

THE FOX AND THE HOUND

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“Do you have your pass?” the vixen in the entry booth asked, blinking her deep blue eyes at him.

Loren nodded, pulling a laminated card out of his right pocket and passing it through the slot to her, then studied her briefly with his own light green eyes.

The vixen put the card into a slot in a machine next to her, pressed a couple of buttons, then pulled the card out again a few seconds later. “Okay, Mr. Forrest, you’re cleared to go in. You might want to top up your account; you have ten dollars left.”

“Thank you, Yvette,” Loren said, twisting his muzzle into a smile. He took his card, pocketed it, then stepped in through the double doors into the pool complex. “Busy,” he said quietly to himself, walking into the main pool hall. There were at least a couple of hundred people in the complex’s largest pool, and another hundred in the three smaller ones.

Ignoring those pools, Loren padded down to the far end of the hall, where the spa pools were. Red and orange lights on a board showed which pools were occupied. There was currently only one vacancy.

The fox located the correct door, and knocked briskly. “May I join you?” he called, listening with one ear against the door. A few seconds passed before he got an answer. “Sure, be my guest.”

“Thanks.” Loren pushed down on the handle, and entered the room. A slight cloud of steam rushed out to meet him, briefly obscuring his vision. He closed the door behind him, and turned to see who else was here. The room was about four metres by five metres; a shelf, currently holding a pair of shorts and a T-shirt, as well as a few towels, ran along the back wall. The pool, in the shape of a curved square, was set into the centre. The other person, a large, well-built husky, looked up and smiled. “Welcome to my pool. I’m Kunta.”

Loren nodded, returning the smile. “Loren,” he said by way of introduction. He padded around to the shelf, and began to strip, first taking off his shirt, then his pants. He then turned to enter the pool.

The husky watched as Loren gingerly lowered himself into the pool’s steaming water. “Oww, hot,” he murmured, finally sinking in up to his chest and leaning back against the pool’s side.

“Thirty-five degrees, actually,” replied Kunta, pointing to a temperature gauge in the rim. “So,” he said after a minute or so of silence, “what brings you here?”

“The need for a nice relaxing soak in hot water to ease stressed muscles,” said Loren, shifting position slightly to let water circulate around his body. “I’ve had a pretty hard week at work.”

Kunta nodded, his eyes gleaming a pale blue in the ruddy light from above. “What is it you do, if I may ask?”

“I’m a courier for National Express. Normally I have few heavy parcels to lug around, but this week...gods, there must have been hundreds of them! I’m starting to think that Christmas is a courier’s nightmare.”

“Ah, I see,” Kunta said, nodding slowly. “Christmas has become far too commercialised, don’t you think?” Loren nodded, a grin on his face. “Mind you, I’m quite happy to earn those big Christmas bonuses. I don’t really mind the work required. It’s just tedious and backbreaking labour, that’s all.”

The canine watched Loren rub at his shoulders, noting the grimaces of pain that flashed across the fox’s face. “I’ve been told that I’m quite a good masseur. Would you like me to give you a massage?”

“Would you?” Loren looked at Kunta with a gratified expression. “I’d really appreciate that. I just can’t get at those really tense spots.” He slowly moved over to Kunta’s side, and turned around to rest against the husky’s body, almost sitting in his lap.

Kunta smiled and, placing his large paws on Loren’s shoulders, began to gently knead the muscles, eliciting quiet groans of relief from the fox. “They weren’t wrong,” he said, gasping as another knot of tension was eased away.

“Nice to know I still have my ‘healing gift’,” Kunta said, moving down Loren’s back to press his fingers against yet another tense area.

A few minutes passed, and Loren relaxed into a half-doze, his eyes closed as Kunta soothed away his aches. He then became aware of paws moving around to his front. Without moving, he opened his eyes to investigate.

Kunta’s right paw was surreptitiously making its way towards the fox’s sheath, his left making a side trip to caress his balls. Loren growled very softly, and leaned back even further, pushing himself against Kunta’s paws.

Then a hand began to rub against Loren’s sheath, which began to harden as his foxhood began to slide out into the hot water. The hand closed around the thickening member, and started to gently move up and down as Loren’s maleness grew to its full size.

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” Kunta’s quiet, yet rugged voice spoke into the silence.

Loren just smiled and nodded. “Yes, I am, but what makes you think that I want to do anything with you?”

Kunta chuckled, a warm, throaty sound, before he replied. “Call it a hunch, if you will. Now tell me, did you come here just to relax, or was there another reason?” As he spoke, he continued to stroke Loren’s member, removing his left hand to fondle his own growing doghood.

“Well,” Loren said, slightly hesitant. “I *have* been looking for some sexual release for a while. My boyfriend dumped me about a fortnight ago for some rich wolf, and since then...” Loren shrugged and sighed. “I’ve been coming to the pool every day since then to look for another.”

“Ah,” Kunta said, understanding. “I, too, was dumped, about a month ago. She was a wonderful, caring leopardess, with eyes the gold of a sunset.” Loren raised an eyebrow at Kunta’s poetic license, but refrained from saying anything to disturb the mood. “And then she hooked up with another leopard, and ‘poof!’ I was history.”

They were silent for a little longer, Kunta’s hands rubbing both Loren’s and his own maleness, until Loren put a hand on Kunta’s and said, “Stop, please.” The fox turned his head to regard Kunta’s quizzical expression. “Will you mate with me?” he asked, his voice imbued with total seriousness.

“I would like that very much, Loren, and I would like you to return the favour.” Kunta’s smile was genuine, and he leaned down to plant a light kiss on Loren’s muzzle.

Without another word, Loren pulled away from Kunta’s grasp, turned and gestured for the husky to raise himself onto the pool’s edge. He then moved forward to take Kunta’s doghood into his muzzle, slowly licking it as he took the full nine-inch length into his mouth.

Kunta gasped and bucked upward. “Sorry,” he apologised when Loren backed off, gagging. “It’s a new sensation for me -- Leonora never did that. Please, continue.”

The fox nodded and did so, tickling the pointed tip of Kunta’s maleness with his tongue before moving down, inch by inch, until his nose pad was bumping against the husky’s abdominal fur. Then he began to suck gently, pulling the thick meat almost out of his muzzle before going back down again to repeat the motion.

He’d been sucking gently for only a couple of minutes when Kunta laid a paw on his head. “That’s enough. I want to come inside you, but not there,” he said with a smile.

“Of course.” Loren licked Kunta’s thickness once more, then moved back to let Kunta into the pool again. He then climbed into the husky’s lap, reaching under him to make sure he was positioned right. With a slow movement he lowered himself down, sighing with pleasure as Kunta’s maleness entered him for the first time.

“Mmm, Loren, you’re so tight...and hot,” moaned Kunta, struggling not to come right then and there. He didn’t move, instead pulling Loren’s head closer in order to engage him in a long kiss. Loren also didn’t want Kunta to climax too early, and was quite happy to engage in a little ‘tongue war’.

Almost without conscious thought, Loren lifted himself slightly, then pushed back down, then did so again and again, until he was riding the full length of Kunta’s member, all the while still kissing passionately.

Kunta's breath was coming faster. Loren grinned at his partner, clenching his rectal muscles around the invader in his rear end. He could feel the husky's knot bumping against him, and was careful not to let the massive hunk of flesh penetrate him. His opening was stretched to his comfortable limit, and he wasn't sure if he could take any more.

With a loud cry of "Oh, Loren!" the husky came, releasing his pent-up sexual urges in hot spurts of liquid passion. Loren smiled, milking every last drop of semen from Kunta's body with his muscles.

Finally Kunta was spent, hugging the fox to his body to stroke his headfur. "Thank you, Loren. That was wonderful." They lay together for a few minutes, then Kunta said, "Are you ready to do your part, now?"

Loren nodded, lifting himself off Kunta's now limp doghood. Kunta hoisted himself out of the pool, leaning over the side and moving his tail to the side to expose his puckered tailhole. He watched with interest as Loren got behind him, placing the tip of his maleness against his anus.

The husky gasped, tensing up as Loren slid into his body with one swift movement, then relaxing when the fox pulled out a little way then pushed back in. "Mmm..." he groaned, pushing back against Loren's slow thrusts. "Please...I like it hard and fast..."

"As you wish, Kunta," the fox replied, withdrawing almost all the way, then ramming his foxhood into the hot scabbard that was Kunta's rectum, wringing a loud "That's the way!" from the husky's throat.

Loren worked himself up to a good speed, driving his male member into the husky's rear again and again, drawing ever closer to the goal of his orgasm. He grabbed a hold of Kunta's backfur for more leverage, and really gave it to him.

The fox came with a yipping howl, slamming into his partner one final time as his thick fox-cream squirted with force into Kunta's tailhole. For nearly twenty seconds he held his position, arched back, his member buried to the hilt as it spurted, before draping himself over Kunta's back, panting hard.

They stayed still, letting Loren recover from the effort of mating. Eventually Kunta said into the silence, "You don't do things by halves, do you?", a chuckle implicit in his voice.

"Yes, well...you did say 'hard and fast', my friend," Loren responded, a wry smile creasing his muzzle. He slowly pulled off Kunta and out of his body, letting the semen that had been ejected run out of the hole and down into the water, where it was lost in the swirling eddies of the pool.

Loren leaned back against the other side of the pool, idly watching as Kunta got back into the water. They were silent for a short while, eyeing each other, every now and then grinning at each other for no reason. "What are you doing Tuesday night?" Loren asked, breaking the silence.

"Nothing much. Why? Want to get together again, hmm?" Kunta tilted his head as he regarded Loren. "I'd like that. You're a...pretty good fox."

"Thanks. I like you too," said the fox, swimming over to give Kunta a hug. "Perhaps, if we work at it, we may even...be mates?" A hopeful note coloured his tone, his pale green eyes locking onto Kunta's eyes of blue.

Kunta smiled before replying. "Oh, I think that might be possible." He ruffled Loren's headfur again then sighed. "This is all so...sudden. I don't like to rush into relationships, but this one seems...I don't know."

"A match made in heaven?" answered Loren, grinning. "Love at first sight? Who knows? Sometimes it's just best to live for each day at a time."

"I guess there's some truth in that." The husky sighed again, then smiled. "Come on, Loren. Let's get out of this pool before we clog up the filters." He lifted himself out of the pool, and reached for a towel.

Loren laughed, a richly vibrant sound in the small confines of the room. "Yes, I think you'd be right about that." He got out of the pool as well, and grabbed another towel.

In minutes they were dry and clothed, and stepping out of the room. As they walked towards the exit they made plans for Tuesday night. "So, I'll pick you up at seven?" enquired Kunta when they reached his vehicle, a slightly battered Jeep Cherokee.

“Sure. I’ll see you then.” After a last embrace, Kunta got into his car and backed away, tooting the horn before driving out of the car-park.

Loren smiled, then sighed. Tuesday was only two days away, but it seemed like an eternity. “Oh, well,” he sighed, walking in the opposite direction, towards the bus stop. “It’s not such a long wait. It’ll be well worth it, I’m sure,” he mused.

At that point he reached the bus stop, and settled down in a seat to wait for the next bus, the image of Kunta occupying his thoughts.