

Geared up
By Tredain

The doberman stepped out of the bathroom and smiled coyly. He opened his arms and spread his legs, letting the fox see every curve of his lithe, athletic body and the shiny leather he was sporting.

"So, whaddya think?" Lance asked. An X-harness crossed his firm chest, a couple silver rings sparkling from his thick pink nipples. He rolled his hips and made his bulge bob up and down, the black rubber hugging against his package. Tredain thumped his bushy tail against his bed and smiled to the dog.

"Looking great. The festival is going to be all eyes on you."

The doberman smirked and toyed with his nipple piercings, letting his fingers flick them up and down.

"What about you? Aren't you going to gear up?"

The fox chuckled and rubbed a paw at the back of his head.

"Oh, not this time. It's fun, but I don't think I really have the energy," he said, then chuckled a little. The dog smirked.

"You mean you'd like to be able to walk afterward."

The fox's ears splayed back and he chuckled, averting his eyes.

"I mean I wasn't that sore after last time..."

Lance stepped up to the edge of the bed and brought a paw up under the fox's chin, one finger scratching gently under it before tilting his muzzle up so they could see eye to eye.

"Well, then we're just going to have to pre-game you a little, no?"

The fox's blue eyes widened and his tail gave another thump.

"If you want.." he offered, then blushed as the dog smirked and shook his head a little. "I mean, yes Sir."

"That's what I like to hear." The dog leaned in and pecked him on the forehead, then reached his paws down and gripped the waist of the fox's shorts. The dog grinned and like a magician pulling a tablecloth off, he whipped the fox's shorts away with a quick yank. Tredain yipped. Under the black cotton shorts was a black and red jockstrap.

"So, a little gear," the dog commented.

"Yeah.. a little.." the fox's ears and cheeks warmed. The dog stood up then leaned back, hands at his hips, and presented his rubber bulge. Every curve of the package stood out, the long fat cock hanging over the dog's big balls. The fox's black paws came up and hooked into the waistline, then slowly peeled the rubber thong. First came the dog's well trimmed pubes, then the base of his fat pink cock, one long vein tracing it's way down the shaft, followed by the blunt purple head and the heavy sac below. Lance lived up to his name, his long cock pulsing to life as soon as it was revealed. It grew and raised up under it's own power until it pointed at the fox's muzzle. Without hesitation the fox leaned in and kissed the thick tip while his hands continued drawing the thong off the dog's thighs.

"You came prepared, ya?" Lance asked as he watched the fox immediately start to nuzzle at his hard cock. The fox's tail thumped again and he looked up, then wordlessly rolled over onto his knees. His chest sank to the bed and he drew his knees together, flicking his tail aside. He looked back over his shoulder and produced a wrapped condom from somewhere, proffering it between two fingers.

"Good boy," the dog patted a paw on the furry white bottom, then plucked the condom up. He peeled the wrapper off and in one fluid motion slid the condom over his cock. It fit, stretched over the long shaft, though only covered about two thirds of it. He was named Lance for a reason, afterall. He gripped the base of his cock and waved it up and down.

"Ready?" he asked, then tapped it against the waiting ass crack. Tredain's toes curled. The fox bit his lip a little and gave an eager whine.

"Hmm?" the dog prompted.

"...yes Sir, please, fuck me," he responded. The rubbered tip teased down the crack and tapped

lightly at the dimpled pucker.

"You can do better." The doberman grinned and tapped a little more rapidly at the hole. The chubby fox whined and wiggled his ass, rocking back and forth on knees.

"Please fuck me, I want to feel that long cock so bad," he whimpered. The dog smiled and in reply, pressed the slick rubber tip against the pink hole. The two of them pressed into each other and there was that familiar pressure, before the hole stretched and the tip disappeared into it. The fox let out a soft 'ah' and gripped at the bed spread. He drew in a deep breath, trying to relax, grunting as the tip slipped past his inner ring and started to delve deeper into him. The dog loved a long, slow penetration, taking his time to sink in, easing out then pressing in a little more.

He stepped closer to the bed and used his knees to press between the fox's feet, getting him to spread his legs wider. He reached one hand down and gripped the base of the bushy tail to use as a handle. He pulled it higher, then leaned over it as he sank in deeper, the two of them groaning low. The dog pulled back, almost slipping free, rubbing his tip around the open hole. With a grin he gripped both his cock and the tail, before thrusting in and letting the long cock sink in to the hilt.

"Ah fuck!" the fox groaned. His toes curled. The dog's cock was just so.. filling. It went so deep. Lance's heavy nuts rested against the fox's taint.

"What a gorgeous sight," Lance teased and pressed in, grinding against the fox's inside, the furry white cheeks pressed flushed to his lap. His paws went to the fox's broad side to cup him at the waist. A smooth yank with his hips drew him out halfway, then a smooth thrust back in, getting another grunt from the fox.

"Ah, ah, please," the fox begged. The dog started to roll his hips, pulling back and slamming forward, thumping his crotch against the cushioned bottom. Every hilt got another moan out of the fox. Lance growled, getting a steady rhythm going, staring down as his cock disappeared between the plump white cheeks, feeling that warm tunnel grip him and try to keep him inside. He leaned over the fox and growled into his ear.

"Gonna rut you in the street just like this. Let everyone at the festival see what a fox you," he teased, never stopping his thrusts, even starting to pick up speed. The fox panted and moaned. He gripped at the sheets and bucked back into the thrusts. The dog's warm breath tickled the back of his ear. Then the long muzzle dipped down and nipped his neck.

"Ahhh!" Tredain let out a long, quavering moan and inclined his head towards the dogs. Lance only growled deeper and kept his teeth against the tender neck, right where it met the fox's shoulder.

The fox squealed. He squeezed his eyes shut, everything focused on that long cock plugging in and out of his hole. His soft body shivered and bucked, driving himself onto the rod again and again. The dog's firm chest pressed flat to the fox's back and his arms slipped around the plump body, cupping at the soft chest as his hips started to pump faster. His paws squeezed the soft pecs, then drew down the curvy sides and squeezed the fox's love handles. The dog's breathing came hot and heavy, mixing between grunts and growls, mouth still clamped at the fox's neck. His thrusts become rapid, slapping his crotch against the spread cheeks over and over, before spearing in to the hilt as deep as he could go.

The doberman snarled around the mouthful of fox as he came deep inside him, long cock jumping again and again as it filled the condom.

The two of them panted and lay still a moment. The dog's hard cock still throbbed, the sticky load sloshing inside the rubber. He relaxed his jaws and licks tenderly at the spot he bit. He drew back slowly to let the fox feel every inch as it pulled free, leaving his hole gaping wide. He stood up slowly, legs a little shaky, and slipped the condom free. A little twist tied it off before he causally tossed it over his shoulder. The little cum balloon flipped end over end through the air before thumping into the small tin trash can across the room. He immediately pressed himself back against the fox, letting his half hard cock wedge between the plump cheeks as the pink hole slowly tried to close. He cradled against the furry back, then pulled the fox onto his side, spooning up against him.

"Mmm, maybe I'll just snap a leash on you and take you out like this," the dog teased, licking

the back of Tredain's ear. It was hot to the touch and he squirmed, flicking the ear.

"In just the collar and jock, you mean?"

The long muzzle stroked up the pointed black ear.

"And wide open from my cock," the dog snickered. The fox squeaked. Then moaned as the softening cock ground itself against his open hole, threatening to sink back in if the tip lined up again.

The dog let out another playful growl before he nuzzled at the spot he bit. Another little shiver ran down the fox's spine. Then the dog's muzzle stroked up his neck. Tredain closed his eyes and let out a content little sigh.

(The end!)

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