By around noon, Samuel Parker joined his mentor-turned-lover in facing the music. He trailed closely behind the German shepherd, redressed in his clothes from the day before, and wearing the stoic façade over a vulnerable exterior. They didn’t wait to dance around the issue, instead inviting Dorothy into her husband’s private study for a…talk. Neither knew what to expect but distraught, angry words. They certainly thought the shepherdess was in denial, until her neutral expression became a relieved smile.

“Finally,” she giggled to her husband. “I thought this side of you would never be seen.”

Samuel blinked multiple times. “W-What?”

“Dorothy?” Smirnov sat in his chair with an equal amount of sheer confusion. “Dorothy, what do you mean ‘finally’? Honey, you should be angry. Yelling at me, screaming, punching the walls, telling me to never show my face around here…”

“Sweetie, I’ve known about your homosexuality since we first dated,” Mrs. Smirnov further shocked them with her following statement, “It never bothered me, as you kept your vows, excelled in your job, and worked to be an amazing spouse and father to our kids. As for this little escapade of yours with Officer Parker here, honestly…I cannot blame you for taking such a handsome fox.”

Samuel awkwardly scratched the back of an ear at the compliment.

“All I ask is this,” Dorothy inhaled, then exhaled, finally gathering the bravery to request of them, “Can…can I join in with you two for next time?”

Red fox and German shepherd alike both gasped in disbelief.

 “What?!”

 “Can I join in with you two?” She repeated herself, only more firmly. “If my husband is going to have illicit dalliances with one of his own officers, I at least want to be involved at least once.”

 Smirnov and Samuel each gulped in disbelief, trying to wrap their heads around the former’s wife’s proposition. Meanwhile, the latter tried not to pass out from the mixture of shock and utter relief flooding his vulpine body. He tried reconciling the mental image of Dorothy Smirnov—dedicated mother, devoted wife, and an absolutely cheerful lady like her—not only being okay with her husband’s ‘illicit dalliances’ but wanting to actively participate in such a session between them.

 “Are you…sure about this, Dorothy?” Smirnov was the first to speak up.

 “Of course, I am, sweetie.” She stepped forward to caress his strong cheek with her paw, smiling. “I love you, and if this makes you happier, I want to at least know more about what it’s like.” She turned to give a reassuring nod to Samuel. “What do you say? We don’t need to do this right now, dearies. We can plan this out, make it a big night between us three, if you’re up for it?”

 Samuel exchanged timid looks with his superior, who gazed softly back at the fox policeman.

 Smirnov answered, “I’ll do this only if you’re comfortable with it, Sam. Sammy?”

 Both German shepherds stared expectantly at their vulpine friend. A nervous bead or two sweat nearly accumulated along the side of his head. Stilling the fear swelling in his chest, standing up straighter, then exhaling through his nose as his tail uncurled behind him, Samuel made his decision.

 “I would be honored to be a part of this.”

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 Something changed between all three canines that morning. Nothing too drastic, but noticeable for those bothering to find anything different about Samuel and Mr. and Mrs. Smirnov. For example, Samuel no longer hesitated when it came to looking others directly in the eye during conversation, let alone with Smirnov whenever he spoke to the German shepherd during business hours. In return, the police chief discussed matters with his subordinates in a more…relaxed manner, if it could be called that. Rather, the older canine didn’t always keep his stoic composure unless it delved into serious matters such as an unsolved/ongoing police case.

 For two months, life went on as normal. As far as anybody was concerned or not in the know, whatever beef Smirnov had with Samuel went down the drain with the free time the office used to have, in part thanks to a rise in petty crime recently. However, it didn’t prevent Samuel from giving a daring peck on the lips to his superior or Samuel an appreciative grope whenever the chief’s office was locked. Meanwhile, Samuel and Smirnov both coordinated with the latter’s wife, who herself planned the big night together as if it were a wedding banquet. She’d already gotten her parents in Delaware to take their son and daughter during Spring Break, citing how Franklin and Hayley never saw their grandparents as often. Meanwhile, Smirnov regularly visited the fox once a week at the latter’s place.

 At first, Samuel began to feel guilty. He thought back to his few interactions with the German shepherds’ son and daughter, wondering what they would think of the friendly fox officer if they ever grew up to discover the truth. That he not only helped their father to have a homosexual affair with him, but also be involved in a three-way with their mother too.

 “You worry too much,” Smirnov told him after inviting himself into the fox’s apartment, then laying in bed together after a heated session they’d managed to recover from. As the old dog lit a cigarette and passed his stick to the fox, who took a huff, Smirnov sighed. “I worry too sometimes, Sam. I worry if my cubs are too smart for their own good, and they suspect. As far as they know, I’m spending those two weeks solely with their mother in Coney Island. And you’re only my coworker back at the police station.”

 Samuel exhaled another puff of smoke, staring down at the burning tip of the cigarette.

 “Do you think we’ll ever be free?” He asked.

 “Not in our lifetimes,” Smirnov grumbled, then softly smiled at the fox sitting naked beside him on the bed and caressed his shoulder. “I know for certain that times are changing, and whether it’s in my cubs’ lifetime or their cubs’ lifetime, it will happen. We’ll no longer have to hide our true selves someday…I just know it.” His tail swished onto his lap, and Samuel found himself smiling back to the older canine. “And someday, when Franklin and Hayley are old enough to understand, me and Dorothy will find the right moment to tell them about me. And about you.”

 “Why me as well?” Sam perked both of his ears up in confusion.

 “Because you’re an important person in my life, kiddo.” Smirnov chuckled, then leaned forward to kiss the blushing red fox, who returned it as well.

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 At long last, the day arrived. Having already submitted his request for vacation days during the Smirnov’s time away, Samuel Parker didn’t need to wait long to be given approval. After all, the bright police fox hadn’t been asked permission since his graduation from the academy. The vacation hours had been adding up since his first day.

 Sam paid the taxi driver his hefty fare, then watched the yellow cab drive off before clutching his suitcase. He remembered the directions from Smirnov, then walked down a packed sidewalk. With Spring Break already in effect, animals of every species were taking advantage of the warm weather.

 Having never been to Coney Island, Samuel didn’t know what to expect. Of course, he’d heard about the iconic island in Brooklyn, famous for its expansive beachfront, the impressive boardwalk, extravagant businesses that could rival Atlantic City, as well as the sensational amusement parks trying to out-do each other. A cub’s paradise on Earth to have so much fun. In fact, Sam couldn’t walk ten feet in any direction without hearing entertained cries of excitement or seeing groups of families from diverse species and backgrounds trying to decide where to go next. Occasionally, a street musician played on a musical instrument for coins, a magician pulled a card behind some bewildered spectator’s ear, or a pair of teenaged lovers shared a kiss. The scents of fried food and fresh sea breeze filled Sam’s nostrils as he tried his best to mingle through the sea of shoulders not paying mind to his casual wear, as opposed to swimsuits and t-shirts in every direction.

 In a sense, Samuel couldn’t help but feel slight jealousy. It made him feel guilty. As a fox cub growing up in poverty, he’d never been given the chance to see Coney Island for himself. Having enough money for rent and groceries while trying to avoid a beating were often priorities over fun vacations.

Still, Sam couldn’t be too envious of how much fun everything looked. Mr. and Mrs. Smirnov likely didn’t invite him all the way down there just to spend a fantastic time together in a room.

 Speaking of which, “There it is!” Sam brightened up while muttering to himself, walking faster. “Almost there, almost there…”

Right on Guarnido Street, nestled between a stunning beachfront and a portion of Coney Island’s expansive boardwalk, rested the destination that Samuel had been looking for; the Hotel Canales, a five-storied luxury building sculpted from steel, glass, and white stone, with balconies lining up all around the circular structure. To Samuel, who spent most of his life in Manhattan and rarely went to southern Brooklyn, the boutique hotel made the best motels in Manhattan appear no different than a giant shipping container outfitted with electricity. It made the naïve red fox wonder how Smirnov and Dorothy managed to book such a place on Coney Island.

Speaking of whom, Samuel’s steps grew more impatient as he walked into the spacious interior lobby, avoiding eye contact with the receptionist and staff as the fox made his way to Room 501 on the top floor. His clothes consisting of conservative dress pants and a buttoned-up blue shirt made him feel self-conscious about standing out, but not as much as when he’d gotten to the fifth floor. Finding Room 501 and knocking a few times on the closed door, Samuel was expecting it to swing open and reveal a half-nude Smirnov to greet him.

Instead, Dorothy giddily answered the door. She wore nothing but a beautiful nightgown made of white silk, barely covering her gorgeous build partially clothed by sexy black lingerie. The way it cupped her breasts and accentuated her female curves made Samuel have zero doubts how much the German Shepherdess was proud of her own body.

“H-Hello, Dorothy.” Sam bashfully waved a paw, trying to politely keep his eyes above her chest.

If only he were straight, or at the very least bisexual.

 “Samuel! Come on in!” She beamed with a wagging tail behind her, cheerily waving the stunned red fox inside. “You’re just in time, honey. John’s in the bathroom getting himself ready.”

 Samuel complied, setting his suitcase beside the coatrack next to the door. The hotel room’s interior was standard, but certainly contained neat amenities, one of which caught the fox’s eyes.

 “Is that fourteen inches?” Samuel marveled at the large television sitting across from the king-sized bedframe.

 “Sixteen,” Dorothy giggled after closing the door behind her. “I didn’t know they made them that big either. And just you wait until you see the bathroom later.”

 “Later?”

 Startled at first, Samuel’s tail wouldn’t quit thrashing happily against his hips as he turned to find that Smirnov had finally emerged from the corner bathroom. Dressed in nothing but a form-fitting swim trunks the same color as the ocean outside the hotel room’s own windows, the middle-aged German Shepherd was as handsome as ever. The trunks clung tightly to his bulge that the fox was all-too familiar with, yet Samuel couldn’t deny how sexy it made Smirnov look. With his buff chest, muscular thighs and how confidently he approached him, it all caused butterflies to fill the fox’s stomach. Like he were a shy schoolboy who wanted to lose his virginity.

 Meanwhile, Dorothy noticed the effect it had on Samuel, with her husband noticing too when they glanced below their friend’s belt.

 “Heh.” Smirnov smirked at the blushing vulpine. “I figured you would like to see me in this.”

 In any other circumstance, Samuel would’ve mentally smacked himself and died of embarrassment at tenting an erection in front of Mr. and Mrs. Smirnov. Then, he re-remembered why they were in a private hotel room far from Manhattan, and what they would be doing. Which was why he didn’t panic when Smirnov suddenly reached downward and groped the tent.

 “Eep!” Samuel squeaked at the firm grasp around his covered cock. “Ah…!”

 “C’mere, Sammy.” The older dog pulled him by said cock. “Good boy.”

Touching the end of his muzzle was as familiar to the red fox as breathing air. What made it feel different—no, electrifying and so taboo—revolved around there being a witness. And yet, Samuel orally surrendered to Smirnov’s advancing lips. He surrendered unconditionally, enjoying their teeth almost clashing and grazing together amidst feverish male passion.

 Nearby, Dorothy watched the display with rapt attention. The lustful smile across her feminine muzzle slowly widened as she witnessed her husband make out with his subordinate from work. She panted at the sight of her beloved’s tongue sensually danced around the red fox’s own dexterous tongue, both of their faces nervous yet content at the same time. She wouldn’t dare to look away from seeing John and Samuel fulfill their taboo desires together, their paws at first touching the other’s chest, then roaming downward as the older dog joyfully caressed the younger fox’s hips, and the latter tentatively groped his police chief’s swimsuit-clad buttocks.

Very much to Dorothy’s delight, who started touching her moistened folds covered by those midnight panties. Soon, she peeled them away for easier access.

Their muzzles didn’t disconnect throughout. Smirnov found himself lost in the kisses of his academy fox, who couldn’t pull away either. At least, until one of the old dog’s gropes made him suddenly elicit a deep moan.

“Careful, or the neighbors will hear us,” Smirnov teased. When he saw that his lover’s eyes widened seriously at the playful warning, the police chief clarified, “I’m kidding, sonny. The receptionist told us each room is great for ‘the privacy of a honeymoon’, as I quote, but said we should still refrain from moaning too loudly…at least, loud enough to be mistaken for anything else.”

Sam bashfully chuckled with the German Shepherd. “That’s…That’s great!”

“Would you mind going to your knees, Sammy?” Dorothy quavered nearby, trying her best to sound articulate and resist rubbing herself too much.

Smirnov, though hesitant at first, grinned from ear to ear as he said, “We were just getting there, honey.” He then pecked the lustful fox’s lips once more. “Now, would you mind doing me a favor, Officer Parker?”

The German Shepherd rolled his hips forward slightly, his Johnson already bulging obscenely in the swimming trunks that’s so desperately needed to be stripped off his refined figure. Nodding furiously, Samuel helped as he muttered, “Y-Yes, Chief!”

Within seconds, Chief Smirnov shifted to lean by the bed frame, and Officer Parker eagerly rested his knees on the plush red carpeting. The same color that matched the latter’s fur and was just as soft.

Peeling down the sexy swimwear was almost as satisfying as the hardening cock resting between his vulpine jaws. Samuel moaned around that delicious member, servicing it up and down the underside before giving the old dog’s scrotum some attention. It turned out that Smirnov greatly enjoyed set attention, especially when it came to sucking each ball within the furry male pouch dangling between his thighs. Such devotion caused the older canine’s bare knees to buckle every so often, and tonight was no exception, so Smirnov steadied himself by placing his fingers between the fox’s ears on that bobbing head.

Eyes rolled back and tail curling delightedly, Samuel drooled around the dog’s wrinkling balls. He was reveling in the musky taste before ultimately returning to the dog’s Johnson standing back at attention. He kissed the bulbous head repeatedly until each brush of wet fox lips caused the tip to smear a dollop of pre on Sam’s nose. Licking it clean off and giggling, he stared back at Smirnov’s throbbing dick again, only to slide his tongue along the sensitive shaft. He swallowed it whole in mere moments, nostrils inhaling mahogany-and-gray pubic hair as he gripped the dog’s thighs for support. Samuel barely even wind still at how his throat accommodated the twitching length curving inside his mouth.

Practice made perfect, you could say.

Female moans mixed with theirs nearby. Both males were aware of Dorothy closely watching them commit a homosexual act as she masturbated to the sight. She couldn’t get enough of it and neither could they. So, when the German Shepherdess gave a half-breathless whistle to her panting husband, they exchanged a look of mutual love and understanding.

Smirnov reluctantly pulled his straining cock from the fox’s muzzle.

“C’mon, Sam,” he motioned his head in the bed’s direction. “There’s a lady waiting for us.”

Samuel wiped the drool and pre from his chin with a shirt sleeve. Discarding it later alongside his other clothes and the chief’s abandoned swimwear on the carpeted flooring, the red fox joined his lover with his wife on the large bed. Sam drooled at the sight of Smirnov’s toned ass as he kissed Dorothy, grasping her breasts and whispering sweet things to her. He paused though at one point.

“H-Hey, Sam?” Smirnov spoke up in uncharacteristic nervousness. “Do you…see the bottle on the nightstand?”

Samuel glanced to the left, then nodded. He waited for the older canine to speak first.

“Would you kindly grab it for us, please?” Dorothy asked him instead. “My hubby here is going to need somebody to apply it generously, and I feel he would be more comfortable if you did it.”

Smirov cleared his throat, lifting his tail up and wagging it in the air while subtly shaking his rear end for Samuel’s lecherous, confused eyes. Gulping at the realization, Sam finally understood what she meant. He understood why Smirnov’s ears were folded down, heating up in canine submission.

“Are you sure?” He asked.

“Yes,” Smirnov simply replied. “Please, I…want it to be you, Sammy.”

Samuel nodded once more, reaching over the bed to the nightstand and grasping the small vial, and noted how it smelled differently than the lubrication they often used at his apartment. It reeked more of petroleum jelly, and it wasn’t the cheaper kind. Unfastening the lid, a hint of mint flavoring could also be caught with a whiff of his vulpine nose. Samuel shifted behind Smirnov as the German Shepherd had already begun positioning himself in front of his spread wife. They wordlessly exchanged a paw full of the jelly, as well as some light kisses as Smirnov carefully lubricated his half-hardened member, rubbing the excess on Dorothy’s wet heat as Sam then shifted himself behind the male dog.

Many a night, did the fox policeman spend his nights imagining the police chief in all his naked glory. His most favorite of fantasies revolved greatly around the Johnson, but also the rear-end too. Like all of John Smirnov, it was perfect; toned from years of self-care, chiseled like the marble of an Ancient Greek statue, possessing a luscious tail as soft as the mahogany feathers of a bird, and connected to the delectable taint of a furry scrotum underneath an equally magnificent penis. Until then, Samuel didn’t really think much of feeling the inside of his ass, but upon drenching a finger in the petroleum lubricant and tentatively inserting it into the tailhole of his mentor and lover, the red fox felt an electric sensation crawl up his already-hardened dick. It made him feel as strong as a steel bar, the way Smirnov’s virgin ring clenched tightly around his finger beginning to loosen it up.

“Be gentle, Sammy.” Smirnov cleared his throat, gulping and grunting. “I’ve only used toys for practice, but not the real thing. So, be gentle, boy. That’s an order.”

“Yessir!” He felt himself instantly harden against the cleft of those warm mounds.

Dorothy giggled. “It’s so cute how he’s taking charge of you, now.”

 After a few minutes of stretching the older canine’s end, Samuel pulled out, only to replace his digit with something else beginning with the d-word. The fox mentally thanked himself for not thinking about his pun aloud. However, the immature thought melted away as warm molasses suddenly enveloped his cockhead, then slowly sank down into the dense valley’s depths. Sam gave nervous, excited, unbelieving, and breathless pants as he did his best to go slow, while the penetrated German Shepherd’s wife consoled him.

 “There, there, you’re doing well, honey,” she whispered to him. “If you feel uncomfortable at all, Sammy’s gonna stop. Just relax, there you go. There you go.”

 “I love you both,” he growled. “Love you both…grrr, so fuckin’ much…so much!”

 Sam glanced temporarily over the dog’s broad shoulders. He and Dorothy beamed.

Returning his smile to Samuel, then down at Dorothy, Smirnov laid a passionate lick across her collarbone and under her neck, nuzzling it without suppressing his moans. He growled in discomfort once or twice, which made Samuel slow down his hip thrusts, but a simple wag across the fox’s bare stomach from the German shepherd’s tail compelled the lad to not stop. So, he thrust again. Much to the police chief’s slight shame, he whined. As he pushed deeper into his wife’s dripping folds and felt himself clinch around the red fox’s wonderful shaft, he whined.

 “Don’t be embarrassed, honey,” Dorothy cooed, planting a kiss on his embarrassed muzzle.

 “Nnnngh…Not embarrassed.” Smirnov reached a paw to entwine it with Samuel’s which grasped around each of his sides for support as he thrust. “G-Go f-faster, S-S-Sam. Faster…please.”

 Something darker—no, more dominant—clicked on unexpectedly inside the red fox when he locked eyes with the normally-stoic German Shepherd who worked as his superior. On another island miles away up north, even in the privacy of a closed office or a locked apartment bedroom, Samuel never fully dropped the façade of a power dynamic between them. Superior and employee. Police Chief and police officer. Mentor and protégé. Dominant lover and submissive lover.

 So, Samuel didn’t stop himself from doing as the chief said. He fucked his mentor harder. He crashed his lithe hips against the other canine’s cheeks, reveling in how great it felt to be on top. Sure, Sam couldn’t ever complain about being the catcher, but pitching certainly unlocked something inside him that the red fox never knew existed. He could only focus on his constricted, wet shaft, the chorusing moans produced by a receptive Smirnov as he also ravished his wife below them, and how it all combined into a sensation Samuel really found himself enjoying.

 Half an hour passed. Another came and went as all tensed up, feeling their climaxes arrive like a speeding train. All three reacted in different ways, shuddering and spasming around each other. Samuel chomped his teeth down on the Shepherd’s vulnerable shoulder with a carnal snarl. Yelping and groaning positively to the fox’s love bite, Smirnov blindly pushed himself in tandem inside his wife one more time with Sam, clenching very tightly around the cumming fox’s cock. Dorothy melted into the comfortable bed sheets and soft-as-a-cloud pillow, heated folds squirting around her homosexual husband’s Johnson as it pulsated inside. Sweat and musk clung to all three like a sheen of plastic, leaving everyone exhausted and spent while collapsing together on the mattress.

 The haze of the afterglow made their memories blur. However, both Smirnov and Samuel did vividly remember Dorothy tiredly rise out of bed. She wanted to go take a shower, then slip back into something comfortable. They could wait until she finished getting cleaned before going in, either separately or together. The two males were stuck panting and dazed in their post-nut afterglows to do anything other than nod to her words.

Still wearing a glowing aura around her flushed face, Dorothy giggled aloud, “You boys sure had fun, and so did I. You just gather your strength.”

For some strange reason, as Samuel saw her walked into the bathroom, the sight of her husband’s dripping cum leak from her well-appreciated vagina stirred a twinge of lust in him. It reminded him greatly of his own seed steadily soaking out from the other German Shepherd’s hole right beside him on the bed.

 “You’re quite the virile old dog, Smirnov.”

 Said old dog laughed, licking the accumulated sweat from his muzzle.

 “You are too,” he retorted. “I can still feel your cum inside me, back there.”

 The two turned to each other, then laid soft kisses.

 “Thank you, Sammy.”

 Samuel perked an ear upwards. “For what?” He asked in mild confusion.

 “For doing this for us,” he explained, placing a strong paw on his as they lay together on their sides. “I’m very happy this all worked out for us, for Dorothy too…This is going to be a weekend that changes everything, but if Dorothy ever asks us for another like this, I don’t…” The German shepherd inhaled, then exhaled, “I don’t want you to do this solely because of me—”

 “Smirnov?” The red fox interrupted him, almost guiltily. “I really liked this. I did. I enjoyed it, and I know that I’m gonna enjoy this the rest of our time here. Plus, Dorothy’s a really wonderful lady. If she ever wants to have us do something like this again, and if you’re comfortable, I’m open to it.”

 Surprised at first by the red fox’s boldness and confident statement, Smirnov could only grin.

 “You’re turning into the amazing officer I knew you’d become, Sammy.”

 “I learned and got inspired by the best,” he grinned back, leaning forward once more to kiss Smirnov further. When they parted for air, nothing—not even shy indecisiveness—prevented him from telling the truth to the police chief. “I love you, Smirnov.”

 “I love you too, Samuel.”

 The two canines lay there for an additional fifteen minutes, making our and giggling at what they’d done together until a familiar voice cut through the hotel room. “The shower’s all yours now, boys.” Dorothy emerged wearing only her nightgown from before and smelling of lavender soap. She winked at them on the bed. “Take as long as you need, okay?”

“Sure, Dorothy.” Samuel’s tail wagged as he smiled at her.

“Thanks, sweetie,” Smirnov sat up to place a happy kiss on her muzzle, then gently pulled a lovestruck Sam up from the bed by his arm.

The two male canines held a lustful, knowing look with each other when they thought Dorothy wasn’t looking. She was well-aware though. And she didn’t mind it, her satisfied attention turning rather towards the sixteen-inch television and its clicker. The boys could have their fun.

Both males went inside the well-built bathroom. Silently, Smirnov turned on the lights, then started the shower, eyes staring intently at him like a predator about to devour its prey. A gaze Sam was all too familiar with by then. Expectedly, the very instant that the red closed the bathroom door behind them, the police chief stepped forward to wrap his strong, sore arms around his police officer, guiding him into a sensual kiss. A very long, thankful, passionate kiss.

Minutes later, Samuel pressed his palms to the shower’s tiled wall, crimson-furred tail raised high against Smirnov’s chest as he pushed into him. No, pounded into him! He fucked the younger red fox with all the throbbing vigor of an experienced dog in his mid-forties could possess. Thanks to the running hot water masking their grunts, yips, growls, and whines, neither held back. Neither could resist the wild bliss of something that felt so societally wrong and yet felt so incredibly right.

Steam and homosexual sex surrounded their naked, thrusting bodies. Their dehydrated moans roared with the sound of a luxury shower in use, with Smirnov’s wet hips slapping against Samuel’s receiving end and Samuel slamming his spread tailhole back and forth along that beautifully firm shaft once again. Together and swallowing for air amidst their reunion, they rocked back and forth, back-and-forth beneath a dripping torrent of hot water, forgetting everything but each other.

At least, until Smirnov came a second time sooner than usual, depositing inside Samuel only several minutes after beginning their second round. The possibility of a third round didn’t even cross their exhausted yet fulfilled minds.

Afterwards, they gathered up their strength again, washed each other up for real with some soap and shampoo, and flirted with each other. During which, Samuel mustered the unabashed bravery to playfully smack Smirnov’s ass at one point, admiring the way its solid mass somehow didn’t jiggle. Yelping at first, the older canine replied with a possessive grope of the fox’s own rear end, pulling him closer under the shower as their suds washed down the drain.

“That was fun too,” Samuel commented, wearing the dorkiest of happy grins. “I’m open to the idea of more threesomes in the future.”

“With my wife or other people?” Smirnov questioned the fox.

“Both,” Sam snickered, then blushed at the thought of one individual. “Maybe Blacksad too?”

“I wouldn’t count on it,” Smirnov rolled his eyes. “John likes to keep his professional and private lives as separate as possible, so I wouldn’t know if it’s even a possibility for us.”

His academy fox sighed melodramatically. “One can only dream, huh?”

“Don’t forget that you are mine though,” Smirnov teased, then nipped his ear while groping harder on the cleaned but drenched ass of the fox in his strong arms. They tongued each other until Smirnov pulled away, a bridge of saliva disconnecting from the running shower water. “Let’s get out of here, pup.”

The fox’s tail thoroughly wagged behind him as he said, “Yessir.”

Soon after, they both rejoined Dorothy on the hotel room’s master bed for a cordial chat. The wonderful lady had even taken the time to place a new blanket over the stained one. Followed by a wonderful nap, with Smirnov himself cuddled between the arms of his loving wife and loving partner.

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 True to what Samuel predicted earlier that day, the two German Shepherd didn’t only invite him down to Coney Island solely for ménage à trois. Smirnov and his wife wanted to see the amusement parks and entertainment venues while bringing Sam along for the ride, having brought their children already during the previous summer. Without two rambunctious cubs to look after though, they could fully explore without worry. Especially if it included homosexual sex between Smirnov and the shy red fox, or ‘academy fox’, as the former liked calling Samuel to make him adorably flustered.

 “Academy fox?” Dorothy asked, then realized. “Ooooh, like ‘academy newbie’, huh?”

 “Is it appropriate to call me that at this point?” Samuel argued. “I’m not exactly new.”

 “Not until the next academy newbie comes along, Officer Parker,” Smirnov teased, fastening his clean shirt together and helping his wife zip into her summer dress. “So, where do you want to go first?”

 “Can we go to the cocktail lounge downstairs at least?” Dorothy asked, adding, “In the evening.”

 “Agreed,” Samuel chuckled. “You can buy us both drinks.”

 Smirnov rolled his eyes at their combined laughter, eager to see where their new relationship would go. Wherever they went, they could all agree it was going to be a sexy, memorable, fun vacation for the three of them. Hopefully, one of many more to come.