

When it comes to interests, my brother and I are about as different as the water of the sea and the sand upon which it washes: sometimes they may cross over or mix, but as a general rule tend to remain separate. Where I like opera and metal, he likes jazz and ska; where a good fantasy novel pleases me, he'd prefer to read a philosophical argument; I keep my head in the clouds and dream big, but he prefers more logical pursuits; I like dick, and... well. I hadn't seen him for a while - not since, like, high school or something, when he moved away and then I did - so when I got a text from him saying that he wanted to see me and hang out for a bit, I told him that he could just come bunk at my place for a few days. So, he said sure, and we talked about when would be a good day.

Being brothers, we used to fight a lot in the past - sometimes over tiny little things, sometimes over things that we thought were big at the time, sometimes over things that actually *were* and still *are* big. On one occasion in elementary school, I got super pissed at him because he borrowed ten dollars from me and never returned it; he once took my favorite mechanical pencil, one of those high-quality metal ones, and subsequently broke it - when that happened, I removed all of the ink cartridges from his pens but left the barrels there; and then, he once made an abortion joke in front of one of my friends who, unknown to him, had *had* an abortion... yeah. We used to fight a lot, and we still do sometimes, but now we're both all grown up, so the arguments actually matter. Despite all of that, I found that I couldn't wait for when he'd show up at the door - every day I'd get home and wait excitedly for the doorbell to ring, or to hear a knock, or to check my phone and see an 'I'm here' message, even before the date we'd planned.

'My roommates are huge dicks', I told him; I didn't think he would appreciate the 'are/have huge dicks' joke that I usually use, 'but I'm sure you'll all get along fine'. And, for the most part, they did. It wasn't even me who actually opened the door to greet him - the older of my roommates, a big king shepherd named Pan, got there first. He mumbled something like 'must be the thing I ordered' or something, and then just looked down at the slim otter behind the door after opening it, the slim otter who had to crane his head back to meet his eyes. Pan's next words were 'you look familiar, do I know you?' and in the quiet lightly-accented voice that I remembered, my brother replied, 'I'm... Lukas's brother?' So Pan looked closer at him, then turned around and looked at me, then turned back to him, and then went upstairs without saying anything else other than 'ah'.

My brother's face went from startled to confused to quietly joyful when I stepped up next, holding the door open. He looked exactly as I remembered, except maybe a little taller, and with shorter hair; imagine a not-quite-as-skinny and less-bony me, and he's generally more composed and less *eccentric* than me. I could tell that he had trouble with suppressing a smile at seeing me. I was damn happy to see him, too.

"Hey, Lukas," was all that he said. My only response was "Hey, Brendan," before I pulled him into a hug... his scent was still also as I remembered, similar to my own yet different, and now tinged with a faint trace of cigarette smoke.

After our greeting, I brought him into the kitchen, asked if he wanted anything to drink or eat; he asked what kinds of tea we had, since he knows I like tea... but, anyway. Since he'd moved away, he'd found a job and a girlfriend, was making more money than anybody I knew, ran a blog (not a Tumblr, which he *did* have, but an actual blog), and... a whole bunch of other stuff, I don't know. To put it simply, he was actually *going* somewhere in life, unlike myself who still had to go to class every now and then. All he brought with him was his backpack and one suitcase, which I'm convinced was also all that he had when he moved out; a little bit into our conversation about our lives and how things were going, he whipped out his laptop and keyboard (yes, separate keyboard) and started typing, but still paid attention to me.

The first evening came and went faster than I'm sure both of us would've liked it to. Pan was in charge of dinner that night, and only grumbled mildly at having to prepare more for the unexpected fourth at our table... my other roommate, however, had a lot more to say than the shepherd did when he saw my brother. This 'other roommate' was an even bigger Arcanine about four times my size, in all senses of the phrase, by the name of Arkani. Instead of 'do I know you?', his first words to my brother were:

"Holy shit!"

By the look in Brendan's eyes when he saw that towering beefcake of a firedog, I like to imagine that his resulting thoughts went along the same lines. He offered a timid "H-hi, I'm Lukas's brother Brendan," in reply; Arkani said through a mouthful of pork, "Really? That's great! Did you know your brother is a huge faggot?", which Brendan answered with a timid yet firm "I'm well aware, he's been like that since middle school."

That essentially summed up their whole conversation, especially with other such gems as "He's a bitch, too; didja know that?", "Have you tried changing his sense of humor? It's terrible - he has a thousand jokes and none of them are any good" (which earned an exhausted 'I know' in reply), "You two look a lot alike, so I apologize in advance if I - I dunno - if I throw you into a wall or tear your pants off instead of him", and my personal favorite, "Are you as fond of sucking dick as he is?", which got a stern "not at the table, Ark," from Pan.

The shepherd then went on to quietly and politely ask my brother about himself and what he did. Brendan went on to tell them what he'd told me, along with some background stuff that I already knew - and then, a bit pointedly, mentioned how he had a girlfriend, a nice vixen who he'd met a few years ago. I knew her; she's really nice, very pretty, an all-around pleasant woman to be around. Back when he was still in high school, Brendan and his girlfriend were often referred to as the most attractive couple there.

Somehow, though, dinner came to an end, and the two dogs retreated upstairs to do whatever it was they were doing, leaving me and my brother to talk more. We spoke about books, and authors, and movies, and whatever else fell into the limited range of our shared interests; after a little while, he told me that he was tired from the trip and asked where he could sleep. At this house there are three bedrooms: mine, Pan's, and the master, which Arkani claimed for himself,

although the three of us have a tendency to shift around which bed we sleep in (since, in case you haven't figured it out by now, we're a bit more than just roommates). To avoid having him walk in on any of that, I just told Brendan that he could take the downstairs couch, which was admittedly more comfortable than my own bed.

The next few days went fairly uneventfully, or at least as much of that as they could with this crowd. Arkani was maybe half Pan's age, and as such still had wants and desires similar to my own; as a result, hardly a day passed when I didn't go to bed only to have a thick cock against my lips, or shoved down my throat, or squeezed up under my tail a few minutes later. This week was no different, even though I gave him feeble protests consisting of "Brendan's downstairs, he'll hear" and "my brother is here", blah blah blah. Sure, I was nervous that he'd hear, but - he'd walked in on me and my high school boyfriend before; it was nothing he hadn't seen and heard before. Whatever, right? He never gave me any odd looks when I got home from class, so I figured if he *did* hear, he didn't care too much.

He said he could stay for four or five days, and I'd really liked to have done more with him - like go out to the mall and just walk around and look at the people like we used to, or see a movie, or even just go to the bookstore - but, again, I had class, and I get the feeling that he did here exactly what he did when he was at home, too. On the fourth night, however, which was a Wednesday or Thursday or so, I got home a little late from class to find him in the kitchen with - get this - a whole bunch of different bottles and glasses lined up, things I'd never seen before. I myself didn't drink, and I just sorta figured that Pan and Arkani did, but I'd never seen their stash... apparently the two of them had gotten closer to Brendan while I was gone that day.

"What are you doing?" I asked him. This reminded me of the time I walked out back in middle school to find him with a blunt between his lips, and asked the same question.

"I'm... shit, man, y'know." He grabbed a bottle to his left, one of those with a wide base and a thin neck, and an intricately-designed label.

"I... uh..."

"Drinks! Y'know. Alcohol."

"I didn't know you drank." Well, I did, but I figured it was just, like... I don't know. He wasn't quite a bohemian, so what do intellectuals-slash-hipsters drink? Wine?

"Yeah, well..." He paused to burp into his paw. I got a little glimpse at the tattoo in the fur of his wrist. "I watch some videos on YouTube. It ain't hard, mixin'... drinks..."

As I said before, it was already a bit late, but I wanted to relax a little before I headed up to bed and relaxed a lot. The downstairs couch pulled out into one of those crap mattresses, but Brendan had left it in, on my suggestion; I just sat down, taking care to move his stuff first, and flicked on the TV. There were a few new episodes of a show I liked, so I put those on, every

now and then hearing the rattle of ice in a glass or the pop of a freshly-opened bottle from the other room.

One episode finished, so I put on a second; I think I heard Brendan shuffle around in the kitchen and curse upon bumping into something. About halfway through, there was the rustle of thin paper, probably today's news; near the end, he opened the fridge and closed it a few times, evidently looking for something but not finding it. There was the ding of an empty glass on the granite countertop after I'd put on the third episode, and then a stretch of silence following, until he came into the room from my left side.

He clearly was putting far more effort into remaining upright than usual: his upper body swayed as he walked, his tail flicked around erratically and randomly, he put a paw out to balance himself against a wall that was out of his reach and breathed a sharp "shit-", and then he flopped down onto the couch a cushion and a half away from me. I just looked over at him.

"I think you've had a bit much," I said to him.

"Yeah?... well..." ...was his response, but he didn't complete the thought. Instead, he brought a paw up to the side of his muzzle and rubbed. "...hey, Luke, remind me t- to, uh... to put all a' those away later, yeah?"

"Yeah, sure." He'd likely have to remind me to remind him, as I have terrible memory. Which he wouldn't. So.

I honestly didn't expect much from him in the way of intelligent speech, and I was sorta right; instead of talking, he scooted closer and looked as if he wanted to say something but wasn't sure what. When he tried to scratch his nose but missed three times, I just said "Brendan, you're drunk. Go to bed," and he turned to me and drawled, "...yeah, I- know, but goin' t' bed wouldjus... would just ruin all the fun, y'know?"

"What fun? You're just... staring at the screen. Do you even know what show we're watching?"

"...Well..." He moved a little bit closer, reducing the distance between us to about half of a cushion. "...hey, Lukas?"

"What, Brendan?"

"That - that red guy, uh, A... Al... Aaron? No..."

"Arkani?"

"Yeah. Him. I like 'im."

"I do too."

"Heh. I know y' do." He didn't sit upright, but rather sort of... leaned over, his rump in a different spot along the couch than the rest of his body. One of his paws draped over my shoulder closest to him; he pricked at the fabric with his claws, sending unexpected little shivers throughout that side of my body. I shifted and tried to make it look like I was just naturally readjusting my position, but Brendan put a little bit of pressure there. "He tol' me about all... *all* you've done f- with him, him an' that shep guy. Whatsisname, Pan. I like him, too. He reminds me a' Dad."

"Yeah..." By now, I was getting a little... not exactly suspicious, but certainly something. Usually, Brendan tried to keep his physical distance from me, since brothers sitting with no space between them on an otherwise empty couch is a bit... odd. At some point in time during his drinking, he'd taken off his shirt: like I said before, he was like a less-ridiculously-skinny me - as in, he actually had some semblance of what could be called slim muscle underneath the fur of his belly, not enough to be visible from twenty feet away, but certainly there if you were to put your paw against it. Not that I had. "...is there something you want, Brendan?"

"Well... Lukas, you an' I are friends, right?"

"We're brothers."

"Yeah! Yeah. S-so..." His other paw clumped to my upper chest, startling me, and then dragged down the front of my shirt. Honestly, I couldn't tell if he was just being friendly, or... "y'know... we're close... I been wonderin' - do y'..."

"Brendan..."

"...y'know... wanna... oh, I 'unno, spend a little quality time together?"

At first I thought this was all a facade: back when we were younger, he used to do things like this, only to stick his paw up my shirt to easily get at the ticklish spots on my belly and sides. However, this time when he lifted my shirt, he only pressed his pads into the fur and rubbed, only dragged his claws through it. He made no sign of tickling me or pulling his paw away; when he curled his fingers around the waistband of my pants, though, I stood up.

"Brendan! What're you-"

"*Theeerre* we go..." he purred, and straightened up. With him sitting and me standing, the button of my pants came about level with his nose, and there was maybe five inches of space between the two... I guess he took the movement as an invitation, or- or as acceptance of whatever it was he had in that foggy, disoriented mind of his. Brown amber eyes glinted up at me, and Brendan's paws moved to my front to focus on the fly of my pants. I tried to bat them away, but - he was stubborn to start with (and I was too; we got that from both of our parents) and still ended up popping the button through, still ended up pulling the zipper down, still ended

up tugging my pants down my legs a little, so that between his nose and myself then bulged warm underwear.

“What-”

“Oh, c’mon, Luke... this is- is how it’s done, right?”

A shock of surprise jolted through me as a result of him leaning in and pressing his nose to that bulge. I realized that my protests would have more ground if - oh, I don’t know - if I wasn’t a little... *stiff*, so to say, but... my paws remained up, splayed-out, halfway to pushing him away, but just hovering there. I couldn’t do it. Along with the slight erection came a slight blush, and I stammered “Brendan, y - you’re drunk, what’re-”

“And you’re complaining...” His paws, about halfway down my legs in tugging down my pants, came back up. He hooked his claws in the waistband of my underwear and lifted lightly, though kept his nose against the steadily-growing bulge in front.

“S-so?” was just about all I could manage to get out. “That - doesn’t matter-”

“An’ that’s what I’m sayin’. I’m - drunk, I know, you know. It doesn’t matter.”

“You are my br-”

“Tschhh.” With a swift motion from his wrists, my underwear - boxer briefs; there’s a reason for the obvious bulge - followed the direction of my pants and slid down my legs, letting a mostly-hard upright cock spring up against my brother’s nose. Though I made an attempt to avert my eyes and again push him away, neither of which worked, I caught a good look at his face: quiet surprise, taste of enjoyment, more than a tinge of interest. He flicked his eyes up to me, and in them, I saw all of these focused at once. “Shh. I know.” One paw gently cupped my sack; the other came up along my shaft; his lips settled at the head of my cock. He inhaled. “Let me know how I do, okay?”

I - God, words failed me then when he flicked his tongue out over his lips - and thus my head as well - and started to move down on me. I just closed my eyes, let out the soft sigh of breath that I’d been holding, and after a moment placed my paw on the back of his head. It was really strange to look down and see, bobbing slowly up and down along my length, the muzzle of my goddamn *brother* - hell, I knew I shouldn’t be doing this; what would Mom say? Jesus Christ - but... I couldn’t find it in me to push him away. Call me a slut, whatever... besides, he seemed to be enjoying himself. It’d be rude to ask him to stop now, wouldn’t it?

Every now and then he’d open his eyes a little and peer up at me to see my face, my reaction, whatever. Neither Arkani nor Pan were really much for sucking cock themselves - which was fine; that made this a sort of... treat, almost, a rare occurrence. I guess I’d forgotten how it felt, or maybe Brendan was just a natural. I had to reach back and brace a paw against the table

behind me for balance, else I feared I'd fall over or crumple to my knees - and that just wouldn't be acceptable, would it? He was clearly turned on from all this, evidenced not only in how eagerly he bobbed on my cock but in the obvious tent in his own pants. He still ran one paw up and down my length as he sucked; a noise caused me to open my eyes again and look, and he'd moved the other to unbutton his own pants. My thoughts brought me back to if I fell to my knees, and my muzzle would be between his legs, and instead of his nose at the underside of my shaft, it'd be mine underneath his... I'd figure out the truth of that 'brothers have similar musk' rumor.

I'd always been certain that my brother was straight - for the most part, at least; this was only reinforced even now by his skill, or lack thereof, at giving a blowjob. Sometimes he took the phrase 'sucking cock' too seriously; sometimes one of his fangs grazed over the skin and made me arch my back; he'd try to deepthroat me, and just ended up gagging and coughing. Gotta give him a break, though, he was drunk, and as far as I knew, this was his first time. I'll repeat what I say before, though: maybe he was just a natural, because his lips, his tongue, the motions and actions of these still made my legs shaky, still caused me to inadvertently buck my hips forward and bite my lip, still easily drew up the hot electric sensation of pleasure like someone who'd had more experience.

With a bad blowjob, time seems to slow down. With a good one, you just kinda lose track of time, just kinda forget about everything other than the mouth wrapped around your length. Guess which one this was? I don't know when it started, but at some point my other paw came up off the table and held his head along with the other, and I thrust in and out against his bobbing. He shifted a little bit in working his own pants off, and soon brought his paw back up to cup my sack.

*Shit*, was the only thought in my head. I could feel the approaching orgasm, and I'm certain he could, too, in how my thrusting picked up strength and speed - he had to move his head back because I was pushing in too deep - and how my breathing also got a little heavier... each throb and twitch was answered with a swirl or flick of his tongue; each thrust in pressed against the back of his throat, each pull back slid over his warm lips and smooth tongue-

Brendan managed to come up off of my length just as I bucked forward, into a paw instead of a pair of lips; still, though, my cum spurted out onto his waiting tongue and upper lip, and streaked out over his cheek. I think he swallowed what I'd shot into his mouth - I don't know; I was too busy wiping sweat off my forehead and catching my breath. It was his little chuckle that caught my attention, followed by:

"So, Luke... I guess that means I wasn't too bad, mm?"

All I could get out in response was a "*haaahh*", and I plopped down on the couch beside him - only to have him push the table in front of us away with a foot and then nudge me closer to the edge. My eyes were naturally attracted to his hard length in his paw, about the same size as me but a little thicker, uncut as well. Damn nice.

"Wait, wait, wait-" he said, and swallowed. Bright teeth and brighter eyes grinned at me. "You don't... get a break. Wouldn'tcha say ya owe me, now?..."

"Brendan..."

"C'mon, Luke." The same paw that had tugged down my pants and had run up along my shaft lightly pushed me towards the ground. I obliged, and shifted down to my knees in front of him; he took a moment to slip one leg out of his pants and then spread his legs and slid down, so that his sack waited at the edge of the couch. Even though pretty much all sexual energy had burst from my body in those few spurts, he *was* my brother, and he *did* just suck me off... I guess I *did* owe him. I leaned forward and pressed my nose between the base of his shaft and his sack, breathing his scent. "Once you get down to it, it really isn't too bad..."

"What isn't?" I breathed, and moved up a little. He still slowly stroked himself, though moved his paw to make room for my nose and lips as I traced up the underside of his length. "Sucking a cock, or sucking *your* cock in particular? I-"

...my speech was cut off by a firm paw on the back of my head pulling me closer to him, much like what I often got from Arkani. So that's how it was going to be, then. The flame of interest and desire still definitely burned deep in me; I didn't have to force myself to run my tongue up along his length, didn't have to think about swirling it around in his foreskin before closing my lips around his head, didn't worry about my speed as I descended on him. Another good thing: down here there lingered only the scent of musk and arousal and Brendan, and none of the alcohol that hovered on his tickled my nose with each word or breath exhaled. I did him as he did me, casting half-closed eyes up at his muzzle, judging the light breaths that caught in his throat, the gentle little moans, the way he licked his lips or breathed out a sigh or sucked in a gasp.

'Better than your girlfriend?' I wanted to ask, but that just felt... I don't know. I closed my eyes again and focused on the contours of his shaft and how he reacted to different things, be it a flick of my tongue over his head or his underside, or a swirl, or a fast deepthroat or slow... his paw sometimes tightened on the back of my head or loosened, and once, he brought it down under my muzzle and scritchd my chin with a claw while I focused on the end of his cock. The interest was there, and slowly, my own arousal started to come back... it was just the whole thought of everything, of my goddamn *brother* holding my head down on his cock, of having him on my tongue and in my throat, of thinking that I just shoveled my nose up into the center of his musk earlier, that this was *his* shaft that throbbed in my paw instead of my own or someone else's...

Having a new partner *always* invigorated me like this. It was something that I'd (usually) done before, sure, but the person made all the difference: different heat, different mannerisms, different likes, different *scent*, different *taste*... this was no different, except for the whole 'brothers' thing.



He cast a pair of pleasure-drunk eyes at me when I stood and positioned myself over him, paws on the back of the couch, one knee on the cushion beside him with the other soon to follow. Brendan's paws fell to my hips and remained there, claws gently flexing and relaxing against my skin; I reached down behind myself and angled his cock toward my tailhole. Little shakes and shivers reverberated through my body - either because of nervousness or anticipation, I couldn't tell-

but Brendan noticed, grabbed my other paw, and squeezed it. A gentle smile lit up his muzzle; "Lukas," he purred, "things'll be okay." Were that the only thing he said, I'd have thought him sober.

Who knew exactly what thoughts were going through his head, then, as I moved my paws from the back of the couch to his shoulders and gently lowered myself onto him, feeling the familiar pressure of a hard cock followed by slight natural pain, discomfort mixed with pleasure of sitting back onto it. Maybe his were the same as mine, which consisted simply of *'is this really happening?'* accompanied by some number of possible future scenarios and fantasies. As it usually went with taking a cock under the tail, though, all of those silly things called 'thoughts' and 'worries' slowly turned to indeterminable mush, complete at about the time my rump settled back onto his hips. Then, all that existed in the world was him and myself, and this thrumming, energetic pleasure that pulsed between us.

He grinned a tired smile at me. "You okay?"

"Mhmm..."

"Well..." He lifted his paws from where they rested on my thighs and moved them behind his head. "You seem t' be enjoyin' yourself, so... I think I'll jus' let you continue."

Normally I'd laugh in response to that, especially given his totally relaxed body language after moving his paws, but... again, there wasn't much in my mind anymore. I gripped his shoulders and started to pull myself up - not directly up but forward a little as well, in the way that I'd found almost every guy enjoys, based on the gentle *'nnh'* or something of that sort that it draws out of them; Brendan let out a little shudder of breath, and then clenched his teeth and swallowed. Simply put, I didn't have the energy or patience to keep my eyes open and move slowly, and I'm pretty sure he was well-worked up enough too; I leaned forward, adjusted the position of my legs on the couch, came up about halfway along his length and then pushed back down, waiting to feel the lift from his hips when he'd hilted in me before coming back up again.

My mouth hung open, and through it came and went uneven breaths and the occasional light moan, like when Brendan pressed upwards into me while already as deep as he could be; like when I came up off of his cock and then sank right back down onto it, a little faster each time; like when he brought one of his paws down and closed it around my throbbing shaft, a little slick at the end from my earlier orgasm. I'd gotten a little impatient: I held onto his shoulders for

leverage while sliding up and down, up and down on him, keeping the little forward-and-back motions that he liked so much and that earned a similar response out of his hips underneath me.

His other paw returned to my thigh and put in a little bit of pressure, trying to hold me down so he could take over the thrusting; I let him (my legs were starting to get tired anyway). The couch offered little in the way of room for him to slide down out of me, so I just simply lifted myself up for him to thrust into - he did a few times, hard, and each time pushed a sweet moan out of me.

"Good?" was all that he said. A nod was all that I replied.

My eyes were closed so I couldn't see it, but I felt him move so that both paws were again on my hips, holding me where I was while he started to fuck me - not exactly *fast* at first but certainly not what I'd call *slowly*. He knew his wants, and those closely coincided with my own; whenever he lifted up into me a little further his motions were met with the reciprocal push down onto him, only further speeding things up.

I sure as hell didn't mind - when I reached down to stroke myself, the cum from earlier seemed to be a lot *more* than when Brendan had closed his paw around my shaft; a quick look revealed to me that... well... that I was drooling more than a bit of pre. That always happened whenever there was a thick cock under my tail, and as I said before, there was the *knowledge* of this being taboo, that quiet, wonderful excitement... I still held tightly onto Brendan's shoulder and bounced over him as he thrust in and out of me, causing the front of my shirt - which I'd forgotten I was wearing - to flap loosely against my chest. I took a moment to straighten up and tug it off impatiently, during which he smiled up at me and continued pounding me. I didn't know exactly when it happened, but at some point in time while I was on my knees with him on my tongue, I'd kicked my pants off as well...

He looked as if he wanted to say something, but a good, firm press down on him kept it from coming out. We moved together, him lifting his hips and thrusting upward with me pushing down onto him, or him lowering himself and sliding out while I came up a little... my paw shifted from his shoulder down to his chest first and then to his belly, feeling the tightening and relaxing of his muscles, thumb running over the little scar near his belly button that he'd gotten when he fell out of a tree at our grandma's house all those years ago.

I just sorta... let go. I stopped caring about whether Pan or Arkani upstairs would hear us, or more specifically, me: the little yips and sighs turned into louder moans and gasps, heavier breaths with deeper thrusts. Brendan had his eyes shut and mouth clenched, though hot breaths came and went through his nose; I dug my claws into his fur, panted, moaned a tense "*ah- Brendan-*"

-and he bucked up into me, hard, and started to unload deep into me at the same time I again shot out onto him, this time over my paw and the fur of his chest and belly. We remained there

for a moment, and then I slid forward off of him (which urged a weaker moan out of the two of us) and sat on him, panting.

“...Christ, Luke...” he purred, and smiled tiredly. I wiped my mouth. “You’ve got energy...”

“Yeah...” Well. I *had* energy; now, I was damn tired. I’ve never came twice in such a short span of time. The residual feeling, that familiar hot yet quiet pleasure that always came after an orgasm, tingled through my body and made my paws shake. “I can say the same about you.”

“I take it you’re - goin’ to bed, then?”

“Yeah.” Unsteady legs attempted to hold me up; after standing, I had to put a paw out against the table, as I had when Brendan had first started on me with his muzzle. “That was... that was fun.”

“Most fun we’ve had in a while,” he said, with a bright grin. “Eh, brother? ‘Ey - I have my stuff packed; if you’re up early tomorrow, y’ might be able to see me out...”

...God. This meant I’d head upstairs, drained in all senses of the word and thus too tired to deal with Arkani’s surely hard and waiting erection, and he’d ask why, and I’d have to explain all of this...