

Spencer always liked this part of the year, that one odd space between autumn and winter when the sky maintained an even cement-grey, but the sun still rose to its peak every day and shone down through those solid clouds. The mutt kept muzzle towards the open window across the room, watching the way the almost-bare trees leaned and swayed in the occasional cool breeze... another thing was that, since the temperature stayed pretty well below his comfortable range this time of year, he had an excuse to stay inside bundled up beneath blankets.

Except when it was dinner time, of course. For a moment he looked down to his plate to find where he should next attack his roast from - pork loin, slow-cooked over the course of the day in a spicy, slightly-sour kind of tomatillo-chile juice (it was just standard green enchilada sauce from the grocery store, with Mom having added in some other things). Quite like chile verde, but not: over the years she'd tweaked the recipe and added and removed things to suit the tastes of her family. His brother didn't really like the sour quality of the tomatillos, so he often pushed off the juice and just ate the meat.

"This is good, Mom," Spencer said, through a mouthful. In contrast, he liked all of the flavors mixing together, and tried to soak his pork in it as much as he could. Just like with brown gravy whenever Salisbury steak came up for dinner. "Didja do something different this time?"

"I did," she verified, and reached over for the pepper. Her chocolate-brown eyes, the same as his, caught some of the grey light from outside and glittered. "I used shallots this time! Cut back on the onion, put in a little extra garlic."

Spencer rolled the tender meat around in his maw. Could always tell it was perfect when it came apart in thin strings between his teeth. "Six cloves?"

"Eight. Two of them were really small, so I figured it could use a little extra... why?" Here she tilted her head, causing one of her ears to flop over. Only one of them. Where the various breed traits in Spencer all kind of mixed together and gave him a very... *general* kind of look, in his mother a few of those stood out on their own: cheekdots of German shepherd, curled tail and poofy neckruff of samoyed, flopped ear and slightly-droopy muzzle of boxer. "Is it too much?"

"I think it's perfect." He took another bite, and turned his gaze back out the window. A couple strode by, both bundled up in puffy jackets with hoods up and drawn close around their muzzles: looking at the tails, one had to have been a cheetah and the other some kind of canid. "Or... maybe could use a little more?"

In the seat beside him, Spencer's brother lifted his plate on both his little paws and straightened up as much as he could. "Mom, I'm done."

"No you're not." She motioned him back down with a wave of her fork. "What is - Calvin, eat your potatoes."

"But the juice got in 'em..."

At that, Spencer couldn't help but try to stifle a small laugh. His little brother would be halfway through first grade by now, and it was really amazing how quickly he'd grown in size since the year started. It was also nice hearing his stories every time he got home, about his new friends or about something funny that happened in class or at recess. Reminded Spencer of when *he* was that age.

"If you don't want the juice, maybe *you* could try cooking it next." Mom raised an eyebrow.
"Mm?"

Sitting on the table by his plate, Spencer's phone vibrated. He reached over and tapped the screen with his free paw to turn it on, and quickly read over the message.

Almost there! Can't wait to see you. It's been a long week.

When he next looked up, he made a quick moment of eye contact with his mother, who motioned towards his phone this time with that same fork, chewing on a mouthful of her portion. "That Bryce?" she asked, and swallowed. A second later, broad pink tongue flitted out to catch a little drip of green sauce along her bottom lip.

"Yeah," Spencer answered, and shoveled a spoonful of potatoes into his mouth. He made sure to look right at Calvin as he did so. "He's gonna be here soon."

His brother watched him, and then looked down to the table and kicked his legs beneath him. "Why've you gotta move out?" He spoke in that characteristic way that young pups usually did, with slow syllables and overenunciated consonants, like he knew exactly what he wanted to say but hadn't quite mastered how to say the words themselves.

"Well," and Spencer swallowed those potatoes, "I've gotta go to school. To college. I *could* drive from here every day, but that's a bit more expensive and would take about an hour and a half out of my day, every day. Besides, if I'm closer to campus, I can get involved in more clubs and stuff..."

...and get more involved with Bryce-

Didn't really realize he'd just... trailed off there. Once he snapped back into the present (after having to discreetly adjust his pants beneath the table), his mother picked up for him:

"Come on, Spence." She had her muzzle pointed down towards her plate, but that couldn't fully hide her sly smile. "You and I both you know just want some space away from me and your brother."

"Ooooh." Calvin bounced in his seat, little tail wagging behind him. "D'you have a girlfriend, Spencer?"

Little shock of nervousness rippled out from his heart and through his body, and for a moment, he just... sat there, looking down at the eviscerated remains of his pork. The truth of that question wasn't really something he thought he could tell his little brother right now, and besides - he looked up at his mom, who just as quickly looked away. She didn't really know, either. She just knew that Bryce was a friend-of-a-friend he'd met at a party one night, and just happened to spend the night with that weekend...

Right then, though, his phone vibrated again - *Here* - and then, a few seconds later, a short series of knocks at the door. Spencer perked up, glad for the change of subject, and whisked his plate up in his paws.

"That's him!" he said, and stood up. "I'll come back down before I go, okay, Mom?"

"Of course. Let Cal know if you need another pair of strong arms to carry some stuff for you."

"Wait!" Calvin whined, "how come *he* gets to go?"

"Because *he* ate his potatoes..."

The semester had just ended a few days ago, and because of that, new dorm openings were popping up all around campus and he figured he'd take the chance while he could: he learned this past semester that those openings very quickly fill up, and he'd also learned just how awful having to drive in every day really was.

At least he wouldn't have to deal with that, soon enough. Tail already wagging even before he'd made it across to the door, the mutt had to take a moment to clear his throat and gather his thoughts... and then reached forward for the knob.

Across the threshold, the sand-furred dingo's face lit up, and his tail swayed behind him, too. For a quick moment - fast, before Spencer's mom could see from the other room - the two threw their arms around each other, and stayed there for a second and a half. They'd known each other for only a few weeks now, but already Bryce's scent often made Spencer's heart skip a beat...

"Hey!" Mom called from the other room, making the two of them break apart. Spencer breathed a gentle laugh, the same nervous enjoyment also evident in the dingo's eyes in front of him. "Come say hi."

"Good to see you," the mutt said, and briefly squeezed his paw around Bryce's wrist. "Wanna go meet my mom?"

"Kinda have to," he responded, and laughed again. Even like this he still exuded a kind of... warm, quiet confidence, in the way he held his shoulders, how his sharp ears stood upright atop his head, how he walked smoothly and easily. Spencer trailed shortly behind him, unable to hide the grin on his face. As the two approached, his mom looked the dingo up and down, and smiled.

"You must be Bryce," she said, and stood up to shake his paw - and then drew him into a hug at the shoulders. The dingo wobbled on his feet and had to lean his weight into her to catch himself. "Spencer's spoken about you a lot!"

Those eyes flicked back over to him. "Has he, now?"

"You bet." The older mutt glanced back down to the table to pick up her empty plate, and then spent another moment reminding Calvin that he'd *have* to finish his potatoes. He just watched the dingo with wide eyes and mouth half-ajar. "Bryce, this is my younger son, Calvin."

"Heh." The dingo nudged Spencer with his elbow. "He looks like you." Then, he bent over a little bit and gave the younger dog a big smile- "Hey! Hi there, you. I'm Bryce."

"Hi Bryce." More kicking of the legs, and he clanked his fork against his plate while fidgeting with his paws. "I'm Calvin."

"How old're you, Calvin?"

"I'm six."

"You're gonna stay six forever-" The dingo tapped a claw against the edge of Cal's plate. "-if you don't finish your dinner. I gotta go help your brother get packed. I'll say bye before I leave, okay?"

With that, the younger dog tightened his grip around his fork again, and looked down to scoop it up under is probably-cold pile of mashed potatoes. "Okaaaay."

Once again, Spencer couldn't hide his smile as Bryce made his way back over him. This time, it was the mutt who nudged the dingo. "Do *you* have a little brother?"

"Naww, just-" Bryce rested his paw on the handrail leading up the stairs. Spencer and his mom had been talking about getting that painted since they moved into this house, but had never gotten around to actually doing it. "When I was in high school, every Tuesday and Thursday after school I volunteered with a kind of daycare thing up at the gym." His ears flicked, and for a moment he glanced back at Spencer beside him. It looked the sandy-tan fur along the backs of those ears tinted pink with a blush. "Uh - something to put on my resume, y'know?"

Spencer reached forward as the two made their way up the stairs, and gently rested his paw over Bryce's at one point. The dingo kept it there for a moment longer, and then continued. "Yeah, I know."

"But. Heh." Bryce stepped to the side once they reached the top, allowing the mutt to pass him and lead him towards the bedroom. On most days, the large window above the door would provide more than enough light to keep things illuminated up here, but the clouds blocked out most of that. Spencer had to flick the lightswitch on as he passed it, and it took a second and a half for the bulb overhead to actually flicker on. "Anyway. What were you thinking of taking with you? I'm - just driving you over there, right? With some stuff?"

Spencer kept his ears angled back towards the dingo, now behind him, and traced his fingerpads along the smooth wall as he walked. Turn the corner, pass the bathroom, pass Cal's room on the left, reach out for his bedroom door at the end of the hall... "Yeah. I had Soren help me out with most of the furniture... last thing to go'll be the bed." Once inside, he reached over and flicked the light on, and let Bryce in beside him.

The dingo took a moment to look around: last time he'd been here, there was a desk in *that* corner, with a short shelf beside it and a small television atop that (which now sat on the floor), and then a nightstand across the room near the bed with a lamp, a digital clock, a forgotten glass of water, some other things. Spencer couldn't help but feel a little embarrassed at the mess: they'd had enough room to takes the shelves themselves, but not any of the things on them. So he had video game merchandise, old action figures, boxes and books strewn across the floor near the base of the wall

"So." He pointed, kind of, at everything in general. "Probably take some of those. I have some boxes... oh, and the TV, of course. That shouldn't be too hard. Other than that, clothes and stuff to stock the dresser at the dorm? I have, like, a fold-out mattress-type thing over there, me and Mom can get the bed over there tomorrow..."

He'd stepped out towards the center of the room as he spoke, thinking to himself at the same time as he spoke. It was the *k-chk* of the door closing and then the *clik* of the button-lock that cut him off, though, ears perked upright and whiskers raised. He half-turned to look over at Bryce - and then felt his heart hop up again, just like it had when he'd pressed his nose up into the dingo's neck.

And - sly smile on that sandy muzzle, a glitter in those eyes, a flick of the tail. "First thing's first," Bryce said, and clapped his paws in front of him. "It's been about a week since we last saw each other."

Already Spencer knew where he was going with this. It was - small, it was soft, but there was a bit of a *change* in the scent wafting around the room, and particularly coming from this dingo. Smooth, sweet relaxation mixed with a little bit of the sting of nervousness from having to meet his mother before, now melding into something a little sharper, a little spicier. *That* had the same effect on Spencer as did him pushing his nose up between Bryce's legs, and taking a deep whiff of *that* scent.

So he slowly made his way back towards the bed - he, his mom, and Calvin had all worked together the other day to remove the bedframe, so now the mattress sat directly on the floor.

"Yeah?" The mutt adjusted his posture a bit, keeping his muzzle raised and directed towards the approaching dingo. Couldn't help but flick his eyes down towards the button of his pants fly, shimmering bronze against the blue denim. "What, got a surprise for me?"

"Not much of a surprise..." Quiet rustling of clothing as Bryce dropped to his knees, and came forward a few inches across the carpet. Spencer could feel the heat of those fingerpads through his pants, and the desire that hovered behind their touch especially as they came in along his thighs, grazed briefly over the short, soft fur of his stomach, hooked beneath the waistband of his jeans. A well-placed thumb and forefinger, a slight push, release of his fly button. "I mean, I'm sure you saw this coming."

Spencer licked his lips, leaned back a little bit with his paws braced on the mattress, and spread his legs a little further. Just seeing Bryce in this position was enough to make him stiffen up a little bit, enough for the dingo to notice: after he opened his zipper and tugged the flaps of his pants apart, he, too, licked his lips and drew his fingerpads up along the smooth bulge beneath the mutt's underwear. Spencer let a light sigh out between his lips and lifted up against that touch.

Brown eyes flicked up to him, that sand-toned muzzle soon coming in and pressing right into the heat and firmness of his shaft through his underwear. Bryce pursed his lips there, pushed in a little more firmly... and drew in a slow breath through his nose, only to let it right back out a moment later. Spencer squirmed underneath the humid warmth of that. "Your mom n' brother aren't gonna bother us, are they?"

"They might..."

“Mm.” Now the dingo followed the bulge of Spencer’s slowly-growing shaft with his nose and lips, up towards the elastic of his boxers. There, he once again wrapped his fingers around, unafraid to press into the slightly-bushier pubic fur just beneath... and started to slide the mutt’s boxers down along with his pants, Spencer lifting up just a little bit. “Least you’ve got a lock on your door. I *had* one, but Dad removed it around when I turned fifteen...”

Spencer licked his lips again and just watched the dingo for a moment: the way he lifted his nose up beneath his half-hard cock, how he lightly pursed his lips against the slight overhang of his foreskin, that gentle nip, the parting of his lips to just barely roll that supple skin back, all with one paw still around the waistband of his underwear and lifting up beneath his sack.

Bryce had a bit of a *thing* for being in that position, at least going off of how often he got himself into it when the two hung out. The look in his eyes (when he opened them, that was), how his breath washed out hot and hungry, how he just couldn’t stop himself from sliding his tongue up into that overhang and swirling it deeper, forefinger and thumb at the base of Spencer’s length to hold it in place as he did so... that was something the two of them had spoken about before, actually.

So hard to find uncut guys around here, and both of them had gotten shit about it in the past - so now that they’d each found each other, there really was nothing holding them back from enjoying it to the fullest. Plenty of pictures had already been shared between the two of them as well as a few videos, one of which had featured Spencer drawing his saliva-slickened finger back and forth around his head beneath his foreskin...

...which Bryce now did with his tongue, curled close and pulling up against the skin, its motion very clearly evident through. Spencer’s body acted on its own and gave another little thrust forward accompanied by a stronger throb, his foreskin growing a little tighter with that pulse. In response to this, the dingo closed his lips just past the rim of Spencer’s head, and drew his tongue back out - only to drag it all around the outside of his foreskin, and then dig it right back in again. Every time the mutt pushed his hips forward, he could feel Bryce’s lips tighten around him and keep the rim of his skin in place while he slid forward across that smooth tongue.

“...But-” He picked his train of thought back up, Bryce’s tongue having effectively derailed it for a bit. The dingo half-opened his eyes again and looked up, once more sliding his tongue back out across his now-slick head; he drew his paw forward towards his mouth to bunch the mutt’s skin up at the end of his head, and gently dug back in. “Lock doesn’t always... doesn’t always work...”

Already he had a bit of trouble speaking. Fully hard now, cock twitching with his heartbeat and throbbing against every flick of Bryce’s tongue, every time he dove down along his length, every time he dragged the surface of his tongue up along the underside of Spencer’s head. Couldn’t miss how he had his other paw between his own legs, slowly but deliberately working at his fly as well.

Bryce rolled back onto his ankles, eyes fixed forward along Spencer’s hard cock as it flopped back against his lower belly. The dingo swallowed down his taste, both paws now easily working his pants open and bringing himself, also already hard, out into the air; he gave himself a few strokes, fingers wrapped lightly, barely touching, just enough to draw his own foreskin back and forth, back and forth over his pink head.

"Guess I'll have to be fast, then." He closed the distance again, now rolling his tongue over Spencer's head every time he dove down along his length, and then came back up to wipe at his mouth again. "I haven't *quite* figured out what makes you go off without fail, but I'm gettin' there."

"Certainly are..." and Spencer reached out to rest his paw along Bryce's head, pulling him back down onto him. The dingo kept his lips just tight enough and his tongue cupped around the underside of his cock, that every time he pushed forward, every time the dingo slid down on him, he could feel his foreskin roll smoothly back against the roof of his mouth - and then forward again when he pulled back. Again and again Bryce flicked his tongue up, or pressed it against his head, or slid it in beneath the rim of his skin, putting pressure in to make him squirm and gasp but not *too* much. Fine line there.

After a while, though, after he could feel the familiar hot pressure start to build up in his abdomen, the mutt tensed his legs and pulled Bryce's head back, and held him there as the dingo tried to dive back down once more.

"Wait," he said, and took a moment to catch his breath. "Wait. I kinda - want to-"

"Return the favor before you lose your drive?" Before waiting for an answer, the dingo rose to his feet, spread his legs to get into a good posture, and then just... braced his paws on his hips, holding his jeans up but open with his own boxers tugged down towards the base of his sack. When hard, *his* foreskin rolled partially back but stayed over the head, as opposed to Spencer's little bit of overhang; Spencer had, too, spent quite a bit of time here, and leaned forward to touch his lips against the little rim of soft skin. He'd had his practice. "I ain't gonna say no."

And neither would Spencer. He looked up at the dingo, licked his lips, wrapped his fingers around the base of the presented cock to angle it down towards his muzzle... and then pressed his lips against the revealed head, taking a moment to breathe in the scent through his nose. Smooth, warm, musky and musty, gentle but definitely there; he must've showered yesterday, or maybe even earlier today. Hard to tell. Bryce didn't really have too strong of a scent to him.

Well, not *there*, at least. Without waiting a second longer, Spencer wrapped his lips around that head and slid slowly down, making sure to give the dingo the same treatment: the slick movement of the foreskin, the digging of the tongue beneath, the gentle swirling, the easy, smooth back-and-forth. And when he brought his nose close to the base of the dingo's shaft (a bit of a struggle for him; not like he'd had any experience doing this kind of thing with anyone else before), he took in what scent he could with that cock pressing into his throat... and felt the similar urge to squeeze his paw around himself.

Hard to resist that. Always was. His other paw, he kept firm on Bryce's hip with fingers resting across the dingo's, just... staying in place for a moment, breathing that scent, feeling the way he twitched and throbbed along the back of his tongue, how he struggled to keep himself from slowly working his hips, working that muzzle.

Then, Spencer closed his eyes again, swallowed down the warm salty slickness of leaking pre, and got right back into his rhythm, moving his paw with his muzzle much the same as Bryce had to him. He really loved the feeling of that supple skin sliding back and forth, back and forth between his lips and on his tongue, loved the feeling of that same skin rolling up over the

surface of his tongue and tugging back as he lifted it, love the scent it left on his upper lip, in the back of his throat, in his nose.

He actually got so into it, so into the rhythm and the motion of those hips close to his muzzle and those balls swinging against his chin, that - at first he didn't hear the footsteps outside his room. Not until Bryce tapped his head and rushed to tug his pants up, for a moment catching a tuft of the mutt's chin fur in the zipper of his fly.

Thmp, thmp, thmp of footsteps on carpet, one of the weird crackling creaks of the boards beneath the carpet, Calvin calling something out to their mom... and then the sound of the younger mutt's bedroom door opening, and then closing a moment later. Bryce and Spencer remained where they were for a moment, too nervous to move even from this... admittedly improper position. Spencer still had his paw on his cock, though now it was through his boxers haphazardly tugged up along his waist.

Silence, other than some more footsteps from his mother's room down the hall, and the faint jittering hum of the air conditioner up above... Bryce's tail flicked behind him, and his ears remained splayed back towards the door. Then, though, just like he'd all of a sudden tapped Spencer's head to stop him, he leaned down, hooked his arms under the mutt's shoulders, and hoisted him back up to his feet. Spencer hardly had a chance to grab onto the waist of his pants before they fell down to his ankles.

Definitely felt like those paws were trying to push him down towards the bed, and at first, he resisted. It wasn't until he looked up and saw the glimmer in Bryce's eyes that he let it happen, though: first came the gentle *oof* of having his weight suddenly pushed down across the mattress, and then the rustling of the dingo getting over him. Spencer let his paws rest along the other's thighs, still clothed.

"What're you planning on doing? I-"

Even as he tried to sit up, Bryce's paws on his shoulders pushed him right back down. In that slightly-elevated position, the dingo slid his pants and underwear a short distance down his legs, just enough to bare his rump and tail. With the crotch of his pants a little tight halfway down his thighs, he had to kind of waddle his way forward across the mutt's lower body, and swiftly tugged *his* underwear down, too.

"You know exactly what I'm doing." Bryce gave Spencer's still-hard cock a squeeze and a stroke, ran the pad of his thumb over the tip of the head and within his foreskin, then returned his paw to his muzzle to drag his tongue across his palm. "And like I said, gotta make this fast. Good thing you guys removed your bedframe - squeaking woulda given us away..."

Spencer just settled back against the pillow, paws lightly resting atop Bryce's thighs as the dingo slickened him up. Touch of those fingers along his shaft, heat of that tailhole, little press, squeeze, clench... slow, slow sinking up into that wet heat, at the same time making both of them tense up and pull in the same smooth gasp. Spencer couldn't help but prick his claws into the fabric of the dingo's jeans, just needing something to squeeze onto while that rump squeezed right back down around him, gradually sliding further down.

Even from the start, even when he went slow like this, Bryce churned his hips gently forward and back, rolling the mutt's foreskin over his head even when an inch, and inch and a half, two

inches past the puckered rim of his tailhole. Fingers tightened around his shoulders, Bryce's breath washed hot and humid out across his muzzle, hips worked slowly forward and back as he continued to press down... until he settled fully into the mutt's lap, and remained there for a moment. Spencer still tried to lift up a little bit, up into that squeezing heat - and just succeeded in pulling another shuddering moan out of both himself and the dingo atop him.

With all of *this* going on, he had a bit of a tough time keeping his ears perked and swivelled towards the door - though even if someone *did* try to come in, he wasn't sure what he'd do. Not like he could get Bryce off of him *and* his pants back up before anyone saw anything... especially not with the way this dingo worked his rump on him, pushing down with enough force to make him press back into the mattress beneath him, coming back up with a kind of sweet, languid drag that muddled his mind and nearly derailed his train of thought, again and again. Eventually things got so disjointed, and he found himself so unintentionally absorbed in the pleasure, that he just... quit worrying about it.

Felt like Bryce wouldn't *let* him worry about it, either. Next time the mutt managed to open his eyes, he looked up to see him smoothly riding him back and forth, the tip of his own cock peeking out from behind the slightly-lowered waistband of his underwear: a thick, glistening wet spot of pre had dribbled down from his tip, and spread over his head when he reached down to stroke himself with one paw, the other now pressed against the mutt's chest. Soon Bryce, too, opened his eyes, looked down to see Spencer watching him - and then swiftly dove in and closed the distance between them, pausing his rhythm for a second to sink into a kiss.

Just for a second, though. Once lips touched lips, once Spencer felt Bryce's tongue curl in and slip across his own, both of them got right back into it, the mutt now bracing himself against the mattress for every lift of his hips, the dingo responding and reciprocating in turn. The tightness of his pants only halfway down his legs made things a bit difficult and awkward, especially as Bryce started stroking himself faster and harder - *that* made a rustling sound that seemed so sharp, so loud to Spencer, but he knew he wouldn't be able to get him to stop. *He* didn't want to stop, either.

Between the kiss, between little partings of their lips, Spencer tried to catch his breath, and often ended up in just letting out another shuddering sigh of a moan followed by a sharp gasp, with Bryce doing the same on top of him. As one of them drew closer to his peak, so did the other: that much could be heard, could be felt in the intimacy of their movements, in the way Bryce pushed down into Spencer's thrusts, in the way he clenched and squeezed around him, in how his claws steadily dug deeper into the mutt's skin through his fur.

Then - pressure of teeth clamping down over his lower lip, an all-over body tensing from the dingo on top of him, a heavier, harder press down against him, the neediness, the urgency of the want to get filled. And Spencer did his best to comply: he rolled his muzzle back as much as he could with his lip still caught between his partner's teeth, gave a few more fast, hard bucks, sucked in a breath through his nose... and then shuddered as he felt the hot peak of pleasure echo through him, once, twice, a third time, each spurt accompanied by another quick thrust. Bryce's arm moved with much the same speed and desire, wrist rustling against the fabric.

And all of a sudden Bryce released Spencer's lip, arched his back, straightened up and leaned backwards... and, still grinding his hips against the mutt's lap with him buried inside of him, rolled his foreskin all the way back, gritted his teeth, and unloaded across his belly and chest, Hot, thick, sticky... and quickly soaking into and matting down his fur. Spencer, panting, looked

up at the dingo quite solidly hilted on him, waited for him to return the gaze... and then breathed a quiet, nervous chuckle.

Bryce had to spend a few moments catching his breath before he could speak, and when he did, he prefaced his words with a few slick churns of his hips, forcing Spencer beneath him to squirm. "Oops. We were supposed to be... getting you ready to move... shit, my throat's dry..."

"Yeah..." Spencer gritted his teeth - and groaned as the dingo lifted up off of him, free paw sliding his now-slick foreskin back and forth a few times before he shimmied his underwear back up his legs. "Me too. Should probably, uh... actually *get* to that before-"

Knock, knock, knock, quiet rattle of a paw settling against the knob of his door from outside. Spencer found himself caught between staying right where he was, and getting his pants back on as fast as he could - which would mean he'd have to wait until later to clean up... Bryce *had* locked the door, but still. He looked between the dingo and the door, and then, trying to maintain as even a voice as possible: "Yes?"

"It's bedtime for Calvin," his mom said. The knob no longer rattled. "So whatever you boys do, be quiet about it, okay? And Spence, send me a text when you get home. I'm gonna read for a bit."

The exhalation of breath from both of them this time was a lot slower, a lot easier, and followed by more nervous laughter. Spencer reached for the slightly-crusty towel he kept between his bed and his nightstand, and with it wiped himself off - and writhed a little beneath the feeling of the rough fabric grazing across his now-so-sensitive head.

His legs shook beneath him when he stood up, though, so a moment later he just sat back down on the edge of the mattress, Bryce leaning against him. They both breathed heavily, and Spencer could feel his still-elevated heartbeat - from both the exertion and the orgasm as well as the startle and nervousness - in his ears and chest. Good thing they didn't have any heavy lifting planned tonight.

Not any heavier than lifting a dingo into the air with only his hips, at least.

"So," Bryce went on, voice a little hoarse. He'd audibly been trying to keep quiet, a bit of a challenge for him. "What, clothes, posters, some decorations n' shit... think we can get it all in one go?"

Spencer nodded, and looked around. "Yeah. What time is it? I don't have a lot of experience driving at night..."

"Then I guess we'll just have to spend the night there."

Bright grin, relaxed, genuine. Bryce gave Spencer's leg a squeeze, and stood up.

"Well, let's get to it, then."