

If his fellow officers did not want to continue having a good time, then Matvei would find other people who did. Who stopped drinking on the weekend at eleven at night? Amateurs, all of them. There had to be at least a couple of bars still open in a big city such as this.

“Swine, all of you!” the Caucasian Ovcharka spat at no one in particular, stumbling drunkenly down the street, “I am the new Police Major General, and I will not be dragged down by officers without any discipline!” His bleary eyes darted along the dark streets, trying to affix onto any open bars, too drunk to remember he was in a part of town where there were no places to drink. Where Matvei was going at all he was constantly forgetting, much more preoccupied with swearing at the underlings that were not even there. Well, that wasn’t entirely true.

His drunken slur echoed angrily throughout the empty streets, heard easily even blocks away. His footprints in the otherwise pristine snow betrayed the several spills he had as he made his way nowhere in particular, allowing his pursuers an easy time of keeping up with him no matter how far they trailed behind. Easy enough target as he was, there was no need to make more trouble than necessary. Patience was needed, even for such a sloppy drunk. Patience for the right moment. Ahhh, there we go.

“You are all not even good enough to drink the piss from my dick! I am the greatest officer in all of Russia!” Matvei barked at the building he was peeing on, growling at his own reflection. With his pressed and proper pants and undies around his large boots, the only thing concealing him properly from the cold was his thick police jacket and ushanka, though he was of course too drunk to care; a fact that was working very well for the two other canines sneaking up behind him. In fact, at this point “sneaking” wasn’t really accurate. They were just walking up behind their superior, and just as he was beginning to sing their national anthem, a rag found its way over his howling mouth, his bulky, half-naked body collapsing into their arms.

“We shall see how the greatest officer in Russia handles being a prisoner.”

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He slept like more like a bear than a dog. A few slaps here and there, even pinching barely made him move. Must be all that fur and fat. Yelling had similarly little effect, though he at least shifted a bit. No, it took a (third) bucket of water to finally wake up him, since the chloroform and alcohol had apparently put him in a near-comatose state. Heavy eyelids finally lifting, Matvei saw the faces of his aggressors, one haughty, the other hateful.

“Alexei? Oleg? What is going on here? As your commander I demand answers!” Matvei began to struggle in vain, his arms threaded between the wooden back of the chair, handcuffs ensuring his stay.

This seemed to be the wrong thing for Matvei to say, because as soon as Matvei was done yelling Oleg (the wrathful Borzoi) spat in his face and slapped him hard.

“You are no superior of mine!” he barked, teeth snapping near Matvei’s face. His body shook as if it was taking incredible restraint to stay his hand, fists balling up and releasing even as Alexei pushed him back.

“We are in charge now. Your superiors may not care that you reached your position through bribing and extortion, but we do not appreciate working so hard just to see your fat ass in the chair of

the Police Major General.” Alexei spoke with a deadly calm betraying the Siberian Laika body, though the look of contempt now inches from Matvei’s face was no less frightening than Oleg’s.

“Knock him down, like we discussed Oleg,” Alexei said, taking a step back. Unsure of what he meant, Matvei’s head tried desperately to follow Oleg’s movement’s behind him, though in a couple of seconds it didn’t matter. With his boot on the back of the chair, Oleg shoved Matvei’s chair forward, the tied up dog gasping as he found Alexei’s boots in front of him. Staring down at him from what seemed like a million miles above, Alexei pushed the toe of his large boots into Matvei’s face, growling.

“Lick them.”

Matvei began to bark and spit in protest; about how these two were going to pay, about how he was a proud soldier and would not do such a thing, that kind of thing. But one hard kick to the side from Oleg later and the large proud black dog yipped pitifully, his huge tongue sliding over the toe of the shoe.

After a few flinching licks, the boot was beginning to shine quite nicely, Alexei briefly musing about how shining them tomorrow for inspection might now be unnecessary. Onto the next shoe, and then after a few more humiliating licks Oleg generously finished Matvei’s job for him by drying his boots across the dog’s face.

“Looks like with a little training even a mongrel like you can follow orders,” sneered Oleg, Matvei unsure of whether the act or the praise stung worse. Helping Oleg with a grunt, they heaved their once superior back up into a normal sitting position (as normal as being bound to your chair is, anyway), Alexei admiring his surprisingly well-shined boots, the black catching the single bulb’s light quite well.

“Hmmm, well what did you want to do Oleg? I’m satisfied, for now,” Matvei’s heart leapt before he heard the words “for now,” and sank like a stone the second he saw Oleg’s terrifying grin.

“Oh, what was it you said,” Oleg said as he circled the chair, eyeing Matvei like a piece of meat, “‘Not good enough to drink the piss from your dick,’ is that right? Let’s see you, hmmm, ‘eat your words,’ hahah.” With a flash, he was in front of Matvei and forced the chair backwards, Matvei seeing stars as Oleg began to tear the pants of his uniform off.

“Oleg, why are you-”

“I will humiliate the prick how I desire!” Oleg snapped at Alexei, the latter looking unsure and backing up a bit. With a bit of wrestling, he yanked the pants (and underwear too, of course) away, choking on laughter as he hefted the Caucasian Ovcharka back up.

“Hah, and you were going to call me a freak!” barked Oleg, indicating to Matvei’s throbbing erection, now laid bare for all to see, “For all his cheating to get on top, the fucker is a bottom!” Matvei, who up until a second ago simply feared for his life, now felt red-hot with embarrassment; which in turn only caused his throbbing dick to leak upon the bare concrete beneath him. Clad only in his dirty button-up and various pins, Matvei’s true humiliation laid bare for all to see, apparently so turned on by it all his knot already began to swell. Oleg only took it in for a second before the Borzoi was undoing his own belt and pushing down his pants, his dick already half-erect from its sheath.

“Oleg, what the fuck man!” Alexei’s face was a mask of disgust, and he was starting to back

away from the scene.

But there was no answer from Oleg, at least not to Alexei. Seeing his opportunity and not about to let it go to waste, the slimmer dog set his boot onto the chair Matvei was bound to, awkwardly straddling the bound mutt. Dick inches away from Matvei's muzzle, Oleg twisted his hips and gave him a cockslap, laughing and relishing the mixture of shame and pleasure on his face.

"You will be lucky to suck *my* dick," Oleg said in a dangerous tone, his prick pressing against Matvei's mouth, "Suck, and no teeth, or I break them." Despite the rising temptation to hear Oleg howl in rage and pain, it was clear from Oleg's tone that losing his teeth was only the tip of the iceberg if he disobeyed. Matvei's mouth was pried open and Oleg's dick was deposited within, only a single growl needed to get the big black dog to start dutifully sucking.

With Alexei gone after half-heartedly yelling something about a smoke break, Oleg continued his sexual humiliation of his superior without hesitation. The sound of Matvei's clumsy slurping and the creaking chair was making quite the noise in the bare room, no perfect music for his superior to take his knot to. Back and forth they rocked, the Borzoi's paws now using Matvei's ears as handle tugging and forcing him to deepthroat constantly. Matvei's jaw was already starting to get sore from stretching over the bulge at Oleg's base, whining to no avail. It wouldn't have been as bad, Matvei might later remark to no one but himself, but he was still painfully erect from this situation as well, and it looked like relief was not anything he would have in any sense anytime soon.

Oleg could have probably gotten off twice already, but he was not about to let this end so quickly, even if he did have plans for making Matvei take his dick more than once tonight. No, the first time he would mark his superior as his worthless mongrel would be special. He would continue to slam into his mouth even as Matvei sputtered and yelped, making a terrible mess on his stomach. The only thing that made the Borzoi relent for even a second was the glob of pre that had flicked off of Matvei's tip and onto his uniform pants.

"Dirty mutt," he growled, facing his fat snout against those pants, smearing it on his nose before making him lick it up. Satisfied after about a minute of this, he yanked Matvei's mouth wide open again, and continued his rhythm, which now grew faster every thrust.

Oleg came without warning, suddenly forcing his dick as deep into Matvei's mouth as he possibly could. Matvei sputtered and tried to pull away, but Oleg kept his mouth over his throbbing bulge, howling when the Ovcharka finally fell into line and gummed the knot ever-so-gently. Watching trails of semen leak out of the corners of his snout, he yanked him away, splattering a few ropes of cum across his face, his white-hot cum clearly the best way to mark the stark black fur.

Pulling off the chair, Oleg began to catch his breath and zip up his pants. Looking around, Alexei had still not returned. Perhaps--Oleg began to wonder as he stuck his head outside and saw no one--he left for good. He locked the door, and his pants did just fall down, he yanked them off entirely. With his lower body naked once more, he looked at his shivering superior, wicked ideas on how to abuse the mutt flying through his head. Preparing himself for the first, he grabbed Matvei's head again, but stopped as he heard dog's defeated tone.

"Please, put the boots back on, sir."

Oh well, he supposes, sometimes a master must be generous to his pet.