

Pet Teacher: Part Two

Kane remained curled up comfortably on his new lover's chest for the best part of ten minutes, starting to doze a little as being surrounded by the tiger's warm, secure embrace and his deeply masculine scent lulled him into a state of deep relaxation. Connor too was in repose, leaning back in his teacher's chair and basking in the afterglow still sweeping through his body.

They couldn't remain inactive for too long since Connor had plans for them: "Time to take you home, little guy."

"Mmm?" Kane clutched a little at the rippling torso beneath him as he yawned, not wanting to leave the comfortable position in which he lay. "I drove to work," he muttered into Connor's chest fur, "I can make my own way home."

The tiger lowered his head to nuzzle between the canine's ears. "My home, pet," he corrected in a low, muffled rumble.

That got Kane's attention; he sat up abruptly, looking nervously at the younger fur lounging in his chair. "Your home?" he repeated, biting his lip, "Connor...I c-can't! What if someone saw us?"

Kane's eyes once again found themselves lost in that icy gaze, however, there was something a little different about it this time: rather than challenging and dominant, the intensity in that feline stare seemed rather more contemplative.

Connor was completely aware that what he and the canine sat on his lap were engaging in had the potential to do great damage to Kane's life beyond the point his hulking protection ended and he had no intention of hurting Kane in any way unless he had no other choice. He was nevertheless determined to have his pet stay at his place for the weekend.

"Where do you live, pet?" Connor asked, his meaty hands keeping a slack grip on the canine's slender hips.

Kane hesitated: though he had willingly given in to Connor's approaches and was already more than comfortable in his role of the lesser partner in their relationship, there was still some professional reticence in him.

"Boy?"

The canine shivered, feeling Connor squeeze him with both his hands and his words. "Holloway Crescent."

Apart from blinking once, the tiger showed no sign that he'd heard of that particular street. As he plotted a means of getting his pet home in secret one of his hands slid up from the Canine's waist and under his shirt to rub gently across his lower back, rewarding him for his obedience. Kane could only sit and wait, not allowing himself to sink too much into the affection as he was far more interested in the outcome of Connor's pondering.

"That's close to that empty subdivision, isn't it? The one with the small forest?" Connor said eventually, his eyes never having wavered from the face of his pet.

Kane nodded, so did Connor. "I'm going to go home now; I want you to wait for at least twenty minutes before doing the same. When you get home I want you to prepare a weekend bag, then at eight you're to be waiting at the edge of that forest for me to pick you up. Understand, pet?" Kane nodded again, reciprocating as the big cat kissed him.

Connor had risen from his chair now, holding his teacher aloft with not the slightest hint of strain. "Good boy," he praised, setting Kane back on his feet so that he could dress; the canine watched on with a twinge of disappointment that he was to be left alone and without the tiger's body to enjoy, though perfectly aware of the implications that the two of them being seen together or Connor leaving naked would have, regardless of how magnificent his nakedness was.

Once squeezed into his crimson sporting uniform again, Connor bent low for another kiss. "See you at eight. Wear something to emphasise this," he said, grabbing a handful of Kane's posterior.

Jumping with a stifled yelp, the canine nodded once more. "Yes, m-m-..." Beneath his dark fur, he went brick red.

"Say it, boy," Connor ordered, his lips starting to form a smirk.

Whining and blushing so badly that even his ears felt hot, Kane stuttered out the words that sealed the deal in their relationship: "Y-Y-Yes, M-Master..."

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7:55, that's what Kane's phone told him when he had reached the edge of the forest. He had followed Connor's instructions practically to proverbial letter. Twenty-two minutes after the tiger had departed, calling a jovial 'Thanks for the help, Mr. Rickards' over his shoulder, Kane all but ran to his car and driven back to his modest home as quickly as was legal.

As Connor had said nothing about grabbing any kind of dinner before going to his place, Kane had started preparing his bag of essentials despite a grumbling stomach. He crammed more shirts an underwear than he was likely to need, as well as a spare pair of pants, into the small backpack he dug out of a closet, just in case of any 'accidents'. His toothbrush and a comb joined the garments once he had showered and subjected his breath to some minty freshness, wanting to look his very best for what he considered to be something like a first date with the tiger; this included slipping into a fresh pair of boxer-briefs, pulling on a white button-down shirt that hugged a frame that, while not particularly muscular, did at least show that he was moderately active, and, of course, the only skinny jeans he owned.

By the time all this was done Kane had just long enough to comb his short, dark locks into place and apply a tastefully liberal amount of cologne to strategic parts of his body. Then it was on with a dark hoodie and a smartly casual pair of shoes, and out into the night. Ten minutes later, give or take, he was where Connor had ordered him to be and with time to spare.

The night was reasonably warm, yet Kane shivered as he waited. The subdivision in which he was standing had been carved out of several acres a farmer had relinquished when they had chosen to downsize, including the wooded area in whose shadow the little canine was. Kane had hardly kept up with the local news, but from what he knew the developer had either got on the wrong side of the law or gone bankrupt. Whatever the reason, all that had been changed about the area was the laying down of streets to divide up the plots for prospective buyers; the nearest streetlight was several hundred metres back the way Kane had come, leaving him in almost complete darkness. The trees rustled overhead, conjuring images in his head of the deputy principal lurking among the branches, ready to gather evidence of his inappropriate behaviour.

Whatever demons were lurking in Kane's mind were forced to flee as a set of headlights flared at the end of the otherwise pitch-black street, coming closer and closer with the

accompanying purr of the powerful engine of a sportscar. The vehicle, whose colour Kane could only describe as 'dark' without better illumination, pulled up at the kerb in front of him. The passenger-side window wound down smoothly and a pair of glacial eyes seemed to shine out of the darkness at him.

"Get in," said a blissfully deep and familiar voice.

Kane obeyed immediately, letting the backpack drop from his shoulder as he clambered into the front of the car, placing it in the footwell between his feet. The moment he'd closed the door he felt a pair of lips pressing against his own and a large hand sliding behind his back to pull him closer. His lips parted at the insistence of a feline tongue, allowing it to swirl around his own.

"Mmm, you're smelling and tasting divine," Connor said as he leaned back from the kiss, "Special effort or is it something you often do?"

"Special effort," Kane mumbled, blushing again.

The tiger chuckled deeply, moving the hand from Kane's back to cup his cheek. "Did you do all that I asked you?"

The canine nodded, leaning his head into that enormous palm.

"Good boy," Connor praised as he drew the seatbelt across his smaller charge's chest, buckling him safely in for the journey.

Kane settled into the plush leather seat, glancing around at the darkened interior of the car with only the ghostly illumination of the numerous buttons, dials, and displays to guide his eyes.

"This is a really nice ride," he said as Connor drove around the block and back into the town proper; the canine shrank back a little, wanting to keep his face in shadow as best he could.

The tiger nodded, his eyes fixed on the road ahead. "It's my dad's."

"Oh," Kane said, feeling suddenly a little awkward and nervous, "Does he know...?"

"That I've got the car? Yep," the cat confirmed, easing some of the tension in Kane's stomach, "I told him I was going to bring you home, so he said I could take the car rather than my bike since I wouldn't have a helmet that would fit you. He's invited you to dinner."

Right on cue, Kane's stomach gave another growl. "That's really nice of him."

A few minutes passed, Kane splitting his attention between the streetlamp-lit world outside and the infinitely more attractive sight in the driver's seat. Connor had showered and changed too during their time apart: he was now clad in a slightly looser t-shirt and a pair of shorts that extended to his knees, rather dressed down compare to the canine but such were the perks of power. He had also put rather less effort into his fragrance, though this hardly bothered Kane at all: the tiger had the freshness of being recently showered about him, but he had not disguised his natural scent which still so enthralled the smaller man seated beside him.

"Nearly there, little one," Connor said softly, flicking on an indicator. They had now entered a suburb Kane knew to be affluent, though filled with comfortably large suburban homes rather than the ostentatious mansions of other quarters.

A concern had been bubbling just beneath the surface of Kane's mind ever since the mention of the tiger's father and, now they were approaching their destination, he felt compelled to air it: "Does your dad know who I am?"

Connor glanced over at him very briefly; Kane only caught it because of the flash of cold blue. "He knows you're my teacher," he said without concern, now guiding the car along a tree-lined street the light of whose streetlamps were dappled by thick layers of leaves, "He approves."

"He approves?"

Connor only nodded, leaving the canine to wonder exactly why anyone's father would actually approve of them getting it on with their teacher.

Turning down another similar street, Kane noticed one striped hand leave the steering wheel to press a button on the keychain coiled in one of the cupholders between them. The reason for this was revealed as they pulled into a short driveway, just in time to see a garage door opening to its fullest extent. The car came to a smooth halt inside the concrete-floored room lit by several fluorescent bulbs overhead. Connor clicked the button again and, switching off the engine, climbed out; Kane quickly followed suit.

"Is that your bike?" Kane asked, spotting the large black motorcycle as he looked around the garage, it being between them and the door he assumed led to the rest of the house.

"That's right," Connor said, walking around the car to join the little canine, his deep voice reverberating around the room, "Ducati, nearly a thousand CCs. I'll take you for a ride on it once you've got proper gear."

The big cat looked down at the canine standing in his shadow, unzipping his hoodie without invitation and pulling it off. He then cast a critical eye over the smaller figure, judging the effort he'd made in his wardrobe for the evening, turning him around with a gentle grip on his shoulder.

Having looked Kane up and down several times, he nodded his approval. "Good boy, you did what I said and then some." He patted Kane's rump which was being shown off by his choice of pants as requested, then moved towards the door, calling over his shoulder, "Don't forget you bag, pet."

Realising with a small jolt that he had left it behind, Kane dashed to and from the car, looking up at Connor a little sheepishly as he joined him by the door he was holding open.

The tiger chuckled. "Adorable," he rumbled, ushering Kane inside. He hung Kane's hoodie, which looked more like that of a child in his enormous hands, on a hook by the door they had just entered, then led the way through the house.

It soon became clear to Kane that the feline family were well suited to their affluent neighbourhood. Walking from what seemed to be a hallway connected to which were, along with the garage, various utility rooms and closets and into the main ground floor hallway, he could tell that all the house's fittings, every piece of furniture, and every decoration was of high quality without being extravagant or garish. The carpet was very plush, plush enough to muffle even Connor's gigantic footsteps. The doorways were taller than usual, at least seven feet tall, which afforded the towering cat the luxury of breezing from one room to the next without fear of concussion. When they arrived, Kane was instantly struck by the kitchen's spaciousness and quality whiteware, with a reasonably large breakfast table in the middle surrounded by ample work surfaces.

"Dad, this is Kane."

Having been so preoccupied with checking out the abode Kane had somehow completely overlooked those within it. His attention now, however, was brought to Connor's father. Though an inch or two shorter than his son and possessing mostly pale orange fur rather than white, the older tiger looked to be at least as powerfully built. Kane could also easily tell one other difference between the two generations: be it simply because he was in his early-to-mid forties or enjoyed indulging a little more, Mr. Masters sported some extra heft on his muscular frame; the not-insubstantial gut making a bulge in his apron of particular note.

"You're right, he *is* cute."

The older tiger's voice was just as deep as Connor's, though it had a gravelly edge to it; something else that may have been a result of his extra years.

His eyes were sweeping up and down Kane's front as he approached, his gaze as critical if not quite as piercing nor spellbinding as his son's. The little canine swallowed nervously, feeling a little penned in with a burly chest both in front and behind him now.

And then Kane found his hand engulfed in a very firm grip that left him in no doubt that dominance was something that ran in the family.

"Nice to meet you, kiddo," he growled, his eyes still clearly sizing Kane up as they made eye contact.

"Nice to meet you too, s-sir," Kane answered, his voice faltering on the last word.

The tiger raised his eyebrows, apparently impressed. "Already know how to address me, huh? We'll have to work on your conviction, though; say that again but with a bit more confidence."

Feeling rather bemused by this first interaction, Kane summoned what courage he had and spoke the line for a second time: "Nice to meet you too, sir."

"That's better. Mind if I borrow him sometimes?" the bulky feline said, suddenly addressing Connor.

The younger cat chuckled. "You don't have to ask, dad."

"Yes, I do. He's yours, so it's up to you what happens with him. That goes for taking care of him too, mind."

Kane stood there, his eyes flicking back and forth between the faces high above him as they discussed him as if he wasn't even there or had a say in what was being proposed. He opened his mouth to interject but neither seemed to notice: after all, he reasoned, he probably barely registered in their peripheral vision at that moment.

"Alright, dad, if you say so," Connor conceded, wrapping an arm around Kane's chest and pulling him close to his side. Then, without missing a beat, he and father leaned towards each other for a tender kiss on each other's lips. "How long until dinner?" he asked nonchalantly as they broke contact.

"Should be another ten to fifteen minutes. Hungry?"

"I am, and I want to show the little one where he'll be staying."

The older tiger nodded, returning to the stove. Connor tugged on Kane's arm to indicate for him to follow as he headed out the kitchen and up the stairs to the second storey. He led the way into one of the bedrooms: it was spacious like the rest of the house with a vast bed protruding into the middle of it; the usual suspects of a desk, dressers, and the like lining the walls.

"You can leave your bag here," Connor instructed, slapping the top of one of the dressers as he passed it on the way to the bed which was rather taller than most.

Kane did as he was told, half tugging at a zip before turning to face Connor. The tiger was sat on the end of his bed, staring at the smaller fur once again. This time, however, he managed to muster the courage to speak despite the disempowering gaze: "Are you and your dad...lovers?"

Connor chuckled, shaking his head. "I see why you might think that, but no. We kiss and cuddle often, but there's never any tongue or anything beyond holding each other."

The canine nodded, trusting his master's words which largely dispelled his feelings of discomfort. Then the tiger beckoned him closer, Kane obeying automatically until he was stood between his master's legs.

"You've been a good boy so far, pet," Connor praised, stroking a hand over the canine's cheek and cupping his chin, "A very good boy. But there's one thing you haven't shown me yet..." He glanced up and down his pet's body again, then his eyes returned to Kane; the two pairs were, for once, level with each other. "I want to see my boy naked."

A deep, deep blush flared beneath Kane's fur at the demand, though he couldn't say no to that dominant gaze. As Connor's hand slid from his face, the canine began the big reveal. He started with his shirt, unbuttoning it with trembling fingers from near his throat right down to below his navel, then shrugged it off. His hands then moved to his belt, needing four attempts before unbuckling it and shimmying his way out of his pants. Lastly, with a moment's hesitation quelled by Connor's continuing stare, he peeled his boxer-briefs down his legs to join the pool of clothing at his feet.

The tiger's eyes were drifting up and down Kane's now naked body again, from his neatly arranged hair down to his small, bare feet whose toes were curling nervously. He motioned for the canine to turn around, eyeing up the rump he'd been so eager to be emphasised for a few seconds before pulling Kane back to face him.

"Very nice," Connor said softly, one arm curling around Kane's waist to hold his hips, "I think you deserve a little reward, don't you?"

"Y-Yes, Master," Kane breathed.

Connor smiled and, after administering a gentle kiss to the canine's lips, pressed a hand to his package. A little moan of delight escaped Kane's lips at the moment of contact, his eyes closing and a shudder running through his body; he had already been stiffening gradually since he'd got into the car, but now he quickly rose to his full – if fairly modest – six inches.

With a flat palm Connor began to rub up and down, pulling the skin of the solid rod up before pushing it back down to cover the length again. Kane rocked gently back and forth with his eyes shut as the giant tiger did this, ecstatic to earn such attention from his master. For his part Connor was enjoying watching the little man's reaction to the types of pleasure he gave him and deeply relishing the feeling of how much smaller his pet's cock was than his hand.

A few seconds passed and Connor felt that the canine deserved a bit more than just contact with his most intimate area: he deserved some true pleasure. With his eyes remaining on Kane's face, he adjusted his grip so that the smaller male's erection was held loosely in his hand, the tip just protruding from his massive fist. Then, knowing that anything more would seriously damage his new property, he gently began to pump his grip up and down that comparatively short, slender length.

Kane moaned softly again, his breathing becoming deeper with each passing moment. He wanted simultaneously for this intimacy to last forever, but also for him to be brought to his climax; indecision kept him standing still but for the forces imparted on him by the titanic feline which had him swaying back and forth, his head lolling the opposite direction each time. A sensation of deep warmth was washing all across his body from where Connor had his grip, a feeling of building euphoria developing in its wake. He stopped his quiet panting a moment to swallow, gasp, then lick his lips.

Connor's other hand, that which had the canine by the waist, angled down to fondle Kane's second most intimate zone. Like the one still coaxing the deepest of euphoria from in front of the smaller man, the tiger's hand squeezing at one of two canine cheeks was far too big for the job but Connor nevertheless eked as much enjoyment out of the experience as he could; Kane had a plump, pliable posterior for someone relatively slim and that was just how the big cat liked it.

But Kane could only take so much stimulation: the final, brief addition of his master's thumb rubbing teasingly at the head of his member sent him over the edge. Quick as his species required him to be, Connor had released his pet's behind and whipped his hand around in front to catch the spout of canine seed. Kane moaned louder than ever, his head flopping back as his whole body went limp save for the muscles shooting his load, held standing only by Connor's continued grip on his cock until he'd emptied his tank.

"Dinner's ready," came a gravelly voice from the open doorway, "Make sure to clean up before you come down."

"Sure, dad. Just going to get him to drink."

Connor steered the drained form of his pet to rest on his lap, his clean hand cupped beneath the slowly dwindling erection while the other held the small puddle of semen up to Kane's lips. "All of it, boy," he reaffirmed.

Kane did as bidden, lapping the thick white liquid up wearily until all that was left on his master's hand was a sticky residue and dog saliva. He swallowed, the salty taste of his manhood lingering all around his mouth.

"Was...Was that your dad?" Kane asked as his brain finally began to chug back into life; a deeper blush than ever and a sense of deep embarrassment swept over him at Connor's nod.

The tiger smiled, then chuckled heartily. "You'll be doing stuff far more public than that, I can promise you." He leaned in for a soft, faintly briny kiss. "But for now, it's time for dinner."