

Moving day came and went for the two of them. Between the pair, Michael's mother, and Lawrence's dad and brother, they got everything they needed moved into the new place in a single day. They did the math and figured it would be worth it to go in for halves on a storage unit. After they did all their figuring Michael paid the deposit in full while Lawrence took care of the first 3 months for the storage unit. They'd sort the difference out later.

The actual move wasn't bad. All the packing gave Michael a chance to actually rummage through his things, and a lot of old clothing was promptly discarded at a local Salvation Army. He also got rid of a few furniture items that were cheapos from Walmart. A good bit of trash was discarded, and some general housekeeping left him with a lot less possessions than he feared he had.

Lawrence was in a similar boat. Between all their collected 'good' furniture they each kept their respective beds, and some other choice bedroom items. It was the dining and living room furniture that they had to sort through. They ended up with a patchwork quilt of items from both of their old apartments now sitting in the new one, and all the rejects were put into the storage unit along with boxes of items that they didn't need but were reluctant to toss.

It was actually really nice to have a home with real closet space. Michael kept a clean home, but he'd been living in the same place for too long and storage space had gotten tight. Now everything not only was clean on a surface 'the guests will notice' level, but also in every closet and cabinet.

"Your mother is single, isn't she?" Lawrence asked him sometime after their relatives had all left. They'd both been spending the last few hours just trying to unpack boxes and get their bedrooms in order. The question came up right as Michael was entering the kitchen to make pizza rolls.

He turned to give the dog a curious look. Lawrence was sitting on the couch (Michael's original couch) reading the apartment rules that came with the lease papers.

"Yes, but she's off limits to anyone within ten years my age." Michael said with a laugh. The dog looked up, confused, then it clicked that the way he asked his question could have been construed as him asking if she was available.

"No!" He laughed. "Not that, but I noticed she was being flirty with my dad."

"Oh, shut up!" Michael waved his hands in front of him. "Full stop! Don't want to hear what my mother said or find out what she did. Let me pretend she's a sweet old lady."

"I think she's why my dad and brother peeled out so quick." He added, and Michael groaned. God, mother, why?

His mother was single! His family was a tragic case of young love, early marriage, infertility, adoption, and the early death of his beloved father. His mother was really a stepmother, technically. Michael was the result of his dad's junk and a surrogate. His mother had fertility issues that prevented her from conceiving, and then dad died when he was eight.

Michael's mother had chosen to be single since then, but he guessed that apparently didn't stop her from being sweet on older men. She was a vixen, an arctic fox, and shared almost no resemblance with her son. Not that his parents didn't try. He'd never met his birth mother, but he'd been told she was a white furred mare. His dad was a palomino. At least he looked like one of his parents, or so his mother often told him.

Though apparently, he'd inherited none of his father's machismo! Whenever he'd look at old photos of dad, he could tell there was a sharp contrast between the masculine father and the bit more effeminate son. Maybe that was due to his birth mother?

"Well, I'm going to make myself some pizza rolls." He said from the kitchen.

"Make me some!" Lawrence called back, and Michael started counting out more pizza rolls onto a paper plate before popping them into the microwave. "When we going to do a grocery run?"

The horse was watching the plate spin in the microwave as he thought about the question. Were they going to go shopping together? Maybe they should. He'd been single so long that it was normal to just go to the store whenever he needed anything. Now that he was living with a roommate, he'd maybe need to start consulting Lawrence before he ever drove out to grab anything.

"Maybe this weekend. Unless you think we need something sooner?" He asked back from the kitchen. There was no reply, but the microwave did beep. The stallion pulled the pizza rolls out from the microwave without any concern for his weight. If he gained anything he could always go jog it off if he needed to.

Lawrence entered the kitchen and leaned over to Michael to check out the pizza rolls. Michael caught a hint of cologne and smiled at the aroma. Nice smell.

"Am I going to be doing all the cooking, Law?" Michael turned his smile to the dog and looked him in the eyes. They'd never discussed the cooking arrangement. Lawrence looked down at the pizza rolls grabbed one off that plate. He started switching his fingers out on the hot roll as he blew on it to cool it down.

"Well, I hope you can do more than use Chef Mike." He said before popping the roll in his mouth and immediately regretting it. He was holding his mouth open and trying to not burn the roof of his mouth.

"I can cook real food, too, you ass." Michael replied and whacked him lightly on the arm. "And don't kill yourself with a pizza roll!"

He grabbed a second paper plate and split the pizza rolls in half for each of them, then poured himself a glass of water from the tap. He'd half to go buy a water filter for the kitchen sink next time he went to the store. One sip was enough to tell him the tap water here sucked.

"Well, I can cook, too. Maybe we can write down what we can cook and come up with some schedules." The dog suggested and Michael leaned his butt against the counter and watched the canine.

"You cook for yourself every night?" Michael asked him. The dog leaned against the other counter opposite to Michael and together they ate pizza rolls.

"Yeah. Been trying out some new pasta dishes since that's cheap. Tried to make lasagna the other night, but it looked kind of ugly. Tasted ok though." The dog explained and paused to eat another roll. Well then, Michael thought! The dog knew how to cook real food. Michael mostly used the microwave or made himself sandwiches. He wasn't much a cook.

"I think you're the better cook here, Law. I can make you a sandwich." He replied.

"Real sandwiches or PB and J?" Came the reply. Michael huffed over one of his rolls to cool it down.

"Are you a sandwich elitest all of a sudden?" He asked, and Lawrence only laughed.

"No, but I get the impression that's all you make." The dog answered and Michael pouted in return. He knew how to make a 'real' sandwich! He just never did because buying the good ingredients costed more. So instead all he did was buy plain white bread and some Kraft cheese, cheap deli meat, etc. Or PB & J. All were valid options, dammit!

Lawrence then started to downplay his cooking habits and suggested that maybe they could put together a grocery list that would be convenient for both of them. Something that wouldn't put Michael's lack of cooking skills on full display.

"Sure. I'll write down all the junk I normally buy, and we'll see where your pasta fits in." And he meant that when he said it. If he had a man around the house that could slip on an apron and get a meal made, he seriously was not going to complain about it. Soft as though Michael may be he was not a domestic housewife when it came to kitchen matters.

There wasn't that much about him that was domestic really. He only cleaned because he hated it when things got dirty. Certainly, pulled no enjoyment from the act of cleaning and polishing the tile.

"What about chores?" Michael brought it up now that he was thinking about it. Lawrence finished a pizza roll.

"Trade off every week with me. Will just doing everything ourselves each week. Me, then you, etcetera." The dog suggested. He shrugged and agreed that they could try that out and see how it fits. That got a chuckle out of Lawrence. Michael was getting the impression that he was going to get shown up badly by his new roommate in all matters domestic. He now had this growing suspicion that Lawrence would prove himself to be a good cook, handy man, homemaker, you name it. Maybe he was just dialing up his expectations now that they were under the same roof.

Oh well, if Lawrence is impressive enough to be a Jack of all trades Michael couldn't complain. He'd only pout over his inability to sleep with him. That thought made him sigh out loud, which, of course, the dog noticed.

"What's up?" He asked. Michael shook his head and waved him away.

"Nothing! Just feels too early for bed, but I'm too tired to do anything else with the apartment. Lazy."

Lawrence laughed and agreed that he was feeling pretty lazy, too. He leaned off the counter and tossed his now empty plate into the trash can and went over to the fridge. Michael watched him pull out a beer. The dog had poor taste in alcohol, or at least cheap alcohol. He thought he remembered him mentioning once that he enjoyed vodka before.

What he was holding in his hand was a cheap eye roll worthy Bud.

"Don't mind me drinking?" He asked, and Michael realized he might have been making a face at the canine's choice of poison. He had to wave that off, too.

"No! I just can't stand beer." He admitted. This was factually true! Michael couldn't stand the bitterness. He was one to prefer something nice and dry, like a red wine, or if he was in the mood for something sweet, he could go with any number of other alcohols that left beer in the dust.

"Lush." Lawrence called him with a laughed, and the horse just rolled his eyes.

"Whatever, Bud." He replied, and dog shrugged with a smile and left the kitchen. Michael eyed the dog's rear as he walked, then exhaled as he started to fish a wine glass from the cupboard. He found his favorite stemless glass and sat it on the counter while Lawrence could be heard turning the tv on in the living room.

Michael poured himself a full glass of the box wine he had on hand, then snatched a coaster from the utensil drawer.

"Did you turn on your netflix yet?" Lawrence asked as he fumbled with the remote.

"Yep." He replied, and the dog immediately began to bring up Netflix, but it wasn't logged in. Lawrence let out an exaggerated exhale and leaned toward Michael from his seat on the couch. The stallion was only just now sitting on his end of the couch and had to snatch the remote away from the canine so he could put in his login info.

"Now we're talking." Lawrence replied once Michael had logged in. He didn't care what they watched really so he handed the remote back to the canine and went back to his glass of wine to gingerly sip at its contents. The dog started absently browsing their options.

Michael thought they should actually talk about something instead of watching a movie in silence. They were roommates now and getting to know each other better would be good, right? Michael even thought that learning more about the canine could turn out to be a big win! What if he learned something terrible? Something gross? That could put a stop to him crushing on the dog really quick. That, or he'd learn something wonderful and pitch a fucking tent. He sighed a little too loudly, and the dog perked his ears and looked his way.

"What?" Michael asked the canine before the dog could do the same.

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders up and laughed.

"Don't like my taste in television?" He asked and Michael paid a little more attention to what he'd been browsing. Marvel movies.

"At least they're not cartoons." The horse replied after a moment, and the dog just laughed.

Yeah, maybe he should press for a real conversation before the dog could get too lost into a movie he'd pick out. But what? Something that would turn Michael right off, that's what! And what better way to turn a gay man off a crush than to listen to a straight guy talk about women. Right?

"So when are you getting a new chicky?" He asked decisively. Michael drew his legs up under him on the couch and scooted his butt back into the corner of the sofa so he could face Lawrence a little more. The dog leaned himself back and wore an uncertain expression. Michael watched him begin to slouch against the couch as his thumb pressed the arrow button slowly to move through the list of movies.

"I deleted Tinder off my phone, Michael." He laughed with a shake of his head. "I think I need a break from all that."

"Giving up?" Michael asked. He watched Lawrence shrugged some more before putting his feet up on the coffee table.

"Feet!" Michael shouted and pointed at the set of dirty feet that were now on his coffee table. Both the couch and the table were Michael's. The dog grunted a sigh and put his feet down. He must have always used his own coffee table as a footrest.

"No, not giving up. Just not sure where to go from here. I keep losing girlfriends and I'm the common denominator, you know? Disheartened." He spoke rather candidly. Michael frowned at that and was feeling a bit offended. He'd known Lawrence long enough to wager that it likely wasn't all the dog's fault if a relationship went belly up. Like, seriously.

"They the ones breaking up with you, then? Or? If I can be so audacious as to ask?" Michael did ask. To his knowledge it'd been a few months since Lawrence last had any sort of girlfriend, and he didn't seem the type to pump and dump through Tinder. He felt it was probably safe to ask by now about whatever was going on. Michael never knew the canine be super sensitive about his love life, but then again, the horse seldom ever asked outside a casual 'how's it going'.

Lawrence drank a bit from his beer and sat the can down on the table. The metallic sound the can made signaled it was already empty. Michael chose to ignore that there was no coaster under the can. Both of Lawrence's hands went up to gesture that he was unsure.

"Yes and no. I think it's mostly been mutual. Just..." He paused for a moment and leaned his head back. "I guess I'm just having bad luck picking girls that aren't compatible."

"Ok, so what's the problem?" Michael asked and sipped his wine. The stallion did love relationship talk when it was someone else's relationship and not his own! It irritated the stallion to be on the rocks with someone with other people poking their noses in to play a game of twenty questions. Rules for me, and some for thee and all that. Michael could be a hypocrite. "I don't want to pry though if I am. Stop me whenever!"

"No, you're cool." Lawrence waved off Michael's concern. The dog sighed. "Ok, well, you're cool but..."

"But?" Michael asked and cocked his head a bit with curiosity.

"I can trust you to keep a secret?" He asked and narrowed his eyes at Michael. The horse leaned back and touch his chest with a delicate hand. He feigned offense. The canine just laughed. "I mean it now."

"Lawrence, I'll be you're Fort Knox if I must." He replied. Michael watched with growing interest. Was it something salacious! Scandalous! Michael preferred male company, but GOD did men suck at selling good drama.

"Like, with Terri. We just decided to split. I think she got wierded out, and then things were kind of... off." He started, and Michael leaned in with curiosity. Oh ho! Terri was his most recent ex. She seemed nice and had never given Michael any reason to get protective over his canine crush. On the contrary it made it a bit easier to cope, since the more serious Lawrence's relationships got the easier it was to sigh and let it go. It was when Lawrence was single that the nagging thought of 'he's SINGLE, BABY!' would scream the loudest and tease, tease, tease the stallion.

"Why weird?" Michael asked. Lawrence was beginning to look a bit embarrassed now, which only made Michael's curiosity peak the more.

"It was bedroom stuff. I'm..." He waved his hands in little circles like he was searching for the right word to use. He was both stalling for time and fighting for words. "Experimental, I guess? I'm open to trying new stuff. And, well, Terri wasn't. She was real vanilla. Most chicks are, at least the ones I've been with."

Kinky. Experimental. Vanilla. Ok, this was turning salacious and Michael hated that he liked it so much. What kind of stuff was he into! Please, he thought, be something that would turn him right off so he could rest easy knowing that he no longer had the hots for a straight man!

"Are you into really weird stuff?" Michael asked with a laugh. As much as he hoped it was something beyond the pale, he also really hoped Lawrence didn't want things shoved up his peehole, or any other really out there fetishes that might drop the canine pretty low in respectability. The stallion still very much wanted to maintain a friendship with the poor dog!

"Ow, no!" The dog got bashful and defensive with nervous laughter. He shook his hands to emphasize his 'no'. Lawrence shifted in his seat with body language thick with hesitation. "Not really weird. I don't think so, at least."

"So? Tell me then! I'm a grown ass man." Michael said. Just get it over with, GOD!

"I did a girl in the butt once, and she loved it. Like, she loved it a lot." He confessed with a lot of emphasis on that last part. Well, that wasn't that weird. Michael liked anal, but only as a giver! And girls were allowed to like it up the ass as much as any guy. He just didn't get why they would considering that they lacked a prostate back there and all.

"Which chicky was this?" He asked. Michael remembered the face of every girl the dog had dated for more than a few months. Good with faces, but not names, as the cliché goes.

"Um," Lawrence paused for a moment like he had to will himself to remember. "Janine. This was a long time ago. I don't think you got to meet her."

Michael didn't remember a Janine and he took the guy's word on him not having ever met her. Lame. He'd have loved hearing an extra layer of scandal of finding out which of his exes liked it up the ass.

"So?" Michael egged the dog for more on the original topic.

"Ok, so, I got curious and wanted to know if I was kinky like that, too." He practically spat the confession out he said it so fast. Raw anxiety was writ across his body language, and Michael had to lean himself back against the couch.

Ok, this was a kind of scandal that would get Michael into so much trouble. His eyes were no doubt wide as saucer and he felt a giddy shiver run through him and his loins. Nope, nope. He felt himself stirring as Lawrence's bashfulness grew while he hesitated to continue. The canine was blushing! No! That dumb teasing dog! The horse remained calmly passive on the couch, but on the inside, he was flailing about with glee, and a bit of horror. Everything he wanted to hear from a man, but from a mouth that wouldn't suck his dick.

"I'm not judging you, Law." Michael said with a level of calm sincerity that belied his inner turmoil. He listened as the dog nervously laughed. He rubbed the back of his neck before nodding and continuing.

"So, like, I've asked girls before if they'd be down with fingering... or pegging." He finally said it, and his nervous laughter started back up and he now wasn't letting himself make eye contact. "Wow, that sounds bad saying it out loud."

"Lawrence, I'm fucking gay. You're literally describing a normal relationship for me!" The horse spoke up and slapped his knee. He quickly followed it up with a sip, nay a gulp, of his wine before lowering the glass to his lap so he could obscure his crotch with a hand and the glass it was holding.

"Well, it's not normal for me!" The canine laughed some more. God, Michael loved this man's laugh! Fuck! "But like, that seems to be the deal breaker with everyone I've dated. I keep winding up with chicks that don't want anything to do with that. I guess I need to find some butch women or something."

Michael took his turn to laugh. All the 'butch' women he knew off the top of his head were 100% gay. And where were all the kinky straight women at? Were they not aware Tinder was an app? OkCupid not doing it for them?

"Go find a dominatrix!" He joked. The dog looked his way and shook his head. The horse then noticed that Law was fidgeting with his hands. He lifted his glass and skillfully slipped his legs out from under him to put his hooves to the carpet. "I need to top off my wine. Want another beer when I come back?"

"Yeah, sure." Lawrence said and looked back to the Netflix menu. Michael stood and did a quick pivot to hide his crotch. Thank God they were both fully dressed! Given Law's current state he'd have had a noticeable reaction to seeing Michael pitching half a tent. His pants weren't helping him hide it!

"But, yeah, no. I just want to experiment, Michael. I don't think I'm ready to get fucked into a drooling puddle." Lawrence said facetiously from the living room. Michael had reached the kitchen and turned to look over at the dog. He opened his mouth to say something but was left utterly speechless.



Facetious or not, the mental image of Lawrence belly down on his bed with ALL of Michael's fat dick crammed up his backside was... terribly arousing. This was the sort of cruel and unusual punishment they had to pass laws to stop! He retrieved the box of wine and pressed the button to let the contents under pressure vent into his glass. He finished topping the glass off nearly to the rim, then fetched a can of beer from the fridge. To kill time, and to let his erection soften a bit he opened the can for Law and stuffed it in a koozie.

He also tried thinking of his mother flirting with Lawrence, or literally anyone else. That worked well enough as a cold shower that he knew his tent wasn't nearly as noticeable when he returned to the living room with their drinks.

"Wow, trying to butter me up?" Lawrence said when he noticed that his beer was already open and in a koozie.

"You're been very generous with your salacious relationship gossip, Law. I have to thank you somehow, don't I?" Michael joked, then sat back down and crossed one leg over the other. A better way to hide any unfortunate muscles that instinct couldn't help but flex.

"Oh, you like the gossip, huh?" He laughed and took a sip of his beer.

"Only the interesting gossip." Michael smiled. Oh, that was an attempt to flatter him wasn't it? Of course, it was. Michael's dick was doing too much thinking.

The dog sighed in reply.

"I just don't know how to approach with that stuff. Like, I just blurted it out with Terri. I told her I liked pegging, but that wasn't even true since I'd never gotten that far. I think she just assumed I was a lot kinkier than I let on to her. It must have spooked her a bit." He admitted. Michael sipped his wine.

"Maybe she started thinking she had to compete for your affection against both teams?" Michael suggested, which was totally a leading question regarding Law's sexuality. Lawrence tilted his head with a curious look. It was cute.

"Come again?" He asked.

"Are you bi?" Michael asked directly. The dog laughed and shook his head.

"If I am then it's a surprise to me. I've always liked girls. Can't say I've ever found dudes attractive." He replied.

"There are feminine guys." Michael countered, and that was a bit of a lead, too. The delicate and blonde stallion that Lawrence was chatting with was certainly effeminate! Kind of. He tried to downplay how 'soft' he was. Michael didn't want to play into the Hollywood gay stereotype with how he presented himself. He was happy being just 'gay enough' for

it to be picked up on in the first five to ten minutes of conversation. Something subtle.

"I've met a few of those in college. A fraternity wanted me to join up so bad. I'm pretty sure they were trying to recruit everyone that they thought was gay." Lawrence laughed.

"I don't doubt it! You're very attractive, Law." Michael dared to be open with that. Lawrence smiled with a bashful nod. It didn't look like he knew how to take a compliment from a guy with much grace. That was ok, since it was a bit endearing!

"Well, you're single." Michael continued. "Don't worry too much about being kinky. When you're ready to jump back in I'll be here to give advice, so you don't run off the next lady you catch, ok?"

Lawrence laughed and took a drink from his beer.

"Yeah, I'll take you up on that. I'd be a lot better off asking you than Google." He said and laughed at himself. Oh God, he was trying to Google anal play? There's no telling what he found! Christ! There was no telling what his girlfriends would have found in they went to Google! There's all kinds of wild shit on Pornhub.

"Please, Lawrence, do not use Google. Just ask me!" Michael told him and took a healthy swallow of his wine. He considered topping his glass off again just to make sure he went out like a light when he hit the bedroom, but then again maybe maintaining some of his sobriety might be a good thing.

"If that's ok?" He asked. Michael looked at him and took another sip.

"Yes! I told you so just now." He laughed a reply. The dog was looking mighty sheepish. Lawrence hide his gaze by looking down at his beer can as he drank from it some more. A healthy swallow of his own. Was Lawrence a confident drinker? Michael wasn't sure. He didn't often see him drink, and when he did the canine hardly drank much. Was he getting... drunk? Michael shifted in his seat. Surely not since this was only his second beer.

"I've used my fingers before." He started. Michael sat upright and lowered his glass back down to his lap as a cover. "Like, but I don't know if I'm doing it right. There's supposed to be, like, you know--"

"This is only your second beer, right?" Michael cut him off. The canine looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. He shrugged and nodded.

"Yeah, but I didn't eat much today beside the pizza rolls, I guess. A little buzzed." He admitted to him. Was he that much a light weight? Jesus, he was a cheap date! Buy him his favorite six pack and he'd be ass up in no time had he been gay! Michael quietly exhaled with a smile.

"You don't think you'll regret being so candid with me right now tomorrow?" The stallion asked. The mental image of Lawrence lying in

bed with his fingers coated in lube while he fingered himself was pretty fucking vivid in his mind right now, and his cock was catching a second wind. Michael probably needed to nip this in the bud quickly if Lawrence was a very loose lipped drunk!

"I, I don't think so? I'm feeling pretty ok, Michael." He replied. "I'm not wasted. Just feel kind of embarrassed, but I don't mind talking. It's easier talking to you about it than it was with my exes."

"Well, if you're sure you're ok I don't mind. Talk away." Michael smiled with regret hidden behind an excited smile. He was going to regret listening to this wasn't he? He inhaled gently as Lawrence nervously laughed and rubbed an arm. He took another drink of his beer.

"I tried to find my prostate, but I don't know if I'm doing it right." He said, and he suddenly was blushing so hard as he spoke the words. This was probably the first time he'd ever spoken the word 'prostate' out loud! But really who goes around talking about that out loud anyway besides a doctor? It was so clinical, but that didn't convince the horse's dick to back down. Michael kept his glass firmly in his lap.

Michael had let this go too far despite him knowing damn well better! The only thing hiding his tent was the fact that Michael had his legs crossed and was holding his glass in his lap. His dick, which was probably the single most masculine trait he possessed, was literally trying to stab his own thigh right through his pant leg.

Visually, Michael's cock was a pleasant contrast to his more delicate and sometimes downright feminine figure. His previous partners always loved the discovery that Michael wasn't some little show pony in the bedroom. They walked into his bedroom expecting to get topped by a pony, and they damn well found out a horse waited behind that taut zipper.

"There are toys to help with that." Michael said with a straight face. How would he ever get up from the couch like this? He couldn't hide a tent this tightly pitched! And he was just egging the poor boy on like a stupid teenager clicking through his first porn site! Click, click, click, then explaining to dad that he had no idea how the family PC got a virus.

"I thought about buying a dildo, but I don't know what to get? Some of them on Amazon were really expensive. And all kinds of sizes, and what they're made of. And shapes." Lawrence was now the Hoover damn with a hole busted through it! Just gushing details that the horse was NOT mentally prepared for right now!

Michael now had the dog pegged as the type that'd turn into a veritable hose of information once you gave them a little drink and an open ear. Michael might have been the first person Lawrence was about to speak candidly with about all this besides his various exes. And, not only that, he figured that he was the only person to hear it that didn't pop back with a negative reaction. That alone would have been encouragement enough to coax the canine into spilling the beans.

Michael had been in a similar situation when he'd befriended his first openly gay friend back in grade school. They ended up trying to give each other head behind the after they each confessed they liked guys, and by the time they'd graduated Michael had worn that very same friend like a ring on his dick a handful of different times.

High school had been weird for Michael. He'd been one of the pretty boys and so many girls had wanted to snuggle up with him. He dated like two girls he could remember, but those were short little flings and they'd both broken up with him because he didn't give them enough attention. Well, no shit, he's gay!

"Do you want something that's an actual dick? Or something that just stimulates the prostate?" Michael asked. UGH, that really sounded so clinical! What Michael really and truly wanted to ask was 'do you want to take a big dick, or something more sensible?' Michael carefully lifted his glass but kept one hand at his crotch. He swallowed a mouthful of wine before quickly returning the glass back to its original position.

Lawrence shrugged his shoulders.

"A dildo, I guess. I mean if I really want to do the pegging thing?" He shrugged. "What, like-"

Lawrence suddenly hesitated in the middle of his sentence and started rubbing his arm. The fact he looked cuter when he was embarrassed was not a good thing! It was so endearing!

"Like, what do you use? I mean, if you have one. You don't have to say!" He got more nervous and looked like he was quickly regretting asking too much of Michael. Did he think Michael was a bottom? Oh, no, honey, not a bottom. Michael couldn't help but grin at that.

"I'm always on top, Law." Michael replied with a light chuckle. "I've only ever given it."

Lawrence started blushing a bit more and laughed nervously again.

"Oh, well, guess you can't help me that much then." he sounded dejected now. Had he been hoping Michael would have lots of advice on how to take a dick? Sure, that made sense, but the horse being on top didn't suddenly mean he couldn't offer advice! If the stallion had any intention of ramming himself up a cute guy's butt then he better know a thing or two on how to do it!

"No, no! I can! If you're serious about it, I can help you find something." He replied. Lawrence nodded and tipped his can back and drained the rest of its contents with a smack.

"I think I let myself go a bit." The dog admitted.

"Maybe you should go to bed before you embarrass yourself?" Michael suggested, and the canine looked thoughtfully at him for a moment then nodded slowly.

"Yeah, probably." He said. "You're right. I dumped a lot on you tonight, man. I know that wasn't really what you were expecting out of me."

Michael lifted a hand and waved his concerned aside. Oh, Michael had all kinds of hopeless expectations. He was more worried about the dog finding out how huge this horse's cock was right about now. God, this was the worst! Pegging? Really? Like, ok, sure. Straight men were perfectly allowed to be kinky, do anal play, or whatever they wanted to do with their chickies in the bedroom! But did they have to be his roommate?

He didn't even want to pretend that there was a chance that Law might be bisexual. That would be too much temptation for him to handle and they'd only just moved in together. It was too much. He'd be buying new pants at this rate!

"No! It's fine! I'm happy to have a roommate that I can talk to. I like these kinds of intimate conversations. If you bring the tears, I'll bring the shoulder." Michael replied, and at least he knew he was being honest. The usual suspect that'd cry on his shoulder was Grayson, and that was always over dumb shit the fellow equine would get himself into. At least Lawrence was a more mature specimen and probably would have legitimate things to cry about.

Lawrence looked at him with some confusion, then it must have clicked. 'Shoulder to cry on', and the dog smiled and laughed.

"I hope I'm not that bad." He replied.

"Go to bed, Law! We can finish up the apartment junk tomorrow bright and early." Michael told him and gestured off to the hallway. Fortunately, he still had wine left in his glass and would use that as an excuse to linger in the living room a bit longer. Once he was alone, he could escape to his bedroom to get himself soft so Lawrence wouldn't notice.

The dog stood up with a nod and left toward the kitchen with his empty can. Michael watched him walk and lifted his glass to his lips to sip. It felt like an eternity for the canine to throw away an empty beer can and put the koozie away.

When he walked back into the living room Michael didn't notice Law sporting any sort of erection, but he was also better dressed to hide one. His jeans were a bit loose on his crotch as opposed to the skinny jeans Michael liked to wear. That was sort of unfortunate. Michael wouldn't have minded knowing he'd gotten the dog excited even if it would have made his own condition worse. But no, it was much more likely like poor Law was so nervous that'd have killed any arousal he might have gotten from the topic of sex.

Lawrence retreated to his studio bedroom and Michael took his chance and gulped down the last of his wine. He almost choked on it and pranced quickly to the kitchen to deposit the glass in the sink. Now that he was upright his dick was pressed so tight against his zipper that he couldn't remember the last time he kept his pants on this long when horny. He

would have normally been balls deep in someone by now! He tried pushing down on himself with a hand but that did nothing to diminish his bulge. He was going to have this tent until he took care of it or it got bored and left on its own.

The studio didn't have a door to it so Michael would have to step past it quick and make it to his own door. As Michael neared the hallway, he could hear the dog messing around with his chest of drawers. Good! He tried to dash by, but Lawrence stepped out in front of him suddenly and the horse came to a halt with a tight smile desperately trying to hide his panic.

But the canine wasn't looking down, thank God!

"Thanks again for putting up with me, Michael. You sleep good, ok, man?" The canine smiled and gave Michael a masculine clap on the arm. Oh, how sportsmanlike! Michael just couldn't wait to find out how many sports teams Law enjoyed.

"You, too! Good night, Law." Michael added quickly and tried to gesture with a hand to get the dog back to his room. 'Please! Don't look down!' Michael begged of him on the inside.

Law smiled and finally turned to go back to his room. Michael stepped by and slipped into his room with so much relief he could slice it and serve it. He shut the door behind him and exhaled hard like he'd been holding his breath for the last hour. Michael dropped himself belly down onto his bed and felt the discomfort of having his dick being crammed against the unforgiving mattress. He'd come too close to outing his interest in Lawrence, but then again perhaps he could have played it off like he was only aroused because it was sex talk. Straight guys got stiff talking about boobs with each other, right? No?

The ceiling fan sat idle as the poor stallion finally lifted his hands to rub his cheeks. Ok, so now Michael knew to be careful with how much Law drinks. Oh, if only the dog was gay, they'd both be drunk and fucking every night! No! Behave, Michael!

Michael owed it to him tomorrow to be super nice to him. Don't let things get awkward! He needed to make sure Law knew that all his secrets were safe in the hands of his roommate. He held his breath for a moment then let it back out slow. He rolled over onto his back.

He needed to calm down, but that didn't stop his hands from falling to his crotch to pop his button and slide down his zipper. His cock was happy to see him when he finally freed it from its prison. It was standing at full attention with a subtle twitch running along its length. He pushed his erection out of mind and climbed off the bed to change into his pajamas. Michael figured that he and cold showers were going to become good friends from here on out.