

Sticks clicked, the sound a backdrop to the dark room. A wall-mounted TV flashed, sending colors and brief bursts of light cascading, illuminating the room's occupants.

"Got ya again," Carl snickered. The beanbag he was half-submerged into groaned as he leaned, dunking a hand into a bag of cheese puffs perched against it.

Chase watched as he licked his fingers, popping those thick digits from his lips one by one. "...For once, I'm glad you don't use the off-brand controller."

The ram snorted. "What's wrong with a lil cheddar glaze, dude?"

A shiver went up Chase's spine. He leaned back in his own beanbag, watching glow-in the dark stars smattering the ceiling above.

"Somethin' up?" Carl asked, the mirth having bled from his voice.

"Nah—" he answered on reflex, but found himself sighing. "...Yeah? Sorta?"

Plastic squeaked as the thickly built ram wiggled to face his companion. "Yeah?~" he asked, a conspiratorial tone creeping into his voice as the corner of his mouth quirked. "What's up? Not like you to keep clammed up."

Chase refused to look at him, eyes drilling into the ceiling instead. "Are you saying that I'm easy?"

A thoughtful noise escaped the ram, smirk widening. "You wouldn't survive if I made a pass at you, dude."

The otter's face flushed. Carl's sexuality was a frustrating enigma, and it didn't help that he had a perfectly bearish body. He was starting to think he was doing certain things on purpose, like conveniently finishing his workouts when Chase would swing by or lasciviously leaning back in his beanbag so his shirt would ride up to show that solid, hirsute stomach.

Maybe it was just a new form of trying to get a rise out of him. Carl was always like that, even when they were kids—he just had a new medium to work with, now.

"Want to see Leo infinite-jab combo you in real life?" Chase shot back.

That got a laugh out of him, the ram slapping his knee. "*Naaah*, he strikes me as a grappler." He waved his large hands, as if an idea came to him. "Luchador Leo!"

"Isn't that kinda racist?"

"Nah, it's cool! Like, imagine him in spandex and a mask! He could have a fire theme—it'd work great with his fur color!"

The spandex part caught Chase's attention, the otter shifting in his seat.

"Though he might have to lose a few pounds," he said, pausing to let out a short laugh. He gripped his stomach, fingers pushing up the hem of his shirt as he shook the mound. "Though, I'm not one to talk, huh? Maybe Leo's taking notes~"

There's that implication again...

Ya'll dense? He's hitting on you.

Chase cringed, controller nearly dropping from his hands. The baritone drawl rumbled in the back of his head, resonating with irritated boredom.

Carl must have interpreted Chase's shift differently because the ram's smile faded. "So, jokes aside, what's eating at you, dude?"

"Eh, I'm not sure if you wanna hear about it," he mumbled.

"Not like I got anythin' goin' on with my life right now," Carl said with a neutral laugh. "Between weights, games, and Flynn's sour attitude, my schedule for drama is *wide* open."

Chase puffed defensively. "What makes you think it's drama?"

"Because you only fidget like that when it is." The ram reached up, tapping at that thick skull hidden beneath his signature beanie. "I've known you since we were kids, man."

"So, I'm an open book? Is that it?"

"Only if you know how to read the pages," he said, throwing the otter a wink.

This is painful. Jus' tell him already.

This time, Chase's twitch was nearly imperceptible. "Just... You know how rigid Leo is about certain, uhhh...stereotypes, right?"

The ram stared at him, gears turning behind green eyes. "For himself? Or other people?" he asked carefully.

"For himself—maybe me?" Chase squeaked, scratching at his cheek nervously.

"*Dude*," Carl said with a laugh. "The walls don't have ears; you can talk to me. Whatever it is, I won't tell Leo if he's gonna have an issue."

He shared a lot of things with this ram in the past, but details about his romantic life were never one of them. Carl would quickly turn it into a joke whenever they broached the subject. Whether it was witty wordplay or an unseemly fart sound—he was prepared.

Well, if Carl was flirting with him, maybe he's already gone through some self-discovery. Hopefully, he self-discovered some maturity while he was at it.

"I guess I'm kind of tired of our," he paused thoughtfully, "*dynamic*."

"You mean the one where you swallow his sausage as part of a balanced breakfast?" the ram asked, partly muffled by another helping of cheese puffs into his mouth.

Chase's first instinct was to hurtle his controller. Thankfully, a quick glance found a suitable replacement instead. Carl broke into howling laughter as a pillow smacked into his face, getting lodged between his spiraled horns.

"Heeey! At least you aren't raiding his bakery. Dude's got cake for day—*oof!*" This time the controller did go sailing. It spun like a frisbee before lodging itself into Carl's generous middle. The only thing stopping it from doing real damage was his natural padding.

"Shit," he snickered, a satisfying wheeze leaking out of him. Chase smirked, arms crossed over his chest. "Just do that when he asks you to bottom, dude."

"Carl, that's not how sex works. We aren't going to have controllers nearby."

"Psssh." The ram waved dismissively. "Might not be how *you* would do it. Besides, you can always huck a dildo or somethin'. Bet you have a whole collection—*gah-!*"

Having run out of objects, it was only logical to throw himself next. Chase sailed into the ram, slapping against his iron-like stomach. It was enough to knock some air out of him, though Chase didn't let it deter him. Fingers went for Carl's sides, sliding and jittering in a way that set the bovidae to burst with laughter.

They tussled, rocking unsteadily on Carl's bean bag before the pair spilled out onto the floor. The ram toppled in a way so he landed on top of the relatively skinny otter.

"No!" Chase barked, interrupted by a fit of laughter as his best friend turned the tables on him. Carl effectively had him pinned with bodyweight alone. It was like trying to roll a fuzzy boulder off of him, those thick-nailed digits sliding up under his arms where he was weakest.

"You're gonna get it now, Chase!" The ram said with a gleeful grin, having forced Chase's shirt up to the otter's chest. This went back and forth for nearly a minute, the otter squeaking up a storm as he slapped at Carl's stupidly thick arms. He was a heaving mess by the time the ram rolled off of him, his clothes askew, a slight sheen of sweat over his forehead.

Carl smirked, hiking up a knee as he sat next to the floored otter. "See, dude? You got it in you."

"What, to win an asshole contest?" Chase asked between breaths.

"To be more assertive, man! Just gotta use some of that with Leo." He grinned, adjusting his askew beanie. "You never know. He might just like it."

Chase sighed softly. He knew it wasn't going to be that easy. But, maybe Carl had a point. Perhaps he should stop beating around the bush and just ask the wolf. What did he have to be afraid of? Leo was willing to listen before, so why would this be any different?

The worst he could say would be "no," after all.

The door to Chase's sedan clapped shut. A shiver went up the otter's spine. The chill this time of year was real in the desert. As soon as the sun dropped, the temperature went along with it. The engine fired up with a twist of the keys, headlights blinking to life, creating pools of illumination ahead.

So. Yer actually gonna try it?

Chase's gaze lifted to his rearview mirror. In his place was a white-furred puma. Striking crimson eyes stared back at him, muscular arms folded over his chest. While Chase simply took space in his seat, this mirror-bound apparition took the entirety.

"Could you not when I'm trying to hang out with friends?" Chase asked, not bothering to mask the note of irritation in his voice. The feline in the mirror rolled his head to one side—a dismissive gesture.

Sorry for worryin' about you.

"You're not worrying, *Sam*," Chase clarified, "you're nagging. I didn't sign up for a second conscience with a southern drawl." The big cat scoffed, his button-up shirt and suspenders stretching around his meaty torso.

Fine. How about y'stop giving me a headache, then? You've wanted t'fuck that wolf fer years.

"Is it a headache for you if it's *my* head that's hurting?" The low chuckle in the back of his skull revealed his passenger's amusement.

I'm stuck with ya, kid, for better or worse.

"Any advice?" Chase asked, acquiescing with a sigh. A thoughtful noise bubbled up in the cat's throat as he scratched at his chin.

Leo doesn't like surprises. He reminds me a' William.

"The sheriff you told me about?" It was strange to have someone who lived through the early 1900s in your head. Even more so when you consider the unwritten stories they carried—like how a fair chunk of the capable men in ancient Echo were surprisingly into each other.

Mhmm.

Sam was otherwise silent, the figure in the mirror crossing his arms, looking at some unseen fixture off in the distance. He seemed pensive, a pang of sympathy going through Chase. Even after all these years, the man—or the echo of him—was still a mystery to him. When he was younger, he tried to explain the all-too-real presence that resided in his head. Unfortunately, his parents and other adults in his life simply chalked it up to an overactive imaginary friend.

It wasn't until he hit high school that his parents started to take him seriously. A few rounds of therapy and pills later, Chase learned to keep his mouth shut about his 'gay ghost grandpa.'

I hate it when ya call me that.

"Stop reading my thoughts," Chase replied, taking the bend, headlights illuminating the stained and rusted guardrail as it flitted past.

Kinda hard not to.

That actually made Chase crack into a smile. He was amused to see the same expression reflected on the big cat in the mirror.

So, you wanna try toppin' Leo, huh?

Chase's fingers drummed along the steering wheel as he traveled down a gentle slope, the road humming under the tires. "That's the plan," he said, voice faltering ever-so-slightly. It would have been strange talking about this to anyone else, but Sam had been with him nearly as far back as he could remember. As rough as the old puma was, he seemed to genuinely care for Chase.

Y'don't sound confident.

A sharp one-note laugh belted out of Chase. "When am I ever?"

I'm sure he'll enjoy that in th' bedroom.

"You're not helping," he said flatly, trying to focus on the snaking, cracked road that forked off from the sun-beaten interstate.

Y'really want my help?

Chase grit his teeth. "You're the one with more experience!"

The puma in the mirror preened momentarily, a smug smirk sliding across his masculine-featured face. Chase couldn't decide if he wanted to hold it in contempt or be smitten by how coincidentally attractive it made him look.

Now-now... Y'all shouldn't be grumpy.

Leo's house was a golden dot off in the distance, sagebrush and cacti passing by as Chase cruised down the country road. "Why's that?" he dared to venture.

Because Leo wants you.

His face screwed up. "I don't think we'd be dating if he didn't?"

Are y'stupid? He wants ya t'top!

Chase nearly choked. "I don't..."

Didja think he bought a set of dildos last month for ya to use 'em both?

"I mean he could have..."

Please. Y'think you could take two dicks at once? You'd snap like a rubber band.

Chase's face burned, short ears pinned back against his skull.

I've seen plenty'a men who want t'bottom but don't. Either they're afraid it's gonna hurt, or they're scared about what spreadin' for another man'll do to their masculinity.

Chase was undoubtedly the former. It took a lot of convincing to get him to try it for the first time. It was in no small thanks to Sam's guidance that it wasn't a disaster on his first try.

Leo's truck was in the driveway, Chase's headlights highlighting the brownish tint the undercarriage had accumulated from weeks of desert driving. Chase pulled up to their house—a strange feeling, considering he had always thought of it as *Leo's* house. The engine whirred down as he twisted the keys. Sam's face faded as the lights went out, yet those ruby-red eyes continued to watch the otter in the darkness.

"I don't know how to ask him. I'm afraid..." Chase muttered. "That maybe he'll freak out? You know how he is about...I dunno," he growled in frustration, slumping his shoulders back, "his *masculinity*."

You still hung up about him callin' you "Chula?"

That was something that always rubbed Chase the wrong way. As endearing as it was to have a Spanish pet name, realizing it was the feminine version certainly put their relationship in a particular light. A conversation after graduation had Leo on his heels, the confused wolf caught by surprise when Chase spilled that much to him—again, at Sam's insistent prodding.

"I mean, a little? It's better now that he's not using it," Chase mumbled, thumbing at the steering wheel. He could make out shifting shadows from behind the thin curtains. Leo had probably only gotten home fifteen or twenty minutes ago. Still grease-stained and oil-scented, no doubt.

Tell ya what.

Chase's ears perked as he looked at the mirror and those rubies watching him.

I'll tell ya what to do. Just follow my lead, and you'll be fine.

The otter's expression blanked. "We are *not* doing the co-pilot ear thing. My life hasn't devolved into a movie trope yet."

You're not the only one who gets t'suffer if you flounder. Not like I can beat my head against a wall t'stave off second-hand embarrassment.

"Oh please," Chase said, rolling his eyes. "I'm not going to feel sympathy for the voyeur in my head."

It's only voyeur if you're enjoyin' it.

Chase massaged his temples slowly. The door popped open, chiming quietly as running lights clicked on, reminding him not to forget his keys. "Alright," he said, snatching the keys and clapping the door shut before heading up the porch. "Just... Give me some pointers, okay? I'm going to try my best, but if that isn't good enough..."

Don't worry none. Ain't my first time playin' coach.

Chase saw the muscular puma's reflection in the door's glass. The big cat gave him a wink before fading away, leaving only a mildly disheveled otter behind. He braced himself as he popped the key in, giving it a twist before stepping through the threshold. He was greeted with the enticing scent of tomato paste and pasta.

"Otter?" Came a familiar baritone, voice raised to travel through the small home. Past the modest living room, a pair of broad shoulders peeked around the wall. The red wolf was still wearing his navy-covered overalls from work. They were pulled taut around a burgeoning midsection, the solid dome tenting out the front. It wasn't the only point of interest over the canine's large body. Meaty thighs filled out the legs with a set of nearly equally-thick arms pulling the sleeves of his button-up shirt into a snug fit.

He smiled wide, a shock of boyish wavy curls threatening to cover his eyes. It offset the growing dad bod that Leo was sporting nowadays. A trimmed beard also darkened his jawline, a bit of stubble prickling over his cheeks from the late hour. He was always gifted in the facial hair department. It was crazy to Chase that it took convincing for Leo to embrace his natural gifts.

The wolf smelled like oil; that and the scent of masculine musk mingled in a way that made Chase's spine tingle. Leo's smile was radiant, the lupine closing the distance, stepping past their lovingly worn sofa and crowded coffee table to hug the otter.

Chase groaned as the air threatened to squeeze out of his lungs. The time at his dad's shop was really paying off. Heavy lifting had made the wolf into a powerhouse of a man. Leo may not have had the muscular trim that he had in high school, but there was no doubt he would flatten that version of himself now.

"H-Hi," the otter managed to choke out, smothered by man and the smell of motor oil. Leo pulled back, looking down at him with a warm reverence. It was the same kind of stare you would give to a lover you hadn't seen in weeks, a few long seconds just to bask in taking in their features. It was endearing that Leo hadn't gotten over the honeymoon phase of their relationship. The wolf nearly treated him like a king. It often left Chase wondering what he did to deserve such treatment.

"You had a good time at Carl's, yeah?" the wolf asked. His bassy timbre shook straight into Chase's cheek as it pressed against the broad expanse of pillowy pecs. The wolf's stained jean jacket hung on a nearby rack along with his cap, the hat emblazoned with the tow-truck logo of "Alvarez Motors."

"Uh-huh," Chase said, some air finally allowed back into his lungs as Leo broke their embrace. He kept his large hands over his shoulders, callused fingers squeezing gently around them. "I really needed the time off."

"You've been working hard with your classes, *Chulo*. I keep telling you that you need a break." Leo's smile turned lopsided as he regarded his lover.

"That and running the only photography company in Echo—*Ah!*" He laughed as he was picked up in those strong arms and perched against Leo's solid midsection.

"Busy otter!" the wolf chimed with a toothy grin, playfully bouncing the squeaking mustelid.

"H-Hey! I'm not the one working overtime in my dad's garage! Take some credit!"

The wolf shrugged nonchalantly, those big shoulders rising and falling even as he kept the otter aloft. "Just means more money in our pockets, yeah?"

Those large arms swung Chase playfully, his tail swaying back and forth. "What's got you in such a good mood?" he asked between fits of laughter.

"Ah," Leo laughed lightly, his ears folding back. "Nothin' really, Otter. Just glad to have you back home."

Chase cocked a brow. "*Leo?*" he asked, the name drawn out and prodding.

The red wolf wurfed, bushy tail swinging behind him. "Can't get anything past you, eh? Y'got me!" He gestured over his broad shoulder towards the kitchen. On the end of the countertop was a package. It was plain brown and about the size of a shoebox; nondescript other than the tape and shipping label slapped on it.

The wolf continued, "I, uh, might have ordered something! Something to make nights a lil more fun, yeah?"

Now he was *really* curious. *Fun* usually meant only one thing in this context. "Yeah?" Chase parroted. "What is it?"

The lupine shook his head. "It's a surprise! You'll have to wait until after dinner."

Chase snorted, a silly smile cracking across his muzzle. "Huh, alright. You don't usually do those."

"Secrets? Or surprises?" Leo asked, gently lowering his lover back to the ground. Chase followed in the wolf's wake as they went into the kitchen. True to his nose, a pot of pasta was bubbling on the stove. The light for the oven was on, though Chase couldn't make out what was inside through the frosted glass.

"Both?" the otter responded, sniffing at the air. "Wow, that smells good."

The wolf practically glowed, tail picking up speed as it wagged. "You like it? I'm making chicken parmesan," he proclaimed proudly.

Chase snorted. "I remember back when you could only make that in a microwave."

"Pretty sad, yeah?" The red wolf chuckled, giving the bubbling pot a gentle spin. Chase watched that arm flex for a while, the tendons of his thick forearm rolling. "Nah, *Abuela's* been givin' me good lessons. *Puchica*, I got half a cookbook just from her notes."

Chase remembered when it was like pulling teeth just to get Leo to look at the stove. Turns out that once it was spun as "providing," Leo's motivation flipped like a switch. He was always like that, wanting to care for his pack—or his otter in more specific years. So it wasn't surprising when the wolf took the kitchen by storm when he realized that providing a good meal was just as good as a paycheck or shelter.

"You're not giving me a lot to do at home, y'know?" Chase said, playfully bumping his hips against the wolf's. Not that he could really feel it, considering how the wolf was built like a brick wall.

"You take care of gettin' groceries, *Chulo*," the wolf said warmly. "And you take care of the house while I'm gone."

"Not like it's hard to vacuum and do dishes," Chase mumbled, rubbing at his arm bashfully.

"*Puchica*," the wolf said with a gentle sigh. "You kiddin', *Otter*? I'd collapse if I had to do all that after work."

"But you're still cooking a whole dinner?"

This time, Leo checked his hip against Chase. It nearly sent the otter tumbling, caught unaware.

"*Hey!*" Chase laughed as he caught his footing, throwing an edgeless glare at the wagging canine. He shook his head before changing conversational tracks. "So, package? I didn't see it before I left..."

"Ah, I had it shipped to the garage," Leo said with a bashful chuckle.

"...Something for *fun*?"

"Something for fun," Leo said, his bassy timbre rattling with another guffaw. "Yaaaah... Had to get it before *Papá* could open it. *Puchica*, he thinks everything in the mail is for him. Doesn't check the shipping label."

Chase cocked his head. "If it's that bad, why didn't you send it here?"

"*Eh*," Leo said with a shrug. "Delivery sucks here, *Otter*, you know that. Didn't want to have somethin' expensive get lost in the desert."

"Oh, so it's something *expensive* then, huh?" Chase leaned against the countertop, watching as Leo popped open the oven with mitts. Out came a tray of perfectly cooked parmesan chicken, glistening tomato sauce and cheese bubbling over four separate breasts. The wolf kicked off the heat for the stove as he poured the pasta into a strainer.

The wolf shrugged again as steam rose from the sink. "Curious otter," he said with a low chuckle. "You can wait until after dinner, yeah?"

This might be what you're lookin' for.

Southern drawl slid along his brain, making Chase shiver for a brief moment. Even Leo didn't know about Sam—and he shared *everything* with the red wolf. Part of him wondered if he might find out by accident some day, seeing Chase talking to a mirror and maybe thinking he's gone mad.

Hell, if he got the explanation that some puma born in the late 1800s was riding in his brain, he'd certainly think so.

He's in a good mood—an' that's good for you, too. Makes 'em open t'suggestion.

That sounded dangerously close to manipulation. Sam had explained his previous life's profession, so it wasn't surprising that was a tool he was familiar with. Better to talk someone out of something than face violence—sexual or otherwise.

A sympathetic shudder went up his spine.

It's cute ya'll worry about me.

"Shut up," Chase muttered under his breath, ears warming as they pinned back.

"Eh?" Leo half turned, tossing the otter a confused look as he doled heapings of angel hair over plated parmesan chicken.

"N-Nothing!" Chase said with the world's most awkward laugh. He rubbed the back of his head, ruffling through his headfur. "So—how'd work go? You're pretty battle-stained."

The confusion fled Leo's face as his ears perked up. "Aaaah, yeah! Busy day! *Puchica*, seemed like every car in Payton broke down. Haven't had a chance to shower yet."

"Good," Chase said, the reflexive answer coming out of his mouth before he could stop it. Leo regarded him with a raised eyebrow and a sly smirk. That tail didn't stop beating, a soft thump as it bonked against lower cupboards.

"U-Uh..." he sputtered, heat rising from under the collar of his shirt. "You, uh... Smell good?" Chase's fur stood on end as the wolf leaned forward, running a padded nose along his neck. Leo took a deep breath, air brushing through his short pelt.

"You smell better."

Smooth. Ya'll should take notes.

Chase felt himself going lightheaded despite the uncalled-for commentary.

Tell 'em: "If you like it now, wait until after the surprise."

He balked at the brash words but swallowed his apprehension as he saw Leo's expectant golden-orange eyes locked with his. He repeated the statement, trying to keep the shakiness from his voice as he put on false bravado with his smile.

The wolf's ears perked, eyes widening just a little—a good sign, especially when that rhythmic thumping sped up. Chase squeaked as Leo leaned forward, clearing that inches-long gap and pressing their lips together. His eyes automatically rolled shut as the canine swept him into his arms.

He lost track of time as they kissed. Leo took the lead as their muzzles locked, tongues rolling together in a salacious yet tender dance.

"*Mmh...*" Chase moaned quietly as their kiss broke, a soft giggle bubbling out of him as Leo nuzzled the end of their noses together.

"How about we eat, yeah? Don't want it to get cold." A teasing edge to his voice made Chase reflexively bite his lip.

Leo carried their plates to the table. It was nestled inside the kitchen, the old wooden oval perched in the divide between it and the living room. It was kinda quaint, especially with all the memories. Chase remembered this battle-stained table being crammed full of red wolves. His family was huge, loud, and endearingly accepting. It wasn't often that they had Chase over for dinner, but when he was, he was usually squeezed between Leo and one of his brothers.

There were so many... He could barely keep their names straight. Leo had long ago given up trying to correct him. Not that it mattered, anyway. None of them took particular interest in Chase besides Leo and his parents.

Thank god they were open to their son being gay. It was one of those "we don't get it, but we support you!" Chase could also remember the comments of knowing him since he was a little kid, so "he couldn't be all bad."

Getting the house to themselves had been a relief. Chase was put in a bind prior. It wasn't enough that his parents wanted to move out of Echo, but entirely out of state. This put his relationship with Leo under pressure. It was either move with them and go to some college far off and hope a remote relationship worked, or try to find something with Leo.

Thankfully, the wolf's parents had been of the same mind—just on a more local scale. They were able to purchase a home in Pueblo and bequeathed their prior one to Leo. It was shocking that they were willing to let that little nest egg go, but neither of them questioned it.

They were far too grateful.

"How is it?"

Leo's voice pulled Chase out of his thoughts. He hadn't taken his first bite yet, hurriedly cutting off a piece and popping it into his mouth. The flavor washed over his tongue, tickling at synapses. The cheese mingled perfectly with the breeding, juicy chicken practically oozing as he sunk his teeth into it.

Chase's expression must have been evident. The wolf put his elbows on the table, dropping his chin between steepled hands. A pleased little smile pulled along his lupine muzzle, a brow cocked, waiting for an answer regardless.

"*Really good*," he mumbled, muffled by the sizable chomp of chicken still rolling around in his maw. Leo beamed, tail beating up a storm behind him, thumping between the wooden slats forming the back of the seat.

They ate in relative silence, occasional conversation punctuating it. It was primarily idle questions. Chase asked about specifics about work, and Leo happily answered. The wolf asked what Carl was up to, and if he had any new games.

"He's got a new fighting game we could play together sometime," Chase answered, devouring the last bits of his dinner, spaghetti slurping up between his lips with a pop. "We could get everyone together."

Leo's smile turned a little pained. "Almost everyone, eh?"

"I mean, Jenna decided to leave. I don't think I've heard from her in a year. She's always too busy." Chase played with his fork, scraping it through some tomato sauce that stained the porcelain plate. "I think she's still pissed that I didn't go with her."

Leo mirrored his actions, fork scooting along the edge of his plate. "... You're—" he started, clearing his throat, "You're happy, right, *Otter*?"

Chase blinked. "What do you mean?"

The wolf waved a hand, gesturing to their home—and the bigger meaning beyond it. "I know you, uh, wanted to go to a big college. You had plans, and Jenna..." He cut off the rest of his words, blowing through his padded nostrils as he leaned back in his chair.

Chase leaned forward to mirror him. "Hey—I'm happy here, Leo. I still have most of my friends, and Pueblo University is fine." He smiled, breaking some of the tension with it. "Besides—do you have any idea how fun it is to run my own business? I get to do what I'm good at!" He gestured, making clicky motions with his finger as if he were operating a camera.

The wolf chuckled quietly, folding his hands together, pulling them to the table's edge as he looked down at them. "I don't know, *Otter*. It feels like..." His voice trailed again, making Chase lean even further forward.

"Like...what, Leo?"

"You're not *completely* happy? *Puchicha*, I know it sounds stupid, but..."

Looks like he's figurin' it out for himself. Better ask 'em about that surprise.

"How about that surprise?" Chase blurted, the question popping out of him. It left Leo blinking in confusion, the canine shifting in his seat.

"You know—the package you got? I'm really curious what you got," he continued. "Besides," he said, lowering his voice to a sultry tone, "You said you wanted to have *fun* tonight, right?"

Reluctantly, the wolf seemed to shift gears, his head bobbing up and down. "Ah, yeah! Uhh, sure. Let me just get it open." The wolf seemed to lighten as he marched back to the kitchen. He popped the seal on the package with a set of scissors, cardboard yielding its contents.

Chase watched, eyes widening as the plastic-wrapped package rolled around in Leo's hands. "Wait, is that—"

"Ahh...*haha*," the wolf laughed nervously, free hand rubbing behind his head. "Yeah. It's a plug." He used his pointed nail to free the box from its packaging as Chase closed in, looking over it.

"Bluetooth?"

"Told ya it was fancy," the heavy wolf said with a nervous little grin. "It connects to your phone so your partner can control vibration 'n stuff."

That begged the question...

Ask him who it's for—you, or him?

Chase tried his best to memorize the sultry baritone that tickled through his brain. "So..." he started, voice feeling slick enough to grease the floor—and send him tumbling on his ass. "Which phone are we going to pair it with? Yours—or mine?~" He pressed the last word, sliding up against Leo's side, brown-orange eyes peeking up at the lupine expectantly.

"U-Um..." Leo looked strangled, the wolf's gaze shifting nervously to one side.

We really need ta work on your delivery.

Chase cringed, his smile faltering—especially when Leo stepped away and put the box on the countertop. He felt desperate. The energy was starting to fade.

Despite it all, he saw a glimmer of...*something* in Leo's eyes. Desire? Want? Despite the overt confusion, Chase could swear he caught a glimpse of something—a more defined outline in the front of those fully filled overalls.

Maybe you got a chance after all...

Sam's rumbling drawl was thoughtful, giving Chase a glimmer of hope.

"I think I'm gonna take a shower, yeah?" And just like that, it was dashed. Leo was already heading towards the short hallway to their bedroom. Chase felt a building desperation, like the moment was slipping away. It was a crazy feeling, his fingers tickling the edges of newfound threads. He just didn't know how to pull them.

"*Help...*" Chase whined under his breath, a desperate appeal to the only one with more experience than him. There was a long, drawn-out pause when the wolf lumbered into the bedroom, turning his broad shoulders to fit through the narrow frame.

I can't do any more for ya, kid. Not unless y'want me to do it for you.

"*Please—*" He was close to begging. He would have dropped to his knees if it would have done something for him. Topping Leo was something he had written off for years. Their strict roles of top and bottom had been the last hurdle in their relationship, one he never could surmount.

Fine. But don't go cryin' that I stole poppin' his cherry from ya.

Chase nodded sharply, something that he knew he couldn't see. He felt suddenly light headed as he stumbled, catching himself near the kitchen window. The reflection staring back at him was that broad-shouldered puma. Crimson eyes drilled into his own unblinking.

He found himself transfixed, staring at the reflection, his mind slowly slipping. It felt like Chase was falling asleep while standing, the world around him darkening—all except for those ruby dots.

Jus' enjoy the show... I'll take good care of 'em.

It was reassuring to hear the familiar voice caressing Chase's mind as the last vestiges of his vision faded, twin points vanishing with a blink.

The otter in the room shook his head, a hand rubbing through his headfur. He grunted, wobbling on his feet before steadying himself. He blinked away the disorientation, staring at the glass he had been gazing into deeply only seconds ago.

The puma was gone, yet striking red irises still stared back.

"Feels weird bein' this lil." There was a gravelly tinge to the otter's voice as he spoke, fingers sliding along his jawline and over a dark tuft of goatee. He broke his gaze from his reflection, taking a few steps forward. It took a while for him to get used to the shorter gait, but it wasn't long until the mustelid was strolling along into the bedroom.

The shower was already starting up, the hiss of a spray providing a backdrop. Leo and Chase's shared bedroom was about as modest as the rest of the home. They shared a queen-sized bed with nightstands on either side. A closet was built into the wall with a bookshelf on the opposite end. An armoire was its companion, a lone sock dangling over the lip of the second drawer.

In another life, it would have fit him.

The otter passed the overstuffed laundry basket, ignoring the crumpled set of stained work clothes as he peered into the bathroom. Changing hands must have taken longer than he thought. The wolf was already washing the soap out of his fur. He looked enormous next to the otter, something the latter wasn't entirely used to with other men. With how broad Leo's shoulders were, it really sealed in the fact that he was half a foot taller. The wolf blinked, peeking through the water-streaked glass.

"Oh! *Chulo*," he said warmly, reaching in to turn the knob. It squeaked, the water cutting out, leaving them with the hum of the fan in the background. "Sorry if you wanted to shower together. I waited, but you didn't come in..." He sounded worried, those ears folding back slightly, tail dead between those meaty thighs.

It was the first time he had gotten a good look at the wolf in recent years. He had put on a *lot* of mass. Butt, gut, and shoulders were all round and solid with thighs that made him more than a little jealous. All of that bulk would have rivaled Echo's biggest badger.

"S'fine. Ya'll needed it more than me."

Leo stopped, partway out of the door, his ears swiveling like radar dishes over his head. The confusion lasted only a moment before he grabbed a towel, working it over his water-slicked body.

Meanwhile, the other man circled around him, taking in those solid curves that comprised Leo Alvarez' meaty form. He had to remind himself that this man was more than just a slab of meat. Putting a lifetime of prior experience might be overwhelming to the young wolf. Besides—he was special.

And special clients get special treatment.

Leo balked as he tried to leave the bathroom. A brown-furred leg had shot out like a crossing bar, heel pressed against the doorframe.

"*Ch-Chulo?*" Leo stammered, taken aback.

"Y'come here often?" he asked with a sultry purr, leaning forward. The foot came off of the frame only to be replaced by a hand as the otter blocked the wolf's progress.

"O-Otter, I live here..." Leo stared at him, curiosity and confusion mingling as his pointed ears swiveled. "Did...you put contacts into your eyes? The color..."

He thought fast, a smile pulling across his muzzle. "So what if I did? Y'like 'em?"

Leo's jaw worked up and down, an array of expressions passing over his face. "*Puchica*, you're putting on an accent too?" There was a short pause, a realization dawning over the wolf as his ears stood back up. "Ah, I get it! We're roleplaying, yeah?"

"Yeahhh..." The otter chuckled lowly, "Sure. Why not?" He smirked toothily, leaning forward. "Why don't y'call me *Sam* while yer at it?" He picked up on a nearly imperceptible shiver going through the wolf. The subtle growl in his voice seemed to tickle something deep in Leo.

"A-ah... I-I'm not sure if I'm..." He cleared his throat. "*Puchica, Otter*. You've never tried roleplaying before; I didn't know you liked it."

Sam leaned further forward, putting his chin over the flustered wolf's chest. His hands slid up the underside of his curved pectorals, pressing padded palms over sensitive pink nipples. "Tonight is full'a new things. Why don'tya let me take the lead?"

"Did Carl put you—*NNgg*—u-up to this?" he asked, stammering as Sam clamped down over his chest, fingers digging in possessively.

"Nah," he responded smoothly. "I jus' needed a little pep talk..."

Leo sucked in a sharp breath as Sam's fingers wrapped around his nipples. The otter gave them a tug, stretching supple flesh enough to pull the big man down to his level.

"That's better..." He leaned forward, taking advantage of Leo's open, panting maw. He locked lips, tongue rolling into the wolf's mouth in a dominant dance.

Surprisingly, Leo leaned into it, his knees weakening. Sam found himself straining against the massive wolf's weight, arms looping around his sides more out of balance than affection.

Why hadn't Chase tried this sooner? This wolf was a red button begging to be pressed.

Sam broke their kiss, the pair panting as Leo's ears folded back. "*Haahh... O-Otter...*" Leo's hands were over him, sliding around his lithe body. The time at the gym for Chase was paying off. Unlike Leo's hefty frame, the otter had been making good use of the college gym.

At Sam's insistence, of course.

And it had paid off. Chase's body was sleek, giving Sam the stamina he needed to work this oversized canine.

"I wasn't kiddin' earlier," Sam said, putting on a sultry purr to a voice higher than he was used to. "I want ya."

The command behind those words left Leo stunned, the wolf watching wide-eyed down at the otter, the two exchanging glances. He seemed to yield under the intensity of those crimson orbs, flicking his gaze aside.

"*Ch-Chulo*, I haven't..."

"You haven't..." Sam's voice trailed encouragingly. He slid a finger up between the cleavage of Leo's pecs, drinking in the wolf's subtle shiver.

"I've never... I mean..." He paused, letting out an exasperated *Puchica* as he ran fingers through his messy mop of hair.

"We'll take it slow," Sam replied reassuringly, stepping close enough that their chests slid together. Leo seemed unsure, his gaze flitting away from the seductive otter. A lone index finger hooked around his scruffy chin, bringing it back in line with Sam's.

"*Mmff...*" the wolf moaned, lids fluttering before rolling shut. He leaned into the kiss as Sam slid his athletic arms around his neck. It was painfully obvious how aroused he was. It didn't help that the otter was slowly grinding his stomach against his achingly hard erection; those taut abs rolled like ocean waves.

"*Haaah...*" a few strings of saliva stretched between their maws. Leo's cheeks heated up as he watched the otter snap them with a twirl of his tongue. "Wh-What's gotten into you?"

Sam's breath hitched in his chest for a fraction of a moment. He let it out with a growling chuckle. "Ain't anything new. Jus' what's always been in there," he answered smoothly. He reached up, fingers sliding through Leo's cheekfur and behind the wolf's pointed ear. His grin widened, turning toothy as the lupine automatically leaned into his ministrations.

"Cute."

Leo whined almost imperceptibly. "*Ch-Chulo...*"

"What, y'like that?" Sam asked, a rising tone of amusement in his voice. "Strong Leo jus' a big ol' puppy?"

"Ch-Chase..." the wolf whined. His tail beat in tight arcs, its base clamped back against his rear.

The otter chuckled, relenting on his mind-numbing ear scratching. "So, ya know how t'clean up, right?"

Leo blinked.

"Y'know..." Sam gestured, awkwardly lifting a thick tail he was unused to. "Clean yerself out."

"Ah, yeah!" The wolf laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his head, revealing a wide lat and a thick bushel of dark pit fur. "I... Y-Yeah. While I was in the shower..."

Seeing Leo this uncertain of himself was certainly new—and electrifying. He could sense that Chase was watching somewhere in the back of his mind, the half-dreaming otter wholeheartedly approving.

"Good boy," Sam purred, giving the wolf's chin a little peck of a kiss.

Leo's tail wagged hard, beating against the doorframe as the wolf shifted on his feet. His face was an adorable mix between flustered surprise and constipation.

"Heh. Y'like that, huh?" Sam traced circles around those perky pink nipples, giving the areola a little tickle with blunt claws. "How 'bout ya be a *good boy* and get on the bed 'n spread for me?"

Leo stood straight, spine stiffening as his ears shot straight up. He practically bolted for the bed, nearly knocking Sam over in the process. The puma-in-an-otter chuckled lowly as he sauntered to the bed, tracing its edges. Poor Leo. He was so cute trying to figure out how to lay on the bed properly. The wolf couldn't decide whether to be on his back or lay on his front.

Ultimately, he settled with the latter, his bulbous rear sticking up into the air, red and cream-furred tail whipping back and forth over his lower back. Seeing the man sprawled out like this practically made Sam salivate. It had been a long time since he had gotten worked up like this, feeling that familiar ache between his legs.

"Where's th' lube?"

"Huh?"

"...Th' lube. Where's it at?"

Leo stared at him, peering over his shoulder as if his beloved was having a bout of early dementia. "It's...the first drawer in my nightstand, *Chulo*."

"Ahhhh, 'course-'course..." He sauntered around the bed to the stand in question. It was in the second drawer as promised; the otter popped it open with a flick of his thumb. "Jus' checkin' that it was still in there. Never know where it could end up, heh."

The otter paused, a little grin splaying over his muzzle as he found the second dildo in question. Practically unused, the pink rubber was at the bottom of the drawer. The glint of metal caught the puma-in-otter's eyes. Down at the bottom were a pair of bracelets, anchor designs nestled together. Besides that, there were a few other familiar looking toys.

He made a mental note to check these out later. For now, he had his tools of the trade.

"You alright with this?" Sam asked, his voice taking on a serious edge as he stepped towards the prostrated canine. "I ain't doin' this if I'm makin' ya."

Leo's ears swiveled, rolling back before flicking back up. The cry consent was plain as day, the wolf visibly mulling over his reservations for bottoming. Before he could think about it too hard, he nodded.

"Gonna need ya t'say it, or I ain't slidin' this in you," Sam said, patting the business end of the horrendously hot-pink dildo against his palm.

"Y-Yeah. Yeah, I do," he muttered under his breath.

"You do...what?" Sam asked, sliding closer, drizzling some of the lube between index and middle finger. The cool liquid was a nostalgic sensation he had nearly forgotten as he worked it between digits.

"*P-Puchica...*" he hissed under his breath, ears folding back as their insides turned red.
"C-C'mon, Chase. Don't... don't tease me like this. Just...do it, yeah? Please."

Sam caressed the divide between those supple glutes. The scratchy fur between those meaty mounds tickled him as his fingers teasingly slid deeper. "Don't worry. I ain't gonna hurt ya. Jus' let me know if it." Almost as if triggered by those words, Leo's ass flexed, meaty globes rolling together and squeezing Sam's hand.

"*Easy,*" Sam said soothingly. "I ain't even inside ya yet. Gotta relax 'n loosen up, *Lobo.*"

Leo's ears perked. That seemed to do the trick as the wolf sank down onto the bed, rear pitching up like a counterbalance. He moaned quietly, nuzzling the side of his face against the sheets as those slick fingers caressed his hole. They swirled circles, the tips teasing the entrance every so often.

It wasn't until the first finger slid inside Leo that he really made noise. His knees dug into the mattress as he lifted himself a little, bulky body flexing.

With how easily his fingers slid into the wolf, it was clear that he had found time to use those toys. He was up to the third knuckle with both index and middle finger in the wolf. He took particular pleasure in hearing the rhythmic, guttural moaning coming from Leo as his prostate was massaged.

Wet "*schlick*" sounds echoed as Sam pumped his fingers in and out of the wolf. He straddled around the wolf, Leo laying flat on his stomach as he moaned, tail flipping back and forth.

"Feels good, don't it?" Sam asked, voice an amused lilt. "Nice t' let someone take care of ya..."

"*Uungh... Nnff... Y-Yeah...*" Leo mumbled, half of it muffled. He had grabbed a pillow, meaty arms wrapped around it, squeezing it to the side of his face. The wolf's eyes were half-lidded, mouth hanging open, making a distinct damp spot on the fabric.

"You ready for somethin' bigger, *Lobo?*"

Leo shakily nodded, sliding his face against the pillow. His eyes widened before screwing shut followed by a sharp exhale. The cool rubber of the dildo pressed into him, spreading his hole as it slipped past his resistance. The subtle shuttlewise movements Sam employed made him squirm with pleasure, half-an-inch more dipping into him with every thrust.

"How y'feel?" Sam asked gently, letting the base of that dildo rest between plush mounds.

He got an indecipherable moan from the wolf in response. Judging by how his tail wagged and his ears were pinned back, it must have felt good. Using your own dildo was a good feeling—having someone else use it on you was an entirely different matter.

"Tha's my *good boy,*" he cooed. Leaving the dildo in place, Sam slid up the towering wolf's body. Straddling around his sides, he lay down over that broad back to kiss Leo's neck. He seemed to appreciate the tender gesture, a small series of throaty moans bubbling out of him.

"*Ch-Chulo...*" Leo huffed softly, shuddering as he felt Sam's hips rocking teasingly into the small of his back. "I...I love you," he barely managed to get out, his rear lifting, rocking in time with the otter's rhythmic thrusts.

There was a brief pause, a series of expressions playing over Sam's borrowed face. "*Heh*," he said, a mote of emotion flitting through his voice. "Yer pretty loveable yourself."

The artful dodge worked; the wolf resumed his rhythmic motions. Sam reached back, working the dildo in and out of the wolf, pulling it to his entrance only to slip it back in with a wet slap.

Sam had never heard the wolf whine like this before, and he had been on the unwilling front seat during Chase and Leo's awkward high school lovemaking. It was desperate, tilting higher in pitch, an airy gasp following each burst of whistling sound.

"Not bad so far. Can barely tell its yer first time," Sam said, slowing down his pace before ultimately slipping the dildo out of the wolf. Leo shuddered as it pulled out of him with a wet pop, his cheeks rolling together, clenching defensively.

"*Puchica*," Leo groaned. "M-Maybe we should roleplay more often, yeah?"

"Heh, jus' maybe..." Giving Leo's meaty neck a kiss, he shimmied lower, wrapping his knees around the outer edges of Leo's thighs as he mounted him. Another quick spurt of lube found his endowment glistening in the light. To Chase's credit, he was fairly endowed; it gave him something to work with, considering Leo's size. The wolf moaned as he slid deep between those round cheeks, his forearms rippling as he clutched his pillow.

"Y-You're not gonna try the plug...?" he asked curiously, tilting his head over his shoulder to look at the crimson-eyed otter.

Sam made a face. There was no way in hell that he could figure out how to use Chase's phone, having never paid much attention to it. Hell, he didn't even know the otter's password to begin with. "*Errrh...* How 'bout after we have our fun? Yer supposed t' wear that before 'r after—preferably in public," he said with a sly smirk.

Leo nodded slowly, the logic sinking in. He let out a sharp hiss of a moan before shuddering.

"Relax," Sam said in a gentle whisper. "I ain't inside yet."

Leo nodded shakily, pushing the side of his head into the pillow. He hiked himself up a little, tail still swinging in short arcs over his broad back.

Getting in Chase's surprise sausage was a bigger ordeal than a few fingers. He worked the head against Leo's entrance, gently but firmly reminding the wolf to *relax*. It took a few seconds, but the sweet slack in resistance finally allowed Sam to slip inside the colossal canine.

The moan that boomed out of Leo was worth the trouble. He opened his mouth, biting down on his pillow to stifle it, the damp splotch rapidly spreading as he whined. The wolf's eyes

threatened to roll back in his head, Leo's lids fluttering as his body rocked back and forth into Sam's subtle thrusts.

He had nearly forgotten this feeling. Sam breathed heavily, palms pressed flat over Leo's burly back to steady himself. He slowly found his rhythm, his hips slapping against Leo's ass. The sound cracked quietly off of the walls, every impact causing those semi-soft globes to shake and jiggle.

Leo was in a lust-addled tizzy. Only a few minutes in, and he was yelling and moaning Chase's name, terms of endearment, and the odd Spanish belting out of him at full volume—making Sam thankful that this wasn't The Hip; there was no way in hell people downstairs at the bar wouldn't hear the racket.

The bed squeaked, shaking as the frame banged against the wall. Even in the back of his mind, Chase hinted that Leo had never gotten *this* into it before. It was like riding a bull. Leo's body was large enough that Sam struggled to stay properly mounted. If he was back in his old body, it wouldn't have been a problem. His own bulky body would have been able to handle it.

A wiry otter? Not so much.

"Leo," Sam said breathily, trying to catch his attention.

The wolf didn't respond, eyes rolled back, maw open, tongue dangling out the side.

"*Leo!*"

That snapped him out of it. Leo blinked, noticing that Sam's thrusting had stopped. The otter was clinging around his neck, half-cocked along his side and about to tumble off the bed.

"*P-Puchica!*" he hissed, shimmying to let the otter get back atop him. "I'm sorry, *Chulo...*"

Sam brushed off the apology quickly. "It's fine. But I got an idea..."

Confused, Leo flipped onto his back at Sam's instructions. He hiked his legs up, black padded soles pointing at the ceiling. He gripped behind his knees, using it for leverage to keep himself balled up. It was an effort considering his size, that solid middle fighting for space against thick thighs.

"*Ch-Chulo*, I'm not sure this is a good idea..."

"Sure it is," Sam fired back with a smirk, throbbing member already glistening with a new layer of lube. "Keeps ya from rockin' around."

"I mean..." Leo's voice trailed. "It's just that, uhh... You're not very strong, yeah? Like—" His ears pinned back, unable to figure out how to broach the topic without potentially insulting his boyfriend further.

"Ya'll let me worry about that," Sam said, leaning forward between those thighs with a salacious smirk. He hooked his arms under the crook of Leo's knees, taking up the burden of holding legs

that were nearly as thick as him. While he didn't let it show on his face, keeping the heavyset wolf balanced in his arms took almost everything he had.

"*Uunnggh...*" Leo moaned as he was filled once more, the fresh coating of lube allowing a swift slap of hips against his ass. His toes curled in the air as he shuddered, essentially wadded up on himself as his ass was clapped. As time went on, he was pushed further and further back, his knees going up to his chest as they spread, allowing his rotund stomach to bounce to the rhythm.

"*Hoooyeah*," Sam groaned, strain evident in his voice. "That's a good boy! Takin' it like a champ."

Leo whined loudly, throwing his head back into his saliva-stained pillow. His tail beat over the covers, slapping between Sam's thighs as the puma-turned-otter continued to rail him. The bed slammed against the wall with enough force to shudder pictures that hung from it, a few threatening to fall to the floor.

The angle was so sharp now that Sam had to jump to thrust into Leo. Fingers wrapped around the wolf's ankles, gripping around them, forearms brushing powerful calves as he used outstretched legs like balancing rails.

"*Ch-Chulo-!*" Leo moaned lasciviously. "*P-Puchica! H-Harder!*" Rivulets of drool trailed from the corners of his open, panting maw.

Sweat beaded over Chase's body, rolling down his trim body. In the middle of heavy thrusts, it struck Sam as interesting. Chase always considered himself weak, but a lot of it had been his own mentality holding him back.

"Mm...*Mmmh!*"

Sam swung his head, swinging a few beads of sweat from his brow. Leo was desperately panting, his cock making a mess over his stomach, precum sputtering like a sprung leak. He was trying so desperately to hold on—to make this last longer. It was adorably endearing.

But Sam could feel his strength waning. Even with his iron-clad will, there was only so far that he could get this body to go. "*L-Leo*," he said breathily, words rattling out of him. "I-I'm gonna cum... Can't hold it..."

"*Please!*" The wolf whined, voice reaching a gasping crescendo. He grabbed the headboard, nails scratching into the wood as he fought for purchase. "*Puchica, Otter!* Please! M-Make me yours!" The sheets around him had darkened, soaked with their sweat. The legs of the bed were barely holding on, squeaking and wobbling as Sam powered through the last few thrusts.

"*Nnnngghh-!*" Sam's orgasm felt like a cork popping from a champagne bottle. The relief was instant, his mind awash in pleasure he had nearly forgotten. The tang of sweat, musk, and sex hung in the air around them like a haze. The two of them panted, catching their breath.

Leo had painted his chest, splatters of white mixing in with cream colored fur. Curls stuck together between his semi-soft pecs, plastered by the mess.

Sam could feel himself going lightheaded, losing his grip on Leo's legs. It wasn't the only one was losing, either.

The room was starting to fade. It was as if someone were pulling him away from the body he was in, yanking him back. Everything felt distorted and stretched, as if he were seeing farther and farther away from behind those eyes.

He chuckled quietly, unsure who exactly he was addressing as the last of his vision faded, "Thanks for lettin'a jaded cat have another chance at this."

"Ch-Chulo...?"

The otter on the bed groaned. He had a headache, the space between his eyes throbbing uncomfortably to the rhythm of his heartbeat. He tried to get his bearings, the word still swimming around him. The sheets underneath him felt uncomfortably wet as he rolled onto his side.

"What..."

"Y-You passed out!" Leo finally came into focus, the wolf on his knees alongside the edge of the bed—giving the groggy otter a better look at him. "*Puchica*, I thought something happened to you!"

He vaguely remembered what had happened. Leo on the bed... Leo moaning...

Being *inside* Leo.

It was enough to make the otter pop another boner.

Chase let out a low sigh, rubbing at his forehead. "I'm fine, Leo." He looked around the bedroom. Clothes were piled in the hamper; the bed was an utter mess. A lube-slicked toy and a bottle were discarded at the foot of it.

Leo laughed demurely. "Ahh... Maybe that was too much for the first time, yeah?" He paused before saying, "N-Not that I didn't enjoy it, *Chulo*! I loved how into it you got!" The wolf's tail was beating up a storm, swinging behind him with enough speed to blur.

Chase cracked a little smile, sitting up on the bed as he nursed his headache. "Yeah, it was a lot of fun."

Leo's head tilted to one side—a very canine gesture. "You're not using the accent anymore?"

"Accent?"

"When we were roleplaying—you said to call you *Sam*."

Chase's short ears folded back, face blanching. It took him a second to recompose before nervously replying, "Haha! Yeah... I guess I'm still a little lightheaded."

"Why don't we take a shower, yeah? You'll feel better after!"

The otter slid his legs over the bed's edge, gently pulled to his feet. Leo smiled down at him, the pair locking eyes briefly, affectionately.

Until Leo blinked.

"*Otter*? What happened to your contacts?"

Chase returned the nonplussed look. "Contacts?"

"The ones that you wore...? They turned your eyes red?"

Again, he was forced to think on his feet. "Oh, uhh... I guess they fell out? *Eheh*."

"Oh! I can help you look for them—"

"No!" Chase interrupted, quickly smoothing it over with a short laugh. "Hey, Leo? It's okay! Why don't you get the shower warm for me? I'll join you in a minute."

Leo nodded slowly. He stopped just short of the doorframe before looking over his shoulder and asking, "Uhh... *Chulo*?"

"Yeah, Leo?"

He wore a furtive smile. "Can...you bring the plug with you?"

Chase tried not to laugh. Leo was being far too cute for that. "Sure, I'll bring it." He gave a little wave, shooing the wolf away. Leo's smile brightened, his tail picking up speed before vanishing into the bathroom.

Chase waited until he heard the fan's hum and the shower's hiss. "*Sam*?" he asked, keeping his voice low, hidden underneath the cover of the noise.

There was no immediate response. Chase felt a slight pang of worry as he sat on the edge of the bed.

"Sam...?" He asked again, a note of panic in his voice. "*Samuel Ayers!*"

What??

The response was sharp, its tail end trailing off in a pained groan. The relief that washed through Chase was palpable.

"*God*... You're okay," he sighed, rubbing the pulsating spot between his eyes. "I thought..."

It'll take more than a hard fuck t'get rid of me.

There was a soft chuckle that caressed Chase's mind. It soothed the throbbing headache just a little.

"Thanks..." he said with a tired smile.

Fer what? Fuckin' your man? Wasn't that hard.

You wanna pay me back? Drink a seltzer. I could use it.

Sometimes Chase wished he could take a swing at the puma for real—just one punch to the shoulder. He sighed instead, shaking his head.

"Helping me out. I...I don't think I could have done that without you."

How much ya remember?

Chase thought for a moment, his brow furrowing as he draped both hands in his lap. "Most of it? Kinda? It's...really fuzzy. I remember the feelings and some bits and pieces."

Like a dream.

"Yeah, something like that."

That's how it was when I first woke up.

Chase didn't need to be lectured to know what the puma was talking about. The otter's tail also curled into his lap, stomach sinking as he put himself in Sam's shoes.

Nothin' made sense. I saw things around you—through yer eyes. Felt like I was livin' a waking dream.

The words came out of Chase before he could think them over, "I'm glad you're not a dream."

Smooth.

"Chulo?" came a deep voice beckoning from the other room.

Y'really shouldn't keep him waitin' much longer.

"Yeah, I guess so."

Maybe it was just his body still feeling the after-effects of post-orgasmic bliss, but... Sometimes Chase wished he could hug the big cat. To give him extra thanks for all the advice and the concern he's shown for him over the years.

The bed squeaked as he got up, body stiff as he ambled towards the bathroom. He found the box containing Leo's latest toy, a small smile breaking out of his muzzle.

"Coming!" he called back to the big wolf before stepping into the swirl of steam that awaited him.

