

The sounds of thumb pads clacking and muttered curses from behind his bedroom door were the only indications that Dax was home when Klayton arrived. The faint glow of the television bounced off the hallway walls and into the living room where the doberman rested in the loveseat. He knew it was a mistake buying a second television for their bedroom the day he made the purchase, and that feeling of regret had doubled now that he was trying to get some sleep. After a long day of work on the lawn and garden outside, he thought he deserved it. Still, the red panda had a way with words. His silver tongue coerced and manipulated the doberman to get what he wanted. Usually, he end up appreciating Dax's wishes, whether that be through understanding the red panda's wants or through actions of gratitude in the bedroom. However, at this point in time, Klayton wanted nothing to do with the damned thing. He just wanted to lay in bed, curled up around the firefox's soft fur. He wanted to drift off to sleep with Dax's spicy fresh scent on his muzzle.

Klayton tossed and turned on the couch as he tried to find a comfortable position. Even without the blankets and bedsheets he felt uncomfortably warm on the couch. As the end of Spring neared, he was finding fewer benefits in his dogbone printed pajamas and white undershirt. With a sigh, he sat up on the couch to strip down to his black and red jock. He laid down on his back again and focused on the dim voice of his boyfriend from behind the bedroom door. That squeaky tenor voice, while muttering crass phrases, still retained its owner's cute demeanor. Gradually, his eyelids grew heavy and he was able to drift off to sleep.

Dax uttered one last, "Dammit" as the word "Defeat" formed on the screen in big bold red letters for the tenth time in a row. While his voice chat was no longer turned on, the red panda could tell through his headphones that his teammates were just as disappointed by the outcome as he was. Without so much as a goodbye, he exited the game and opened the home screen to shut off the game. Dax reached into his pocket to check his phone, only for his eyes to widen under his burned orange mask as he saw "3:45 AM" on the top of the screen. "Holy shit," he muttered to himself as he glanced about the room for his boyfriend. "Where the hell was Klayton," he thought to himself before creaking open the door into the hallway. The lights of their apartment were off save for the faint green glow of the range clock in the kitchen. Even with the dim lighting, the red panda could make out the shape of the doberman snoozing on the loveseat with his paws hanging off one of the arm rests.

"Silly dog," Dax whispered as he walked over to the couch. The doberman smiled as the panda's scent drifted to his nostrils. A slight growl made his chest rumble as he shifted his weight on the couch. Dax considered rubbing the doberman's shoulders so that they might sleep together in bed, but the peaceful demeanor of the canine made him think twice. He considered his choices carefully. If he waked the doberman now, he might be grumpy and cross with the red panda. It could result in a passive aggressive night together that would be no different than going to bed alone. He could go to bed by himself, but then the doberman might wake up with a neck cramp resulting in an equally upset doberman in the morning. Lastly, he

could curl up on the loveseat with Klayton, but then they'd both have an uncomfortable night. No matter what decision he made, it didn't result in a positive outcome for them.

Dax took a seat on the edge of the couch, carefully positioning himself so as not to disturb the sleeping canine. His large fluffy tail accidentally brushed the canine's nose, causing those toned athletic arms to wrap around it and pull it closer to his chest. "Great," Dax said with a sigh, "Now, I'm trapped."

Klayton nuzzled the tail and took long whiffs of the panda's scent before saying, "Mmm, Dax." quietly under his breath. If it weren't for the absolute silence in their apartment, the red panda might have missed it. His round ears swivel around and he turns his head to face the doberman. A goofy smile was plastered on the dog's face as his nub of a tail caused the couch cushion to wag along with it. Dax couldn't help but giggle as he watched the dog take enjoyment in his tail. While he didn't want to stay seated on the couch for the entire night, he could at least take this moment to watch his boyfriend at his most unguarded. It was an intimacy that was as innocent as a childhood crush, and yet it felt as kinky as a voyeur watching said crush from behind the bushes.

That feeling of voyeurism grew stronger once the undeniable scent of male arousal hit his nostrils. The red panda's eyes drifted down the doberman's toned torso covered in black and tan velvet fur to the bulging package between the canine's legs. Its shape grew more apparent the more the red panda studied it. The long rod of canine meat stretched the red jock to form a formidable tent over the dobie's crotch, and the tighter constraints of his cup made his balls press against the fabric. Dax peered over his boyfriend's body, watching intently as a dark circle of pre began to form in the center of the canine pole. His mind swam with naughty ideas that only a horny and devious red panda could think up. Perhaps, there was a better and more enjoyable way to wake his boyfriend from his slumber: one that both he and Klayton would find pleasure in.

Dax bit his lip and looked down at the dog's paws, still clasped tightly around his poofy tail. He gently reached down with his hands and gingerly pried the fingers free with utmost concern for keeping the doberman asleep. Klayton begged in his sleep, a whine escaping from his nose as he tried to grab hold of the tail once more. However, Dax was quick to wheel his tail over the doberman and onto the other side of the couch, outside of the doberman's reach. "You can have it again later," he whispered silently. "If you're a good boy, you're going to enjoy my tail all night long!"

The red panda giggled to himself as he got up from the couch to search through the desk drawer, self-impressed with the cute flirt he had just made and slightly disappointed that the doberman was asleep to miss it. He rifled through the desk contents, carefully moving pencils and utilities to the side as he searched diligently for the item he had in mind. This was made all the more difficult with only the light of the moon to guide his paws. Finally, he managed to come up with the bottle of slick lubricant. He popped open the cap as he shuffled quietly over

to the loveseat, a wave of relief washing over him as he noticed that the doberman was still very much aroused and fast asleep.

He tugged on the elastic band of the jock strap, letting the doberman's musky manhood flop down onto his stomach with a wet smack as he peeled the underwear back and down to the canine's knees. He held the tip of the bottle up to the thick shaft, its heat radiating into the fur of his hand as he squirted a line of lube along the length. The cool liquid warmed and dripped down Klayton's cock, drooling off the smooth skin and onto his belly. For a few moments, Dax just studied the slab of meat, observing its every throb, and watching the pre cum oozing from the tip. It wasn't long before Dax felt just as pent-up as his sleeping boyfriend and he took the next few moments to unzip his pants and strip down to his fuzzy birthday suit. He reached down with one paw, the other tending to his own erection, to stroke up and down Klayton's dick. His fingers gently reached around its wide girth to spread the lubricant evenly around it. The doberman's back arched and his tongue lolled out of his muzzle as he panted with desire for more.

Dax joined the doberman on the loveseat, his knees straddling the canine as he lowered his body down until their cocks met with one another. His paw wrapped around the two shafts as he spread more lube over their lengths. With each stroke, he coaxed more slick pre from both cocks, which intermingled together on the doberman's abs. Klayton's tail wagged even more desperately and the canine began to thrust his hips upwards into the panda's tender strokes. His mouth hung open as he panted heavily on the couch while Dax held a finger to his mouth to keep from squeaking. "There, there," he mumbled with a gasp before forcing himself to stop stroking their shafts. At the rate he was going, he'd wake the doberman with frottage alone, and the red panda had so much more in store for his boyfriend.

He raised himself into a kneeling position and dabbed a bead of lube onto his finger. He reached his arm behind his back and raised that long ringtail of his to expose his winking pucker. He rubbed the pink ring with his finger, spreading the lubricant around the rim before deftly delving inside. His warm insides clung tightly to his finger as it pushed in and out of his body, slickening the walls with the lubricant as he huffed over his napping boyfriend. His eyes focused on the drooling canine member below him, and as he added a second digit to stretch his hole, he imagined the doberman's rocket taking their place.

He reached a free paw and stroked the doberman's chest and stomach, his fingers tickling the skin underneath while he fingered himself underneath his tail. He huffed and gasped as those digits prodded his sensitive prostate. His cock spurted more warm pre onto the doberman's belly as he stretched his hole. Finally, he pulled those dainty fingers out and grabbed hold of the doberman's hard bone. Klayton's muzzle curled into a delighted grin as the panda slowly lowered his body down onto the shaft. Pressure built at his entrance as the tip of the cock spread open his ring until popping into his warm depths. Klayton's shaft filled him with a warmth that spread from his core out to his extremities, making his red-furred face a darker shade of crimson.

He sunk down slowly on the glistening shaft, he could feel it trickling hot pre into his depths where it further lubricated his entrance. He hummed pleasantly in unison with his boyfriend who bucked his hips up into the chubby panda. "Dax..." he said with a whimper, "Mmm... tight as always."

Dax's face felt all the more hot at the sound of Klayton's low rumbling voice. To hear praises of his tight ass was one thing, but to hear them from his still sleeping boyfriend made both his ego and cock swell. He felt the tip of canine length rub his prostate, and he took a moment to prod and ride that shaft for all that it was worth. He teased the sleeping dog, wiggling his ass here and there, claspings tightly around its girth, and threatening to take the rest of the rod deep inside him. Before long, the dog's toes were splayed out on the arm rest, and the canine's whimpers met his ears. Klayton tried desperate to buck his cock the rest of the way into the tight hole, but Dax wasn't giving it all to him so quickly.

Finally, he plopped himself down on the cock, his rear now in contact with the dobie's sheath. The panda's balls slapped against the canine's toned stomach as he began to lift himself up and down on Klayton's lap. With himself relatively in control, he was able to maneuver every hilt so that it pressed against his prostate. His cock drooled pre like a faucet as he bounced up and down on top of the resting doberman. It bobbed up and down with his body, slapping against his stomach and marking him with his own scent of arousal.

However, Dax couldn't stay in control for long, at least, not with the amount of pleasure he was putting out. Even in his sleep, Klayton's hands were able to find the panda's thighs. His paws grabbed at the reddish brown fur and tugged the panda down onto his shaft while he thrust his hips upward. Like a bucking bronco, Klayton let the panda ride him as long as he could stay on.

Dax couldn't keep his silence much longer, and while his sighs and cries were muffled through clenched teeth, they still put him on edge as he bounced on top of his boyfriend. The canine knot underneath him was beginning to swell, making the act of hiltling the doberman all the more difficult. Even still, it popped in and out of his ass causing the panda to shiver with glee.

The panda's hands grasped at the doberman's shoulders, fingers tightening around the velvety smooth fur, as he felt his climax rising in his loins. He let the doberman pound into him, while holding back his release for what seemed like an eternity. He wavered on that edge like an acrobat on a tightrope, just waiting to tip over and fall into the safety net. It was inevitable at this point, but he wanted to relish the feeling for as long as he could. His balls rose up in their sack and his rear clenched tightly around the plump cock.

Klay's knot was as wide as he ever remembered it, and yet the doberman's powerful thrusts still managed to lodge it firmly inside of him. Finally, with one last thrust, it buried itself in

him and he felt the warm wet feeling of orgasm coat his insides. With a sigh, his cock unloaded onto the doberman's belly, creamy white ropes of panda spunk landing in the doberman's fur and shimmering in the moonlight. The doberman joined in his quiet cooing as he basked in their shared afterglow.

Klayton's eyes opened dazely halfway, looking up at the seated figure of his erect boyfriend in his lap. The doberman must have still been half asleep as he whispered to Dax. "Dax? Is that you? Sorry if I woke you... I just had the best dream."

Dax smiled sheepishly at the doberman and patted his shoulder. As the canine eventually grew more flaccid, the red panda was able to pull himself free from his boyfriend's knot. "I'm glad to hear it, Klay." he said under his breath. He took the doberman by the hand and pulled him off the couch. "Come on now, let's get you cleaned up and off to bed. How does that sound?"

The doberman nodded his head and yawned before following after the panda. Dax grabbed some fresh towels from the closet and took his time cleaning the doberman's fur before leading Klay into their bedroom. He laid the still half-asleep doberman into bed before laying a cool sheet over his body. As he sidled into bed next to his boyfriend, he felt the doberman's warm arms wrap around his body as he drifted to sleep.

The next morning, Dax awoke to the smell of eggs and bacon wafting into his bedroom. His eyes opened groggily to find the doberman's spot empty and the sheets tossed off to the side. With a groggy yawn, he crept out of the bedroom to see the doberman naked and cooking breakfast in the kitchen. "Sleep well?" Klay asked.

"Uh, yeah!" Dax said, "How about yourself?"

"Ugh. I have a slight crick in my neck," Klay began with a quick roll of his shoulders, "But I had one of the best dreams last night!"

"Is that so?" responded Dax, a little thankful that the doberman didn't remember how real that dream really was. "Sounds like a good night of sleep to me!"

"You know it's weird... I fell asleep on the couch and I woke up in bed next to you. Now, don't take this the wrong way, but I have trouble seeing you carrying me into the bedroom." The doberman carried the skillet over to a plate set in front of the red panda. "Eggs?"

Dax nodded his head eagerly and held out the plate to receive his breakfast. "Definitely!" He continued, "I don't think you were fully awake when I asked you to follow me to bed. You

were obedient though, and I didn't think you'd want to spend the night on that tiny little love seat."

Klayton took his seat across from Dax, an adoring smile on his face. "Aw, well that was sweet of you. I'm glad you didn't wake me up completely, or else I would'a been grumpy!"

"Even after that hot dream you had with me?" Dax piped up.

"How did you know it was about you?" Klay asked with a wry smirk.

Dax shrugged his shoulders and took a bite of his eggs. "How about you finish your breakfast and then we can make that dream a reality?" The smugness of his muzzle matched that of his boyfriend.

Klaytons lips curled into a toothy grin as he growled, "You've got a deal!"