

Dogs have a way of telling you when they want something. To go with this, Liam - husky, high schooler, strict bottom - always made sure to let *his* boyfriend know when he wanted, and usually that boyfriend of his could figure out what, exactly, that was, given Liam's movements and position. His boyfriend, also a husky and often mistaken for his brother due to their similar appearance - except Liam's eyes were blue in contrast to the olive-green of Eric's, his boyfriend - often came over after school to, as he told the blue-eyed husky's mother, 'help him with his homework'.

That was partially true. Sometimes. Whenever he stepped through the door, usually there were more urgent things to take care of than homework, especially when Liam answered it wearing just his underwear or less. They were both fairly certain that Liam's mother knew about what the two *really* did between the time when they got home from school and she returned from work, but honestly, she didn't seem to care as long as her son kept his grades up. In fact, sometimes she even asked Eric to stay the night when he was packing up to go home; most of the time, he accepted this offer, and gladly too.

Liam enjoyed sleeping with Eric. The green-eyed husky had always been a remarkably heavy sleeper, and as such, if Liam were to awaken in the middle of the night with an annoying complication between his legs... well, it wasn't hard at all for him to slide down under the covers, press his nose up against his boyfriend's sack - God, and at night beneath heavy blankets, his scent, his musk gathered and concentrated there - and then move up, teasing his length out with his fingers and tongue... and then he could relieve *both* of their problems, with Eric awakening halfway through only sometimes.

Sometimes it was the other way around, with Liam suddenly waking up at three AM with his hard cock six inches past his boyfriend's lips, kept from going deeper only by his swollen knot; once or twice he'd woken up just as Eric hiked his rear into the air and pressed his tongue to his tailhole, nose against the underside of his sack; and then one time he thought he was having a wet dream - and maybe he was - about the other husky grinding against him under his tail, so he pressed back... and soon woke up with Eric's hot, heavy breaths in his ear while he let out raucous panting of his own, brought on by his boyfriend's pounding into him.

As senior year drew to a close, the two actually *did* spend more time studying than fucking for once; still, however, each one every now and then tired of memorizing history dates and the names of riots, formulas for calculus and physics, chemical equations and formulas and whatever, and closed their book to creep over to the other, nuzzle up between his legs underneath the desk - for Liam had two, one inherited from his brother after he moved out - and then give him a little bit of relief. Eric liked to say that he hated it whenever Liam did that because he'd have to read the whole chapter over again, but... well, the multiple spurts of cum onto his tongue along with the paw on the back of his head told him how he *really* felt about it.

Eric also seemed to have an interesting habit of drinking water as he studied, pausing to do so after answering a question on his homework or finishing reading a section in a chapter. Because of this, he often had to run downstairs to fill up his water bottle - a big twenty-ounce metal one -

at least twice whenever he came over to study, and then had to go to the bathroom a few times before he left. They'd been together since sophomore year; it took Liam that long to work up the courage to one day follow him into the bathroom, kneel down in the bathtub, and open his mouth, tongue flopped out.

*That* was how he let Eric know that he was thirsty for a particular sort of drink. The first time Liam had done that, the green-eyed husky had boned up at the sight and couldn't do what he came to - so his boyfriend took care of his problem and, cock still between his lips from the blowjob, nodded to Eric to signal him to relieve himself in another way. This being both of their first times, the taste surprised Liam and he had to pull back and splutter a little, though he certainly enjoyed it - Eric continued emptying his bladder onto his muzzle and chest, staining not only the white parts of his fur but also the clothing that he still wore. Liam unzipped his pants and pawed off as he did so, using the hot liquid as a lube, and finished just a few moments after the stream had dwindled and disappeared.

When Liam wanted a drink of sorts, or a shower of sorts, he'd go and kneel in the bathtub with his mouth open and tongue out; when he wanted to swallow down his boyfriend's load, he'd get between his legs and press his nose into the bulge of his pants; when he wanted a nice, slow fuck, he'd lie naked on his back on the bed; when he wanted a good, hard railing, he'd wait on his paws and knees anywhere with space enough to allow him to do so. Eric had his own signs, too: sometimes he'd say "I have to pee," step towards the door, wait, turn back, and then finish with "come on, Liam"; other times he'd swing his legs around, unbutton and unzip his pants, pull his underwear down past his sheath and sack, and point a single finger down; sometimes when Liam was lying belly-down on his bed studying, he'd come up behind him, tug his pants down, and first slip a tongue under his tail, to be followed by a hard cock (which was exactly why the blue-eyed husky studied like that so often); and then, rarely (though they both loved it when he did this), he'd strip Liam out of all of his clothes, sit back in the chair by the desk, and lower him into his lap facing him, so that he could suck him off as he rode.

There was one day, however, when they tried something that even *they* had never done before. Liam was on his bed reading and Eric sat at the computer finishing his online physics homework; soft music played over the speakers, a favorite of both dogs; outside it was a pleasant spring day, the sun gradually sinking closer to the horizon and wind playing through the full branches of trees. The back lawn hadn't been mowed in a while, which Liam planned to do later, and besides, Eric would have to leave in a while to help his grandmother do something at her place.

Sometimes, the nicest days were those spent in the quiet vicinity of a lover - the slow, sleepy days, where the air feels infused with pleasant warmth and contentedness. Today, the only sounds Liam heard were whatever music was playing, the occasionally whirring of the wind outside if it picked up, and Eric whenever he took a drink from his water bottle. The cap of it was grey and orange rubber, his two favorite colors. Liam had been fiddling with his position for a while now, because - honestly - he couldn't take being so close to Eric without touching or smelling him, and the thought of doing so had gradually driven him wild. Hell, he could feel the

little pool of pre that had soaked through his shirt from the thought of having a heavy sheath on his nose, of having six and a half inches of husky beneath his tail...

"Liam."

He looked up from... well, whatever it was he was reading - he hadn't been paying attention to the words since two minutes after he'd opened the book. "Hmm?"

Eric had swiveled in his chair to face him, and now grinned at him. "You're hard, aren't you?"

"...What?"

"I've been watching you for a few minutes - you didn't even notice. You were probably too absorbed in that book - or your thoughts, rather. So, tell me: are you?"

"...Maybe..."

"Ah. Fine." The other husky stood and extended a paw. "Here, c'mon."

Liam set his book down, not even bothering to mark the page, and reached up to take it. "Where are we going?"

"Bathroom."

"Hon, I'm not thirsty for once..." ...though he'd never turn down a good, warm shower. Usually he let Eric mark him nude, but every now and then he liked to keep his clothes on, to feel the cling of soaked fabric on his just-as-soaked fur, and to have the scent waft up into his nose stronger. Eric hated the smell of piss, however, and refused to fuck him - which was usually all Liam wanted after receiving a bladder's worth of it all over his front - until after he'd showered, but then fucked him against the wall in the shower anyway.

Eric looked back at him as he led him down the hall. "Start undressing, sweetie. I don't plan to give you a drink - I wanna try something new today."

Liam entered the bathroom first as he was tugging his shirt off; meanwhile, Eric flicked on the light. Liam fiddled with the button and zipper of his pants, kicked them off, slid his underwear down too - just as he'd thought: a little spot of moisture had soaked through his underwear *and* his shirt at the tip of his length - and then turned around, only to be pushed down to his knees by Eric's paw...

...and then was met with a plump sack and sheath an inch and a half from his nose. He could smell the husky's musk of being held in tight pants all day, as well as the faint difference in that scent when Eric was pent up - it'd been two days since they last did anything. Eric tended to get more dominant than usual whenever that happened. Hell, Liam didn't need any more

convincing, though: he leaned forward, pressed his nose into the warm fur of that sack, drew it up along the side of his sheath, then lightly took that sheath in his paw so he could slip his tongue into it and urge out the veined cock it hid.

As he worked, Eric's paw lowered to his head and held him in place. Liam gently massaged the base of the sheath with his own paw as he swirled his tongue around first the revealed tip, reddish-pink in color, then flicked it around the shaft as it grew - and it filled his mouth and nose with the taste he loved, the taste of Eric's desire and arousal. Soon there was enough for him to begin bobbing up and down on, and he did so slowly at first, eventually dropping his paw and opening his eyes to look up at his boyfriend.

Eyes closed, mouth half-open, hips gently rocking forward and back opposite to the movements of Liam's head. He kept the cock cupped in his tongue and tight between his lips, feeling the contours and curves, the veins, the little twitches with each jet of salty pre into the back of his throat.

It was when Eric's knot started to swell, though, that the paw on his head actually worked to slow his bobbing and then pull him off. He looked up again at his boyfriend, though this time with questioning on his face rather than desire - but, that unspoken question quickly had an answer:

"Turn around."

The tile of the bathroom floor was cold on the pads of his fingers, but he did as told and lifted his tail for the brown-eyed husky, who shifted his pants off, knelt down behind him, and set the saliva-slickened tip of his length against Liam's tailhole. "Let me know if I'm too rough," Eric said, and started to sink into him...

When their relationship first began, Eric was actually almost too thick for Liam to easily take. Now, though, he could do so... well, not necessarily with ease, but certainly easier than back then. Still, though, he lifted a paw and gripped at the edge of the bathtub in front of him, he widened his stance, he bit his lip and swallowed as Eric pushed further and further into him, then breathed out a sigh when he felt the pressure of his knot under the base of his tail. God - sometimes in this position, if Eric pounded him just fast enough and just hard enough, it made Liam spurt out his load without having to reach a paw down to touch himself; thoughts of this happening this time made him slowly churn his hips forward and back, forward and back on the hilted husky, each time drawing up a little bit further and then sliding back against his knot.

Eric had a certain way of moving his hips, of bucking forward into his boyfriend, that made him - suck in a gasp or breathe out a shuddering sigh. No other boyfriend (or other sexual partner) had been able to fuck him where he almost felt an electric shock shoot through him with each thrust; with Eric, Liam often had to stop pawing or squeeze the base of his own cock to keep himself from cumming before Eric had gotten fully into it. There seemed to be no problem with that today, however: as soon as he'd felt Liam start pressing back against him, Eric moved his

paws to his hips and began picking up his pace, pulling back further and pushing in with more force and vigor than the last thrust, speeding up to the point where the slapping of his thrusts resounded through the bathroom.

Liam, panting, gripped the edge of the bathtub, against which he also rested his head - eyes closed, lips parted, panting openly. *This* was the kind of fuck that would certainly leave him sore come morning, but it was all worth it. Hell - he was shooting out pre with enough force to make noise as it splattered against the base of the bathtub, and not only could he feel Eric drawing closer to orgasm, he felt himself doing the same, too-

and as such, arched his back and breathed in a fantastic sigh when the brown-eyed husky, his panting turning to higher-pitched moans, slammed and bucked into him a few more times, the throbbing of his cock going with each rope of cum deep under Liam's tail. So Liam *didn't* cum along with his boyfriend, but just as he started to move a paw down to finish himself - which, he could tell, wouldn't take long - Eric reached forward and stopped him, holding the blue-eyed husky against him with his other paw on his leg...

...and then, a shiver ran through Liam's whole body as liquid warmth coursed through him, as Eric then began to empty his bladder while still under his tail. It was a feeling the sort of which he'd never experienced before, this... sensation of being both filled and marked at the same time. Hell, he couldn't tell if the *thought* of this happening or the *act* of it itself were hotter to him, but either way, even before Eric had finished - and, God, he went on for while, having downed two water bottles' worth of water since he'd arrived here - the extra heat and pressure forced Liam's orgasm out of him, spurting out against the tile floor and the base of the bathtub.

Eric, panting, leaned forward over him as his flow finally started to weaken. "So," he breathed, "how was that?"

Liam could hardly speak. He was just wondering what they'd do after Eric pulled out of him... "We'll... have to try it again sometime..."