

Boyfriends

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Clothes flew through the air as the mouse and his lupine boyfriend tumbled onto the bed.

One wet nose met another, followed the contours of the other's muzzle, and then lips met lips. Both sighed, their bodies shivering with anticipation. The mouse's lips parted, but before the wolf could sink his tongue inside, the rodent reached up and nibbled his lover's lip, eliciting a throaty growl.

In an instant, the mouse was on his back, his neck bared as his love grazed his teeth over the sensitive nub between his neck and shoulder. The mouse melted into the mattress, breathing hard as equally hard breaths ruffled the fur on his chest and moistened his neck.

Desperately, he reached forward and wrapped his arms around the wolf's neck, pulling him in close, but the wolf would not give in so easily and found a nipple to play with.

A hoarse moan escaped the mouse's lips, and his hips ground upwards against his lover's sheath, which itself was already stirring.

"We've got to be quick," the wolf breathed, "If you want to—"

Before he could finish, he was on *his* back, and the mouse sat astride his groin with a smirk on his face. The wolf's toes curled under, feeling the rat's tail draped over his balls, the rodent's warm, moist hole hovering over his sheath.

The mouse leaned forward.

"Of *course*, I want to," he breathed.

Closing his eyes, he rested his belly on the wolf's, reached back, and guided his boyfriend's penis inside.

Both gasped. Warm, slick, snug insides met their hot, throbbing counterpart, and for a few seconds, the lovers ground against each other, sliding those insides and outsides against each other most lusciously.

The wolf's breath caught, and then so did the mouse's. The mouse began to pant, feeling his boyfriend's knot swelling inside of him. His own penis pricked from its sheath and slid up between them, dribbling precum.

"S—sit up," his boyfriend told him.

The mouse didn't argue. Both gasped as the effort made him clamp his ass down around the wolf's still-expanding knot. He got upright just in time for the pressure on his prostate to express its first milk, sending it dribbling down his shaft to land on his boyfriend's furry belly.

At the same time, the squeeze of the mouse's passage on the wolf's knot made the latter's hips buck involuntarily, and he began squirting jets of hot seed.

"Oh," the mouse sighed, closing his eyes and riding his boyfriend's knot, grinding it against his prostate, "I love how you feel when you cum. O—*oh!*"

As he spoke, waves of pleasure and warmth shot up his spine. His penis twitched, its dribbling intensifying. His boyfriend reached up and stroked it. The mouse's breath caught, and seconds later, his dribbles became a sharp spurt that painted the far wall.

Panting, the mouse leaned forward, and the two ground together, basking in the fullness, tightness, and afterglow as their respective climaxes waned.