

The beagle woke up to Kevin's alarm clock right alongside the Golden Boy himself. Since the other dog loved getting up early to start his jogs Reese had to adjust his own schedule to match Kevin's. It wasn't all bad, since it helped him get an earlier start on his own day, or if he felt like it, he could just go back to bed.

He checked his phone for any messages and emails while Kevin slowly roused himself from his slumber on the other side of the room.

"Morn." The retriever said as he sat himself upright before swinging his legs over the edge of his bed to stand. Reese didn't have any messages worth paying attention to and instead watched as the golden retriever stretched himself until his back popped a few times. The front of his boxers was pitched like a tent as the dog's morning wood made itself known to the world.

Now that Kevin had become a regular nude and lewd model for Reese, he didn't bother hiding his nudity or erections from him. There was a strong level of 'chill' between the two canines as they grew more comfortable with each other as roommates and partners in crime.

"Say cheese." Reese said as he held his phone up to snap a photo of the other dog with his tent. The resulting photo was a cute one of the golden male and Reese smiled as he opened his files to move the photo over to the Kevin folder, which was filled to the brim with all kinds of photos of the retriever. Kevin then went about getting himself dressed to make his morning jog.

The beagle had an easy day today with his first class being a painting class with a figure drawing class after lunch. He enjoyed both classes, but his painting professor was obsessing over landscapes at the moment. Reese wasn't as big a fan of landscapes since he preferred to draw and paint people instead, which was why figure drawing was his favorite class, and he was going to take it every chance he got until it stopped counting towards his degree.

He bravely attended his painting class, which was a total chore, but he did what was asked of him with his class having been made to set up their easels outside so they could do paintings of the campus grounds. The professor had selected a spot in the 'courtyard' area of campus that sat between the Caf, library and the big Admin building. There were other buildings in view but those three were the Big Three in view.

It was awkward having passersby walk around and look at what he was painting, and it was making him feel very self-conscious about it since he didn't enjoy doing landscapes and was overly concerned with how well his was turning out. His professor seemed to enjoy his work, but he couldn't bring himself to feel that his landscapes were measuring up to his own taste. He'd rather be painting naked people!

"Hey, Reese!" A female voice said from behind him and before he could turn around to greet the owner of the voice an arm fell around his shoulders and he was suddenly being side hugged by a dark furred canine with a mop of wavy blonde hair.

"Hey! How're you?" He asked her. The girl broke the hug and leaned around to look at his canvas and then lifted her gaze up to the library ahead of them.

"That looks really good!" She replied.

"Thank you!" He replied. The girl, Lauren, was a fit Bernese Mountain dog that he'd known since childhood. They'd both gone to the same K through 12 and found themselves both enrolling at SanFur University much to Reese's great joy.

The two of them had been very close friends since they were kids and ever since puberty hit the beagle had been hoping their friendship would evolve into something more than that, but his wish never materialized. She was a big-time tomboy who played nearly every sport their school had to offer until she settled on soccer being her favorite. She played on their school's team and they even helped them go to State. They didn't win, but her own performance got her scouted and she was now playing for San Fernando U on the women's soccer team, the SanFur Slayers.

"And I'm doin' good. So, I guess they've got you dickin' around outside today?" she asked, and he told her they were just doing campus studies for his painting class, and that he'd have his figure drawing class after that. He followed up with asking her what she was up to.

"My class got canned today, since the professor called in sick. Got some work I'll have to turn in next week, but I'm not too worried about it right now. I've got practice this afternoon." She told him.

"That's cool. Maybe after my class I can come watch you kick butt?" He offered and she laughed.

"We're not scrimmaging today, just the usual. Might look boring to an artsy fartsy type like you." Lauren said like she was depreciating the value of what she was doing. Their team was doing really good this year, but it was too early to say how well they'd do overall in the season.

"I can still come by and do some sketches of you practicing. Never done that before." He suggested since he really wanted to spend time with her.

He'd only asked her out the one time, and that was during the lead up to prom. She shot him down since she had no intention of dressing up 'all pretty' and going to prom. She skipped the whole thing while his own mother made him go so he could stand awkwardly in the corner with the other guys who didn't have dates to bring.

Every other time he'd tried getting closer to her she'd just effortlessly twist the situation around into a non-romantic encounter. He was well and truly friend zoned, but at least she was actually his friend and not some chick that knew he liked her and was just using him for shit. Lauren was really cool, and that's why he couldn't help but pine after her for all this time. She was just legit his type of girl.

"If you want to, I'm just trying to warn you the exciting stuff won't be happening today. Next week we've got some cool stuff planned for practice that you might want to watch though." She told him and began to explain to him what her coach was cooking up, at least until his professor came over and started to separate the sports nut away from his student so he could focus on his painting.

They told each other goodbye and he got back to painting the library, but he'd have much rather listened to a sport he didn't give a shit about. Lauren was way more interesting than an oil painting of an ugly building.

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His figure drawing class went well as it always did, but since he had no control over who came in to model for them he was sometimes left with a less than satisfactory muse. Today they had a guy modeling for them, but he wasn't in any kind of shape and was standing on the platform looking like he was going to faint at any moment from either anxiety or the overhead lights beating him down with their warmth.

Kevin would have made a better model for the class, but Reese wanted to keep his roommate to himself. He didn't want his classmates trying to steal his Golden Boy from him with promises of a big payday if he modeled for them for a future assignment. Like, no, Reese wanted the exclusive rights to the perfect male muse.

But figure drawing was his favorite class and he still derived pleasure from drawing the body be it male or female, fit or fat, and there would always be another chance for a great muse. There were a handful of models that came in repeatedly that he liked, and they'd be making a return as soon as next week more than likely.

Once his class was over, he had to text Lauren to figure out when her practice started, and once he got that down and out, he let Kevin know he was going to be out for a few hours to hang out with her.

He was taking the risk that he might miss out on a session between Kevin and Miyu, but he was willing to take that chance if it meant getting closer to Lauren. Some things were more powerful than sex after all! Ever since the retriever had hooked up with her that first time, they'd been attached to each other's hip with them screwing as much as twice a week.

It was the most mind-blowing thing he'd ever seen, too! Like, holy shit, watching that perfect living Adonis of a stud hollow the girl out was enough to bust a nut in his pants handsfree. He didn't get to watch them the first time they fucked, but he did get to meet her in person after they'd finished. Kevin had fucked her so good she was in a happy and 'pliable' mood, shook his hand with a big dopey smile and everything even though she was dressed in only a hoodie with cum running down her legs.

After that he got to watch them fuck while his pencil danced hurriedly across the pages of his little black sketchbook to capture the art of lovemaking in real time.

But even with his front row seat to Kevin's sex life he couldn't stop himself from pining after a girl that was a lost cause to him, and it only got worse as he sat in the mostly empty bleachers that sat next to the practice field. The whole soccer team was in attendance and running through some kind of drills with the girls all working their hardest to... practice their footwork or something, and... ball control? He didn't know what they were doing.

But Lauren was out there performing like a machine with her body skillfully controlling the ball with her feet as she ran through some kind of drill that was just her trying to navigate the ball through a series of cones and to the goal. Dressed in just a soccer jersey and her shorts she looked so great. She had feminine curves and a great rack, but was toned top to bottom from being a fitness freak at her sport of choice.

He wasn't sitting as close to them as he would have liked, but he did manage to rough together a few pages of gesture drawings that captured the movement of the girls as they did their

routines, but he was getting bored of just doing gestures. A gesture drawing would convey the movement of a figure, and sometimes the size and build of a person, but there wasn't enough detail to define them as a specific person. They were more like glamorous stick figures.

So, Reese turned the page and started gesturing a few new poses in his sketchbook until he found one he liked, then started hammering away at the drawing with his eyes darting up to find Lauren before dropping back down again. He tried his best to capture her likeness from so far away and he wasn't too happy with the result. His memory of what she looked like was filling in some gaps, but he thought she was too beautiful a person for him to rely solely on his mind's eye.

The girls practiced for about two hours, which was more than enough time to get in all the drawing he could have wanted. One drawing of Lauren in particular had turned out really good but was still an imperfect piece from having been made to watch her from so far away.

As the team began to disperse themselves the Bernese came up the bleachers with her gym bag in tow and sat next to him. The way she carried herself told him she was running out of steam, but the whole look of her tired with matted hair and fur made his heart flutter. There was something so appealing about a girl that looked like she'd been through the ringer but came out feeling good about it. It sort of reminded him of Miyu after Kevin put her through the ringer with his dick. She sure as hell looked worn out and happy after he got done with her, and that only made his feelings toward Lauren more... imaginative.

He was self-conscious about her seeing his drawing, so right before she sat down, he flipped back a few pages to where he'd started drawing.

"All those are of us?" She asked, taking a swig from her water bottle. The Bernese smelled of grass and soil, but all that did was make her even more attractive. This was Lauren's perfume, and it smelled nice.

"Yeah, I tried doing gestures of everyone doing their thing. I think I got a lot of good stuff done." He replied, and she leaned in after tucking her bottle away to snatch the sketchbook from his hands. Reese was immediately feeling that skin crawling anxiety of someone looking through your phone as she studied the first page of his art, then started flipping pages.

She complimented his art, but it was clear she wasn't impressed by the drawings. A gesture drawing isn't much on the surface so non-artists wouldn't understand their importance. It was the last page that was making him the most anxious as she finally turned the page again to see herself sketched out on the paper.

"Oh my God!" She said with a smile and leaned in to study it more. "This is so fucking cool, dude!"

"Yeah." He said awkwardly. The fact she was beaming at his rendering of her just made him feel even more embarrassed.

"This looks like me! You're so good at this, dude." She said with more flattery than he'd been prepared for now falling onto his plate.

"Thanks! It's tough drawing people when they're so far away so I was worried it wouldn't be that good." He told her.

"Yeah, I bet, but you did really good! Mom and dad would love somethin' like this of me. Can I have this one?" She suddenly asked and he was surprised by the request. He looked back down at the drawing and felt reluctant to part with it. He didn't think it was as good as it could be considering he slapped it together on the soccer field.

"I mean, you can, but I don't think it's very good. If you're going to give it to your parents, I think I should do a better one for you instead." He told without any sort of plan, but it was the truth that he could do a better one if she gave him the chance to.

"Oh, that'd be cool! You wanna make a time to hang out for you to do your drawin' thing?" She asked and he felt himself flush red at her inviting him to hang out. Yeah, they could hang out and he could draw her, sure. That'd be great! Time to spend with Lauren was time well spent, but he was getting those quiet jitters like she was asking on a date, which wasn't at all true.

His heart wanted a date, but when Lauren asked to hang out that's all she intended to do. Reese couldn't even remember a time when Lauren was anything but a tomboy that just wanted to play sports or hang out to do guy stuff. She was never very feminine even when her mom made her dress up nicer for some important thing or another.

"Yeah, we can do that. Maybe we can plan to meet up this weekend?" He asked her, and she thought that would work so long as it didn't interfere with her practice or workout. Every weekend the team practiced, and she had her own exercise routine she liked to maintain.

They agreed to figure out some kind of plan via text before they said their goodbyes and parted ways with her offering to leave the drawing he'd done of her in his care. She was too dirty to want to risk messing it on her way back to her dormitory.

As Reese made his way back home, he tried to keep himself from skipping. Common sense told him not to get his hopes up, and that Lauren was just being Lauren and would continue to be that way until the end of time, and that was ok so long as they could remain friends. He'd still get to hang out with her, and one day he'd find someone else to hopelessly pine after.

Until then he'd enjoy the chance fate had given him to use her as a muse for a nice piece of art for her parents. That'll be fun.

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They ended up planning to meet up that Saturday afternoon after Lauren got out of her soccer practice. She'd be free of all her duties by then and could spare a few hours. Judging by her texts it felt like she was excited to get drawn, but Reese figured she was more excited at the prospect of giving something nice to her parents who were always proud of their daughter's achievements. Having a nice piece of fine art on their wall would just be the icing on the cake that was the shelf of soccer trophies she'd won.

Kevin was out most of the day with his part time job at the garden supply store, but he'd be back home while Lauren was still posing. Miyu was probably around somewhere, but just because she was fucking Kevin didn't suddenly mean she threw out all her other obligations. The beagle was the only person who kept a mostly empty weekend schedule. Even when he had

assignments to do, they were usually ones he could just do at his desk, though sometimes he did have to walk to the art building for something.

Lauren texted him that she'd arrived and was on her way up, and he had to get up to go out into the hallways to find her at the top of the stairs to lead her back to the dorm room. He didn't need a soccer field to draw her accurately so he'd suggested she could just bring a soccer ball with her and wear her uniform.

She was dressed in the full regalia of the SanFur Slayers red on white colors with sharp black font. The Bernese was almost all business with him and eager to get started like she viewed this session like a mission, or just an extension to her soccer practice. He didn't mind it and started telling her how to pose herself. He'd already come up with a good composition and folded a bath towel into a 2x2 square to mark where she needed to stand still.

From where he sat at his desk, he wanted to see her from a three quarters view with her soccer ball under one arm. He had to adjust her posture with his hands, which sent tiny shivers through him as he lightly touched her body to guide her into the desired position. The final result was a confident, positive pose. He tried to make sure she didn't look too cocky or out of character, since that would ruin the image for her parents. They wanted to see their daughter, not someone else.

"So, I just stand still?" She asked after he'd taken his seat and took up one of his larger sketchbooks to begin drawing. He was going to use a pencil and a little bit of vine charcoal.

"Yep, just keep still while I work. I can turn on music if you want."

"Put on the college rock station." She replied, and he opened up a new browser on his laptop and went to the college radio station's website where they streamed music. He turned on the rock station and went back to drawing. For someone who'd never modeled before she was doing very good, but after a half hour of standing still she was looking bored.

"People do this in your classes every day?" She finally broke the silence between them, confirming she was very bored.

"Yep. They get paid though." He replied.

"How much?" She asked.

"30 bucks for 4 hours of standing still." He told her and wondered if that was enough to pull her into modeling for an art class, which he hoped she wouldn't do. If she modeled for anybody at all he'd hope it'd be for him!

Reese had never seen Lauren in anything less than a soccer uniform or that modest one-piece swimsuit she wore years ago at a birthday party. She was about as modest as she was a tomboy, and the very idea of her posing nude was a foreign concept, especially in front of a classroom full of strangers. He couldn't even imagine her agreeing to pose for -him- in the nude and they'd known each other for long enough to clear the trust hurdle a long time ago.

"Jeez, that blows. The Uni can't even afford to pay minimum wage?" She laughed.

"No, the class has to pay the model. We all pitch in every month to cover the modeling fee." He explained, which was all 100% true. They held class twice a week with 22 students in his course so for a month's worth of models they each had to put 10\$ into the pot.

"No fucking way! That really blows, dude." She replied with shock. "Coach at least buys us lunch after practice on Saturdays."

"Well, people pay to watch you play soccer. No one's paying to come watch us draw naked people." He replied.

"In this day and age somebody sure as fuck would." She laughed, and Reese couldn't argue that she was wrong.

"Everybody really stands there naked for that long?" She asked like she doubted people really did that with a big emphasis on the naked. Not surprising coming from her.

"Mhm. Well, my professor is kinda chill and lets people wear underwear if they want, but I think just about every professor that teaches the figure drawing and painting classes all prefer the model to be nude. It helps us draw the body better when there isn't clothing in the way." He told her.

"Don't you gotta learn how to draw clothin', too?" She asked.

"Yeah, but that comes later. If you can't draw a woman right then it doesn't matter how good you draw her dress. It'll look like shit." He explained it his way instead of how his professors might have.

"I guess so, but the idea of bein' naked in front of a bunch of people kinda grosses me out." She told him, which helped put some cold water on his dream of one day having her as a nude muse. "How much longer you think this will take?"

He surveyed his drawing and felt he'd gotten the base down really good. He was polishing up her face at the moment and would need to move on to her uniform next to give it more detail. The beagle was debating on whether he should stick to his original plan to use the vine charcoal, since he tended to draw with the vine as opposed to just using it to shade the form. His pencil work was coming out too good to cover it up with the charcoal, so he might just stick to that medium, then maybe use his shammy and some compressed charcoal to feather in some grey for shading wherever he needed it.

"Maybe an hour." He gave her an estimate. She groaned in reply but refused a chance to take a break when he offered it. Reese assured her he would draw as fast as he could, and then maybe twenty minutes later Kevin finally arrived home from putting in his hours.

"Hey." The retriever said to Reese then looked over to the girl whom he'd never met before. Despite Kevin being cool with letting Reese see him naked, jerk off, or fuck his lady friend he was awkward with new people. His exhibitionism was strictly an 'in-group' thing, but with this new female face standing in his dorm room he was visibly more low key than he'd normally be.

"Hi! Guess you're the roomie?" Lauren asked, and Kevin replied that he was.

"Kevin, this is Lauren. We went to school together." He introduced her to the goldie who pulled off his shoes to drop them in front of his closet before carefully moving between the still standing muse and her artist so he could reach his own bed.

"Cool, guess you found a new private model?" The retriever asked Reese.

"What? No, I mean I'm drawing her something to give to her parents." Reese corrected him.

"He did this really good drawin' of me durin' practice the other day and I wanted one as a gift to my mom and dad." Lauren explained.

"Yeah, he's really good at what he does!" The retriever replied and Reese was getting uncomfortable with the tag team of praise coming from two fronts.

"It takes forever though." She complained.

"I'm getting close to finishing." Reese replied.

Kevin stepped over to look at the sketchbook he was working in and nodded his approval before returning to his bed to lie down. He smelled like topsoil and mulch right now, which actually made for a good cologne for him. Some people just smelled better when they carried an Earthy natural scent about them. You know, something natural and not processed like most perfumes and colognes.

"Do you play on one of our teams, Kevin?" Lauren asked.

"No, why?" He asked.

"Because you smell like dirt, so I just wanted to know." She replied and Reese had to pull his pencil away from the paper right before he laughed. He didn't want to mess up the drawing with a shaky hand.

"It's a part time job at a garden supply store. My boss lady makes me do all the heavy lifting." He explained his odor to her while Reese got in control of his hand again to return to drawing.

"Oh, ok! Cool. You look like you could play sports, too, so it wasn't just the stink."

"Lauren, be nice." Reese had to scold her.

"I'm not being mean!" She asserted with a swish of her head.

"Stay still." He reminded her and she froze back stiff again. The beagle had to admit that for all the boredom and complaints she was making she did make for a good model. She actually knew how to stand still for long periods of time.

"If you're not careful he'll rope you into modeling for him all the time like he does with me." Kevin said from his bed to which Reese just rolled his eyes.

"That so? Does he pay you 30 bucks for 4 hours?" She asked him back.

"No, I do it for free." He replied.



"You're worse than the government, dude." She said directly to Reese.

"I make no one model for me against their will!" He defended himself as he continued to draw. He was genuinely getting close to finishing.

"So, what do you do, Kevin?" She asked. With a new person in the room, she was finding herself a cure to her boredom.

"I'm studying math and child education. Math teacher stuff." The retriever answered.

"I fucking hate math, dude! It's my worst subject." She replied and shifted slightly in her stance but went still again without Reese needing to prod her back into position. He felt like he was now in the home stretch with polish being the only thing left to do on the drawing.

"They got study groups at the library for that I think." The other dog replied.

The two canines went back and forth for a bit with the math discussion until the Bernese got bored of it and switched topics back to Kevin. The more the two talked with Reese being just the quiet observer the more he felt like a third wheel. The feeling kept growing until Lauren had gotten Kevin onto the topic of his appearance.

The beagle's heart was racing as the Golden Boy across from him explained his daily work out routine, which Lauren took a lot of interest in. He knew both dogs were athletic types and did a lot of exercise, but he was now struggling to keep his focus on the art in front of him. Was Lauren actually showing interest in a guy? Like, for real?

She never dated, ever. For Reese's whole life the Bernese was not a sex or romance driven person. She dressed modest, acted modest (apart from intensity on the soccer field and her casual usage of F bombs), and most of all never seemed to engage with people in any way other than platonic. It's partly why Reese gave up on having anything happen between them. Maybe it wasn't that Lauren wasn't into him, but that Lauren just wasn't into -anybody-.

His heartbeat wouldn't chill out now that he was seeing the two other canines go back and forth about their routines with her explaining what they did every day. Reese pulled the pencil away from the page and stared down at the rendering of the Bernese as he listened to Lauren tell Kevin that he looked good, and that his work outs were really working for him.

It didn't sound like the flirting he was accustomed to seeing, but this felt like she was giving Kevin more attention than she normally gave guys. Maybe he was just reacting out of jealousy, just being paranoid.

He went back to drawing for another few minutes while Kevin shifted the topic over to her soccer practice. By the time he finished the final details Lauren was talking at length about her expectations for the season, which were very optimistic.

"Ok, I think it's done." He interrupted them.

"Oh, thank fuck, dude!" She said and relaxed herself before stiffening right back up again. "I can move now, right?"

"Yeah, you can move, I'm done." The beagle replied and put his utensils away before turning his sketchbook around to show Lauren what he'd accomplished.

"Oh my God!" She exclaimed and stepped forward to give the drawing a closer look with her mouth stuck in a wide smile. "This is so good! Isn't it?"

She'd turned to Kevin with that last one and Reese tilted the sketchbook a bit in his direction so the retriever could see it, too. The goldie nodded that it was.

"He always draws everything great. You should see the ones he does of me." He laughed, which made the beagle cast a glare at him while he blushed. Last thing he needed was for her to-

"Oh, you've been drawn a bunch, too?" She asked. Reese winced as he started praying she wasn't going to-

"Can I see?" She turned to ask the beagle if she could see what he didn't want her to see. He was getting sheepish and anxious now, but with her asking such a direct question he was spinning the wheels in his head to think of where some drawings of Kevin might be that weren't adult in nature...

He sat his sketchbook down onto his desk, which didn't have anything of Kevin in it yet since it was so new. His older sketchbooks were scattered about in different places around his desktop, but he wasn't sure which one to grab that would have Kevin in it without showing off his bits. Did Kevin even consider that she might ask to see the drawings of him? Was this on purpose?

Reese grabbed the sketchbook he stopped using last month and knew it should be safe since it was from his figure drawing class. There'd be nudes all through it, but since Kevin didn't model for art classes the only things that'd be in there of him would be for homework assignments. So, he opened the sketchbook and started flipping the pages until about midway through the book where he saw the first Kevin.

There he was in all his golden glory, but he had a pair of boxers on. There were multiple drawings of him in the book he remembered doing, so he flipped the next few pages and confirmed that he had boxers on in all of them since these were for class, then flipped back to the first page and handed Lauren the sketchbook.

"Oh, these are really good, Reese! You were always so good at drawin' stuff." She complimented him and went to grab Kevin's unused desk chair to wheel it over into the middle of the room where she'd been posing earlier. Reese's embarrassment grew as she flipped through the pages with a big smile on her first. He really didn't handle praise and attention that well.

"Oh wow, you really like drawin' everybody naked, don't you?" She laughed, which further fueled his embarrassment as his cheeks began to grow warm. She turned the book around to show Reese and Kevin showing that it was one of his class' regular models, a cheetah that he was pretty sure was also a cheerleader for the football team.

"That's what the professor has us do." He deflected it back onto his professors even though he'd gladly have the models pose nude for him, too.

She complimented him again on how good his drawings were as she kept flipping through the pages and marveling at everything he'd done. It was good he knew that book had a few of Kevin in it, because every other book he had that was full of Kevin was also full of porn, and usually of Kevin! He was safe showing classwork though since there wouldn't be any golden dicks on display in there. She kept flipping pages with a smile until she'd apparently had had enough of looking with the beagle noticing her eyebrows lift briefly before slapping the sketchbook shut to hand it back over to Reese.

"Ok, so do I have to start modelin' for you, too?" she teased him with whatever had just come over her being quickly pushed aside by a slight topic change.

Oh, would he love it if she did! Even if she refused to strip naked it'd still be incredible to just have her there in the room with him so he could admire her with his pencil and paper. Stand her up nice in the dorm room like she'd just done, but maybe dressed different... Lingerie? He doubted she owned real lingerie knowing the type of girl she was, and even if she did, she'd refuse to wear it for him. If she did agree to pose in underwear it would just be something plain like a normal pair of panties and a sports bra, but even then, it'd be perfect! Or a one-piece swimsuit, too! Anything, really!

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to do, Lauren." He told her.

"But it would be nice to have someone other than this guy to draw for my homework assignments." He ventured to add, but even as he did it, he felt his cheeks glow a bit warm from the effort. He was anxious about asking her to pose for him! The only reason this was even happening was because she liked the sketch he'd done of her during practice. It was all just coming together, and the beagle didn't know what cards were safe to play!

"What homework they make you do?" She asked.

"It's just an ongoing thing where we have to keep drawing in our sketchbooks, and since its figure drawing, she wants us to draw people. Every week we give her our books and she gives us a grade for drawing more in our sketchbook." He explained to her as he set his sketchbook over on the desktop next to him, noticing the pages in the middle were crooked where she'd stopped looking to slap the book shut.

"Oh, well that don't sound bad. At least you're good at it unlike me and math!" She replied.

"They do free tutoring at the library." Kevin mentioned again. The retriever was really good at math himself and could probably do tutoring for a fee if he wanted, but the dog was too busy with his own classes and personal routine to sit in the library to tutor, which was weird for a guy wanting to become a schoolteacher. Teachers are just professional tutors, aren't they?

She and Kevin went back and forth about the issue of math until she realized how long she'd been there in their dorm. Reese told her he'd find something safe to keep her drawing in and give it to her later, and she thanked him again for the gift before telling both boys goodbye and heading on her way.

"So, that's the one you've had a crush on, huh?" Kevin asked him after she'd left, and he nodded back.

"Yeah, but she's not in my league, or maybe she's not even in a league at all." He replied.

"What's that supposed to mean?" He laughed.

"Like, she's never dated anybody. She's got a permanent friend zone around her at all times." Reese said, and Kevin just laughed again.

"Well, she's pretty cute. If you swindle her into modeling naked for you do I get to see the results?" The goldie asked, and Reese felt himself flush with the idea of having an actual drawing of her naked in his little black sketchbook. That'd be so cool! He picked the sketchbook back up and opened it to where she'd have left off before closing it. It was a page with a single full-size drawing of Kevin leaning up against their dorm door like he was James Dean.

There were no boxers on this drawing and Reese, at the time, had taken great care to render the Golden Boy's sheath and balls in loving detail. Well, that's why she slapped the sketchbook shut, and he felt himself flush red knowing she was walking home knowing her childhood friend drew his roommate naked.

"Yeah, I guess I have to, seeing as how I forgot I drew you naked in here." He told him and turned the book toward Kevin so he could see.

"Ha! I remember that one." The retriever replied with a laugh.

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It wasn't like him to wake up in the middle of the night, but there he was lying awake in his bed trying to figure out why he'd woken up in the first place. Moonlight was casting a faint glow through the window blinds and revealed a quiet room save the gentle shifting of his roommate in the other bed. Absent was the usual quiet snoring from the golden retriever as he slept, but Reese didn't pay it much attention.

Something had woken him up, but he didn't know what it was, and now he was staring at the wall next to his bed hoping sleep would claim him, but several minutes passed him by without catching another wink. Kevin shifted again from the other bed and the beagle was acutely aware of the other dog's noise now, as it was in the middle of the night and there was nothing else making noise.

The Golden Boy's bed creaked slightly, which left the beagle wondering if the dog always moved around this much at night. He knew he snored a little, but not toss and turn. Another creak made itself known, but louder now, and it didn't stop. It started quietly enough but grew to become a continuous noise just in the near distance behind him that settled into a slow rhythm.

And it was a familiar rhythm... All of a sudden, he became extremely aware of his surroundings and tried to tilt his head to give his ear a better listen, but he was afraid to roll himself over to face his roommate. Kevin couldn't possibly be with someone right now, and since when did Miyu sneak over in the dead of night for a session? Who would sneak over at this hour? This wasn't like Kevin at all! The creaking continued with Reese's ears glued to the noise in an effort to catch every note.

A voice, should have been Kevin's, spoke in a whisper, but it was too quiet to catch what he'd said. The rhythmic creaking quickened in pace until a feminine voice let out a gasp. That wasn't

Miyu's voice at all! It sounded a bit deeper than her voice, but it wasn't that Kaitlyn girl Miyu was roommate's with either... There weren't any other girls Kevin had shown interest in? So, who?

"He won't hear us." Had the beagle's ear not been floppy they'd have stood at full erection right then. Kevin was whispering to the mystery girl more loudly now, getting bolder as he claimed another girl's pussy. There was no way the retriever believed he wouldn't wake his roommate up considering how he got once he got going.

She gasped again, but the voice remained a mystery despite feeling oddly familiar. Whoever the girl was gasped again, but the noise was quickly muffled by something. Kevin audibly hitched his hips in the girl, and there was no mistaking the wet squelch of his cock squeezing into a cunt. It was exactly like when he'd nail Miyu. That delicious audio porn of a fat cock being worked deep into a sopping cunt was like music to Reese's ears, so he could easily imagine what was going on behind him even if he couldn't see the pair going at it.

The poor girl was struggling more as the retriever picked up his pace with her grunting now into the other dog's pillow.

"That's it." Kevin said a little louder. He had to know he was being too loud, but he clearly didn't care. "You got this."

This had to be someone new, and Reese's heart was racing at being made a witness to Kevin's newest conquest! He wished he hadn't been a side sleeper because it was going to make it difficult to turn around to watch without either of them noticing. Maybe Kevin didn't care if he noticed, or maybe even wanted him to, but the girl? What if she creaked out and ended the whole thing?

"Guhd! Fhuck!" The girl's voice rang out through the pill just as the retriever hitched his hips hard into her with an audible thump of fur on fur. Reese's ears went flat to his skull at the recognition of the voice's owner as Kevin's dick squelched loudly again with the bigger dog grunting his triumph.

"Told you." He growled low to the girl whose identity Reese was now certain of. The beagle felt panic, fear, betrayal, and yet also an overwhelming feeling of excitement driving his heart to thud against his ribs like a drumbeat.

There was no way this was happening! They'd only just met today! He had to know if it was her, and he dared to roll himself slowly onto his back as the noise of the bed creaking picked up speed as Kevin began to hammer away at her with an audible slap as their combined juices soaked into their fur. When both shoulders touched the mattress, the beagle could finally turn his head toward the other side of the room, and what he saw froze his heart.

Kevin's body was shimmering under the moonlight, a golden god bathed in the pale blue of the moon as the living Adonis held his prey belly down to his bed with his hips rocking quickly into her with eager intensity. Beneath him the girl was muffled by a mouthful of pillow as her hands clenched tight to the bedspread. The color of the Bernese' fur was easy to pick out under the dim light coming from the window.

The retriever hitched his hips again, and Lauren whined into the pillow. Kevin's hands slid up her body until they were slipping under her chest to grope at her tits. The Bernese had a lot

more meat there to play with than Miyu, and the golden's hands gripped them tight to mash them against her body as she whined again under his rough touch.

"Gonna knot you now." He wasn't trying to hide it now, but he wasn't looking Reese's way either. Lauren tightened her grip on the bed and rolled her hips up in acceptance. Her tail was hiked up along her back with Kevin lowering his lips to one of her ears.

"Beg for it." he told her firmly, then stopped his hips. The creaking of the bed fell silent save the noise of her ass rolling against the Golden Boy's crotch. She started whining helplessly into the pillow as she behaved in a way Reese had never seen her act before. The Lauren he knew wasn't a horny slutty girl at all, but here he was watching his roommate laying pipe in her the same day he'd met her! Was she always like this? Was this why she didn't hang out with him more often around campus?

He knew her parents, he could 'tattle on her' if he knew what she got up to in secret. Was that why she sometimes came off as distant toward him? Hiding her new lifestyle from the guy that knew her from grade school?

"Beg. Or I stop." Kevin growled at her. The moonlight reflected in the golden's eyes for a moment, catching Reese's attention, and then the beagle finally saw Kevin's eyes were locked on his. He'd been watching for Reese's reaction while his childhood crush was rocking and rolling her hips into his own in desperate hopes that he'd keep going.

"Pluh. Eez." She said, words still muffled by pillow, with her hips rocking faster, more eager, ever more horny. Kevin's eyes didn't leave Reese's as one hand left a tit and reached behind her head to grab her by the hair. He yanked her off the pillow, making her gasp out loud. The noise was sharp like a glass dropping and breaking in a kitchen followed then by her rapid panting and whining.

"Beg. For. It." Kevin was growling louder now as he continued to stare down Reese as the beagle's frozen heart began to warm up against his will. Beating once more in his chest the sight of his unrequited love whining for another man was bringing to life a new excitement in his chest as his heart rate sped up to full throttle.

"Please! Knot me!" She almost shouted, giving in to the retriever's demands and giving herself up fully to her newest conqueror. The retriever smirked at Reese before turning his attention back to his newly minted bitch, and with a loud snarl he bucked his hips and started jackhammering away at her.

The loud squelching of his meaty piston in her cunt mixed with the lurid slapping of his swollen knot against her pussy lips. Lauren couldn't keep her mouth shut and was left howling and grunting as she was properly bred by a male many times Reese's superior. The Golden Boy was giving her the love making the beagle could never hope to deliver himself. The glee on Kevin's smirking face was out of character, and yet, so fitting for this moment as Reese was robbed of his childhood friend once and for all.

Her howling turned to wailing as Kevin's thrusts grew faster and shorter with the retriever growing closer and closer to sinking the knot home, and as soon as he did, she'd be his now and forever and what would Reese then be? A hopeless loser?

"Fucking take it!" He snarled just as he shoved her head back down into the pillow just as she began to scream out in orgasm. Not even the pillow could muffle her unbridled ecstasy as the enormous knot battering her cunt finally broke through her defenses and scored the biggest goal of her soccer career. As Kevin snarled out his climax to flood the needy bitch under him Reese felt his own cock, so much smaller than Kevin's, erupt its contents over the beagle's belly at the same time the retriever's alarm clock went off.

The blaring of the alarm filled the room until Kevin's hand reached out to slap it silent. The room was bright with the sun's morning rays just now peeking through the window blinds. The retriever yawned and sat up with Reese laying wide eyed and bewildered as he stared up at the ceiling.

"Morn." The Golden Boy said with a yawn and sat himself upright before swinging his legs out from the bed before standing up to scratch at his crotch through his boxers.

Reese, still confused, sat himself upright and looked at Kevin's bed and saw it empty with the retriever now standing at his closet to find something to wear. Looking down at himself Reese pulled his covers away and saw a dark stain in his boxers from his orgasm. So, that was real.

"Did she really get you that worked up yesterday?" Kevin laughed from his closet. The beagle looked up and saw Kevin watching him as he pulled on a shirt.

The beagle rubbed his face and looked back to the other dog's bed and realized not everything had been real, just the mess in his boxers. His heart was still racing like he was on fire, but as the reality of the morning dawned on him he felt himself calming down slowly.

"You ok, man?" Kevin asked him.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Reese replied.

"You sure? You looked kinda pale." Kevin pressed, but the beagle waved it off. The details of the dream were growing fuzzier and fuzzier the longer he was awake, but the feeling of it remained. That cold chill in his heart and the pain of loss were still there, but the retriever was now looking at him worried like something was clearly wrong, and that was a very different guy from the sinister doppelganger that'd appeared in his dreams.

What happened in the dream was not something that Kevin he knew would do, but he was obviously worried about it happening if he was having nightmares about it...

"It's nothing, Golden Boy. Just a dream that started good, but then got weird." He lied. Kevin smiled and tried to accept the beagle's answer as fact and went back to dressing himself. Reese joined him at his own closet to change into something clean and noticed as the other dog stripped off his boxers that Kevin really was bigger than him in every way. The beagle's sheath was half the size, and his cock was, too. Could he ever really satisfy a girl like Lauren when guys like Kevin were around?

His self-esteem was in the shitter all day until Kevin revealed he was bringing Miyu home with him for the evening. She normally never let Reese film them fuck or even take photos, but today she was suspiciously invested in letting Reese document the entirety of her being hollowed out by her stud. The day had started like shit, but by the end of it he did feel better thanks to Kevin

coercing his girl to give him a good show. The real Kevin was nothing like the guy in his nightmare, but if he was having dreams like that then he clearly had issues to work out.