

Blue Ball Zone

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“That sounds good! This engine was a good choice!”

Tails’ latest experimental design was threatening to tear itself free of its heavy metal supports and take flight all on its own, and he couldn’t stop himself from smiling at the prospect.

The engine was working. It was working!

Sure, the sun was almost unbearably bright as it beat down on him, the desert heat was dangerously stifling as he wiped his sweaty brow with the clean back of an otherwise oil-stained gloved hand, and the noise of his newest creation might have been so deafening that he had to shout every word at the top of his lungs for there to be any hope his best friend at the throttle would hear him, but...

The roar in his ears drowned out any shred of doubt. It sounded an awful lot like progress, and the air the propeller was blowing with enough pressure to completely flatten his fur — *and guarantee he’d be sweeping or vacuuming up sand dunes at the end of the night* — felt comforting. Welcoming, even, like a well-earned pat on the back or hug from a friend he hadn’t seen in ages.

This one would fly, he told himself, his eyes full of equal parts pride and childlike glee behind the dark, mirrored lenses of the goggles he was wearing. *This one will fly*, he repeated like a mantra, willing the engine to go faster and blow harder even as massive, table-sized blueprints and towering stacks of regular letter-sized sheets of paper flew through the air behind him like snowflakes.

The twin-tailed genius almost wanted them to get caught in the propeller blades somehow and be shredded into celebratory confetti. His baby was already spinning at several thousand more rotations per minute than he pessimistically thought it’d be able to, so it wouldn’t even have been all that hard!

Which reminded him, yet again, that he’d have to close his garage’s front door and conduct his stress-tests outside if he wanted to avoid a mess the next time around... Even if he didn’t, though, he knew the mess would be absolutely worth it.

“...Take it to SIX-thousand SLOWLY, Sonic! REMEMBER, this is just a TEST!”

Phase one had been a monumental success, but the real trial was still to come. Tails would need so much more from his little-engine-that-could if he was going to allow it anywhere near anything with wings, let alone his precious Tornado.

A big thumbs-up from the blue wonder beside him as the engine continued to ramp up its speed made daydreams of other planes and even more engines zip through his head. If his latest iteration could pass the next few tests, that meant he could make as many more of it as he wanted!

...Right after excavating the blueprints from the ever-growing pile created by the miniature hurricane still blowing through his shop, of course.

He'd really need to invest in some serious paper-weights or commit to conducting these kinds of tests outside, preferably on a slightly cooler, less shirt-soaking day, he decided with a solemn nod of his head.

It wasn't like he didn't have the room outdoors, even with his garage being big enough to store a whole fleet of Tornados, and it wasn't like he had neighbours he had to worry about annoying after choosing a location suitable for peace, quiet, and a private air-strip or two, he just... couldn't find the time or energy to think that far ahead and worry about having to find a needle in a messy haystack when he drafted close to a hundred blueprints each week.

Those were especially slow weeks for him, too.

No, Tails' shop would always be messy. So as long as he could still work in it and find whatever he needed to at any given moment, what difference did it make if there was sand everywhere? He didn't have time to waste on making sure the shop was spotless! He had works of art to create!

Sure, any changes he made from one iteration to the next were minute, but they were crucial! A millimetre here or there could mean the difference between the engine taking flight and tearing itself apart, and in the absolute worst case scenario, there could even be an explosion at altitude if—!

Distracted by the screeching of his baby, Tails couldn't help but continue nodding his head and thinking: *well, **when** something like that happened, not **if**...*

He needed to be realistic and recognize obvious warning signs, like the ones that were already screaming at him that something was about to go horribly, horribly wrong.

Turning his whole body around to look at the RPM gauge he'd set up and colour-coded for his speed-demon friend's benefit, he found the needle climbing slowly but alarmingly steadily through the great big red zone with no signs of slowing as it approached what he knew was both the point of no return and end of the line.

“Sonic, STOP!” he desperately pleaded in vain, his best friend's manic grin telling him his words were falling on deaf ears even before a propeller blade ripped itself free of the run-away engine and went flying past his head fast enough that his knees buckled and his life flashed before his eyes.

He didn't even have time to be impressed with how deep the lightweight blade had embedded itself in the eighteen inch thick concrete wall at the back of the shop before he was moving faster than he ever thought possible to grab his friend by the scruff of

the neck and drag him behind an especially sturdy table with every ounce of strength he could muster.

“Hey! What was—!?”

The deafening explosion that shook the garage’s walls put a quick end to the hedgehog’s indignant question while the twisting and ripping of metal that made his teeth rattle in his gums wiped any look but horror off his face. It was the multiple sudden impacts and deep denting of the table’s side shielding him and his best friend from being turned into Swiss cheese that made Sonic close his mouth and start looking apologetic, though.

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“One more time, just so I’m sure I heard you right...” the pint-sized, pissed-the-hell-off fox asked the sheepish-looking hedgehog-turned-menace that he’d thought he could trust with a job so simple yet so important.

“You, *uh*, heard it right the first time, Tails...” Sonic bleated out, not daring to meet the fury boiling behind the eyes full of murder that were clearly imagining cutting him to pieces and dunking them in acid.

“A *dryer!*? You expect me to believe this was like sitting on a **DRYER!?”** Tails exploded at last, earnestly looking for a wrench to beat his friend’s head in with, though only for a nanosecond.

“Like a dryer, I said! Y-Y’know, how girls’ll, uh, sit on one cause—”

“You don’t have to dumb it down for me, I got that part already! Somehow, some way, either the speed, the vibrations, or both at the same time excited you to the point you—!?”

“It was just a little lapse! I only lost focus for a second...”

It sure as hell wasn’t an apology, but it wasn’t quite an excuse either, and Miles Prower could sense that. There was a seed of a confession in there, and he could see in Sonic’s eyes just how ashamed the hedgehog was of what he’d done — *of what he’d allowed to happen* — that it was like his rage had been quenched in an ice-cold mineral oil bath.

Just the thought of that ridiculous scenario alone was enough to put a dent in *Miles Prower’s* rage and bring the friendly face of *Tails the Fox* back out.

“What *really* happened?” he asked with defeated exasperation and, more importantly, understanding in his voice.

At least, once he’d spent a few seconds silently screaming into his hands and massaging his face to get all the rage out of it.

“Why did you lose focus? You’ve never been the kinda guy to drift off like that...”

The way the hedgehog clammed up and started sweating bullets while avoiding his friend's gaze was about as subtle as a sledgehammer through a window.

"Sonic? **Sonic!** *Sonic...*" the fox asked and demanded and pleaded as if he were trying to get a dog to let go of a toy firmly clenched in its jaws. "Tell me the truth. I promise I won't get mad."

"...*Do you really?*" came the near-silent reply before the speed-demon cleared his throat to try again. "Do you really promise?"

"...*Of course?*"

That was a weird question for someone as fearless as him to ask, doubly so with the way he'd asked it. Something pretty serious had to have been going on... Had the hedgehog seen something out in the desert? Did a mirage catch his eye and make him think that—?

"It's, *uh*, November... *November 30th...*"

A quick, incredulous look at the calendar somehow still affixed to Tails' wall backed up Sonic's claim, but what did the date have to do with—?

"Oh gosh, *um*, have you heard of, *uh...* *N-No-Nut November...*?" he continued with a blush so pink that if you didn't know better you would've sworn it was the hedgehog's natural colour.

Wringing his hands in the air and wishing they were wrapped around his best friend's neck, Tails put one and one together and came to the only conclusion possible no matter **how** stupid he thought it was.

"So you're telling me... because it's the 30th... and you've been... *participating* in that stupid challenge... *You destroyed my engine and nearly got us both killed because you're **BACKED UP!?***"

The rage was all too familiar to Sonic at that point, so the real shock came from hearing Tails describe his current predicament in such... vulgar terms. The speedster probably would've said the exact same thing, but to hear his seemingly innocent friend say them...

He couldn't stop himself from getting goosebumps as his skin crawled.

"...Y-Yeah, *basically*," the hedgehog finally admitted.

Obviously, he wasn't proud of what had happened, but he knew that deep down, if he told his best friend the truth, Tails would forgive him. ...*Eventually*. It'd take a hell of a lot more than what really was an accident at the end of the day to ruin their friendship for good, and—

"Am I going to have to ask you whether or not you've *taken care of yourself recently* from now on...?" came the unexpectedly humiliating question that stopped the blue wonder's bullet-train-of-thought dead in its tracks.

The way Tails was looking at him — *with a smug and mocking-in-the-friendliest-of-ways-possible smile* — told him he wouldn't live down this little incident anytime soon, but that his twin-tailed friend was already over wanting to kill him.

...It was a perfectly natural foregone conclusion in the hedgehog's mind at that point, after all.

There were extra layers to the rhetorical question, though. Or at least, it felt like there were. The idea of him having to take care of himself *by himself*, for example. Or getting pent up enough on a regular enough basis for it to be an ongoing issue. Or being on a different metaphorical boat than the fox was... *Somehow...*

"You really don't need to—" he began to answer before he was cut off by a raised finger.

"I never thought I'd have to until now, but here we are," the... suddenly bedroom-eyed fox replied oddly... sensually...

*Or had he...? **Would he?** Even as a joke, would Tails have—?* How much of what Sonic thought he was seeing was he actually seeing, and how much was just in his head at that point?

The new cold sweat he broke into and the way his eyes were darting anywhere and everywhere but meeting the fox's own made Tails oddly suspicious, telling him he'd hit a sore spot he could easily exploit for a bit more fun, if only to try and drain the tension in the room.

*What other reason could there **possibly** be for making fun of his best friend like that~?*

"You know, if you aren't willing to go to Amy for help, I could always invent you something instead..."

The tone and the look were real that time, Sonic knew it. A breathy chuckle from his best friend confirmed it, and a pinch of his own thigh as his chained-down libido started to rear its ugly head again meant the whole thing wasn't a dream, either.

"Although, with all the extra work you've given me after this not-so-little screw-up, maybe I'm better off just taking care of you myself..."

A pin could have dropped in the war-torn-looking shop and both Mobians would have heard it.

"...Sonic?" the pint-sized engineer asked with real concern in his voice this time, his face suddenly losing its sultry mask for a few moments.

"Y-Yeah, b-buddy?"

That unconvincing reply took way too long, was broken up into way too many stuttered parts, and hit way too many notes in way too many octaves Tails not to jump on the clear opportunity to twist the knife some more.

“...Gosh, you’re looking kinda *hot* there, big guy. *Everything alright~?* Do you want to... lie down for a bit? *I built a bedroom into the back of the shop just in case I ended up staying over too late.*”

“No... **No!** *Aha*, that’s, *um*, really g-generous of you, and everything, but I should probably just head ho—”

“*What’s the matter, Sonic, scared you’d lose for once?*”

“Wh-What!?”

“The bet... *Are you scared you’d lose the bet?*”

“**A-As if!**”

A bet...? What bet? Had Tails just bet him something he hadn’t heard because he was daydreaming again?

“So what do I win if I make you cum...?”

“**WHAT!?**”

“*That’s what I thought,*” Tails sighed while exasperatedly dragging a hand over his disappointed-looking face, “*you didn’t hear a word I said...*”

“Okay, **okay!** I guess I didn’t! S-So what’s this bet, and why would you—!?”

“Calm down and take a breath first...”

It was much more of a suggestion than an order, but it still had enough bite behind it that Sonic was shocked into doing exactly what Tails wanted him to.

“You said you were sexually frustrated. You haven’t had an orgasm in at least a month now...”

The way Tails was talking was... clinical, in the best way possible. The horny hedgehog could feel the raging boner he didn’t even know he had soften a touch.

“Because of that, you ruined my experiment. You aren’t willing to let Amy help you, *or take care of things yourself*, because of some self-imposed *bet*, so I bet you I could make you **lose that bet.**”

O-Oh... *Th-That’s what he meant when—* The realisation of what a bet like that entailed meant softness wasn’t on the menu anymore.

“You think you’ve got so much self-control that you can last until tomorrow and close out the thirty-day challenge. You didn’t think, and still don’t think, that that challenge affects you or those around you. What’s worse, you think you’re *just fine* right now when that couldn’t be further from the truth! *I bet I could show you just how **down bad** you are.*”

The throbs had returned with an almost deafening vengeance. It was like the engine was still running and Tails was shouting straight into Sonic’s brain.

“I bet I can make you **pop** in just a few minutes **and** show you just how stupid, reckless, and unnecessary No-Nut November is. **Especially** when it puts you, me, and our friendship at risk...”

It did...? It had...? He had...?

“That’s right, Sonic, you did. *Which is why I’m going to teach you a little lesson...*”

Gone was Tails the Fox, replaced for the time being with a side of Miles Prower the blue wonder had never seen before despite being his best and closest friend for more years than he cared to count. *With good reason*, of course, when the fox in front of him was now a smoky-voiced, bedroom-eyed **vixen** in engine-oil stained overalls.

“If you can hold out without living up to your ‘nickname,’ *I won’t mention this little incident ever again*. But if you **can’t**, well...”

The rock-hard hedgehog’s nervous gulp practically echoed through the shop.

Did he really have a choice? Could he pass up the chance to sweep everything under the rug and not get—? Hey, wait a minute!

The briefest of scowls came over the hedgehog’s face when he unravelled the implication of Tails mentioning his ‘nickname,’ but the fox’s overalls hitting the floor blew it away like a sand castle in a tidal wave.

Had Tails always been so... th-thicc?

The fact that that word had even come to mind only raised more goosebumps, but the swell of Tails’— of **Miles’ hips**...

The mechanic obviously didn’t run as fast, far, or regularly as he did, and Miles’ usual job meant he certainly spent more time on the ground behind a desk with his nose pushed into whatever blueprint he was drafting that minute, but—

Are those his tail muscles...? Sonic wondered, perplexed, eyeing his best friend’s toned but sizeable thighs and wondering how he ever got off the ground with such tasty-looking drumsticks weighing him down.

“*So do we have a bet~?*” the fox asked again, taking off his dirty gloves and sticking out a soft, warm, hair-raising hand that the blue-wonder didn’t want to let go of once he started shaking it.

“Good. *Now take off your clothes and meet me in the back*. There are just a few things I need to grab first...”

. . . .

The inner machinations of Sonic’s mind as he sat on Miles’ bed were an enigma even to him.

Like a robot, he’d gotten undressed and sat down to patiently wait for whatever was coming, but— *wh-whatever was going to happen*, he corrected himself, trying desperately to ignore how hard his cock was throbbing, and *had* been throbbing, ever

since Tai— *Miles* had dropped his overalls and revealed a figure he couldn't and wouldn't soon forget.

Had the little fox always looked like that? He couldn't have, right...? He would've noticed, wouldn't he?

The questions came one after another, almost as fast as the blue-wonder himself, whooshing in and out of his head as he stared holes in the wall and willed Miles to appear in a puff of smoke and do *anything* already!

Anything was better than the anticipation. Unfortunately for Sonic, though, he'd get just what he wanted.

. . . .

As if by magic, or maybe on cue, the door to the private bedroom the blue hedgehog was waiting in swung open silently — *and all on its own* — on what had to have been the best-oiled hinges in all of Mobius with how smooth and silent they were, to finally reveal Miles' dick-stiffening figure standing in the door frame.

And just when the little hedgehog in the room was starting to relax, too.

The sight of his best friend standing in— *no, squeezing through* the frame was more than enough to get Sonic back to an almost painful hardness and— *wait, scratch that*, it actually was painful...

All he had to do was take a deep breath and a good look at Miles for a quill-tingling throb to travel down the length of his cock and up his spine.

The doorway wasn't actually any smaller than usual, of course, and Tails wasn't actually anywhere near wide enough to wedge himself and those prodigious hips of his in it no matter how he turned his body — *the hedgehog knew that somewhere in the back of his currently way-too-horny mind* — but the difference in lighting between the inside of the bedroom and the outside — *the inside being filled with a warm, cosy yellow glow that reminded him of the sun compared to the harsh, white, sterile fluorescent light pouring in from outside* — and the way that difference framed Miles' stunning body made the hedgehog want to cover his eyes to shield them from the unbelievably radiant sight.

Well, from whatever light actually managed to get in, that is. While the fox wasn't big enough to get stuck or block out all the light, he blocked out more than enough that whatever did manage to get in had had to spill in around him.

Around his golden, now haloed fur that shimmered with an eerie, almost ethereal — and most importantly — quill-tingling way that highlighted his pointy ears, soft face, lean arms, petite shoulders, eye-catching hips, mouth-watering thighs, utterly-grabable legs, undoubtedly soft-and-fluffy tails, and gently curved, rock-fucking-hard c—

"Earth to Sonic, come in, Sonic~!" Tails teased with a couple snaps of his fingers right in front of the blue wonder's face.

The blue wonder in question nearly choked on his own spit with how hard his cock throbbed once Miles got close enough for him to see just how hard his friend was and just how much his member was *glistening*. It was like he'd dipped it in liquid diamonds or something!

The mechanic had come into the room carrying a brush and a bottle of some kind of liquid, he remembered suddenly, replaying the memory from not even a minute ago in a flashback, so maybe that's what they were for...?

"Is that... *oil*...?" the oxymoronically-slow speed-demon managed to sputter out after his cock released just enough blood for his brain to form words again.

"No, it isn't. Not the kind *you're* thinking of, anyway. *This stuff could never handle the heats or pressures my engines can put out, though it **can** handle you and me once you finish **getting. undressed.** like I told you to earlier...*"

With enough sense in his head to not utter a confused noise and look even dumber in his best friend's eyes, the partially-dressed Mobian instead looked down and realised he'd only taken off the work overalls he'd been given and not his... *boxers*...

Horror slowly spread across Sonic's face once he looked back and forth between the tent he was so clearly and obviously pitching for the person he wouldn't hesitate to call his best friend and said best friend's now-quirked eyebrow that was slowly melting into a teasing, decadent, half-lidded gaze that led to a bloom of wetness on the front of Sonic's boxers.

"We can't do anything until you take those off, *big boy*. *It won't be any fun **winning by default** if you end up cumming in your pants at just the sight of me. Or maybe the sound. of my. **voice~?***"

Tails had never, ever sounded so fuckable before. Or like he wanted to *be* fucked — *like he wanted to drain Sonic to the very last drop* — but wondering about where that voice had come from and how long Miles had been able to sound like that didn't really matter.

Instead, the boxers in question just hit the floor so fast they didn't even make a sound and the air was filled with Miles' teasing — *but nowhere near mean spirited* — chuckles instead.

That, and the licking of his juicy, espresso-sipping lips.

"Just relax. This is what you need, remember?"

The noise the blue wonder let out once one of his friend's knees nestled itself underneath his balls would be the first of many things he'd take to his grave and vehemently deny even if someone put a gun to his head.

He couldn't, and wouldn't, deny that it felt pretty fucking good, though... At least, not to himself. And maybe Miles. He'd sorely missed having someone touch him in that way and his face was certainly agreeing even if the hedgehog couldn't see it and didn't know it.

“Hold it in, Sonic, we’ve barely even gotten started...”

Panting at the mental exertion of not cumming on the spot, the blue wonder breathed the heaviest sigh of relief he’d ever breathed once Miles put his cushy-looking, soft-feeling leg back down on the floor to spin around and grab that bottle and brush he’d brought in with him earlier.

“This’ll make things *smoother*,” the inventor started to explain, dipping the brush into the mysterious liquid only to stop himself halfway and put the tool down on the worktable behind him instead.

Not that the hedgehog even noticed.

The coquettish smile on his friend’s face had his fullest attention, and not by accident, either. No, Miles wanted Sonic’s eyeballs on his face when he slowly and sensually dragged two fingers across his lips and softened his expression until he looked like he was already two shots deep in the middle of an orga—

The sound of the saucy minx dipping those same two fingers into the pot of goo might as well have been a nuclear bomb going off in the blue wonder’s mind. As much as he didn’t want to, it felt like he didn’t have a choice but to obey the unspoken command that Miles had given him: to watch carefully as those same fingers carried a dollop of shimmering liquid out of the bottle to finally leak it in fat, glistening drops onto his practically vibrating cock.

“Grit your teeth and hold your breath if you have to. This is just lube... A lube of my own design, actually, but still, just lube.”

Tails couldn’t help but wag his namesakes in ecstasy as his blue buddy hissed through his teeth the moment the cool goop touched his straining cock. He would’ve jumped for joy when Sonic had to gnash his teeth after he finished painting every engorged inch of hedgehog cock with the soft pads of his delicate, vulpine fingers, but he had to settle for admiring his handiwork instead.

The now-pearlescent cock was practically a work of art, and it was all thanks to the invention he’d had the most time to, *and taken so much joy in*, ‘stress testing’ himself.

*This was gonna be **good**...*

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For the first time in a long time, Sonic the Hedgehog felt **naked**. He couldn’t remember a time he’d felt so exposed and vulnerable in front of someone, let alone his best friend, but there he was: completely defenceless and somehow oddly comfortable despite his discomfort.

Miles Prower was just about the only person he could say, without a second’s hesitation, he’d trust with his life, and now he was going to be the sexy little fox that made him cum his fucking brains out...

He'd resigned himself to the unavoidable truth the second he took off his boxers, even if a part of him would deny it up until the moment he was shooting pearly ropes through the air.

Yeah, he realised, oddly introspectively — not that he had much else to do but think — it was because it was Miles that he felt naked.

The blue hedgehog had wanted to cover himself up at first, maybe use his hands to hide his nakedness and preserve some small shred of what he thought of as his dignity, but the way Miles looked at him and drank in his naked body told him how much of a waste of time that would be.

To deny the fox his due when he was solely responsible for just how out of his mind horny the hedgehog was would be an insult.

The way he smiled that gentle, fuckable smile of his was the silent reminder Sonic needed that the twin-tailed shortstack was naked too — *of course he was* — and that given the circumstances — *and what they were going to be doing to each other* — they kinda had to be naked... It only made sense.

It was Miles' touch on Sonic's shorter fur that sealed the deal, though, convincing the over-eager speedster that he actually wanted to be naked.

"I never knew you were such a big *softie*, Sonic~"

When Miles pushed him backwards onto the bed before crawling his unbelievably-soft belly overtop of him until they were cock-to-cock, the fastest thing alive knew that even a single stitch of clothing would have totally ruined what was still in store for him.

"I'm not too heavy, am I~?" the blushing, clearly self-conscious Miles asked teasingly, playing with his ear in what had to be both the cutest and sexiest thing Sonic had ever seen.

If he was being perfectly honest, no, the thunder-thighed fox wasn't heavy at all. In fact, the fox felt light as a feather as he adjusted himself and ended up rubbing their tight balls together while finding his metaphorical footing in the hedgehog's lap.

If anything, Sonic wished he were heavier.

He wanted to feel more of the little minx pressing into him when he finally came. He wanted to be smothered by Miles and have no choice but to wrap his arms around every soft inch of him he could while surrendering to the pleasure being given to him. He wanted to buck his hips with his cock trapped between what he could only imagine were the softest thighs in the universe and pump thick ropes of cum into the air while screaming about just how much he loved the way Miles made him feel.

But he couldn't.

Part of it was pride, part of it was shame at wanting his best friend in such a carnal, almost feral manner, but mostly it was pride. If he could manage to tear his eyes away from the scintillating sight in front of him and look at the digital clock hanging on the wall

above Tails' workbench, he could watch the final minutes of November 30th tick away and hold back the violent tsunami threatening to tear him in half so he ended up cumming on December 1st, instead.

Right?

If only Miles wasn't so fucking hot... Sonic lamented, his hands automatically gravitating towards the foxboy's hips only to be grabbed out of the air and pinned to the bed beside his head instead.

"Ah, ah, ah~!" Miles teased in a mocking sing-song, watching the horny hedgehog's walls of self-restraint crumble right down to their most fundamental particles as the two of them frothed one millimetre at a time. "Don't tell me you're giving up, Sonic! Don't you want to last a little bit longer and try to zip my lips for good~?"

The mention of his lips was of course punctuated with another slow, sensual lick, and — *even worse for Sonic* — a needy pucker he wanted more than anything to taste, too.

"**Whoah!**" the prolific inventor had to shout, placing both hands on his bucking bronco's chest to keep him pinned down before things got a little too violent for his liking. "You aren't allowed to do anything but lie there, Sonic...! Remember, **I'm** the one that's going to make you cum~"

If the hedgehog could've formed a single coherent thought at that moment, he would've agreed, but Miles Prower ensured his silence by leaning down and giving him the kiss he was beading pre for, officially marking the start of what Sonic would never forget as the slowest and hottest handjob he had ever, or would ever, get.

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The dynamic duo's very first kiss was slow and hesitant.

It started out as a simple thing, their lips pressing together as they tested their own and each others' boundaries, pushing and pulling until they found a rhythm and met in the middle of their comfort zones, finally pacing themselves so they didn't end up blowing their wads too quickly before moving on to anything harder and hotter.

Everything was fresh and new, after all, and they were in uncharted territory, so they came to the same conclusion at the same time that they had to pace themselves. They paced themselves to the point the kiss could be called lethargic, but luckily for them, that didn't last very long.

Neither would be able to say who made the first move later, but as soon as one noticed that the other was more than ready for more, it was like pouring gasoline on a nuclear meltdown. The chain reaction started when both Mobians caught the other sprinting in the middle of what had previously been a marathon and suddenly the gloves were off and the race to the bottom was on.

They **really** got into it, giving everything they had to the kiss that marked the birth of some kind of new and exciting relationship between them.

It wasn't like it was the blue wonder's fault that their fireball of a kiss burned away all thought and reason beyond 'more' when Miles had primed him to think about just how soft his soup coolers were in the first place. If anything, it was clearly the fox's fault that he couldn't live without his lips after he'd dragged his fingers over them and used his tongue to wet them over and over, again and again.

Feeling them touching his — *mashing up against Sonic's hypersensitive lips only to pull back and come crashing back down against them* — and finding out how much he wanted them to be touched — *Miles' lips already going numb with how hard they were tingling and how much more he wanted them to keep tingling* — felt an awful lot like permission to go werehog wild.

So they did.

"Are you sure it's only been a month since the last time you did this, Sonic~?" the fox in the driver's seat teased, using the smack-talk opportunity to take a breath and wiggle his hips so their slippery cocks rubbed against each other.

Tasting Miles' lips and appreciating their heat and softness went right out the window for Sonic once he heard that, taking the first opportunity he could to suck on the fox's tongue and savour the flavour of his spit. For him, even breathing came second place to raking his fingers through the fur on the back of Miles' head and pulling him closer to deepen their once-in-a-lifetime kiss as their faces mashed into each other.

*He wasn't about to let Miles get another word in no matter **how** hot it sounded bouncing around inside his empty head...*

It was so intimate and romantic, and so vulgar and pornographic at the same time that the hedgehog didn't even care if he popped his cork early anymore as he sank into the dangerous quicksand that was Miles' brain-numbing liplock.

*So long as they were kissing when he came, he couldn't even imagine or care about how much better going further might **definitely** feel.*

No, just then, the thought that consumed every fibre of Sonic's being was how stupid he'd been to never think of sucking face with the one person he cared more about — *and knew him better than* — anyone else, and how if they stopped kissing, they might never kiss again.

....

A conversation about their... *preferences* had never really come up between the two before — *there wasn't ever a reason or opportunity for it to, after all* — but if someone could manage to tear them apart and ask them point blank whether they preferred guys or girls at that moment, they probably would've said they didn't really care as long as the other person was someone they cared deeply for.

Luckily, that was exactly how the two felt for each other given how long their friendship had been going on and everything they'd faced together, so they knew — *or maybe just*

had a pretty damn good idea — that the other was *flexible* in terms of what he did or didn't want in a partner — *whether romantic or otherwise, short or long term.*

So long as they both wanted more, why bother wasting time thinking about the finer details of what they were actually doing to each other and where their friendship might be headed? They could better spend that time dragging their tongues over, under, forward and backwards across each other, or maybe find out what smooth teeth, or the insides of soft cheeks felt like.

Long story short, an intense game of tonsil-hockey wasn't about to call their friendship into question or make them change teams even if they did blow steamy ropes between their stomachs when the final whistle blew.

....

Miles wouldn't let it get to that, though. He was the one with brain cells to spare when Sonic lost all control and started trying to tongue-fuck his mouth to spur his own clearly impending orgasm, and having the resolve and good judgement to edge his hedgehog buddy right up to, but not across, the point of no return was what he knew needed to happen if he was going to make his friend lose their little bet and embarrass him into better judgement in future.

Or maybe just ask for a little 'help' before things got as bad as they had earlier.

Which meant it was time to break the kiss with a sloppy, stringy **POP!** and switch things up.

Sonic had had enough judging by how much pre he'd drooled between their stomachs, and his overactive imagination was undoubtedly taking him places Miles didn't want him to go just yet. So with a mighty push from his weak, noodly arms, he sat up on Sonic's lap again to savour the feeling of their twitching, glistening cocks resting on each other and throbbing in sync.

The only thing more painful to Miles than stopping short of a mutual screaming orgasm was the hurt look in Sonic's eyes as he let out an involuntary whimper, so lifting a leg and quickly getting into his pre-planned reverse cowgirl position, the conniving fox drew his prey's eyes to his bountiful, dancing asscheeks instead.

"You can look, but you can't touch, Sonic~♥ Not yet, anyway."

He kept up a simple rhythm of flexing one mouth-watering cheek and then the other to properly hypnotise his blue buddy and calm his libido down just enough that he could trace his fingers up and down his already tight nuts and engorged cock without setting him off immediately.

Miles wanted him to last just long enough to fully appreciate just how hard he'd ended up losing, after all.

So, waiting and watching for his plaything to play right into his hands and flex his hips as if he were thrusting them into something, the quick-witted fox factory-reset Sonic's mind with a little bit of well-practised hand-sex.

"Wh-Whuh...?" Sonic half mumbled, half slurred, sounding like he was a sip away from being dead-drunk despite being stone-cold sober.

The fact that the hedgehog was able to get any words out between the guttural moans and groans being milked out of him was a testament to the strength Tails had seen from him time and time again — *though usually when they were saving the world together* — and a good sign that he was ready for the finale he had in store for him.

So, taking advantage of the unique properties of his patent-pending wonder-lube, Miles Prower dribbled a dollop of hot saliva onto the very tip of Sonic's cock and got to work gliding his hands up and down the red-hot hedgehog cock that was seconds away from erupting like a volcano.

....

Time and space lost all meaning to Sonic the Hedgehog as Miles Prower wrung his cock out like a wet towel.

Or at least, that's what it felt like whenever the fox's palms finished another lighting-fast, tight-as-a-vice, damn-near-frictionless lap as they shot from his balls to his tip and back again.

Middle-out and back again with both hands, top-to-bottom and back again with one hand while the other caressed his aching nuts, and finally all of the above and then some with a shimmy and a squeeze as his cock felt like it was transcending dimensions.

Sonic was being taken on a magical, hopefully *not* once-in-a-lifetime journey by Miles' palms right up until the smug little *cocktease* let go of him entirely! Just left him twitching in the open air instead of deep in his tight little *handpussy!*

The hedgehog wouldn't regret that he even thought that word for at least a week or so because of how perfectly it fit what was happening to him. Miles' hands didn't feel sticky, or slimy, or anything but so fucking soft he never would've been able to tell he wasn't balls deep in some kind of greedy hole. At least, if he didn't know better and couldn't take blurry visual stock of where the fox's mouth and ass were, but to be teased and edg—!

"Getting a little impatient, are we~?"

The unadulterated indignation that appeared on Sonic's face made him forget for a whole two seconds just how hard and ready to cum he was. If he wasn't two-and-a-half squeezes from getting his mind erased by whatever trick his friend was pulling — *as he pulled his soul out of his balls and up his cock, no less* — he would've been very, **VERY** upset that he'd intentionally stopped jerking him off just to— *Just to—!*

Turning his head and shoulders to look back at the red-in-the-face hedgehog, Tails took great pains to show off how empty his hands were while smiling like he'd made an

innocent little mistake instead of blue-balling his best friend in the whole wide world on purpose, but it felt to Sonic like Miles had hit the stop button on his express elevator ride to heaven!

“What’s the maaaaatter, *Sooooonic~?* Don’t tell me you were enjoying getting your dick beat by your beeeeeestieeeee~♥? *Were you close to dropping that fat wad you’ve been saving all month and painting my hands white~?*”

Sonic’s snappy comeback died in his throat as Miles started jerking him off again just to shut him down and shut him up, settling into a start-stop, start-stop pattern of edging that made saying or doing much of anything but *taking it* damn near impossible.

“Isn’t this what you *like*, Sonic~? *Since you decided to mess around with No Nut November in the first place~?*”

Feeling like a helpless crash-test dummy, he couldn’t even thrust his hips fast enough to get a couple pumps into the fox’s fists, and he was the fastest thing alive!

“*Mmmnn, speed won’t help you now, buddy~*” came the reply, along with a titanic clap of the fox’s cheeks as he butt-slammed Sonic’s hips back onto the bed, pinning him in place again. “*It’s long past time you found out what happens when you play stupid games...*”

Why did that ass suddenly feel so heavy!? the exhausted hedgehog asked himself, instantly regretting his wish from not too long ago.

He couldn’t summon the strength to reach out and grab the orgasm being dangled right in front of his face, and the fact that he was actually enjoying being played with only made it ten times as frustrating.

“***Fffffffffffffffffffff—!***” he managed to hiss out between tightly clenched teeth as his eyes rolled back yet again, his orgasm yanked away as Miles switched to massaging his thighs and tickling his face with the tips of his tails.

“All that anger isn’t good for you! You need to *relax* and ***let go.***”

*Fuck, fuck, fuck, **fuck!** That was exactly what he wanted to do! He wanted to **cum!** He wanted to bust a **fat-fucking-nut!** He wanted to **LOSE** already and get his **REWARD!***

“*Just a little more, Sonic, you’re almost there~! Just a liiiiiiiiittle bit more~!*”

A little bit more was just what the hedgehog needed to cross the finish line he had in his sights, his buddy’s gloves making short work of his already stretched-impossibly-thin stamina, but what he’d end up getting instead — *unsurprisingly* — was *denied again*.

The second Miles’ gifted fingers left his shaft, he threw his head back in frustration more than anything and groaned a miserable groan as his dick spit enough hot pre that it looked like he was cumming, just without the ultimate satisfaction of actually getting to.

The speedster was helpless, standing on an impossibly sharp razor's edge, teetering so that he could fall into either madness or unspeakable pleasure the likes of which he'd never even tasted before.

"How's it feel, buddy~?" Miles asked rather sarcastically, his tone metaphorically snapping its fingers in front of Sonic's face to get his attention. "Would you say you feel *fine*? Like you could handle one simple little experiment if your friend asked you to~? *Huh~?* Or are you so desperate to **cum** that you can't think straight anymore...? *Maybe it'd be a **bad idea** to operate heavy machinery in your current state...?*"

Having said everything he wanted to say, and knowing for a cold, hard fact that his friend got the message loud and clear, Miles figured it was time to take mercy before Sonic's very last brain cell exploded or drowned in backed-up cum, and started to beat the hedgehog's dick like it owed him money.

Hard and fast without even thinking about stopping this time, he was going to drag the blue menace's lifeless, twitching body across the finish line one way or another. He'd **earned** that orgasm, and it was time to collect!

The hedgehog being tortured with unspeakable pleasure couldn't even summon the strength to imagine the smarmy look on Miles' face or register that the fox paws he'd fallen in love with were working overtime to finally get him off. He wouldn't have been able to predict just how much fun the little engineer was having torturing him like this, or how hard Miles was biting his own lip and scrunching his own nose as he held back an equally backed up orgasm, but Sonic couldn't even think anymore, let alone care.

*"Imagine how quick I could make you nut if I **really** wanted to and wasn't just using my hands,"* Tails whispered, the sultry sounds only loud enough for him to hear, and the scenarios he was imagining so lucid and lurid that he nearly shot off like a canon.

As much as a part of the little genius wanted to keep their game going, and keep pushing his friend to see how long the hedgehog could really last, Tails was about to crash into a brick wall of his own, so he didn't have a choice but to floor the gas pedal and make Sonic cum.

*"Come on! Go ahead! **Let it out already~!**"*

The fox's sultry words seemed to echo from somewhere else in time — *whether the past or the future, Sonic couldn't tell* — but as much as they were the exact words he'd been waiting to hear all day, his mushy mind couldn't process them.

His cock was in charge at that moment, and it didn't speak Mobian. The only things it understood were 'faster' and 'harder,' and the hands currently working it over with equal parts love and lust didn't seem to want it to cum just yet. There was more pleasure to feel, after all, and the hedgehog it was attached to had more than enough stamina to stand up to a little handsex no matter **how** good it—

No, wait, it **was** time to cum... Miles wasn't stopping, **or** letting up, **or** slowing down! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesyesYES~!

"FUUCK~!"

Sonic's scream would've been heard around the world if anything but the most sensitive of machinery could pick it up as his wires finally crossed and he arched his back until it looked like it would break, both of his balls firing off at the exact same time.

One after another and so quick that they seemed to be a single, uninterrupted stream, thick, steaming ropes of cum exploded from the tip of his cock in a geyser to shoot towards the ceiling and cover anything and everything in their way.

As it turned out, it didn't matter what Sonic the Hedgehog or his cock wanted when Tails the Fox was at the helm, and what *he* wanted was for his buddy to leave indents in his fur as he pumped through the entirety of the hedgehog's orgasm *and then some*.

The snide little vixen figured out pretty damn quickly that he got the best results when he dug one of his thumbs into the clearly sensitive spot between Sonic's cockhead and his shaft, and the way he worked the cumslit was like putting his finger over a garden hose: he got more pressure and more cum more quickly.

It also seemed to extend the already incredible orgasm — *if not give him a couple extra simultaneous ones* — with the way his best friend was grasping at his hips like he was trying to stop himself from falling off a cliff.

Or maybe like someone had hooked jumper cables up to the top and bottom of his spine and flipped the switch or turned the dial to maximum.

"Good, good, let it aaaaaaaaaaaaaaall out..." were the last things the hedgehog consciously heard before everything but his sense of touch — *and only in his cock, at that* — shut down.

. . . .

He'd heard jokes about thinking with his other head before, but he never expected an out-of-body experience like the full-body-orgasm that put his consciousness squarely inside his own dick.

Miles' fingers felt better than anything he'd felt before as they continued to massage every inch of his miniature being. The way they danced up and down and side to side like they were playing an instrument turned him into a boneless puddle of pleasure even better than the best full-body massage he'd ever gotten.

Feeling his cum swelling at the tips of his toes, travelling up his body, and finally escaping at the top of his gaping, winking head like a firework going off, he breathed deep breaths of relief with every twitch and throb, and never wanted his orgasm or his new life as Miles' personal plaything to end.

His foxy masseuse was giggling like a drunk schoolgirl, the unmistakable *plap* sounds painting a very clear picture in Sonic's mind that he was painting his friend white with cum, Miles' jerking only getting harder and faster with every new rope he blasted out.

There was no reason his new existence ever had to end, he figured, right up until he heard his friend swallow something with the kind of gulp that sent his soul rocketing back into his full body so he could fully enjoy whatever the fox still had in store for him.

....

Opening his eyes like he was waking up from a dream, Sonic's eyelids shot open just as soon as he caught sight of his buddy Miles licking his gloves and—

Oh fuck...

What looked like his usual white cotton gloves was actually just hedgehog cum. Hand-covering globs of the stuff that Miles was drawing lines in with the tip of his tongue before pulling whatever he'd lapped up into his mouth so he could drink it.

The professional hedgehog-milker (or so it seemed to Sonic at the time) was slurping up his seed in huge mouthfuls before lifting his chin to the sky and swallowing the frothy mix with the loudest **'GULP!'** the still-boneless wonder had ever heard.

And then he did it again. *And again. **And again!***

Miles kept doing it until his paws were squeaky clean and he had to lick and suck on his fingers, capping his performance by violently pulling them from his mouth with spine-tingling *pops* to admire his handiwork.

*Pun **absolutely** intended, if Sonic knew him at all...*

*"Looks like I got every last drop after all. Which means **you lose~♥**"*

The hedgehog couldn't even begin to think about being mad after what his friend had just done to him.

"We've still got a few hours left before we need to start thinking about dinner, though, sooo..."

*Huh? Wait, **what?** The confused hedgehog's head turned to face the clock on the wall so fast he would've gotten whiplash if he didn't do that kind of thing every single day.*

It hadn't moved... Why hadn't the clock moved? What time was it!? Wasn't he about to win No Nut Novem—!?

*"Oh, that...? I took the liberty of setting it a couple hours ahead before you got inside. I knew you wouldn't make it anyway, but feeling like you had a chance would make it feel the **best** when you inevitably lost~"*

*It was— He hadn't— He wasn't even **close** to—! The experiment he'd ended up bungling **had** been in the middle of the afternoon, so— But to pull that kind of stunt! To do something so sneaky and underhanded!*

Tails' laughter was as clear and happy and innocent as the ringing of a crystal bell, but all Sonic heard was being laughed *at*.

A small spark of rage appeared in the depths of his stomach, and his cock back to full hardness thanks to the show Tails had just put on. Not to mention what he'd later justify to himself as righteous fury instead of just lust for his friend's cushy ass...

"Like I said, Sonic, we've got plenty of time to ourselves so—"

Miles Prower wouldn't get to finish what he started as his personal horsie flipped him over and pinned him on his back, his beyond-hard cock dragging slimy pre-circles in his fur.

The cockdrunk, horny hedgehog didn't seem to be at home anymore, the eyes that started down at Tails oddly vacant, aggressive, and burning with unrefined lust.

"Haha... *Ha...* Now try to calm down! There's no need to be so mad! I was just helping y—!"

The deep growl that came from deep in the hedgehog's core shut Tails right up, his own cock back to full hardness and drooling pre too.

"Okay. *I see how it is...* What do you say to a little ***double or nothing*** then~♥?" Miles Prower asked flirtily, wrapping both his arms and legs around his poor, once-again pent-up friend.

He'd just have to take responsibility until Sonic calmed down, he told himself.

The crashes of framed pictures falling off the wall and hitting the floor drowned out by his girlish, wanton moans seemed to agree...

END