

It's over.

I struggle to catch my breath as a drop of sweat rolls down from my forehead to my bearish muzzle, lingers on the short hair at its end and finally lets go. It lands on the back of my Cub under me who suddenly slumps down like a recently cut three century old oak tree, pushing out the dust under the mattress. Small clouds starts to roll away from us. He sighs with fulfillment, panting heavily and his eyes somewhere between Nirvana and a ride on Falcor's back. I smile inwardly, taking pride in seeing him this tired. I hold myself for a few seconds then I follow. My landing adds more clouds. He grunts, squeezed by my weight. My chin find its usual resting spot in the right crook of his neck. He grabbs my paws and guides them under his head, using them as a pillow. I scoot myself a little closer, he purrs and moans softly as he feels me pulsing and rubbing his insides. Once I'm settled, he grabbs the leather collar branded « Daddy's Boy » around his neck and unhooks the clipped leash. He drops it beside the bed with a short raking sound heightened by the silence in the back of my truck and, looking behind his shoulder, he smiles me. I smile back and stroke his chin with my fingers.

The bedsheets of my trucks's cabin are still warm from the fluids soaked in them. They keep us warm and allows us to bathe in an lengthened afterglow. I kiss the back of his head, he purrs and pushes his body toward mine, tearing a surprised moan out of me. I push back and pin him down with all my weight. He gets the message and lies still. I hug him a little tighter and try to enjoy the warmth a little longer.

It doesn't last though. Every drop of sweat in our furs soon cools down and starts to itch like lice. I dart my eyes to the responsible. That radiator. It's supposed to work on a battery but it long lost its capacity to stock energy. It only works when the engine is on and I have to leave it on for a while to warm my truck cabin. It fails its mission to protect us from the cold from entering our haven. I snort, annoyed, and lick the back of his black and white head, making him giggle. It tastes salty. I keep licking.

When the temperature goes from cool to chilly, I slip my paws away from under his head to his nicely athletic chest muscles, pull him closer and proceeds to shift our bodies on our right sides. He grunts, his back scratched roughly by the leather of my harness which creaks loudly, and prevents a moan, he feels me still pusling inside him, by biting his lower lip. I then grab the unzipped sleeping bag we threw at the bottom of the bed earlier and covers us both. He purrs of appreciation. I scratch his head with the paw not stuck under him and make him turn his head. His eyes are closed and he's waiting for me to kiss him. I indulge him.

When we part, he pleads me with his eyes, looking for an encore. I smirk and tilt my head and, like my father used to do whenever I tried to stall, state without words that it's time to sleep. He obeys swiftly but reluctantly, flicking his tail trapped between us as mild protest. I ignore it, grab the cord of the lamp hanging from the ceiling and pulls it down to switch it off. Like he always does when the room goes dark, he goes in a slightly foetal position and I, like I always do, follow, offering him my massive Daddy Bear frame as protection for the night.

As our breaths go deeper and slower and slumber draws near, my thoughts drift back to how we met...

The Dark Woods.

The obvious sexual pun always gets a chuckle out of me.

It's a small strip club that's opened all night everyday, except for Mondays and Tuesdays. Its entrance is only signaled by a red neon sign that casts its light on the massive frame of Adama.

No one messes with him. The reason for this is simple : he's an ancient Mister Universe contender albino Rhino. He's the reason the club is known for its non violent history. Personally, I'm one meter eighty tall and massive enough to be a rugby player and I barely reach his heart in height and he's twice as large as me. He's also the kind of guy who has this unbreakable and unreachable inner aura of peace that only Buddhist monks and muscled men like him seem to possess. Their apparent invincibility may play a part too.

After you manage to locate the door behind him, you enter through a theatrical red curtain in an intimate squarish room with deep dark red threadbare carpets that cover the floor while mangy worn-red curtains cover most of the walls. On your left there is an old cracked oak saloony counter, complete with a footrest bar and a huge mirror. In the left corner lies the dark green-ish oak door leading to the toilets. And, finally, on your right is the club's center of attention, the strip stage. Set in the center of the room, it's round, made out of a surprisingly new and light brown oak that really brings it out from the overall dark club and features a shiny metal pole in its center. A long pathway, covered by a brand new red carpet, links the stage to the backstage in which you enter through a white fake pearls curtain doorway. Around the stage, there are no chairs, only giant cushions and low tea tables with water Houkas. Except for the bar, the whole club is in a permanent foggy dawn-like light that gives it an intimate promiscuous atmosphere. What always strikes me the most though is the reassuring impression that it will never change, like your grandparents' house which never seem to ever change.

Pretty much like Gerry, the owner of the club. She's been running the place for so long it's impolite to imagine someone else. That beige and white siamese cat doesn't talk much but she will tend bar and listen to your ramblings without batting an eye or spilling a drop all night long. She's efficient, discreet and pays all and whole on time because as she says : « Crooking is not worth the efforts of its lies. ». I provide the content of the club's hookas : the mushweed. A cross between weed and mushrooms which somehow only grows in the back of my truck. Since her guests appear to enjoy it greatly, she is one of my biggest and most regular customer. And since I don't want to have any dirty money appearing on my account, we have a mix of cash and trade. Food. Membership to the local workout club. Free parking for my truck. Regular access to local leather clubs. Police bribing. Small things.

It was Thursday, I was in the back of my truck, in the nude, rubbing my leather harness while daydreaming about plowing some asses at the The Wild Side, when Gerry called, panicked.

-Loupio ! You're in town ? We're out !

-I'll be right over. I sighed.

-On the double ! We open in two !

I was there in twenty, gave her a nice crate of the dried plants and bid my way with a tuck of my leather cap, already thinking about those who would soon clean my leather boots when she stopped me at the door.

-We have a new one that starts tonight.

-I'm not a fan of your twinkies. I said as I tried to push her away from the door.

-You'll like this one.

-I doubt it.

-You will. She insisted.

« Gerry... I hope it's worth it... » I thought when two sixty-ish overweight businesshippos sat on my right in the front row with their pants already tented and their moist eyes aimed at the stage like a hungry dog's. I snorted in disgust and looked around. All the cushions around the stage and all the bar stools were taken, all the hookas were smoking and the room was already almost as cloudy as a Londonian fog night. I was already getting the second hand dizziness. There was a few whispers here and there, mostly comments on which stripper they prefer but very little about the new one. As if she didn't advertise him. Why would she mention it to me only...

The lighting started slowly dimming. The room slowly went black, leaving only dimmed lights above the bar and spotlights showing the curtain entrance of the stage and a piece of the pathway. The audience clapped cheerfully. The hippos unzipped their flies. I scooted away from them. Then a white furred leg came through the white pearl curtains and Jessica Rabbit's « Why don't you do right ? » started. A slow classy start. Nice touch Gerry.

After a few notes, a flashing white fur rabbit entered, wearing a long red and sparkly evening dress, swaying his hips softly in perfect synch and without tripping on the 15 inches Louboutin heels. He was lip synching the song and the illusion was there. He really looked like a woman.

I sighed, bored, shook my head and looked at Gerry. She spotted me with her yellow cat eyes glowing in the semi obscurity, shook her head and showed me seven fingers. Great... seven strippers to wait through...

Each stripper had its own gimmick with a fitting music to set him apart from the other : the fireman with a shower trick like in Flashdance, the policeman who handcuffed a member of the audience or the gym poledancer who was wearing a tight lycra outfit which showed more than it hode. Nothing but used clichés even 80's movies would have been ashamed off. And even though the guys were hot, they were all twinkies or too athletic for me. I need a little meat on my fantasies. So I drank my wait.

When his turn arrived, the music stopped with the end of the last stripper's departure through the curtains, the club went silent and Gerry took the mic.

-And now Gentlemen...

-Free beer? Someone shouted.

Some whistles.

-... For your eye's pleasures, our newest attraction in his first live performance ever: Hard Gerard!

Gerry, Gerry, Gerry... I thought as I mentally facepalm myself with a swing of Gerry's imported Belgium beer. Why so corny... ?

-And the first one to give the boy a bill will indeed get a free beer of his choice.

The crowd seemed to wake up a bit and the hippos beside me pulled their paws out of their pants to reach their wallet for a 20 dollar bill. I sighed and leaned back in the cushion, bringing the bottleneck of the beer to my maw and poured some liquid in my jaws. Then started the song. The one song that always sounds more dirty that it actually is. Chris Isaak's *Baby did a bad bad thing*... The deep simple guitar notes demand your attention, the added soft cymbals impose respect and as soon as that deep soothing ultra masculine voice of Isaak start, you know something is going to happen. And it better be good.

« Baby did a bad bad thing »

His head poked out of the curtains, looking sheepishly around, as if testing the crowd. He was a Skunk, he was sporting Chris Isaak's haircut, the semi-elvis, and his eyes were a deep yellow that seemed to glisten in the cloudy darkened room. He was playing shy and affraid to come out.

« baby did a bad bad thing. Baby did a bad bad thing baby did a bad bad thing. »

He pretended to retreat and started closing the curtains when someone behind those suddenly pushed him. He stumbled a few steps before landing on all fours on the way. He was wearing a brand new deep red velveted dressing gown that somehow managed to remain closed despite the false commotion. The color of the gown matched the carpet's under the boy.

« You ever love someone so much you thought your little heart was gonna break in two?
I didn't think so. »

He sat up on his knees and looked back at the curtains.

« You ever tried with all your heart and soul to get you lover back to you? »

His long bushy black and white stripped tail flickered, in playful anger then he turned his head away and looked at the pole in front of him.

« I want to hope so. »

He proceeded to walk on his four legs, the slightly rugged carpet dragged his gown back, almost like it had gotten stuck behind him somewhere. He looked serious and desperate to reach the center.

« You ever pray with all your heart and soul just to watch her walk away? »

As soon as « walk away » was pronounced, he had reached the end of the carpet and the gown pulled itself away in one swing as if someone had yanked it like a table cloth.

« Baby did a bad bad thing baby did a bad bad thing. »

He was wearing a harness. A Y shaped harness, my favorite. Two straps go around your shoulders, descend to a ring in the center of the chest and the back and on either side, a new single strap go down until they each reach a ring, one around the crotch and one around the tail. The best way to both expose and highlight your better parts and offer someone else control over you.

He was far from the usual slim and/or muscular types Gerry always picks for her meat gallery. He was closer to a slightly geeky neighbor who likes table roleplay while eating nachos and cheese. Meaty. Large. Plump. A cute little cub.

He kept on walking on his hands and knees until he reached the front of the stage and had the dancepole behind him.

« Baby did a bad bad thing, feel like crying, feel like crying. »

He sat back and slowly got up, using the pole as support until he was standing, revealing himself in his full leather glory. His perfectly brushed fur and the well taken care of harness glistened in the spotlights of the stage. What little muscle he had was highlighted by the harness straps around his shoulder and pecs. I wondered if they did the same to his ass. I then noticed his tail was tucked between his legs. It was hiding his crotch. He was still hiding a few things. I smirked.

« You ever toss and turn you're lying awake and thinking about the one you love?

He took ahold of the pole and walked in circles, presenting himself to the crowd before starting to dance and to prance around, showing how unafraid of his body he was. Like he was proud of it. When I looked at his face, I saw he was sporting the most adorable embarrassed smile I had seen tonight. And yet, he was having fun. It was HIS moment. And he was riding every minute of it. He stopped and let go of the pole. He slowly knelt down with his back leaned against the pole while rubbing that part of his tail that covered his crotch.

« I don't think so. »

He grabbed his tail and pulled it toward him until his cock surged out of it. It was hard, leaky, dark, ebony and his excitement made it glitter in the stage's spotlights.

« You ever close your eyes your making believe you're holding the one you're dreaming of? »

His tail stopped to cover his crotch and latched itself around the pole. He suddenly propelled himself up with a push of his paws and stood up against the pole, his erection boobing up with each of his heartbeats. He made a turn around the pole, to make sure everyone in the club saw it, using his tail as his sole attachment. He did another turn to gain a little speed, before kneeling, letting go of the pole. He had enough speed so that his fur could slide on the bare oaken stage. Stopping only mere inches from me.

« Well if you say so. »

He licked my nose, startling me out of my stupor. And he smiled at me. He brought his paws close to his bare black furred feet, imitating spiderman's pose, before he turned around and presented his tail covered ass at me. He lifted his tail.

« I hurts so bad when you finally know just how low, low, low, low, low, she'll go. »

His anus was gaped open by a crystal clear hollow buttplug. A large one. I coughed up the beer mawful I hadn't swallowed when the song started into the buttplug's hole and inside him.

« Baby did a bad bad thing, baby did a bad bad thing.
Baby did a bad bad thing, feel like crying, feel like crying. »

He moaned and cooned before turning his head over his shoulders toward me and looking at the beerbottle in my hand. I leaned closer to him and aligned the bottleneck with his opened anus and poured the last half of the beer inside him.

« Oh. Feel like crying, feel like crying.
Oh, feel like crying, feel like crying. »

He then got up, grabbed the pole in front of him, bent down, lifted his tail and sprayed the crowd with the beer inside him...

« Baby did a bad bad thing, baby did a bad bad thing. »

... before turning around to look at everyone as the song softly faded out.

I caught a glimpse of the hippos beside me who were torn between shock and rape craving. Then he looked at me. I felt like the eyes of the whole crowd shift to me. He walked over to me, spilling the last remnants drops of beer still inside him before he turned around, lifted his tail and showed me his gaping anus once more. He looked at me from over his shoulders before softly whispering :

-Please.

I took the 20 dollar bill from the hippo on my left who didn't even bat an eye and slipped it inside the skunk's anus. He thanked me with a nod and a smile, happy to have mesmerised them all. I then slapped his ass hard enough to have the sound echo in the club and have the crowd « Huh ! » me. He turned around, holding his ass in pain and threw me a mixed glance of surprise and amusement. I smiled back.

-Gerry ! I said as I hold up my empty beer above my head. Your boy looks thirsty. Give him my refill.

I then setted my empty beer down and was about to walk out when Adama teleported himself in front of me. I looked up at him. He looked the same old monument of peace as he ever was but seeing him inside the club was enough to tell me it was otherwise.

-Gerry's office. Now.

He had spoken. This was serious.

-Or what ? I said as an obvious statement without batting an eye.

The crowd started to buzz.

-ADAMA ! Gerry shouted.

He hadn't budged a muscle but I felt like he had just hit me. Every pore of every part of his body, his very aura exhaled a primal lust for murder. I held my gaze a second more, as if to provoke him before turning around and walking toward Gerry's office. I noticed the two hippos had somehow crawled three meters away from where they were sitted out of fear from Adama. I gave the startled and still very naked « Gerard » a last glance and a tuck of my cap before going behind the bar and opened the floortrap that lead down to Gerry's office. Gerry put her hand on my shoulder as I was about to go down.

-Can't you stop pissing Adama off ?

I smirked at her before going down and closing behind me. I walked down the old wooden stairs leading to the cellar she called her office. It was a simple room with naked concrete walls and a floor made of broken pieces of old stones. They looked so ancient and polished that they look like they used to be part of a cathedral or a church. Which was somehow very likely for Gerry. There was only five things in it : a large leather 6 persons sofa which faces a desk with a chair, the sacro saint computer I know so well and and a mini white fridge filled with snacks and sodas. On the wall between the two parts of the room, there is a door leading to her appartement. I threw myself on the sofa and dozed off, waiting for either Adama or Gerry to wake me up.

-Loupio... Gerry said softly as she shook me up. Loupioooo...

-Yeah yeah, I'm awake... I yawned. Gimme a minute...

I slowly got up and stretched myself until my spine and left arm cracked. She was sitting beside me, waiting for me to emerge completely. She looked like a mysterious sphinx about to ask me a riddle.

-So... how many chairs Adama broke tonight ?

-None. Thanks to me. She glanced scornfully.

I ignored her look and asked her the question that I wanted to ask her since I saw that leather harness on the skunk.

-Why did you want me to see him ?

-He's your type, isn't he ?

-Yes but that doesn't answer why you introduced us through a hollow buttplug.

-A what ?

-A hollow buttplug. A plug with a hole in it so you can see inside the...

-He was wearing that ?!

-You didn't know ...?

-No. All he did tonight was nothing of the routine we rehearsed. He saw the crowd, got stage fright, got pushed by the « fireman » and he improvised it all afterwards.

That's why I had gotten so into it. Every emotion he expressed was genuine. He hadn't faked anything at all.

-The leather harness was part of his routine but the plug... She snorted. I thought you had inserted it in his tail. He told me that it was bushy enough to hold the bills.

-Why did you wanted me to meet him ?

She sighed and scratched her head. She was distressed. Not a good sign. She was about to ask something out of me.

-He's a regular customer of the « Wild Side ».

Oh. this was getting good... The Wild Side is a BDSM sex club in the shady part of town, it's three floors of total animal lust and perversion. The only limits there were no death, no hard drugs and no minors. It's raunchy and just the right amount of rough and dangerous to give anyone the thrill of having found an underground illegal place that he isn't supposed to be in. Fun Times.

-He's playing it safe. Even if some of the... males there... get too carried away. He didn't always come back unharmed and he kept going because he liked it anyway. But he... he told me he was getting bored of it... the crowd there doesn't change or challenge him anymore... so he... he...

Nothing major there. I went through the same things myself. I waited for her to carry on, already guessing where it was going.

-He told me he wanted to try the Ragnarok.

I frowned until my eyes closed and rubbed my forehead as if to rub away a headache. This was way worse than I thought...

-It's that bad ? She asked, startled by my sudden mood swing.

I nodded. An awkward silence settled. Gerry fidgetted, unsure of what to do and looking at me for advice.

-So... he's my type, he shares my tastes in BDSM, he's a Sub which is convenient since I'm a Dom... Am I far from guessing that you figured a little matchmaking would save your little protegee from descending into total depravation ?

-No. Not matchmaking. I know you too well. You're a Tamer. You would be bored right after you finished his education. Once he says yes to your every wishes and whims, he's no fun anymore. Am I far ?

I just smiled back at her.

-So I want you to keep an eye on him and make sure he nevers get bored of the Wild Side. Send him the partners you know will keep him interested and willing to try new safer things than the Ragnarok.

-For that to work, there's some things I need to know.

-Such as ?

-What are your limits ?

The skunk in front of me raised his left eyebrow and turned his head, looking left and right in disbelief. He was sitting on the edge of the sofa, still wearing the leather harness from earlier but his groin was now covered with a shining leather jockstrap. He was nervously fiddling with his bushy black and white striped tail which was hiding his cute little gut from me. Gone was his confidence and unbashfulness, he was now a small timid little cub who didn't know what to do with himself anymore. He looked ready to jump out the room at any given time. I snapped my fingers and made him look at me.

-I'm here. What are your limits ?

-Ya... ya're a porn producer ?

-No. Just a friend of Gerry. She asked me to look after you and make sure you don't go to the Ragnarok.

I pushed him down before he could stand straight. He landed back on the sofa in a foetal position. He seemed one foot smaller but his fear erected fur made him look thicker. I looked at down at him and flexed my pecs and shoulder muscles until they filled the loose sleeves of my shirt. He cowered but didn't break eye contact. When I finally managed to crack a seam of my shirt open, he looked down, almost apologetically, and collected himself before leaning back against the sofa. He brought his kness against his chest and rested his chin on them.

-Why do ya care ?

-I don't. I'm just helping Gerry with something she doesn't know anything about. I said matter of factly as I opened my shirt, revealing the leather harness hidden under it and pointed at my leather cap.

He looked at me inquisitively. I nodded. He smiled and seemed to relax. Now that he knew what I was, we could actually get back to the point.

-What would ya have me do sir ? He asked with anticaption in his eyes.

-Look cub, I appreciate the respect but I'm not your Master, your Daddy nor your Mentor. I'm just a friend of Gerry who was asked to keep an eye on you and make sure you never get bored of the Wild Side.

-Why ?

-Gerry is kind of a second mother to everyone here. She cares and tries to do what she thinks is best to protect you all because she still sees you as unsupervised kids doing adult jobs.

-And the non-romanced bullshit explanation ?

Hum... he's smarter than he looks.

-She's the kind of Boss who meddles in your private life when she sees that it might trouble her business.

He thought about that for a second then looked up at me, waiting for me to follow-up.

-Even if I hadn't been asked, had I heard you were planning to go to the Ragnarok, I would have talked to you anyway. Don't go to the Ragnarok. Ever.

-Why ?

-Because, as far as safe BDSM goes, the Wild Side is the very limit I never go out of myself. You

can find a great diversity of itch scratchers, they disinfect the toys and installations, it has a few rules that all abide and people actually look out for each other. It may look underground and illegal and all but it is actually quite safe. Besides the hotheads who get banned because they vented out their anger on someone else but that happens everywhere.

-That's the problem right there. It is too safe for me. No one is willing to really test me.

-Ragnarok has NO rules and NO one cares about what happens to you once inside. « No » doesn't exist there. When someone goes too far, and it will, you won't be able to stop him, you can only endure and hope they get bored of you in less than three or four hours. They will not « test » you. They will massacre you. And before you interrupt me, here's what's bound to happen to you : someone will willingly or unwillingly drug you, you will be taken into a booth or in the backroom of the club where eighty men will take turns filling you out and RAPING YOU until you pass out. And I'm not talking about playful roleplaying rape, I mean RAPE in the MENTAL SCARRING SCORCHED FUCK YOUR LIFE FOREVER kind of way.

-That's bullshit. That's just a reputation they have.

I grabbed the kid and bitchslapped him.

-Aouch ! What the...

I jumped on him, grabbed his arms with my paws, moved both his wrists above his head and grabbed them both with one paw. At the same time, I forced his legs open with my knees and pushed myself against him until my crotch was directly into his.

-HELP !! HEEEEEEEEEEELP !! He screamed at the top of his lungs.

With my free hand, I went for the elastic band of the jockstrap and started to pull down.

-GERRYYYYYYYY !!

I punched him in the stomach to cut his breathing then slapped him with my free hand twice. He tried to cough and get back some air but his out of synch diaphragm wouldn't let him.

-Next time you open your maw, it better be to suck on my cock Bitch.

He cowered and kept on trying to breathe again. Tears started to appear at the corners of his eyes. I went for the elastic band of his jockstrap and pulled down, revealing his limp and shrinking cock which was trying to crawl back into his body for protection. He closed his eyes and went limp. He had given up. He was now just waiting for me to do whatever I wanted to do.

I gently pulled the jockstrap back where it was and softly let go of his wrists. He slowly rolled on his side and held his belly, trying to regain control over his spasming breathing and to reduce the pain I had just inflicted him. I crawled back and went to sit on the edge of the sofa, facing away and waiting for him to calm down.

Twenty minutes went by, twenty minutes where I was waiting for him to be able to speak again. He sat up, crawling away from me and even if I couldn't see him, I could already imagine his accusing eyes on me. Another ten minutes went by before he spoke to me.

-Why ?

-To show you how helpless you would be. This was just the beginning of what can happen there.

What I did is the best situation and treatment you can dream of getting. And I was alone. Imagine it happening eighty times.

He starting sobbing. I waited a few minutes before going to the mini fridge and took out a coke. I sat back on the edge of the sofa and softly threw the can to him. It bounced a little at the first ricochet then it rolled on the sofa until it gently bumped his foot. He winced, looked at it for five seconds then he took it, opened it and drank it in one go. I made a mental « woa » before saying it outloud with a softer intention than in my mind. He smiled. We held gaze for a few seconds before he got embarassed and looked down.

-Listen... Ragnarok isn't an all reputation and no bite club. What happens there is real. Unless you're as strong and vigilant as me, you might not come out alive. I...

A stomach pain suddenly surged and kick me down. I grabbed my maw with my paws and went for the toilets in Gerry's appartement where I barfed what must had been pure bile. It was acrid and the smell was enough to bring tears to my eyes.

-Are ya okay ? Called the skunk from Gerry's office.

-Yeah yeah... I groggily said as I got up and rinsed the taste in my maw at the sink.

I went back to the office, closed the door to Gerry's place behind me, grabbed a coke and took a few gulps.

-I went too far. I said after the taste disapeared somewhat. With you and with me. I'm sorry.

-That doesn't make it okay but I accept yar appologies. What do ya mean ya went too far with yarself ?

-When someone acts, like what actors do, even though it's technically not real, it feels real. And my mind can't tell the difference between the act and the afterglow. Hence why I'm drinking coke now.

-Ya puked out of guilt ?

I took a sip to avoid looking at him. He fiddled nervously with his empty can.

-But... ya're... ya're a Dom... ain't ya supposed to take what subs offer ya and not care... ?

I squeezed the can in my paw and dented it. He jumped, startled at my sudden mood swing. I looked at him in disbelief. Who taught him that ?

-... you seriously need to get out of your fantasies cub. This is real life here. I'm a Dom yes but I'm not a robot and you're not an object.

He looked at me, not understanding. I sighed outloud. Moon was this going to be long...

-BDSM is a game. A sexual game where two people meet and decide who will be dominated, get defiled and be treated as an object and who will dominate and give the orders for FUN. You have to make rules that you both agree to and that will satisfy both of you. Because it is about mutual fun. When was the last time you had fun while fucking ? When was the last time it wasn't just a performance to show off how many hits you could handle or how much you could insert inside yourself?

-I... I can't... I don't...

He slouched down, obviously lost and took his head between his hands.

-You never had a mentor, didn't you ?

He shakes his head.

-Would you want one ?

He nods his head.

-Would you like me to teach you ?

No answer.

-Would you like me to find you someone else ? Who I know to be trustworthy ?

No answer.

-Do you want me to leave you alone and give you time to decide ?

He started to nod his head but then went on to shake it. He started shaking it faster and faster until he stopped and punched the cushion he was resting on. He stayed frozen, looking down and completely immobile for about five minutes then he punched the cushions several more times until he came to a stop by rolling on his side and going into a foetal position. He was sobbing softly, trying to muffle his gaspings and sniffles in the crooks of his elbows.

Seeing he wasn't moving anymore, I crawled toward him and sat at his side without making physical contact. His head was almost touching my left hip but I didn't want to push him any further, he had gone through enough things tonight.

I extended my paw to him, placed it above his head so he could see it and waited for him if he wanted to take it. He turned his head almost imperceptibly and I knew he had seen it. He didn't move away, he didn't flinch and he just stared at it. After a while, he unfolded himself a little, looking a little more relaxed than before and raised his paw to grab mine. He stopped himself when his paw was mere inches away from mine and gave me a glance, checking my face for my reaction. I stayed still, keeping a non-threatening inviting face. He gulped and his gaze went back to my paw. He then threw himself forward so that his head landed on my lap and he nestled himself comfortably against me. I kept my paw up for a while then I lowered it on his right shoulder and squeezed it reassuringly. He tensed a little then he sighed out loudly. I smiled warmly at him.

-Feeling better ?

-Ye... yeah... thanks...

-Rest there for a while cub. You need it.

-Thank you. S-Sir... ?

I nodded. He smiled back happily, turned back on his side and closed his eyes, slowly dozing off. As soon as his breath started to become regular and became a little snory, I sat back and mentally facepalmed myself as I thought « Gerry's so going to kill me... ».

-What did you do ? Gerry whisper-asked angrily, articulating each syllable like she was exhaling hot coals.

When she's angry and right to be so, there's just no talking her out of it. I sometimes wonder if she isn't part Ocelot...

-HEY ! You're listening to me ?

-Trying to. And failing.

She glared at me and her eyes flashed, going almost fluorescent.

-Right now, I'm ready to let Adama knead you to oblivion... Tell me what you two did and why is he hugging your waist ?

She pointed at the poor kid who was deep asleep and was undisturbed by the sudden commotion of Gerry bursting in her office after closing time.

I sighed outloud, readying myself for what I was about to say. The sooner it got out, the faster she would unwind her grudge and leave us.

-That's none of your business.

She jerked her head as if she had been slapped. Brace yourself Loupio.

-Actually, it is my business to know if one of my employees is going to be either too smitten or too bruised to show up to perform again tomorrow night.

-What makes you think...

-I heard screams ! He's hugging you ! And stop petting his fur !

What ? I looked down and realised I have been stroking behind his ears since Gerry bursted in. I resumed like it was nothing. I even smiled ironically at her, to add to the insult. His fur is very soft there, shines of a beautiful shining ebony colour and heat actually radiates through there.

She exhaled angrily and started scratching her ears with sudden incontrollable jerks, as if she was preventing to jump me. She glared at me for a while until she sighed out loud and seemed to force herself to relax.

-Okay... not my business. Got it. Just answer this : Will he be available and ready to perform tomorrow night ?

-He will. I won't tire him. He just needs some of the guidance he never got before.

She opened her maw, ready to ask more, stopped herself and slowly closed it. She looked at me then him as he was still deep asleep in my lap. After a while, she slowly stood up, cracked her back and yawned loudly.

-Okay. Get out of here. I have to crash.

She said that she walked to her apartment door and opened it. I tried to shake the kid up but he didn't wake up. I tried to peel his paws and arms off from around me but he didn't budge and forcing more would have resulted with broken bones. Great.

-Gerry ! I whispered. He's not moving !

-None of my business. She replied from inside the flat.

Okay... you want to be this way...

I placed my left arm under the kids knees, lifted him and went to the door. I opened it with my right paw and was about to leave when I heard Gerry scratching behind me. I turned around and saw she was holding a blanket in one paw and the door handle in the other. She looked at me, buried her claws in the wooden handle, stormed off inside her flat, rutsled around a bit then came back with an electric blue sleeping bag that she threw at me. She pointed at the sleeping bag then at the kid and gave me the « I'm watching you » finger before slamming the door.

-Good night Gerry ! I said.

-Fuck off ! Said an angry voice behind the door.

I smiled inwardly and proceeded to climb the stairs leading to the bar, wondering all the while how the Moonhell this kid could just sleep through all that.

I walked all the way back to my truck while carrying him since there no more subways or buses when we got out. I still sighed of relief when we finally arrived at my place.
At least he's light. Couldn't do nothing for that bushy tail of his though, it kept dragging on the floor no matter what I did to hold it still. Damn those bushy tails...
I unlocked my truck door, set my foot on the footboard and was about to climb the steps when he woke up, startled by the shift in gravity. He let go of my waist, swung around my right arm and fell flat on the concrete pavement of the parking before I could catch him. He stayed there, tensed as hell from the pain. I stayed there frozen as I watched him trying to recover from his sudden and unexpected landing. He whimpered painfully on the ground for a while before I kneeled beside him.

-You okay ?
-I'll live... Where are we ? He asked as he looked around.
-My truck.

He looked at me, with a frightened fawn look on his face and his tail erecting itself in front of him as protection.

-Wha... what are ya going to do to me...?
-Nothing. You sleep in this... I replied as I showed him the sleeping bag... and I... I pointed at the truck... I will sleep in the bed back there.
-Why did you bring me to yar place?
-You wouldn't let go of me. I said as an obvious statement. Now... since I have only one mattress you'll sleep beside me IN the sleeping bag. I said restively.
-Yes sir. He said meekly.
-Don't call me that. I said a little calmer. You're just crashing here because it's late. Go brush your teeth, take a shower or wathever you do before sleeping. The bar over there will let you do all that.

I extended my paw which he grabbed and I helped him up. He was still a little intimidated and didn't dare to look me in the eye. He kept his head down and was complying only because I had told him to. I sighed.

-Kid... I called him out. Stop being a sub all the time. I'm not ordering you to do anything, just do what you NEED to do. I'm not going to fuck you tonight.
-So... tomorrow then? He asked ironically.
-Go.

I climbed in my truck, started the engine to reheat it somewhat, placed the sleeping bag on the passenger's seat, sat on the driver's side, removed my leather boots, leaving them on the pedals, passed between the two seats of the cabin and entered the back of my truck. It was the simplest of things. Squarish with a queen sized bed with a chest with my clothes, BDSM stash and cigars as well as a mini fridge under it, a light bulb with a cord hanging from the ceiling and pictures of my sexual exploits in and out of this truck splattered on all three dirty white walls. The mangy brown afghan pleasantly rubbed against my naked soles as I walked and let myself fall on the bed and took a ten minutes mini nap.

I woked up as I heard the door open and forced myself up. He closed the door behind him and poked his head through the seats, looking around. His fur and teeth were brushed.

-All ready? Then take the sleeping bag and lie there. I said as I pointed the side of the bed I wasn't occupying.

I got up, removed my shirt, threw it down beside the bed, removed the leather harness and folded it back into the chest, soon followed by my cap. I then went back to the driving cabin and turned the truck off. I turned around and saw him, checking me up, sporting a boner and tenting the unzipped sleeping bag with his paws behind his head. I dropped my shoulders, annoyed.

-You're not closing it?

-Nah.

-It gets cold at nights. The radiator only work when the contact is on... I said, trying to ignore his open invitation.

-My tail's too thick. Can't fit both me and it inside.

-You don't think I see you coming? I said, defeated.

-I never said I was subtle.

He smirked with the most obvious “fuck me” smile and eyes combo I have seen in a while. And seeing it on a face this young only made it more perverted. The obvious tent of the sleeping bag wasn't helping either.

Fuck it. And Fuck Gerry.

If I am to make sure the kid doesn't get bored and go to the Ragnarok, who's better qualified than me?

I started walking toward him when I saw that his eyes seemed to scan me. His head was almost making small spasms, as if he was trying to build a 3D model of my body in his head. I strided over to him, letting him admire each and every part of my impressive musculature, letting him take a look at what was going to take care of him for the next few hours. When I arrived near him, I looked down, towering him with all my might. His erection somehow managed to get straighter. I gave him my most “you're-so-gonna-get-it” look in response. We looked at each other for a while until his unsubtlety showed up again.

-Watcha waitin' for?

I quickly knelt down on one knee and smacked his erection with my paw. He yelped, folded himself in two then rolled on his side. His erection had been halved.

-An opportunity.

-Aow... that was... *Growl of pain*...

-You want more? I said as I raised my paw again.

-Oh sir... since ya asked nicely...

He completed his answer by unfolding himself and rolling onto his back again. The sleeping bag slid off his chest, leaving this finely muscled black furred chest exposed to the coldness of the room but everything under his navel was still hidden. His dick was now only half erected but still tenting the blue fabric. He looked at me for about ten seconds before he shook himself in impatience and glared at me, urging me to get a move on. I grabbed his chin and rubbed his slightly agape maw. The brush was now bumping against his erection which elicited a moan from him.

-Cub... Before I go any further, we need to talk about...

-Na. He abruptly said.

-No what ?

-Just na. I don't wanna talk anymore, I want ya to fuck me.

-Don't talk back to me Cub. I said as I gripped his chin harder.

His attitude was really getting on my nerves. He even had to be taught how to obey it seems.

-Or whatf ?

Smack. He winced and tensed up but didn't move.

-That. Why you don't wanna talk ?

-Yaf talkf too muffch. I wantf yaf, yaf wantf me, what'f the delayf ?

An anger was starting to build up inside my belly. I squeezed my paw, making the bones crack loudly in the silence. He jumped, startled at my sudden intense anger burst. I was taking deep breaths, trying to contain myself of to even think about hanging him upside down for days, pull his nuts away from his body using weights and flog his delicate back to the point where he would prefer a spanking over any of this. I let go of his chin and forcefully pushed his head down, his head bouncing on the mattress under him. I slowly stood up, grabbed the sleeping bag and threw it down. I planted my foot firmly on his chest and pushed down, cutting his breathing to make my point. I looked at his face and saw how scared he looked. And how his breathing was too regular. That's when it hit me. He wanted me angry, he wanted me to vent myself on him, he WANTED me to beat the hell out of him. And to do so, he had pressed each and every one of my buttons to anger me and make me go out of my usual self.

I calmed down in one deep breath and abruptly changed my tone to the most zen and peaceful one I could muster.

-You think you're irresistible, don't you ?

-Well, am I not so sexy that I made ya change yar mind ? He answered insolently without batting an eye.

He was right, He smiled at his victory over me and raised his paw to touch me. I stomped on his paw.

-Who said you could Cub ?

He sighed, annoyed. He forcefully removed his paw from under my foot and put them both behind his head and started pouting.

Ok... so refuses to obey, he's mouthy and insolent... He's going to need a lesson. A hard one.

-Don't move and close your eyes, I'm getting my gear out.

He looked at me, suspicious, then he slowly closed his eyes. I removed my foot and kneeled to pull out my chest. The trunk creaked as I pulled it open, making the cub cringe. I pulled out a metallic chastity cage cock ring combo, a padlock and a crop. I walked back to him and made the crop's leather head rasp on the afghaned floor as I dragged it on my way. He seemed to recognise the sound as he squirmed happily and smiled.

-Spread 'em.

He spreaded his legs and, attracted by gravity, his private parts flopped down, hiding in front what his tail hode from behind. His tail was wrapping and unwrapping between his legs unsure of where to rest. I walked between his two legs and touched his tail with the crop.

-Tuck it under your back.

He lifted his back and swipped it hastily like a broom kick. His crotch was in the way of his perineum. I lifted it with my bare foot until they flopped on his belly and spread like melted butter on a warm plate. I straddled him, turned around so my back was facing him, ensnared his chest with my feet on either side and placed the crop against his now exposed perineum. He braced for impact.

-Count. Out loud.

I started hitting. He started counting. When we reached twenty, I faked a pause and hit him harder, twice in a row. He squealed in pain but didn't protest. The effect was immediate though, he had gone soft. I gave him five more hits before I faked out again. He squealed harder but seemed to relax as if I had finally managed to assert my skills. I dragged the crop up until it was laid flat on his balls.

-How many does that make cub ?

-Twenty-nine si...

I slapped his balls to cut him. He howled loudly but kept his paws behind his head and eyes closed. I waited five seconds then laid the crop flat again.

-Wasn't that thirty cub ?

-Yes sir. He blattered apologetically. Sorry si...

I hit five more times before he could recover. He bit his lips to prevent himself from screaming, huffed once to calm down then loudly announced :

-Thirty-four sir !

-That was thirty-five cub.

-I'm sorry sir... I... I...

-Shut up.

I turned around and kneeled down so that my crotch still hidden in my worn out blue jeans was mere inches of his nose.

-Open your maw.

He did. I placed the crop between his teeth. He bit down. I sat back on his stomach, cutting his breathing for two seconds then turned around so I had direct access to his crotch. I placed the chastity cage and padlock between his legs to free my paw and took ahold of his man parts like a cock ring would, blocking all blood from entering or exiting. He moaned through his nose and then whimpered like a puppy when I tightened my grip until it went purple. I slapped his balls twice then grabbed the chastity cage and swiftly inserted his cock in it and closed the cockring behind his balls. He knew something was wrong when he felt something other than my paws around his parts but before he could move, I had already inserted the padlock in the hook on top of the cage and clicked it. He spat out the crop and tried to get up. I let him protest for a second or two to admire my work then I got up and stared down at him as he realised what I had just done.

I walked past him, ignoring him, grabbed the crop, went to the chest, tucked it in, and went back to him, staring down at him with my arms crossed. He looked back angrily.

-I didn't agree to this. He said as he pointed his predicament.

I shrugged my shoulders. He glared back then giggled.

-Okay, okay... I get it. It's a lesson to make me understand why I should listen and talk to ya before a session. I got it.

He looked at me with a gentle smile then looked up and down, obviously expecting an answer.

-Aren't ya going to open it ?

-No.

-Why not?

-Give me a reason why.

He stammered and stuttered but was so enraged and conflicted he couldn't form coherent sentences anymore. I slowly knelt down at his eye level and grabbed his chin to assure I had his full attention. Then in the most calm and matter-of-factly way possible I said :

-You didn't want us to play together. You're a sub and you are supposed to take what I offer you while I don't care, well, here's me. Not caring.

His eyes started to become watery, his voice broke down along with his smug confidence as he started to plead.

-Please... don't... don't do that.... I'll... I'll... I don't know what to do...

-You have one thing to do.

-What ? What ? He pleaded.

-Answer this : What do you take when you grow up ?

-Wha... ?

I let go of his chin to let him ponder what I meant by that. I went to my bed, sat down with my back facing him and unzipped my pants.

-I'm going to sleep. You're welcome to sleep with me. I won't do anything unless you ask me to.

I threw my pants and underwear on top of my shirt and went under the covers. He looked at me, obviously conflicted, then looked down at the padlock. He seemed taken aback by it.

-It's adamantium, I said, You can't cut it and only the key can open it.

-A key ? But there's no lock.

-It's voice commanded.

He smiled then stopped when he realised I was serious.

-Why would ya have such a thing ?

-It's useful to teach lessons and tame wild subs and cubs like you. When they understand, they find the command and free themselves.

-Why do ya have to make everything so complicated ? We could be having fun screwing each other's brains out right now!!

-Because you're too dangerous for me to trust. As long as you don't take care of yourself and do not

care about happens to you, nothing will happen and you will keep wearing this.

-RESPECT ! He suddenly yelled while looking at the padlock.

He waited for three seconds then hung his head down, defeated. I smiled then laid my head on the pillow.

-Good night, or if you're not there tomorrow morning, I'll see you again tomorrow evening at the club.

-Gerry's going to kill me ! He suddenly realized. Ya can't leave me go on stage like this !

-Who says I can't ?

-I do ! I don't want to !

I closed my eyes and started relaxing by taking deep breaths, slowly dozing off. I heard him mumble some more insults and protests, punch the floor and try to force the cage open until he accepted his situation and joined me under the covers. He nestled against me and hugged me. About thirty minutes later, I felt a wet splatter on my chest. I squinted my eyes open and saw his eyes were watery. I raised my paw, placed it on his head and scratched behind his ears. He turned his head away and scooted closer to give me better access. When he started purring, I grabbed him by the skin of his neck, lifted him above the ground and turned him until his nose bumped into mine.

-Don't move cub.

He stayed still and kept his eyes locked into mine. My nose circled around his twice then I licked it. He prevented himself from moving and closed his eyes, sighing, showing me he was leaving me the reigns.

-Good boy.

He lowered his head in approval and his tail wagged once.

-Control. He said out loud.

-Wrong again cub.

I licked his chin and started descending giving a lick at each half inch I ran through. When I reached his throat, I slowly opened my maw wide and leaned forward I completely covered his exposed neck. Then ever so slowly I closed my jaws until only the very tips of my four sharp pointed canines teeth went through the short fur of his neck and touched his warm flesh. He did not try to pull away nor did he show any fear. We stayed like this for a while. The silence around us broken only by my hot warm breath, moistening his furred neck, and his occasional glups and sighs he did to stay relaxed. It's only then that I pushed my tongue out and give his tender moistened neck a single lick. He shuddered and moaned out loud.

-Oh sir... sir...

I growled to silence him then, as softly as possible, I lowered him until he was on top of me. His nipples were as hard as the cage against my bellybutton. I opened my maw, pushed him downward, my hard black bearish fur raking against his trapped cock which made him whimper painfully, and let the fur of his neck go. His head fell on my chest, bouncing ever so slightly and he moaned again. Then whimpered painfully again.

-What's wrong cub ? I asked teasingly. You can talk but keep your eyes closed.
-The cage sir... it hurts... He pleaded
-I know cub. I said reassuringly, stroking him. As soon as you learn your lesson and realise what the word is, you'll be relieved of the pain. That doesn't sound so bad of a deal does it cub ?
-...
-Does it ?
-It is a good deal sir. I... I...
-You what ?
-I think you were right sir... I... I needed a lesson. I was an asshole with you because I was thinking with my dick while you were just trying to help m... he cut himself, sobbing a little.

I wiped his tears, grabbed his head and kissed him fully on the lips, muffling him and cut the kiss as abruptly as I had started it. I got out of bed, retrieved from my chest my harness and my cap which I put on again. I then grabbed the crop and tapped his chest.

-Open your eyes.

He obeyed, blinked twice and looked at me. I looked back in his eyes and stroked his cheek with the crop.

-Took your sweet time to guess that cub...

He threw himself at me, buried his face in my chest and hugged me tightly, purring. I affectionately stroked the back of his head until he started humping my leg out of frustration.

-You wanna play now ?
-I do sir. I'd love that. He said submissively.
-What do you like to be done to you then cub ? I said while seductively rubbing under his tail with the crop.
-Being collared, leashed, ordered around, objectified, spanked, fingered, fisted, knot fucked, helpless, shared, creampie, whipped and cropped. I also love forced deepthroats, bukake, dildo play, puppy play, shibari, leather, sniffing armpits, musk play, feet and muscle worship and... watersports...

He blushed on the last one. I playfully patted his head.

-You like being marked, don't you ?
-I do sir.
-Inside you ? I asked while patting his butt with the paw not busy to rub his belly.
-Oh very much sir...
-You drink?
-... yes...
-Kinky... I said approvingly. But I won't make you drink, I don't like kissing someone with a bad breath. Is that all ?
-All that I can think off that we can do together tonight sir.
-Good cub. I licked his face affectionately. Go kneel on the bed and face the wall.

He let me go and swiftly assumed his position, his gaze wandering on the pictures.

-Put your paws flat on your knees. I said as I stood up and looked him down. And lay that bushy tail of yours flat behind you.

Once he was done, his tail wagged a little. I smiled in approval..

-Don't move cub, I'll get the stuff out. Eyes straight, looking at the horizon. I ordered.

I then went to the chest, placed the crop back in and took out a collar, a leash and some climbing rope. I turned back to the expecting cub and placed all the gear on the ground behind his back. I took the rope, unfolded it and made sure there was no premade knot. While doing that, I observed the cub and saw that his whole body trembled of expectation. His tail was hissing up and down like an angry cat's fur. His paws were gripping the fur on his slightly plump legs. I ordered him to place his arms behind his back and grab the crook of his elbows with the paw of the opposed arm. Once he did, I made a knot around the middle of both arms complete with a protruding coil then proceeded to wrap both his arms in rope until I had formed a roped sleeve that contained both arms. I tugged on the coil, the rope didn't budge, the cub could only follow my lead.

-Lift your tail.

He slowly raised his bushy tail, the buttocks hidden under it finally revealing themselves to my eyes. I planted my foot flat on one buttock, sank an eighth of an inch in it, shook my foot and was pleasantly surprised to see the nice teddy bearish cushion that waited for me. A beautiful bubble butt you want to burrow your nose and drown your face in. That tail of his is nice but will get in the way. I took another rope, made a knot at the base of his tail, right where the fur was scarce and where his skin was exposed. I kneeled behind him, pushed his tail against his back and started licking there. I always loved that area on guys. It was warm, sensitive and somehow always seemed to drive them mad. Maybe because it was more hidden than their asshole. And he was no exception. He was wailing, writhing and losing his composure. Just like a good cub should.

I was about to give his tail one last long vertical lick when my tongue bumped into something rubbery. I looked down and saw he still had the hollow plug in his hole. I slapped both his asscheeks twice. After a brief moment of recovery, he pushed his butt back, ready for more. I fatherly carressed his cheeks, enjoying the fur texture and their weight. Moon I love plump boys...

-Good cub... I'll make a good use of it...

I moved forward so that he could feel my semi hardon on his butt. He pushed back, almost trying to get me inside him right now.

-... but all in good time.

I kneeled back one step, took ahold of the rope tied on his tail and proceeded to wrap it around his tail, hiding his bushyness inside a ropey sleeve. Once I was done, I slid the tail sleeve under his tied arms, wrapped the last meter of rope I hadn't used in the tail sleeve around the arm sleeve then made the final knot with the coil. I tugged on the coil and saw that not only were neither ropes budging but it was also pulling the tail upwards, forcing him to reveal his hidden valley even more. I blew on the newly exposed area and he squealed.

-Close your eyes and turn around.

He obeyed and I went in front of him until my crotch was at his eye level. I started waving my

crotch in front of his nose to tease him, his nose following swiftly, trying to keep smelling my musk emanating from my crotch.

-Can you move cub ?

-No sir.

-Are you scared ? I asked, surly.

-Yes sir... he said meekly.

-Do you like it ?

-I love it sir.

-Do you want it cub ? I asked as I bumped his nose with his nose.

-Oh yes sir ! It would please me so much si...

-Get on all fours then cub. I cut him.

-Wha ? But sir... I can't...

-Do it.

Without thinking twice, he threw himself down. As his chin was about to hit the mattress, I slowed his fall with my paw, catching him a few inches above the mattress before guiding him until he was head down and ass high in the air. Exposed, Vulnerable. At my mercy.

-You have to earn it cub.

I took a step back, letting my feet on the edge of the bed and my toes invade his whole field of smell. Without hesitation, he gobbled up and started sucking on my left big toe. He went down on it twice then went to the one next to it. I retrieved the crop in the chest beside me and placed it flat against his completely exposed buttocks. He jumped, startled by the unexpected feeling of the leather tool, stopping his cleaning.

-Do you think you're doing good enough of a job cub ? I hinted menacingly.

He let go of my second toe and went back to the first one. He started by sucking only the very tip, polishing every asperity and angle possible, making sure it was dripping with spit and completely clean before he descended half an inch and spread the spit he had used previously as lube. When he had reached the deep end of the toe, he started licking between them, making sure they also were as polished as my big toe. It's only once he had made a small puddle that he dared to go for the second toe and repeat his worship. Again. And again. And again.

He had just polished the last toe when I took my feet of his maw and admired his work. wiggling my toes. He lifted his head and, while strings of spit thick like spiderman's web started cascading down, he looked with his nose to try to find my toes again. Not wanting to disappoint him, I quickly switched and presented him the other one. Finding it with his nose, he quickly impaled his maw on it and proceeded to clean it thoroughly. He was in lust. He was right where he would love and worship me the most. He was so enthralled he didn't even feel that the crop was no longer on his buttock. I snatched my foot away from him which startled him and his nose quivered out of loss.

-Open your eyes cub.

He did and looked at the crop I was now holding in front of him as if he was seeing it for the first time and blinked several times without understanding. Then he seemed to snap out of it, like it had all been a dream and realised what had just happened. His head fell back in the spit puddle he had created on the mattress as, with a painful expression, his trapped erection made its existence known again.

-OH FSIR... Wha... whaf fif fyout fo fo me... ? Why foes if feelf fo...

He cut himself as a painful moan of pleasure escaped his maw. He tried to speak again but his tongue was too sore to even conceive a movement now. I giggled.

-Seems like you can't talk properly anymore cub. How could you worship me properly with a tongue this sore ?...

He looked at me with a panicked pleading look a five year old who had just been refused an ice cream could have had. He shook his head and tried to protest but he couldn't form a coherent sentence and could only mumble his pleads. I planted my feet on his head, pushing him down in the puddle.

-Don't worry cub, I got what's necessary.

I dashed to the chest, grabbed the tool and showed it to him. He tilted his head and lifted a brow. It was a metallic grided muzzle with a ringgag and a little wheel on the side that increases the wideness with each turn.

I kneeled in front of him, avoiding to set my knees in the puddle, grabbed the cub by the fur of his neck, lifted him and held the muzzle in front of his face.

-Open your maw cub. I ordered.

He looked at it reluctantly then slowly, timidely opened his maw. I slipped the metallic muzzle over his, lifted his lips, placed the ring behind the small four canines of his jaw, made sure his tongue was going through the ring then secured the device with leather straps that fasten behind the head. Once I was done, I took a step back to admire the result. Scared. Unsure. Helpless. Begging.

-Simply beautiful... I said outloud.

He raised his head and looked at me, cowering of what might happen now.

-Don't worry cub, I'll take good care of you. There's only one thing missing...

I grabbed the coil in the arm sleeve and turned him so he would face the chest. I put my paw in the chest, and, all the while keeping my eyes locked on him, I took out a black leather collar with a metal plate simply saying « Daddy's Boy ». I held it so he could read it.

-Do you want it cub ?

He nodded then managed to pull himself upright back onto his knees.

-Impressive.

He tried to smile through the ringgag. I walked back to him, went around him, patted his head to have him raise his neck then as slowly as possible to emphasizes the importance of the moment, I slipped my paws around his neck, then the collar and clipped it around his neck. I stood up and backed up one step from him, to let the meaning of the collar sink deeper into him.

I then pushed him back down on all four, kneeled in front of him and kissed the top of his head, reassuring him and letting my hardon poke and graze his nose.

-Hey cub... Don't you feel like you're at home now ?

Nod.

-Don't you feel like you've found where you're supposed to be ?

Nod. I twisted his nipples with my paws. He moaned. I let go of his head, stood up in all my Daddy Leather glory and opened my arms invitingly.

-Welcome home cub...

He found a renewed eagerness. His tongue was straining to crawl out of the ring, dying to get a taste of me. I grabbed the back of his head and pulled his nose into my crotch. He sniffed avidely with his small black wet nose. I flexed my hard cock. He swiftly pushed himself forward, making louder sniffing noises and grunts, trying to get closer. But he just couldn't get closer without falling from the bed. And the more he struggled and strained to lick me, the hungrier and more desperate he got. I let go of his head and placed my paws on my hips, towering him with all my massive frame, flexing my muscles to appear even more massive to his submissive eyes. He started whimpering out of desperation, pushing himself until he was on the very edge of the bed and had his nose at mere inches of my crotch.

He was in such a lust for my cock, it would have been a shame to reward him this soon and ruin him of his lust. So I started swaying my hips left and right, forcing him to jerk his head around to follow what he desired so avidely. I did so until I saw he was getting tired and was about to give up. It's only then that I stopped. His desperate nose was starting to get to me, I was fully hard, leaking profusely and a strong musk had filled the room. A stain was slowly growing on the floor where i was dripping. And it was the spot the cub was now fully focused on. He threw himself down, landing with a wet splatter and a heavy thud before I could react. I winced at his pain then rolled my eyes to the sky.

-You okay ? I asked, concerned.

He bit his lips and nodded his head, acting as if it was nothing. Then, seeing where he had landed, rolled his face in the puddle of pre, smearing and basking himself in it like a pig in the mud. I let him enjoy himself a little more then I grabbed the fur of his neck and pulled him back on the bed and on his knees, making the rope sleeves creak. I positioned myself so that his opened maw would be a quarter of an inch away from my cock. He opened his eyes wide, his tongue wheeling around in the ring, avid to taste it. I grabbed it and placed it flat down. He followed swiftly by flattening and widening it as much as possible. A few drops of saliva fell down.

-The red carpet to heaven... I observed, rubbing his face softly.

He pushed his tongue out more to entice me. He had waited long enough. I grabbed my cock to lift it slightly, stepped closer and let go. My cockhead landed on his tongue with a wet thud. I let it there for a second, letting him enjoy the vapors of my musky wet doggy cock emanate from me and penetrate his nostrils, then I started moving in circles, repainting the deep red of his tongue into a nice crystal clear shining red. As soon as there was enough of it on his tongue to create a small drip, I pulled out and looked down.

He didn't dare to move, he looked up, pleading me with his eyes and desperate needful whimpers. His trapped cock pulsed in pain and leaked a thick stream of pre.

-Swallow.

He tilted his head back, swirled his tongue so he could bathe all of his taste buds in my essence of masculinity, enjoying all of it and swallowed. Then he strained out his tongue even more than before. I aligned myself with his opened mouth, grabbed the back of his head with both hands and sank myself all the way in him with just the tip entering his throat.

He gagged, writhed, drooled uncomfortably and coughed up violently, surprised of the sudden intrusion but I kept myself as deep as the metal ring of the gag would allow me to. Once he calmed down enough to stop coughing, he relaxed and started molding his tongue to shape my shape as best as he could, trying to sponge all that perspired out of me.

I closed my eyes and let him work for it, leaving my hands on the back of his head as mere reminders of what he had to do. I even moaned and bit my lips because of how good it was.

His breathing wasn't cut but was prevented because the tip was just deep enough to allow him to breathe in but not out. He didn't seem to care though, as if he wanted to even hold my smell inside his lungs. The more he kept on sponging both through his taste buds and nose, the more intense his sucking got and I started going deeper in his throat, slowly sinking, filling him with what he needed so badly. The suction was so intense that my dick started growing inside his maw, like in an air pump. My hips started moving on their own, as a reflex of what he was doing to me.

He was preventing himself from moving to make it last as long as he could but, like an iceberg still embedded in the floe, it was only a matter of how long he would hang on before he would start drifting.

We stayed like this for at least two minutes before the suction started to lessen in intensity. I reopened my eyes and looked down at him. His eyes were semi closed out of sheer pleasure. His torso was covered with both my pre and his unswallowed drool. His breathing which had been up until now a constant sucking with very little pauses had made his slightly gutty belly swell to a two months pregnant state. His trapped erected cock was leaking profusely and jumping, screaming for attention. He was trapped, bound, covered in manly fluids and running out of air. He was in pain. He was out of breath. He was completely at my mercy.. And he was loving every second of it. I lifted my right paw to scratch his ear to congratulate him. As soon as my paw left the back of his head, he started to slide down. He had lost his support and could not stay upright on his own anymore ! I immediately pulled out. He jumped in surprise, his eyes went wide open and, as if he had been thrown in outer space, exhaled all of the trapped air in one breath. He coughed as he tried to regain control of his breathing. I patted his head in encouragement.

He had just found a rhythm breathing when I grabbed him and pushed myself back in. He emitted one small gagging noise before he started sucking again. I turned the ring wheel to gape his maw wider, tearing a panicked moan out of him. I patted him reassuredly and whispered some comfort words. Then I pulled out until I was midway, pushed back in again and stayed there. About three seconds before I started pounding away like I was in a gaping tailhole but nonetheless, feeling this tunnel of hot quivering flesh squeezing me while his tongue offered me the perfect wet slide was more than enough to get me. Each pound out had a suction effect which pumped out both his saliva and my pre out of him, adding to the layers already drying on his torso. My black tennis sized balls swayed back and forth, hitting him under his chin, almost engulfing the bottom half of his face with each thrust in. My paws kept him in place and he had no choice but to endure the assault no matter how merciless it could be. He gagged and muffled what appeared to be protests but they were so half heartily executed I ignored them. It only tightened my grip on his head and heightened the speed and depth of my thrusts. I kept thrusting. And thrusting. And thrusting...

I suddenly stopped myself all the way in him and groaned outloud, tempted to finish it there, to empty myself in his maw and feel the sweet bliss of a well earned afterglow... but I just couldn't bring myself to end it now. The poor cub would be so disappointed. And what kind of Dom would I be if I wasn't able to please my cubs until they fell asleep in my arms ?

I groaned again, rotated my hips, my dickhead leaving a slimy trail on the muzzle gag ring and patted the cub on his head. He moan-muffled in approval.

« I need a slight break » I thought as I unrolled myself from the top of his head and pulled out to get a look at him.

He was a mess. Covered from chin to knee in a mix of thick precum and saliva which made him glisten in the bulb lighted room, his gaze seemed to be lost in the horizon, completely unfocused while his eyes were showing only their whites, his cock was as hard as the cage would allow him, more peeing pre than leaking and his tongue looked sore even through all those fluids. I covered my maw with my paws in disbelief from the sight. As soon as I removed my paws, his body started to rock slightly back and forth as if he was still enduring my assault and his tongue moved about, looking for my cock. But the strangest thing is that he wasn't hyperventilating, he was calm, peaceful, like a zen master meditating.

-Cub ?

No answer.

-Cub ?

No answer.

-CUB !

His eyes tried to blink then he shifted his gaze toward me. He whimpered softly at first then started whining. He lifted his head and his nostrils quivered, humming the air. Before I could add anything, he leaped toward me. I caught him in mid-air and he jumped, startled by this sudden touch. He looked around, panicked before he saw me holding him and, following my muscular arms, found me staring down at him.

-Welcome back cub. You were gone so far... was it good ?

-Huh huh ! Huh huh !

He demonstrated his enjoyment with a few licks on my elbow. I approved it by flexing my biceps against the side of his face. He moaned and cooned of appreciation. I kneeled down, rolled him back on the bed on his left side, making him face the wall before removing the muzzle gag ring.

-Rest a while cub, you need it.

He whimpered his appreciation and closed his eyes, going down for a mini nap. I went to the chest and placed the muzzle gag beside it to remind me of cleaning it later. I went back and nestled behind him, covering his much smaller frame with my massive bearish body. He purred. I rubbed my nose on the back of his head and we slowly drifted into a light slumber...

We must have slept for about thirty minutes when I suddenly heard a ghost-like whisper.

-Sir...

-Yes ?

-Thank ya sir...

I petted his head. He nuzzled my paw.

- ... more ?

-You're such a horndog cub...

-Ya not finished... sir... me neither... Nnnngh !! Hurts...

-Poor cub... but you have to find the answer if you want to be free.

- ... clue... ?

-Same as before : What do you take when you grow up ?

He whimpered painfully.

-Don't... understand... please... make me... sir... he pleaded tearfully.

I sighed.

-Okay. Do you remember why I didn't want to play with you in the first place ?

-I... too dangerous... no taking care of me... wanted you to hurt me...

-And why did you want that ?

-Because... I... I... don't know ! Just thought... it's how it supposed to be...

-But I taught you otherwise cub. I said as I licked the back of his head affectionately. What we're doing here is just a game... and it hurts me to see you hurt with the cage you didn't agree to but you really needed the lesson. You pushed me to it.

-I know sir...

-Before I forget... How are your arms ? Can you still feel them ? Any pain ?

-None sir... the rope feels great !

-Good. Anyway... you need to realise what it is you have to do to free yourself from your parents and that you naturally take when you grow up.

He sighed-pouted at the clue. I hugged him from behind, seizing up his chest muscles with my paws like they were female breasts and pulled him toward me. The fluids soaked in his chest leaked out as if I had squeezed a sponge. He squealed out a matrix-like « Wow ».

-So much sir...

-Not all from me. I remarked as I pinched and twisted both nipples.

He threw his head back and moaned while his hips uncontrollably jerked back and forth a few times. His movements made his buttocks brush against my still semi hard rod, leaving a slimy trail each time. When his spasms ended, he huffed and puffed and nestled back against me. I positioned myself so my cock would be rubbing his still hollow plugged stretched open hole.

-Ooooh sir !! Why does it... feel so good with you ?

-Look at how relaxed you are.

He froze. Like this possibility had just occurred to him. Like it had never happened to him before.

-Yes... It's because... I... I trust you sir... I've never trusted someone like that before.

-Don't you mean a « Dom » like that before ?

-Wha...

-You have friends and family, don't count them out cub. You trust them too. And the trust you put in them isn't the same as the one you put in me. Okay ?

-Yes sir.

We were on our left side. I had both paws squeezing his nipples and chest muscles. My left arm was trapped under his frame but the other was free to move. I descended the latter one and grabbed his balls. They both fit in my paws but were swollen so much that if I kept teasing and denying him his release, they soon wouldn't anymore. I squeezed them until he wailed out in pain. I kept it for a few seconds before letting go and slapping his butt hard.

-Ooooooh... sir... he cooed like he was swallowing honey. Even THAT feels good !

I grinned. And gave his butt a few more slaps which only made him squeal in high pitches in a mix of pain and pleasure. As soon as I stopped, he unhooked his back from me and bent down, to expose his butt as much as possible, freeing my left arm from under him. I gave his pulsing quivering and still plugged anal ring a quick glance before I forcefully pushed his head down in the mattress with my left paw, letting his face soak in the absorbed fluids. I let him marinate for a good minute before I spoke.

-Did I tell you to move cub ? I asked with a menacing growl.

-No sir... he realised with a hint of regret.

-Lift your upper leg. I ordered.

I grabbed his balls with the right paw and tugged his balls backwards. He whimpered painfully.

-Down.

He did so and his balls were now trapped behind his closed legs and were resting just under his butt. I placed my right paw flat on his butt, just inches above his balls.

-P-please sir...

-Shut up, you're going to love it.

He closed his eyes and froze, bracing himself for impact. I brushed his butt back and forth, teasing him, enjoying to see them retract and diminish out of the sudden fear, occasionally bumping my fingers on the hollow plug. I stopped and lifted my paw until he whimpered in anticipation. I latched on his balls and pulled them back until he squealed loudly. Then I aimed and started emptying my bladder in his opened hole. His eyes went wide open, he huffed in surprise before a deep pleasurefull moan escaped his lips.

Hitting bare inner flesh at first and carrying through my body temperature, I was just starting to repaint his whole insides when he pushed his hole back at me, trying to widen himself but also threatening to push out the hollow plug. I stopped myself and pushed the plug back in with my finger. I fingerslapped his balls to warn him to not do it again. He whimpered a painfull acknowledgment. I removed my finger and kept on slowly filling his opened hole.

The tension in my guts which had built up since I had started the cub's taming was starting to fade away, escaping me along the contents of my bladder. His blissful face was the sight of the sight of legends. It made me all the more glad I had given in. I stopped, looked down at the cub and sighed

out loud, trying to bask myself in the moment. His hole was filled to the brim, its slightly golden light glistened in the dimmed light of the room. He was completely frozen, all too aware that his hole was full and about to spill its contents. He didn't even dare to look at me, fearing my reaction if he did.

-That is so beautiful cub... I said as I traced the outer rim of the plug without touching the inner puddle. You took so much...

-Th-thank you sir... I had never taken this much... That feels...heavy... and yet...

-Fulfilling ?

-Oh yes sir ! Whooooooooo !!!!

He gasped suddenly and stared into space in awe as I watched the golden lake disappear inside his dark hole with loud and non-organic gurgling pipe noises. Once it was all gone, he quickly turned a face full of questions toward me.

-Wha... what happened sir ?! Why did I...

-It reached the second sphincter. Gravity did the rest.

I scratched the back of his head with one paw while the other brushed his butt as a reward. He purred with a mix of deep pleasure and pride. He moved his head so he could bask himself in this gentle intimate touch like it was the rarest of treasures. I gave him a few more strokes before I let go of his head and grabbed his buttocks with both paw and spread his hole open. The sudden air entry made his stomach growl in reply. I aimed and quickly carried on emptying the other half of my bladder. He moaned, startled by my renewed streaming.

-Ooooooooooh sir... how much more do you have... ?

I answered with a stern dickslap on his buttock. He jumped, startled but kept his mouth shut and his hole gaping. The only sounds that could be heard in the room were the slight gushes made by my piss coming out followed by the puddlings inside him and mixed with lips-bitten moans he could barely prevent. Once his hole was once again filled to the brim, he cooned like a puppy sucking milk from its mother's tit. I sighed and exhaled out loud. Man was that good.

He then surprised me when his hole flushed the golden pond in one go. His stomach groaned in protest. He winced and closed his hole, forcing it down his intestines. He fought the tension for a few seconds before the groanings finally stopped and he exhaled loudly. He laid there, panting, drooling and adding more to the already very much soaked mattress. His belly was now as swollen as mine after christmas eve and was almost touching his spreaded knees. His ass up was high in the air, on display and opened up like a springtime flower.

-Are you proud of me sir ? He asked worriedly.

I raised my eyebrow in surprise.

-Off course. Why would you think otherwise... ?

-I'm sorry sir... You were so good to me... I don't want to disappoint you...

-Cub cub cub... I said as I shook my head. Stop worrying about me. Just trust me, ok ?

-Ok sir. What would you have me do next ?

I fake-thought about it for a second.

-Would like me to fuck you cub ?
 -Oh yes sir ! I would love it !
 -Sh sh cub... I said quietly to calm his enthousiasm. Beg.
 -For what sir ?
 -Beg for my cock. I said as I rubbed my semi hard cock on his butt.
 -Please sir ! Fuck me ! Fuck me hard !
 -Can you feel me on your butt cub ?
 -Yes sir ! Yes I do !
 -How hard am I ?
 -You're almost soft sir...
 -Well ?

He hesitated for half a second before he started moving his butt up and down, rubbing his plugged hole against my cock.

-Please forgive me for this sloppy job I'm doing sir... please... please...
 -Mmm... better... I said as I playfully slapped his left cheek. But not enough...
 -Oh pleaaaaaase sir... pleaaaaaase... use meeeee !

He started pushing his hole out, trying to catch my hardening cock so it would slip right in. He was pushing so hard I could, if I wanted to, insert three of my fingers in right now and watch him squirm around them. And the hollow plug allowed me to watch it all in and out. Through it I could see all of his insides, pulsing, quivering and winking at me, begging to be filled again. I purred at the thought and grabbed him by his lovehandles with both my paws.

-Ooooooh sir... thank you sir... please !! Let me worship you with my hole !

He stopped sawying his hips at me and started pushing even more, opening his hole at me. I stared, mesmerized, as he started pushing himself out wider and wider...

-Oooh... you're starting to tempt me...

I rubbed my fully hard cock on his gaping hole.

-But... I'm sure you want it enough...
 -I NEED YOUR COCK SIR!! DESTROY MY HOLE NOW !!

His hole was now so stretched the hollow plug was ready to slip out of him at any minute. I inserted a finger inside and rubbed his insides through the rubber tunnel.

-And how do you ask politely cub ?
 -Please, please, please, please, please, please sir... please do me. Do me now...

I jerked the plug out of his hole and threw it beside the bed. He drew in a breath, startled, and his hole suddenly clamped down, void of its previous tenant. I pulled him toward me, lining up my now leaky cockhead with his exposed hole.

-S-sir... your pee...
 -Push it out cub.
 -But... your bed...

I started pushing forward. He immediately pushed back. The lack of lube wasn't helping my girth's entry but I wanted him to feel it all for his first time with me. He pushed and pushed until he gave out a startled groan.

-It's coming sir...

A yellow splash squirted out of him, tainting all of my groin and slowly cascaded along my balls. It was just what I was needing for lube. My cockhead popped in one go.

He groaned, trashed a bit and whimpered in semi pain but a good butt slap calmed him down. I waited for him to accomodate my girth and when I felt his hole relax, I grabbed his waist and started pulling him down toward me. He squirmed and tried to crawl away from me. I tightened my grip and cut his crawling away short. He froze and sighed outloud, pushing out as hard as he could muster and I started to sink myself inside him. Inch by inch, feeling each and every inner wrinkle of his intestines resist ever so slightly before folding to the relentless assault of my cockhead, stopping when my balls came into contact with his. After the soft « slap » of this intimate pool game, the cub bellowed outloud, wailing like a skewered pig, begging me to use him. I buttslapped him shut, grabbed his hips and gave him the hardest back and forth I could muster. He bit his lips, preventing a moan from espacing his maw but failed to prevent the leak from his hole. I smiled, licked my canines and did a few small trusts to test his looseness. He was tight as hell.

Time to change that.

I grabbed his bound arms with both paws, tearing a slightly paignful whimper out of him and started pulling out of him, stopping when only my cockhead was the last screw to keep it all bottled in him. I stayed there for a while, teasing him with the threat of an imminent leak. I lifted his bound arms a little higher, readying myself to use them as reigns of the ride I was about to give him.

-Ready cub ?

-Yes sir ! I have never been more ready !

I smiled inwardly at that understaement, tightened my grip around his arms and started pounding...

I sighed out loud and stopped myself to catch a breather. I let go of his arms and, as expected, he collapsed heavily. He was panting and drooling like he had just run a marathon and his whole body shaking from exhaustion. I pulled his cheeks apart to check the damages.

It was beautiful...

He was opened, slightly gaping from my repeated assaults, his outer lips were red and puffy like a female's in heat to the point I was tempted to call it a rosebud. All the juices I had pounded into him had mixed together and were now leaking from him, cascading along my stem and into my fur, tainting it with a beautiful golden color. I brushed the inside of his hidden valley with my thumbs to congratulate him. He was so far gone he didn't even flinch. I buttslapped him. No answer. Gave him two others. Still nothing. I placed my left paw on his chest. He was still breathing. I had to wake him up...

I lifted him, scooted over to the edge of the bed in the back of my truck, grabbed his bound arms and, with the help of gravity, started descending him from the bed, my cock slowly slipping out of his hole. His head had just touched the floor when he shuddered softly, finally waking up. And it's then that my cock popped out of his hole...

-Whaaaa...

... and all of the juices inside him started spurting out, transforming his orifice into a hose which drenched his body like he was the statue of a fountain. He woke up suddenly, startled by the sudden change and started wailing helplessly, calling for me. His hole was now fully exposed in all of his red gaping glory, the golden juices allowing me to see his insides like it was a clear buttplug. They were pulsing, waving back and forth along the contents of his bowels brushing against them and his slight panic only made the gush harder and faster. The white fur of his body was becoming golden, like the fur around my crotch.

After looking left and right for me, he tried turning his head over his shoulders, I squeezed his bound arms in my paw, pushing him down a little more, silently telling him not to move. He froze, narrowing the inner flow, realized where he and I were, calmed down and carried on, even adding more enthusiasm. But it sadly soon died down. He had emptied himself completely and completely soiled both his fur and the floor of my truck cabin. I chuckled, pulled him back up on the bed and hugged him from behind, spooning with him tenderly. He tensed from the sudden shifting before completely melting in my arms, letting his small wet and acrid smelling frame get squashed by my much more massive one. He was so happy, he even started purring. I scratched his chin and ears to congratulate him.

-Look at you... my little happy fountain cub...

-Thank you sir... that was awesome ! And unexpected...

I pushed my still rigid dick back in him hard enough to spank his balls.

-Ngh !! Oh sir... thank... thank youuuuuuu...

-Round 2 cub !

-PLOW ME SIR !! DO MEEEEEEEEEEEE...

He held the note for the three minutes hardboiled assteering pounding I gave him. At the very last thrust, he suddenly opened his eyes and seemed like has having a seizure. His butt was telling me otherwise. He was having a prostate orgasm... When he came back, he took a quick breather, turned his head toward me and kissed me on the lips. I kissed him back, adding a tender congratulations with a spooning hug.

After ten minutes, he cleared his throat and looked at me. He seemed suddenly serious about something.

-Yes cub ?

-Sir... I... I thought about ya said... about the clue ya gave me...

-Yes ?

-Ya told me that I was dangerous to ya because I wasn't taking care of myself... and the word is the thing you take when you grow up to free yourself from your parents... so when the word...

-Yessssss cub ?

-is responsibilities ?

The cage emitted an electronic squeak then clicked open, fell from his leg on which his cock was resting and bounced off the bed. I turned him around and hugged him strongly enough to cut his breath. He nuzzled his head against mine, resting his chin in the crook of my shoulder.

-Ooof... Sir... ? He whispered with a asphyxiated voice.

-Yes ? I asked anxiously, releasing him.

-Thank you sir...

-You're welcome cub. May this lesson serve you well.

I scratched the back of his head, looking deep in his eyes, proud of what he had accomplished tonight. The longer I looked into his eyes, the more obvious his erection was brushing against mine. He was waiting for his reward and rightfully so. He had earned it. But he had to ask it. Yet he didn't dare. Even though he wanted it so badly, he didn't to leave the sub zone, he was feeling right at home, right where he loved it. But his own denial was getting to him, his own anxious erection was betraying him, leaking profusely against mine and making his hips move on their own will.

-May I cum please sir ? He begged, defeated and pleadingly.

-Yes you may cub.

-Can I masturbate sir ? He breathlessly said.

-No, you may not.

-But how...

-I will do it for you cub.

-Th... Th-thank you so much sir.

I smiled warmly at him, stroking his face gently and softly.

-In position.

He obeyed, getting on all fours as best as he could. I got behind him, placed my erection against his gaping hole and started sawing my hips back and forth, teasing him and keeping him on the edge while I grabbed one string of rope of sleeve around his arms and pulled on it, untying my complex knot in one firm pull. His now free arms flopped on either side of him, numb and tired of having been stuck in the same position all night and his tail, for the same reasons, stayed flat and motionless on his back. I grabbed the rope and let it fall in my gear chest then I grabbed a leash from it and clipped it to the collar still around the cub's neck. I wrapped its length several times around my paw, making sure I still had a perfect grip on the cub.

-Ready for the finale cub ? I asked while frothing my cock against his honeyhole.

-Almost sir... let me... move my arms again... He said while forcefully propping himself on his

elbows.

-Don't force it cub, don't hurt yourself. That's MY job ! I said as I squeezed his balls and utterly erected cock hard.

-Buuuuut... Ngh ! It will give you better grip sir...

-I appreciate it cub... ready ?

He sighed outloud, took two deep breaths, joined his paws like in a prayer, let his head rest on his joined paws and said, beaming with excitement :

-Yes sir.

I pulled the leash, forcing him to prop himself up a bit and pushed myself all the way in. Then I leaned in and softly grabbed his erection with my free paw. He shuddered and started wailing like a 3 year long sex deprived madman.

-My my... if it feels this good now... imagine how it will be when you actually cum cub...

He didn't answer, too focused on himself to care.

-Shall we find out... ?

It's over.

I struggle to catch my breath as a drop of sweat rolls down from my forehead to my bearish muzzle, lingers on the short hair at its end and finally lets go. It lands on the back of my Cub under me who suddenly slumps down like a recently cut three century old oak tree, pushing out the dust under the mattress. Small clouds starts to roll away from us. He sighs with fulfillment, panting heavily and his eyes somewhere between Nirvana and a ride on Falcor's back. I smile inwardly, taking pride in seeing him this tired. I hold myself for a few seconds then I follow. My landing adds more clouds. He grunts, squeezed by my weight. My chin find its usual resting spot in the right crook of his neck. He grabbs my paws and guides them under his head, using them as a pillow. I scoot myself a little closer, he purrs and moans softly as he feels me pulsing and rubbing his insides. Once I'm settled, he grabbs the leather collar branded « Daddy's Boy » around his neck and unhooks the clipped leash. He drops it beside the bed with a short raking sound heightened by the silence in the back of my truck and, looking behind his shoulder, he smiles me. I smile back and stroke his chin with my fingers.

The bedsheets of my trucks's cabin are still warm from the fluids soaked in them. They keep us warm and allows us to bathe in an lengthened afterglow. I kiss the back of his head, he purrs and pushes his body toward mine, tearing a surprised moan out of me. I push back and pin him down with all my weight. He gets the message and lies still. I hug him a little tighter and try to enjoy the warmth a little longer.

It doesn't last though. Every drop of sweat in our furs soon cools down and starts to itch like lice. I dart my eyes to the responsible. That radiator. It's supposed to work on a battery but it long lost its capacity to stock energy. It only works when the engine is on and I have to leave it on for a while to warm my truck cabin. It fails its mission to protect us from the cold from entering our haven. I snort, annoyed, and lick the back of his black and white head, making him giggle. It tastes salty. I keep licking.

When the temperature goes from cool to chilly, I slip my paws away from under his head to his nicely athletic chest muscles, pull him closer and proceeds to shift our bodies on our right sides. He grunts, his back scratched roughly by the leather of my harness which creaks loudly, and prevents a moan, he feels me still pusling inside him, by biting his lower lip. I then grab the unzipped sleeping bag we threw at the bottom of the bed earlier and covers us both. He purrs of appreciation. I scratch his head with the paw not stuck under him and make him turn his head. His eyes are closed and he's waiting for me to kiss him. I indulge him.

When we part, he pleads me with his eyes, looking for an encore. I smirk and tilt my head and, like my father used to do whenever I tried to stall, state without words that it's time to sleep. He obeys swiftly but reluctantly, flicking his tail trapped between us as mild protest. I ignore it, grab the cord of the lamp hanging from the ceiling and pulls it down to switch it off. He goes in a slightly foetal position and I follow, offering him my massive Daddy Bear frame as protection for the night.

As our breaths go deeper and slower and slumber draws near, a thought suddenly hits me.

-Cub ?

-Hmmm... ? Yessssh shhhir... ? He asks half asleep.

-What's your name ? Your real name ?

-Gerard shhhir.

I smile inwardly. You're THAT honest with yourself eh ?

-One last thing cub...

-Hmm ?

-I move a lot because of my job. But would you like me to train you whenever I'm in town ?

He turns his head over his shoulder, looks in my eyes and says.

-I'd love to Sir Loupio...

And he blows me a kiss before going back to sleep.

-... I'd love to...