

Floww had noticed that the hardest thing about living with his boyfriend was that he had to adjust his schedule to match the cheetah's, whether that meant waking up early to give him a goodbye kiss before he left for the day; staying up late with him when he couldn't sleep; watching three movies in one day because there was nothing else to do; trying new things; taking a shower when he had taken one just that morning...

To some degree, they both enjoyed trying new things. That was one part about Chatah, his boyfriend, that had done it for Floww - that and his ears, which looked more like they belonged to a lynx rather than a cheetah. It just so happened that Floww, wolf, once asked Chatah something a bit... timidly, a little timorously, to gauge his interest in it.

Turns out he loved it. Now whenever Floww complained that *"I just took a shower three hours ago! I don't need one"*, Chatah told him to kneel in the bathtub, unzipped his pants, pulled in a light breath, and then emptied whatever amount of piss he had in his bladder over the wolf's fur; then he'd grin, ask him to stand up, and kiss his lips, and then would usually purr something like *"well, now you do"* or, sometimes, *"there was your second shower - now please take your third with me"*.

Then there was the matter of the collar and leash, too. That was something that Chatah had introduced to Floww, who had taken to that as quickly as the cheetah had taken to marking his wolf. There was just something about having a collar on his neck, sometimes a little loose, sometimes a little tight (by his own urging), and connected to a leash of varying length to be held by the cheetah... there was just something about feeling that leash pulled from behind while on his paws and knees on the bed, just something about having it tugged a few times while kneeling in the bathtub as a silent order for him to open his mouth, just something about being called *good boy* and *good puppy* while feeling the leash pull his muzzle down on the cheetah's length

Hell, he liked it enough that sometimes on the weekends if Floww awoke before Chatah, he'd slip out of bed, already naked of course, then find and put on the collar, place the leash in the sleeping cheetah's paw, and gently shake him awake... then he'd offer a willing chest and an open muzzle to receive the always-voluminous morning piss, and then an eager tail to satisfy his boyfriend afterwards, usually without showering in between - *"I enjoy knowing that you're mine,"* Chatah had said once after doing this to him, with a tug on his leash. *"I like being able to smell my mark in your fur."* Needless to say, Floww loved that, too.

Their relationship wasn't all about sex, though - of course not. They actually held off on doing anything of that sort until their *second* date, and that was at a movie theater on Christmas eve: the theater was packed, it was dark, it was somehow cold despite all of the bodies there... and Chatah had brought a soft cheetah-print blanket (he'd bapped Floww when he called it leopard-print), so of course the wolf decided to take advantage of that fact, and shifted the cheetah's paw from his armrest to the front of his pants at a particularly loud part of the movie. He was a little nervous because last time he'd done that, he ended up with a black eye and his chestfur soaking through with soda; with Chatah, however... Floww thought he heard a little laugh, and then felt the paw he'd placed there press and rub into his sheath through the fabric until he'd gotten hard and had to focus to keep himself from lifting his hips up into the rubbing too noticeably. His heartbeat had picked up a little when he felt the *pop* of his pants button and then the quiet *zip*, and... well, he couldn't really remember what happened at that part in the movie. His mind had other things to focus on. At the end of it, Chatah licked his paw like he was getting some of the butter from the popcorn out of his fur.

So, yeah. Not *entirely* sex. Sometimes Floww liked nothing more than to wake up in the arms of his cheetah on easy Saturdays, and then only get out of bed three or four times over the course of the day to either piss or get something to eat; Chatah enjoyed watching movies, and if Floww tried something like he did on their second date, he'd bap him again, give him a soft growl, and tell him to save it for later - though the wolf still had trouble remembering that the sex after a day of 'saving it for later' always left him remarkably exhausted; and they also both enjoyed going on walks through the neighborhood on cooler days, especially through the nearby park - which only *sometimes* resulted in them 'playing' in a more hidden part of that park.

Today was one of those days where sex didn't play a large part in the course of events, or at least not for the first half of it. It was a Saturday, cool outside with a slight chance of rain; Chatah lay on the couch reading a book while Floww was just finishing up mowing the back lawn. He came back into the house with his shirt under his arm and tongue hanging out of his mouth, panting.

"You're *that* out of shape?" called the cheetah, able to hear his boyfriend's soft panting. It sounded like one of those nights where Floww felt an unusual want to be both dominant *and* the bottom, and held Chatah down and fucked himself on him. In response, he heard a light laugh.

"I just... need a moment to catch my breath." Floww leaned on the counter and wiped his forehead with the back of his paw. "Hoo. Wanna shower with me?"

"Might as well. I was planning to later today, but... hey, why not."

Floww knew perfectly well that sometimes Chatah put up a phony fight whenever he invited him to do something like that, simply so that he could feel his boyfriend tug on his arms and clamber up onto his back and pull his tail (but not too hard!) and all of that, which the wolf also enjoyed doing, but it was nice when he came peacefully. Chatah had put on a pair of sand-colored shorts and nothing else, so Floww could clearly see his cream-white chestfur and the brownish spots that faded into the same color from the sides when he stepped by and offered down a paw. Chatah, smiling, marked his place in his book, took the offered paw, and followed him.

There had been days where the two settled down for a bath, each one with their own book, and then got so absorbed reading that hours would pass and the water would soak into their fur and skin, and neither would be aware of that passed time until one of them looked up at the window right above their tub (which had had cum spattered over it on a few different occasions)... remembering the few times that had happened made Floww smile as he led the cheetah to the bathroom. Once there, he had him wait on the toilet while he started the shower and fiddled with it until it got to the temperature they both liked.

From there, it was all things they had done before: Chatah stood up; Floww smiled at him, stepped forward, tugged the cheetah's shirt halfway off; his boyfriend lifted his arms and closed his eyes to make it easier to remove, then shook out his headfur once it was off; then Floww reached down, unbuttoned and unzipped Chatah's pants, and let him step out of them... had he not just mowed the lawn and ended up tiring himself out somewhat, he would have put a little more effort into rubbing the back of his paw against the bulge in the cheetah's underwear while doing so, but... there was something in his orange eyes that made something flutter in the wolf's heart as well as his pants, but he held back.

Chatah stepped into the shower, dancing around a little at first ("too hot", he explained in a tense whisper) while Floww slid out of his own clothes and then joined him. As much as he loved being unclothed so close to his similarly nude boyfriend, when he tried slyly rubbing the cheetah's sheath with the bar of soap in his other paw, he got a light slap on the wrist and a little growl, followed by a "*bad puppy*", which again caused something in his chest and between his legs to flutter or pulse with energy.

The cheetah had used the same kind of fur shampoo since Floww had first known him, and it was the scent of that shampoo that he'd gotten used to nuzzling up against at night, or pressing his muzzle into at really any time of day; when he squeezes some onto his paws and started rubbing it into his boyfriend's bared back, of course he just sort of... *forgot* about how he was 'already tired out' from mowing the lawn. Again, he let his paws drift down Chatah's body, making a guise at continuing to rub in the shampoo... but he took his time at the cheetah's hips and the arc inward of his sides right above there, less pronounced because of his lithe (though considerably more prominent and rippled than Floww's) musculature, pressing his fingers in, drawing little lines in the thick, short fur there, gold like the sun on a warm summer day, gold like a field of wheat ready to be harvested - with little spots of clouds' shadows drifting by, brown rather than the usual black seen on cheetahs. Floww enjoyed that little unique thing about his boyfriend, too.

This time when he brought his paws around to his front, what he got instead of a lightly-tapped wrist or a soft growl were both of Chatah's paws on the back of his, regulating his movement and bringing him more smoothly to enclose on his sheath. Then, something he wasn't at all expecting, spoken by the cheetah in a gentle murmur just barely audible above the hiss of the shower:

"If you wanna get fucked, you'd best get down on your knees in front of me, hon..."

So, there it was. Oddly, Floww had just been thinking about the last time they had played in the shower, and how he'd learned that water provided for a fairly bad lube - but, hey, there was definitely something to be said about the roughness of the whole thing, the very thing that Floww recalled late at night when Chatah was out doing something or with one of his friends, leaving him with only his paw and his memories (well, and the internet, too) for companionship. It was the roughness, and how Chatah had him squeezed between his own body and the wall, and how Floww had gripped at the spaces between the tiles with his claws for support... a shiver went down his back in remembering, and he squeezed the base of the cheetah's sheath before slipping around to his front.

A paw on his shoulder aided him in dropping to his knees, though he never took his eyes off the familiar cheetah muzzle that he'd awoken beside for so long - even when that paw on his shoulder shifted to the back of his head and brought his nose forward against the warm-furred sheath in question. *That* was something he'd awoken next to on a few occasions too, on those occasional days where Chatah awoke before him and had reversed his position on the bed because he'd wanted a taste of wolf before getting up to start the day... Floww didn't really mind. He was just as eager to serve as he was to be served, though that eagerness increased a little when coupled with a few words of 'encouragement' -

"You look good like that," purred the cheetah, rubbing behind Floww's ear. The wolf nuzzled against the wet sheath, breathing in the mixture of his musk from the morning and the unique scent of shower water as well as that of his fur shampoo, still coursing down his body. He

scooted forward a little, kissed the end of his sheath, closed his eyes and slid his tongue in against the warm, moist flesh... "with your face between my legs. You know that, hon?"

"Mhmm." Cheetahs had a particularly... *tangy* taste to their sheaths, a pleasant spice that Floww had come to enjoy above most others - and that said something, considering how many sheaths (or foreskins) he'd slid his tongue into and under... "I enjoy being here, with my face between your legs..."

"Well, don't get too into it... I have something for you today."

"Mm?..."

Just as he was about to ask what, he felt something else about the tongue that he had wriggled into Chatah's warm sheath, something... just as warm, if not warmer, tangier, spicier. Of course he didn't have much time to think too much about it, though, as just as it started did it burst out of the cheetah's sheath and out over Floww's tongue and muzzle, hot piss, right from the source. Floww had to close his eyes against the sudden burst, tasting it fresh on his tongue and overwhelming his canid senses, but - it was like walking into an incense shop and being overwhelmed by all of the fantastic scents, or tasting his cousin's southern-style beef stew and having to take a moment to just absorb all of the flavors. He loved it.

He could hear the soft breath that Chatah sighed out shortly after beginning: maybe he'd been holding in for a while, banking on the assumption that Floww would want to shower right after he mowed the lawn. That would explain why he provided no resistance when invited, and also why he wanted him to hold off on playing. Now, a little point of his pink shaft peeked out from the soft fur of his sheath, spouting out his mark in an upwards arc over Floww's muzzle; he leaned in, lowered his head so he could feel it in the fur of his head and back, and then again put his tongue to the musky flesh, breaking the smooth flow of the piss so that it splashed in against the flat of his tongue and roof of his mouth, again washing over him with the rich scent and taste.

He'd already swallowed plenty of Chatah's piss in the past; there was no question about that. He'd gotten only a half-satisfactory drink of water after mowing the lawn, and though he knew full well that a bladderful of piss would do nothing to help... well. His thirst for piss was considerably different than his thirst for water. He settled back, dropped both of his front paws to the floor, arched his back a little, and stretched his maw open - and then Chatah took the hint and adjusted the direction of his stream with a finger and thumb around his sheath, arcing it into the waiting muzzle. Not *quite* as yellow as his fur...

Floww let it fill up a little, until he could hear the splashing of the stream in what he held in his mouth like any other toilet and could feel the little stray drops against his lips and chin, before he swallowed it down (which he did with his mouth closed, loving the feeling of the still-running stream against his lips and soaking into his fur). That brought the taste of it much more brightly to his senses, and repeated the shiver through his body and throb of his cock, like an electric shock, of the first time he'd been marked by this cheetah. They were both nervous and deeply embarrassed, but once Chatah had let himself go and had begun, it wasn't hard for him to continue until all that he had to give ended up either in Floww's belly, soaked into his fur, or slowly draining from the bathtub around him. Today, it all washed away with the shower water, but - the wolf still knew that he'd be able to smell it in his fur and on his breath for a period of time after the shower, something that may come as a downside to others but that he rather loved.

He could only swallow so much at once, though, and after the second time, Chatah's stream had dwindled to a series of short spurts and weak drips over the wolf's nose and muzzle, and then finally to nothing; afterwards, he shook himself out, licked his lips, grinned, and beckoned for the wolf to stand.

"It's convenient doing that in the shower..." he purred, instantly pinning Floww to the wall as he stood. The wolf had hardened up fully while being marked, and as a result grinded against his boyfriend's leg and warm sack. "...because it all washes off. Though-" Here, he pressed his nose into the fur of the wolf's cheek, then his neck. "-you *reek* of cheetah."

"Good. I'd rather smell of cheetah than wolf..." Floww slid a paw down between their bodies so he could cup Chatah's sack and then sheath between his fingers, feeling the soft pulse, the warm heat, the last few drips of piss that had lingered behind. He brought his thumb to his lips, licked it, moved it back down and rubbed it over the revealed tip of Chatah's length between the lips of his sheath.

"Maybe next time I should mark you under your tail." Chatah pressed against the paw, keeping his head on Floww's shoulder and nose in his fur, breathing his own spice mixed with the wolf's natural scent. "You'd like that, hmm? Done it once before - damn horny pup, had to wash the bedsheets afterwards because neither of us had planned for that... remember?"

"Mhmm. Of course I remember." Floww had managed to cum hands-free that day. He was on his paws and knees, or rather on his knees and face because of the cheetah paw holding his head down sideways against the sheets; Chatah had thrust deeply and roughly into him, enough to make him lurch forward and pant out, and then Floww had said - a bit as an accident, as it had always been an enjoyed fantasy of his - for him to piss inside him, deep under his tail, just like he was. It was the feeling of being filled with hot liquid that had pushed him over the edge, as well as the tickle of some of the piss leaking out of his stretched tailhole around the cheetah's cock and down the back of his sack, dripping into the otherwise white sheets of the bed... he licked his lips, feeling the cheetah's cock slowly slide out of its sheath between his attentive fingers and paw. "But, yeah... maybe next time. Or you could let *me* mark *you* once, see if you take a liking to it..."

"Sweetie, it's the master's job to be the one doing the marking, and the *pet's* job to be marked." Chatah shifted his position - Floww had to close his eyes and turn his head against the shower water that suddenly had nothing between its path and his muzzle - and lifted up between the wolf's legs, hard cock moist at the end with either the last of his piss or a little bit of pre, brought on by the excitement that Floww knew emptying his bladder on him gave the cheetah. Really, it didn't matter: the wolf felt the hard, hot flesh under his tail and adjusted accordingly, pressing his back against the wall - since Chatah had pinned him there so that they faced each other - and widening his stance for the athletic cheetah to fit in in front of him.

"Just like it's the pet's job to be fucked against the wall?"

"Now you're getting it." Chatah lifted up, up, against Floww's tailhole; the wolf wiggled, licked his lips, and pressed down, reminded that the only lube they had right now was shower water. Some days he couldn't stand just that, being still sore from the previous night's romp or something... this time was easier than others, though, since both were already well worked up from what they'd just done and were willing to maybe go a little farther than they normally would.

Suddenly Chatah swung his arms around his boyfriend's legs and lifted him up off the ground, keeping him up only by the pressure between the wall and his own body. This action caused Floww to move down an inch or so onto him, making him suck in a breath, shudder all over, clench around the cock that slowly sank into him beneath his tail - which in turn made Chatah tense up and lift up into him a little more firmly.

Floww squeezed his legs tight around the cheetah's body, using this leverage to wiggle a little further down onto him. "Y'know..." he managed, after having to lift back up due to overeagerness, "you're not gonna be able to fuck me like I'd like you to in the shower like this..."

"You think so?" As a response, Chatah leaned forward, slid in a little further, drew his nose up along Floww's slightly yellow-stained chestfur, and then reached over to switch off the shower. "Then let's fix that..."

Floww gasped when Chatah then slid back out of him, though the cheetah still held him against his chest with one paw (though the wolf kept his legs and his own arms tight around him as well), opened the shower door with the other, and then - still dripping - carried him out of the bathroom and into the adjoining bedroom.

"Stay here like a good puppy," he said, and then left the room. Floww tried to shake some of the water out of his fur, getting so into it that he didn't notice that Chatah had returned until he felt one paw on his head holding him still - and then he felt the strap of his collar being wrapped around his neck, tight but not *too* tight, the metal buckle jingling slightly when fixed.

He looked up at the cheetah, past the hard cock throbbing an inch and a half from his muzzle when he sat up. "No leash?"

"I thought it'd work just fine for me to hold your collar with my fingers. Now, would you like to continue on with no lube, or...?"

On the few days where Chatah possessed the concentration to do so, one of Floww's favorite things to do was bob up and down on his cock while he emptied his bladder into his muzzle, fully hard... and unfortunately today, after angling his length down with a paw and flicking his tongue over the tip, the wolf learned that the remnants of his piss had been either wiped off under his tail or washed off in the shower. That was fine, though: he still retained the natural taste of his musk, something that drew Floww down further on him, bobbing a few times and then coming back up. Maybe tomorrow he'd give him a more attentive blowjob: right now, he just wanted a good railing.

Not only this, but he knew full well that Chatah would be able to give just that to him. After this quick slickening, Floww moved back, grinned, and turned around to present his waiting rump to the cheetah, already prepared from their short time in the shower. Chatah wasted no time, either: first he tugged Floww back closer to the edge of the bed, then he settled the end of his cock under the wolf's tail and slowly pressed forward, remaining bent slightly over him to keep an eye on his face and reaction to determine how much force he should put into it.

The starting thrust was always the hardest; once Floww felt the cheetah's muscled lower belly against the base of his tail when he'd hilted in him, all he had to do was wiggle his hips on the cheetah and then move forward a little and right back (which pressed a soft gasp from his

throat) to get him to begin thrusting in and out of him in a slow rhythm, gentle at first like usual. As he got into it, though, Chatah leaned further over him and deepened his thrusts, until Floww started lurching forward and back and the bed began squeaking with their movements... they had actually had to get a different headboard because the old one had dented the wall.

Being marked always did this to Floww - it always turned him on like this to where all he wanted was to be fucked, to be bred. The collar helped, too; if only there was a leash... that proved to be a problem for a very short time, though, because as soon as he thought that, he felt Chatah's fingers wrap around the back of the collar, both tightening it around Floww's neck and tugging him back like a good tug on the leash *would* have done. It didn't take long at all for him to start digging his claws into the sheets and arching his back so that Chatah could more easily drive down into him, keeping a firm grip on his collar so he couldn't move too far forward unless he really wanted to.

At that, it didn't take Floww particularly long to finish, especially after having a bladder of cheetah piss emptied over his muzzle and tongue just before and six and a half inches of cheetah pounding in and out of him. Muzzle braced sideways against the mattress, eyes closed, mouth open, one paw between his legs pawing himself off - he shuddered all over, gasped, clenched around Chatah's length, and spurted his seed out over the sheets of the bed beneath him. Chatah continued pounding into him, the force of his thrusts causing a slapping sound to ring out between the two; shortly his breath sped up and then he, too, tensed up all over, slammed deeply into the wolf, and gasped a few times with the unloading of his cum under Floww's tail as well.

Floww had always said that the best place for a cheetah to empty both his balls and bladder was inside a willing wolf.

Panting, Floww tried to straighten up and slide forward off of the cheetah - but instead got a sideways kiss on his muzzle from above accompanied by a warm body pressing down on him from behind, pushing him down to the bed and into his own mess. The movement made him moan softly.

"Need a moment to catch your breath?" panted the cheetah, with another kiss.

"Well..." Floww shifted into a more comfortable position; with an arm around his body, Chatah rolled the two of them onto their sides, still buried under his tail. "...the other lawn still has to be mowed."