

Good boy #2 - Morning
By Tredain

I wake up. I'm curled on the soft pad at the foot of Master's bed, still hooded from last night but otherwise naked. The sun isn't quite up yet but the first rays are starting to peek around the edges of the bedroom's curtains. I stretch out slowly and try to make little noise. The pad beneath me is soft and cushioned enough I can sleep comfortably. I don't always sleep on the floor but we both find it hot sometimes. Usually I'm allowed in Master's bed, if I've been a 'good boy' and I certainly go the extra mile for that. I pop my back and can't help but let out an almost erotic sigh as the rest of my body melts a little. I lay there for a long moment just enjoying the sensation before I roll off of the pad and carefully fold it up to stow it away in the closet.

I glance at the bed. Master is sprawled out with a sheet draped over him from his waist down. Even in the dim light I can see the curve of his muscles and the outline of his bulge the sheet can't hide. He slept in his jock last night, though he's usually nude. I consider, for a moment, sliding in beside him, enjoying his scent and his warmth, feeling his body pressed to mine, but I know I have to be a good boy and wait for my reward. I step out of the bedroom and head into the kitchen.

I cleaned the counters and floor yesterday while Master was at work so the tile is spotless and the counters shine with the golden light filtering in past the shades. I pull the coffee pot out and give it a quick rinse before I set about to making Master's morning coffee. As it percolates, I walk into the living room.

I pull a couple weights out. I pause to stretch myself, popping my back again and getting the stiffness out from sleeping on the pad. It's not much but I give myself a little work out, several curls with the weights for each arm, then doing a few crunches and sit ups against the couch for leverage. My abs burn a little as I finish. It isn't the full regime Master likes me to do but he doesn't expect me to do a full work out right when I wake up either. It's a day off, so Master and I will be spending the day together. He already teased something about the sling and one of the new toys he bought. I do a few sets of squats by the edge of the couch before I set the weights back and head back into the kitchen, pulling out the bread and butter for toast later. The smell of the coffee is starting to waft through the air.

I go back to the bedroom. Master has shifted and turned onto his back. More light shines in around the drapes and I stand in the doorway to admire his body again. His feet poke out from under the sheet and I resist the urge to nuzzle them. I just want to stroke over every inch of his body and see him smile. It's just past seven, when he prefers to wake up, so I allow myself to climb in bed beside him. I slip under the sheet and settle up close, keeping sure to lay my head on the pillow, as much as I'd prefer to lay on his chest the hood pokes him the wrong way from time to time.

I let one paw slip over to his firm stomach. I love the feel of his abs; I can't help but trace over them and circle his navel with one claw. I know he's awake but he doesn't move. He likes to see what I do because he knows it's going to be worshipping him. I settle up closer so I can settle my chin on his shoulder and slide my paw higher up to his chest. I smooth my palm across his chest and work across his pecs, rubbing over one and then the other and back again in a simple pattern.

They flex. He's laying there quietly one moment and the next his chest rises and his muscles tighten up until I'm touching to mounds of fleshy steel. His muzzle perks up in a smile but otherwise he stays still, letting me stroke and caress his pecs.

"Good morning Master," I say softly into his ear. One eye opens, then the other, and he turns his head to me. My tail thumps against the bed as my heart skips a beat. Those blue eyes always make my spine melt. His chest relaxes and he turns on his side to me.

"Hello slave," he says. He reaches one paw up and pets me on top of the hood. "I hope you slept well last night."

My tail thumps again and I nod.

"I did Master, thank you for the privilege of sleeping in your room. I've put the coffee on. I can

make breakfast if you'd like." His paw dips down and scratches my chin before two fingers walk their way down my neck and scratch carefully through my chest fur.

"Start a shower for me first, slave. Then we can eat," he decides as his fingers feel over one of my pecs. He rolls onto his back again and sets his paws behind his head before he stretches out with a long, low groan. I pause only long enough to watch, taking in every muscle, every curve, every inch I've kissed and rubbed countless times before and crave to do so again. He finishes with a sigh and I slip out of the bed to head into the bathroom. It's fairly large, a white marble top for the sink with a toilet beside it. The shower takes up half the room, tiled top to bottom with a big glass door and a long, adjustable head. We've set rings into every corner, for when Master feels like stringing me up and not worrying too much about clean up. A couple manacles hang down from them on rubber straps. I open the door and turn on the water as he steps into the doorway. I wait, testing the water with a paw and adjusting until it's the right temperature.

I step aside and smile at Master with my arms behind my back, waiting for him to step him and take his shower. He just looks at me from the doorway, his eyes going from my hood down to my feet. He's still wearing his jock and he's half hard with morning wood when he snaps his fingers and points to the hood.

"Off. We need to clean it. And you. Remove the hood and kneels, slave." I don't hesitate. The hood isn't locked, this time, so I under the small latch and unzip the back before I peel it off. The air is cool on my face and it feels a little strange after being in it all night to be free. I set it on the counter and settle to my knees on the fluffy bath mat we keep outside the shower to keep the tile from getting wet. He steps closer and all I can see is that black jock of his, it's right at eye height for me. His paw comes down and strokes my head, running through my hair and rubbing up my ears, before he brings up the other with my normal collar. I tilt my chin up for him as he slips it around me and cinches it closed. He pats my shoulder, a sign to stand, and simply motions toward the shower.

I climb in first. We both like the water warm and I let out a happy sigh as it washes over me. Truth to be told, I really did need one. I didn't stink, but my fur had been a little matted down with.. stuff. Master liked me to smell like him though and it wasn't bad, I liked to smell like his cum, but it was good to be clean too. My fur stuck to my body and I leaned into the spray until I was completely wet. It felt so nice. As I let my face go under the stream Master opens the door and steps in behind me.

He waits a little to let me scrub down and enjoy the water by myself for a bit. Then he steps up against me and his thick arms slip around my middle. His head strokes at the crook of my neck and a little growl rumbles into my ear as his paws slide up and down my front. I moan for him. I can feel he's taken his jock off because his cock rubs up against my lower back and my own springs to life almost instantly.

He leans us both into the stream and I close my eyes to focus on the sensations, the warm water running down my front and his hard body pressed up against me. I whimper a little and start to settle my paws over his when he lets out the softest growl of 'wall'. My paws go to the tiles beneath the shower head and I brace myself carefully, letting him lean his weight against me as he grinds against my backside.

"You've been a good boy, slave," he says into my ear and strokes his face against it as he pulls us back out of the spray, leaving it to his my chest and splash my neck and chin. His paws wander over my chest and down my abs. He strokes up and down my body and I shudder in delight. It always feels so good when Master touches me. He knows every sensitive part of my body, he knows exactly what gets my motor running. His paw closes around my hard cock and he gives it a few gentle tugs, which elicits a long low moan from me.

"Thank you Master," I say, both to the tugs and the compliment. I arch my back to press my butt back against him while he toys with my dick and continues to stroke over my belly.

"Should you get a reward?" he asks as he squeezes my cock a few times. I flex in his grip and whine because it feels amazing and I can feel his own hard cock sliding against my backside.

"If I've earned it Master." He squeezes me a few more times and my knees go a little weak. I want to hump but I know he hasn't given me permission. It's his cock, not mine. "Have I.. earned a reward?" He squeezes again.

"Hmm. You served me well last night. You've been keeping up with your work outs." Another squeeze. "And you have the coffee on. I think you've earned a little something." His free hand slides over my abs until he's cupping my balls in his palm. Squeeze. Squeeze. He rolls my balls around in his fingers and gives a few light tugs to my hard cock.

"When's the last time you came, slave?" he nips my ear as he asks. I whimper a little and turn my head toward him as I try not to hump into his paws. It's been a week since he let me have a proper orgasm, I've stopped touching myself entirely for a while now. When I first became his slave he gave me a free opportunity every day to stroke myself as long as I asked permission, which I took advantage of eagerly because he just got me so damned hot. But slowly he started to say 'no' more and more frequently. Once a day turned to once a week turned to once a month until I was no longer allowed to ask for permission to touch myself, it was only given as a reward now. When I broke the rule I was put into chastity and it was strictly enforced. He liked to keep the key around his neck when I was locked, as a reminder. Over time I stopped feeling the need. I was still horny, and still wanted to cum, but I was conditioned not to touch myself. Which made his teasing all the worse.

"Sunday, Master. You stroked me through my jock," I answered honestly. Going so long without certainly made you remember them a lot more. He let go of my genitals and drew his claws over my sides until he was running them up my arms. He took me by each wrist and guided my paws toward the corners. His lips kissed along my neck and he gave me little nips to the crook which made me squirm more. As soon as I moaned he took one of the hanging manacles and cinched the rubber straps around each wrist, leaving my arms suspended up to the ceiling. I didn't resist, I knew this would be part of the 'reward'.

"I remember that, yes. You were still sticky monday morning," he says as he finishes, sliding his paws down my arms and sides again. One paw slips between my legs again and squeezes the tip of my dick. "I think we can let him rest a little longer then. Can't let you expect orgasms every weekend, now can we?"

I whimper a little but know not to protest. It's his cock, not mine. I nod, which dips my snout into the spray as it spatters against my chest. He lets go of me, letting me throb in the open air while the water runs down my front and legs.

"No Master, thank you." My heart is beating a ballistic tempo in my chest. I know my face is red. I want to hump, I want to cum, so badly. He kisses my neck and leaves my dick alone as he massages his fingers over my groin and back up to my abs.

"But you should be rewarded," he says before he reaches up and takes the shower head from its stand. He moves the wand over me, washing my head again then waving it over my chest and going lower still. He lets the spray tickle across my belly then dips it down just enough to tickle across my cock and balls. He gets a groan out of me then a loud moan as he settles it just under my balls. It's a strange sensation but it feels good and I squirm. Then the spray goes down my leg, all the way to my toes, then up again and down the other. He brings it behind me and hoses down my back, making sure to rewet my arms so they don't get too cold, and across my tail. There's a quick moment where it goes under my tail and the sound is plugged. I feel the water shooting up me and gasp, but still spread my legs out of habit. He pulled it away, holding it idly against my belly as his free paw strokes a thumb up and down the crack. I'm still clean from last night but it never hurts to be extra sure. He dips the wand lower again to tickle my balls, just fast enough to make me jump, then sets it back into the stand to spray over both of us again.

His thumb claw presses in and strokes against my valley. I spread my legs all the way to the edges of the shower and lean into the straps so I can press my ass out. My tail hikes up. All out of habit. His claw teases around my pink hole.

Then he steps away from me. I dangle freely a moment before I look back over my shoulder. He's grabbed one of the bottles of lube (we keep it next to the shampoo and condition. Why not?) and lets me watch as he dribbles it on his cock before smearing it all over with his paw. He steps back to me after setting the bottle back down and his slippery cock jabs up and down my cheeks.

"Is this a good reward, slave?" he asks as he humps against me. I whine happily and nod.

"Yes, yes Master, please, please fuck me. Fuck my ass. Please let me feel your cock own my ass," I beg him. He lets his dick slide up my crack and rubs it up and down to tap against my tail base again and again.

"Since you asked so nicely," he pulls his hips back, but its his finger that presses into my ass first. He lubed one of his fingers up and slides it in easily to the hilt. I moan again and try not to squeeze down on it, just letting it probe inside and smear the slickness around inside me. He twists his digit back and forth before he pumps it a few times. I curl my toes and press back against it with a little bite of my lip. I whine happily again.

"I'm going to be rough, slave," he tells me. It isn't a warning, not really. He's trained my hole to take him easily. I have a plug that's just perfect for letting me take him; I keep it in most days when he's off at work. It's more a promise. He knows I like a good pounding. His finger slips free and he replaces it with his cock. He still enters me slowly, not wanting to injure his favorite hole. The tip pushes in and sinks past my ring with little trouble. I let out the breathiest of little moans and in no time he's in me to the hilt. His paws grip my waist and squeeze it gently as he grinds his groin into my butt.

"Shame I didn't bring the camera. I love this view." We have a few dozen shots of him pressed in to me like this. It really is hot seeing my furry cheeks in his lap. It's hotter to feel it though and I let him know with another happy moan. He slides out slowly, then thrusts in hard. I yelp.

He wastes no time at all to start pounding me. I grab the straps I'm dangling from to hold myself still and my wolf starts to fuck me in earnest, the sound of the water being drowned out by the fleshy slap of his groin and balls smacking against my ass. I bow my head and groan because as always it feels so good every time he hilt in me and his cock grinds across my prostate. I can't see it but I can feel every thrust making more and more pre leak out of my cock. I want to cum so badly but I take my reward eagerly. I don't know if I'll cum from it, he hasn't tried to milk me at all over the week so my balls feel ready to burst and he keeps jabbing me in just the right way.

"That's a good boy," he growls in my ear and slides in and out of me at a furious pace. I squirm and dangle from the straps as he fucks my ass. Moan after moan belts out of me and I want to hit that delicious peak, to cream out all over the shower floor. His teeth sink into the crook of my neck and I yelp as he stops using full thrusts and switches to short, rapid humps, staying inside me while only a few inches slip in and out. I whine loudly.

He pulls out suddenly and thrusts against my cheeks. His dick rides up against my lower back, sticking to the short thrusts while grinding himself against my body. His paws slide up to cup my chest, pinching my nipples between his thumb and forefingers, before he pulls his hips back and slams back inside me. I moan helplessly. My chest presses forward into his paws and my ass presses back onto his cock. The water sprays over the both of us. It's bliss.

He growls suddenly and his dick slips free again. It presses up one cheek and he thumps against me as he holds me tight. I can feel his dick pnned between us and it pulses. He cums against my back and the base of my tail. He twists my nipples, getting a loud yelp, but otherwise I hold still and tremble. My hole gapes and my cock throbs. No relief. I shudder when mouth nips my neck again.

"I needed that," he sighs happily into my ear. He leans in against me, his dick throbbing heavily against my sticky back, and we stand there a moment in his afterglow. He strokes his muzzle along my neck a little before he reaches up to pluck the shower head again and rinses me down, wetting my arms again then washing down my back and ass crack. Everything sluices down into the drain and we're left clean and wet again. He takes his time to wander the stream over me again, purposely ignoring my still hard cock this time, until he steps back and takes the time to wet himself down thoroughly.

I hang there quietly as he starts his normal shower routine, as if I'm not even there with him. He sprays down his head and chest, squeezing a little shampoo into his hair and rinsing it out before getting a bar of soap. He gives me the occasional spray so I don't get too cold but otherwise we say nothing. I have my reward, a nice ache under my tail, and Master has his shower. He takes a brush with soap and scrubs me down, starting at my back and rubbing down my sides and going down my legs. I wiggle my tail as he does, squirming a little each time he finds a ticklish or sensitive spot. He doesn't take too long, the main fun is done, but we both still have to be clean and I'm in no position to scrub him down like we usually do when we share a shower.

He gives me one more last rinse before he undoes the rubber manacles.

"Good boy, slave. Let's dry off." He opens the door as I rub at my wrists. I step out onto the mat first and grab a towel for Master. He gets dried first. I'm careful to scrub him down, though he knows I also take my time for the privilege of touching him and his muscles. I can't get enough of that chest or those biceps. I methodically rub down his body, giving his ass a squeeze through the towel but he doesn't react, not this time at least, but I don't linger on it and carefully clean down his thighs. I get down to my knees while I work his legs. I glance up at his cock. It's still hard, darker and angrier looking post orgasm.

"Go on. I know you want to." He gives a little thrust of his hips and I reach up with the towel to pat it dry. I cup it beneath his balls and rub him dry completely. As I do, his paw reaches up and brushes my wet head. "Good slave." When he's done he simply steps out of the bathroom and leaves me to dry myself. I hurry to do so as I have to start breakfast soon. I follow him into the kitchen, the both of us naked except for my collar, and watch as he pulls his chair out and sits down. He smiles at me.

"Just a bagel today, I think. With my cream cheese." I nod and he watches me as I walk over to pour his coffee. My dick is still hard and bobbing along as I go and I know how ridiculous it looks. He likes seeing me hard around him though. He knows how hot he gets me. He also knows I didn't cum in the shower, but I think he expected that. He likes when I'm just bubbling with horniness because I get especially submissive and worshipful when I am.

I pour his coffee, stirring in a little cream and sugar as he likes, and set it on the table for him before I pull the bagels and cream cheese out of the fridge for him. It doesn't take me long to slice the thing in half with our big bread knife and I have both halves smeared with a light dollop each of the cheese. I set his plate down for him as he sips his coffee and I stand beside him with my paws behind my back. My dick still juts out, throbbing, but I otherwise remain quiet as he nibbles the bagel and sips his coffee.

"You may fix yourself something, slave," he says, halfway through one of his halves.

"Thank you Master." I step away just to make a bit of whole wheat toast with a little grape jelly and a glass of milk. I expect he has plans, so I don't want to eat anything heavy. I sit across from him and we eat together in silence. I watch as he eats, every bite careful and deliberate, mostly just to watch his lips and his thick arm as he holds up the slowly disappearing bagel.

"I was thinking," he says, sipping his coffee to swallow the last bite of bagel. "We should set the sling up in the living room."

I'm chewing a piece of toast but I pause. I swallow it. My heart starts to beat rapidly again and my face goes flush. I'm rock hard again and I know I dribble a little precum onto the floor. He continues, "It's been a little while since I've really given your ass a work out. I'm going to have to go harder and rougher on you for not cumming in the shower."

I blush, but I nod.

"Yes Master. I'm sorry. But thank you for fucking my ass. I'll set the sling up right away," I say, standing up and collecting the plates and cups. I give them all a quick rinse in the sink before setting them aside in the drying rack. He watches me quietly as I go, my dick still bobbing along.

"And slave?" he says.

I pause halfway through the doorway and turn, standing up straight with my arms back again.

“Yes Master?” I ask. He strokes his chin.

“You may choose two toys to be used on you. But leave the chest open. I will pick the rest.”

I nod, replying with an eager 'Thank you Master!' and turn back to go.

“Good boy,” he compliments me again as he watches my wagging tail slip out the door.

(And that's it for now. Thanks for reading!)

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