

"I'm just saying that I think you oughta get out for a bit," Chilli Heeler grunted as she twisted and worked her clothes into an open suitcase. "The girls are at summer camp for the next week, and I'm spending time with my sister." She pushed deep, practically bouncing on her heels in an attempt to compress the unruly garments.

"Y-Yeah, Babe, but..." Bandit sat on the edge of their bed, his bulky frame taking up more than a considerable amount of space. "We're talking about..." He nearly choked on the rest of the words, opting for a simple, "Y'know," instead of broaching the topic.

"We've been over this before." She was attempting to pack a few paperbacks into the suitcase as well, to varying degrees of success. "Think of this as time to connect to your roots. I know you've been having a difficult time when we're...*together*...so, why not?"

"Yeah, but..." Bandit's fingers laced together, meaty mitts perched over the cresting curve of his sizable stomach. "Isn't that, like, cheating?"

Chilli stopped mid-shove to turn a questionable glance at her husband. "Is it cheating if I'm telling you to do it? Besides! I know that you're bisexual. That's just part of who you are, Bandit."

"I don't see why it needs all the extra attention," the big blue canine muttered, slumping further forward. His tail twitched as his wife's slender hand slid over his broad back, tracing the rolling curves. Work at the gym had paid off—but in ways he didn't entirely expect, much to his chagrin. It turned out that he naturally packed on muscle mass. What *wasn't* natural was burning off the excess fat in the process.

"Because sexual frustration is a thing," she said gently, but firmly as her hand rested over Bandit's broad shoulder. "And you've been irritable the last few months. I don't want this weighing on our marriage."

He went to open his mouth, but was swiftly interrupted. "There are some things that I can't give you, Bandit. *That's okay*," she stressed, her thumb working into the space between trap and back, massaging into the rolling curve of bulky muscle. A smile spread across her sandy-furred face as her husband let out a low, pleased groan.

"You...really think so?" he finally muttered, Bandit's baritone rumbling in his chest. "I wouldn't even know where to start."

"Tell you what. I've got some free advice." She pulled out her phone from her back pocket, giving it a pointed wiggle at her husband. "Start with apps. There are plenty of no-strings-attached hookups."

"Um..." Bandit coughed awkwardly in his throat, feeling his cheeks heating. "How do you know this?"

"I thought that sort of thing was common knowledge." Now she was caught on the back foot, her ears folding back. "Anyway, the point is—use a condom and be safe."

"But—" Bandit's protest was cut short by a faint series of honks coming from outside.

"That's Brandy!" She snapped her suitcase closed, a miracle considering how dangerously the sides bulged. The wheels barely worked as she dropped it onto the ground with the weight of an anvil.

"Babe, I can get—"

"No, no! I got it! This is your week to *relax*," she reemphasized with a groan as she practically dragged the bloated bag along behind her. She let out a noise of surprise as the weight suddenly lifted, her burgeoning suitcase scooped up under one blue-furred arm.

"C'mon," Bandit said with an amused chuckle. "Let's get you goin' first."

"Fine," she said, conceding with a lighthearted sigh. "But I'm giving you standing orders to download Growlr and at least *try*."

Bandit raised a dense brow as they thudded down the staircase, his wide sides brushing the banister. "So now you know the name of the app, huh? Is there something I should know about?"

"Listen, I have *friends*, okay? They talk about their..." She twirled a hand around as she searched for the word. "*Exploits*. I just think being open and healthy with our sexuality is something we should embrace rather than stuffing it into a dark closet."

"As far as I'm concerned, you can handle 'the talk' with the girls when they're older." Bandit hefted the heavy suitcase under his arm as if it weighed nothing, stretching the sleeve of his snug shirt. He didn't miss the way his wife flashed furtive glances, eyeing the swelling peak of his bicep.

He knew there was a reason he kept going back to the gym.

"I'll gladly handle it." She said as she pulled open the front door. Sunlight poured into the living room, nearly blinding the pair at first. "Though I think connecting to your bisexual side will help. You're already their role model. If it isn't taboo for you, then they'll feel more comfortable with themselves. Ah—coming!" she yelled, out the door, her sister leaning out the window of her green sedan as it honked.

Bandit leaned down, putting the suitcase's wheels on the pavement just in time to catch a kiss from Chilli. He let out a low rumble, a huge hand sliding behind her head, cupping it as he returned her affection.

"Alright," he whispered. "I'll give it a go."

"Good," she replied, a little breathlessly, as her hands came to rest over Bandit's broad chest. "Remember, I'll always love you. Just because you're going to have sex with someone else doesn't mean that changes."

"You're too good for me," he said with a sentimental chuckle. "Now go on! Get out of here." Chilli let out a giggle as Bandit gave her ass a playful little swat, sending her jumping a few steps. He

watched as she tossed her bag into the back and hopped into the passenger seat, the twin red heelers giving one last wave before pulling out and down the street.

Bandit sighed under his breath as he pulled his phone out of his jeans, thumbing over the screen. "Growler, huh..." he muttered, squinting at his screen. "I'm too old for this." Despite the statement, he couldn't help but feel a slight thrill as he opened the app, seeing a flash of attractive men spread out before him.

"Alright," Bandit said with a grin, having quickly set up his profile thanks to easy prompts. There were so many headless torsos on the app that the big heeler was wondering if that was the correct etiquette. The snapshot he had taken showed off his bulk, his wide frame filling the portrait, although he disliked how it seemed to center on his gut underneath his hard pectorals.

Most of the guys he had seen were in their early 20s, with slender bodies and walls of abs flashing through the screen as he scrolled. It made him feel self-conscious, his fingers digging into the edge of his soft stomach. The thought about lying about his age crossed his mind, but he knew that would be disingenuous at best. If he wanted people to be honest with him, he couldn't hide it.

"...Preference?" He asked, squinting at the prompt that flashed on his page. Top, bottom, or vers. His ears warmed at the thought of being anything other than the top. His relationship with Chilli had been rather vanilla—not that he found anything wrong with that. It had been fairly traditional with Bandit playing the role of the surly top, wantonly pressing her buttons until she sang.

Now, he wasn't really sure if that dynamic worked with other men. What did he even *want* out of an encounter with another guy? Would it be mutual? Hands on each other until they both couldn't stand it anymore?

Bandit exhaled, biting at his lower lip. The crotch of his shorts felt uncomfortably tight, his sizable shaft swelling down the leg, twitching in time with his heartbeat.

Maybe Chilli was onto something. He hadn't had a ready reaction like that in a long time.

"Maybe... Uh, top?" he asked nobody in particular in the empty living room. Trying something with a man was a giant leap. The last time he had fooled around was in college, and that was when all parties involved were properly sloshed. His stints with men were an alcohol-hazed blur, and for the first time in his life, he wished the memories were a little clearer.

He tapped a brief description about himself. "47-year-old dad looking for a good time." That would be good, right? Simple and to the point. No strings attached: just like Chilli had suggested. He enabled the location and allowed others to message him.

Flustered and a little overheated, he decided to pocket his phone for now. The floor subtly shook as he stepped, thick feet rolling over hardwood and onto tile as he slipped into the kitchen. Drawings clinging by magnets fluttered as he opened the refrigerator. A thick forearm rooted

inside, digging past the vegetables and tupperware containers full of pre-prepared dinners to find a bottle of beer.

He didn't usually drink, but he felt he needed something to steady his nerves. Bandit barely got the cap off and a few swigs into his system before his phone vibrated and chimed in his pocket. Maybe it was a text from Chilli? Probably a picture with her sister on their road trip. A toothy grin broke out over his muzzle as he thought of her wearing a goofy smile and waving for the selfie.

To his surprise, it wasn't. Instead, it was a message from Growlr.

His heart unexpectedly leapt up to his throat as he tapped at the screen with shaky hands.

Hey there, stud.

He never considered the title to apply to him, but apparently "Abrador" did. Bandit had to stop himself from salivating as he looked at the man's profile picture. He was met with a chocolate brown chest, cobbled abdominals creeping down with veins branching at the bottom, tufts of crotch fur sticking up with just a *hint* of a dark shaft just beyond the camera's view. "Abs are made in the *lab*" was the tagline of his profile, and Bandit wasn't sure if the pun made him want to laugh or moan.

"*Sweet biscuits...*" he mumbled breathlessly before chugging his cold beer. The alcohol helped with the shakes, but it was still tricky to work the small on-screen keyboard with such huge thumbs.

Hey. How ya going?

It was a lame reply, and he knew it. The huge heeler tilted his drink back up, his bicep brushing bulging pecs as he took another few swallows of courage-in-a-bottle. Bandit's breathing steadily turned into outright panting as their exchange picked up. The lab was doing most of the teasing, talking about how *huge* he is, framing it as something to covet.

The boner twitched in his shorts, the big dog biting his lower lip as he moved his ample glutes over the edge of a countertop stool. He knew the house was completely empty, but it didn't stop him from furtively glancing around before fishing out his shaft. It was thick and hooded, fitting perfectly into the plush palm of his meaty mitt. He tapped with one thumb, stroking with the other.

"I can't believe I'm doin' this..." he said, a tantalizing, forbidden tingle traveling up his spine, making him shudder. He stared at the messages, stroking himself from base to tip. Bandit sucked in a breath as he received another message, a photo taken by the lab in question. It revealed the rest of what his profile refused. He found himself practically drooling over the base of an obsidian shaft that sprouted from a chocolate-brown bush. A new desire welled up in him, a curiosity about what it would be like to have his mouth around it.

It was a crazy thought. He had never pictured guys like that, but now the door had been kicked open by *Chilli*, of all people. "*Biscuits*," he huffed again, licking nervously at his lips as he angled

his phone's camera down. He wasn't one to pray, but he hoped to a higher power that none of this would go beyond their private conversation.

The camera snapped a picture, the flash momentarily filling the kitchen. Bandit tapped the attachment, adding it to the conversation as he chewed his lower lip. It was difficult to type. Bandit was never particularly good at texting, even with both hands. The fact that he was shaky with one and jerking with the other didn't help matters. *Abrador* kept pushing buttons, asking him what he liked, and what he would do to him if he ever got ahold of his "huge tits."

Another message, this time with a return. The lab was sprawled out over a leather sofa, signature abdominals in frame along with taut, defined thighs. The man was lean and mean, everything that Bandit aspired to achieve in the gym. Instead, his body had grown with heavy lifting, muscle swelling, frame widening to pack on extra pounds as if it were given the green light to balloon even bigger.

Well, at least someone loved his body. The guy wouldn't stop talking about Bandit's generous curves—both the midsection and the muscular ones. He couldn't remember the last time someone complimented him on his body like that.

Ears folding back, Bandit tried not to think about his wife. She was supportive, but she never really commented on the corporeal matters. Their relationship was more about their chemistry than carnal attraction.

There was a growing suspicion that she might be onto something. It was superseded only by the sudden pressure in his balls as they pulled up. Bandit barely managed a breathy "*ah*" before spilling his load all over his fingers, the mess dribbling and spattering as a pooling mess over the tile floor.

His phone vibrated again, but it took a long moment for him to come back to his senses.

Did you make a mess? Hope you show me, m8.

Face burning, Bandit angled the camera once more, showing off the glistening goo that coated his dense digits and fat shaft. The deed was over quickly, another flash, and another sent picture.

Fuck that's hot.

A circle spun on his phone's screen as the sent photo loaded. Bandit sucked a breath as he saw a similar result, rivulets of creamy white dribbling down *Abrador's* cobbled stomach like rainwater through gutters.

Wish I could share it with ya m8.

Maybe it was the post-coital haze, but Bandit's thumbs worked quickly, tapping over his screen despite the smearing mess over it.

I'd like that. We can meet somewhere, if you want to give it a go.

A mixture of thrill and self-consciousness ripped through him as he stared at his own message. Part of him wished he could delete it, the other was begging *Abrador* to take him up on the offer. It was crazy, the blood thrummed through him, pounding in his ears even though he had just come. He hadn't been this horny since he was a teenager, his body coiled like a spring at the prospect of a new experience.

Thursday, m8. Busy until then. Can book a hotel room if you're up for that.

God, was he. He didn't want this stranger, this new taboo, stepping into his carefully curated home with a wife and two daughters. No, it's best they take this somewhere far off, in a sterile room with silky white sheets. It would make for a good memory, one that's disconnected from the life he had meticulously crafted for himself and his family.

Alright. Sounds good to me. Send directions later. I'll go in for half.

Bandit nodded, closing off his phone for now. He stared down at the sticky mess, his still-hard shaft slapping against the generous curve of his blue-furred middle. The mess had spread, marking the darker fur creeping up from his crotch with sticky white.

For now, he needed a shower.

A cold one.

The door to Bobo—Bandit's SUV—slapped shut, rocking subtly from the impact. Bandit felt self-conscious about the bright orange paint in the middle of a sea of jet-black vehicles, like it somehow highlighted him, drawing attention to the upcoming degeneracy. Stuffing his hands into his pockets, he leaned forward, making his way through the front lobby. He avoided the clerk's gaze, double-checking his phone to make sure he had the correct room number.

C23.

The hotel apparently used a letter-based system instead of properly numbered floors. The button lit up as Bandit pressed it with a thumb, the doors rattling shut as the carriage hummed softly. It was bordering on claustrophobic inside, Bandit's broad shoulders threatening to brush the opposing walls. He could smell his own cologne, the heady stuff doing a good job of covering the nervous sweat he knew was accumulating under his arms.

He had brought lube and condoms, the bundle of stuff in his back pocket. That would be enough, right? What else did you need for gay sex? He had done some frantic research in the hours before, taking the time to stop at a gas station on the way over for the prerequisite goods.

"Relax, Bandit. It's just...sex." His voice cracked, "Sex with another man."

He could see his faint, warped reflection in the mirror-like stainless steel walls. He looked...acceptable. He wore a V-neck shirt, the buttons fashionably undone to allow his chest fur to spill out, revealing the divide between his jutting pectorals. The shirt was tucked into his

cargo shorts, hugging the contours of his solid ball of a gut. *Abrador* had dropped more than a fair few comments about it, so, against his better judgment, he leaned into showing it off.

Thighs brushed together, fabric pulled taut over those meaty trunks as he stepped out of the lift, traipsing down the sterile hall until he found the door in question. He felt like a nervous pup, his heart in his throat as the beat thrummed in his ears. It was fear of what he might find on the other side of the door. It was always possible he could have been catfished.

It would be unlucky for the other person, though. Bandit was the real deal behind his pictures, and with his bulk, he could flatten whoever might try to take advantage of him.

Taking a steadying breath, he knocked on the doors, dense knuckles rapping on the wood with enough force to make it shudder against the frame. He heard footsteps thrumming on the other side, approaching before a lock clicked. The door popped open to reveal a handsome figure, Bandit's eyes roving from the bottom up. He was hardly wearing anything, ripped body on display with nothing but a glittering red thong hiding sizable junk. Thighs flexed as he balanced, tear-drop shaped quads feathering. The straps of his thong vanished into the crack between those defined glutes.

The rest of his body was just as good, an eight-pack of abs crawled from his lower stomach all the way to taut pecs, pink nipples perched underneath. He had defined shoulders, but not in the brawny/bruiser kind of way that made Bandit fill doorways.

And then the face.

He had a chiseled jawline, handsome cheekbones, and—

"Bandit?"

Bandit's brain nearly short-circuited as it recognized the familiar features. His head almost spun as he stumbled back a step, everything going light. His forearm was caught by a firm hand, his weight teetering forward instead. Bandit stumbled a few steps inside the hotel room, finding himself face-to-face with the chocolate lab he had been messaging.

"Fido?" he asked in disbelief as he looked him over. It had been years since they last saw each other, but there was no mistaking those dark eyes and the lighter brown that painted his muzzle.

"You've changed," they said at the same time. There was a short, shocked pause before both of them laughed.

"Holy hell. You're... You're huge, mate!" Fido barked, waving loose hands around Bandit's broad frame. "What the hell? Did you eat another kid's dad or somethin'?"

Bandit's face flushed hard. "Me? You look like a magazine model! Where the hell did those abs come from??"

Fido guffawed, his tail beating behind him. "Looks like we've both got some catching up to do." Some of the mirth deflated from him as he looked to the open door behind Bandit's broad

shoulder. "Unless...this is kinda awkward for ya? I can understand if you wanna get outta here, heh."

Bandit wasn't sure *what* he was supposed to feel. He never expected to bump into Fido again. A single dad and his daughter had hit it off by happenstance at a local park. They had become something akin to best friends. Sadly, it didn't last. A new job opportunity uprooted Fido and ferried him to a new town. He didn't blame him, after all; he had nearly done the same thing in the months that followed.

"I had no idea you were..." Bandit couldn't figure out how to say it without punching the topic directly in the nose. Luckily, Fido took it in good stride, the chocolate lab chuckling.

"Gay? S'okay, mate. Yeah, been pretty open about it the last few years. Decided livin' in a closet wasn't for me after I moved. My ex-wife hates me even more for it, but I don't care."

"And...you just—what?" Bandit asked, still reeling from shock. "Hookup with guys?"

"Yeah, usually," he answered shamelessly. "It's kinda like a stress outlet for me. Good sex mellows me out." The lab cocked a brow, looking Bandit over. "I never pegged you for swingin' for the team. Yeah, I mighta had a lil crush on you when we were together, but I had no idea..."

Bandit's hands shot up as he waved them. "No-no! I'm...*auh*..." His cheeks flushed as he awkwardly laughed, one of those meaty mitts caressing the back of his neck. "Bisexual. Wife's out, kids are at camp, and, uh... Thought I could...try something new?" Again, he hoped to some higher power that he wasn't making an absolute arse out of himself in front of a guy he respected.

"Huh. Well, good on ya for having an open mind." He cocked his head to one side, a toothy smile forming over his creamy-brown muzzle. "Gotta admit, this frames our *conversation* in a new light."

"Uh..." Bandit cleared his throat. "A good, or, uh, bad one?"

"I *did* just say I had a crush on you, Bandit."

Fingers dug into the back of his neck, working up into the line of Bandit's headfur. "A-Ah...haha. Yeah, yeah, I guess you did."

"So..." Fido glanced at the open door. "You gonna come in? Or should we bugger off and forget this ever happened?"

Reflexively, Bandit grabbed the door, clicking it shut behind him, almost barring the exit with his wide frame. He didn't want this to end. Sure, this wasn't exactly what he signed up for, but the swirling, conflicting emotions inside him wouldn't be satisfied unless he rode this out.

"No, I..." Bandit exhaled. "I want...this. I *need* this," he said, a little whine to his voice, ears folding back at the desperation he heard. He couldn't go back home empty-handed, not after how much he had worked himself up to this point. Even then, his nerves screamed to go

running back to Bobo and get out of there. An old part of his curated life had breached into this salacious pocket. There was a prickle of irrational fear that somehow it would seep through and contaminate it.

During his fitful thoughts, Fido had moved closer, his hands making contact with Bandit's chest. The heeler moaned softly as padded palms pressed down over the sizable outline of his nipples that jutted through his shirt. Fido's fingers dug in slowly, massaging the lush curve of his semi-soft pectorals, squeezing slowly.

"Yeah, you and me both," the slightly shorter dog muttered. Fingers unfurled, creeping around the contours of Bandit's barrel chest, his slightly sucked in stomach fitting perfectly with the bulging curve of Bandit's iron-like sphere. He bumped noses with the blue canine, nuzzling padded noses together slowly.

"Hey," Fido muttered softly, a sly, little smile pulling the corners of his muzzle.

"H-Hi," Bandit replied shakily as their eyes locked together. Awkwardly, he brought his arms around the chocolate lab, pulling him closer. A soft groan bubbled out of Fido, his eyes rolling shut.

"Fuck, that's hot..." he whispered. "Do that again."

Bandit wasn't quite sure what he was doing, but he did as instructed. Hands curling into fists, he brought his arms in harder, biceps swelling against his sleeves as they pressed into Fido's sides. This time, he allowed himself to drink in the sound of the lab's protracted groan. Fido's wet mouth opened up, strings of saliva snapping as the tip of his paddled tongue hung out between lower fangs.

He had never been more tempted to kiss someone in his life.

And he didn't resist.

"Mmh..." Fido's eyes rolled back, lids fluttering before rolling shut. His arms shifted from around Bandit's sides to looping around his neck, rocking his nearly-nude frame against the bigger dog's overwhelming bulk. The kiss was stiff and awkward at first, especially for Bandit. Fido's experience was evident as his tongue darted in and out of his mouth, working over the plump dark flesh of the heeler's lower lip.

The pressure in Bandit's shorts was outright painful, his cock already leaking. He could feel it staining the insides of his underwear, smearing and soaking into it. Inhibitions failing, he rocked himself against Fido, moaning into the lab's mouth. His big hands groped wherever he could reach, fingers pushing under the strings of his thong to grab at that ass.

A man's body was entirely different from a woman's supple curves. Fido was all sinewy angles and solid mass. The width of his back, the way the muscle rolled, was enticingly forbidden. Even his ass was different. There was no plush softness like he was used to. It was solid muscle that dimpled deep every time Fido clenched from his touch.

He wanted more. A slumbering part of Bandit's psyche had woken up, and it was *hungry*. It manifested as an ache throughout his body, branching from his core and spreading through him like a sickness. He was pushed back a step, and then another. The door shuddered as Bandit's huge back banged against it, Fido pressing him effectively against a wall.

Their kiss broke, mutual breaths coming out in foggy puffs as Fido licked away strings of stretching saliva. "Fuck yeah, Daddy," Fido growled softly, nuzzling along Bandit's stubble-coated jawline.

"C-C'mon..." Bandit groaned. "Y-You're a dad too! You can't just—" The words were cut off as strong hands gripped his chest, squeezing around fat nipples. Today was a day for learning—and the lesson was all about the untapped weak spots spread across Bandit's burgeoning body.

"You're more than a decade older than me, mate," Fido said, his voice low and husky as they brushed lips in a ghost of a kiss. "Let me have this."

The door banged, rattling in its frame as Fido pressed himself into Bandit's generous bulk. His hands wandered, tracing his chest down to his stomach, fingers sinking into the pliable surface of the rounded orb. Bandit let out a short gasp as his shirt was yanked out from the hem of his shorts, those padded fingers pushing over his stomach directly.

"Yeah, that's it. Your profile said you were a top, but I'm starting to think differently," Fido said, his voice low as he nosed Bandit's stubble-coated chin.

"I... Ah... I'm... I'm not used to—" But he couldn't find the words as his shirt was peeled up and over his head, thrown aside by the labrador.

"You're a big softie. Maybe a lil more now..." Fido gripped Bandit's midsection once again, giving it a soft shake for emphasis. "Not to say the rest of you ain't big and strong, *Daddy*." A shiver crawled up the azure canine's spine, his ears folding back. Warm breath caressed Bandit's chest as soft lips found one of those nipples, giving it a slow lick before nipping the sizable areola with pointed teeth.

At some point, they had exchanged positions; Bandit found him sprawled back on a king-sized bed softer than his own. It moulded around his body, his weight sinking into it as Fido was on top of him. "*B-Biscuits...*" he muttered, half-delirious from the relentless stimulation. He hiked his legs up, lifting his ass as his pants were tugged down and thrown aside.

Fido whistled before saying low and reverently, "Damn. You've got legs like tree trunks."

"C-Can we stop for a minute?" Bandit begged, holding up a huge hand, the other having ducked between said thighs to hide the straining boner that had soaked the front of his underwear.

Fido's carnal grin waned, his eyes softening as he moved to sit alongside Bandit. "Sure." He cleared his throat. "I guess I'm getting a little carried away, huh? I've been pretty worked up since we've been texting, so I didn't stop to think much."

"That's... that's fine. I'm, uh, pretty excited too." Bandit said, barely able to keep the words straight through the racing heartbeat in his chest. "But...maybe we should talk a bit?"

"About...us?" He stopped for a moment, brows furrowing in thought. "Wait—does Chilli know you're here?" There was a dangerous edge to his voice, giving voice to the unspoken question.

"Th-This was her idea!" Bandit reflexively shouted in a mild panic, his hands going up as he bolted upright on the bed. When confronted with Fido's confused look, he elaborated, "I've... I've always been bisexual, mate. I've just... I have a wife and kids, y'know? There wasn't room in my life to explore something like that. But..."

"But?" Fido's fingers crept along the edge of Bandit's thigh, massaging it. It felt good—*really* good. Bandit found himself leaning towards the strong chocolate lab, arm instinctively seeking to wrap around him.

"The kids are gone for summer camp, and she's off with her sister. She told me..." He gulped. "That I should try to get some, uh, *relief*."

Fido gave him a playful jab in the side before saying, "You always needed convincing to open up. Remember how long it took for us to become friends?"

"Yeah, and then you ended up moving away!" Bandit was aware of how schoolyard his argument sounded, but he was genuinely upset to see one of his few non-family friends pack up and dash out of his life.

"It was for a better job," he said with a tired sigh. "Besides, Winnie is going to a private school now. She misses Bluey."

This wasn't the kind of talk that Bandit wanted to have at the moment. Not with a boner still threatening to snap his underwear like cheap elastic. "So... You're gay?" he asked, changing tacks.

"Do you want me to kiss you again to prove it?"

"Cheeky," Bandit chuckled, his hand sliding over the small of Fido's back, tracing the solid muscle that comprised it.

"You weren't the only one with secrets, Bandit. I wasn't about to tell one of my *married* best friends that I had a crush on him." He exhaled again, closing his eyes. "Honestly, moving away might have been for the best. It was hard having you around when I was catching feels. So...that's probably why I didn't think when I saw it was you at the door. I saw an opportunity, and I grabbed it."

"Literally, mate. Grabbed me by the shirt and started throwin' compliments at me."

"Oh, I did more than that." Fido sidled closer, their thighs pressing together as he nuzzled into Bandit's cheek. "And I'll do more—if you still wanna give it a go, that is."

Bandit's heart hammered, his crotch twitching underneath the straining confines of his overstretched underwear. He knew what his hormones were demanding, but his brain was still running at a thousand thoughts per second.

"Hey...uh, y'mind if I use the bathroom? I think I could use a breather."

There was a flash of apprehension in Fido's eyes, obviously worried that he might have pushed his luck too far. But it was gone as quickly as it had appeared, an amicable smile spreading over his muzzle. "Sure thing, mate. Take your time. I'll still be here." Bandit gave Fido's thigh a slow, affectionate squeeze. He hoped it would be enough to assuage Fido that he wasn't about to up and bolt on him.

Having grabbed his clothes, he clicked the door shut behind him. He let out an exhale he didn't realize he had been holding as he stepped deeper in. The fan hummed around him, but it wasn't enough. He kicked on the shower, letting the sound of the spray dampen the phone call he was about to make.

The phone trilled several times before it clicked.

"Bandit?" asked a familiar female voice that set Bandit at ease.

"H-Hey, uh, Babel!" he answered nervously.

"You doing okay there, Big Blue? You sound a little—yes, of course I like chocolate in my smores. They wouldn't be smores if—" She sighed at someone, presumably her sister, on the other end of the call. "Sorry, Bandit. We're shopping for some camping supplies. Is there something you need?"

"I... I did it."

"You did...what?" She asked cautiously, her voice slow and halting.

"I'm... I'm in a hotel with another man. We've, uh, been texting, and... I'm there." There was a long pause to the point where Bandit wondered if the call had dropped, tossing in an errant "Hello?" into the conversation.

"Well, what are you doing talking to me for?? Get in there!" Chilli commanded with a barking laugh. "Bandit, it's okay. Remember, I'm the one who told you to do this, if you're looking for last-minute permission."

"I know, but..."

"He's safe, right? You don't feel like you're in danger?"

"He's...more than safe," Bandit muttered, cupping the side of his mouth as he brought the mic closer.

Utterly bemused, Chilli asked, "What's...that supposed to mean?"

"Chilli, It's Fido."

There was another long pause, and Bandit knew it wasn't the connection this time.

"Wow," was all Chilli Heeler could muster for the longest.

Bandit quietly whispered into his phone, "You're telling me!"

There was the sound of shuffling as Chilli adjusted her phone against her shoulder. "The guy that you used to hang out with at the park? The single dad with his daughter—Winnie, right?"

"The same."

There was a thoughtful pause before Chilli spoke again. "You're not planning on leaving, are you?"

"The thought *did* cross my mind," Bandit shamefully admitted as he cupped the phone, leaning forward as he sat on the edge of the toilet. His big belly bunched up, pressing into semi-soft pecs, reminding him just how bulky he was in this sparkling-white, yet claustrophobic bathroom.

"Don't you dare," Chilli said, her voice low on the other end of the call.

"B-Babe?"

"You shouldn't leave just because he's someone you know. If anything, isn't this like winning the lottery? It's someone you trust!"

Bandit reeled. "B-But... isn't that exactly *why* I shouldn't?"

"I don't follow. Are you afraid you're going to ruin your friendship with him? You haven't seen him in years."

"I..." He wasn't really sure *what* he was afraid of. If he "ruined" his friendship with Fido, things would just go back to how they were. What did he have to lose? He didn't know, but it didn't stop his stomach from churning. He didn't open up easily, and now he was being asked to take a big leap into something that was just supposed to be a quick pump-and-dump.

"I'll...try," Bandit muttered. "Thanks for talking with me, Babe."

"Take it slow. Ask him for pointers," Chilli helpfully offered. "This is way better than a random hookup because he *knows* you." The mic muffled, covering a harried conversation between Chilli and her sister.

"Hey, Bandit? I've gotta go for now. Brandy ended up slipping and dropping half of the groceries, so I've gotta help her out."

"Oof... Tell her I said hi."

"Will do." The conversation ended with a quiet click; Bandit dropped the phone onto the countertop. He turned off the water with a few squeaking turns of the handle before leaving the

bathroom. Fido was still sprawled on the bed, that crimson thong still wrapped around his hips, cupping his sizable package. It had retreated a little in their absence, but it was no less an enticing sight for Bandit.

"Decided against taking a shower?" Fido asked, looking up from his own phone, the chocolate lab turning it off before tossing it aside onto a nightstand.

"Yeah... I just needed to get my head on straight."

"And...?" There was a hopeful note in his voice, mingling with trepidation. It was clear he wanted this just as much as Bandit, those big, dark eyes fixed on him.

"Fuck, mate. I...I want ya. It was a lil weird at first knowing it was *you*, but... This just makes it better, right?"

Fido's tail immediately came to life, thumping the bed as a grin spread across his muzzle. "Hell yeah, it does. Most guys I end up with just want it quick and dirty."

Bandit sauntered closer, letting the heft of his bulky body jump and bounce with every heavy footstep. "Who says that isn't what I want either?"

"Yeah, nice try. You're too much of a romantic for that." Fido patted the bed, spreading himself invitingly. He folded his arms behind his head as Bandit crawled on top of him, eclipsing his relatively slender frame with all that blue-furred bulk. Their muzzles met, Fido leading the charge with experience as he tilted his head to lock lips.

"*Mmh...*" Bandit moaned as they thrust hips together, overstuffed pouches grinding together in satisfying ways he had never thought of.

"Bugger me, you're *heavy*," Fido groaned as their kiss broke, his arms looped loosely around Bandit's neck. "Is it any wonder you don't crush your wife at night?"

Bandit chuckled hotly. "She's filed a few complaints."

"I can see why," Fido groaned under the weight, breath forced from him as a broad, blue-furred body pressed down. "You've really packed on the pounds since I last saw ya, mate."

"Yeah, and I still don't got abs." Bandit lowered down, allowing himself to explore Fido's body. He nuzzled at those taut pectorals, running his padded nose along the curvature that sloped down to his stomach. He enjoyed the vulnerable noises that got caught in Fido's throat as he kissed down to his crotch.

Bandit looped thumbs around the strings of Fido's speedo, giving them a sensual little tug.

"Y'mind if I remove these?"

"Thought you'd never ask," Fido answered shakily. His cock popped into the air, dark, hooded meat glistening from oozing precum. The thong slid from his thighs, pulled off, and tossed aside before Bandit lowered himself down.

A warm tongue unfurled as Bandit groaned, getting a taste of that mesmerizing length. He had never considered going down on another man before, but now, it was the only thing he could think about. The salty tang of Fido's sweat drove him on, his inexperienced mouth wrapping around the end of the lab's length.

"O-Oh... Careful there! Watch the teeth," the brown-furred dog hissed. "Man, you don't lack points in enthusiasm, Bandit." Huge hands caressed up his chest, feeling around his sides, as if Bandit couldn't get enough of his lean, muscled form.

All new thoughts and desires raced through Bandit's mind as he surrendered to carnal instincts. Closing his eyes, he bobbed down on the lab's length, swallowing as much as he could even as he gagged at first.

"That's it... Yeah, take it," Fido whispered, his voice turning hoarse as fingers dug into Bandit's hair. The tug at the roots nearly shorted the big heeler out, his body dropping flat, big belly collapsing over his straining crotch. He had to get his underwear off, clawing at it, uncaring that the worn elastic snapped and tore as he threw the ruined garment aside.

He held himself still as Fido lifted his hips, thrusting into his mouth and down his throat. Bandit's eyes threatened to roll back in his head, massive arms wrapping around the lab's sides to help steady him, hands bracing his back.

"Fuck... Fuck, so warm," Fido groaned breathlessly. He gave a few tugs in Bandit's hair, enough to signal Bandit to stop. "I'm gonna cum right now if you don't stop, mate."

It took the last dollops of self-control for Bandit to stop. His mouth pulled from that twitching length, the musky taste of dribbling precum still fresh on his tongue. He still ached, a feeling gnawing at the core of his being. Without thinking, he reached back, feeling over his rear, fingers caressing down the crack of his sizable cheeks, feeling over the pink donut that was nestled within.

He had toyed with himself a few times in the past, but he had never felt this *raw* urge that was tugging at his insides, begging for something to scratch that itch. A grin spread over Fido's face as he watched this shameless display, the lab licking over his lips.

"A top, huh? You sure about? You might need to change your profile," he cooed as he circled around behind the spread heeler—a task, considering how he took up the majority of the bed.

"Cheeky bastard," Bandit muttered even as he was mired in need. "Stop playin' around and..." And, what? Fuck him? Stick his cock up his arse? As much as his blood burned with desire, he still couldn't put it into words. Thankfully, Fido was able to intuit his body language enough, with the big heeler still spreading his cheeks wide.

"I...I got condom... lube..." Bandit muttered, his ears pinning back, his words failing him.

Fido chuckled before rolling off the bed, his erection slapping at his stomach. He bent over, rifling through the nightstand's drawer. "Don't worry about it, mate. I came prepared." There was a click of a cap, then a cool sensation between Bandit's cheeks that made him shiver.

"Ahfuck," the heeler whispered, dropping his face into the bunched covers as a padded digit circled around his entrance, gently probing in. The tease was maddening, the way he pushed just to the first knuckle, then back out again.

"Gotta get you ready first," Fido cooed, as if sensing his partner's impatience. The kiss to his cheek soothed Bandit's nerves, a blooming warmth pushing back against prickling anticipation.

One finger pushed in, then a second in the coming minutes, Bandit seeing stars as they pressed down on his prostate. He arched hard, his belly crashing into the bed as his back rolled into hills and valleys of bunching sinew. Expletives poured out of him in a slurry, his tongue hanging out of his open maw.

Fido leaned in, warm breath whispering into Bandit's pointed ear. "Guess you're startin' to see why guys do this, huh?"

"Fucking cheeky—" Bandit couldn't finish the insult, interrupted by another starburst as Fido massaged his insides.

"So, I'm your first gay experience, huh?" Fido asked, somehow slipping in a third finger. The pressure was immense, but Bandit felt himself slowly loosening as Fido worked him, the lube slicking the way.

"Y-Yeah..." he barely managed to speak through his clenched jaw.

"I'll take good care of you then," Fido said before planting another kiss against Bandit's cheek, *"Daddy."*

"Awfuck," Bandit gasped, his big body trembling. His cock was aching hard, slapping against the turgid curve of his massive middle.

"Looks like you're ready," Fido said as he gently slipped his fingers out of Bandit's worked-over entrance. He gave that fat pink donut a gentle massage, running his index finger around that plush, puckered entrance. "C'mon now, let's get up."

"What? The bed is right here, mate—" But he didn't fight as he was guided towards the wall, his legs spread. His ears perked at the sound of tearing foil and the uncapping of that lube once more.

"Jut that ass out," Fido demanded, giving those sizable globes a quick smack. He drank in the wobble as his bedmate dutifully arched back, lifting his ass, tail lifting to loop around the edge of those cresting curves. Wrapping fingers around Bandit's hips, he leaned forward, slipping his rubber-wrapped and lube-slicked cock between those eager cheeks.

The size difference between them was immense, with Bandit nearly being twice as wide as the lab mounting him. That made the experience even more salacious as Fido moved forward, grinding between those glutes before ultimately slipping into him. Bandit moaned, deep and desperate as his fat chest smashed against the wall, pectorals pressing, sizable nipples bending to the pressure.

"A-Ah...Haaahh... MMFffidoo..." Bandit's eyes rolled around in his skull as he clawed at the wall, trying to remain upright even as his back tried to curl into a reverse croissant, his ass jutting back into the chocolate lab's hips. He gasped, the sound matching the echoing crack of Fido's hips smacking into his ass. His boulderous glutes wobbled, the tremulous motion traveling like ripples in a pond through his belly, making it shake.

Fido growled in his throat as his muscled arms wrapped around Bandit's sides, his hands caressing and squeezing Bandit's thick pectorals, squeezing tight enough that blue-furred flesh pushed between his padded fingers. Palms pressed hard on those sensitive nipples, making the bigger, older man squirm over his shaft.

"That's it, *Daddy*. You're doin' real good," Fido cooed, leaning up to whisper sweetly against Bandit's neck. He pressed a kiss to it, then another before opening his mouth and biting down, squeezing the thick scruff lining his bull neck with the points of his fangs. Greedy hands grabbed Bandit's midsection, squeezing it, fingers denting into the light-blue padding.

Overwhelmed with sensation, all Bandit could do was fall against the wall. The top half of his body pressed to it, back arched, ass out into Fido's driving hips. His eyes threatened to roll back in his head as his tongue lolled out the side of his muzzle. He grunted, a deep series of "uh" s every time the chocolate lab powered his hips into his ass.

He had no idea sex could be like this—so raw and rough. It was bordering on animalistic passion, the two of them making noises that would have otherwise flustered Bandit right out of the building. At some point, Bandit felt fingers around his wrists. His arms were yanked back behind him, the side of his face pressed into the wall as Fido rode him.

"*Fuck*," Fido gasped in desperation. "Not gonna last long, mate!" His thrusts were growing shaky, sweat rolling down the strutting muscles of his athletic frame.

"F-Fill me...!" Bandit bellowed as his mind scrambled like an egg. Pleasure flipped from a bonfire to the surface of the sun, his breath coming in short bursts, the heeler's fat canon slapping against his belly, making a pre-soaked mess over it.

Bandit gasped as teeth gripped his neck, Fido's mouth wrapping around it. Arms encompassed him, strong and hard as the lab thrust into him one last time, burying to the hilt. His body quivered in time with his hammering heartbeat, a muffled moan erupting into Bandit's neck. Warmth spread through him, Bandit's eyes rolling back in his head as his lolling tongue swayed. He didn't even realize he made a mess over himself in the process, white spattering between his bulging belly and the wall he was pressed against.

They spent nearly a minute catching their breath, sweat dripping from their bodies. The smell of masculine musk and sex radiated from them. Strings of saliva stretched and snapped as Fido pulled his mouth from Bandit's abused neck.

"*Bloody hell*," Bandit groaned like a balloon leaking air. He was suddenly aware of every aching joint, the way his spine was twisted back, and his ass jutting. It all came crashing into him in fits and starts, with "Ow!" punctuating each impact.

"S-Sorry!" Fido stepped back, his lube-slicked shaft slipping from Bandit's ass. He slipped off his condom, tying it off before tossing it into the nearby bin.

Bandit stumbled, his back popping a few times as he pressed a palm into the base of it. Groaning, he moved to the edge of the mattress, the box springs creaking under his weight. "Now I remember why we use the bed."

"Ah, my fault. I wanted to see that big body of yours stretched out for me." Fido sidled up next to the big dog, their thighs brushing together as he looped an arm behind him. "Bloody brilliant you were. Didn't know you could move like that, *Daddy*."

Bandit exhaled sharply, his cheeks warming. "Yeah. That makes both of us."

"So..." There was a brief moment of fragile nervousness as Fido flicked his gaze away. "Was it...good? Didn't hurt ya, did I?" He blinked in surprise as he was swooned over the bigger man's lap, their lips pressing together. A soft moan flitted around swirling tongues as he surrendered himself into a deep kiss, his arms looping around Bandit's neck as he was hammocked in his massive arms.

Bandit broke the kiss—just enough to whisper, "Does that answer your question?"

"*Hah*...yeah. Yeah, I s'pose it does," Fido mumbled bashfully, his cheeks burning, flopped ears pulling back. He reached around, fingers brushing over the generous curve of Bandit's stomach, digits catching some of the mess that stained it. "Heh, you really got into it. Made a right mess of yourself."

Bandit growled playfully as he nuzzled back against Fido's affections. "You shoulda seen the kitchen floor the first time we texted."

"Damn, the kitchen? Couldn't even get to your bedroom?"

"I hadn't gotten off in days, Fido! I was burstin' at the seams," Bandit complained, though his tail still slapped the bed.

The chocolate lab chuckled quietly, a toothy grin spread over his muzzle. "Pretty hot I'm the one to pop your cherry—so to speak."

Those feelings of insecurity felt so far away now. Maybe it was the post-coital haze, but Bandit felt like this could work. That his life prior, and his life now, were simply one flowing moment. Maybe things wouldn't turn out bad. After all, he could trust Fido.

Bandit let out a low exhale, eyes closing as Fido's lips pressed to his neck, working down his jawline until they pressed into a slow kiss. "Mmm..." Fido muttered after a moment. "Not often I get a guy who wants to stick around after."

"No?" Bandit asked, still a little dazed.

"Nah. Most guys just wanna fuck and get out." He mainly snickered to himself. "Okay, *some* of them take a shower before leavin'. Though I think that's some of the insecure ones. Closeted, y'know?"

Bandit had been nothing but up front with Chilli when they first started dating. He didn't want to keep secrets from her, and she appreciated—and even cherished—his honesty. Now she was giving him the opportunity that most marriages wouldn't even consider.

"So..." Bandit whispered, leaning with his huge arm slipped around Fido's side. "You, uh...wanna do this again sometime?"

"That depends," Fido said with a little grin. "The missus gonna be okay with it?"

Bandit thought briefly of his phone call, the excited energy with which his wife all but pushed him back into the bedroom. "I think she's gonna be just fine, mate." The bed squeaked as he was tugged to his feet, hand clasped with Fido's. On instinct, they laced together, his thumb brushing the back of his hand.

"Well, I think we're both due for a shower. I don't know about you, but I *stink*."

"I dunno, I kinda like it," Bandit said with a low, teasing rumble.

"Didn't take you for a kinkster, Bandit." Their fingers slid apart as Fido sauntered to the bathroom, his glutes deliberately sliding together, flexing together in a salacious little bounce. "C'mon, big guy. Getting cleaned up can be just as fun as gettin' dirty."

Bandit exhaled sharply as he watched that ass slip around the corner. As much as he tried to deny it, just blowing one load wasn't enough; his cock was already stirring, twitching to life as it bobbed between thick thighs.

"Alright, alright. I'm comin'," he called back with a wide grin. Despite the floor shaking with his heavy steps, he felt lighter than he had in years.

Maybe this was what he needed after all.