

The golden retriever gritted his teeth and grunted as the bus went over yet another bump, bouncing him in his seat – and squishing the firm, humid heat wedged up within the front of his hoodie against his chest and neck again. Stray thoughts coupled with the rhythm of the ride home had resulted in him squirming and shivering where he sat, then coming to the realization that he'd need to make some urgent, immediate changes to hide the evidence of his distraction, and even now he was worried about that part.

It *could* be rather difficult, after all, to hide the massive, equine arousal that twitched and throbbed from between his legs all the way up towards his collarbone, his arm-sized shaft pulsing with insistent enjoyment at each squeeze of his body. He had to sit with his legs spread, fist-sized balls hanging halfway off the front of the seat in his gym shorts and quite a noticeable bulge in the front there, plump sheath stirring around his arousal and tugging the elastic waistband away from his body. He shivered again, turned his head to the side, and pushed his paws down in his pockets in attempts to hide that bulge – which resulted instead in the still unflared head of his shaft to brush up against his cheek and chin, leaving both a thick smear of sticky pre there as well as refreshing his own musk in his nose.

Keave swallowed and sighed, muzzle forward and down in trying to keep the hood around his *other* head as well. Every move he made, each adjustment and shift, just sent another twitch and clench and powerful throb through his loins, until he couldn't tell whether it was sweat or another trickle of pre oozing down the side of his neck. Finally, though, he felt the bus rock to a pause at what would have to be his stop; he scooted to the side, then slowly, carefully worked one leg out into the aisle, then the other... then took a few tense, embarrassing seconds to adjust his arms, legs, and then third leg as well, to at least minimize the bulge weighing down the front of his hoodie.

If a few heads turned his way as he left the bus, he neither noticed nor wanted to see. Luckily the bus stop put him out right in front of his apartment complex, so he hustled along the sidewalk and up the stairs, one eye closed against the blunted head of his hard shaft bouncing and bumping against him with each step, each nudge so warm and humid, refreshing his own scent in his nostrils, working against him and just making him harder all over again. He could feel the veins and contours pressing against his chest, and the wide bulge of his medial ring settled just beneath his sternum; that part in particular swelled up and pulsed with each throb, which more often than not just made him throb again, until when he was waiting in the elevator he had to turn and grip the handrail with both paws, back arched, body doubled over, legs crossed, and teeth gritting in trying to resist the forceful waves of arousal that bounced through him.

Just a few more steps to his apartment, then a breathless panic as he patted around all of his other pockets for his keys, and then finally, *finally* got the door open, his partially-hidden shaft thumping against the wood as he tried to push his way in. Panting, shivering, loins tingling, the canine pressed his back up against the door to shut it behind him, took in another breath, let it shudder out between gritted teeth, and then swiftly started at getting undressed.

The shorts went easily, yanked down his legs and then dropping down as he stepped out of him. Huge, heavy balls swung and bounced with his stride, brushing against his thighs and leaving warm, slightly damp tingles where they touched. With that slight tension freed Keave felt his shaft hang down towards the front of his hoodie, trying to flop free, not having quite enough room to do so.

Down the hall and into the bathroom he stumbled, one footpaw catching along the waist of his shorts before kicking them completely free, and it was there that he finally managed to grip the hem of his

hoodie and pull it up. Up across his belly and chest, thick equine shaft drooping every further down, until he finally brought it past his arms and head – and the dog felt his entire lower body lurch and bounce with the dense, meaty *weight* of the thing as it swung forward and down, the blunted head smacking along the front of the sink and sending a jiggle up through his lower body.

With a deep, relieved sigh Keave tossed his hoodie to the side, taking a few moments just to catch his breath and look over his monster of endowment here. A thin streak of wetness had squirted up across the mirror from when he had finally gotten himself out, and now further strands of pre trickled down and into the sink drain, oozing and pulsing each time he throbbed; he swallowed, took in another breath, then started to work his hips back... and ultimately had to turn his body and take another step and a half backwards to fully draw his shaft off from the counter. There it swung down before him again, this time nearly brushing against the tops of his footpaws before another throb brought it swinging up again, stopped only by one paw pressing down against the lip of his sheath and the other pushed sideways along the medial ring.

The tension and touch just sent another shivering throb through him, the dog's fingerpads sinking easily into warm, soft yet firm exterior flesh. Each pulse bounced up through his length, straightening it out and bulging along both his medial ring as well as his flare as it pulled up towards the head, just the sensation of that squeeze enough to make his back arch and teeth grit again.

Once more he dropped his paws away, shaft and sack both hanging down, bouncing, and swaying underneath their own weight, pulling up towards his body again and again only to lower right back down. This was what he had to deal with every day – and already a puddle of clear, slick pre had started to gather along the tile floor, oozing steadily out. At least it wasn't as bad as the last time this had happened. Once more the dog wrapped his paws as far around the base of his length as they could go, squeezing and squishing them up towards the ring and then back again.

At least here at home, these messes were much easier to clean up.