

The morning air was brisk and filled with the noise of rubber slapping concrete as he jogged across the San Fernando campus. Despite the air being a bit nippy the jog always kept him warm. His usual outfit of a tight muscle shirt and a pair of jogging shorts never gave him any chills except at the very beginning of his run, but once his muscles warmed up so did he.

Kevin Water was a young Golden Retriever whose punctuality could only be matched by his grades. He rarely missed a class and his grades proved it, and when it came to keeping an appointment his morning jog happened every morning at the same time. He'd fallen in love with running during middle school when he joined track and field and did sprints and long-distance marathons. Now that he was in college, he occupied some of his free time with basic exercise like his daily jogs and some weightlifting to keep the rest of his body as fit as his legs.

He always woke up at 5:30 and he'd be finished with his run after about 30-40 minutes, which would give him plenty of time before any of his morning classes started for breakfast or some other errand. Kevin did this every day including the weekends.

For Kevin, today was going to be a good day since not only did he not have a morning class on a Tuesday, but his afternoon class was canceled! All he had to worry about was the homework assignment his professor had emailed the class in lieu of him giving the class a lecture. Kevin had already gotten a head start on that work the day before, so he more or less had a day to himself and he wasn't sure how he'd spend it.

By the time he got back to his dorm it was close to being 6:30 with him having picked up some breakfast sandwiches at the cafeteria before heading home. Their dormitory was a new addition to the campus having only been built a few years before Kevin enrolled in classes. With his dorm being located on the top floor and up three flights of stairs he liked that he had an excuse to get a few extra steps in after a jog. He only took the elevator if forced to.

"Morning, Golden Boy!" Reese shouted from his desk as Kevin entered their shared dorm. 'Golden Boy' was Reese's nickname for him, but the smaller canine typically reserved it for use in private settings like their dorm otherwise he'd just call him 'Kev'. Reese was a beagle and had started college the same year Kevin had, and they'd met during their 1<sup>st</sup> year orientation. After their first year living in different dormitories, they got a shared one in Mackey Hall.

Each dorm room floorplan was designed to house either two to four students depending on the unit, and Kevin's was sized for just two people. It was a simple rectangular room with a bed and desk pressed to either wall with a window in the middle wall across from their front door that gave them a scenic view of the parking lot. They had a tiny closet for each of them on their respective sides of the door, but no bathroom. They had to use the community bathroom down the hallway, but it was a 'nicer' bathroom with lots of private stalls (shower, toilet, or otherwise) for student use.

"Good morning, Reese." He replied and handed the beagle one of the two sandwiches he'd bought.

"Oh, thank you!" Reese gladly took the sandwich he'd been handed and began to dig into it. Kevin saw the beagle had been working at some classwork on his computer. Their desks were across from each other, but since he didn't have anything to do at his own desk, he spun his chair around to face the beagle and sat down to eat his own breakfast.

"Your class for today was canceled right?" Reese asked, and Kevin told him it was, which followed by the beagle claiming how lucky Kevin was for getting an entire day to himself.

"So, what are you going to do today?" He asked.

"I was thinking I might go to the gym around lunch, and work on some assignments until then. I don't know what I'll do the rest of the time." Kevin replied. He figured he might end up playing video games or kill time with another jog.

It wasn't often Kevin got an entire day to himself since he had a W/M/F class in the mornings, then another class that was just M/W in the afternoon, another class for T/R afternoons, and then finally a lab on Friday that took up a few hours. Tues and Thursday were his only free mornings, and he had just gotten a part time job for the weekends at a flower shop doubling as a garden supply store. He basically had something to do every day with homework on top of it plus his workout routine.

Reese had it easier since he was only taking 3 classes this semester with no part time job. He spent a lot of time in the dorm or could be found hanging out at the arcade built into the basement level of the student center.

"Well, hey, if you're cool with it maybe you can let me creep on you a bit?" The beagle asked without any shame, and by 'creep on' Reese was referring to the retriever letting his snap some photos of him with his phone while he posed.

Reese was a very closeted pervert that had a thing for Kevin. The beagle admittedly he was straight, but he was almost like Kevin's sidekick now that they were roommates. Kevin had the beagle beaten in just about every 'manly' field. Kevin was taller and in better shape and had a sex life whereas Reese was still a virgin.

The beagle was both majoring and minoring in the Arts and regularly took different kinds of drawing and painting classes. Reese had first started getting curious about how often Kevin got laid when the retriever had casually mentioned a fling once (more like Kevin was complaining since the girl had become obsessively clingy and uncomfortable to be around). Kevin liked Reese and didn't mind giving the details, and the resultant flattery was nice. It felt good to have someone brag on his behalf who also wasn't trying to manipulate him into bed or creepy marriage implications after having only just met.

The only thing Reese had wanted out of Kevin was a chance to live vicariously through a 'better' man's sex life, even though Kevin didn't like Reese knocking himself down like that. He didn't think there was anything wrong with the beagle as far as guys went.

“Like how?” Kevin asked as he finished the last of his sandwich. The first time Reese worked up the courage to get more out of Kevin than a few words about his love life was when he needed a model for an art assignment. His professor was making them do life drawings of people, so Kevin had become his volunteer. Reese had drawn him a few times in his sketchbook before asking (very nervously) if he could strip naked for a nude pose.

In public Kevin was an introvert with strangers, but behind closed doors and with pleasant company he opened up into being a rather open minded extrovert, and he’d known Reese for long enough now that it was an easy thing to drop everything and relax on his bed while Reese sketched away.

And Reese was a pretty good artist! It was neat seeing someone draw a picture of him that actually captured his likeness. Seeing the pages of all the drawings Reese had done of him was both flattering and humbling. Reese clearly believed that Kevin was an attractive dog if he was so keen on drawing him. Kevin would tease him with questions like ‘you sure you’re not gay’, the beagle would laugh and reply that he was confident enough in his sexuality to admit when another man was hotter than him.

“I’ve got some ideas for refs I can add to the Kev Collection.” The beagle replied before stuffing the last of his own sandwich in his mouth. With his cheeks full he threw the wrapper away and fished his phone out of his pocket. The ‘Kev Collection’ was a folder on the beagle’s laptop of nothing but photos and some videos of Kevin posing and flexing. Some of it was obviously pinup material, but most were close ups of muscles and limbs or facial expressions. The videos Reese had filmed so far were all Kevin flexing different muscles like the ones in his arms and legs, abdominals and back. Sometimes Kevin would catch Reese staring at the photos in the reference folder as he sketched away in his sketchbook doing studies.

“Sure, I can do that.” Kevin didn’t mind. “What’d you wanna to take?”

“Drop your shorts so I can get some close ups.” The beagle wasn’t ashamed at all about how direct he could be. Kevin stood up and with an equal amount of shamelessness and dropped his shorts along with the boxer briefs he wore under them. Reese gestured for him to keep standing while the beagle dropped to a knee in front of him with his phone out.

The first time he’d posed for photos it had been awkward, but with each time after he got more comfortable with it, and the constant fawning and flattery he got from the beagle only helped ease him more into the comfort zone he needed to be in to let another guy snap photos of him naked.

“Don’t you have a cock and balls of your own for this kind of photo?” Kevin asked after he heard the cellphone click the second time. Reese was getting some very personal photos of the retriever’s healthy sized sheath and balls.

“Yeah, but yours is bigger. If I’m going to draw a dude, I’m going make him hot as fuck.” Came the reply. “Lift one of your nuts up so I can get that.”

Kevin did as he’d been asked and groped himself to catch one of his nuts in hand. The golden retriever wasn’t raised to have an inflated ego or brag too much or too often. He’d been taught to be humble and even though he consciously knew that he was ‘hung’ by any pornographic standard he didn’t flaunt it or rub it in anyone’s face. Besides, Reese could do all the bragging for him and let the retriever sit back and passively enjoy the praise.

“What’s this for?” He asked, wondering why he was groping a nut while the other hung free.

“Nut physics.” Was the reply, and Kevin didn’t have a response to that. “Ok move your hand away so I can switch to video. When I say ‘go’ grab yourself and fondle that nut again like you did before. Go.”

Reese said the word and Kevin did as he’d been told. Normally when Kevin was naked with someone, he found that he was very forward and dominant with them, but something about being the subject for an artist made it easy for him to just listen to be directed.

“Sweet. It’ll be fun to start adding some of you to my little black sketchbook.” Which was Reese’s sketchbook full of personal drawings and porn. He’d gotten to flip through it to see what he was drawing, and it was mostly girls with the occasional dildo or floating dick.

“Guess you’re gonna want to draw my dick then, too?” Kevin asked. Reese shifted off his one knee and over to the other.

“If you’re ok with popping a stiffy while I watch with a camera then sure!” He said with unhidden enthusiasm. “It’ll make my studies all the more accurate.”

“You already know I’m hung.” Kevin replied with his hand now going for sheath to give it a massage. Kevin had measured himself once a very long time ago, and then upon realizing that he was well past average size and bigger than all his classmates (so far as he knew from gym class) he just stopped worrying about his dick size. He was several years younger back then and he knew just by looking at himself that he’d gained some extra size since then.

“Yeah, but I’ve but never actually seen it outside of a bulge in your shorts. And stop groping yourself, this floor is killing my knees.” The beagle complained and stood up to rub his kneecaps. Kevin abided by the request to stop fondling himself and waited for Reese to grab his chair so he could roll it over closer to Kevin. “Ok, I’m good.”

Kevin returned to massaging his sheath like he always did when he was about to start jerking off. If he’d been horny at the time his dick would have been peeking from his sheath already, but since he was just hanging out with Reese for a photo session there wasn’t much to get him going. His hand

kept up its massage as Reese excitedly held his phone at a reasonable distance away at dick level to film the whole thing.

“You’re really going to film me getting hard?” He asked the beagle who immediately nodded.

“Don’t deny an artist his vices.” Was his reply. Kevin rolled his eyes before shutting them and tilted his head back like he was giving the ceiling a look over. With some deep breathing he started to let his imagination do the work, which included the mental image of the cute feline he shared a math class with. She was a total goth with lots of black outfits and makeup, which he wouldn’t have thought he’d be into but she made it work so well with her figure and coat of fur that he couldn’t imagine her dressed any other way.

Her name was Miyu, a nice Japanese American bobtail cat that had started sitting next to him in class. So far, they’d mostly just chatted during class but not much else, but Kevin could tell she was debating with herself about if she was interested in him. Sometimes girls were like that, and Kevin had the knack to tell if a girl was showing interest in his company. It was a useful skill he must have inherited from a very wise ancestor because it seemed like most guys couldn’t tell if a girl was giving them signals.

The golden retriever tried to imagine the short and petite feline stripped bare and pressing her body against his in the tightest of hugs with his hands free to roam her back until his hands dropped to cop a handful of her ass. She was such a small girl that he had no idea if he could even fit his dick in her, but if she ever let him try he’d be sure to do his best to try.

Miyu really gave off the energy that she’d be a good friend if they got a chance to talk more. He wasn’t interested in dating, but he enjoyed having good friends to keep him company. Reese was one such friend, but if he could find himself some genuine female friends that were actually interested in friendship then maybe he could have a sex life that wasn’t fraught with crazy jilted exes who always demanded more of him even after insisted that they didn’t want any strings attached.

“There we go.” The beagle whispered, and Kevin knew it was because he had started peeking from his sheath. He didn’t need to look since he could feel his sheath stretching to make room for the growing shaft. It was such a familiar sensation he could imagine exactly what Reese’s phone was capturing, but instead of imagining the beagle in front of him he put Miyu in his place. He wondered how good she’d be at giving a blowjob.

Once his cock was a few inches out of his sheath he stopped massaging it to reach higher up his growing shaft to slowly stroke it. With nothing down there to get his dick wet he switched from imagining a BJ to just a delicate and slender hand feeling his cock up and down like it was her first time seeing it. He let go with his hand to only let his fingertips slide across his shaft as he let himself swell more and more to the idea he’d painted in his mind.

“Jesus, you’re big.” Reese whispered again and Kevin repeated those words in his head but with Miyu’s soft voice. She was such a chill girl that he could imagine her being almost placid at the sight of

his cock growing stiff in front of her face, but he wasn't naïve either. She'd probably freak out like most girls did since he was always bigger than anything they'd have imagined.

He had to push the negative thoughts of his handful of rejections away so he could focus on the better parts of his sex life. A pussy wrapped around his cock so tight she might as well have been a condom. The sound of her rapid breathing, sharp breaths, her gasping about how big he was, and at last that satisfied groan when he'd pressed all the length he could into her depths. Experienced girls who could handle more dick were incredible to sleep with, and he hoped that little Miyu had what it took to let him hilt her. He may never knot her, but if he could at least nuzzle his knot right up to her pussy lips then that'd be just as good.

"Holy fuck, Kev..." Reese spoke in a whisper, but now his voice was painted with a shade of awe. Kevin cracked his eyes open and glanced down to see the beagle's gaze was locked on his cock, which was now maybe 2/3rds of its full size. He switched tactics and grabbed his cock and started pumping it with steady strokes for a couple of seconds.

Now that his heart rate was up, he could feel the blood pumping solidly through his dick. With a little hand work and some imagination, he could get his engine running nice and hot, and after that he didn't need to worry too much about touching himself at all. It was like a boulder rolling down a hill, so it was guaranteed to keep going until it hit something, and his erections worked the same way. Now that he was this far along it'd finish the job whether he was stroking himself or not, and so he let go of himself and let his cock hang free.

He watched his swelling length twitch in the air as each pulse of his heart filled his length with another dose of golden retriever DNA. With every throb his cock lifted higher and higher in the air until he was at least pointed straight out at Reese who had now grown silent with his mouth slightly agape as he tried to hold his phone still.

After a few moments more he was fully erect and he thought to give the camera some different angles to catch, so he put a fingertip on the top of his now very swollen knot and pushed down. He let his cock dip until it was nearly straight down, then let it go to spring back up to point at Reese like a dagger, then he slid his fingers under his knot and lifted it to give the camera a nice underside view.

"I didn't think you were this big, dude." Reese was truly awe struck, and Kevin did his best to think like an artist looking for reference photos and turned his body to the side so Reese could capture a side view.

"I told you I was hung." He reminded the beagle.

"Yeah, I mean," Reese tapped his phone screen and lowered his phone. He suddenly sat himself upright and was now wearing a new intense expression on his face. Now the beagle was 'activated' and energetic as the initial shock wore off from seeing Kevin's impressive member. "Ok, Jesus fuck dude you're huge!"

"Yeah, I know." He laughed.

"Alright, Golden Boy, we're measuring that monster!" He said before spinning his chair around to face his desk. He scooted the chair across the floor to grab for the large portfolio bag he had propped up between the desk and his bed. Kevin idly stroked his cock as he watched the smaller dog fish around inside his bag until he produced a long metal ruler.

He spun back around and rolled the chair back over.

"This one's eighteen inches so let's get you checked out." He told him and gestured Kevin to approach.

"Really?" Kevin laughed at seeing another guy be more interested in how big his dick was than even its owner ever was.

"Yes, and then I'm taking still photos of this bitch breaker before you put it away." The beagle replied and Kevin had to blush whilst he laughed again. He'd never heard of a cock being called a 'bitch breaker' before!

"I don't think I want to break anyone, Reese." He replied with earnest, but even as he said it he stepped within arms reach of the beagle and grabbed his knot with one hand and held his cock out straight so the other dog could line his ruler up alongside his cock from sheath to tip. At no point did they ever touch each other, but Reese got awfully close in his attempt to make sure he was measuring correctly.

"Fucking massive! Almost fifteen inches on the dot, dude!" Then he pushed his chair away from him and grabbed his little black sketchbook and a pencil and rolled himself back to flip it open to a blank page where he started scribbling down Kevin's dimensions. Watching THAT made him blush even more that someone was actually recording his dick size in such a detailed way. Reese then measured the girth of his shaft and his knot. Each number floored the beagle who was clearly excited enough for Kevin to notice he was sporting a tent in his shorts.

"You've fucked actual women with this thing?" He asked as if they'd never discussed Kevin's sex life before.

"Yeah, I wasn't lying to you." Kevin insisted. His cock was furiously hard now from Kevin's embarrassment. That seemed to be another body quirk of his, which was anything sexual that made him blush had a tendency to get him harder and keep him that way. He was tired of standing so he stepped away to grab his chair and roll it back to where he'd been standing.

"And it fit? The whole thing?" Reese asked. Kevin didn't always get that graphic when he'd tell the dog about his exploits.

"I've knotted only the one girl, the rest I just get most of the shaft in. No one really expects me to be this big." He answered honestly. Reese swiveled in his chair and gently tossed his ruler onto his desktop before turning back to Kevin with his phone at the ready.

"I believe it! You're fucking massive dude, one hell of a Golden Boy!" Reese laughed and scooted in closer and started taking several very personal photos of Kevin's fiercely erect tool. As far as his cock knew he was supposed to be getting laid right now, but the fact that he wasn't left him with a growing feeling of sexual frustration.

"Heart of Gold and a dick made out of Steel." The beagle added and Kevin tilted his head back and felt himself flush again. The beagle snapped another photo before leaning back in his chair.

"Ok, dude, I was afraid to ask this, like, the last time we were talking sex." Reese seemed to be changing topics now, "But you just let me measure and take pics of your dick so you probably won't care."

"What's up?" Kevin asked and returned to idly stroking himself as the beagle watched intently with a look of awe still stuck on his face. The retriever placed all four of his fingers over the belly of his dick and stroked his fingers up until he squeezed the first dollop of precum out of his girthy shaft.

"That! That's what I want to know! How much do you cum, dude? Are you a fucking hose? Do you drench 'em every time you get laid?" Reese quickly stammered out and readjusted himself in his seat. Whatever was furiously running through the beagle's mind must have been just as good as what he was looking at because he was seriously tenting his shorts.

Kevin didn't doubt Reese's word that he wasn't gay, but the golden retriever was clearly yanking a big reaction out of the other dog. Something something 'no homo'?

"You sure you're not just a lil bit gay, Reese?" Kevin teased, but also was probing to see if there might have been more to this than Reese let on. One look at the little black sketchbook of his and you'd instantly know he was a big fan of women and big tits. Most of his personal art were pinups of girls.

"Dude, you ever just look at yourself in a mirror when you're fucking and just think, 'Damn, I am a fucking STUD'?" Reese asked and Kevin laughed rather than blush this time.

"No, I haven't." He told him.

"Kev, you are a stud, and no I am not gay, but you are like the ultimate male half of any sexual equation! You could do porn, dude, and actually make more money than the girl!" Reese insisted and Kevin was now unsure how to accept all this wild praise that his own humility forbid him from accepting.

"Jesus, now I'm stuck thinking about what you're pumping into a girl when you're done with her, I can't get it out of my head." Reese dropped his phone to his lap and covered his face briefly with his hands until he started to lightly slapping his cheeks like he was trying to 'snap out' of something.



Kevin was actually thinking of his question but had no answer to give since he had never bothered to figure it out. He could imagine the size of his loads easily, but that didn't translate into anything resembling a number. Kevin had a strong enough vocabulary that he could probably describe it, or maybe recount some of his past exploits to describe his finish, or just tell Reese stories from some of his more productive jerk off sessions in the showers down the hall. That was where he usually took care of his business every day, and he did mean every day since he didn't like getting a half chub in the middle of class. Relieving the pressure helped stop that from happening.

"I am, it's a lot of cum. I'm messy." He said finally as he gripped his knot once to squeeze. He felt his cock jump, and there was a noticeable sensation of fluid filling his urethra until a fresh bead of pre emerged from his tip that swelled until it grew too heavy to sit there any longer. The droplet tipped over and ran down his length as a long stream as the precum now flowed freely. Reese watched as Kevin slid his hand back up his cock to catch the growing supply of clear spunk with his index finger until his hand slipped off his dick at the very tip with a mass of gooey pre stuck to his finger.

In a moment of absentmindedness Kevin didn't stop to think that Reese was watching as he lifted his hand to his mouth to lick the pre off his fingers. Kevin wasn't bothered at all by his own cum since he made so much of it. Once he'd thought it was gross, but that quickly wore off once he got more comfortable with himself. When you cum like 'a fucking hose', as Reese put it, you couldn't afford to be squeamish about you own jizz.

"And I bet girl's love how it tastes, too, don't they?" The beagle sagged into his chair almost as if he had been hit with a wave of exhaustion that impacted his whole body except the one muscle in his pants.

"I mean, none of them have ever told me they liked it," Kevin replied and returned to stroking himself. At this rate he was going to have to get off just to clear his head so he could focus on literally anything else he wanted to do today. Being horny with a libido like his made it impossible to put 100% of his focus on anything, since there would always be this nagging need to do something about his 'problem' that only got worse the longer he ignored it. "But no one has ever complained either. I think it's fine, at least."

He laughed at his own comment since he's gotten plenty of chances to taste himself. He didn't think it was bad, but he also had nothing to compare it to since he was straight and only ever fooled around with girls, and all the one's who'd gone down on him seemed happy to do it.

Reese grabbed his phone again to check something, then started scrolling.

"I got some really great pics of you, dude." Reese said after a bit, and Kevin agreed that the artist probably knew what he was doing when snapping photos. He'd know better than anyone what sort of angles he'd need to draw the studies he liked to do. "Can I take some more while you jerk off?"

"You want me to just jerk one out here in the dorm?" Kevin asked incredulously. He knew damn well how much he was going to shoot and that there'd be no way to keep himself from making a mess of their floor. "I'm going to make a mess, Reese."

"Wait, hold on a sec." Reese stopped him and stood up to rush over to his closet while Kevin pivoted his chair around to follow him. The inside of Reese's closet was identical to his own. The top half was for hanging clothes with a cubby hole at the very top for whatever you wanted, and the bottom third was a set of two drawers. Sitting on top of the drawer section was wear Reese kept all his bathroom junk, including his towels. "We can lay down a towel?"

Kevin looked at the bath towel and shrugged before standing up to take the towel from the other dog.

"If I do this for you, I'm not taking this downstairs to wash it." Kevin told him.

"I will take care of everything, Kev, just let me watch, please!" The beagle insisted. Kevin turned back to his chair and shook the towel out before folding it once down the middle, then draped it over his chair and pressed it down so it conformed to the seat like an extra cushion.

"Get your phone." Kevin told him before leaning forward over the chair to grab the back of it while his other hand grabbed his dick. The idea was to stand over his chair and blow a load over the towel, then they could just fold the towel up and take it to the laundromat on the first floor.

"Oh fuck!" He said near breathlessly as he pulled his phone back out of his pocket and started tapping his screen. Kevin waited until it was clear the other dog had started filming, then he started pumping his dick like he meant it. There was no edging this time like he might have in the shower stall since he was supposed to be putting on a show for someone.

It still took him a few minutes of jerking his dick to bring himself to his peak. He knew his stamina was impressive and it was rare he ever popped off quick even when he wanted to, and honestly, he did enjoy savoring the moment too much to rush himself anyway.

He was slinging a mess of precum over the towel now and some of it was probably going back between his legs to pelt the floor, but at this point he wasn't in the mindset to care if there was a drop or even stream of it staining the floor.

All that mattered now was that the pressure behind his knot was growing tighter and tighter as his nuts hoisted themselves up high to cling to his taint like a set of rare earth magnets. The noise of his hand sliding messily over his dick was probably the loudest thing the camera's mic was picking up with his heavy breathing being a close second.

As his climax edged closer, he realized he'd shut his eyes at some point and opened them. Reese was fixated on his cock as he pumped it faster and faster. The beagle was in total awe of him, and there was something about seeing that unfiltered adulation mixed with his own completely aroused state that

forced him to toss his humility to the wayside. He was feeling smug now, much like he did when he was fucking a girl, powerful and in control with his subject at his mercy. His cock jumped just once and a fat streamer of clear pre spilled across the towel, then Kevin turned his gaze back down to his cock to shut his eyes to focus only on the oncoming rush of ecstasy.

Yeah, he did have a huge fucking cock, he thought, and he thought of the cute cat girl in his math class and how tight she'd feel stretched out around his prick. He gritted his teeth as he geared up for the finish that was so damn close. All he needed to do was keep it up another few seconds, then slip his hand down to his knot to squeeze it like he was trying to wring water out a towel.

"Fuck." The 'Golden Boy' exhaled just before dropping his hand to his knot just like he'd planned to clamp his fist down on his knot with everything he had. The pressure behind his knot and deep in his belly exploded in a wave of pleasure so intense it left the bridge of his snout wrinkling as he let out a snarl with lips curling up to show teeth. He wasn't looking where he was aiming, but the cum that erupted from his tip pegged the back of his chair with several vicious ropes coming right after to drench the poor towel from back to seat.

His instincts kicked in, too, which drove him forward against his own fist with his hips naturally thrusting against his hand to milk each and every last drop he could from his balls like nature had intended. His hand wasn't a woman's cunt, but his grip was strong enough to simulate a vice grip tie, and that milked him just fine each time he beat one off.

After a solid minute or so of draining his nuts Kevin finally took in a big lungful of air before letting it all out as his lips relaxed from their snarl and he felt the pleasure washing over him gentler and gentler still as the pressure subsided and the fog of lust slowly drifted away. He relaxed his grip on both his knot and the back of his chair only for him to look down to see he'd positively plastered the towel so well that Kevin had no doubt soaked a stain through to the cushion underneath.

"Wow." Was Reese's first word after Kevin's big finish.

"Get everything?" Kevin panted, and used his own hand to wipe the cum off his dick before rubbing it off on one of the few dry spots left on the towel. Whatever was still stuck on his hand he just licked off once he straightened himself back up.

"Yeah." Reese replied with an awe-struck whisper, then quietly tapped his screen a few times before leaning forward to film the mess on the towel. "I wish I had two cameras, dude."

"Why's that?" Kevin asked him. He was still feeling pretty smug about himself and wanted another nice dose of flattery from the smaller dog if there was one.

"I only filmed your dick. That face you were making when you got off was incredible." He said, and that made the retriever flush again. No one had ever told him that he had a great looking O face before, and it was a guy that told him!