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WARNING: May contain coarse language, violence, gore, or sexual content. Reader discretion is advised.

(Author's note: While there aren't any direct references to abuse, there are mentions of their effects within this chapter so I'd thought I'd drop a soft reminder for those sensitive to this material. It's not something I've been through so I just really hope I'm conveying the emotions, mannerisms, etc. properly through Luger. Any suggestions are welcome as I still have the story to write when *SPOILER* Luger tells Troy what happened to him.)

Chapter 24. "Skittish"

While this was going to be easier to do without the water constantly splashing in his eyes, it wasn't going to be easy since Troy had never touched another man's - let alone an animal-like man's - genitals. However, he was nearly done washing the timid Luger before he was interrupted. Troy mentally kicked himself when he glanced over and saw the body wash lying on the floor next to the still flowing water.

Troy huffed out his breath and stood, then walked over and grabbed the bottle. He walked back over to Luger and knelt down again. He looked from Luger's manhood to his pained expression. He was still intermittently shaking, eyes squeezed shut, and muttering in that squeaky voice.

"Before all this, I might have been jealous that such a small person had such a large package," Troy thought, then looked down. "I guess now...not so much. Besides, it's not like I haven't seen one so large on a small frame before." He picked up the bottle and squeezed some of the product onto his hand, then set it back down before looking back up. "At least it's yours and not transplanted from who knows where," he continued thinking as he lathered the soap in his palms.

Luger reeled with a high-pitched squeal as Troy placed his hands on either side of Luger's sheath. Troy looked up as Luger looked down. "Really?" Troy's expression asked.

“Sorry, Masder Troy,” Luger whispered. “I’m jus’...s-gared.”

“Why?” Troy thought as he eased his expression. “I’m not scary.” Troy glanced away. “Am I?” He looked back at the gazelle’s belly to the tuft of slightly longer fur below his navel. “This won’t be scary.”

Troy used his fingers like spider legs to crawl up to Luger’s abdomen. He quickly wriggled his fingers into the soft fur and skin of Luger’s stomach. Luger’s skin fluttered as he began to giggle while his left cloven hoof tapped against the hard floor.

“Ma-has-der Troy! Staaahp!” Luger protested through giggles as he playfully slapped at Troy’s hands.

Troy couldn’t help but giggle himself. Luger was making it very hard to dislike these creatures. He was so adorable in his own unique way. Troy didn’t have a younger sibling. If he did, he hoped they were this sweet and innocent. Thinking of it that way, maybe that’s how he should approach getting along with Luger. Though, siblings shouldn’t be bathing each other to this extent.

Troy calmed his giggling and pulled his fingers free from Luger’s still convulsing stomach. Luger’s giggles died down and he sighed. He pulled his hands to his stomach in loose fists as he looked down at Troy with a smile on his face.

“Thang you, Masder Troy, for galming Luger down,” he said, but the smile faded. “But Luger’s still nervous. We still have to do,” he said quietly and swallowed hard. “That.” His expression seemed to sour. “Please...hurry?”

Troy nodded, then brought his hands down to Luger’s groin again. “He really needs to stop calling me that,” Troy thought as he slowly, gently massaged the soap into Luger’s fur and skin. “I understand their caution, but are daily, thorough checks really necessary? What are they looking for exactly? There *has* to be a reason.”

Troy carefully massaged the soap into Luger’s furry sheath up to the tip, then back down to the base. He could tell that Luger was trying his hardest to fight the feelings building within him. Troy inverted his hands and rubbed the nooks of Luger’s groin and inner thighs. It felt so strange feeling another man’s penis. It was disturbing feeling Luger’s testicles rub against the backs of his hands. He studied to do hernia and cancer checks in males, but he’d never actually done one before. He also found that the furless strip went down the sides of Luger’s scrotum and wrapped around behind them.

“What caused this?” He wondered with concern, but decided it best to worry more about that later. “I don’t want to do this too rough, but I also don’t want it to feel *too good*,” Troy thought as he pulled his hands from Luger’s groin.

He did his best to steady his breathing and his hands, but this was so awkward. He slid his left hand behind Luger’s scrotum and gently massaged the soap across and into the short fur that covered Luger’s large testicles. They were many times larger than his own and they felt firm. Troy remembered when his were like this during the end and the months after his relationship with Jackie. It made him wonder if Luger knew what masturbation was. As Troy’s fingers passed over the heavy scarring, he remembered that it might be painful or even impossible with his genitals in this condition. It couldn’t have been too painful with how erect Luger was.

Troy did his best to imitate what the Colonel did and held Luger’s scrotum in one hand and lightly dragged his fingers along one of the lemons. He did this over and over on both of them before pressing between them and feeling the insides, then over the outsides. He moved to the side and held the front Luger’s scrotum against his left hand and did his best to trace over the backside of the fruits. He didn’t feel anything odd - except for the scars. Luger didn’t seem to be in any pain. His soft squeaks and moans sold that fact. Troy used his first finger to trace along the piping he discovered floating along the back of Luger’s scrotum. Again it was hard to tell with the scarring, but it didn’t feel like there were any issues. He checked the connection at the base of his testes. It was stiff and probably backed up, but it wasn’t from any disease or otherwise. That was just from not using them regularly - if he even could.

Troy stood and walked over to rinse off his hands to start the next part. He returned and knelt in front of Luger. As he looked over the damaged glans, he saw telltale signs of pre-ejaculate oozing from the urethra opening. Troy cringed at the thought of touching it, but he had no choice. If he was going to vow to protect Luger, that meant from diseases and other anomalies as well.

Troy steeled himself and reached out with his left hand. The sounds coming from behind him were not encouraging in the slightest. He wished those two would do that somewhere else. It was very distracting. He grasped the end of Luger’s sheath and pressed it down towards his groin. Luger gasped and his penis pulsated a few times. Troy gently pressed his first finger and thumb together on his right hand and brought it up by the fresh drop of pre-ejaculate pooled on the end of Luger’s dark pink - and getting darker, redder - penis.

“Aht!” Luger cried out as his hips bucked back from Troy’s touch.

Troy steadied his hand again and placed his fingers against the tip once more. Luger didn't buck as hard this time. Troy carefully pushed his fingers away from him and to the base of Luger's shaft. The tip itself was about an inch in diameter. It was round like the end of a finger. It had the texture of the thinner skin like Troy's own penis, but it was slick like the inside of a vagina - as if it lubricated itself. It felt like touching a warming stone with how much heat it produced. A thick artery pressed through the skin and squiggled along the top, then down the side in the middle with several thinner arteries pressing through along the sides. It seemed to be the same firmness that Troy's own had at full capacity. The whole thing seemed to gradually get thicker until the middle portion. It grew to about two inches in diameter when there was a bump that bisected the outer and inner lengths. It reminded him of the medial ring he had as the horse. The inner length was around three inches in diameter and seemed to slightly grow even more towards the base. Including the portion covered by Troy's hand, he guessed it to be about ten inches in length. With how red and hard the thing was getting, Troy figured Luger was starting to feel the pain from such a sustained erection.

Troy turned his hand slightly and began to pull his finger and thumb towards him. More of the pre-ejaculate began to pool and slide down the length as Troy's fingers moved. In what could only be described as a stuttered, broken whine, Luger vocalized his reluctant pleasures, but it also sounded like he was sobbing. Troy could see him wriggle, his stomach flutter, and his penis pulsated sporadically.

Troy wasn't sure if he was hurting him with Luger, seemingly, sobbing like that. He had no idea how sensitive their penis' were. Troy could only imagine that, even with the slight lubrication already on the shaft, it couldn't have been comfortable with his mostly dry fingers rubbing against it. He knew how it felt when he rubbed his own with a dry hand. He decided that it would be best to get this over with swiftly and as comfortably as possible for the young man. Troy pulled his fingers off the sensitive surface and collected some of the clear ejaculate onto his intrusive digits. It felt just like his own. It was perturbing, but he had no other options nearby.

Troy's slicker fingers touched the tip once more - this time, though, he used more surface area from his phalanges to speed up the process. One or two more passes should suffice. Troy pressed into the hot flesh and passed over the surface - minding the bump - to the base. Luger throbbed over and over under Troy's touch. He sucked in air through his teeth and whined in a subdued, lengthy, higher pitch. Troy noticed that his nose and ears were reddening and his testicles were slowly rising towards his body. His ears flopped against the side of his head and neck while his nostrils quivered.

"L-Luger's sorry, Masder Troy," Luger breathed out quietly as his hips slowly swayed back. "AH-mmm!" He cried and clamped his muzzle shut.

Luger reached down with his hands and gripped his thighs, dug his fingers into his skin, and clenched his fur as his hips wobbled forward. As if somehow foreshadowing what was to come, Troy pulled his hands away and moved to the side as a clear jet of ejaculate shot from Luger's penis.

"No," Luger sobbed quietly as he clenched his teeth and lowered his head towards his chest.

His penis throbbed several more times as more of the clear fluid coursed free from within or dribbled out onto the floor. Troy could see tears begin to fall from Luger's eyes as he softly sobbed into the air around his chest.

"Pfft. HA HA HA!" The bellowing Lieutenant snickered and laughed heartily.

"Luger?" The Colonel called over with concern.

"Hee...he-he nearly shot eem in eye!" The reindeer guffawed. "Poosey vird-gin! Only gay poosey squirts on other man!" The Lieutenant mocked. He brought up a hand towards his mouth - imitating shock. "Oh, wait. That's right," he mocked in surprise as he lowered his hand. "Gay poosey's nah-HAWT!" The Lieutenant continued to mock, then screamed out in pain.

Troy looked over to see the fiery eyes of the Colonel staring up at the Lieutenant with an expression that could kill as her right hand smashed the slick, red reindeer penis in her grasp.

"I fucking told you to never," the Colonel faintly growled before being cut off.

"SHUT UP!" Luger screamed, his voice cracking as he interrupted the Colonel. "LUGER MOTHER-SHITTING HATES Y-!" Luger continued to bellow - seething with hatred - as Troy rose up to his feet and pressed his hand to Luger's nose. "Muh...masd-..."

Troy brought up his thumb to close Luger's muzzle, then slowly turned towards the Lieutenant with a heated stare of his own as he pulled his hand from Luger's muzzle. He felt all of his anger rise to the surface and form into his fists - his muscles surely itching to punch the cocky beast in his fat muzzle.

The Colonel turned her head to speak over her shoulder. "Stand down, Troy!" She commanded. "Let me handle this," she snarled, then looked back at the belligerent male.

The Lieutenant squealed out in pain as the Colonel wrenched her fist in a half circle and down toward the floor.

"Sor...IZVINYAT'SYA!" The Lieutenant yelled. "SVEN'S SORRY!"

The Lieutenant's hooves clapped against the floor as he danced in place, his expression dire, and his hands quivering as they hovered over her vice-like grip in half-circles.

Troy lowered his fists and took a step back as he turned to face Luger. Luger stared off to the left as he held his fists up by his chest - clenched tighter than before. Troy closed his eyes and sighed his anger away as he loosened his hands. He stepped up to the quietly sobbing gazelle and placed his left hand on his shoulder. Luger squeaked as he glanced towards Troy's hand, then, just as quickly, looked away.

"You have thirty seconds to holster that weapon, you disgusting oxygen thief," the Colonel barked. "Clean this shit up and march your ass to the dryers ASAP. Crystal?"

The Lieutenant did his best to salute the Colonel. "Sir, yes sir!" The Lieutenant rasped out, then proceeded to hastily rinse off, turn off the shower, collect the towels and bottles he brought, then dashed over behind the Lieutenant into the drying room.

"Now that that's over with, let's finish this," Troy calmly thought as he looked over at the trembling Luger. "What *happened* to you for you to act like this?" Troy wondered as he pulled his hand away with a pained expression. "I hope you're able to tell me someday. I want to help you through this if I can."

Troy tuned out the sound of the dryers while lost in his thoughts. He knelt down in front of Luger once more and applied more of Luger's own lubrication to his drying fingers. Luger jerked away from Troy as he grasped his sheath once more.

"Mmt," Luger groaned - still not looking at Troy - as another tear rolled down his cheek.

Troy slid his fingers down Luger's length, then back up as smoothly and quickly as he could along the last portion. If Luger truly was a virgin, it probably wouldn't take much more of this fondling to set him off...if he even could. Troy knew that even those

that had vasectomies could still produce ejaculate from the glands that deliver pre-ejaculate. Troy pulled his hands away and gently patted Luger's outer thigh. Luger looked relieved as he huffed and puffed his breath out. His head darted down to look at Troy with a mix of confusion and respite.

"Masder...Troy?" Luger asked timidly. "You're not...going to...do *that*?"

Troy looked up at him, befuddled. "What?"

"Luger, sweetie," the Colonel called over as she continued to towel off as she walked out of the drying room. "You can't expect him to do that for you like myself and the President do. I told you that you need to do that yourself at least once a week to clear those out."

Troy stared at her body as her various parts clenched or jiggled as she moved the towel over her poofy fur. That smell that was hiding underneath all the other fragrances was so strong now. It wasn't as intoxicating as the smell of female pheromones, but he still reacted to the smell of fresh-cut grass with a sickeningly sweet overtone to it. It wasn't coming from her. It smelled like...it was coming from Luger!

"I don't understand this...feeling," Troy thought as he ogled the Colonel swiping the towel over her breasts.

"Luger don't wanna," Luger childishly protested, then huffed as he crossed his arms across his chest, stamped his hoof, and looked like he was pouting.

"Sweetie, it won't affect you much now but, as you get older, you're going to have to do it every now and then." She stopped moving the towel as if she had a brilliant idea. "You know, sweetie," she began as she held the towel over her groin and began to move the towel over her lower stomach and hips. "Maybe Troy can show you."

Troy's eyes widened as he snapped free of the alluring visage.

"I've only done it as a...well," she said and appeared to think. "Just," she said and looked back at Troy. "He might know a better way than I know that's quicker and feels better...maybe?"

Troy quickly shook his head. That was *not* something he wanted to think about - let alone hear mentioned again. It was too late. He already started having visions of doing more than check Luger for anomalies. That damned smell was causing him to

imagine his lips around Luger's...large...penis....tasting that...sweet dew. Troy clamped his eyes shut and rubbed his forehead.

"What...the...shit!?" Troy tumultuously thought as he tried to purge the thoughts from his head.

"You could lie next to each other and pretend you're row....ing," the Lieutenant chimed in, then quickly lowered his voice as he saw the Colonel wrap her fists around the towel.

Troy could hear the fibers of the towel crackle under her strength and the Lieutenant's hooves quickly stomp into the locker room. The Colonel held her trembling fists in the towel, then loosened her grip as she sighed. She looked back at Troy as he finally got that wretched vision out of his head. He had to replace it with a vision of tasting the Colonel, but at least he wouldn't lose himself like before with the lack of female pheromones in the air.

"Luger, do you mind showing Troy around? I have to reprimand a certain...asshole," the Colonel said, her voice gradually turning sour as she glanced over her shoulder.

Troy could see him nod in his peripheral. "Sh-sure," he said - sounding both excited and nervous.

"Thank you, sweetie," the Colonel said in her motherly tone, then kissed her fingers and blew it at him.

Luger grumbled as he hid his face in his hands. Troy looked back at the Lieutenant as she walked into the locker room. He heard her begin to berate the Lieutenant as the sound of a locker door banging open rang throughout the entirety of the locker room and shower room.

Troy grinned evilly as he knew the Colonel was putting her proverbial foot in the ass of that...ass. It was just such a shame that their culture shunned other sexualities. It wasn't like Luger was actively making passes at other males. Sure their population was dwindling, but that was no excuse to treat him this way. Luger was still young. He'd been through a tough time. So, maybe, he wasn't sure how he viewed attractiveness to others. Discovering one's sexual identity is a process. Heck, Troy wasn't immediately attracted to females. That's all a part of growing up. It really wasn't until he'd been with...no! Troy spent so long trying to forget her. Sure he still had feelings for her, but she made her intentions glaringly clear. It was time to move on.

However, this was a whole other level of awkward, weird, and uncomfortable. He wasn't around his own kind and he was set in his feelings towards women. *Human* women - even with the Colonel's stunning body clouding his judgment. The Lieutenant was making his current situation as comfortable as she possibly could. This situation would be a discombobulating experience to anyone...any *human*. He had to keep reminding himself to adapt and survive. Resist...and perish.

Troy mentally kicked himself again. "I never did his backside!" Troy growled internally. "Don't forget to do his face, either."

Troy looked up at Luger. Luger appeared to be lost in his own thoughts. Troy tapped Luger's thigh to get his attention. Luger jumped, then looked down at Troy. Troy reached over and tapped Luger's small rump and then mocked swiping his hand up an imaginary gluteus to the sacrum. Luger looked confused, then looked shocked as he returned to his default fists-on-chest position. The trembling returned and he seemed to mutter quietly to himself.

Troy grabbed the body wash and squeezed a bit into his palm and worked it into his palm as he set the bottle down. He did his best to get the soap on the side of his hand and reached under Luger. He thought he'd be able to do it like the Colonel did to him, but Luger's ridiculously-sized testicles were making getting the angle right difficult.

Troy pulled his hand out from under Luger and crouch-walked around him. Troy carefully pulled up Luger's tail. He could feel Luger tremble again. Troy placed his right hand along the crevice and lightly pressed the side of his fingers into the flesh of Luger's inner glutes a few times to gain access. Luger went silent, but he slowly nodded his head twice. Troy maneuvered his soapy hand under Luger's tail and rubbed the base, then worked his fingers along the entrance towards Luger's anus. Luger's trembling became worse and it sounded like he was beginning to sob. Troy passed it off as him being nervous and making strange noises per usual.

Troy moved his left hand from Luger's tail and used his palm to try and separate the clenching half moons. Luger's tail slapped against Troy's hand and it felt like it was pressing into his right hand. It was out of the way, but it was still a bit annoying. Troy slowly worked his hand into the crevice. There wasn't a lot of real estate to Luger's glutes, but Luger seemed to become more distraught the closer Troy came to the inside. Troy could feel Luger start to clench his glutes tighter. When he finally touched something warm and squishy, Luger brought his hands up to his eyes, bent over slightly, raised his tail, relaxed his backside, and began to cry uncontrollably while shaking violently. Troy held his hand inside the crevice and stared at the back of the young man

in confusion. He pulled himself together and did the best/quickest job he could given the circumstances.

"I'm so sorry, Luger. I don't know what happened to you, but I didn't mean to make you cry like this," Troy thought - starting to share Luger's pain as his chest tightened.

Troy thought quickly and stood next to Luger, then wrapped his arm around the thin shoulders of the sobbing young man. Troy walked him over to the running water and stood him under it. Troy hastily grabbed the body wash and washed his hand before dispensing more of the liquid onto his palm. He lathered it up, then reached over and gingerly pried Luger's hands from his face. Troy quickly moved his head out of the way as Luger's head came crashing into his chest and his arms wrapped around his back. Troy didn't want to know what kind of damage those horns could do to thin flesh and fragile bone that comprised his face. It wouldn't have been the worst thing he'd been through, but it was avoidable for all the right reasons. Troy looked down at Luger as he cried uncontrollably into his chest. He slowly moved his arms down and wrapped them behind Luger's bony back.

"Luger's so sorry," he sobbed. "Luger's a bad boy. Luger will be good. Promise."

Luger kept quietly repeating those phrases like a mantra. Troy was dumbfounded as to what was happening or why Luger felt it necessary to say these things. He never had much use for words before, but now he wanted nothing more than to tell Luger he's "okay," he "has nothing to apologize for," and that he's "not a bad person."

"LU-!" The Colonel yelled as she ran into the room, but stopped her feet and voice when she saw what was happening.

Troy looked over at her. It was hard not to look uncomfortable with Luger's shrinking penis pressed against his stomach, his sheath tickling Troy's own penis, and his testicles resting against Troy's thighs. Through the water that was rinsing away the soap suds on his hands as he rubbed Luger's back, Troy gave a "thumbs up" with his right. The Colonel brought a loose fist up to her chest and appeared to sigh in relief.

"Take care of him, Troy," she softly said - her voice trembling along with her lower lip.

The Colonel appeared to force a smile before she saluted and left the room.

He wasn't sure how long they were standing there. It was long enough for Luger's penis to fully recede into his sheath and for his crying to subside. He wasn't sure why he gave the Colonel any indication he had this under control. He didn't have a clue what he was doing! Troy didn't have any experience with this sort of situation! He always felt like a failure when attempting to sympathize or empathize with Jackie. Again, he didn't have a younger sibling. He was never put in a situation to help a younger fellow student like one would see in a movie. Troy just hoped this was enough as he continued to slowly rub Luger's back.

"Is he even eating enough?" Troy wondered as his fingers kept passing over Luger's ribs and spine. "I guess I'm in charge of making sure he's taking care of himself now," he thought as he brought up his right hand and ran his fingers over the fur of Luger's neck and back of his head.

"Luger's sorry, Masder Troy," Luger finally spoke - his voice soft and still crackling with emotion. "It's not Masder Troy's fault. Luger was just...s-gared. Luger gept thing-ing bag to then and Luger just..."

Luger trembled briefly as he breathed in, then sighed. He squeezed Troy in his arms, then very slowly pulled out of the embrace - his hands sliding off Troy's sides. Troy did the same. Luger looked up at Troy with a remorseful expression for a moment, then his eyes looked away and down at the floor. Troy reached out and rubbed his hand between Luger's horns. Luger giggled and flashed a quick smile before returning his somber expression. He still wasn't looking at Troy.

"Thang you...Masder Troy," Luger quietly said, his lower lip slightly trembling and his eyelids quivering.

Troy had never experienced another person so overcome with fear or break down so vehemently. It hurt him to witness this and feel so inept at being of any use in this situation. He just hoped again that Luger would tell him what brought on this reaction - these feelings - so that he might be able to properly address him and come up with a better strategy to help him in his time of need.

Troy brought his rinsed hands up to Luger's cheeks and used his thumbs to wipe away the remnants of tears still clinging to Luger's damp fur. Unsure of what else he could do, Troy decided it was best to just wash Luger's face and rinse the rest of his fur of the soap.

Troy grabbed the body wash bottle and squeezed a small amount into his palm, placed the bottle down, and lathered his palms and fingers. He reached up and carefully

rubbed the suds into Luger's muzzle, cheeks and under his ears. Luger closed his eyes as Troy's thumbs wiped under his eyes and his fingers passed over the ridge of his slight brow. Troy passed a hand over Luger's nose to wipe away the mucus that clung to the thinned out fur. He guided Luger back into the water and used his fingers to rinse the body wash from Luger's face. He then pulled him out of the water and gingerly wiped his eyes of any accumulated moisture. Troy stepped to the side and began running his fingers through Luger's fur to release any trapped soap along his back and arms. He dropped down and began to pass over his thighs and lower legs. He turned Luger towards the water and did the same for his chest, stomach, and private parts. Luger didn't seem to react quite as strongly to Troy's groping this time around.

Troy picked up the body wash and placed the bottle into the rack, then grabbed the pink bottle. He uncapped it and squeezed some of the thicker, lotion-like product over Luger's back while using his left hand to spread it over any spots he remembered had the coarser fur. Luger remained still. He almost seemed like a mannequin with how dead he appeared.

As Troy worked the conditioner into Luger's back, he felt several muscles that had tightened up in Luger's neck and back. They seemed to be more knotted than they were the first time he felt them. Troy used what he learned from his Physical Therapy elective to massage the knots free. Luger closed his eyes and finally seemed more alive as he groaned under Troy's treatment. Troy did the best he could along Luger's stiff neck, then worked down to the lumps in his upper back and between his shoulder blades. He switched to his thumbs and pressed into and along the bumps in his lower back and above his tail. He had to wonder if his newfound strength was allowing him to use his hands like this for this long.

Troy finished up the impromptu massage at Luger's tail. Luger was starting to lean forward as if in a trance as Troy worked his thumbs around the base of the tail. His groans became longer and more drawn out without suppression like he had when Troy was touching him otherwise. Perhaps he was just enjoying the pampering or - Troy had hoped - he was becoming more comfortable around him and allowing himself to express how he felt more audibly than before. Whatever the case, Troy worked his fingers through the fur once more as he rinsed the thicker product out.

When finished, Troy walked over and shut the water off and collected the bottles along his left forearm against his chest and handed a towel over to Luger. Luger hesitantly took the towel and held it in his hands up by his chest. Troy flipped his towel over his shoulder and walked into the storage area to replace the bottles. He wondered if they always used so much of the stuff and how they kept a steady supply of it if they had to pillage in order to survive.

Troy used the towel to start drying off his head and neck as he walked out of the alcove. He glanced over and saw that Luger was still standing there with the towel in his hands while staring off into space - if that was a proper term to use given the situation. Troy walked over to Luger as he placed the towel back over his shoulder. He stood there for a moment, then placed his right hand on Luger's left. Luger came to and looked up at Troy, then quickly away. Troy grabbed his hand and lifted it free of the towel, then stood next to the horned one. He gave a slight smile as he placed his hand in Luger's and began to walk towards the drying room. Luger squeaked and his hooves clapped along the floor as he tried to catch his feet up to Troy's pace. He clutched the towel to his chest as they walked. He slowly looked over at Troy with an innocent stare. He looked down at their union of hands, then back up to Troy's face. Troy thought he could see him smile a little before hiking the towel over his own shoulder.

"Luger, you're going to be fine. I'll do everything I can to make sure of it," Troy thought - his smile growing a little wider as they passed through the entry to the drying room.