"Master Shalashka, I think you've been in here long enough..." The golden furred fennec fox said as he washed and rinsed the coyote's long black hair. "You've had me do your hair three times," he added and stood up, the white button up shirt soaked through on the front, letting his surprisingly muscled torso show through.

"I've been told that my hair is my best feature. So it is best if we do it at least that many times to keep it sleek and lush." The coyote said as he looked back at the fennec with a smile. "Maybe we should do another round?"

"That's all well and fine, Master. But you've had an almost two hour bath, the water is freezing." Ferrin pulled the plug to drain the water.

"Whatever needs to be done!" Shalaska barked again, standing up. Shal was a lithe, feminine coyote, his soaked fur made his form look even scrawnier. His shiny, jet balck hair was touching the base of his tail

He had a brown and silver peppered furbase. From his neck, down his front, between his thighs and part way down his tail was a bluish silver coloured fur, a vivid red ribbon of fur separating the two shades of fur.

Ferrin's cheeks flushed as he looked over his young master, he held open a towel, inviting the canine close, his head turning to the side. Shalashka leaned back as he was worked over by the fennec, his fingers worked into Shal's fur. The thick, extra absorbent towel wicking the water out of his fur. Tying the towel around Shalashka's shoulders, "go get dressed, master." He mumbled and gently pushed him to the door that connected the bathroom to the bedroom.

Unashamedly, the coyote pulled the towel off, swishing his thick tail back and forth, purposely exposing his pale coloured butt to the fennec. On his hips were a pair of black paw prints that made it look as though someone had held him from behind with inky paws. Hidden on the inside, visible as he walked, were two more, the palm of the prints just a few inches shy of touching the canine's sheath.

Heaving a small sigh, Ferrin picked up the towel and tossed it into the basket near the door. Looking down he saw the soaked shirt caused by him washing Shalaska's hair. Pulling it off with a grumble, he stood bare chested. Flitting his flat-clipped ears, the tips removed showing his status as a servant, something he'd gotten before he came to Shal's family.

Ferrin was unlike any other fennec fox, his height alone made him stand out, standing nearly a full six feet tall. But unlike Shalashka, he was more built, muscles from years of working kept his form fit. On his right shoulder was a black claw mark, a tattoo he'd been given when he was sold into the trade.

Walking into the bedroom, he curled his tail between his legs as he kept watching the coyote's perfectly round rump.

"Ferrin, come help me dress." Shalashka's spoke. He stood before a large mirrored wardrobe. His soft fur fluffing as the warm air helped dry it out. His lavender eyes looked up and down the taller vulpine. "You know..." He whispered as Ferrin walked over to the wardrobe, looking into the mirror as Shal turned to face the bed, showing his backside again. "You are bad at keeping yourself...stoic? Inconspicuous might be more accurate."

"What–what do you mean, Master Shalaska?'

"I mean, I've seen you for a while now, I've noticed how you look at me.'

Ferrin cut him off. "I'm not doing it on purpose, Master Shal!" Ferrin almost sounded panicked at the statement. "I-I never meant...It's just when—"

It was Shalashka's turn to cut Ferrin off "Your paws linger when you wash me. Your tail...even right now is trying to hide things."

Ferrin didn't have anything to say now.

"As for why I'm walking around naked...and showing myself to you," Shal said and walked up behind the fennec and put his hands on Ferrin's hips, rubbing sensually around his hips, middle and down towards the vulpine's belt, undoing the buckle, beginning to pull it loose.

"Master Shalashka!" The fennec gave a startled yelp. "That is entirely inappropriate!" Ferrin pulled away from Shalashka, his tail fluffing up as it whipped back and forth, gripping his pants to keep them from falling down, "I apologise if I've been getting aroused around you. It's something I can not control..." He said quickly in his defence.

Shal's face fell slightly as he regained a softer, retreated demeanour. "Ferrin, I should be the one apologising..." The coyote mumbled. "You were always the one that was there and I just thought that you felt the same when you looked at me."

"I find you a very attractive young pup, Master Shalashka. And if you weren't my master... I didn't mean to lead you on."

"Is that the problem?" Shal said, his meek demeanour fading away, the more forward Shalashka returned. "Then as your master..." He stepped forward and finished undoing the fennec's belt and pulling the length free of the loops, making ferrin yip again. "Come over here and well... Take me." Shalashka said as he moved up to the large king sized bed. "Take my virginity. That's an order." Shalashka lifted his tail and exposed his round. bubble butt.

"Master Shal." Ferrin said, but his voice wavered. "I'm not going to. If your father were to find out..."

"I won't tell if you don't," he shook his backside, reaching back to grip his left asscheek, giving a teasing squeeze and pull, exposing his light pink tailhole to Ferrin.

The fennec's tail was curled up between his legs again, trying to keep his pants up, but as well as hiding his stiff member that tented the white pants. "Master, Please." He said quickly and turned his head, holding his tail against his crotch. "It's more than that. To take you...You should save yourself for the one you truly love." Ferrain said and stepped behind Shalashka, placing a paw gingerly on the prince's lower back.

Shalashka lowered his ears, not looking back at Ferrin, his eyes locked onto the blankets in front of him. His claws clenched at the duvet. "I love you." He mumbled. "After all these years of you taking care of me, helping me grow up. I don't care about our age difference or my father..." He mumbled, "I've fallen for you, Ferrin."

"You didn't have to go about it like this, Master Shalashka."

"I just thought that..."

Ferrin sat down and pulled Shalashka in for a gentle kiss. "You could have just come to me. Tell me, Master Shalashka." He gave a gentle murr. "I will admit that I've been having the same feelings, Master. But...again..." His clipped ears fell. "Being your servant...if your father..."

"I told you," he paused and sat back onto his paws, feeling his heart throbbing almost painfully, like it was being squeezed. "I don't care about that. I-If you loved me as much as I love you...you wouldn't care either." he barked suddenly.

"Your father is an open-minded man, but if he caught us I don't think he'd be as..."

"Then we'll be especially careful!" Shal barked, placing his paws on Ferrin's.

Looking at the puppy dog-eyes, his paws gently rubbed the prince's. "If–If we do this then it'll have to be our secret. No one can know."

"Yes! I promise. It'll just be between us." The coyote prince barked, his tail starting to wave back and forth madly again.

Ferrin's ears lifted, a small smile returning to his muzzle. "Okay." He almost mouthed the word before he lifted Shal's muzzles and kissed him tenderly. "I love you, Master."

"I love you too, Ferrin. Please from now on, when we're like this, call me Shal."

"Yes, M–Shal." He seemed hesitant, the habit fully engrained to refer to him as his master." They started kissing again, Ferrin's paws moving up the coyote's side, shoulders and eventually his neck and head, holding gently to pull him in closer. Guiding the inexperienced canine's head to the side, he deepened the kiss, his tongue pressing into the coyote's muzzle.

Shalashka's paws were shaking as they teased and rubbed across the fennec's chest and abs, feeling the strengthened muscle under his pelt. Still being naked, it was impossible to hide his grown arousal, the red length twitching.

Ferrin's own was tenting the white slacks he still wore. "Are you sure, young Ma-Shalashka?"

"I-I..." He said, his meek side returning as he looked down at the male's tent before looking back up into his eyes. "I do. I want you to be the one to take my virginity." Shal's tail started to wag back and forth slowly.

"Then...it'd be my honour." The fennec said and kissed the coyote again, guiding him down to the bed again. Following him down, one hand worked his pants off, exposing himself as he pulled away from the kiss. "I'll start slow." He whispered.

Kissing Shalashka's muzzle again, he slid down the length of his cheek and down his neck, collar bone and to his chest. Giving licks and gentle nips at the canine's nipples. The prince writhed under the care he was receiving, his tail wiggling between Ferrin's thighs, just teasing the male's orbs with his fur.

Doing this for a few more moments, he eventually slid down his belly and navel, down his lower belly and soon worked around the male's sheath, his hot breath on the deep red member. He licked over the prince's orbs and then up over his length, tasting him as he throbbed, oozing precum over this tongue. Reaching the tip, he began to take Shalashka's cock into his muzzle, giving a gentle moan that vibrated over the length. He bobbed his head up and down slowly. The just short of five inches of coyote endowment, fit just inside his muzzle, the tip touching the back of his throat. The barely inflated knot, he

teased with his tongue, occasionally brushing just inside his sheath. He felt the canine hump into his muzzle, his barking and whimpering a clear indication of his impending climax.

Ferrin pulled back and breathed softly, blowing on it. "Hmm you're okay, Shalashka. Just a small cool down." He whispered and rubbed the black paw prints.

"But – But I was so close..."

"And that's why we want to slow down. So we can enjoy it fully."

Shal gave a gentle nod and panted, smiling down at Ferrin. His breathing began to settle, his paws laying over her eyes. After a few moments, he shifted up onto his elbows and smiled. "Okay, I think I'm ready to continue."

Ferrin shifted his paws to squeeze the coyote's thighs and ass. "Let's get you ready." He said and slid down, gently sliding his paws up to Shalashka's knees, gently pushing them back to expose the prince's tailhole once again. Gently nosing Shal's orbs, breathing heatedly against his cute, pink tailhole. Starting to lap his hole, the prince's whimpers grew again, wiggling on the covers as Ferrin worked his tailhole.

They continued for a long few moments, the fennec reached down to stroke his length, encouraging pre to slicken his member.

Pulling back, he smiled and slid back up to lay over Shalashka. Giving him a kiss as he knelt over him. "Are you ready, Shalashka?"

Moaning and whimpering, he glanced down to see Ferrin's member frotting against his. Unlike his, it was a pale pink colour and about two inches longer and a bit thicker, too. "Y-Yeah," he said nervously.

"Just relax, Master Shalashka."

Shal was about to correct him, but as Ferrin pulled his hips back to line himself up, he leaned forward to kiss the prince passionately.

Slowly, he pressed himself into Shalahka, moaning as he took the coyote's virginity. Listening to the hissing, grunting and moaning, the fennec took his time and used the sounds as indicators as when to stop or keep moving. He did his best to go slowly, even as the instinct in the back of his mind was begging him to breed the prince properly.

But his love for Shal kept him moving slowly, working himself inch by inch. Before long, his hips were pressed against Shal's. Pulling back from the kiss, a string of saliva connecting their lips. "How are you doing, Shalashka?"

"G–Goooood." The coyote moaned and wiggled his hips as Ferrin held them, feeling the digits tease the paw markings. "It's a bit more...intense than I thought." He panted and curled his foot paws around the fennec's hips to hold him tight against him.

"I know, my prince. It always is the first time. Just let me know when you're ready to keep gowing." Ferrin whispered and rubbed Shalashka's hips more.

After a few more moments of rubbing and teasing, the coyote gave a slow nod. "O-oh-kay," He ran his paws over Ferrin's chest. "I'm ready."

Ferrin leaned down and kissed him again, murring softly as he started to move. Pulling back, his member slid free, only pulling about half out before he pushed back in, starting in a slow, deliberate motion

Shalashka moaned and moved against Ferrin, his own hard member rubbing between their bellies, the fur teasing more precum from his length, wetting their fur.

Without breaking the kiss, or stopping his motions, Ferrin slipped a paw between them and wrapped his fingers around Shalashka's shaft. Stroking it gently, his thumb rubbing the tip while the bottom of his paw gently squeezed the slowly growing knot.

Moaning and hooking his arms around Ferrin's neck, he rocked his hips back and forth in time with the fennec's. He felt the thick length moving more elongated motions The tip kept grinding against his prostate, making him yip and bark cutely. The knot at the base was starting to grow and stretch him gently. He couldn't deny that he was getting close.

"Ah-Hnnf F-Ferrin. It-it's so good, I-I-"

"That's it pup. Don't hold back."

"N-No, it's not that," he whimpered. "I–I want you t–to knot me..."

"Are you sure, Mas–Shalashka?" Ferrin slowed his motions, not stopping entirely as he grinded against the prince's backside, showing how large his knot was getting already. "It'll be bigger than this..."

"Hn, yesss" Shal hissed after a shower hesitation. "I want to feel everything...have you take me right..." He moaned and rolled his hips back into the teasing knot.

"If you're sure, my prince." He whispered and kissed Shalashka again. Continuing to stroke the canine, the vulpine started thrusting again. From tip to knot, slowly working the male open so that he could take the knot.

They both were moaning and letting out their kinds' unique barks. Ferrin started to move harder and faster. Breaking the kiss again, he wanted to hear Shal's voice unrestrained.

"Ahh! Hnnf!" He moaned out. Ferrin moved down to his neck and bit where it met the shoulder. Teeth pricked his skin as he held the coyote. "AAAHNNN F-Ferrin!" He cried out, his legs wrapping around the fox's hips. "I–I can't...I'm gonnaAHH!" He howled out as he reached his peak.

Ferrin's paw kept stroking the male through his first mating's orgasm. Squeezing the knot gently, the coyote spurted hard over his belly, a few shots managing to splat against the underside of the prince's jaw. At the same time, his legs tightened, pulling Ferrin hard into him.

The knot stretched the coyote, making him howl again, tears formed in his eyes as it stretched his tailhole and soon popped in. The fennec kept thrusting, even if they were short jerky motions. The knot inflated and locked them together, giving gentle tugs as Shal's legs held him close.

Growling into Shal's shoulder, his climax hit him hard as Shalashka's tailhole clenched rhythmically around him. His orbs pulled in close as he shot rope after rope of pent up fox-seed into the prince.

Panting heavily, both of their climaxes began to peter out. The coyote's member twitched, oozing the last few spurts of cum onto his silver belly. Ferrin let go of the coyote's neck and member, his digits

soaked in the prince's cum. Looking down at the spot he'd bitten, his sharp canines had broken the skin, little crimson drops of blood showed up in the fur.

Ferrin frowned and lowered his ears, his member continuing to shoot into his master, his hips rolling with pleasure. "M-Master Shalashka. I–I'm sorry. I–I got a little carried away and..." he paused and leaned forward to lick to bite. "It doesn't hurt, does it?"

"Noo..." he moaned softly and panted, his tail wagging excitedly as he shuddered in his afterglow. Rubbing his paws over Ferrin's back and shoulders. "It was amazing..." he moaned and clung to Ferrin, his eyes closing.

"I'm glad Shalashka..." Ferrin hugged him back, his chest heaving as they rolled over to their side. The room was filled with their panting, moaning and the air thick with their musky scents.

"Thank you, Ferrin, for being my first...for being my mate." he panted, barely stifling a yawn. "I love you."

"I love you too, Shal." But the coyote was already asleep against his chest. "My cute prince." Ferrain chuckled as he relaxed in the large bed, enjoying the comfort of the smaller canine against him. He knew they'd both need a bath once the pup woke, already feeling the drying cum on his belly. But for now all they needed to do was rest, the feeling of his afterglow making him join the prince in sleep.