

My Master

I stir to action as I hear my Master's key turn in the lock. I've been waiting for him all day, cleaning his house and preparing the evening's meal while he was away working. All day I have been anticipating the onslaught of my Master's love, to feel his caresses and hear his praise at all my hard work. Sure, he may punish me for failing to clean something up to his highest standards, but overall his love will shine through. He never truly hurts me with punishment, and indeed sometimes I deliberately encourage him to use the paddle or the whip. He knows I love it, and even his harshest reproach is coated with love and attention.

I am wearing my harness, collar and cuffs as I kneel before the door, wagging my long fluffy tail and putting my ears down in submission. I know what look most turns my master to smile, and like any well trained pet I know well how to turn his emotions to me. He may be the Master, and his name dangles from the tag on my neck, but I am as much in control as he is. When he has me entertain company, he jokes that I am truly the master of the house, and his friends all laugh because they know it to be true.

"Well look who's a good boy?" says my master. Already he has begun to work loose his tie, his business suit looking as worn and tired as he does. I make a mental note to have it dry-cleaned tomorrow while he is away, ensuring it will be clean and fresh the next time he finds it in his closet. "Were you waiting for me all day?" His massive lupine hands run through my closely cropped hair, caressing me softly. I can smell the thick wolf musk coming from his tired and sweaty body, already it intoxicates me, and fills me with wanting. My shaft begins to harden. I have kept from playing with myself all day, and though I served my master in the shower before he went to work, I already want more.

"Yes sir, I kept thinking about you all day," I say. I tap his hand with my long foxy muzzle, my cold nose gently touching his palm as I lick his fingertips. Early on in my training I would have pounced on him and just started sucking him off, but I know my Master likes it when I show a little restraint. He is older than me, and has grown to love the chase as much as the catching. I will hold out as long as I can. "I have made a lovely dinner for you, Sir, but you look so tense. May I help you relax?"

My master grins, setting down his briefcase and locking the door behind him. "Heh, I think you just want to play," he says as he sits down on the couch. "You foxes are so predictable. But I love that." I blush a bit as I gently slide between his thighs, rubbing my hands back and forth slowly. I can barely contain my excitement. My breath comes in hard, ragged pants. Slowly I take the zipper of his pants in my teeth, pulling it down as my hands open his belt and undo his button. Only seconds later I'm fishing his long black length out of his boxers, cooing and licking it lightly with my tongue. "You are such a fucking slut."

"I must be, if Master says I am," I reply. I gently begin working him into my mouth. I move slowly, enjoying myself. Even though my Master permits me to enjoy him daily, I love every moment and take the time to indulge it. My tongue flips and flaps across the slit of his massive cock, slurping down the precum as he begins to harden. He groans, gripping the top of the sofa from time to time as he works to remove his shirt and jacket. As he disrobes, more and more musk begins to roll off of his ample frame, filling my nose and causing me to shudder with delight. The anticipation of the day has stirred me to action, and as he hardens I shove my muzzle forward eagerly, sucking more and more of his length into my maw. I want it desperately, and soon my fluffy red tail is a blur behind me. My hands come up to gently caress his cock and balls, the rings dangling from my wrists jingling as I move. Master growls with contentment, making me feel all the more excited at the quality of my play. I can feel his love for me with every tone, his efforts encouraging me to even higher efforts.

Once his shirt is gone and his pants and boxers are around his ankles, his hand descends to the back of my head. He pushes slowly, insistently, wanting me to dive down but waiting for me to take the initiative on my own. I do not disappoint him, and soon my nose is pressing against his thick tuft of pubic fuzz with each forward thrust. His precum is a steady trickle now, and already I am filled with the thick, salty flavor. I relish every drop, whimpering with excitement as he thrusts again and again into my maw. He has been anticipating me all day, as well I know from when he called me during his lunch. He is even more eager than I am, and it is not long before he releases in side of me.

As his shaft discharges, I grab at him hard, wrapping my lips firm and making sure that not a single drop gets loose. Well trained, I swallow hard, working his seed into my throat during the initial rush, then sliding my maw back a bit to let the last bits dribble out onto my tongue. His rush subsiding, I grab his balls and gently cradle them as my other hand milks out the last bit. Once I am certain he is finished, I retreat, sticking out my tongue to show him my appreciation. He grins, and as soon as I swallow he slips a finger into the ring of my collar and pulls my body onto his. We embrace, we kiss, the buckles of my leather pressing against his dark gray fur. He gropes my ass and teases my shaft, but I know that, for now, he will continue to make me hold. He delights in making me wait, but I don't mind, because I love anything that puts a smile on his face.

I eat lightly at dinner, though he chastises me for it and eats heartily himself. I wish to remain slim and beautiful for him, and though he complains I know he appreciates the end result. Everywhere he goes he brings photos of me, and though he values my personality I know his eyes are constantly drawn to my ass. I flirt, I play coy as I make him laugh with my jokes, but mostly I just enjoy his company. I take delight in the way he eats all I gave him, then asks for seconds, then seems disappointed when he realizes there is nothing

more to eat. I work all day to ensure that my Master has a delicious meal to eat, and it fills me with joy to see him possessed by such gusto. I make another mental note to prepare more next time, and to help Master burn off those extra pounds at the first opportunity.

After both our bellies are full we return to our lovemaking, my Master taking my leash off the wall and clicking it on my collar as we go for "Walkies" down the hallway. I can see his nostrils flare with my scent as I crawl on all fours, shaking my ass as I take the lead into the bedroom. I pull hard on the leash, loving the pressure and control on my neck as I make my intentions known. He wags his tail behind me, his body as excited as mine at the prospect of our night. "Damn, my pet is rather eager," he says, grinning and helping himself to some of the bondage rope from beneath the bed. "I should teach him a bit of self control.

I eagerly submit to the restraints, feigning hesitation and pulling at the bonds. The knots are firm but forgiving, and I know easily how to free myself should I want to. But I do not. I groan as his hand descends to my shaft, which is smaller than that of my Master's but one I am still quite proud of. His muzzle descends to inhale my musk, and his big wolf body shudders as he takes it in. Like all foxes I positively reek of male essence, and it drives my Master into a fury. He licks and slurps on my shaft as he rubs it, working me into a deep arousal and sending my pre dripping like a stream. Sometimes our lust makes my master every bit the submissive bitch that I am, and I blush in embarrassment at the lengths my scents and urges drive him to. But still, I am hard as a rock.

Once my master is satisfied with my flavor and my musk, he releases me from my bonds, only to once again tie me down once I have been flipped onto my stomach. I hear a bottle of lube snap open, and soon his massive digits are probing me delicately. I whimper and writhe, my body pulling reflexively against my restraints even as I curl my tail back in eagerness. Years of service beneath my master have made me loose and accepting, but still he is gentle and takes his time. He loves his pet dearly and does not wish to see me harmed, and it is this care that makes me all too eager to submit to his will. I gasp as he finally begins to press his tip against me, writhing in eagerness as my own shaft drips with arousal.

My Master begins slowly, working himself inside of me even as he nips at my shoulders and ears. I call out his name, I press against him, and I meet his thrusts with my ass as he fills me completely. He is my Master and I love him, all I care about right now is the depth and thickness of his pleasure. He returns the favor, his hand working my shaft gently even as he helps himself to my ass. We groan, we buck, and we writhe as we push against the bed. We make real our love as our bodies move as one, and we are rewarded with a shining blast of clarity and completeness.

As I descend from the heavens. I can feel his shaft emptying into me. The hot, warm liquid fills me with heat and delight, making my body shudder and my shaft twitch with delayed excitement. Though

we have spent precious little time together, we both grow tired from our efforts, and as he unties me we pant and embrace. We kiss, rolling about on the sheets, our bodies entwining.

Our breath returns, and I remove my gear, preparing to shower as my Master and I walk hand in hand to the bedroom. He is my Master. My Master knows best. My Master loves me. And as we begin to clean one another in the warm water, I know this is where my heart belongs. "You are my favorite pet," he says. "You always have been and you always will be." I blush with embarrassment at the intensity of our feelings. I can't believe the good fortune I've had in loving my Master. It is his love which drives me to strive to greater and greater acts. Just wait until he finds out what I have planned for him when he gets home tomorrow!