

The savory sweet scent of chicken wafted out of the kitchen as Streaks checked the recipe on his laptop. "Lower the heat to medium and- OH! Then add the prosciutto!" he read out loud as he quickly turned down the heat on the range.

The chubby fox heard the front door open and shut before his white-furred canine boyfriend entered into the dining room. "We're dining in tonight, I presume?" he asked in a suave tenor.

"Uh, yeah!" replied the fox over his shoulder, the pink tips of his ears flicking as steam ran across his fur. "It'll be ready in about... ten minutes maybe? It's one of your favorite dishes: chicken marsala!"

Mr. Peabody leaned over the kitchen table and took a big whiff of the delectable aromas emanating from the stove. "It smells like it's coming along magnificently! Would you like my help in setting the table, sous-chef?"

"Yeah, that'd be really helpful actually," Streaks replied anxiously, as he darted around the kitchen to find the sweet Marsala. He popped off the cork and poured the wine liberally into the pan before lowering the heat once more to a simmer.

While he busied himself finishing up the sauce, Peabody set out two sets of silverware and plates on opposite sides of the small dinner table. The dog was thoughtful enough to light the candles on the centerpiece and pour out two glasses of Chardonnay to compliment the dish.

Mr. Peabody called out to Streaks just as he was making his entrance with the hot dish in his oven-mitted hands. "I hope you didn't prepare three servings, Dear. We'll have the house to ourselves tonight and we wouldn't want good chicken to go to waste."

Blush crept onto the fox's face, from his cheeks all the way up to the pink markings on his muzzle, as he took a seat across from the canine. "I was hoping you'd say that- Er... I mean, not that having Sherman around is bad or anything. I just... I like spending time alone with you."

Mr. Peabody raised a paw disarmingly and gave a wry chuckle. "I know what you meant, Streaks. It's nice to spend a more intimate evening together, and it's good that Sherman can spend some time with friends other than his father."

The dog stood on his chair as he delicately served out a chicken breast smothered in rich creamy sauce and savory mushrooms to each plate. He first placed one down in front of the fox before taking a seat and laying the other down in front of himself.

Streaks danced his fork around the tender meat as he gazed admiringly at the handsome canine, who was already cutting his chicken into manageable bites. "Well I for one

quite enjoy spending time with Sherman's father," he said through half-shut eyelids and a paw resting on his cheek.

Streaks cut into his chicken and speared it on his fork before bringing it into his muzzle. His eyes widened and his whiskers twitched as the undercooked chicken, overcooked sauce, and cheesy mushrooms coalesced to make one palatable ruining experience. While he managed to swallow the remnants of that bite, he was not quick enough to prevent Peabody from doing the same.

"Peabody, wait!" he said just as the canine's first bite entered his muzzle.

Streaks was impressed by Peabody's fortitude. He chewed the meat with a wavering smile on his face and without the slightest hint of disgust. The fox could have sworn a tear started to form in the corner of the dog's eye, but was forced right back into the duct through sheer willpower alone.

"I'm really sorry, Peabody!" Streaks apologized, "I thought I'd cooked the chicken all the way through, but I should have checked the recipe more frequently. I just wanted to give you one good meal that we could both enjoy together, and I know how much you like this dish. I wanted to surprise you, so I did it alone, but then I got in over my head with all the things I had to do, and...and..."

Mr. Peabody cut the fox off with a raised paw. "You don't need to apologize, Streaks. Your intentions were noble and for a first try at cooking, this came out rather nice. The presentation was especially good! Your mushrooms were sliced perfectly and despite the sauce being a little thick, it looked quite tasty!"

Streaks's ears folded flat to his head and his muzzle pointed downward in embarrassment. "Even still, I feel bad for ruining our night together."

"Ruined!?" Exclaimed the canine in disbelief. "You didn't ruin our night together, fox! Our night hasn't even begun yet! I say, we skip the main course and go straight to dessert. We can always order a second dish after we've had a bit of self-indulgence."

The fox looked puzzled. He didn't remember making a dessert or seeing any freshly baked pastries lying around. He craned his head to peek into the kitchen before returning his attention to the dog. Mr. Peabody had already gotten out of his seat and begun walking to the hallway before looking over his shoulder at the fox. "Come along now, Streaks. Did you want dessert or not?"

Although he was no less confused by the dog's actions, he followed after Mr. Peabody into their bedroom where the canine was already rummaging around in a large cardboard box. When he turned to face the fox he was holding two pairs of cuffs in one hand and four straps of

leather in the other. With a curt smile and raised brow he motioned over to the bed with his muzzle. "Go on, fox, get into position on the bed. I want you lying on your back with your arms and legs spread."

Streaks felt his cock stirring to attention in his slacks. The chubby fox obediently climbed into bed and stretched out his arms and legs with his pink-tipped tail slapping excitedly against the mattress. "Like this, Mr. Peabody?" he asked.

Mr. Peabody patted the fox's head with adoration before responding dryly. "No more talking now, my dessert sucré. I can prepare the dish from here on out." The canine walked around the bed and stopped at each corner to wrap a cuff around the fox's ankles and wrists. He then tied them down tightly to the bedposts, ensuring that the fox was left without any agency save for his muzzle.

Streaks waited in silence while Mr. Peabody rifled through the box again, just out of the vulpine's line of sight. He tested his bonds and made the bed creak while he flexed his soft arms and legs. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't budge his limbs more than an inch away. He was unable to grasp onto anything and was left at the mercy of his boyfriend's whims. His erection tented up the slacks he had on just knowing that Mr. Peabody had him right in the palm of his paw. He was defenseless in the very room that they slept together, but there was no other person he'd rather give his body to.

When Mr. Peabody returned and hopped onto the bed beside him, he wore a leather cap between his floppy ears and a leather vest hanging loosely from his shoulders. Below that, the canine was au naturel and judging by the the arousal stemming from between his legs, he was just as turned on by the fox's predicament as Streaks was. He dangled the throbbing member near the fox's face teasingly, causing the fox to salivate uncontrollably. He opened his mouth wide to receive the treat his boyfriend had in store for him, and he watched the canine rod pulse with slippery pre oozing from its tip. It dripped onto the mattress just inches from his snout where it left a growing damp circle in the sheets.

Mr. Peabody reached for the fox and scratched behind his ears and underneath his chin lovingly. He spoke down to his submissive in a soft hushed tone. "There's a good boy. Now don't take the treat until I say so. Stay... stay..."

The dog kept one paw up as he positioned himself over the fox, placing one leg over his chest so that he straddled the vulpine. Mr. Peabody's cock lightly tapped Streaks's muzzle as the dog continued his instructions. "Now, when I say you can have it, I want you to savor it. Take your time to relish the appetizing taste, the smooth texture, and note the masculine undertones. I assure you, this is no ordinary dog bone!"

Streaks nearly fell out of his comfortable and warm headspace because of that pun, but he managed to hold back his groan. Mr. Peabody pet down the fox's forehead and scratched behind the fox's ears. "Oh, Streak's! Look at how patient you are! Now... go!"

The fox remained obedient and refrained from putting the whole shaft in his mouth at once, worshiping the pillar in front of him with loving licks of his broad smooth tongue. From the base of the shaft and up to the tip, he coated it in his saliva and tickled each sensitive nerve. He could feel Mr. Peabody's member pulse as he made his way up the length. His lover's sighs and groans were treats in their own right, adding to the fuzzy warm feeling he got when being completely subservient.

Peabody leaned his head back as the fox admired his shaft. He guided the fox's muzzle with one paw behind the vulpine's head before sliding his cock inside the open muzzle. The dog bucked his hips back and forth, his white fuzzy balls sliding across the cream furred chest of the bound fox. Streaks could see the pleasure washing over his boyfriend's face with each suckle around the hot staff. Every moan of pleasure he heard the canine elicit added to the pressure building in his dress pants. 'Mr. Peabody is such a wonderful boyfriend,' Streaks thought to himself. The fox's partner was so generous and thoughtful to give his pup just enough to keep his muzzle full of dripping maleness. He wanted more than anything to take whatever Peabody was willing to give him, and luckily that was exactly what he was going to get.

Mr. Peabody's cock breached more of the fox's mouth with each thrust, and the dog's paws were now both laying down behind the fox's ears. They scratched and fondled the pink tips as more delicious cock pushed its way past Streaks's lips.

"Mmph... a very good boy indeed!" Peabody huffed with eyes clenched tight. The short canine's muzzle beat hot breaths against the fox's forehead while the dog's cock drooled pre with increasingly frequent throbs.

The tip of the length pressed against the back of his throat, and made it difficult for the fox to breath, but the rapid throbbing against his tongue let him know that his boyfriend's orgasm was soon to arrive. He rubbed his tongue lovingly against the underside of the shaft, pressing it against the roof of his mouth as he thrust. He was so eager to taste the sweetness of the canine's release on his tongue and drink it down. Mr. Peabody's balls had now risen in their cute white sack and his panting was growing rapidly.

Finally, he felt the hot sticky load shoot down his throat and the knot of the canine member inflate inside his muzzle. His boyfriend came in short spurts which allowed Streaks to savor each individual rope as he gulped them down. The fox felt like his pants would burst at any minute, but his paws were powerless to relieving the ache he felt. He whined and begged for more, much like a young pup asking for just one more treat.

Mr. Peabody relaxed and remained seated on the fox's chest as he waited for his erection to subside. "Go on and clean it, Streaks. You deserve every last drop since you've been so obedient. Be careful though, I don't want to be overstimulated," he said with a kind but stern authority.

Streaks didn't have much of a choice with the knot filling his mouth, though he didn't mind either. He spent the next few minutes using his tongue to wrap around the bone and lick the dribbles of pre and spunk from the still hard shaft. He gulped down each drop greedily as if they sprang from the fountain of life itself. By the time Peabody had pulled himself free of the fox, his member looked sparkling clean with all evidence of his dirty little deed having gone down the fox's throat. Mr. Peabody stroked Streaks's chest and rubbed his full belly as he sat on top of the fox. He then turned his attention to the small tent in the fox's pants.

"Oh! It looks like someone really enjoyed his treat. I suspect that he'd like another?" Peabody remarked as his paws drifted slowly towards the waistline of the fox's pants. He turned to look directly at Streaks with a smug grin on his face.

Streaks nodded his head eagerly, his tongue lolling out of his muzzle and his ears standing at attention.

"Since you've been so obedient, I don't see any harm in another reward," said the dog as he laid himself out on top of the fox.

The only thing in the fox's eyesight was Peabody's hind legs straddling over his tummy and the short white tail wagging excitedly back and forth. While he couldn't see what Peabody was up to at that point, he could feel the canine's paws slipping underneath his slacks, gently grabbing hold of his erect prick, and licking over the fabric. Shivers went up the fox's spine and he held back a whimper. He had to be patient with his partner or else he wouldn't get his reward. That didn't stop Peabody from continuing to tease his pet, his tongue swirling around the very tip of the tent as the paws stroked the length at a painfully slow rate.

The fox's toes splayed anxiously but he remained steadfast. Mr. Peabody was giving him this much, and he couldn't ask for more. Each lick over his concealed cockhead was like a jolt of electricity to his system that was cut short too early. Precum coated his shaft and the fabric of his pants, causing him to shudder when it was finally exposed to the relatively cool air of the room.

He couldn't hold back this time. When he felt Peabody's warm velvety lips wrap around his cock he let out a long whine. It was not out of fear, shame, or anticipation, but a grateful nod to his partner's generosity. He kept his hips planted to the mattress not out of obedience, but out of inability to move. Peabody had complete control over his ability to climax. Luckily for the fox, Mr. Peabody was a merciful lover and he rewarded the chubby vulpine's patience tenfold with hearty licks around his prick. The dog's mouth was warm and welcoming. His tongue massaged

the fox's flesh and tantalized each nerve until he was oozing pre which his companion guzzled down into his throat.

Steaks felt Peabody's paws grope around his sack and press a couple fingers against his taint. The canine gently tugged and pressed around the pair of orbs as he sucked graciously on the fox's shaft. The vulpine was powerless to keep himself from panting loudly as he could feel his balls rise in their sack. Feral yips and whines escaped Streaks's mouth as his cock pulsed inside Mr. Peabody's muzzle. Not a single dribble escaped Peabody's expert tongue as waves of pleasure rolled over the fox's body. He squirmed helplessly in his bindings while he waited for the orgasm to subside, but his boyfriend ensured that it went on as long as possible.

When Peabody finally withdrew himself from Streak's crotch, the fox felt exhausted and unable to move. Even as the dog walked around the bedposts and untied each strap, the fox laid in the same position he'd been for well over half an hour now. When the dog finally rejoined him on the mattress, he pressed his muzzle against the fox's arms and rested one leg on his thigh. With one paw, he stroked the vulpine fur on his chest.

"Did you enjoy yourself, dear?" he asked in a soft hushed voice.

"It was fantastic, Mr. Peabody!" chimed the fox between deep labored breaths.

Mr. Peabody rolled the fox over onto his side and wrapped himself around the fox. They're shared warmth together was enough to keep each other comfortable without any need for sheets or blankets. They cuddled, brushed muzzles, and exchanged pets down each other's bodies.

"So what would you like for dinner, then?" asked Mr. Peabody. "I already had my fill, so it's only fitting that you have the next choice."

"I think I'm full for the time being," replied Streaks followed by a long yawn. "How about we cuddle our way to sleep and then have a big breakfast tomorrow morning?"

"Hmmm," hummed Mr. Peabody. "A large breakfast with eggs, pancakes, and breakfast sausage!"

Streaks giggled at that, "Yeah, breakfast sausage sounds nice."

Mr. Peabody clapped his hands and the lights of the Penthouse dimmed to a low glow. He held his fox close as they both drifted off to sleep in preparation for another full day together.