

Pet Teacher

Deep breaths. Deeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep breaths. That's what Kane was telling himself as he trod the hallway to the first real task of his new job. His shoes squeaked slightly with each step he took, rubber and linoleum not quite comfortable enough with each other's presence for a smooth, silent journey. As a canine with little remarkable about him Kane was able to pass by the students lining the hallway during their first lunch break of the year without getting too much notice save for a few glances; a new teacher was bound to garner a smattering of interest for the first few days of their tenure.

Having safely navigated his way from his dingy little office to what was to be his classroom for the year, Kane set the stack of papers he'd been carrying on the desk and glanced around at his new kingdom. It was, in a word, bland: the walls were white with bare corkboards hung here and there, the floor was the same linoleum as the hallway, the desk bore only his papers and the school-issue computer, the desks were arranged in a six-by-six grid, and the whiteboard at the front of the room was spotless. He would have to put some personality into the place, there was no question of that, though he doubted much decorating would be done with his first scheduled class: seniors.

Speaking of whom, bells had just sounded throughout the school to order everyone to abandon their recreation, no matter how reluctantly, and proceed to the locations their timetables prescribed. The rumble of hundreds of pairs of feet passing by his door had Kane on edge once again. *Deep breaths.* The door opened. *Deeeeeeeep breaths.* The first handful of seniors were on their way in and, to the canine's great relief, they didn't look all that scary. He smiled at them whether they were looking his way or not; he even received a couple of small signs of acknowledgement in return!

Five minutes seemed reasonable to get the whole class in the room and settled down. Kane was feeling increasingly confident despite the room steadily filling with bodies as, like those first few, none looked particularly scary to him. Then the door opened once more and all that changed.

Three stragglers entered, all jocks by the looks of them. The first two had the expected appearance of a senior in such a clique: reasonably tall, reasonably athletic, reasonably loud, reasonably stupid. Number three, however...

The first thing anyone would have noticed about him was how he had to stoop just a little bit to get his head under the doorframe, though he did it so naturally that it simply seemed to be part of his gait. His fur was about as white as the walls, yet he was liberally striped with flashes of darkest black. His eyes, which were pointed towards the floor to hold the gazes of his smaller fellows, were like two sparkling chips of ice, as if they'd been carved out of the purest of arctic glaciers. He certainly did make his friends look puny: the pale blue shirt that formed part of the school's uniform was drawn tight across his torso, barely more than a second skin as his musculature bulged out against the fabric. Behind him a thin, ropy, monochromatic tail twitched nonchalantly as he found his way to the back of the room and squeezed behind one of the last remaining desks.

Even though the behemoth of a tiger hadn't so much as acknowledged his presence at the front of the room – it was entirely possible that Kane had been quite literally beneath his notice – the canine's confidence had been severely shaken by his arrival. *Deeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep breaths.*

"Uhm..." Kane began, his voice cracking as he tried to get the class' attention. He cleared his throat, then tried again, "Afternoon, guys! As you probably guessed I'm your new math teacher. My

name's Kane Rickards but I'm sure you all know school policy, so I'll be Mr. Rickards to you. Gonna start by taking a roll to get an idea of who you all are, then the usual admin stuff, and we'll be finishing with a little quiz." The class groaned. "Hey, hey! It's not going to be graded or anything, I just want an idea of where you're all at."

With the class sounding more or less placated by this reassurance Kane plucked the topmost sheet from the stack of papers and the clipboard to which it was attached, clicked his pen, and started calling out names. As he made his way gradually down the list, he would look up to locate a raised hand or identify the speaker before moving on. When he read out Connor Masters' name, he found a meaty white and black hand waving lazily from the back of the room.

After every face had been put to a name and vice versa Kane dived straight into the admin that every teacher had to go through with every class. As he felt just as unenthusiastically about it as they thirty-odd teenagers seated before him, the canine went through each item as quickly as he could: he reminded them what textbook they needed; where, when, and how to contact him if needed; what the expectations were of them in terms of behaviour and results; and reminded them not to copy other people's work. The class seemed collectively grateful for his haste, that was until they saw him picking up the remainder of the stack of papers from his desk.

Kane made his way up and down each column of desks, handing out the quiz papers to each student in turn and telling them to get started as soon as they were ready. As he approached Connor at the back of the room Kane noticed that the feline was no longer acting entirely disinterested in him: on the contrary, the whole way up that column the tiger's eyes were fixed upon the considerably smaller canine; Kane shivered, as if that gaze was as icy as it looked. The giant cat said nothing as he accepted his quiz, merely holding his teacher's gaze with his own for a few seconds before getting to work on the equations. Kane, who was distinctly aware that he was a scant few inches taller than Connor even though the latter was sitting while he was standing, only felt able to move on when the tiger had looked away. He hurriedly dished out the remaining quizzes, then returned to the safety of the desk at the front of the room. *Deep breaths...*

As the class was knuckling down to work in a pleasant surprise of compliance, Kane had the luxury of being able to relax just a little bit. He sat down in the chair behind the desk and let out a long, low sigh, closing his eyes for a few seconds. It being his first class of the year (his career, even) he had no other work to get started on during his downtime, so booted up the computer to check his emails and browse the web; safe search was on, of course.

The introductions and admin had used up roughly fifteen of the sixty minutes allotted to his class and the quiz had been designed to take a reasonably smart senior half an hour to complete, so Kane was fully expecting nothing much to interrupt him getting his surf on until the tail-end of proceedings. As such it came as a surprise when he detected movement from the desks, even more so when he glanced at the computer's clock to find that barely more than half the period had passed. Surprise gave way to minor shock when he saw none other than that hulking feline squeezing his way between his fellows to reach the front of the room.

"Y-Yes," Kane began, glancing at the list of names to pretend to check the tiger's despite his being one of the few which had already stuck in his mind: he didn't want it to appear as though anything about him made him special, "Connor? Can I help you with something?"

A smile curved the lips of the snowy feline, revealing perfectly pearly teeth behind them. He reached out and set a familiar stapled set of pages down on the desk between he and Kane, only now it was covered in neat, blue-inked calculations.

"I've finished."

Oh, man...that voice... It was deep, octaves deeper than the canine's own which now seemed like a high, shrill squeak by comparison. Connor's words seemed to rumble up from within the Earth itself, a godlike voice to suit his godlike appearance. He stood there, seeming to tower to the ceiling as Kane looked up at him from the teacher's chair, the tiger staring back down at him with all the confidence in the world. And then he blinked, the canine now able to look away.

Swallowing and taking one of those deep breaths of which he kept reminding himself, Kane picked up a red pen and began to check the feline's answers; to his great surprise he found himself giving each and every response a tick, finding not one fault in Connor's work.

"Impressive..." Kane muttered, sliding the perfected quiz to one side and deigning to look up at the tiger again; Connor said nothing, simply continuing to grin down at the smaller man seated before him. Kane snatched his gaze away before he could get sucked in by those icy pools high above him, reaching into a drawer of his desk and pulling out a copy of the seniors' textbook. He flicked to the back of it, then opened his mouth without looking up, "I-If you'd like something more challenging and you've got your book, the questions on page three-twelve should keep you busy."

"Sure thing, Kane," he heard Connor rumble.

The teacher looked up, the gentle reprimand springing to his lips surprisingly easily, "'Mr. Rickards', please, Connor."

The tiger's chuckle was just as deep, if not deeper than his voice: Kane could practically feel it vibrating in his head. "No, I like Kane better." Without giving Kane a chance to protest, Connor turned and headed back to his seat.

The remainder of the period went by quickly and without incident. Kane remained sat in his chair, his attention back on the computer screen right up until the bell rang out again: this was his cue to get to his feet and dismiss the class, asking them to hand in their quizzes to him on their way out.

At the back of the line was Connor. For the first time Kane was in close proximity to the tiger while they were both standing, finally giving him a true appreciation of his size: the top of the canine's head fell a good few inches short of Connor's broad shoulders, leaving him in the company of a powerful chest that pushed out against the fabric of his shirt.

Connor was looking down at him with that same confident smile on his face, his bag dangling behind him with one strap slung over his shoulder. "Those were some tricky questions, Kane. Mind if I get some professional help from you some time?"

A little taken aback by this request, Kane still nodded his head in agreement: after all, what was he there for if not to help his students? "Uhh...yeah, sure. You can ask whatever during class, or I could make time for you after school on Friday if you'd prefer."

"After school on Friday," the tiger rumbled with a broader smile of approval, "It's a date."

With a playful wink down at his teacher, Connor ducked under the doorframe and vanished.

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It was nearing five-thirty on Friday afternoon. The sun was getting perilously close to the horizon, the school was all but empty, and Kane was still sat in his office...waiting. Was Connor really

going to show? Had he ever intended to? Was this all some kind of joke to play on the new teacher? The longer he sat there, the more Kane felt like it was a means of giving the tiger and his fellow jocks a reason to laugh at him. He'd exhausted all the constructive pursuits he could think of while sitting there behind his cramped desk in what was barely more than a closet: he'd graded all the homework he'd set, he'd planned all his classes for the following week, he'd even read up on some mathematical theories that might have had some vague use in his teaching of the subject at some point in the future. Yet still, he waited.

But then the sound of what he thought were footsteps crept under his door and to his ears. A few seconds listening made him certain of what he was hearing, and more: whoever's footsteps they were was big since there was a pronounced pause between each one, yet they were drawing closer quickly despite their ponderousness.

And then a knock on the door, definitely by a large fist trying to avoid sounding like one.

"Come in!"

The handle turned and, at long last, Connor entered the office with his head bowed beneath the lintel as always.

"Sorry I'm late, Kane," the tiger said as he shut the door behind him, dropped his bag, and flopped into the spare chair without invitation, "practice ran longer than usual."

As the feline fished around in his bag for a pen, Kane addressed the sticking point of his name again, "Connor, I know you like to be all familiar with me but I really have to insist that you call me Mr. Rickards."

Connor straightened up, pen in hand, and gazed steadily across the desk at the canine. "I like Kane better, we've been through this," he retorted, his extraordinarily deep voice full of an authority Kane couldn't counter. The two stared at each other for a long moment, the smaller canine finding himself almost spellbound by the glare of those vivid sky-blue pools. "So, are we doing this or not?"

Connor's voice broke the tension, allowing Kane to regather himself. "Yes, right... Yeah, let's make a start."

As he tutored the tiger on the ways of mathematical systems more complex than most students would be able to grasp at graduation let alone in the first week of their senior year, a few more details of his student's presence made themselves apparent to Kane. What he noticed first was that Connor wasn't wearing his regular school clothes, instead he was dressed in the uniform of some sports team; as he was still new to the area Kane couldn't tell which team or sport it was from the design alone, all he could tell was that its scarlet fabric clung more tightly to the feline's musculature than had his school shirt which made his bulging biceps particularly apparent.

There was also a light level of griminess and sweatiness to Connor's fur that was inevitable after exercising, though the fact he hadn't thought to shower afterwards when he knew he had another engagement to go to irked the canine slightly; perhaps the cat hadn't wanted to keep him waiting any longer than he already had? An added consequence of not washing was that the smell of sweaty, late teenage tiger was stronger than it needed to be and soon filled the tiny room. However, to his surprise, Kane found that he didn't mind this.

The best part of an hour later Connor abruptly shut his textbook and leaned back in his chair. "I'm done," he proclaimed, rubbing his large hands over his face, "My brain's fried, little dude. I'm done."

"Oh," Kane said simply, caught off-guard by the sudden conclusion of the tutorial, "all right, then." As the tiger yawned and stretched his long, powerful frame, Kane rose and walked around the desk to open the door for Connor, feeling that telling the feline off for his choice of epithets was pointless at this point. "I hope I was some help, have a good weekend."

Connor didn't move. He let his arms fall, then fixed the canine with his icy blue stare. "Know what today is?"

Kane blinked, shaking his head.

"It's my birthday," Connor said in a low rumble, "my eighteenth."

"Oh," Kane said again, unsure where this was going, "umm...happy bir- "

"Do you want to know why I chose to spend it here with you, Kane?" the tiger asked, cutting his teacher off.

The canine shook his head again, his eyes locked in place by Connor's gaze.

Without warning the cat's enormous hand reached out and snatched the smaller male close by the arm, his foot kicking the door closed again. "Because you're the cutest little thing I've ever seen in my life," he whispered, his free hand locking the door.

Kane tried to protest, he tried to squirm free and make his escape, but he didn't have a chance as both of the tiger's long, immensely powerful arms wrapped tightly around him and pulled him closer still. Connor's lips planted themselves firmly on his own, a rough feline tongue forcing its way into his mouth and wrestling his own into submission. As he pushed feebly at Connor's burly chest, he felt one massive hand sliding its way down the back of his pants, liberally squeezing and kneading at the pliable flesh of his rump. The tiger's eyes, which had closed on the initiation of the kiss, cracked open again to stare into Kane's shocked and scared face with an air of absolute, unwavering confidence.

And then Connor released him but, oddly, Kane didn't seize the door handle: instead he retreated to the nearest corner of the tiny office, still staring at the feline who was in total control of the situation. The cat in question sat up a little in the visitor's chair, allowing him to peel the scarlet jersey away from his body.

"W-W-Why did you d-do that?" Kane stammered, still eyeing the tiger with great apprehension.

Connor raised his eyebrows, tossing the shirt lightly at his teacher. "Didn't you enjoy it?"

The vast expanse of red fabric landed on Kane's head and his nose was immediately full of the intoxicating bouquet of dirt, sweat, and the tiger's natural, masculine scent. He pulled the jersey away, though still clutched it in his hands as he looked back at Connor with a growing sense of uncertainty.

"I... No! Of course not!" he said a little shrilly, averting his gaze, "I'm not gay."

Connor rose slowly from his seat and, for the first time, Kane was afforded a true glimpse of what the towering feline looked like. Without really meaning to, the older fur's eyes began to wander away from the safety of the tiger's face. Connor's shoulders were broad, not far off being twice as broad as the canine's. His biceps were like two balls of steel encased in rippling white and black fur, and his forearms would have given Kane's thighs a run for their money. His pectorals, right

at Kane's eye level, looked so solid and inviting to the canine, as though he longed to be able to rest his head upon them. On Kane's eyes travelled, now reaching Connor's eight clearly defined abdominals, each of which was a subtly different in shape and size to its neighbours; between the two largest and lowest slabs of muscle grew a trail of short, tufty fur of a purer white than the rest of him, guiding Kane's eyes further south to the tiger's shorts in which something else was bulging...

"That doesn't matter to me," Connor said softly, taking slow, deliberate steps towards the object of his attention, "The question is, Kane: does it matter to you?"

The canine swallowed, not daring to look up at the face he knew would be looming above him now Connor was so close. "I shouldn't..."

He jumped slightly as he felt one gigantic hand cup his chin gently and tilt his head back, forcing him to look up at the giant. Connor's face began to descend towards him, growing larger and larger as the cat bent lower and lower until their lips met again in a far brief, far more tender kiss.

"But you will, won't you?" Connor whispered.

A moment's hesitation. Kane knew that he was just one word away from breaking one of the key rules of his job, yet somehow he knew that if he trusted Connor everything, *everything*, would be okay.

"Yes."

Connor smiled, rewarding Kane with another sensual kiss. "Good boy," he rumbled, then led him over to, not the stiff metal visitor's chair, but to the comfortable leather seat behind the desk. Kane made to sit down but Connor held him fast with a soft laugh. The big cat sat instead, reclining with an imperious smile directed at the smaller figure stood in front of him, "Masters by name, master by nature, little one."

Feeling a little hot in the face, Kane watched as one of the tiger's hands settled on that thick, bare chest, then trickled down over his chiselled tummy to the waistband of his shorts. Knowing what was to come didn't stop a small gasp from escaping the canine's lips as forth flopped the biggest endowment he had ever or could ever have hoped to see.

"Come closer, pet," Connor murmured, idly stroking his hand from the base to the tip and back again. Once he was within reach, Connor gently guided Kane onto his knees between the solid masses of muscle which were the tiger's thighs, then eased the canine's head to what was, surely, the *pièce de résistance* of his incredible body.

When his sensitive nose was a mere inch away from the monster between his new master's legs, Kane inhaled deeply: his lungs filled with Connor's familiar scent, yet which was so much more potent and enthralling. Feeling his tail starting to wag behind him Kane nuzzled beneath the cat's shaft, into the nook between it and the fuzzy pouch which housed a pair of lemon-like orbs. He could hear Connor chuckling deeply above him, both in amusement and in approval which only got his tail wagging faster.

He wanted to taste it. Kane's lips parted with a crackle of breaking saliva strands as he extended his tongue tentatively towards a point roughly halfway up the still-swelling manhood. It was salty, no question of that, and tasted of a slightly meatier version of Connor's musk; he wouldn't have said it tasted good as such, yet there was no question as to his enjoyment of it.

Another urge seized him now that he had his master's flavour on his tongue: starting from the point of first contact Kane dragged the slippery organ protruding from his mouth down to the base of that proud mast, then slid it up to the summit, leaving a slick trail in his wake. Connor began to rumble his pleasure, rewarding the canine between his legs with a gentle rub of the ears, encouraging him to continue. And continue Kane did, interspersing his worshipful licking with tender kisses of admiration until every glorious inch of the tiger's manhood was glistening with the canine's saliva.

Minutes passed, during which Connor was more than content to sit back and watch his conquest show his new-found devotion to him. But the tension within him had reached a peak, he needed release.

"Finish off now, Kane. I'm sure you know what to do."

Disappointed though he was to cease his worshipping, Kane withdrew his muzzle from the base of Connor's mast with a little nod. He shuffled his kneeling position to bring his master's tip to a more approachable position and, with a last lungful of air, made the plunge.

His tongue slid along the underside of that vast endowment, pushing his muzzle down as far as it would go; he never reached the base, however, never got to bury his nose in Connor's pearly fluff: the tip had hit the back of his throat while several inches of pink flesh remained exposed. With a brief pause to whine at his unfixable failing, Kane pulled his head back and allowed his tongue to drag its way back up to flick the cat's tip.

After a few more passes Kane was able to settle into a rhythm, his head bobbing up and down between the tiger's legs while the latter's breathing steadily quickened as his excitement rose. Though his jaw was quickly starting to ache at being forced to encompass a girth slightly more than that for which it was designed, Kane continued to slide his head up and down that pole while his tongue slithered about its underside. He raised both hands caress and fondle Connor's swaying sack, the pair of orbs within far too much for one small hand to contain.

And then he felt something new, a powerful throbbing in his cupped hands. Instinct told him to pull away but a large feline hand was already cradling the back of his head, holding him in place. With a deep groan, Connor released; thick ropes of his seed spattered the back of his pet's throat, his continued pressure on Kane's head forcing the canine to gulp it all down.

For several minutes after their first shared climax they stayed as they were, both breathing heavily at their respective exertions. Then, when the time felt right, Connor released his charge's head and lifted him easily onto his lap. Though the kiss he bestowed upon the canine wasn't their first, there were two new things about it: Connor could taste himself in the mouth of the smaller man he'd now truly claimed as his own; and, more importantly, Kane reciprocated the affection.

They were entwined for thirty seconds or more before Connor pulled back, smiling gently and shifting his pet lower so that his head could rest upon his chest.

"Such a good boy," the tiger cooed, his arms wrapped protectively and possessively around the smaller fur.

Kane felt a contented smile cross his face as he shifted to get more comfortable, nosing into Connor's chest fur and closing his eyes. *Deep breaths...*