### Definitely A Coyote

Bluestem frowned. Being entered into the order of the Trickster was an honored event! He wasn’t sure about this new guy, sneezing and coughing, all covered in heavy wool clothes until only his black nose and tall coyote ears peeked out! “Are you sure you don’t want to delay a few days, maybe a week? I can’t have you sneezing all over our lesson.”

“No no, I’m, ahh, fine! I’m covered up so that I don’t spread anything!” Replied the ruffled, muffled, charge, seeming to huddle up further under his clothes. “The cold weather is part of it, but...ahh choo, I’ll be fine!”

“Uh huh.” Bluestem hmphed, frowning again at the odd coyote initiate with the yellow-green eyes. There was something wrong with this one. “Well alright, let’s get to work!” Bluestem hefted his supplies, gritted his teeth, and with ears back, opened the door to the blinding white and blinding cold outside.

The fauxyote would follow, trying to keep his striped feline tail hidden under all those heavy clothes!

“Coffee! We’ve got coffee!” Bluestem called out with a cheery, entrepreneurial voice, the light parka keeping him mostly warm on that frozen lake. There were crowds, crowds of people all around. Some on skates but most on boots, though a few very unsteady horses were treading carefully even on rubberized horse shoes.

And the huge majority of them were perfectly nude.

A burly grizzly bear gruffed and huffed and pushed through, past the fauxyote, but too quick for him to get more than a very good peek at all swinging between his legs. A fox couple daintily skated by, wearing naught but their fur as well, all seemingly not paying attention to the coyote ahead in their midst! A gryphon sliding out of control on the ice nearly toppled into the letranite, before the latter easily spun and swirled out of the way, as the gryphon continued as if there hadn’t been a coyote there at all.

“The perception of other creatures are easily manipulated, but that’s not exactly our lesson for today. Today, it’s about sleight of hand. Granted, a small smattering of Ashes works as well. Brown eyes gleaming, the yote hefted a very small leather pouch hanging around his neck. It seemed to make one’s tail tip tingle just viewing it directly, but almost nearly forgotten when one looked away. “But you must be careful how you use them. Ashes are fickle. Remember the mantra?”

He peered back, as if expecting the fauxyote to repeat some often-used phrase. He was just about to frown, to say something else, before being saved by the bull.

“Coffee!” The gruff fellow shouted, shivering heavily under a rather comically small towel. He was still dripping from what must have been a polar swim, though even frigid waters couldn’t do much in the way of shrinkage against all that beef.

“Oh of course sir! Enjoying the festival?”

“Yeah, whatever. Just give me the coffee already and point me the direction out of here. No date is worth all this!”

“Aaaah, skipping out on a date are we? Well we’ll get you fixed up quick!”

Well now, that phrase might make a tiger...I mean, a coyote’s ears perk.

“It better! In your biggest mug.”

“Oh the biggest! Now I’ll just...oops! Sorry about that, i seemed to have spilled!” Bluestem was pawing against the big white and pink bull’s stomach, before quickly passing up a fresh cup of steaming brew. “Here you are, on the house!” Wh...why doesn’t the bull say something about a coyote rather blatantly cupping under those massive, swinging bull nuts!?

“Yeah yeah, it better be on the house! Damn foxes.” The bull upended his cup, drinking in gulps rather than sips, all as ash-dipped claws gently probed, palmed, and fondled those big nuts unmolested. The fauxyote could see it all, see those balls distend as they were squeezed, see those claws tickle along that pouch root, see...how did…!?

“Of course, those damn foxes. You have a good time now sir. Off to your left, that’s the exit. And here, an extra towel for your waist!” Bluestem offered it with a flourish that sent a huuuge pair of bull nuts swinging the opposite way, hanging not from their owner’s groin, but dangling loose and full and very much severed from the coyote's fist behind his back! “Happy Festivus!”  
  
“Whatever.” The steer replied, grumbling and carefully treading on his hooves.

Bluestem for his part sighed happily, warming his fingers by digging them in that fat pouch. “The key is to let marks come to you of course. The mark you seek out is one that’ll burn ya! Now, about breakfast…” He plucked a finger into that still warm pouch, and tossed a fat oyster right up into his snapping teeth! Somewhere some ways off was a rather sharp ‘moooo!’ “That’s better! That’s the best application of the Ash, not to do anything overt, but to use when your mark is already distracted.”

No one seemed to pay any attention, even in that large crowd, to the coyote happily chewing on that remaining oyster, before tucking the flattened, empty pouch into another bag. A bag that looked particularly large and fuzzy itself!

“Oh! Coffee! Awesome!” Two huge dogs were already sliding to a stop, peeling off skiing goggles. Both huskies from the look of it, too much dangling tongue and wagging tails and very much plump, positively sloshing doggy nuts between their legs! “Ha, wish it was ice coffee! All these folks here just aren’t acclimatized like we are! Southerners.”  
  
“Yeah! Goofy people and their...summers without snow. Sissies!” The other dog, more reddish than his friend, but just as large. “Do you have any ice coffee? Oh, and is this conflict free coffee?”  
  
“Of course it’s conflict free! I wouldn’t sell it to such noble dogs otherwise!” The can back in the ice hut has a look of it being ground up by orphans, and priced lower than their self esteems. “Drink up fellows, though of course you big strapping dogs don’t need it. I bet you could flex and strut all day in weather like this!”

“Yeah, not like you, huh? What are you, a corgi of some kind? Ha! I could go suntanning on a sunny day like this! The dark and white husky stretched, posing. “Just feel those abs, that’s what all day running will do for you.”

“Ooooh! The coyote commented, reaching forward and brushing the big dog’s belly. “I can see! And I bet everyone appreciates such a view!” How did the dog not see, how did his friend not see, those coyote fingers tickling low, between thighs, beneath sheath, fondling and groping and brushing all along those awfully fat canine nuts. “I bet they all start swooning for snow dogs!”   
  
“Ha, that they do! Nngh! Sorry, just had a light pinch stretching like that.” The black and white husky rubbed between his thighs, juuuust missing that very blatant empty space. Even the fauxyote had missed it, but he certainly spied those big husky spuds in the coyote’s free paw.

“I bet! Though I bet your friend here gets jealous!”  
  
“Jealous!” The red husky scowled, stretching further, showing off in exaggerated fashion. “I’m the one that all the bitches want! Scrawny dog like him just gets the leftovers!” Swipe! His big, plump sheath was left bobbing lightly, that’s all, after his fluffy orbs were stolen right before the dog’s eyes. “Ha, creamed all over his girlfriend just last week, before creaming all over him!”   
  
“That’s because we were having a foursome, idiot! Some dogs.” The darker husky scowled, pushing at his friend.  
  
“Now boys, be good! Bad dogs don’t get such sexy times.” The coyote nodded, lightly chastising before wandering away, leaving the huskies looking puzzled. Without their knowledge, both fat, warm sacs were dumped into that same satchel, along with that empty bull pouch.  
  
“See, trust the ash. It’s like Karma come to life. And once you’re sure, play your trick! Now, you don’t have to castrate all the dicks you come across, but it’s a hobby! Hmph, do you smell tiger musk? I haven’t seen any tigers yet. Ah well, moving on...ooof!”  
  
In a rare moment of coyote ungainliness, he walked right into a massive white lupine! A white wolf that growled with all the vibrations of a chain saw, with teeth to match.

“Watch where you’re going, coffee runt.”

“Oh...of course! My terrible mistake!” The coyote put some squeak into his voice that one might not suspect was completely faked! “I was just…” He offered the massive lupine that comically small cup of coffee.  
  
The wolf frowned, scowled, and swatted the cup away, to spill all brown and wasted along the snow. “I don’t need your cheap swill. Who let some prairie dog like you in here?!”

“Well, now, my huge moondog friend! Someone has to serve the coffee! Are you sure you wouldn’t like...mmmph!” Even trickery coyotes have a hard time speaking when a huge paw wraps around their snout! “Ok...no coffee!”  
  
“Hmph, should just string you up, or eat you up maybe! Ha, that’s about all good you runts are good for!” He finally released the coyote, peering down with quite a toothsome, goading grin.

Bluestem for his part took a moment to pretend to straighten his jaw, rubbing his nose, and brushing back the fur of his ears. “Well, we coyotes are terribly stringy! Besides! I know we do have our uses.” His fingers reached out, stroking, fondly rubbing at that big, white, lupine belly. “I mean...certainly better than beating into the snow, right?”  
  
“Ha, I figured as much. just like a fox, eh?” A big white paw encircled, entwined behind the coyote’s skull, and rather unceremoniously shoved his nose first against that stomach. “I have an idea what use you might be.”

The coyote went mmph, arms flailing a moment before being let up to breathe. “Oh..oh yes! A huge...strong...muscled predator like you? I...do you have an ice house here on the lake?” The fauxyote seemed almost forgotten, but he could hear the whine of lust, practically feel the coyote’s tail wag. “I’d love to get tangled and knotted in the sheets with such a big wolf!”  
  
“Knotted is right!” The wolf laughed, keeping the coyote pressed firm. “One of us isn’t going to get off their stomachs I think!”   
  
“Oooh, you’re right there.” The coyote was openly palming those rather massive lupine nuts, palming and tugging, nosing up that big, swollen sheath. “One of us certainly is!”  
  
A few lines of dialogue later, Bluestem looked quite pleased with himself, walking back from a very cocky wolf carrying those fuzzy-white nuts like a shopping bag. “Well now! I...ahh...think our lesson is done for today! I’ve...made plans. Err...here! If you want some souvenirs…”  
  
To the fauxyote, Bluestem offered two, plump husky pouches, still warm and fuzzy and quite full of unspent dog spunk. “Here! I was going to keep them, but...I think I’m going to spend time explaining species superiority to a suddenly surprised and neutered wolf. Hee, I love the big ones, they always look so shocked when you bend ‘em over and make ‘em your bitch. Karma sometimes comes in the shape of a big knotty coyote cock after all!” He puffed out his chest, strutting like the cock of the walk. “Oh, and tiger, if you’re going to impersonate a coyote, you could use something other than a plastic nose. That and your tail is peeking. Take care though!” And with that, the strange yote disappeared into the crowd!

The fauxyote frowned at those offered baubles in one paw, then the small leather pouch in the other. Ha, not just coyotes had light fingers! He started shedding all those spare clothes before down to a nice warm sweatshirt. Charn, properly tigefied now, opened up that tiny pouch to find...well it was ash. Wood Ash! There were still little bits of charcoal in there too, gritty as he rubbed it between his fingers.

Fingers!? Fingers that fell off into the snow! With some amount of frantic diving he quickly plucked up that middle and pointer digits...and found they seamlessly fit back on their knuckles once the ash was wiped away.

Huff, no wonder the coyote used his claws!

Walking and frowning Charn didn’t even notice the big naked elk happily making snow angels, at least before tripping over the massive cervine stud and falling with quite a tiger-yowl!  
  
“Oooh! Well hey there slinky cat! Gotta be careful where you’re walking!” The big elk fellow grinned, practically nose to nose with the predatory feline. “You don’t want to split your head open on the ice. Or worse, impale yourself on me! I mean, my antlers of course!”  
  
The tiger would feel just what else one could get impaled on, resting rather firm under his palm! Huff, he hadn’t even started ‘hunting’ and already was a bit less sneaky than he’d prefer! “Oh..yes! Well maybe I’ll see you around later?” Huff, all wrong, he was going to tease that big deer into going around back, maybe dipping those fat cervine nuts into his jaws! That’s what he was supposed to do! How he got all flustered all of a sudden, he only managed a good firm accidental palming of those furry nuts, though they shifted oddly in his hand. “I mean, later!”  
  
Huff, all wrong, so wrong! Charn gathered himself up and his pouches and quickly sneaked away! Hmph, how was he supposed to remain unrememberable now and still meet the deer la…  
  
The tiger frowned, peering at his paws! One leather pouch, and one warm, pudgy, fuzzy scrotum full of what felt like two overgrown lemons!

Hmph, maybe coyotes did know what they were doing.