

Truth, Dare, and White Briefs

Lunarrush

Adam let the tepid water of the shower flow over him, slowly drenching his fur as his hands slid down his body. He inhaled deeply, drinking in the soap scented steamy air which filled the dorm shower. He purposefully washed through his brown fur, his hand eventually reaching his fuzzy sheathe and groped his half hardened knotted schlong. His pointed ears twitched, listening for the telltale sound of anyone in the hall over the melody of the cascading water. He considered masturbating and then thought better of it. He could jack off when he knew he was alone and wouldn't be walked in on due to a broken bathroom lock.

Rather than hurry he continued to let the water wash over him, removing the last traces of the suds that had once covered his fur. He felt the water growing chilly, but he didn't want to leave its calming steam. Ever since he'd moved into the dorm and started college, Adam discovered he had fewer moments to himself. It felt relaxing to let the world go for a while. As the water went from chilly to icy he shut off the water. With a shiver he pulled his towel from the nearby rack. He started drying his body, wringing as much moisture as he could from his fur.

After he was dried sufficiently, Adam wrapped the towel around his waist and opened the bathroom door. The vapor of his forty minute shower flooded onto the chilly tile of the hall between the four rooms in the upper floor of the building and spilled down the stairs to the lower floor and exit. The fox rapidly jogged to his room, not wanting to hazard a nearly nude encounter with one of his roommates.

As he reached his room Adam sat at his desk and started browsing online videos. He wasn't searching for anything in particular, however he was procrastinating getting dressed as long as he could. He knew things would be busy today: he had to do his laundry, get some homework done at the library, and it was his turn to wash the dishes. After a few minutes of mindlessly watching a top ten list about games that had been made a decade ago he finally decided it was time to get to work.

Adam walked to his dresser and lamented the choices since he'd decided to delay laundry day. He normally wore boxer briefs yet the only underwear he had left was a crisp pack of tighty whiteys his mom had bought him because they were marked down. He scowled as he tore the top of the pack open, letting five pairs of the white underwear he'd refused to wear willingly since he was eleven fall into his drawer. He picked a pair, bent over, and slowly pulled up his new pair of form fitting undies.

He caught a glance of himself in the mirror: he didn't like the way the briefs were so obvious against his brown fur or the way made him look like a ten year old again. He didn't even like the way they clashed with the off white fur that extended from the bottom of his muzzle down to just below his crotch on his legs, it was completely obvious that he was wearing them and it irritated him. At least they was only temporary.

Adam's tail twitched in annoyance at being forced to wear such humbling underpants, but he couldn't blame anyone but his heel dragging past self. He considered digging through his hamper to find a pair of boxer-briefs that he hadn't already worn at least a few days in a row, but realized it was incredibly unlikely such a thing existed in the pile of clothing. That, and he'd rather wear

the briefs than smell like fifth time around boxer briefs. So, rather than standing around any longer, he grabbed his last remaining pair of Levis, their color a faded gray that complimented his light brown fur, and a white and black checkered button up shirt he had in his closet and pulled them on.

Adam turned to the mirror, looking himself over. His fur was rather lustrous due to his long shower, he took a brush and slipped it through the showing fluff to ensure that when it fully dried it wouldn't puff out. He hiked the waist of the jeans, they were baggy and left the waistband of his white briefs on display. He tugged the belt loops of the unaccommodating pants up, wishing he'd brought his belt when he'd moved to college. He heard the ring of his phone alarm, it was time to go.

Adam picked up his clothing hamper and turned it over a clothing sack. He guided the clothing into the bag, and then pulled the drawstring at the top. He hefted the, admittedly quite heavy, sack of clothing over one shoulder with both hands and stumbled out of the room. He got to the stairs and started slowly walking down them, trying his best not to stumble. His pants had other plans though, and as he tramped down the stairs they started to hike off him. They were slowly climbing their way down his hips, and with his hands both preoccupied holding up the unwieldy bag he was powerless to stop them. He tried to widen his stance, walking down the stairs as if he were sitting on an invisible horse, awkwardly battling to keep his pants from dropping.

That's when he heard one of the doors behind him open. It was his nearest dorm mate, a wolf that seemed to only study when he had old rock blaring at the highest volume he could without the police getting called. Adam rolled his eyes, right now the last thing he needed was his pants falling in front of his roommate. Luckily for him, the huge bag of laundry hid the three inches of his briefed keister that was already on full display. "Hey Adam, need some help with that bag there?" asked the wolf as he observed his roommate struggling to carry the large sack and keep his pants. "No...I got it." Adam uttered as he hiked the bag higher. He took another step down, and found the next stair was slick. He nearly slid and fell, but at that moment he felt the burden let up on the bag and he was able to pull a hand away and snatch the railing.

"Easy buddy, I'll help ya," chuckled the wolf as Adam swiftly recovered from his near fall and hiked his unmanageable pants up, hoping that his roommate hadn't gotten a good look at his undies. "Well...thank you," replied Adam gratefully. He hadn't really gotten to know the wolf that well since he'd moved in. In fact he didn't know his name. As Adam stood there he felt the wolf lift from behind, pulling the sack out of his hands and easily hefting it over one shoulder with one hand. Adam watched as the muscular wolf packed his laundry to the bottommost step and smiled back at him. Adam walked down the stairs, scowling a bit as he noticed that the stairs were stained with grease, most likely from some grimy pizza. He had to wonder if one of his roommates had gotten drunk and tripped down the stairs carrying a pizza or if some buffoon was trying to pull a prank.

When he got to the bottom of the stairs, Adam turned to the wolf and said, "Thanks, thought I was gonna go down there." The wolf turned to Adam with a grin and teased, "Well, little guys like you shouldn't try to carry such heavy loads, just ask if you need help moving any more dead bodies." Adam blushed, sure he was more petite than the wolf, but that didn't mean he was weak.

"Need some help getting those to the laundromat? I know you don't have a car, you could throw em in my trunk and I could give you a ride," offered the wolf

as Adam considered his options. The laundromat was two blocks away from his dorm, and while he knew he could get there on his own he knew it would be a pain in the butt to heave the huge sack along and fight his pants. "Seriously, its cool dude, I have nothing going on all day today and I'd rather hang with you for a while than stay here alone," the wolf continued, making the choice easy for Adam. "Well, if you have nothing else going on..." started Adam. Before he could finish, the wolf had the bag over his shoulder again and was carrying it toward his car in the parking lot.

Adam traipsed toward the wolf's car, when he'd first moved here he had a car. Within a few days of moving in he'd left his keys in it and it'd been stolen. He'd been raised in a rural area, so even the small city that had sprung up around the college campus was more city than he'd ever lived in. He'd reported the car theft to the police nearly a month ago, but they didn't have any leads on it yet. It'd been a huge burden so far, but at least he didn't have to worry about transportation for the moment.

The wolf opened the trunk of his small blue car, dropping Adam's laundry bag in with ease. "Alright, hop in," the wolf said with a good-hearted smile as he sat down in the driver's seat. Adam walked around the car and opened the passenger door. He saw several half empty bottles of soda on the floor, while it wasn't quite up to the standard he'd had for his own car it didn't have a bad stench and was clean enough to sit down in with no real difficulty.

Adam pulled two of the soda bottles up to throw into the back seat as he sat down. He saw the back seat of the car was less organized than the front. Old fast food bags laid crumpled in a pile on what seemed to be a booster seat. "Just toss those on my brother's old booster seat," said the wolf absentmindedly as he slipped the car into gear and raced off down the street. Adam fastened his seatbelt after tossing the bottles in the back of the car, then sat and listened to the old rock playing from the cd player in the little car.

It didn't take long to get to the laundromat, and Adam realized he'd been paranoid to come this early in the morning. Absolutely nobody was inside, the door was unbolted and opened onto a room full of laundry baskets guarded by an ancient and out of order security camera. The wolf carried his bag of clothing through the door, and Adam started dispersing its contents into four of the tiny washers. He popped a cap of detergent from the small soap bottle he kept at the bottom of the laundry bag and slotted several quarters into each washer to power them up. Now he had about half an hour before his clothes would be washed and about an hour before they'd be dry: an hour and a half in an empty laundromat because he didn't want to leave and come back to find his clothing stolen.

That's when Adam detected the wolf was still there. He'd taken a seat in one of the hard laundromat chairs and spread his arms to the two surrounding it. Adam turned to look at him and noticed him look up conspicuously, had he been checking out Adam's ass while he'd been busy with the washers? Adam couldn't help but fidget, he thought the wolf must have caught a glimpse of his white waistband and been curious. "Hey, come chill out, I'll hang with you while your laundry washes," said the wolf as the fox walked over and sat, giving a chair's distance between them as the wolf chuckled.

"Man, this place is deserted, you must be an early morning type huh?" said the wolf confidently as he turned toward Adam. "Well, not really, I'm up early today because I didn't want to find every washer taken by the time I got here." Adam admitted. Truthfully, if he had his way, he'd have slept until he had to go

to the library and stalled the laundry for another day. "Ah, I got ya, man you should have told me you were a night person. I totally could have used your help studying for that philosophy midterm," muttered the wolf as he looked out over the empty room. "I'm sorry, its just...I don't really know all that much about you. After all, this is my first time moving out and in the month I've lived in our dorm I've not seen you or any of our roommates for more than a passing glance in the hall," Adam stammered, causing the wolf to chortle lightly.

"Well, we could always take this opportunity to get to know eachother better. How about we play truth or dare?" asked the wolf with a sly grin. Adam was confused, while he'd heard of the game before he'd never played it with anyone. He was under the impression that it was a game people played when they were at a party and wanted to get intimate with girls. Through high school, Adam hadn't really felt attraction for anyone, at least outside pornography.

"I thought that was a party game," said Adam, gazing at the wolf as the washers finished filling and started churning his clothing within seconds of one another. "Well, its also a really good game for getting to know someone, ya know?" replied the wolf as he laughed freely. "Here, how about I start, come on, it will be fun," he said as his left hand moved down to scratch his leg.

Adam thought on it for a moment, then decided there couldn't be any harm in it. If he stopped enjoying the game he could ask the wolf to stop. "Alright then, truth or dare?" Adam asked the wolf who seemed to muse on the question. "Truth," the wolf replied as he turned, his glance made Adam turn away from its sheer casual dominant force. "Well...lets start with an easy one. You've been so nice this morning, and I don't know your name yet. What's your name?" Adam asked as his face reddened. The wolf gave him a toothy grin, his white fangs obviously well cared for. "My name's Neil, told it to ya once, but I guess that was while you were moving in so I suppose I can forgive that you forgot it," Neil replied with a lighthearted chuckle that brought a smile to the ashamed fox's face.

"Truth or dare?" Neil asked without skipping a beat. "I think I'll go with truth," Adam replied as the wolf paused for a moment to ponder his options. "Hmm, alright, I want you to tell me what your last kiss was like." Neil was taken aback, he hadn't anticipated a question like that. "Haven't really kissed anyone... other than my parents that is," he responded truthfully, expecting the wolf to laugh at him. When Neil merely nodded his head and leaned back in his chair it wicked Adam's curiosity.

The back and fourth truths continued for several minutes. Several easily answered questions were asked that helped Adam learn that the two of them had a really similar class schedule. Both also had an obsession with video games and computers. It was remarkable, despite the fact they shared nearly every class Adam had never noticed Neil in the classroom. Maybe it was because Adam was the type who sat in the front of the class, writing notes on everything the teacher said for fear that some obscure reference would be on the test. There were also other, more awkward, questions occasionally thrown in: like when Adam asked Neil to describe his last kiss. Neil gave him a grin, and then replied: "since you reused my question I don't have to answer, but I will if you agree to pick dare on your next turn."

Adam paused, wondering what a dare would consist of. He thought on it, then nodded, his curiosity getting the better of him. "Hmm, well, let me put it this way. I tried to kiss the captain of the football team at my former high school because he kept giving me signs that he was into me. He kissed me back, but when

his girlfriend caught a glance he punched me back against the locker and pretended it was all me. Of course, I'd never have tried to kiss him if I knew he had a girlfriend, but what can you do?" Neil admitted.

Adam contemplated Neil's response. So he'd been right, Neil was into other guys. Adam wasn't sure what to think about that. All throughout high school he'd never really had a girlfriend, a crush, or anything else he could think of. He'd never met anyone like Neil before though, could it be attraction he was feeling at the easy way Neil talked to him? Neil seemed to be watching him for any reaction, and when he saw the blush on Adam's face his face returned to his easy grin. "Alright, time for your dare then, since you've never had a kiss before I dare you to kiss me right now and tell me what you think of it," Neil said in a joking tone but with a serious expression in his eyes.

Was he kidding, was he not? Adam's face was cherry red as he looked around. The laundromat was still abandoned at this hour and his clothing still had five minutes before it would be done in the washers. Adam looked the wolf in the eyes and saw that he hadn't been kidding about the kiss, he'd simply sounded kidding so that if Adam had a bad reaction to it he could say he was just kidding. "Okay, I guess it can't hurt," replied Adam slowly as he blushed at the wolf who gave him that same easy, confident smile.

Adam moved a seat closer, he could feel the wolf's arm draped over the back of the seat and it made him wriggle as he moved in closer to the wolf. He wasn't sure how to go about this, but Neil didn't leave him hanging long. Before Adam knew what was going on, the wolf had moved forward and pressed their muzzles together, pausing for a moment before licking his tongue out and brushing it against Adam's mouth. Adam's eyes were closed at that point, he wasn't sure what kissing etiquette was. Something about this felt right to him, he liked the feeling of the wolf's muzzle pressed against his own and felt a bit of a jolt up his back as he felt the tongue brush against his maw.

The wolf moved his arm behind Adam, pulling him closer and licking gently as Adam sat as if suspended in time, bent forward, eyes closed, and getting kissed by the Neil. The wolf kept the kiss up for a few more seconds that seemed to last forever to the inexperienced fox. Finally he broke the spell by pulling his muzzle back, leaving the embarrassed fox blushing as his eyes flickered open and fell on the wolf. As he returned to reality he realized his cock was rock hard between his legs. Adam shifted in his seat and cleared his throat, not sure what to say as he looked at the wolf. "Well, did you like it?" asked Neil with the same intoxicatingly confident grin.

Adam cleared his throat for a second time, "well...it was...I've never...I-I liked it." he stuttered out as his face reddened even further. Inside Adam's head a game of mental tetris was fitting pieces of his life together he'd never understood. This might explain why he was the way he was: he'd never been into girls, never been able to get off to girl only porn or pinups. It even explained why he'd never been comfortable discussing when he'd get a girlfriend with his mom. He knew it on an almost instinctual level now: he was gay, and he had a crush on Neil.

As Adam regained his composure following the kiss Neil leaned back in his seat and chuckled. His arms were still around the two chairs near him and Adam still sat in one of them. Adam turned to Neil, a slightly frightened look on his face as if he was afraid that Neil was judging him. When he saw that same relaxed expression on the wolf's face though he smiled, Neil must know what he was going

through. "Well, you said I should take a dare this time, so what should I do?" Neil asked as he relaxed in his seat.

Adam drew a blank, he wasn't sure what to dare the wolf to do. His mind kept darting back to the kiss, but the thought of asking for another embarrassed the already frazzled fox. Then, he heard the buzz of the washers finishing his clothes, and had an idea. "Okay, I dare you to go put my clothes in the dryer," he said. "Heh, making it easy on me huh? That's just fine by me," teased the wolf as he stood up, stretched, and opened the four washer lids. He started pulling the clothing out of them and putting it into a laundromat rolling basket. He seemed to be looking it over as he did so, however the fox's eyes were elsewhere.

Adam's eyes drifted down to the wolf's butt, checking it out as the wolf bent over. Time seemed to go slower for him again as he watched every time the wolf bent in to grab a clothing article and throw it into the basket. He could see the wolf's tail had white fur running along its bottom half, and couldn't help but ponder if the wolf had any other hidden white fur. Neil was soon surprised as the wolf wagged his ass just a bit. His eyes moved up, and he saw Neil was looking at him. Adam blushed immediately as Neil asked, "like what you see?" Adam didn't have time to reply though as the wolf skated the rolling basket over and started filling the tiny dryers the laundromat provided with the damp clothing.

After Neil finished moving the laundry to the dryers he came and sat in his original seat, now right next to the red faced fox as he turned to him and chuckled and asked "truth or dare?" Adam took a moment to respond, he'd nearly forgotten about the game in his distraction. "Dare," he responded almost immediately, regretting it the next moment when his mind caught up to the situation and that he'd just agreed to another dare. The wolf grinned, "You like a challenge huh? Well, your dare is to stand up, put your hands on your head, and do the hula dance for two minutes." he said simply as he grinned at the now cherry red fox.

"I don't have a belt, you know that right?" Adam whisper shouted in a slightly higher pitch at the thought of possibly embarrassing himself. "Oh, I know all too well, dance time foxy," Neil replied in his best dominant tone. Adam groaned and looked around the laundromat. There were no windows and it was still completely abandoned. He hesitantly got to his feet, blushing still as he moved his hands to the top of his head, and started wiggling his hips back and fourth softly.

The wolf watched him wiggling back and fourth for a few seconds, then simply called out, "come on, hula like you mean it!" with a bit of a chuckle as the fox's face reddened more and he started wiggling his hips a bit more. He could feel his pants slipping, dropping centimeter by centimeter, yet something about the dare excited the fox as he continued gyrating his hips. He was counting the seconds passing on the clock, he'd made it about a minute into the dance and his pants were still hanging with only about 2 inches of his briefs showing. He might just make it without losing his pants.

Neil whooped a bit and cheered the humiliated fox on from his seat, clapping his hands together every time his pants seemed to drop at all. Adam had about 30 seconds left, however he was starting to lose his Levis. He could feel them dragging down, and with his hands trapped on his head by the dare he could only try to gyrate in a way that kept them from sliding down. Unfortunately for him

they'd reached critical mass, and with about 15 seconds left he felt them drop down to just above his knees, revealing the childish tighty whiteys he'd been forced to don this morning by lack of clean underwear. "Hmm, didn't peg you for a whiteys man when I saw your laundry, trying something new or just buy the wrong pair?" said the wolf with a grin as the fox finished his dance and picked up his pants, pulling them back to his waist with a swift tug. "My mom bought these, I just didn't have any others clean," Adam admitted, realizing that his excuse only made his current underwear seem even more childish. "Ah, well, don't worry, you wear them well," teased the wolf, tussling the fox's hair as he sat back in the seat beside Neil.

Adam was a bit ruffled from the ending to his last dare. He didn't look directly at Neil but asked him regardless, "truth or dare?" "Hmm, since you were so daring last time I think I'll take a dare too," replied the wolf. Adam had to think this time, he didn't want his dare to be nearly as easy as it had been last time. "Hmm, okay, I dare you to let me pants you and leave em down at least 30 seconds," Adam said, thinking he'd surely get a reaction out of the wolf. "Heh, alright then," said the wolf with the same confidence he'd had most of the time. He stood up, stepped in front of the fox, and wiggled his butt a bit as if daring him to go for it.

Adam pulled the wolf's pants down, revealing a pair of blue boxer shorts. They seemed just a bit big on the wolf, but suited him regardless. The wolf turned around, putting his hands to his face as if in mock shock. As Neil looked down he was greeted by obviously tented boxers. The fox squirmed as he realized the boner might be from watching him hula in his undies. Adam couldn't help but stare at the bulge, the wolf had to be at least three inches longer than him, it made him almost jealous, and made him realize this his own cock was hardening as he looked at the wolf's crotch. The wolf simply grinned down, letting the fox drink in the sight of him in his boxers. While the wolf was the one in the traditionally embarrassing situation the fox was the one flushed.

After the thirty seconds had passed, Neil bent a leg to pick up his pants. He bent forward just slightly, catching the hem of his pants and pulling them back up into place, bending forward as he pulled it over his groin and giving the fox one final intimate look at his crotch before pulling the denim over his bulge and sitting down.

"Well now, guess we've both seen each other in our underwear," teased the wolf as Adam tried to decide if he was going to choose truth or dare. "Well then Adam, truth or dare?" asked Neil with his same easy demeanor. "I think I'll take truth this time," replied Adam as he immediately questioned his own choice. "Would you like to maybe try being my boyfriend," asked Neil, with a blush on his face for the first time all game.

Adam was taken aback, he certainly hadn't expected that question. He thought on it, he'd never had a girlfriend or a boyfriend or anything like that. The idea was tempting him, if for nothing else than to see what it was like. He also liked the playful yet dominant presence the wolf seemed to carry with him. He looked into Neil's eyes, seeing for the first time a sort of vulnerability there as he waited for the answer to the question. "You know...I think I would," Adam replied as Neil grinned wide and pulled him in close.

Adam felt the muzzle of the wolf pressed against his own in a surprise kiss as he gave in to the wolf's embrace. He opened his mouth slightly as he felt the wolf's tongue, and then felt a new warmth as the tongue slid into his mouth and

pressed against his own. As if guiding the fox into the kiss, his tongue gently wrestled with that of the fox as Adam got to experience his first make out ever. He felt short on breath and ecstatic at the same time.

When the kiss ended all too soon the wolf grinned at the fox, and before Adam could speak Neil asked "truth or dare?" Not remembering that it wasn't his turn, Adam flushed as he replied, "dare". "My my, you sure do like a challenge don't you? Okay, I dare you to do any dare I give you for the next three days," said the wolf as he looked at the fox almost possessively. The fox reddened, he wasn't sure what that meant for him or even if it meant that the game of truth or dare had come to an end, but he nodded his head in agreement despite the blush on his face. The wolf chuckled, and then simply held his arms out. "Why don't you come sit in my lap then foxy?"

Adam squirmed, he hadn't sat in anyone's arms since he used to sit in his parents laps. Not thinking on it further he stood up and sat down on his new boyfriend's lap. Neil pulled Adam close, letting his head lay back against his chest as he got to realize for the first time how much bigger Neil actually was. He could feel Neil's chin resting against the top of his head, it somehow made him feel secure to lay back in the arms of his boyfriend.

Of course, it also made him feel a bit like a child to be in his boyfriend's grasp like this, able to easily sit on his lap as he felt the wolf's bulge through his pants. Adam shifted a bit, not quite sure if Neil was comfortable below him, but the wolf's arms held him in the embrace regardless, assuring him that if there was any discomfort the wolf would easily be able to reposition the slightly smaller fox.

"Heh, well, since you're mine to dare for at least the next three days, I dare you to wear only your tighty whiteys for that time too." teased the wolf as the fox wormed in his grip. "Not fair, come on, I don't want to look like a little kid for three days," the fox argued with a blush. "Heh, well I do, so better get used to it," the wolf teased the pouting fox. The wolf hugged him in, and he felt one of the wolf's hands slide down his back. Then, he yelped as his waistband was tugged up, giving him a wedgie and making him wriggle all the harder.

The wolf held the wriggling fox for a minute, tugging his briefs up in small tugs as the fox wiggled and groaned. "Heh, hope you like wedgies, I sure like giving them," teased the wolf as he let go of the fox's waistband, leaving the fox muttering and trying to right his underwear while still in the embrace of the big wolf. As the wolf chuckled at the squirmy fox the dryers buzzed, the time had flown by while they were playing truth or dare. "Heh, alright foxy, go gather your clothing up, I'll go get the car ready," teased the wolf as he stood up and brought Adam to his feet. Adam finally righted his briefs and walked to get his clothing from the dryers.

It didn't take Adam long to put his clothing back into the laundry bag. He picked it up and started to walk to the door, vaguely aware that his waistband was showing as his disobedient pants slipped about two inches since he couldn't have a hand on them. He carried the heavy bag out the door and found the wolf had the trunk open and the car pulled around. The fox slung the bag of clothing in the trunk, closed it, and started to move toward the passenger side. The wolf chuckled as he tried to open the door and found it was locked. "Try the back one foxy," said the wolf, leaving Adam with no real choice as he walked to the passenger back door.

As he opened the door, he saw the wolf had done a bit of back seat redecorating. There was now trash piled on the seat in every spot save the booster seat. The fox's cheeks flushed crimson as the wolf held out his paw invitingly to the childish seat. The fox, understanding this was an unstated dare, simply climbed into the back seat of the car and sat down in the booster seat meekly. His mind drifted to it was actually quite well sized for him, however the wolf wasn't about to let him just ride in the seat. He reached behind the fox, bringing down the optional bar that turned the booster into a car seat. He clicked the buckle down between the fox's legs, and left Adam blushing brighter than he had all morning.

Despite his apparent embarrassment, something contrary was going on in the fox's pants. He liked the way Neil was taking charge. He knew that if he were to protest enough the wolf would likely concede on a dare, yet he knew deep down that he wanted the wolf to take charge like this. "Alright, all buckled in? Lets go back to the dorm," teased the wolf as he looked at the strapped in fox in his rear view mirror before putting the car in drive.

The drive back felt extremely slow to Adam despite only being a couple blocks. The rear windows of the car were tinted, yet he felt like every passerby could see him sitting in the booster seat, strapped in like an oversized kit. When they reached the dorm, the fox reached down in an attempt to unbuckle himself from the seat, but realized he couldn't reach the release button on his own. He whined as he tried to reach for it, then looked up and saw the wolf reach back and press it for him with a gentle smile on his face. He lifted the bar up and over his head and opened the rear door, grateful that the child lock on that wasn't engaged. Neil opened the trunk and grabbed the bag of clothing, easily toting with one arm what took Adam both hands to carry with great difficulty. He took it inside as Adam followed behind him, and entered Adam's room with it, sitting down on the fox's bed as Adam walked in to the room after him.

Adam started taking care of the clothing from the bag, not wanting it to wrinkle. As he hung the pants and shirts he could feel the wolf's eyes on him, watching his every move and making him fidget as he took care of his clothing. Due to the way he'd separated his clothing, his underwear was all at the bottom right below his socks. As he reached that section Neil grabbed his hand and pulled him in close. "Why don't you just leave those in the bag, I'll keep them in my room until you're done wearing tighty whiteys." he teased as the fox averted his eyes submissively. He let the pair of boxer briefs he'd picked up fall on top of the clothing bag, and felt the wolf pull his hand in and kiss the back of it gently. "There we go, I'll keep a close eye on them, I promise." said the wolf gently as he reached over with his other hand and grabbed up the clothing bag.

The wolf released the fox's hand, chuckling as he stood up and carried off the bag of the fox's boxer briefs. The fox's cock strained against his own white briefs, even being told what to wear was turning him on. It was demeaning, yet at the same time thrilling to be so easily dominated. The fox, ears lowered, started gathering up his books for his study session in the library. He already knew he wouldn't be able to get Neil off his mind, but he also knew that he had to study if he was going to maintain his decent grades.

Adam adjusted his wayward pants again, trying his best to hide the childish white briefs he wore below. He started to walk out of the room, but heard the voice of Neil before he reached the stairs. "Where do you think you're going, I have a few things to show you about how to study," teased the voice of Neil from the open room. Adam stopped, positive he wasn't going to get anything done

hanging out with Neil, but still wanting to spend more time with him. The internal conflict ended as Adam walked over, opened the door, walked inside, and closed it behind him. Adam could see that Neil was in his boxers, it made him squirmy to see the dominant canine so easily sitting in his undies.

"Here, come sit on the bed, I'm going to show you a secret study technique," the dominant wolf teased as if to make the fox blush again. Of course, it worked, the fox's face lit up like a Christmas light as he walked over and sat on the edge of the bed beside the wolf. Neil grabbed Adam's bag, looked it over, and tossed it to the side before playfully tackling the submissive fox. Adam yipped as he felt the bigger canine pin him to the bed, and whimpered as he felt his pants being slid down to reveal his tented briefs.

"Hmm, may have to take care of that sometime, for now though I've not slept all night, so you're gonna be my teddy bear for a nap and we can deal with the studying when I wake up," Neil said tauntingly as he pulled the fox's pants off fully and tossed them aside. "...You promise we'll study later?" murmured the fox as he realized he wanted nothing more than to be held in the wolf's arms. "Yep, I promise," said the wolf as he pulled the fox up to the head of the bed, resting on his side with the fox in his grip. The fox cuddled against the wolf, getting as comfortable as he could while being held like a giant plushie. He felt the wolf grind forward, pressing his hips against the fox's and letting Adam feel Neil's cock laying against his ass.

Neil sighed and nuzzled Adam, pressing his muzzle against Adam's shoulder and making him whimper as he realized the wolf must have been tired. He heard the bigger wolf start to snore lightly right behind him, leaving him trapped and unbelievably horny. His mind started racing, thinking of what might be next. With all the possibilities racing through his mind though he knew which one he wanted the most at this second: sex. His cock strained against his tighty whiteys, and he could only lay and whimper lightly. He didn't want to wake the wolf up, so for now his needy cock would just have to wait and hope the wolf had plans for it later. The thought excited him as he fell into a fitful nap in the wolf's arms.