

"How about this one?"

The cat's ears perked and, a moment later, he lifted his head to look over. He already had two books under his arm, and now his wolfdog friend a little bit down the aisle held up one more, something with a pink cover and yellow text... he couldn't quite read it from here.

"What *is* that?"

"It's..." She turned to look at it, cool grey-gold hair swinging to the side in doing so. "*The Purrfect Princess: How To Train Your Boy Into An Obedient Sub.* By L. F. Dong. I think you could use this... well, I mean, I think *I* could use this, for *you*."

He rolled his eyes and tried to still his flicking tail. "Oh my God."

"What? C'mon, Yuki. You can't tell me that the thought of that doesn't just - *work* you up. Right?"

Maybe if he turned away fast enough, she wouldn't be able to see his blush. More than a few times in the past, this same wolfdog - she went by the name Bro - had stood above him with her foot on his shoulder and holding the other end of a leash, affixed to a collar around his neck - the same collar he wore now; it hardly ever came off. She'd tell him how good he looked in that skirt, how he *could* be good and obedient, but usually would have to be pushed to that point...

Earlier today he could do nothing but agree when she'd invited him out to go shopping. After all, he *had* already gotten dressed - he'd chosen a little skirt that reached about halfway to his knees, and a matching blouse that had the most *adorable* little panda on the front - and, besides, there was just something about the look in Bro's yellow eyes... Yuki also could have sworn that he'd seen her slip a few certain *somethings* into her bag, things that he'd gotten to know quite well. Things like - that blue strap-on of hers, and the leash she'd chosen for him. *Good Boy!*, it said along the length, over and over.

"I mean, what..."

The cat's ears flicked back again; she was coming closer. Their little shopping trip today had so far let them to the mall, where they'd spent most of their time so far; then to a little knick-knack shop nearby; then to a bakery; and then finally to this bookstore which, to both of their surprise, had a rather sizable adult section in back, where they now lingered. Unsurprisingly, however, this section was the most populous in the bookstore; while scanning for what he wanted, Yuki couldn't find a single aisle without at least one person already in it. Bro had been *hungry* today, and not in the way that their bakery visit could fix; she'd teased the poor cat extensively through all of their stops.

"You've already got - what is that-" The wolfdog peered over his shoulder; Yuki froze up. He could feel the warmth and pressure of her breasts against his upper back as she leaned over him, one of her paws coming up under his arm. "*Train Your Tail...* and then here's - oh, lord - *Ropeswing!: Do's and Don't's, Tips, Suggestions, And Anecdotes For Perfecting You and Your Partner's BDSM Sessions* - now *that's* a hell of a title. But, anyway, Yuki..." Bro lifted herself up off his shoulders and stepped around the smaller cat - she stood about a full head and a half taller than him - so she could look him in the eye.

Of course, he still avoided eye contact. The larger part of him liked the rebellion, the disobedience, but... both of them, the cat *and* the wolfdog, knew of the more powerful part of him that enjoyed being dominated and reprimanded. Yuki just wouldn't admit that that was part of why he always put up a fight. Besides, with the two of them standing face-to-face like this, him looking straight forward would plant his gaze directly upon the full pair of breasts that had just been weighing down on his back, and that now started a faint stirring beneath his skirt.

Bro leaned against the shelf beside her, the movement pulling her shirt up over the slight outward curve of her lower belly. Yuki swallowed; the *last* time she'd cornered him like this resulted in his nose being pressed up beneath that tummy-bulge while the wolfdog kept his lips *firmly* against hers- "What would the harm be in adding one more book to that pile, mm? Besides, don't you *want* to be a-" She looked at the cover again. "-*purrfect princess?*"

One of the main reasons that Yuki hated being in enclosed spaces (and, again, Bro knew it) was because of how - being a cat - his tail flicked and jerked around whenever something got him worked up, in any sense of the phrase. The amused expression that spread across the wolfdog's muzzle let him know that he failed in trying to keep that damn tail of his still. "No. That's - not what I want."

Bro leaned in a little closer. There was no real reason to suspect her intentions, other than how this was *Bro* in question; she never did anything of this sort to him unless there was something she wanted, and he had a damn good idea of what. She flicked her tongue out across her lips, and smiled. "It's not?"

"No." Blushing, blushing, blushing... if Yuki had any pockets, he would have shoved his paws into them, for a number of reasons. One good thing about being in the adult section of this bookstore, though, was that none of the other customers paid any attention to the two of them and what they did - and besides, it's not like they could see it if they tried. Bro's paw made its way up along Yuki's inner thigh and lifted the front of his skirt... this morning he thought he'd make a bit of an adventurous choice in his wardrobe and decided to wear thin lace panties underneath that skirt. Of course, when he made that choice he hadn't known that he'd be carted around from shop to shop with this wolfdog, and - he *especially* hadn't known that she'd run her fingers up along the underside of his length, constrained underneath that underwear... he could feel the warmth of her fingerpads through the thin fabric, only making him squirm more. "It - it's not."

She moved around him a little more, squeezing him between herself and the bookshelf behind him. Not only did she tower over him, but as she leaned in closer, her breasts came closer to his muzzle - the faint perfume that she wore tickled at his nose, atop the slightly heavier natural scent that always hovered around her.

"It's not?"

Again she licked her lips, but this time let a little bit of her tongue hang out of her mouth for a second - a *little bit*. About three full inches. Just like the finger tracing its way up the underside of his gradually-hardening length, Yuki had also certainly felt *that* before. "Are you sure? I mean, if I were a stranger who just *happened* to see these books you've got with you?" Here, she finally moved her paw out from under his skirt, and knocked her knuckle against the cover of the topmost one. "If I were a stranger, I'd *assume* that you're into... let's see... being tied up, getting

railed, and - oh shit, I didn't see this last one. What is this, puppy play? Is *that* why you don't want to be *purrfect*?"

"Bro!" Yuki tried to move away from her, but only ended up in almost unbalancing the shelf behind him; on the other side, some books fell out and clattered against the floor. The wolfdog took a step back, adjusting the bag over her shoulder; her round ears had come all the way up, but her eyes and whiskers showed more of an interested amusement than annoyance. "That's enough, okay? I told you, I don't want that."

"And I told you I don't believe you." Every time he moved away, she just followed him along the aisle and continually closed in on him, squeezing him ever more tightly between her body (*her breasts*) and the bookshelf behind him - and also just working him up more and more. Now, he wasn't sure whether to make eye contact or not, instead of straight-up avoiding it: when trying not to, the first place his gaze shifted was down, down towards her cleavage that disappeared beneath the low-cut neck of her shirt. He swallowed - again. "Also, little kitten, I don't like how you're *behaving* right now. What put *you* in a bad mood?"

"I'm just - trying to-" No matter which way he tried to turn, Bro put an arm out between him and his way out. "I just want to have a nice day of shopping-"

"Who is it that's going to buy these books for you?" With her other paw, she drummed her claws along the cover of the topmost one.

Yuki's ears half-folded back, and then drooped the rest of the way down. If it weren't for the stirring arousal in the front of his panties - thank God that this skirt at least covered *that* - he would probably feel quite a bit less annoyed right now... "You are," he grumbled.

"And who bought you a cinnamon roll at the bakery?"

"You did..."

"What about those cute little bird statues that '*oh, Bro, I just HAVE to have*'?"

The cat lowered his books down and held them in front of himself. A whole bunch of weird feelings flowed through him right now: discomfort of being cornered, arousal at being dominated (though he knew that this hadn't *really* begun yet) and at having Bro so close to him, discomfort at being hard, and - honestly, it was kind of funny to hear the cute little swing melody that played quietly over the bookstore's speakers overhead. "You did."

This time when the wolfdog leaned in, she pressed her paw firmly against his shoulder and pushed him back against the bookshelf - and squeezed her breasts up against his chest, close to his chin. His eyes naturally trailed down the front of her neck towards the line of her cleavage... "So why're you giving me lip, then?"

"I'm not..."

"Why are you misbehaving? And in - *public* too?"

"I'm not misbehaving!"

"You're not behaving like I *want* you to. I have half a mind to attach your leash to your collar and pull you along behind me - in public... in public..." Idly, Bro brought one paw up and lifted one of her breasts, causing the neck of her shirt to pull downwards a little bit... as she did this she looked the other way, but then quickly focused on Yuki's face when he made a noise. "You know, Yuki..."

It took a bit of effort to make eye contact again. He couldn't tell where her other paw was going. "What?"

"I bet I could get you to behave if I - teach you a lesson. Right here."

"Right here?"

"What?" That paw brushed up his leg, up along his hard length through his panties again - and then lifted her other breast, too. She *knew* what she was doing, absolutely: the cat squirmed and accidentally (not really) grinded up against her leg, and in response, she actually - *pulled* her shirt and bra to the side to show to him the full of her breast. Of course his eyes were drawn to the border in fur color, from the brown of her chest to the warmer, smoother shade along the curve of that breast.

Sometimes when Bro *really* wanted to mess with Yuki, she'd lie back on the bed or the couch or whatever topless, and she'd bring the cat over - and squish his head down between her breasts, or rub her upper chest against his face... and then sometimes she would *let* him run his tongue along the edge of her nipples, would let him do whatever he wanted. It at least felt good to know that he could make her shiver as much as *she* did *him*. That blue strap-on of hers... Yuki had felt it deepest under his tail after he'd gotten her worked up by doing that.

Just as he started to lift his own paw up to squeeze, to rub and feel what she showed to him - the wolfdog somewhat roughly pushed him over, his surprise only making it easier for her. Yuki *would* have landed facefirst on the rough carpeted floor of the bookstore, had someone not left a footstool right there, a bit too conveniently placed for it to be an accident that Bro had chosen *this* spot. The cat managed to prop himself up on it, the pads of his paws finding firm traction along the ridged top of the stepstool; when he turned his head to the side, first all he saw was Bro's bag hanging in front of her thick legs as she rummaged through it, and then she knelt down and those bright yellow eyes met his.

"You'll be a good boy?" she cooed, right before lifting a pair of fingers to her muzzle. With her other paw, she lifted Yuki's skirt up his body - he knelt down over the stepstool, rump elevated and tail half-raised - and pulled his lace panties down his legs, having to reach around in front to lift the waistband over his twitching length.

There was only one right answer. Yuki intentionally ignored this fact. "Make me."

-And then, instead of giving him another snarky command, Bro simply closed the distance between her muzzle and his rump, pressing her lips firmly against the rim of his tailhole. He lurched forward a little, having to pull in a quiet gasp through his teeth: the wolfdog already put that long tongue of hers to work, dragging it up along his tailhole, swirling it around, *thoroughly* slickening him up for her fingers that soon followed. Yuki felt their different pressure coming up under her lip, underneath her tongue - and more forcefully pushing into him

She always got *right* down to business. Yuki swallowed back a small noise and lifted his rump a little higher, sinking back against the wolfdog's fingers as she pressed them into him alongside her tongue. Honestly, the feelings of each individually - fingers and tongue - were similar, he'd found, especially with how deep *this* wolfdog's tongue could reach in him; more than a few times in the past, she had kept his rump spread with one paw, tail raised with the other, and churned her chin against the back of his sack as she worked her tongue deep in him, pressing on and wriggling around in all the right places to make him squirm, and moan, and shudder, and even cum. When she said her tongue was *long* - well, Yuki hadn't exactly expected it to be about as long as her strap-on.

His eyes had drifted shut while Bro worked at him, slowly pressing her fingers into him and then pulling them back out, each time pushing a little deeper, a little faster... but when he *did* open his eyes, he looked straight forward - directly at an otter couple at the other end of the aisle, both female, watching the two of them with wide eyes and raised eyebrows. Most of the pleasure that had started to build up in the cat's abdomen escaped him, and he struggled to lift himself up.

"Bro! Bro..." he hissed, half-turning. The wolfdog opened her eyes a little and looked up at him, though kept her muzzle firmly pressed against his rump with her tongue and chin still working.

"Mmh?" Her breath washed out warmly over him-

"There's - *people watching*..."

"Mhmm." When Bro moved back and slid her tongue out of his tailhole, the cat had to bite back a soft noise of pleasure. Already he could feel the faint stinging of being stretched, as well as the slick warmth that always lingered after having a tongue beneath his tail, and especially *hers*. The wolfdog reached down in front of her - but Yuki couldn't quite see what she was doing. From here he *could* tell, however, that she'd worked her jeans part of the way down her legs, and had just had that same paw beneath her own panties. "As if you don't like it."

"I..." He looked back down the aisle. Not only had those two others stayed where they stood, but they now they also leaned against the bookshelves, and one had even taken her camera out. Looked like they didn't intend to leave anytime soon.

"What's that, Yuki?" Behind him, Bro stood up; he heard the rustling of clothing, a soft curse, something that sounded like a metal buckle... and then a gasp and a gentle "*oh my*" from the other end of the aisle. When he next turned around, the wolfdog was just finishing tightening that damn blue strap-on around her waist, her jeans discarded against the base of the bookshelf. Past her, some *other* people had gathered, too; one of them even wore the employee vest of the bookstore... "You were saying something?"

The cat couldn't find his voice, though. Almost as a reflex, his hips and rump lifted up into the air when Bro settled her paws back down against him, her legs brushing against his as she got into position. What with being bent over a short stepstool, Yuki couldn't really see how many people had already gathered - but, hearing all of the quiet conversations, the different voices, all the "*holy shit!*" and "*is this, like, a weekly thing?*", the "*damn, I gotta tell my boyfriend...*" and "*shoulda brought my good camera today*", he had *some* idea.

Bro seemed to thrive off the attention. She spat into her paw, quickly rubbed that along the length of her strap-on, and then rested the slightly-warm tip of it against Yuki's prepared tailhole, then returned her grip to his hips - and started to sink up into him. *This* was what pushed his voice out of him again, and it came in another low, shuddering moan, along with the feeling of her pressing into him. Of course the strap-on was *thicker* than her tongue, slightly longer, not quite as warm or slick - but, *damn*, it still made the cat shiver, still made him squirm and throb over the stepstool.

This was nothing the two of them hadn't done before. The setting was just a little different this time, as was the audience; one time, Bro had bred him over her bed, while her laptop sat open a short distance away in a video call with four or five friends of hers... she'd gotten really into it *that* time, pulling on Yuki's leash hard enough to cause chafing along his neck that didn't go away for a week and a half. Out here in the bookstore as she gradually churned her hips against him, driving deep under his tail and then sliding back out - every time Yuki heard a new voice, or the click of a camera shutter, or the *ping* of someone receiving a text message, his ears perked upright and his heart skipped a beat. Honestly, there was just *something* about - being watched, about having someone else see what this goddamn wolfdog did to him and how he *enjoyed* it-

Bro hilted deep in him, firmly enough so that he could feel both the base of the strap-on as well as the warmth of her hips pressing against his rump. Yuki lurched forward, clenching around that strap-on and fully aware that his cock was drooling pre, as he could feel it roll a little further down the underside with each thrust. "Fuck..." he breathed, half-biting his lower lip.

"Hey." The wolfdog leaned over him, close enough so that he could feel her breath tickling through the sensitive fur of his ear; then, that long tongue of hers came out and traced up the edge of that ear, causing it to flick backwards. "Hey, now. Watch your language. We want a nice, wholesome show for our dear audience - don't we?"

Yuki had to forcibly retract his claws from digging into the enameled metal of the stepstool, then, as Bro started to pull slowly out of him. Usually with one paw he clutched at his collar while the other one kept himself up, but Bro hadn't yet put a leash on him. Maybe she was saving that for later - and, besides, she could still wrap her fingers around his collar and tug him back onto the strap-on, could still hold him in place for her thrusts, already picking up in speed and energy.

A few others had joined the otters at this end of the aisle, some of which apparently felt a little adventurous and had come even closer. Whenever Yuki managed to open his eyes, he looked forward at an interested muzzle watching him, or a phone raised and directed towards the two of them, or someone whispering to someone else while both kept their eyes on him... an African wild dog leaned in from the next aisle over, one arm draped across the bookshelf while he kept the other at his side in a rather suspicious jerking motion. Yuki swallowed again, closed his eyes, and pressed back into the thrusting, feeling each one underneath his tail like another wave of pressure and pleasure coursing through him.

Just like with everything else, Bro *knew* how this sort of treatment made him feel. The two of them had had more than enough time together to find out each other's likes, and the wolfdog usually tended to abuse those chances. Sometimes he would halfheartedly complain about being too sore to play, and she would either shove his head down between her legs or do her whole "*oh, like I believe you - go get my strap-on and ride me like a good kitten*", and then he'd obey, and... most of the time ended up with one paw squeezing her breast and the other pressed into the bed by her shoulder, the cat himself bouncing up and down on her, pistoning

his hips forward and back with his movements, jaw hanging open and breath coming and going in short gasps-

-which was quite similar to what Bro currently put him through. Again and again Yuki lurched forward over the stepstool, the hinges squeaking and complaining underneath their combined weight as she pounded into him. Her hips slapped against his rump, and the position she held - still bent over him, one of her paws gripping the side of the stepstool for support while the claws of her other dug into the flesh of his thigh - allowed him to feel each thrust deeper, heavier. Every time she humped into him, he felt the bright pleasure of orgasm coming closer, closer... all thanks to Bro having buried her tongue in him just prior to this. That *always* got him wildly worked up, always made him want to have someone pound into him and fill him up.

Again, Bro already knew this.

"Ah-" Yuki arched his back up against the wolfdog and pushed firmly back against her, interrupting her thrust halfway through. She adjusted and got right back into it with the same speed, the same energy - only pushing the cat closer and closer, making him tighten up, dig his claws into the stepstool, bite into his lip- "God-"

And then he jerked forward and back, forward and back in a few uneven twitches, each time shooting out another spurt of cum across the side of the stepstool and the carpet underneath them. His breath caught in his throat, his voice pinched off into a shivering sigh, he could feel his heartbeat pounding in his throat and his ears... and as the sweet pleasure dripped out of his body, Bro remained hilted under his tail, drumming her fingers along his upper thigh in waiting for him to ride out his orgasm, and then tugged backwards out of him.

"Yuki..."

Along the way, the cat had lost his grip on the stepstool and had fallen down across it, so that it now dug roughly into his chest through the fabric of his shirt. As he lifted himself back up, he caught sight of a few members in the crowd in front of him: more than one of them had a paw in their pants, with all those phones still raised in their other. The two otters eyed Yuki the same way that Bro did when she was in one of her *moods*: eyes half-lidded, tongue occasionally flicking out to wet her lips, paw hovering dangerously close to the button of her pants... he squirmed, breathless. "What?"

"I didn't give you permission to cum."

With that, his ears dropped back against his head. Now that his sexual hunger had been satisfied, he had lost a lot of his drive to go on: now instead of drawing energy and excitement from the large crowd - their conversations and noises had covered the music of the bookstore quite a while ago - all that their gazes brought him was embarrassment, reluctance to do anything more. He swiftly tugged his panties back up his legs (as if that would do anything) and scrambled to his feet... but his legs were unsteady from the pounding, and he had to reach out against the bookshelf for balance.

He swallowed, avoiding her eyes. "Well - I mean, Bro, I-"

"You know what that means, right?"

Even without her having to say anything more, the cat already knew what to do. He had been in this position before, literally: the two of them switched positions wordlessly, and then Bro sat back atop the footstool with her legs spread, not even bothering to remove her strap-on - though she *did* kick her pants and underwear the rest of the way off, so that they hung around one ankle. Then, Yuki knelt down in front of her between those legs and lifted his nose up, up towards the underside of the blue strap-on and the slick lips right underneath.

He could taste her arousal on the air, on every inhalation - and something he'd discovered with Bro as far back as the first time he'd been in this position was how damn *wet* she got when aroused. Yuki could press his cheek against her inner thigh halfway to her knee, and as a result would find the fur of that cheek matted down with the same wet slickness that soaked through the wolfdog's pubic fur, directly in front of his muzzle. She reached a paw down to rub a pair of fingers between those lips, and then spread herself... her yellow eyes flicked down to him at about the same time that Yuki looked up at her. Seemed she had been maintaining eye contact with someone down the aisle while getting into position.

His nose tickled with her heat and scent, his whiskers twitched, he flicked his tongue out over his lips...

"So?" she cooed, lifting one leg up a little. When she brought her fingers back up, a few strands of that wetness connected them; while continuing to watch the cat between her legs, she licked them clean. "Get to it."

So he obeyed. Another half-second, and he closed the distance between his lips and hers - and he instantly put his tongue to work, following the same path that her fingers had taken along her slick flesh. Again and again he dragged his tongue up, sometimes pressing it into her, sometimes swirling it around, always attempting to dig it against her and draw out the most of her twitches and noises.

She wasn't shy with either of these. A shiver ran the course of the wolfdog's body as soon as Yuki's tongue started tracing up along her sex, and now that he had his muzzle buried against her with his chin churning forward and back and tongue working, her paws had come down to squeeze the back of his head and keep him in place. The stepstool creaked and groaned beneath her weight, especially as she started to grind her hips against the rhythm of his head; Yuki could do nothing but remain there for her to hump against. Not that he minded, of course.

The *last* time this had happened, he'd been able to smell her on his upper lip for the duration of the whole day - and already he could tell that this would be much the same. Whether it was saliva or the juice of her arousal dripping down his chin and gathering at the corners of his mouth, he couldn't tell; the wolfdog steadily grinded against his muzzle, lifting her hips up against his lips and tongue again and again. Yuki knew that he was fully on display for anyone at this end of the aisle: on his knees like this with one paw in front of him and the other on Bro's inner thigh, the only way to fit his muzzle between her legs was to raise his rump into the air... and underneath this skirt, his lace panties didn't exactly *hide* anything.

"Ah-..."

Bro moved one paw down to lift up her strap-on, at the same time rubbing at her clit with her thumb. Yuki, swallowing down one more time, half-opened his eyes: up past the black straps and blue material of the strap-on, around the wolfdog's wide breasts, he could see that she truly



was enjoying this. Lips parted, tongue half-hanging out of her mouth, eyes closed - and whiskers twitching upwards every now and then, and then even more as Yuki lifted his muzzle up to focus his tongue against her clit. Bro's paw fell away, settled back between his ears, held him *firmly* right there... honestly, part of why his jaw didn't get as sore as it used to (other than because he'd had a lot of practice now) lay in how Bro took up most of the movements.

It was she who churned her lips forward against Yuki's, she who kept herself spread so that the slickness of her arousal soaked into the fur around his mouth and muzzle; it was she who held him in place for her to grind against - just like how she often mounted him from behind and held his upper body down, paws on his shoulders. Yuki could feel it as she approached her orgasm, in how her movements and twitches picked up in speed and force, how her gasps, her moans heightened, sharpened-

And then, suddenly, she pushed herself back a little, causing the stepstool to scrape roughly across the carpet - and Yuki, lips parted and tongue still half-out of his muzzle, received a few fast spurts of her climax across his tongue and muzzle, startling him. The wolfdog lifted her hips into the air with each squirt, her paw in front still working at her clit causing it all to spread out and spatter across her thighs, across the stepstool and carpet, all over Yuki's shirt... he swallowed once, ran his tongue out across his soaked lips, swallowed again, and then leaned forward to lap up between the wolfdog's legs as she came down from her peak.

Hell - Yuki had almost forgotten about the crowds that had gathered. As soon as he lifted his muzzle back up to lick off her juice that had gathered on his lips, however, he caught sight of that same African wild dog from before, still leaning over the bookshelf from the other aisle and now with his camera directed towards the two of them. Everyone's conversations had noticeably quieted down, as if they had gotten thoroughly involved in the *performance*... Yuki felt a blush start to warm his cheeks, and he lowered his ears.

"Bro..."

"Mmh." The wolfdog lifted her fingers to her muzzle to start licking each one individually, while she held her strap-on up in her other paw. If that had taken any longer, Yuki would have started to get hard again - and he knew from experience that she probably would have made him ride her to *another* orgasm... "God, I needed that. Look, you've got me all - out of breath..."

Yuki, still kneeling, shifted his arms to cover the front of his skirt and some of the stain that had started to show on his shirt. "Bro, there are - a *lot* of people watching..."

"Of course there are. I know that." She ran her paw back down along her upper thigh, thoroughly soaked like Yuki's muzzle. There was a reason that Bro avoided wearing pants when lounging around at home, and *especially* with this cat. "I made sure to give some of them the perfect angle for taking pictures... maybe I should get some of their numbers. I might want to see those pictures... hey, Yuki?"

His ears flicked back up, and he raised his muzzle. Embarrassed as he was, he still knew better than to ignore her; when he *did*, it was because he maybe-sort-of *wanted* to be punished. "Yeah...?"

Bro smirked. She bent over to pull her underwear and pants back up her legs, ignoring the slickness that rolled down her thighs and the strap-on she still wore. "Why don't you go pick out another book you want? I'd say you deserve it."

As if he *wanted* to squeeze his way through these crowds, the wolfdog's scent and cum heavy on his face. He swallowed yet again, and stood up. He knew better than to disobey.