

I always feel amazing during sex. Jack always hits my spots, makes me feel incredible. His moaning, his grunts, his feral lust. It lets me know I'm doing a good job. He always gets off, always. And I'm more than happy to please him.

But, when we're done. He just gets up and walks away. We never kiss, or cuddle anymore. He just gets up, gets dressed, and leaves for the day. I don't know what he does for work, he won't tell me. And something tells me, that I don't want to know. He provides for me, and that's all I should care about...right?

I need to get going, get my day started. First, time to wash. I smell of sex, sweat, and miscellaneous bodily fluids. Off to the shower! My favorite part of the mornings. A hot, steamy shower. Always rinses my worries away. I feel free, and at peace as the water runs down my fur.

Jack has a rule, *If you're home, Pro. You're naked.* I don't really mind it. I prefer to be naked, I enjoy the feel of the air against my fur. It definitely makes it easier to get ready to shower. As I step into our shower, large, granite tile everywhere, I have to remind myself time and time again. It's real. This home, this lifestyle. The rich life, does exist. I look around the shower, glass on three sides, ceiling so high, I can't even reach it if I jumped. There are twelve jets of water, that spray against my body. I love it. I love the lifestyle. But I always then begin to wonder, as I shower, letting my mind roam. Is this what 'love' really is? Do I 'love' Jack? Or am I just content?

I run my paws down my chest, my young, soft fur. I keep it as clean and groomed as possible. I've seen some older dogs, and the lack of maintenance. Their fur just becomes nasty, matted, and rough. Just because I'm 19, doesn't mean I'll be 19 forever. And I do like the look the other boys give me, when

I'm allowed to leave the home. Yes, allowed. Jack is pretty strict on his rules.

The boys turn their heads, some even ask me for ID. They never believe my age. I look way younger. But, I suppose, that's because I'm a pup at heart. I guess it doesn't hurt that I have a very young body as well. It is frustrating at times, trying to buy stuff with my credit card. They don't believe me. They think my ID is fake. But, I digress. This is how my mind wanders when I shower.

I reach down, sliding one paw in between my butt cheeks. My tail pulled to the side. I massage my tailhole ever so gently, a little moan slipping from my lips. My other paw finds its way down too my sheath and balls, cupping both ever so gently.

I grind my teeth, forcing me to pull my paws away. Jack never lets me cum without him home. Somehow he knows. I almost feel like he has cameras watching me. *You will only cum, when I say you can cum.* he says. Which...honestly, isn't very often. It's excruciating.

I step out of the shower and look out the bathroom window at our neighbor. My cock throbs at the thought of him. I've had a crush on him for over a year now. I just hope Jack never finds out.