a hot blush warming his cheeks and caged cock on full display for anyone who had the luck to pass by - which, *thank God*, nobody did. Malloy struggled with keeping his pants up while running to catch up to his mate.

*No point doing them back up*, he thought; Darwen had opened the door to their room and now leaned in the threshold, arms crossed in front of his chest and a plump bulge visible in the front of his pants beneath his belt. *They're just gonna come right back off once that door closes behind us anyway.*

Malloy looked up at the wolf's face as he approached him, and slowed down; Darwen's muzzle spread into a grin, and with a paw planted firmly on Malloy's rump, he shepherded the fox into the room.

"Clothes off," he heard from behind him almost before the *click* of the door shutting. A second later, the light flicked on.

"Right here?" He brought his paws up to start undoing his tie, movements quickened by excitement.

"Right here."

He almost ended up tearing his suit jacket in two different areas due to the speed and force with which he tried to get it off, gaze affixed on Darwen as the wolf did the same, but slower. First his suit jacket dropped off his arms, and then he started with the buttons of his dress shirt-

But before he could finish that, he heard a low "*taking too long*" of a growl, and then found himself pushed almost roughly back against the wall in the entryway, making the placid painting hanging above their heads rattle. Malloy started to say something, but the complaint died on his tongue when Darwen's claws bit briefly into the skin of his chest as the wolf reached under the buttons of his shirt and tore it roughly off, then did the same with his pants - not even bothering to remove the belt from the loops first.

"I want you," Darwen growled into the fox's ear, towering over him against the wall. "And tonight's a special night. You know that?"

Though he was suddenly wearing a lot less clothing than before - his suit jacket remained in the middle of the hallway, his dress shirt and pants lay at his feet only mostly intact, with his boxers somewhere under all of that; all that remained on his body other than the ill-fit dress shoes on his feet was the cage keeping his cock contained in his sheath - he felt no less warm, even with the cool breath of the hotel's air conditioning directed from the ceiling vent right at his bare chest. The big wolf keeping him pinned to the wall blocked a lot of that, however, and really all he could feel was the heat emanating from Darwen's body, the heat that each exhalation of his breath carried, the heat that seeped through his fingerpads on the strap of his cage-

Then, out of seemingly nowhere (though he had probably just produced it from his pocket), Darwen held up a little brass key with the text *Good Puppy* engraved into the head - the same inscription that the padlock on Malloy's cage bore. He felt himself harden up a little just at the sight of it.

God, how he wanted it. "Sir, are you sure?"

Instead of giving a voiced reply, Darwen simply lowered that paw to Malloy's cage, found the lock, wiggled the key into the bottom of it without casting so much as a sideways glance down, and... and then... *click*, a slight jostling of the cage, and the weight that he had gotten used to after wearing for so long dropped away, sliding down his legs to the floor where the setup landed with a soft clatter. Then, not one to leave a job undone, Darwen continued down and stretched the ring that kept Malloy's balls squeezed together - and the relief of having *that* taken off of him sent another light shiver through his body.

Not only that, but a low moan worked its way out of his lips as well, coaxed out by that paw remaining where it was and giving a gentle squeeze to the sack and soft-furred sheath that had spent so much time locked up. Because of that, every touch, no matter how small or slight, felt to send a sweetly pleasurable electric jolt through Malloy's cock and body, and even before Darwen had had the chance to trace a claw up the side of his sheath, at least half an inch of the pinkish flesh of his cock peeked out of the fur of his sheath.

"Hold it."

He struggled. Darwen squeezed his forefinger and thumb around the rim of the fox's sheath, keeping his cock from sliding out any further. Then, he leaned in a little further - had to put one arm out against the wall, and stood over Malloy so that his shadow covered him - and licked his lips.

"Mark yourself."

At first, Malloy didn't know what to do or say (and honestly, being commanded to do something like that just threatened to make him harden up a little further), but a swift and strong arm hoisted him up off his feet and held him between the wall and the wolf, squeezed close to himself. The scent of his own musk hovered up and tickled at his nose, combined with the spice of stale piss that had gathered and dried in the fur around the end of his sheath due to him being unable to clean there during the cage's life.

He swallowed, trying to reach behind him to grab onto something. All that met his paws was smooth, cool wall. "Right... right *here*?"

"Right here. Better be fast about it, too." As he spoke, Darwen tugged off Malloy's shoes and socks and tossed them to the side.

Knowing better than to outright ignore a command, the fox gritted his teeth, swallowed, squeezed his eyes together, and tensed up, trying the best he could to start. He had been conditioned to be able to start pissing quite easier than most other people, and in a few strange places, but it still sometimes came as a challenge - and especially when the one thing that turned him on the most kept him held up and pinned to a wall...

“Well?”

“I’m - trying-”

Darwen lifted a finger to his muzzle, slid it between his lips for a moment, and then brought it out - and, a strand of slick saliva hanging from the claw, pressed the pad firmly against Malloy’s tailhole. Startled, the fox jumped, lost his concentration, swallowed again, tried just a little more... and then, beginning with sweet, warm pleasure, the familiar relief washed over him - with actual liquid warmth soon to follow, against the fur of his belly and dripping down to the tiled floor of the entryway a bit of a ways beneath him.

“That’s it,” purred the wolf, pushing his finger in a little bit. Each time Malloy clenched around the slick finger, his stream of yellowish piss jumped a short distance up his chest. “I saw you taste almost all of those drinks down there, and I remember you downed a whole bottle of water before we went down tonight... I want to see all of that either soaked into your fur here or in a puddle beneath you. Alright?”

This time, all Malloy did in response was nod. Some part of him wanted to stop, wanted to keep himself from emptying his bladder out over his belly and, in turn, over his nice suit clothes at Darwen’s feet - but, they *were* ruined already anyway. Once in the past, Darwen had commanded Malloy lie down in the bathtub and lift his legs up over his head, so that he could piss through his cage and into his own muzzle... and when the fox couldn’t, the wolf just stood above him with one foot on his chest to hold him in place, and emptied his own bladder into the waiting maw. Told him to drink every drop, so of course, he did.

This time, though... if he really tensed up, made easier by the finger slowly sinking into him and then pulling back out, he could *almost* cause his stream to arc up and splash against the fur of his neck, but not quite. With the combined relief of the act as well as feeling the sweet, slick warmth seep into his fur and against his skin, the half-sour, half-earthy scent of it wafted up and closed around his nose, ingraining in his mind just *what* it was he had been commanded to do: here, on the thirteenth floor of an upper-end hotel, he’d just had his clothes *torn* from his body, had been hiked up against a wall, and commanded to *wet* himself.

And he obeyed, too. Still he was: a glance down between half-lidded eyes let him see the pink tip of his cock, still revealed, steadily streaming out the single arc of warm yellowish liquid, bending and shifting every now and then with the movements of the wolf that held him up and his own squirming on the finger that occasionally buried itself to the knuckle under his tail. His mark mostly focused on one spot in the fur of his belly, now thoroughly soaked through and considerably warmer than the rest of him; the rest of the piss coursed down his body and dripped down off his back, or ran the length of his front towards his sheath and sack before dripping down, or followed down along Darwen’s arm, still clothed in the sleeve of his suit jacket. The wolf didn’t seem to mind at all.

After a while, Malloy’s stream weakened and lowered along his body, until it was only a slow dribble of the golden liquid out the tip of his cock, down the back of his revealed shaft, and into the soft fur of his sheath, into which it soaked and disappeared - and then nothing, even at the tight clenches caused by Darwen wiggling his finger buried deep inside the small fox.

Then, blushing with his ears folded slightly back, he looked up at his mate, who in turn grinned back - and swiftly removed his arm from beneath him, causing the fox to fall back down to the

floor and land there with a *thump*, bare footpaws surrounded by his own piss on the tile floor. Again Darwen towered over the fox, and with the paw that was just previously pressing a finger under Malloy's tail, started removing his own belt.

"I was originally gonna pound you against this wall right here..." he drawled, and bumped his other fist against that wall. "But then I decided, that'd be too much work, holding you there and fuckin' you at the same time... so how does on the ground with your rump in the air sound? Hmm?"

He motioned towards a spot on the carpet, a few feet out of the entryway. Malloy padded over, feigning shyness; his hard cock stood out against his piss-soaked lower belly, only his knot having not been revealed yet - and even then, it bulged out his sheath, stretching the supple skin thin over its width. Meanwhile, Darwen had only undone his pants, fished his own cock out, and then redid the button of his fly, so that his considerably larger and thicker red-fleshed cock stood in bright contrast to the black fabric of his dress pants.

Without saying another word, the small fox gave a smile and then lowered himself down, the feeling of the carpet rubbing across his forearms and elbows certainly not unknown to him. A few seconds later there was another shuffling and then weight bearing down behind him, and a paw holding the base of his tail up while a moist, firm warmth pressed against his tailhole, already prepared by the slick finger from earlier - he'd had preferred a tongue first, but knew how eager his wolf got when it had been a while since they had last had time to themselves... and besides, Malloy was eager, too. *He* had been locked up for some time, while Darwen had no such restriction.

The big wolf enjoyed that difference, too. Malloy could name three different times in the past two weeks where he found his muzzle being tugged down onto his mate's cock and guided for a while - and then, after he wore the wolf's seed on his tongue, Darwen usually said something like *that's a good fox, doing his duty* or *I have half a mind to wait fifteen minutes and then make you ride me, see if I can get you to cum through that cute cage of yours...*

Malloy couldn't help but gasp as Darwen started to sink into him, the tapered end of his length easily sliding into the fox's already-slickened tailhole, made only more so by the bead of warm, sticky pre that had gathered there. Then came the familiar discomfort and slight pain of having a guy much larger than him press up under his tailhole, slowly sinking deeper and deeper into him - and the angle was no help, either; Darwen kept the fox's upper body held down to the carpet with a paw on the back of his shoulder, not caring about the remaining drops of piss that dripped out of his fur and into the fabric beneath him.

Darwen didn't ask 'are you okay' like he did at the start of their relationship, all that time ago, but Malloy still knew that if something came up, he would stop in an instant... not that he *wanted* it to stop, though. His throat felt dry when he tried to swallow, and still the bigger wolf drove down into him. Malloy churned his hips slowly forward and back, forward and back on instinct in attempts to ease the wolf's cock into him, clenching around the slight contours and changes in thickness - until the bulge of his knot, much wider than his own, kissed warmly against the tight rim of his tailhole.

"God..." the wolf breathed, and moved his paw down from Malloy's shoulder to the fox's hip, dragging his claws through his slightly piss-soaked fur as he went. Then, holding the fox's rump in place, he tugged his hips back a little, pushed back in, pulled back a little further... "All of that

teasing before we went down, and then the alcohol, an' watching you piss all over yourself... got me *damn* worked up, I'm not gonna last too long..."

If he could lean over and see Malloy's face - eyes lightly closed, mouth half-open in a silent moan - he would be able to tell that the fox felt the same thing. Malloy had gotten a few hands-free orgasms just from being pounded into the floor like this, or when he was commanded to ride the wolf as hard as he could, but it was a fairly uncommon occurrence... still, though, even now as Darwen slowly pistoned his hips forward and back against his rump, he could feel the far-off bright pleasure that let him know even if he didn't *quite* get there, he'd get damn close.

Darwen's eagerness quickly showed through in his actions, though, as soon the gentle noise of him pounding against Malloy's waiting rear bounced off the walls of the room again and again and again, underlined by the fox's steady, breathy moans squeezed out of him each time that knot pressed against the slick rim of his tailhole again. Feeling the pleasure and pressure build up inside him, he shifted his head to the side, let his mouth hang open, and moved a paw down underneath himself to squeeze and rub at the base of his own cock-

but, just before he touched fingerpad to skin, Darwen's paw shot down and batted his away, turning the moan that had just started to grow in his throat to an impatient whine.

"C'mon, fox..." the wolf drawled, leaning over him to drive his cock deeper into him. Malloy could feel the slight stretch around part of his knot, and shivered. "I *just* let you out of your cage. Don't make me lock it back onto you."

That sounded about as close to an order as it could get without him coming out and saying *don't fucking do this*. A little dejected but no less turned on, Malloy readjusted his position to intentionally grind his hips back against Darwen with each thrust into him, desiring the sharp pleasure that each new stretch around his knot sent through him - and when he looked down beneath himself, a clear rope of thick pre hung off of the tip of his own length, now with his own knot revealed and throbbing as well.

Each thrust from Darwen behind him, steadily growing in force and speed, made his whole body lurch forward and caused that strand of pre to swing as well until it broke off - soon to be replaced by another thick drip, clinging to the underside of his length. Malloy swallowed and returned his muzzle to face forward, bracing his chin against the rough carpet and digging his claws into it; he clenched tightly around his mate, loving the feeling of his cock sinking deep into him and then pulling out almost past the tip, then sliding back in, pulling out, again and again, each push in stretching him just a little bit wider around the wolf's thick knot.

"Fuck..." Darwen breathed, pounding into him. Malloy could tell that his rump would be sore in the morning, if not within the hour. "Love, I'm - gonna -" -and his words cut off into a shuddering gasp of a moan, followed by a rather fierce thrust forward that shoved his knot roughly into the fox's rump, in turn causing him to yip and clench tightly. He was so close, so close, just on the edge - he could feel the bright imminence of the orgasm, coming just slightly closer with each new clench, each little grind back against the wolf's hips with that knot and cock buried in him...

But, it was one more new feeling that finally did send him over the edge: after finishing, Darwen shifted his paws all the down to Malloy's hips, swallowed, breathed out a slow gasp... and then Malloy felt a fast, rich warm flood into him after the thick cum, at first just a strange tickling along his insides before it became actual hot pleasure, pressing against him, enough to - make him



gasp, dig his claws into the carpet hard enough to tear some of the fabric, and then jerk forward in emptying his own load out beneath him in a few powerful spurts, thick and white due to the time gone without release.

Still, though, Darwen didn't stop unloading his bladder into his fox's rump until he had nothing more to give, and by then, Malloy felt some of the hot piss leaking out of his tailhole tight around the base of the wolf's knot. Each movement caused the liquid to slosh around inside him, to make him go slightly dizzy and have to catch his breath all over again... even though he had already finished, cum and pre still oozed out of his length and into the used carpet beneath him.

Panting and eyes closed, he didn't even notice that Darwen had leaned back over him - until he felt the wolf's muzzle against his neck in a soft kiss.

"I hope that..." the wolf managed, and swallowed again. "...that housekeeping doesn't mind a little mess... I've, ah - been holding it since lunch today..."

Malloy, too, had to swallow and take a moment to find his voice. When he did, it first came out as a light squeak. "I know. I could tell."

"What do you say - we leave that cage off 'til the weekend is over?"

At this, he smiled. "What if your fox is naughty?"