

In Crest Haven's cafeteria, Spencer, Eric, and Darius entered together while chatting amongst themselves. As they sat down at their usual table in the bustling cafeteria, Spencer's cheeks flushed slightly, a reaction he couldn't quite control when Darius brought up his relationship with Chester. "Come on, Spencer," Darius teased, his amber eyes twinkling. "You've been spending so much time with him. How's the hunky bull treating you?" Eric chuckled, shaking his head at Darius's antics. "Leave him alone, Darius. You know Spencer's not one for public displays." Spencer sighed, his fluffy tail swishing nervously beneath the table. "It's not like that, you guys. We're just... getting to know each other." Darius leaned in, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Well, I'm just saying, if you need any help with that, I'm your man." Spencer rolled his eyes, but a small smile played at the corners of his mouth. "Thanks, Darius, but I think I can handle it."

Eric, his eyes twinkling with curiosity, leaned in a bit closer to Spencer. "But you know I've seen you and Chester together a lot lately. Are you two... officially dating?" Spencer's cheeks flushed again, but this time he didn't look away. He took a moment to gather his thoughts, his fluffy tail swishing gently beneath the table. "No, not exactly. We're just... hanging out a lot. I mean there's no reason to rush, right?" Darius, who had been quietly observing the exchange, suddenly sat up straighter, his expression turning to one of feigned annoyance. "Spencer, you're killing me here. You can't just admit to Chester that you want to start dating? It's like you're toying with his emotions." Spencer chuckled softly, shaking his head. "I'm not toying with anyone's emotions, Darius. I just want to take things slow. Chester and I have been promising each other to take our time before we officially make anything official." Eric nodded understandingly, "I get it, Spencer. It's just... you two seem so perfect together. I can't help but hope you'll make it official soon." Spencer's heart fluttered at Eric's words, and he couldn't help but feel a little more optimistic about his relationship with Chester.

Chester yawned exasperatedly as he finished his makeup assignment for Coach Grifter's class. He sighed, rubbing his eyes, and looked around the classroom, now mostly empty. Before he could leave, Coach Grifter called out to him, "Chester, hold on a moment." Chester turned to see the teacher holding up a notebook. "Could you return this to Spencer for me? He seems to have misplaced it in the library." Chester nodded, taking the notebook. "Sure coach, I'll make sure it gets to him." Chester looked around, his brow furrowed as he tried to recall where Spencer might be. He had already checked the library, the tennis courts, and even the student lounge, but Spencer was nowhere to be found. Just as he was about to pull out his phone to call him, he heard a sudden commotion from the dance class next door. The sound of cheers and music spilled out into the hallway, but something seemed off. Chester hesitated for a moment, then decided to investigate. As he peeked through the small gap in the dance class door Chester's eyes widened in surprise. The room was filled with the rhythmic beat of music and the swirling movements of students practicing various dance styles. But it was only one dancer that caught his attention, it was Spencer. His husky friend was not only pole dancing, but also wearing a skin-tight leotard that left little to the imagination. The sight of Spencer, his black and white fur contrasting with the gold and black leotard, made his breath catch. Spencer was pole dancing, his body moving with a grace and strength that took Chester's breath away. Chester's gaze lingered on Spencer while Spencer's was focused on his movement and rhythm, but Chester could see the cheerful grin on his face, he was enjoying himself, Chester blushed as he watched, his heart swelling with affection and admiration. He knew he should turn away, give Spencer his space, but he found himself unable to move. Instead, he leaned against the door frame, a small smile playing on his lips as he watched Spencer, his heart beating in time with the music.

Chester's eyes widened in surprise as he leaned a little too hard on the door, causing it to fling

open and causing himself to come crashing onto the floor. The room fell silent with shock as Spencer turned to see what the commotion was, his cheeks flushed a deep red as he realized Chester was standing there. Spencer's heart pounded in his chest as he quickly jumped down from the pole, his body still trembling slightly from the sudden interruption. "Chester, what are you doing here?" he asked, his voice welling with conflicting emotions. Chester, still on the floor, looked up at Spencer, a sheepish grin spreading across his face. "I-I'm sorry, Spencer. I didn't mean to interrupt. I was just... I was just looking for you." Spencer sighed, running a hand through his fur, "Well, you found me. Now, if you could just... give me a moment to change, I'd appreciate it." Chester nodded, quickly getting to his feet and backing out of the room, his cheeks still flushed. "Of course, Spencer. I'll wait outside." As he closed the door behind him, Spencer let out a deep breath, his heart still racing from the unexpected encounter. He couldn't help but feel a mix of annoyance and embarrassment, but also a small flutter of excitement at the thought of Chester seeing him like that.

Spencer quickly changed into his casual shirt and shorts, his heart still pounding from the unexpected encounter. As he stepped out of the dance class, he was met with Chester, who was standing outside the door, his hands clasped in front of him, his face a picture of apologetic sincerity. "Spencer, I'm so sorry," Chester began, his voice laced with genuine remorse. "I didn't mean to interrupt your class. I was just looking for you, and I didn't realize... I didn't realize you were in there. I'm so sorry." Spencer, though still flustered, simply sighed, "It's okay Chester, out of all the people I know to find out about this, I think I can tolerate it being you." Chester rub the back of his head sheepishly. "Still I didn't mean to make you feel embarrassed or anything." Spencer chuckled softly, shaking his head. "You didn't, Chester. It's just... I'm not used to being seen like that." Chester's expression softened, and he took a step closer to Spencer. "You looked awesome Spencer. I mean, really. You're so graceful and stylish. I'm sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable, but I couldn't help but feel just as amazed as everyone else, every time I find out something new about you, you just get cooler." Spencer's cheeks flushed again as his ears folded back, this time it was from Chester's words. He looked down at his feet, his tail swishing nervously and happily. "Thanks, Chester. That means a lot." Chester reached out, gently placing a hand on Spencer's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Spencer. I promise I'll be more careful next time." Spencer looked up at Chester with a playful grin. "You'd better." The two of them chuckled together, "You know, you kinda look like a stripper in that leotard. I mean, it's not a bad look on you." Chester laughed as Spencer's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red. "Oh, okay Darius, then you can just walk yourself home." Spencer said walking off "Aww come on Spencer it was a joke!" As they made their way to the parking lot, Spencer and Chester walked side by side, Spencer's heart was still pounding from their unexpected encounter, "Hey you wanna come to my house for dinner today?" Chester asked to break the silence, "I don't know Chester, I have to work today." Chester wrapped his arm around Spencer's shoulder and back, "You said you worked late at night right, well we can make an early dinner and you can take it with you to work." Spencer looked up at Chester, "We?" And Chester simply nodded. "I did say I would teach you how to cook." Spencer, giving a small smile to Chester's big goofy grin finally agreed, "Well how can I say no to that face?"

Spencer and Chester arrived at Chester's house, Chester's excitement was clear as day as he unlocked the door and led Spencer inside. "Welcome, Spencer! I'm so glad you could make it," Chester said, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. He took Spencer's hand and led him through the cozy living room and into the kitchen. "This is the kitchen. I've got a few recipes I'd love to show you," he said, his eyes scanning the room. Spencer looked around, his eyes landing on the large, stainless-steel stove and the assortment of utensils. "You're quite the chef, aren't you?" Chester's face lit up at the compliment. "I love to cook. It's one of the few things I'm really good at." Spencer smiled, his heart fluttering at the sight of Chester's passion. "Well, I'm looking forward to what you have in mind for us to make." Chester beamed, his hand resting on Spencer's shoulder. "I'm glad you're here, Spencer. I've been looking forward to this all day." Chester put on

his favorite apron, pulled out a large cutting board and a sharp knife, he turned to Spencer, his eyes gleaming with excitement. "Alright, so today I thought we can make some chicken stir fry, it's simple enough and easy to learn." Spencer nodded, watching over Chester's shoulder. Chester began to chop a bell pepper, his hands moving with practiced ease. Spencer watched, his eyes wide with curiosity. "Just like this," Chester said, handing Spencer a knife. "Now, try it. Remember, safety first." Spencer took the knife, his hands trembling slightly as he gripped it. Chester stood behind him, his arms wrapping around Spencer's, guiding his hands. Spencer could feel the heat of Chester's body pressed against his back, his heart pounding in his chest. He tried to focus on the task at hand, but the sensation of Chester's larger frame against his made it hard to concentrate. "Good job, Spencer," Chester murmured, his breath warm on Spencer's ear. "You're a natural." Spencer blushed, his ears folding back slightly. "Thanks..." he said, his voice barely above a whisper. Chester smiled, his hand still resting on Spencer's as he guided him through the next few cuts. Spencer could feel his arousal growing, his body responding to Chester's touch. He tried to push the feeling aside, focusing on the task at hand, but it was hard. The tension between them was palpable, and Spencer couldn't help but wonder if Chester felt it too. As the lesson continued, Spencer couldn't help but lose himself in the rhythm of the knife, his hands guided by Chester's. The heat of Chester's body, feeling of his muscles, and that powerful scent he always had. Spencer's imagination began to wander. He pictures Chester's hands not just guiding his, but exploring his body, tracing the line of fur that runs diagonally across his stomach. He imagines Chester's lips, warm and soft, on his ear, his neck, his shoulders. He imagines Chester turning him around, his strong arms wrapping around him, pulling him close. His heart races as he pictures Chester's lips finding his, their kiss deep and passionate. But then, just as suddenly, Chester snaps him back to reality, his voice firm and clear. "Spencer, are you okay? You've gone a little pale." Spencer blinks, his cheeks flushing as he realizes what he's been thinking about. He quickly turns to face Chester, his voice steady despite the turmoil inside him. "I-I'm fine, Chester. Just a little... distracted." Chester's eyes narrow slightly, but he doesn't press the issue. Instead, he smiles, his hand still resting on Spencer's. "Well, let's not get distracted again. We've got some chicken to cook." Spencer nods, his heart still pounding, but he forces himself to focus on the task at hand. He takes a deep breath, his eyes meeting Chester's, and he smiles. "Alright, let's do this."

Spencer and Chester worked together seamlessly, their hands moving in sync as they chopped the vegetables and sliced the chicken. The kitchen filled with the aroma of garlic and ginger, and the sound of their laughter echoed through the cozy space. Chester's eyes sparkled with pride as he watched Spencer's hands deftly handle the knife, his guidance only needed when Spencer hesitated over a particularly tricky cut. "You're doing great, Spencer," Chester praised, his voice warm and encouraging. Spencer's cheeks flushed at the compliment, his tail swishing with contentment. "Thanks, Chester. I never thought I'd enjoy cooking this much." Chester smiled, his hand resting on Spencer's shoulder. "Well, that's the magic of stir fry. It's simple, yet satisfying." As the food cooked, the kitchen became a symphony of sizzles and clanks. Spencer added the vegetables to the pan, the colors of the bell peppers and onions contrasting with the golden chicken. Chester stirred the mixture, his eyes meeting Spencer's, a playful smile on his lips. "You know, I haven't had this much fun cooking with someone since learning from my mom," Chester admitted, his voice soft, his expression turning thoughtful. "My Mom always used to make the best meals, if you think I'm good she's the best of the best. I really miss her and her cooking" Spencer nodded, understanding the pang of longing in Chester's voice. "I miss my mom too. She used to make the best pancakes." Chester chuckled, "Well, maybe we can make some pancakes next time. A culinary tradition, if you will." Spencer laughed, his heart warming at the thought of future cooking sessions. As they served the stir fry onto plates, Chester's eyes gleamed with anticipation. "This looks amazing, Spencer. I can't wait to taste it." Spencer grinned, his tail wagging happily. "I can't wait to taste it either. Let's eat." They sat at the small kitchen table, the aroma of the stir fry filling the air. Chester took a bite, his eyes closing in appreciation. "Mmm, this is delicious, Spencer. You did a great job." Spencer's cheeks flushed at the constant

praise, his heart swelling with pride. "Thanks, Chester. I'm glad you like it." Chester reached across the table, his hand covering Spencer's. "I do, and I'm not just talking about the food."

Spencer and Chester sat across from each other, their eyes locked in a moment of shared intimacy. The kitchen, once filled with the clatter of cooking utensils, now hummed with a different kind of tension. Spencer's heart pounded in his chest as he leaned in, his eyes flickering with a mix of nervousness and excitement. Chester mirrored his actions, his hand reaching out to gently cup Spencer's cheek, his thumb tracing the line of Spencer's jaw. The air between them grew thick with anticipation, their breaths coming in soft, synchronised gasps. Suddenly, the front door creaked open, and the sound of footsteps echoed within the walls. Spencer and Chester jumped apart, their faces flushing with embarrassment as Andrew, Chester's older brother, walked into the kitchen. "Chester, I thought I heard voices," Andrew said, his brow furrowed in suspicion. His eyes narrowed as he took in the scene, his gaze flicking between Spencer and Chester. "Who's this?" he demanded, his voice stern. Chester quickly stood, his hands fidgeting nervously. "Uh, Andrew, this is Spencer. He's... he's a friend," he stammered, trying to compose himself. Spencer, taking a deep breath, stepped forward, his hand outstretched. "Hi, I'm Spencer. It's nice to meet you," he said, his voice steady despite the fluttering in his stomach.

Andrew folded his arms as he scrutinized Spencer, his voice sharp as he said, "You're the same 'friend' who hurt Chester on your first outing, aren't you?" Spencer's heart sank, his face filled with guilt. He had been trying to move on from that incident, but Andrew's words brought it all rushing back. Chester, sensing Spencer's distress, quickly stepped in to defend him. "That was two weeks ago, Andy. We've moved on since then," he said, his voice firm but gentle. "Spencer has been nothing but kind and patient with me." Andrew's expression softened slightly, but he still looked unconvinced. "I just want what's best for you, Chester. I don't want you getting hurt again, from people like him or people like Veron." Chester nodded, understanding his brother's concern. "I know, Andrew. And I appreciate it. But Spencer and I are taking things slow. We're just getting to know each other." Spencer, finding his voice, added, "And I promise Andrew I won't hurt him again. I care about him too much." Andrew's gaze lingered on Spencer for a moment longer before he finally nodded, his expression softening. "Alright, I trust you, Chester. As for you, Spencer, you better not break that promise." Andrew's glasses flashed with a hint of hostility. "Understood..." Spencer said gulping nervously as Andrew left the kitchen, Spencer turned to Chester, his heart still pounding from the encounter. "Your brother is kinda intimidating." Chester shook his head. "You have no idea. Just give him time he'll warm up to you."

After finishing their meal, Chester invited Spencer into his room. The room was slightly messy, with clothes strewn across the floor and school books stacked haphazardly on the bed. Chester sheepishly apologized, "Sorry about the mess, Spencer. I kinda forgot to clean before I left for school today." Spencer, however, didn't seem to mind. He looked around, his eyes taking in the various posters and figures that adorned the drawers. "I don't mind, Chester. Your room has more personality than mine. It's like a reflection of you." Chester chuckled, his cheeks flushing slightly. "Well, I guess that's one way to put it." Spencer took a seat on the bed, "You have a lot of games here," he commented, picking up a copy of 'Dragon Era'. "I've been meaning to try this one for a while. Do you play it often?" Chester nodded, a smile spreading across his face as he sat down next to Spencer. "Yeah, it's one of my favorites. I could teach you how to play if you want." Spencer nodded, "I'd like that, it'll be another reason to come over here more often." Spencer felt his tail wagging with anticipation.

"Oh, hey, Spencer, I almost forgot," he said, pulling out the notebook. Spencer's eyes widened in

surprise as he took the notebook from Chester. "Ah, thank you I was wondering what happened to this, I'm guessing this is why you came looking for me earlier?" Spencer asked as he put the notebook back in his book bag. "Yeah, coach give it to me, said you left it in the library." Spencer facepalms his snout as he shook his head. "That's right, I must have forgot it when I was tutoring earlier." Chester's ears perked up at that, "You're a tutor too, man Spencer where do you find all the time for this." Spencer smiled a bit with pride, "Would you believe me if I said I had the power to stop time?" Chester's eyes widen, "For real?!" Spencer let out a soft chuckle, "No, but glad to know you would." Chester wrapped his massive arm around Spencer's head, "You should know better than to tease a bull smart ass." Chester held Spencer head firmly as Spencer laughed as he tried to get out of his grasp, Spencer always knew that Chester had a powerful smell, even in the locker room his scent was unmistakable, but to be this up close and personal to the source of that sent was intoxicating.

Spencer, still laughing from Chester's playful hold, tried to wriggle out but Chester's strong arms held him in place. "Alright, alright, I give up," Spencer chuckled, holding up his hands in surrender. Chester released him, a wide grin spreading across his face. "You're too easy, Spencer," he teased, flopping down onto the bed beside him. Spencer rolled his eyes, but his heart was still pounding with excitement as he flopped onto the bed too. "You're the one who's too strong," he retorted, his tail swishing with amusement. Chester's grin softened, his eyes meeting Spencer's. "I just want to make sure you're having fun," he said, his voice gentle. Spencer's heart fluttered at the sincerity in Chester's voice. "I am, Chester. I'm having a lot of fun," he admitted, his cheeks flushing slightly. Chester's smile widened, and he reached out, gently slipping his hand into Spencer's. "I'm glad," he said, his voice low and sensual. Spencer falls silent, his mind in a debate about what he wants and how to go about it, was he overthinking this, was he ready for it?

Spencer's heart pounded in his chest as he looked into Chester's earnest eyes. The warmth of Chester's hand in his own was both comforting and exhilarating, and he couldn't help but feel a flutter of anticipation in his stomach. Chester seemed to sense his turmoil, his thumb gently stroking Spencer's palm. "Spencer," he began, his voice soft and reassuring, "I know you're feeling nervous about us. But remember, we made a promise to take things slow. And I want you to know, I'm still here for you, no matter what." Spencer's heart swelled with gratitude at Chester's words. He took a deep breath, trying to calm his racing thoughts. "I know, Chester. It's just... I'm not used to this. I'm not used to feeling like this about someone." Chester's eyes softened, and he leaned in slightly. "And I'm not used to feeling like this about you, Spencer. But I promise, I'm not going anywhere. I want to be here for you, every step of the way until you're ready." Spencer felt a surge of resolve, his mind made up. He took a deep breath and said, "Chester, I've been thinking. I think I'm ready to officially start dating you." Chester's eyes widened, a mix of surprise and joy flashing across his face. "Are you sure, Spencer?" he asked, his voice filled with genuine concern. Spencer nodded, his resolve unwavering. "Yes, Chester. I'm sure. I want to be with—" Chester's face broke into a wide, heartfelt smile, and he suddenly pulled Spencer into a warm, gentle embrace. "Yes finally!" he exclaimed, his voice filled with emotion. "I promise you won't regret it Spence!" Spencer's heart swelled with happiness as he returned the embrace, feeling the warmth of Chester's body against his own.

Spencer's phone rang, shattering the peaceful moment they had shared. He sighed, pulling away from Chester's embrace to answer it. "Hello?" he said, his voice still soft from the intimacy they had just shared. Chester watched him, his eyes showing a bit of exasperation "I'll be there in a bit." He hung up the phone, turning to Chester with a sigh. "That was my job. They need me to come in early today." Chester's heart sank, but he understood. "It's okay, Spencer. I'll walk you to your car," he said, standing up and offering his hand. Spencer took it, his heart filled with

gratitude. "Thanks, Chester. I appreciate it." As they walked to the parking lot, Spencer's mind raced with thoughts of the days ahead. To finally start dating someone it would mean that eventually some secrets would finally start to come out, and was Chester ready for what he was hiding behind closed doors, well there was only one way to find out