

THE FOX AND THE COYOTE

BY

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Mik boosted the back pack higher up onto his shoulders and followed the road around a rocky outcropping. He could hear the distant sounds of the small city, and as he rounded the corner it came into view, about half a mile away, sprawling off into the distance. Outside its walls were a visitor's compound and a moderate-sized market. He sighed with relief. It had been a long walk through the countryside after being dropped off by his last ride. Two days of walking was enough to last him months.

He looked around as he started down the approach road. All around was farm land, as one would expect, and all of it clearly marked. In the distance in every direction were picturesque mountains. Off to his left, about half a mile opposite him from the city, was an abrupt treeline. It was probably a large, dense forest. Each city was required to have one within its territory.

The fox picked up his pace, eager to finally reach his destination and get settled. A small but nice den awaited within its walls, arranged for him by his new employers. This job, and this beautiful area, were his dream come true. He had a week before he started working, plenty of time to get the den furnished and stocked. He couldn't wait.

He entered the visitor's compound, essentially a large outdoor holding area for those waiting for access to the city, and rented a storage locker for his pack while he registered. Everyone had to spend two days in the compound before entering the city, but he had plenty of time to rent one of the available huts. He took out some money first and then, thanking the very handsome leopard behind the counter, pocketed the key and headed for the market to eat.

It was a nice, if unremarkable, market. Surely the shopping district within the city's walls would be better. But he found a food stand that looked promising and bought a small meal. He didn't want to overeat and settled for a Cornish hen and a goblet of rose' wine. His waiter was another handsome leopard, this one of the snow variety. If there were this many good looking men around, he was going to enjoy it here indeed! Hopefully plenty of them weren't mated to females.

Watching the hustle and bustle of the moderate crowd while he ate, it was apparent that outside trade was important to the city, even though access to the city itself was tightly controlled.

Stomach sated, he wandered back to the compound and headed for the rental booth. His brow furrowed when he saw the leopard in the process of closing the window. He sped up to a trot.

"Hey, wait! Are you closing?" he called out.

"Sorry, afraid so," the leopard answered.

"But you're supposed to be open almost another two hours! I need a hut!"

"Sorry, something's happened inside and I've been ordered to close down and take no more customers. I'm very

sorry. We should be open tomorrow."

"But I can't stay in the compound without a hut!" Mik exclaimed, pointing to the sign that said so.

The leopard shrugged apologetically. "I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do today. Hopefully we'll be back to business as usual tomorrow. They've shut down my power so I can't even sneak your order in. I'm sorry. Maybe if you could find someone to let you share...?" he suggested, his voice trailing off.

Mik slumped. He glanced out into the compound and then back at the leopard, who had started closing the window again. "What if I don't?"

"Well, you've got a tent, right? You can't stay in marked territory, but you can camp in those woods until morning," he suggested, pointing to the treeline a mile away.

The fox gazed at the distant treeline, the compound, and then back at the clerk. He sighed and shook his head in resignation, checking the opening time on the sign. "All right, I'll be back tomorrow."

"Sorry, but there's really nothing I can do," the leopard said honestly.

"Yeah, yeah, I know."

He did not like the idea of spending another night camped out. As much as he liked the outdoors, he liked them when he *chose* to. Right now he wanted a hut and a hot bath. He sighed and set off into the compound, wandering and looking for anyone who looked promising.

There were plenty, that was for sure. He hadn't been with anyone in weeks and, now that he thought about it, he was getting horny beyond belief. It was a good thing he had recently used his cleanser. Unfortunately, everyone seemed to be one of a couple. Everywhere he looked all he saw were lifemate bands on wrists or unwed but obvious couples; some male/female, some male/male. He picked a piece of ground with a good view and spread out a blanket, relaxing and keeping an eye out for any single people who might emerge from a hut. After almost three hours of watching and reading a book, he finally gave up. He was almost tempted to ask a couple, but that would be improper, even if his intentions were purely platonic.

He let out a long sigh and glanced toward the far-off treeline. He looked around the compound once more, almost tempted to try and hide somewhere close. But he knew it would be heavily patrolled at night. Even the marked areas between the compound and forest would be off-limits. He groaned and packed the blanket back into his pack, slung it on his back, and trudged off toward the forest.

As soon as he broke the treeline he slipped off his shorts, as most people did when away from public places, and started searching for a good campsite. He looked for over an hour, still not finding a good spot. The dense undergrowth was at it's worse now that it was late in what had been a mild summer. If he didn't find somewhere suitable soon he was just going to clear out a spot.

He had been moving back and forth along a section bordered by easily-identifiable trees on either end, and was about ninety yards or so past the treeline. Moving along a little-used trail he approached a promising granite outcropping. He sighed in relief when he saw that the ground around it was covered with long, soft grass rather than the rough brush of the rest of the forest.

Mik dropped his back pack alongside the rock and leaned against it with one arm, resting for a moment, listening to the gurgle of a nearby stream. He didn't much want to stay out here, though. The sun had all but set and it would be dark soon, plus there was no telling who or what might be in these woods. He sniffed at the forest breeze as it blew

through his fur from directly ahead, tail wagging idly behind him.

Out of nowhere something slammed into him, knocking him into the rock wall, driving the breath from him and momentarily sending his mind reeling. His heart leapt when the unmistakable smell of a coyote struck his muzzle.

"Well, hello cute little fox!" a voice cooed behind him.

He was pinned to the rock face by a body obviously larger and stronger than his own, his snout pressed to the rock. He fought to get away, but the coyote held him. He could feel the muzzle pressed against his cheek, see it from the corner of his eye, white fangs showing in a wicked grin.

"Please don't hurt me! Please!" he pleaded, "I can't get into the city today. I'll find somewhere else. Just please let me go!"

"Hurt you? It will only hurt if you piss me off, and then it will hurt a great deal." the voice replied, breath tickling his whiskers, then the teeth moved and nipped Mik's ear.

Mik renewed his struggle, knowing what the coyote implied. "No! Please! Take anything I have, just don't, please!"

"I *am* taking something you have," the coyote snarled, sniffing around his tail base for a moment, "and a good thing it's clean," then jerked him back.

He was pulled off balance by the forceful yank and deftly forced downward. His knees buckled under the sudden pressure and hit the ground, the coyote's weight driving him onto all fours. He tried to crawl free but the coyote's balance was too sound and a large paw clamped onto the back of his head, another circling his waist roughly. Without thinking he slung his tail between his legs and begged again.

"Please don't! Please!"

His answer was a wicked chuckle and the hand left his head for a moment. He yelped as his tail base was grabbed and roughly twisted, swishing his tail to the side. Furry hips whammed into his and he yelped again, the coyote's hand clamping on his head anew, weight spread over his back. Knees forced his closer together, the larger canid bracing his outside the fox's.

He felt a hard, slick heat beneath his tail and squirmed, but the coyote only giggled and held him fast.

"Woo, you're a feisty one, fox! Good!" he exclaimed, moving his hips back slightly.

"No, please stop!" he pleaded once more. The coyote ignored him and he felt the grip on his waist tighten further. Then followed a wet poke at his anus, making him whimper. His assailant growled and heaved forward, driving into him. He cried out as it burned its way in, his ring unprepared for such callous treatment, arms straining to hold himself up.

Grunting, the coyote adjusted his mounting, slowly working himself in deeply, grinning maliciously down at the fox. He was tight and hot, and oh so sexy beneath him. He kept his face close to the copper-colored ears and said so, nudging his hips against the smooth fur of his ass.

Mik nearly wept as the coyote worked into his unprepared rump. He drew a shuddering breath as the thick penis slid slowly out, then yelled as it was shoved in hard and deep, its owner grunting above him. He growled at the haze of pain and forced his ring to relax. The coyote stroked twice more before the pain began to fade, followed by an

arousing, heavy fullness each time his enemy shoved roughly into him.

Heavier and faster and coyote took pleasure from him, driving him forward ever harder, grunting and snarling over him. All he could do was bear it, hopelessly trapped beneath the coyote, who rode him harsher than anyone had before. He grunted and whined as each pounding thrust drove the air from him. Hot breath blew over his ears, the coyote's face hovering above.

Trohke felt his cock swell with pleasure as he drove into the tight, slick fox over and over, grinning as each stroke was mirrored in the vulpine's breath. He braced himself and worked even harder, groaning as the beginnings of his knot emerged and banged into the foxhole, slipping in and out as he humped him harder. He felt the fox's arms give and hunched over him as his face met the ground, pretty white snout gasping and whimpering against the grass as the small bubble, that would within moments be a knot, pummeled him.

He pressed his muzzle against the white cheek, gnawing lustily and grunting his pleasure. He moved his paw from where it gripped a clump of red fur at his victim's waist to the dripping sheath. He pushed it back roughly and the fox's cock leapt out. He pressed harder, still pounding, and the vulpine knot followed. He gripped the shaft hard and stroked it in time as he drove the fox's shoulders into the ground.

Within moments he gave a final, almost brutal thrust and his knot swelled, locking him in. He howled as an intense pulse of pleasure flared out from his loins. He felt himself throbbing and jolting inside the deliciously tight fox, jetting his seed deep into him. He paw resumed at the fox's cock and soon it too began spurting.

He rode the fox until his desire was spent, then relaxed onto the reddish back and released the retreating penis. The little one panted below, moaning softly. Surprisingly, the sound and smell of him only made his lust stir again. He waited only a minute or so and, still slightly swollen, pulled himself free, delighting in the painful yelp it brought. Grabbing the tail base and waist, he twisted the weary fox directly over onto his back. Moving quickly, his cock wagging between his legs, he climbed up over the fox's chest and pinned the weakly resisting arms wide. He lowered his muzzle to the fox's and licked him spitefully.

"Do you think I'm done, fox?" he queried with disdain, "you're a strong one. You can please my coyote cock once more!"

With that he lifted his legs, one at a time, and hooked them under the fox's arms, ignoring his feeble pleas to stop. He lifted his head with one paw and forced open his muzzle with the other. Rocking his hips forward, he shoved his glistening maleness into Mik's snout. He let go of the muzzle and worked a little higher, locking the quivering fox's arms between his thighs and calves, burying himself to the hilt.

Mik had no choice to obey. The coyote, in combination with gripping his head, had positioned himself so that Mik couldn't take his mouth off his cock, even as he began feeding every inch of it to him time and time again. He was glad he had been clean, as the coyote had noticed, for his mouth was instantly filled with the tangy taste of some of the seed that now filled his bowels; and thankfully, nothing less pleasant.

It seemed to take an eternity as the coyote fucked his muzzle, forcing him to suck and lick at his cock tip briefly each time he paused to let him swallow. Still his own saliva and the coyote's precum soaked his chin and neck, the taste of the latter driving him to suck hungrily. His jaws burned with the effort to keep going. His assailant leered down at him, wagging his tongue teasingly, eyes flashing, as he forced Mik to thoroughly please every inch of him.

He nearly gagged when the coyote's body tensed and then the cock surged within his muzzle, splattering the hated coyote seed against his throat, instantly filling and overflowing his mouth. Unable to back away, he was forced to relax his throat and, fearing a terrible beating if he failed him, massaged the length of the coyote's cock with his

tongue, feeling the pulses against it as each spurt pumped into him.

Trohke roared and howled as he came into the hungry fox muzzle, watching as his plaything struggled to gulp him down, grunting and panting with satisfaction as the tongue worked his shaft dry. He took his time, stroking slightly and slowly, letting his orgasm last. Finally his balls felt sated and he retracted a little into his sheath.

He let go of the completely exhausted fox's head, letting it thump to the grass. There was definitely no fight left in this one.

Trohke unwrapped his legs and stood over his prize, letting the last of his seed drip down onto the pretty face, which blinked and turned weakly. "My name is Trohke, and these are my woods. Come here again and you may not leave."

With that he turned and walked off, leaving the cum-soaked fox to pass out.

Still lying on his back, he opened his eyes, then jolted up onto his elbows, eyes darting, ears swiveling, nose quivering, all searching for any sign of his assailant. There was none, so he let out a sigh of relief and relaxed a little. It was a typical, pleasant morning, birds singing, rodents rustling along the ground here and there. He looked down at himself, shaking his head.

His fur was a mess. The dried remains of last night's activities covered his snout, neck, chest, crotch, tail base, belly and thighs. He would enjoy the idea if it had come from anything but a coyote. He sat up slowly, realizing that he had passed out on top of his own seed. He turned to his side, pulling his lower back free from the messy grass, and slowly stood. A wince threatened to cross his face but he realized that his tail hole was only moderately sore. He definitely felt abused, but being reasonably experienced with various species of furs, some bigger than others, had helped considerably.

There was no way he could go back to town looking like this, he thought to himself as he looked his body over again. Still keeping his senses alert for the coyote, he walked over and found his pack where he had left it. Apparently the bastard hadn't been interested in his possessions. His ears again caught the stream's gurgling, and decided to have a quick bath.

He slung on the pack and, cursing the pungent smell and feel of the hated coyote seed all over him, began walking toward it. Following a seldom-used path, he came to another rock outcropping and peeked around. A reasonable clearing led what looked like a nice little water hole, and there was still no sign of anyone else around.

Keeping to the edge of the clearing, he carefully made his way to it. His eyes brightened when it was fully revealed — a colorful display of mineral deposits surrounding a mixed cold/hot spring that bubbled quietly, a small stream pouring from it.

Slinging off the heavy back pack, he rummaged around until he found his tube of shampoo and a towel. A few moments later he was relaxing in clear, warm water up to his neck, the gentle bubbles working into his fur and massaging his skin. It felt wonderful, draining the tension and anger from him.

He lathered himself up, beginning with his face and head, washing quickly while vulnerable. That done, he relaxed once more and finished, finally working the clinging mess from his coat. A sigh escaped him and he stayed a while longer, enjoying the soothing water.

The city beckoned, however, and he soon pulled himself out and toweled off. Putting on a pair of shorts and donning the back pack, he set off. Worries of the coyote returning nagged him and he almost ran to the tree line .

He strolled into the visitor's compound, which looked as sparsely populated as it did the day before. Heading straight

for the rental booth, he growled when he saw the window closed and ran the last few dozen yards.

"It's closed," a voice to his left said.

"Again?" he snapped, looking. It was a rather handsome wolf, a good fourteen inches taller than him and nicely built.

"Yup," the wolf answered, pointing to a newspaper article taped to the wall.

Mik read. It seems someone at the admissions office lost their mind and killed or severely injured everyone there, then killed himself. The whole office was shut down until replacements could be found, and that meant the outside office as well. The article went on to predict that it would reopen tomorrow.

"Tomorrow?" he exclaimed, "there's a coyote in those woods!"

The wolf looked at him sympathetically, "Well, you could go back down the road beyond city limits."

Mik shook his head. He was not walking another day just to get out far enough to sleep along the road. "Excuse me," he began, smiling uneasily and glancing toward the huts, "do you know if there's anyone staying over there I could share a hut and expenses with? I really don't want to go back to those woods, nor do I want to walk the fifteen miles to city limits."

The wolf shook his head, ears swiveling slightly, "Not that I've seen. Everyone here this last day or so seems to be mated or close to it."

The fox shuffled his feet a little, feeling a little uncomfortable asking. It would be nice to spend the night with a good looking wolf — just as long as he'd settle for a muzzle. Mik really didn't feel like being mounted again so soon after the rough treatment of last night.

"Um, are you...?"

He was interrupted by a short, huffy bark from one of the huts. Both their heads turned to see a snout disappear into a door.

"Well, sorry I couldn't help you. I gotta go," the wolf said, starting off for the hut, "good luck, though."

"Yeah, thanks." Mik replied, shoulders sinking. He watched the wolf walk off and then wandered around aimlessly for a while, eating a healthy breakfast in the marketplace.

Having nothing better to do, he spent the afternoon exercising in the compound. Stretching for a good, long time, breathing deeply and evenly, he let his fury and tension drain away. He jogged the perimeter of the compound, sprinting when the whim took him, until he was sure of going at least a few miles. That done he rested momentarily, panting, before starting on muscle-building exercises.

There was no need to rush, so he took his time. When he was finished and had cooled down he sat with his legs crossed, trying to figure out what he was going to do about this evening.

The wolf he had met earlier came out of his hut and strolled over, moving with that kind of power and confidence wolves always had. Mik's ears perked and he smiled.

He was wearing rather tight, short pants and Mik was treated to the sight of a fat, heart-shaped bulge as the wolf sat in front of him. The fox couldn't believe he was thinking of sex after what had happened, his mind still coming to

grips with the coyote's violation. Maybe what he needed was something consenting to clear his head.

"Hi, how are ya?" he asked, smiling. The wolf had obviously just had a bath, but Mik still caught the slightest hint of someone else on him as the breeze blew the smooth wolf scent over him.

"Fine, how about you?" the wolf returned, taking a bite from a piece of jerky. He offered Mik a bit of it as he chewed. "It's always fun to watch foxes run. I wish I had a tail like that."

Mik waved him off. "No thank you, I'm not really hungry." He nodded toward the hut. "How's your...friend?"

"He's fine now," the wolf answered with a grin, then offered a paw, "oh, I'm sorry. The name's Tanner."

The fox took it and shook, "Mik. You two are a couple, I assume?"

"Yeah, about four months now. I never thought I'd be someone's beta, but he's...quite the alpha, to say the least! Even more than I." Tanner replied, laughing. "I've gotten used to it. He manages to be a total stud monster without taking anything away from me in the process. If he asks, *when* he asks, I'll say yes."

"Good for you," Mik said sincerely.

Tanner gave his wrist a glance, then poked a thumb back over his shoulder toward the city wall. "Do you have someone waiting?"

Mik shook his head. "Nope. It's a fresh start for me; new job, new den, and that's about it."

"Well, now you've got a friend or two also," the wolf added, showing nice fangs in a grin, "what's your address?"

He perked his ears and smiled, then yanked his pack over and pulled out his paperwork. He grabbed a slip of paper and read the address.

"Oh, good! That's only about a five minute walk from mine. You'll have to stop by once you're settled. Here," Tanner added, taking the slip from Mik and the pen he offered. He wrote his name and address and handed it back. "drop by any time. And you're cute, so I'm sure you'll find someone soon enough."

"Thanks." Mik said gratefully, curling his tail into his lap and idly grooming it. He glanced toward the hut. "He ever come out?"

Tanner chuckled. "Yeah, he does. But since we're stuck out here he's trying to get as much work done as he can. Hey, hold on."

He stood and trotted over, disappearing inside for a minute or two, then returned and looked down at him. "How about joining us for an early dinner?"

"I'd love to, thanks," Mik said, brightening, "let me lock this back up." he added, grabbing his back pack and starting toward the lockers.

"Just come on in, I'll get started." Tanner said, heading back.

Mik knocked and opened the door, stepping into a wall of wolf scent. He took a deep, satisfied breath of it and closed it behind him. The hut was a small but tidy one room den with a bathroom off to the side and a small kitchenette where Tanner was grilling some beef.

"Come on in," Tanner said, walking over, followed by his boyfriend, "this is Moken. Moken, Mik."

Mik's tail went between his legs at the sight of the other wolf. He was even bigger than Tanner and a real mountain of muscle beneath gray and black fur. What nestled under his navel was a match for the rest of his physique, and Mik's mouth went dry at the thought of having his around it. He couldn't help but respond naturally to Moken's obvious dominant nature, his tail curling up almost to his chest. Moken was certainly used to such reactions and smiled at him. He took the offered paw and stood transfixed as Moken sniffed him over.

"Pleased to meet you."

"You too."

"Make yourself comfortable," Tanner offered. Mik thanked him and took off his shorts, folding them and setting them beside the door. He willed his tail out of the way and sat on the small couch.

"I've got to use the bathroom," Moken said, giving Tanner's rump a pinch. Tanner gave his tail a playful yank as he walked away.

Mik waited for the door to close, then gave Tanner an appreciative glance. "Oh my!" he whispered, "if he wasn't with you and so much as winked at me, I'd do absolutely anything he said."

Tanner chuckled and went back to the stove. "And you'd have to." he said with a wink.

Mik watched the wolf a little jealously as he made the side dish, tail swishing behind him. Moken emerged and took a seat in the chair opposite him.

"So, what brings you to our charming city?"

Dinner passed all too quickly, though they did sit around for a time afterward talking and sharing a couple drinks. Mik soon got the impression that it was time to go and politely excused himself, thanking them again for their hospitality. Moken left to pick up something in the market before it closed, leaving the two of them standing at the door.

"Uh, listen," Tanner began once Moken was out of earshot, "I'd be glad to offer you the couch for tonight, but I'm afraid Moken isn't very trusting with people he's just met. But, since we're on the back row, you could try the bushes behind our hut instead of walking all the way to the forest. It's all I can offer."

"Thanks, I'll do that," Mik said, giving him a grateful pet, "now I guess I'd better go get my pack and leave you two alone. Hope to see you tomorrow, and thanks again for dinner and all."

"Sure, drop by any time."

Mik fetched his pack from the locker, enjoying the brisk evening air. The sun had just set and the sky was filling with stars. He made his way to the line of huts, looking around for any signs of detection, and crept stealthily to the bushes lining the back of the wolves' hut. Stuffing in his pack, he followed and worked his way back to the wall. From what he could see the bushes were hiding him quite effectively, though he'd be caught cold if anyone looked closely. Maneuvering the pack in front of him, he tried to find a comfortable position. The drinks were weighing heavily on his head and he needed a good, long sleep.

Trohke sat on a boulder, watching the stars. Last evening had been quite fun. The little fox was as cute as a button, stronger than he looked, and smelled nice. Having his way with him was a really good time. He didn't regret what

he'd done. He is a coyote and foxes are his toys. But as he watched the stars twinkle, remembering the fox only served to remind him of his loneliness, and the banishment that caused it.

Almost two years ago, he had been convicted of a crime he didn't commit and banished from the city for life. Images of the trial flashed through his mind; how he had accepted the contract to build furniture for a councilman, in spite of the fact that he hated the pompous jerk, because it was good business. How the furniture had exploded three days after delivery, thankfully just after the councilman was called in to City Hall without notice. How examining the evidence showed that the furniture had been carved hollow in places and explosives packed in. How the warehouse it was all kept in had shown no signs of forced entry or the necessary woodworking for someone to have done it after delivery. How it became more and more obvious that he had been expertly framed.

Sadly, all the evidence pointed to him, and the weight of it eventually outweighed his alibis. Since then he had no one. There were a couple close friends in the city who believed him and got him the things he needed, but no one else. Everyone there knew who he was, and knew he chose to stay where he grew up, here in these woods.

Trohke Erbolan, Banished. That is how his name read in the city directory. And to make matters worse, the ocelot he had been falling in love with left him shortly after the trial.

What he wanted most was someone of his own. Someone to love, protect, and master. It was his nature. He had certainly enjoyed that fox, but it would be so much better with someone he loved. There had never been a time when he was so alone. Someone was always there, even if the relationship eventually faded away. He needed another to call his own, to be the object of his affections, to accept his dominance, and to be respected and appreciated for the gift of loving him back for all the same reasons.

It seemed that would never happen now. Not here.

But he couldn't leave, couldn't give up the forests and hills he considered his own.

Leaning back on his hands, lonesome tears soaking his cheeks, he took a deep breath and let out a long, soulful howl, pouring his anguished heart into it.

No one joined him.

Mik awoke to the sound of birds singing and flitting around. He was still tucked back in the bushes, and breathed a sigh of relief that it was early morning. He shoved his pack away and crawled out, enjoying a long, luxurious stretch.

He walked cheerfully out into the compound, heading for the rental/admissions booth. His good mood was soon spoiled by the sight of another closed window.

"Oh for crying out loud!" he yelled, stomping his feet. He reached up and pulled at his ears, furious. "Fuck! Fuck! Damn it!"

Posted below the newspaper was a note indicating that the office would reopen at its usual time...tomorrow. He stood fuming, hands on hips, for a few moments. His fists clenched and he wished he had something to choke. Something like that bastard coyote.

"You just can't get a break, can you?"

Mik turned and shook his head, "Hi, Tanner. This is really beginning to piss me off," he snarled.

"By the time they open the office, you'll be able to go right into the city anyway."

"Well, there is that. I'll at least save the money of renting a hut. But now I've got nothing to do for another whole day."

"Moken's going to be working all day. I can't do anything until I get back into the city. Let's work out."

Mik gave the window another glaring look then turned, "Sure, works for me. I've got all day."

It was a long, dull day. Working out with Tanner had been fun, but Moken called him in shortly after they were finished, leaving him to fend for himself. He wandered the market for a while, even though it quickly bored him. Lunch time finally arrived and he treated himself to a generous meal in a street side cafe. By the time he was satisfied it was time to head off to sleep. It was still mid afternoon but being bored all day and then eating a big meal made him drowsy.

He made it to his spot without being seen and had just started to doze off when a voice rumbled.

"Hey, fox, what are you doing?"

Mik blinked away the cobwebs to find a tall lion, one of the compound's sentries, looking down at him. He slumped, cursing his situation.

"I'm sorry, I can't get a hut. The damned office..."

"Is closed." the lion finished for him.

Sand-colored eyes fell to rest between his legs, making his sheath tingle as if they had reached out and touched him. The lion gave a quick glance around and grinned.

"I could be persuaded to forget you're here," he suggested, smiling. It was an inviting smile, not at all sinister.

The fox brightened a little and gave the lion an appreciative glance. "Anything you..."

"Servan!"

The lion rolled his eyes at the voice, giving Mik an apologetic glance, and looked to his right. "Over here," he muttered.

"Do you smell fresh fox?" the voice said as footsteps approached.

"Right here." Servan said, gesturing for Mik to come out.

He groaned and did so, pulling his pack out with him.

"You can't sleep here." said Servan's partner, a short bear.

"I know, I just didn't want to spend another night in those damned woods. There's a coyote out there." Mik grumbled, allowing himself to be led toward the road, "Sorry, I just really didn't want to go back out there."

"Don't worry about it," Servan said, waving the bear off, "just don't do it again."

"Well, I won't need to if the office keeps its promise tomorrow."

He was led to the road, the lion keeping an eye on him as he walked along. He debated trying his luck inside one of the marked territories that lined the road but as he walked on he thought better of it. All would be guarded, probably by fennec foxes with their giant ears. A fennec could hear you blink from a mile away.

Reaching the tree line he scanned the forest intently, eyes, ears and nose pulling in every detail. His way seemed safe for the moment, so he pulled off the slightly annoying pants and headed stealthily inward.

Reaching the outcropping where the coyote had found him, he used it as his starting point, moving in the opposite direction from the water hole and its distracting noise. His senses strained for any sign of danger and he tried to ignore the lingering scent of his abuse in the grass as he moved away from the rocks. Moving toward a promising clearing ahead, he lowered himself and prowled a quietly as possible.

The sound of muffled grunts tickled his ears and he snapped himself downward. It was coming from directly ahead and sounded like a single voice. The breeze was all wrong and he couldn't smell what it was, but he immediately suspected it may be another coyote victim.

The lay of the land prevented him from circling around, so he approached with care, ready to reach around and snatch the hunting knife from its sheath if needed. Still hearing the grunts, he peeked over a small hump and saw a sight that surprised him, then made him smile.

It was Trohke, all right, but not as Mik had expected to find him. He was standing, gagged and bound, against a tree at his back, wrists tied behind and opposite him. Another rope circled his waist tightly, with another at his ankles. Hanging from the beige fur of his chest was a large piece of paper, a single word hand written upon it.

"Banished." it read.

Mik smirked. So that's why the coyote lived out here. Coyotes were no more inclined to commit crimes than any other species, but whatever Trohke had done must have been serious. He stood, exposing himself, and started walking toward the struggling canid.

Trohke snarled when he saw him and renewed his efforts. The ropes were tight, though, and he could barely budge. Mik grinned at him and stopped a few feet away, enjoying the sight of his assailant helplessly tied up. Coyotes were far from the largest of people, and lingering odors told of at least three larger ones recently being here.

He dropped his gaze to the plump, bare balls and thought again about the knife on his pack. He could make sure this coyote never abused a fox again. But the idea was dismissed as quickly as it came, the thought of it appalling him. A muffled snarl again met him.

Another concept occurred, one even more devilish. He took a step closer. He could give the coyote a taste of his own medicine, only more so. He could taunt and tease him for hours, tempting the cock free to toy with it; let it touch his tail hole but never give it to him, swish his tail over it and the broad chest. He knew the coyote would despise being at the mercy of a fox more than anything else. And maybe, after soaking the beige and tan fur with one or two loads of his own seed, he *might* let him cum.

Again, he dismissed it. He just wasn't that type of guy. As much as he would like to see Trohke suffer, he didn't want to sink to his level, either. Maybe he would just pitch his tent right here and enjoy a peaceful night's sleep while the coyote had to stand and watch him.

Cruelty just wasn't in his nature, though, and he rolled his eyes at himself as Trohke growled against the cloth in his

muzzle. He might regret it, but even a coyote didn't deserve to be left at the mercy of the forest like this. It would only be a matter of time before something got to him, and no one, not even a sadistic bastard coyote, deserved a death like that. It was possible, even likely, that the perpetrators would return, but there was no telling their intentions.

He dropped his pack and removed the knife. Trohke saw it and gave him another muffled snarl, straining mightily against his bounds, muscles standing out beneath his fur.

"Oh, stand still," he said disdainfully, circling around the tree. He still couldn't believe he was doing this, but hoped that maybe even a coyote could repay a fox's kind deed.

He was rewarded with a startled grunt when he cut the ankles free. He moved up and freed his waist, cut through the back of the gag, then quickly followed with his wrists. Trohke jerked from the tree, spitting out the gag and tearing the sign from his chest. He shredded it angrily with the claws of one paw, letting the scraps fall to the ground, and worked his sore jaw for a few moments.

Mik knew it would do him no good so he tossed the knife onto the ground beside his pack. He didn't know how to fight with one anyway.

They stood for almost a minute, glaring at each other.

The coyote stepped closer and stared at him. "Why did you do that?"

Mik only shrugged, edging away a little.

"You could have done anything, had your way with me, did to me what I did to you, cut my manhood from me. I would have been at your mercy."

The fox shrugged again. "I'm not like you." he answered nervously.

"No, you are not." the coyote retorted, then lunged. He caught Mik off guard and forced him onto his back, pinning his paws beneath him with the powerful grip of one of his own. Mik resisted, his heart sinking, thinking himself a fool, but the coyote was too strong, too quick, and was soon straddling his hips, the other paw gripping Mik's muzzle.

"Did you think I'd be grateful?" Trohke snarled, "did you think I'd give you a nice scratch and send you on your way?"

Mik continued to struggle, but could barely move beneath his weight. He felt a little turned on at having a strong body against him, quickly quelled by the fact that it was a coyote, and one who had taken him against his will only two days ago.

"I didn't know what to think," he answered between grunts.

"Or maybe you didn't think at all," the coyote sneered, keeping him pinned easily, "or maybe," he continued, giving him a lecherous, leering grin, "you liked the other day."

Mik rolled his eyes. "Being raped? Maybe you think too much. Typical coyote attitude."

Trohke only grinned more widely and rubbed his sheath against the one below, "I think you did. I saw and smelled

the puddle I left you lying in. I don't need to rape you this time," then flicked his tongue across Mik's snout.

Mik felt his body responding even though he didn't want it to. The thought of being aroused by a coyote appalled him. "That's ridiculous. Please...then let me go. You at least owe me that."

The coyote stuck out his tongue, wagging it lewdly, knowing the fox was responding in spite of himself. He would respond more. "Tell me you liked it." he ordered.

"No!" Mik barked, glaring back at him. He felt his sheath warming at the coyote's rubbing and fought off an arousal he should loathe, yet couldn't stop. It confused him, making it hard to think. He felt a wetness below also, but wasn't sure if it was his or the coyote's. It was both.

Trohke let go of the fox's muzzle and slid his paw down the soft fur of his taught belly. He toyed with his own sheath for a moment, then, after wetting it in the drip-soaked fur below him, pressed his de-clawed fingertip to the opening of the fox's. The fox struggled ineffectively at his touch. He was rewarded with a helpless whimper as he slid it in deeply, all the way to his palm, and began stroking slowly in and out, the fox's precum lubricating the way.

"Say you liked it," he growled, his muzzle close to the moaning fox's. He bobbed his head intermittently as he talked, feigning kisses, stopping just short of contact, and flicked his tongue here and there, still not touching. "Say you liked being taken by a coyote. Say it turned you on. Say the thought of me on top of you makes you drip. Say you liked my body riding you, my cock inside you, my seed filling you."

"No!" Mik asserted, but it was more whimper than shout. He was powerless to resist beneath the coyote's weight, and the finger in his sheath was enthralling. His breathing came in deep huffs as the coyote toyed with him. Something about the situation fascinated him as much as it disgusted, and his body refused to obey his intellect.

The coyote continued taunting the fox. He was glad to see he had some fight left and wouldn't be too easy. If this went the way he hoped, it would be a most satisfying evening. He also knew the fox would give in soon and continued with almost-kisses and flicks of his tongue, watching the fox fight the urge to respond, feeling the furry body betray it's master. He quickened the pace, finger fucking the sheath rapidly. The response was a series of soft whimpers as the fox shivered beneath him, trying to move his hips.

"Say you want me!"

Mik's body was on fire, his sheath an inferno of pleasure, and he fought to keep his penis in. Exposing it too soon would surely bring wrath from a dominant male. Coyotes were a fox's constant enemy, yet this one 's face was a handsome one, ruggedly so, and having it taunt him with kisses that never connect and licks that never touch was maddening. The coyote's tongue brushed his whiskers, first one side, then the other, sending a tingly ripple through his face. He gasped and whined as he felt his barriers crumbling. The coyote was overpowering him more than merely physically. "I...I..." Tears welled up in his eyes, which begged the unyielding canid to release him.

Trohke licked at the fox's whiskers, a feeling of triumph growing within him as he watched the fox wiggle. It was even better than the other day, for now the fox was about to give himself away to a coyote, not just be overpowered. He pressed his free fingers to the sheath, stroking rapidly both inside and out, driving the fox wild.

"Say it!" he snarled.

Mik cried out again and again as the paw worked him over, feeling his will crumble, then complied. "I want you!" he gasped, tears drying on his cheeks.

The coyote leered at him again and wagged his tongue. He slowed his fingers to a patient, measured pace, then and

his paw soaked with precum. "I'm not convinced," he growled. Then, before fully extending his tongue and touching the tip to Mik's lips, snarled "Suck my tongue."

Mik snorted and turned his head. The coyote pulled his finger out and grabbed the muzzle again, turning it back up.

"Suck it!"

The fox whined again and his lips parted, even though there was only a token pressure from the coyote's paw. He closed his eyes as he drew the tongue in, suckling it hungrily. Trohke's head rose and fell slowly, stroking his tongue in and out a few times, then pulled free.

"Look at me and suck it," he commanded, slipping his finger back into the sheath after giving the vulpine balls a caress.

Mik groaned and obeyed, watching the coyote's wicked, lecherous face above him as he again sucked the long tongue, and moaned as the finger resumed stroking inside his sheath. He had surrendered completely, and felt ashamed at how quickly.

"Lick," Trohke ordered, and he again obeyed, running his own along its length over and over, lapping it as it hovered teasingly over him. Soon it was again in his mouth, moving seductively in and out. The taste was gamy and clean, the feel smooth and hot.

"That's it. Suck it, fox," the coyote sneered, pausing, "suck it like a cock. Suck it like *my* cock."

Mik couldn't resist, feeling shamed of giving in to this enemy, of willingly watching it use him. He suckled and licked as he was told until Trohke stopped again and withdrew his finger. The situation was everything the coyote could want, and he looked at the fox triumphantly as his own lust rose rapidly. He gripped the back of Mik's neck and raised the reddish head.

"Look at it."

The fox looked down to see the coyote's unsheathed penis, soaked and glistening with precum that dripped down onto his already-wet fur, hovering above him. His mouth went dry.

"Tell me you want it," Trohke commanded.

Mik did, his voice shaking.

Trohke ran a finger along its length, grumbling with pleasure, and brought it to the fox's lips. He growled his satisfaction when the helpless, panting fox licked it clean.

"Tell me you want it inside you."

Mik hesitated and glanced up at him.

"Look at it! Tell me you want it inside you!" he snapped, nipping playfully at Mik's whiskers.

Mik looked back down, watching it bob ever so slightly as it dripped onto him, seeing it framed by the large, bare balls hanging behind. The sweet, sexy scent of male arousal washed over his snout, fogging his mind with lust and need, and the lick at his whiskers sent another tingle through him. "I want it inside me."

"You want my coyote cock inside you."

"I want your coyote cock inside me."

"You want to see me take you."

"I want," he paused, closing his eyes and swallowing a sudden lump in his throat, "to see you take me."

The coyote snarled and dropped his snout to the fox's throat, clamping his jaws firmly. He used his knees to shove at the whimpering fox's legs, which spread instantly. It took only a moment to position himself and he released the throat and arms, using a paw to tease at the fox's tight anus with his burning, wet cock tip.

"Put your arms around me," he growled.

Mik did so, moaning softly as the powerful body moved to mount him, and gripped the furry upper back, his weakened shoulders aching from being bound behind him. A paw was at his sheath again and he lifted his legs in anticipation and surrender.

"Say you *want* a coyote to fuck you." Trohke demanded, wiping his cock tip against Mik's anus, pressing his chest against him.

The fox groaned, wishing it would just end, yet somehow wanting it to go on, wanting to complete. But the point had already been made, and he could shame himself no more than he already had. "I want a coyote to fuck me."

Trohke wiggled his hips slightly, smearing himself around, and fed the fox his tongue for another few moments. "I'm not convinced. Hold me and tell me you want to be fucked by a coyote." he insisted, the words coming out in a deep growl.

"I want to be fucked by a coyote!" he cried, gripping the broad back tightly, "please!"

He knew the fox was his. He used his tongue to slather his muzzle, growling happily as he rubbed his rigid cock against the fox's bare skin. Then he paused smiled wickedly.

"Say no, and I'll stop."

Mik's eyes went wide for a few moments but he was in no condition to refuse. He had never felt so convincingly overwhelmed, so easily mastered; physically, mentally and sexually.

"Yes."

The coyote roared in triumph, shaking the fox to the core, and with one agonizingly slow, smooth stroke, entered him to the hilt.

He was more prepared for it this time, and exhaled in a loud gasp as the coyote took him deeply, filling him with hot maleness. He clenched at the muscular back and again found himself serving the whims of Trohke's tongue. He wrapped his legs around his waist and with a loud growl the coyote thrust even deeper into him. He was lost in sensation, unaware of everything but their union.

Trohke pulled back, resting his body against the fox's, and stroked slowly into him, savoring the tight grip of vulpine muscles, until he was again buried to the sheath. He repeated the process a few times as Mik lapped and sucked his tongue, then gradually quickened his pace, thrusting in long, measured strokes. He dipped his tongue into the fox's

mouth and their lips met. Paws pulled his head down and he kissed the fox as deeply as he took him, surprised at both their intensity. As he looked down at him he realized just how beautiful a fox could be.

He broke it off and gnawed erotically at the fox's jaw and throat, working an arm under him to grip the back of his neck, the other moving to the now exposed vulpine penis. His thrusts came harder and faster as his lust intensified and he stroked the fox in rhythm, each downward stroke of his paw matched by an inward one of his cock.

He licked Mik's muzzle and as they kissed again their eyes met and locked. Then something happened. The shame was gone from the fox's eyes. He suddenly found himself looking into them more deeply than he had ever looked into anyone before and found...a kind of serenity, an open soul, a soul of giving. A spark went off in his mind, as if water had been splashed inside his skull, and he was momentarily stunned, his body moving on it's own as he lost himself in the vulpine eyes. He still growled lustily, still thrustured into him, still felt all the physical pleasure, but it was now less of an end to itself as a part of something else.

He found himself kissing the fox passionately, and being kissed back, and claws raked down his back to pull at his hips, urging him on. He stroked more deeply, more completely than ever.

Mik felt like he was falling into a well of sensation when he saw something click in the coyote's eyes. It was like they had somehow opened beyond reality, swelling beyond his range of vision but at the same time remaining in focus. And something clicked in him also, something he almost couldn't accept. This is what he wanted, to please a dominant partner, to be pleased by pleasing, and suddenly it didn't matter that it was a coyote. His body was alive with sensation, the cock and paw sending waves of pleasure crashing through him with each stroke. As he looked into Trohke it was like he saw the coyote's whole life, and somehow he realized the loneliness that had dominated it for so long. He saw a void, and, contrary to everything he knew of life, he found himself suddenly wanting to fill it.

Trohke felt his passion peaking and pounded into the fox, panting, grunting, and growling with him. His knot popped free and sent spikes of pleasure through him as it bumped the fox's anus. He pressed his muzzle to Mik's throat and moved his paw to the opposite shoulder, pulling the fox into him as, with one hard thrust, he shoved his knot into him. A crescendo of ecstasy jolted through him and he howled against the gasping fox, jabbing his hips the little bit his locked-in bulb would allow as his orgasm erupted. He still pumped the fox's cock, which swelled in his hand and then spasmed, shooting vulpine seed between them. The fox's pulsing organs spurred his own climax and together they spent what felt like an eternity cumming, feeding off each other's orgasm, riding an endless crest of passion.

After a few moments of gasping and howling their eyes again met, and stayed together as each kept cumming. The coyote throbbed inside Mik, filling him completely, flooding his innards with hot seed, while the paw slowly coaxed a near equal measure from the vulpine penis. They lay together for some time, their mutual climax fading ever so slowly until nothing was left but soft dribbles and the occasional throb, saying nothing.

His knot, the most long-lived and intense one he had ever experience, eventually faded and Trohke began to pull free. He licked Mik's muzzle as he moved out slowly, emphasizing to the fox every millimeter that had been inside him, until he slipped free. He moved slightly upward and settled over the fox, again moving the vulpine legs and straddling his hips. He rested down onto the soaked fur of Mik's chest and belly, enjoying the warm, wet feel, but this time partially supported himself on his elbows and knees. He kissed the fox softly, gently running his thumb claws across the white cheeks.

"I..." he began, unsure what he wanted to say. He absolutely could not show weakness, though in a way that's what he felt. It was strange. He had by all means been dominant, but there was something suddenly soft in him. Not in general, but for this fox. "I...I don't know what just happened, but after a while," he began again, stroking Mik's cheeks, "I want to take you to that water hole for a bath. And then maybe show you my den."

Mik's answer was a hesitant smile. He was as confused as the coyote, but as their respective organs slowly retracted he felt the strangest desire.

He wanted to. With a coyote.

"If you don't want to, then go. I," he paused, growled at himself, and continued, "give you my word I won't take you again."

The fox couldn't believe his ears, hearing such a thing spoken from a coyote to one of his own. He wasn't sure exactly what he was feeling himself, or what he had just experienced, but that glimmer was in Trohke's eyes again, and suddenly it didn't matter so much that this otherwise handsome male was a sworn enemy of foxes.

Rules were, after all, made to be broken.

"What's for dinner?"

THE END