Sometimes it was nice to have some time off, to finally get a break from the rigorous expectations of everyday life and - just sit back and watch the landscape roll by outside the car window, smooth suburbia turning to grassy hills turning to tall trees, thick enough that the interior of the car flickered back and forth between early afternoon sun and thickly-woven canopy shade.

Rachen hadn't been up here in a *long* time, not since he was a pup. That had actually been his friend's inspiration for inviting him along on this little weekend-long camping trip… that and, as this fennec had said, *"camping isn't quite as fun on your own"*. Apparently two other people had been invited, too, but neither of them had the time or opportunity to come.

That in turn left this cheetah in front driving the car and Rachen sitting in the backseat - the tent they'd taken along sat in the front passenger seat, simply because the box was too damn long to fit anywhere else - with the cheetah's pet dog switching between wagging his tail in Rachen's face as he looked out the window and drooling in the foxwolf's lap for a quick nap. That was just how dogs were; Rachen had had more than his share of experience alone with one.

And that was why he was also glad for being in the backseat, where his friend had to keep his eyes on the road in front. Like this, he didn't have to stoically avert his eyes when that dog wagged his tail so close to his muzzle: instead he could glance up at the rearview to see if his friend had his eye on him, and then look back down to the dark tan-pink diamond of ridged skin right beneath the base of that tail, and then - of *course* - the most noticeable part about this dog from this view, the full, heavy sack hanging down between those legs, swinging back and forth with the rhythm of the road.

Honestly, Rachen had been surprised when he learned that this friend had a dog, and then - even *more* surprised when he learned upon coming over this morning that this dog hadn't been fixed. For someone like him, it was hard to ignore: the noticeably larger, plumper sheath and the delicious glistening pink tip of flesh that protruded from the end of it whenever he sat down on his hind legs, and then of course that sack… while waiting for his friend to get out of the shower so they could leave, it had taken everything Rachen had to not sprawl out on the floor and shove his nose up underneath that sack, or right against the side of that sheath.

But, that would be rude. Without permission, at least. A little bit selfish, too… so far the dog, a big Australian shepherd named Jove, had shown no behavior or anything of the sort that Rachen could interpret as interest. It wasn't like the *last* dog he'd played with, who hiked his tail into the air or rolled over onto his back and showed pink anytime the foxwolf came close. Maybe that had been some sort of conditioning, though, after… what, five or six times of coming over and pleasuring that dog, milking him onto his tongue or under his own tail, sometimes both in the same evening.

Those times, however, *had* been with permission, and most often with the owner of that dog watching - and recording with his nice camera. He'd sent Rachen the links afterwards, and - he had to say, it was almost as fun reliving those times again through the video.

Almost. And the last time he'd had a chance to play came and went about three weeks ago, and thanks to the foxwolf's natural shyness, he hadn't really met anyone else to fix that. So when he came over earlier this morning and noticed these things about Jove… needless to say, Rachen had been more than content with sitting in the backseat.

"So," said the cheetah in the front, "you said you've been here before?"

Rachen watched those swinging balls for another second before settling his paws in his lap, to cover any sign of his… *interest*. "Yeah. When I was younger. Mom and Dad and my uncle used to bring me and my cousins up here for camping trips during the summer."

"Cool, cool. Place has gone to shit, unfortunately. I'll be surprised if there's more than two other groups here. They've started cutting down the trees, the river stopped flowing, the bathrooms are backed up, blah blah blah…"

Jove hopped down from the window again and struggled with turning himself around, big blunted claws digging against the foxwolf's leg. He didn't mind too much; after so much experience with having those claws digging at his hips from above and behind, weight bearing down on him on all fours… "Yeah?"

"Mhmm." Green eyes flicked up at him in the rearview, for which Rachen thankfully was looking the right way. He did have to tilt his head to the side, though, to avoid the affectionate and very wet licks that Jove repeatedly gave him. The cheetah grinned in response to seeing this. "Ah, I'm glad to see he likes ya. Jove can be… what's the word…"

That paw came a *little* close to Rachen's groin, only making him lean over further. This of course brought the same movement from the feral dog, who now seemed almost determined to give the poor foxwolf a mouth-to-mouth kiss. Which he *might* have considered, were it just the two of them on their own… that other dog he had experience with had emptied first its balls and then its bladder onto and into his muzzle, and then turned right around to lap its mess off of his tongue. When faced first with the characteristic tang of a feral dog's load, like sucking on a rusty nail that had been dipped in saltwater, and *then* downing mouthful after mouthful of the brighter bitterness of its piss… well, another tongue on his own wasn't much to worry about.

...Rachen had to adjust his position again, and briefly work a paw between his legs to fix the now-tighter fit of his pants. "Forceful?"

"I was thinking 'temperamental', but that works, too. Should see him around my sister. Always - barkin' up a storm, growling at her, trying to gnaw on her pants leg… it's - it's funny. But, yeah,

nah, he likes you. Also think he's getting restless." Then, he whistled a few times. "Hey! Don't worry, boy, we're almost there. Take you on a walk soon enough." To Rachen again: "Watch, he's gonna wanna piss on every goddamn tree in the forest. Always does. He has me bring him down by the river, or at least what *used* to be the river, just so he can do that… now they've got that little water fountain near the entrance..."

That won't be a problem, Rachen almost said, but caught himself at the last moment. Jove had settled down in the seat beside him, head turned to the side and broad tongue hanging out of his mouth… and tapered pink tip poking out of the end of his sheath, those plump balls resting on the seat and chest rising and falling with the dog's panting. It was a small thing, but - Rachen couldn't help thinking back to the last time he'd felt a beast breathing like that on his back, forcing him to rock forward and back, forward and back with the weight on him… and, then, he had to adjust his position all over again, and forced himself to think about something else. Would have to be getting up soon, and his friend couldn't see him getting turned on just by *looking* at his dog.

He had been right, though: it didn't take much longer before the smooth asphalt of the road turned to bumpy, uneven dirt and gravel, and the trees started to close in towards the car. From there Rachen actually didn't have to *force* himself to get distracted, though: his memories from when he was younger brought him back upon seeing this place, the vaguely familiar trees, the little entrance booth, the turning and intertwining pathways in the camp main, the side-areas for each group. Most were empty, which was probably to be expected anyway at this time of year, but it *was* a Friday afternoon. Maybe it would fill up later.

But hopefully not.

Once they got to their reserved spot, it took around ten minutes getting everything unpacked what with Jove barking and bouncing around, picking up anything Rachen tossed down and running off with it, tail going behind him in inviting the foxwolf to play with him… and then another twenty-five or so to get the tent set up, trying to find a good spot to dig the stakes in among the squishy litter from the trees above and ferns that grew everywhere that hadn't been cleared for paths.

Unfortunately, most of the afternoon and evening went with the same tense anticipation in Rachen's pants that the entire ride here had had for him. Jove to under no circumstance want to leave the foxwolf alone or stray further than ten feet from him, through their initial walk through the woods, to the way down to the sad remains of the river, to the big empty tree stump in the center of the campgrounds (which the Aussie of course *had* to raise a leg on, in good view for Rachen to watch), and when he and the cheetah settled back down at their own site to start cooking dinner, he rested his head in Rachen's lap again and looked up at him with those bright silver eyes…

...so maybe he'd been wrong about the whole "showing no interest" thing. It was hard to tell in a moving car, after all; he'd spent an entire twenty-minute car ride in the past thinking that other friend-with-benefits of his was deeply upset with him for some reason… and then found himself pushed down to his knees with a thick uncut cock settled onto the bridge of his muzzle as soon as they stopped, in the parking garage of the mall.

So.

His cheetah friend spent *another* four minutes straight trying to get the fire started before he sat back on his ankles, sighed, and then just got the lighter fluid and matches out of the back of the car… and then about five more minutes tending the flame and coaxing it to size. Rachen's paw almost started aching from petting between Jove's ears and scritching underneath his collar, lovely bright shimmering blue - and then, both of their ears perked up and they each turned to look over at the car, at the cheetah's dragging groan of exacerbation.

When he next turned around, it looked as if all will to live had drained out of him. Rachen raised an eyebrow in questioning.

"I left the pot thingy at home."

Jove nosed up against the foxwolf's paw every time he stopped petting, and nipped gently at his wrist if he tried to move that paw away. He tried to maintain a straight face against the news, but had quite a bit of trouble what with this damn dog. "I - I mean, there *are* sticks around, we can do things in the true camping style…"

"We brought chili! And eggs! God…" The cheetah shoved his paws into his pockets and paced around a bit, long tail lashing around behind him. "Nearest town is, what, forty damn minutes away? Do you remember if they had, like, an outdoors supplies store there?"

"Dude, I was too focused on finding somewhere to pee."

"God." He braced his paw against his forehead, and sighed. "Okay. I guess I got not choice but to go and look. Don't get service way out here… can I trust ya to stay here with Jove 'til I get back? Keep an eye on him; you saw how much he drank from that fountain earlier, and water tends to go right through the big goddamn puppy… I don't wanna come back to find the tent smelling like dog piss, so bring him out when you think he's ready…"

Wouldn't be the tent that'd end up smelling like piss. Rachen had made sure to keep an eye out for the camp showers on their walk earlier. Hopefully the water would at least be clean - the shower buildings themselves smelled worse than the half-dried stagnant portion of the river, with all the thick olive-green moss along the ground and the countless mosquitoes zipping around in the air.

The foxwolf glanced down to the big Aussie now snoozing on his lap, totally unconcerned that he had to remain sitting up to do so. All the excitement of going to a new place and seeing all the unfamiliar sights had worn him out, apparently. “Yeah,” Rachen answered, looking back up to his friend. “Yeah, sure. How long do you think you’ll be?”

The cheetah fished his keys out of his pocket and then let them jingle in trying to find the one for the car. “I don’t even know. Forty minutes there and back, that’s, what, and hour and a half right there, pretty much? Assuming that I can find what I’m looking for right there without having to waste any time looking around… fuck.” Another sigh. “Three hours? To be safe. You can handle that, right?”

“Yeah, definitely. I’ve done a lot of dogsitting…” ...Rachen smiled. *In more than one way.*

“Alright. I’ll see ya… whenever, I guess.”

“Yeah.” He raised his paw. “See ya.”

It wasn’t something he’d been aware of at first, but as he watched the car drive off towards the entrance and then disappear behind the thick trees, the foxwolf became aware of his heart beating a bit faster, a bit harder than usual - and then of course the slight tightness of his pants, especially with the heat of this feral dog’s breath rhythmically washing out against the fur of his lower belly under his shirt. This was the same feeling he got back in high school when he spent the night as his first boyfriend’s house, and his parents had just gone to bed… again, though, it would be rude to do anything of that sort with Jove.

He tried to push it out of his mind yet again and sat back in the lawn chair he’d brought along, the cheap metal joints creaking under his weight. Way up above, the canopy of the woods could hardly be discerned from the deepening blue-black of the night sky, save for the pinpoints of white and yellow stars in the spaces between the leaves. The crackling of the fire, the far-off hooting of a pair of owls, the quiet breathing of this dog in his lap… it was actually almost easy to put his mind on other things. Didn’t help that it had *also* been a good four or so days since he’d last gotten off.

But then of course those thoughts came back as soon as Jove started stirring again, giving voice to a very adorable yawn, stretching first his front legs, walking off a bit, and then doing the same for his back legs - with his rear end pointed directly towards the foxwolf, who had turned his head to be sure that the dog didn’t wander off. Even though Jove had his tail down as he stretched, the black fur and shape of his sack could still be seen to one side behind the fluffy fur. Then, he turned back around, sat his rump back down on the ground, and wagged his tail, silver eyes fixed on Rachen.

The foxwolf licked his lips and swallowed. On their way in, he had counted - like, two other groups of people here, and those were way on the other side of the campground. Maybe he

could take this time to rub one out so he wouldn't have to deal with this damn desire all night and in his friend's presence… hardly an hour had passed through all of today where he wasn't at least half-hard, slightly uncomfortable in his own slightly-too-tight jeans. It really *would* help.

So, another half-minute of hesitation, and then Rachen was leaning back a little bit further in his chair with his fingers wrapped around his sheath, rubbing and squeezing to coax himself the rest of the way out. With that came that warm, growing pressure and pleasure in his abdomen, along with the familiar scent of his own musk - a little richer today maybe because of all of the unintentional *teasing* that that damn Aussie sitting all of four feet away had done to him… through half-lidded eyes, he looked over at that dog, at the way he just sat there with his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his sack resting between his hind legs, thick sheath shaking side to side with his breathing. As if he didn't even know.

A low murmur of a moan, an irresistible shiver through his body - and then suddenly Rachen found himself glancing first over one shoulder and then the other, focusing on the lights of the other sites and the camp buildings through the trees to be sure nobody was coming this way. It was the temptation and the desire that always got to him, especially now with thoughts and memories of past times with other dogs rippling through his mind, leading him to tighten his paw around his length and stroke a little faster, a little harder. The thought of pursing his lips up against the tip of a sheath, of breathing in the rich, coppery scent of the dog's hidden cock, of sliding his tongue up underneath that supple and slightly-moist skin, digging it in, curling around the warm flesh and bringing it out.

Or when, at a house party some time back, he was made to raise his tail for a rather curious dog's muzzle, and then told to return the favor. There was just something about having the intense warmth of the feral's backside against his chin with his nose up underneath the base of its tail, lips tight on the ridged rim of its tailhole while his tongue worked its way in, gently pressing and digging, taking that sharp musk into his muzzle and swallowing it down… not to mention that when *that* had happened, he'd already been soaked through with fresh mark, and could still smell it quite strongly on himself. The first several times, the taste and scent actually came close to turning him off, but it was just the *idea*… and then next thing he knew, he *enjoyed* having the hot, bitter saltiness on his tongue, filling his muzzle, coursing down his throat. He couldn't chug it like he could from the owner of that dog, but… that would just take practice.

He opened his eyes again. Speaking of… he'd noticed that Jove's ears had perked up with the first sound of him unzipping his pants, and then the dog sniffed at the air and licked his chops, probably against Rachen's growing musk of arousal - but now, the big Aussie paced around off to the side, occasionally giving a small whimper or whine. Rachen didn't hear him at first under the crackling of the fire and his own… *distraction*, but once the noise *did* enter into his head-

"What?" He looked over, paw still moving along his length. Of course his eyes remained fixed on one part of the dog. "What is it?"

Jove woofed in response, and wagged his tail. Then, he tossed his head in one direction, looked over there for a brief few seconds, looked back, and barked again.

Something clicked in Rachen's head. Again, his heartbeat picked up. "Time for a walk?"

Woof! *Walk!*

But by now, the foxwolf had a better idea. He glanced around one more time, grabbed the waistband of his jeans and underwear so that they wouldn't fall off when he stood up, then approached the dog, reached down to pat his head… and then dropped first to his knees and then rolled over onto his back close by, eyes still fixed on that one spot. Jove looked down at him in something that might have been confusion, but remained in place - even as the foxwolf started to scoot closer to him and then worked his way between his front legs, muzzle tilted back towards that plump sheath and hanging sack.

Feral dogs didn't really have the same sort of crotch musk that regular people do. That still didn't stop Rachen from nosing up against the hot fur, though, and breathing that scent in, one paw back down around his length. With his other he took that warm sheath above him, felt the meat hidden inside, squeezed, stroked… and still Jove didn't try to step away, though he *did* half-raise one of his hind legs.

He only had to lift his head up maybe an inch and a half before he could touch his lips to the underside of that sheath, the bulge of Jove's knot both visible and palpable at the base of the supple skin. If this dog encountered the sudden urge to start draining his bladder with this foxwolf right beneath him, well… Rachen wouldn't complain, of course. In fact, while he rubbed at that sheath and worked the feral up to match his own arousal, he even intentionally pressed up at where he assumed the dog's bladder would be, to coax that need to empty along.

However, he didn't get his wish until he shifted down a little further, closed his lips around what of Jove's cock peeked out from that sheath, and started working his tongue against the slick flesh. Maybe it was the similar hot wetness of his mouth teasing at that tip, or the added pressure right there at that sensitive area, but - sure enough, Rachen quickly had to move back and cough and splutter against the mouthful of hot, fresh piss that had suddenly coursed directly into his throat.

Jove didn't even care about the foxwolf's struggle beneath him, that stream pulsing up and down with his heartbeat and breath and now soaking quickly through Rachen's shirt and into his fur. Just like every other time he'd had someone's mark on his tongue, the taste was the first thing to overcome his senses, with the just-as-sharp aroma soon to follow… and, *God*, it was *just* what he wanted, what he needed. He coughed again, swallowed down the burning spice, licked his lips once more, and then again tilted his muzzle up and closed his mouth around the lip of Jove's sheath, feeling it pulse and spray that liquid directly into his maw.

Rachen knew from experience that, as much as he *wanted* to hold it and let it bulge out his cheeks, he'd just end up choking himself again. So he had no choice to but swallow, again and again and again as quickly as he could, especially with that stream at full force. The taste wasn't so bad once he'd downed a few mouthfuls, but it was still *considerably* stronger than anything he'd ever had from a friend… or a stranger, in a few cases.

Both the heat of it and that sharp taste, sour and bitter and salty with some other kind of indescribable musk underneath it, burned his throat with every swallow, but still he eagerly drank it down, and continued to paw himself off fast and hard. There was a reason Rachen had avoided drinking anything on the ride up here, try as he might to continue to convince himself that he hadn't been planning for this all along.

He had to keep himself partially propped up on one elbow, and if he opened his eyes with his head tilted back like this, the only thing that hung down in his vision was those heavy balls, similarly pulsing up and down with Jove's heartbeat and his slowly growing arousal, which the foxwolf could feel as an added warm pressure against his tongue and roof of his mouth.

Gulp, gulp, gulp… he'd never felt a strong need like this to swallow as much of a feral dog's piss as he could, to avoid the smell tainting his clothes and fur (since he also knew from experience that it tended to linger even through multiple cleanings), but there was no way he'd be able to keep up. At about the time where he could feel his stomach strain with the volume, and when he felt he would soon pass out without the chance to breathe, he had no choice but to flop back down onto the ground to catch his breath, throat hot and ragged with the effort and eyes watering from the taste.

Again, though, Jove didn't care. The dog had kept that hind leg raised the whole time and only now teetered at setting it back down, his rich gold stream splashing freely over Rachen's lower chest and around his hard cock, throbbing against his lower belly after he'd moved his paw away to wipe his mouth and nose. The next few minutes he spent just… lying back, feeling the delicious, pleasant heat course down and around his body and pool beneath him, enjoying the rich brassy taste still burning on his tongue and the matching scent in his nose, just growing stronger as the feral continued to drain his bladder directly onto the foxwolf underneath him.

Underneath that hot spray, Rachen slid his paw down along his soaked fur, closed his fingers around his just-as-slick length, and lifted up with deep pleasure even as that stream started to trickle to a finish, right against his chin. His body moved back and forth with his resumed fast stroking, and he parted his lips and reached his tongue out to catch those last few drops - until the dog squeezed one more burst out, once more catching Rachen by surprise.

Still, that last spray of rich mark right over the foxwolf's cock under his paw, already so close to his finish by the day-long teasing and the thoughts and the memories and - *especially* his full belly, sloshing with every movement… Rachen swallowed down that last burst of salty taste,

licked his lips once more, thumped back against the ground so he could slide his sheath all the way back and squeeze his other paw around behind the base of his knot and-

-bucked fervently upward, breath catching in his throat with the force of his peak. Four days without finding the chance to cum, and then he *finally* got the opportunity to not only drain his own balls but also empty the *very* full bladder of his friend's big feral Aussie… maybe his jerking movements as he shot - *spurt, spurt, spurt* - out over his chest startled Jove, as the dog suddenly found the want to step away from above Rachen and head over towards the side of the fire, half-hard cock still visible between his hind legs.

It took several long seconds for Rachen to catch his breath afterwards, hot sticky cum now streaked out across his chest as well as the yellow piss soaked into his fur. All he could taste, all he could smell was *that*… and as his afterglow thrummed and faded away, his heartbeat heightened with excitement and arousal turned instead to the same nervousness and, now, imminent worry.

So much for *I don't want to come back to smell piss*… but, he *should* still have quite a while before his friend came back. Rachen sat up, looking down over himself and at the frothy pool in which he lay, tinted brownish-orange by the dirt beneath it and the light of the fire nearby. That should give him enough time to shower, and wash his clothes, and hopefully cover this puddle with dirt and leaves.

Next he stood up - and then cursed under his breath for doing so, with the sudden wash of cool piss flowing down from his chest and over his pants, halfway down his thighs. He'd have to make his way over to the showers while *reeking* of this feral's mark, and then - what? Go in with his clothes to wash them, too? Leave them on the bench, in the locker for everyone else to smell? His senses were still a bit dulled from the onslaught of facing that piss so close for so long, but with his experiences with it in the past, the average canid *should* be able to smell it from… probably forty, fifty feet away, at least.

Such a small range only because he'd swallowed most of it. As if he could ever forget, Rachen was reminded of this with each step towards the tent, so he could grab Jove's leash and tie him to the nearest tree. If only the river still flowed; *that* would give him an easy excuse for a dive and quick wash-off, and maybe the muddy water would cover most of the scent.

Maybe he'd look around. It *was* some excuse, after all. The foxwolf did his pants back up, shivered at the now-cold wetness of the soaked cloth, and started off in that direction, trusting the moon and stars to give him enough light to see by - but when he passed by Jove again… well, maybe it'd be a bit irresponsible to leave him here. And, besides, if he brought him with him, out to the middle of the wilderness with nobody else around…something could keep Rachen *tied up* for an hour or so, and he'd just have to make up a quick story for his friend. That sounded good.

It was going to be a long night.