I want to give a big shout-out to **TastyAce** for becoming a **Revolutionary Patron**! Thank you so much for your support, and I hope you enjoy this preview of Maverick Hotel Part 16!

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 Lowell couldn’t resist waking me with his tongue. More so on my right shoulder as his muscular arms wrapped tenderly around my shivering waist, his boner being the one to entice me to speak up.

 “Mm…What’re you doing back there, Low?” I asked groggily, blindly reaching behind me to caress his handsy paw. Feeling him press his erection against my right ass cheek made my tail twitch and a long, resonated purr rumble from the back of my throat. “Heh, you horndog…”

 “Hey, don’t blame me, kitty,” he chuckled, his voice clearly unabashed. Then again, neither of us were, “Your purring’s making me so fucking hard right now…”

 “Hehe, how hard?”

 “Feel for yourself, Adam.”

 I certainly felt it, hot and throbbing and leaking under my sore tailhole. As the wolf teasingly humped me from behind, causing my purrs to heighten in uncontrollable waves, Lowell snarled his muzzle onto my shoulder, his rough tongue licking the fur alongside his teasing fangs. They lovingly tormented me, threatening to pierce the skin underneath without actually doing it. As I turned around to wrap arms around his torso and nuzzle my whiskered nose into the back of his warm, musky neck, I could feel myself growing lost in his scent. Lost in his comforting form. All as we lay together under the dark blankets.

 *What would Stephen think of me being with Lowell?*

I didn’t know why that thought suddenly crossed my mind, but it did make me freeze for a moment.

 Lowell seemed to have noticed, “What’s wrong, Adam?”

 I sighed. The fact that I did not think about Stephen in such a time…it made me feel somewhat remorseful. Towards myself and for his well-being. During my last birthday, Stephen had been out of town for an internship at college but did leave me a message on Dove. I couldn’t remember the finer details though. It did leave me excited to see him again, one of the final times we saw each other.

 “Is it bad that I’m not thinking about him as much as I should?”

 “You mean Stephen?” he guessed. I tentatively nodded, which caused the wolf to flick an ear uncomfortably before sitting up, looking at me with concern in those beautiful auburn orbs of his. Staring at me, begging me to open up. “Do I…make you feel guilty about your ex?”

 I straightened up and placed my paws atop the blankets. My tail curled uncomfortably underneath.

 “No, no, I…we weren’t boyfriends, but he was…is still important to me,” I sighed, hating myself for “Still, wherever he is, I should move on, right? Dwelling on the past isn’t healthy.”

 “You’re right,” he said after some hesitancy. He clearly wanted to readily agree with me, but there was some doubt in his reply. I could also feel it in how Lowell then rested his comforting right paw on mine. “I don’t know much, to tell you the truth. I didn’t go to college like you, pretend to have a girlfriend, have a mom or dad who are alive…I do know that what you and I got is real.”

 “It goes ‘what you and I have is real’,” I laughed for no other reason, which got the cocky wolf sitting next to me to laugh as well. “If what we have is real though, what do you see in me?”

 Lowell raised a sharp eyebrow. As if I had asked why the Moon were made of cheese or why the sky turned from blue to orange between sunsets.

 “Who’s to say you aren’t?” he accused me. Not waiting for a reply, Lowell gently pulled me a little closer to him, to the point I could feel the warmth and heat radiating from the wolf’s strong, fluffy chest. “I think you’re a catch, Adam. You’re cute, you’re smart, you’re adorable when you purr.” I giggled unexpectedly, “Seriously though, I didn’t start hanging out with you just because I was bored or wanted to fuck you. I love talking to you. Like I said a while ago, you…make this life more bearable.”