

Cox and Coy: Chance Encounter

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Cox gently leaned up against the cement wall of the train station, gently taking a puff on his cigarette as he admired his surroundings. Europe certainly was beautiful in the summer, especially for the beautiful people, and he knew he looked best when flanked by good scenery.

Cox's outfit was modern and fashionable but appropriate for his place and location, a somewhat-snug sweatshirt and some loose, baggy pants, both pieces of clothing the latest in terms of fashion and style. Cox knew that he looked good in anything, but the fox still took care to pick the best of the best to clothe himself in. He wasn't smug with his appearance, but he knew it was important and did what he could to show it off, if only to give those around him something pleasant to look at. He was also very, very well endowed.

Cox had known many lovers, but none had compared to him in terms of endowment. The term "third leg" was hardly an exaggeration, even flaccid his massive sheath came down to his knee. He had never gotten it totally aroused, but considering that it was thicker than his arm even when flaccid, it was doubtful his blood supply could get it up like that. His shaft was massive enough to be permanently pressed against the leg of his pants, and it was something that was impossible to hide and easily intimidated any lookers-on. It was something he was proud of, especially as it seemed so out-of-place on a fox that was otherwise of completely normal size and shape, but it was not something universally beneficial. After all, most potential lovers were scared away when they first took a glance at his pants leg. Still, to him it was nothing less than the ultimate fashion accessory, and he knew how good the giant thing made him look.

Stubbing out his smoke on the wall and tossing the butt over his shoulder, he gently padded out through the station, his grand endowment sliding gently back and forth against his leg. He smiled politely to those who couldn't help but stare, occasionally flicking his tail or brushing his long brown bangs out of his eyes. He was used to the looks, and he knew that behind every hungry glance was a potential lover. Even though he'd just arrived in this town, he gently slid his eyes over those who were staring at them, thinking about what they might be like if he took them up to his hotel room. He wasn't a slut, of course, he had no plans on actually taking any of them back up to his place, but considering what they were staring at it was hard not to keep his thoughts sexual. When the crowd began to thin out, Cox gently tossed his bag over his shoulder and walked down the street, gently moving towards the direction of his hotel, his massive sheath rubbing against his leg as he walked. He would never as admit as much, but he loved that thing.

"What do you MEAN there are no single rooms left? I set up this reservation months ago."

"I'm sorry sir, but there was recently an avalanche in the mountains, and the trains beyond this town are all stopped until it is cleared. I can put you up in a room with another gentleman, a touring student like yourself, but I'm afraid that's the best I can do right now." Cox was in a huff. He took these trips to get away, to be by himself and admire the beautiful little towns and countryside of Europe, as well as the looks and glances of those who blushed at the sight of him.

"And what if I say I intend to take my business elsewhere?"

"I'm sorry sir, we're the only hotel in town. Aussenburg is not a very large community, and we normally only get visitors who are sleeping over until the next train. It's difficult for us to accommodate large numbers of visitors. I'm sorry, but having you share a room is the best we can do." Cox sighed and then pulled out a smoke, taking a long, deep puff before answering. At least this was something they let him do up here that he had trouble doing at home.

"Well, which room is mine, and who am I sharing it with?"

"You'll be in room 215, and sharing it with a student who goes by the name Coy. Last I checked he should be in his room, let him know that you'll be sleeping with him, and that there will be a decrease in his nightly rate until you check out. Giving the both of you the room at half price is the least we can do for your inconvenience." Cox took one more long drag onto the cigarette and then jammed it into the ashtray on the desk. The attendant behind the counter put the key on the counter, and Cox gently grabbed it, his various bracelets and wristbands gently banging against the wood of the counter top.

"Yeah, whatever." He grabbed his stuff and headed up the stairs to room 215, the key firmly gripped in his frustrated hand.

Cox slipped his key into the lock and gently opened the door, pulling his duffel bag in behind him. There was only one bed, though it was big enough for two, and on it was a small, timid, but very handsome blond-haired fox. He was dressed in a sweatshirt and jeans and was smoking a cigarette, his eyes shying away from the door even as he stared at Cox out of the corner of his eye. Cox had gotten enough sideways glances to know exactly what he was seeing. He smirked a little and then moved towards the bed, tossing his bag onto it.

"So, the front desk says your name is Coy." asked Cox. The blond-haired fox nodded. "So what brings you all the way out here? Were you caught up in that avalanche further down the tracks?" Coy nodded, but said nothing further. Cox began to get a little irritated. If he was going to have to share a room with this guy, the

leas he could get would be a little pleasant conversation. He grabbed Coy by the shoulder and turned him around, looking deep into his eyes. "What's the matter? Don't you talk?"

Coy opened his mouth and pointed to his tongue. Cox looked, and was quite surprised at what he saw. Coy's tongue was of the right color and in the right place, but it wasn't the right shape. In fact, it was decidedly phallic in appearance. For all the world, it looked like there was simply a big limp dick in his mouth as opposed to any sort of normal, everyday tongue. It was if he was giving head the wrong-way round or something.

Cox was at a loss for words. He just couldn't stop staring at it. It was so unusual and so weird, and yet so fascinating. He watched as it reflexively moved and twitched around in his mouth, and then began to tentatively reach out and lick it. He couldn't control himself, he just had to reach out and find out what it tasted like.

Coy blushed and backed up at first, but then his mouth slowly began to open and spread, and he turned back to face Cox. He wasn't opening his mouth to try to speak or show off his bizarre tongue again, but instead the tongue was beginning to lengthen and harden, just like a real cock, and as it did so it stretched and opened his mouth wide. It was a long, thick shaft, and it forced Coy to open his mouth wide, and it stuck out several inches beyond his lips. Had it been between his legs, it would have been something to be proud of, instead of some bizarre medical oddity.

Cox couldn't resist. He leaned forward, pressing his tongue and lips up against the shaft. It certainly felt and tasted like the real thing. Cox felt it gently with his mouth, twisting this way and that touching and slurping it with his tongue as he sucked and bobbed on it. It was a kiss and a blowjob all in one, and it was amazing as it was unusual.

Cox felt Coy's hand began to gently slide down to his pants, gently groping and fondling Cox's gigantic sheath. Cox did his best not to interrupt the blowjob-kiss as he slid down one of the long zipped on his pants, specially designed to allow the entire front of his pants to open so that he could let out his massive shaft. Coy was very excited and eager, though he clearly didn't know what to do with a dick as gigantic as Cox's. That was forgivable. Most had no idea that such things even existed, much less what to do with one if they encountered it.

Cox continued to gently move up and down on Coy's tongue-penis, curious to see whether or not this massive piece of meat was hooked up to the plumbing, so to speak. He was in no mood to waste an opportunity for something truly unique, though, and he slid back and shuffled off his pants, moving to all fours and raising his tail in the general direction of Coy's face.

Coy was obviously quite used to these sort of offers, and he slid between Cox's cheeks, his tongue-shaft sliding and licking and probing against Cox's hole. Coy's hands, free and in the perfect position, began to smooth and caress Cox's gigantic sheath, feeling

and fondling around and touching up against the giant black tip. For a boy who was so shy and quiet, he certainly knew what was expected of him in bed. His shaft, which slicked itself with spit as he worked, pushed and probed and dug into Cox even as Coy's hands went to work elsewhere. It was new, it was incredible, and Cox loved it.

The fact that it was connected to a mouth instead of a groin gave Coy incredible control over his mouth-shaft. He was able to push and slick and slide it around, moving it gently in and out of Cox as it searched around for the points which made him moan the loudest. When it found them it would begin to dig in and push and slide back and forth, as if it was trying to lick his sensitive inner flesh. Cox felt himself begin to slide towards orgasm, and reached back with one hand to gently fondle the head of his enormous shaft, panting as he felt the imminence of his orgasm.

It was thick and powerful and gooey, and as he had been too busy riding the rails to get off for a good long time, it was particularly satisfying. Cox felt himself clench down tight around Coy, though the fox clearly had no desire to free himself. Instead he just closed his eyes and moaned a little, whimpering as his mouth-cock discharged thick, heavy globs. Cox grinned as he felt the liquid piling up deep inside him. So it WAS fully functional. He'd have to think up more things for them to do this evening.

When it was all finished. Cox lay back on the bed, smoking a cigarette as Coy gently traced lines of pre across Cox's chest and cheeks. From the feel of it, Coy was eager to get going again, and was merely waiting for Cox to finish his smoke so that they could get into another round. Cox grinned, his fingers gently tracing through Coy's blond hair. Cox grinned. "You know Coy, you don't talk much, but I think we're going to be good friends for the next few days. " Coy grinned as best he could with the massive dick coming out of his mouth. Two foxes, one with a dick as big as his leg, and another with a penis coming out of his mouth. What could be more perfect?