

“Have you been a good puppy?”

Shekh looked up. In the simple wooden chair in front of him sat a female German shepherd, nude and holding the other end of the leash affixed to the collar around his neck. This certainly *wasn't* a new sight to him - try as he might to put on a tough, dominant air, deep down inside, he *loved* it when took hold of his leash and called him *puppy*.

This shepherd had recently discovered this particular trait about him, and - *God*, did she take advantage of it. This would be third time in two weeks that she'd invited him over and pushed him down to his knees, either with a paw, her foot, or her hips grinding against his muzzle.

He swallowed. The shape of her muzzle, the curve of her breasts, the arc of her body down along her sides to her hips... and, *God*, she kept her legs spread, too, keeping herself fully on display for him, knowing perfectly well that he had trouble focusing his gaze anywhere else. She had intentionally shortened his leash, too, to keep the hyena's muzzle about a foot away from her, his head between her knees. He could feel the warmth emanating off her body.

“No, ma'am.”

“And why not?”

He squirmed. If he really focused, he could just barely - *barely* - pick up her scent on the heated air in front of him. Try as he might to lean in to get a better taste at it, though, the shepherd just tugged his leash to the side and made his cheek press against her inner thigh.

“Because I - pawed off when you told me not to...”

“And what was it I told you?”

She kept one paw resting on her other thigh, claws drumming idly against her fur. Shekh shifted his gaze there, willing the stirring warmth in his sheath to go down. “I'm not supposed to cum until *you* make me.”

That paw started moving up her thigh, towards her body... this shepherd - Dawn, her name was - knew how to get him going. “So you enjoyed yourself without me, is what you're saying.”

He felt his ears droop. Still that paw continued moving, along the pale parchment-toned fur of her belly, toward the supple lips between her legs. Shekh had buried his tongue in those lips several times before, and Dawn had held him there, grinding and humping against his muzzle, forcing him to bring her through quite a few orgasms without seeming to care if his jaw was sore.

“...Yes, ma'am.”

Black-padded fingers slid down along the similarly black flesh of her lips, and then spread those lips. Shekh moved in a little closer - *God*, still he could just *barely* pick up her scent, but it was the same scent that remained on the fur of his upper lip sometimes for a few hours after burying his tongue in her... this time, though, it wasn't his saliva that kept her moist and glistening, but rather her own arousal. She *enjoyed* this.

“So,” Dawn went on, “I think I’ll enjoy *myself* without *you*.”

And she leaned back in the chair, the back creaking gently with her movement - and traced the pad of one of those fingers up along herself. A little shiver reverberated through her body, and then again when she focused that finger around the small bulb of her clit, around and around, spreading that slight slickness over herself.

A little bit of slack had gone into the leash, and Shekh took the opportunity to lean in, to trace his nose gently along the shepherd’s inner thigh. She continued to work her fingers at herself, keeping herself spread, running the pad of one over her clit, or moving down and teasing and pressing a pair into herself... gradually, the fur of her fingers and around that center point between her legs became slick, matted down with the same drippy moisture that made the hyena’s nose twitch-

He managed to lean in just far enough to touch the skin of his nose against a wet part of her fur, breathing in the distant aroma of arousal and slight musk, but before he could do anything else, Dawn pushed him back with the palm of her paw against her forehead. Getting so close had done nothing to fix the *problem* growing out of his sheath; he squirmed again.

“No,” Dawn growled. She spread her fingers apart: a thin strand of moisture hung between them. Then, glittering green eyes focused on Shekh’s, she brought those fingers to her maw and lapped them clean. “Bad dog. You will sit right there and watch.”

“But I-”

She wasn’t listening. Again she had returned her paw to that same spot between her legs, blocking most of herself from his view but still allowing him to hear the unmistakable *shlk, shlk* of her fingers pulsing in and out of her, tip to knuckle and back; still his nose twitched at her growing scent, the same scent that made his heartbeat pick up and sometimes, embarrassingly, caused him to air-hump like a horny feral dog.

This damn shepherd knew that, too. After meeting his gaze once more, she paused in her self-pleasure, drew her fingers back out of herself, and then ran the pad of her thumb up between her lips, now slightly swollen with her arousal and glistening with their wetness - and, then, pressed and dragged that thumb along Shekh’s upper lip, right beneath his nostrils. His whiskers twitched, he swallowed, his nose tickled - and, God, every inhalation smelled strongly of her, as if she had let him bury his muzzle between her legs and press his tongue up into her.

If he didn’t before, now he certainly wished she *would*.

“How’s that?” she drawled, now rubbing her fingers around between her lips in a wide circle. Each movement wafted warm, spiced air towards the hyena’s nose, just making him wriggle and squirm even more. His breaths shuddered a little as they came out, and he had to repeatedly flick his tongue out over his lips and swallow - as well as had to put physical effort into keeping himself from whining. “You like this view? Be honest, now...”

The hyena’s ears folded back against his head, and he swallowed again. Now he steadily rocked from one leg to the other, also trying to ignore the urge to thrust forward. He could feel his cock throbbing between his legs. “I...” but, he couldn’t say the words. Instead, he shifting his

eyes up to Dawn's, then along her front, following the downward V atop her breasts, and then down further - slight ruff of fur creasing down her chest towards her belly button, past that, to the back of her paw, to her fingers held widely apart and black lips, dripping her arousal into her fur and a small bit onto the seat of the chair, spread and on display for him... and, then, he nodded.

"Good, good... why don't you take a closer look, then? But - no touching..."

A small electric shock jolted down Shekh's back, then, as the shepherd reached toward him with that same paw and tugged him forward, almost pressing his nose against her warm, moist flesh but stopping just short. His eyes had instinctively closed upon the sudden movement, but now that it stopped (as well as now that he could taste her on the air with every breath, even if he inhaled through his parted lips), he opened them, glanced up - and saw a bright white grin lifting the corners of her mouth.

Those fangs of hers *hurt*. She'd bitten him with them once, when he hadn't been behaving the way she wanted him to: he could remember hearing the *crunch* of breaking skin, the sharp pain, and then the sudden desire to do *exactly* as she demanded. Sometimes when combing through his fur after a shower, he still felt the scars.

It took all of his willpower to not move in the remaining half-inch, to keep himself from first digging his nose up between those glistening lips of her and then his tongue right after it. There was just something about feeling the slippery slickness of her on his tongue, of swallowing down the warmth and taste, a sort of dry, enjoyable spice that clung to the back of his throat and clung to his nose... and, God, it didn't help that after she had tugged him forward, she slipped per paw down in front of his muzzle and spread herself for him yet again.

At such a distance like this, so close that he could not only feel the warm currents of air radiating off of her but also quite easily pick up her scent on that air - and seeing her, *feeling* her just beyond the tip of his nose, knowing that if he flicked his tongue out far enough, he'd be able to *taste* her-

But before he could even do anything, again, Dawn spread her legs around the sides of the chair's seat and stood up, at the same time tugging up on his leash to pull him into a more upright sitting position. A little grunt worked its way out of the hyena's throat, and he looked up at his mistress through half-closed eyes; a little bit of that same warm stickiness that clung to her fingers dripped down her inner thigh.

One time she'd invited Shekh over while her boyfriend was present. The hyena was made to watch, then, as he pounded into her, made her squirm and moan and gasp - and then, with her boyfriend still buried deep inside her, she called Shekh over to clean up the mess, on them together as well as individually. Quite an odd experience - he'd never exchanged introductions with the guy, and yet there Dawn was, pushing his muzzle down along his cock.

"Sit down."

His ears perked again, and he refocused his gaze. Dawn nodded down towards the chair.

"Well?"

It took him a moment, but he managed to lift himself up on unsteady legs, and then turned around and slid down into it. He was fully aware of the twitching, throbbing erection between his legs, which had quickly grown from him showing just a little bit of pink earlier... it was all because she *knew* what scents did to him, and *hers* in particular. She knew that, and used it, and - see what it did to him. This was more worked up than he'd been in *weeks*, and he hadn't even gotten to *touch* himself yet...

"Stay there, puppy," Dawn ordered, and then padded out of the room, leaving Shekh alone. He half-considered wiggling his paws down in front of him to rub at his cock, but - that would take quite a bit of bending and flexibility that he'd never been fully capable of, and besides, his wrists were still bound behind his back. The rope had started to chafe at his skin, just as the edges of this collar had started to do to his neck with every movement of his head... but, it was a pleasurable pain, sort of. After the shepherd had wrestled him to the ground, she'd asked him about the fit of his collar - and, what did this hyena say?

*"Tighter."*

On the air in this room, now, Shekh could just barely pick up a myriad of scents, all familiar to him and all the sort of smell that only made him inhale even deeper. There was his own musk - two different, the usual from between his legs and then the heavier, more noticeable scent of his hard cock once it had been coaxed out of his sheath - magnified by the teasing and denial of touch.

Then there was the undeniable scent of *her*, so much more powerful than everything else probably due to how she'd rubbed a bit of the slickness of her arousal against his upper lip. Sure, he'd licked it off, *gladly*, but still it lingered, still it tickled his nose and made him throb...

And, then, there was a small bit of sweat, probably from when he'd found himself engaged in wrestling with the shepherd upon his arrival; she had opened the front door, already naked, and invited him in, and Shekh hadn't known what to do other than say *okay* and follow where she led, back into this room, where she'd then taken advantage of his *state of mind* to push him down to the ground.

Of course he put up a fight, if *fight* was the best word for it. The fight was part of the fun. She won, though. Part of why he gave in so easily lay in the fact that he'd expected her to hold him there between her legs and grind against his muzzle again and again, just like she'd done in the past - but, no: instead, she briefly disappeared into the other room like she just had a few moments ago, and came back with that length of rope clutched in her paw.

And that's exactly what she did now. Shekh's olive eyes met Dawn's emerald green for a quick moment, and again her lips curled into a grin - but she said nothing. She just closed the distance from the door to the chair, bare feet making next to no noise on the carpeted floor, and knelt down in front of the hyena, taking the same place that she had just lifted him out of. His leash hung loosely down at his side.

"This is to make sure you don't try to go anywhere..." she explained, starting to wrap the rope around one of his ankles to bind it to the chair leg. However, all *he* could think about was the proximity of her muzzle to his cock and sack, how her whiskers tickled at the skin of his thighs, how he could barely - *barely* - feel each of her exhalations through his fur...

He couldn't fully remember the first time she'd gone down on him. It was in a big room, a group thing of some sort, with lots of other people around, lots of different scents mingling in the air and keeping him awake and ready. He remembered digging his tongue up between her legs, remembered getting a thorough tasting of this German shepherd bitch with the green eyes and clean, simple fur patterns; he remembered having warm pawpads on his shoulders pushing him down into a chair, remembered those paws working at the fly of his pants and relieving the pressure on his hard cock; he remembered meeting those green eyes once more, then watching her tongue as it slid out her parted lips, pressed against his base right along his unformed knot, and *dragged* up, all the way to the little bead of pre that drooled from the tip.

Shekh shivered again, and throbbed - and in turn noticed Dawn's nose and whiskers twitch. A moment later, after finishing the knot in the rope around his ankle, she turned her muzzle up to him; now, each of her breaths tickled along the sensitive underside of his length, and she'd started to gradually move closer.

"What were you thinking about?"

Black-padded fingers came up, traced along his upper thigh, brushed against the skin of his sack, remained still. He swallowed down a noise of impatience. "-You."

"Oh, yeah?" Those fingers continued moving, briefly caressing his sack before continuing up, up, moving along the underside of his length, making him twitch and shiver and groan all over again- "I'm flattered. Thinking about the last time you saw me down here, between your legs?"

"First time..."

"Ooh, first time. With a memory like yours, I'm surprised you can even *remember*." As she spoke, she'd leaned in closer and closer, until the movements of her lips with her words sometimes brushed against the tip of his length. Then, once she'd finished, that same tongue came out of her mouth, grazed against his cock, made him shift forward and lift his hips-

-and she returned to working with the rope, now starting on his other ankle. A tense *huff* of disappointment mixed with impatience worked its way between Shekh's teeth.

"Oh, now, now, puppy. You'll get yours. Have I ever disappointed you?"

He licked his lips. "Yes."

"When?"

"Just now."

Each time the rope wrapped around his leg, he could feel it bite a little tighter into his skin. Something about the pain, about each little sharp jolt, just made his breathing pick up and caused him to tense up all over.

"There we go." The shepherd stood back up, taking the other end of his leash in her paw again as she did so. Along the way, Shekh had noticed that it was a legitimate dog leash, not one specifically designed and built for this purpose: near the loop at the end was the logo of the company, the same one that made the dog food that his friend down the street bought, while

along the length of the leash were the words "PRETTY PUPPY" with a little pink pawprint in between.

Shekh squirmed again.

"How's that feel? Too tight? Not tight enough?"

"You're good with knots, aren't you?"

"Oh, you'll see..."

She climbed down over him, settling down in his lap just behind his cock. Nose a half-inch away from his, weight pressing down on his legs, the warmth of her body keeping him at attention... the height difference between the two, even with both sitting like this, made it so that if Shekh were to lean forward and down, he could fit his muzzle against the shepherd's breasts. Sometimes she held his head there while churning her hips on him, keeping him pinned down to whatever it was underneath them.

The hyena swallowed. Dawn kept her lower body angled so that her lips just *barely* touched against the underside of his length, so that he could just *barely* feel the intense moist heat of her body there... "What happened to 'enjoying yourself without me'?"

"I got bored. Besides..." She started to lift herself up again, and with one paw, angled Shekh's cock towards herself. He held his breath. "...You weren't making *quite* as many noises as I wanted you to. So, I decided to change things up a bit..."

Another shudder pulsed through his body, then, as she started to sink down onto him, that warm, wet heat squeezing around the tip of his length from all sides. His fingers flexed and clenched behind the back of his chair, and he managed to just barely lift himself up a little to press further into her. Somehow, she managed to keep her voice fairly level as she continued to lower herself onto him, that one paw of hers remaining in place to keep his angle correct - and also to rub at the base of his length.

"...and see what *this* will do to you."

Already had she gotten her answer. Shekh felt his ears fold back and his lips curl back in some sort of snarl of resistance - but, *God*, it felt good. Dawn kept his leash tight, kept him half-leaning away from the back of the chair; if he opened his eyes he could see her paw held up, leash looped around it several times and pulling back, back to her side and behind her. Her grip would falter a little each time she shifted closer to him, and then again when he slight bulge of his knot pressed up against her - but, it wasn't enough slack for him to be able to do anything other than take a slightly deeper breath.

"Feels good, mm?"

His claws scratched at the wooden chair back, and his body strained all over. Dawn remained hilted on his knot, pulsing her hips forward and back, forward and back, riding against his length and, just like all the other times, keeping him pinned back: if he tried to lift his hips up, if he tried to stretch her just a little wider with his still-growing knot, she would lift up as well and keep him at the same depth between her legs.

"Oh, c'mon, Shekh. Don't want you getting too into it. Everyone knows there's nothing worse than an overexcited puppy. Just sit back, and - let me take care of it..."

*Let me take care of it.* If his paws and ankles weren't bound with rope, he would have considered wrestling her down to the floor and *taking care of it* himself. Or, at least, he'd *try*; just like how today started, Dawn would likely win were they to get into another little wrestling match. After all, she was the one who held the leash.

She also never really let him *forget* about that little fact. Again and again, as she gradually lifted herself back up, up, up along his length, only to sink back down onto him again, she'd give his leash a little tug, make him lean his head forward and bite back a growl of surprise... part of him thought that she enjoyed the knowledge that she could squeeze all of these noises out of him: shuddering breaths in rhythm with her riding, little grunts and groans when she pulled on his leash or dug a pair of fingers under his collar to bring him closer, soft whines or whimpers if she stopped.

The bucking came on its own: Shekh started to lift up into the shepherd each time she pressed down onto him, one of her feet against the floor with the other pushing against one of the horizontal supports between the chair legs. A distant worry lingered in the back of his mind, the thought of *hell, what if we tip over* - but Dawn seemed to know what she was doing. She churned her hips on him in steady, controlled thrusts, deep and smooth, slick; Shekh swallowed, tried to steady his breathing, tried to keep himself from pulling back on the collar and leash - God, he *loved* the way it bit into the flesh of his neck, *loved* how he could feel the shepherd's warm slickness along his entire length, how he could feel her heat and clenching around him.

Dawn had apparently lost herself somewhat, too: her deep, steady movements forward and back, forward and back, had turned into a faster, more urgent bobbing on him, repeatedly pulling up to his tip and then sinking back down onto him against the lip of his knot, now full and swollen. Each time she pressed down, another electric jolt shot through the hyena's body and made him grit his teeth, made him suck in a gasp and then let out a sweet, low moan. If she kept on going like she did, after all of that - *teasing* and *touching*, of her keeping his muzzle *literally* one-inch from herself - then it wouldn't take long at all... he could feel the growing pressure, the bright pleasure in his lower abdomen that quickly grew, quickly peaked- he pulled in another breath, shuddered, felt the moan starting-

-and, then, Dawn tugged up off of him *right* before he hit his climax, leaving him with his cock twitching and throbbing and that moan dying in his throat. Ears flattened against his head, eyes squeezed shut but quickly fluttering open, chest rising and falling in unsteady breaths - the hyena glared up at her. In response, she just gave his leash another short tug.

"You haven't convinced me that you've learned your lesson." Broad, flat pink tongue flicked out and dragged over her lips - and, then, those lips pulled back in another bright grin. Then, she stood between his legs and leaned in, close enough so that her breath tickled at his whiskers. "I doubt I could quite *break* you, but - you're not really bad enough of a dog to require that. Are you?"

His lips worked in trying to form a spiteful answer, but nothing came out. Instead, he just sat there with his paws bound behind the chair, glaring up at the shepherd while his cock oozed out more pre.

"No?" She tilted her head. What with the curtains of the window having been drawn, her green eyes looked to give off a light of their own. "Hey, y'know, I think you'd look cute with a gag in your mouth. Or - hell, maybe sometime I can push you down to the bed and sit back against your muzzle. That would probably be a pretty good gag, huh? See how much you can work yourself up, just by squeezing your muzzle between my legs and riding your tongue... hey, you calmed down yet? Hmm?"

Before waiting for an answer, she lowered herself down onto him again - and brought back the feeling of intense pleasure, a little dulled from his denied orgasm but still very bright, very present. Shekh had to bite and chew on his lip to keep himself under some manner of control; he knew that if he showed how much he enjoyed it, that if he gave in and started thrusting up into her again, she'd just do the same thing she had a few moments ago. His heartbeat still hadn't returned to normal.

Honestly, it surprised him somewhat that she hadn't grown tired of all of this bouncing on him, which she quickly returned to - slower than before, but still with enough force that he could audibly hear her hips slapping against his with each descent. Each time he managed to open his eyes, he looked up at her muzzle: mostly relaxed, but tensing up with hot pleasure each time she pressed down onto him, lips parted and sharp fangs glinting in what light came in through the gap between the curtains of the window behind them.

In fact, as she went on for longer, Shekh started to feel her clenching around him tighter, noticed that she jerked her hips forward and back in rhythm with her riding, that her breathing became heavier and more unbalanced - so, he figured, she was too involved in herself to notice *him*. He leaned his head back against the chair, let his mouth hang open, and gently thrust up into her, yet again feeling the return of his approaching orgasm, faster than before because of how she had denied it to him...

But, *yet again*, before he could reach that climax, the shepherd first pressed deeply down onto him, sucked in a gasp, and then - and then pulled herself up, a breathy moan of her own escaping through her lips while her fingers worked at her clit; and a second later, still coming down from his own almost-orgasm, Shekh noticed Dawn jerking forward a few times, and soon after felt the resulting warm wetness drip into the fur of his lower belly.

Dawn wrapped her arms around his shoulders and rested her forehead against his, forcing his muzzle to angle down a bit. He squirmed against her; if he raised his hips up, he could just barely feel the slick warmth that he'd just been buried some six inches in. A steady dog's whine squeezed its way out of his nose.

"Oh, puppy, sorry..." The shepherd kissed his forehead and then leaned back. "I got a little carried away. I can still go, though - how about you? You up to it?"

*This time*, he figured, *she has to let me cum* - and it certainly seemed like she planned to. There was none of the waiting time between she'd tugged up off of him and when she started to again ride him, like last time; she kept her arms around his shoulders, leash tugging back and constricting his breathing somewhat. Her breathing still carried the slight resounding hints of her pleasure, the little snatches of a moan every now and then atop the unsteadiness of her effort; meanwhile, Shekh licked his lips and bucked up into her again and again, gladly letting her grind down against him and push him back against the chair.



He hadn't drifted away *too* far from his peak. Again he flexed his fingers and claws behind him as she brought him closer and closer to it, squeezing around him with her warm slickness, making him gasp and moan and swallow. God, if she'd only - untie his paws so he could hold her thighs down, so he could thrust up into her like he wanted to. Sure, she did a *damn* good job of it herself, pressing down on the twitching bulge of his knot and squeezing out his pre, always pulling him closer; again he closed his eyes, again he swallowed, again he raised his hips up to get her to press down onto him more fiercely.

Again he shivered, sucked in a breath, bit back the rising moan, pressed *deep* up into the shepherd-

-and, yet again she pulled herself up off of him, but a half-second too late. Shekh pressed his head back against the chair and bucked up into the cold air, clenching all over as he emptied his seed out over the back of Dawn's thigh and his own lower belly in a few quick spurts, one after the other, quickly dying down in force and distance. His body tingled all over, his breath scraped at his throat, the ropes chafed at his ankles and wrists, and the collar bit at his neck...

If Dawn had reached another orgasm of her own, he didn't notice. There had been too damn much occupying his mind during those few five or six seconds. Finally, though, she let most of his leash drop out of her paw, but still held on to the loop at the end; Shekh slouched back on the chair, eyes half-closed and mouth half-open.

"Oops," the shepherd drawled, and dragged a finger up through his sticky bellyfur. "Got a little carried away again. *That* wasn't supposed to happen... I was hoping to ride you to the edge again and again, maybe eventually make you whine and whimper and *beg* to get off... though," and she popped that finger into her mouth for a brief second, "I guess you *did* whine earlier. And - probably whimpered, too, when I had you between my legs, *right where you belong*... oh, well. Did you learn your lesson, pup?"

Still Shekh could feel the resounding echoes of pleasure rippling through him - and, still, his cock drooled out the last of his load into his fur. He couldn't muster up the strength to answer.

Dawn flicked an ear and stood in front of him, keeping his leash held up. "Well," she went on, "I think I'll let you catch your breath... but, I'm not quite done with you yet, I don't think..."

It was her next question that made his ears stand upright, though.

"How many times can you cum in, oh... say, two hours before you get too tired?"