

# Reaching for the Stars – by Haátsse Apxan

## Chapter 53: Intersecting Lines

*Finally, some semblance of normalcy.*

*Also, there's mild NSFW in the last part. I tried to make it as SFW as possible, but it's hard.*

*This is also the longest chapter in the book ayyy*

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Tom woke up feeling refreshed. Letting out a yawn, he stretched a bit on the bed. He then snuggled closer to the big German Shepherd next to him and closed his eyes again, trying to get a few more minutes of sleep. It felt warm and cosy. The shepherd's heartbeat slowly lulled him awake, reminding him that he had to wake up early.

For two weeks they'd been living together, Max had always been comfortable to cuddle with. Sure, mostly he was just lying there not knowing what to do, so Tom scooted to his side, feeling the hard muscles, basking in the gentle warmth, and smelling the masculine scent more strongly from the German Shepherd. He would never get enough of Max.

He traced lines on the shepherd's front body, his chest, his abs. Even through the t-shirt, the curves on Max's body were noticeable. He looked up; the shepherd was still sleeping peacefully with his muzzle open and tongue out. The wolf chuckled softly; he was sure his mouth was going to be dry when he woke up.

The thought of just touching him all over sometimes popped itself in his mind, but no. He wanted their first time to be slow and steady. Really, just doing this was making him hard, but he wouldn't push the dog. If Max weren't ready, then Tom wouldn't push.

Okay, time to get up.

The wolf yawned again and sat up, ruffling his fluff a bit. With autumn ending, he'd been cleaning his shed fur. He should also prepare himself for cleaning more of those now that there was another one living with him. Even though Max didn't have thick fur, he was still shedding quite a lot last night when they were brushing each other.

He looked at the sleeping shepherd once more and gave him a small peck on the cheek, then stood up and walked to the bathroom.

After doing his morning routine in the bathroom, he washed his face and looked at the reflection. The dark furs under his eyes were gone and he looked a lot

happier now. He tried to grin as how he remembered Max did but failed miserably. Better leave the teasing part to him, maybe.

Taking the brush, he combed the fur on his face, then the parts of his fluff which he could reach. It looked like he needed to get another brush. When he was done, he put the brush away and took the loose fur off it before discarding them to one of the bins. He then smelled himself; he wasn't too musky and although Max's scent was all over him, it wasn't suggesting that they did something naughty. Maybe no shower today, the wolf thought as he walked to the living room.

It was almost six. He turned the telly on in the living room before walking to the kitchen to get some water and breakfast. The wolf took a glass of water and a piece of bread from the kitchen, then sat down on the sofa. They both had work at nine later, so they had to get going before eight lest they come late. He had to go to the market to get supplies later, maybe he'd go at 06.15 before the ingredients he needed ran out. He also needed more breakfast.

*"Morning, horndog."*

Tom lazily elongated his legs on the sofa. *"Morning, Lain. This got to be the first time you wake up this early."*

*"I saved our ass multiple times this early. You're welcome."* Lain retorted good-naturedly.

Tom just chuckled. Munching the bread, he thought to himself about things to do today. The laundry needs to be done—today was Max's turn—the flat needed vacuuming, he had to cook some food...

*"Hey, cook some more pastry."*

*"Maybe. Why's that?"*

*"Horndog likes pastries, remember?"*

"Morning." A gruff voice greeted him.

He looked behind to find Max walking towards the sofa, yawning. He smiled at the dog and offered him the water and bread. "Morning."

*"Oh hey that's the horndog. I'll leave you with him then."*

Max gulped the glass in one go and ate the rest of the bread. Tom made space on the sofa for the dog to sit down, waiting for his brain to wake up. "Nice of you to wake up this early." The dog grinned sleepily.

"Oi, I wake up this early every day." Tom drank his water.

"Yesterday when I left for work you were still sleeping in the bedroom."

The wolf shrugged. "I decided to sleep again. Usually I jog, though"

"You jog?" The dog looked at him, tilting his head in curiosity.

Tom stood up to refill the glass. "Sometimes. Why?"

"Dude, we could've went jogging together and you never told me?!" Max's tail started wagging. "Let's go jogging!"

"I, uh, don't think I can do that yet." He came back with the glass full of water. "Anyway, what do you want for dinner?"

The dog's eyes were gleaming. "You're gonna cook for me?"

"*Kan* I cook for you almost every day."

"Hmm." Max leant back on the sofa. "Some veggies and sweets would be nice since today is my cheat day."

"Aye, I'll make gado-gado." Tom walked to the bedroom to change clothes. It was 06.15 anyway. "What about we go to the market together? You can jog on the way there."

"Sure!"

Just when he was taking his pants off, Max walked in. Instantly, he turned around and turned red. And his tail chose that moment to be stuck on the pants, almost making him trip and fall.

"Whoa, easy." Max held his waist—his unclothed waist—to keep him steady. "It's still 6 in the morning."

"Y-yeah, thanks."

Max chuckled. "Nice body."

He flustered furiously while Lain whistled. "T-t-th-thanks."

"No, seriously. Your muscles are well-developed and it's not every day I get to see you shirtless. You didn't even take your clothes off in the gym." The dog said as his hands went up, making the wolf shudder. Max's hands went up to feel the muscle on his sides, then on his arms. Good thing he didn't know that he made the wolf fluster like crazy.

Tom didn't dare turn around because he was sure Max himself was topless too and he didn't want him to see just how embarrassed his face was. However, Max flicked his ear, making him turn around and grip his abused ear. "Hey!"

"Hehe." The dog snickered. Tom put fresh pants on to cover his hardness. At first, Max looked like he was staring at his scars. The dog looked like he wanted to ask about them, but he held back. Then his eyes moved lower... his own eyes went down from Max's face, though. They were lower... lower...

Max took his pants off. "Checking each other out?"

The wolf put a fresh t-shirt on. "You admit you're checking me out?"

"Hey, us hot guys check each other out!"

"Us as in you and me?"

The dog shrugged and put his sleeveless jacket on. "Why can't it be?"

Tom chuckled embarrassedly, then looked away and blushed. *He said I'm hot.*

"Anyway, where's the market again?"

He combed his fluff, then turned around but immediately covered his face when he saw Max's sheath. Yes, Max's sheath.

"Put your pants on!"

"Eh," He heard some shuffling sound. "It's on."

He peeked through the gap between the fingers, then sighed in relief and used a deodorant to mask his scent. After that, he walked away from the bedroom, not wanting to deal with it this early in the morning.

*"Actually, this early in the morning is the best time to deal with it, y'know."*

*"Shut up."*

"Wolf, where's the market?"

"Near the Ancient Town entrance, not that far from here." He put his shoes on as Max walked towards him, his scent better masked by the deodorant. While the smell was very welcome, they didn't want to be too smelly outside. "You're not having some breakfast first?"

Max put his own shoes on and winked at him. "Nah, saving it for your breakfast later." Then he ruffled the wolf head fur.

Tom chuckled. "Let's get going."

It was still early in the morning. Tom was thankful that there were few people around. Occasionally there were tourists wanting to take photos of the Ancient Town of Barrowisle early in the morning, but that was to be expected. The wolf looked around, taking in the green scenery around him. Often, he was thankful that Barrowisle preserved its greenery well. The Ancient Town might just be stone ruins, a circle of rocks, and occasional rubbles surrounded by what was left of a three-metre stone wall, but it was regarded highly by the inhabitants. Based on archaeological evidence, it was the first settlement in Barrowisle, dating back hundreds of years even before the time of Wolves and Lions. The inhabited area nearby was a lot newer, newer than even the Old Town.

Sometimes Tom thought it was unusual that Barrowisle built three city centres. However, when he looked at the city planning, apparently it was a good choice.

Ancient Town was very well preserved because it was left alone for a thousand years before the Wolves and Lions built the Old Town. After the Fight of Eyl, the wolves built another city a kilometre away across the river and named it Wolvessye while the lions built another city closer to the forest and named it Lionsgate. Wolvessye later evolved into the current city centre of Barrowisle while Lionsgate marked its eastern city limits before the forest. Old and Ancient Town were much later absorbed into Barrowisle city proper.

Inhaling the sweet scent of the morning air, the wolf walked slower. He was still recovering, so he shouldn't be too exhausted. It was only a few hundred metres from home, yet he already felt like taking his tongue out.

He looked back at the street and was shamefully delighted. Max's... er... shapely backside was perfectly visible, and the way his tail wag was nice.

Maybe he should walk slower indeed.

"Oi, gramps! Get going!"

He chuckled and ran a bit to match the jogging dog, then slapped his arse while laughing. "Gramps your eyes!"

"Eep! Hey!"

The wolf grinned, well, tried to. "Nice arse."

"Thank you!" Max only laughed and punched him softly.

Tom punched him back, then ran faster to avoid being punched back.

"Well, what do you know, you also got a nice ass yourself."

*Nice compliment*, he thought, but didn't allow himself to blush at that. Instead, he wagged his tail invitingly, then yelped and ran faster as Max picked up his tempo.

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Maybe Loewen's were his favourite meeting spot now, Max thought. His university student mind still said it was expensive, but now with a job, it felt more bearable. The perks of having a job, it seemed.

He wouldn't admit it to anyone, but he liked the pasta there, no matter how much Tom disliked it and how much Octo was put off by it. The panther even went as far as to say that it wasn't edible; *as an Italian, that is not even food*, he said with that condescending tone of his. People might call him arrogant, but to Max it seemed like his Italian pride was hurt.

The dog looked up as he saw Octo walking towards him. "'Sup, panther?" He smiled. "Not dead after work?"

"I've been under you. Work is nothing compared to that." The panther exchanged a fist bump with him. "Besides, why Loewen's? You know I don't like the food there."

"Well, they're strategic... relatively speaking."

"If you want some Italian food, just let me cook."

He laughed and put his arm around the panther's shoulder. "Not wanna doubt you or anything, but aren't you tired? We've just gone home from work."

"Like that's gonna hurt me."

"What do you recommend, then?"

"How about a restaurant near my place?"

"Sounds good."

They went inside the station. Good thing they went home a bit later than their usual off hour; Max didn't mind going home a bit later if that meant no traffic or no standing in the metro for the way back home. Sadly, he noticed that it was still kind of packed now. After tapping his phone on the gate, he sighed a bit as they boarded the metro. Thankfully, there were two empty seats.

"*Sono così stanco.*" said the panther, stretching a bit. "Maybe you're right, I'm not sure I want to cook right now."

"Got your back, man."

"Anyway, how's Tom?"

He let out a tired sigh. Those boxes were really heavy. "He's okay. He looks a lot happier lately, and his fur actually felt somewhat less coarse."

"Hm, I wonder who did that to him."

The dog pushed his shoulder. "Come on, mock me."

Octo chuckled. "Anyway, how's your bedroom life?"

Max turned to him to see the panther smirking. Max just looked away. "Actually, that's what I want to talk about."

"Just spill it."

"Not now! We're in public."

The panther laughed. "You don't seem to mind leaning on me in public."

Max looked at him again. When he realised that he had been leaning on the panther, he sat up straighter and blushed a bit. "Sorry, guess I'm more tired than I think I am."

“Nah, it’s fine. Just like the old times.”

At that, Max couldn’t help but chuckle. “Just like old times.”

They sat straight, feeling awkward but nostalgic at the memories.

“Wait, weren’t you the one who used to lean on me?”

“No, you’re the one who used to lean on me.”

“The photos Andy took beg to differ.”

“Now that I think about it, we used to lean on each other.” Octo smiled fondly. “Remember that day after the match in Wonsbarrow? We slept leaning on each other on the way home. I still got the picture Nathan took.”

“Aw, come on!” Max groaned.

“Heh, not that I mind, of course.” The panther leered. “Maybe I should stop since you have your own man now.”

“Maybe you should stop since you have your own *men* now.”

Octo looked at him curiously.

“Andy or Kevin, take your pick.”

The panther only groaned and covered his face with his hand, feeling embarrassed.

The metro stopped and they stood up. They then exited the metro and climbed down the stairs. “So, where’s this restaurant?”

“Follow me.”

Octo led him to a small neighbourhood quite far from the station but close to his flat. The scenery looked classic Barrowisle, which Max enjoyed a lot. In one corner of the road, there was a small but rather packed restaurant with bright lights in the front. Max smelled a delicious scent in the air as they walked closer.

They went inside and had a seat. Max looked around; it was nice here. The atmosphere was lively, a bit loud considering the time. The delicious scent in the air intensified, and when the dog pinpointed the smell coming from two closed doors, he knew the food was going to be great.

“Pretty nice.” The dog said as he opened his coat. “You come here often?”

“Yeah, when I’m too lazy to cook.” replied Octo as he handed Max the menu.

“Nice, they got black pepper chicken.”

The waitress came not long after and they gave her their order. Max noticed she was flirting with Octo and the panther did the same. When she was gone, Max took his water bottle and drank from it while eyeing the panther amusedly.

“What?”

“Nothing.” He shrugged. “You’re gonna ask for her number?”

The panther laughed. “Who do you think I am, Andy? She’s nice, you know.”

“Uh-huh. And you’re not.”

“Bugger off. Anyway, what do you want to talk about?”

His grin fell. “Uh... I don’t think we’re in the right place to talk about it.”

She came again to the table bringing their drink. When Octo was about to say something, Max kicked him under the table, making the panther shut his mouth.

When she left, Octo glared at Max who tried to look as innocent as possible.

“Come on!”

“Come on what?”

“You know what!”

Max gulped his iced tea and shrugged.

The panther just rolled his eyes. “Anyway, what do you want to talk about?”

Looking away, the dog scratched his muzzle. How was he going to bring that topic up? He trusted Octo, really, but *hell* wasn’t he so embarrassed about this!

Leaning forward, the panther looked at him with a grin. “So, lemme guess. You want advice.” He said, lowering his voice.

The dog reluctantly nodded.

“You want me to teach you how to pleasure Tom.”

He shook his head softly.

Octo leant back on the seat, sipping his Campari and opening the two topmost buttons of his shirt. “Well then, what is it?”

Max let out a sigh, then finally looked up at the panther, fighting the urge to back down. “I... uh... think I—wait, why are you opening your shirt?”

“It’s tight, you know.”

Eyeing the panther up and down, he narrowed his eyes. “You horny?”

“Good joke, but no.” He sipped his drink again and gave a content sigh. “Ah, nothing beats Campari in the evening. So, what is it again?”

Deciding that the panther wasn’t going to tease him to death, he let out a sigh and leant on the table. “I... I think I’m bi.”



"Frankly, a bit funny that you came around to it after you decided to go out with Tom." Octo looked at him, leaning forward and smiling but his brows were furrowed. Max's ears went down, but then the panther's gaze turned understanding. "Well then, we're both bi."

The dog scratched his nape. "I just... you know, never thought that I'm actually bi. Tom's messing with my sexuality, ugh, but I dunno if that's a good thing or not."

"Max, look at me."

The dog looked up at Octo. The panther was still smiling softly at him. "It's not a bad thing. It just means you can love both genders. Do you like Tom?"

"I... yeah, I like Tom."

"What do you think about having sex with him?"

"...I... don't think I can do that just yet..."

"Well, not being weirded out is a good first step." Octo sipped his Campari. "It's okay to doubt yourself. I didn't come to terms in just one night, too. I'm sure you two will be a wonderful couple."

"But that's the problem, Oct. It's been a month and we've never done anything."

"Does Tom ask you to? Like, you know."

"No, he's perfectly happy with what we do now, but it's nagging at me, you know. He's my boyfriend and I can't do anything with him." He drank his iced tea. "Well, I *can*, but... you know, I don't do guys. You got any advice?"

The panther snickered. "You sure you're not the one horny?"

"...yeah, maybe I am."

"Hm." Octo hummed. "Well, you said you can't take the first step, so how about letting Tom do it? Or you can just start it by thinking he's a woman or something."

"Uh... it's..."

"Weird?"

He gulped the rest of his iced tea. "Oh, come on! He's my boyfriend! I can't think of anyone else while with him!" He retorted, somewhat offended.

"Okay, okay. How about just letting him do it? If you have no problem being the one under, that is. You don't, right?" He looked at the dog, worry in his voice.

Max looked at him and sighed. This was Octo; he wouldn't suggest something to him if he thought he wouldn't be comfortable with it. The dog just scratched his cheek and looked away at the thought of being under Tom. As much as that

made him feel funny, maybe that was the best course of action he could do. He couldn't do that, but Tom could.

He trusted the wolf. Besides, it wasn't like he was going to be fucked in the arse on their first time, right?

Right?

Even if he were, he should learn to do it.

Their food came after that, and Max pushed all those thoughts away. Now, he was to enjoy dinner with his old friend first. He looked up; the panther looked at the food in delight.

Dinner, then catching up.

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The moment Tom opened the door, Max immediately went inside, took his jacket off, then threw himself onto the sofa, moaning softly.

The wolf just huffed in amusement and took his own scarf off. They'd just come home from going out, which although they'd been doing that quite often in the past month, still felt like their usual hangouts. Perhaps that was for the best; neither of them looked like the type to show PDA.

He opened the buttons of his shirt and sat down next to the dog, turning the television on. "Weakling."

Max looked up. "How the fuck can you still walk after *that?!!*"

"After what?"

"*That!*" the dog rolled over. "We just walked through two malls and many more!"

"We went to two museums and a mall, nothing much." He shrugged.

Max sat up. "Nothing much my ass. God, my legs are killing me."

"Reckon who's the dramatic one here."

The dog laughed, then scooted closer and pulled him into his embrace. "Hehe, it's one of my strong points."

Tom rolled his eyes but did not move from his embrace, basking in Max's scent. "So, you're tired or not?"

"Heh, what do you think I am? I play football, you know."

"Exactly." The wolf jabbed him softly on the side, then stood up and stretched. "I'm going to have a shower. Also put these bags in the kitchen, I'll put them in their cupboard later."

"Sure thing, boss! Want me in the shower?"

Tom looked at the dog, then grinned and put his hands over his chest in a grabbing gesture. "Do you want to?"

The snicker on the dog's face fell a bit as he embarrassedly scratched his nape. "Uh, if you want?"

Laughing softly, the wolf walked away. "Don't push yourself, mate."

Tom took his clothes off and stepped into the shower area. For a while, he closed his eyes and leant on the wall, deciding whether he should have a bath instead. Letting out a sigh, he instead turned the shower on and adjusted the knob.

As warm water rained down upon his body, his thoughts wandered away. For now, everything was smooth, everything was working. Slowly, but still working. Max was... obedient? The dog always followed his lead in the relationship. Not that the dog never did things; sometimes he still teased Tom, but nothing much than that. Sometimes he asked the wolf to go on a date, but not very often.

For Tom, it wasn't important. They lived together; every day spent with him was a date.

He wasn't complaining, but he wanted more. He knew it was selfish, but one could hope. He understood that this was both their first time, so errors were meant to be there. He'd like some relationship advice from Octo—heck, even Kevin if he felt like it—but they'd been busy with work.

They never went physical beyond cuddles. True, sometimes he touched the dog in a non-sexual way while he was asleep, but only because he wasn't sure Max would be okay if he were awake. It was creepy, he knew, but he never did something too forward. He only softly stroked the dog's fur, feeling the strength inside, relishing the warmth that he was no longer alone.

He wanted to take it easy, to make the German Shepherd comfortable with their relationship first. Even if the dog didn't want to get physical with him at all, it would be okay. As long as they were together. Besides, the image of the dog being half-naked was enough, he chuckled to himself. Those strong muscles, those thick arms, they were enough to get him hard. While Max allowed the wolf to touch him, Tom never went too far in fear of making Max uncomfortable. His sex drive wasn't that high anyway.

He opened his eyes and looked down, realising that he had been imagining about the dog and that he was hard. The wolf chuckled to himself. When he felt like it, he would give himself a wank in the bathroom, the image of Max being naked too much for him. He was still a man with needs, yet he felt pathetic like this. As a wolf, he should be more forward, but he didn't want to push the dog too far.

Taking the shampoo, he fought the urge to wank and instead turned the shower off. For a while, he let the water drip from his fur, then he poured the shampoo on his hands and applied it to his body rather forcefully to get rid of the loose

fur. He wasn't one to use strongly scented shampoo like Martin; he preferred his own body odour. It wasn't very strong like most wolves, but people could still smell it when they were close.

He heard some shuffling sound from the bedroom. Maybe Max was preparing to go to sleep.

He brushed his teeth as he turned the shower on, washing the shampoo away. After this, it was just putting the supplies in the cupboard, then they could sleep. He turned the water off and stood there, leaning forward on the wall to let the water drip. Crap, he forgot to buy a new blower.

That feeling of wanking off was back, but he quickly shook his body and stepped out of the shower. He was too tired for that. He wiped his body with a towel, then turned the blower on and let it dry himself while he combed his fluff to break any knots. Seriously, sometimes he was tempted to trim it, but it was too beautiful to be trimmed.

After putting a fresh pair of underwear and pants on, he walked out of the shower with the towel on his head, trying to cover his puffy post-shower fur, especially his fluff. He was only getting comfortable being topless with Max. Unlike him, the dog wasn't shy about his body—why would he—so it was only fair if he did the same. Max asked him about his scars, and while Tom wasn't very fond of explaining it, he still did because Max deserved to know. Afterwards, it felt... rather refreshing, like he no longer had to carry the burden by himself.

Now dry, the wolf walked out of the bathroom and into the bedroom. Max was lying down on the bed, still in his clothes. The wolf threw the towel to the dog and chuckled. "Go wash up before bed." He said as he put a t-shirt on.

The dog only groaned into the pillow.

He walked into the kitchen where Max put the groceries. They had bought quite a lot; ever since he discovered the dog's food portion, he made sure to buy thrice the usual amount, one for him and two for Max. He put Max's ungrounded coffee beans in the cupboard above the coffee machine. They bought many kinds of beans since they wanted to experiment more.

Also, the amount of tea and coffee they bought surprised the cashier. Heh, they had their reason, he thought to himself as he opened the packaging and put the tea in its compartment.

Bread to the upper cupboard, rice to the lower cupboard; shallot, onion, and garlic to the lower cupboard; fish, eggs, and chicken to the refrigerator...

Kitchen supplies, done. Next, bedroom and bathroom supplies. He took the plastic bag and went to the bedroom. He'd put the bathroom supplies in tomorrow.

When he was done, he plopped himself on the empty bed and took a deep breath, glad for a month free of nightmares and bad memories. Living with Max really made him happy.

He smiled. Happy. Such a foreign emotion, but now he couldn't imagine his life without the big, lovely, cute dog. He didn't care if Max didn't agree, he would call him cute even if that were the last word he said.

Said shepherd then came out from the bathroom, fur a bit fluffy with that familiar fresh scent from his shampoo. He tossed the towel over his shoulder, not caring about his puffy fur and nakedness. Tom strove to emulate that kind of self-esteem. Max's tail waved cutely when he turned around and combed his fur, his shapely arse presented to him invitingly. Tom just muffled a laugh.

"Done." Max said after putting a pair of pants on, turning back at him.

Tom looked up. "Nice, now get here and cuddle me with that poofy floof you have." He chuckled, a bit amused from using Max's line. He knew he was the fluffy one, and Max liked his fluff.

"Um, actually..." The dog sat down across the bed and scratched his nape nervously, his big ears half-mast. See? Cute.

"Hm?"

"I've been thinking... uh... um... you know." He looked away. "I-it's been a month and... and we never did anything..."

The wolf was taken aback, but then his gaze softened. "Max... you know I don't want to force you. It's okay."

"Yeah but... um... I want it..."

Surprised, his ears went straight and he sat up. "...you want it?"

"Yeah. A-and it's not just because I want to please you... you know, I really want to try it... but I don't know anything..." The dog then finally looked at him. "Teach me..."

He was sure he would be bleeding right now. Deep breath, in and out. So Max asked him to do it... crap he was getting hard. He should be the one asking him, not like this! "O-okay... uh... come here."

The dog complied, but he saw hesitation there. Max sat next to him, then suddenly, he crawled on top of the wolf, making him lie back on the bed as their gaze met each other.

"M-Max...?"

Max didn't reply. He only stared at the wolf below him with a timid but determined look in his eyes. The clock on the wall was ticking, then the dog closed his eyes and kissed the wolf.

Tom was surprised at the kiss, but he complied and closed his eyes, not daring to touch the dog on top of him. The kiss was quick, a chaste one. Then, he dared deepen the kiss and Max allowed it, intertwining their tongues as they licked each other.

Not long after, they separated. The wolf stared at the big dog on top of him with hazy eyes. Really... this was hot.

Max gulped. "Lead me?"

Tom closed his muzzle and nodded, then gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "Yes."

He flipped them over so now he was on top of the dog, hands on both sides of his head. He tried his best not to touch him, but it proved difficult. His body was there, so bare, so touchable...

"Before we start," he said while he was still aware of things. "I won't go too far. Say stop if you want me to stop."

The dog nodded.

"Also, I know this is different from... from your usual thing. So, please don't force yourself, okay?"

He nodded again.

Tom then licked his nose, almost playfully. Max closed his eyes. He could read the hesitation on the other's face, but if Max wanted this, then who was he to deny?

Softly, he moved to lick his muzzle, his cheek. When his fur was flushed, he pulled away and the dog gasped for air. He didn't know how far they would go tonight. Who knew if they would have to wash the sheets tomorrow? But no matter how far, he was happy.

He was happy.

All this time in his life, all those worries, all those suffering... they weren't for nothing. He was happy now.

Tom whispered to Max as he gripped the dog's shoulders. "Thank you, Max. Please allow me."

Max could only rasp softly. "Y-yes."

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*Taking “and then they fucked, the end” to a whole new level 🏃*

*There’s still one more after this, though. I want to give them a more uwu ending.*