

Quiet music playing over the speakers, hardly audible beneath the rumbling of so many conversations and the ceaseless clatter of silverware against dishes, of glasses being set back down against smooth wood tables. Holland kept his eyes on his brother, bear-wolf's thick fingers clamped lightly around the buzzer that the receptionist had handed to him - *it'll be about fifteen or twenty minutes, is that okay?* she'd said, in that same pleasant voice that they certainly paid her to speak in. This brother of his, Beauxmont, had nodded once, then started to say something, and changed his mind and just nodded a second time.

That tension could still be seen in him, in how his ears flicked back and forth at any change in the sounds around them, and how he tapped his foot against the ground beneath the bench while they waited. If it was just waiting for their table at a restaurant, he had no real reason to be so nervous: the two of them had done this countless times before with their dads, and even so, this wouldn't be the first time they'd done so on their own anyway. For Christmas last semester, Beauxmont had treated Holland to his favorite restaurant for a private meal between the two of them, and he'd seemed nervous back then as well.

The sudden red lights inside that little black plastic thing and its loud buzzing startled both of them, though, and next thing he knew, they were being led back inside and down through the aisles between tables. Admittedly, Beaux's nervousness had started to leach into himself, as well, and halfway to their table Holland found himself glancing around the walls for the sign for the bathroom - but all of that fell out of his mind once he felt his brother's paw reach back and close around his, and looked forward to see that gentle smile on his face. That little embrace, that show of affection, held long enough for him to understand and then broke off before anyone else could see, in the muted dimness of the restaurant.

"What can I get you two started off with tonight?" their waiter asked them, before he'd even finished passing out the menus. "And are you two waiting for some dates to arrive, perhaps?"

Holland's heart jumped into his throat, and he froze up. He glanced over at Beaux-

"Ah," the bear-wolf started, and cleared his throat. "No, actually - just the two of us. And I think water would do fine... unless you want something, Holl?"

The other brother coughed, swallowed, and shook his head. "Um, no. Water is fine. Thank... thank you."

Those blue eyes... he could feel that gaze on him, even while he focused on the menu between his paws. The very same eyes that had looked upon him since they'd started rooming together in college, since they'd moved out of their dads' house, since they started treating each other as friends as well as brothers... the same gaze, the same look. Now, though, he knew what it meant, that look. Part of him hoped that Beauxmont could see his little smile, behind the raised menu and in the shadow of the lamp hanging overhead.

Beaux had been tense since they'd first left the dorm for here, since he'd read over the little letter that Holland had prepared for him. Such a confession... Holland had felt that nervousness so strongly on his own shoulders just an hour or so ago, waiting for his brother to come home to read that. Once he did so, there was only... only happiness, excitement, relief.

And then realistic worry and nervousness had started to set in. He knew that was part of why Beauxmont wanted to bring him here tonight, to talk things out with him. Holland, a little more

wolf as opposed to his brother's predominant bear, traced his sharper claws over the laminated menu, the words entering and then promptly leaving his mind without leaving any sort of impression in his thoughts. Nothing could really change their path right now, nothing other than-

"Holland..."

That voice from across the table made his ears perk, and all of a sudden, his thoughts focused on that one person.

"I really, *really* love you, and I want to know what you're thinking. This - this *thing* between you and I... you're worried about it, aren't you?"

The wolf-bear set the menu back down against the table, stiff edges clattering quietly against the folded-up silverware. Beaux was talking about Holland's desire (and his own acceptance, of course) to take their relationship one step further... one magnificently massive step further, from brothers to something more, something romantic. The thought had been in his own head for quite a while now, and after Beaux had read his confession, he'd learned that it had been in his brother's for at least as long as well.

"Honestly, I... I haven't had much time to think about it. Not - *seriously*, at least." He shrugged. "Was always just, like, a dream, you know? A far-off fantasy. Still kinda feels that way. Will be hard to get used to..."

"Yeah, well..." Beauxmont reached across the table and closed his paw on Holland's once more, warm fingers wrapping around his palm. That smile seemed to give off at least as much light and warmth as this lamp hanging above them. "It's real. You and I... heh, I guess I've never thought about it either. I guess we'll have to choose to whom we're *brothers* and to whom we're - we're *boyfriends*."

Even in that little hesitation, he could see that the idea had the same effect on his brother as it did on himself. That same kind of warm flutter in his chest, sweet tingling rippling down his spine and through his fingers and whiskers, the irresistible smile.

"What will we-" Holland coughed again and fell quiet as the waiter came back, a glass of ice water held in either paw. Beauxmont waved him off right as he reached for his notepad to take their order. "...What will we tell Dad, though? And Papa? Do you think they'll, um..."

"Be okay with it?" Beaux kept those eyes focused on him across the table, as he tilted his glass to his muzzle and took a sip. For a brief second, his pink tongue flicked out and caught the last drop off of his upper lip. "I mean. I can't imagine they'd be *too* upset. Might take them a while to get used to it, might be a bit of a shock at first... but, like, can you blame 'em?"

"I don't know." Holland flipped the menu over, then turned it right back over again once he realized the other side bore nothing but various kinds of alcohol. "I guess not."

"You know they said they'd love us no matter what. I'm pretty sure they were *expecting* each of us to chase after another guy - I mean, just looking at the two of them... I don't know, though." Beauxmont shrugged, and rested his menu to the side near the edge of the table. "I think I'll get the filet. What about you? Dad and Papa... see, I'd *like* to give some advice or some thought or

something, but hey. This is the first time I've been through something like this, too. So I don't know."

Holland swallowed. While waiting for Beaux to get back today, he may or may not have forgotten to eat... and nervousness like that was hard on the stomach, anyway. He was hungrier than he'd thought, especially now with smelling all of the delicious scents of the other customers' meals. There had been other things on his mind.

"What about everyone else?" Holland went on, claws pricking gently into the plastic of the menu. He had a tendency to do that when nervous. "Like - on campus, and our friends, and stuff? Pretty much everyone knows we're brothers, and..."

"Hey, hey, hey. We don't have to go all one hundred percent public about it right from the start. You know?" Beauxmont half-tilted his head, allowing that gentle smile to return. "It's just like coming out, but with something different. Test the waters first. Let your closest friends know, see what they think and say, maybe your parents... and then come to embrace it a little more openly, as time goes on. One step at a time."

"Yeah, I guess..." Holland leaned back in his chair, far enough for the wood to creak beneath his shifting weight. Beaux had mentioned the file, and now that he'd found it on the menu, it *did* sound pretty good - garlic butter topping, basil-and-olive-oil marinade, served with a side of mashed potatoes and green beans... "What about the - the faculty, though? You and I have both heard stories about teachers that gave kids bad grades just for being gay. Remember that whole thing with Dr. Immerstadt, three semesters ago?"

Beaux leaned in a little closer. "Remember what *happened* to Dr. Imbecile? He got fired - and arrested, I think - as soon as the kid came forward with the evidence that he was targeting *specifically* him, and *specifically* for that reason, too."

"Yeah, so they'll've wised up by now. It'll happen again - don't gimme that look, Beaux; you and I both know that that's true, in today's society - and this time, the teacher won't send an email shaming us for our interests."

"Word of mouth is evidence enough, I think. I see it, you see it, the other students see it. And if not - well, it's college. They can only fudge your grades so much before someone catches on that something's not quite right."

It made him feel damn nice, hearing Beauxmont forge ahead with such... *boldness* like this. Instead of dwelling on that tense nervousness from before, the bear-wolf looked like he just used it as fuel to maintain his momentum and keep on going. He'd always been like that.

Holland lifted his eyes and peered around the restaurant. Nobody else paid attention to their little conversation here, or even let on that they knew these two were there. That was the funny thing about coming out to eat: unless it's your birthday and the employees all march out clapping their paws and singing whatever dumb song, it's like you're locked away in your own little private bubble, right out in public. Where everyone can see you, but nobody bothers to look.

"And then, what about-" Holland swallowed again, and reached over to set his menu atop Beaux's at the edge of the table. "What about, um... well, you know there's other students on

campus that - wouldn't really take kindly to the idea. We have an anti-gay group that's allowed to stay because it identifies as a religious group."

"No, they're allowed to stay because their written goals have nothing to do with being anti-gay. It's just that *their* definition of 'family' that they're trying to protect is different from the definition of 'family' that society's leaning towards."

"Right. And as we saw with that one theatre kid the other semester..."

Beaux raised his paws in front of his chest. "Hey, hey. The university paper went to them because they were suspected in being behind the assault. Not only did the leader of the group not deny the accusations, but he just straight-up *refused to comment*. But let's not draw any hasty conclusions, right?"

With that, the two of them just looked at each other for a moment. Holland could see their waiter coming back around for another pass, across the restaurant near the bar.

This time it was Beauxmont who shifted his posture, and he did so simply so he could reach forward and give his brother's paw another squeeze. "Look. You're worried, Holl. I get it - I am too. If anything happens to us because of this, though? Well, it's morally wrong, sure. But it's also *legally* wrong, and we'll be protected on that. As for the idiots? - Well, I can handle them." He leaned in a little closer. "I'm not going to let anyone hurt you. Okay?"

Confident smile, low but strong voice, ears up... this was his *brother*. Holland had no reason to doubt him in the slightest.

So they placed their orders, and from there their conversation skewed into a different direction - which, honestly, Holland preferred. He didn't want to spend this night (this first date?) with his brother talking about all the things that made him nervous and uncomfortable, when he usually couldn't escape from those things in his own mind back on campus. Afterwards, he offered to split the bill with Beaux, but - knowing the bear-wolf across the table from him, tonight he left the restaurant with his wallet no lighter than it had been when he'd first walked in.

The two remained fairly quiet on the way back to the dorm, radio in the car playing the local '80s station that they both... *tolerated*, perhaps. It wasn't stuff they particularly enjoyed, but it was still better than everything else. However, the wolf-bear's mind strayed from that music and from the surroundings passing by outside the window, shadows black and violet in the deepening evening, about as soon as Beaux turned off of the highway near their dorm - since as he did, he dropped one paw from the wheel to his brother's thigh, halfway between his knee and his hip. And there it remained, fingers settling warmly into the fur and flesh beneath, thumb squeezing just enough to let him know that it was more than a touch of comfort and familiarity.

Just that touch was enough to ignite and send a sharp little shiver up Holland's back, one that reverberated through him and then centralized between his legs as - as a slight flame, a little burst of excitement. A reminder that this was something he'd thought about for so long, something that he'd fantasized of, something that he'd wanted... the sexual aspect was one part of it, and that was the main force driving him to place his own paw atop Beaux's and then bring that further up his thigh.

Beauxmont could tell, too. Holland knew that. First thing the bear-wolf did when they pulled up to their parking spot and got out was - well, Holland felt his back pop with the force that he was pushed back against the car, Beaux's mouth firmly against his. That paw moved from his thigh up to his hip, up under his shirt a little bit... and then from there around front to his soft belly, claws pressing into the fur and chub beneath it. Those fingers started to work their way down, down towards the waistband of his pants, already straining somewhat with his own interest (and, of course, with that very delicious dinner).

Holland squirmed out of the kiss, the edges of those claws tickling at his pubic fur beneath his pants. "Hey, Beaux, wait, wait - let's get inside first, okay?"

Hot puff of breath against his neck, followed by an equally-hot kiss... and that paw came up again and patted at his belly.

"Yeah, sorry, sorry... I just got a little excited." It took another few moments, but he soon untwined himself from his brother and held his paw out for him. "Can you blame me?"

Holland took that paw, and smiled. "Only if I blame myself, too."

On their way out earlier in the night, they had only held paws until they got down to the main lobby, and Holland had pulled away since he didn't want anyone else to see. This time, though, he steeled himself and squeezed on Beaux's paw once they walked through the double-doors into that main entrance room, and... the receptionist behind the desk glanced up at them, glanced down at their held paws, glanced up to their muzzles again... and then looked back down to her computer, a tired sigh on her lips. Long day, it sounded like. There were some others in the room that looked at the two, but they were in and out of the room and down the hall before he could dwell on it too much.

And once that was gone, the original thoughts that stirred in his mind (and abdomen) came rushing back. He found himself looking over at Beauxmont more and more, walking a little closer to him, keeping his muzzle tilted to the side so he was always within his brother's little aura, so that his so-familiar scent always tickled at his nose and his heart. Their paws came apart once more so the bear-wolf could reach into his pocket for his card, and he spent a few seconds getting the door open...

...and then before it had even had time to close behind the two of them, Holland found himself pulled by both wrists over towards Beaux's side of the dorm, bed still unmade with covers thrown to the side from when he'd gotten up in the morning.

"I want you to relax," the bear-wolf said, and turned Holland so his back faced the bed. A few more steps back, the *bump* of his ankle against the frame, him wobbling in losing his balance... and those paws settled against his hips, keeping him upright first. "Alright? Can you do that for me, Holl?"

He was excited. He couldn't deny that. This was a situation he'd never found himself in before: Beauxmont had always been the one to bring someone back to the dorm, had always been the one to gasp and moan and be led to his release by the muzzle, paw, rump, or something else of another visitor. Holland had never felt anything other than his own paw. That was another reason he'd expressed his concern to his brother in the parking lot: he wanted this to be something he would love to remember, and... in a campus dormitory parking lot?

It very much seemed that Beauxmont had this same want for him in mind, too. Those paws, warm and gentle, came up from his hips to his shoulders, to push his jacket off... and then remained there to settle the wolf-bear down against the bed, legs hanging off the edges. Holland could feel his heart beating in his chest and in his throat more forcibly in those couple of seconds than he ever had before, with Beauxmont dropping down to his knees in front of him.

Then, when he spoke, he could feel his brother's breath washing warmly over his belly, peeking out as it always did above his waistband. "Well? Can you do that for me?"

Holland brought his own paw to his maw and gnawed on a claw, eyes fixed rigidly on that muzzle between his legs. "Yeah. I think so."

"Let me know if I do anything that makes you uncomfortable. Just tell me if you want me to stop, or if you want to take a break, or..."

...and he trailed off, about as soon as his nose came in contact with the fly of Holland's pants. The wolf-bear sucked in a light breath at that contact, at the feeling of a muzzle right there where he'd expected and wanted it... and his body responded in turn, already-hard cock throbbing back against that nose.

All that rumbled in his mind: *I can't believe this is happening; I've thought of him doing this to me so many times before; and I've thought of me doing this to him so many times, too; God, I hope he likes how I smell; I hope I don't smell too strongly to him; I hope...*

Beaux let out a hungry panting breath, eyes coming open with his maw. Then, after another moment, he reached up to start at his brother's fly, button coming free with a relieving *pop*. Now Beaux pressed his nose into the squish of Holland's lower belly, pushing in against him, breathing in that scent unobstructed by his underwear with the line of thicker fur running down below his belly button.

*I hope I don't get too nervous. I hope I can stay hard, I hope I don't do something that will upset him, I hope-*

Tug of fingers around the elastic of his boxers, pulling them down past the tip of his cock, the shaft, the base, his sheath. Embarrassment washed over him, natural embarrassment for showing himself off like this - to his brother, no less. But of course Beauxmont didn't seem to mind: the bear-wolf took in the sight before him for another few seconds, tongue flicking out over his parted lips, and then - without another second of hesitation, he leaned in and dragged that tongue up along the underside of Holland's length, bringing another throb out of him.

That feeling... he tightened his fingers on the blankets beneath him and lifted his hips up a little bit, allowing Beauxmont to slide his pants and boxers down his thighs. Again and again that tongue touched and slid along his cock, warm and moist, each time making him twitch and throb again, each time revitalizing the fire that burned between his legs... it helped, too, to look down and see Beaux's face, desire mixed with satisfaction and hunger, eyes closed and lips parted. One paw came up to roll his sheath a little bit further back, and the bear-wolf focused his lips briefly against the space between Holland's knot and that supple skin, and - he couldn't help it: he shiver and let a moan out between gritted teeth.

"I can feel your heartbeat," Beauxmont said after a moment, each word tracing out across that sensitive flesh. "You're worked up, Holl."

The wolf-bear chewed on his claw again, and lifted his hips up to adjust his position. Beauxmont took this as an invitation, however, and tilted that cock towards his lips... "You don't say-"

Then, words failed him. Lips closed on his tip, tongue cupped along his underside, muzzle slowly, slowly diving down, surrounding him in that hot, wet pleasure. Sure, he was still nervous like nothing else, but - both his own musk wafting up against his nose, pent up all day, with his brother's right beneath it... that scent tickling at his nose turned some of that nervousness to excitement; the damn *feeling* of Beauxmont's muzzle sliding steadily along his length brought that desire in him out, caused his body to press forward of its own accord. He gripped at the mattress and thrust upward into that muzzle, deeply enjoying the feeling of lips squeezing around his base, and the pressure of Beaux's throat on the tip of his cock.

Honestly, it was everything he'd expected, and more. A little more pressure, a lot more *feeling*, all around. His eyes fluttered closed and he leaned back with his paws against the bed, hips repeatedly lifting up into Beauxmont's muzzle while the bear-wolf bobbed along him, one paw tight around his shaft in the same rhythm. With his brother and boyfriend sharing this dorm with him, and this whole relationship thing now official between them... well, he'd have plenty of time to live out his fantasies, one of the foremost being him getting drawn to orgasm just by the feeling of a muzzle pumping along his length-

But right before he really got into it, though, Beaux moved back, wiped his muzzle, and stood up. It took Holland a moment to catch his breath and then another to focus himself enough to realize what was happening, and by the time he rolled his head forward again and opened his eyes... the tip of Beauxmont's cock stared him right down, a drip of clear pre hanging off the underside of the rounded head.

"Don't do anything you're not comfortable with," Beaux went on, voice quiet. He had his pants around his thighs, paws holding the waist, eyes looking down over his own belly at his brother still sitting on the edge of the mattress. "We can go slow. Just do what you like..."

But of course it was damn hard to resist what he had right here in front of him. Holland's nose twitched with the heat and spice of his brother's musk, twirling around his muzzle, so rich and fresh right from the source; his own cock throbbed with the realization, again, that this *really was happening*, and that he was *so close*. If he could just... lean forward, and touch his tongue to that little bead of pre...

Salty, tangy, sticky. He had to swallow a few times before that feeling went away, and during this time, he kept his tongue against the underside of Beaux's length, just feeling his heat and weight, breathing in that scent even more strongly. It wasn't quite what he'd expected and imagined in his fantasies, but - *God*, it still made him squirm and sigh and swallow, all in a good way.

Once he wrapped his fingers around that cock and gave a few strokes... well, Beaux felt different from himself. Of course he did. Hanging shaft, cut, as opposed to his own sheathed canine equipment; he'd known that since they were kids, taking baths together and peeing in the woods side-by-side while camping. He just had never really expected to get this *close* to it, or to see it twitching beneath his paw with each heartbeat, throbbing with want. In his paw, in his

fingerpads, he could feel that heat of desire, the slick moisture from his musk and being pent up in those pants all day. Just a slow back-and-forth, back-and-forth, feeling how the skin tugged and pulled beneath his grip, watching how the flesh of his head stretched slightly with the motion, how Beaux churned his hips gently forward into that paw... whether it was that same nervousness that pounded in his chest now or desire instead, Holland felt acutely aware of it while he leaned forward and closed his lips around that head.

Rich musk, salty sweat, flat taste of raw skin... he closed his eyes and tried to mirror what Beauxmont had done to him, starting with slow, gentle bobbing right along the head, trying to pay attention to the bear-wolf's little noises and grunts but still feeling like he didn't know how to react accordingly. Every now and then Beaux would jerk back, or tighten his paw on Holland's ear, or suck in a light gasp, and he couldn't tell what it was - other than it certainly *wasn't* his teeth, kept firmly behind his lips against on brother's length.

And then, of course he couldn't take him into the back of his throat. He tried more than once, but each time, had to move back in response to his face scrunching up and the gag pulsing through his throat and muzzle. The taste of that cock clung to the back of his tongue, and lingered in his nose every time he came up for a breath; he could feel Beauxmont's arousal continue to climb, his eagerness showing in the force of his thrusts and the speed with which he pushed forward, both still palpably held back.

After a while, however, Holland moved back, swallowed down the slick mix of pre and saliva that had gathered on his tongue, wiped his mouth on the back of his paw... and looked up at Beauxmont, who met his gaze with equal fire and want. It didn't take any words, then, for Beaux to shuffle out of his pants and kick them to the side, and then to kneel down to do the same for Holland... and when he rose up again, he pressed their lips once more, sharing each of their tastes with the other, each breathing his own scent on his brother's lip. Holland, eyes closed, felt his balance pushed over, felt Beauxmont's weight bearing down on top of him, felt the soft cushion of the blankets and mattress against his back, felt that wet heat touching against his tailhole.

Beauxmont lifted out of the kiss, but kept his nose against Holland's. "I'll go slow. Alright? Again, let me know if you need me to stop, or go slower... I don't want to hurt you..."

All he gave in response was a nod, and a half-nervous swallow. Having those paws hold him tight throughout all of this had bolstered his confidence, as well as hearing Beaux's voice had. Holland kept his eyes closed, leaned his head back, lifted his legs up and wrapped them around the bear-wolf's lower body, settled against him... and felt the pressure of that first entrance, pushing against him, squeezing past his tight rim and into his flesh.

Certainly felt a damn lot different than the saliva-slickened finger or two he'd tried on himself up until this point. That force of pain came through a lot stronger, making him grit his teeth and press his head more firmly back against the blankets, but - beneath that, beneath that and the discomfort also pulsed the pleasure of being filled, wider and deeper than he'd felt before. Beauxmont also went slowly as he'd promised, blue eyes open and focusing on Holland's muzzle, slowing further whenever he saw a strain on that face, holding still until he let his breath out, sinking in just a little bit deeper, a little bit deeper.

And before he knew it, there was Beauxmont's weight against his lower abdomen, and the warmth of his hips against his rump as well as that twitching, pulsing pressure under his tail,



each heartbeat bringing with it another distant jolt of pain mixed with the heavy pleasure that made him squeeze, clench, and squirm around that cock.

"You doing okay?" Beauxmont panted. He'd kept his muzzle against Holland's, letting his breath out in low, shuddering sighs as he'd slid in, now getting a chance to catch up. Holland could feel the desire pulsing through his brother's body, could feel the strain in him trying to remain still, and... and of course he felt that desire himself, too.

"Yeah. I'm-" He swallowed and squirmed again, which result in himself pulling up off of Beauxmont's length a little bit and then sliding right back down, which in turn brought a shivering moan out of both brothers... "-I'm good... I want you to... to-"

Beauxmont silenced him with another kiss, punctuated by churn of his hips and grind up against the wolf-bear beneath him. "Yeah. I know."

With that, words between them died again. Beauxmont adjusted his posture, settling both paws against the bed on either side of Holland's shoulders while he started up a slow, careful rhythm in him, only pulling out so far before he pressed back in, ensuring that his brother became accustomed to his size. Holland hoped it wasn't - *that* obvious that this was his first time doing something like this, not counting how Beauxmont already knew. Really, the worry that stood out in the forefront of his mind was satisfying this bear-wolf on top of him, hips picking up speed and force in their rhythm against his rear.

With that careful slowness and his steady, deliberate rhythm, soon - thankfully - that pain faded almost entirely, only returning as a slight ghost whenever Beaux's lust got the better of him and caused him to thrust in a bit hard, or whenever Holland felt the same rush of confidence and squeezed his legs around his brother's lower body. The bear-wolf straightened up during his thrusting, upper legs resting against the side of the bed and his weight adding a little more momentum to the movement.

With all of that going on and his brother's lips repeatedly pressed against his own, tongues meeting and curling around one another between their muzzles, it didn't take long at all for Holland to find both the desire and the comfort to reach his paw down between the two of them and squeeze it around his cock, stroking in a rhythm a bit faster than the one with which Beaux fucked him. The bedframe creaked beneath that rhythm, far side *thump, thump, thumping* against the wall and probably into the neighboring dorm - but they'd never gotten a complaint about it for all the other times Beauxmont had brought someone home, so it was unlikely to happen now.

Though, from now on, that noise was likely to come around a lot more often.

In the past, Holland had never quite understand just *why* people moaned during sex... but, then again, he'd only had experience with himself. Now that he had Beaux pounding into him, weight on his chest and heat under his tail, now that he had all of that combined with the usual feeling of pawing himself off... he found his body squirming and arching, found his head stretched back with his maw open, breaths coming and going in rasping panting, each exhalation carrying the hint of a voiced moan on it. Faster, harder, heavier, his desire and energy growing and growing, building up... all of a sudden, a shudder rippled through him, and he scrambled to squeeze both his arms as well as legs around the bear-wolf on top of him, trying to pull him as deep into himself as he could.

And even though he'd taken his paw off of his shaft, the pleasure had still gone too far. Each thrust from Beaux sent another wave through him, another tight clenching - and next thing he knew, he was bucking up against his brother, shooting his load out in a few tight spurts across his belly and lower chest, squeezing on the bear-wolf as he continued to work at him. Exhausted breaths right on his lips, Beaux dove down to capture his breath and keep his muzzle against him while he worked himself up to that point as well, no longer holding back with his desire... and soon he, too, bucked and jerked against his brother, Holland able to feel each heavy throb in the rim of his tailhole. Each of their breaths rushed out through their noses across the other's muzzle, and when they broke the kiss and swallowed down the other's saliva, the next thing they did was dive right back in for another.

Need satisfied for now, the brothers remained entwined, taking the time to catch their breath and just enjoy the other's presence. Some of that nervousness remained pounding in Holland's chest, but... well, it was fast fading. The longer he looked upon Beaux's satisfied muzzle above him, the less he thought to worry about it.

Then, still without another word, Beauxmont slid out of his brother - with a gasp from both of them - and then flopped down onto the bed, one arm lazily draped over his chest. His voice was muffled by the blankets and pillow when he finally spoke, words dripping with that same exhausted satisfaction that Holland could feel tingling in his own body:

"You're sleeping in my bed tonight, right?"

His answer came without him having to spend a thought on it.

"Yeah. Yeah, sure."

"Okay..." Beauxmont rolled over onto his side, and tugged Holland towards him. The collar of his shirt was slightly damp with the sweat of his exertion. "Will have to bring the sheets down to laundry tomorrow..."

"We didn't - make *that* much of a mess."

"Yeah." Gentle nuzzle against his ear, followed by a kiss against his neck. "But by tomorrow morning, we *will* have."

Holland actually had a bit of a cramp from putting so much energy into that, so soon after a meal. He bumped his head on his brother's arm, stretched out behind him, and settled as closely as he could to him, both naked from the waist down. Would there be enough room in the shower for both of them...? Or - when would they be giving up these two separate beds, and just get one king size?

So much to think about, so much to look forward to. Maybe he was overblowing the worry a little bit.