

Five o'clock, Amaro had said, hadn't he? The mutt took another glance at his phone, keeping his ears upright to help him weave through the other people crowding the sidewalk. Such a busy afternoon! Honestly, he'd be surprised if the restaurant they'd agreed to meet at could have them seated within two hours. Miracles *do* happen, every now and then; in fact, it had been one that led him to agree to come here on such an afternoon like this, to meet an old friend from elementary school that he hadn't seen since then.

What would that husky even look like? All the years that had passed would put him at... probably twenty, twenty-one by now. Due to the tarnish of detail on memories from long ago, the only *real* reminder Spencer, this mutt, had of his face came from an old class photo from back then, and he'd lost the page that had the names of everyone, so he just had to guess. If he remembered right, he was a bit of a uniquely-colored husky, with fur of soft, creamy white and pleasant warm gold on top.

This mutt slid his phone back into his pocket and looked around the crowd. The restaurant should be coming up on his right, probably this next fancy-looking building: of the people walking around, there was a stallion who looked like he'd rather be *anywhere* else; an otter holding the paw of a taller German shepherd, both male; a wolf; another wolf who looked somewhat related, but then again, as long as they have natural coloration, they sort of *all* do; a husky - but with the classic snow-and-charcoal fur; a third wolf; and then another dog, husky probably, standing next to the door of the restaurant. He wore slim-fitting jeans and a rather sharp shirt, neck low-cut to show the fluff of his chest, fur the color of-

"Hey! Spencer! That you?"

The mutt's ears shot up at hearing his name, and then he felt the corners of his lips pull up in a smile, too, as he realized that voice came from the husky he'd noticed. Smooth sky-blue eyes glittered at him in the dying light of afternoon, the same eyes that he still remembered from all those years ago when the exact details of the face had started to fade. It all seemed to line up, though.

"Jesus Christ! Amaro!"

Before he knew what he was doing, Spencer had closed the distance between the two of them and drew the husky into a deep, warm hug, taking the chance to get reacquainted with Amaro's scent. Whatever it had been in elementary school, it had certainly changed since, as scents usually did with age. So much time had passed...

He couldn't help but notice, though, that Amaro only timidly hugged him back, keeping his arms a bit of a distance away and his paws at his shoulders.

"Ah, c'mon, dude..." the husky said, a little quietly. "Not in public, yeah?"

Spencer felt his ears flick down before he could do anything to stop them. So Amaro wasn't really one for public displays of affection, however small. "Sorry. Um..."

But, before he could dwell on it too much, the husky showed him his sharp fangs in a bright smile. "Hugging like that, and, what - did you nuzzle my chin, too? Is that what I felt? C'mon, man - sorry, but, not interested..."

His ears stood back up, and now he could feel them burn slightly red. “Dude! That’s not what I-”

“Kidding, kidding. I know a lady killer when I see one – but, lemme tell ya, you haven’t see one ‘til you’ve seen *me*. No trouble getting’ a woman, I’ll tell ya that.” Amaro’s eyes flicked down, appraising Spencer’s face, and then he raised an eyebrow. “Unless... what, have you got a boyfriend or something?”

How could he know about that? Spencer had intentionally kept that sort of thing offline, so unless it was a lucky guess... he rubbed at his arm, trying to maintain eye contact with the husky. “...Well. *Actually*...”

That grin slipped away, but then, a cooler amazed smile took its place. “Shit, *really*? I was only kidding – but, man, that’s great!”

“What, really?” Spencer’s heart sure was taking its time to slow to normal; had he been joking? Was he worried that just hugging another guy in public would make everyone else think of him as gay?

“Yeah! Hey, since we’re on the subject, why don’t you call him up? He can join us.”

Spencer had been meaning to hang out with Bryce for a while. He lowered his paw to his pocket, squeezing the shape of his phone underneath the fabric. “Wait – to the restaurant?”

“Huh? Oh, no, fuck the restaurant, I say. I just went in and asked shortly before *you* showed up-” Amaro jerked his head back towards the door. “Said it’d be between forty minutes and an hour ‘til they can seat us, so, like... no thanks, right? You got any other ideas?”

“Well...” Spencer fished his phone back out of his pocket, unlocked it, and tapped his boyfriend’s icon on the main screen to call him. Hopefully these two would get along alright... he squeezed the volume button on the side of the phone with his thumb after lifting it up to his ear, to be able to better hear over the crowd when he picked up. “I mean, let me ask Bryce first...”

*Ring... ring... ring... click-* “Hey, you. What’s up? I thought you were going out to dinner?”

“I-”

Before Spencer could get a word out, though, Amaro leaned in and said, a bit brusquely, “Hey, we’ll be picking you up soon. Wear somethin’ tight so I can get a good look at your tail, alright?” – and then he swiped the phone from Spencer’s paw and tapped the *hang up* button, leaving the mutt staring at him.

It took him a good moment to find his voice. “Hang on, what – what happened to ‘not interested’?”

There was that bright, sharp-toothed grin again. Amaro adjusted the collar of his shirt and then shoved his paws into his pockets. “Still true. Doesn’t mean I don’t wanna see what got *you* interested. So, whaddya think? Wings, video games? Maybe a movie night?”

“Why not just a sleepover, then? I-”

“*Don’t* – use that word.”

The tone of Amaro's voice took Spencer by surprise. The mutt glanced at him for a moment, took in the look of his eyes – and the worried shape of his mouth. Must have been worried about the *implications* of it if one of the ladies he claimed to have so much success with heard that he was having a sleepover with some other guys.

"I – I mean..." the husky went on, "what, are we, like, twelve? We're just – a couple of guys hangin' out for the night, roughin' it out. Right? But, ah..." Here, he reached up and scratched behind one of his triangular ears, which had come back up about halfway. "No homo, right? Anyway, we'll figure it out, I guess. Hey, c'mon – my car's over this way."

Spencer could already tell that tonight wouldn't follow the usual routine for him. Amaro kept on talking to him on the way back to his car, something about girls and getting laid, a bit loudly – but the mutt wasn't really listening. Not until he climbed into the passenger seat, and then got nudged twice.

"Well?"

His ears perked, and he looked over. Blue eyes looked expectantly at him. "Huh?"

"I asked you how your life's going. Assuming you *have* one, I mean. If you're still sittin' at home in your days off playin' video games from morning to sunset, well, it's not my place to judge, right?"

"Oh! Oh, no. It's not like that. That was high school."

"Hah."

Thankfully, Bryce didn't live too far away from here; the drive couldn't possibly take longer than ten minutes, provided the traffic lightened up enough to allow Amaro to pull out onto the street sometime soon. "But, well – right now, caught between school and a job. Meaning, I *have* the job, but can't really decide what I wanna go to school for. Pretty much all of the available majors make me cringe."

"I know the feeling." The husky reached forward and turned the radio on, but kept it low. He paused for a moment, gradually rolling back out of his parking spot – and then turning into the main part of the road. "Where d'you work? Also, where's your boy live?"

"Oh – two signals from this one, take a right, and then another right, and then a left, and then I'll show you the one. And I work at a movie theater. Not the most glamorous of jobs, but hey, it pays. *And* I've got a steady boyfriend. So..." Spencer shrugged. "I can't complain. How about you?"

"Me? Oh, you know..." Flash of fluffy yellow-gold fur as the husky glanced over into one of his mirrors. "Same. Well – no, that's – not what I mean... studying part-time right now, actually, in my time off from my job. Work at a bank, so. I guess *I'm* the one between school and a job, right?" He shrugged, and flicked his turn signal on. "Used to work as a lifeguard at a beach. And, lemme tell ya–"

Spencer chuckled and rolled his eyes. "What? Women, girls, and chicks?"

“And babes.” Amaro grinned at him again. “Don’t forget babes.”

“I don’t believe you, for some reason.”

“Yeah, yeah. Hey, you said – turn right twice?”

“Then a left.”

It had been probably two weeks or so since Spencer had last seen Bryce. Sure, hanging out with Amaro wouldn’t be the most romantic of outings, but... tonight was *supposed* to have just been Spencer and the husky, so, again, he couldn’t complain. Having Bryce along was just a bonus.

The mutt tugged his phone out of his pocket once again as he showed Amaro which one it was. Then, a second later, he lifted it up: “Hey, we’re outside. ...Yeah. Yeah, see you in a sec.”

“So,” said Amaro, as soon as Spencer’s thumb tapped the *end call* key. “What can I expect from this – what’d you say his name was – Bryce? He a... buck, maybe? Antlers good for hangin’ on to? No? Ah... stallion. Oh Jesus, no, please tell me that’s a no – um... I hear otters are kind of stinky...”

But before he could go on any longer, a sand-furred dingo came out of the building, locked the door behind him, and then raised a paw on approaching the car. Spencer couldn’t help but let his tail wag against the seat behind him, and then leaned back a little when Bryce opened the back door.

“Hey, Spence,” he said, reaching forward to briefly squeeze his boyfriend’s paw. Then, he looked over at the gold husky behind the wheel. “And you must be...?”

“Amaro! Good to meetcha. So you’re the one holding my buddy’s leash, here?”

Spencer laughed. “We haven’t talked about leashes and collars yet...”

Amaro’s ears flicked over his way as he started to pull back out into the road. “Not yet? Well, now you’ve got me interested. Pardon me if this is a little *intrusive*, but I mean, I like to imagine myself pretty good at sex, and – you know, I gotta be informed, right? Have you two got, like, a strict... what do you call it... top-and-bottom thing going on?”

The mutt glanced in the rearview for his boyfriend’s face, trying to determine if Bryce was uncomfortable at all. However, the dingo’s ears stood upright, his muzzle bore no signs of discomfort, and a ghost of a smile even lingered on his lips. “Well...” Spencer started; then, Bryce’s eyes met his in the mirror, and that smile widened. “Not really. I mean, it’s just kind of go-with-the-flow. You know?”

“I ask, ‘cause, like... I dunno. I just can’t really fathom the idea of, like, actively *wanting* to suck a dick. You know?”

This time, Bryce laughed. “What’s so bad about it?”

“You tell me! What’s it like? I’ve never done it myself, and don’t particularly *plan* to.”

"Well..." *At least it seems like they're getting along*, Spencer thought. He kept his eyes on Bryce in the rearview, as the dingo sorted through his thoughts. "It doesn't really *have* much of a special taste. Sure, there can be a bit of a scent there, pretty much always faint, but you can't *taste* anything, really. Like... licking your paws. The palms, I guess, not the grimy dirty fingers."

The husky glanced at Spencer beside him, confusion on his face. "Really? That's it? Nothing special?"

"Oh, jeez," Spencer said, "of *course* it's special. I mean, I imagine it's not unlike when you – give head to one of your countless women, Amaro. You're down there, and every time you move your tongue or lips or whatever, the person squirms or moans or gasps, like it's one of the best feelings in the world, and – *that* feels really nice."

"Oh, shit, that reminds me." Amaro flicked the radio back off. Spencer had forgotten that he'd even turned it on. "A few days ago, I was about to get blown by this chick, right? But she was vegan. Weird, sure, whatever, but OK. So she asked what I'd eaten recently, and – I'm a husky! I'm a dog! I love me some meat! So she just settled on a handjob. Fuckin' rude, right?"

Spencer shrugged. "Not so bad. Handjobs are underrated, if you ask me. In fact, I used to like them almost as much as blowjobs, except – less time, more cleanup."

Amaro slowed to a stop at a red light, and drummed his claws on the back of the wheel. Now with the radio off, almost all of the sounds of the city as evening deepened could be heard within the car, muffled and rumbling. "You *serious*? Handjobs are *the* worst. Rough, and tough, and – God. Why'd I want someone else to do that when I can just do it better myself?"

"To each his own, man. Handjobs *can* be bad, I guess. Like when they focus *only* on the shaft?" Spencer looked out the window. "But it's just rude to say *that's gonna make me go soft*, so..."

"Just on the..." Amaro muttered, but then, his ears and whiskers perked up. "Wait a sec. Sounds to me like you're uncut."

Spencer looked back to him. "Oh yeah."

"And you?" the husky went on, again raising his blue eyes to the rearview – but then he focused them again on Spencer. "Or I guess *you* could just tell me."

"Yeah. Bryce is uncut, too."

"Goddamn. That's why handjobs feel so good for you. It's not *them* that's underrated; it's *foreskin*. I've heard you guys can get off with just, like, two fingers, right on the underside of your head. That true?"

"Well..."

Bryce spoke up: "I've done it with one."

Amaro scoffed. "Well, *I'm* jealous..."

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The three ended up settling on stopping at a wings place down the street a bit, after passing by it and catching a whiff of the flavor on the city air through Amaro's slightly-lowered windows. It was hell finding a parking spot, but none of them regretted spending the extra time to do so once they got inside and found a table for themselves.

Their conversation at first continued on the same note at which they'd left it in the car, but then strayed to the more usual topics of "so how are things going for you" and "have you done anything interesting recently", and things like that. Amaro, of course, claimed to have landed the numbers of "*at least three different chicks, they were all over me*" within the past two weeks, and then tried to demonstrate his tactics for picking up women to his two friends.

He had to run into the bathroom for about seven minutes to get as much of her soda as he could out of the fur of his muzzle and neck. Spencer and Bryce kept quiet about it to his face, but whenever the husky turned away, the two had trouble keeping their snickering down.

About halfway through the meal, it was decided that the night would be spent at Bryce's house, by the dingo's suggestion. He and Amaro had seemed to get along just fine at the start, but after spending some time with each other, Spencer watched them become steadily better friends – and, that made him smile, especially when he sat in the back seat of the car listening to the two of them try to top each other with wild and ridiculous stories. At times, it was hard to tell who was telling the truth and who was making things up.

And, then, Amaro surprised both of them yet again, after Bryce held open the door for him and let the two of them into his house:

"Goddamn," said the husky, walking around Bryce as he walked further into the entry room. "Ass like that – please tell me you've let Spence here try it out. No?"

For the first time in the night, surprisingly, a blush warmed the dingo's cheeks. His paw brushed against Spencer's as he closed the door behind him. "No, I usually prefer topping... but, I mean, we've been talking about switching things up a little..."

"What a waste." Amaro turned back around to continue walking, blue eyes flicking around over the walls and furniture choice. "Pants n' tail like that, coulda *sworn* you'd be a bottom. Oh, well. Hey, I hate to say it, but I'm sort of tired – where can I crash tonight? If that's alright with you?"

Oh! Yeah, yeah. There's... well, there's the couch in the living room, the spare bed..."

"Where?"

Bryce nodded his head toward the hall. "Down there, third door on the left. Should be unlocked. Let us know if you need anything, okay?"

"Yeah. Thanks for the fun night, guys." Amaro finger-gunned at them, and gave what he probably thought was a sleek smirk. "If you two lovers plan to have *more* fun, try not to wake me up, mmkay? Thanks." And he disappeared down the hall, one paw tracing along the pattern of the wall.

"Damn..." Bryce murmured, turning to Spencer. The two had come further into the house and now stood between the living room and hall that led to the kitchen. "And I was hoping to talk to him some more. I like him. What'd you say his name was?"

"Amaro." The mutt placed his paws gently against his boyfriend's chest, muzzle tilted slightly back to account for the small height difference between them. He smelled like – the usual dry, cinnamon-tinted spice of his natural scent, as well as some of the flavorful spice of the wings, a small bit of booze, some cigarette smoke that had been caught at the place... "He's certainly changed."

"Well, I certainly *hope* he hasn't always been kind of a tool."

"Hey!" He playfully smacked the dingo's chest. "That's my *friend*."

"Yeah, yeah. Kidding. So, now that it's just the two of us, what do you want to do?"

The tone in his voice, and the way he looked at him... Spencer felt the familiar little burst of electric anticipation shoot down his back and through his tail, but he bit it back. "How about TV?"

"Not exactly what I had in mind, but... sure."

However – and it probably came with spending such a length of time away from each other – not twenty minutes had passed with them on the couch before Spencer felt Bryce nuzzle up underneath his chin, breathe lightly of his scent, and then press his lips against his neck once, twice, a third time... and yet again he felt a sweet shiver shoot through him, as well as a warm stirring in the front of his pants. He tried to cover his squirming with a noise of complaint.

"Hey – Bryce, c'mon, not right now..."

"What?" Warm paws, gentle claws, making their way up underneath his shirt through the fur of his belly, working at the button of his pants fly – and, God, he *loved* the touch... "Amaro went to bed. Besides, there's no way he'd hear us. We can be quiet."

Spencer *did* want it; that much was evident in how he unconsciously lifted his hips up against the dingo's paw as it pressed down against him, and how he squirmed to get closer to him. Though his mouth and muzzle *did* smell like barbecue sauce and whatever else, he could still pick up the familiar spice of the dingo's arousal on the air, the same spice that he'd buried his nose in many times in the past – and, God, that just worked him up even more, just further broke down his resolve... "Well-"

Bryce slid out from behind him and then stood, holding his paws down to his boyfriend – as well as leaving Spencer with a tingling disappointment where those paws had just been.

"Well?"

Bryce's house had hardwood floors from the entry room to the hallway that led to the bedrooms; a few areas creaked underneath their feet as they stepped through, walking on the balls of their feet so as not to make too much noise. Still, though, bare claws *tak, takked* along the hard surface, and then the door of Bryce's bedroom sounded dangerously loud when he closed and locked it-

-and then the bed creaked when he pushed Spencer down to sit on the edge, settling himself between his legs with his paws still working at his pants fly. The mutt briefly lifted up so he could tug his pants off, and then leaned back on one elbow as his already-hard cock came into view in

the darkness, throbbing gently in front of Bryce's nose. His foreskin still covered the entirety of his head, with a small bit of overhang at the end – as he usually looked when hard: however, muzzle still held close, Bryce gently rolled that skin back with a finger and a thumb, the sweet feeling making Spencer lift his hips up and quicken the pace a little.

He couldn't help but breathe out a low sigh, then, as the dingo did this again and again, repeatedly sliding his sensitive skin up over his head and then tugging it down, smoothly up across the tip and then down over the small resistance at the rim of his head. Bryce's whiskers caught what little light filtered in through the windows; he sniffed gently at the underside of Spencer's head, shivered, swallowed, and then parted his lips, dragged his tongue up along the underside of his hard cock...

And when he flicked that tongue of his right over the rim of Spencer's foreskin, along the taut frenulum as he kept it tugged down, the mutt again had to bite back a moan. Such a good feeling that was, a deft, moist tongue against one of the most sensitive parts of him – and not pressing in and grinding to make that sensitivity *too* much, no: each little movement, each tiny little swirl or flick, just made his back straighten, made him suck in a gasp, made him throb in Bryce's paw and under his lips.

Then, the dingo closed his lips right on the rim of his foreskin, tongue first flicking around to slicken it with his saliva. Spencer felt his arm start to shake under the pleasure, so he leaned back against the bed and hooked his legs over his boyfriend's shoulders as he worked at him, the movement of his fingers along his foreskin overtaken by his lips, squeezing just enough to roll the skin back and forth but not *too* hard to make him jerk and twitch.

It was the slickness of his tongue, squeezing along the underside of his cock and keeping him cupped in it while the dingo bobbed up and down on him, careful not to focus too much attention against the flesh of his head – but, God, when he *did*, be it a small drag of his lips, or another flick of that tongue of his against the underside, or a lick around the rim of his foreskin... '*we can be quiet*', Bryce had said. Well, Spencer wasn't so sure. He was already having a hell of a time holding back the gentle little grunts and moans that came as a result of his muzzlework.

After burying his nose once in Spencer's rough pubic fur, Bryce came back up, moved off of his length, and settled back down on the floor beside the bed, keeping his nose at the same short distance from the underside. Now with the added lubrication of saliva, the mutt's foreskin drew forward and back, forward and back underneath his paw more easily and smoothly – though, honestly, he always got a tiny jolt of extra pleasure each time from the slight resistance of getting a dry handjob. Going by the glimmer in Bryce's eye, though, the dingo had a lot more planned than just that.

"All our talk about... sex, and handjobs, and blowjobs today got me really worked up for a good taste of you..."

Spencer shivered again. He could feel Bryce's warm breath as he spoke tickling along the sensitive underside of his head and across his warm, slick skin. He lifted his hips up towards the dingo's lips, and he again went down on him, pressing his nose down into his pubes again in one smooth bob. This time he remained down for a moment, just pulsing his tongue along the underside of Spencer's cock, squeezing him against the roof of his mouth – and then he came back up until only his head remained past his lips, and there dragged his tongue all the way around and over yet again. Spencer squeezed his legs around his shoulders and squirmed on the bed.

He opened his eyes and looked down his body, at the dingo between his legs – who met his gaze and held it. Then, without missing a beat, Bryce moved back again, rolled Spencer's foreskin up over his head so that that little bit overhang came back into place, and then put his lips against the soft skin, slid his tongue up against his covered head, swirled it down between that head and the inside of his supple skin. At least twice in the past, Bryce had gotten him off just by working his tongue underneath his foreskin like that; the most recent time it had happened, Spencer had then switched places with the dingo and done the same to him, lapping off the slick pre that had gathered there first, and then in a few more minutes, swallowing down his thick cum as it spurted out over his tongue.

That wasn't Bryce's plan for tonight, though. As smoothly as he'd worked his tongue underneath Spencer's foreskin did he bring it back out, to trace along the rim one more time and make him squirm yet again – and, then, the dingo took him by surprise by standing up between his legs, paws quickly working at the fastenings of his own pants. Then, after kicking those and his underwear off to the side, he stood in front of him with his own hard, uncut length throbbing gently, and started moving up onto the bed.

Spencer looked up to see his boyfriend crouching down over him. Then, soft, warm paws settled on his shoulders, pressed down against him – as Bryce started lowering himself down onto him... was he *really*-

"Bryce..." the mutt murmured. Already he could feel the heat of Bryce's tailhole, and then a moment later, the firm squishiness of his tight rim, the ridged flesh pushing down and squeezing on his saliva-slickened tip; Spencer squirmed, this time for a different reason, and had to grip at the covers beneath him. *This* was a feeling he wasn't used to. "What are you-"

"Shush." Smile as gentle as those paws, as well as more pressure against his cock. It was a hot, bright pressure, vaguely uncomfortable, but – God, still it made him lift up a little, still it made him push slowly up into the dingo, who in turn sank down onto him and brought him deeper under his tail. He could feel the rim of his foreskin pressing against the tight rim of Bryce's tailhole, could feel it roll back, stretch a little – there was that slight discomfort again – but, then, the dingo seemed to sense this discomfort, and paused in his movement.

Spencer swallowed. He honestly couldn't tell how deep he already was in Bryce. This was all new for him.

"Don't worry..." the dingo went on, a note of tension underlining his voice. He looked strained, but still wore that sweet smile. "That little bit of pain will go away once we get into it.

"Are you-" Every little movement from either of them magnified the intense heat squeezing around Spencer from all sides. If he moved his hips back, he could just barely feel the movement of his slick foreskin over his head, buried under Bryce's tail – and then lifting his hips up again would roll it back again, as well as allow him to sink a little further into him... he lowered one of his paws to the dingo's thigh and kept it there, trying not to dig his claws into the flesh of his leg. "-sure about this, hon? I..."

"Well..." Those paws on his shoulders tightened, and Bryce leaned further over him. With this movement, he pushed down another inch and a half onto Spencer beneath him. "Would I be doing it otherwise?"

Then Bryce's lips pressed against Spencer's in a firm kiss, one that deepened as he continued to push himself down onto him – until the dingo's rump pressed down against the mutt's hips, and remained there for a while. Bryce moved back for a quick moment to catch a breath, and then just as quickly moved back in to slip his tongue in between Spencer's lips – and also started to churn his hips on him, pulling up just slightly before pressing back down onto him, bringing back that odd mix of bright pleasure and hot pain again and again. But, then, as he started coming up further and pressing back down onto him, beginning a rhythm to his riding, that pain melted away and instead gave way purely to the sweet enjoyment, the wonderful feeling that caused Spencer to moan into Bryce's muzzle and lift up with his movements.

Spencer hadn't even noticed that he'd lifted himself up a little after a while and started steadily thrusting into the dingo, until Bryce broke off from the kiss and just pressed his forehead against Spencer's, heavy breaths coming out in short panting over his muzzle. Bryce worked himself down on him again and again, just as Spencer usually did when it was *his* turn to ride – but, God, the noises that came out of his mouth, the expression on his face... when Spencer reached a paw down to squeeze and stroke at Bryce's length, the pad and back of his thumb quickly became soaked with warm pre, only continuing to ooze out as the dingo rode him.

At least the bed didn't squeak. Spencer moved so that he could brace his feet near the edge of the bed and lift himself up into the dingo again and again, just as Bryce pressed down onto him. He could feel his clenching and throbbing, could both feel the closeness of his orgasm as well as hear it in his breathing and moans.

"Spence..." Bryce panted. By now, the mutt couldn't tell if he was thrusting forward into his paw, or rather pushing down onto him. Either way, he was achieving both. "I'm gonna-"

And his words cut off into a low, shuddering moan, broken with each spatter of thick cum over the mutt's belly and chest. *He* had gotten quite close, too, and briefly lulled in his thrusting, but picked it back up right after. Bryce didn't seem to mind: the dingo's claws dug into his shoulders a little and his entire body heaved with his breathing, but still he kept his tail raised and pushed back against Spencer's thrusts.

It was an odd feeling, emptying under Bryce's tail – but, God, it was a nice one, too. Spencer's breath caught in his throat and he pushed as deep into the dingo as he could, feeling the familiar throbbing and clenching, feeling the hot waves of pleasure as he unloaded spurt after spurt of his own seed into him, the warmth of the whole thing quickly dissipating over himself – and, then, totally exhausted, he let his legs hang over the edge of the bed, and allowed his eyes to drift shut again.

Bryce had straightened up over him with his orgasm, but now leaned back down, tilted Spencer's muzzle up with a paw under his chin, and kissed him one more time – before tugging himself up off of him.

"How's that for your first time topping me?" he panted, and attempted to roll over the mutt to climb into bed next to him. He ended up just kind of flopping on top of the covers, head halfway onto his pillow. "Good?"

"Good..." Spencer managed, and rolled over too. "I'd... like to try again sometime..."

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*Knock – knock knock...*

Spencer dragged his paw across his face, opening his eyes between his fingers. What time was it? He felt like he'd done at least fifty sit-ups before falling asleep last night, his abs still burned...

*Knock – knock.*

Then, Amaro's voice, muffled by the door: *"Hey, you guys awake? I got somethin' I wanna say t' you..."*

A little shock jolted through his body, and he sat up. Bryce lay awake beside him, and judging by the look on his muzzle, he had the same thought: *goddammit, Amaro heard us going at it...*

Spencer cleared his throat. "Yeah – come in..."

The husky wore nothing except for his boxers, navy blue with bright lime-green stripes, *definitely* clashing with his white-and-gold fur color. He looked disheveled. "Well, first of all..."

Spencer swallowed. Bryce's paw found and squeezed his underneath the covers.

"...that bed you've got in that other room? *Damn* comfy. I might just have to come over more often. Little squeaky, though, don't'cha think? Also – d'you mind if I take a look around the kitchen, see if I can whip something up for us for breakfast?"

Short pause. Bryce sat up next to Spencer; the covers fell away from his chest. Suddenly, Spencer wondered if his boyfriend's cum could still be seen in his fur – after all, he couldn't remember ever wiping it off... "Oh! Oh, no, that's perfectly fine! I – we'd appreciate that, Amaro."

Another finger-gun, and then the husky disappeared towards the kitchen. He left the door open.

When Spencer next turned around, Bryce wore the same sort of expression that a student caught napping in class would.

"So..." the dingo said, "wanna go again?"