The new millennium chimed in on yet another cold, sleepless night in Crossroads City. Meanwhile, the entire Motel 9 remained quiet for those either trying to sleep or have a good time. On the analog television sitting across from the bed occupied by me and a yawning angel, one who cuddled close to my bare canine chest, people cheered a Happy New Year 2000. People danced and raised glasses of beers to a cameraman in the middle of a light snowfall, not caring about the freezing temperatures. Utah weather, be damned! Meanwhile, me and my date had finished making sweet love in the warm motel room with an AC on the highest temperature it could muster.

“Hmm, Happy New Year, Quinn,” I murmured amid a tired yawn.

He replied with a kiss to my cheek and a whisper in my ear, “Happy New Year, Coach—uh, I mean Hank! Eheh.”

I smirked, “You still having trouble calling me by my first name?”

“Hey, it’s only recently,” the chipper Labrador mentioned. “I’m getting used to it.”

“You certainly weren’t still getting used to earlier.” I placed a mighty wolf paw on his exposed ass, gripping the right cheek as I felt traces of my dried cum on a finger. He’d somehow convinced me to not use a condom, plus to knot him. “You sure you have been careful at college?”

“Besides you, I’ve been careful as can be,” he said. “I’m not stupid. I know the risks. In fact,” he giggled like a gossiping female as one of his fingers daintily traced around my right nipple, “I am fairly certain you were just about to make an ‘all college students are stupid’ quip, weren’t ya?”

I failed to keep my face stoically focused on the TV. “Not you. That’s for certain.”

“Charmer, Hank.” Quinn leaned up to kiss my cheek again, only this time, I aimed my muzzle for his, and our tongues danced in sensual bliss. “Ooh, H-Hank…”

We didn’t start dating until after he graduated, already eighteen, and after he moved into the university dorms. Much like me, Quinn had been careful about who he hooked up with, knowing the dire consequences of getting out head in a conservative state like Utah. Never mind that sodomy remained illegal. Never mind that I happened to be a P.E. teacher in a public school and he played (eventually, college) basketball. Never mind that he was my student and the people on the team from sophomore to senior year. Never mind that I almost hooked up with Quinn by chance at a seedy glory hole a few months before graduation, only to stop it right away, then have a long talk with the young man before anything could ever come from it.

I mostly did it for his sake rather than mine. Still, we exchanged telephone numbers and the Labrador promised to visit me during office hours for any advice on being gay, which turned out to be often. Life went on for me and Quinn. I presumed he would move on and date men his own age after accepting his high school diploma. I happened to be dead wrong.

“I love you.”

His whispered words made me pause. I wanted to tell him the same thing, but something in my gut prevented the reply from forming. This has been the first time that Quinn told me that three-worded phrase, nor would it be the last, yet the younger canine’s expression grew more hurt each time I hesitated.

“Why?” I finally asked him.

A confused ear twitched upward. “Huh?”

“Why me?” I clarified. “I’m old enough to be your father. Plus, I’m balding and…” my fingers squeezed my stomach to show some fat forming from a steady diet of microwaveable meals and an occasional six-pack of beer. “I’m getting fat.”

“You’re still muscular here.” He squeezed my biceps, admittedly still solid with years of barbell and weightlifting. “Plus, you’re not that bald.”

“Not that bald?” I echoed his words.

“You’ve still got headfur!” He rephrased with a smirk, his tail curling around my leg as he cuddled closer to my body. “I don’t mind older men either. The guys at my college and even in high school…I dunno, they’re too impatient and just wanna get their rocks off.”

“What makes me different?” I asked, not intending to sound coy, but still chuckling.

“You’re neither of those things,” he explained with a soft, meaningful smile. “You could’ve just taken advantage of me that night, but ya didn’t. You…cared, and because I was your student. You really cared about me, didn’t look down on me for wanting it. You just cared.”

“I did,” I said after a moment of silence. My paw held his chin, so he could stare deep into my eyes to show I meant it. “I still do, Quinn. I just don’t want ya getting hurt or wrecking your future. I don’t…want ya ruining your life for an old fart—”

His kiss silenced whatever remaining doubt crept to my lips. His tongue, skilled from my lessons taught to him over the summer before his classes, destroyed my resolve to have him quit meeting me for secretive rendezvouses. When we parted for much needed oxygen, he said it again: “I don’t care. I love you, Hank.”

Our drooling, dry muzzles reconnected. On the television, an infomercial for Y2K survival kits played despite it not being the end of civilization. The salesperson’s voice became drowned out by Quinn’s lustful whines mixing with mine, our wagging tails that assaulted the bedsheets, as well as how our wet lips lathered and loudly smacked together. It all transformed my thoughts into white noise. At least, for the moment.

Plenty of men in my prime were able to turn my cock rigid with just some kisses. Plenty could make my shaft head leak buckets against our naked thighs from a simple peck. Quinn was no exception. However, what made him different were the four sweet words I said to the idealistic, sweet, and kind young Labrador.

“Quinn,” I gasped like a blushing virgin, “I love you too.”

If the brightness of the television screen didn’t keep me awake, the shine in his smile definitely did. As it would continue to do for years to come.