

Dobie Butt Challenge

By Tredain

He had to know. I can't imagine he didn't; I mean, I'm really, really bad at hiding it. Maybe that was why he did it but he didn't seem the type to be into dudes; he was always coming in with a couple girls who would grin and wink and giggle and I even saw one smack his butt one time.

Every time though, like clockwork, he'd come up to my table, drop his bag, undress right in front of me, and sprawl that gorgeous body out. He was a platinum member, so he was allowed a session any time he felt like coming in. You were only supposed to get one once a day but no one really checked, especially not the folks that could drop that kind of cash.

I'm still a trainee though! I don't even have full certification! It was just a summer job to pay the bills and I was expecting to just have to work on like, little old ladies in towels and chubby rich guys and the like, you know, folks that lounge around places like this getting waited on hand and foot and complaining about taxes and young people like me.

He never said a word to me though. He'd just grin, sprawl out, set his head in his arms, and wait for me to work. I can't even describe him without getting hard! He just had such a nice body. He was big, not exactly muscular, but really toned and fit. Not much taller than me either and I'm only 5'9".

I'd oil up my paws and start to smooth them over him until that chocolate fur began to shine. It was so nice and slick and showed off every curve of his body. I really wanted to just rub him all over, and so much more really, but I always made sure to follow the guidelines. I didn't want to get fired for inappropriately touching a client after all but maaaaan was he tempting.

I'd start at the shoulders, thumbs over his shoulder blades, and worked his neck slowly. He never said a word but he certainly made some encouraging noises. A low 'mmm' always started as soon as I began to work. I'd work down his arms (BICEPS <3) and then go down his back. I know I wasn't very good though and he always made me pretty nervous. He was just so fucking hot it always made my fingers shake a little bit.

Maybe that's why he always picked me. He knew how much I was into him. Though, really, anybody would be into a body like his. Sometimes I'd even get a little wiggle out of that stub tail of his. It was perched right above that sculpted ass of his that I couldn't help but stare over every time I worked on him. He liked me to take my time and really work his muscles, with his eyes closed the whole time, so I got a lot of time to check his rump out. Just two perfect curves, like a couple scoops of ice cream, which is so cliché but I can't really think of a better analogy. The dark chocolate of his fur gave way to the honey brown inside his cheeks, ending just under his tail and going below to his inner thighs and around to his front.

If I ever thought I'd have gotten away with it I would've just buried my muzzle between them and eaten him out for an hour. Or just let him do whatever he wanted to me, really. He wasn't that badly equipped on the front end either. I mean, I never saw much except when he stripped, but those nuts of his could more than fill a paw (or a mouth) and his sheath was pretty sizable. Instead, though, I got to admire his ass for however long he let me take to rub him down. I worked him head to toe, even getting to stroke over those cheeks more than a few times. I sometimes wonder if he didn't get off on having someone rub him down, it was practically worship with me even if I did keep it clean and professional.

I'd work him down to the calves, squeezing and rubbing as I'd been shown, and he'd arch his back and raise his ass up. The first time I hadn't dared to touch it but on his second session he

raised up with a bit of a growl and I took the hint. It really felt like kneading fine dough; all warm and fleshy and firm but yielding. I'd have worked those cheeks as long as I could, given the chance, but he always gave me a few minutes and then it was done. He'd stretch out his arms and legs, roll his neck, and then slip back off of the table.

I'd get a smile from him, a wink I never really understood, and then he'd dress up again right in front of me. He took his time too, careful to button up his shirt when he wore one that did, sometimes it was just a tank top, and turning round to bend forward before pulling his pants (or one time denim short shorts, I almost fucking popped a load right there) up.

"Thank you Sir," I'd offer politely, like I did to all the guests. He'd just look over his shoulder at me, give me a smirk and a small nod, before he'd flash me a peace sign with his fingers and grab his duffel bag before wandering off to find his lady friends.

Then I'd take a break and go jerk off furiously in the bathroom, cuz, FUCK, dobermen are hot!

**

He came in again yesterday. It was... a bit different this time. Lemme explain. It was getting late in the day and it had been kind of a long day already, between about eight clients and three of them being very bitchy old ladies that kept fawning over what a nice young fox I was and how I'd be just perfect for their granddaughters and oh don't mind being firmer down there dear, I was pretty ready to go home.

I was wiping down the table when I heard him. I didn't recognize it was his voice at first, since he had never said anything to me. He sounded pretty upset, bickering with someone, pretty sure one of the girls I'd seen him with before. He came around the corner just smoldering, his whole muzzle set in a deep scowl but it disappeared the moment he laid eyes on me. He looked up and that cocky smile smoothed his features down and holy shit was that spine melting. He swaggered over to me the way someone completely assured of their strength could and all I could do was watch (and twist the towel in my paws, nearly tore it in half!). He practically slid across the tiles with his eyes locked on me the entire time. I don't think I've ever felt more like a piece of meat before.

He stopped, like he usually did, and just dropped the duffel bag over his shoulder to the floor. This time, though, he turned round and yanked the privacy curtain close. Every booth has one but it's up to the customer if they'd like it closed or not. It wasn't much, just a dark piece of cloth you could flick aside, but it felt like he'd just slammed a door shut and bolted it closed with me trapped in with him. My heart kiiiind of stopped.

He turned back and set those eyes on me once more, that wry smirk perking his muzzle up on one side. He lifted a paw and beckoned me over with a single, crooked digit. I don't remember dropping the towel but it was smacking the floor behind me as I walked up to him, my eyes drawn down to that finger because damn if I couldn't look him square in the eye. He stood up straight, rolled his shoulders, popped his neck with a roll of his head, and raised his arms up.

"S...Sir?" I squeaked. I looked up, just barely, into his eyes and he gave a light nod. My heart skipped a beat but I reached down and took the end of his tank top in my paws, slowly pulling it up over his head. It came away easily and here I was facing that toned chest and his honey colored six-pack again. One of his paws went to his waist while the other rose back up and pointed a finger down. I went to my knees without question, head level with his navel, and glanced up for approval. He said nothing, still, but set both paws to his waist and spread his legs

wider. He wore a black leather belt with a pair of denim shorts today and damn if they didn't hug everything. I mean, everything!

My fingers fumbled at the buckle. They were shaking but he gave me time to work it. I whipped it off of him and just dropped it to the floor so I could pop his fly. I'd seen his junk before but this time I was getting to unwrap it myself. I pulled the zipper down slowly before I peeled the flaps open and slid the shorts off his toned legs. That plump sheath greeted me, flopping out with the fat pink tip poking free. He was a bit excited, which just made me hornier because even semi hard I'm pretty sure he was bigger than I was. I was almost glad he didn't pay any attention (or he totally was, I'm still not sure, really) to the tent in my pants.

I didn't get much of a chance to think though because as soon as his shorts hit the floor he stepped out of them and up to the table, sliding himself onto it like he always did. He took his time to stretch and settle, practically making a show as he spread his legs wide, rolled his hips and let me watch that round bubble butt of his as I turned and stood again. He crossed his arms and set his chin into them, legs still spread a bit as he sank against the table with his balls out.

Had to stay professional. That's what I kept repeating in my head even though I'd just stripped a client which was, by itself, a firing offense. I oiled up my paws and started at that firm neck. He immediately let out a pleasant, rumbling 'Mmmm' and I worked into him, stroking the crook of his neck and smoothing over those square shoulders of his before sliding down his sides and back. I must've done it a dozen times if not more by then but every time got my motor going so bad. He had such a nice body and I didn't get tired of running my paws over it. I loved tracing the contours of his muscles, sometimes drawing over the lines of his fur where it changed between onyx and amber.

I worked down his back slowly, working in smooth circles and over his (nonexistant) lovehandles when he lifted one leg. I took the cue and skipped past his bottom, rubbing down his hip until he spread his legs further and my shaking paw dipped in between the warm thighs. I could -feel- the heat coming off of his groin, he had to be hard under there. Keep it professional, I reminded myself, but godsdamn he made it so hard (and me!). I worked down over his calf, both hands stroking smoothly up and down, when he set the leg down and lifted the other, toes wiggling playfully.

I went to work the other leg, going all the way round the table, this time a little less nervous as I slid one paw up his inner thigh and stroked the meaty leg. He let out another low 'Mmm' as I made my way down, my eyes watching those round cheeks and my nose twitching with his scent. He was worked up but I don't think he'd been working out. He certainly wasn't sweaty, though his fur glistened as I oiled him up head to toe.

It was just as I was finishing his other leg that he spread them both wider, pressed his knees into the table and arched his back, pushing that sculpted ass of his into the air. He took in a deep breath, taking his time to inhale, letting it out with a relaxed sigh and closing his eyes.

"Kiss it," were the first, and only, words I'd ever heard him say to me. He stretched out lazily one more time then lifted up higher with his knees, those perfect cheeks spreading wider until I could see the tight, probably virgin (I imagine) pink pucker nestled amidst the mounds of chocolate and honey. I froze. I couldn't even think of my stupid little phrase but my eyes darted to the curtain, the sound of the spa just on the other side, a few shadows cast underneath it as people walked the hall outside.

It was that soft, insistent growl of his that brought me back. The one he used when he wanted me to work his butt. I got behind the table and, one last glance over my shoulder at the curtain, took his butt in my paws. I stroked the cheeks slowly, thumbs brushing toward the crack

as my palms worked up and down the curvature. He let out another pleasant rumble and I watched that hole twitch and tighten as he flexed himself. My mouth went dry. I tried to wet my lips as I stared into his ass and everything else kind of faded out of existence to me as I tunnel-visioned on it.

It was warmer than I thought it'd be. I spread his cheeks apart with my thumbs and pushed my muzzle in. I'd never rimmed a guy before, mostly because I've never had a boyfriend or a casual friend to really experiment with though, but that certainly didn't stop me. I'd wanted to do this the moment I saw this perfect bubble butt, so I pressed in tongue first and planted a sloppy wet kiss right on his hole. Like I said, it was a lot warmer than I expected. I pushed in with his cheeks riding up on either side of my muzzle and just let my tongue work against him. That pleasant 'Mmm' turned a lot louder and his legs closed up around me with his ass grinding back against me. I squeezed his cheeks and kneaded them around slowly as I kept French-kissing his hole. He was clean and warm and his scent was all over me and holy shit I think I could've popped if anyone had so much as glanced at my dick. But I was much more wrapped up in keeping my mouth and paws where they were.

Time really slipped by. That is, I really didn't pay any attention to anything else, I just kept swirling my tongue round and round that asshole of his, getting his crack good and wet while I pawed all over his cheeks. I pressed in and probed my tongue as deep as I could, getting him to squeeze down and push back harder. He could've said anything and I wouldn't have, couldn't have, said no. But he just kept growling and grinding, rocking back and forth on his knees in a mock hump against my muzzle. It was heavenly. Or really sinful. Probably the latter but I'm not really a religious type, y'know? (Obvious reasons, I hope). Either way, it was ridiculously hot.

I slurped and slurped and he let me go at it for quite a while. Again I lost track of time so it could've been maybe five minutes or twenty or even more, I couldn't tell you. What I can tell you is that he finally reached a paw back and gave me a light pat on the head. I pulled my mouth out from between his cheeks, unconsciously smacking my lips, and looked up to see him smirking back at me. I gulped but just gave a little nod, standing up straight at attention. He rolled over on his back, propped up by his elbows, and my eyes went wide at the sight of his cock. He was stiff, maybe stiffer than I was, and damn was he packing! I'm completely unashamed (well, okay, maybe a little) to admit he beat me at nearly 2 to 1. It was big, thick, it swayed in the open air and it was drooling pretty copiously. The spot beneath him was a literal puddle against the padded table and more was already drooling down the pink, veined shaft onto his honey colored nuts.

He slid off the table and stood face to face with me. I think I let out something between a whimper and a moan. He was only a couple inches taller than me but just that sure smirk, the size of him, the way he carried himself, I felt like he loomed over me as a giant. One paw took mine and guided it to his bone. I gasped, really I think I muttered something like 'holy fuck', but wrapped my fingers around that length and I really couldn't tell you what I said, if anything. He was hard as a rock and still drooling, that thin clear thread dribbling onto the floor and one of my feet. I squeezed over it and stroked slowly, just feeling how long and thick he was. One thick vein started as a Y just behind the tip and went straight down to the base.

He guided my other paw to it and I gripped it in both hands, staring down at it jutting from his crotch. He had me grip it hand over fist, aimed up at my stomach, before both of his hands gripped my shoulders. He leaned his weight into me and all I could do was ease backward, gripping that big doberman dong. He pinned me to the wall and kept his paws at my shoulders as

he started to pump his hips, his eyes staring me down. That quiet smirk turned into a low growl, one showing teeth, and he stated to hump more insistently. He leaned in closer, his cock slipping through my paws again and again, and growled deeply in my ear. I will never, until the day I die, forget that noise or the way it shot a jolt all the way down my spine.

I also won't forget the fucking ridiculous load he shot right afterward. His fingers dug into my shoulders and that growl grew louder until he pressed me flush to the wall and his hips bucked up as that thick rod went off in my paws. It flexed and pulsed and suddenly hot sticky wetness was splashing against my stomach. I stared down between us as his dick jumped in my paws again and again with every pulse sending another jet of thick cream into my stomach until my shirt resembled a Jackson Pollock original. It oozed down my front.

He pulled back with a huff, his dick hanging down a deep angry red and still dribbling cream heavily. He panted slightly but smiled wide at me, looking me up and down and admiring his handiwork.

"S..Sir," was all I could say. He gave me a wink and pulled one paw up his cock, drawing up the last dribble of spunk before flicking it to the floor. He brought the sticky paw up to my muzzle and offered it to me. I whimpered happily and kissed his palm before licking it clean with a few gentle brushes.

Then, like nothing had just happened, he pulled away and walked to his clothes to start to pulling them on. My legs felt like they would give out at any moment so I just leaned into the wall and watched him, his butt still wet with my saliva and the oil I'd rubbed into his cheeks. I licked my lips as the shorts pulled up over and hid that perfect rump again. He did his belt last, taking his time to loop it and draw it tight.

He gave me one last look, that cocky smirk back, and gave me another wink before he hefted up his duffel bag and stepped out past the curtain. I stood there in the silence, alone and listening to the sound of the spa outside, as his cum soaked into my work shirt and dribbled to the floor while my mind tried to register if what just happened had really happened. The ache in my nuts said, yes, you just had your mouth all over a guy's ass and had him bust a nut all over you.

I peeled myself off the wall and tried, in vain, to wipe my shirt clean with one of the towels. It was too far soaked though and was certainly going to leave a stain. Luckily it wasn't unusual to take your shirt off at the spa, especially in this heat, and I still had my normal clothes in my locker, so I stripped it off. I paused to look at that massive stain, still seeing it spewing out of his cock in my mind's eye, and gave a little moan. I wadded it up and checked myself, making sure nothing else got stained, before I had to wipe down the table again and made my way out.

So yeah. That was yesterday. I don't think I've ever jerked off so hard or so many times consecutively since, but I'm definitely working on trying. Really, really hoping he comes back today.