

The shoes screeched, the balls bounced, the chatters rose. This college station's gym was packed with many athletic students: Some were anthros, some were humans. Some of the students went by the exercise section at the corner while others played a competitive game of basketball on either side of the courts.

One of the students entered inside of the door leaving the gym, walking through a hallway and passing by some of its doors. One of them was the locker room, remaining shut. Inside of it contained a young man rubbing his hair with his towel, gazing ahead at the lengthy mirror. He wrapped his towel around his waist, his brown hair dripping the blues onto the sink before laying his hands on it.

The man stared at his red eyes and white skin, losing himself into thoughts. *How do I tell him?* He looked down, the water sliding slowly towards the sink's hole. *Maybe while we hang around at the bar again? I could tell him then.* He shook his head. *Nah, too loud and rowdy.* The college student twirled the front of his long, wet hair. *Hmm...What about at the beach?* He blinked briefly before blushing. *Naaaaah, I'll be too busy looking at his dick.*

THUD!

Gryff flinched at the sound of a loud, locker slam. He turned to his side, a tall horse resting his hand beside the locker. He eyed the man, wearing an orange black-striped shirt and shorts. His dark gray skin accompanied his long gray mane covering bits of his blue eyes as he tapped onto the locker. "Hi," the first thing he said to the fella in a semi-deep tone.

The man slowly waved at the horse, eyes half-closed while he smiled. "Hello, Kyron," Gryff said in a seducing manner. He covered his lips afterwards and looked to the side. *Shit, did I really say his name like that!?*

Kyron blinked, remaining neutral by the man's tone before walking towards him. Gryff stared up at Kyron after the horse got close to him, being towered in comparison. Gryff shyly smiled at him, keeping a firm grip onto his towel. "So how's class been for you?" he asked.

Kyron sighed, shrugging. "Same ol', same ol'."

"A snoozefest as usual, eh?"

"Yep." Kyron laid a hand onto Gryff's shoulder, the man flinching and jumping for a bit followed by a blush. "Hey, want to play some basketball today before I head home? I want to see how good you've gotten since our last game." He playfully punched the man in the other shoulder, the two chuckling.

"Yeah yeah. I was thinking about playing some, too." Gryff scratched the back of his head, looking off to the side. "It'll help me take my mind off of things, ya know?"

"Like what?"

"Well...like having the courage to suck your di--" Gryff grabbed his lips, his face becoming bright red. The man looked at the horse, sweat dripping down his forehead out of nervousness.

Kyron raised his brow, casting a small smirk. "Right." He simply turned around and walked to the door, exiting the locker room. Gryff stood there for what felt like minutes, tapping on the sink in uncertainty.

*I am getting more and more blunt with my flirtatiousness, huh?* he thought to himself, walking towards a nearby locker. He twisted the combination lock and opened his locker, taking out his basketball attire. He then dropped his towel to the ground and started putting on his clothes.

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Kyron and Gryff jotted around on the right side of the gym, their shoes screeching against the court as Gryff dribbled the ball. The man jumped, pushing the ball towards the air before the horse slapped it down. Now Kyron was the one in the driver's seat, bouncing the ball from side to side. Gryff leaped his hand forward to swipe it, but Kyron dodged in time and shot towards the hoop behind him, the ball landing right inside of it.

"Dammit," Gryff said, smacking his lips.

Kyron grabbed the ball, setting it beside his hip. "Let's see those 50 jumping jacks, boy."

The red-eyed man shrugged, spreading his legs out before jumping and extending his arms. He repeated this step, sweat dripping down his forehead the moment he reached his 25th jumping jack. The horse brushed up on his mane, watching. Eventually Gryff finished his jumping jacks, panting heavily while smiling.

"That wasn't too bad."

"You're sweating like a pig and breathing as if you're about to pass out," Kyron commented, snickering.

The man waved his hand up and down. "You know me by now, man. This is normal: I'll be fine."

Kyron pushed the ball towards the ground, bouncing off before being in Gryff's possession.

"Your call, not mine."

Gryff grinned. "If one of us loses this round, then 20 pushups are the consequences. Bet?"

Kyron squinted his eyes, smirking. "Bet."

The two kept playing, quick movements formed from one another. Kyron spread his arms out, readying to snatch the ball at any given moment. Once he swung his arm, the man dashed around the horse, jumping in the air to shoot the ball into the hoop.

Gryff formed a fist and brought his arm down. "Hell yeah, dude!" He smiled.

Kyron looked at the man behind him, chuckling. "Alright then. A loss is a loss." The horse got onto his knees, positioning his arms before stretching his legs out. He brought himself down, grunting and lifting himself back up. He repeated this step all while Gryff stood there, ogling at the horse's biceps. He drooled at the fat forming on the horse's upper arm, the man mesmerizing himself in them, the sweats sliding off those biceps swiftly.

Gryff slipped into a daydream of him kissing and nuzzling Kyron's bicep, the horse petting him on the head and grinning down at him. He got a lovely whiff of them, too. The enticing sweats and intense aroma emanated from them, the man drooling in absolute delight. Wanting to lap up those tasty, salty liquids so ba--

"Hey, I'm done," Kyron said, snapping Gryff out of his daze.

"Wha? Huh? Oh yeah, right."

The horse tilted his head. "Are you al--"

"What's the next bet you wanna make?" Gryff asked, changing the topic immediately.

Kyron formed a poker face. "The loser gets to run around the gym 5 times."

"5? Pfft, totally unlike you, Kyron."

"Yeah, I was fucking around there: 20 times."

"Now THAT'S more like it."

From there, the game of friendly basketball lasted for some time. Bets were made here and there, water breaks happened occasionally, and overall the sweats casted upon the two, eventually leading them to radiate a strong odor. Sweat pits formed within the two's basketball attires, Gryff panting with aggression. Kyron wiped the sweats off from his forehead, dribbling his ball once more to rush towards the hoop.

The man ran forward, rubbing his hands and swinging at the ball before missing it, Kyron jumping over him. "What the..." He turned around, a simple 'SLAM' was made on the hoop. Kyron dropped to the ground, picking up the ball with little problems. "Damn..."

"So how about the cartwheel across the gym 60 times, hmm?" Kyron tapped on the ball, huffing.

Gryff looked off to the side, agitation creeping up. *I've only won like what? 6 or 5 times? Against this man who has like...20 something wins by now. I don't know, I didn't count. But I know damn well I've been losing quite a lot to him.* The horse casually sat there, waiting for the man to execute his bet. *...Let's change things up a little. Just so I don't run out of breath.*

"Something's wrong?"

Gryff looked at the ground, laying his hand against his chin. *I need to think of a different bet he can consider. From a game of 5.* He blinked for a moment before nodding. *I got it!*

"Uh--"

"Let's play a game of 5. If either of us loses, then the loser has to kiss the winner's feet in the middle of the court!" *...Wait, wha--*

"Huh..." Kyron squinted his blue eyes at the man, slightly smirking at the request. "Sure." He passed the ball over to Gryff. "I'll take the bet."

*Ah crap, I didn't actually mean to say that!* Gryff caught the ball, sweating in uneasiness. *I better win this, then. I...I can't do that out in the open.* He gulped, dribbling the ball slowly.

Once the two prepped themselves, they proceeded into the special game of basketball. Gryff was evading the horse's swipes, jumping in the air and shooting the ball into the hoop. *1 point!* He grabbed the ball and repeated the same movement, bouncing it underneath him as a trick before rushing towards the hoop. He jumped once more, shooting the ball towards the hoop and landing it. *2 points! I'm on a roll, today!*

Kyron grinned. "Tch, you're getting better at this, after all." After the two restarted their position, Gryff evaded the horse with a fake dodge. "Gotcha."

"Huh!?" Kyron snatched the ball from Gryff within seconds, bouncing it before shooting it towards the hoop. Gryff eyed the hoop, gulping. *Oh no.*

Gryff had lost the third round. And then the fourth...and fifth. The special game of ball ended with 3 points towards Kyron, 2 points towards Gryff. The horse huffed, freeing his forehead from sweats before picking up the ball. He clapped his hands, smiling. "I gotta hand it to ya: You were really trying. Moreso than last time we played together."

"Y-Yeah...Thanks." Gryff eyed Kyron's sneakers, shaking in place. A poker look formed onto his face, the man trembling at the sight. *I can't worship them here! I gotta think of something and fast!*

"Anyways, I'm ready for my feet to be kissed."

"Wait!" Kyron raised his brow at Gryff. "I-I have a double or nothing bet for you!"

Kyron tilted his head. "Really now?"

"Yes!" Gryff pointed towards a hoop far and north from the two. "If you can shoot that ball from here alllll the way over to there, then not only will I kiss your feet but also become your personal sex slave for a WEEK!" Gryff covered his mouth, some guys passing by eyeing the two in a peculiar manner. *My flirtatious behavior is getting more blunt. And now with a dose of horniness! Dammit!*

Kyron gave the man a deadpan stare, moving his arms towards the north hoop before jumping and pushing the ball with brute force. It flew over yonder, passing by a few fox and bird athletes. Soon the ball hit the hoop, curving off from it.

*Yes!* the man thought. The ball swung back towards the hoop, landing right through it. Gryff gazed, blinking in astonishment. *I just. What?*

The horse folded his arms, walking towards the center of the gym. He stopped and turned around, holding his left foot up and wiggling them. "I'm waiting."

*Dammit...* Gryff sighed, walking towards the horse in a slow manner. *Was hoping to kiss those soles in private.* He stopped in front of him, gazing up at the horse in nervousness. He then looked down at the raised foot, the shoes trapping them with its capsule. The man got on his knees, laying his hands onto the sneakers. He hovered around them, brushing his fingers against the laces before tugging on them. Some of the students stare at the two, either being confused by the scenario or blushing at it.

Once Gryff was about to pull Kyron's shoe off, the horse brought his foot back, the man raising his brow in confusion. "Actually, I have something else in mind for you..." He sat his foot down, folding his arms. "You can skip out on the public foot kissing IF you're willing to become my personal sex slave for a month."

*Blunt and straight to the point, aren't we?* Gryff thought, remaining on his knees. He looked off to the side. *Man, my flirting really has gotten more obvious to him.*

Kyron caressed his mane-covered arms. "So what's it going to be?"

The man tapped on his chin, losing himself into thoughts. *If I take this offer, then it'll give me the perfect opportunity to not only kiss his feet in private, but to...also admit my feelings towards him.* He looked up, heat circulating throughout him. He eyed the aquatic blues of Kyron's eyes, the grand mountain of his biceps, and the expanded valley of his chest, damn near seeing his nipples through his orange shirt. *I've been with him for so long. Drooling over his looks. Squealing at his nonchalant tone.*

Gryff felt as though he was drooling on the spot, gripping his knees. *Fuck, I want him to pulverize me so badly.* Eventually, the man nodded at the horse. "I'll take the offer."

Kyron grinned deviously and held out his hand. "Smart move." As the man grabbed onto his hand, Kyron pulled him up onto his feet, embracing him in a massive bro hug. Gryff yelped, his face smothering within the horse's big pecs. He gazed at the well defined pecs, almost tempting to drool at the sight of them. Kyron caressed Gryff's back, huffing at the man's mesmerization.

Soon, the horse let go of the hypnotizing hug, folding his arms. "Let's head over to my house. That's where our fun begins."

"Y-Yeah. Gotcha."

"Also: Since we're still in the summer, I want you to pack all of your belongings and live with me until next month arrives. Got it?" he demanded.

Gryff nodded without much hesitation. "Yep! I literally live right next door to you, dude. So that shouldn't be a problem at all."

"Good."

And from there, the two left the gym to their right.

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Sweat dripped down the side of Gryff's cheek, his nipples perking out, his feet curling his toes. The man was wearing nothing but his underwear, his belongings being at the corner of the horse's room. The bedroom had one big bed in the middle, sitting between two desks with lamps on them. A TV was behind the man, its dark reflection showing off Kyron standing in front of him, wearing nothing but his underwear as well.

Gryff was on his knees, hands nudging against the end of them. Kyron's crotch was close to his face, the man blushing at the horse's bulge doing an ineffective job at hiding his shaft. The man could get a taste of the strong, intoxicating smell emanating from it, almost feeling the need to drool over them. *Gosh, it's so intense...Mmm.*

Kyron smiled. "So here's the rules for this month." He lifted his finger, closing his eyes. "Address my name properly, which is 'Master Ky'; be in a uniform of my choice, and of course: Always be on fours until I say otherwise." He folded his arms. "Any questions?"

Gryff shook his head, getting on all fours within seconds. The horse huffed, a wide grin spreading across his face. "Hah. We haven't even started this master and slave play yet, and already you're complying with my demands. Impressive."

"I have to abide by your rules, so I figured why not have a head...start." Gryff trailed off at the last part of his sentence, indulging his view at Kyron's delicious bulge.

"I see." Kyron spread his legs out, his bulge moving about as the tip of his equine rod peeping its way through. He pressed his fingers against each other, closing his eyes. "There's other rules you must abide by as well. This includes taking care of my feet along with worshipping them; sniffing my crotch, feet, and armpits on a daily basis," Kyron continued as Gryff gazed at him in mesmerization. The man eyed his feet, humanoid with five toes and lovely soles he strived to lick at.

"Wash my clothes and sneakers by hand, make me cum on you and do not wash it off unless I give you permission to do so," Gryff stared at the slight reveal of the horse's cock, precum escaping from its tip, a sign of Kyron getting incredibly hard by this. The man curled his toes, biting his lower lip in temptation.

"Give me a bath, which includes you rubbing and scrubbing my body; and lastly give me oral on command." Kyron opened his eyes, holding his hands together while smiling. "Got all of that?" Gryff was too busy diving into the big pectoral muscles and biceps, the hunking defined features spark at his eyes with sophistication, drooling at the sight. He felt as though he was climbing up a mountain leading to heaven, with the pecs and muscles being the peak.

Kyron looked at the man's daze before grinning. "Did you listen to anything I said?"

Gryff snapped out of his lustful spell, blushing with intensity. "I, uh--"

Kyron waved his hand up and down. "It's alright. I'll let it slide for now since we're about to get started with our fun bet." The horse sat down on the bed, spreading his legs out and tugging onto his underwear. His large wood sprung out of it, pulsating in an enticing manner. Sweat oozed off from it, the rising tower of strong stench traveled towards the man's nostrils. Gryff got a whiff of the cock's magnificent musk, rolling his eyes up in pure joy.

*F-Fuck yes, his cock reeks of pleasure*, the man thought, heart pounding with ecstasy.

"Let's start with you sucking me off. The game of basketball earlier has made my cock feel wild and salty, you know?" Kyron then fully took his underwear off, tossing it to the side.

Gryff nodded. "M-Mhm." He crawled closer to the horse, planting his face against his equine rod. Sweat dripped onto him, the sophisticated stench plugging his nose with zero hesitations. Gryff panted on the rod, nuzzling against it. *I wanted this from HIM so much, man...* The man then licked the shaft, tasting the salty sweats sliding across it. "Mmm..." He closed his eyes, grinding his tongue across the huge length.

The horse huffed and groaned, gazing down at the man with his arms folded. "Heh. I see someone is enjoying this bet a lot more than they should."

Gryff blushed from the comment, reaching the tip of Kyron's cock and pressing his lips against it. Fluid trailed from the tip to his lips, the horse's cock keeping its hardened stage going. The man stared at it, feeling as though he was heating up from it. Kyron smirked, gripping onto the man's head and yanked him forward. His cock slid right into his mouth, the man widening his eyes and yelping in response. "Mmmf!?"

Gryff didn't expect Kyron to make that sudden move, his throat expanding itself due to the length. He gagged a bit, saliva colliding against the sweaty manhood. Once he got a certain grip on the rod, he grinded his tongue against it, moaning in relief. He bopped his head up and down slowly, closing his eyes with serenity. Kyron groaned, wiggling his toes in satisfaction and panting with lust.

"Mmm, yeah... That's good, slave," he said softly, setting his feet onto Gryff's asscheeks. Gryff felt his behind lowered slightly due to the feet as Kyron leaned his head back, grinning with enthusiasm. He moved Gryff's head back before slamming them forward, his balls ramming against the man's chin. He then pushed the man back and forth, the roughness repeated. Gryff's chin smacked against the horse's balls each time, the man moaning happily from it.

Sweats dripped off from the forceful blowjob, Gryff closing his eyes in pure bliss. *Gah! So rough!* The man touched his undies, his bulge pressing against it in eagerness. Kyron paused the man, patting him on the head while wiggling his finger.

"Mm, no taking off your undies yet," he said, smirking. Gryff nodded and let go of his undies. "Good slave." Kyron then continued, speeding up the pacing and thrusting vigorously. "Mmm, quite the good mouth you got here, slave."

Gryff felt the horse's precum landed onto his tongue, gagging and moaning while stroking the soft floor. Kyron sighed in relief, placing his feet on the floor before pounding the man's mouth at a wild pace, his balls slapping against him like a warrior's fist. The two grunted and groaned, Gryff slightly opening his eyes in satisfaction, feeling as though hearts were forming on them.

Kyron huffed, his cock twitching and pulsating at an immense pace before he slammed deeply inside of the man's mouth, dumping loads upon loads of seeds. "Gah!" Gryff gagged and moaned, eyes widening in response. He managed to drink some of the cum while others burst out of his mouth, drenching the floor with them in matters of seconds. Puddles of seeds formed from the waterfall, some even splashing onto the man's face.

Kyron pulled his cock out and released more all over Gryff, jerking himself off while groaning. The man left his tongue hanging, not moving at all. He looked up at Kyron with ecstasy, curling his toes in delight and mewling. Once the water hose of seeds came to a halt, the horse sighed in relief, grinding his shaft against the man's face.



"My cum is your shower for the day," he said, grinning.

Gryff nodded slowly, his tongue pressing against the large shaft. "Yes...Sir." That was all he could think of saying at the moment.

Kyron groaned. "Mmm, I'm going to enjoy the rest of this month."

*Same...*

From there onwards, Gryff started doing the tasks Kyron demanded him to do. Obeying in every way and shape, setting aside whatever discomfort he felt from those tasks just to be with the horse. He dreamt of doing something like this with Kyron all his life, begging for the dominant equine to pulverize and tease him in any kind of way. Gryff thrived from the following tasks Kyron demanded him to do:

*Day 1-5,*

Gryff and Kyron were in the living room, the two sitting on the sofa. They wore no clothes, with Gryff having black stockings on his arms and legs. The man kissed and nuzzled Kyron's biceps, his tongue gliding against them in sweet relief, indulging in those salts.

"Mmm, good slave..." Kyron smirked, rubbing Gryff's head as the man slid his tongue across Kyron's biceps, reaching his way towards his chest. Gryff massaged Kyron's pecs, closing his eyes and kissing on the horse's nipples. "Mm, much more obedient than I thought. Intriguing..." Gryff then slid his tongue across Kyron's chest, vertically lapping up any sweats along the way.

Kyron snapped his fingers. "Alright: Now get on the ground and lick the sweats off of my ass," he demanded. Gryff stopped and hopped off the sofa, being on fours and looking up at the horse with pleasure. Kyron grinned and turned around, spreading his asscheeks. His round, puffy anus dripped the sweats right onto the sofa, Kyron wiggling his toes in delight. The man pinned his face against the horse's immense odor of an ass, the puffy hole winked and scrunched up in response.

Kyron huffed, stroking the man's head and further pushing him forward. "Mmm, that's more like it." Gryff rolled his eyes back, kissing and licking the puffy anus in sweet satisfaction, lifting his arms up to grope the horse's asscheeks. Kyron grinned and moved the man's head back. "Hey now: Go back to being on fours, slave."

"M-Mmm. Y-Yes, Master Ky," Gryff said, resting his hands on the ground again. The man was greeted with his face against Kyron's puffy hole, mewling in joy. He slipped his tongue directly inside of Kyron's hole, drowning in the exposure of his exquisite odor. Kyron grunted, wiggling his behind.

“Heh. I didn’t ask you to put your tongue inside of me.” Kyron grinned. “Expect me to go rougher on you as punishment.” Gryff nodded, blushing immensely.

*Day 6-10,*

Kyron was pinning Gryff against the kitchen’s sink, grinding his menacing rod in between the man’s asscheeks. Gryff was the only one wearing any clothes, a maid outfit that kept his black stockings from before. He moaned and mewled, scrubbing Kyron’s shoes and workout clothes the best way he could.

“O-Oh, M-Master!” Gryff pleaded.

The horse smacked his asscheeks, the man yelping in response. “Master what?”

“M-Master Ky!”

Kyron slapped his asscheeks again, his cock twitching with delight. “Can’t hear you. Speak louder.”

“Eek!” Gryff blushed, panting and mewling in joy. *Oh fuck, he’s so rough!* “MASTER!”

Kyron smirked, gripping onto the man’s hair firmly. “I. Still,” he slapped Gryff’s ass, the man moaning and dropping the soap by accident. “Can’t hear you!”

“MASTER KYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!” Gryff left his tongue hanging, dropping the clothes and sneakers as well. Precum dripped onto Gryff’s maid outfit, Kyron huffing in pure relief.

“Good slave.”

*Day 11-15,*

Kyron was sitting at the back porch with Gryff, the hot sun beaming down at the two. The horse moaned, wiggling his toes in front of the man as his feet were being massaged. Gryff grinded his thumbs against the horse’s feet, drooling at the sight. Gryff was the only one not wearing any clothes, containing a collar around his neck.

Kyron gripped onto the leash that came with the collar, smiling down at the man. “Go ahead and kiss them.” Gryff paused for a moment, gazing up at the horse. Kyron tilted his head. “Did I stutter? Get to kissing, slave.”

The man blushed with intensity, smiling widely. “Y-Yes, Master Ky!” He leaned forward, his lips pressing against the horse’s toes. *I’ve been waiting for this for so, so long!* “Mmm...” He smooched the toes, moaning softly. “Master’s feet are so lovely.”

"Heh. Give them a smell to prove it, then." Kyron snickered, pressing his feet against the man's face. Gryff panted, soaking in the lovely whiffs of Kyron's feet. He indulged himself in their intoxicating smell, kissing the feet up and down in response. "Mmm, that's more like it."

*Day 16-20,*

The two were in the living room again, both sitting on the sofa with little to no clothes on them. Gryff pinned his face against one of Kyron's armpits, his nose drenching within the immense, smelly odor. The man rolled his eyes up, curling his toes in glee. Kyron patted him on the head, smirking.

"Now smell my crotch," the horse ordered, the man nodding with eagerness. Gryff slid his nose down the horse's body, reaching all the way to his equine shaft. He started off with the tip, drowning in the wrenched whiffs that were hard for him to turn away from. He then slid his nose across the rest of the shaft, sniffing on them and moaning softly.

"Master...Ky's...cock..." All that Gryff could ever think of saying. He shoved his nose against Kyron's balls, nuzzling between them. Kyron groaned, licking his lips in satisfaction.

"The feet's next," the horse said, folding his arms while Gryff moved back. He leaned against the edge, lifting his feet up and wiggling his toes in front of Gryff. The man squirmed in anticipation, nuzzling between the feet. He sighed in relief, taking in the exquisite stench of beauty. His cock throbbed with intrigue, dripping precum onto the sofa at the heaven he caught himself into.

Kyron grinned, scrunching up his feet and gripping the man's face with them. "Admittedly, I am surprised by how well you've been doing. How much you're willing to do as I say." He caressed Gryff, biting on his fingernail in a seductive manner. "Interesting."

"An-Anything for Kyro--I mean, Master Ky!" Gryff blushed at his slip up, keeping his nose against the enchanting whiffers.

Kyron chuckled. "I see." He pulled his feet away, Gryff blinking in confusion. "And just for that slip up: Go back to smelling my cock. This time while jerking it off."

"Y-Yes, Sir." Gryff leaned down without hesitation, wrapping his hand around Kyron's rod and pinning his nose against it. He moved his hand up and down, jerking the cock off while smelling it.

Kyron put his hands behind his head, closing his eyes and sighing in relief. "Good slave."

*Day 21-29,*

Gryff panted heavily, moving his legs up and down at an eager pacing. He and Kyron were in the bathroom, Gryff sitting on the edge of the tub nudging his feet against Kyron's cock. Kyron sat on the closed lid of a toilet, leaning his head back and groaning in pleasure.

"Mmm, that's right. Rub it real good, slave," Kyron said, musk emanating from his rod. Gryff blushed, drooling at the sight of the footrub. His cock sprang up in excitement, the man gripping on the tub's edge with his tongue hanging loose. He tried grabbing onto his rod before his ears flicker to the horse's loud huffs.

"No touching your cock *until* I say so." Kyron grinned, wagging his finger at Gryff.

The man nodded, lowering his hand. "Yes, Sir."

"Mmm, and grip the tip of my cock while at it." Gryff nodded at Kyron's demand, bringing his feet upwards and stroked the tip. Precum oozed out of the manhood, Kyron huffing in satisfaction. "Good, goooooo slave. Quite the fascinating fella, I'd say."

Gryff blushed at the horse's compliments. *Thank you...*

*Day 30, the final day,*

The two were now inside of the bedroom: Clothesless, harden dicks, the master sitting on the bed while the slave remaining on the ground in all fours. Gryff gazed up at Kyron, eyes sparkling in joy as he awaited his demands with intrigue. Kyron patted on the bed.

"Come sit next to me," he said in a demanding tone. Gryff blinked from the request, tilting his head. The man then climbed onto the bed, being next to Kyron. The horse laid his hand onto the man's head, smirking. "You've been such an good and obedient slave throughout this month. Doing the task I wanted you to do without any ounce of hesitation. Almost like you...have a thing for me."

Gryff blushed and poked his fingers together, Kyron grinning in response. "And so as your reward..." He laid his large equine cock onto the man's legs, the rod pulsating with temptation. "You can finally have the master's juicy cock inside of you."

"W-Wait!"

Kyron tilted his head in perplexion. "Hmm?"

"I...I wanted to tell you something, du--I mean, Master Ky. Something I've been meaning to say for who knows how long." Gryff took a deep breath before exhaling. "I like you a lot. And want to be more than just, uh, friends with you." He shyly looked away. "S-Sorry for being out of my slave role for a moment. Just...I genuinely felt that way about you, h-handsome."

Kyron stared at Gryff for a moment, eyes fixating in bewilderment at such a confession. The horse snickered, caressing his nose. "Well then. I'm not really surprised by that." He groped Gryff's shoulders, the man gasping in response. "Thanks." The horse grinned and turned the man around, pinning him down.

"Ah!" Gryff clashed against the bedsheets, his asscheeks being greeted with a large shaft rubbing between them. Kyron's rod throbbed in passion, the horse huffing while rubbing Gryff's behind. Eventually he rammed his cock right inside of Gryff, the two moaning as he leaned forward. "F-Fuck!" Gryff blushed at the muscular tall weight on him, tightening around the horse's shaft.

"Mmf." Kyron moved his hips back and swung forward, picking up the pacing instantly. His big balls slapped against the man's balls, Gryff wailing in satisfaction. The two curled their toes, Kyron laying his hands on top of Gryff's and stroking them. The bed rumbled and trembled, tilting from side to side due to the rigorous thrusts from Kyron.

Gryff stroked the bedsheets, mewling loudly while his asscheeks bounced to the menacing horse's hips. Kyron panted and huffed, moving his hips around and teasing the man with his equine rod. "Mmm, rub my balls with your feet, slave," he demanded, slamming his cock over and over.

The red-eyed man gasped, nodding. "Yes, Master Ky!" He lifted his feet up, pinning them against the horse's balls and caressing them. Kyron moaned, drilling his dick inside of the man like no tomorrow.

"Good slave~" Kyron grinned, pounding more vigorously than before. He grunted, closing his eyes in pure bliss. "Mmmm, so tight and warm."

"Y-Yes!" Gryff screamed, his tongue hanging loose afterwards. He rolled his eyes up, blushing with passion and drooling with satisfaction. Gryff's ass clenched at the horse's precums, his anal walls warming the rod up more. The man's stomach bulged from each thrust, the tip showing itself over and over.

"Mmm..." Kyron stopped.

"E-Eh? AH!" Gryff yelped, Kyron's arm wrapping around the man's neck before the horse continued his thrusts, gritting his teeth in immense pleasure. Gryff moaned loudly from this, stroking the horse's arm and leaving his tongue out, feeling as though he has hearts for eyes.

The horse's cock twitched, ramming the tip against the man's g-spot like it's nothing. "Mmhm, I can't hold it in much longer." He slammed a couple more times before deeply shoving his manhood inside of Gryff's hole, screaming while dumping loads upon loads of cum. "AAH, SHIT!"

"ACK!" Gryff coughed out the equine's seeds, his stomach expanding in size due to the hefty loads. He mewled, more seeds spilling out of the penetrated hole and coating the horse's balls, Gryff's feet, and the bedsheets like a waterfall. A puddle of delicious lust spilled beneath them, to put it simply.

The two panted, Gryff nuzzling against the horse's arm, dripping his seeds from his lips. After what felt like minutes, Kyron smirked and pulled his cock out, groaning while freeing the man from his arm. Plenty more of his lusty seeds shoot all over Gryff's body, the man's hole puffing out and gaping in response. Some of the cum dripped out of Gryff's anus, the man panting nonstop.

Gryff rested his head on his arm, moaning softly and leaning his tongue against it. "A-Ah..." He couldn't say anything: The exhaustion was getting to him. Kyron laid beside the man, his hands behind his head.

"Honestly..." The horse trailed off for a bit, staring at the seed-coated sheets. "I...admittedly like you in that way too, Gryff. Kind of. Maybe."

Gryff looked at Kyron, smiling warmly. "Really?" The horse looked back and nodded. "Thanks, man. I was hoping to hear that from you."

Kyron blinked for a moment before snickering. "I see, then." He looked up at the ceiling. "Say, wanna do this again for next month?"

Gryff jumped onto Kyron's chest within a flash. "YES!"

Kyron raised his brow, smirking. "You sure? We go back to class by then, and I'm keeping the rule of you not washing off my cum."

The man nodded. "Absolutely. I do not care about others seeing me covered in your jizz, man." He held Kyron's hand. "I want others to know that I AM your personal sex slave."

Kyron blushed with intensity, blinking in repetition before snickering once more. "Well then." He jabbed his fingers inside of Gryff's cum-filled hole, the man moaning softly from it. "I'm happy that you wanted to do more of this, too. Thank you, slave."

Gryff giggled. "With utmost pleasure, Master Ky~"

The two then leaned forward into a kiss, already sliding their tongues against each other and moaning the night away.