

The forest seemed cold and dark, but to the Hunter and his Steed, it was alive with scent and sound.

Moving confidently through the forest, keen ears swivelled, and not one but two noses scented the air, though in truth, only one could easily reach the ground to track the trail of their intended prey. No matter. For as dutifully as the steed followed those paw-steps, neither could fail to catch the distinct taste in the air of the particular Fox they were hunting. Fire and smoke hung in the air, for this Fox were no ordinary Fox.

But neither were the Hunter and their Steed. The Steed for one, a horned beast whose lanky midnight form easily supported rider and saddle, doubled as their bloodhound. And the rider? Was a Firefox themselves. Albeit a fair bit smaller than their prey... but every bit as big in their desire to win their wager.

A short crack cut their air, firm rider's crop striking taught, sleek hindquarters and drawing a line, drawing a yelp from the Hound and a smoky growl... The hunter met their blazing gaze with an equally fiery commanding glare, the hell stoked under the hound's surface meeting the crazed intensity of a Fennec's glare. Holding to that infernal intensity, the heat only growing between them as the bipedal Fox bade, "Move faster! I can feel him getting away!"

A whip-cord tail slashed the air, the fire of the hound turned back on their prey, "We'll get him..." growled the Houndoom, his voice made more bestial by the leather bit he was made to chomp, "it's the patient Dog that takes the Fox." Though his tone suggested that more than one Fox was currently being considered for the taking...

"Are you even meant to speak during this?" countered the big-eared rider. "Doesn't matter. Just as long as you're not slowing down because you secretly want another Fox on top of you..."

The dog growled dangerously in response.

"Y'know, I bet even if we lose this bet, October's gonna mount YOU regardless. Maybe I'll just grab those handlebars and take that smouldering maw of yours for a ride~"

The pair slowed to a stop as the Houndoom glared dangerously up at his rider.

"What?" the Fennec smirked.

"You know, I don't HAVE to run to take a Fox, Todd... all I'd need to do is buck, then fuck..." the Houndoom chewed the words out smokily, "and then I'm sure I could leave my sloppy seconds for that scavenger out there to find and enjoy."

"Awww, you getting mad, Dukey boy~?" answered that Fox, the cocky smirk on his face undiminished, "Am I spurring ya too hard? Alright, alright, maybe a different kind of motivation is in order..."

"Hrm~?"

The puzzled noise of the Houndoom was met with the sound of paws slipping out of leather boots, leaving them hanging in the stirrups. A very different, and far more pleased growl came from the huge hound as supple pads began to massage his sheath. Careful claws slipping into the open end and pulling back the protective covering to expose steamy-hot, shiny black flesh to the open night air before devious digits began to probe every ridge, every point, every little crenulation on the Houndoom's detailed dick.

"Whufff~"

"Yeah that's it, you're a good boy really, ain'tcha~" crooned the Fox as his pads pumped the shaft, making it fuller and harder by the second.

Starting to hump the air as nimble paws did dextrous work, the dog didn't disagree. He just started to drip in short order. For all this talk of patience he'd been dying for the feel of hot fox flesh... And as one trapped his pointed tip between its toes as the other traced every ridgeline all the way back to his knot, he began to pant. Smolderingly hot breaths steaming the forest air as pleasure made his tongue loll out, his tail whipping from side to side...

"Do you like that, huh Boy?" asked the Fox, now sliding both paws to the front of that growing bulb, pulling it free of its sheath and starting to spread and squeeze...

"Uh-huh... Whrf!" Duke managed between pants as pointed digital pads probed around the sides of his knot, his big cock bouncing and dripping in anticipation as the simulated tie loomed...

"Theeere we go~" said Todd, stopping suddenly, and putting his paws back in his boots.

Duke growled a tunelessly confused and not-slightly frustrated growl.

"Just whettin' your appetite, big guy," said Todd, patting him on the haunches, "Wouldn't want ya gettin' off and giving' up on the chase here and now, now would we?"

Growling and huffing, wanting more, the Houndoom felt nothing but cold air on his cock and shuddered as much with the pleasurable aftershocks.

A soft paw patted him on the haunch this time, "C'mon, boy! Back on the trail!"

Huffing and growling, the dog put his nose down and advanced, back on the hunt.

It was easy enough to follow, at least. For all his wiliness and cunning, you could pick out October's scent from a crowd of Stunky. And that was before he started hanging out with one. Following the scent of rum, cum, smoke and cinder toffee, the Houndoom advanced along the trail. And he advanced with confidence, putting his nose to every pawfall or kicked object. He meant what he said. He was a Hound, and knew that if he just kept on the trail, there would be a Fox on the end of it. Certainly, October could sprint and leap like the wind, but he would wear himself out to stay ahead. And then...

Suddenly Duke recoiled, reeling back with a yelp of pain as a fox-scented pebble squished and searing needles of ammonia shot up his sensitive nose!

"What, what is it? Whoa!?" Todd was nearly flung back as Duke reared, insensible with pain as his senses were overwhelmed.

In agony, Duke wheeled around and around, the Braixen flailing out at the edges before grabbing onto the houndoom's horns for stability .

It was like having scalpels lodged up your nose, covered in piss. And tears streamed from the Houndoom's eyes as he struggled against the pain. The weight of the Braixen hauling on his skull hardly helped matters.

It was a big, fluffy tail that spared him. Hot, warm, and very very fluffy, it buried his nose and scrubbed it good, taking away the little blob of something that had lodged there.

Todd leant over, putting a paw on Duke's head, "Are you okay?"

"I think so," said Duke, sniffing now PAINFULLY fresh air. In through the mouth, out through the nose. In through the mouth, out through the nose. Gods, he doubted anything would ever smell the same, ever again. Maybe he could clear his nose by eating out a Garbodor or something. "Aaaagh.... are you?"

"Yeah," said Todd, "Aside from my ass! Never clenched so hard in my life! Heh, still pretty glad for the fitting, though..." and the Fennec slapped their own glossy-black-furred ass, and pointed to the bright red root of silicon visible between his ample cheeks. Seven inches of silicone cock, knotted to his ass, securing him to the saddle. Without it, he surely would have gone flying.

"Heh. And here I thought you were just preparing to lose..." chuckled Duke, still snorting to burn out the ammonia and clear his nasal canal with smoky snorts.

"Never!" snapped Todd, then finished scraping the foreign object out of his tail before throwing it away. "Damn!" spat the Braixen, "son of a bitch wrapped smelling salts in clingfilm!"

Duke's answer to that was to growl darkly, "Clever. But now the son is going to BECOME the bitch."

The Fennec's big ears perked, "Oh? Damn, that went hard..."

"Not as hard as I'm gonna go."

"So you're not giving up then?"

"Give the order."

The Hound and Rider stood up and straightened themselves out. Eyes bright, fangs gleaming. Leather creaking and buckles clacking. Muscles taut, glutes and hinds tensed and ready. Standing to attention in more than one respect now that their appetites were whetted and their desires for vengeance burning in the night. Glistening like wet blades, eager for for flesh.

Holding the reins, Todd grinned, and pointed forward, "Let the hunt begin!"

