

“What movie did you wanna go see, Luke?”

I paused my game and turned my head to Harold, my roommate - or, rather, the guy with whom I'm renting this house. He's a big German shepherd who's at least twice my age, and I guess you could say that we're a little more than friends: he once told me that part of his responsibility of being a good shepherd dog is to provide stud service to those who need it, and... well, me being a smallish otter with a near-insatiable thirst for older guys, I needed stud service. Quite often.

Back when we first started playing around, I remember being in class one day when I received a text from him: *I like the idea of you waiting naked at the door for me to get home from work, thirsty and eager, just as happy to give me a kiss on the cheek as you are to fish my cock out of my pants and suck me off right there. I like the idea of bending you over that desk of yours, or one of the kitchen chairs, or over the table in the living room, and pounding into you until you shoot your load out and dig your claws into whatever it is you're over so hard that you leave marks. I like the idea of waking up to find your nose buried in my pubes or your tongue on my tailhole; I enjoy the noises you make when you ride me, when you grip my shoulders and sink down onto me for the first time, and I like how you clench and tense up all over, but you enjoy it so much because you drool pre into the fur of my stomach. Hell, I like seeing and knowing that you enjoy it - nothing makes me happier than hearing your moans and gasps when I hilt in you, than hearing your soft sighs and seeing the idyllic expression on your muzzle when I slowly, passionately breed you, than feeling your lips on my neck and the shudders reverberating through your whole body when I manage to give you a hands-free orgasm...*

I had to excuse myself from class for about fifteen minutes after reading that message.

“Oh, um...” I had to scramble through some of the clutter that had gathered on my desk within the last few days; the title of it was written down here somewhere, if I could only find it...

“...’Gate 21’. It’s a musical, and a romance...”

“Gay. You wanna go see it tonight?”

“Yeah, sure. I’d like that.”

“Alright; there’s a showing at 5 - I’ll let you know when I’m ready.”

“Okay.” And I turned back to my game, totally unaware of just what it was that lay in store for me at that romantic musical. With a German shepherd as your roommate and common sexual partner as well as bedfellow, you can never really tell what’ll happen in a day; if you want something and express that want, you’ll likely get it, since - again, in his words - a good shepherd always serves and gladly gives what is wanted from him.

Some examples: one time we went out shopping at a place a bit of a distance from home, and we ended up staying pretty much the whole day. We both had to pee pretty fiercely by the end

of it, so we decided - what the hell, just use the bathroom there. I thought we'd stand side-by-side at the urinals like good buddies, but... ah, he had a bit of a different idea, which I realized only after he'd brought me into the stall and pushed me down by my shoulders. I feel sorry for whoever had to clean up the mess afterwards - good God... I thought I was doing a good job of catching everything in my muzzle, but the first time we'd done something like that a while before... well, I remember asking him- "if I had a certain thirst to be quenched, would you give me that?"; to which he answered, with a hint of a smile on his face, "if you can keep up".

I couldn't. I'd never been able to. I doubt I can even now. It all started out just fine, but sure enough eventually some of his mark dripped out of my muzzle and down over my shirt, which I'd neglected to take off; after a moment I had to let his cock flop out of my muzzle, and he thoroughly hosed me down, shirt and pants and everything. I just appreciate that he let me empty my bladder before taking me home, though into the toilet rather than anywhere else; "can't have both of us smelling like piss," he explained. "Maybe next time." I also feel sorry for whoever passed by us while we were on the way back to the car, because - gosh - I could sure as hell smell myself, or rather smell him on me. Halfway home, he told me I needed a shower; once we got there, before I could get out of the car myself, he came around to my side, lifted me out, and carried me to the bathroom, setting me down on the edge of the sink like a big otter pup so he could get my clothes off first; then maybe five minutes later, under the spray of a shower which he'd asked for my preference and asked if it was warm enough, there were two big shepherd paws rubbing soap into my fur all over, sharp teeth gently nipping at my neck in the way he likes to show affection... and then, a little bit later, a hard cock pressing up under my tail, with a murmured "you wanna?"; of course I said yes.

Then on a totally different occasion he brought me to the bookstore, but somehow we ended up in a back section of the place with me up against the wall, pants about halfway down my legs while he thrusting up into me... that time was fun, too. An employee ended up coming back right after we'd finished to see if we were okay since he thought he'd heard some scuffling while putting books away. Thankfully I'd just tugged my pants back up - though I was probably leaking shepherd by then - while Harold just had to zip his up. He gave me a handjob on the way home, and I ended up shooting out all over the bindings of the books I'd just bought...

So. Yeah. Going anywhere with this shepherd, I knew to be prepared for most anything, though he wouldn't do anything if I wasn't comfortable with it or said 'no', and sometimes wouldn't unless I specifically asked him. After he'd first learned about the thing I have for doing things in public places, though... sometimes we'd go out to dinner and he'd take my paw and slip it into his pants, just to hold it between his sack and the fabric of his underwear to allow his musk to soak into my fur; one time he took me into the bathroom of some place and noticed there was a glory hole in the stall, so he told me to get on the other side and suck him off - and then once he'd finished, another guy came in after him, and he stood outside and waited for me to finish with *him* as well... and then, of course, there was the whole 'marking' thing, which I think stopped a few canines from approaching me - because I'd see them eye me from a distance, come towards me, twitch their noses once they got within a certain distance, then flick their gaze to the big thirty-something-year-old shepherd beside me, and then walk back off...

Once it came time to head out, I turned off my game, grabbed my wallet, and followed him out to the car. He asked me if I wanted to get any candy, so of *course* I said yes; a few minutes later we walked into the theater, tickets in paw and my bag of candy held firmly in Harold's pants, though he asked me to wait off to the side so he could get something to drink. He asked if I wanted one, but I said no; I wasn't that thirsty, and besides, I knew he'd let me have some of his.

Turns out, midday on Wednesday isn't a very popular time to go to the movies. There was nobody in the theater when we walked in, and by the time the film started, there were maybe six or seven other people, and they were all in front of us. I got my candy, warm, slightly melted, and smelling of an odd mixture of fruit and German shepherd but no less delicious because of that; he sipped idly on his drink when the lights dimmed and the music started.

*In association with The Downed Machine Pictures... Jazz Savior Presents: Gate 21...*

I like musicals, and I always have. What can I say? I've seen three operas with my mom and one with my fruit bat friend, and then he and our lioness friend have gone to see three musicals in theaters and one on stage, and then I was super jealous of my brother when he sent me pictures of him having gone to see two of my favorites on Broadway. Because of my love of musicals, I kinda steadily chomped away at my candy until nothing remained, then sat there with an empty mouth and eager paws. The shepherd hadn't yet made whatever move it was he was planning, if he even *had* anything planned, so - about halfway through the movie I kept on glancing over at him and at his pants, trying to see if he was about to unzip and grab my paw to place it in his lap, or push me down... but, no; he just kept on sipping on his drink, a huge one about the same volume as my head. I told him I was thirsty a few times, but I don't think he heard me.

I didn't have to wait long, though. Just a few moments later I heard him say "I have to piss", but then, he didn't make any move to get up or go to the bathroom, while I wiggled back in my seat in order to let him pass. After him not getting up for a while, I looked over, leaned over, and said - "why don't you go pee, then?"

*Then* he gave me one of his bright smiles, and lifted his arm. I didn't have to look to know that he then pointed down at the space in front of him. "I plan to. I'd appreciate it if you helped me out... didn't you say you were thirsty?"

I thought about that. I was thirsty for a nice cold sip of soda, but... well, me being me, could I *really* in good conscience turn down the chance of having a splash of warm shepherd on my tongue? A quick glance down either side of the row told me that we'd at least be mostly safe, as nobody else sat in this row or the ones behind us, so... well, I slid out of my chair, letting the empty candy bag drop to the side, and knelt down before the big shepherd, as he widened his legs and lowered himself in his seat a little. With one paw he slowly undid his belt, unbuttoned his pants, pulled down his zipper, while he still sucked on the straw of his drink with the other;

meanwhile, I didn't let my eyes stray from the spot he was about to reveal to me. There was just something about watching him open his pants, tug his underwear down, and let his soft cock flop out in front of my nose that just... God. Soft, but still fair in size; I leaned forward, bracing my paws on the edge of the seat, and slid my tongue up under his shaft, bringing my lips closed around it - feeling his heat and having his musk of the day waft up into my nostrils...

As usual, being a big older dog, he had a rich taste along his shaft, one that I had to resist lapping off with my tongue because then he'd get hard and wouldn't be able to get the relief I knew he wanted. A heavy paw lowered to the back of my head, rubbed behind my ears, pulled me further down so that my nose hovered maybe half an inch from his thicker pubic fur; he settled into a more comfortable position in the theater chair, set his soda down, licked his lips, closed his eyes for a moment... breathed in, breathed out... and then, what I'd *thought* was a rich taste was soon overcome by one much, much richer, flowing out over my tongue and into the back of my throat, at first taking me by surprise in its force that I coughed and spluttered a little and ended up splashing some out onto the smooth floor below.

Oh well. The janitors would probably just assume it's soda. Sure, it was a drink, though not the most conventional sort. Thanks to the shepherd having already drunk likely half of that monster, his piss was light in taste, more salty than musky - but still I kept my muzzle on him, letting it wash over my tongue and fill my mouth with warmth and taste before swallowing some down, then a little more, and some more. His cock when soft had the perfect thickness to fit in my cupped tongue so I could keep him steady and his stream unbroken until it splashed against the back of my throat, or if I flicked my tongue up over his head as he emptied his bladder into my maw; doing this made him twitch and momentarily interrupted the flow. Back when we were first starting to do things like this, the second time he relieved himself into my muzzle, I ended up getting him hard halfway through - so, after a consenting nod from me, he took my head in both paws, fucked my muzzle, spurted his load out onto my tongue, and then washed it down with whatever else remained in his bladder. Needless to say, I was quite full by the end of that.

This time, I could feel him adjusting his stream: either he still had a lot to go and was making sure I could handle it, or he was almost empty and wanted to squeeze out the last of what he could. If I wasn't wearing clothing, and if I knew where the nearest bathroom was, I'd move back and let him soak my fur, give me a good shower; however, instead I just let my closed mouth fill up all the way with his piss - which still flowed strong - and then swallowed it down, then carefully opened my muzzle and moved back to put a distance between my thirsty maw and his cock, so that he could use me as a sort of urinal. His eyes were focused on the screen; I reached down and slowly undid my own pants, just to relieve the pressure on my own erection.

Finally, though, his stream slowed, wavered, and died down, again splattering the floor between my legs (as well as getting a few drops on my own cock; the warmth of this made me shiver). I set to lapping off the last few drips as well as running my tongue over his whole length, since I kinda let him soak in it near the end right there... his paw rubbed behind my ears and I heard, in a low rumble, "Good boy. You got nearly all of it. Don't you think you should be rewarded for that?"

I licked my lips and sat back. "Mhmm." In front of and slightly above me, his cock twitched, hardening up a little from the attention I'd just given it. I, however, was fully hard from that, throbbing and still eager to please, now with a belly full of shepherd.

"Well, then..." He brought me back in towards his crotch, and pressed my nose into the warm fur of his sack. I inhaled deeply. "Get back to work, dear; your job's not quite done yet..."

I was happy to oblige. Now I could do all I wanted, which involved remaining there for a moment to breathe in his scent, balance it with the rich lingering taste of piss; then I came up and again dragged my tongue along his length, though this time with full intent to please. It didn't take long at all to get him hard - I knew he enjoyed serving me and marking me like that. Even when my lips never touched his flesh, he still usually ended up a little more plump than when he began... I figured that he only resisted getting fully hard in my mouth this time because he'd focused on the movie, which still played. His cock tasted of a mixture of his natural musk, spicy and earthy, and his piss, rich and salty, and - God - I loved it. Tongue swirled all around it, diving up and down, up and down as he stiffened up, moving a paw to the base of his length to stroke him off while focusing on his head... he began humping upward into my muzzle to match the movements of my head at about the same time I moved my other paw down to pay attention to myself. Whether it was pre that dripped off the end of my cock or his piss, I couldn't tell; I still brought the fingers that had brushed against the liquid to my mouth to lick it off, and then resumed sucking off this shepherd.

Sometimes just the taste of his mark got me worked up enough to be able to take care of myself; sometimes I was perfectly content to nuzzle against his sack and length, run my tongue around his tailhole, bob slowly up and down on his length until he unloaded into my mouth; sometimes after a long day of work, he'd sit at his desk finishing up the last of his paperwork or whatever while holding me down between his legs, forcing me to smell his musk, the day's loads, the last time he went to piss, and lightly bopping me between the ears if I leaned in to touch my tongue to him... well, this time in the theater, we were both clearly worked up. It took maybe five or six minutes of me keeping my lips firm around his length, tongue cupped for him, and paw following the movements of my head, for him to suck in a breath, buck upwards, and spurt out his seed onto my tongue in a few thick ropes. I swallowed it down, tasted the heavier, heady flavor; I moved back and rested my head on his thigh, breathing his scent and feeling his heat, until I, too, finished, shooting my own load out across the floor and the side of the chair's base.

Hopefully it would be too dark for them to see *that* when they came by to clean up...

His paw fell from my head after giving me another grateful earscratch, but I remained down there for a moment to relax in the warmth and the aroma and the feeling. My legs were shaky when I finally stood up and then flumped back down into the chair, cock still out because I couldn't be bothered to zip up my pants. The shepherd did it for me, and then took care of himself.

"I guess you've missed a bit of this movie, huh?" he asked while leaning over me. "Will you be wanting to see it again?"

"Ah..." I shook my head. "No..."

"Hm? Why's that?"

"Because... whenever it gets to that part, I'll think about how you emptied yourself into my muzzle - twice - and then I'll want to do it again..."

He just gave me another grin and settled back into his seat. "Well, we'll see. I'll think about it."