

Pet Teacher: Part Three

Dinner proved to be quite enjoyable and surprisingly normal, at least compared to what Kane had been expecting. True, he did take his seat at the table avoiding Connor's father's eye, what with the older tiger having just seen him not only naked, but also being jerked off by his son, yet the feline seemed to have taken the scene entirely in his stride. Little by little, Kane began to feel more at ease with the two big cats, though still stayed largely silent unless he was addressed directly.

Connor's father, now properly introduced as being Ian, turned out to be an excellent cook, a former professional, no less; he had given it up in favour of working from home in a different capacity a number of years previously when he'd taken on the role of a single father. As Ian seemed quite reticent to discuss the circumstances around him having become Connor's lone parent, Kane did not press the matter and instead devoted himself to enjoying the casserole with which he had been provided.

Kane was feeling pleasantly full after his plate and had settled back in his chair, all but sinking into a doze. The two tigers, however, had immediately loaded their plates up again from the dishes in the centre of the table when they'd finished their first helpings, and did so once more for thirds. In fact, father and son didn't stop eating until every last scrap of food had been consumed; only then did they slump back, looking as replete as Kane felt.

"Clear the table, pet," Connor mumbled, his eyes having now closed as he succumbed to the post-feast sleepiness.

Kane was taken aback by this command: he was, after all, the guest and would have been perfectly prepared to assist with clearing up, but being ordered to do so seemed a little inhospitable to him, even if Connor had taken something of a commanding role in their relationship.

"Umm...pardon?" he asked, hoping that polite deafness would change the instruction into a suggestion that they all got up to take care of dinner's debris.

"Clear the table," Connor repeated more clearly, his eyes still very much closed.

"And wash up," Ian added, to which his son nodded in agreement.

Feeling distinctly peeved by this treatment, Kane nevertheless got to his feet and began stacking plates, cutlery, and serving dishes, making three trips to and from the kitchen before the table was bare once more; during this process, both felines remained seated and in silent repose save for a belch that rumbled clear of the younger tiger's lips. Then it was a matter of filling the sink with warm, soapy water, and subjecting every item to a thorough scrubbing: he had a feeling his hosts wouldn't take kindly to sloppy dishwashing.

As he attempted to detach a particularly stubborn fragment of dried chicken from one of the serving dishes, Kane heard Ian's gravelly voice rolling through to him from the dining room, "Do you want coffee?"

One of them shifted in his seat judging from the slight creaking. "I think I'll just go to bed, if that's all right with you. It's been a day," he caught Connor saying.

"Of course," Ian replied, "I'll send the boy up with anything you need when he's finished."

"Thanks, dad."

"I can see why you like him. He could be more obedient, but he's cute, small, and looks good naked."

"Pity he won't wear his birthday suit to work," Connor chuckled, punctuating his words with a yawn.

"I'm sure you could convince him he doesn't need a job now he belongs to you, then you could dictate his wardrobe as much as you want."

"I like him being my teacher. I like how he's scared of us being discovered." The sound of chair legs being dragged across carpet told Kane that one of them was standing up. "I like having power over someone kinda powerful too. I mean, imagine having someone like a CEO or a president as your pet, mmm..."

"Yes, well, if you get bored of that, you can keep him at home and *really* control him," Ian said calmly.

Kane couldn't make out anything more for a few moments: the two cats had begun speaking in softer rumbles, suggesting that they no longer had the table separating them. His suspicions were confirmed when, as he was drying his hands on a dishcloth, he heard the unmistakable smack of kiss.

"Do you want the boy to tend to that for you?" he suddenly heard Ian saying in a louder voice, indicating that they were parting company.

"I'll calm myself down, I'm just getting worked up over the idea of a cute little billionaire riding it," Connor answered, his voice distinctly fainter now, "Anyway, I want to save it for now."

"As you wish. Good night, Connor."

"Night, dad."

Another creak of a chair was followed by a small grunt of exertion, then Ian strolled into the kitchen, making his way towards what looked like a coffee machine.

"Umm..." Kane said to remind the tiger of his presence.

Ian turned. "Your master is going to bed now. Put those dishes away, clean the counters thoroughly, then take him a glass of whisky."

"But- "

"You need to learn your place, boy. You do what your master says first, what I say second," the feline said firmly, staring Kane down.

The little canine wanted to protest, to tell Ian that he wasn't going to be made into their housekeeper, not straight off the bat anyway; but he was never going to win an argument with someone twice his size.

"Yes, sir," he eventually muttered. Ian said nothing, barely even reacting to Kane's submission; he simply turned back to the coffee maker.

Within minutes nearly every cabinet in the kitchen was open as Kane tried to find where each item on the draining board was supposed to go, learning the layout of the kitchen along the way. Ian ignored him entirely, leaving the kitchen without even the smallest glance at the canine at work once his drink was ready.

Almost half an hour later Kane was leaving the kitchen and preparing to follow in the footsteps of his past self to Connor's room when he heard a growling voice calling to him from the doorway he was passing, "Boy."

Kane paused, looking into what seemed to be the living room. It was dark, the only light coming from the TV, its volume low but just enough to be comprehensible. Ian was sat on the couch facing it, his shirt unbuttoned, his now-empty coffee cup on the suitably named coffee table.

"Yes, sir?" the canine said, taking a single step into the room.

Ian didn't look away from the screen as he spoke, "Fetch me a beer."

Kane only turned and headed back to the kitchen when it occurred to him that it seemed that obeying orders either of the felines gave him was in his best interest. He found several likely-looking bottles in the fridge, returning to the living room with one and offering it to the reclining tiger.

"Open it," Ian demanded flatly.

With a twist and a hiss, the cap disengaged. Once the bottle had transferred to the cat's hand, Kane started towards the door again.

"I haven't dismissed you yet, boy."

Kane looked back to see Ian shuffling about, his free hand doing something he couldn't quite make out until he saw something spring free, bouncing off the tiger's gut.

"Umm..." the canine began, knowing exactly what Ian was after now, "I'm s-sure Connor would want me to go to him now..."

"Your master has given me permission to borrow you. On your knees, runt."

Knowing that there would be consequences if he did anything but, Kane stepped between the cat's immensely thick, powerful legs and knelt.

Ian wasn't quite as endowed as his son, though it would nevertheless be a challenge for Kane to wrap his lips around what he was packing: the older tiger lacked an inch or two of Connor's length, but he was at least as girthy and the orbs that hung below definitely looked weightier. Kane breathed in his scent: it was undeniably similar to Connor's, yet it was as though it had been left to age and had developed into something deeper, something more complex.

"Get on with it, boy," Ian warned from above.

Kane opened his mouth wide and engulfed as much of his secondary master as he could, finding that his nose was nestled under the tiger's belly when the tip of his erection poked the back of his throat. His jaw was already growing sore, demonstrating that Ian was indeed slightly girthier than Connor.

The canine began to do as he had done for Connor: bobbing his up and down with his tongue trailing along the underside of that meaty member, his hands rising to cup and fondle those exceptional orbs. With every downstroke he found his vision momentarily obscured by creamy fur, the layer of fat around Ian's midsection providing quite a different experience to giving Connor head, though it was far from unpleasant as far as Kane was concerned.

After a few moments Kane peered up towards Ian's face for some sign of approval or otherwise, only able to do so when he pulled his head back thanks to the gut obscuring his view. To his disappointment, he found that Ian was sitting there quite impassively: his eyes were fixed on the TV, his expression entirely neutral as he sipped at his beer. The canine's hopes lifted, his tail wagging ever so slightly behind him as Ian opened his mouth as if to speak, only to let out a belch and continue to ignore the figure between his legs. Motivated now only by the prospect of finishing, Kane redoubled his efforts: he focused largely on the role his tongue was playing, now rolling it over whatever part of Ian's manhood it could reach, pausing the bobbing of his head every upstroke to flick it over the head.

Ian's was an anticlimactic climax, his nonchalance extending ever to his release. His hips pushed forward ever so slightly and he paused in drinking to let out a small grunt, but otherwise his seed spattered the back of Kane's throat with no fanfare whatsoever. His cock drained steadily, permission to disengage only being given to Kane when there was no sign of another drop to spill.

"Not bad," the tiger muttered as Kane climbed to his feet, "You'll get better with practice, same goes for your obedience. Now you can go to your master."

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Kane arrived at Connor's room a few minutes later, a tumbler of amber liquid clutched in one hand. The door was ajar when he arrived, but he knocked anyway and awaited permission to enter.

"Come in, pet," he heard the tiger rumble.

Connor was sitting up in bed, the covers across his legs, a hint of pinkish flesh just visible above them the only signal to Kane that the cat was now naked. The tiger didn't look up from the heavy tome he was reading as Kane approached, merely indicating that he place the glass on the nightstand.

"You smell of cleaning stuff," Connor murmured, turning a page.

Kane raised a hand to his nose, sniffing it; it did indeed smell of the fake citrus of the cleaning product he'd used on the kitchen counters. "Your dad told me wipe the counters," he informed Connor with a hint of disgruntlement.

The tiger merely nodded, his eyes gradually travelling downwards as he read. "Go wash up and get ready for bed," he ordered.

Kane stared at the young feline for a couple of seconds, feeling distinctly underappreciated, before directing his feet to the bathroom that adjoined Connor's room. He'd already been in there, it having been the place he'd got himself cleaned up before going down to dinner. Sure that most of the smell of detergent was on his hands, he spent several minutes applying copious quantities of soap with a far more pleasant fragrance and scrubbing them under a steady stream of warm water; not exactly sure that he'd removed the unwanted odour, he had at least now masked it. Then it was a brief brush of his teeth and a wash of his face before he returned to Connor's side.

Noticing that his pet was all but ready to join him, Connor marked his page and downed the last dregs of his whisky, setting both the book and the glass on his nightstand, then finally looked at the canine with a soft smile. "Clothes off, little one. We always sleep naked."

Kane did as he was told, slipping out of the outfit he'd picked out to appeal to Connor's tastes, folding each garment neatly and setting them by his bag which still sat upon the dresser. The tiger's icy blue stare sought out Kane's rounded rump throughout, inviting him to join him under the covers once he'd stripped off fully.

The moment the canine had slid into bed he found himself engaged in deep kiss by the veritable giant beside him, his sense of irritation with both Connor and his father fading away as his mouth was filled by that broad feline tongue.

"Mmm...such a good boy," Connor praised once he felt he'd shown his pet enough appreciation for his evening's efforts, "I'll have to take you through some more of your duties tomorrow."

Kane blinked, eyeing the cat slightly reproachfully. "Duties?"

"You expect me to do menial tasks like cleaning? Or my dad?" the tiger asked, chuckling as if the idea was utterly preposterous, "There will be plenty to keep you occupied, pet, don't worry."

Any complaints Kane might have had about that were smothered by another passionate kiss, this time accompanied by a vast hand squeezing his posterior and briefly caressing him between his legs. And then the light clicked off, plunging them both into pitch darkness. Kane felt himself being drawn closely to a very large, warm, and unforgiving form, a pair of arms wrapped tightly around him.

"Good night, my sweet little pet," whispered Connor's voice, making the canine flinch slightly at how close the cat's muzzle was to his ear.

"Good night, M-Master," Kane replied, recomposing himself. He breathed in deeply and, getting a lungful of Connor's enthralling, endlessly masculine scent, felt himself compelled to add in the tiniest of voices, "I love you."

With an approving rumble, the tiger pressed one last kiss to the smaller man's head before settling down to sleep.