

Another day of class. The spaniel had trouble keeping his head lifted and eyes open today, just as he did almost every single other day... and it certainly didn't help how the professor droned on in the same tone, on the same subject as he had last time, and with the same enthusiasm, too - or, rather, the same *lack* of enthusiasm. This spaniel had already filled the margins of his notes with doodles and what-not, and soon those would spill out over into the main body of the paper. Not like it mattered, of course. He already knew this topic perfectly well.

His eyes started to drift around the classroom, bouncing from student to student. There was a she-otter who looked like she would rather be literally *anywhere* but here; a wolf, another wolf, and a coyote, all talking quietly amongst themselves; a hyena in the midst of some sort of dream, judging by how he held his chin resting on his desk and eyes closed, and how his ears repeatedly flicked and twitched; a lioness in the front row, next to another otter who was more focused on his phone screen than anything else; and then in the next row and back a bit, lounging easily back in his chair, the rat who seemed to somehow always draw this spaniel's attention.

Deep grey fur all over with some hints of a darker midnight blue at places along his shoulders and hips, noticed by the spaniel whenever he leaned over too far and his shirt lifted up to show them; pale gold eyes, the inner rind of a lemon; long, furless tail, white-fleshed like his paws, feet, and thin round ears instead of the usual pink. Dust, his name was, and admittedly, he was kind of a jerk. Still, though, he caught the dog's eye, and there was just *something* about him-

"Nanashi?"

The spaniel's ears perked and he lifted his head, heart suddenly thrumming in his chest at hearing his name. The professor looked directly at him, eyebrows and ears raised in expectation.

He swallowed. "Um. Yes?"

"Is that your answer to the question, or are you asking me to repeat it?"

"Uhh..." Nanashi straightened up, which resulted in him knocking his notebook and pen over onto the floor, where they landed with a clatter. He didn't even bother leaning over to pick them back up. "The second?"

The professor, however, just sighed and turned back to the board. "Please try to pay more attention in my class, yes? I don't know where it is your mind goes during my lectures, but please try not to go there quite so often."

"Yes, sir." The dog folded his paws on his desk in front of him and focused forward, feeling his ears lower down towards his head and his cheeks warm up with a blush. At least Dust hadn't seen him staring. Every now and then, Nanashi would snap out of his daze to find a pair of pale yellow eyes looking back at him, and he wouldn't know what to do - he'd jump and squirm and try to look at anything else, but always find his gaze drawn back there...

In fact, when he refocused his eyes to try to figure out what it was that the professor had been doing, he noticed the rat's body angled sideways in his seat and his muzzle pointed somewhat towards him. Nanashi could feel that sharp gaze on him, piercing through him as if trying to

determine his interest in the rat... which, honestly, just about anyone could figure out if they watched him for longer than a few minutes.

Maybe Dust *wasn't* looking at him, though. After all, Nanashi hadn't mustered the courage to look up and *meet* those eyes of his: could be that the rat just looked out the window past Nanashi, and being himself, he thought that gaze was focused on *him*. After another few seconds that seemed to drag on for quite a while, the spaniel swallowed again, blinked, turned his head just a little bit...

...and looked directly into pale-yellow eyes, which held his gaze for a tense moment before turning away with a gentle scoff from the rat.

What? What was *that* supposed to mean? Sure, Dust could be a little punkish, and outright *rude* at times, but - a scoff? And there was no way that the rat *hadn't* known about Nanashi eyeing him just now. The two of them had exchanged a few words in the past, little more than Nanashi saying hello and trying to introduce himself, while on Dust's side the only greeting given had been another of those little scoffs. Nanashi was sure that he'd been listening to him - those little ears of his had remained fixed forward for the entire time he struggled with his words and tried to say *something*, and it had been Nanashi who struggled with the eye contact - and after his shaky introduction, the rat crossed his arms in front of his chest, said a sharp "you done?" and then, upon the spaniel's affirmation, just... walked off.

Still, that whole ordeal put their relationship closer than it had been up until then. Now Dust knew his name, at least. Provided he hadn't already forgotten it, especially what with the professor having just called him out.

That scoff bothered Nanashi for the rest of the class period. It probably definitely meant nothing, just some sort of noncommittal, dismissive noise to be expected from the rat, but still. He couldn't put it out of his head how Dust had *definitely* been looking back at him, how he had *maintained* eye contact with him for a few seconds right then.

Even after the lecture had gotten out, the dog's mind was not with him. Twice he tripped over a rock on the sidewalk while heading towards the library - as in, the same rock; he thought he'd forgotten his notebook on the floor in the classroom - and someone peddling some brochure for some group or another actually lost interest in getting his attention before he noticed.

That time where he'd introduced himself to Dust (or had tried, at least) hadn't been the first time the two of them had spoken. The two had actually run into each other in the locker rooms at the campus gym one or two semesters ago, as Nanashi sometimes liked to spend his off-time "working out". He remembered noticing Dust from across the locker room, fully naked and just lounging against the wall while he waited for one of the showers to open up. Somehow Nanashi had ended up moving over to the bench closest to him, keeping a towel over his lap and fiddling with his phone - which put his eyes directly level with that very area of the rat that usually remained hidden underneath pants and underwear; somehow he ended up squeezing his way into the waiting line behind Dust; somehow he ended up stepping into the showers behind him, watching the way his furless tail swayed as he walked; somehow he ended up taking the shower directly beside him, though had to keep his body turned or else show off his accidental arousal (and embarrassment)...

And it was *there* that they'd had their first conversation. At least, as much as Dust nudging his arm and asking (or, rather, telling) him to pass the shampoo could be considered a conversation. Nanashi *might* have been staring *then*, too; Dust had said more, but the dog hadn't been paying attention. It took a couple of "*hey, eyes up here*" before he realized he was still being spoken to.

Finally coming to the realization right now that he had no real clue where he was going anymore, the spaniel adjusted his bag on his back and changed direction towards a bench beside the path, its back nestled up against a tree. Being fairly early afternoon, as many people wandered the campus grounds as did any other time of day, and none of them bothered to look over at the brown-furred dog sitting by himself on the shaded bench, looking kind of lost.

His thing for Dust wasn't an *obsession*, really. It was just... just another attraction, and he hadn't the slightest idea what to do with it or about it. Whenever he mustered up the strength to step forward and speak to the rat, he found that his carefully thought-through introduction and greetings had already vacated his mind, leaving him to stand there with his ears down, eyes wide, and lips trying to form some sort of coherent statement.

Thing was, Dust was Nanashi's only crush for whom this whole thing happened. There had been boys throughout high school that he'd had no trouble with, guys where the spaniel told himself, *I'm gonna go over there and talk to him*, and then he actually *did*. Dust was different, somehow. Hell, it was probably in those eyes of his, those sharp, bright eyes that seemed like they looked right through Nanashi's attempts at conversation.

Someone sat down right next to the dog, so he shifted his legs closer together and scooted to the side a little, squeezing his bag between his feet and keeping his paws folded in his lap. God - after that one time showering next to him in the gym, Nanashi had gone there at that same time every day for two weeks after, but could never work up the same amount of courage that had allowed him to do so much that first time. Instead, he just sat back on one of the benches with a towel around his lower waist, eyeing the rat as discreetly as possible while still trying to get a good look at him. By now he had a pretty good image of the shape of the rat's rump, sack, and sheath stuck in his head, an image that Nanashi referred to often underneath his bed covers at night - but, that started to feel a little creepy, so he stopped.

"Hey-"

The voice so close to his ear made him jump, and he had to take a moment to catch his breath. Before he could get the words *you startled me* out, though:

"I saw you lookin' at me in class today. Ain't the first time I've seen you do it, either. What's your deal?"

Sure enough, that voice belonged to the very rat he'd just been thinking of - and, also sure enough, when he turned and lifted his gaze, he again looked right into pale yellow eyes. Half-lidded but no less sharp than ever, fixed solely on Nanashi's own eyes and waiting impatiently for an answer.

"I..." Oh Jesus, here it came again. He had made sure to prepare an excuse in the off-chance that Dust ever approached him and asked him something like this, but - of course Nanashi

couldn't remember a fraction of that excuse. He swallowed, flicked his tongue out over his lips, lowered his paws to his knees, brought them back up, lowered them down again...

"Well? You - you *can* speak, can you? You know how?"

Sure, he *could*. He just found himself unable to. Here came the burning warmth in his cheeks and ears, the fidgety nervousness that kept him fiddling with his claws and made him continually bounce his foot, that made him shift uncomfortably - God, this was closer than he'd ever get to Dust of his own accord, and he found that his tongue and voice failed him. "Well... I mean, I think that... well, um..."

"And then last year, you also eyeballed me in the gym showers-"

Nanashi jerked upright.

"Yeah. Don't think I didn't notice *that*. At first I thought you were just fuckin' awkward, but - then you did it again, and again, and again, for like two weeks straight."

"I'm - gosh, I'm sorry, uh, Dust, I didn't... didn't mean t-"

The rat remained silent, and let him trail off into his own embarrassment. Those pale yellow eyes held his gaze even afterwards, and made him look away again. The general noise of the campus, from distant, dulled conversations, to the sounds of cars driving by behind the buildings, to the whispers of the trees above, filled in the silence in their conversation for a moment or two.

But then Dust went on, taking him totally by surprise: "If it bothered me, I would've done something about it, wouldn't I? After all, I like to imagine myself a man of action. *Which-*" He lifted a finger, signing for Nanashi to be quiet. The dog's ears had perked up a little (as much as they could; about half an inch up, they flopped limply over down to his shoulders), but then splayed back. "-is why I'm sitting here now."

He went quiet for a moment. Nanashi wasn't sure whether that was a cue for him to start talking.

"And there *is* something that's bothering me," Dust continued. "Mainly how you do all these things like you like me - no, like you're some *thirsty* bitch - but when you try to talk to me, you can't get a full sentence out. You want something from me. I know you do. So why don't you just try to take it?"

Except it wasn't that simple. What Nanashi wanted from Dust... well, 'trying to take it' right here on this bench would end up in both of their expulsions.

"Actually - how about you just come with me? I have an idea."

Suddenly there was a paw on his wrist pulling him up, hardly giving him time to pick up his things. Dust had a firm, warm grip, and the rat moved with purpose as he led Nanashi along the sidewalk and towards a cluster of buildings in view from the bench, tall brick structures with slim but accessible alleys between them. Everyone knew that that was where some of the other students went to smoke, on this so-called "tobacco-free campus". The clinging scent of cigarettes even hung in the air as the dog found himself dragged closer, his mind empty and

blank due to the surprise of having his number one crush not only touch him, but also bring him over to this fairly remote area.

"So... here we are, then. Y'ever been back here, Nanashi? Probably not, huh? Doesn't seem like your type of place."

The spaniel looked around. The two of them now stood at the intersection of four of the buildings in a slightly skewed crossroads between alleys; were he to look down any one of the alleys, he could see a few people walking by every now and then. A few of them looked down here, but most just didn't bother.

He swallowed. Being in private with the rat helped his confidence somewhat - if he embarrassed himself, at least only the two of them would immediately know about it - but still had some trouble with forming a sentence: "If... if there's something here you want me to see, I, uh - I'm not seeing it, Dust..."

Silence for a few seconds - and he almost thought that Dust had brought him down here only to split and leave him. But, when he turned around, the dark-furred rat still stood there, lounging back against one of the shaded brick walls. There was just something about the smile on his pointed muzzle...

"Yeah, I've got somethin' to show you, alright. Though you've seen it often enough."

His white paw seemed to move in slow-motion, then. Nanashi watched it trace down along the waistband of his pants, move forward to the button and zipper of his fly, and undo each of those - before opening his pants and showing him the somewhat-familiar furred shape of his sheath and sack underneath, no underwear blocking these from view. The spaniel swallowed, licked his lips, and - *tried* to focus his eyes on the rat's muzzle. The center of this alley crossroad gave them maybe a three foot square of space, which would be... just enough for him to get down on his knees and - see how well his head fit between the rat's legs...

"Well? The fuck're you waiting for?" That paw turned up, and Dust beckoned him forward with a finger. Before he could think about it, Nanashi had lifted himself off of the other wall and came forward a few steps. He liked to *imagine* that he could pick up the rat's scent in these closed quarters, but... well, he didn't really know what that scent would *be*. "Don't tell me you haven't been waiting for this, dog. I've seen you watchin' me, both in the shower and out of it. Hell, I bet you've thought about me more than a few times while jerkin' off, mm?"

That paw came down on his shoulder, Dust's slight height advantage over him allowing him to tilt his muzzle down a bit, and then pushed him down to his knees - which brought his nose close to the fur of his sheath. At *this* distance, he could *definitely* pick up a hint of the rat's scent, warm and gentle, a little spicy, not at all like he'd expected. Rough voice, rough personality, rough force behind his actions - and the softest part of him was the scent between his legs.

Even with all of his thoughts and wants coming together on this exact moment, Nanashi had trouble willing himself forward to close the distance between his muzzle and Dust's sheath - even though his slightly-elevated breathing *had* urged the rat's cock a little bit out of that sheath, glistening pink flesh visible against his dark fur. It was just... well, on four directions from this central spot, someone could look down and see what was going on. Dust leaned back against

one of the walls and repeatedly tugged on the spaniel's shoulder, more demanding than inviting him to come forward.

"C'mon, man, don't tell me you're too nervous to do anything now... I take time out of my day, I bring you all the way back here, I drop my pants for you - and not just for you to *look*..."

One particular strong pull, however, managed to break Nanashi's strength and bring him forward, pressing his nose firmly into the rat's pubic fur beside his sheath. The dog gasped in surprise, which only ended up in him getting an even better taste of his scent - and, by then, there was nothing else he could do to resist. His own pants had started to get a little tighter as soon as he'd watched Dust open his pants, and now... now, he had to squirm and adjust himself a little, just to find a position where the throbbing of his own already-hard cock didn't feel too uncomfortable.

He nuzzled up along the side of Dust's sheath, feeling the way the supple skin pressed in towards warm flesh underneath, all the while flicking his tongue out again and again, bringing that musk into his muzzle and tasting the fur there; the rat's grip had shifted from his shoulder to his head, and urged him to move more quickly towards the end of his sheath. The revealed tip of his cock carried a stronger scent than the rest of him, but, God - it was a *nice* scent, one that Nanashi couldn't resist. Before he knew what he was doing, which seemed to be a trend when he was around this rat, he had centered his tongue along the base of that revealed flesh, lapping off the slickness and bringing that sharper taste into his mouth, lips soon to close around the tip as well.

Dust leaned more firmly back against the brick wall and breathed out a soft sigh, also lifting his hips up against the dog's muzzle. Nanashi closed his eyes, churning his tongue against the rat's cock as it continued to grow out of his sheath and into his muzzle, squeezed between his lips, pressing up against the roof of his mouth... honestly, he wasn't fully sure what to expect. Would Dust be big enough to hit the back of his throat? How about further? Would he have to take a break from sucking him off due to a sore jaw from him being too thick-

But, he wasn't given much time to think about it. Before he could reach his full hardness, the rat's paw moved down over the dog's face and pushed him a little roughly away, bringing Dust's slickened cock out of his muzzle - but, still, he kept it angled forward toward him, his other paw lightly gripping the base. Nanashi leaned back on his ankles and looked up, tracing his tongue over his lips while keeping his maw open...

...and then jerked backward with surprise at the sudden feeling of warm, salty liquid splashing down over his tongue, lips, and chin. Dust pointed his cock directly down at the dog's still-open muzzle as he marked him with fresh piss, then brought it up across his nose, toward his forehead, past his ears... Nanashi could feel the heat of it seep into his clothing and fur, and - God, he could *smell* it, sharp and rich and made only more so by the close quarters of the alley. He had closed his mouth at the first touch of it to his tongue in attempts to keep as much of it out as possible, but this had also captured that first splash - and there was nothing to do with it but swallow it, as the rest of it continued to arc out over the flat of his muzzle and drip down the sides of his mouth and chin. Tangy, heavily musky, taste lingering at the back of his throat even after he had swallowed it, and scent coming back in full strength with every inhalation - Nanashi felt his ears lower down, and also felt his cock strain in his pants.

Then, just as abruptly as he'd started, Dust finished, his stream cutting off to a short few drips which he then spread out along the underside of his cock with a paw. "Just makin' sure you know your place," the rat drawled. Then, with a turn of his finger, he motioned for Nanashi to turn around - and the dog *almost* didn't do it. Warm piss dripping off his nose, his ears, his chin, the dry scent fresh in his nostrils and in his mind... with all of this, Dust had already exercised his hold over him, both mentally and physically. Part of him *wanted* to disobey, but it was a small part.

After doing as told, he lowered himself down to all fours. In this position, keeping his muzzle forward allowed him to look right down one of the alleys and watch all of the people going by, a few of whom noticed what was going on back here and either slowed their walking to look or stopped entirely to watch for a few seconds. Nanashi then lurched forward a little underneath Dust's weight suddenly pressing down on him from behind, as the rat reached behind to swiftly undo the dog's pants and tug those and his underwear down his legs, bringing his own hard cock out into the air - and all Nanashi could do was lower his head and try not to look back at the people watching.

"Jesus Christ, *look* at you..." the rat continued from behind him. At first he didn't know what he was doing - and then, he felt his gentle exhalations against the rim of his tailhole, and the tickle of his nose right at the base of his tail. "Tail raised, cock already throbbin'. And, what? 'Cause I pissed on you? Goddamn, if I knew that's all I need to get you dogs to be in-heat bitches, well... I'd make sure to have a full bladder all the time."

A paw settled against his rump, spreading him a little. Nanashi swallowed, now able to feel the rat's whiskers tracing gently across him, each exhalation of breath washing warmly over the pucker of his tail.

"Just in case."

And, then - a tongue against him, first pressing in and then coming out to swirl around, over the tight ridges of his tailhole. He couldn't help but press backwards against Dust's muzzle as the rat dug his tongue into him, pushing it forward into him and then bringing it back out, both slickening his tailhole up as well as stretching it out just a little, in preparation for what was sure to come.

That came a lot sooner than he'd expected, too: with one last drag of the flat of Dust's tongue up over the dog's tailhole, the rat straightened up and moved forward, keeping him spread with one paw. For a moment all Nanashi could feel under his tail was the chill of the shaded air on his saliva-moistened tailhole - but then, that chill came to be replaced by another intense heat, this one pointed and with the same soft firmness he'd had between his lips just a few moments ago. Just like when it was a tongue and pair of lips pressing up against him, he leaned back against the pressure, inviting it to sink deeper into him - but, Dust also shifted back with his movement, keeping the tip of his cock just settled against the pucker of his tailhole.

Either he was doing this to tease him, or he wanted Nanashi to take control and be the one to push back onto him - or both. However, another moment, and the answer became clear: it washed out over him, the rest of the rat's piss being emptied directly against his tailhole. Such intense warmth, like nothing else Nanashi had ever felt there before - and the growing force of it made him clench and lean forward, but now, Dust held him in place and pressed the tip of his

cock against his tailhole, changing the course of his piss so that it streamed *into* the dog, past the tightness of his pucker.

Such an odd feeling - that same intense warmth spreading out inside of him, sloshing around, a little uncomfortable and growing more so as the volume increased... there were some odd little noises, both from Nanashi and from the rat behind, as Dust moved his paw away while continuing to press forward. Soon it was not only the pressure of piss being emptied into him that made him squirm, but also the feeling of the cock sinking up under his tail, something that he actually *had* experience with. Just not with *this* one in particular.

It wasn't exactly a *pleasant* sensation, having all of this urine sloshing and flowing around under his tail, but... admittedly, the pressure of it *did* make him gasp and swallow down a few moans. Dust shifted his paws to the dog's hips as he started to thrust in and out of him, slow at first, plunging his hard cock forward into the heat of both the dog's rump as well as his own piss. Nanashi squirmed, and moaned, and swallowed back his noises of discomfort - and opened his eyes to look forward down the alley again, directly at a small crowd of people that had gathered. They all remained outside the alley, standing at the mouth of it to keep their distance, and with their phones out and raised.

Every time he flicked his tongue out over his lips, the taste of Dust's piss came back to him - and honestly, that just worked him up even more. The rat had started to pick up his pace behind him, sinking forward into him and pulling back again and again, slowly but with depth and force enough to quiet his nervousness somewhat and make him grind back against him. There was just something about having Dust's hips against his rump, about just barely being able to feel his throbbing inside him, and still having the scent of his mark and his musk fresh in his nose, that drove the dog crazy.

After some time, he didn't even really care about the people that watched.

"Look at that," Dusk cooed, picking up a steadier rhythm. A little bit of his piss leaked out and down the back of Nanashi's sack each time he tugged out, and every thrust in caused that same slick warmth to radiate through his lower belly again. "We've drawn a crowd. How many phones can you count? One, two, three... six, seven... oh shit, *there's* a fancy camera, bet she's a photography student... you don't mind your picture being up online, do you? 'Cause there's nothing I can do about it..."

Nanashi couldn't get a word out even if he were to try. Dust now slammed into him again and again, making him lurch forward over the rough concrete beneath him, stained with yellow piss and glistening in a few spots with some pre that had leaked out of the dog's twitching cock. He had lowered the front of his body down and rested his forehead against his arms, but now somewhat regretted that, as he could feel the rat's piss drip deeper into him. That would all resolve itself, though. And besides, right now there was a lot more to concern himself with: Dust's breathing had picked up in pace just like his thrusts, and now his movements seemed jerkier and less calculated.

The spaniel wondered if he'd be able to feel the rat's orgasm spurting out into him, what with all of that hot piss sloshing around and pressing on his insides... he managed to work a paw down to start rubbing at himself, and ended up pushing up against his belly in doing so. *Definitely* an odd feeling; he could tell he wouldn't be able to stand up without something even more embarrassing happening.



Almost no contact to his own cock, and yet each little squeeze from his paw, each movement pushing his sheath back past his swollen knot, sent a sweet jolt of electric pleasure through him. Bottoming had a tendency to do that to him, to drive him a little wild with thirst and lust - and, when it was Dust for whom he bottomed...

The rat adjusted his position, now pulling Nanashi roughly back against him with each thrust forward. Crowds had gathered at the end of each of the alleys leading to this center area, and when Nanashi opened his eyes, he could see that a few adventurous sorts had come forward a distance to either get a better view or a better video.

But - then, Dust pressed into him harder and deeper than before, and remained hilted under his tail with a few powerful spurts throbbing through his cock. Nanashi could feel the heat of his load emptying out into him and mixing with the piss already there, causing another wave of sloshing mixed pleasure and discomfort to ripple through him. He didn't care about the crowds watching, he didn't care about the excited murmurs and disdainful whispers, he didn't care that he'd likely be paying for this little stunt in more ways than one; with his paw moving fast and hard along his pre-slickened shaft, all he cared about was reaching his own climax.

Just as roughly as he'd slammed into him, Dust pulled out of him - along with a considerable amount of his own piss, splashing out over his pants and the concrete underneath the two of them - and knelt behind the dog, keeping his tail raised with one paw and rump spread with the other. Then, he moved his muzzle forward and pressed his lips again right up against Nanashi's tailhole, still leaking the mixed urine and cum - and it was the sensation of that tongue digging into him again and again that sent him over the edge. Nanashi ended up pushing back against the rat's muzzle, bringing his tongue only deeper into his rump, and then clenching around it as he shot his own cum out across the ground beneath him, and then slumped forward, letting the weight of the rat's mark steadily leak out of his rump and down the back of his sack.

Such burning warmth along the rim of his tailhole and through his whole abdomen, the heat of a good marking, of being fucked and used and *enjoying* it... but, then, there was this crowd to worry about. The spaniel, suddenly feeling the weight of his embarrassment, straightened up and tugged his pants up his legs, trying to ignore the wetness that soon spread out across the back of his legs. When he turned around, Dust seemed considerably less concerned: the rat had resumed his position of leaning back against the brick wall, taking his sweet time in wiping his cock off on the back of his paw before zipping his pants up. His chest rose and fell, rose and fell with his gentle panting.

"What're you looking at?" he said, not even lifting his yellow eyes to the spaniel. "That's all I wanted from you. You can go now."

Nanashi swallowed. "But - all these - *people* -"

"Yeah. Didn't you notice? Hey, now they all know that you're a thirsty bitch... I bet some of them will come back every now and then for another show. If you're up to it."

Nanashi's heart beat in his chest for a number of reasons, not the least of which was the residual pleasure of his orgasm still vibrating through his body. He swallowed and looked down one of the alleys - and, then, before he knew what he was doing, he'd given his response:

“...Y...yeah. That might be nice...”