

You know, I can't really explain it, but there's just something about older guys that does it for me. Could be the... confidence, I guess, the general demeanor and personality, how they've seen so much shit and weathered through it; part of it's definitely the scent, the rich aroma of masculinity that seems so much more refined and steady if it's thirty than if he's twenty; it's the appearance of a guy taller than me, wider than me, thicker than me, in more than one meaning of the word; and then there's so much more past that.

So, yeah. You could say I'm kinda into dads.

There was this German shepherd I had a thing with while in between apartments, a nice big dog with a low voice and firm arms. He knew this... *appreciation* of mine, and he went with it - I don't know for my enjoyment, for his, or for both, but, God. I think our thing started when one time he walked in on me pawing, and - I swear, this guy was at least twice my age, so it felt like being caught by my parents all over again. I apologized, he apologized, I apologized again, he apologized some more, he offered to treat me to ice cream to make up for not knocking before coming in, I accepted. I asked if there was anything I could do to thank him for being so nice to me - since he'd treated me to that sort of thing before, just because 'you're one of the best roommates I've ever had, Luke' - so in response, and I think solely because he'd seen what it was that I was pawing off to, he set down the book he was reading, looked at me, gave me a smile, and said "That depends on what you're willing to do for a tired old shepherd". From there I'm not really entirely sure how it went, but we ended up with him holding my head down on his cock while he bucked upwards and emptied his load into my throat...

His name was Harold, but that was such a bland name - and I tended not to use it, anyway. It was always 'you' or 'hon' or 'dear' or, I think his favorites, 'daddy' and 'daddyshep'. He told me he liked feeling like he had someone to look out and provide for, since his kids never called him anymore; he enjoyed being able to sit down at the table every afternoon and eating dinner with someone, since he'd been on his own for so long; he liked it when I acted a little younger than I was, when I asked him to tuck me in (on the few nights I slept in my own bed) or grabbed his paw on the way down the hall due to being afraid of the dark... yeah. We had fun.

Of course, the best part about having a daddy who's not actually related to you is the wide array of things you can do to show your appreciation for him. He had work every day, long hours, too, sometimes leaving before I woke up in the mornings or getting back after I'd gone to bed. Every now and then, though, he got up in time to surprise me with breakfast, plant a kiss on my head, and depart, and then got home just as I was getting ready to climb back into bed. Bedtime was always when I felt my most affectionate, too...

"I'm home, Lukas," I heard him call from the other room one evening, just as I'd finished kicking off my pants. So, of course, I got back up and went to greet him, wearing just a pair of black boxer-briefs.

"Hey, you."

"Ah. Just heading to bed?"

Due to his being a bit taller than me, he leaned down to give me a kiss and held me to him with one large paw in the middle of my back. He smelled of cologne, dog, sweat, and musk, giving me the suspicion that he'd been plagued by a certain type of thought during the day... "Long day?"

"Yeah." After releasing me from the hug, he went off down the hall, towards the bedroom. "I'm tired... thinking I'll just hop into bed with you."

"That'll be fine." His exhaustion was evident in his heavy steps and dragging tail, even though it *had* wagged a little when he saw me coming towards him. It's small things like that that really let you know how much you mean to someone. "Need anything before bed? A glass of water, or somethin'?"

"No, no, I'm fine..." The bed creaked a little underneath his weight when he sat on the edge, starting to unbutton his shirt. I closed the distance between us and took over the job, gently batting his paws away; with him sitting on the bed and me standing beside it, my muzzle came about even with his. I watched his eyes while he spoke. "...Actually..."

"Hm?"

The shepherd just flopped back onto the bed at this, not even giving me a chance to finish with his shirt. A moment later he righted himself, turning so that his head rested on the pillow; I went around the bed and lay down with him, throwing an arm around him and nosing into his neck. He hugged me close. "Is there anything *you'd* like, Luke?"

"...Well..." Oh, yeah, There was *always* something I wanted from a daddyshep like him. Sometimes I said it, sometimes I didn't... but he really did seem tired today, so after sitting back up to help him get his shoes off, I just decided to be blunt about it. "I've been wanting to suck a cock all day."

Smooth. Yeah. I know. Usually I had trouble undoing my own shoelaces, so of course I encountered a bit of resistance undoing his. After I got one shoe off, I turned to him to see his reaction - and saw that he'd undone his belt and pants and now lay there with his thick shaft in his paw. I raised my eyebrows.

"Well?" he murred, stroking idly - still soft, but that made him look no less delicious. "Finish with that other shoe, pup, and you can attend to this."

Well damn. Now I was excited and had even *more* trouble with the laces, which I could tell the damn shepherd both knew and enjoyed. Once I *had* managed it, I didn't even pull the shoe off; I just turned around, dragged myself back up his body, and lay down between his legs...

"There you go..." he cooed, and rested that cock of his against my muzzle. God - rich, heavy scent, sharpened even more by his full day of work... I nuzzled up against it, feeling its heat, drawing in that scent in slow, deep inhalations; the shepherd pressed it against my nose, knowing... oh, *just* how I enjoyed pleasing him. He had started to harden up from the pressures of my nose and lips all up and over the underside of his length - so I wasn't surprised at all when I opened my eyes and saw that a little glob of slick pre had dripped down onto the end of my nose...

A paw on the back of my head pushed me down a little further, into the soft, warm fur of his sack... I again closed my eyes and remained where he held me, lips at the space between his sack and tailhole, nose right in the midst of musky fur. I flicked my tongue out against his rim, the way I knew he liked; he shivered a little, breathed out a tense sigh, pulled me closer. Every breath just strengthened his aroma in my nose, and soon, I could think of nothing else but him - and, God, I wanted him. I shifted down a little further, running my tongue around his tailhole, dragging it up along it, gently pressing in, while his sack rested on the bridge of my muzzle and slowly lifted up and down with his steady pawing-

and then there was a paw at the scruff of my neck, lifting me back up to come eye-level with his length, which he again rubbed against the side of my muzzle. "Get to work on this, pup," he growled, "or you'll make me want to hold you down and fuck you, which I'm too tired for..."

I sure as hell wouldn't mind it, but hey, he's the one in charge here. A paw gingerly wrapped around the base of his length brought to my attention just how worked up he really was, as this simple touch earned quite a bit of a throb out of him; I tilted it towards my muzzle, cast my eyes up to him, flopped my tongue out against the underside of his head where all of that pre gathered... and then dove down on him, keeping my tongue moving and lips tight, moving to match the speed at which he had been pawing.

Honestly, I loved this view: mass of pubic fur, belly, chest, and then half-open muzzle, half-closed eyes, everything rising and falling with tense and unsteady breaths, being able to see him grip at the blankets or bite his lip... and, then, it was also fun just to close my eyes and bob on him, up and down, slowly, feeling his throbs and twitches in my lips, tasting his pre every time a little more oozed out. Thick dog, gave me trouble if I tried to deepthroat him right out - so it took practice, it took time, diving down a little bit further on him each descent, pushing through the little gags from overeagerness until he pressed at the back of my throat, hot and hard. A paw held me there, my nose thoroughly buried in his pubic fur, where his musk lingered most richly... ah, this scent would be in my nostrils for hours to come.

After a while he let me up, so I resumed my movement of bobbing on him, though with reinvigorated speed and energy - his pre on my tongue, his scent in my nose... *God*. I kept one paw at the base of his cock to stroke while I sucked him off, moving at the same pace, the way he liked - and, as usual, he started to hump upwards into my muzzle whenever I descended on him, that paw of his gripping my shoulder and occasionally digging in with his claws. He knew quite well that I loved giving oral, knew that I loved swallowing down his cum - many times in the

past, he'd sit at the table reading the newspaper, and point down between his legs for a blowjob before he'd give me my breakfast; or I'd wake up with his cock or sack on my nose, or sometimes (if I was just *really* tired the night before) I'd awake just as he started to spurt out his cum onto my lips and muzzle; and then one time when I asked him to buy me a new video game, he brought me into the bathroom of the store and had me suck him off in one of the stalls. 'Say "*please, Daddy*"', he told me...

Pent up old shep - I could tell in his breaths, in his full-body shivers and twitches. It'd been two or three days since we'd last had time to play, quite a while for the two of us; where I had ample time to take care of myself, due to the strange hours of his job, he probably hadn't had any. His paw had returned to the back of my head to guide and regulate my rhythm on him, which he tended to do when he started to come close... God, the load I'd have on my tongue would probably be quite the sizable one...

...and I wasn't wrong. A noticeable pick-up in his breathing forewarned his orgasm, and then he tugged me down, down into his pubic fur again, and I almost choked on the multiple spurts of thick, hot cum against the back of my throat - one, two, a third... and then a weaker fourth when he let me go, one that shot out onto my tongue as I came up off of him and finished against my lips. I lapped off that final one, swallowed it down - his taste was a little different than I was used to, tangier than usual but no less pleasant, still heavily dog and heavily him.

Still worked up, I again pressed my nose against his sack - but he tugged me up, kissed my forehead, and wrapped his arms around me. "Thanks, Luke," he rumbled after kicking off his pants. "I needed that... bedtime now."

He pretended to ignore my raging boner for a while, but after enough humping against his leg and frustrated sighs when he batted my own paw away, his paw closed around my length and he rubbed me off right into the fur of his belly; I came with my nose buried in his neck, breathing his scent, panting heavily.

Didn't take long for me to fall asleep, and I think I dreamt about... gosh, I don't know, some movie I'd seen several years ago or something. It was a pair of heavy paws on my chest that dragged me out of the dream, right as the title of the movie came up; dazed, I opened my eyes, tried to move, looked around... there was my big old daddyshep sitting above me, legs on either side of me, rubbing his paws against my chest, and then my shoulders, and then my arms... *uffh*. In response to the unexpected massage, I just again closed my eyes, and gave into the pleasant feeling of his paws on me, pressing in at tough muscles (if what I had could even be *called* muscles) and making my bones feel not quite so stiff from sleeping, as they usually did...

It gradually occurred to me that, at some point during the night, my underwear had come off - as had his as well. At first, I thought I could still smell him due to the liberal grinding of my face into his crotch I'd done just a few hours previous, but I opened my eyes when he started to work his paws further down my body, and saw that shaft of his standing erect in front of the tree-bark fur of his belly. I hoped he hadn't noticed that I'd gradually gotten hard from him touching and

holding me down, but... the multiple brushes of his paw against my length seemed too deliberate to be accidental.

Of course, he *had* to tease me, wrapping a paw around my cock and stroking slowly while continuing down my body with his other, rubbing my thighs, massaging my sack, moving further down my legs, returning to that one central area...

My suspicions concerning his intentions were confirmed, then, as he suddenly hooked his arms around my legs, hiked my lower body up into the air, propped me up on his legs, and then set his tongue against my tailhole, as I'd teased him with the night before. This of course, all done so quickly, brought a surprised yip out of me that turned into a softer moan; he worked one paw around to continue teasing at my cock as he swirled his tongue around first, then pressed it into me - gently at first, then deeper, with more force and want. Hell, he gave me a damn kiss - a deep one, with tongue and all the same movements of lip as well, a rimjob that made me tighten my legs over his shoulders and curl my toes. If he bent me over myself a little further and continued what he was doing with his paw, soon I could be able to cum into my own mouth...

He made sure to *really* lube me up, often drawing his tongue back and then slipping it back into me or tightening his lips on me for another kiss - but then, almost as suddenly as he'd lifted me up did he lower me back down, adjusting himself just right so that the end of his hard cock pressed up under my tail where his tongue had just been. He leaned over me, one paw pressing my shoulder down into the bed and the other right by my head, and smiled.

"I want to fuck you, Luke."

I swallowed - *God* - and pressed my rump down against him, but he drew his hips back out of my reach. "Mhmm..."

"Well?"

"Mmh?"

He leaned closer to my face, keeping that sly grin on his. I was shivering all over from the rimjob, and - hell, if he just slammed into me right now, I'd... I wouldn't complain. "Do *you* want me to fuck you?"

"Mhmm."

"Say it."

Again I tried to wiggle back onto him, and again he moved out of the way. "C'mon..."

"Yes?"

"Fuck me."

"Call me daddy."

I bit my lip. "Fuck me, Daddy."

*There* it was - he moved forward and set the head of his cock back against my slick tailhole, sinking into me a little. I sucked in a shuddering gasp. "Hard?"

"Mhmm..."

"How hard?" He slid into me, slowly, slowly... "Like this?"

"Harder..."

A little faster. I was far too worked up (and lubed up, thanks to heavy-duty dog saliva) to worry about getting accustomed to his girth first - so I'd be sore for a day or two, so what. "How about now?"

"Harder-"

With this last one, he bucked his hips forward against my rump and shoved into me, causing the last part of the word to pinch off in a high moan. A shudder moved through my body in a slick wave; the shepherd drew back to about halfway and did it again, thrusting into me hard enough to make the bed squeak beneath us and to make me moan again. "How about that? Is that good?"

"Mhmm..."

"Use your words, Lukas."

"Yes, sir." Him still hilted in me from that last thrust, I churned my rump on him, causing his tough facade to falter a little and earning a light sigh from him - but then, a moment later, he tightened his paw on my shoulder and again leaned down close to my face, so that I could feel his breath in my whiskers. I opened my eyes and looked into his pair of deep azurite.

This wasn't a satisfactory reply, though: he slid out maybe an inch or so and then slammed back into me. "What did I tell you to call me, dear?"

I had trouble getting the words out. Hell, I had trouble doing *anything*, my mind was so clouded with pleasure and desire... "-yes... daddy-"

"You wanna get pounded?"

I nodded. He started to work his hips in me, drawing back a little and then sinking back in, coming back just a little bit further each time. After those first few sharp, sudden thrusts, these made me shiver all over and want more.

“Ravaged?”

“Yes, Daddy...”

“You don’t have any plans today, do you?”

I shook my head and swallowed, Already I was moving my rump against him, lifting up when he tugged up, pressing down onto him when he pushed in.

“Good. I have today off. How about-” He drew back, and then quickly thrust back in. “-I fuck you now-” he did it again. “-hard-” Each thrust made me pull in a breath and then let it out in a shuddering sigh - God, I’d be pawing if he didn’t bat my paw away every time I tried. “-and then I’ll treat you - to ice cream for being a good boy... and when we get back -” really, though, at this rate, at this pace and force, he’d squeeze an orgasm out of me without even having to *touch* my cock. “-I bend you over the dinner table, and- fuck you there... or, we can put on a movie, and I’ll - make you ride me, and you - can’t cum ‘til the movie finishes...”

If he was expecting me to be able to respond, he found himself disappointed. Still, though, he lowered himself a little, pressed his muzzle against my neck, and started to fuck me in a steadier rhythm, though no less fast or hard; a while back we’d removed the bed’s headboard due to excessive slamming and damage to the paint, and yet still his pounding into my rump made a noise itself, made *me* make a noise, and caused the frame of the bed to thump against the wall once he’d gotten into the rhythm. Our position was sort of like doggy-style, with him on his knees bent over me, except I was on my back with my lower body slightly raised to allow him more ease to thrust into me.

Of course, position didn’t really matter to this shepherd - if he wanted to fuck me, he’d do it. We went to the movies one time and we sat way in the back row, even though there weren’t many people in the theater to begin with; he pulled me into his lap first, then a few minutes later started feeling me up, and then slid his paw into my pants... and then he undid his fly, tugged the back of my pants down, and fucked me right there during the movie, no lube (which forced us to go slower than we normally would, which was probably for the best or else I’d draw attention with noises). Then there was another time he’d brought me to visit his parents, and when they were out I decided to take a nap on the couch... and when I woke up, this damn shepherd right here was seven inches under my tail while I was on my belly, apparently having orgasmed once in my sleep, and quickly approaching another. Then a third time, we went out late in the afternoon to hand-wash his car, and he bent me over the hood and started pounding me then, pretending to be helping me reach a tough spot on the windshield whenever someone walked by... and then that one time in the game store bathroom, and then once in the store itself when we almost got caught but didn’t thanks to an attempted shoplifting - that time, he

didn't even undo my pants; he just fucked me until he unloaded in me, and the tight position and angle caused me to cum in my underwear.

His breaths, hot in the fur of my neck, mirrored mine. By now I'd moved my legs so I bounced up and down on his cock as he pounded me, making the thrusts feel a lot faster and harder, a lot deeper... if you've never been fucked before, let me just tell you - when it's done right, you sometimes don't even need a touch to your cock to get off. Each thrust in made me tense up and throb again, again, again, like every descent of his paw on my length during last night's handjob; I knew that if I came first, he'd keep on fucking me until he, too, finished, which was an odd mixture of discomfort and pleasure... maybe I'll share a story sometime about when he fucked me right through two orgasms, maybe ten minutes apart, only stopping to flip me onto my belly and drive down into me. My paws clawed at the sheets of the bed as he worked, his own breath and speed picking up - his teeth grinded against the fur and skin of my neck and shoulder, his breaths came out in hot puffs through his nose-

I ended up finishing first thanks to some hip-work from him while deep in me, moving his cock in me *just* right to coax out a few spurts of cum into my bellyfur, and then he unloaded in me shortly after with some rather fast and hard final thrusts. What a way to wake up - and then, when he flumped down onto me still hilted, I was ready to go right back to sleep...

...but he, however, had something else in mind. A moment later, he lifted himself back up and gave me a kiss - but cut it off short by biting my lower lip - and then he said:

"I tasted another shepherd on you. Why's that?"

I - blushed - oh, gosh. "B...because..."

"No, no, I'm not mad..." He squeezed a little further into me. I think I could feel him starting to - "I'll just have to claim you as mine so they all stay away..."

God- *fuck*- here I was, panting, shivering, exhausted, while he had just begun to empty his bladder deep under my tail... he'd marked my face, my chest, my back before, but never done it *inside* me, but - God, it just made me all wriggly, all panty and blushy - odd sensation, warm, *hot*, slick pressure... if I hadn't orgasmed already-

It took a while due to being - you know - his first morning piss, and I'd just as happily have had it on my muzzle or on my tongue, but hey... I can't complain. Once he finished, he breathed out a deep sigh, nuzzled my neck, and kissed my cheek.

"Good morning, dear," he murred softly, and nuzzled up under my chin again. I was still tingling all over, and I knew I would be for a while. "I hope you enjoyed that... you know if I'm ever too rough, you can just say, yeah?"

All I could do in response was nod.



"I'll go downstairs-" he pulled himself out of me, an interesting sensation all its own. "- and you... clean yourself up, but come back to bed, okay? I'll bring it to you... alright?"

Here, I managed to give a tired smile. "Yes, Daddy."