

"The Weekend" by H. A. Kirsch

Dinner went by in silence, wolf and fox eating with no conversation. The fox's eyes kept drooping down to look at the table or the food, ears wilted sideways and red inside. Two thirds through the meal, the fox set his fork down with a sigh.

"Is there something wrong? You don't like it?" the wolf asked, each word getting a fear twitch out of the fox's ears.

"Sir, I... your fox requests the bathroom," the vulpine said, tail knocking against the back of the chair he was sitting in.

Without another word, the wolf stood up and moved around the table, then seized the fox by the scruff. He lifted, the vulpine standing with his head lurched forward. The wolf led his pet out of the room, through the kitchen, and upstairs to the main bathroom. He pushed the fox in and closed the door. "Clean yourself out while you are in there. I don't want any accidents during your punishment."

"Yes sir," the fox said from inside the bathroom. A loud gasp came out of the bathroom, followed by the rush of the shower to cover up any bodily noises.

Now that he was alone, the wolf was free to let his guard down. His emotionless face crept into excited fear. The fox had made a big mistake. While spread on the bed, knees tucked back by way of a harness, asshole violated by the wolf's finger as the lupine tried to milk his pet, the fox had pissed himself and the bed. It only ruined the sheets, thanks to a mildew barrier, but it was the thought that counted. Now, the wolf had to punish the fox, and he came up with an immediate idea. It was mean, but it would work. The wolf's face heated up, ears burning as he thought through the plan. His cock swelled, tail tucked between the backs of his thighs. His mind did not usually think up punishment, but as soon as he called on it, the ideas were there, waiting.

The door clicked open, hot and moist air flowing out. The fox was damp but clothed in his snug and bleached house jeans, a red t-shirt, barefoot. The vulpine's muzzle still tilted down. The wolf seized the vulpine's scruff again and led him to the bedroom. One hand on the fur and loose skin, the wolf dug through a wardrobe of very un-clothing items, finally settling on a large posture collar. He replaced his scruffing hand with the collar, the fox forced to look forward by the curves

of the collar's thick leather. The wolf hooked his finger into a ring on the collar, still holding his pet, then brought up a leather-strap muzzle. He slid it over the fox's snout, bringing straps around back, fingers trembling slightly as he fitted the buckles at back. Then, each one along the snout until the fox's jaws were clamped shut.

The wolf took out a final item, a pair of heavy leather pad mitts, padded on the inside and out with puffy stuffed leather, covered with rings and two short spring-clips at the heavy wrist cuffs. The fox eagerly stuck his hands into the mitts, then let out a small yrrrh as the wolf brought the now-useless hands around behind the vulpine and attached the wrist cuffs together. The wolf then stood up straight, finger fixed into the collar's back ring, and walked the fox back downstairs.

He took the vulpine into the back hallway, then pushed open the garage door, a cold rush of air puffing in. He shoved the fox through it, then marched the pet up to the far wall where there were a few cinderblocks. "Stand up on that," the wolf growled, and pointed to a cinderblock. The fox stood, ears swinging back. The wolf lifted the vulpine up until he was standing on tiptoes, then hooked the collar's back ring onto the coat peg. The fox whimpered softly, muzzle expanding against its restraining straps, tail smacking the wall. "You made a big mess, pet. Now, you're going to think about it until this time tomorrow."

The wolf then turned and headed straight for the door. He pushed through and shut it behind him, heart pounding into his ears, filling up the silence of the house. The wolf filled up with doubts; was the fox going to strangle himself? Was he too harsh? What about-

The last thought was cancelled as headlights glared up against the curtained living room windows. The wolf quickly flicked on all the lights and scurried around, making sure nothing was a terrible mess. He then peeked out the curtains; a boxy airport taxi was sitting in the driveway. One of the cab's doors opened and a canine stepped out, german shepherd in a business suit, with an incongruous army duffel for luggage. The wolf's tail wagged, his crotch tightened up as denim restrained his growing erection. The wolf dimmed the dining room lights, then made his way to the door just in time for a powerful thudding knock to startle him. He opened it up, and found himself face to face with the past.

"Jerry!" the dog said, voice pitched up and dropping to a gruff rasp. "Fancy seein' you here!"

"Kyle, this is my house-"

"And you still got the same sense of humor," the dog grinned, clicking his teeth together, then pushed past the wolf into the foyer. "Nice little place you got here. Smells like I missed dinner. Guess it's table scraps for a dog of war."

The wolf's eyes fixed on Kyle, head to toe. Gerald's former lover dwarfed him by a good two inches, despite being a dog. Cropped buzz between the ears, sharp suit, white shirt, pressed slacks, gleaming duty-issue dress shoes. Under all the fabric, the barely-hidden threat of years in the U.S Marine Corps. "Actually, I saved some for you. Come on, I'm not going to make you eat a tuna sandwich or something. Did you have a nice flight?" Gerald said, heading into the kitchen, nails clicking at the floor.

The dog milled around the dining room, inspecting the few pictures scattered about. Gerald hadn't bothered to hide pictures of him and the fox, although none were particularly incriminating. "If your idea of nice is sitting on the tarmac for four hours before takeoff, not to mention th'damn 'weather related delay' on my stopover. I gotta thank you for letting me come here, saves me sitting all by my lonesome in a hotel, drowning my boredom with overpriced whiskey an' a nice cigar."

Gerald wasn't just rooting around for the dog's portion of dinner; he was avoiding Kyle. Not out of malice, but emotion. The wolf found the foil-wrapped plates and uncovered them, then stuck them in under the broiler. He came out to the dining room, ears swung back, and set a few glasses on the table. "Do you want some wine? I know you like.. harder stuff, but we don't have much. Only tequila, and it isn't going to go with the food."

"Jerry, you runnin' a french restaurant? Sure, fill me up. Skipped my position on the plane, ain't having my pocketbook raped for that filth they serve." The dog was free of his suit jacket now, the fabric draped over a chair. The dog's tie was loosened, shirt unbuttoned a few spots, displaying the dirty cream of a fine german shepherd's chest. Gerald stared for a moment, before he retreated and brought out the wine. He poured a glass of white for the dog, just in time for the timer to ding. He rushed back and returned with two steaming plates of food. "Well, shit! Looks like French to me."

"Yep," the wolf beamed. "Chicken marsala, with a side of roasted garlic potatoes and green beans. I know you aren't into veggies, but the garlic should make up for it." Gerald sat down and poured himself a glass of wine. Kyle had no manners; the dog already had a mouthful of food. He grasped his glass and lifted it.

"Ten years," he said, clinking it with the wolf. "Damn long time," Kyle said, devouring the chicken.

"Don't you mind me, I ain't one for eating on a plane. Been a long way since Germany. Extended business trip and all."

Gerald was a little put off at the 'vigor' Kyle displayed in eating. The dog seemed like every moment would be the last for using a fork and knife, and the wolf waited for Kyle to just put his muzzle down to the plate. He had seen Kyle eat while coming off a night of drinking, and no hands were involved. The dog didn't give Gerald that pleasure; Kyle maintained his composure.

"Yeah, pretty long time," the wolf said, going for some of his wine so he wouldn't have to talk. His mind was reeling, the dark streaks in his self opened up on the fox one moment, then conflicted lust for the dog the next. "So how long are you here for? Until tomorrow night?"

"Movin' out at about 2:30 in the damn morning," Kyle said, swallowing down a lump of chicken, chasing it with some potatoes and a token green bean. "That'd be urh, Sunday mornin'. I'll call a cab, you don't have to drive me or anything. Wouldn't want to impose like that."

"I wouldn't mind. It'll be Sunday anyway, nice day of rest."

Kyle gave his host wolf a straight look for a second, before returning to the plate of food like a hungry dog.

After dinner, the two of them watched a movie. It was a cowboy drama, something that Gerald thought he had no interest in. By the end of it, the wolf was not only amused and moved, but his cock was stiff as a board inside his tight jeans. Thankfully, Kyle seemed to show no interest in doing more than enjoying a fat cigar and the contours of the wolf's leather sofa.

After the movie, Gerald excused himself to check on the fox. The wolf stepped into the garage, and panic welled up. The fox looked very hung, drooping against the wall, tail limp. After a second, the vulpine twitched and looked up, ears splaying. The wolf went over and checked out the situation; his pet had discovered how to lean against the wall to lessen the pull at the collar as well as the strain to his calves. He gave the fox a pet between the ears, then left.

Gerald found Kyle upstairs, brushing his teeth. "You can have the guest room, I made it all up for you," the wolf said, getting himself a drink of water.

Kyle spat foam into the sink, then washed his mouth out, dunking his face in the sink. "Your little fox... what's his name?"

"Remy," the wolf said, leaving the bathroom.

"Remy seems like he's in the garage, so I don't see why we can't have the master bedroom to ourselves," Kyle said, coming out of the bathroom with a damp face. The dog unbuttoned his shirt all the way, then pulled it off. Gerald found it impossible to look away. The dog was brawny, the effect lost a little now that there was no shirt to flatten out the fur, but the overall size increased. Each pec had a stiff black nipple ringed through with a gold ring, abs were a firm bumped wall of fur, shoulders hard planes up to the thick neck. The wolf was going to complain about sharing a bed with his ex, when the dog pushed him across the hallway and against the wall. "It's been a long time, boy," Kyle said, voice a rasped huff. Then, the shepherd shoved his dark muzzle at Gerald's, the two locking together, tongues squirming. The wolf was helpless, hands held against the wall, arms finally struggling out of the grasp. He pushed at Kyle's chest, but the dog just pushed back... and the grasp of heavy muscle under fur wasn't something Gerald wanted to rid himself of entirely. After a long moment of hot mingled breath and tongue, Kyle backed off.

"Uh, so, let's.. go to sleep. It's kind of late, and I'm sure you have jet lag," Gerald said, and pushed past the dog. Once inside the master bedroom, the wolf shakily tore off his own polo shirt and the house shorts he was wearing, cock wagging about between his legs. He sat down into bed, then slid under the sheets. Gerald had to roll onto his side to avoid leaving a tent between his leg. Even then, his tail lashed under the white sheets.

"Smells like you got everything washed up just for me," Kyle said, coming in and opening his fly. The dog then pushed his pants down, scooted out of his shoes, skinned his shirt off. Gerald stared.

"Uh, actually, I had to wash everything. That's why Remy's in the garage. I was milking him-"

"Milkin' him? Like a cow?" Kyle said, grabbing hold of the sheets and pulling them back, exposing the wolf. Gerald's breath caught as he was exposed, slick red dick out of his sheath.

"No, working his prostate. He just started to whine, but he was gagged, so I thought he was going to come. He pissed everywhere. Soaked the sheets. I'm glad I had a vinyl thing on the mattress."

"Huh," the dog said, looking around the room as he stood at the foot of the bed. His own cock was

unsheathed, bulging at the base, twitching up to work some precum out.
"Hey, I'll be right back,
gonna go get my bag," the dog said.

Gerald didn't need any words to tell him what was going to happen. When it would be polite or kind,
Kyle never said much. The wolf rolled over and started fishing through the night-table's drawer. He pulled out a bottle of Slick, a few condoms. He settled on a black one, tore the packet open, then held onto the glossy latex with his teeth. He lay on his back, held his wrists up like he was a puppy, and waited.

Kyle barged back in. To the wolf's dismay, he was completely naked. The dog dropped his duffel bag with a thud, bent down to pull something out of it, then strode to the bed. Kyle quickly overcame Gerald. "What's this?" he said, and snatched the condom out of Gerald's teeth. "We don't need this."

The wolf balked and twisted, grabbing for the black latex as it landed on the edge of the bed. Halfway there, his hand was crushed to the sheets by Kyle's gloved grip. "What? No, I mean—"

"I said, we don't need this. I ain't dirty, and you got a fox anyway, he can't catch shit from you."
Kyle straddled over the wolf, the brawny dog's thighs pinching in, squeezing at Gerald's obliques.
"Now that stuff, you can put some of that stuff on me. I don't want to mess up my gloves."

Gerald grabbed for the bottle of lube, barely able to reach thanks to the dog perched over him, then upended it and squirted a big mess of lube all over Kyle's cock. He stroked it in with the fingerpads, letting his touch take in the concave canine head, the tapered point, the swell to the middle, the lewd bulge at the base. The wolf's cock was merely human, and so was Remy's; Kyle was the only dog he'd ever been with, and the shape of the cock was endless interest. Gerald's teasing stopped when he looked up to see Kyle pulling on the gloves, stretching his broad hands into the black leather.

The wolf moved to spread himself apart, but Kyle beat him to it, gloved hands seizing the wolf's ankles and splaying him, then lining calves up with his own stout chest. Gerald reached down and guided the dog's slicked shaft up to his hole, and Kyle pumped it right through. The wolf only let out a slight gasp.

"Always good at taking a cock. Damn, I've missed you. Too fucking long. I said that already, huh?"
Kyle said, gloved hands gripping down at the wolf's biceps as he leaned forward and penetrated

further. "I was fucking calling you, on the plane, and I heard your voice... I got hard, I had to pull out my laptop just so I could put the tray table down and keep the bitch next to me from seeing my dick." Deeper. "I went to the fucking bathroom when she got up to stretch, put a fucking condom on so it wouldn't leave a spot in my god-damn pants." Deeper, and closer; the dog's muzzle was just inches from Gerald's staring, scared, awestruck face. "I could have jacked in the airport when I got off the flight, work out some stress from being fucking laid over, but I didn't, you know why? You know why I didn't?"

"Nnrrhhh-"

Kyle snapped at Gerald's muzzle, a playbite, head shaking the other canine's, gloved hands bringing Gerald's wrists up behind his head. "I didn't jack off because I wanted to save it for your asshole, boy." The dog dragged backwards, far enough that the wolf's asshole quivered at the threat of losing penetration, the ring kissing at the concave tip. Kyle pushed back in, and started to hammer the wolf. No more words for a good five minutes straight, just the heavy grunt of exertion, the heavier rattled snarl of pleasure as the dog slowed, the faint creak of leather as he gripped tighter whenever Gerald moved or struggled.

Without warning, Kyle's dog-instinct thrusts turned to a heavy grind, knot pushing at the wolf's tailhole. Gerald panicked and barked, then howled as he split apart, the searing muscle cramp giving way to muzzle-gaping violated pleasure. "You know what? You're gonna come first." The dog smirked and grabbed at Gerald's throat, choking the wolf hard enough that his gloved fingers creaked against each other. Gerald gagged and struggled, eyes staring, then squeezed shut. Just as the wolf managed to thrash his head to the side and suck in a rattling breath, Kyle let go. The hand moved from neck to snout, clamping Gerald's jaws together, thumb touching the nosepad. The wolf huffed, and Kyle thumbed over the nostrils. Gerald arched his back, chest heaving as he tried to suck in air, not even getting a whiff of the musky leather wrapped over his nosepad. The wolf saw stars, his cock twitching and hosing seed all over his chest. Kyle yanked his hand away, leaving Gerald to bark like a strangled dog; the wolf gulped air as his hole yanked and tugged at the huge knot stuffed inside it.

The dog leaned back and let out the beginning of a yelp, then choked it down to a hoarse, drooling grunt, his own climax pouring out into the wolf's clenching heat. The dog then knelt there, tail twitching and swaying behind him, body pulsing more seed out, the burn of pleasure dying down. A

minute later, and he pulled out, knot freeing with a plop and a rush of seed that Gerald couldn't contain behind his abused ring. The dog climbed off the bed, skinned his gloves off and tossed them back down onto the duffel bag. Kyle then stalked into the bathroom, took a hard piss, then came back with his cock tucked back into the sheath. He climbed down into bed and rolled onto his side, then let out a heavy whuff of satisfaction. "Night, Jerry."

That was that. Gerald moved up against the dog, held around him, but Kyle didn't try to hold onto the wolf's arm, roll over, or anything inviting. After just minutes, the dog was clearly breathing the heavy huff of sleep. Gerald felt like a hole inside was filled, but another was gaping apart.

The gray wolf woke up to an empty bed, a vaguely dog-shaped depression in the sheets next to him. He sniffed at it, cock swelling up inside his sheath. The pleasure was tempered by a severe need to piss. Gerald got up and slid on some boxers and an old T-shirt, then started off to find Kyle. The dog wasn't in the kitchen, or the bathroom. He padded into the garage and two things assaulted his senses: the heavy 'thump' of weights from the weight/playroom up in the remodeled dormer, and the stench of piss. Across the room, Remy was still standing on tiptoes, slumped against the wall. Little had changed, except that the vulpine's jeans and shirt were damp, a ring of yellow rimming the big splotches. The smell wasn't vulpine, but distinctly canine.

Gerald's head spun with emotions. A little anger at Kyle for pissing on the fox. A little arousal. The bone-deep need to assert his territory. The marking instinct won out; Gerald stepped up to the fox and fondled his cock out of his boxers, skinned the foreskin back, and took a deep breath. There was more than he thought, a pang of embarrassment as he flooded the fox's legs and crotch with acrid morning piss. Gerald had to step to the side to keep the puddle from hitting his feet on its way to the floor drain. Then, he headed to the garage stairs and went to see what Kyle was up to.

The dog was working out, and hard. Gerald caught him in the midst of a shuddering bench-press, the dog's face ripped with a snarl, boot heels kicking at the rubber matting. Kyle spotted the wolf and let the weight drop, the universal gym bar clunking down with a room-shuddering bang. "You makin' breakfast yet, Jerry?"

"No, I--"

"Good, 'cuz I'm gonna treat you to a good old country breakfast. None of this flashy stuff. Breakfast ain't gourmet." Kyle grinned and sat up on the bench, half-gloved hand resting on the leather. The dog was wearing a torn-sleeve USMC gray shirt, battered olive drab BDUs, fingerless leather workout gloves, and a pair of gleaming but clearly worn army boots.

"You pissed on Remy," Gerald said, standing by the end of the bench. Kyle looked up at him, meeting the wolf's almost blank expression with a smirk.

"Well, he looked kind of bored. And he needed a little drink, too. I took him down, put some in his mouth, then hung him back up and soaked his pants."

Gerald found it hard to be irritated when there was a panting, booted, gloved dog sitting in front of him. "I see. Well, I pissed on him too. He's my fox. Can't let him smell like dog."

The two met eyes, Gerald feeling his ears splay down, lips curl back. Then, Kyle stood up. "I gotta do my crunches, then we'll go eat. You wanna come hold my feet? I'll help you work out later. Still do it 'fore dinner?"

"Yeah, sure," the wolf said, answering both questions at once. He walked over to the incline bench, Kyle coming over and sitting with a huff, boots up onto the bench. Gerald looked down at the polished leather, tall laced uppers. The wolf crouched on one knee next to the bench, faced Kyle, and pinned the dog's boots down. He tried to focus on being helpful, to blot out the desperate desire to stroke his fingerpads against the smooth leather. He couldn't help but wonder if Kyle was teasing him. The dog was a jerk, but he was also working out for real. Kyle was well on his way to two hundred crunches when he stopped, pink tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Shit, even with the blood goin' to my head, I'm getting hard. Crunches always do that. You ever notice?" Kyle rubbed at the growing bulge in his olive pants.

Gerald didn't take the opportunity to help the dog out. The words were just permission for him to ease up on his death-grip to the army boots. The wolf leaned down, rubbed his face against the leather, then started licking. "I think you dribbled on your boots," he said, tongue wiping up dust, flakes of polish, the tang of piss, drips of sweat and saliva from the dog's workout. It was like the times when Remy put on his own calf-high army boots and took Gerald out back, kicked him around and made him lick the dirt back off... except Remy was anything but a military fox, while Kyle was sixth in a generation of marine corps dogs of war.

The wolf's boot reverie was broken when Kyle stood up. "Now, I said I'm gonna make breakfast. You wanna eat my boots, you're gonna have to put that off until later." The dog flexed hard, looking in the mirror as muscle fluffed out his chest and bicep fur. Then, he stomped out of the room and down to the kitchen. When Gerald checked up on the punished fox in the garage, there was fresh tang of dog-piss on Remy.

Kyle couldn't really cook. He could make food, but his version of making food started at hamburgers and mac-n-cheese and ended with country breakfasts. The dog never tried anything beyond man-food, which had driven Gerald slowly crazy when they lived together.

The greasy breakfast was a nice change of pace from the fruity and savory crepes that the wolf usually made. The two sat at the table, gobbling down eggs and hash browns and sausage and bacon and biscuits and sausage gravy. Every so often, Gerald paused to wash things down and silently remarked that the dog always had such bad habits, but always looked so good.

As soon as he was done eating, with a burp and a muzzle wipe, Kyle stood up. "I think that meal had nap-time written all over it," the german shepherd said as he stretched hard, then boot-clomped into the living room and dropped onto the sofa. Before Gerald even stood up, the dog was dozing off. The wolf pondered the shepherd sprawled out on the sofa, then turned hard and went back up to the bedroom. It would be so easy to unzip the dog's worn-out and misplaced Army fatigues, nurse on Kyle's cock until it spit semen all over his tongue, but the wolf couldn't bring himself to sink down like that. The weekend was made for him to take the top role, not to stay the same as he always was. He got the bed, the dog got the couch. Kyle was too busy being asleep to care either way, it seemed.

Gerald woke up with a start. His fitful dream was full of terrified howling from his mate, but the wolf had searched everywhere and the sound just came from wherever he was not. The wolf looked around, quirked his ears, but there was nothing out of the ordinary. Just as he was rolling back over to go back to sleep, the sound wailed up in reality. Gerald leapt out of bed and ran down to the garage, where Remy was baying and shaking. "What the hell is it? What's wrong?" Gerald whined, and unhooked the fox from where he was hanging. The fox instantly flattened down on his feet and nearly crumpled over. Gerald pawed over the fox, and found the vulpine's calves hard as rocks. "Oh, shit. Looks like you're all cramped up. Well--"

"Well, I know how to fix that," Kyle said, pawing sleepily at his headfur. The german shepherd had come in behind Gerald and was standing with one hand on his waist. He stopped pawing at himself and rummaged around, finally grabbing a leftover cinderblock. "Here we go. Learned this trick way back, for when you get a leg cramp. Up you go, foxy boy," Kyle said, and grabbed Remy by the shoulders, hauling the fox up and putting the balls of his feet on the block. The fox's heels sunk down and the vulpine let out a low groan of relative satisfaction.

"Huh. Thanks," Gerald said, to Kyle's departing tail. Inside, he wasn't so thankful. He looked over at Remy again; the fox's jeans were stained with odd dark swirls and white crystals. More dog piss. The dog must have done it during his nap. Gerald instantly had an idea. "Kyle! Go upstairs. I mean up here, above the garage."

"Lemme get some liquid in me, boy," Kyle hollered back, and was covered over by the kiss of the kitchen sink.

Gerald got a head start, rushing up the back stairs. He pushed through the gym room and into the playroom, locking the only door behind him. The wolf quickly took off his clothes and started rooting around, assembling an outfit. Midway through, Kyle knocked on the door.

"Hey, what're you up to in there?" Pause. "I can hear you banging around." Pause. "Oh, I know what's up. I know what's up. Well, you just take your time--"

The wolf finished changing and burst out the door, knocking Kyle back hard enough that the dog backpedaled and fell onto one of the gym mats. The german shepherd lay there, wide-eyed, ears pinned back at the sight of the wolf. The wolf was wearing all rubber, all black rubber. Heavy rubber shirt, heavy rubber codpiece pants, over-the-knee rubber harness boots, a long rubber trench-coat, and elbow-length rubber chemical gloves. Gerald's head was completely hidden by a wolf-shaped gas mask, two corrugated hoses coming off the snout and running back to be tucked into the coat's high collar, ears 'splinted' up above his head into molded shapes, eyes behind seemingly black reflective eyeplates.

Kyle was dressed in his workout clothes from earlier, still-sweaty shirt and fatigues, polished black military boots, fingerless leather gloves. The wolf's fatigues bulged up in the front within seconds of seeing the wolf. "Aww fuck," the dog mumbled, wheezing as the air had been knocked out by the fall. "Aww fuck, Gerald, thought you all grew up outta that kind of stuff, or uh.. uh."

Gerald stalked forward and lifted a boot, the dog cringing back. The rubbered wolf stepped it down on Kyle's chest, flattening the dog back. The wolf stood, looking Kyle straight in the eye, Kyle only seeing those blank, black eyes looking back. Gerald said nothing, leaving only the heavy, muffled huff of breathing. Kyle's facial expression had, "I am going to piss myself," written all over it. Gerald lifted his boot up, then put it back down on Kyle's face, shoving the dog's muzzle to the workout mat. The wolf then twisted his boot, treads digging into the dog's lips, twisting the jaw open. Kyle's tongue fell out and drool started to trickle against the mat.

The wolf gave a 'kick' with the heel, then pulled his boot away. He bent down and grabbed Kyle by the upper arms and levered the german shepherd up, then got the dog's arms behind his back and marched him into the other room. Weight equipment was replaced by dungeon equipment: bondage sawbuck, chain and leather fuck-sling, St. Andrew's whipping cross, full restraint stocks, bondage chair, bondage board, u-brace, and a plethora of equipment. The room had the unmistakable smell of fox musk along with wolf, and despite being mostly clean, had definite sexual filth. Gerald muscled the dog over to the padded sawhorse and shoved him onto it; the dog didn't try to escape, only struggling to get boots and hands onto the pads.

Gerald wasted no time exposing Kyle's rear, pulling the sweat-mottled fabric down and exposing the tight muscle under brown fur. The wolf unsnapped the rubber pouch containing his cock and started stroking himself up to full stiffness, turning away from the dog. He swiped a set of wrist and ankle cuffs and attached Kyle to the sawhorse. The only sound in the room for a few minutes was the click of metal, the creak of rubber and wood, the pant of an excited dog, and the science-fiction masked huff from Gerald's gas-mask hood.

"Aww man, what're you gonna do to me? What're you gonna do?" Kyle begged, tail trying to stay tucked down. "Are you gonna fuck me, Jerry? You don't, you don't have to do all this shit, you can just-"

The wolf reached over and wrapped the dog's snout with black rubber fingers, making Kyle squirm and pack his hips against the sawhorse. Gerald didn't have to say anything, would even be more effective if he said nothing. For all Kyle's asshole personality, the dog had a weak-spot for exactly how the wolf was done-up at the moment. Gerald grabbed a bottle of lube and came back, then squirted the lube right at the dog's tailhole. He then started massaging the slick fluid into the muscle, gloved

thumb sliding in, withdrawn and replaced by one finger, then two. Kyle let out a low howl, body shuddering, muscles milking at the invading fingers. "Fuck me, fuck this army dog, fuck.. fuck your prison-dog.."

So that was it, Gerald said to himself, a whisper under the mask that not even dog-ears would pick out. Years in the marines, and Officer Kyle probably wished he was tied up in a sultry jungle hut with the militia taking turns on him. The wolf left the dog alone, and retrieved a metal cage-muzzle. He came back and stuffed it over the shepherd's snout, then strapped the leather around his head. Kyle whined and drooled, jaw thumping against the inside of the muzzle as he tried to open his mouth to talk.

Gerald squirted some lube onto his own cock, then simply stood behind the dog and rammed himself in. Kyle barked and flattened his ears, muscles bulging out under fur as he tried to rip his body off the sawhorse and get away. Gerald grunted inside the mask, gloved hands seizing the dog's shoulders as he pushed up to the hilt, then started to jackhammer the subdued canine. The wolf chose to ignore subtlety, opting instead for brutal thrusts. His own style was far from that, and he found it easy to thrust for upwards of fifteen minutes straight. To get himself off, he seized his balls with a gloved hand and pulled on them, howling into the gas mask as he pumped his seed into Kyle's increasingly-loose hole. The wolf pulled out, groaning and huffing in the mask, and then got an idea. Kyle was motionless, panting hard, drool hanging off the muzzle and making a puddle on the floor.

The wolf picked up the bottle of lube and stood in front of Kyle, one hand tilting the dog's head up until Kyle held it there. Gerald squirted lube out all over his hand, then spread it around with the other, black rubber turning shiny-slick. Kyle stared, then started to struggle, body rocking at the sawhorse, ankles trying to kick at their shackles. Gerald moved behind the dog and started to finger at the canine's tailhole, thumbing into it, then penetrating with two fingers again. Then three. When Gerald tried to put in all four pointed fingers, the dog howled and kicked.

Undeterred, Gerald rifled through a drawer and pulled out a medical breathing mask for canines. It was wolf-sized, but the metal cage muzzle would make up the difference. Seeing this item, with its corrugated rubber hose, Kyle yowled as more drool poured out of his mouth. The rubber wolf strapped the mask onto the dog's head, the rubber clinging around the muzzled snout, Kyle's breath huffing

through the air hose. While Gerald looked for more toys, Kyle produced another puddle on the floor, spit coming out the air hose instead of off his face.

Gerald came back with a wet cotton ball in his fingers, and held the ball up to the end of the air hose. Kyle struggled and gasped in the mask, ears quickly turning deep red inside, fearful grunts and whines turning into the throaty groan of pleasure as the poppers fumes flooded his brain. Gerald took the cotton ball away, and tried for the dog's asshole again. This time, four fingers went in easy, the dog's flesh quivering and hot around the rubber. A few minutes of slow teasing, and Kyle's ring admitted the wolf's knuckles, Gerald making a fist inside. Kyle coughed and gasped in the mask, the sound coming out like a spastic laugh. Gerald fingered around inside, then pulled his hand out; the palm was smeared with his own semen.

The wolf moved over to Kyle's face and unhooked the mask, then showed the dog the mess all over his hand. Gerald then wiped the inside of the mask with his collected spunk, then put it back on Kyle's snout. The dog tried to lick, jaws working and straining inside the muzzle, chest heaving as he huffed and coughed at the musky smell of wolf seed. Gerald gave him another round with the soaked cotton ball, which left the dog howling and straining, tail lashing and muscles straining as Kyle tried to present his rump. Gerald's fist entered easily this time, and he slowly worked his way up to the edge of his rubber gauntlet cuff, then began to pump the dog with his arm. Kyle howled and squirmed, head flinging around, air hose whacking against the sawhorse, sending strings of spittle all over the floor.

Gerald started to grope his fingers downwards at the dog's prostate, each time his hand pulled back and shoved forward, and that sent Kyle over the edge. The dog howled and spasmed, muscles clenching down on the invading fist. Gerald responded by pulling out, just as the dog's ring squeezed up again. The dog quivered and whined on the sawhorse, grunting and slobbering into the mask. A few moments later, a huge glob of saliva dripped onto the floor. Gerald pulled the mask off, then reversed the dog's bondage. Kyle had to be forced onto the sawhorse, but was perfectly content to crouch there afterwards, wet-muzzled and gasping.

"Son of a bitch! You didn't have to fuckin' put your fist up my ass! I was about to come with you hammering me like that," the dog growled, and slowly came off the sawhorse. Kyle was shaky-legged and staggered, sitting himself in the bondage chair to avoid falling down. His face and neck were sweaty, fatigues absently pulled up, fly still undone. Gerald ignored him for the moment and

inspected the padded top of the horse. Besides a big mess of precum, there was a ridiculously tiny drool of spunk.

"Did you come?" Gerald asked, behind the mask.

"Shit, Jerry, I dunno what you did in there... I started to, and it.. it really, but nothing came out. Fuck, take that thing off, you're creeping me out."

The wolf worked the gas mask hood off, pulling it away with a big whuff of fresh air. "I guess things don't really change, huh?" He set the hood aside, then started with the rest of the gear. Kyle pushed up off the chair and shoved past the still-rubbered wolf.

"I'm gonna go take a hot shower and get some coffee in me before my head explodes," Kyle said. "Then your little fox-boy's gonna get it."

Gerald put on a pair of rubber chaps and a rubber tank, along with heavy motorcycle boots and leather gauntlet gloves, then went down to the garage. The fox was still standing on that cinderblock, unmoved from before. The fox's piss-crusted jeans were freshly wet down the fly and one of the legs, from inside this time; Remy had just pissed himself. "Have you thought about what you did? About how you need more self-control?"

Remy didn't say anything. Gerald lifted a gloved hand to the fox's face and made him look eye to eye. "You answer me."

"Yes sir," Remy said, barely able to move his jaws from the muzzle. The mumble was understood.

"Good. Now, you're going to let our guest have some fun with you. We need to be good hosts. You understand?"

"Yes sir," Remy repeated, then sniffed.

Gerald then went and pulled over an old, creaky wooden chair and sat on it, idly fondling himself, looking at the arm-bound, muzzled, strained and pissed-on fox. Something seemed wrong. The wolf wasn't very excited, and it wasn't just having emptied himself in Kyle's ass; Gerald could easily go four in a row. Remy took so well to being disciplined that the fox might as well have been a statue.

Kyle banged around after his shower, tromping about upstairs in the weight room and dungeon. The dog clopped down the stairs, done up in one of the uniforms Gerald kept around for play. It was a replica Stasi uniform, which had Kyle dressed in grayish beige fabric tunic, black-brimmed officer's

cap, leather riding gloves, flared breeches, and knee-high boots. The boots looked a little bit large; the rest of the uniform looked painted on. "Boy, Jerry, you need to bulk up a little bit. Stop sitting around at your job, go use the gym or something! Look at me, this oughta fit me, I'm a bit smaller than you, but you're all scrawny." The dog had a shapeless black leather thing clutched in one hand, a wind of rope in the other.

"What're you going to do with that?" Gerald asked, sitting forward as the dog set the items aside on a worktable.

"Gonna set it down, I'm going to fuck your little fox-toy first." Gerald clopped up to the fox and guided Remy off the cinderblock, then pushed him towards Gerald. The dog bent the fox over, leaving the wolf to support him. "Here, you hold him for me. You get to watch all up-close." Kyle's gloved hands undid the fox's jeans, pulling the stinking, piss-crusted fabric down around the vulpine's ankles. Remy flatted his ears and rubbed his head against Gerald's crotch. The gesture got him a slap to the muzzle, and the fox sunk his face against the leather-clad thigh instead.

Kyle clomped around the garage, making his boot heels clack as sharply as he could manage, and found a wood packing crate. He kicked it with his boot until it snapped and broke, then bent down and ripped one of the planks off it. He came back over and walloped Remy on the rump with it, a dull smack of wood on fur. "You see, Jerry, you gotta punish someone. Making them stand in the corner, that's not punishment. That's for little kids at school, who can't get whacked because of the fucking pussy-P.C school system." He hit the fox again, harder, dark face grunting and showing off white teeth. Then again, and again. Remy took the first few in stride, but started to whimper and grunt with the next few, body trying to dodge away and push against Gerald. The wolf just scruffed Remy to keep him still. After ten whacks, the fox's ears were pinned flat. After twenty, Remy was crying. Not the wet tears of strain, but body-wrenching sobs.

"Hey, hey, let off him, I don't want his ass bleeding all over the place or anything," Gerald growled up to Kyle. The dog snorted and threw the plank away, wood clattering against a pile of junk at the far wall.

"Fine, fine, he's your fox." Kyle stepped over to the side and started rubbing at the wet bulge in the uniform breeches. "You see this? You see it? It's all hard now, not like when I was pissing on you, faggot," the dog said, his other hand grabbing Remy's wet caged muzzle and turning it towards

him. The dog unbuttoned the fly, then fished his cock out, the shaft swollen enough that the knot was already growing. "You been fucked by a dog? Look at this, this is a real dog's dick, not that thing your wolfy there has."

"Kyle-"

The dog snapped at Gerald, then quickly got behind Remy. He milked at his cock until a drool of slime hung out from the tip, then spread it over the swell of his shaft, from concave tip up to the puffed-up knot. Kyle entered Remy with no fanfare at all, although Remy squirmed and barked into his muzzle. When the dog pulled back and pistoned forward, Remy howled.

"Shut up," the dog snorted, and pounded forward again. Kyle had to be trying his hardest to be violent; his thrusts made him drool and grunt and snap, gloved hands clutching at Remy's tail and hip fur. The fox wailed and slapped his muzzle on Gerald's leg, the wolf scruffing tighter so the vulpine couldn't struggle away. "I said shut up!" Kyle snarled. "Halt's Maul und lass dich ficken, du dreckige kleine Schwuchtel!"

"What did you just say?"

"I told him to shut up and, and.. take my fucking cock!" Kyle huffed, and abruptly backed away. "Shit, shit shit, fuck I can't come now, I can't come.." he growled, and beat on Remy's ass with a hand, punching it as he squeezed the tip of his cock. "Unrh. Urrh. There we go."

"Why the hell didn't you come in him?" Gerald growled, and stood up, taking Remy's torso with him. The fox staggered and leaned against the wolf. "You didn't come with my arm up your ass, you didn't come in his asshole, when are you going to come?"

"I got off with you in me, asshole, but nothing came out. You screwed something up in there, grapplin' around. And now, I'm saving it. I got something in store for this little bitch of yours."

"Vixen. Bitches are dogs," Gerald chided.

"Whatever," Kyle grunted, and went over to the worktable. "Go put that chair in the middle of the room."

Gerald scooted the chair over to underneath the garage door-opener, pausing a few feet from the right spot. He knew exactly what would happen, and his tail tucked at the thought. Remy didn't follow; the fox simply stood, facing away, tail drooping. Kyle joined the wolf and looked up towards the garage door opener, then at the rope in his hand. The opener was more recent than the garage;

next to it were an old rusty spring and pulley lifter arrangement, the spring lying broken next to the pulley, tied in place with a string. Kyle took the rope and tossed it up over the pulley, then handed the free end to Gerald. "Here you go, pup. You hold onto this real good."

The wolf was half terrified and half aroused, and his cock portrayed that exactly, bloated but drooping forward. He clutched up the rope, winding it around one hand grasping with the other. He looked over to Remy; the fox was still standing, faced away, as if he was a mannequin.

Kyle took the rope and chewed through it, then took some of it over to Remy. He wound it around the fox's upper arms, making a sort of harness out of it. "I ain't dumb, Jerry," the shepherd said, as he looked over to the apprehensive wolf. "Ain't gonna just, you know, do it for real." The dog then marched Remy over to the chair and stood him next to it. Kyle stalked to the worktable and picked up the leather object, then brought it back over. It was a simple 'bag hood', with two little nostril holes for air. Gerald's cock pumped up full-hard when he recognized it, and remembered when he'd been the one put into it. Kyle put it on with the air holes facing backwards, then simply let it sit over the fox's head.

"Uh, I think you put it on--"

"It ain't on backwards, Jerry. Just don't want him sniffin' through the holes." Kyle took the dangling rope and started knotting it up. The rope transformed into a standard noose loop and slip knot, which the dog fitted over the fox's leather-bagged head. "You get up here, c'mon," the shepherd said to the fox, and led him to stand up on the chair. Once he was up there, Kyle reached up and chewed off a loose end of the 'harness' rope, then used it to connect the noose and arm bindings. Gerald had seen the general setup before, but started to prickly inside as he thought over how it worked; Kyle didn't seem to be really making it safe. The wolf's panic increased by the second, but instead of yelping out and throwing the dog away and rescuing Remy, he froze, clutching harder onto the rope, glove leather squeaking. "Oh, knew you'd like this, pup," Kyle said, grinning at the staring wolf. Gerald slowly took up the slack, until he was lightly tugging on the fox, the rope snugged up to his neck. As Remy breathed, the bag puffed out and then sucked up against his face, faster and faster.

Kyle stepped to the side. "In the name of this great nation, I hereby carry out the sentence of death for Remy.." Kyle looked to Gerald, who didn't offer up the fox's last name. "Ahem. The

sentence of death for this fox, who has committed treason against the nation and disobedience against his master, Gerald Frank."

Gerald stared on as Remy started to panic, either from lack of air or the impending hanging. The wolf's ears started to roar, hands clutching tighter at the rope, body bracing back. He remembered how to stand when playing safety, from years ago, getting his boots in the right position. Without much warning, Kyle lifted one of his jackbooted feet and heel-stomped at the chair from the front, cracking the seat and sending it flinging back. Remy dropped a good six inches, stopping with a lurch, arms pulled up hard from behind. The rope did its job, saving him from serious trauma, but it didn't stop him from choking violently. The fox gagged and snarled and barely squeezed out a yelp, chest heaving, body lurching, feet trying to kick his jeans off the ankles. Gerald started counting in his head, while Kyle stood there, furiously pumping at his cock, working hard enough that the sound of leather on wet flesh was audible over the croaks and gags from the hung fox.

Remy was hard as a rock, harder, dripping precum, cock pumping upwards as muscles tensed, and the vulpine thrashed harder, swinging and kicking in hard spasms as huge arcs of semen shot out, splattering a good ten feet away. Kyle howled like a dying hound, fist yanking on his knot, seed spraying out in equally copious splatters. Gerald was about to yell to let Remy down when the dog whipped something out and rushed the vulpine. The something was a bowie knife, and he sawwed through the rope, then collected the fox in his arms. The shaking vulpine was unhooded and set on the floor, still tied up, cock dribbing into his abs, eyes staring up at the ceiling.

Kyle simply looked over to the wall clock. "Shit. Well, looks like I gotta start gettin' my stuff ready," the uniformed dog said, and clopped up the back stairs, leaving fox and wolf alone.

Gerald offered to take Kyle to the airport, and the offer turned into an argument which the wolf finally won by refusing to back down. After letting the dog and his duffel bag off at the departure gate, he drove back off for the half hour ride home. Every mile had him feeling antsier and angrier, until he was clutching the steering wheel and fuming to himself over Kyle. The dog hadn't only been an asshole, he was a reckless, selfish jerk, and Gerald kept repeating it to himself until he was ready to bite the first person he saw. He got home and skipped going inside to see Remy, who had

been lounging in the bath after the little 'scene'. He went straight up to the workout room and put on a pair of boxing gloves, then started pounding the duct-taped bag in the corner. With his eyes closed, he imagined he was pounding in the german shepherd's chest muscles, face, cock and balls.

Someone touched him and Gerald swung around, swiping. His padded hand smacked one of Remy's ears, and the fox ducked away, muzzle down. Gerald sighed, most of the anger draining away into the panting exhaustion from his workout. "Sorry," he sighed. "I feel better now. We oughta go to bed. Had a long day."

The two went across into the house proper and settled into the master bedroom, Remy careful to untuck the sheets for Gerald. The wolf slid in, then made a spot for the fox to tuck up next to him. A few minutes after lights out, Gerald piped up. "I shouldn't have let him come over," he said.

"Why? I'm not jealous," Remy said softly. "Sir," he added.

"That's not why. Kyle's an asshole. He doesn't care about people. He follows orders, and when there aren't any orders... he just goes kind of nuts. Does whatever he wants. Literally. He ignored me for a week once because he was busy building some sort of crazy model.. he's a sci-fi fan, it was some kind of space ship. He started fucking around with other guys, and he didn't ask, he didn't listen to me when I told him I wanted to know about it, and that was the end."

"I'm sorry," the fox said, gently stroking at the wolf's chest. Gerald watched the projected alarm clock numbers on the ceiling creep up towards 12:00. "I... I guess I had fun, I mean that really wasn't anything crazy. I've done harder stuff. This one guy tried to drown me. For real... it was play, but then he freaked out. Luckily I can hold my breath, and he didn't count on me knowing jiu jitsu."

Gerald chuckled. "I can just imagine you hurling some guy--"

The number rolled over to 12:00, and Remy's hand grabbed Gerald's muzzle shut. The weekend reversal was over. Remy rolled over and fished in the drawer, withdrawing a heavy-duty ringed collar and sliding it around Gerald's neck. The wolf's cock stirred, but Remy ignored it. The fox then took out a cage muzzle and put it over Gerald's snout, then carefully strapped it on. "Okay, wolf, you know the rules. No sleeping on the bed unless you're invited."

Gerald whined and slinked off, taking the bedspread with him. He rolled around in the king-sized fabric until it made a pad on the floor, and Remy tossed a small lounge pillow down for him.

"Mrrufff," Gerald grunted, sitting up and peeking over the bed at Remy.

"Sleep well, wolf. Don't worry about that dog. Pets don't need to worry about things like that."

Gerald settled back down into his bedspread-nest, head resting on the pillow, fingers petting at his collar. All of a sudden, Kyle really didn't matter. Gerald could never handle being on top for very long, being too anxious. Being a pet wolf again, all he had to do was make Remy happy (and of course do his job at work), and he drifted off into sleep relieved of his stirred-up emotions.

In his dreams, however, he was the one being hung, and he woke up with his cock spurting the inside of the bedspread. The wolf's face burned as he tried to settle back to sleep, imagining the terrible, painful, degrading punishment he would get from Remy the next day, and it only made him hard again.