



It was nearly three in the afternoon when Aoi finally wandered, naked, into the kitchen with his now back-length hair caught in a loose tail. Aya sat at the table in a pair of penguin boxers, sorting a large box of mail. Bills went into one pile, stuff that was actually addressed to them went into another to be sorted later, and the rest went straight into the trash can. They all hated junk mail.

“Morning, bo-ya.” Aoi kissed the top of the boy’s head.

“Don’t you mean afternoon?”

Aoi’s eyes widened. “Are you serious? What time is it?”

“Almost three.”

“Damn, jetlag. I didn’t mean to sleep for that long.” Aoi stretched and flipped a bit of hair over his shoulder, glaring at it.

“You know, glaring isn’t going to make it grow back any faster.” Aya glanced over Aoi. “It looks fine.”

“I guess... it’s getting there, thanks to Itsuki’s mom and her potions. Where is our foxy man anyway?”

“I sent him out for some groceries. There’s nothing in the fridge, well, nothing edible anyway.” Aya sighed, tossing another envelope onto the bill pile. “We probably should have cleaned it out before we left for Japan.”

“We’ll make Itsuki do it when he gets back.” Aoi perked up and grinned. “So, does that mean I have you all to myself for a little while?”

“Don’t you have to be at work soon?”

“I have an hour.” He straddled his boy’s lap and slipped his arms around Aya’s neck. “That’s more than enough time for a quickie and a shower.”

“Aoi...”

“Come on, bo-ya.” Aoi licked teasingly at Aya’s soft lips. “A quick fuck to tide me over until I’m off work.” He pushed his hips forward, rubbing against hard flesh and straining fabric.

“Unless you don’t want to...”

“I never said that.” Aya pulled Aoi closer, trailing warm kisses down his throat. “So, are you going to ride me, or do you want it against the table?”

“Mmm, let me ride you. We don’t want sticky mail, do we?”

Red-amber eyes fluttered closed as those velvety lips moved lower to tease his chest. Aoi arched against his boy’s mouth, his toes curling as Aya tugged at the steel rings laced through his nipples. Oh, Aya was good at that.

“I don’t know... I kinda like you sticky.”

“Very funny, bo-ya.” Aoi ran his hands down the hard, lean chest in front of him. He shifted slightly to ease his boy out of his boxers. “I thought you wanted to fuck, not crack jokes.”

“I can do both; I’m very talented, you know.” Aya pulled Aoi closer, rubbing their cocks together. “How else could I handle you and Itsuki?”

He had a come back to that, really he did, but Aoi’s brain had more to focus on than talking, like that hot length sliding against his own, or the warm skin beneath his hands. His boy was a gorgeous sight. Long legs and sleek muscles wrapped in lightly bronzed skin and accented by unruly cinnamon hair and storm gray eyes. He looked good enough to eat... well, maybe later. Two of Aya’s fingers pressed against his lips, looking for a way in. Aoi almost purred in contentment as he sucked on his boy’s fingers, coating them with spit. Oh, he knew where those were going.

Sure enough, as soon as those fingers were wet enough, Aya slipped them between Aoi’s cheeks. They circled and rubbed against his hole, teasing Aoi and making him squirm impatiently.

“Damn it, Bo-- oooh, that’s it.”

Aya leaned closer, catching him in a deep kiss. Aoi moaned against Aya’s mouth and pushed his ass back, riding Aya’s hand. His cock was hard and leaving wet streaks against Aya’s belly.

“You’re so needy today. Wasn’t last night enough?”

“I can never get enough of you... or Itsuki for that matter.” Aoi murmured as he sucked hungrily on Aya’s lips. “Now, are you going to fuck me or not?”

“Slut,” Aya said with an affectionate nibble.

“Mmm, at least I’m yours.”

Those sweet fingers scissored, stretching him a bit more before pulling away. Aoi lifted himself up and dropped back down onto Aya’s long, hard cock. He took his boy all the way, until he felt Aya’s balls nestled against his ass. It was so good.

“You’re so tight like this.” Aya gasped as he nuzzled Aoi’s chest. He lifted his hips, fucking Aoi slowly and easily. His cock pushed deep, sliding against Aoi’s gland and sending a jolt of pleasure straight to his brain.

“Oh, bo-ya, do that again.”

Aya managed a nod and lifted his hips again, sliding in and out. Aoi moved too, bouncing and grinding against his boy’s hips. Aya tangled his fingers in Aoi’s silky hair and pulled him into another kiss. Aya pushed his tongue into Aoi’s mouth, tasting him. Slender hands clenched against the boy’s shoulders as hot come spilled between them.

Aoi kept moving, determined to milk the hard length still buried deep inside him. He leaned down nibbling at the sweet spot just above Aya's collar bone. A soft, breathy moan slipped from the boy's lips, making Aoi's cock perk with interest. Oh, his boy was sexy.

With a groan, Aya arched and filled him with heat. Aya slumped back in his chair, trying to catch his breath. "Wow."

"Thank you, bo-ya." Aoi dropped a quick kiss on the boy's nose. "I love you."

"Love you, too. Now go shower." Aya patted Aoi on the ass. "Before Itsuki comes home and decides that he wants a quickie, too."

Aoi grinned as he headed to the bathroom. "Oooh, that might be worth being late for..."

"Aoi!"

"I'm kidding, Kale would kill me if I'm late tonight."

Aoi took his time in the shower, singing along to the song that was currently stuck in his head. He leaned forward and let the steamy water stream through his hair. One thing about having his hair shorter, it was easier to wash and wouldn't take most of the night to dry. He still missed it though.

"Aoi, you have twenty minutes!"

"Okay!" Aoi yelled back as he stepped from the shower. He toweled off and twisted his hair into a quick braid before heading to the bedroom. There he threw on a black g-string and a pair of jeans. Not that it mattered; he would have to change once he got down to the club anyway. He felt like being a cowboy tonight. Maybe Max would have that school boy uniform ready for him. Lucky for him, the Body Shop had its own costume designer and he took requests.

Aoi headed out with a quick kiss from Aya and a lingering grope from Itsuki, who almost dropped the groceries to fondle him. Aya was going to have his hands full once Aoi was gone. An image of his sweaty boy and his fox making like bunnies filled his head. It was so tempting to call in sick, but if he did that he would hear about it from Kale and Aya, and that was the last thing he wanted.

Dante greeted him as soon as Aoi stepped from the elevator. The bartender was nearly bouncing, which made the boy look even younger than he was. "You're back!"

"Yeah, except I think I need a vacation from my vacation." Aoi sighed as Dante handed him a bottle of cold water. "No wings yet?"

The bartender shook his head. "Nah, too much trouble, besides..." He blushed a little, making him look almost innocent, if it wasn't for the horns peeking through his hair, anyway. "Kale

wasn't too keen on the idea, something about tearing up his sheets or leaving feathers everywhere, depending."

Aoi's eyes widened. Kale and Dante... he hadn't seen that coming. "You and Kale have a thing now?"

"It's called dating, Aoi." Dante cast a dreamy glance towards the back office.

"Are you two serious, or just messing around?"

"Pretty serious, not that I mind, he's really sweet to me and he fucks like a wet dream."

Aoi almost choked on his water. "We are talking about the same Kale, right? The tall, grumpy one with the red hair and the muscles?"

"I like his muscles. And he's only grumpy at you."

"You distracting my bartender again, Aoi?" a low voice behind him grumbled.

"Hey, Kale."

"Hey, yourself." Kale hopped on to the barstool beside Aoi. He ruffled Dante's hair affectionately, making the boy blush again. "How was your vacation?"

"Interesting." Aoi grinned and nudged Kale with his elbow knowingly. "But not as interesting as here apparently. You old dog you."

"This coming from the guy who's sleeping with a fox and someone young enough to be his son?" Kale asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I didn't say it was bad. In fact, I think it's cute." Aoi finished his water. "Down right adorable even."

"Get to work, you."

"Yes, boss." Aoi grinned as he headed back stage. Dante and Kale... well, they were cute together and it did give him something else to tease his boss about. Granted, teasing Kale was like baiting a bear, but it was just so much fun.

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The spotlight dimmed and Aoi took a quick bow before hopping off stage. They had a good crowd tonight, heavy tippers who didn't feel the need to grope too much.

"Hey, baby, bring that sweet ass over here!"

Okay, mostly a good crowd. The two boys hooting at him were a definite exception. They were young, drunk and, from the look of their clothing, rich. Ah, they were probably slumming for a piece of tail to spend mommy or daddy's money on. That in itself wouldn't be too bad, but from what he'd seen so far, they were assholes.

Despite what most people thought, Aoi was very observant and he could spot trouble in a heartbeat. And those boys were going to be trouble, coping feels on the waiters, talking to the other dancers like they were common street-whores. Jerks like that didn't last too long at The Body Shop. Kale was very protective of everyone who worked for him, and sooner or later, those boys were going to get themselves thrown out of the club and probably banned, too. Aoi just hoped it was more sooner than later.

"Come on, slut, I got somethin' for ya." One of them hooted, grabbing his crotch suggestively. "You know you want it."

The other one held out a fiver, waving it around like he expected Aoi to come running. Yup, assholes. Aoi sauntered over, snatching the bill from the young man's hand. It was on his way to the bar, so he couldn't just ignore them, but he didn't have to be nice either. If they were smart, they would leave him be. One of them grabbed his arm, pulling him closer. Aoi sighed. So much for them being smart...

"How much for a pretty whore like you, hmmm?" One of the drunks, a blond with whiskey on his breath, ran his hand up Aoi's leg. "Is it extra if you do us both?"

"I'm not a whore and even if I was, I doubt either of you could handle me." Aoi slapped a groping hand away. "Or afford me."

"Don't be like that, baby. It'll be easier if you're willing."

The hand on Aoi's arm tightened and the other man stood boxing him in. Some people just didn't know when to quit. Then again that's why Kale had bouncers.

"But we'll take you even if you're not," the other one growled menacingly. "It doesn't matter to us."

"Look boys, that kind of attitude's not going to get you anywhere, here." Aoi flipped his hair over his shoulder and spoke slowly, like he was dealing with someone particularly dumb. "You two might want to run along home before there's trouble."

"You can't talk to us like that!" The drunken blond pulled Aoi's head back. "You'd best apologize, or we'll go to your boss."

"Go ahead." Aoi yanked his hair free and glared at them both. "He'd have you both thrown out on your asses for man-handling his employees."

The blond pulled back and back-handed him across the face. It was a clumsy blow but it still knocked Aoi on his ass. Oh, they'd done it now. Aoi heard a low, angry growl behind him, which meant things were about to get very messy. Itsuki bounded forward to stand between Aoi and his attacker, his ears flat and his tail bristling angrily. The kitsune was pissed and ready to tear into the drunks. At least he was still in his human form, Kale would never forgive him, if Itsuki went all big and furry in the middle of the club.

Luckily, before Itsuki could pounce, Snapper, one of the bouncers, appeared out of nowhere, grabbed both drunks and dragged them outside. Aoi had always wondered where Kale got his bouncers. Snapper was a big man and built like a truck, but he moved like a ninja. No one that big should move so quickly or quietly. Rumor was that Kale had them grown in some super secret underground lab. It sounded crazy, but he wouldn't put it past his boss, either. Kale was full of surprises.

Itsuki scooped Aoi up, eyeing him worriedly. "Are you all right, love?"

"I'm fine, thanks for the rescue though." Aoi smiled up at his foxy lover. "Did I ever tell you, how sexy you are when you're being heroic?"

"Am I?" Itsuki's ears perking with interest. "Oh, does that mean I'm getting laid tonight?"

"Probably." Aoi tugged at a furry ear. "Um, you can put me down, now."

"Not until I get you somewhere a little safer." The kitsune shook his head stubbornly and headed to the bar with Aoi still in his arms.

"Itsuki..."

True to his word, that damned fox didn't let him go until he was safely settled on one of the bar stools. Aoi was surprised his lover didn't hover more once he was seated. Aya was sitting next to him, chatting with Dante between drink orders. Dark, grey eyes widened at him. Oh boy, he was in for it now.

"What happened to your face?" Aya touched Aoi's cheek cautiously.

"Ouch. Had a run in with a couple of troublemakers, that's all." Aoi cringed as the boy's finger hit a tender spot. Damn, he was going to have a bruise in the morning and that was hardly attractive. "Snapper tossed them on their asses though."

Itsuki nodded, his ears drooping a little. "I should have dealt with them... if I had gotten there sooner..."

"It's okay, love, that's all part of Snapper's job." Aoi stroked the kitsune's ears. "Besides we can't have you biting people in the club." He smiled and kissed his lover on the cheek, "My big, bad fox."

Dante handed him some ice wrapped in a dish cloth. "Here, this should help a little."

"Thanks,"

"I'm glad you got rid of those jerks, too." The bartender snorted and slammed a beer mug on the bar. "They should've been thrown out a sooner."

"Kale can't throw people out just because they're assholes, Dante." Aoi shrugged and pressed the ice against his cheek. He cringed, the damned ice hurt almost as much as the bruise did. "Of course, hitting an employee is an entirely different story."

"Yeah, he hates that."

Aoi winked and set his make-shift ice pack on the bar. "I know." He slipped one arm around Aya's waist and the other around Itsuki's. "Now, if you don't mind, I think I've had enough excitement for one night. I'm taking my men and going home."

"Wait, shouldn't you tell Kale what happened?" Dante called out after him.

"It'll be easier if you tell him."

"I-I guess."

"It'll be fine, Dante." Aoi called over his shoulder. "He likes you better, remember."

"Well, I should hope so, I'm the one sleeping with him." The bartender sighed and waved at his friends. "Fine, I'll tell him. You three have a good night. But you owe me, Aoi."

"Put it on my tab." Aoi and his companions stepped into the elevator before Dante could say anything else.

As soon as the doors closed, Aoi found himself with an armful of hungry fox. Itsuki pushed him against the wall and kissed him hard. Oh, he had to get into trouble more often.

"Mmm, what was that for?" Aoi wrapped himself around his foxy man and rubbed against those hard, sleek muscles.

"Need to taste you, feel you." Itsuki growled as he nuzzled Aoi's cheek. "Make sure you're okay."

"You know worrying makes him horny." Aya snuggled closer to both of them. "Well, that and you are very sexy."

"Thanks, bo-ya. Now, come here." He tangled a hand in his boy's hair and pulled Aya in to share their kiss.



Two sets of hands slid over his skin. Itsuki tugged his g-string down and stroked his already eager cock, while Aya teased his ass and tweaked his nipples. Oh, he was going to come soon if they kept that up. Aya's fingers grew more insistent, one of them sliding into Aoi's hole and making him moan.

"I think he liked that." Itsuki grinned, his thumb brushing the head of Aoi's hard prick.

Aoi nodded eagerly. He rocked between the slender digit inside him and the warm hand stroking his cock. A second finger pushed into him, nudging his gland and sending a jolt of pleasure straight to his brain. Aya leaned closer, sucking on the sweet spot at the base of his neck while Itsuki found the other just above his collarbone.

Aoi moaned again, his hands tightening on his lovers' shoulders. His legs were about to give out, not that it mattered, Itsuki and Aya would keep him upright, and if he was really lucky, one of them would even carry him into the apartment. That's what they got for jacking him off in the elevator.

"You are a sight." Itsuki nipped at his ear. "Riding Aya's fingers like that and fucking my hand."

Oh, he loved that voice, especially when it was whispering dirty things into his ear. That combined with the other sensations shooting along his spine pushed Aoi over the edge. With a groan, he tensed and bucked, hot come spurting over his chest and Itsuki's fingers.

"Wow." Aoi leaned back trying to catch his breath. "That was intense."

Itsuki nipped at his neck. "We try."

"Besides, you're so tasty." Aya added as he trailed his finger over Aoi's stomach. He stuck the sticky digit in his mouth and sucked it clean. "Yum."

Aoi sighed, watching his boy was going to make him hard again and from the hard bulge in Itsuki's jeans he wasn't the only one. "I don't know anyone who likes come as much as you do, bo-ya."

"I can think of someone..." The kitsune swatted Aoi with his tail.

Aya blinked at them both, trying to look innocent "Oh, that's where I get it from."

Aoi shrugged. "It must have rubbed off or something."

"I just hope his talent for getting into trouble didn't rub off on you, too."

"No, I'm the good, sensible one, remember?"

“And it’s not like any of that was my fault.” Aoi tugged his underwear back up. A few seconds later the elevator stopped. At least he wasn’t naked when the doors opened. Of course, he was covered in spooge, which was almost as bad.

“Maybe, but trouble does have a knack of finding you, doesn’t it?” Itsuki tossed Aoi over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry and headed down the hall. “I’m going to have to do something about that.”

“Good luck.” Aoi sighed as he was man-handled into their apartment. “Cause, unless you’re going to lock me in this apartment for the rest of my life...”

Itsuki’s ears perked. “Oh, there’s an idea.”

“You could always chain him to the bed.” Aya closed the door and locked it behind them. The look on Aya’s face was a little too serious for Aoi’s comfort. “It would make things easier.”

“Wait, you’re joking, right?” Aoi was pretty sure his boy was kidding, but he wasn’t entirely sure about his kitsune. He wasn’t going to complain, though. As long as there was a shower and lots of sex involved. If Itsuki wanted to keep him home, fucking him into exhaustion was a good plan... a really good plan.

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It was way too early to be up. Then again, he should be snuggled between Itsuki and Aya instead of sitting on a hard wooden bench. Aoi sighed and rubbed his neck. He and Itsuki had had a fight and he’d spent the night in the park because he didn’t want to crawl home after storming off. The kitsune was probably worried about him... served Itsuki right. That’s what he got for being an ass. Of course, that small victory had its price... Sleeping outdoors sucked, almost as much as fighting with his fox did. Aoi sighed; he didn’t want to go home yet, but he was also cold and a little hungry. It probably would have been easier if he’d just spent the night at the club; the bed in his private room was almost as nice as the one at home. Almost. And it was warm and dry. Then again, he’d have to explain himself to Kale and probably Dante.

“I thought I’d find you here.”

Aoi glanced up to see Aya standing on the running path. He looked worried and a little tired. “Hey, bo-ya.”

“Hey, yourself.” Aya sat down beside him. “Itsuki said that he’s sorry and if you come home, he promises not to be an ass.”

“It’s a little late for that.” Aoi raked his fingers through his hair. He felt grimy and that made him even crankier.

“Come on, he keeps making sad puppy eyes at me.”

“He could have at least come here and apologized himself.”

“He figured you wouldn’t listen and things would just get worse.” Aya rubbed Aoi’s shoulders, easing away the kinks in his spine. “What happened between you two anyway?”

“He was being a jealous ass.”

“Aoi!”

“Fine, you know I went to that new dance club last night, and it was cool. I was feeling sexy and having a good time too.”

“You were flirting.” Aya added quietly.

Aoi rolled his eyes. “No, I was dancing. I don’t flirt... anymore. Anyway, Itsuki storms in, growls at the two guys I’m dancing with, and drags me out of the club like... like he just caught me cheating on him or something.” He shook his head. “I don’t know what’s up with him anymore.”

“I think he’s scared of losing you.”

“He sure has a crappy way of showing it.”

“You know how Itsuki is, he probably thought he was rescuing you.” Aya slipped his arm around Aoi’s shoulders and pulled him close. “It hit him hard when we lost you and it made him realize how much he needs you in his life.”

“It’s been three, fucking weeks, though!” Aoi leaned into his boy, feeling more frustrated and hurt than angry. “No one’s shown up to steal me away and no one’s going to.” He was too tired for this, but he was also pretty sure that Aya wasn’t going anywhere until they’d talked everything out. His boy was stubborn like that. “Besides, I still don’t get how being jealous and possessive helps the situation, either.”

“I think he’s trying to be protective, but he makes a bad mother hen, unlike me.”

“It feels like he doesn’t trust me.” Aoi twisted a long bit of hair around his finger and sighed unhappily. “And that hurts.”

“Maybe you should tell him that.”

“I know, but it’s hard to talk to him about stuff like that.” Aoi buried his face in hands. “I try, but we usually end up fucking until we forget what we were fighting about.”

“You know sex doesn’t fix everything, right?” Aya asked, smoothing Aoi’s hair. “You two need to talk about this before something breaks.” He leaned close dropping a soft kiss on Aoi’s forehead. “I’d hate to see our little family split because no one’s talking to each other.”

Aoi smiled and patted his boy on the shoulder. “We’ve managed through worse, bo-ya, and we’re still together, but I’ll talk to him, okay?”

“Okay.” The boy stood and stretched. “We should go home, before Itsuki tries to find us and gets picked up by Animal Control or something.”

“Yeah, we should, even if it would be really funny if we had to get him out of the pound.”

Aoi followed his boy down the street. Aya was right, it was better to go settle this now than to wait it out like he usually did. Then again, his boy was right about a lot of things, and he was proving to be the most mature one out of the three of them, which was pretty funny since he was still basically a kid.

“So, should we get some breakfast for our grumpy fox before we head home?” Aya asked as they waited for the light to change.

Aoi nodded, bouncing a little. “He might be a little less grumpy if we do.” He stopped for a second as his eyes caught something small and furry sitting in the street. It was a kitten, meowing fearfully. The poor thing was probably too scared to move and it couldn’t have been in a worse place.

“Aoi, wait!”

Without another thought, Aoi stepped into the street. Two cars zipped by him, honking irritably. He reached down, snatching up the little ball of fluff and tumbling out of the way of a third car. The kitten squirmed in his hands a bit before it blinked at him and settled down. He’d always had a way with cats. Itsuki said it was because he was more like one than a person sometimes. Aoi turned, feeling mighty proud of himself, just in time to see the SUV barreling toward him.

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One of the EMTs ushered Aya into the sterile waiting room, while the other wheeled Aoi deeper into the Emergency room. Aya slumped in one of the padded chairs scattered around the room, trying to get the blood stained images out of his head.

Damn, he had to call Itsuki. He’d meant to do it from the ambulance, but all he’d been able to do was watch morbidly as the EMTs examined his lover and relayed his condition to the hospital. Aya searched for his cell, his hands still shaking and splattered with blood.

Itsuki picked up after the first ring. All Aya could manage was that Aoi was hurt and the name of the hospital, but it was enough to get his foxy lover running. He just hoped Itsuki didn’t get into an accident on his way there. He drove like a bat out of hell when he thought he needed to. And this would be one of those times.

About ten minutes later, Itsuki came running in through the tall glass doors. The kitsune skidded to a halt in front of Aya, his eyes worried and almost fearful. “Any word yet? How is he?”

“I-I don’t know yet. They just took him in before I called you. I--” Aya said quietly.

“Easy, love.” Itsuki pulled Aya into his arms and held him tightly. “I’m here. Now, tell me what happened.”

“We were coming home.” Aya rubbed his eyes. “He saw a kitten in the middle of the street and went after it. I couldn’t stop him and then that SUV ran into him.” More tears welled in his eyes. “I-- there was so much blood...”

“And what happened to the cat?”

“She’s fine.” Aya fished a fluffy black and white kitten out of his jacket and held it up to Itsuki. The kitten blinked at Itsuki sleepily and squeaked at him. “He must’ve cushioned her during the impact.”

Itsuki glared at the kitten. “I should eat you for all the trouble you caused.” Not that it noticed. In fact she just mewed and batted at his nose with a tiny paw. The kitsune sighed and glanced at Aya. “So what do we do now?”

Aya shrugged. “We wait until they tell us something. I just hope he’s okay.”

It was nearly an hour before someone finally came to talk to them. He was a thin man with short brown hair, and he blinked at them with a bit of confusion. Aya figured him for one of the doctors, as he was wearing a white coat instead of the scrubs he’d seen the orderlies and nurses in.

“Which one of you is with Mr. Yamakawa?” The doctor glanced at his clipboard, like he was double checking something.

“Both of us actually.” Aya stood carefully, so he wouldn’t startle the kitten still sleeping in his jacket. “He’s my boyfriend.”

“And my ma--, um, mine, too,” Itsuki added, his ears drooping worriedly. “How is he?”

“He’s still unconscious, but his vitals are strong and stable.” The doctor nodded at them both. “Your... friend is a lucky man, his injuries could have been much worse.” He flipped a page on his clipboard and read off his paperwork. “We’ll need to keep him for at least a week, to keep an eye on the pins in his leg. He’s also going to need to come back for physical therapy once everything’s healed up. He did quite a bit of damage to that leg of his.”

“Can we see him?” Aya leaned against his kitsune wearily. He felt like he had been up for days instead of hours. Who knew fretting took so much energy?

“Only one of you at a time, I’m afraid, at least until he’s out of recovery.”

Aya nodded and patted Itsuki on the shoulder. “You go, I’m going to run home, get cleaned up and get you know who settled.”

Itsuki rolled his eyes. He wasn’t as partial to cats as Aoi or Aya were, probably because of the fox blood, not that he would ever admit it.

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“Ow. ” Aoi groaned and blinked groggily. He felt like he’d been hit by a truck... oh, wait. He saw Itsuki perk up as soon as he opened his eyes. He smiled at his foxy man. “Hey, you.”

“Hey, yourself.” The kitsune nuzzled Aoi’s fingers. “What did I tell you about getting into trouble?”

“Sorry. Does this mean you’re chaining me to the bed when we get home?” Aoi blinked at Itsuki, trying to look innocent. He must have been a horrible sight, all banged up, with the monitors and the IV, not to mention the weird metal sling thing they had his leg strapped to. No wonder Itsuki looked so worried.

“Yup, I’m never letting you out of my sight again.”

“Where’s Aya?”

“He went home to get cleaned up and to take care of that stupid furball you almost got killed for.” Itsuki’s ears twitched unhappily.

“Was the kitten okay? I mean, I’d hate to think I got all messed up for nothing.”

“Damn it, Aoi!” The kitsune growled irritably, his ears flicking back in anger. “All this for a cat?”

“What? It would have gotten killed if I hadn’t done something. And I wouldn’t have been out there in the first place if you weren’t being a jealous ass last night,” Aoi snapped as he tried to blow a bit of hair out of his eyes. “So don’t you dare yell at me!”

“Look, I’m sorry about last night. I thought--”

“You thought you were protecting me, I know, Aya told me.” Aoi sighed and shifted so he could look his lover in the eye. His head hurt and his leg was starting to throb, but they needed to deal with this. “But it felt more like you didn’t trust me, and that hurt more than the stupid pins in my leg do. Well, almost.”

“Aoi...” The kitsune glanced at Aoi, doing his best sad puppy impression. “I don’t want to fight anymore... please.”

“Stop being cute, I’m still mad at you.”

“Don’t be angry, love. I do trust you.” Itsuki leaned close and nuzzled Aoi’s cheek. “It’s other people I don’t trust. I didn’t mean to hurt you. Forgive me?”

“Yeah, but next time, I’m sending you to the pound.” Aoi chuckled, sending a sharp pain shooting through his chest. “Ouch, I guess no laughing until I heal up a bit more.”

“Poor baby. I guess that means no sex either.”

Aoi shrugged, or at least attempted to. “Well, considering that they had to pin my leg back together and the fact that I’m covered in cuts and bruises, I doubt I’d be very much fun in bed anytime soon.”

“Ooh, I feel sorry for the nurses, then.” Itsuki smoothed Aoi’s hair. “I know how cranky you get when you’re not getting any.”

Aoi sighed again; that was a depressing thought. No sex, at least until he got out of the hospital. After that he was pretty sure he could talk Itsuki and Aya into something. Well, at least his kitsune. He glanced up to see Aya peeking in from the hall. Aoi managed to wave at his boy without getting his good arm tangled in anything, which was no small feat, considering what the doctors had stuck to him and in him.

“I’m going to let Aya sit with you for a bit, okay, love?” Itsuki dropped a gentle kiss on his forehead.

“Where are you going? Did something happen?” Aoi tried to sit up, not that it was working. He managed to scoot his butt up a little before the metal thing attached to his leg started to tug. “You two aren’t fighting are you?”

Itsuki shook his head and smiled. “No fights between us, love. The hospital only wants one visitor in here at a time.”

“Okay.”

His foxy man left as Aya came in, Itsuki’s tail brushing against the boy’s leg as they passed each other. Poor Aya, he looked tired and a little frazzled. The boy sat down heavily in the slightly battered chair beside the bed and looked at him worriedly.

“So how are you feeling?”

“Everything hurts.” Aoi shifted again, trying to find a comfortable position. “I’m sure I’ll feel better once I’m home, though.”

“That’s not going to be for a week, at least. That’s what the doctor said.”

“A week? Couldn’t we talk him down a day or two?” Aoi whined. It wasn’t that bad of an accident, was it? “Come on, bo-ya, you know how much I hate hospitals.”

“You’re lucky it’s only a week. You could have been killed, you know, or paralyzed.”

“Stop being dramatic, it wasn’t that bad.”

Aya stood up, almost knocking his chair over. He looked really mad, except for the tears in those expressive, storm-gray eyes. “Aoi! You were unconscious for nearly ten hours, y-you broke your arm, tore up your leg, bruised your ribs--”

“I know! I was there, remember?” Aoi didn’t mean to snap, but he didn’t need to listen to the long list of his injuries either. “Let it go. I’m fine.”

“I know, it’s just-- when I saw you slam into the windshield of that car and then lying there in the street with all that blood, I--” Aya slumped back into his chair and buried his face in his hands.

Aoi reached out to stroke his boy’s head. The cast on his arm made it hard, but he managed, flexing his stiff fingers in soft, cinnamon hair. “Bo-ya...”

“I’m serious; you have to be more careful.” Aya sniffled. He looked back up, gray meeting amber. “I-- we can’t lose you.”

“I promise bo-ya, no more running into traffic for me.” Aoi shifted a little and winced in pain. “Believe me, I’m not doing that again.”

“Good, if not, I’m going to help Itsuki chain you to the bed.”

“Ooh, sounds good to me.” He wiggled his eyebrows at his boy. At least that didn’t hurt, unlike the rest of his body. “I hope you’re going to help him fuck me, too.”

“We’ll see once you’re out of here.”

“Okay. Oh, can you tell Kale what happened? Obviously I’m not going to be in to work tomorrow.”

“Already done, I talked to him before I got back.” Aya nodded. “He and Dante both send their best. Oh, and Dante’s taking the kitten.”

“Thanks, bo-ya, I’d hug you but I can’t reach.”

Aya slipped his arms around Aoi and hugged him gently. “Just get better, okay?”



One of the nurses peeked in on them. “Sorry you two, visiting hours are over. He should be in his own room tomorrow, though.”

“Thanks.” Aya leaned over the bed rail and kissed him on the cheek. “I’ll see you tomorrow. Try and behave yourself.”

“I’ll try...” Aoi winked back at him. “Night, Aya. Tell Itsuki, I love him.”

“I think he knows, but I’ll tell him.”

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They moved him into a private room a few hours after Aya left. Oh, now that was entertaining. First, they disconnected him from the monitors which made them beep like crazy. Then they wheeled his bed up two floors and left him in the hallway for twenty minutes before finally settling him in. At least he was down to two monitors and one IV instead of the wall of stuff they’d had attached to him earlier.

The room was quiet after the orderlies and nurses left. Too quiet. Aoi missed Itsuki’s rumble snores, Aya’s soft breathing and being snuggled between two warm bodies. He also missed being able to roll over and sleep on his side... stupid leg. Still, he felt pretty proud of himself, saving that furry little life. He’d have to check with Dante to see how the kitten was doing, if Aya and Itsuki ever let him out of the apartment again.

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It had been two days, two freaking days that Aoi was stuck in a hospital bed with nothing to do but watch TV and try not to poke at his leg. His arm itched, too, but that was easier to ignore since it was in a cast. His leg, though, was only lightly bandaged and strapped to some sort of metal harness thing, which made it much more tempting to mess with. At least Aya and Itsuki were there to keep him company. Well, Itsuki was, his boy thankfully had run out to get them all something to eat. Aoi didn’t understand how anyone got better with such crappy food.

“Okay, Mr. Yamakawa, it’s time we gave you a bath.” One of the nurses cheerfully rolled a metal cart into the room. She was a pretty thing, well, if he liked girls, anyway.

Itsuki’s ears perked. “Maybe I should do that.”

“No, it’s alright, I can manage. He’s not the first naked man I’ve seen today.” She pulled on a pair of rubber gloves.”

“Please.” Aoi blinked at her, making his most innocent face. She looked new, which meant she didn’t stand a chance. “I-I’m shy around new people.” Itsuki to his credit kept his snickering to himself.

“I don’t know...”

“He’s the only one I’m comfortable with. Please.”

“Oh, all right.” The nurse smiled and handed Itsuki a packet of what looked like baby wipes. She headed back toward the hall. “I’ll close the door, too, so you can have your privacy. Don’t want anyone to walk in on you, as you’re shy and all.”

“You are amazing.” Itsuki grinned as he carefully tugged away Aoi’s hospital gown.

“What?”

“Nothing, I’m just glad she bought it.”

“Of course she did. All the nurses love me here.”

“And she has no idea what a slut you are.” The kitsune opened the packet and pulled out one of the damp cloths.

“That, too.” Aoi sighed as he eyed the wipes unhappily. “There’s no way I could talk you into giving me a real bath is there?”

“Sorry, love, this will have to do, until you can move around better.” Itsuki caught Aoi’s hand in his own and kissed the slender fingers. He followed the kisses with gentle swipes of his cloth. “But, don’t worry, I’ll take good care of you.” Slowly, he worked his way up Aoi’s arm, being careful not to jostle the IV in the back of his hand.

Aoi had been running a low grade fever since yesterday, which left his skin hot and tight and that cool, damp wipe felt so good tracing over his shoulders and down his chest. He felt his cock twitch eagerly against his belly. It was a damn good thing Itsuki was wiping him down instead of one of the nurses. He’d hate for them to think he was flirting.

“You are the only one I know who could get off on a sponge bath,” Itsuki teased as he tugged the steel ring in Aoi’s nipple. “Look how hard you are.”

“Mmm, can’t help it.” Aoi purred, arching into his kitsune’s hand. He bit his lip and glanced wantonly at Itsuki. “It feels so good when you touch me.”

“I can tell.” Itsuki moved lower, swabbing over Aoi’s flat stomach. He detoured a little, trailing the moist cloth over Aoi’s legs, tickling his toes in the process.

“Hey, you missed a spot.”

“No, I’m just saving the best bits for last.” The kitsune grinned as he grabbed a fresh wipe and worked his way carefully over Aoi’s injured leg.

Aoi was about to complain again. Those gentle, teasing touches were starting to drive him crazy. Damn fox was doing it on purpose, avoiding his aching cock and making him squirm. "Itsuki..."

"Careful, love, I don't want you to hurt yourself."

"Then touch me. I'm going to explode if you don't, and I don't know how you're going to explain that to the doctors."

Finally Itsuki slid the cloth over Aoi's hard on, carefully wiping every inch of hard flesh. Once his cock was done, the kitsune moved lower, gently swabbing over Aoi's balls and the sensitive skin behind them. Aoi bit back a moan and pushed into his lover's touch. He wanted to come so badly that it was starting to hurt. His fingers clutched tightly in the sheets as Itsuki continued to tease him. "Please, love... I can't take much more."

"Okay, but you have to be quick, and quiet." Itsuki traced his finger through the pre-come pooling on Aoi's stomach. He held that slick digit against Aoi's soft lips, encouraging him to suck on it. "Like in the elevator."

Aoi closed his eyes and licked Itsuki's finger clean. He could feel those sexy copper eyes burning into him, watching him suck on those thick fingers. If it wasn't for the damned IV or the cast on his other arm, Aoi would have jacked himself off, giving his sexy fox such a show... unfortunately that would have to wait for later. Right now he had to focus on the task at hand.

"Aoi..."

"Quick, quiet, got it." Aoi watched as his cock was swallowed by Itsuki's big hand. The kitsune stroked him from base to crown, slowing occasionally to brush his thumb against the wet slit. Oh, his fox was so good to him.

It wasn't too long before Aoi tensed and shot his load. He slumped back against his narrow bed, breathing heavily, hot come splattered over his belly and chest. A warm and very contented smile spread across his face as he looked up at his foxy man. "Love you."

"Love you, too." Itsuki grinned and wiped the come from Aoi's pale skin. "I can't wait until you're fit enough for fucking again."

"Or at least for blowjobs, right?"

"That would work, too."

Aya opened the door just as Aoi was settling back down. He peeked in at them cautiously, a bulging paper bag and a drink holder with three cups clutched in his hands. "Is everything okay? Why did you have the door closed?"

"I was just giving him a bath, that's all." Itsuki pulled a rumpled bed sheet up, covering Aoi from the waist down.

Aoi just smiled lazily at his boy. "It's so much better when he does it."

"I'll bet." Aya sniffed the air and sighed. "It smells like sex in here."

Aoi blushed a little. "Really? I didn't notice."

"You better hope the nurses don't notice either," the boy grumbled as he opened the bag and handed out burgers. One for Aoi, one for himself and two for Itsuki. The kitsune always did have an appetite.

"Thanks, bo-ya," Aoi said between bites of burger. "You've just saved me from starvation."

"Aoi, the hospital food isn't that bad." Aya sat down and watched his companions eat.

"But it's not as good as your cooking either, Aya-love." Itsuki stole a bite of Aoi's burger. He had already finished off his two and was more than willing to help his lover with his food.

Aoi grinned and handed the rest of his burger to the kitsune. He sighed contentedly, his stomach was full and his sex drive was sated, at least for a little while. He was stuck in the hospital for a whole week, but it wouldn't be so bad as long as Aya and Itsuki were willing to keep him fed and jack him off every once in a while.

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One week stretched into three as the doctors were concerned with how his leg was healing, and to make things worse, they refused to let Aya bring him any more food. Aoi was about to go stir crazy. He was tired of lying in bed, being prodded by the doctors and scolded by the nurses. All he wanted to get the damned cast off his arm and sleep in his own bed, between his boy and his fox. Finally, when Aoi was about to walk -- okay, limp -- out of the hospital on his own, his doctor told him he could go home.

They cut the cast off his arm before he left, mentioning that it would still be a little tender and that he would have to come in twice a week for physical therapy. Aoi didn't hear all of it, he was too focused on other things: real food, his own bed, and better yet, the potential for lots and lots of sex. He couldn't be happier.

Aya and Itsuki showed up a few minutes later, and his boy filled out some last minute paperwork while his fox helped him get dressed. Of course, the kitsune spent a good chunk of that time fondling him, which meant Aoi's shorts were uncomfortably tight the entire way home. He had never been so thankful to see the inside of their apartment, ever.

"So, where to first?" Itsuki carried Aoi into the living room. He could have made it inside with his crutches, but the kitsune had insisted and he wasn't about to argue with his fox.

"Shower, then bed."

“You want to nap? It’s the middle of the day.”

“Who said anything about a nap?” Aoi wiggled impatiently in the kitsune’s arms. “I want you both to fuck me senseless.”

“Then shouldn’t we shower after sex?”

“Or you two could do me in the shower and again in bed.”

“I don’t know... you are supposed to be taking it easy. You’re not fully healed yet.” Aya closed the door and dropped Aoi’s bag next to the couch.

“Well, I won’t be putting any strain on my leg if you two hold me up or I’m flat on my back, right?”

“He does have a point,” Itsuki grinned and made a beeline for the bathroom with Aya following behind him. The boy still looked a little reluctant, but he also had a weak spot for shower sex and it would be a cold day in hell when Aya said no to that.

Itsuki set Aoi on the toilet while he and Aya stripped. Aoi shimmied out of his shorts and shirt as soon as he could. Then, he settled back to watch both his sexy men get naked. Oh, they were gorgeous. Itsuki was all hard, bronzed muscle, while his boy was slimmer, sleeker and a shade lighter than the kitsune. Once they were all naked, Itsuki started the water and Aya helped him into the steamy spray.

It was a snug fit, but that never bothered Aoi. In fact, he liked being sandwiched between his boy and his fox. They soaped him up, Aya working his front and paying special attention to his nipples and cock, while Itsuki’s hands lathered his back and fondled his ass.

One of the kitsune’s soapy fingers slipped into him, making Aoi gasp. It had definitely been too long since he’d felt that. He rocked back again, trying to take that slick digit deeper.

“You’re so tight, love.” Itsuki eased a second finger in, stretching Aoi a bit more.

“Been too long without you two.” Aoi gasped as the fingers in his ass pushed against his gland, sending a jolt of pleasure straight to his brain. “Need you to fuck me.” He glanced hopefully at his fox. “Please...”

“Hrrr, maybe we should let Aya go first, let him stretch you, since you’re being so impatient.” Itsuki growled as he slowly fucked Aoi with his fingers.

“Mmm, sounds good.” Aoi moaned as he snuggled against Aya’s lean chest. He nipped at his boy’s slender, pointed ear. “You game, bo-ya?”

“Always,” The boy nuzzled Aoi’s damp cheek. “Just be careful...”

“Careful. Got it.”

Aoi shifted between his lovers, turning until he was chest to chest with his tall, handsome fox. His feet weren't even touching the ground anymore. Itsuki held him up. Those strong hands cupped his ass, holding him open for his boy. Aya stepped closer and slid that sweet, long cock deep into him.

“You two are so pretty together.” Itsuki's prick rubbed against Aoi's making him moan.  
“Nothing like watching your boy ride you.”

“Harder, bo-ya. Please.”

Aya murmured something against his shoulder and must have pushed up on the balls of his feet. That changed his angle slightly and sent the boy's cock sliding over Aoi's prostate with each thrust. His entire body tightened around that sweet prick, dragging a soft groan from Aya's lips.

“Ooh, I'm going to come if you don't stop squeezing me like that.”

“Can't help it, bo-ya... need you close and deep.” Aoi wiggled, trying to meet each push of his boy's hips. It was hard to move with his fox holding him so tightly, but Aya made up for it by scooting closer and thrusting a little harder.

A muffled moan and a low growl caught Aoi's attention. Oh, now that was a sight: Aya had pulled Itsuki down for a long, slow kiss. Aoi never got tired of watching that. Something about the press of lips and the barest hint of tongue as his lovers tasted each other was amazingly sexy and it made him hungry, too. Aoi turned a little to join in, turning their kiss into a three way.

Hot come spilled between them as Aoi shot his load. His body clamped down on his boy's cock, milking him. Aya leaned against his back, panting a little. Aoi smiled and nuzzled the boy's cheek. “Mmm, so good, bo-ya.”

“I couldn't stop coming, you gripped me so hard.”

“That was the plan.” Aoi winced as Aya pulled out. His leg was starting to ache a little, but it was easy to ignore, especially with Itsuki's hard length digging into his belly. He tweaked a furry ear, to get his kitsune's attention. “Come on, love, your turn.”

“Hrrr, you think you're ready for me?” Itsuki growled as he lifted Aoi's slim form a little higher.

“I know I am.”

Aoi groaned as that heavy prick pushed into him. No one stretched him like his foxy lover did. Aya was behind him, bracing his back and nibbling on the sweet spot on the back of his neck. He leaned back against his boy, letting Itsuki fuck him deep and hard.

“Oh, you look so good with that fat cock sliding in and out of you.” Aya slid his hand between him and Itsuki and stroked Aoi’s cock. “And you’re hard again, too.”

“Mmm, then we’re just going to have to make him come again...” Itsuki rumbled as he picked up his pace. “And again and-- you get the idea.”

There was a witty reply in Aoi’s brain, but he lost track of it somewhere between his boy jacking him off and the huge prick sliding in and out of his ass. That was okay, Aoi would take getting fucked good and hard over being witty any day. His toes curled and his whole body tensed as he came, spurting all over Aya’s hand. It was mind blowing, more so with Itsuki still buried deep in side him. The kitsune kept moving, riding the aftershocks with Aoi until he came, too, filling Aoi’s ass with heat.

Aya licked the come off his fingers making Aoi sigh. His boy was such a sexy thing, whether he knew it or not.

The water started to cool, so they rinsed off quickly and headed to bed. Aya and Itsuki snuggled around Aoi, carefully making sure his leg was braced and not being squished by anyone. It was perfect; a little post sex nap before dinner, and hopefully more sex. It was good to be home.

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Aoi limped into the kitchen, grabbed a soda out of the fridge and sat down at the table. He’d been in a bad mood all morning and the thought of seeing that woman again, was just making him crankier. Stupid doctors, stupid physical therapy. How could something that hurt so much be good for him? Besides, it wasn’t like it was helping. He’d been going twice a week for almost two months now and his leg still wasn’t getting any better. Okay, that wasn’t exactly true. He was moving around a little easier than when he first came home, but it was still stiff, and his knee throbbed anytime he turned too quickly. All Aoi wanted was to get back to work, to get back to dancing again, but no one, his doctors included, could tell him when he would be ready for it.

What was worse was that no one seemed to think it was a big deal if he couldn’t. Hell, the physical therapist even called it an opportunity to do something new. Of course, at that point, Aoi had told her to fuck off and stormed, well, limped out of the room. It wasn’t overly mature, but damn it, he was tired of hearing how lucky he was that he could still walk or the crap about being given a second chance to do something with his life.

He flopped onto the couch, cringing a little at the ache in his knee. Even if he could move like he used to, it still wouldn’t be the same. There was one big scar to one side of his knee where they’d cut into him and a three or four little ones where the pins went in. Aoi poked at the larger patch of scar tissue and sighed unhappily. It was ugly, and it wasn’t going away, which meant he wouldn’t be stripping anymore, at least not at the Body Shop.

That thought depressed him even more. It was the best place to work, whether you stripped or not. Kale was a good boss and took care of his boys. But the club also had its standards, and Aoi

hardly met them anymore. No one wanted a gimpy stripper, especially not one as scarred up as he was.

“Don’t you have physical therapy today?” Aya stepped out of the bathroom, his hair was damp, but he was dressed like he was going somewhere. “Do you want me to take you?”

“I’m not going.” Aoi buried his face in a couch cushion.

“Aoi, don’t be like that. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I just don’t feel like being tortured today, okay?”

Aya sat next to him and rubbed his shoulders. “You won’t get better if you don’t go.”

“I won’t get better even if I go. Besides, I don’t like my therapist.” Aoi pouted, just a little. He felt like a kid trying to explain himself to his dad. Aya seemed to have that effect on him sometimes, especially when he was trying to get out of doing something.

“What did she say to you?”

His boy was good. Aoi sighed, clutching one of the cushions to his chest. “How did you know?”

“You usually complain about what she makes you do, but you didn’t say anything last time.” Aya looked at him worriedly. “I would have said something sooner, but I thought you were just moping. So, what did she say?”

“I asked her when I’d be dancing again, and she wasn’t sure. That was fine, I know she’s not psychic or anything.” Aoi shook his head. He didn’t want to worry his boy, really he didn’t, but it was getting harder and harder to keep all this to himself. “Then she added the thing about how it might be a good thing and how this might be an opportunity to get out of a dead end job and do something more fulfilling.”

“I don’t think she meant it like that, you know.”

“Oh, she meant it. I guess she didn’t get that I was a stripper because I wanted to be one. She thought it was degrading, something about people looking at me like I’m a thing and not a person.” Aoi took a deep breath, trying to calm down. He wasn’t even sure why it bothered him so much. Lots of people looked down on his work, but it was different when the person looking down at you was supposed to be helping you. “So I told her to fuck off.”

“Aoi...”

“Yeah, it wasn’t mature, but what she said bothered me a lot.”



“But it comes with the territory, doesn’t it? I mean, exotic dancer isn’t exactly a respected profession.” Aya chewed his lip a little, like he had more to say but he was worried about Aoi’s reaction. “All I’m saying is that what you do might bother some people.”

“That’s fine, but why do they assume that I’m not happy doing what I do? You should’ve seen the look she gave me. It was that ‘I’m better than you are, and I know you’re not happy even if you don’t know it yet’ look.” Aoi grumbled as he pushed some hair behind his ear. “I hate that.” He glanced up at his boy, hoping for a bit of sympathy. “Look, I may not be smart, but I damn well know when I’m happy and when I’m not.”

“Okay, you don’t have to go today, but you’re going next week. I’m sure the hospital will assign you a new therapist, if you’re really having problems with your current one.” Aya glanced down at his watch. He leaned over and kissed Aoi on the forehead. “I gotta go, we’ll talk later. I love you.”

“Love you too, bo-ya.” So much for sympathy. It almost felt like Aya was brushing him off. Where the hell did Aya have to be this late in the day, anyway?

His boy left, and with Itsuki nowhere to be found, Aoi was alone. He was feeling mopey, but he had a good reason for it. And the worst part of it was that no one was home to make him feel better. He sighed again; now he was just being a brat. His lovers couldn’t stay with him all the time just because he was depressed. It would have been nice, though. After a few hours of feeling sorry for himself, Aoi pushed himself off the couch and headed to the bedroom. He needed to take a walk. A little exercise and fresh air would be just the thing to clear his head.

Getting dressed was a little more complicated than Aoi’d thought it would be, especially if he didn’t want to kill himself in the process. He eventually managed to get a pair of jeans and a t-shirt on and his hair in reasonable order before grabbing his crutches and heading out the door. Just because he was depressed didn’t mean he couldn’t look good.

The club was busy but mellow. The daytime crowd was always a little different. They were there for the food and saw the dancers as an added bonus, which was the opposite of the night crowd. Aoi hobbled past the bar with a quick wave to Dante and continued to the door. He wasn’t in the mood to be social, but he didn’t want to be rude either.

Before he could step out the door, one of the bouncers grabbed him and pulled him back inside. Aoi wasn’t in the mood for that either. He turned, ready to snap. Obviously the guy was new and didn’t know that he lived upstairs, but that was still no excuse.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Aoi blinked up at the bouncer and was very surprised to see dark, foxy ears and worried copper eyes. “Itsuki?”

“Yes, now where are you going?”

“I’m just going for a walk. I need to clear my head.”

“You are not wandering off in your condition and that’s final.” Itsuki half dragged Aoi to the bar. “Especially by yourself.”

“Damn it, Itsuki!” Aoi growled as he tried to pull away from his lover’s hand and almost fell over in the process. “I’m not a fucking invalid; I think I can go for a walk on my own.”

Itsuki caught him before he could hit the ground and didn’t put him down until he was sitting on one of the bar stools. “You’re still injured, love, and I’m not letting you out of my sight.” The kitsune pushed his chin up, forcing Aoi to look at him. “Wait here, I’m off in twenty minutes and I’ll go with you on your walk.”

“Okay.” Aoi didn’t know what else to say to him. There was no arguing with Itsuki once he put his foot down, and the last thing Aoi wanted was another fight.

The kitsune nuzzled his cheek. “I’ll be back.” Itsuki looked over to Dante who was bouncing a little. “Keep him out of trouble for me?”

“Sure thing.” Dante nodded and waved. “He’s in good hands.”

Itsuki headed back to his post, leaving Aoi in the bartender’s all too cheerful company. Aoi sighed and trailed his finger through a puddle of water on the bar.

“You look surprised.” Dante set a bottle of water on the bar. “I’m guessing you didn’t know that your foxy man was Kale’s new bouncer.”

“No, but I’ve been kind of preoccupied. Aya’s not working here too is he?”

“Hmm? No, he is waiting tables at that little diner down the street.”

His eyes widened. Aoi had no idea that both of them were working while he was moping around the apartment. “How long has this been going on?”

The bartender shrugged as he set two drinks out for one of the waiters. “Mmm, little over a month now. They didn’t tell you?”

“No, but I haven’t been very social lately.” That would explain a few things. Aoi shook his head. He was so wrapped up in his own issues that he didn’t even think about how their bills were getting paid or anything.

“I’ll say, I’ve seen you what, three times since you’ve been home?” Dante eyed him worriedly. “It’s been weird without you around.”

“At least someone misses me.”

“We all miss you, Aoi. Even Kale does, though he won’t admit it. And I know Aya and Itsuki are worried about you.”

“I couldn’t tell. They’re never home anymore. I thought they were just avoiding me.” Aoi leaned against the bar. That wasn’t fair: his lovers were working hard to keep everything going, while he moped because of his stupid leg. “I-- sorry, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“Just the depression talking, right?” Dante patted Aoi’s shoulder sympathetically. “I know it’s hard when you can’t do what you love.”

“Yeah,” Aoi nodded, feeling a little better. “You know, you’re pretty smart for someone so young.”

Dante shrugged. “I’m a bartender, giving advice kinda comes with the territory.”

A little while later, Itsuki appeared at the bar. He slipped his arms around Aoi’s slim waist and snuggled close. “Hello, love, ready for that walk?”

“Yeah.” Aoi reached up to stroke a furry ear. He turned and smiled at the bartender. “Thanks, Dante, I’ll see you later.”

“Totally!” Dante winked at him. “I can’t wait ‘til I can watch you dance again.”

Itsuki grinned as they walked outside. “You seem to be in a better mood.”

“Talking to Dante helped.” Aoi leaned against his fox and kissed him on the cheek.

“What was that for?”

“For being my sexy fox... and for taking care of me.”

Aoi didn’t say anything else until they were down the street. The air was cool and felt good on his face. It had been a long time since he’d gotten to go anywhere except to the hell that was physical therapy.

“So, Aya says that you don’t want to go back to therapy anymore.”

“I’ll go back. I just had a falling out with my torturer. I mean, my therapist.”

“Telling her to fuck off is a little more than a falling out, love.” Itsuki glanced at his lover worriedly. “What happened?”

“Nothing, she said stuff and I figured that she wasn’t taking me seriously, so...”

“So you told her off.”

Aoi shrugged, which was a challenge considering he was still on crutches. “I was mad. I may be a stripper but it doesn’t mean I don’t love my work. Besides, it’s not like I’m good at anything else.”

“I can think of a few other things you’re good at...” The kitsune grinned and wiggled his ears.

“Yeah, but it’s not going to get me any work, is it?”

“Aya and I will do all the work as long we can come home to you.”

“Itsuki...”

“I’m serious.” Itsuki pulled Aoi to a halt and cupped his face. “You’ve supported both of us for so long. We can do the same.”

“I should have noticed sooner.” Aoi grumbled as he leaned against the brick façade of small restaurant. “I mean, you two have been working for a month and I had no idea.”

“You were hurt, love, and we didn’t want to bother you with minor things.”

“Getting the bills paid isn’t minor. It’s pretty damned important, if you ask me.”

“Yes it is, and between me and Aya everything is taken care off.” Itsuki smiled and kissed him on the nose. “So there’s nothing for you to worry about.”

“Thanks, love, and I’m sorry for being so oblivious.” Aoi reached up and pulled his foxy man in for a real kiss. “Remind me to thank Aya when he comes home.”

“You could just do it now.” The kitsune pulled Aoi toward a large window and pointed into the restaurant. “Look.”

It was a cute, little diner, with clean, retro looking booths and tables. Oh, and it even had a soda fountain. One of the waiters caught his eye. He was a pretty boy, lithe and graceful as he moved between tables and he looked awfully familiar, too.

“Is that Aya?”

“Yup, he should be off work in an hour or so. Are you hungry?”

“I am now.”

They grabbed a booth near the door, making sure they were in their boy’s area. He looked really good in that little apron. He would have looked even better if he wasn’t wearing pants, but Aoi didn’t think that was an option, at least not while he was at work.

Aya handed them two menus and blinked in surprise. “Aoi? Itsuki? What are you two doing here?”

“We heard this place had good food.” Aoi winked at his boy. “And pretty waiters.”

“Aoi...”

“We were in the area and thought we could walk home together, that’s all,” Itsuki added, glancing up from his menu. “Now, can I get a double cheeseburger with extra fries and a vanilla coke?”

“Sure thing.” Aya pulled out a small note pad and jotted down the kitsune’s order. He looked at Aoi who was still studying the menu. “What about you?”

“Hmmm, I’ll have a plate of chili-cheese fries and a chocolate milkshake. Oh, and can you put bacon on the fries?”

“Bacon?”

“Yup, everything’s better with bacon.” Aoi licked his lips. He glanced up at his boy with a sheepish smile. “Oh, and bo-ya, I’m sorry about earlier. I didn’t mean to take my frustrations out on you.”

“It’s okay.” Aya smiled at him as he headed back to the kitchen. “I’ll get your orders in and be back with your drinks.”

Oh, those chili-cheese fries were good and so was the milkshake. Itsuki’s burger wasn’t too bad either. Aoi would have ordered something else if he hadn’t been stuffed. He contented himself with picking at his fox’s fries and watching his boy at work. Aya was good with the customers: he was attentive, polite and quick on his feet. He wasn’t as flirty as Aoi would have been, but he didn’t need to be. A good number of the young women in the diner were ogling at him and a few of the guys, too.

“Anything else I can get for you?”

“No thanks, bo-ya. I’m stuffed.” Aoi patted his stomach contentedly.

“Just the bill, thanks, Aya-love.” Itsuki grinned teasingly. “If we get anything else, we’ll have to roll him home.”

“Okay. Oh, and don’t worry about that, I--”

“Aya, you already feed us at home, you don’t have to do it here, too.” Aoi snatched one last French fry off of Itsuki’s plate.

“It’s okay, everybody who works here can name two people who eat for free. You guys are my two.”

“Oooh, don’t tempt me bo-ya... free chili-cheese fries and ice cream. I’m going to get fat.”

“Twice a week at the most, you. I don’t want to push it.” Aya scolded as he cleared the empty dishes from the table.

“Okay, okay, I wouldn’t want to get you in trouble.” Aoi sat back in his chair and stretched. He yawned a little too; all the food in his stomach was making him sleepy. “Can you go home yet, bo-ya? I’m going to start dozing off if I don’t move soon.”

“Yeah, let me take these to the back and clock out. I’ll be right back.”

Aoi winced a little as he stood. His knee was starting to ache again, maybe it was going to rain or something. Well, if he couldn’t dance anymore maybe he could predict the weather with his gimpy knee. Itsuki glanced at him worriedly. He knew that look all too well.

“Your leg hurting?”

“A little.” He smiled at his fox as if nothing was wrong. “Don’t worry about it, though, I just need to limp it off.”

“Don’t push yourself, love. I don’t want you to make things worse.” Itsuki knelt down so Aoi could climb onto his back.

“Tell that to my physical therapist,” Aoi grumbled as he wrapped his arms around his fox’s neck and let the kitsune carry him piggy-back.

Furry ears flicked unhappily as Itsuki stood with Aoi on his back. “Next time she does anything bad, I’ll bite her for you.”

“Thanks. Did I ever tell you that you’re my favorite fox?” Aoi settled contentedly against his lover’s warm back.

“Okay, I’m ready when you two are.” Aya stepped up to their booth, pulling his jacket on.

“Can you carry my crutches, bo-ya?” Aoi asked hopefully. “It looks like I’m getting a piggy-back ride home.”

“Sure thing.”

The walk home was quick, but chilly and damp. It was windy and drizzling a little as they left the diner and Aoi was happy to be pressed against Itsuki’s warm back. He was so toasty and content that he started to doze off.

Aoi woke up curled up in the comforter in his bed. He could hear the shower going and no one else was around. That meant that Itsuki and Aya were in there and probably playing without him. He undressed, leaving a trail of clothing in the hall before peeking into the bathroom. Aoi was extremely happy that he'd opted for the clear shower curtain.

Hot water beaded on slick, damp skin and dripped from wet fur and cinnamon hair. Itsuki had Aya pushed up against the wall with two fingers sliding in and out of the boy's sleek, tight ass. A soft, breathy moan slipped from Aya's soft lips as he glanced back at his handsome kitsune.

Watching those two was such a turn on. Itsuki's thick cock was rock hard and ready for action and he rubbed it lazily against Aya's hip, making the boy groan a little louder. A third finger joined the first two, stretching Aoi's pretty boy a little more.

Aoi stroked himself as he watched his lovers. He didn't need porn with those two around. Itsuki was growling and whispering dirty things into Aya's ear. Aoi could tell by the blush on his boy's cheeks and the needy look in those pretty, gray eyes. Oh, enough watching, Aoi wanted to play, too.

"Can I join in, or is this a private party?"

"Oh, anytime, love. I'm sure Aya would love to feel that sweet mouth of yours on his cock." Itsuki shifted and held the shower curtain open for Aoi.

"Mmm, that does sound good." Aoi licked his lips as he stepped into the tub. He grabbed the little plastic stool that Aya kept in the bathroom and settled between the boy's legs. The stool put him at the perfect height to get at that sweet prick without kneeling.

"Aoi..."

"I got you bo-ya." Aoi lapped at Aya's cock like it was a popsicle. He sucked on the head and pushed his tongue against the dripping slit.

Aya groaned again, his fingers tangling in Aoi's hair, his prick sliding deeper. Aoi ran his hands over the boy's pert cheeks and spread them for his fox. He shifted, pulling away just a little, so he could watch his fox fuck his boy.

Aya tensed a bit as Itsuki pushed inside. Aoi slid his fingers under the boy's balls and rubbed against his hole, teasing away the burn that he knew all too well. Hard, hot flesh nudged his cheek, eager for more attention. With a grin, Aoi swallowed his boy back down as his fingers continued to tease both his lovers. He didn't want to keep his boy waiting too long.

Between the three of them, they found a rhythm, Aya fucking Aoi's mouth with each push of the kitsune's hips. Aoi sucked a little harder trailing his tongue along the underside of his boy's cock. He buried his nose in Aya's pubes nuzzling the sensitive spot between his belly button and his prick. Aya whimpered and tossed his head back. Oh, Itsuki must have hit his gland. Nothing else made the boy's cock twitch like that. It wouldn't be much longer, at least for Aya.

Sure enough, the boy bucked and hot come filled Aoi's mouth. He licked and sucked on Aya gently, easing the boy through the aftershocks. It must have been intense. Aya slumped forward, panting a little. He would have fallen over without Itsuki's holding him. The kitsune picked up his pace, fucking his pretty boy hard and deep.

Aya reached down to stroke Aoi's cock. Oh, those fingers were nice. The boy was matching Itsuki stroke for thrust, obviously determined to make Aoi come, too. It wasn't hard. Between Aya's eager hands and watching Itsuki fuck his boy, Aoi was ready to pop.

Warm spunk splattered over Aya's chest and a bit of it caught him in the face as Aoi came. The boy wiped the come from his face and licked it off his fingers. Itsuki braced himself over both of them with a very sated look on his face.

"Did you come hard, love?" Aoi stretched up for a kiss from his sexy fox.

"Hrrr, I always do." Itsuki nuzzled Aya's shoulder and patted Aoi's. "You two see to that."

"How 'bout you, bo-ya?"

"I think you broke me, I can barely stand." Aya mumbled, wiping the come off his chest.

"That's well fucked, not broken, Aya-love."

"Totally. Sometimes I can't move after Itsuki's done with me." Aoi stood, trying not to wince, and slipped out of the shower. The water was starting to get cold and he hated chilly showers.

"It's all a ploy to keep you in bed so I can fuck you again." Itsuki wiggled his ears and followed Aoi out.

"Promises, promises." Aoi laughed as he grabbed a fluffy towel and rubbed it over his waist length hair. "I haven't been fucked once yet."

"Well, let's go to bed and fix that."

"Dry off first!" Aya whapped the kitsune with another towel. "We are not sleeping on damp sheets because you two are impatient."

"So damp is out, but sticky is okay?" Aoi raised an eyebrow at his boy.

"And who said anything about sleeping?" Itsuki grinned and wiggled his ears again.

"You two are impossible." The boy rolled his eyes as he wrapped his towel around his waist and headed into the hall. "And I'm not taking care of either of you if you catch cold."



“Well then...” Aoi followed his boy and draped himself over lean shoulders. “We’ll just have to get all snuggly to keep warm.”

“Only if I get to watch Itsuki nail you to the mattress.” Aya turned and licked Aoi’s cheek. “Mmm, and suck on that sweet cock of yours.”

“You are a naughty, naughty boy.”

“He’s been learning from the best.” Itsuki chuckled as he swatted Aoi on the butt.

“I’m just happy he has a sex drive to match,” Aoi added as Aya pulled him onto the bed and tugged at the rings in his nipples. He closed his eyes and arched into his boy’s touch. “Oh, bo-ya, that feels good.”

Itsuki snuggled closer, fondling both of them. “At least he isn’t as easily distracted as you are.” He wrapped his fingers around Aoi’s cock, making him groan. “I’ll bet you’ve already forgotten about getting fucked.”

“No, I haven’t.”

“It’s hard to distract him from that, Itsuki.”

Aoi lay back and let his lovers touch him and tease him. He didn’t mind too much, especially when he felt Itsuki’s tongue flick against his hole and Aya’s mouth sucking on one of his nipples. They were going to drive him crazy before they let him come, but that was part of the fun. He just hoped no one had to get up early in the morning, as it didn’t look like they were going to get any sleep tonight.

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It was Wednesday, the only day of the week Kale closed the club. Something about everyone needing at least one day off and that Wednesday was as good a day as any. Aoi stepped out of the elevator and into the empty club. Walking had gotten easier over the past few weeks, but neither his doctor nor his therapist would tell him when he could go back to work. Then again, they were still trying to talk him into finding something more ‘productive’ to do with his life. Screw them. It was time he took this whole therapy thing into his own hands. Aoi just hoped that he didn’t break anything in the process.

Aoi kicked off his sneakers and pulled off his shirt. He slipped his ear phones in and tightened the arm-strap for his iPod. It wasn’t the same as having his music on the club’s state of the art sound system, but it was good enough. He just needed something to move to. Aoi flicked the tiny player on and shuffled through a few songs before settling on something. He listened as the music started, tapping his foot along with the beat. The tempo picked up, moving him through one of his easier routines.

Aoi slinked across the stage and swung himself around the stripper pole. His leg felt a little stiff when he moved, but it could have been his jeans, too. Usually he had those off by now. He tugged the worn denim down his legs before trying again. The song started over and Aoi found his rhythm, quicker this time. His moves were still a little off, but more practice could fix that. If this went well, he could start working on something more complicated.

Well, so far so good. Aoi picked another song, something a little faster, and gave it another go. He felt it that time, the throb in his knee and the stiffness in his calf and thigh as he tried to move. It hurt, but he kept going. Aoi hooked his leg around the pole and spun himself around. His knee gave out, dumping him on his ass.

“This sucks.” Aoi sprawled on his back trying to catch his breath. He could get through the simpler routines, barely, but forget about anything that involved crawling or kneeling. Aoi yanked the ear-phones out of his ears and resisted the urge to throw them and his iPod across the room. No sense in breaking it just because he was pissed off.

Aoi rolled over on to his stomach, his arm hanging over the edge of the stage. Sweat damp hair clung to his face and neck but he was too depressed to care.

Something furry brushed against his hand, startling him. Aoi bolted up only to see a fluffy, black and white kitten sitting near the stage. The kitten meowed and hopped into his lap purring loudly.

“Well, hello.” Aoi smiled and stroked the kitten’s soft fur. “I remember you.”

Dante bolted in from the back with an almost panicked look on his face. “Kiki, where the hell--” He calmed down as soon as he saw Aoi with the kitten. “Hey, Aoi, what are you doing here?”

“Trying to get a feel for things again.” He held the kitten up. “I’m guessing that this is Kiki.”

“Yeah, she got out of our place again. Kale can’t figure out how she does it.”

“She’s a smart little thing, except when it comes to traffic.”

The kitten squirmed out of Aoi’s hands and bounded over to Dante, making the bartender smile.

“Come here, you.” He picked up the kitten, scratching a furry ear. “So how’s it going anyway?”

“Okay, I guess.” Aoi flopped back down and sighed. “I doubt Kale will want me back, though.”

“Why?”

“What, besides the fact that I can’t move like I used to?”

“It’ll come back, Aoi.” Dante sat down beside him and patted his shoulder. “I know you.”

“Have you seen my leg or the scars? I’m hardly up to Body Shop standards anymore.” Aoi sighed as the kitten batted at his fingers. “And I don’t want Kale taking me back because he feels sorry for me, either.”

“Oh, he wouldn’t do that. He might think of something else for you to do, but he wouldn’t have you dancing unless he thought you were good for the club. You know how he is.”

“Yeah...”

The bartender touched the scar on Aoi’s knee. “Is this the worst of them? The scars, I mean.”

“I think so.”

“That’s not so bad. You’re still gorgeous, Aoi, and I’m sure Kale will be happy to have you back. Well, as long as you’re not falling on your ass.”

“You think so?”

“Pretty sure.”

Itsuki stepped from the elevator, his ears flat against his hair and his tail bristling. His copper eyes narrowed angrily as he caught sight of Aoi. Oh, boy, Aoi was in trouble now.

“I think that’s my cue to leave.” Dante glanced up to catch the kitsune storming toward them. “Good luck.”

“Thanks, I’m going to need it.”

Dante and his kitten headed out before the were-fox could grump at him. Good thing, too, Aoi’d hate for the boy to see them fight.

“You skipped out on your therapy session again.” Itsuki stood over Aoi like a brooding storm, with his arms crossed over that broad chest.

“I was tired of that bitch not taking me seriously.”

“And what are you doing here?”

“Working on a little physical therapy of my own, that’s all.”

“Aoi...”

“What? I need to start prepping if I want to get back to work,” Aoi snapped defensively. What the hell was the difference between what he was doing and what the stupid therapist was having him do, anyway?

“Is this so important to you?” Itsuki asked sounding more worried than angry. “That you would risk hurting yourself...”

“Yeah, it is.”

“Why? Aya and I can handle the bills. You don’t need to work.”

“I don’t want to be useless! I don’t want to mooch off of you and Aya just because I’m not good at anything, anymore.”

“Love, it’s not mooching.” Itsuki sat down and nuzzled Aoi’s fingers. “But if you really feel badly about it, you can always pay us back with sex.”

“I thought you didn’t want me to whore anymore?”

“I didn’t mean it like that.”

Aoi sighed and flopped backwards. “I know-- sorry. It’s just that I miss work. I miss coming down to the club, dancing, dressing up... Besides, if I was working, then you two wouldn’t have to put in as many hours and I could see both of you more, too.”

“We haven’t seen as much of each other as we used to, have we?”

“No, and I miss it, and it’s going to suck having to find a new place, too.”

“Actually, Kale said we could keep the apartment even if you couldn’t come back.” Itsuki rubbed Aoi’s chest gently. “He said it would be good to have one of his bouncers on site, just in case.”

“Well, at least we don’t have to move.”

“I’m sure everything will be fine, love. You just need time. You’re still healing.”

“Yeah, I guess...” Aoi slid his hands behind his head and stared up at the high ceiling. “I don’t want to go back to physical therapy, though.”

“Aoi...”

“Come on, can’t I just work on my dancing instead? I’ll be careful.”

The kitsune sighed as his hand slipped lower, resting on Aoi’s flat belly. “All right, but you have to tell Aya when he gets home.”

“Fine. He’s not going to be happy, though.” Aoi sat up. A sharp breath hissed through his teeth as his knee began to throb. It was hot and slightly swollen. He just hoped Itsuki didn’t notice.

Itsuki smiled and scooped Aoi up in his arms. "Let's go and get some ice on that knee before Aya gets home. If he sees it like that you'll never hear the end of it."

Aoi blinked. His fox never ceased to amaze him. He'd figured that Itsuki would be pissed at him for pushing himself and for skipping out on his therapy session, not helping hide what he'd done. Aoi grinned at his foxy man and kissed him on the cheek. "I love you."

"I hope so. Come on, I want to have dinner ready when he gets home, too. "

"Oh, that would be good. Aya's been working so hard, lately," Aoi added as they headed into the elevator.

"He has. I'm going to need your help though. I'm used to finding food, not cooking it."

"Hmm, maybe we should order in, then. I'm not much of a cook either." Aoi tapped his chin thoughtfully. "Oh, that Japanese place he likes delivers."

"Sounds good to me," The elevator door opened and Itsuki carried him into their apartment. "You call in our food order and I'll get some ice for you."

"Thank you, love." Aoi reached for the phone as his foxy man disappeared into the kitchen. He called the restaurant and ordered their dinner. Once that was done, he stretched out on the couch and resisted the urge to poke at his knee.

Itsuki settled between his lean legs with a dishtowel full of ice and pressed it against Aoi's knee. He smiled and slid his free hand over Aoi's thigh. "Dinner on the way?"

"Yup, it'll be here in about half an hour." Aoi rubbed the heavy bulge in his fox's shorts with his foot. "Hmm, I wonder how we're going to kill all that time."

"I have a few ideas..." The kitsune fished out an ice cube. He slid the cube over Aoi's belly and up his chest.

"Itsuki, don't-- oooh!" Aoi gasped as the ice circled his nipple. His sensitive flesh hardened in the cold. It was an interesting sensation, that was for sure.

Once the ice melted away, Itsuki leaned forward and sucked on the chilly nub. Aoi moaned, arching against his kitsune's velvety lips. It felt like fire against his chest, only wet and soft. Damned fox was going to drive him crazy.

Itsuki tugged Aoi's boxers down and pulled out another ice cube. That one he trailed lower. Aoi's balls tightened as the cold, wet cube brushed them. The kitsune glanced up at him and smiled wickedly. He was planning something, and Aoi knew it was going to be good.

"Spread for me, love."

Aoi spread his legs, hooking the good one over the back of the couch and giving his fox easy access. He moaned again as the ice cube slid behind his balls and teased his ass. The ice pushed into him, stretching his hole a little before melting away into nothing.

“Oh, can you imagine how good my cock will feel after the ice, how hot?” Itsuki fished a third cube out and licked it, making sure it was nice and wet before pushing it into Aoi’s body.

Now that was a thought. The ice inside him melted away, leaving him empty and needy. “Itsuki, fuck me, please.”

“Okay, love, lube me up and I’ll nail you to the couch.”

Aoi fished a tube of lube out from under the couch as Itsuki tossed his shorts aside. He squeezed the slick liquid onto his fingers and rubbed it eagerly into his lover’s cock. Itsuki looked so sexy with his ears perked and his prick standing proudly against that hard, flat belly.

“Ready for me?”

“Always.”

Itsuki’s cock pushed into him, hot against his chilled flesh. He was right -- it felt amazing. That hard heat kept filling him until he felt his kitsune’s balls pressed against his ass. “Like that?”

“Oh, yeah...” Aoi purred, his whole body rippling around his lover’s hot flesh.

“I thought you would. Next time I’ll pick up some popsicles and fuck you with those.” Itsuki growled as he started to move, bucking against Aoi’s slender body with long, hard strokes.

“Mmm, they are the right shape for that sort of thing.” Aoi pulled his handsome fox down for a kiss. He moaned into his lover’s mouth as the change of angles sent that amazing cock sliding over his gland. “Oh, oh... fuck!”

He came hard splattering both himself and Itsuki with come. His fox wasn’t done with him, though. Itsuki kept moving, slamming his hips into Aoi’s ass. They kissed again, the kitsune growling hungrily against his mouth. A shudder shook them both as Itsuki came, filling Aoi with heat.

They lay together for a bit, sated and relaxed, at least until the door bell went off. Damn, he had almost forgotten about the food. Aoi tossed Itsuki his wallet and buzzed the delivery guy in. The kitsune was closer to dressed than he was and not covered in come, either. Oh, now he was tempted to call Aya and ask him to pick up a box of popsicles on his way home...

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“Come on, Aoi, you need to get up.” Aya nuzzled Aoi’s cheek. “You’re going to be late.”

Aoi blinked sleepily at his boy, “Hmm?”

“You’re working today, remember.” The boy tugged Aoi into sitting up.

“I am?”

“Is he giving you problems?” Itsuki peeked into the bedroom, his ears twitching slightly.

“He’s impossible.”

“Am not,” Aoi mumbled. “Just sleepy.” He yawned and stood with a long, cat like stretch. That seemed to wake him up. He blinked at his boy with confusion, “Not that I’m complaining, bo-ya, but what are you doing home? I thought you had to work today.”

“I took the day off. I wasn’t about to miss your first day back.” Aya reached over and ruffled Aoi’s hair.

“I did, too, so we could all celebrate after your shift.” Itsuki wrapped himself around Aoi. “We could go out to eat or--”

“Or we could eat at the club and come back here and fuck like bunnies?”

“We could do that, too.” The kitsune grinned wolfishly. “What do you think, Aya-love?”

“I’m all for staying in and making like bunnies.” The boy added with a thoughtful look, “We do have that entire box of popsicles in the freezer to play with.”

“Ooh, I like the way you think, bo-ya.” Aoi fished some clean clothes out of his dresser and pulled them on. “I can’t wait until tonight.”

“Hrrr, maybe we should keep you home for one more day... just in case.” Itsuki growled, slipping his hand into Aoi’s boxers and squeezing his ass.

“I need to go, you greedy thing.”

“I know. We’ll see you downstairs.”

With a quick kiss from Aya and another grope from Itsuki, Aoi headed out the door. He was excited to be dancing again, especially since both his lovers would be there to watch him work and to help him celebrate afterward. It was going to be a good night; he could feel it.

Between a Fox and a Hard Place 3: Home

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