

What a day! Michael was never one to lack genuine confidence, but he certainly was tested a bit this time. It was all thanks to Lawrence, too! And the dumb dog would never know it either. His equine pride and all that forbid him from revealing too much of the drama. Well, nothing that dramatic. He was just being a queen about it because he felt like it.

Today had been a huge bust of a day apart from his trip to campus. After his own graduation he'd vowed to never again set foot on a college campus, but Lawrence had gone and convinced him he should try to phone the University's art department. They paid their volunteers for their art classes, and Michael needed the extra spending money.

When Michael immediately declined the suggestion, Lawrence admitted he'd done it several times himself whenever he needed extra cash to float him to his next paycheck. The University didn't pay their models that much, but for a couple hours of doing nothing you got yourself 30 bucks for your effort. That's at least a couple of meals if your good at stretching a dollar, and Lawrence still kept the University in his contacts just in case he ever wanted to earn a little extra on top of his day job.

Since Michael had no gigs to play today, or for the rest of the week by the looks of it, and he had no sincere reason not to volunteer apart from laziness or bashfulness he'd relented and given the school a call. Of course, this had all transpired before today. A bit of elbowing from Lawrence was what it took to make the call and to book a date on his calendar that had no gigs penciled in. A part of him had hoped he could snag a paying job and cancel the modeling session, but that didn't work out like he'd hoped. 30 dollars was 30 dollars, he thought to himself when he'd marked his calendar app for the class he was to model for.

And so then he found himself driving back onto the San Fernando University campus on a Tuesday.

It wasn't that bad really. The professor he met was an old badger dressed up in an old blazer and plain slacks. He was so much like a twig that with his height you could confuse him for a giraffe, or a flamingo had it not been for the obviousness of his species. He talked with his hands a lot, too. The professor was a bit handsy with his words, but in an absent-minded benign kind of way. A hand on the shoulder with a flick of the free hand to point you in the right direction. A clap on the shoulder kind of coach schtick.

The class he was posing for was a bunch of freshmen and he was told he could keep his underwear on as to not spook the 'greenhorns'. Michael took him up on that offer and stood on a low table with only his white boxer briefs to cover him. That still bothered him a little bit. Even with underwear he still felt exposed considering the size of his junk. Without pants he could never downplay his package. He had confidence, but that was only when he was fully dressed or showing off in the bedroom with a lover. He was standing almost naked in front of a bunch of teens!

After three hours he was finally free of his task. He'd posed in thirty or so different positions as the students all were made to draw him as fast as they could before he was told to change to a new pose. By then

end of it he didn't see one drawing that looked anything like him. Just a bunch of scribbles in this charcoal looking stuff. The drawings were obviously of a person, but you'd never know who or what.

So, he got his thirty dollars and the old badger was kind enough to give him a small business card with some contact info in case he wanted to volunteer again in the future. He thought about it, sure. He was holding thirty dollars in his hand that he hadn't had when he woke up that morning. Maybe he would. He didn't know.

There was a large arrangement of drawings pinned to most of the classroom's walls, and a lot of the art was very good. One image in particular that caught Michael's eye was one of a canine with longish hair. Feeling curious about the very familiar visage in the picture he asked the professor before leaving what all the art was for. The old guy seemed pleased with the interest in art and walked him over and started pointing out that different images pinned up were from star students of his or some other professor.

"So, I guess these are all the models you keep losing?" Michael asked trying to be funny. He'd been told that the art department here was usually struggling to find people to come in and pose for the students. Repeat offenders were not commonplace on campus, he guessed.

"Ha! Some of them. Not all. A few are regulars. Like this gent. He doesn't model often but he's been around about two years for us. It's nice having a regular face you can count on." The badger said with what sounded like relief. Though by the way he'd said it Michael had to wonder if Law had been downplaying just how often he'd visited the University to catch himself an extra thirty bills. Maybe Michael had made him feel embarrassed about doing it himself? He guessed he had been a bit dramatic about it when the dog had first brought it up.

"He looks familiar." Michael dared to say. "A good friend of mine shares his resemblance. Told me he modeled for some classes, and he's the one that pushed me into calling the front office."

"Ha! I see. Lawrence, by any chance?" The badger confirmed Michael's suspicion with his question. The horse then confirmed that that was the guy and turned to look back at the drawing. It looked really good, and now that he knew for certain that it was Lawrence... Michael could imagine that figure on the page wearing one of the dog's typical outfits. Yep. This canine was one in the same.

He sure was a handsome dog. Nice build. Not overly built. Just the right amount of tone. The artist must have either been very modest or very embarrassed because Lawrence was missing his junk. It was just a sort of smear of the dusty charcoal stuff to let you know something was there, but it wasn't drawn in like everything else. Or maybe he'd been wearing underwear and the artist just didn't bother drawing the details. Either way Michael was finding himself being cockblocked even in a figure modeling class where you're expected to be naked. Except him. He had kept his underwear on like a coward.

"Well, thank you for modeling for us today, Michael! I hope you manage to make your way to us again in the future. We'd really appreciate it." The badger spoke up and Michael realized he may have lingered his gaze at the wall for a moment too long.

"Oh, of course! It was fun. Thank you, too." He replied and made his exit after making sure he'd left nothing behind. That was a bit embarrassing. Well, he couldn't blame himself. There was a hot dog on the wall that was just begging his gaze. He sighed his way all the back to his car.

Lawrence was still on his shift and wouldn't be home for another few hours. This month's schedule made sure Law didn't have to open the store up in the early morning, so he got to sleep in a bit, but he did get kept out later in the afternoons. At least he had a reliable 40 hours to his paycheck unlike Michael chaos of gigs.

Being alone in the apartment gave him a chance to try being responsible at his work desk. After giving himself depression by searching for any want ads for music gigs he turned his attention back to Lawrence. That'd cure his depression if only briefly. He could pretend for a moment that the canine was in bed with him. Michael got up from the little desk where he kept his laptop and started stripping.

Paranoia coaxed him into shutting his bedroom door while he tossed his shirt over the back of his desk chair, then kicked off his pants so all he had between him and his dick was the thin pair of boxer briefs. It took all only a few seconds for him to not only strip himself of his underwear, but to also get a handful of a horse's cock at half-mast.

He indulged himself in the thing he knew he couldn't have. Michael imaged himself pushing the handsome dog down on his bed and pinning him there. The feel of their lips touching as they kissed with their bodies pressed together. He wanted to plant kisses all over Law's chest and let his hands roam at his toned stomach and sides. Feel every muscle under that layer of soft skin and well-groomed fur. The drawing on the wall painted a pleasant picture of what he'd have to grab onto if they ever made love.

A nice lean wall of handsome male. Something to press his cheek to as he would listen to his lover's heart beat strongly in his chest. Michael was rigid in his own grip. It took no effort to get stiff when he was letting his thoughts run wild with Lawrence. He didn't even feel ashamed of it. It was all fantasy and in good fun.

Straight guys have fantasies, too. Michael didn't care to wonder what the dog would be thinking of as he would lay in bed at night with his dick caught in his hand. Michael would rather be making out with him with - his- hand tightly wrapped around his lover's canine cock. He'd never been with a dog before, but he'd enjoy grabbing him by the knot and squeezing. He'd heard dogs liked that a lot.

Michael wanted to bend him over and take him, but he was a passionate lover of foreplay, too. He was steadily pumping himself now. There was no lover here with him to tease or torment. All Michael had was a powerful need to vent the pent-up energy he felt for that which fate denied him.

As each day passed living with Law the more Michael regretted the nature of their births. Why couldn't he have been gay, huh? Or at least bisexual! Heteroflexible? Anything but off limits!

Life could be so cruel.

His cock throbbed once and the first bead of pre escaped his tip, and then was followed by several more as the lube factory started up. Now that his engine was warmed up, he had no trouble working his shaft. He never needed to buy lube. As effeminate as he was Michael was as virile as any stallion on PornHub. He just needed to get himself to start leaking and that was perfect lube.

Get his hand soaked with it and his whole length was glistening in no time. With eyes shut as tight as they could be the world was bathed in darkness, and there he painted his own picture. On his bed with the door closed and blinds shut. Ceiling fan gently whirling overhead. His lover was grunting away in his lap. Law was riding his delicate stallion hard and fast, and Michael quickened the pace of his jacking to match his imagination.

Michael bucked his hips into his hands at the same time as his imagination did the same to his lover. The imagined Lawrence barked while the real Michael grunted. A hot rope of pre squirted from his tip and he felt it land over his chest. He pumped himself faster and kept jerking his hips up to meet every downward pump of his hand.

He imagined that every time a rope of his own pre spilled over his stomach that it was Lawrence climaxing on top of him. Spilling his canine seed all over his stallion until the room was thick with the scent of both of them. That was so hot! He imagined Law shuddering suddenly and gasping his lover's name as his cock twitched one last time. Spitting a thick rope of canine cum all over Michael as a last hurrah of sexual triumph.

He grabbed himself with both hands and held the tip of his cock with his palm. It felt amazing when he'd pump himself hard and rolled his palm over the end of his head. He squirted against his palm and the slick sticky juice dribbled all down his cock.

Michael wanted to blow. He was so into it that he was peaking quickly. No point in holding back to show off his stamina when the only person to see it was himself. Quickly, almost there at the edge, Michael let go of his cock head and stopped pumping. His hips were instinctively rocking upward as if trying to bury his dick back into whatever hole it believed itself to be hilted within.

The delicate stallion rolled off the bed and staggered to the door with his cock twitching angrily in front of him. Dripping pre and swinging with every foot fall he left tiny wet spots across the carpet behind him. He'd not thought this through at all! His balls were drawing up to his body even as he refused to touch himself until he was ready, but he might have miscalculated. He made it to the bathroom just as a large volume of pre escaped his tip and pelted the bathroom floor with an audible splat.

"Oh, fuck!" Michael gasped as his nuts yanked up tighter. He was trying to fight it! His mind's eye was still stupidly glued to the mental image of Lawrence's handsome body gyrating in his lap as his large equine member fired off a huge fucking load up into the dog's virgin backside. In his ears he could almost hear Law shouting his name repeatedly as he literally struggled to take his first ever load from a horse.

He wanted that so much! Michael couldn't stop thinking about it even as he was desperate to not leave a wild mess he couldn't possible explain away to his roommate with a straight face.

Now at the shower Michael staggered and collapsed against the edge of the stall. His cock erupted just as his hand caught the middle of the sliding door's frame. He looked down and watched the first rope leap from his tip and splatter against the textured floor.

He went back to pumping himself, and his balls yanked up again to force a grunt from the stallion. He'd not realized how many days it'd been since he'd last jerked off. His cum was starting to pool in the tub as it sluggishly tried to drain away. Michael couldn't help but notice the heavier volume of his load and that it was than normal. Each rope flowed through his cock like hot fudge until it burst free to leave Michael standing on legs that threatened to buckle out from beneath him. This is what happens where you're being cockblocked on the daily by your secret crush!

When he was confident that he'd squeezed out the last drop of cum in his balls he wiped himself clean with a damp washcloth and turned on the shower head to let it rinse away the evidence. He let the washcloth sit in the sink with hot water since he was worried Lawrence's sniffer might pick up the aroma of a horse's jizz rag.

"Christ, I need to do this more often somehow." He said to himself. He knew he needed to. It'd be easier to get by if he worked in an orgasm to take the edge off. After a while he hoped his crush on Lawrence would fade, but so far that hadn't happened. Grin and bear it and jerk off every other day if able.

By the time Lawrence got home the washcloth was in the hamper covered by other items and Michael was dressed in his usual pajamas looking for something to eat for dinner.

"Don't microwave anything! I got a freebie from work. They were going to throw out a bunch of rotisseries, so they gave them out to whoever wanted one." Lawrence told him as he came into the kitchen with a heavy looking plastic bag in his hand.

"Well if they were going to throw it out why would we want it, Law?" He asked incredulously.

"They're still good, but the store rules say we have to throw them out. It's just food going to waste so we get to take the stuff that's still

good home." He explained, then asked if Michael trusted him when the look of incredulity hadn't faded from the horse's face.

"Alright, but if I die my mother is going to kill you." He replied.

"If you die so am I, man. I picked out the freshest one since I got to the table before everyone else." The dog added and Michael reluctantly peeked into the bag to see. It smelled really good. Lawrence retrieved a beer from the fridge.

"Bad day?" Michael asked. Law had a tendency to unwind with a beer if he had a day he didn't like at work. Usually about 3 or 4 days out of his 5 scheduled. Working at Wal-Mart sucked.

So, they had a rotisserie for dinner with Lawrence enjoying his beer and Michael flavoring his filtered tap water with lemonade Crystal Light. After spending all day at the store Law eventually retreated to take a shower, and after he was done, he came back out to the living room in his pajamas. He then asked Michael if he'd cleaned the bathroom yet this week, since it was the stallion's turn to do all the weekly chores.

Michael hadn't cleaned anything today. He only did the modeling thing at school, browsed for new gigs, and then was mostly lazy rest of the day.

"Why's that?" He asked for clarity.

"I think that new bottle of bathroom cleaner you bought last week makes everything sticky. Could feel it with my feet whole time I was taking a shower. Did you not rinse it off or something?"

Michael let his mouth hang open a bit, but then quickly went in for a save.

"Actually, yeah, I sprayed it down earlier today, but forgot all about it. I showered before you got home and noticed it, too. I'm sure it'll go away after a couple more showers." Michael lied through his pearly white teeth.

"No worries, man, I just noticed it was sticky all of a sudden." The dog said and went to sit on the other end of the couch and shook out his hair, which was still a bit damp from the shower. "Oh, and how did the figure modeling go? That was today, right?"