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

Chapter 25. "Troy's New Friend...?"

If Luger truly was gay, Troy didn't want to give him the wrong impression - even though he *was* holding his hand. He couldn't see it clearly, but it didn't appear to be attraction forming the growing smile on Luger's thin, medium-length muzzle. He wondered if he looked over if it would send the wrong message? Troy was comfortable in his sexuality and wasn't the least bit curious in males - especially animal-like ones. It had already taken the President's decree and seeing the scars on Luger to get him to open up this much to the Furries.

Troy looked down at the floor ahead of them with a serious look upon his face. "Can I...can I call him...a friend?" He wondered.

He stole a glance over at Luger's beaming face. That smile was so infectious that he couldn't stop his own lips from quivering in a smile. He looked back ahead and forced the smile away.

"I don't know how long I'll be here. Might as well play along." He looked ahead as they entered the drying room. "'Fake it 'til you make it' as they say, right?"

Luger pulled his hand free and practically pranced over to a hook to hang up his towel, then over to one of the dryers. He switched the unit on and filled the small room with a loud "*whirr*." Troy watched him for a moment as Luger lost himself in some make-believe bliss. It was hard to hear over the loud noise but Troy could swear he was humming. The air moved his fur in all different directions.

Troy looked over in the mirror along the wall as he moved the towel over his smooth, green-colored skin. He wasn't sure he'd ever get used to seeing himself like this. More of it flaked off onto the towel. He hoped it wouldn't be a part of him for much longer.

Luger hop-turned and started to dry his chest as his hips slightly swayed. He rhythmically moved his hands over his fur as Troy dried his face and head. He began to dry his legs as Luger pulled the nozzle from the wall and held it up to his head.

Troy dried his feet and hung his towel up on a drying rod, then began to look over all the various products, brushes, combs, rakes, files, and clippers. He pulled one after the other out to look at it before placing it back in the proper place. It looked like a store shelf in a pet store. Of course, he couldn't read any of the labels on the bottles to tell what they were.

"Ha!" Luger cried out.

Troy instantly turned his head to see if he was okay. Luger was holding the air nozzle over his groin with his free hand over the end of his muzzle. He coyly looked over at Troy, then turned his body away from him. Troy could see the insides of the ears against the sides of Luger's head were turning red.

"Sorry...Masder...Troy," Luger's quiet, squeaky voice said. "It just..."

"Feels good," Troy finished with him. "I know. You don't have to apologize. I'd do the same thing, bud," Troy thought and picked up one of the products to sniff it.

Troy continued the olfactory sampling of the bottles when he noticed Luger's tail slightly flutter and could hear Luger's stifled moans while drying his private parts. Troy opened one bottle and inhaled an earthy smell that made him think of sunshine. When he inhaled up and away from the bottle, he smelled that sweet, fresh-cut grass smell. His eyes fluttered, his body felt flush, and he felt his groin stir. His eyes lazily looked over at Luger.

"He sure does have a cute butt," Troy's floating headspace said as he watched Luger run his fingers through that soft tail and rump fur.

His eyes caught a glance of Luger's half-emerged penis. He hummed as his mouth began to salivate and he ran the tip of his tongue over his pressed lips. Troy dropped the bottle and lumbered over towards Luger. Luger jumped and turned toward him while holding his hands up in that cute way by his chest when he was nervous or scared. Troy stopped in front of him, then leaned down - his lips huffing out breath in front of Luger's. Troy placed his hands on Luger's and softly pressed his lips to those lightly furred lips. Luger lurched in his fur, then settled in to what was happening. Troy didn't hate this strange feeling of tiny hairs tickling his lips. Luger's eyes fluttered closed

and he sank down onto his cloven feet. Troy pulled away a bit and stared into those golden orbs.

“Muh...Masder...T-Troy?” Luger quietly stuttered, breathily.

Troy loosened his knees and brought his lips against Luger’s hard bottom jaw, then slid his lips across the soft fur to Luger’s neck.

“Mas...der...*huff*...Troy. Mmm.”

Troy couldn’t help himself. His fur was so warm. So soft. So...inviting! He knelt further as he parted Luger’s loose fists and kissed over his heart. He swore he felt Luger’s heart kick against his lips. He wriggled his nose and lips along his fur to the denser fur near his sheath. He kissed his navel, then turned his head and settled in at lip-level to the fuzzy sheath of the young...buck? Troy closed his eyes as he inhaled more of Luger’s scent. The sweet grass overpowered the fragrance of the body wash and equally overpowered Troy’s mind and movements. He reached his lips out and kissed the side of the filling sheath.

“Masder...*huff*...*huff*...mmm!”

Troy opened his eyes to see Luger’s filling cock. It throbbed as every decadent inch crawled free of its bonds. Troy raked his fingers through Luger’s chest and stomach down to his thighs. He made a scoop out of his hands and cradled those juicy fruits. He leaned in and pressed his lips to the side of the thin, slick, hardening flesh. Luger throbbed hard as the arteries began to press through the thin, pink skin. Troy inspected the lemons for ripeness as he brought his face down to meet them. He pressed his nose and lips against the firm lemons as he gently moved his face back and forth. He kissed each one before burying his nose in the delicate fur and skin of the young buck and inhaled deeply. He huffed out his breath over them as he brought back his head.

“Masder Troy,” Luger huffed out as he panted.

Troy licked his lips and surveyed his target. He glanced up to see the gazelle enjoying every moment of the attention. Troy looked back down at the tip of the reddening rod hovering in front of him - a gob of precum beginning to slowly slide down the length like molasses. Troy opened his mouth, reached out his tongue, and took his first taste of gazelle meat. It tasted a bit like it smelled: Sweet with a grassy tinge to it. Troy flicked his tongue off the end of the monster and licked his lips again before kissing the tip. He opened his mouth as far as he could and angled his opening to the angle of

his newfound desire. He felt it drag across his tongue and move past his uvula before he closed his mouth and began to suckle.

“M-MASDER TROY!”

Troy snapped out of it and looked properly at Luger - who was in a state of shock. Luger's eyes were wide as he nervously held the - now quiet - wall-mounted unit. His upper body was turned towards Troy while his lower body was turned toward the wall. Troy blinked rapidly away from Luger's receding penis to his stunned expression. His eyes weren't looking up at Troy's. They were much lower. He gasped in a breath and turned away while hiding his chest and groin with his thin arms and hands.

“Masder...Troy...Luger's...not...”

Troy shook his head and regained his focus as Luger's words faded away. He pried his eyes away from the blushing buck to the mirror ahead of him. A strange object was staring back at him from the lower portion of the vanity mirror. Troy felt the pain in his groin pulse as the monstrous object bobbed. A stream of clear fluid oozed from within and dripped down to the floor. Troy gasped and looked down at his very erect, very strange penis. A drop of pre-ejaculate collected and slowly fell from his odd tip to the floor - leaving a string of it dangling off the end. He could see a small pool forming on the floor between his feet.

It disgusted him. It angered him. He felt his stomach gradually wrench down on itself. His face twisted in anguish and he dashed from the room to the toilet area. He slapped the cold water on and began splashing the traitorous digit. He grit his teeth as he ground his wet hand into the sensitive, bulbous end. It almost looked like a trumpet with how it was flaring out. Thoughts of cutting the foreign material from his body filled his head as he feverishly raked his nailless fingers over the flesh.

“Masder Tr...,” Luger quietly said as he placed his thin fingers on Troy's forearm.

Troy reeled and stopped his clenched fist just before it struck the young man in the muzzle. Luger shrieked in surprise and brought his thin forearms up to protect his face. Troy stared at the cowering buck as his anger dissipated with each panting breath. Something warm splashed against his leg and the smell of feces filled the air. Troy looked down to see Luger spurting urine from his sheath and fecal pellets sprinkled on the floor behind him. Anger surged within him again at the sight of another male urinating on him, but he looked at how absolutely terrified Luger was of him and calmed down just as fast. Troy quickly splashed some soap and water on his leg, slapped the water off, then stepped to the young man and flung his arms around him. Luger

shrieked and shook harder as he began to try and wriggle free. Troy shushed him as he squeezed tighter to try and calm him down.

“Dammit! Dammit! DAMMIT!” He screamed in his head. “I’m so sorry Luger! Please calm down! Please...trust me! I didn’t mean to!”

Troy eased his boa-like grip around Luger as he stopped fighting and began to cry frantically. He kept apologizing and swearing he’d never do it again. He even repeated his prior mantra over and over between apologies - his voice getting quieter with each passage until he was just weeping into Troy’s neck and upper chest. Troy could feel his chest and throat tightening. He imagined himself in Luger’s...hooves...and played the scenario out in his head. He mustered every last bit of strength he could to try and speak.

“I’m solly...Luguh,” wheezed from Troy’s mouth - no vocal noise, just air.

“Masder Troy!” Luger cried and snaked his arms free to wrap them around Troy’s neck.

Luger cried into Troy’s neck as Troy reached around and began to move his hands over Luger’s clean, softer, bony back. Luger was shaking so hard that he was sliding on the floor. Troy noticed his hooves were closing together towards the scattered pellets. He flexed his arms and hugged Luger tightly as he carefully lifted him up, stepped over the pile, and gently set him down. He decided it was best to ignore Luger’s sheath pressing into his groin and his testicles tapping against his thighs. This wasn’t the time to be embarrassed. Luger’s shriek at being lifted was cut short by Troy’s grip and sounded more like a “*bleet*” with his air supply squashed. Troy continued to move his hands over Luger’s back as Luger caught his breath and loosed the last of his sobs.

“You’re strong, Masder Troy. You sgared Luger. Luger’s sorry,” Luger’s quivering voice breathed against Troy’s chest.

“No, bud. *I’m* sorry,” Troy thought as he held the young buck.

He could feel the cool air chill his skin from the drying tears on his neck and shoulder. He felt terrible. Before all this, he would have been the one to cower in fear if someone raised their hand against him. Whatever those creatures did to him, he wished they’d take it back if it meant he didn’t react violently like that again. This wasn’t a hostile area and he *definitely* wasn’t around someone hostile towards him. There was no reason for it! He wished that damn communicator wasn’t so far away so he could apologize properly.

Luger nuzzled against Troy's neck and sighed. "Luger's going to have to glean that up, huh?" He rhetorically asked, his warm breath tickling Troy's chest.

Troy shook his head and pulled away from Luger. They locked eyes and he shook his head again as he mouthed the word "No." He pointed back to the drying room and gently pushed Luger's chest. Luger looked flabbergasted.

"But...Masder..."

Troy brought up a finger to shush the gazelle as he shook his head again with a bit of a serious look. Luger's ears fluttered as he looked up at Troy with pleading eyes. Troy lowered his head a bit and looked more serious at Luger. Luger's eyes bounced from Troy's to his finger and back several times. Troy felt a rush of air as Luger sighed through his nose and started to back away. Troy brought his hand down and waited for him to leave. Instead, Luger gave a slight smile with those pleading eyes and lightly hugged Troy.

"Thang you, Masder Troy. Luger knows you weren't going to hit him. Luger just...can't help it....sometimes," he muttered against Troy's chest. He gave Troy a squeeze, then stepped back. "Luger will wait for Masder Troy by the lah-gers."

Luger gave Troy a sweet smile, then turned to leave. He seemed to have a bit of a spring in his steps. He held his hands a bit...girly? As his arms swayed, he held his hands in loose fists with his wrists turned up.

"Do you always walk like that?" Troy wondered. "I suppose I can see why people might misconceive your partner preference when walking like that. It's none of my business, but I do still wonder if you're really gay like the others claim."

Luger turned his head and glanced back. His tail fluttered and he giggled before turning his head back and nearly skipping to the drying room.

"Now *that's* new," Troy thought as he felt a smile sneak across his lips. "Do your thing, Luger. Whatever makes you happy."

Troy chuckled and turned to face his next task. With the lack of paper towels by the washing station, Troy wondered what they used for wiping after defecating. He stepped over the pellets and the urine splotches to find his answer: They didn't use paper products. He supposed that made sense. Not like there were trees in space. Instead, they seemed to use old hand towels and old, cut up articles of clothing. When

used, they discarded the items in bins. Troy grabbed several of the squares and dropped them on the floor, then used one to gather up the feces. It was surprisingly easy to pick up. He dropped them in the toilet and flushed it, then dropped that and the other squares in the bin. He used several more to mop up the remnants and used soap to properly clean the area. With them being concerned about their feet and disease, he didn't want to be the one responsible for any contamination or getting one of them sick by being careless. Troy called the job done, washed his hands, and met Luger in the drying area.

Troy watched as Luger applied a cream to his hand pads, then used another on his nails, hooves, and horns. He was humming again. That made Troy feel a little better. Troy watched as Luger picked up another bottle. It looked like he had a little ritual he had to complete before grabbing them. His hand shook as it slowly reached out and he looked terrified. His fingers would hover there as he stared at it. He swallowed, shook his head, looked more determined, then would snap up the bottle, look at it, and hum a little something. It was so strange.

"Was he not allowed to use these before? It's almost as if he has to tell himself it's okay before grabbing them," Troy thought as he watched Luger rub another lotion into his fur. He stared at him for a moment. "You'd never think he was just crying with how happy he looks. *Twice* today even. Whatever you've been through and with whatever goes through your head, you're a tough one, Luger. You don't always act like it, but it's there. Don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise."

Luger struggled to rub the lotion into the fur on his back, but he somehow managed to get most of it. He grabbed a brush and turned towards the wall-length mirrors behind him. He ran the brush over his chest, stomach, arms and legs. Troy was beginning to wonder what that felt like. Luger brushed his head and muzzle, then tried to reach his back. Troy stopped staring and loafing about and walked over to help out. Luger looked genuinely surprised at Troy when he reached out and took the brush from him.

"M-Masder Troy?" He quietly asked as he held in place and stared back.

Troy began to run the brush over his back. Luger hummed and looked into the mirror and let his arm drop to his side. This brush didn't seem to be brushing anything! It was a densely bristled brush that seemed to push everything over like a spatula to cake frosting. Troy set the brush on the counter and grabbed one of the rakes. Luger happily groaned as the tines sliced through the dense fur to his skin and properly brushed the pile. His skin and fur reacted much like Angel's back did whenever he touched a spot. It was like a reflex as the skin would bunch up or flutter around the spot, then slowly relax.

Luger shivered as the metal tines traced over his spine. Troy just hoped he wasn't snagging any bones pressing through his skin - let alone any of the scars.

Troy's thoughts returned to Angel again. He likened this situation to how it was when he met her. He wasn't fond of pets. But she...grew on him.

"Kind of like this, huh?" He thought as he made another pass down Luger's back.

The rake was getting clogged with fur. Troy picked out the spent pile and made several more passes. His hand was half full of the stuff by the time he was done. He walked over and tossed it into the bin of fur tucked next to the entryway, then walked back. Luger was looking at him with a smile.

"Thang you, Masder Troy," Luger said kindly. "That tickled but felt gu-huh!"

Troy interrupted him by passing the rake through his chest fur. Luger reacted by huffing his breath out, his eyes rolling up, his eyelids and fur fluttering, and his legs seemed to be turning to jelly. He did that again and again until Troy was done with his chest. He pulled the rake down by Luger's stomach. This reaction was much different.

"Gah-ha-ha!" Luger laughed and playfully slapped at Troy's arm as his stomach convulsed - his left hoof tapping against the floor. "That tiggles," he sputtered out between giggles. "An' it feels funny."

Troy assumed what that meant. Sure enough, he had to maneuver his arm around the emerging pink finger from Luger's filling sheath. Troy had a similar reaction to this kind of stimulation when the Colonel and Luger himself were rubbing *his* stomach. Troy ignored the slaps from Luger and his erogenous reaction to finish up his stomach, pulled out more fur from the rake, then moved down to his legs. Luger's giggles died down. Troy didn't look up for proof of reaction down here. Luger *did* seem to play with his fingers by his stomach, though.

Troy moved around Luger and raked the back of his legs. It was a bit tricky with how they curved slightly forward, then back, then forward again to the hoof. Troy moved up and gently raked over Luger's glutes. Luger seemed to stay quiet and stayed still for the remainder. He did grunt as the tines caught in his tail fluff. Troy pulled the last of the fur from the tines, cleaned out the other brush, then replaced them and tossed the fur into the bin.

Troy stopped his foot from moving forward as he turned to look at Luger. He looked...sad. Perhaps troubled? He was still picking at his fingers, but he was looking down and his eyes looked like they were welling up.

“Shit! Was I hurting him? Why didn’t he say anything?” Troy wondered as those and similar thoughts continued to swirl around his cranium.

“Mmm,” Luger hummed as he slowly looked up, but looked right back down. “Mmm-asder...Troy,” Luger muttered out and seemed to stop for a moment. His voice was strained as if the words were difficult to say. “Wwwwhy did you...do that...for Luger? You...barely know Luger...yet...you treated him gindly.”

Troy felt that. Right in his chest and throat. He watched as Luger’s fingers fidgeted faster and his golden eyes darted back and forth along the tiled floor. Troy just looked at him as if he’d said something absurd. This was his job. He was told to do this. What was the alternative? Would he be shipped out into space through an airlock? Would they grind him up into a loaf of meat? That last one made him queasy. Perhaps he’d think twice about getting that again.

Troy collected himself and sighed. He walked up to Luger, placed his left arm around his shoulders and squeezed a bit, then rubbed his hand along Luger’s silky back. Luger made various noises as he looked up at Troy. Troy looked down and slid his hand around to grab Luger’s, then began to walk towards the locker room. Luger squeaked and clapped his hooves to catch up again. Troy grabbed their towels on the way out and turned the corner to enter the locker room. Troy stopped and used one of the towels to wipe his feet, then turned and waited for Luger to raise his hooves. Reluctantly, Luger raised each hoof and allowed Troy to wipe the bottoms on the towel.

“Maser Troy!” Luger exclaimed as if remembering something when they stepped into the locker room. “I brought you clothes. They’re...”

“On the bench?!” Troy finished with him as he looked to the right at the pile of clothes outside of the Colonel’s locker.

“I don’t have a logger,” Luger said, defeated.

“You don’t have a locker,” Troy thought in unison.

Troy hung up the towels, then walked up to the Colonel’s locker, opened it, and grabbed the communicator.

“Why don’t you have a locker?” The computerized voice asked plainly as Troy looked at him and awaited his reply.

Luger looked away with embarrassment as he closed his legs and held his right tricep in his left hand. “They geep...tay-ging it,” he muttered as he looked away.

Troy felt the anger rise up in him as he tapped furiously at the keypad. The communicator creaked under his hands and his fingers sounded like one of Luger’s hooves tapping the floor.

“Luger, I’m treating you nice because we’re in the same circumstance. I’m the new person that everyone hates. You’re the young one that everyone picks on and treats like dirt. We’re verbally and physically abused by those that know nothing of what’s in our hearts,” the monotone communicator voiced for Troy. He began to send each sentence individually. “Did they even give me a chance to show them I can belong here? Have they given you a chance to show that you are a valuable member of their society?” Troy felt calmer and looked up at Luger as the following came from the small speaker. “Luger, you didn’t even hesitate to approach me and wash me. You didn’t judge me. You didn’t ridicule me. You didn’t physically assault me. Whether you were doing it because you were told to and too afraid not to is irrelevant. You came and helped me when I collapsed. You stuck by me when no one else was there for me...except maybe that smelly feline. You were kind to me and that just made me want to be kind to you. I watched how they tormented you. I watched as they ridiculed you when they knew nothing about you. Well, no more. I won’t let them treat you like that ever again. You don’t deserve it. You and the Colonel have been the kindest people I’ve met since I arrived here. I don’t want to be here. I didn’t ask to be here. But while I’m here, I will consider you my friend and I will do everything I can to protect you from those bullies.”

As the words spilled out from the communicator, Luger’s expression changed multiple times. His ears perked up and dropped. His eyes grew wider, then he half closed them as he would look around. He held his hands in fists down by his side, then brought them by his stomach and fiddled with them. His hooves went from being equally apart to drawing close. He finally looked at Troy and his expression began to droop. His eyes welled up and tears started to stream down his cheeks. He brought his hands up by his chest and slowly walked towards Troy.

“Mmm...mmm...Masder Troy!” He excitedly said as he stood in front of him.

“Please stop calling me that. Just “Troy” is fine. I am not your master. You don’t belong to me. You’re my friend. Talk to me like one. Treat me like one. That’s all I ask. I

have nothing here. It seems like you have nothing here. Let's change that and have something..."

"Together," Troy thought and figured he should find a better way of wording it.

"Let's make something out of this nothing we currently have. Let's be friends. Let's talk to each other like it. Treat each other like it. Let's make the best of the craziness around us and make the most out of our days while I'm here."

Troy nearly ate the communicator as Luger crashed into him and hugged him. His grip was much stronger this time as Troy felt several of his vertebrae pop. It was getting hard to breathe. Luger's tears began to drip down onto Troy's stomach.

"Masder Troy!" Luger wailed as he seemed to squeeze even tighter. "Luger'll be your friend. Luger'll mayg your time here good. Please don't leave Luger here alone! Please, Troy! Please don't leave me."

Troy didn't know what to do. He was trapped in this Luger vice - torn between pushing him away so he could breathe to just...letting this happen.

Something about what he said was chilling. He wanted nothing more than to leave this accursed place. But hearing Luger beg him to stay...

Eeer-ooow

Luger ceased his sobbing and pulled away to look down at Troy's stomach. He sniffled as he looked up into Troy's eyes. Troy smiled uneasily. Luger's eyes flew open as he gasped and stepped back.

"Luger's so sorry, Troy! Luger forgot you were hungry!" Luger apologized excitedly. He looked away. "Luger's sorry, Troy," he said apologetically. He looked back at Troy with wide-eyed excitement. "Luger and Troy have to hurry then!"

Luger grabbed the rags that were next to the nicer set of clothes on the bench and held up a pair of ragged briefs, then turned them around in his hands. He lifted his left hoof as he slid his leg into one of the holes, then the other. He pulled the briefs up and snapped them to his waist. They looked extremely uncomfortable as the front bulged from his large testicles. The waistband was pulled away from his stomach and barely covered the end of his sheath. He grabbed the denim pants and began to pull them on. The bottoms were...*everything* about them was frayed. There were large holes where his "knees" were, the bottom hems barely existed, and a pocket was through a

hole just in front of it while the other was completely missing - leaving a large hole where it should have been. One of the back pockets was torn off and the other was swaying on one set of stitches as he moved and fed the button through the hole on the waist, then zipped them up. He picked up the red shirt and began to struggle with putting it on. He tilted his whole body forward as he tried to feed his horns through the head hole.

**Rrriipp!*

His right horn tore through next to the neck hem and ripped a hole along the neckline when he pulled it towards his head. Troy saw that the shirt could be hardly considered "clothing" with as many cuts and tears were in it. It seemed this wasn't the first time he'd done this. The depiction on the front was cracked and completely missing leaving behind a ghost image.

Defeated, Luger slowly pulled the fabric from his horn and looked at the shirt somberly. He turned the fabric remnants in his hands, then dejectedly tried to put the neck hole over his horns again.

Troy had seen enough. He stepped forward, grabbed the shirt, and gently pulled it away from Luger.

Luger looked at him in shock. "Mah...Troy?"

Troy shook his head and continued to pull the shirt until Luger finally let it go. Troy threw the fabric on the floor and looked over at the clothes Luger brought for him. The shirt looked like a nice - albeit faded and worn - short-sleeve, white with blue pinstripes button up. The pants looked like khakis with a black leather belt. The belt looked well used with a heavy crease next to one of the holes, but it otherwise looked in good condition. Troy began to mash buttons on the communicator.

"Take that crap off," the robotic voice said.

Luger looked at him in confusion. "Why?"

"I already have clothes in the Colonel's locker. Take the ones that you brought for me. You can have them."

"N-no," Luger said sadly as he looked to the side. "I can't."

"I insist. Take that stuff off and put this stuff on. If you don't, I'll do it for you."

Luger looked back at Troy as the robotic words finished. Troy looked at him with a serious look. Luger looked back as if in disbelief. Troy set the communicator down on the bench and reached down to pick up the shirt. He placed his hands on either side of the neck hole remnants and pulled his arms apart. The shirt easily ripped in half. Troy tried not to look surprised that he could even do that. He dropped the shirt halves on the floor and stepped in front of Luger. He waited for a moment as he let the visual sink in for Luger. When he just stood there in shock with his mouth agape and his eyes filling with tears...*again*...Troy knelt down in front of him, placed his fingers in the hole where the pocket was missing and pulled with all his might. The fabric quickly split down the leg and up to the waist as Luger cried out in shock. Troy grabbed the waist and popped the metal button from the closure as he pulled the two sides apart. Luger shrieked again. Troy continued to flex his newfound strength as he pried the zipper apart and shoved the pants down to the floor.

"M-m-Masder Troy! What are you," Luger shrilly spoke as he looked down at him.

Troy looked back up with a *very* displeased look at being called "Master" again. He looked at the waistband to Luger's briefs and slowly brought his hands up.

"T-t-t-tuh..."

Luger looked terrified - holding his hands up to his chest - as Troy grabbed the waistband and tore the briefs clean off of Luger's waist - his genitalia springing forth as if a drowning victim coming to the surface and gasping for air after finding their feet. Troy shoved the remnants of the fabric down to the floor and stood while keeping eye contact with the young man.

"T-t-t-tuh...Troy?"

Troy turned and grabbed the shirt from the bench and set it aside. Underneath the shirt and on the khakis was a pair of undershorts. Troy wasn't a big fan of those. He thought if he was wearing those, he may as well go without. They didn't hold anything in place and felt like they were chafing the sensitive bits it was meant to protect. He picked them up and turned back to Luger, then pressed them into his chest. Luger's eyes followed Troy's hand to his chest. He stared for a moment before looking up into Troy's eyes.

Luger's lower lip trembled as he stared at Troy - seemingly overwhelmed. He blinked and a fresh tear traveled down his cheek. He looked down as his trembling left hand reached up and covered Troy's. Luger looked back up in Troy's eyes and sniffled.

Troy pulled his hand away and took a step back. He looked down and grabbed the communicator, then tapped in a message to his friend.

“Put them on. When we go into the laundry room, I’m requesting you get better clothing and a proper locker. It’s ridiculous how they expect you to wear tattered, uncomfortable clothes that don’t even fit you. Plus, your things aren’t safe out in the open like this. I’ll demand a lock for you, too.”

Troy looked up at Luger’s disheveled expression. Luger brought up his other hand and held the undershorts in both hands as if they were his greatest treasure. A tear fell down the other cheek.

“Troy...why? Why are you doing this?” Luger asked with a shaking, creaky voice.

Troy looked at him with an even expression as if to say, “Do you even need to ask?” He tapped into the communicator and looked at Luger with a slight smile.

“Because you’re my friend. I believe this is the part where you say,” the robotic voice said and stopped as Troy looked at the young buck.

Luger’s eyes seemed to dart from each of Troy’s.

“Thang you,” he said quietly - nearly a whisper. “Thang you, Troy!” He said with more enthusiasm as he stepped forward and looked to hug Troy again.

Troy held his hand out and into the space between Luger’s horns to stop him. Troy could barely see Luger’s look of surprise, but he could see his eyes looking up at him from around his forearm. Troy took his hand back and typed.

“Dress first. Hugs later. Troy hungry.”

Luger brought his trembling hands and back up to his chest still clutching his treasure. His lower lip trembled more as he sniffled a few times, then nodded his muzzle.

“Hugs later. That’s a promise,” Luger declared with a bit more confidence.

Troy slowly sighed as he watched Luger step back and gleefully pull on his new underwear. Troy bit his tongue to avoid chuckling at the sight of Luger’s groin. It looked like a can of exploded biscuits - the innards mushed out from a bad split. He passed the khakis and the belt over to Luger, then began dressing himself. He glanced over after

pulling the shirt over his head. He hoped he could remember that infectious smile. That was a smile that appreciated all the small things in life. He passed over the button up shirt, then pulled on his own lower garments. Luger fed the belt through the hoops and cinched the strap, fed the prong through the hole, and fed the slack through the hoops. Troy stepped forward and tucked the shirt in for Luger.

"I'm sure he doesn't know to do this part," Troy thought as Luger held fast with a look of surprise - various noises escaping his slightly open muzzle.

Troy stopped for a moment to see just how they dressed in pants with their tails. He wouldn't have seen the slit for the tail if Luger's wasn't hanging out from just under the waistband. Troy finished tucking the shirt in and stepped back to look at Luger. Luger held his arms up as he seemingly scanned every last inch of himself. Troy tapped the communicator.

"You look a lot more comfortable. You look good," the tiny speaker said.

"Handsome," Troy thought - the word he wanted to use.

"Thang you so much," Luger said as he looked at Troy with a radiant expression and smile.

"Remember...hugs later," Troy warned.

Luger nodded excitedly with eyes sparkling as he held his hands up to his chest - this time having the loose fists with palms facing towards himself. Troy knew he did that out of excitement and not the nervous/anxious way from before.

"I just hope I don't have to face the cow lady or Stella when we go in the laundry room," Troy thought as those scenarios played out in his head. "Though, do I dare confront that tiger lady?"

Troy wiped his feet, pulled on the socks, and tied the shoes as he plotted out how to manage what was to come.