

In the Alley

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Roland handed over his ID to the bouncer along with the VIP pass his friends had given him to avoid the cover charge. The bouncer considered his ID for an unusually long time, which made Roland flinch. His driver's license was out of state, and the little plastic card usually got some long looks thanks to how fake it looked. It was genuine, though, and the bouncer eventually handed it back with a grunt, nodding for Roland to go inside.

After a quick slip of the plastic cards back into his wallet, he wandered around aimlessly, his black vulpine ears curling back a little at the painfully loud music. He swished his twin tails behind him, doing his best to keep them out of the way of people. The place was crowded but not too crowded, and, other than the bumping and moving inherent in every dance club, Roland was not too badly jostled. He checked his watch, his orange fur looking strange in the dim red light. He was early. His friends wouldn't be here for nearly an hour.

Roland scooted off to the side, taking a seat on one of the long, wide couches set out for dancers and partiers to rest on. As the night was young it was unoccupied; furs had begun to dance and the bartender was just getting started, so no one was drunk or tired. Yet. Roland sighed and spread out, taking a glance at the poorly subtitled Kaiju movie playing on a nearby television. It was Science Fiction night, and the dance club was decorated accordingly. A number of furs were cosplaying, some of them doing a good job of it, the majority of the idiots making asses of themselves. He sighed and rubbed his brow, trying to pretend he was someplace else. When you don't drink or dance, clubs have little to offer you.

Without warning, a wolf sat down next to him, the other canine's mass sending Roland bouncing as the cushion suddenly started to shift up from the added weight. Roland took a moment to stabilize himself before taking a look at the wolf. The fellow was tall; of a heavy build, neither fat nor a gym-head, muscle-bound body type. Still, there was more than enough of big, gray wolf clad in a tight fitting T-shirt and less tight, faded blue jeans, and he seemed handsome enough. At the moment he was nursing a pint of beer, and seemed wholly oblivious to the fox sitting next to him.

After a few moments he set down the glass and grinned at Roland, showing off his sharp white teeth. There was a little beer foam on his upper lip, and Roland couldn't shake the fact that he almost looked rabid before the larger male licked over his chops. Out of nowhere, a grey furred hand leapt up, sticking out in front of the fox. Roland shook it tentatively, his grip weak and small compared to that of the wolf.

"Haven't seen you in here before. I'm Cannon, and you are... cute. What's yer name, fox?" grinned the wolf while looking down at Roland, eyes roaming over the fox's body.

"I'm Roland. Pleased to meet you" was the stammered reply. Shy and awkward as always, he realized he had to shout at the top of his lungs to be heard over the din, but after a little practice he found he could get his message across. He was disappointed at how much effort being loud took, though. Too much time inside with his mouth shut.

"Always eager to meet new blood, especially when it has such a cute ass." said the wolf, his voice increasingly hard to pick out in the din, well though it seemed to carry. Roland instinctively turned to look at his butt and then blushed, smiling lightly at the wolf. The fellow still had a wide grin on his face, "So what brings you out here t'night, kid?"

"I'm waiting for some friends of mine to show up." said Roland.

"Really, now? Well, then any chance I could entertain you until they show up? You don't look very happy sitting on that cute li'l ass waiting like that." The big wolf put one of his furry arms around Roland's shoulder and grinned. "So, how about we go out back and learn a little bit about each other?"

Roland couldn't believe what he was doing. He was in the dark, dirty alley behind the club, the big wolf's hands gently rubbing and caressing his back and rear. The wolf also had his tongue down the fox's throat, and both of them were groaning and moaning as they embraced, grinding hip to hip. Roland always knew he'd been a bit of a slut, but still. This was a guy he'd just met, and already he was ready to bend over and beg for it like some drunken sorority girl.

He hadn't had so much as a beer!

The wolf broke the kiss gently, panting, big wafts of hot breath curling over Roland's muzzle. It smelled like beer and dinner, probably bratwurst or hotdogs or something. He could barely see the wolf in the gloom, but the big canine was all over him right now; no way he could lose the wolf with him so close. "I knew I was a good speaker, slut, but you must really be horny to move so quick."

Roland chuckled, kissing Cannon on the nose. "Maybe I just want something to tide me over until my friends arrived." Kissing the wolf on the nose, he shuddered, his whole body a writhing mass of hormones. He was surprised he wasn't laying on the asphalt with his tail up in the air, begging for it.

"Maybe so, but even a fox doesn't normally go right fer the crotch after only half an hour of talking and drinking." Roland shuddered again then hugged against the wolf, grinding his crotch against Cannon's.

"Maybe we should get to fucking before either one of us comes to our senses." said Roland. He hadn't had so much as a grope in several weeks now, and he could barely contain himself.

Cannon chuckled and unzipped his pants, and Roland could feel the wolf's big dick bonk up against his stomach a little. Roland dropped down, knees hitting the concrete heavily while keeping his hands on the wolf, feeling his way around in the gloom. His fingers wormed and touched the wolf's "treasure trail" lightly, stroking the thick fur leading down to his crotch. When his hands finally bumped into Cannon's cock, he gave it a good firm squeeze before pulling it down to his muzzle and slurping the tip into his mouth with his tongue.

The wolf put his hand down on Roland's head, rubbing the fox's blonde hair gently, tugging and scratching it lightly with blunt black claws. Roland worked gently at first, focusing mostly on using his tongue and lots of suction. Cannon moaned lightly, bringing his other hand down and gently rubbing Roland's ears. The fox slowly moved to pick up the pace, bobbing up and down on Cannon's cock, rolling the wolf's foreskin back with his lips and putting himself to work. Above him, the wolf groaned, gripping the side of Roland's head tight in both hands, the fox just wagging his brush steadily.

After several more deep, sucking, slobbering muzzle and head bobs, Roland pulled off panting, slowly standing up. Cannon panted, stroking a grey paw along himself, watching Roland turn around and quickly undo his pants, shoving them down to his knees. He could hear Cannon fumbling around with a condom in the back, and as Cannon rolled it on Roland whimpered and spread his cheeks, curling his tails up and back.

Roland moaned, bracing himself against the brick wall as he felt Cannon's dick pressing and rubbing against his tailhole. He did his best to relax, closing his eyes, gritting his teeth, and taking short pants of air as Cannon slid in. He whimpered, tears coming to his eyes. "Its...big..." A chuckle and a hand on his hip later...

"You whimper like a little girl." said Cannon as he gently pushed himself in. Roland whimpered, trying to keep himself over.

"Fuck...You..." replied Roland, letting out a deep gasp as he felt Cannon sink in balls-deep. The wolf gently rested his head on Roland's shoulder a moment before nipping the scruff of his neck lightly.

"Maybe later, but we're kinda busy right now... And I'm not as easy as you are, you sexy slut..." The wolf leaned back and gripped Roland more firmly, grunting as he started to give big, deep thrusts. Roland whimpered and shook his head, trying his best to take the hard ride well. It was bigger than he was used to, and rough going. Still, his cock was drooling out a steady stream of pre, and whenever balance allowed him he gave himself a few quick strokes.

Cannon was soon panting hard, the wolf's big tongue drooling out on Roland's back. Roland grunted, letting out a soft moan as he felt himself start to spurt onto the wall in front of him, splattering the

brick with his white fox cum. He groaned and tilted his head down, squeezing on Cannon's dick as the wolf gave him thrust after thrust. The wolf grunted hard, finally breaking out into a deep howl, his claws digging into the fox's skin as he filled the condom. Roland was surprised that he could actually feel the tip fill up. It definitely felt like someone had been quite backed up, and for a long time, at that. He pulled out slowly, taking his time and letting Roland adjust and relax.

Roland panted, bending down to get his pants, but Cannon pulled up and gave him a smooch. The big wolf tossed the condom off into the dark with a quick flick of the wrist, and soon he was kissing Roland again. He could feel the two big, messy dicks jammed between them moosh against their stomachs. Roland myrred and reached down, touching and rubbing them enthusiastically.

"I think it's been an hour by now... How about we go back inside and see if your friends have... appeared, shall we?" Connor ruffled Roland's hair, smirking. Roland gave his hand a quick peck.

"Yeah, it would be good for them to meet my new friend, hmm?"