Manhattan City remained one of my favorite American metropolises. Besides having a lovely dragon twink living at and cleaning my penthouse, I enjoyed frolicking through the boroughs of the Big Apple whenever the chance to arose. If I didn’t find myself sharing the bed of a handsome lad or two (or several), I enjoyed exploring everything else that the island metropolis had to offer. They included touring historic sites, partying with some fellow billionaires that weren’t homophobic assholes, renting a boat to sail down the harbor, as well as seeing theatrical Broadway plays.

 One such play was an opera-like dance production at the Majesty Theatre called *Madness of Paganini*. Apparently, it was the lovechild of an aspiring play director and a woman utterly obsessed with Niccolò Paganini. The Italian violinist/composer had been so talented in his day, that critics at the time called him ‘the Devil’s violinist’, because no explanation could be given in how he composed such masterworks without selling his soul to Satan.

 Anyway, *Madness of Paganini* didn’t compare to *Riverdance*, *Les Misérables*, or *Phantom of the Opera* in terms of popularity, but it still was a spectacle to behold. Imagine if the supposedly demonic compositions of Paganini were spliced to a troupe of interpretative dancers dressed in various states of clothing from 17th-century and 18th-century Italian clothing, either sailing or madly swinging to a violinist playing Paganini himself, while various characters narrated his life to thematically match the music being performed. It certainly impressed the crowd to a degree, including me.

 One actor to stand out amongst the talented cast, at least to me, was a tall mammal with dark fur and broad shoulders. He played the role of the Devil who granted Niccolò the talent to become a famous pianist in exchange for his very soul. Dressed in nothing but a black toga and having a prosthetic devil’s tail over his real one, the actor did a pivotal job in not only his main scene, but also being seen in the background, grinning at Paganini’s rise and fall from fame. In quite a few instances, he was spotted dancing with some performers in the crowd singing about Paganini losing his soul.

To make matters even more interesting, I’d know those fur colors and that build from anywhere, because I recognized them from Howlr. No, I recognized him from Howlr.

The production clothing obscured his body, but it didn’t prevent me from staring closer at his face and recalling exactly where I’d seen it before. Careful not to attract the attention of my neighboring theatergoers in my private booth, I covertly pulled out my smartphone and set the screen brightness to its lowest setting, then accessed Howlr. A gentle swipe through the feed later, and the profile appeared near the top of the list. Along with a few other profiles of other users in range, whom I ignored.

*‘Bant’. That’s his name!* I thought to myself.

It certainly stood out from other usernames such as ‘Looking4Knot’ or ‘BoiCuntNow’. If I had a Euro for every single creatively crude name some of the users came up with, I could honest-to-God buy the app three times over.

A tap on his profile led me to his main avatar. There, right on my phone screen, I marveled at the familiar dancer frolicking onstage, as I stared at a selfie taken of him on a lounge chair somewhere in what looked to be a nice apartment, smirking and completely naked except for a vinyl cover concealing his privates. Everything else though was displayed in homoerotic pride. I still couldn’t tell if he was a hyena or a coyote based on the features of his jaw, but I couldn’t deny he did fit the profile of a hunk.

Imagine a male specimen carved from dark-furred obsidian and traces of mahogany oak, chiseled with perfect abs and broad shoulders connected to a chest sculpted to have perfect pectorals. The only white on his upper body which could be found were on his brows, the Adam’s apple of his neck fur, as well as on the area above that enticing crotch. It looked like a creamy drop of milk in rich dark chocolate, with luscious black fur appearing as soft as silk, and a wolf-like tail curved against the cushioned. Upon closer inspection, it too had a drop of snowy white fur on the brush-like tip. A part of me wondered how it would feel in my paw.

I didn’t have time to spend the rest of the act staring down at my phone. It would be considered rude and incredibly inconsiderate, so I pocketed it. However, I did make sure to look at his stats on the profile. What it said about ‘Bant’ really intrigued me; he just turned thirty years old, happened to be a verse top, recently got tested, and wanted to find a top to try things.

 By the final song’s end for *Madness of Paganini*, everybody stood up to clap their paws. I did too, cheering for the musicians, production staff, and the actors bowing to our applause. A smile crept up my muzzle as I joined in giving them all a standing ovation. Particularly to one member of the crew.

Hopefully, tonight was going to be fun if I played my cards correctly.

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After the end of the encore came a reception in the Majesty Theatre’s lobby and a nearby ballroom. Production staff talked to members of the press, received flowers or gifts to praise the success, or took photographs with actors or musicians. Mostly, the talk consisted of high-society gossip or self-congratulatory statements. Among them were a certain mammal who eventually drifted towards a corner bar within the ballroom, where I also gravitated towards.

I wasn’t able to see it clearly in his Howlr profile, or when he performed as the Devil, but the hyena/coyote hybrid also possessed two gold earrings on each of his ears. He also wore a decorative necklace of what appeared to be either teeth or arrowheads. They surprisingly meshed well with the slick suit and tie adorned over his muscular body. To his right, on the bar itself, rested a forgotten bouquet of two dozen red roses.

I sat down alongside him, despite the bar seats not being packed. He didn’t blink at my bold move, instead giving a surprised but friendly smile when I offered my paw for him to shake.

“You were spectacular up there,” I complimented him as we shook. “Might I say it was an honor to watch you perform on that stage? You and everyone else who worked on this!”

The handsome hybrid’s face lit up, and he blushed. Rather adorably too.

“Thank you, thank you,” he said, letting go of my paw. Behind him, a multicolored tail wagged triumphantly at my praise as well as bashfully curling and uncurling. “Everyone’s been working very hard on *Madness of Paganini* for the past several months. I can’t tell you how long and difficult it’s been to make all this perfect for tonight—practice and rehearsal ought to be its own form of prison punishment, haha—but I’m very happy you enjoyed yourself, Mister…?”

“Sebastian Drakos,” I greeted him. “But you can call me ‘Sebastian’.”

“Nice to meet you,” he replied, “I’m Kory Bantes, but I prefer being called ‘Bant’.”

So, he liked being called ‘Bant’. Hearing it made me ninety percent sure he and the Howlr user I’d been ogling earlier were the same person. Still, I needed to be certain.

“So, are you European?” Bant asked me, curious. “I’ve been around the world, but I have some trouble recognizing accents.”

“Cannot blame you,” I smirked. “I’m a Greco-German multinational. Born and raised in East Berlin a decade and a half before the Wall came down. My father was a Great Dane and my mother a Doberman, but I didn’t know either of them.”

“Sorry to hear that,” he said, ear partly folded.

A dismissive smile crawled up my muzzle. “Don’t be. I’m not interested in knowing them either. Besides, it’s all ancient history. What about you?”

“You could say that I’m a citizen of the world too, though I grew up in America,” Bant playfully acknowledged. “My parents are an American coyote and an African hyena. They actually came to see me perform the night before.”

“Let me guess, they’re out tonight doing the tourist circuit?” I surmised, to which he shrugged and laughed. When I finally noticed a bartender appear on our end of the table, I motioned him over. “Can I order something?”

The chipper fox behind the counter asked, “What’s your poison tonight, sir?”

“Whiskey on the rocks,” I requested, gazing over to the actor to ask, “You don’t mind if I make that two for us, do you?”

The handsome hybrid wryly shook his muzzle. “No, I don’t. Thank you.”

“Hey, it’s the least I can do for the star of the evening.” I turned back to the busy fox bartender. “Make those two whiskeys on the rocks, please.”

He nodded. “Coming right up!”

Another theatergoer stopped by to offer Bant a smaller bouquet of flowers, congratulating him on the wonderful performance. Waiting for the two drinks, I nonchalantly grabbed my phone. The fans wished him a pleasant evening, congratulated him again, and walked back into the dwindling crowd of theatergoers. Then, I waited for my potential date for the night to pull out his own device seconds later. When he did, likely checking to see the profile of who sent him a winking emoji.

I coyly wagged my tail. Doubt crept in though, with the tiniest possibility I was wrong.

His eyes suddenly shot open wide. They glared down at his phone, up to me, back down to his screen, and I felt my own device vibrate when ‘Bant’ sent me a reply. A shocked face emoji followed by the question, “Are you sitting next to me right now?”

“I sure am.” Flashing my grinning fangs at him, I next told the handsome hybrid, “When you started performing on that stage, I was wondering if this Bant and you were the same.” I leaned closer to lecherously whisper, “Your gallery makes me wonder what it would’ve been like to see you dance without the costume.”

No longer cordial or self-confident like he’d been before, Bant squirmed in his seat at my words. His heated ears folded downward, his tail tightly curled between his legs beneath the booth, and I fought down a chuckle at seeing the coyote/hyena fluster for words. He didn’t seem like a virgin, but he did appear unused to being given a sexual compliment in public. It nearly worried me when he started to breathe heavily.

“Don’t worry, I’m not fond of outing anybody from the closet,” I reassured him before the guy could have a panic attack of any sort. “Hey, are you alright? Sorry if I startled you or went too far—”

“No, no, you’re fine,” he sighed, then relaxed as he then laughed in disbelief. “I’m good. I just, didn’t expect anyone to recognize me on the app so quickly.”

“You don’t get messages while at the theater?” I asked.

“You’d be surprised how many I get on a daily basis,” Bant admitted, resting an elbow on the bar’s countertop. “Most of them are balding, gross perverts or married men looking to cheat on their unsuspecting wives though.”

“Lucky for you, I’m none of the above,” I informed him. “I’m not balding, not gross, or married to any woman,” leaning closer again and once more lowering my voice, I said, “but I am a pervert in all of the best ways, if that is your thing?”

“Here you are, sirs,” the fox bartender came back with our drinks. “On the house too, to thank Mr. Bantes here for an extraordinary performance on his extraordinary night.”

“Thank you, Carlisle.” Bant beamed a smile at the chipper fox.

Without a word, Carlisle the bartender merrily returned to helping several others at the end with their drinks, leaving me alone with the coyote/fox hybrid and our fresh whiskies.

“You saw my profile then,” Bant asked as he snatched his glass, “right?”

“Sure did,” I grabbed mine as well. “You’re a top looking for another top to ‘try things’, correct?” He meekly nodded, and I lowered my tone for discretion, in case a passing theatergoer overheard our conversation. “My schedule is wide open, if you’re not too busy tonight or want to ‘try’ these ‘things’ at your place. We don’t even need to have sex. We can do…whatever you want, within reason.”

Bant stared into his glass, swirling its contents around. “Can’t do anything at my place,” he answered after thinking for a long while. “My roommate is taking his girlfriend out on a date right now and needed our apartment for later. I promised not to come back until after three.”

“What about my place then?” I suggested. “Ai is always happy when I bring someone over, and he doesn’t judge anybody either.”

 Bant perked an ear up high. “Who?”

 “Zhao Ai,” I repeated the name. “He’s a Chinese dragon who lives at my downtown apartment. Works as the housekeeper, but I liked to call him my paramour. You would love him. He’s just the sweetest man, and he’d be more than happy to give you a few tips on how to—”

 “Thanks, but no thanks.” The hyena/coyote hybrid waved a paw, clearly trying to hide how shy he felt about inviting a third person. “I’d rather have as few people as possible know about…well this.”

 “In that case,” I said without batting an eye, “I’ll send a text to him, asking if he can go spend the night with some friends. That way, we’ll have the apartment all to ourselves.”

 “You sure that’s alright?” Bant asked me.

 “Of course, it’s alright,” I comforted him. “Tell you what? There’s no need to rush this or anything tonight. We can just go to my penthouse, we can discuss this during the drive, and if you’re not certain about doing anything with me tonight, I’ll have my driver bring you back to your apartment. Free of charge. What do you say?”

 Bant thought it over, staring back down at his glass and taking a confident sip.

 He returned my grin and replied, “You got yourself a deal.”

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 Once we finished our drinks, Bant went to say goodnight to his coworkers and several of the production crew who hadn’t left yet. I waited in the lobby for him, and we went out front to enter a private limousine I’d rented for my time spent in the city. Soon as my chauffeur closed the door behind Bant, then returned to the driver’s seat to bring us to my penthouse, I started to converse with my new friend.

 The lad happened to be quite the music lover. In fact, he called himself a ‘true music lover’, having graduated from a prestigious university with a dual major in Music and Theatre Arts, being in a now-defunct band during his youth all the way through high school, having incredible knowledge on dozens of music genres/sub-genres, and working as a freelance DJ whenever he needed the additional money. Together, we bonded at first on our mutual love for freeform jazz, niche European techno, an equal disdain for generic elevator music, plus which venues we’d been to across the world. To my surprise, he’d somehow worked as an intern at Palais Garnier and the Sydney Opera House for several different productions, but managed to walk out after surviving the office politics I’d heard they carried behind the scenes.

Eventually, we started talking about what he wanted us to do. “I want to be used like a total sub,” he confessed. When I looked at him in slight surprise, the handsome hyena/coyote went further into detail. “Don’t get me wrong, I’ve had sex before. I…I’m a top, but for a while, I’ve been wanting to know what it’s like to be the bottom.”

 “Like how?” I inquired Bant.

 Originally, Bant sat a good foot or so from me along the comfortable back seat of the open limousine. However, I soon felt the blushing hybrid sit closer to me, and I gently wrapped an arm around his back, causing his tail to timidly swish between our legs.

 He nervously chuckled, “Y’know, like…a complete sub.”

 “Twinks are usually my type, but you…I can’t deny it would be fun to have you sprawled out on my bed,” I huskily murmured into his hotly perked ear, my muzzle smirking from the way he trembled in excitement. “Imagine it: me, pounding into you and treating you like a cock sleeve. When I’m done with you, tomorrow morning, you’re never going to want to top for any guy again. Or better yet, I’ll make you my second special cock warmer for when I’m staying here in America. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, my handsome cock-warmin’ coy-yeen?”

 The sexual tension snapped in two with Bant sputtering a laugh.

 “‘Coy-yeen’?” he tried to stifle a snicker, only to fail. “Seriously?”

 “What? It was the best I could come up with on the fly,” I snickered as well, shrugging. “I would have gone for ‘hy-yote’, but ‘coy-yeen’ sounded better.”

 At some point during the drive, my chauffeur needed to make a sharp turn with the limousine. The momentum wasn’t strong, but it did surprise Bant, who pushed his leg against the floor to steady himself and keep from falling off the—admittedly—luscious, silk-like seats. However, the action led to him inadvertently sitting atop my right leg. He produced such a cute squeak when he realized.

“Mmmm, getting bold, I see?” I continued caressing his lower back, encouraging the hybrid to scoot closer. Although he was tall and broad-shouldered as a mammal, I still held a good several inches in height, as well as over a dozen years in age. If he wanted me to be dominant, so be it. “We’re getting closer to my penthouse, kiddo. So, I’m giving you this chance. Want me to make your wildest, subby dreams come true, Bant?”

Our nuzzles hovered ever closer. Besides tasting his shaking, lustful breath, I also felt several throbbing inches pressed against my thigh. It felt trapped between our clothes, causing my own to slowly pulse to hardened life.

“P-Please,” Bant growled lowly, submissively. “Teach me.”

I cupped hie chin with a firm thumb and finger, guiding it to my lips. When our panting wet tongues collided, I wrestled the lad for dominance, letting him tire out before taking over and lathering his maw with a man’s kiss. The same kind of deep kiss that I utilized on many occasions to make many a Twink feel special. It left Bant turning into moaning jelly in my arms as they wrapped around his torso. Once our lips parted for eventual air, I chuckled at how it left the normally self-confident mammal panting like a female in heat.

“Call me ‘Sir’ for tonight,” I lowly growled, “and I’ll teach you.”

Bant’s voice quivered like a violin string as he moaned, “Y-Yes, S-Sir.”

“Do you still want that drink?” I asked wryly. “I can be quick and—”

“N-No.” He let out a flustered gasp, shaking his head. “No, I want you, Sir.”

The switch between lingering dominance to excitable submission was remarkable. It stunned me, if only for a second, and my surprised expression turned into a lewd grin.

“If you insist,” I said, chuckling at how the coyote-hyena hybrid gulped. “I’ll give you everything you see, everything you don’t, and everything you’ll want. You’ll never wanna top again after I’m finished. Hehehe.”

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 Twenty minutes later, I locked the front door to my apartment, then unceremoniously grabbed Bant by the crotch with my fingers, guiding him into the master bedroom. Zhao Ai was nowhere to be found, leaving a note on the kitchen counter wishing me luck on the night’s conquest while mentioning there were leftovers in the fridge for us. To make things even better, when we entered the bedroom, I found my toys perfectly lined up on the blanket. What a treasure.

 With my back facing towards him, I let go of the hybrid’s crotch and placed my phone to the charger on the nightstand. “On your knees.”

“Huh?” Bant asked confusedly. “Wait, aren’t we gonna—”

“Kneel.” My deeper voice startled the coyote-hyena enough to do as I commanded, and I heard him immediately drop to the floor. As I turned around to find the masculine confused and slightly afraid mammal kneeling on the soft carpet, pierced ears splayed downward in submission, I smirked. “The safe word for this evening will be ‘Paganini’, if that works for you?”

I stepped forward until the tent in my pressed trousers poked at his wet nose, his whiskers twitching at the musky scent desiring to escape. His wide eyes darted between mine and what stood in front of his muzzle. The appendage desiring to get out, feel the air conditioning spread across the penthouse, and yearning to be swallowed whole by a recipient mouth. It left Bant panting like a feral dog.

“Does ‘Paganini’ work as a safe word, pup?” I repeated.

He broke from his hypnotized gaze long enough to say, “Y-Yes.”

“Yes, what?” I cocked my ears in a playful yet serious manner.

Bant gulped, shivering at where he knelt. “Y-Yessir!” He gasped, then murmured, “Wh-What do you…want me to do…sir?”

My right paw grabbed the last dildo at the farthest end of the lined-up collection. Beside it, I also snagged its twin copy; dual rubber replicas of both my on erect cock from several years prior, as well as the erection of Adam Donis, a vulpine Greek porn star who’s molding almost rivaled mine (at least, before he had to retire several years prior, focusing on his mother’s health over his career or physique) at eight-plus inches.

When Bant looked up at the two dildos in each of my paws, he exhaled in shock. He didn’t say a word though. Not when I offered him a steely glare warning him not to speak unless I said so, or when I grabbed another item on the bed. A velcro strap with ends that easily connect to the bottoms of my dildo. Normally, it would be used by women for pegging their husbands or experimental boyfriends, but I quickly learned how it could easily be used to strap a dildo around someone’s head as they swallowed it whole. When the coyote-hyena hybrid mentally figured out my plan, he let out a worried whimper.

“We will take it slow,” I reassured the mammal. “Now, first thing’s first. I’ll need to have you ready for someone of my size, so we’re going to lube you up, then have you sit down on this cock here,” gesturing to the dildo in my left paw, the one molded after my cock, “and we’ll have some fun for forty minutes or so until you’re ready to take me. The last thing I want is to have you sit on my dick in one go and hurt yourself. Understand, pup?”

“Yessir.” Bant emitted a whimper after his response.

“Shhh, don’t worry,” I winked down at the apprehensive lad. “Sir would never do anything to hurt you.” I started to walk away from the bed and out of the bedroom, “Now, follow me. On your knees, pup! And please shed your clothes along the way.”

Using one paw to hold both of the dildos firmly, my fingers one for a light switch along the wall. One of my favorite features I’d had placed in the penthouse wiring had been the installation of color-changing lightbulbs and other fixtures. It allowed me to turn the lights from unassuming white to a more alluring yellow or mysterious blue, or a seductive red—which I gladly choose so it tinted our fur like the lights in a Dutch bordello.

Crawling behind me along the floor, my obedient pup for the evening did has commanded by shedding his clothes along the floor. He unbuckled his trousers and kicked them off his legs behind him, quickly unbuttoning his shirt and discarding the rest in a pile against the wall, and bashfully peeled his underwear down until he followed me with no other clothing but that necklace he wore around his gulping throat. I decided to let them wear it for the moment, instead of striding with confidence through the apartment until I lead him to the main living room. After moving the Ottoman and the coffee table further away from the center of the room, I glanced back to find the naked and muscled hybrid, looking at me with confused and expecting ties while sporting an erection between his kneeling legs.

“Turn around on all fours,” I ordered in a firm voice. “Raise your tail in the air too!”

Whimpering and panting excitedly, Bant did as requested. That beautiful male specimen turned his back towards me and raised his ass into the air, tail swishing and obscuring at first, but then parting to the side like a dramatic curtain. I remained thankful that the large windows overlooking the rest of the city happened to be tinted on the outside. Otherwise, perverted stranger could use their binoculars to watch the following scene unfold: a well-muscled Doberman-Great Dane hybrid in his late forties, undressing his upper body before grabbing one of two rubber dildos from the coffee table nearby, coating it in a layer of lubrication from a hidden bottle by the TV, then walking over to a hybrid mammal in his late twenties/early thirties presenting his chiseled rear end up like a bitch about to be mounted in heat. I felt certain that anybody able to watch through the glass would have felt they struck a gold mine for any homosexual spank bank. No doubt they would jerk off to our private evening. Too bad I insisted that my penthouse have tinted windows, when I first purchased it.

Up close, I couldn’t help but drool at the glutes on Bant’s perfect ass. Above them, his chiseled cheeks looked like they were crafted from obsidian, yet they felt as beautifully firm when I used my thumbs to spread them apart. Between the two gorgeous globes made of muscles and dark fur, I marveled at the beautiful virgin entrance winking up at me. It looked so clean, so untouched, I looked forward to deflowering the tail hole within the matter of an hour. Maybe two if things became more randy with me and Bant, who wouldn’t stop moaning as I let out a puff of air on that quivering boipussy. It made his hybrid tail smack my shoulders in retaliation.

“Pay attention, and let me tell you something about submission,” I informed the nervous hybrid as I used two of my lubed fingers to spread him open. Bant tried but failed to suppress his whimpers and haggard moans throughout. “To be submissive isn’t just to spread your legs and think of England. It isn’t about not being the one on top. It is an about being less of a man or more of a girl in a relationship. It isn’t even about being the one to take a cock up the ass during sex.”

My two digits probed the velvet walls of his untouched tail hole during my explanation. Although Bant definitely had trouble listening to me at first, I could hear his breathing calm down during my lengthy lecture.

“Submission is about trust,” I explained to the hybrid further. “Truthfully, submission is about putting your trust in others, to the point you are willing to give them either your virginity or a taste of it after the first time. While sex is all about a bond forged around trust, it’s the submissive partner who often requires the most of it when a top is involved. Without this trust, the submissive partner will not have a good time and neither will the dominant partner involved. Without this trust, this understanding of what a dominant or submissive mammal wants or has limits to during sex, there is no sexual harmony.”

Bant nodded his head in understanding. I couldn’t see his face or how it winced with each subtle push past his finger, but I would definitely recognize that. Just as easily I would recognize him being in pain too uncomfortable to tolerate and ask if he wanted to continue. No such symptoms though, and no utterance of the safe or just yet.

Minutes and mouthfuls of moaning later, the fingers came out, and his tailhole quivered at the dildo’s slick, cold touch. My left paw groped his left cheek, both in a comforting manner and so that he would be spread enough for a silicone appendage to have easier access. Little by little, Millimeter by millimeter. Bant snarled until the fake shaft went several inches into his bowels and not kissed his rump. Not yet. It was best to wait to nod a little later or perhaps on another night, when the mutt felt ready.

I stood up behind the squirming lad. “Turn to face me, on your knees, but slowly…”

Bant did as told, returning to his knees and awkwardly facing my tented crotch once more. Only I’d discarded my dress shirt in favor of a naked chest, giving the hybrid an unspoiled view of my chiseled abdomen and hard nipples on impressive pectorals. They could either cut glass or be skated upon. Then his attention returned to my trousers.

Licking my bottom and upper lip to display my Doberdane fangs at the recipient pup, I used my right paw to grip my fingers around into the back of his head.

“Until you’re spread enough for me, I want you to show me what you can do, pup.” I used my other paw to unbutton my trousers, leaving the fastened zipper closed. The instant Bant tried lifting his paws to my crotch, I swatted them away. “Only your teeth. No fingers, got it?”

Bant whimpered and nodded, leaning forward until his teeth gripped the metal zipper and pulled downward.

“Woah…”

A cocky grin curved along my muzzle. “I know.”

Bant stared at my thick erection pulsing to life from its sheathed prison. He watched, enamored at the tapered red tip already leaking copious milliliters of semen. The veins along it which have hypnotized too many male mammals at first glance. The thick shaft that plenty of twinks would try to wrap their ten digits around, some barely able to touch their fingers. The scrotum hanging beneath, carefully trimmed, and drenched in Doberdane musk for days.

“Lick it, pup.” I squeezed the back of his head. “Really taste me…”

Gulping nervously, Bant let out an unsteady sigh. He whimpered, which made my cock throb up and down. When it came to rest on his nose with a gentle tap, the hybrid inhaled, then exhaled. I accrue harder at feeling his tongue slowly extend out, lapping at the underside of my rigid length. As commanded from me, Bant anxiously yet excitedly licked every inch along the underside, before finding the courage to angle his muzzle’s widening lips into position.

“Ooooooh, yeah!” I groaned, finally relishing the feeling of wet Heaven around my dick. “Oooooh, herrlich…wunderschön…w-wunderschön~“

Bant clearly wasn’t a virgin when it came to giving oral sex. However much experience he still needed though, I couldn’t deny that the hyena-coyote hybrid certainly felt like bliss around my cock.

“Angle yourself so my dick slides along the roof of your maw, mmmm…and don’t wrap so tightly, otherwise it will risk nicking me. Ahhh…oh, and t-ttry using your tongue as you bob up and down it—Ooooooooh! Yeah, like that, pup!”

Bant went about slurping the dogcock better than before, my paw guiding his head as his tail tapped excitedly on the floor. He looked adorable, slurping on my doggy member like a slutty virgin having their first true taste.

“Don’t forget to go for the balls too,” I mentioned. “Ahhhh…”

Bant went about lowering his muzzle downward until his cold nose tickled the base of my shaft and the top of my scrotum. He tentatively licked at the left orb followed by the right, then the left once again before sucking on the taut skin of both. Then, the hybrid tried sucking on a single ball, but couldn’t quite do it. The best that he could manage was laughing at the underside while inhaling as much of my potent, masculine musk as his nostrils could allow.

Meanwhile, I encouraged the muscular lad by patting his head and using my fingers to scratch behind his heated ears. They remained splayed in submissive showing, felt as warm as heated blankets against my knuckles. When I scratched a particular spot between the base of his right ear and his cranium, it caused the motivated male to moan around my package.

I pulled my fingers away, then guided Bant back to warming my cock again. Only this time, he focused on taking as much of it as he could, whining and whimpering eagerly when his mouth became full. It felt divine when his moaning voice vibrated all over my shaft. Especially when he began to push his butt against the floor, thereby causing the dildo in his to kiss his prostate, the effects of which I could feel when he chorused all wet around my cock. He barely even nicked me throughout his oral treatment.

Slurping along my length, I pulled it out, and Bant let out a loud whimper.

“P-Please, sir!” He panted, licking drool off his chops. The hyena-coyote hybrid tried to rise up. “Why did you—”

“Sit,” I ordered with a finger to the ground.

Bant hesitated, then complied, sitting back down on his hind quarters while stifling another moan. His raging boner remained neglected, and he dared not to touch it while staring up at me with expecting eyes.

“Stay.” I tapped my cock at his nose, stroking it and smiling before letting go. “Follow. On your feet, mutt.”

Bant crawled closely behind me across the floor, back into the bedroom. I moved the items are around and strip to the rest of my clothing off before directing him to lean over the foot of the bed, his ass facing upward.

He had such the perfect ass. Two obsidian globes made it from muscle and dark for her that looked delectable to taste, with the dildo still lodged perfectly between those mounds of flesh. So vulnerable. So sensitive.

I smacked both cheeks in a single swipe. Yet Bant didn’t utter our safe word. He merely let out a surprised snarl, then a submissive whimper as his tail curled between his bare legs. Smirking, I stepped forward to hold his tail up with one pot and then use the other two caressed his right cheek.

**SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!**

The pain didn’t register to Bant until well after I gave three rapid spanks, in quick succession.

He growled, “Ow, what the fuck—”

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked coyly, staring back down at him. “Say the word, and I’ll do it.”

Our eyes remained locked on each other as uncertainty crossed the hyena-coyote hybrid’s thoughts. His gaze too, which visibly tried to figure out whether it would be worth it. I wouldn’t fault him if uncertainty one out in the end, but at the same time, I was nearing the peak of my climax and desperately wanted to stuff it somewhere warm. Still, I patiently waited several seconds for Bant to respond.

“Don’t make me bleed or cry.” He turned his muzzle back into the bed sheets, then flexed his posterior back into my palm. “Do it, Sir. Dominate me!”

“That’s the spirit,” I said, grinning as I proceeded to smack his ass again.

Truth be told, I didn’t have a fetish for severe spanking. Not like other gay men I had befriended or happened to be colleagues with. I didn’t enjoy inflicting pain on others or giving them scars, but I did see the appeal. Hearing the lad whimper with each strike to his ass did send a tingle up my hard shaft. Eventually though, after spanking him hard enough that I could feel a slight warmth beneath his dark fur, I stopped, and instead appreciated my work.

As I used my fingers to grope each struck ass cheek, eliciting a muffled moan from the pup, I spread them apart. Then, I let go of the left cheek, and gripped the base of the dildo. I slowly pulled out, inch by inch until it finally came free with a loud ‘pop’.

Bant let out a gasp. Discarding it to the floor for now, I focused back on him.

“Feeling empty all of a sudden?” I asked, then chuckled as he whimpered with a nod. Once again spreading his cheeks wide, I nibbled each of his mounds, leaving a playful bite mark on them both. Not hard enough to pierce the skin but sharp enough to let him know he wasn’t mine for the evening. “I’m about to breed you, fill you back up really good, pup! But first…a snack!”

My muzzle lunged into those obsidian depths, lapping up his stretched hole. Bant’s spine arched from the sensation, and he pressed his muzzle into the bedsheets as he let out a surprised yet euphoric moan. His tail hole flexed and relaxed as my experienced tongue swished and slurped past his virgin ring. It tasted so clean and sweet that I wanted to go as deep as I could but held back.

Instead, I gave one final kiss to that pucker, playfully bite his right ass cheek again (Bant clearly liked that!), and coaxed the rock-hard hybrid’s backside down, then positioned us further onto the bed. As I aligned my thick cock with that readied tail hole, I paused midway.

“Are you sure you’re ready, Bant—”

“Do it already, old man!” He barked, then gasped softly at what he said. He craned his neck and looked back up at me with folded ears. “Eheh, sorry…”

“An old man, am I?” I shrugged his comment off, grinning. “You’re gonna get it now, if you’re that confident, hehe.”

Bant’s grin matched mine as he faced away from me and started to wag his tail high in the air, giving me a perfect view of trajectory. What a thoughtful pup.

I inhaled and exhaled. So did he, shuddering when the tip of my shaft kissed that spread pucker just waiting to be filled. Then, I snarled and thrust. In a single slow motion, I deflowered Bant, who let out a reverberating groan.

“Are you doing good so far?” I asked.

“Am I telling you the safe word?” He snapped back. “I ain’t one of your fragile twinks!”

“Ooooh, somebody needs an attitude adjustment,” I teased, pulling my hips Bakker after that remark of his. “Maybe I should just quit while I’m ahead and—”

“No!” Bant suddenly grew stiff, his ass clenching fearfully around my cock (or what remained inside of him). “No, no, no, no! Please! P-Please, I’ll…I’ll be your subby canine, S-Sebastian. S-Sir! Please don’t, don’t pull it out!”

Licking my lips and chuckling darkly, I smacked my palm on that ass of his again, and I admired the way it jiggled from the impact. Bant barely revealed discomfort as he pushed his nose back into the bed sheets. His tail stayed up for me in continued submission.

“Good boy,” I murred, then vigorously thrusted back inside him. “Mmmmm. Good boy, who’s been a touch bad. Gonna fuck you into a good boi!”

In and out. In and out. My throbbing dogcock pulled out until just a tip stayed in, until I pushed forward again and brushed my cockhead against that prostate of his. He clenched around the shaft, too tired to be tight yet still strong enough to be more than just a fleshlight. He squeezed it in mutual pleasure. To get a better grip, I started to pull at his necklace like a collar—

 “P-Paganini! Paganini!” The lad suddenly spoke.

 Immediately pausing mid-thrust, I asked, “Are you hurt? Do you wanna stop?”

 “Don’t pull on my necklace,” he told me. “Just take it off. It’s not a toy.”

 Sighing, I complied. “Sorry,” I said, panting while untying the necklace of his, then carefully reaching over to hand it to Bant. “I should’ve asked before, aha, doing that.”

 “It’s all good,” he chuckled in relief, tossing the jewelry onto the bed’s neighboring nightstand. The hyena-coyote mix flashed his fangs over his sweaty, tense shoulders. “Now that that’s taken care of, where were we, sir?” He emphasized the final word in his coy query.

 My tail wiggled behind me. “Just you wait and see, Bant.”

 Within seconds, I went about surprising the lad further. Conveniently, I kept a pink dog collar and a leash at the foot of the bed. Carefully placed there in case I got in the mood to use either of them. So I snatched the collar and leash from the floor while my member stood lodged inside Bant, then leaned over to quickly latch the collar around his sturdy neck before connecting it to the leash. Confusion and arousal crossed the hybrid’s facial expressions.

I didn’t give him time to say anything. I merely pushed forwarded a tasty inch and he returned to moaning jelly, delirious as I continued pounding inside him.

“You like that Doberdane dick, huh?” I teased between more powerful thrusts, my hips slapping deeper against his glutes. “Say you like it, pup!”

I yanked the leash strongly enough to make his head lift up from the sheets, and his back flexed as he cried out, “Love it, sir! H-Harder! Fuck me harder!”

Such magical words to my ears. No doubt similar to what beautiful music he enjoyed listening to in a state of blissful euphoria, when nothing mattered in the world. Only pleasures and desires to be fulfilled. Well, I fulfilled his desires and gave Bant a tour of submissive pleasures as I fucked the hyena-coyote senseless. I not only pushed my pulsing dogcock in and out of his receiving tail hole but sent jolts of sexual rapture in other ways too.

At one point during our rutting, I used the leash to pull him upward until our bodies were kneeling vertical. Then I gyrated my hips back-and-forth in expert dominance while clutching the leash with my teeth, my paws groping his chest before tickling every male’s sensitive spot—the nubs of his nipples. They were so hard and responsive between my fingers that I didn’t take much pressure to make Bant sing me a song.

“Mmmm, I like feeling you clenching around my cock like that,” I purred like a feline, rubbing his nipples harder and relishing it’s effects. “Aw, fuck! You’re gonna milk me dry, kiddo!”

“Yes, yes, yes,” Bant whined and barked like a proper bitch in heat. He squirmed animatedly around my dick and against my broad chest, to the point I could feel him getting closer to climax. “I’m gonna cum soon, sir! I’m gonna—”

Abruptly, I pulled the head of my cock out from his welcoming walls. Copious amounts of pre cum leaked along the underside as it pulsed freely in the air, and Bant’s ass gaped at the emptiness. The sudden, torturous emptiness.

“What’re you doing?” He quavered, blushing profusely and begging. “Please, I’m so close. So close, Seb—Sir! You gotta let me cum! P-Please, please, please…”

I grinned down at the impatient pup, flashing my fangs. “Why the rush? We have all night to ourselves, and I intend to make you cum like a true submissive pup, hehe.”

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Make him cum like a submissive pup, I sure did.

A couple of hours before dawn approached, I had the hyena-coyote hybrid in the palm of my paw. The collar and leash lay abandoned with the dildo on the floor. He started feverishly tongue-thrashing my muzzle as I fucked a second load inside him. We were repositioned into the classic missionary technique, with my balls slapping against his healing ass and my knot already lodged inside him, coating his insides with my seed. Only then did I give Bant permission to cum fingers-free.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh! Oh, gods! Oooooohhhhh!” He howled to the moon and rising sun outside.

Hot liquid stained my chiseled chest and stained his muscled stomach as I ultimately collapsed between his spread legs. They wrapped tightly around my hips as we lay panting and huffing in a mixture of our semen and saliva and sweat.

Tied to him and completely knotted, I leaned down to his shoulder, then gave the hyena-coyote a hard mating bite. Not enough to pierce the skin yet enough to leave a temporary mark, as well as make him squirm beneath me further. The pièce de resistance for our post-sex afterglow, to show Bant (at least, for the moment) he was mine. Mine and mine alone.

Finally, I unhinged my jaw, and lay panting atop the spent mammal. We drifted in and out of consciousness, cuddling closely amidst our mess, and slept like angels.

For me, the best part about sex with handsome men wasn’t shots to the active self but what happened afterwards. Sure, the sensation of fucking a twink senseless was great, as well as seeing them cum paws-free too, but the act itself couldn’t compete with the afterglow. The moments after sexual intercourse when two consenting adult mammals expressed themselves in the most carnal of ways possible, then lay in each other’s strong arms, either to gather their strength or to simply enjoy their company together. Holding Bant, feeling his racing heartbeat begin to slow down, our breaths become less haggard and more relaxed, then drift to sleep as we lay together in cum and sweat and grime—nothing could compete.

By the time that I woke up, my tied cock managed to slide free from Bant, who’d already cuddled into my chest for warmth as we lay naked on my bed. Rather than wake him, I enjoyed the moment, closing my eyes a little longer until he stirred.

“Mmmmm…?” He exhaled into my neck, slowly sitting up. “G’morning, Sir.”

“You can call me ‘Sebastian’ again, Bant,” I laughed, stretching my freed arm and feeling it ache. “How did you sleep?”

He leaned down to kiss my nose, then give it a playful lick. “Like a baby.”

My limp dogcock pulsed slightly at the memories of the previous night. “So did I.”

I licked his nose too, which turned into an affectionate kiss as our muzzles connected again. When we separated for air, I volunteered to cook a delicious brunch for my guest. After we showered, of course.

“I would love some breakfast, Mr. Drakos…Sir, hehe,” Bant winked at me while standing up from the bed, giving me a wonderful view of the dried cum along his backside. “Mmm, I have a small gig I need to get to later this afternoon, so we better not dawdle if you wanna keep the promise of cooking me brunch.”

“Oh?” I perked my ears. Standing up to also stretch, I asked, “What is it, if I can ask? A small concert? A celebration with the other cast members?”

“A friend’s having a housewarming party at his new apartment in West 69th Street—something at the last minute and called me about it before last night’s performance—and needs me to be the DJ,” he explained, following me closely as I guided him to the shower in the luxury bathroom nearby. “Why? You interested in being my date?”

“I’m definitely intrigued. I have a friend or two who live on 69th,” I smiled at him while turning on the shower. “But first, let’s get ourselves cleaned up and have brunch, then I’ll see if my schedule is open. Deal?”

Bant beamed amidst the growing steam surrounding us, and he blushed upon seeing my erection throb against his. “Deal,” he let out a moan.

I smirked down at the pup. “You forgot to add ‘sir’, hehe.”

“What are you doing to do then?” He whispered. “Punish me like a bad boi?”

Licking my chops, I pulled the handsome hybrid close. “I just might, Bant.”

We wouldn’t emerge from the shower until an hour or so later. However, I would still take the time to cook an exquisite brunch for us and he would still invite me to such a wonderful housewarming party, where Bant showed how much he truly enjoyed music.

*Note to self*, I thought, *Hire him for future parties or events at my estate on Diamandis Isle.*