

FIRST TOUCH

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For your ideas, your love, and being there for me, I thank you, Marc.

Serath busies himself in the kitchen, rustling up some breakfast for himself and his flatmate Lukim. Four eggs from the wire basket, some butter, milk from the fridge, a dash of salt and pepper.... The ingredients all go into a large bowl, and are whisked around for a bit before being poured into the hot pan heating on the stove. He then takes some leftover vegetables from last night's dinner and chops them up, adding them to the mixture in the pan and giving the whole lot a quick stir. Having done that he sits down at the kitchen table, resting up.

Over the sizzling of the pan he hears heavy footsteps, and moments later his flatmate appears, rubbing his still shower-damp fur with a large towel. "Morning, Ser," comes the slightly muffled greeting, as the towel is being rubbed over his head. As he walks in, Serath notices his still semi-erect maleness, an indication of some recent activity. He averts his eyes, looking towards the stove. "Morning, Lukim. I hope you cleaned up this time," Serath says. "Last time you spurted all over the shower door."

"Sorry about that. Mind gets a little foggy when it's just been blown." Lukim takes the towel off his head and grins at the slightly smaller wolf, before glancing down at his member too. An oozing trickle of semen is evident, running down the underside of the shaft onto the pendulous ball-sac beneath. Noticing Serath trying not to look, he laughs and loosely wraps the towel around his waist. "Better?"

"Much," Serath says with a wry smile. He gets up and attends to the pan, stirring the egg mixture around to make sure it cooks evenly. "Want some toast with your scrambled eggs?"

Lukim nods. "Yes, please." He lightly scratches behind his right ear idly. "Got anything on today?" he asks, leaning back in his chair and smiling at his flatmate.

Serath grabs a couple of plates from the pantry and scrapes the egg onto each, before going over to the bread bin to fetch four slices of wholemeal bread. He puts them into the toaster, then turns around to regard Lukim. "Well, I have a lecture on art in the Qing Dynasty, and another in classical Greek sculpture, but otherwise I'm free for the day. What about you?" Serath goes to the pantry again to get two mugs. "Coffee?"

"Yes, please. I've got work from ten until three, then two hours of training. My trainer thinks I may be good enough to try out for the regional team – even the national." Lukim's voice is suffused with pride in his achievement.

Serath fills the cups up with water then puts them in the microwave. "That's great! I'll have to come and watch you sometime." He starts the microwave going, then reaches for the toast that has just popped up. Juggling the hot toast onto the plates, he brings them over to the table and puts them down. Butter is got from the fridge's conditioner. "Tuck in. Coffee will be up in a minute."

Breakfast is a silent affair this morning. While Lukim eats with gusto, Serath eats slowly, pondering again the circumstances that led to Lukim moving in with him. It had started about three months ago, when Serath put an advertisement in the local newspaper. Several people had called, and after meeting with each one briefly, he decided on a pretty lapine female named Petra.

Almost right from the start he known it was a mistake. She proved to be remarkably self-centred, caring more about herself than helping Serath to do chores, pay the bills, or even cooking. He put up with it grudgingly – why, he never knew – but his patience soon wore thin.

The last straw was when he came home to find the flat a mess, and moans of pleasure coming from the lounge. Looking in, he found Petra on the couch, beneath a fox that was obviously stoned. It wasn't just the sex that annoyed him – the odours that they left behind after their sessions lingered for days, and their subsequent plundering of the pantry cost him dearly.

Six weeks she had lasted, until Serath had grown so irritated with her egocentricity that he finally dumped all her stuff on the front lawn and locked the doors. She had come back, found that she wasn't welcome, and presumably left to stay with one of her many 'toy-boys'.

Serath had posted another advertisement about a month later, this time around the university at which he studied ancient history. After briefly interviewing each one, he chose a wolf named Lukim, a part-time student. He was a little taller, and slightly more muscular than Serath was, as well as being more dominant – often the smaller wolf found himself dropping his tail or lifting his muzzle unconsciously as a display of his submissiveness. If Lukim had ever noticed, he didn't say anything. It was also a bonus that Lukim's parents were quite well off; he received enough money from them to make sure that they lived comfortably, and he thought nothing of treating his friends and flatmate to a movie or fancy meal now and then.

Serath is suddenly broken out of his reminiscence by Lukim dropping his cutlery onto his plate. "That was very good, Serath," he rumbled with a pleased tone. "I don't know why you didn't go into a culinary course. I'm sure you'd pass with flying colours."

"Thanks, Lukim." Serath is genuinely pleased. He had got sick of eating the same simple foods, and had decided to teach himself to cook more complicated dishes. "You're not too bad yourself, you know. Just don't touch chicken again. Diarrhoea and salmonella aren't high on my list of likes."

"Yeah, I know. How was I supposed to know that chicken is so fussy about how it's prepared?"

"You read the instructions on the packaging." Serath grins, reaching over the table to pat Lukim's hand. "Never mind. You do great things with Mexican, though. I won't even attempt it. Not after last time...."

Lukim laughs. "Two tablespoons of chilli instead of two teaspoons; that's almost guaranteed to burn your lips off. Especially the jalapeño variety." He gets up from the table, taking his dirty plate and cutlery to the dishwasher. "Well, I'm off to work, hon. I'll see you later." The wolf pads over to give Serath a small kiss and a pat on the shoulder before leaving.

That's another thing that Serath is having to adjust to – Lukim's propensity towards casual touching. The first few times, he thought that the bigger wolf was asserting his dominance over the smaller, but after seeing him in social situations, he concluded that it was just something he does. He's been Serath's flatmate for nearly a fortnight now, and it seems that Serath is becoming...fond of him. He doesn't feel totally comfortable around Lukim, being more modest, and sometimes he's been rather taken aback by the casual attitude towards nudity. Several times he has run into the bathroom and found Lukim just stepping out of the shower; instead of covering himself up, Lukim continues to move around while Serath does his business and surreptitiously watches the gentle movements of the bigger wolf's sheath and balls.

Serath shakes his head and gets up to put his own plate and cutlery in the dishwasher, before beginning the task of cleaning the kitchen. As he works he hums a tune that he heard on the radio a few days ago. After that he commences doing the weekly house clean

The clock nears eleven o'clock. "Whoops! I'd better go," Serath says to himself, turning off the vacuum cleaner. He goes to his room to fetch his briefcase, in which he keeps all his textbooks and work, and his wallet, then heads for the front door. Just as he opens the door the phone rings. He wavers between answering it and leaving, and eventually decides to answer it. "Serath speaking."

"Hi, mate." Lukim's voice comes through enthusiastically. "Just calling to say that I'll probably be home early today. I happened to bump into my trainer, and he said that he has a doctor's appointment to go to, and he might not be back in time for the class."

Serath nods, despite the fact that he knows that Lukim can't see him. "Okay. In that case, could you bring home some potatoes and peel a few? We've run out, and I want to make a potato dish. Put it on my account."

"Sure thing. Anything else?" Receiving a negative reply, Lukim says that he'll drop by the dairy on the way home. "Bye, hon." Serath hangs up, and dashes out the door, slamming it behind him. Moments later he returns to lock it. "Can't go without locking up, can I?" he mumbles. He

puts the key under a flowerpot then runs off down the path, anxious to get to his lecture before the professor admonishes him for being late.

Serath comes home a little after four o'clock, humming to himself. His classes had gone quite smoothly, and the professor had run late himself, so he had sneaked in and sat in the back row, trying not to look as if he had run ten blocks.

The door's unlocked, so the wolf opens it and steps through, closing it quietly behind him. He goes to his room, offloading his briefcase, then heads for the kitchen to make a cup of coffee.

Passing the lounge, strangely sensual music assaults his hearing. Being preoccupied before, he hadn't noticed it. "Hmm?" Serath stops in the hallway outside the closed lounge door, and puts his ear up against it. Over the music he can hear soft moans, quite clearly of pleasure. Raising his eyebrows he opens the door quietly and takes a visual fix.

"Whoa," is Serath's first thought upon seeing the images on the TV screen. Two male wolves and a vixen are making love on a large bed. The vixen is sandwiched between the other two, and she is obviously enjoying herself. Off to the side are two more males, one lupine, and the other feline. These two are engaged in some serious sucking, lying in the classic 'sixty-nine' position.

As much as the porn embarrasses Serath, he finds himself getting aroused. His sheath begins to swell in his jeans, making him feel uncomfortable. His gaze drifts to the couch, and falls upon his flatmate, who is totally nude, and stroking his raging erection.

Serath is torn between staying and rushing out of the room to paw off. If he stays, he knows that Lukim is bound to notice and ask him to watch with him. If he goes, then he can relieve himself and do some homework until Lukim finishes up. He shakes his head. "Stuff it," he thinks to himself. He pads up to the couch, behind his flatmate, and lightly touches Lukim on the head. "Enjoying yourself?"

Lukim is actually startled when he hears Serath's voice, and he very nearly falls off the couch. "Gah! Serath! You scared me!" He looks up into Serath's face, and sees a wry smile there. "Very funny."

"Yes, it was." Serath's eyes stray from Lukim's face to the TV then back again. The colour in his ears grows even more intense, and he crosses his hands casually over his crotch to hide the large bulge in his jeans.

The look isn't missed by Lukim. "Would you...like to watch with me?" he asks in a gentle tone. Knowing how conservative his flatmate is, he still makes the offer. "You don't have to, if you don't want to."

Serath thinks about it for a few seconds before he nods. "Okay." Lukim makes room for him on the couch, and he sits down, hands still covering his crotch. His gaze goes to the TV again, this time actually focussing on what the actors are doing, the passion in their movements.

The other wolf now divides his attention between Serath and the screen. It's a big jump for Serath to actually watch an adult film, and he isn't going to press him any further unless he makes the first move.

Every now and then Serath glances quickly at Lukim, then down to his still erect member, which he's stroking slowly again. Seeing his flatmate do that makes his own cock ache even more, and the urge to go relieve himself grows. Finally he can't stand it any more, and he stands up and fumbles at his jeans, succeeding in undoing the fly and pulling them off. Quickly his underwear follow, revealing Serath's modest six-inch cock. He sits back down, grasping his member with a sigh of relief, and looks at Lukim with an embarrassed smile.

Lukim smiles and nods appreciatively. "That wasn't too hard now, was it?" he says. He lightly flicks the end of his tail over the tip of Serath's cock, eliciting a shiver from his flatmate.

The two wolves fall silent and watch the video, both massaging their precum-covered cocks. Slowly Serath relaxes, beginning to enjoy himself. The video progresses onto various activities, including the males and females separating and doing their own thing. The males he finds particularly interesting – they're doing things he would never have dreamed of doing, although now, with Lukim sitting right beside him.... He shoots quick glances at Lukim's cock, sizing it up.

Serath turns to face Lukim, who opens his mouth to question him. He holds his hand up to still any words, and lowers his head. Only a few inches away Lukim's maleness throbs, precum oozing out in a constant stream down the underside to his balls. He breathes in deeply, inhaling the scent of male arousal. It wakes something up within him, something he has not felt in weeks.

He breathes lightly over the rigid flesh, making it twitch, then tentatively laps at the tip. Liking the slightly bittersweet taste of it, he carefully takes a little into his mouth, sucking gently.

"Ohh, Serath," Lukim murmurs, relaxing against the couch. He reaches down and rubs his flatmate's headfur, scratching behind his ears. "That's wonderful, love." His cock twitches in the grip of Serath's mouth, as if agreeing.

Love? Now there's a first. Putting that comment aside for the moment, he concentrates on pleasuring Lukim, getting more into it as he slides his lips down further. He feels the thick length pulsing as it goes in, until it nudges the back of his throat, at which point he gags. Hastily he retreats, knowing that he has found his limit. From somewhere above him Lukim warns, "Not too much – crawl before you run."

The video plays on in the background, completely forgotten for the time being. Serath grows more confident in his pleasurable activity, swirling his tongue around Lukim's member, squeezing it gently against his palate, and suckling like a cub might at its mother's breast. One hand lightly caresses his furry balls, rolling and squeezing them in his fingers, while the other massages his swollen knot. Lukim gently urges him on, murmuring about how good he is.

Lukim puts a hand on Serath's head. "Stop, Serath, before I totally lose it." Serath raises his head and looks up into his flatmate's eyes. "I just wanted to warn you. If I come in your mouth, you can spit it out if you want – I won't be offended at all."

After a moment of thought Serath shakes his head. "No, I'll swallow – if your precum is anything to go by, I think I'll like it. He smiles, his ears reddening again, then quickly lowers his head to complete his self-given task.

A few seconds of extra suckling and tonguework was all it took for Lukim to reach his peak. With an ecstatic howl from Lukim as accompaniment, thick squirts of wolf cream spurt over Serath's tongue, filling his mouth with the oddly tangy taste. He swallows, feeling the warm liquid ease its way down his throat, then lets his mouth fill again. *He must have been really horny if he's coming this much,* he thinks.

Serath is strangely disappointed when Lukim's cock begins to soften, withdrawing back into its furry home. He gives it a kiss before it disappears, then glances up at Lukim. "How did I do?" he asks curiously.

"You did *very* well, Serath," Lukim replies, smiling down at his flatmate with affection, "for a beginner." He looks over at the TV. Seeing that the scene is winding up, he picks up the remote from the floor and turns it off, leaving the room quiet. Turning his gaze back to Serath, he notices that his cock is still hard, glistening with precum. "May I take care of that for you?" he asks quietly. The other wolf nods. "Lie back on the couch then." Lukim eases himself off, crouching on the floor beside it.

Serath does so, sighing contentedly. He rests an arm on the back of the couch, letting the other ruffle Lukim's neck fur. "You called me 'love' before," he says, looking into his eyes. "Why?"

"Because I like you – you seem to be much more than just a friend, and from what you've told me of your past relationship, I figured that you need some genuine love, of a sort."

"I can live with that." Serath smiles wryly. "It gave me something of a surprise, though." He shifts his butt, letting his tail out from under him.

Lukim doesn't reply. Instead he reaches for Serath's erection, gripping it just above the bulge of his knot. He leans forward and begins lapping at his tip with his raspy tongue, before sliding the entirety of the fleshy rod into his mouth, moving his hand away to do so.

Serath's eyes widen at seeing his cock disappear so quickly. "Gods, Lukim," he breathes, moving his hands to grip his flatmate's head. "I've never had that done before. Petra never went further than just licking." He relaxes totally and closes his eyes, letting Lukim have his way.

An odd pressure on his knot makes Serath open them again. "Jeez!" he exclaims. Even his knot is now inside Lukim's mouth. The tip of his cock is partly down his throat. Amused eyes look up at him as his cock is suckled and massaged by tongue and throat.

Serath's body shudders as he strives to keep back his climax. "Lukim...I'm coming!" Lukim releases the knot and slides back so only the tip is in his mouth. A howl suddenly rips loose from Serath's throat as he succumbs to his orgasm. Pent-up jets of warm semen flood over Lukim's tongue to be eagerly gulped down.

In thirty seconds it's all over. Lukim swallows one last time then lets Serath's cock slip free from his muzzle, licking his lips. He smiles at Serath's beatific face, then leans up to kiss him lightly on the lips. "You taste nice," he comments.

"Thanks," Serath mutters. On an impulse he extends his arms and pulls Lukim closer. Not a word is said by either of them – the moment is too special to be sullied by mere vocalisms. Serath buries his muzzle in Lukim's neck fur, breathing in his unique scent.

Eventually they pull apart. "What say I help you with dinner now, hmm?" Lukim offers with a grin. "I think we've both worked up an appetite." He stands, helping Serath to his feet.

Serath nods, and together they walk out into the kitchen. "Scalloped potatoes and cheese?" he suggests on his way through the door, just ahead of his flatmate.

"Extra onion, please, and don't spare the pepper! I like mine hot."

"That's not the only thing you like hot, it seems," Serath shot back. He was rewarded with a swat to the rump by Lukim's tail and a laugh. "Well, you asked for it."

Lukim shrugs. "Eh, what are you going to do about it? Don't answer that – it was purely rhetorical," he adds quickly, seeing an odd glint in Serath's eyes. "On second thought, why don't we order pizza instead, hmm?"

"You pay for it then," Serath says as he goes to the kitchen phone. He picks it up and speed-dials a number. "Hello? Speedy's Pizza? I'd like to order...."