

Sex in the Shade

Tredain™ and was created by His Player and used with permission.

Joseph "Kyle Driver" Talawitashwit™ was created by Roland Guiscard and is used with permission.

*Commissioned work by Roland Guiscard
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Kyle took one last tug on the straps securing the surfboard to the roof of his Jeep, making sure it wasn't going anywhere on the way home. He'd seen what freeway speeds could do to a loose board, and while he could certainly pay to replace it, it wasn't the sort of thing he'd like to explain to police or angry motorists. Plus he was really liking this board, it had put up with his unusual height and weight much better than the last one. He'd have to thank the custom builder, maybe even come back for a long board or something else more casual. Not many surfboards could handle a fox that was almost seven feet tall and weighed more than a refrigerator.

His massive muscles flexed and glistened as he gave himself a stretch, his body now eager to sit down and enjoy a late lunch. Even though he'd downed a dozen eggs and half a dozen flapjacks for breakfast, his massive size demanded a constant influx of calories, and what with it being well past noon, it was time for his usual four hot dogs, two hamburgers, and a vanilla shake. Fortunately, there was an open-air cantina happy to serve him that, and maybe four or five tacos if he was still hungry afterward.

He placed his order with the smiling coyote behind the counter who quickly got started, his eyes practically turning into dollar signs when he saw his favorite regular. With his hearty appetite and large tips, Kyle could almost keep a restaurant going all by himself, and so long as his trust fund held out, he didn't mind doing so.

While the food was prepared, he turned around to do some people watching, stretching out his legs as he struggled to keep his rear-end on the bar stool. He really needed to start bringing his own chair with him, the stools here felt like bicycle seats in his massive, taut ass, and while he was very comfortable in his board shorts, socks and tennis shoes, it would be nice to sit down after four hours of surfing.

The beach wasn't as crowded as it should be at one in the afternoon on a nice day, but it was a work day, and the heavy winds that had drawn him to surf were definitely not playing nice with beach umbrellas or towels. Indeed, he half got up, preparing to snatch a flying towel before it went into the street, but instead another fox, a smaller one, sitting on the far side of the bar, grabbed it and returned it first.

The little fellow had an intriguing look to him. Despite the summer weather and the white fur that indicated his potential icy ancestry, he was wearing a leather vest and a matching leather collar, both clearly for fashion reasons. His pants were likewise leather, and were it not for his visibly submissive and agreeable nature, he looked like he was just boots and a hat away from being a leather daddy, even if he barely broke the five-foot barrier. He was downright adorable, his slightly chunky form reminding Kyle that the deeper the cushion, the better the pushin', at least when it came to his magnum dong and the need for space.

He could feel some tensing in his pants, and decided to scoot closer and see if he could get the fox's attention without being too overt. He stretched a bit, flexed, did some man-spreading to let the fox get a look at his crotch, but even though the fox very clearly saw him, he was being much too polite to openly betray his interest. Just small, polite glances, his eyes slowly becoming more and more focused on his drink, some tropical fruity cocktail now half-finished and unrecognizable, as was the remains of whatever had been on his plate. It smelled good, though.

Kyle's clumsy attempts at flirtation were interrupted by his food being ready, and he put his horniness on hold to eat. It was hard, he couldn't stop looking at the fox, his mind slowly undressing the cute little thing, even as his muzzle crunched through the second and third hot dog. By the time he'd made it to the burgers, the fox had scooted over, taking some initiative of his own. Kyle tried to hide the wag in his tail, or at least imply it was because he was really enjoying his burgers. Which was true.

"That's...Quite the appetite you have there," asked the fox. He finished his drink and set it aside, along with his card to pay for his meal. "Do you always eat like this?"

"Three times a day!" Kyle struggled to make sure his mouth was empty and freshly slicked with iced tea before speaking.

"Sometimes four if I'm training. A body like this needs lots of protein, you know." He could smell the fox now, an intoxicating mix of sweat, fruit sugar and grease. Like he was some sort of exotic candy.

"Oh, what do you train for?"

Kyle flexed and grinned. "Bodybuilding. I'm not at the professional level anymore, that's gotten a bit too extreme and unhealthy for my taste. But I like to work out, and when I work out more than usual, I need to protein-load." He took another big bite of hamburger. "A fox does not live by protein powder alone!"

"Yes, personally I prefer a diverse high-protein diet myself." Tredain's finger slowly traced up Kyle's free arm, running along the line between his under-fur and over-fur. "If you don't mind me asking, where are you from? I've never seen a fur pattern like this, it's incredible?"

Were he not afraid of showing off whatever half-chewed food was in his teeth, he would have been grinning from ear to ear. One of the last island foxes on earth, he put huge amounts of effort into his fur, endlessly brushing and combing it in a perpetual attempt to be an exemplar of his species. He might not get along with his parents, but he had a deep fascination with his heritage, and were he not both hungry and horny, he would have launched into as long of a lecture as the fox could stand about how his people once farmed, fished, and hunted across all of Southern California, all while this fox's ancestors were probably freezing their tails off in some longhouse somewhere up near the arctic circle. "Oh, I'm a California Island Fox, a thousand generations born and raised right here on the beach. Probably why I'm so at home on the waves."

"Well you certainly looked at home out there on the waves. I honestly thought you were some kind of otter hybrid, the way you carved those waves." The fox snatched one of Kyle's french fries, only playing at being sneaky.

"Years of practice. I windsurf too, and skate when the sea is too rough. I just love the feel of a board under my feet you know? It's comforting." He let his hand slide over the other fox's hand, feeling it a bit. The fox was definitely picking up what Kyle was putting down, and also down to continue. "Sorry, I'm being rude. My government name is Joseph, but everyone calls me Kyle." He paused, wondering if maybe the fox recognized him

from his "acting" career. Most people knew him as "Kyle Driver," the overly-endowed muscle fox who pounded asses and pussies on Onlyfurs and Freebird. Not because he needed the money, but because he loved the attention.

But if the fox was familiar with his work, he didn't let on in the slightest. "Well you can call me Tredain." His hand gently slid down on to Kyle's thigh as he retrieved his card and bill from the table. "And if you're done eating, I'll be in that little cabana over there." He gestured to one of the more rigid, permanent structures available to rent. The kind with a door that locked and walls that didn't give way to the wind. Although they were far from soundproof.

"Bold, aren't you?" Kyle could feel his shaft rising in his pants, pressing against his fabric. He wolfed down most of what was left and just put some bills on the counter. Enough to pay for the food and leave a generous 20% tip, much to the delight of the proprietor. "Well, fortune favors the bold, or at least that's what high school English taught me. That and verb conjugation."

Tredain and Kyle wasted no time getting out of the sun and wind and into the rented cabana. It was actually very pleasant in there. Were it not for the lack of a Kyle-sized bed, he could imagine renting one of these things for a post-meal nap. As it was, he barely managed to get through the door without bonking his head, and as he sat down on the bed, it creaked under his weight, and looked more like a love-seat than a place to take a sunny snooze.

Still, once Tredain locked the door, the two foxes were on each other, dispensing with what little clothing they had and rubbing, feeling, kissing and touching one another with the kind of desire that had stereotyped their species. Tredain was an excellent kisser, despite having just ate his mouth had a very pleasant flavor to it, and his tongue explored Kyle's mouth with curiosity and delight, something Kyle hoped he was able to match.

The big fox could feel his erection sliding up behind Tredain as the smaller fox sat in his lap, but evidently this was very much not Tredain's first rodeo, and rather than commenting on his size or allowing it to fuel intimidation, he just ground against it gently, his cushy, ample backside sending waves of stimulation through Kyle's nether region. It was entrancing, this guy could probably get him off with just thighs

or hands. He made a mental note to get a phone number once this was all over. Most guys and gals didn't know what to do with a dick as big as his. But Tredain acted like it was something he did every day. It let Kyle relax, let him release his guard, knowing that he could just lay back and enjoy himself rather than worrying about hurting or overpowering his partner.

He let Tredain dictate the pace, closing his eyes and bracing against the thin mattress as he felt his shaft enveloped by muzzle. Sure, it was only the first few inches, but most of his partners, even those as big as himself, could rarely handle his entire monster. It wasn't even his favorite thing, really he just wanted his glans tickled and his balls fondled, and damn was Tredain ever doing that, his delicate little fingers juggling Kyle's nuts like some sort of fushigi demonstration, while his tongue played Kyle's shaft like it was some sort of woodwind instrument. It was intoxicating. He hadn't felt anything like this in far, far too long.

But Tredain wasn't going to just show off his oral skills to Kyle. Much to the bigger foxes surprise, out came the lube from somewhere, and soon Tredain was working to mount him, slowly squatting on Kyle's lap, letting the big fox's massive shaft press against and tease his tailhole, demonstrating a level of squat strength and control that belied his chubby appearance. When it came to sex, at least, this fox was definitely in shape, with all his fuck-muscles in perfect working order. Kyle was impressed, although he still adjusted himself and slid his hands in to help. No reason not to, especially when he could lift the fox as easily as the fox could lift a martini glass.

They tried not to make too much noise, knowing that heavy winds and polite nature of their neighbors were things not to be tested too vigorously. Still, Kyle found it hard to suppress a howl of delight and pleasure as he slid into Tredain's backside. The fox was an excellent fuck, and soon Kyle was gripping the fox's thighs firmly and humping him, the little guy's arms coming back to grip his larger partner's arms as his shoulders dug into Kyle's chest. He could feel the heat coming off the two of them, dancing across his face and up his nose. It drove him on further, harder, struggling to see what Tredain could stand, threatening to push Kyle well beyond his normal levels of restraint.

Fortunately for them both, things came to a climax well before either of them could push things too far. Kyle could feel Tredain shiver and twitch around his length, and the sensation

set him off, making his own cock cum, and cum, and cum inside the smaller fox. He didn't realize how backed up he was until he felt his own seed trickling down his shaft, a sensation that made him blush. Maybe his new partner was just that good.

"You know, I wasn't entirely sure this was going to work." Tredain struggled to his feet, still wobbling a little from his sore thighs and backside. He retrieved a towel and began cleaning himself, tossing a second one to Kyle, who did his best likewise. "I thought maybe I was coming on too strong, or something."

"And here I thought I was being too subtle." Kyle did his best to clean himself, but he was definitely going to need a shower when he got home. And he should probably wrap a towel around his dark-colored board shorts, which were now streaked with white. Hopefully whoever rented these things accounted for the likelihood of stolen towels in the rental fee. "I didn't expect to find someone so...Charming out here today."

"Same, honestly." Tredain stretched, checking himself over as best he could without a mirror. Through some miracle, his own clothes had made it out cum-free. "I'm only in town for a convention. I didn't know I had it in me."

Kyle grinned. "Well you've *had* it in you anyway." He tossed the smaller fox's hair, grinning from behind his own carefully coiffed mop of long black locks. "And I'm hoping I could have you again sometime. That thing you did with your tongue was incredible."

"Thanks, I pride myself in having something of a silver tongue." Tredain giggled and then offered his phone number, which Kyle gladly accepted. "Maybe next time we can do it somewhere more comfortable?"

"Yes, and with a shower." Kyle stood to his full height, or near full height, his head threatening to strike the low ceiling of the small structure. He grinned, a smile dancing across his face. "Ever done it on camera? I think my Onlyfurs patrons might like to see a pro at work."

Tredain smiled, unlocking and heading out the door. "Only if I get a cut of the profits, Kyle Driver, top 3% on Onlyfurs! I've been a patron for years, and I can't wait to brag to all my friends that out of all of us who are fans, you fucked me *first*."

Kyle shook his head and followed the smaller fox out into the blinding sun. He had been played. And he couldn't wait to get played with some more.