

## *Dream Girl*

I awoke to a familiar feeling of lips down around my groin. Lifting the covers, my eyes met Skye's and she smirked at me with the corner of her lips. She had very piercing black eyes, which always gave off that "I see you" look that only wolves seem capable of. Even in the low gloom I could make out most of her face, which became completely visible when I threw off the covers, which tossed up her short-cropped black hair.

"Well good morning to you too dear." I ran my fingers across her head and skritch behind her black ears a little as she slid off my shaft, crawling up the bed a little and laying down on top of me, her breasts pressed firmly against my chest. I tried not to stare, but it was a losing battle. I pushed my hips against her a little in a halfhearted gesture. "Hey now, did I say you could stop?"

"No, but I recall that, until I showed up, you spent your mornings wanking. So show a little gratitude, hmm?" We both smirked at the exchange, and our lips met. I tasted her, and she tasted me, and somehow the mutual morning breath didn't matter so much.

She rolled off me and laid beside me, our arms wrapped around each other in a clumsy, sleepy pile of limbs. We wanted to be close, but somehow this managed to rarely coincide with comfort, so until one of us got out of bed we were just going to have to be happily disheveled. The sun was up by now, thanks to Daylight Savings, and I watched the dust motes gently drift through the sunlight onto Skye's soft grey fur, the light playing across both our soft white underbellies. My fur is bright orange except for the underbelly and the black "gloves" and "socks." Oh, my ears are black too, and I have some blond hair on my head, but for the most part I am orange. Very orange, in fact, much more so than most other foxes I know.

Both Skye and I sleep naked, with the exception that Skye wears a black leather collar around her neck. She's very much into leather (something I find extremely sexy) but she normally takes it all off at night, since the buckles dig into her, me, and the sheets. The collar is the sole exception. I bought it for her a few weeks into our dating, once I found out she wore leather because she liked it as opposed to her trying to be punk, or cool, or whatever. I thought it would look hot on her, and I was right. It's been awhile now, and I have yet to see her take it off, even in the shower. I like to think it reminds her of me, or at least, how easy it is for her to get my dick to stand at attention.

She rubbed and caressed me a bit, then poked my stomach. She giggled but I frowned. I've always wanted a taut stomach, but it's never happened. Skye thinks it's cute, but I'd rather just keep my shirt on and not tucked in. "Hey, stop that."

"Why? Because you've got a tummy?"

"You know how I am about that thing."

"Well I think it's cute. Besides, if you don't like it, go work out more."

"I DO work out. I thought I explained to you that it's diet and genetics that make you fat."

"Mmm, I try not to pay attention when you get boring. Besides, it sounds like you're trying to blame my cooking, and you know better than to do that by now."

"Okay, I won't blame your cooking provided you keep letting me have some." She laughed, and kissed me a little.

"It's so easy to cook for you, all you want is meat. All you wanna do is stuff big hard sausages in your mouth, you faggot."

"Oh, like you don't like sausages?"

"I'm a girl, I'm allowed to. Besides, you like it when I stuff this sausage down my throat." She grabbed my dick firmly in her hand, squeezing and rubbing it quickly. "Speaking of my cooking, do you wanna shower first or eat first?"

"You're the one who will be doing the work, you pick."

"Fine, we'll shower, but I wanna fuck first. I'm not trying it in the shower again, I almost needed stitches after we slipped." I winced. While she exaggerated the small cut she'd received on the back of the head, but still, it had bled a bit and left a nasty lump for a few days. I could still find the scar if I peeled her hair back. No time to think about that now, though. Skye was climbing over me, gently straddling my waist and rubbing my tip up and down her slit.

I have never been any good at foreplay, something which Skye never lets me forget. She's used to it though, and while she is doing her damndest to teach me she is also smart enough to know better than to simply sit by and wait for me to learn. When she's horny (which is often), she will warm herself up, and then bring me in once she's got the ball rolling. This happens most often in the morning, when I am even less alert than normal, so when we fuck like this I usually find that she's been working herself up while I dozed. It's times like this that I really grow to appreciate her willingness to smooth over my faults rather than try to remove them.

She slides me into her very slowly, taking time to adjust and enjoy herself. I'm very proud to say that I'm long and thick, the latter of which Skye cares about in particular. She's told me she's not so much for long, "beanpole" dicks, nor anything else freakishly small or thick. She seems to be very fond of my equipment, even if she usually insists on telling me how to use it. She likes to ride, and I like to let her.

In porno, a girl will bounce up and down like a pogo stick, but I've never seen Skye do that. Whenever she rides, she rides low, bending over far forward and often getting on all fours, slowly pushing and jamming my length in and out of her. I usually end up putting my hands on her ass, gripping and groping, my left hand settling about where the Black Flag tattoo (the only one she has) on her butt is. I can't see down there too well, but I think she does this because it pushes my thick length against her clit. I don't know, I've never asked and am usually too distracted to think about

it. She presses her tits to my face, mooshing them around a bit before picking up the pace again. She can get pretty raucous when she wants to be, pushing and shoving and fucking herself on me, twisting her hips this way and that when she hits the bottom. Sometimes she even reaches back to stroke or tug on my balls, though due to the awkward position, this is rare.

Skye isn't the sort of girl who's content to pound a little and be done with it. In fact she's pretty insistent on one or two position changes before it's all over, and even then she's always trying for something new. She also likes to get toys involved, as she's a big fan of getting it in more than one way at the same time. I suspect she secretly wants to get a gangbang every now and then, but she has yet to ask me about it. I'm not entirely sure I'd say yes anyway.

In any event, I wasn't at all surprised when she crawled off me, told me to wait a moment, then went over to the bottom drawer to grab a vibrator and a bottle of lube. We have a lot of toys in that drawer, and as Skye is often buying more, it's not unusual for her to whip out something I haven't seen before. This was one of those times, though I'd seen vibrators like it before. It had internal beads for extra shaking, and a little "bunny" designed to nestle and poke against the clit. Getting up on the bed on all fours, she handed me the lube and began to slowly work the vibrator into her sex, turning it up loud enough to where I could hear it whirring. She lifted her tail and looked at me expectantly as I quickly worked the lube into my hand and onto my shaft.

I haven't met a lot of girls who will go for anal, insisting that it hurts too much. Which, if you don't do it right, is true. Skye, however, sees anal as just another form of stimulation, and knows I like either one of her nice, tight holes. After a moment or two of fingering, I slowly start to press in, giving her time to adjust. She grunts and groans a little, but soon enough I'm sliding it in to the hilt, her tight ring squeezing around me as I go. I can feel the vibrator going off beneath me, and I gotta say it adds a lot to the experience. It also speeds things up for Skye, which is good when you're about to start spurting.

Skye says I have a "fully automatic" dick, because I can squeeze off orgasms in relatively rapid succession without going soft. I guess it's a side effect of all that chronic masturbation from back in my teen years. That being said my stamina is pathetic, and it's all I can do to end up cumming after Skye most of the time. This time I got lucky, though, and as her cries let me know she was done I pulled back and let myself spurt all over her back, giving her ass a good grope once I'm done. There's five big, messy white streaks across her back, and one last one in her hair. I smile, and she smiles back at me over her shoulder. I'm very proud of my virility, and she knows that my ego needs stroking just as much as my dick.

"All right, enough of that, let's go get cleaned up..."

\*\*\*

Before Skye, I could never really get a boner in the shower. I always had to stand off to the side or something. The warm flowing water just made me lose it. Now that Skye and I shower together a lot, I have a hardon pretty much every time I pull back the curtain. But enough of that.

I think Skye genuinely enjoys washing me. With the exception of that time she was up with flu for a week, I haven't soaped up anything but my hands. I have to say I couldn't be happier about this arrangement. Getting bathed by Skye is a hell of a lot better than doing it myself.

I never got the hang of using a washcloth, but that's all Skye ever uses on me. Her hands move slowly and smoothly, cleaning me out without any haste. While I'm reluctant to admit it, I'm very big on touch, and in the shower Skye always gives me a big helping of it. I like to close my eyes and let the warm water run over me as she meticulously applies soap and shampoo all over. Despite her tough exterior and butch behavior, she has a deep mothering side, something I've grown to appreciate. It's good to have a girl who's willing to keep you clean, tidy, and (mostly) out of trouble just because she loves you.

Somewhere in the middle of cleaning she whips me around into a kiss, pushing herself against me. It's warm and intimate, and I start to lose myself feeling so close to her. It's moments like this where I really feel loved, and where I really feel loving. Sex, especially the way we do it, is more something to sate our needs than it is an expression of love. It's just not easy to say "I love you" when there's a ball gag in your mouth. So it's quiet, personal moments like this that we share our feelings, while sex is something we do to please our gonads.

Skye always decides when our shower is over, and when she shuts off the water, I get out and grab the towels, tossing one to her before starting to dry myself. She doesn't let me get far into it before she starts drying me herself, dripping water onto the mat as she runs the cloth under my arms and between my legs. That done, she kisses me on the cheek and gives me a shove out into the hallway, a reminder that she wants the bathroom to herself to get ready.

Skye isn't the sort to spend a lot of time nitpicking the details of her appearance, but it still takes her a good amount of time to get ready in the morning. She does take care and pride in her appearance, and also she generally has a lot of metal buckles to strap on. Like I said, she's a big fan of the leather. Also, her time in the bathroom and in the lit, walk-in closet are her only real opportunities to smoke inside. She knows that I'm not too fond of the smell or the taste, and keeps the cancer to herself. I'm hoping she'll quit sooner or later, but I'm not going to make a big deal out of it. She's very responsible about it, and I gotta admit she looks fucking sexy bathed in smoke.

After finishing her dry-off she waltzed into the bedroom and shut the door, cranking up our stereo to the maximum volume we could get away with. I don't know she managed to figure that out after living here only a week, but ever since she's managed to know exactly what volume (and even what music) will summon the landlord and/or cops, and keeps it just below that threshold. She's always been good at determining and setting limits, and I guess this is just another example.

Speaking of limits, she seems to be able to read my response to her music very rapidly. She knows what I like, what I tolerate, and what I dislike enough to ask (or even demand) she turn it off. It's kind of nice, to get exposed to a continuous stream of music, and her tendency to play music at top volume on her headphones lets me know when she's coming. Other than NPR I don't listen to much when she's not around, and not many girls listen to Blood Brothers loud enough to where you can tell what song it is from halfway down the hall. I have to wonder if she really enjoys turning it up that loud, or if she just knows that she'll be too deaf to hear me whining. I've noticed a sharp decrease in the amount of time I spend whining since I moved in with her, although whether it's because she suits my needs or just doesn't take my shit I'm unsure.

I sit down to check my e-mail and the news while she smokes and changes and checks herself out in the mirror. I'm always giddy at first, eager to see what she's chosen to wear today, but it fades after a few minutes of web surfing, only to come back in a powerful surge once the door opens. I click around through a few comics and sites waiting for her, and try not to get myself too riled up. News is never good and always hits a nerve, and considering we *just* had a big helping of sex I shouldn't be looking at porn and waiting for seconds. My porn collection hasn't had much added to it lately anyway, seeing as I have the good fortune of the real thing most days.

When she finally came out, my twin tails wagged up to a blur as usual, and she smiled lightly at me, almost striking a pose as she let me look at her. I know that most of her interest in her appearance comes out of a desire to show off for her boyfriend, and I think she gets a kick out of the way I respond to her looks. Case in point, after I let he know that her leather stuff gives me a boner, I've yet to see her leave the house without some dead cow skin on her arms. She's got a number of cuffs, bracers and armguards, along with a number of leather belts and straps that she simply puts on whatever part of her body she deems necessary. I've seen her come out of the bedroom wearing small leather belts like a garter, even when she's not wearing stockings. She's also got a very nice pair of knee-high shitkicker boots, although the vast majority of it is hidden beneath her quite baggy pants. She's got on one of her tight-fitting pink t-shirts and a nice flannel overshirt too, completing her relaxed, butch, early-90's-punk look. Not exactly formal or fancy, but it gets

my dick standing at attention, and it costs a hell of a lot less than the stuff they sell at The Gap.

Pausing only to kiss me on the forehead she scoots off to our tiny kitchen to make us a quick breakfast, grilling the frozen sausages while setting the table and pouring out the juice. I lose interest in my computer at this moment (a big deal for any dork like myself) and just watch her go. I mentally daydream about her wearing a sexy maid outfit or apron from time to time when she's being domestic like this, but I know that just isn't her style. She did try to cook naked for me once, but after a drop of hot grease landed on her tit, she rethought the idea. For a girl with her attitude she has an amazingly low pain threshold, which is probably the reason she has no piercings and only one tattoo, the result of a night of heavy drinking while actually IN a tattoo parlor as it is.

When the sausages hit the table I sit down and dig in. Back in elementary school I had a twenty-five minute lunch, and I barely had fifteen minutes when in high school, so I'm a very fast and quiet eater. Skye is slow, and she likes to take her time and eat small bites, but I think she appreciates my masculine gusto for her cooking. After all, I was raised in the South, where it's considered impolite to leave food on your plate, and thus I rarely do. I think she likes that.

When I finish I finally do start talking, although I haven't much to say, and Skye is watching the clock, knowing she'll need to head out very soon if she's going to arrive at work on time. I try to play it casual, and drop subtle hints about what I want before she heads out for the day, especially since I know that she will be gone a long damn time. Saturday is her worst day, since she works extra for the overtime, and doesn't end up leaving until well after I've had dinner. It doesn't help that I usually spend the entire day at home, seeing as we only own one car and she needs it to get to work.

"So...What all are you doing today?" I ask, even though I already know the routine pretty well by now.

"Same shit as every Saturday. Gonna be at work until seven or eight, depending on how long it takes me to clean up and get the hell out. How about you?"

"Oh, Mitchell wanted to come over and hang out, play Xbox, the usual stuff." Skye let out one laugh and smirked at me a bit. Mitchell is a mutual friend of ours, and also what we have decided to call a "straight faggot." Unlike most who are of his sexual persuasion, Mitchell is about as masculine as your average action hero. He's a beer-drinking, hard-cussing giant of a wolf who, with the exception of where he sticks his dick, is very straight. And even that's not a perfect indicator, since he's had sex with Skye twice.

Back when me and Skye first started dating, it became pretty clear that, with us both being bisexuals, we were not going to be able to completely sate one another sexually. We quietly agreed that were there to be any fucking outside of the two of us, it was to be same-gender, consensual, disease free, and silent. If I sucked a dick

she didn't want to know whose it was, and I didn't want to know when or if she had any business with any of her old girlfriends. So long as we wrapped our crap and kept our mouths shut, we'd have a nice slice of ignorant bliss, and allow ourselves to be as monogamous as our libidos permitted.

That came to a sharp halt when Skye walked in on me and Mitchell going at it. I was cuffed up pretty good and wasn't exactly able to make a try for my clothes, and Mitchell was balls-deep in my ass, fucking me as hard as he could. Skye just stood by the door with her jaw open, but Mitchell didn't even skip a beat. Mitchell and Skye knew one another from a previous bartending job, and while she knew he was gay, she also knew he was exceedingly discriminating, and presumed that I wasn't his type. In fact I turned out to be his type, and after much talking he'd somehow managed to talk me into letting him bareback. Stupid I know, but that's why STDs spread, we all do dangerous dumb shit when we're horny.

Of course that wasn't the issue at the time, the issue was that Mitchell was banging Skye's boyfriend in the ass and rubbing her face in it. She didn't seem to object, but still, it's not the sort of thing you can just ignore. Especially considering that Mitchell is VERY thick, and whenever he shoves forward I usually groan and wince a bit. It feels good enough, but that doesn't mean it can't hurt like hell too.

In any event, once he was done with me, he got off the bed, put Skye up against the wall, and started fucking her like there was no tomorrow. I was shocked, and while Skye certainly enjoyed herself, I sincerely doubt she'd ever thought she'd be fucking Mitchell. While at the time he claimed he did this "just to be fair," since he HAD just been banging me in front of her, he later admitted that he did it because he was an ass and knew he could get away with it. It was a sticking point between us for awhile, but when it became clear that Mitchell had essentially no interest in Skye, and she had no interest in him outside of his mixed drinks, I let it slide.

The second time they did it was a drunken escapade that happened when they were both smashed and I was out of town. Apparently in a bout of horny stupidity they went at it, but Mitchell had extreme difficulty keeping it up, and soon they started fighting and arguing, since without me around neither one of 'em was going to get any relief this evening. As such, when I finally did show up the next day, I ended up getting double-teamed until I was barely able to move. I have not since worried about Skye and Mitchell hooking up, though I have wondered if Mitchell is trying to hook up with me at times.

\*\*\*

Skye broke me from my mental digressions by tapping on my nose. "Hey there Thinker, I've got ten minutes before I've got to hop in the car and get the fuck out, so if you're going to give me those sad

eyes and have me give you a blowjob for the road. I don't know why you'd want it if Mitchell is coming over, though." "Because he doesn't give head, and even if he did, he couldn't give it as well as you do." I stood up and undid my pants, propping myself up against a wall and letting her position me as she saw fit. When we go for a quickie she likes to pin me against a wall and have her do all the work, since she knows me well enough at this point to get me cumming in only a few minutes. Quickies are, after all, nothing more than getting off now so you don't do something stupid later.

Skye was on me in an instant, sucking and pushing her head back and forth across my length. When she just wants to get me off, she uses an unusual amount of suction, but also her fingers. It's more of a handjob than a blowjob really, since she mostly just uses her saliva to get her hands moving at a quick pace. It's a sudden, powerful bit of stimulation, and before I realize it I'm shooting out watery, worn spunk into her mouth. I guess my body is caught off guard by these little sessions, since there's so little white goop in my shots when she does this. It's nice to be hit by an orgasm so suddenly, though. I'm just leaning against the wall with my dick hanging out, then BAM, I'm shuddering and shooting out into her mouth and she's gulping it down. I'm reluctant to ask how she managed to acquire this sort of skill.

When she's finished she wipes her lips on my pants, tucks me back in, then stands up and gives me a peck on the cheek. Quick, quiet, and in control, that's how she likes to rule over these late-morning sessions. "Glad to know you think I'm good for something at least..." She closes and locks the door in a single smooth motion, leaving me standing in the living room still basking in the afterglow. If I didn't spend so much time down there, I'd half expect to find a cock and balls dangling between her legs. Maybe that's why we get along so well, us both being "guys" of sorts.

Mitchell is very prompt, but only because he gives himself such a wide margin of error. It's not even nine now, but he told me he'd arrive around noon, and that he'd bring lunch. This gives me lots of time to dick around, masturbate, play games, or whatever until he arrives. Since I've got so much time to kill, I tell my PC to play a bunch of unheard podcasts and I turn on the Xbox. I may or may not write later, but I know I can't stare at the screen too long, since I'm quite prone to eyestrain.

Once I'm satisfied killing virtual enemies, I pick up my ancient, well-worn iPod and tell it to pick up where my PC left off. I grab my bike, haul it out the front door, and head off. I've got two hours still, which is just enough time to complete a local loop trail if I hurry. I need the exercise and I roll with it, my worn, slow mountain bike riding far to the right as I'm passed over and over again by better bikes whizzing through on the inside. It would be nice if I could go faster, but it's not worth paying hundreds of dollars and getting into a real sort of shape. Plus, like hell am I wearing those dorky bike pants. Other than Mitchell and Skye I've got



no interest in anyone checking out my ass. Not that it's a nice ass, just that I don't like to advertise that I'm a big faggot even if I am.

I whip back to the house with just enough time to put my bike back behind the sofa and get the TV and 360 booted up before Mitchell starts knocking on my door. He's right on time, and as soon as I let him in I'm overwhelmed by the rich aroma of fried chicken. He's a big fan of the stuff, because "It goes great with beer."

As one might assume from the fact that the Mitchell is a bartender, he is a bit of a drinker. I've honestly only seen him drunk once or twice though, probably thanks to his immense size (he's well over six foot and 300 pounds) and the fact that he's built up quite a tolerance over the years. He brings his own beer, since I don't drink much and Skye's into the girly drinks. He tosses the cans and the box of chicken on the table then plops himself down in a chair, cracking open the can and smiling at me with that broad face of his.

He's still got his biker jacket on, but beneath I know all he has is a wifebeater. He's got tattoos on his arms, a Harley Davidson eagle on his left (he rides a Harley in all seasons) and a pair of flaming dice on the right. Not exactly upstanding pieces of art, but things he's proud of nonetheless, and I think they are in their own way very sexy. In any event they really do fit with his character, seeing as he's a bike-riding, hard-drinking single guy who just happens to enjoy sticking his dick up my ass.

Speaking of his dick, Mitchell is quite thoroughly hung. He's got a little trail of brown fur in his soft grey underfur that goes down to his crotch, and above a pair of good-sized balls he's got a long, thick black cock, which is usually erect when I'm around. It's long enough, but the real thing is its thickness, almost as much as his wrist. Which means it's a little bigger around than my wrist, and that large amounts of practice and lube is required before it can go anywhere. He's really damn proud of the thing, and makes a point to show it off to me and Skye, who often jokes she wishes I was as hung. I'm sure she doesn't really, though. Mitchell would split her ass in half if they attempted sodomy.

Mitchell is a man of few words and mostly lets me do the talking, to which he nods politely and most likely ignores. He is not a thinker, and prefers staring at my ass to calling me on my bullshit. He's a relatively good gamer though, and I know that once we're done eating and drinking we'll co-op until either he gets horny or my eyes begin to strain.

"So when is Skye coming back?"

"Not until like Eight, cus it's Saturday and she's gotta earn the overtime."

"Well that sucks. I don't have to hit the bar until nine, so if she's prompt I can mix her up something."

"We could just go meet you at the bar."

"Yeah, well they don't like it when I give out free drinks to my friends, and I think they'd take a dim view of you two having kinky bathroom sex in the stalls."

"Skye doesn't do kinky bathroom sex."

"Yeah, but you do." He laughs and pushes my shoulder a bit, smiling through his food in an effort to make sure that I know he's just joking. I know, though he's probably right. I'd bang Skye in a bathroom stall, given the chance. Hell, I'd bang Mitchell in one.