

“Just look at you. You aren’t really making much of an effort to hide that you’re enjoying your little predicament, huh?”

The sheep squirmed as best as he could against the ropes binding him, crisscrossing his chest, keeping his paws tied behind his back, his legs spread... he didn’t know how Matt did it, but he actually *couldn’t* move. If he tried to, he just ended up tugging on the ropes and pulling on something else. It was the weirdest thing.

But, then, he wasn’t complaining.

“I mean...” The wolf leaned in, flicked his tongue hungrily out across his lips, and poked a sharp claw into the middle of the sheep’s chest. The force caused him to lean back a little. “*Look* at you. Mouth open, panting... I’d’ve tied this muzzle of yours shut, too, if you had any muzzle to tie. You can’t be *that* worked up already, can you?”

Matt loved seeing his husband like this. Tied up, squirming, panting, enjoying the hell out of himself... the usually-shy sheep, Noah, had a tendency to become uncharacteristically forward and sassy once the ropes came out. This, of course, only convinced Matt to tie him up tighter, which - of course - was what both of them wanted.

It was *something*, tugging on a knot and seeing Noah’s cock between his legs throb in response. Honestly, that had to be Matt’s favorite part of the whole thing - the setup. Tonight he had taken his sweet time in doing so, and now could reap the rewards of that. He leaned in closer, traced his tongue up over the rim of Noah’s lips, and then sat back on the balls of his feet. A small wet spot glistened on the carpet between the sheep’s legs, where his pre had repeatedly dripped.

“Come on. Use your words.”

A shuddering intake of breath, a brief swallow. Matt wanted more than anything to close his paw around that shaft again and continue stroking, but... like he’d said before, just *look* at him. Noah had already been taken to the edge of his climax twice in twenty minutes; he wouldn’t be able to take much more at all.

“Mhmm...”

“*Mhmm*? That’s not a word. Come on, Noah. Don’t tell me you actually *want* to stay tied up like this for longer.”

And then silence - save, of course, for the sheep’s slightly-unsteady panting. That had started while Matt was still getting him tied up - after so many years spent together, the wolf had gotten considerably better with the quality and variety of knots and bindings, but not with the speed with which he could bring them out. There was a sweetness in taking his time, though, because *then* he could follow the changes in his husband’s breathing and heartbeat as he got more worked up, and he could watch his cock stiffen up and start to twitch.

Besides, a part of him rather liked having the sheep grind his nose up between his legs whenever he stood directly in front of him. Matt hadn’t always had the *equipment* befitting a male - his chest still bore the heavy breasts from back then (which he’d kept simply because he

liked them) - but, Noah had always liked sticking his muzzle between his legs. Maybe even more so now.

The sheep swallowed again. "I want-"

"Hmm? Want what?" Matt's mismatched eyes - one green, one blue - coursed up and down Noah's body, just as his tongue and his claws had done earlier in the night. Sometimes the wolf wished he'd decided to save up for a nice camera, so he could look back on moments like these: tonight, his ropework was rather impressive. Symmetrical up and down, a support ring in the center of Noah's sternum out from which the rest of the ropes and knots branched, like a thick web... this time, he had resisted the urge to tie another knot at the base of Noah's shaft and sack, remembering how it had chafed last time.

Still, though, he got to watch up-close how his supple foreskin pulled back as he stiffened up, showing half of his rich pink head, now glistening with the slickness from his pre. With or without ropes, *that* was a surefire way to get Noah to squirm and moan, and again, years of being together had given Matt the proper experience and skill. The sheep often leaked more than enough pre for Matt to drag the pad of his thumb over the ridged rim of that foreskin, using the natural warm slickness as lube. He had *some* idea of how it felt, as Noah's tongue had been within his own sheath a few times, but - sometimes he did it a little too much, and just ended up accidentally pushing the sheep over the edge. That was why, this time, he wanted to wait until Noah had started to soften a bit before getting back to work on that.

Though that might take a while. Even without any contact to his body other than the ropes keeping his limbs bound, with close attention, Matt could still see the occasional drop of clear pre ooze out of the end of the sheep's cock. Just being tied up was enough to keep him worked up.

Noah visibly had trouble willing himself to speak, and when he did, no more than four words escaped his parted lips: *"I want to cum."*

The wolf's grin returned, curling the corners of his lips. He rose to his feet, stepped forward, and stood in front of his husband, close enough so that his nose tapped against the underside of his length whenever he tilted his muzzle up. Noah's nose began twitching at the first contact with the smooth flesh, and he repeatedly attempted to lift himself up, to get a better taste of Matt's scent - but every time he did, the wolf just leaned back away from him. There was the collar and leash in their nightstand, but tonight just didn't feel like the night for that. Maybe next time.

Matt tilted his head, watching the way that Noah's eyes flicked back and forth between the dripping tip of the wolf's cock and his muzzle. "Yeah? And what makes you think you deserve to cum, hmm?"

No answer at first. The sheep leaned forward again, and this time, Matt let him grind his nose against the base of his cock and into his pubic fur, where his scent lingered strongest. He enjoyed knowing that Noah was his, and one of the best ways to remind him of this - other than having him tied up entirely at his mercy - was being able to smell himself on his face. Some nights, he'd tie the sheep up in the middle of the room and paw off onto his muzzle, again and again, until it could be seen on his unkempt fur.

Noah squirmed some more, now dragging his lips up along the side of Matt's sheath and the base of his cock. One stipulation of edging the poor sheep, however, was that Matt had to hold himself off as well: fairly early on, his knot had emerged from his sheath and swelled up, and now throbbed at the base of his length with each heartbeat, for Noah to run his lips and tongue over.

"I'll blow you," the sheep offered, meekly. Warm green eyes looked up at Matt past the red flesh of his length.

"And *that's* supposed to convince me? Come on, dear, you'll have to try harder than *that*..." He placed his paws on his hips and leaned over him, grinding his cock more firmly against Noah's face. Every warm exhalation of breath, each twitch of his lips or flick of his tongue - he could feel all of it, a faint but noticeable electric jolt of pleasure that just made him want to hold that mouth open and plunge into it.

But that was what Noah wanted. Matt at least had to *pretend* that he didn't, too.

"Sometimes I don't even have to ask for you blow me." The wolf took another step back when Noah's lips parted and his tongue curled out against the tip of his cock - and the sheep lurched forward, trying to follow him. "Remember that time you were out late, and I stayed up waiting for you to come back - and fell asleep on the couch while reading? I woke up to the feeling of your lips tight around the base of my cock..." He ran a paw down his length and then back up, and shivered at the sensation. He wanted to cum, too, but - there was no way he'd let Noah know that.

That is, if he couldn't already tell. More than once had Matt felt that the sheep put his partner's enjoyment and pleasure far above his own, even in situations like this where *his* pleasure was the main focus. Matt himself didn't often think of other people - that was just the kind of personality he had - but, sometimes, he *intentionally* focused on Noah, just to show him how it felt. Like a sort of... kindhearted revenge.

"And then when that new video game came out, and I called in to work so I could stay home and play it... what did you do?" The wolf had started pacing around Noah, still kneeling there in the middle of the floor, all tied up and tightly bound. Matt enjoyed it too: there was definitely something about seeing him strain against the bindings, about hearing his little grunts and moans of both exertion and pleasure.

The sheep half-turned his head to follow his husband, his mouth hanging half-open beneath labored breaths. "I blew you..."

"Well, sure." Matt stepped up behind the sheep, intentionally pushing his hips forward so that his sack hung over Noah's shoulder and his cock throbbed beside his muzzle. The sheep leaned back to that side and nuzzled against it. "That wasn't the first thing you did, though. Remember? I didn't even know you were awake. I was sitting there, totally engrossed in that game, and then - I feel a nose pressing up between my legs. I was only wearing boxers at the time."

"Those striped ones..." Noah breathed, his lips tracing along the side of Matt's cock with his words. He curled his tongue out over the underside. "Green and - black. Or maybe dark blue; I wasn't focusing on the color..."

"Certainly weren't. Every time I looked down at you, you had your nose pressed right up against the side of my sheath through those boxers. It was your nuzzling that got me hard - and also your nuzzling that positioned the hole in front just right, so you didn't have to lift your paws to bring my cock out into the air."

Flash of half-lidded green eyes. Noah squirmed. "You smelled really good that morning; I couldn't help myself."

"And I had trouble focusing on the game, then, with your head bobbing in my lap, again and again. You didn't even use your paws; just that tongue of yours and the rest of your mouth. Deepthroated me as best as you could when I came, with my fat knot against your lips - and you swallowed it down. *All* down."

A hint of a smile, then, and Noah's breath hitched in his throat. "Remember? The previous night, you tied my paws behind my back and fucked me - but let neither of us cum. We were both pent up and worked up, and your load definitely showed it..."

Matt started back around towards the sheep's front again, the memory of that time keeping his arousal peaked. Just like earlier, he wanted so *badly* to lean back and paw off, maybe to paint Noah's muzzle and chest with his seed, but... that'd be unfair. So, instead, he knelt down in front of his husband again, watched his face for a few seconds, and then lowered a paw down between the sheep's legs to cup and massage his hanging sack. "When I first met you, I had no idea you were such a freak."

"Mmf..."

"Now, though..." He worked his fingers and thumb over the soft-furred sack, intentionally pressing up behind it every now and then. Every time he did, Noah sucked in a small gasp and lifted up. "You stiffen up like nothing else whenever I clap that collar and leash around your neck - is that a sheep thing? You just so *love* being controlled and led around? I already know for certain that I could shove your head down into my lap, and you'd suck me off. You *love* that kind of thing."

Noah licked his lips and swallowed. "Please..."

"See? Listen to you. You're begging for it. You'd like nothing more than for me to shove my cock up to the knot into your muzzle, huh? Or - how about under your tail? Over the years I've been with you, I've gotten countless good looks at what you've got there, and *that's* perfectly fine with me as well... never really thought of you as the kind of guy who'd sink down into my lap and ride me through three orgasms in one day, until you did it. Four times. In a period of two weeks."

"And I'd do it again, right now, if you'd just - let me-"

"No, no. I've seen you." Matt started to lean forward over the sheep, planting his other paw on his shoulder and pushing him back. Noah wobbled on the balls of his feet, keeping his legs spread as the wolf's other paw still churned along his sack. "I know you haven't forgotten. Those times you rode me through three orgasms - hell, you only stopped because you ended up driving yourself to a hands-free one. And - look at you, here. You'd shoot off before I buried myself up to the knot under your tail."

And he pushed Noah over onto his back on the carpet, quickly getting over him with his paws near his shoulders. The sheep squirmed uncomfortably, the lower center of his back kept raised by his own bound paws beneath him. Matt intentionally grinded his own hard cock up against Noah's, with enough force to cause the sheep's slick foreskin to drag forward over his head. Again and again he churned his hips forward and back, forward and back, pressing his length against Noah's and his breasts against his chest, and making the sheep pant and moan into his shoulder.

Just like earlier in the night when he'd had him firmly in his paw, Matt could now feel each throb and twitch from the sheep beneath him. Slick pre and saliva from both of them rubbed together between them, only making it easier to grind his hips forward... one of the first things Matt had done after securing the ropes, was push Noah onto his back like this, position himself between his legs, and dig his tongue under the sheep's foreskin, swirling and licking around within it like he knew he loved.

"You know, thinking about it..." Matt breathed. He stopped humping - Noah continued, of course, as much as he could with all those ropes crisscrossing his body and limbs. "Do you think I could get you to cum just by using my tongue again? In the past it's been hit or miss every time I try, but... I enjoy trying, and God knows *you* like it, too..."

This time, in a hotter, breathier moan: "*Please-*"

"Mm. Sometimes when I wake up in a good mood, I like to roll you onto your back, move down between your legs, and slide my tongue up into your foreskin, and wriggle it around 'til you get hard... you cum a lot faster and easier when you're still asleep, you know that? I can roll it back, half-back over your head, and... *drag* my tongue over the rim, and if you're not already hard by the time I do that, then *that* will be what does it. Real fun time, focusing along your frenulum when you're stiff and throbbing, and then pulling my tongue up to lick off your pre..."

He lifted his eyes, and noticed Noah's ears had turned bright pink in a blush. "I didn't - didn't know you did that! Why wouldn't you-"

"What, are you gonna *complain*?" Matt straightened up, carefully placing his weight back on Noah's legs. "Little improper, don't you think? Considering you've done that to me more than once..."

A sharp change in his facial expression - and Noah looked away. It felt like he'd tried to bring his paws up to cover his face, but had forgotten they were still tied. "How did..."

"Sure, I haven't had this thing for too long, but - I can tell when someone's digging their tongue into my sheath... you *like* smelling like me, dirty fluff. I bet you'd like it if, every morning, I grinded my crotch against your face and rubbed my sheath against your nose and upper lip. Mm? I mean, when I wake you up with a tongue... sometimes I can still taste you for two hours after. And I know I'm not complaining."

"God, you've..." Noah lifted his lower body up again and bumped his cock against Matt's again. The wolf reciprocated the movement, and pushed him down into the ground. He'd also pounded the sheep on this same floor several times, keeping his legs hiked up over his shoulders and using gravity to his advantage while thrusting into him from above... "got me so worked up-"

"You gonna cum for me?"

"Mm..."

"What was that?"

"Yes-"

Matt curled his lips back and dug his teeth into the sheep's shoulder, gently at first, but still with enough force to make him gasp. "I said, *what was that?*"

Hell - the force with which Noah grinded against him, the fervency and urgency... it almost hurt. Any longer and Matt would be pushed over the edge as well.

"Yes *sir*-"

*Those words...* Matt readjusted his position slightly, finding an easier one in which to grind back against him. Later tonight, he decided, he'd bend Noah over the bed and sink up under his tail - since there was no time to do that right now. He could tell that the sheep quickly approached his own orgasm, based on his writhing and squirming, his unsteady breathing; Matt could feel his foreskin as it slid forward and back, forward and back, pressed against his own length. It was also damn nice feeling Noah's sack against his own, warm and soft and supple-

Whether it was a strong buildup or just a powerful orgasm, Matt couldn't really tell, but before long, Noah started sucking in heavier gasps and thrusting with more force and urgency - until he bucked fiercely upwards once, twice, three times, four times, five... with each one, a spurt of thick, warm cum emptied out between their fur, some spattering across Matt's lower belly and some across the sheep's chest, his back arched so he would shoot up into the air, were there not a large wolf keeping him pinned down. Through his own peaking pleasure, Matt kept his gaze focused on Noah's face as well as he could, watching the sheep's eyes squeeze shut, his lips tighten and then stretch back in an open-mouthed moan, which broke a little more with each of his spurts.

And then before he knew it, Matt felt the familiar intense heat of his own orgasm rushing through him, too - and jerked down against the sheep's still-twitching cock, emptying his own load out across him. The wolf kept himself up with his paws on either side of Noah's body, but his arms shook in the aftermath of his climax, and within another moment he had to rest back down against him.

Noah squirmed again, still panting. He took a moment to wet his mouth, and swallowed. "I'd... pat you on the back, but..." The sheep wriggled. "You know. Tied up."

"Mm..." Matt's heart beat powerfully in his chest and his ears; it had been a *while* since he'd last had an orgasm like that, one that he could feel shuddering through his whole body and reverberating even after it had finished. It took a bit of effort for him to roll off of his husband, and after he did, the two just remained side-by-side on the floor, sticky cum clinging to their fur. "Do I - *have* to untie you? Can't I just... leave you bound through the night?"

"As much as I'd like that, I'd get too sore... in fact, I already am." Noah turned his head to the side to look at Matt. Out of the corner of his eye, the wolf caught the hint of a smile on his lips.

“Tomorrow, do you think we could - I don’t know... run by some shops, see if we can find some... softer rope?”

“Yeah,” Matt panted. He draped a paw across his chest, and then instantly regretted it. “Sure. And I’ll get you untied, just... gimme a moment...”

All of that talk about wiggling his tongue into Noah’s foreskin, of having his scent on his lip and feeling his twitching and throbbing between his lips... even after emptying his arousal out across the sheep’s chest, *those* wants still remained in his mind and his loins. Maybe that would be how he’d start the day tomorrow.