

“Hey Ari, what about these?”

My ears perked at that voice, and for a moment, I had to spin around in place and try to find where he’d spoken from. That was the thing about big department stores like this: sure, they’re crazy spacious, but you’ve also got aisles upon aisles of clothing racks standing around in that space, and if you’re not quite tall enough to see over them...

“Wait, where you at? I can’t see you...”

“Where did *you* go?”

That time it sounded like he was a bit to my left. So I made my way to the end of the aisle, glanced around, headed off in that direction, then took another left... and promptly did not find who I was looking for. Since my stepdad knew a fair amount more than me in the way of fashion, I’d enlisted his help in finding something to wear to my concert this Friday... and after getting distracted with the cinnamon roll stand out in the main atrium of the mall, we’d found our way here, which had been our original goal.

Finally, though, I turned down another aisle and saw him standing there, his back to me and white paintbrush-tuft of a tail swaying idly behind him. Tall ears perked straight up, muzzle swishing back and forth as he looked in the clear *other* direction...

“Dad.”

A small jump - and he spun around to face me, big grin spreading the black fur at the tip of his muzzle. “Oh! There you are. Okay, I was thinking - what do you think about...” He spread his arms out, an assortment of ties hanging over them. “...these? Honestly, I’m partial to the pink - I think it’d go nice with your fur...”

Maned wolves, both of us; my fur the usual cinnamon-brown, his a bit more silvery. I’d like to say that maybe that came with age, but he was all of maybe twenty-two years older than me. Call him Dad since he’s more of a father to me than my actual father ever was; the first time I called him that to his face, his ears perked, his tail wagged, and he did one of the sweetest little smiles I’d ever seen... and the first time Mom heard me call him that, she did much the same.

After looking at my choices for a bit, I flung the pants we’d picked out over my shoulder and pointed to one hanging off his left arm. “That one.”

“What, the green? Really?”

“Matches my eyes!”

“It *complements* your eyes. Don’t they teach you anything in school?” With that, he picked off the pink, the green, and the bronze, and bunched the others up in his other paw. “Here, let’s head off to a changing room to see. There’s one... here somewhere...”

*Dad, Bryan, dude*, he responds to all of them. Another thing is that, since we’re the same species and also have the same sort of personality, most people can’t tell that we’re not *actually* related. I think Mom actually asked him if they’d met before, we’re so alike. Some... six years he

and Mom have been together now, three of those married, and I'd long since gotten used to his presence and his scent in the house. Was just another reminder of home, now.

After looking around a bit longer, I caught sight of the big *Dressing Room* sign over on the other wall, and pointed that way. "Over yonder."

"Good work. So - your concert is... Friday?"

"Yep!"

"And you'll be playing your bassoon."

I had to roll my eyes at that. Bryan knew very well which instrument I played, and he changed his guess every time he asked me about it just to mess with me. "Cello, Dad."

"Pretty much the same thing."

"Just like how that green *matches* my eyes?"

Hard to miss the sly grin he shot back my way, once we turned another corner out into the main walkway. Today was Tuesday, so out here at the mall we got both the lack of people from it being a weekday combined with the extra burst of customers from the early evening, which in total amount to a totally normal shopping experience. In contrast, we had a failing mall out in Twixton that had maybe three shops still in business, and just as many people wandering around at any given time.

"Oh - excuse me-" said the... receptionist... clerk lady? - sitting at the desk outside the dressing rooms, "only one to a room, please. One of you will have to wait."

Bryan and I looked at each other, my moss-green eyes to his sunshine-amber. He shrugged, and then looked back to the mink behind the counter. "Kid can't tie a tie. Can't let his dad in to help him out?"

She looked from me, to him, then back to me. "Kid? How old are you?"

"Eighteen." Though, honestly, I still tripped up every now and then and said seventeen. That usually hung around for a good two or three months after my birthday. "High school senior. For, like, another month."

My stepdad jerked a thumb in my direction. "His birthday's really late in the year."

After another moment, the mink rolled her eyes and shrugged. "Okay, fine. Be fast about it. It'll be on me if you two get caught. Store policy."

One stall still open, way at the end. Dressing rooms had that weird thing where they, like... insulated all the sound from outside, leaving them eerily quiet other than the rustling of clothes and, occasionally, the distant whispering of one of the other patron's earbuds, turned up way too dang high. Bryan held the door open for me, then *clicked* it shut and locked behind us.

It'd been a while since he and I had gone out clothes shopping, just the two of us. Last time had been for his and Mom's anniversary last year, which I think he'd totally forgotten until, like, two days before. Had to find an outfit and a gift, while she just thought that we were going out to see a movie or something. Mom had always been really ecstatic about the time we spend together.

And I think it really *is* more than the usual stepdad-stepson pair. He picks me up from school at least three times a week, and always treats me to ice cream right after and asks me about my day... then when we get home, he lets me do my homework but always offers his help ("*my undergrad major was math, remember!*"), and then has me help him start dinner 'til Mom gets home. That kind of thing.

Not counting how during the summer and weekends, he likes to come into my room and play my Xbox while I'm on the computer right next to it. Time can really get away from you when you're doing that, and not so rarely, he's fallen asleep right at the foot of my bed... or, hell, right on top of it.

I've spent more than one night with dad snoring in my ear.

"Alright," he set, setting the ties down into a stack on the bench. "We've got these, your pants, your jacket, your undershirt... anything else? Are you wearing underwear today?"

While tugging my shirt up off my arms, I momentarily lost my balance - but Bryan caught me, fingers warm against my lower back. "Yeah," I said, ears taking a moment to flick back into place once I'd gotten it off. "The bright orange boxer briefs. In case you wanted to know."

"I did not," and he took my shirt from my paws, "but thank you."

"You *also* said that these complement my eyes."

"And they do! Pops of color like that really go well with earth tones, like green and brown. And you've got both of those on you." He took a step back, and placed his paws on his hips while I started at the fly of my pants. "If - when - a girl gets to see that part of you, first thing she'll think - *oh, he looks good...*"

Cool breeze of the store's AC stirring through the short fur along my upper thighs and near the base of my tail, jeans pulled halfway down to my knees. I glanced over towards the full-body mirror set up against the other wall, showing my stepdad's back and his tail still slowly swaying behind him; maybe he hadn't caught the slight stiffening in my body as a result of him saying that. That was something we hadn't yet spoken about, though I'd been trying to work up the courage to do so. And, honestly, the person that gave me the most confidence in that regard...

His lips pursed, and he shrugged. "Or, a boy, I guess."

For a moment, there was silence. Then, just more rustling as I finished with my pants, and stepped out of them... then turned around and faced the mirror. Bryan smiled down at me, amber eyes briefly flicking over my body. Cinnamon-brown fur turning to whipped cream-white at my belly, dark chocolate gloves and socks... and then, as he'd said, that bright pop of orange underwear, squeezing comfortably around my groin. When I looked up at him, his ears perked, and he glanced away for a half second.

“Um. You... can put on your own pants, right?”

“Yes, Dad.”

“And your shirt?”

“Yes, Dad.”

He held his paws out, chosen ties still hanging from one of them. “Well, get to it, then. It’s a bit narcissistic to admire your own reflection for so long.”

This time, it was *my* turn to throw a sly grin his way. “Hey, I’m just putting on a show for the appreciative audience.”

Jest as that might have been, you’d have to be oblivious to miss the little tensing in his lips, the twitch of his whiskers, the way his eyes widened just slightly. When I said that Bryan gave me confidence... well, I think I did the same for him, just in a bit of a different matter. Wasn’t exactly *obvious* until after I’d spent a lot of time with him and could start to pick apart his different mannerisms, but... he looked at me, he smiled at me, a lot of the same ways he did for Mom. He certainly wasn’t shy in touching me, either: like just before when he’d caught me after I’d lost my balance, and even now where he lightly held my waist, as I wriggled the white button-up shirt down onto my arms.

Was it a stretch? Sure. It one hundred percent was. What kind of man finds himself as attracted to his step-son as he is to his wife? Bryan *did* seem like the kind of guy who had broad horizons in terms of sexual interests - not in *that* way, mind you, but just in his slight lisp, in his appreciation of colors, his high-ish voice, how he and Mom had installed a lock on the top drawer of his nightstand after he moved in... just little things like that. But do I judge him for it, do I hate him for it? No. I do not.

And I think he knows that, too. After turning back around and doing the buttons up to my collar, I perked my ears and half-tilted my muzzle his way - “Hey, help me out with the tie, now?”

I guess he’d been thinking of something else, too. It took him a second to respond. “Oh. Which one?”

“Um... pink.”

“Okay... here we go...”

I’d noticed about halfway through my junior year at school, but he’d at least had the decency to not make a move on a minor. Even now the signs were few and subtle, and it very well might just be my own imagination; the tip of his tail swishing gently against the back of my ankle once he’d gotten into place behind me, the prickling of his claws in the fur of my neck once he swung the tie around, his breath against the side of my muzzle while he worked at it from behind me...

...admittedly... all ignited little shivers in the base of my spine, the same sort you get when someone drags their claws down along your back. As if I hadn’t already spent enough time my sophomore year wondering and worrying about how I was attracted to guys as well as girls, as

of about three months ago I also had to start dealing with the thoughts, the considerations that - *well, I think Bryan's attracted to me... and I think I'm attracted to him, too.*

He had his wrists braced against my shoulders near my neck while he worked, his slightly-heavier male scent spiced with cologne tickling at my nose from behind, every soft exhalation of breath just making me straighten up a little further. Before I knew it, though, he'd finished the knot, and placed those paws firmly on my shoulders to turn me to face him - but my mind, still focused literally everywhere else, refused to come back. I could only scratch my other elbow and avoid eye contact.

Of course my stepdad noticed this, and the smile fell from his face. "Hey, everything okay, Ari? Today's ice cream not sitting quite right?"

I shook my head, and shrugged. "Does it - look okay?"

He released his paws from my shoulders, mirrored my shrug, and then placed them right back against my waist, sending yet another electric jolt through my body. I'd be lying if I said my heart hadn't picked up when he'd locked that dressing room door behind us. "Well, yeah, it looks okay. Not as good as I thought since you've got... all of this..." Now, he brushed his claws over my shirt. "...white all over you. You sure y'can't, like, go up on stage shirtless, but still wearing this tie?"

See? And who the hell would say that to their-? This time I shook my head again, swallowed, and stood up a little straighter. I had a tendency to overthink things, and now that my mind had set itself to the subject, it wouldn't leave: flash after flash of thoughts I'd had about him, of the time he grabbed my wrist when we were leaving the bookstore, of how he always hugged me when he picked me up from school, how he wasn't afraid to wander into the bathroom while I was taking a shower...

...about that one wet dream I may or may not have had about him where I looked up and saw those bright orange eyes above me, felt his paws on my shoulders, smelled his scent rich on the air in front of me, and rhythmically lurched forward and back, forward and back beneath his thrusting... or the fantasy I may or may not have indulged in when he and Mom were both out to dinner that one night, when I first discovered how damn *liberating* it felt to finally give in to something like that without any worry or anxiety - but of course these things came back right as I was catching my breath right after, though.

"Hey," I said, before I could stop myself. Bryan's ears perked again. "Could you... could you help me get these pants off?"

Worst case scenario, he takes it as a joke and we go from there, crisis avoided. Best case scenario, he understands what I'm trying to say and... and what? What happens then?"

First, a smile - a joke; he shook his head and let that characteristic grin return to his muzzle. "I thought you said you could do it yourself. Done already? You know it's hard to find pants in your dimensions, with the right leg length to the waist size..."

"Yeah. I'm sure."

So he patted my shoulder and then knelt down before me, allowing me to come face-to-face with myself in the full mirror behind him. Tall ears sprawled down, eyes unfocused, rosy blush visible beneath the dark fur of my cheeks... I'm sure that if he touched me anywhere, he'd be able to feel my pulse and could tell that something was up. Hell, just the touch of his fingers against my lower belly made me jump again, and of course elicited a *different* sort of reaction in that general part of my body.

At *that* distance, with his muzzle so close to my groin... well, there'd be no way for him to miss what was going through my head right now. Maybe this was a bad idea. Bryan popped the button and zipper of my fly and started to slide my pants down my legs, making me tense up even more; I guess I still had time to grab his shoulder and push him away, or to tell him that, yeah, my stomach's not feeling good, can we go home-

But, then, he stopped, paws and pants halfway down my thighs. I'd felt his wrist press into me when he'd been working at my fly, and thus also knew that he could feel my own slight stiffening as a result of my own thoughts; and now when I looked down at him, his nose and whiskers twitched just a little bit, just enough to show that he was tasting the air, figuring out what it was that tickled at his nostrils from just two inches away...

...and then his eyes met mine, and I could do nothing but hold that gaze for a moment. Seemed like my heart pounded loud enough for both of us and everyone else currently in the dressing rooms to hear, and seeing my stepdad down on his knees so close to the focus of my worry just made things worse. The look on his face, how he had his lips pursed forward and how his tail remained stock-still behind him... maybe I'd been wrong in everything. Maybe it *had* just been my imagination.

And then, much to my surprise, he closed the distance between his muzzle and my body, touching his warm nose to the fur and skin of my lower belly beneath my belly button. The pressure of that caused my skin to smooth down a little bit, showing a shallow valley that disappeared beneath the elastic of my underwear... and the older maned wolf drew in a slow, steady breath through his nose, tasting my scent straight from the source, letting it in turn course down through his own body, shiver, leave in his own shuddering exhalation that tickled down across the tip of my cock beneath my underwear.

That as all of the verification I needed. I could feel my nervousness melt out of my body, quickened further as he settled his paws on my waist, letting my pants drop the rest of the way down to my ankles, and then traced his muzzle down and nuzzled up against my bulge beneath the tight fabric of those boxer-briefs. Feeling of a nose, a pair of lips, pressing up against and rubbing along the side of my sack and sheath. Strangest sensation, looking down and seeing my stepdad's muzzle doing that work, seeing the interest and desire mirrored in his own eyes when he half-opened them and looked back up at me.

"I thought you'd never ask," he breathed, words washing warmly through the fabric. Those fingers and claws hooked beneath the elastic.

"I didn't."

"Then I will." When he licked his lips, I could feel the heat and moisture of his tongue flicking out and briefly touching against me. We both kept our voices down, for fear of being overheard by the others in the rooms. "May I?"

The slightest of nods - and his grip tightened on that waistband and tugged my underwear down as well, finally bringing into view my sack and sheath, and first inch or so of my shaft that had been worked out of the slick, supple skin. Bryan remained where he was for a few seconds longer, just... *looking*, nose still twitching with the sudden wave of musk and scent, broad pink tongue coming out to lap over his lips. The way he reacted, the way his tail started to wag behind him... oh, this wouldn't be the *first* time he'd thought about me like this. Couldn't be.

Natural escalation of events. First he licked those lips; then he leaned in and curled that tongue up beneath my sack, hefting my balls against his lips; then he dragged that tongue up, up along the front of my sheath, over the lip, across the contoured underside of my length, and coaxed that out a little further as he went. This was one of those things where it all felt a bit surreal and distant, like I was in a dream - but sure enough these sensations were real. No denying that.

"Dad-" I panted - and then found that the word felt weird, moaned out in a context like this with his lips just now settling around the tapered tip of my cock. My paw set itself to the back of his head just as his came up to cup my sack, still slightly moist from that lick; he squeezed and rubbed, carefully and gently, while he worked his lips and tongues over and along my cock, just barely beneath the rim of my sheath. That was a sensation I'd felt before, but with *him* doing it - *God*, every time he curled his tongue beneath the supple skin and deeper into my flesh, I had to resist the urge to part my lips and let out a huff of breath.

Every noise felt and sounded magnified tenfold in the silence of the dressing rooms - if I strained my ears I think I could hear the breathing of the person in the stall next to us. As Dad continued to rub and squeeze and stroke and bob his head along my quickly-growing length, I found I had to reach back and brace an arm against the stall wall behind me for balance: every time he came back up and swirled his tongue around my tip, a shiver of weakness shot through my legs and left my body as yet another sigh of pleasure.

Mark another thing off the list for "suspicions about Bryan"; one of the other cellists in my orchestra had gone down on me in the school bathroom after a concert last semester, and where *he'd* had no prior experience with a dick in his mouth, I could tell without a doubt that my stepdad had plenty. Didn't take him long to find the little places and things that made me squirm and gasp and thrust, and he rather quickly got me to my full length with the slight bulge of my unswollen knot lifting the skin of my sheath.

Once he got there, though, he moved back, swallowed down my slickness and pre, licked his lips... then straightened up and leaned in over me, arm outstretched over my shoulder against the wall, muzzle close to mine, breath strongly carrying my own musk. That was a scent that I'd gotten well-acquainted with (I'm a teenage boy, the fuck do you expect?), and being able to pick it up so easily on his fur and his breath... well, when he traced his other paw up between my legs, it felt only natural for me to grab his wrist, hold it down against myself, and grind against it.

All the while we maintained eye contact, mine flicking half-nervously back and forth between his. Again that tongue flicked out over his lips to catch a stray drip of pre or saliva, and he started to lean in again... and I swear to God, I thought he was about to kiss me. I thought he was going to shove his lips against mine and slide his tongue into my throat, share my taste with myself. Part of me wanted that - about six and a half inches of me, that is - but instead, his whiskers brushed across mine, he settled his lips and teeth against my neck through my shirt just firmly

enough to send yet another shiver through my body... and the next noise to catch my ears was that of his own belt and pants, rattling out in the silence.

Wasn't a kiss, wasn't a bite that he left against my neck there. Instead he kept it somewhere in between, fangs pricking into my skin again and again and again with his lips pursing and pressing right after, a repeated sensation of tense electric shiver paired with smooth, gentle relief. Could feel his body against mine, the buckle of his belt tapping against my lower belly once he'd gotten it undone, the tickle of his pants flap once he'd opened his fly... and then the weight and warmth of *him* against *me*, sheath and sack and cock.

In contrast to myself, though, he still only showed that tip - and right as I tilted my head down to get my first good look at him (though briefly lost myself in the sudden wave of fresh new musk, so similar to his natural scent and so different at the same time), he squeezed that paw around the base of my length and tilted me down, down towards his tip. Because of our slight height difference, he unhooked his jaw from my shoulder and had to work his hips back at an angle, but then... oh, God, *then-*

Bryan could sense the little hitch in my breath that came on right as he started to slide the tip of my cock up against his own, and dig it down beneath the skin of his own sheath like his tongue had done to mine a moment earlier. To prevent that from being *too* loud, he clamped a paw down against my mouth and pushed my head back against the stall wall with a padded *thump*, once more staring into my eyes. Same eyes that smiled at me every time he picked me up from school, same eyes that laughed whenever I told him that he had to be at least twenty years older if he wanted to get rocky road ice cream, classic middle-aged dad flavor... same eyes that reflected the light of the screen whenever we stayed up late on summer nights playing video games in the same room.

And the scent that wafted up off that paw, so familiar to me as, just... as Dad's smell. Was damn strange to have that right in my nose on top of my own arousal and *his* to go with it, but - it all just kind of flickered and fizzed into place, what with the more forward sensation of his sheath skin sliding back and squeezing on my length as he continued to lean forward against me. Part of me thought, that *can't* be entirely pleasurable to him - and sure enough when I found the strength to open my eyes, he showed a bit of tension on his muzzle, some manner of concentration and force.

Then his eyes opened once more, caught mine, and in a brief half-second he'd satisfied that other want of mine. My stepdad's lips, still warm and wet, firm against my own... and then that tongue I'd felt against my sack, my sheath, my cock, soon joined them against mine, and curled deeper into my maw just as he pressed my own cock further into his sheath.

This stall wall creaked beneath both of our weight leaning against it, one of my paws on Bryan's shoulder with the other down at his waist, fingers tracing into parts of him that I'd never before seen nor touched. After bringing me about half my length inside his sheath - I was surprised he'd even gotten *that* far - he stayed there for a moment and then started to shift his hips back, his own saliva as well as my pre and the natural slick stickiness of the interior of his sheath providing more than enough in the way of lubrication

This was a sensation entirely separate from a rump or a muzzle or a pussy squeezing and clenching around me. It was, like... drier, but not in a *bad* way. The kind of dry you get when a canid drags their tongue up across yours, with that characteristic grab and tug from the smooth

flesh. The kind of dry that squeezed warmly on my length and made me shiver and moan into his mouth; there was slickness, definitely, there was warm wet slickness that squished out every time he settled his body forward against mine, and squeezed his paw around the end of his sheath to keep me buried inside it.

My stepdad's lips broke from mine and he once more set his teeth against my neck, hips working against me, mine working right back against his. Now I had not only my own musk, but his saliva and his scent on my upper lip as well - and, *God*, did I want to feel him beneath my tail. Wanted to live out that fantasy I'd indulged. I could feel his cock twitching and throbbing against mine, kept captive inside his sheath pinched shut around my length; whether the extra slick pre that kept me lubed was mine or his, I couldn't tell. Either way, I hoped he'd let me on my knees to clean it up.

*Click* and rattle of the stall beside us opening, causing both of us to stiffen up (not in *that* way) and stay still, until the footsteps turn from audible on the tile floor in the dressing rooms to less so along the carpet outside; "*Thank you*" said that mink, "*have a nice day*" replied the customer... and then Bryan got right back to work, now moving his paw in rhythm with his thrusting against me. That movement itself was also a strange feeling, him moving forward against me but drawing me into *him*, his cock twitching against my own, bringing me closer and closer just on merit of the heat, the wetness, the pressure and stroking.

Even more conscious of noise after that person had left the stall, I brought my arms up around Bryan's back and yanked him closer to me, just so I could bury my muzzle in the fur of his neck and let out a tense, needy moan. His breath had picked up as well, puffing out across my back - hopefully those teeth of his hadn't pierced through the fabric of this shirt. That would be an odd thing to have to explain to the clerk checking us out, as well as Mom once we got home.

Bryan - my stepdad and I... more closely intertwined than any girlfriend or past fling I'd had, his teeth on my shoulder, my nose in his neck, my shaft buried a good four inches deep in the flesh of his sheath and body. He'd stopped moving his hips now and just drew his sheath back and forth, back and forth, paw moving fast and hard as if he were pawing one - or both - of us off. Hell, I guess in a way he *was*, and he'd also already gotten me close. I couldn't help but grind and thrust back against him, couldn't help but strain my lips against his neck, reciprocate that gentle bite into his fur and skin-

-and then squeeze my paws around his body and buck fiercely into his sheath, each thrust forward causing me to thump right back against the dressing room stall afterwards. The pressure inside his sheath quickly built up, and soon I could feel my own load spurting back out into my pubic fur and down my sack, squeezed out of his ballooned sheath. Shuddering breaths, shivering body, sweet pleasure of release... like I said I would, right after I could find the strength to think somewhat clearly, I dropped to my knees, moved my stepdad a step or so back in front of my muzzle, leaned in... breathed in his scent, so rich and tainted with my own, and curled my tongue into that stretched sheath to clean out my own mess.

His paw settled on the back of my head while I worked, my whiskers and lips tensing with the bittersweet saltiness of my cum, and the stronger, more forceful masculine spice of his own musk. Having me fuck his sheath had of course worked him up a little further, and the attention of my muzzle on him did little to reverse that - and within another few seconds I found myself in a position I'd hardly dared imagine before, with my stepfather's twitching cock between my lips.

Oh, how I wanted to rub at his sheath and balls and bob along that length, to bring him to his own orgasm and drink down his load... but before I could really get to work, his paw tightened on my shoulder, and he pulled me up.

"Not now," he hissed - but then planted another kiss against my lips. This time his tongue dug in to help me with my mess, still warm and sticky in my maw. "We have to get you home."

So I got undressed (with his help, naturally) and back into my own clothes (also with his help), and then we both took a moment just to catch our breath and gather our thoughts... and try not to worry too much about the pervading scent of sex and cum that hovered around in our stall. Whether any of the customers in the other three stalls had left or not, I hadn't the slightest idea. My mind was a little preoccupied.

My legs were a little bit weak on the way out, and at one point Bryan had to catch me and hold me up... and right as we stepped out of the hall and into the main area of the store, that mink at the counter caught us. Once more my heart jumped up.

"I thought I told you to be fast!" she growled, leaning in over her desk. I naturally leaned back, hoping she wouldn't be able to smell my dad on me, or on my lips or breath. That might be a problem once we get home. "You took twenty-five minutes! How do you take that long trying on a single outfit?"

Of course my mind went blank. I never did well under pressure. Bryan, however, cleared his throat, rested his arm around my shoulder...

"Turns out I don't know how to tie a knot too well, either. Got it stuck on him for about ten minutes, and then the same thing happened when we tried on the other tie. Won't happen again, promise."

"You bet it won't! Now am I going to ring you up or not?"

Didn't even cast another look at the green tie. Dad kept his paw on my shoulder throughout the rest of that and partially on the way out of the store, and when he did drop it, he made sure to trace his claws down my back and prick gently at the waistband of my pants... and I looked up at him, and he winked back at me.

Then, he cleared his throat. "How about we, um... go get ice cream again? My treat."

Normally I didn't like mint, but I felt like I needed *something* like that to solve my breath problem.

"Sounds good, Dad."