Officer Samuel Parker didn’t know what to expect on his second week in the New York Police Department.

Fresh out of the police academy, the young red fox had anticipated nonstop action, gripping whodunnit mysteries to be solved around every corner, or a robbery to be foiled in the nick of time. Unfortunately, being the newbie—or ‘academy fox’, as the veteran cops called him—designated him to sort out paperwork whenever he wasn’t busy on patrol. Still, it beat constant law exams each week.

 As Sam continued finishing off some paperwork regarding a few stolen vehicles, a familiar shadow caught his eye. A tall, well-built, muscular shadow belonging to a German shepherd in his mid-forties, wearing a police commissioner’s uniform as if it were his own skin. After days of sitting at the same desk and being scheduled on erratic patrols, Sam’s tail wagged happily on seeing John Smirnov across the room. Finally, a chance to talk!

 Abandoning his paperwork, if only for a moment, the red fox fast approached the police commissioner in several quick strides towards the break room nearby. “C-C-Chief?” He quavered, then cleared his throat to repeat, “Commissioner Smirnov?”

 The older canine whirled around to lock eyes with the fox. “Yes, kid?”

 “It’s uh, it’s me,” Sam nervously cleared his throat when the tired commissioner didn’t blink in recognition. He then clarified, “It’s Samuel, sir. Samuel Parker.”

 That name caused the old dog’s eyes to suddenly widen, then look over the fledgling fox freshly graduated from academy training. “Sammy?” He gasped in surprise, the revelation alone being enough for Smirnov’s composure to falter. Seconds later, he straightened back up and shook the fox’s paw, but didn’t erase the smile grown across his graying muzzle. “It’s great to see you, Sammy! How many years has it been?” The dog asked, “Ten? Twelve?”

 “Eleven years and six months, sir,” Sam followed his idol and personal savior further into the breakroom, where they went for the snacks table. “After you saved me, fed me, and encouraged me to go back into school. That’s…that’s exactly what I did. Once high school was over, I decided to become a police officer like you.”

 “And you graduated recently?”

 “Last month,” Sam chirped happily as he absentmindedly placed a doughnut on a paper plate, only to chuckle in slight embarrassment. “I, uh…ehehe, got a little sprain during the final exam, but passed with flying colors. And once the doctor cleared me, I started working her two weeks ago!”

 “Two weeks?” Smirnov raised an eyebrow. “How come I haven’t seen you?”

 “I got stuck on the paperwork,” I explained bluntly.

 “Ahh, so that’s why,” the German shepherd laughed with a shake of his head. “The paperwork filing is a real bitch position to deal with, but it’s only for a while. And trust me, after a few years on the force, you’ll be wishing to be stuck with paperwork once in a while…”

 “Can I…sit next to you, sir?”

 “You may,” Smirnov nodded, and they sat across from each other at the corner table of the otherwise empty break room. “Anyway, it’s good to see you, Sammy. It’s great to see you’re doing well…makes me feel old, but still, it’s fantastic to see you one of us now. A fellow cop.”

 Samuel fought to hide his blush as he said, “T-Thank you, sir.”

 “Please, when we’re not in front of others, call me Smirnov.”

 “Sure thing…” the fox beamed, “Smirnov.”

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 Like that, a friendship started rekindling. As the weeks rolled by, though the paperwork still became tedious at best and time-consuming at worst on bad days, Officer Samuel Parker endured it. He did his best with each batch, even when the commissioner wasn’t in the office, let alone timing his breaks with the young fox’s schedule so they could talk. Sometimes about work, mostly about the past, the accomplishments spoken about in exchanged letters from across the years, and how each had been doing in the years since their last encounter. During which, Samuel recalled why Smirnov preferred to be called by his last name rather than his first name—John, after his maternal grandfather—during a casual conversation about their childhoods.

According to his mentor, before he even dreamt about wearing a badge, the German shepherd lived in the Manhattan tenements with an alcoholic father, who often loved to make disparaging remarks of his name being given by ‘the cunt of a married whore’ that was his mother. It also remained one of the reasons the old dog preferred calling Blacksad by his surname too. Long story short, Smirnov never shed a tear after learning his dad died in a bar fight but used his traumatic experience to inspire others. He didn’t want any random citizen to feel helpless like he did as a cub.

 Hearing that story so long ago had emboldened Sam to escape his own toxic family environment, to graduate high school, then join the police academy to be like the German shepherd he’d greatly admired that fateful day. He’d never had the chance to thank the dog properly, let alone get to know his knight in shining armor until he’d applied for the NYPD.

 Smirnov’s façade of a stoic police commissioner often cracked whenever the fox approached him at work. As the weeks turned into a few months, several of the other precinct’s officers tried making subtle jokes about their superior having a fondness for the ‘academy fox’. The lone officer who made the jokes insulting found himself brutally lectured in his office afterward. Even John Blacksad during their semi-monthly drinks together made a remark once about how close he was getting to the rookie cop, only for the shepherd to tell the private eye feline he didn’t know what he was talking about.

 “He must really admire you,” John teased him one night, lounging across from him in a private booth at one of their favorite bars. “No, he doesn’t just admire you, Smirnov. He adores you. He’s animated each time you walk into the room.”

 “You must be drunker than I am if you think so,” Smirnov scoffed at the black cat. “Of course, he looks up to me. I inspired him to be a fellow officer of the law. That doesn’t mean he’s homosexual.”

 “Never said he was,” Blacksad smirked at the dog’s sudden realization of what was said. “I suspected as much. No protégé wags his tail like an adopted puppy like Officer Sam does.”

 Smirnov sighed. The damn feline knew how to extract the truth, even from the veteran shepherd. It was one of the biggest reasons he often came to John if a cold case ever cropped up.

“You didn’t hear it from me,” he told the black-furred feline taking another relaxed huff of his cigarette, then setting it on the table’s ashtray, “but let’s just say there’s a reason Sammy never talks about his parents anymore.”

“Figured as much,” Blacksad nodded in understanding. Taking another swig of his stick, then bellowing out the cigarette smoke from under his whiskers, he asked the canine, “How do you feel about him?”

“Never really bothered me as much when I found out then,” Smirnov replied honestly, “so why should it change now?”

“I mean how do you feel about him directly?” Blacksad simplified his question.

Smirnov perked an ear in confusion. “Directly?”

“Yeah,” the damnable feline grinned again like a lottery winner. “Your tail wags the same way whenever he pops into the room too. Doesn’t it?”

Smirnov drank the rest of his beer. “No idea what you’re talking about.”

The truth was, he did. His first name wasn’t the only thing Smirnov Senior took offence to, growing up. Plenty of beating were dealt to the German shepherd over things like never bringing girls home during high school, staying out longer with his male classmates, or hiding pulp novels in his pillowcase whenever the old man threw out the previous ones. His physical and emotional abuse, combined with how homosexuals were often locked up in psychiatric wards for so much as being caught kissing in public, compelled Smirnov to go deep in the closet; never venture to the gay bars, keep his feelings incredibly bottled up, stay out of trouble, find a pretty girl his own species, get married and have cubs to take care of, and get promoted to the highest position possible. Dorothy and his sons were very proud of him after accepting the job of commissioner, despite not even knowing the truth.

Another month passed. Despite his reservations, Smirnov didn’t lessen his friendship/mentorship of Samuel. Instead, he invited the red fox to dinner parties planned by Dorothy, who insisted he be invited after hearing stories from her husband. Sam eagerly accepted the invitations each time, culminating in a Christmas party being hosted at the Smirnov household itself. A few other officers were invited, John Blacksad too, a snarky weasel reporter everyone called ‘Weekly, who instantly befriended the fox as soon as they met, plus some friends of the German shepherd family’s various circles. Most of them weren’t involved with the NYPD.

At first, Sam felt nervous about attending the Christmas party. However, the Smirnov family’s friendly atmosphere and festive cheer easily infected the fox once he arrived on the chilly doorstep, entering a warm household filled with decorations to the brim. Green tinsel, a massive Christmas tree drenched in lights and shiny ornaments, the smell of fruitcake, cookies, a beautifully cooked ham, and music being played loudly on a radio in the corner. Smirnov’s son Franklin and his younger sister Hayley were laughing as they tried to peek at their Christmas presents beneath the tree. Overall, it was a fun night for everybody; Smirnov watched his children open their Christmas Eve presents, his wife socialized with her circle of friends, Blacksad got drunk enough to require a taxicab, Weekly somehow got three different women to kiss him under the mistletoe, and a few laughs were had about some of the crazier cases throughout the previous year, but what made it stand out was when Mrs. Smirnov asked Samuel for a word near the end of the evening.

“I know you find my husband attractive,” she told him. “I’ve seen the way you look and talk to him.”

The sentence spoken by the female German shepherd nearly gave Sam a heart attack then and there, only for Mrs. Smirnov to add, “Oh, sweetie, don’t worry. I am not bothered by it in the slightest. I just thought I’d tell you, so you wouldn’t keep feeling guilty whenever me or one of the children speak with you. You look so guilty, it breaks my heart…so don’t worry, I’m not mad in the slightest.”

“Y-You a-aren’t?” He sighed in relief. However, the red fox’s heated ears remained downcast and his bushy tail kept curled as he cautiously asked, “But why not?”

“I know plenty of homosexuals too,” Mrs. Smirnov smiled brightly at her husband’s protégé, her own tail wagging as she reassured him. “Besides, I can’t blame you for finding him attractive.”

Her comforting words definitely brightened Sam up for the rest of the party. As the festivities began to wind down though and the guests started to leave one by one, the fox elected to stay and help clean up. Mr. Smirnov didn’t object and neither did Mrs. Smirnov, who surprised him further by asking if the off-duty officer could help her put the canines to bed. The festivities all day leading up to the party left them rather energized for Christmas morning, and she needed assistance against two hyperactive canine cubs while their father threw away torn wrapping paper and put away leftovers.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Smirnov went to bed, but not before thanking Sam, who tiredly returned into the kitchen to find his mentor sitting in the living room, pouring a glass of wine. A second glass lied next to the vintage bottle.

“Didn’t you have enough to drink, Smirnov?” The fox joked.

“Not when you get to be my age and have to deal with the little hellions,” the German shepherd sipped his glass. Sam almost made a remark of him sounding harsh when Smirnov laughed softly. “Don’t get me wrong, I love them with all my heart, but you have to admit that they can be a handful.”

“Tell me about it,” Sam couldn’t help but chuckle, walking over to the couch’s open spot beside the relaxed, older canine. “Franklin wouldn’t quit asking me questions as I tried to tell him some stories about Santa. And Hayley too.”

“They take after me so much,” Smirnov sighed in contemplation. Setting down his glass, he grabbed the other empty one and filled it up, handing it to the young fox. “Thank you for helping out, by the way. You didn’t need to do that.”

“But I wanted to,” Sam said as he accepted the drink. “It’s the least you can do for inviting me.”

Starting off with a small toast for the Christmas season in general, Samuel and Smirnov alike had more than one cup of wine afterwards. Unlike at the police station or even during dinners at the latter’s home, they truly opened more to each other. No more ranks or seniority. No more protocol or facades.

“Hey…Smirnov?” The fox suddenly felt a boldness build in his stomach as he stared at the handsome dog sitting next to him, smiling. “Can I…ask you something?”

Being a little tipsy at the moment, Smirnov didn’t think much about it. “What, Sammy?”

“What do you think of me?” Sam asked, only for the nanosecond silence to eat at him enough to hastily add, “A-As a police officer?”

The German shepherd couldn’t help but smile. “I think you’re really exceptional, Sam.”

As the elder canine almost went on a rambling explanation as to why he found the red fox a competent and well-trained policeman, said fox left him speechless. For weeks if not months, the feelings inside him had been building up. As the wine coursed through his veins and weakened his logic, Sam also decided to go for it. He stared back at the brawny, strapping German shepherd sitting beside him, then impulsively leaned forward.

The kiss felt like fireworks. The way their tongues danced around in momentary passion made the wine from earlier seem tame in comparison. If only for a moment though, because as soon as their muzzles parted and their lips exhaled breathless gasps for air, something changed.

The lust transformed into horror. At themselves and what transpired. Sam in particular felt the blood drain rapidly from his cheeks up to his ears, all the fur on his back standing alert for the worst.

“M-M-M-Merry C-Christmas, S-Sir!” He stammered out.

In a flash, the shaken red fox hastily jumped to his feet, grabbed his lone coat hanging in the entrance hallway, then ran out the door into an unforgiving blizzard, leaving Smirnov alone on the couch as midnight struck on the grandfather clock. If Santa himself descended the fireplace in that moment, he would’ve discovered a middle-aged dog standing in disbelief within the peaceful house. The only expression across his face being sheer guilt for a closeted married man with three children and an exceptional career.

After finally standing up to go to bed, Smirnov quietly asked himself, “…what have I done?”

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Almost everybody in the precinct noticed it. How couldn’t they?

By the start of the new year, both Commissioner Smirnov and Officer Samuel Parker tried to return to a professional basis, rarely taking their breaks at the same time or talking outside of when their jobs required it. As much as it broke Sam to do it, he knew his friendship with the older canine couldn’t be repaired, and hoped to at least keep his professional relationship with his mentor intact. He even went so far as to not change into his uniform if Smirnov was present in the locker rooms with him, instead sulking in the break room until the shepherd rushed straight into his office. Nothing, not his weekly burgers eaten on Fridays, the shooting range, or a swim in the Hudson Bay helped take the pain away inside his chest.

Meanwhile, Smirnov experienced a similar conflict not felt in years.

On the one hand, Smirnov could see why he’d find the red fox attractive. Officer Samuel Parker possessed an athletic runner’s build. His high metabolism allowed him able to eat so many sugary snacks from the break room without so much as gaining a pound. The same wasn’t possible for some of the more regressed, complacent officers who easily welcomed desk jobs more than active field work. Sam was also brave, kind and caring whether it be in the office or when helping an elderly tigress cross the busy street, as well as exceptionally dedicated to his job. By all accounts, Smirnov could easily picture the lad succeeding him one day as NYPD Commissioner within ten or twenty-odd years.

In truth, the memory of the kiss left the tall, bespeckled dog rather…aroused each time he remembered. It made him feel even more disgusted with himself. He loved Dorothy as a wife and companion helping to raise their two children, but as much as it all counted for something, Smirnov knew she could never replace a man’s touch.

Things came ahead one day when Samuel decided to confide in somebody who could understand: John Blacksad, who surprised the red fox by revealing he already knew.

“Smirnov told you about the kiss?” He squeaked.

The black-furred cat stood silent. “…no?” He said, “Only that you liked him.”

Sam squeaked again, this time in horror. How could he call himself a police officer if he’d been able to let slip such a crucial detail? “I’m the worst cop in the world…” he whimpered, ears completely folded and tail curled around his leg as he sulked. “Blacksad, sir, I’m considering whether or not it’d be best for me to…to transfer.”

Blacksad’s amused, sympathetic smile turned sour.

“What makes you say that, kid?” He pondered aloud, thankful for their privacy within the empty diner. “I think you’re overreacting. You worked your tail off to get to your precinct, right? Why throw it all away because the commissioner’s taking his time to think it all over?”

“Think it all over?”

“Yeah, I’m certain he isn’t mad, just…surprised,” Blacksad finished his cigarette and left it smoldering on the tableside ashtray. “Look, I know Smirnov. He’s not mad at you. If he were mad, you, the precinct, and the rest of this city would know it. Want my honest opinion?” The cat didn’t wait for a reply as he explained, “Be a little more patient, kid. He’ll want to talk to you about it at some point. The old dog’s complicated, like love is.”

“You’re right,” Sam stared down at his half-forgotten hamburger. “As much as I hate to admit it, you’re…you’re right. I should be patient…as much as it hurts.

Unbeknownst to either the fox or the cat, a certain German shepherd had been listening in on their conversation outside the diner’s window. His graying ears splayed downward, his muzzle frowning guiltily, and he felt half-tempted to barge inside the diner. He didn’t though. Standing out of view from either of his colleagues, Smirnov quickly retreated the way he came.

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**Knock! Knock! Knock!**

Samuel didn’t expect anybody to knock on his apartment’s front door. Not at eleven o’ clock in the evening, not on Friday evening, or when he was about to prepare for bed. Electing not to buckle his belt again, the red fox peered through his apartment’s peephole. He stood as lifeless as a statue for several seconds, unable to think or move until the figure knocked again on his door.

“Smirnov, sir?” He opened the door to find his superior disheveled, tired, and staring at him like a prize won at the state fair. “Sir, what are you doing here? It’s almost midnight—”

In that instance, Smirnov made his impulse decision. He stepped inside of the young fox’s abode, closed the door behind them, and rushed towards the slender vulpine officer, who raised his arms defensively. Both froze where they were, unable to move as Smirnov gripped Sam’s shoulders.

 A moment passed. The sounds of an insomniac city chorused outside the apartment’s living room window in the form of a honking horn, faraway police sirens, and an occasional shout from arguing neighbors. To the two canines though, all they saw were each other. Their lips too.

Smirnov gently leaned forward, and Samuel surrendered. His back arched as he accepted the shepherd’s leathery muzzle, soft and gentle yet tasting like bitter coffee beneath a masculine aroma. It made the fox suddenly feel weightless. The eventual parting kiss though left both canines’ Johnsons feeling painfully erect inside their boxers. Both blushed but didn’t say a word. Fighting back their moans, Sam stared into Smirnov’s steely eyes for what felt like eternity until they kissed again. Again, again, again. Over and over, their eyes finally clouded in homosexual lust.

Their tongues passionately danced like on that Christmas Eve. The difference being neither dared to stop, even as Samuel guided the German shepherd into his bedroom. The fox’s younger, nimble fingers impatiently unbuttoned his elder’s work shirt, its owner absentmindedly discarding it as their lips once again parted, tongues left panting, and lungs empty of precious air.

“You’re perfect,” Sam whispered, lovestruck.

“I’m old…too old for you,” Smirnov tried to reason themselves away.

“I don’t care,” Sam insisted, his eyes marveling at the German shepherd’s bare chest, paws roaming up his strong shoulders and over the muscled stomach he’d kept despite the years of home-cooked meals and nightly sips of whiskey. “You’re like a sculpted state. Your abs, your pecs, your rich brown and black fur…any man would worship you.”

“Then…then do it,” Smirnov pleaded as he failed to hold back the whimpering in his voice.

Officer Samuel Parker obeyed his superior’s order. He let his paws examine the police commissioner’s impressive upper body, the hardened muscles hidden beneath a layer of well-groomed fur, his perked nipples unintentionally brushed at by his thumbs, and murred. The way the old dog groaned when Sam cupped each toned pectoral made him squirm in delight.

Smirnov certainly enjoyed the foreign attention. Removing his glasses and setting them aside on the nightstand beside them, Smirnov released his frustrations and fears into a pleasured sigh. Thoughts of his Dorothy and their children drifted to the farthest corners of his mind. Finally, after all these years…he was indulging himself in this personal sin. A seductive sin he’d long denied himself.

Continuing his godly worship, Samuel nuzzled into each pectoral and inhaled the shepherd musk, smelling dried sweat, rich soap from earlier that morning, male vigor. All of it blended together in a pungent aroma that made the aroused fox’s uncomfortable hardon beg for release. Eventually, the old dog got his wish.

“Hnnnnnnngh!”

Smirnov groaned deeply at feeling the vulpine lips wrap around his cock’s mushroom-shaped tip. The young man didn’t hesitate to lap at the spurting pre that hit his tongue, but not without savoring the salty white liquid. He felt Samuel bob up and down his unbelievably hard erection, giving wondrous head the likes of which only imagined in dreams. The kind of blowjob described by those who became virgins no longer. Holding his paw between the hot ears of the attentive fox, Smirnov feverishly recalled the solid memories of reading pulp novels in his teenage years, and how much they made the simple act of stimulating a man’s Johnson sound like Heaven, next to giving/receiving said Johnson.

No words could describe either act, especially once both the red fox and German shepherd finally discarded all their restrictive clothing, holding each other close as they basked in the warmth of another pressing male. They kissed, they Frenched, they indulged in their mutual sin as if it were the most natural thing to do on God’s green Earth, hidden from Western society’s judgmental eyes.

Neither Smirnov nor Samuel cared at that moment. All that matter was the other lying side-by-side on the bed, their eyes fixated on the throbbing dick staring back at them.

“You wanna…do as I do,” Sam asked the older canine, “…sir?”

“Please…yes, please,” Smirnov nodded as he leaned towards the younger cock, “And call me ‘Smirnov’, Sam…”

He giggled shortly. “Only if you don’t stop calling me ‘Sammy’.”

Smirnov chuckled and wagged his tail, “Noted.”

Once again, the German shepherd groaned like a virgin. Those deflowered lips and silky fox tongue suckled on his member. He hesitated for a moment, not for doubt if he wanted to perform fellatio on the lad, but because he didn’t know if he could do it as well. Fortunately, once Samuel’s maw bobbed all the way down to his superior’s girth to the point pubic hair tickled his cold nose, Smirnov felt compelled enough to give the throbbing fox dick a tentative lick. Then another, and another, and another, until their jaw’s movement synchronized beautifully. Almost to the point that Sam nearly climaxed all over the old dog’s neck when the latter suddenly opted to lick his tongue broadly across the former’s demure, delicious taint.

“Ahhh!” Samuel moaned around the dog cock. Reluctantly parting from the beautiful member to wet his slobbery lips, he then begged Smirnov, “Please, please…don’t stop back there!”

This caused Smirnov to grin across his dark-furred muzzle. “If you insist, kiddo.”

Up until that point, Smirnov never really considered what it would be like to rim his oral appendage between a younger man’s ass cheeks, but he sure didn’t know why either. Ever since he first spotted an occasional glimpse of Samuel in the changing room with his jockstrap on, the repressed side he’d now embraced had wondered about the taste. It tasted of pure, unfiltered fox musk, sweaty and bitterly carnal like whisky. A hint of soap could be felt, but not totally by Smirnov’s lips, which ate out of the moaning lad’s tailhole as if it were a fine dinner cooked at a restaurant. Musky, wild, and his.

Minutes later, Samuel informed his mentor-turned-lover he was close. Very close. Not wanting to end it that moment, he and Smirnov readjusted themselves on the sizable bed. Sam stuck his dazed face into the soft pillows, presenting his raised tail to the police commissioner’s pulsing rod. Kneeling closer until their hips barely brushed, Smirnov gave a fevered sigh, reveling at how his palms spread those athletic mounds wide to reveal a puckered, slick hole that winked back at him.

The rimming from earlier did the job well. Without any words, only acknowledging nods, Smirnov pressed his cock head to the accepting tailhole. He felt resistance. He pushed a pinch harder, then groaned in bliss at the red fox’s clenched tightness. The warm tightness which felt like heated molasses around the shepherd’s dick. The best part? Instead of painful howls or telling Smirnov to stop, Samuel only pushed back on the thick Johnson until its pubes kissed the base of his wagging tail. Back arching at each movement, Samuel’s muffled words only partly escaped the pillow.

One phrase managed to reach Smirnov’s ears: “Go harder, harder!”

Those words, plus the vulpine officer’s warmth reignited something. He gripped the academy fox’s hips for support, then thrusted. He did it again and again. He drove himself inside the fox slut until it produced softened singing from Samuel, whose hips retreated onto the shepherd’s cock each time Smirnov dared to pull back. It became a game for them, to try and be dominant in bed until Smirnov wore the younger canine down, his eyes clouded in lust and hips slapping against the surrendered tailhole until at last…it became too much for either of them.

“S-Smirnov! Oh, Smirnov!”

“Mfh, Sammy…f-fuck!”

Sam shuddered around Smirnov’s shaft. Smirnov in turn relished in the sounds and sensation of emptying himself inside the fox’s velvet passageway, whose own neglected cock ejaculated all over the bed sheets under them.

Smirnov collapsed atop his academy fox. He gasped for air and felt sweat keep trickling down his forehead and all over his sore, tired body. Samuel did too, but not as much. As the old dog shifted onto his side to hold his newfound lover close, the young fox craned his neck to lock eyes again with Smirnov. He predicted mostly post-sex guilt, like the countless times he felt after masturbating at the thought of finally being taken by him, but no. Like him in the same hazy afterglow, Samuel saw Smirnov’s satisfied smile and mirrored it.

“I…love you, Smirnov.”

Another kiss, another blissful sigh as they relaxed together in the throes of their messy afterglow.

“I love you too, Sammy. I…love you too.”

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 According to a scientific report once read by Officer Samuel Parker, a wolfish researcher named Dr. Alfred Kinsey believed sexuality didn’t find itself restricted solely by two attractions. More willingly, a person’s sexuality was fluid. It didn’t stay in stone. It could either change over time or stay on one end of the spectrum between heterosexuality and homosexuality. Ever since then, Samuel knew he fit completely on the homosexual spectrum, no matter how many years he aged. At the same time, he wondered where others lied on the spectrum, particularly with a certain German shepherd who tormented him like a siren in his wet dreams.

“Mmmmm…what the…?”

Images came to mind once he awoke. Very lewd, pornographic imagination of the debaucherous kind, brought to life. Sam remembered everything from the night prior, at first chalking them as a vivid dream until the fox realized whose strong arms were wrapped around his torso. They were the same arms which held him the previous night. Relaxing back into the German shepherd’s broad chest, sighing at the sensation of soft fur against his, Sam felt like drifting back to sleep again…

…at least, until he thought of Mrs. Smirnov. Her cubs, Franklin and Georgina too.

Samuel began to cry, his sniffling waking up Smirnov from a pleasant slumber.

“Mmmm, Sammy?” He shifted into a sitting position once he opened an eye to find his fox protégé and lover on the verge of sobbing. “Sammy, what’s wrong?”

“I’m a horrible person.”

“No, you’re not.”

“Yes, I am!”

“What makes you think that, Sammy?”

“I’m a homewrecker, that’s what makes me think so,” the fox couldn’t help but laugh ashamedly. “I’m going to be responsible for your family hating you…Oh God, what have I done?”

Smirnov felt the same guilt. If not ten times more, yet he didn’t show it. He couldn’t without the raw emotions bubbling under suddenly bursting like a volcanic eruption. It’d consume him. Rather, he tenderly led the trembling fox into his arms again, cradling him to his shoulder as he whispered to Samuel, “It’s okay…please don’t feel bad. This was going to happen sooner. So’s telling her.”

Sam jerked back to stare at Smirnov with wide, teary eyes. “Tell her?”

“I can’t lie to her for something like this,” Smirnov sighed with tired, remorseful eyes. “I owe her more than that, and if it means Dorothy will leave me with the kids…I’ll still tell her. We’ll tell her.”

As much as he wanted to disagree, Samuel knew he too couldn’t keep this hidden. Not after all they’d done, breaking his marriage vows. Dorothy Smirnov deserved better than being lied to.

“Okay,” the fox gulped down the pit in his stomach, then leaned closer to let the older dog’s arm wrap back around him. “For now…can we lay here? Please, Smirnov?”

The commissioner softly smiled down to his officer, lying naked with him back on the soft mattress and bed sheet. “Of course, we can, Sammy,” he murmured tenderly as their tails rested on their legs like a silky pair of quilts, “…course, we can.”

The pair stayed in the very position for another hour, enjoying the moment all they could.

By around noon, Samuel Parker joined his mentor-turned-lover in facing the music. He trailed closely behind the German shepherd, redressed in his clothes from the day before, and wearing the stoic façade over a vulnerable exterior. They didn’t wait to dance around the issue, instead inviting Dorothy into her husband’s private study for a…talk. Neither knew what to expect but distraught, angry words. They certainly thought the shepherdess was in denial, until her neutral expression became a relieved smile.

“Finally,” she giggled to her husband. “I thought this side of you would never be seen.”

Samuel blinked multiple times. “W-What?”

“Dorothy?” Smirnov sat in his chair with an equal amount of sheer confusion. “Dorothy, what do you mean ‘finally’? Honey, you should be angry. Yelling at me, screaming, punching the walls, telling me to never show my face around here…”

“Sweetie, I’ve known about your homosexuality since we first dated,” Mrs. Smirnov further shocked them with her following statement, “It never bothered me, as you kept your vows, excelled in your job, and worked to be an amazing spouse and father to our kids. As for this little escapade of yours with Officer Parker here, honestly…I cannot blame you for taking such a handsome fox.”

Samuel awkwardly scratched the back of an ear at the compliment.

“All I ask is this,” Dorothy inhaled, then exhaled, finally gathering the bravery to request of them, “Can…can I join in with you two for next time?”

Red fox and German shepherd alike both gasped in disbelief.

 “What?!”