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Pet Boy

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Chapter 1 - Leave me alone

"Leave me alone!"

"That's it, faggot! Run!"

It was not a life. I thought it would end after high school, but it never did. This society claimed to promote equality and reject bullying, but it was funny; I couldn't see that at all.

Not once had the teachers protected me, and not once did my bullies have been punished. Simply put, human behaviors were too complicated to address. There would always be this battle for power between males, this deep desire to display a certain superiority, which amusingly translated into the strongest assaulting the weakest. How was that superiority? Would it not be more manly to pick a fight with the stronger people? I guessed that part of my problem was that I grew up in a tiny conservative town of just over a thousand souls. Because of my short size, I was at the bottom of the food chain around here and a prime target for people seeking an easy victory.

As soon as I entered high school, they had labeled me as the easy-to-pick-on guy before I could even introduce myself. On that first day in that place, my dreams, skills, ambitions, and personality became irrelevant in this world. I became a mere tool the other students would use to feel better about themselves; simply put, my life was over well before reaching adulthood.

So I ran.

Running was all I could do to survive—running away from those people who had unfairly decided that I was their hobby. When they caught me, they punched me; so entertaining. What made it even worse was that there were so few kids around that it was the same thing after school. No matter what activity I would decide to try, I would bump into one of those bullies. Staying home was not an option either, as my parents didn't want me to stay in the house unless it was for eating or sleeping. It was good for me to spend time outside with my friends, they said. There was no way out. Enduring was my only option.

My parents, teachers, and everybody else, for that matter, never did anything to protect me. "Ignore them," they said. "Fight back," they said. Yeah, try to do that when you are five foot six and hundred twenty-five pounds. No, it was not possible to fight back against brainless farm animals.

Running was the only option I had left.

My school grades were a reflection of this pathetic life of mine. How could I study and learn anything when survival was my only priority? So I ended up poorly educated, which meant that nobody had wanted to hire me after high school. I wasn't smart, and I wasn't physically strong, so since most of the jobs around here were on farms, it was not the best career advancement scenario.

I had recently managed to get a job as a boss boy in a shitty restaurant near the highway, but some of the bullies had tracked me down today, forcing me to run out through the back door. They just would never leave me alone. They walked through the kitchen without any shame, causing chaos in my new workplace, and followed me out with the first intention of hurting me for fun.

There was not much around, so I ran toward the local convenience store, hoping to hide in the bathrooms. If those idiots tried to force the door open to get me, the staff would probably kick them out.

"Wait for us, faggot! We just want to play with you!"

"Leave me alone!"

At full speed, I turned the corner of the store and...

"OOOF!"

"AAAAH!"

What did I hit just now? A concrete wall? Whatever it was, I fell on my butt, dizzied and confused. When I looked up, there was that long thin guy who looked down at me. Despite his slim size, he didn't look too shaken by the impact. He extended his arm toward me.

My first reflex was to protect my face with my arms. Usually, when people tried to reach me with their hands, it was to punch me.

"Uh? Hey, relax, man... I just want to help you up."

After hearing those words, I looked back at him, unsettled by this unexpected act of kindness, but didn't have time to do anything else. The bullies who were chasing me had just turned the corner.

"Ah! He is here! Hey, city boy. Thanks for catching him for us. Kick him over to us."

"Kick him over to you? Why would I do that?"

"Come on, dude. Look at him. He is not a man. Let's have a bit of fun."

"What do you mean, he is not a man? He looks like one to me. You, on the other side... you look like a bunch of farm pigs that escaped their pen."

"..."

What happened just now was the last thing I could have expected... and it was the last thing my three bullies had expected as well because they were equally shocked. In front of me, this person who wore a fancy t-shirt and clean jeans had just openly insulted them, even though they were all bigger than him. And above all else, he stood up for me; that was the first time this ever happened to me. Why would this stranger, who clearly didn't look from around here, put his life on the line to protect me?

It didn't make any sense.

I got back on my feet and positioned myself a few feet behind this new guy. No matter what would happen next, I didn't want to stay between him and my three bullies.

"What did you say, city boy? Did you just call us pigs?"

"Yes. You all look like pigs. You smell like them too. When was the last time you had a shower? You must all have serious cases of jock itch."

Oh, my God. This tourist is going to die. He double-downed on the insult.

"That's it, city boy... You are d..."

Just as one of the bullies, the one with the big mouth, was about to attack him, my savior leaped forward like a lightning bolt and hit the guy with a straight punch in the jaw, sending him to the ground.

The other two stepped back while shedding a fair amount of their misplaced courage. But just as they were thinking about doing something to avenge their friend, the city guy sent them a clear warning.

"DON'T YOU EVEN TRY ME! Pick up your trash and leave!"

Without saying anything, the two remaining bullies looked at each other for instruction as if they couldn't think for themselves. Thankfully for them, the city guy provided extra guidance for free.

"NOW!"

That was enough for them to hurry, pick their friend up, and wobble out of sight.

Standing behind my protector, confused like never before, I didn't know what to do. He turned around and displayed a big smile. It was also my opportunity to look at him properly for the first time. He had neatly styled black hair, was about five foot ten, clean shaved, and had some sort of intense charisma and healthy vibe emanating from his aura. The feeling I got from this encounter was one of shame and inferiority. What was it? Jealousy? Attraction? Why did I wish I was more like him?

"Well, that was entertaining. You okay?"

"... Me?"

"Yes, you. Are you okay?"

"I'm... fine..."

"Good. My name's Aiden."

"Okay... I mean... I'm Samuel."

"Nice meeting you, Sam. What was that all about? What did you do to those guys?"

"I... I don't know... nothing."

"So, why were they after you, then?"

It was so embarrassing. Why was he asking those questions? The only answers I could provide would be humiliating.

"They... they just like picking on me, that's all?"

"That's all? They wanted to skin you alive."

"Yeah, whatever. I'm used to it. I need to go back to work now, they caused chaos over there, and I get the feeling they are going to blame me for it."

"Where do you work?"

"... The restaurant over there... But, why do you care?"

"Hey, sorry, man. I was just curious. That's all. Alright, see you later, Sam!"

"..."

After waving casually, Aiden disappeared into the convenience store, leaving me puzzled and feeling guilty because I had not even thanked him, perhaps too used always to be attacked. It took me a few seconds to shake off my paralysis and start walking back to the restaurant, looking left and right to make sure the bullies were actually gone.

My mind was fully occupied by what had just happened. It was the first time that someone had protected me in my entire life. Why did he put his life on the line for a guy like me? What was this feeling I had in my stomach just now? It felt... good. Was this what people were supposed to feel when they owed someone else?

When I arrived back at the restaurant, my manager welcomed me rudely, as if what had happened was my fault. Of course, I couldn't count on anybody in this town to actually check if I was okay. Only strangers that I would never see again tended to do that, apparently.

"Sam? What was that all about?"

"Nothing... sorry..."

"Sorry? You know what? You are fired!"

"WHAT? WHY?"

"I don't want my workers to cause trouble in my restaurant."

"That was not me! It was them!"

"Right. If you have bad relations outside work, that is your problem, but when you bring them inside your workplace, then it becomes MY problem."

"They are just bullies! I don't hang out with them outside work! How am I supposed to prevent them from chasing me around?"

"Rose is at the clinic because of you. This little circus caused her to splash boiling water on her hand. So, do you really think I care about you not being capable of resolving your problem like a grown-up?"

"..."

"Grab your stuff and go. You were on a trial period for a reason."

"Aaah! Damnit! DAMNIT!"

Exactly what I needed. Not only was it near impossible for me to get a job, but on top of that, I got fired because those three imbeciles just wouldn't leave me alone.

I left my apron on the wall hook and stormed out of the restaurant through the back door, raging. As soon as I stepped outside, I kicked the nearest garbage bin and let all my gall out.

BAM!

"FFFFFUUUUUUCCCCCK! FUCK THOSE GUYS! FUCK THIS JOB! FUCK THIS TOWN!
I HATE YOU AAAAALL!"

"Well, someone had a rough day."

"..."

That sudden voice immediately shorted my anger. I spun around just to see this city guy, casually leaning against the wall, infuriatingly calm as he was earlier, and wearing that weasel smile on his face.

"Aaaah! What are you doing here!? Why are you following me?"

"I was just intrigued by a young guy who seemed to have a tough day. That's all."

"Yeah. Well, you can go punch my ex-boss if you want."

"Nah. I only punch the real idiots. Come. Let's go have a drink."

"..."

Aiden turned around and walked back toward the convenience store, more than likely where he had parked his car. What did he mean by, "Let's go have a drink?" Where did that even come from?

"Hey... Wait! What do you mean?"

"Do you have something better to do, Sam?"

"No, but... that's not the point. I don't know you!"

"Alright then, let's go! Going for a drink will solve that problem real quick."

"..."

Why did my legs start moving? Because I had no arguments against his? And why was I so self-conscious around him? He was all dressed up with brand new jeans and a fancy t-shirt while I was wearing second-hand clothes that smelled like a deep fryer and dirty dishes.

What was this feeling? The more distance he put between us, the worse my stomach felt. Was it only because he saved me earlier, and my brain had associated his presence with safety, and I wanted more of it? Unconsciously, I walked just a bit faster to catch up with him. I wanted to ask him questions badly but didn't manage to formulate a single one.

When we reached his car, it just made me feel even more embarrassed. It was a nice silver sport one, so new that I didn't even know the model. People around here only drove jacked-up pickup trucks from the 90s that were rebuilt in their barns, so it was my first time sitting in a vehicle with seats lower than its wheels.

"So, where can we get a beer around here?"

"Well, there is a pub two streets down from here. You turn left over there, and it will be on your right."

"Is it quiet?"

"At this time of the day, it will be empty for sure."

"Cool."

"..."

"Sam..."

"What?"

"Seatbelt!"

"What? Really? It's just around the corner."

"Sam, seatbelt!"

"... Fiiiine. Whatever, city guy!"

After a thirty seconds drive, he parked in front of the pub, and we walked in. As predicted, there was no one around but the alcoholic barmaid who didn't seem to give a damn about us. With an attitude like hers, it was one more reason for this place to be empty. I would not have hesitated to walk out, but Aiden didn't care one bit. He kept smiling and even tried to cheer her up.

We sat face to face in a booth and ordered our beers. Aiden slid a hundred-dollar bill on the table to pay for both of us, which didn't fly with the waitress.

"Sorry, honey. We don't accept hundred-dollar bills here. Too much change, too much fraud."

"Oh, I don't need change. That's for our two beers and a plate of nachos. The rest is for you."

"Weeeell, in that case. I'll take it."

"Thank you. It's very sweet of you!"

My jaw dropped. Did Aiden just spend a hundred dollars on two beers and some questionable nachos? Was he out of his mind?

"Aiden? What was that about?"

"What do you mean?"

"... A hundred dollars? For two beers?"

"No, the beers are three dollars each, and the rest is the nachos and tips."

"You know what I meant! That's not normal."

"Not normal? How is being generous abnormal?"

"..."

"Come on, Sam. Relax. I've been on the road for the past 3 hours. I just want to chill for a bit."

"Fine... whatever. It's your money. Where are you going anyway?"

"Home. I had to go somewhere for a convention. I don't like flying, so I decided to drive this time around."

"What is a convention?"

"Oh boy! You don't go out often, do you?"

"You could say that. Look around you. This town is not like the land of opportunity."

"Why do you stay here then, Sam?"

"I grew up here. I didn't choose."

Aiden openly laughed at my last comment, almost in an offensive way. As he took a good sip from his beer, I wondered why he had reacted like that. This town was my sad world, and I didn't see how I could escape this unfortunate fate. Where could I go with no money, friends, or car?

"How can you NOT choose? Are you an inmate?"

"... No... but..."

"You are telling me that if you move to another city, someone will chase you down and murder you?"

"No, that's not it..."

"So... What is it then?"

"I have no car..."

"Oh. Here are my car keys."

Aiden plunged his hand inside his jeans pocket and tossed his keyset on the table.

"Uh? What?"

"Take the key, drive wherever you want to. Just call me later to tell me where my car is, though. I'm not giving it to you forever."

Was he serious? He couldn't be. Yet, he looked dead serious.

"I can't do that... Come on!"

"Why? You said you needed a car. I just filled it up too. You can go wherever you want in a radius of 460km. I mean, that is when the fuel light will turn on, you probably can do another 50km on top of that."

Not listening to his sarcasm, I pushed the keyset back to him. It was a ridiculous idea.

"No thanks. I'll be fine here."

"I see... Oh! Nachos!"

The waitress brought a sad plate of homemade nachos and placed it on the table between us. Aiden, once more, was irrationally excited about this low-grade food.

"So, what keeps you here, then? Earlier, you seemed a bit, hmmm, how to say? Dissatisfied?"

"... I don't know... my parents are here, so that's where I live."

"What? Really? How old are you, Sam?"

"Twenty... You?"

"Twenty-five. And I don't live with my parents."

"Well, you probably grew up in a big city. It's much easier to get an education, a good job, and all."

"Why would you say that? That's mean. I grew up in a town barely bigger than yours. My friends were all living on farms."

That made me feel bad. Without realizing it, I had made the gross assumption that Aiden had been raised in a big city where opportunities were around every corner. That wasn't fair, and I lowered my head because of it.

"I'm... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to judge."

"Don't you dream about something bigger, Sam? I mean, you could stay here. There is nothing wrong with that. But your voice tone doesn't seem to indicate that it's what you want."

"I don't know. I have no education or skills. I'm still running away from the same douchebags who bullied me in high school. I can't think of a way to escape this life."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Ah! No! What do you think?"

"A boyfriend, then?"

"... No!"

"Never had one?"

"... No..."

That was so embarrassing. Why was I enduring this from an unknown guy who came out of nowhere? I had spent so much time hiding from people that I had never even considered that I could date someone one day. How could I explain this to someone like him who seemed to be successful in life?

"So, Sam. Boys or girls?"

"... Uh? What?"

"Do you like males or females?"

"... Fe...males?"

"Oof! Let's try that again. Hi, Sam. I'm Aiden, and I'm openly gay. You?"

"..."

What kind of devil was he? And why was my throat paralyzed right now? He just told me about his sexual orientation as if it was nothing special, and I couldn't even answer the same basic question.

"Oh, boy. You haven't figured it out yet, haven't you?"

"No! I mean... You know!"

"I don't."

"Stop it... What do you want from me anyway? Why are we here?"

"Hey, relax, Sam. I told you. I just wanted to drink something before going back on the road. I thought you were cute, so I thought I would get to know you better, that's all."

"... Cute?"

Never in my life would I have expected to hear this specific word to describe my physical appearance.

"I... I'm not cute... I'm ugly... dirty..."

"Well, you don't look so fresh at the moment, but you are still cute. And you are blushing."

"..."

What the hell? Was I really blushing? I wasn't cute! He was... Wait! What? Panicking, I pushed my beer aside and got off my seat. This was too crazy for me to deal with.

"O... okay... I'm done. Thanks for the beer, Aiden."

"Sam, sit!"

"No... Sorry... I have to go."

"Sit down... Come on. Don't be rude."

"... But..."

"Sit!"

"Gaaaah!"

I dropped my butt back on my seat and crossed my arms, not even knowing why. Then Aiden changed sides and came sitting next to me, blocking my only way out.

"There. Now, if you want to leave, you'll have to get rid of me first."

"What do you want from me?"

"Stop asking that. Is everybody around you trying to hurt you all the time? I told you, I just wanted to have a drink with a friendly guy."

"... Actually, yes. I'm the easiest target in town, and it has ruined my life. Sorry for being blunt about it."

"Well, that's sad. But I'm not like that, Sam. Most people aren't like that."

"I know... You... protected me earlier. That... That was nice."

"That was easy. I've been doing martial arts since I'm eight years old. It's not right to attack weaker people."

"Well, that is not how people think around here. It was the first time someone stood up for me."

"Aww... Cute."

"Hey! Stop calling me cute, Aiden!"

"Haha... but you are! What's wrong with being cute?"

"It's embarrassing. It's like you are flirting with me."

"Well, it's because I am, or else we wouldn't be sitting side by side on the same bench."

"..."

I wish I had been more intelligent. Aiden had to spell it out for me. Because of my social ineptitude, I had not even considered that the only reason why he had asked me to go for a drink was that he had an eye on me. Now that he said it out loud, I didn't know how to react.

He wrapped an arm around my neck and pulled me closer. Somehow, it was not a flirting neck hug; it was a friendly one destined to reassure me. It kind of felt right in this current situation I was stuck in.

"You are an interesting guy, Sam. Listen, You just lost your job, right?"

"... yeah. I did."

"So, you have nothing else around here outside the three pigs hunting you down?"

"No... just my parents, but... whatever."

"So, look. Why don't you come with me? Spend a bit of time in the big city just for fun. What do you have to lose?"

"I... I don't know... Are... are you asking me out?"

"Nah... It has nothing to do with that. I just want to do a good deed. Your life is shit here, obviously. What do you have to lose? Have you ever been to a big city before?"

"No, I haven't. Never left this dusty town."

"Do you know what the internet is?"

"Oh! Shut up!"

"Hahaha!"

What was wrong with me? He was amicably squeezing my neck, not romantically, yet, his body heat radiated through his clothes. I wasn't used to physical contact at all, so it made me feel strange. If I were honest with myself, I would have liked to wrap my arm around him too, but that was not even an option at the moment.

His words, so close from my ear, sent a pleasant warmth down my spine, and it was seriously interfering with my ability to consider what he had offered. And even worse, I felt something growing in my pants. That was the worse thing that could have happened right now, with him so close. Why was my body getting turned on right now?

As my dick was uncomfortably getting stuck in one of my jeans' folds, I attempted to discreetly move my dick aside by placing my hand inside my pocket to resolve the situation.

But he caught me.

"Wait... Sam? What are you doing... Oh, my! Interesting..."

"..."

He removed his arm from around my neck and gave me my space back to not embarrass me further. My face was burning hot, and I had a hard time breathing.

"Alright, Sam. That's it. You NEED to come with me. One week. Then you can come back here after if that's what you wish."

"..."

"Are your parents home?"

"... probably not."

"Cool, let's go to your house to pack your essentials, and then let's go. I swear, it's the best decision you ever made."

"I... I didn't make any decision yet."

"No, your cock did it for you. Come on! You are safe with me. Trust me! It will change your life for the better. What do you say? Would you give me seven days so I can show you how amazing your life could be?"

I lower my eyes on my hands. My dirty hands. I haven't even washed them after getting fired, and my nails were all black. Aiden was right about so many things. Everything. What did I have to lose? How could trying something new make my life worse than it was? The risk level was inexistent. Something about him made me believe he was honest, and there was also this intense feeling of safety. If he were to leave me behind, I knew already that I would miss this sensation.

"So... You sure it's not because you are flirting with me?"

"No, it's not. I'm not like that. You know, whatever happens, happens, but I swear, I just have a good vibe about you, and I want to help. Visiting the city for the first time changed my life for the better. Maybe it will do the same for you. Right?"

"... Alright... But I don't have money."

"I do. Come on, let's go get your stuff. You're going to love it! I promise!"

That must have been the most critical decision I took in my entire life. I just didn't know it yet.

If he hadn't noticed my hard-on, I would not be in his car, in the middle of a big city. Perhaps I would have fought harder without this spontaneous leverage he had unexpectedly got on me. My body had decided to be attracted to him even though my mind wasn't sure of anything.

After our beer, he drove us to my place, where I gathered a few things and left a note on the kitchen table for my parents saying I would call them back soon. I doubt they cared, but I still lived there. I had no cellphone, so it would be the first time I would be this disconnected from them.

I had seen big cities in pictures and videos, but seeing it with my own eyes for the first time at twenty years old was as incredible as it was embarrassing. The buildings defied gravity, and there were so many lights that it was like daytime. Usually, people were either asleep or drunk in a gutter at this time of the day in my small town. But here, there were so many people enjoying the night lifestyle instead of sleeping.

"Look, Sam. The big building over there is where I live. We will be there in 10 minutes."

"That big tower over there? It's huge."

"Yes, it is! I live on the 47th floor. I hope you aren't afraid of height."

"I... I have never been that high. So, I don't know."

"Haha. You'll be fine. I still can't believe you never left your town after twenty years, that's a bit extreme. It's going to be fun to show you what the modern world is like."

"Mmm... Still wondering what is in for me around here."

"One day at a time, Sam. One day at a time. The first thing we need is a warm shower and some sleep."

"I won't say no to a shower."

My last answer was honest. I couldn't wait to wash that restaurant smell off me and put fresh clothes on. But a moment after, I began to wonder if my slow brain had missed something else here. Was Aiden suggesting that we would take a shower... together?

As I created scenarios in my head and prepared possible behaviors to adopt if he decided to try something on me, our car reached his building and engulfed itself in the underground garage. Having never been underground, this was a bit intimidating.

"Awww! Cute! You are lowering your head under the beams!"

"Hey! Stop it, Aiden! I'm not used to it, okay!"

He parked the car, and we headed to the elevator; again, riding an elevator was a first for me. I gripped the handrail and felt a bit sick in my stomach.

"Awww...!"

"Don't, Aiden! Don't say it!"

"Haha... Okay. Hang in there, only twenty floors to go..."

"T... twenty?"

That was retarded. How could he be so relaxed about this, knowing that this moving box could fall down the shaft at any time?

Ding!

The doors parted, and I hurried to tiptoe out there. Backpack on the shoulder, I followed Aiden to the end of the hallway, where he opened the door using a magnetic card. I had never seen a fancy door lock like this.

When we entered his apartment, my jaw dropped.

"Woaah! Is this your home?"

"Well, I hope we didn't enter the wrong one."

"S... Seriously?"

"Haha. No, silly. Of course, it is my home. It looks fancy, but it's not that big."

Looking fancy was an understatement. The living room was huge, the floor was all made of large glossy black tiles, and everything was glowing blue. The big leather couches were like in movies, and I could see the illuminated city through the giant window.

I could also see the kitchen area because it was open to the living room. That was where Aiden immediately headed when we walked in. He came back with two beers.

"Don't just stand there, Sam. Drop your backpack and come relaxing on the couch. It was a long drive for me. I'm exhausted."

"I bet. How long was your drive total?"

"Seven hours. Maybe next time I'll fly. But if I had, I would not have met you. So, it was worth it."

"... Well... I mean... Thanks for wanting to show me the city. It's bizarre for me, you know."

"I know... I know. Don't worry. Come!"

Out of the blue, he grabbed my neck in a friendly manner and led me to the nearest couch, where he made me sit next to him. My anxiety level spiked every time he touched me. Managing my emotions was very difficult. I didn't know his intentions, and I didn't know mine either. My

thoughts were not even clear enough to understand how I had ended up in this situation. Why was I sitting on a luxurious couch with a gay guy who kept saying I was cute?

I thought I would try to clarify the situation with him.

"Did... did you bring me here... to have... sex?"

"Oh, God. Samuel! Seriously? Can you just chill for a bit? We are two adults who have yet to get to know each other. I wanted to start with A, but you are jumping to Z before even sipping your beer."

"I'm... I'm sorry."

I lowered my head again, understanding that my question was indeed a bit rude. It was not like Aiden had tried anything but being friendly so far. But I didn't know how social interactions worked. I had never been in this kind of situation. I never had any friends.

Being gay was seen as a moral crime where I came from. So I never had an opportunity even to consider it. It wasn't like the constant social pressure I received from my community had ever allowed me to think about my sexual orientation.

If Aiden had not told me about his sexual preference, I would never have guessed, particularly not after the way he knocked out the guy at the convenience store; that probably needed some ice after that jab. In my head, and because of how people around me mimicked them, gay people were supposed to be flaming and wearing girl clothes or a sadomasochist outfit. Aiden was nothing like that.

Sure, he was clean shaved and had well-maintained hair, but that was probably just a city thing. What he was wearing was nowhere near girly. He was just a friendly dude. I felt my prejudices burning my soul.

"Why are you so shy, Sam?"

"I'm... I'm not shy. I'm just..."

"Just what?"

"Just a bit scared, I guess."

"Awww..."

"Cute... I know. But you know what I mean, right?"

"Yes, I know. But don't worry. Nothing that you don't want to happen will happen. But for fuck sake, Sam, relax. Your brain will melt if you keep overthinking."

What he said just now took off a good weight from my shoulders. The tone he used to calm me down made me trust him a bit more. I took a deep breath and let myself sink into the couch.

"Hehe. Okay, okay... You are right. Sorry."

"Good boy!"

"Hey! So, how can you afford to live here? It looks expensive. What kind of job do you have?"

"I sold my software startup for a good price last year. I'm taking a break before starting a new one. Let's say I have no money problems at the moment."

"Cool. You must be proud."

"Very. Some people are jealous, but they don't understand how much hard work and sweat I had to put in to get all this."

"I bet. And... how did you... turn gay?"

"Oh, my God, Sam. I didn't "turn" gay. That's just who I am. I mean, I'm not offended by what you said because I know where you are coming from, but don't go ask things like that to people around here, or else you won't make many friends."

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean..."

It was difficult to have a conversation because our two worlds were so different. I had received such a poor education and grew up surrounded by what was falsely wrong or right. Deep inside me, I knew that what people from my town were saying was a crock of shit, but it still had forged my twisted understanding of how life worked. To me, gay people were becoming gay. I had never put too much thought into the fact that they could be born that way.

"Naaah, it's fine. And you?"

"Me?"

"Yeah, you? Do you know where you stand, really?"

"... Look, I know you saw... something... in my pants... but..."

"Jesus, Sam! I'll stop you right there. That meant nothing at all. It's not because you get a hard-on next to a guy that it means you are gay."

Again, I felt faulty. I lowered my head even more, knowing that what he had just said was common sense. I was pretty sure that if a cute girl had blown some sweet words like he had done to me at the bar, the result would probably have been similar. I groaned at my own imbecility.

"Aaaah! Sorry again, Aiden."

"No, I'm sorry. I should let you talk more instead of correcting you all the time. I know you didn't mean bad."

"I didn't... I'm just... stupid."

"Hey, don't say that. You are not stupid. Not knowing about a topic doesn't make you stupid. Being stupid is if you don't want to learn. Alright, so, when I saved you from the bad guys earlier, you looked at me oddly. What were you thinking?"

"I... I don't know... I was grateful. It was the first time someone had protected me."

"Yeah, but what did you think of me?"

"... I... I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"I felt... attracted... OH! NO! Nonono! I mean..."

"Hahaha! You are hilarious. You can say it. You felt attracted to me. That's fine."

"No, no..."

"No?"

I quickly searched my Rolodex of emotions to find a better word than the one that had accidentally escaped my lips but couldn't find any. After our collision, while I was still sitting on the sandy ground, and Aiden had extended his arm to help me up, I did feel something very odd. It was as if he was that person I had waited for all my life, the one that meant no harm and who was ready to help me instead of pushing me down. Hiding behind him had made me feel safe.

"Well... yes... I guess I was."

"Awww... I felt it too. You were sitting there, with those big eyes, begging me to protect you. I melted a little bit."

"You... you did?"

"Of course, I did. You were like a little stray puppy. Nobody can resist that."

"A stray puppy... Hey now!"

"Haha. Cute puppy!"

Aiden reached my hair and ruffed it to tease me, but as he did, a cloud of dust formed around me.

"Woah! You need a bath, puppy!"

"I know, sorry."

"Haha. It's okay. Come, I'll show you the bathroom. Bring your stuff and your beer."

It wasn't a bad idea at all to expedite this well-needed shower; I felt so dirty. Aiden gave me a quick tour of his place, which wasn't that big. Outside the kitchen and living room, there was one big bedroom, an ensuite, a small office, and a full bathroom. He gave me a towel and showed me where the soap and shampoo were.

But since it was already late, he told me something else that made me a bit nervous.

"So, I'll give you a choice, Sam. And feel comfortable choosing the one you prefer. I'll leave some blankets and a pillow in the living room so that you can sleep on the couch. Oooor, we can share my bed. I know your brain likes to panic, but I'm not asking for anything special. I have a

big comfortable king bed, and there is plenty of room for the two of us. Just think about it while you are taking your shower."

"Hehe... okay. Thank you, Aiden. I appreciate it."

"You are welcome. See you later or tomorrow."

"... Yeah."

The shower felt amazing. It was the first time I tried a rainshower and loved it. The soap he gave me smelled great too. Those were the kinds of things I didn't have in my life; new experiences. We only had this generic soap, generic toothpaste, and generic shaving cream back at home. Nothing was exciting or special. I couldn't gauge how luxurious this environment was since I didn't know better, but everything seemed high quality. The shower pan didn't even creak under my weight. All those small details made me feel good.

And then I lengthily thought about his offer. Should I sleep on the couch or in his bed? I groaned a bit, feeling like an idiot again. I tried to remind myself that he was just a cool guy who had not attempted anything on me. On the contrary, I was the one who had made so many assumptions about him and gay people.

I had never answered his question, though. Was I gay? Could I even come up with an answer based on my total lack of experience? Was I really attracted to him that way, or was he just like a protective brother to me? I groaned some more.

Knowing I'd not come up with an answer tonight, I changed strategy and tried to rely on rationality instead. Fact number one, I barely knew the guy. Fact number two, I got here only thirty minutes ago. Fact number three, I had proved that I couldn't control my erections very well. How would I react if I were to lie down next to him while only wearing underwear? Fact number four, where was the rush? I could just sleep on the couch, and tomorrow, once well-rested, we would spend more time together and figure it out. Fact number five, he was cool with me choosing any of his options and made sure it was my choice.

Yes, it felt great to know that my rationality was still healthy enough to take a deep breath and put things into perspective. Tonight, I would sleep on the couch, and tomorrow, the stress would have died down, and it would be a much better day to get to know each other.

Satisfied with my decision, I continued enjoying this magical rainshower with a renewed peace of mind.

"Aiden?"

"Yes? What's up?"

"Are you already in bed?"

"Yup! This trip killed me. Do you need something?"

"No... I... I mean... Can... Can I sleep in your bed?"

"Yeah, sure, Sam. I offered it. Come on over. You'll sleep better on a real mattress. There are plenty of pillows here."

I failed.

Slowly advancing into the pitch dark bedroom, I could only appreciate how soft the carpet was under my bare feet. When my legs finally hit the bed's edge, I noticed that its base was cushioned all over, probably to prevent broken tibias at night, another luxurious detail I wasn't used to.

I leaned forward to climb on the bed, and as my hand was about to touch its surface, it landed on a naked torso instead. I quickly understood that I had picked the wrong side, but since I already was off-balance, I fell sideways on top of Aiden's belly.

"Oof! Haha! What are you doing, Sam? This is my side!"

"Sorry! Sorry! It's so dark."

Having spent so much time in the bathroom with the bright light on, I couldn't see well at all in here. I hurried and got off him, but it was too late. This brief, unintended, and clumsy skin-on-skin contact had left its mark inside my brain. It was the first time I had been in contact with a shirtless person like that. How pathetic... but, it felt so good.

As I was circling the bed carefully, I wondered if I had made a mistake to change my mind at the last minute. None of this would have happened if I had slept on the couch as I was supposed to.

I climbed on the bed, this time on the empty side, and slid under the blanket. What was this texture?

"Those sheets... they are very soft."

"Yes, if you pay the price, you can get very good ones. You'll sleep like a puppy, I promise."

"That puppy thing again?"

"What? You don't like it?"

"... Good night, Aiden. Thanks again for your help today."

"Night, Sam. Don't mention it."

Was that it? We said goodnight, and we would sleep? What was wrong with me? The images in my brain flickered in every direction, when he saved me from my bullies. When we went to the pub, and his warm breath had brushed my ear, causing me to get a hard-on. Our nice car ride while sharing our music taste. When I inadvertently fell on top of him a moment ago, feeling his soft skin. It was ridiculous. I needed to find a way to quiet my undisciplined brain.

But then I realized something else... I had a raging erection at the moment that had been triggered by the very soft sheets and all those uncontrollable thoughts. I would never be able to sleep like this. Standing up and going back to the washroom would look awfully suspicious as I was just coming from there.

"Sam? Are you okay?"

"Y...yes."

"You are breathing so fast."

"S...sorry."

"Come here."

"... What?"

"Come here. Move closer. I'll make you relax."

"..."

"Stop thinking. You are safe here."

"O...okay."

Stiff as a board, I shuffled my body toward him until my shoulder touched his, freezing me on the spot. Without a word, Aiden slid his arm under my neck and rolled to his side. He placed his warm hand on my belly, so close to my painful erection. His mouth was near my ear, which made his whisper extremely unsettling.

"Does this feel good?"

"Y... yes."

"You are trembling, and your heart is racing like crazy. Try taking a few deep breaths. It will make you feel better."

My first attempts were not very efficient. I felt as if I were running out of air, but gradually, following his advice, I managed to calm down a little bit. He caressed my belly slowly, making me feel so amazing.

"See, you are doing much better."

"Yes... Thank you."

And then his hand went just a bit lower and brushed the tip of my cock. There was no way he didn't notice that.

"Do you want me to help you with this too?"

"..."

I couldn't answer. There was no way I could answer. I didn't need to answer. He already knew what my answer was. His hands moved down to the base of my cock and ran over my balls.

"Ghk!"

"Shhh.. It's nothing. Relaaax, Sam. Nobody wants to hurt you here."

Slowly, his hand visited my cock. He was definitely not a farmer because his palm was so soft. My dick had never been this hard, and this touch felt like fire.

"Ai... Aiden..."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"N...no..."

"It's all good, Sam. You are doing very well. Don't worry. Let whatever happens, happens."

"But... but... If you continue... I'll..."

"It's okay if you cum, puppy. You'll feel much better."

He gripped my shaft a bit harder and started stroking it gently. What was happening to me? A stranger, a male, stroked my dick, and it felt incredible. Did that mean I was into men? Was that the proof?

"Aaaah Aaaah! Aiden..."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"N... No... AAAaah!"

"Haha, cute. Come on, puppy. Cum for me."

"Aaaah Aaaah! I'm... I'm cummiiiiing! AAAaah!"

My prostate started convulsing so hard, and my ejaculation shot cum all over my chest up to my chin. Steam after stream, the hot stuff coated me as Aiden continued to milk me like a cow. Never in my lifetime had I come this hard with so much cum. It was incredible.

"Aiden!... Aiden!... Stop! Stop!"

"Mmm... Good boy! Such a good boy."

"I... I came so hard."

"Haha... I saw that... Let me go grab you a towel before you make a mess everywhere. Don't move."

Well, my first experience with a man didn't feel the way I had expected. It had been extremely pleasant, and I didn't feel like I did something wrong. However, my hormones were through the roof, which was probably not ideal to do some deep introspection.

Aiden came back with a towel and helped me clean up. There was sperm EVERYWHERE. It was so ridiculous that I started laughing due to the endorphins.

"Hehehe! How did that happen... I came so much."

"That means you are a happy puppy. You really made a mess."

Once satisfied with my level of cleanliness, we slid back under the sheet, and Aiden wrapped himself around me again. It didn't feel as intense this time because my powerful orgasm had numbed my senses.

"So, how do you feel now? Better?"

"I... I don't know... It felt great..."

"But?"

"... But, I don't know. I don't feel... gay?"

"Oh my God, Sam. There is no such thing as feeling gay. It's not like you have a cold."

"I'm... I'm sorry. I don't know those things."

"The important thing is that you had fun. Don't walk away from your good feelings because you are scared."

"No, no... I'm not scared... I just feel... guilty, I guess."

"Guilty? Why? You did nothing wrong..."

"Well... it was very... one-way?"

"Hahaha! Cuuute! Thank you for your concern, but you didn't have sex alone, you know. Having sex doesn't mean both of us had to cum."

"O... okay..."

"Now, it's true. I'm dead tired. Let's sleep. We can talk about this tomorrow, okay?"

"Yes."

"Good night, Sam."

"Good night, Aiden. Oh... and... Thank you."

"Sleep, puppy. Just sleep."

"Okay."

Chapter 2 - Doggy!

"Mmmh!"

He didn't lie. Those fancy bedsheets were a magnificent sleep aid. I slept like a baby. He... Aiden... Oh God! Did I... really had sex with a man? What have I done?

Now that my sex hormone level had normalized, things seemed so strange, so different. I sat up in the bed, he was gone already, and the view through the giant window was even more impressive now that the sun had risen.

I rubbed my face, trying to understand how I ended up here, but it was way too clear in my mind to even start questioning myself. An unknown guy came to my small town to rescue me and had adopted me for the week somehow. And as a result, I let him stroke my cock and make me cum like an imbecile.

My boxers? Where were my boxers? As I leaned over the bed's edge to look on the floor, an unexpected voice gave me a heart attack.

"Morning, Sam!"

"Aaah!"

"Back to your old self, I see. You definitely have to work on that anxiety issue, you know."

"S...sorry... Yes... I... I just..."

"Having regrets already?"

That question? So soon. And in that tone? I was barely awake that I felt like an asshole already. Aiden had been nothing but kind, so how could I say something so negative to him when he wasn't responsible for my poor behavior?

"N... No... It's just... You know..."

"It's just what?"

"Nothing... I'm just not used to being around people, that all."

"Whatever you say, puppy. Here, I made us some breakfast."

He was only wearing boxers, and because of the tray he was carrying, I had not noticed his abs right away. Aiden was quite skinny, but he was very fit. He climbed on the bed, very casually, and placed the tray between the two of us.

It was so awkward. The only thing that separated my nakedness from his eyes was a thin sheet of silky fabric. And now that he was closer to me, I had this feeling in my stomach, the one that could get me in trouble.

I didn't know what was going to happen. Would he talk about sex and will ask more of it. After all, I got the most significant share of the fun last night.

"So, today I want to go shopping with you. You are in dire need of new clothes."

"... Am I?"

"Yes. It's that, or you'll look like a farmer in the city, and everybody will stare at you."

"Oh... okay. But as I said, I don't have any money."

"I know. I'm paying. It's not a problem. I like helping people shop for new clothes. It's one of my favorite hobbies, so much that it's probably going to be more for me than for you. Hehe."

He had prepared some waffles along with fresh fruits and some fancy rolled eggs. Was this what he usually ate, or did he make a special meal for me? No matter the reason, I grabbed a waffle and wolfed it down. It was delicious.

"Geez... Were you starving that much?"

"I... I always eat too fast. Sorry. When I was in school, I always had to hurry before the bullies stole my lunch."

"Well, that's sad. It can't be healthy. Slow it down, would you?"

"Sorry, I'll try."

The more I was around him, the more it exposed my flaws. He had not reprimanded me, but he was definitely puzzled by my concerning habits. How many times in a day would he need to ask me to calm down and relax?

"So, about last night?"

"GHK!"

"Heeey, Don't choke on the waffles!"

"Kah! Kah!"

"Gross! Bad puppy! Haha!"

"Sorry! I... I don't know what is wrong with me."

"It's alright. Take a break. Drink your orange juice instead. You have to replace the huge amount of fluid you lost last night."

"... Very funny, Aiden... It's embarrassing."

"Embarrassing? Why? Didn't you have fun?"

"That's... that's not the point, you know."

"You were tense, and I helped you calm down. It worked. You had a good experience, so I'm not sure why you are trying to deny yourself of that good memory."

"..."

"Can you imagine how much more fun life would be if you were just calming yourself down and enjoy what you were doing?"

"... Maybe... I don't know... I'm not very good at taking care of myself."

"Apparently. I think this week will be good for you, Sam."

"You... you still want me to stay?"

"What? OF COURSE! You are my cute puppy! Haha!"

Aiden was openly making fun of me again. What was evident to him was very blurry to me. He acted as if the upcoming days would be a blast while I thought they would be a nightmare. Perhaps it was because I struggled to read his intention, or perhaps it was because he had none and was only going with the flow, something I was unable to do.

"So, seriously, Sam. Tell me. Why did you decide to sleep in my bed last night?"

"... I... I don't know."

"Ah, stop it. Tell me. I was convinced you'd sleep on the couch."

"Aaah! You'll just think I'm stupid if I tell you."

"You are acting stupid, but you are not. It happens to the best of us. Come on. Spill the beans. I'm listening."

"Well... Yesterday, when you protected me from the bullies. It... it felt good. I guess... I just wanted to feel safe again."

"Aaaawww. Cuuuuute!"

"I knew you were going to make fun of me!"

"I'm nooot! You are adorable, and you are totally unaware of it. How is it possible that you never dated someone before? Everybody would want to keep you forever."

Adorable? That also was the first time someone used that word to qualify my personality. Seeking protection would have been called childish and cowardly in my hometown, not adorable.

"And why were you so hard?"

"GHK!"

"Hey! Don't spill the orange juice in my bed! Please!"

"Do you always ask questions like that when people are drinking and eating?"

"I tend to. So?"

"I don't know! It just... happened."

"Did you like what we did?"

"Aiden... please."

"Did you?"

"... Yes... It was nice. Happy?"

"If you liked it, will you want to do it again?"

"I... I don't know..."

"I want to check something."

"Uh?"

Out of the blue, he moved the tray aside and sat closer to me, staring at me with his usual weasel smile.

"What... what are you doing?"

And then he put his hand on my bare chest in a very unsensual way. Right away, the warmth of his hand penetrated my body. I was no not used to being touched by another person, so it made me feel uncomfortable.

"Ai... Aiden... Take... take it off..."

"No..."

His shoulder touching mine and his hand flat on my skin were all it took for my self-control to disintegrate. My cock stiffened quickly, causing the sheet to rub on the most sensitive part of my cock head. There was nothing I could do to stop it, so I raised my knee in a pathetic attempt to hide my erection.

"Haha. You are so lucky."

"L... Lucky?"

"You are getting turned on so easily."

"I... I'm not!"

"No? Alright... Then I was wrong."

He took his hand off my chest and returned to his original spot on the bed before placing the tray back between us. He grabbed a handful of berries and tossed them inside his mouth. Was that it? Had I managed to hide my hard-on successfully, and he had given up?

I grabbed another waffle and nibbled its corner, not wanting to be scolded again for eating like a pig. For the next fifteen minutes, he casually talked about our plan for the day, what shop we would visit, and other random things.

He acted so normally that it was almost suspicious. On my side, I had a major issue. Despite focusing on the various unerotic things he was throwing at me, I could still feel the warmth his

hand had left on my chest, even if it had been long gone. My erection was still very present, and I would soon run out of options.

"Alright, let's go. It's better to go shopping in the morning since fewer people are in the stores. Come..."

"In... In a minute..."

"Ah yeah?"

"Yes... I just... need... a minute."

"Hehe."

Clearly knowing what was happening, Aiden pulled the bedsheet off me before I could grip it. The guy was quick.

"So, you aren't easily turned on, uh? As if I hadn't noticed."

"... Aideeen..."

My face was burning, and my dick was so stiff that I could barely hide it with my hands.

"Do you want me to help you again?"

"..."

My body screamed yes, but my mind flooded with white noise. Why couldn't I get myself to refuse? Why was I so easily losing control around him? It was ridiculous.

He walked to me and sat on the bed, placing a hand on my inner thigh, which made my jaw clench. One by one, he moved my hands away and gave my cock a few good strokes.

"Ggh!"

"Come on, breath. You are turning blue. Try to relax a bit."

His other hand rested on my belly, sending another wave of pleasure across my body. Why was my body so darn sensitive all of a sudden. Perhaps it was because a guy I barely knew was stroking my cock. His damn hands were just so soft.

The heat was unbearable. I could feel my orgasm building quickly, humiliatingly quickly. How long has it been? Thirty seconds? Was he that good? Was I that weak?

"Ai... Aiden... S...stop! Stop! I'm... I'm gonna..."

"Go right ahead, puppy... It's kind of the goal here."

"Aaaah! Aaaaah! God!"

Unable to hold any longer, I fired my sperm with as much power as last night, and my mind blanked out. Stream after stream, I ejaculated uncontrollably as my eyes rolled up. The most powerful shots reached my neck. There was so much semen all over me.

"Good boy!"

"Aaah! Aaah!"

"You are SO lucky. I'm jealous. You are turned on so easily, and you cum so hard. It's incredible..."

"And... and... too quickly... aaah!"

"Too quick? Hell no! That's the best part! I love it! Haha!"

"..."

How was cumming too quickly a good thing? On the internet, it clearly showed the opposite. I was not quite sure that was a good reference, though. But still, was he just making fun of me again?

Like last night, Aiden went to fetch a towel, but he had learned his lesson and brought me a bigger one this time.

"Alright, puppy! Go take a shower, and then we will go shopping."

"O... okay. But... What about you?"

"I'm going shopping with you, remember?"

"That's not what I meant..."

"Haha. Don't worry about me. Let's go. I don't want to get to the mall too late. It's going to be too crowded."

Once more, he acted as if he didn't need sex. Last night he had said that stroking my cock was, in fact, having sex. I kind of understood what he had meant, but still, pleasuring someone else was more than likely not close to the pleasure an orgasm like the one I had could bring.

As he left the room, I wiped myself using the soft towel and headed to the bathroom for a warm shower. I smelled like cum.

"There you go. Doesn't it feel better to be dressed up like a real human being, Sam? How do you like those new Jeans? I really like the cut."

"It's different. They are tighter than what I'm used to. And they are stretchy too. I thought only girl's jeans were like that."

"Nah, almost all jeans have a stretch to them now. They don't look too clingy. We can tell you have a butt, though. It's a good thing."

"I like the t-shirt you got me a lot."

"Ah yeah? I think you are better off with a t-shirt than a formal shirt. It fits your personality better."

"And what was that supposed to mean?"

"Haha. It fits your puppy style. You can't look like the master!"

"Very funny."

"Let's go get a coffee and chill for a bit. There is a coffee shop right over there."

"Sounds good."

Shopping with Aiden had been a fantastic experience. Not only did he have a blast trying to find new clothes for me, but he also had a serious knowledge that I didn't know existed. He knew all about the different fabrics and their properties and knew what to avoid, preferring quality above look.

We got some fancy coffee and sat on one of the available sofas. It felt great to rely on someone who knew exactly where to go in life. When he paid for my new clothes earlier, he had repeated that money wasn't an issue and that he was happy to help me. He said the same thing about the coffee we just got. I believed him. He was having fun, and that was the most important to him.

We just chit-chatted about random things for a while, killing some time as the mall gradually filled with more shoppers. At this very moment, the best way I could have explained my feelings was that I had made my first real friend. I didn't have much to talk about because I knew nothing about anything, but somehow it was a good thing because he was more interested in my personality than my accomplishments. Back in my small town, we were what we did; John the mechanic, Tom the pharmacist, Audrey the secretary. Around Aiden, I was Samuel the person, and occasionally the teasing cute puppy.

As his favorite topic was my clothes, he returned this attention to my new pants. There was some pride in his voice.

"Yeah, I love your new Jeans, Sam. The seams inside the legs are really neat. "

"Ack!"

Why did he have to do that here? He rubbed his hand on the most sensitive spot of my inner thigh. I couldn't tell if he did this for a different purpose than actually inspecting my pants, but the result was terrible anyway.

My cock took more and more space inside my boxers, which quickly grew uncomfortable.

"What's wrong?"

"You... you can't touch there... or else..."

"Oooh? Really? Are you getting hard again?"

"Hey! Shhh! There are people around!"

"Haha. So what? What do you want to do? Wait it out."

"I... I guess."

I tried to think about something else for the next few minutes, but I was very bad at it. My mind kept going back to the sensation I felt when Aiden had grabbed my inner thigh.

"Aiden... It's... It's not... going away."

"Awww! Cute. Are you begging me for help? What do you want me to do about it?"

"I... I don't know..."

"Haha. Okay, Follow me. I have an idea."

He grabbed my hand and pulled me off the couch. I stupidly kept a shopping bag in front of my crotch to hide my hard-on. I was convinced that everybody around would see my bulge with those new fitted jeans. I obediently followed him through the crowd until we reached the public washrooms.

Once inside, he waited until there was no one around before entering one of the stalls with me. Fortunately, the cabin walls went all the way down to the floor, so nobody would be able to tell that we were two in there unless they heard us talking.

The finger he put on his lips was unnecessary as I already knew that making a sound wouldn't be the brightest idea. But at the same time, this robbed me of my ability to protest against whatever he would do to me next. Between enduring and being discovered, I wasn't sure yet which one would be the best approach.

Aiden turned me around and pressed his chest against my back, making me gasp.

"Shhh!"

His next move was to unfasten my belt and unzip my pants. He slid his usual warm hand inside my boxer and pulled my cock out. When he forced me to lean forward and put my hands on the wall, and wrapped his arm around my abdomen, I felt so powerless; I WAS powerless. He controlled me like a ragdoll.

My rock-hard erection was almost painful, and when he started stroking it, I knew that I risked breaking a sad speed record. My mind got all fuzzy, and I started drooling against my will. The sexual feeling topped with my inability to protest was insane. I felt like a street worker who had to do whatever was necessary to make money.

"Aah! Mmmph!"

"Sshh!"

Oh my God. As soon as I inadvertently let a small moan out, Aiden slapped his hand over my mouth to shut me up. Right away, this bold move aimed at keeping us out of trouble pushed me over an edge that I had not yet reached. My cock exploded, and my cum splashed all over the wall and the toilet, coating them with my gooey semen. I must have orgasmed even faster than earlier this morning, yet, the amount of cum was as generous.

Aiden continued stroking me gently for the next minute, which was longer than the amount of time he had needed to bring me to orgasm. After that, he let me go and exited the stall even if there were people around.

Through the door, he dropped some instructions.

"Goob boy! Clean your mess and meet me back at the car."

"..."

My face turned bright red, knowing that several people had heard this. Whether or not they understood what he was talking about was a mystery, but I knew, and I was dying of embarrassment.

I was left alone with my cum-covered toilet to respectfully clean.

Back in the car, Aiden was as happy as before.

"Well, that was a lot of fun."

"For you, maybe. I died of shame!"

"Haha. You are not dead. You are just fine."

"Yeah... just fine."

"How can you cum that much all the time. It's crazy. Your loads are like easily three times the amount of mines."

"Great topic, Aiden... Great topic."

"Ah, don't be like that. It was a great day. You got new clothes, we had fun, and you even came like a good boy. Do you see anything negative in that? I don't. I had a blast."

"Mmm... yeah. I suppose it was a good day."

"Good! Improvement. Alright, let's go home. We need to do something about one of your little problems."

"One of my problems? What problem?"

"You'll see. While you were cleaning your mess, I quickly dropped by the pharmacy to get you a few things."

"... Why do I find this suspicious?"

"Hahaha! Cute puppy! Always too worried."

For the next twenty minutes that it took us to go back home, he refused to tell me what he had in mind. The only thing I knew was that he looked forward to doing whatever he had planned.

It was harder and harder to believe that he had bad intentions. Outside being playful and joyful, he had not done anything that could have made me suspect a greater master plan. Exploring this new sexuality without feeling like I did something wrong or that it would come to bite me in the ass later was some sort of relief. It was idiotic, but the more I spent time around him, the more I bathed in this feeling that the more I relied on him to guide me through all of this, the more he would take care of me whatever happened.

Once we arrived home, he opened us a beer, and we just chatted about life in the big city some more, as if to put me at ease for what was to come next. But that moment quickly arrived.

"Alright, puppy! It's time."

"You like calling me that, don't you?"

"Haha. Do you dislike it?"

"I'm tolerating."

"Good enough for me. Let's go to the washroom. It's going to be messy."

"Uh?"

He picked up his shopping bag, and I followed him to his ensuite.

"I guess you never shaved?"

"What? I shave every day."

"No, I mean down there."

"Down th... oh... heee.. No."

"Alright, strip naked and get in the shower. We will give you a little trim."

"Naked? Here?"

"Well, yes. Where else?"

"..."

"Aaaww! Cuuute! I made you cum three times since last night, and you are still shy around me!"

"Okay, okay! I'm doing it... geez. If that can make the teasing stop."

"Good little puppy!"

I wasn't sure what the bigger problem was; being naked in front of him, who incessantly called me puppy, or the bathroom's brightness that would expose every corner of my body.

While I was taking off my clothes, he ran a warm shower. He intentionally wasn't looking at me while I undressed, probably to make me feel more at ease. I somehow managed to keep my erection in check this time.

"Alright, get in. If you shower first, it's going to be more comfortable."

"I guess..."

Aiden was far from being this pushy guy who would treat someone like a piece of meat. I could tell that he understood how I was feeling to a certain extent and didn't want me to have any bad experience while I was around him. Knowing only bullies and populist people as of yet, this was a refreshing sight that slowly restored my Faith in humanity.

For a few minutes, I rinsed myself, warming up my skin. I wasn't too sure what Aiden had in mind, but by "a little trim," I assumed that he had meant a bit of clipper action around my dick and balls. Did I really need his help with that?

I turned off the water, and after drying myself, I wrapped a towel around my waist.

"Aiden... I'm... I'm done. But, you know, I can do it myself."

"No. Don't worry about me. I like doing this."

"That's not exactly what I meant."

"Haha. I know. Alright, stay in the shower. We will do it there."

When he arrived with a wicker basket full of items and small towels, I knew he meant business. He sat on the little bamboo bench in the shower and stripped me from my towel, exposing my half-erect cock... but as soon as I looked down and saw how close his face was to it, it became hard as a rock again.

"See? I told you! Grooming is fun. Haha!"

"..."

As expected, his first move was to use a body groomer to get rid of the black sheep at the base of my dick. It didn't take long at all. But then he applied shaving cream on what was left of my pubes.

"Hey... You... you said a little trim..."

"Yes, but I changed my mind. It will look much better clean shaved. Don't worry. You'll like it. I mean, you already like it based on how hard you are. Try not to cum in my face while I'm doing this."

"Ghk!"

Once more, how could I tell him that I didn't want this when my body would clearly expose my lie. As if he were genuinely scared that I would shoot a load in his face, he did his best to avoid touching my cock. Despite that, having someone playing down there plus the shaving cream's heat, I was not super confident that I could prevent such an accident. Trying to look elsewhere while he was working was my best solution.

Slowly, I felt the razor pulling and cutting the remaining of my crotch fur. Aiden had obviously done that in the past and finished before I knew it. While he dried the area with a soft towel, he asked me for my input.

"So, what do you think. I think it looks SO much cuter like this."

"My dick... looks bigger."

"Haha. It does... but it's not. Sorry. It just looks more appealing that way, don't you think."

"I... I guess..."

"Since we are here, I just want to try another little thing. Do you mind?"

"Another little thing?"

"Yes, your chest and belly look silly now. It's easy to shave and maintain. Let me do it, okay? We won't need to shave."

"... Sure."

The body groomer he used was very efficient. In a flash, he got rid of all my chest hair, leaving my skin smooth as a jellyfish's scalp. But then he lifted my arm and attacked what was inside my armpit. As I was about to protest, he started talking.

"Your chest didn't have a lot of hair. It didn't look good. It is so much better now. Okay, other arm..."

It was too late. With one armpit shaved, it was pointless to argue about the other one's fate. What was he doing to me? And why was my cock so damn hard and painful. Aiden bumped into it more than once as he was navigating around me.

"Ah, you know what... let's do the whole thing. Your body hair is so thin. It will be so easy to do. Geez, man, you are so lucky to have body hair like that."

"W...wait... You want to shave my arms and legs?"

"Yes, it just looks weird on you."

"But... people... will... notice."

"People will notice? Tell me, Sam... When was the last time you talked to a guy and told him that you liked his body hair? People don't notice. They don't care."

"Aahh!"

As he said that, he grabbed my cock and gave it a good squeeze.

"If my puppy wants a reward, he has to trust me. But I will tell you a secret."

"... A secret?"

"Yes... It's something only a handful of elderlies know... Body hair will grow back."

"..."

It was a joke, but also the truth, making me efficiently realize that if I were displeased with the result, I would just have to wait a few weeks for it to grow back. Suddenly, it didn't seem like a big deal anymore. Anyway, as I tried to process this information, Aiden had already started shaving my leg, so it was too late already.

Effortlessly, he harvested my body hair like a cornfield, turning me into a slick worm. The most embarrassing part was when he attacked the hair between my buttocks. As usual, his goal wasn't to make me uncomfortable, so he said nothing and didn't try anything dirty while he was in that area. He also continued to convince me that it was a good idea.

"You almost have nothing on your arms. People will never notice. You'll just feel better once it's done, and you won't want to go back. Your clothes will feel much better too."

"You.. you think?"

"I'm telling you. You dick never had any hair, and it's your most pleasant body part, right?"

"..."

Did he have an argument for everything? For the next little while, he completed his job. The feeling of having the electric groomer chew on my fibers was nothing special, but he rubbed my now smooth skin with his hand countless times, which kept feeding my boner.

"Alright. All done! Take a shower, and you can dress back up. Try rinsing the shower pan since you are at it."

"... O... okay."

"Something's wrong?"

"N... no."

"Good puppy! See you in a bit."

Of course, there was something wrong. I had a strong erection for the past hour, and he just walked away as if it didn't exist.

I turned on the shower and let the water hit directly on my face.

"What's wrong with me? Am I that attracted to him? Am I really gay, or am I missing something?"

Soaping up my hairless body was quite interesting. It felt all slippery and clean. I still had this irrational fear of being discovered by I didn't know who, but at the same time, it didn't feel bad at all. As Aiden said, it will all be back in a few weeks if I didn't like it.

I quickly finished my shower and rinsed the pan as much as possible to get rid of the small body hair clusters. After that, when I put my clothes back on, I remembered what he had said about them feeling better. They certainly felt different whether or not it was just because of my skin being sensitive after shaving.

I made my way back to the living room, where Aiden inspected my new clothes and neatly folded them. This guy would make a good butler one day.

"Hey! So, how does it feel."

"Good... It's different."

"Sure is. I think you look a hundred percent better without body hair. Now it's time for your makeup."

"... My... makeup?"

"Hahaha! I'm just kidding. You should see your face."

"Very funny."

"Come sit here with me."

There was nothing to do about it. Aiden patted the couch with his hand as if I was a dog. He had too much fun with this canine association, making it feel even more awkward when I decided to obey him.

"So, Sam, did you like what we did in the washroom at the mall?"

"It was... interesting."

"Interesting? You liked it so much."

"I don't know about that."

"Why were you so hard then? And why did you cum so quickly?"

"Aaaah! You are doing this on purpose to make me feel ashamed."

"I do like to see you embarrassed. It makes you look adorable."

"I came way too quickly... It's not normal."

"Pfff... You are wrong. I told you. You are SO lucky to be able to do that. I wish I could do the same. Imagine getting an amazing orgasm without putting any effort into it. It's so hot."

"Mmmh... I'm not so sure about that."

"Didn't you cum very hard?"

"Yeah.. but... aaah! Let's not talk about this anymore."

"Awww. Cute... So shy. And how come you can ejaculate so much? You have quite a reservoir."

"It's not like I compared with other guys. I don't know."

"Well, that makes you unique. Oh, by the way. I have a gift for you."

"A gift? Aiden, you already gave me so many things."

"Ah, this one is actually more for me. Sit on the floor, your back toward me, please."

"Sit on the floor?"

"Trust me. It's not a big deal. It will make me happy, though."

"Fine, but if you try to shave my head, I'm out of here."

"Haha! Nooo. I like your hair."

Aiden has given me so much during the past two days. I knew he did it only because he was a good guy and not to buy my friendship, so I was not really in a position to decline something that he wanted to do for himself. As long as it is not a proposal, there were no big risks.

I went down to the floor and sat between his legs, back toward him, which, of course, was rewarded by some more teasing.

"Good boy! So obedient."

"I'm going to bite you."

"Haha. Close your eyes."

As soon as my eyelids closed, I heard Aiden taking something out of a bag, and then he wrapped his legs around me to keep me still.

"Stay!"

A bit shocked by this command, I even stopped breathing. Something soft wrapped around my neck, undoubtedly a collar, which made me want to protest. But no words came out of my

throat as they conflicted with my desire to let him have his moment. He fiddled with the buckle at the back of my neck, and then...

Click!

"What... What was that?"

"A lock. You can look now."

"A lock? Aiden! What did you..."

At the same time that I reached the collar with my fingers to explore it, I realized that the thought of having it locked around my neck had turned me on like crazy. My dick, once again, was hard as a tree.

Rubber? It was definitely thick rubber with some flat studs all around it. There was also a small metal plate in front of it with some embossing.

"Do you like it, puppy?"

"Well... I mean, it's for you, right?"

"Yes, my puppy needed a collar badly. That way, I can lead him around without having to argue all the time."

"I... I don't argue that much. What... What is on the tag?"

"Your name. Sam!"

"But, when did you have time to order that?"

"I didn't order it. I had it."

"You... you had it? How is that even possible."

"Meh. I don't want to talk about that. It's yours now. Turn around. I want to see it."

With a bright red face, I turned around, knowing really well that he would see that bulge in my pants. Without understanding what I was doing, I spun around, sat on my heels, opened my knees a bit, and placed my two hands in between to hide my erection. Mistake...

"Aaawww! You sit like a doggyyy! So cuuute!"

"Oh... hum... yeah... woof woof!"

"Hey... wait a minute... Your cheeks are all red. Are you turned on again?"

"..."

"Haha. Doggy, lie down on your back!"

"... Aiden... Come on."

"Hey, obey!"

"..."

I was so screwed. He totally knew what was going on in my pants. Why I obeyed him and laid down on my back was a mystery. Being sexually excited seemed to impair my judgment severely, and there was not much I could do about it.

"Bring your paws up, doggy. Good. Now I can rub your belly."

He lifted my shirt a bit and began scratching my stomach with his fingertips like one would do to a dog.

"Mmm... I LOVE your hairless body. It's so much better."

"T... thanks... I guess..."

His next move was to unfasten my new belt and pull my pants down, leaving no doubt about what would happen next. My hairless hard cock was now free for him to play with. When his hand wrapped around it, I nearly had a heart attack.

"You are always so excited, Sam. That's a good doggy."

"Ai... Aiden..."

"What? Are you going to cum already? I didn't even start."

"I... I don't know."

"Let's play a game. If you cum within thirty seconds, you'll be my dog for the rest of your stay."

"..."

"I will take that as a yes. Ready? Go!"

NO! I wasn't ready at all! With his hand on my chest, he could stroke me as hard as he wanted. This game was rigged as he didn't even bother starting a stopwatch.

"Aaaah! Aaah! Stop! Stop!"

"Ten seconds..."

"Aaaah! Aiden... Don't... I'll..."

"Fifteen seconds..."

"No... no... Please..."

"Twenty..."

"aAAaaaah!"

Total failure... my prostate began to contract like crazy, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. Because of all that excitement in the shower, my sperm reservoir was at a record level. The warm slimy liquid flew through the air like a shooting star. The first steam landed partly on my face and everything else on my brand new t-shirt.

"Awww! So cute! You came in like twenty seconds. That's your fastest time so far. I'm so proud of you, puppy!"

"Aaah! Someone, kill me!"

"Nooo! You did so well. You are a very good boy!"

No matter what could have crossed my mind at this moment, I was convinced of one thing. Aiden knew how to have fun with his friends.

Chapter 3 - I bet a blowjob

"Oh, God!"

"What?"

"Your... Your bedsheets..."

"Haha! I told you, Sam. Now that you are hairless, everything will feel better."

"I... I think I'll put my boxers back on."

"Aaah, stop it. No. I want my puppy only to wear his new collar tonight. Stop whining and come here. I want to cuddle with you."

It was true, I whined a little bit, but I also complied. Aiden would give me grief if I were to argue with him. We spent a great day together, building our friendship, even though it ended a bit oddly with him unofficially turning me into his dog. It was silly, but since he put this collar around my neck, I felt a bit different, or perhaps it was his earlier handjob that had this effect on me.

I laid down in bed and crawled a bit toward him, and he did the same. His arm slid under my neck and his hand to my belly. How was I supposed to get used to that?

"Hey, Sam. You know that I'm just pushing you because I want you to have fun, right?"

"... I think I do."

"If I really do something you don't want to do, you tell me, okay?"

"Yeah."

"Okay."

Great. Now I just wanted to hug him for being so nice.

"You are so much better without body hair."

"You said that, yes."

"Have you ever kissed a guy before?"

"... I have not kissed anybody before."

"Awww. Were the people in your town blind or what? You are super cute."

"I... I don't think I am... I'm short and skinny and..."

"Well, that's what I find cute. Can I kiss you?"

My raging hard-on was back full force. This was not normal. A small erotic thought around that guy and my brain sent the signal to wake up my snake.

"You... you want to kiss me?"

"Yes. You are my doggy, so I can do it, right?"

"... I... guess?"

"Okay."

Aiden rolled over me just a bit more and raised his leg all the way up to my cock, knowing really well that it was there. He partly dragged his naked torso over mine and slid his two hands under my shoulders. My heart was racing at a thousand beats per minute, and his warm breath brushed against my lips. Was it fear? Was it desire? I couldn't tell those two emotions apart.

Something pressed on my lips... his. It felt strange, unknown. I had never done this before, and, somehow, it seemed way more intimate than when he stroked my cock for fun. After a series of small kisses, as if to make me discover what it was like, his hot tongue forced entry into my mouth, not too deep. It was just enough to act as an invitation to do the same.

And I did.

I felt so overpowered by the guy lying on top of me, and I couldn't imagine that the other way around could be possible. I wanted to be protected. I wanted to be cared for.

For a long moment, we caressed our tongues. I learned what it was like to do it, to kiss someone. Aiden gave me all the time in the world to get better at it, even though I knew he would give me pointers later on. I even dared to wrap my hands around his waist to rub it gently. It was so hard to let go of my fears.

"Sooo, doggy? I guess you don't hate it."

"Hehe... It's interesting. It's different."

"Different? Different than what?"

"Well, you know. Than... cumming."

"Silly puppy! Of course, it's different. But they are both great."

"... yeah... I'm okay with that conclusion."

"But you know what is even better?"

Was he referring to...?

"...No?"

"Cumming while kissing..."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! Put your hands above your head, doggy."

With no hesitation, his hand went straight to my rock-hard cock, and he started stroking it. At the same time, he french kissed me with renewed passion. Without even being conscious of it, I had obeyed him and had slid my hands under my pillow, signaling him that I didn't wish to resist.

As our tongues rubbed, I could already feel my orgasm building. By now, Aiden should know that I could explode at any moment, but he didn't care. He stroked even more energetically as he had sensed that my orgasm was on the way.

"Mmmphh!"

"Mmm!"

And that was it. My back arched, my eyes rolled up, my brain fried, and my penis shot another impressive amount of cum.

"Aaaaah! Aaaaah! Aiden... Aaah! Stop stroking!"

"Are you sure?"

"Aaaaah! Yes, yes! Aahn!"

"Good boy! But there is a problem."

"A... a problem? What do you mean? I came so hard."

"Yes, but it took you much longer. You lasted a good minute this time."

"... It's... not that long."

"Hehe. I prefer to keep you under thirty seconds, or else it's not as hot."

"I'm... sorry?"

"I need to teach my doggy how to be better. Open your mouth."

"Uh? My mouth?"

"Doggy... Open!"

Did he want me to open my mouth to kiss me again? That was an odd way to start it. But I instinctively obeyed again.

Aiden plunged a couple of fingers inside my mouth and rubbed my tongue with them... I was really not too sure why he was doing this until... Salty? Once the substance hit my tastebuds, I immediately knew what he had done; his fingers were covered with my cum, and he was making me taste it.

"Haha. Close your mouth, doggy, and clean my finger properly."

"Mmmphh!"

"See, it's not that bad, right? Do you like it?"

This was a rhetorical question. My brain was too busy trying to analyze what my cum tasted like, and the answer was nothing that I knew about. Was it good? Was it bad? I had no idea, and it was not like I had swallowed a full load either; it was merely a taster.

"Good doggy. You made a mess again. I'll go get the towels to clean you up."

"..."

Once more, he took good care of me, but not of himself. I really started to feel guilty because the past two days had been one way only. He kept making me cum, yet, there was nothing in it for him. Was it because he was a great guy and would only think about others? That was plausible because he WAS a great guy. I was willing to bet that it was also his flaw and that he would suffer from not being selfish enough.

He came back to me and wiped me off my sticky cum. The soft towel on my smooth body made me feel so good. After that, he joined me back in bed and kissed me some more.

"Aiden... don't you want to, you know..."

"Make you cum again? Sure."

"Noooo... you... you don't want to... cum?"

"I just had an amazing sex with my doggy. That's what I wanted. Stop worrying about me. You are the one that needs to be taken care of right now, stray puppy!"

"Stray puppy, pff..."

"Well, you are my dog now, and I find you very obedient. Little submissive puppy."

"Submissive?"

"Sleep now. You are asking too many questions."

"Morning, Sam. Move aside so I can put our tray in the middle."

"Oww... my balls are hurting today."

"You came a lot yesterday. We will take it easy today. We have some appointments."

"Some appointments? Appointments for what?"

"Well, one of them is a dentist appointment that I had scheduled. I don't want to cancel it."

"Okay. No problem."

"Then we have to drop by the clinic."

"The clinic?"

"Yes, the veterinarian. We need to have you castrated."

"Very funny."

"Hahaha."

Aiden was never too serious. Instead of saying that it was none of my business, he turned it into a joke. I could learn to be a bit more like that as this attitude seemed like a great way to brighten a day.

We had a good time so far, but I asked myself way more questions than he was. I couldn't help but wonder where this was going, this strange relationship between Aiden and me. I didn't have the guts to ask him directly as I was a bit scared that it could break something. It was better just to tell myself that he wanted to give me a good time for a while, and that would be it. That way, there wouldn't be any high expectations that would poison the first good human experience I had in my entire life.

We ate our breakfast, and then we dressed up, ready to go out. As Aiden was about to open the door, I stopped him.

"Hum... Aiden... Don't you forget something?"

"Uh? Am I?"

He cluelessly patted down his own body to make sure he had his keys and wallet, which was funny to watch. I decided to assist by pointing at my collar.

"No, this."

"You are coming with me. I wouldn't forget my doggy."

"No... I wasn't pointing at myself. I was pointing at my collar, and you know it."

"I'm not taking it off. What if you get lost? How would people know what your name is?"

"What do you mean, you are not taking it off? You want me to walk around with a collar around my neck?"

"Yes. Come, doggy!"

"Seriously?"

"Yes... Hurry, I'll be late for my appointment. We have traffic around here."

"..."

He pulled me out of the apartment, and we headed toward the elevator.

"Relax, Sam! Nobody cares about your collar. It makes me happy. I can take it off if you really want, but there is no point."

"Nobody cares? Easy to say for the guy who doesn't wear it."

"I'll tell you what. If one person today says something about your collar, I will give you a blowjob."

"..."

"If they don't, you give me one."

"..."

"Deal?"

"..."

"Deal? ... Come on, doggy! Deal?"

"... I... guess..."

"Good boy!"

I had never received a blowjob and, of course, had never given one either. It was unclear which one of the two I feared the most. What would it feel to have a cock in my mouth? I had no clue, but I knew that the prospect of it would haunt me all day, and Aiden totally knew it.

People in the big city were different from those in my hometown, so I didn't know how shocking a collar could be to them. At home, for sure, it wouldn't go well at all, but here, people were much more open and extroverted. I really couldn't tell how this day was going to end.

We got in his car and headed to our first appointment, the dentist. He said it wouldn't take too long as it was just a cleaning. I would have to wait quietly in the waiting room until he came back.

When we got there, he announced his arrival and returned to me to wait for his turn. But he had a little surprise for me.

"I got you a whitening treatment."

"WHAT? Why?"

"I would like my doggy to have shiny teeth."

"Are my teeth that bad?"

"Well... they are not white. Anyway, it's cheap, and it will keep you busy until I'm done."

"Does... does it hurt?"

"Awww! Cuuute! Doggy is scared of the dentist."

I wasn't scared of the dentist; I just had never been to one. Starting with a whitening treatment was probably not the best of ideas.

"Aiden? Follow me!"

"Okay."

"Samuel? You too."

"..."

Before I could have a chance to think about what was happening, I ended up with some death-flavored mouthguards in my mouth. The hygienist explained that this was not a hardcore treatment by any means but that it should make a noticeable difference in my case.

Another thing that occupied my mind was that the lady was extremely pretty. After spending the past couple of days with Aiden, this confused me a little. One thing I had not understood as of yet was what it meant to fool around with him. Was it because I was really gay, or was it because it was just a good experience?

As the hygienist sat next to me, filling up some papers, I looked at her curves. Her breasts were attractive, her thin waist cute, and her hips adorable. Her skin and her hair looked so soft. When she turned around and smiled at me, I even melted a little bit, and when her boob brushed against my arm when she removed my mouthguards, I even felt it in my groin.

I remembered Aiden's words. He had explained to me that having a boner around a guy wasn't enough to determine if I was gay or not, that it meant nothing. I supposed the opposite could also be true. Finding a girl cute wouldn't mean I was straight. How the hell was I supposed to figure out what was the best for me?

After the treatment, I returned to the lobby and waited until Aiden came back, and then we returned to the car.

"So? Smile, doggy!"

"..."

"Woah! Much better!"

"I think so... She said it's gonna last for a while."

"Nice. And did she say anything about your collar?"

"... No..."

"Ah! I knew it! You are going to give me a blowjob!"

"The day is not over yet."

"I know... I know... Don't rain on my parade. Okay, let's go to the clinic now."

We drove for another ten minutes until we reached a general medical clinic. Still curious about why we were here, I tried asking again.

"So, what are we doing here?"

"They are going to graft dog ears and a tail on you. You are going to be so cute."

"... Remind me not to ask you any questions in the future."

"Hahaha. Come, doggy!"

We walked into the clinic, I just followed him as I didn't have anything to do with this, but when we got to the reception, Aiden threw another curveball at me while addressing the nurse.

"Hello, we are here for STD screenings."

"Sure... The two of you? Here, just fill up those forms and returned them to me when you are done."

"Thanks."

Aiden gave me one of the two clipboards that the nurse had handed over to him and just went to sit down as if there was nothing special to it. Half-in shock, I went back to him.

"Aiden! What's this? I don't need to do this... I never slept with anybody before."

"I did. So, since we are here, why don't you do it. It will just confirm that you are a healthy doggy. Some of those diseases can take years before showing up. Nasty."

"You... you don't trust me?"

"Geez, Sam. This has nothing to do with trust. This is for yourself. Since you are giving me a blowjob tonight, don't you want to do it knowing I won't transmit you something nasty? Would it not be more fun to know we are both clean?"

"... I... I won't give you a blowjob... Someone will end up mentioning something about my collar."

"Haha. In your dream. Nobody cares about your collar. Alright, stop arguing. Fill up that form. The quicker they get our samples, the quicker we can leave. It's not more fun for me than it is for you."

"... okay."

He knew better. I would never have thought about doing this before having sex with someone. The way he put it, it seemed like a normal thing to do when new people started dating.

I obediently filled my form, but I kept being distracted by what he had said, that I would give him a blowjob tonight. His extreme confidence that I would lose my bet and have to service him made it sound more like an inevitability. I couldn't help but picture myself on my knee with his cock in my mouth, something that only a few days ago I would have thought unthinkable. But now that the possibility was almost in my face, no pun intended, it made me feel strange and perhaps even a little bit turned on.

As I squirmed on my seat, Aiden helped me finish my form to make sure I didn't forget any info. It was quite embarrassing to indicate that I had never had sex with anybody, but Aiden told me to circle the number one, as apparently what we had done so far counted. But then I felt all embarrassed when I had to indicate that it was with a man.

"Aaaww! Cuuute! You are all embarrassed that people will find out you might be gay. It's so adorable!"

"Aiden... Lower your voice!"

"Haha. Give me your form, puppy. I'll ask them to check your head too."

"Grrr."

"Well, that wasn't what I had expected."

"Why? What did you expect?"

"I don't know... pain..."

"What? Seriously? What kind of doctor do you have in your hometown?"

"Aaah! I don't know those things... I'm stupid!"

"You are not stupid. You just need to learn. Look at the bright side. You don't have HIV."

"I didn't know they could tell right away."

"Yep, we know we don't have anything serious, but some other tests for other minor stuff will take a week or two. Anyway, that means you can give me my blowjob tonight!"

"... only if nobody says anything about my collar. The nurse said nothing."

"Let's go for a manicure now."

"... A manicure?"

"Yes, you know... nails."

"I... I'm not a girl."

"Awww! Cuuute! My doggy thinks manicures are only for girls!"

"Is... is it not?"

"NO! Look at your nails, puppy. They could use some TLC."

A bit embarrassed by my lack of education, I curled my fingers and looked at my nail. They were not dirty, but they could certainly use a trim. A nail clipper would do. But to be honest with myself, I had no idea what a manicure was exactly. In my head, as of yet, I thought it was just for women wanting to have fake nails installed.

I was also a bit shocked that Aiden had paid attention to my nails. His hands were soft, but his nails weren't something I had inspected.

"Alright, Sam. It's just over there. You'll love it. Lot's of cute girls there too."

"..."

"Haha, just kidding. You are MY doggy. I'm not sharing you this week."

The more I spent time with Aiden, the more my world seemed to expand. Aside from his incessant teasing about me being his cute dog, our series of appointments today had been a good eye-opener. I would never have thought about bleaching my teeth, getting STD screening, or having my nails cleaned, but now that I did, I was kind of glad.

As Aiden drove us back to the apartment, I admired my new polished nails, perfectly trimmed and shiny. It didn't look girly, but it definitely looked much cleaner. How could I have been so wrong about this?

"You like them, now. Uh?"

"Yes... It felt very good."

"Told you, Sam. I try to go once in a while. It just makes me feel happier."

"Yes, I get it now. Sorry for doubting."

"It's okay. You only know what you know. As long as you stay open-minded, you'll get used to all those things. And you know what's the good thing about all we did today?"

"What is it?"

"Nobody said anything about your collar. I'll get to put my dick down your throat!"

"AIDEN! Don't say it like that... You know... I've... I've never done it."

"I know. But can't I just celebrate a little?"

"I... I guess."

"I'll get to cum in your stomach!"

"AIDEN!!!"

I was torn. I remembered what Aiden had said to me yesterday, that if I didn't want to do something, I just had to tell him. It was something I knew he would honor. But it was not something I would do just yet. The more I thought about giving him a blowjob, the more I was looking forward to it.

Sure, I was still timid to do things like that with another guy, but so far, Aiden had led me in a direction that didn't conflict with who I was. He had not tried to convince me that I was gay or even suggested that it was who I was. His only suggestion was that I had liked what we did so far and that it was okay to admit it. Everything else had been teasing.

It was hard to deny that I was happy around him. Simply put, he took everything that made my life difficult and carried it for me. There was not much I needed to worry about around him except myself.

After parking in the underground garage, we entered the elevator to take us to the forty-seventh floor. When the door closed, he wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me into a deep kiss.

"Mmmm, Doggy! I can't wait to put my dick in that cute mouth!"

"Ai... Aiden... mmmh!"

Too late to protest, my arousal spiked as soon as he said that. It was silly, but now I was looking forward to sucking him off. My erection was concrete-hard and about to burst through my pants, and my mouth was watering. There were not many arguments that pointed in the opposite direction; I was ready.

Trying to control my wobbly legs with my half-functioning brain, I followed him out of the elevator and headed toward his apartment. No matter how many times I repeated it to myself, "I'm going to give Aiden a blowjob," it just wouldn't sink in. I needed to do this. I wanted to.

We moved aside a little to let a guy exit his apartment, one of Aiden's floor neighbors. He gave me a quick stare, the same way he did to Aiden. But he dropped a few words to me.

"Nice collar, dude!"

"..."

As if Aiden had not registered right away what had happened, he kept walking a few more meters before stopping in his tracks, causing me to bump my head on his back.

And then he turned around...

"I hate you SO much right now! Come!"

"Yikes!"

His fingers curled around my collar, and he yanked me toward his apartment, keeping tight control over my freedom of movement.

Once inside his home, he didn't let me go and tugged me into the bedroom. Using his free hand, he unfastened my belt, unzipped my pants, and pulled them down along with my boxers, revealing my strong erection.

"Ai... Aiden..."

"Of course, you are a happy doggy. You were just saved by the bell. I can't believe it! We were ten meters away from my door, and this guy commented on your collar! SIT!"

"..."

"I said, sit!"

Aiden was hard to read at the moment, but his intention was crystal clear. He had lost his bet, and he would honor it. My butt bounced on the bed, and he knelt in front of me. His face turned into an evil one.

"You are looking forward to this, doggy. So hard."

"I... I don't know. Go... Go slow... okay?"

"I'll do it how I want, and you will be a good doggy and accept it."

"O... okay."

After he said that, his tongue licked my shaft from its base to the tip.

"Aaaaah!"

"Oooh. My puppy likes it. Will you cum quickly for me again?"

"Aaah... I... I don't know..."

Once more, he gave me a couple of long licks as if I was a candy.

"You are cut too. It will feel even better."

"..."

"Wait... Doggy... Don't tell me..."

"Am... Am I cut!?"

"AWWWW! CUUUUTE! Nobody ever told you that you were cut? AWWW!"

"Aideeeen! This is embarrassing! I don't know these things."

"Well, you are! And it's a VERY good thing! Rawr!"

"Aaaah!"

Without warning, his mouth surrounded my cockhead, and he even used a bit of teeth to make sure I felt it. This little discovery of mine had greatly cheered him up. His mouth was SO warm and soft; it was brain-shattering. His fingers gripped my ball, giving them a light squeeze, and he began sucking me at a serious pace. There was no way I would be able to hold my cum for very long. I had never felt that much pleasure in my entire life.

"Aaaah! Aiden! Slow... slow down. AAAAH!"

He was just not listening, or if he was, he didn't care. I would get my prize whether I wanted it or not. Curiously, instead of exploding right away, Aiden was able to suck me off for a couple of minutes, and it was probably not what he had expected from his doggy.

"Alright, that's it!"

"... uh?"

"I gave you your blowjob. I'm done."

Panting like an idiot, close to the edge, I had a hard time understanding what was happening. Did he really stop before I came?

"Aiden... I'm so close... can you... finish me?"

"Nope. I told you. I prefer when my puppy comes really fast. I've been at it for a good three minutes. It means you don't like what I'm doing. So I'm done."

"No! No! I loved it. Don't stop!"

"Oh? You love being sucked by a guy?"

"... Aiden..."

"Do you?"

"... yes."

"So, why didn't you cum yet?"

"I... I don't know. I mean... three minutes isn't very long..."

"For my doggy, it is. Alright. Go take a shower while I'm preparing dinner. Don't put your clothes back on when you are done. You can cum in the shower if you want, but if you do, I probably won't play with you tonight."

"... Seriously?"

"Very serious. Go, doggy. I have to cook."

And just like that, he stood up and exited the bedroom, leaving me more confused than ever. I was horny as fuck, my plan to give him a blowjob had inadvertently collapsed, he didn't finish me off, and if I were to cum in the shower, he would give me the cold shoulder tonight.

"Aiden! You are a monster!"

"Hahaha! I knooow! But I'm having a lot of fun playing with my doggy."

Chapter 4 - Do you want to be my dog?

It took a while, but my rock-hard erection caused by Aiden's unfinished blowjob had finally calmed down, thanks to the relaxing rain shower. I wanted to cum so badly, but if I did, Aiden said he wouldn't play with me tonight. Knowing him, he was probably serious.

This last experience was messed up and left me confused like never before. Not only did Aiden not let me cum when I received my first blowjob, but I was still thinking about the moment right before the random hallway guy commented on my collar. Before that point, I was convinced that I would be the one giving Aiden a blowjob.

What was that feeling? Was I disappointed because I didn't get to do it? When the table turned at the last minute, I didn't even have time to process this before Aiden dragged me to the bedroom to suck me off.

The water running down my hairless body felt even better than it did yesterday. Shaving must have caused my skin to be a bit more sensitive for a while. The soap between my buttcrack and around my cock felt so different... cleaner. Sexier, maybe?

I have been in there for too long already, so I got out and dried myself. Even my deodorant felt different since I had no more hair in my armpits, but it didn't feel bad at all. I leaned forward to pick up my clothes before remembering that Aiden had asked me not to wear anything.

It was a strange request. Did he expect me to eat dinner naked? Going in between my comfort zone and what he had requested seemed like a good idea, so I wrapped a towel around my waist and exited the bathroom.

What was this feeling? It almost seemed like I was a lover walking around the house naked after having sex with his partner. Well, that was kind of the case. Aiden welcomed me with a wide grin when I entered the kitchen, but he didn't comment on my towel infraction. Instead, he gave me a fork with a piece of what he was cooking.

"Here, doggy. Taste this."

"What is it?"

"Pork. Do you like it?"

"Mmm... yes. It's very good. Where did you learn how to cook?"

"You don't know how to cook?"

"... No... In my town, people only eat steaks, corn, and potatoes."

"Well, let me teach you the first rule of cooking then."

"Okay?"

"Washing hands. Look... I turn on the water... I wet my hands... I scrub them with a bit of soap like this... and I rinse them again. Did you get it?"

"Well, no offense, but I kind of knew how to wash my hands already..."

"Oh, I forgot one step."

"What step?"

"DRYING!"

Without any warning, he pulled on my waist towel and stole it to dry his hands. My two hands went straight to my crotch, and I started whining.

"Aiden! Come on, give me the towel back."

"No, you were a bad doggy earlier, so this is your punishment. Now sit."

"... Aiden."

"Sit!"

Uncomfortable, I went to the small kitchen table and pulled a chair, just to be scolded again.

"What are you doing, Sam! Dogs sit on the floor."

"Really?"

"Next time, think about it twice before trying not to cum. Come on. On the floor."

"But... It's not like I can control my orgasms... I'm sorry."

"I know you can't, which is why I'm taking advantage of it. Hahaha."

I groaned but obeyed nonetheless. One second I felt overly conscious about being naked in front of him; the next, I felt overly conscious about being treated like a dog. I didn't know which one was worse, but one thing I couldn't wrap my head around was why I couldn't fight back. Was it because I had grown to like his playful side, or was it because I was still grateful that he had rescued me and made me do all those fun things?

When I reached the floor and looked up at him, it reminded me a lot of the first time I met him. I was on the ground, and he had extended his arm to help me. It was the first time someone had done this for me, and it wasn't a memory I would ever let go of.

As I relived this scene in my head, he extended his arm the same way, but this time it was to pat me on the head.

"Good doggy! Because you are so cute, I'll forget about the towel incident and will still play with you later."

"... Thanks... I mean... yeah."

For the next little while, he kept cooking and making me taste what he was preparing. It was silly to say, but it kind of felt right. There was no need for me to assist him as I had no culinary skills, so staying out of his way and keeping him company was probably a better role for me to fulfill.

At some point, he came to me and scratched my hair, cheek, and neck for a bit while he was waiting for something to cook, and his crotch was so close to my face that it had returned me to my earlier thinking loop where I wondered if I would have liked to give him a blowjob. Unfortunately, that answer was yes, and my body reacted accordingly by causing my cock to get erect. He totally saw it and said his usual, "good boy."

We ate dinner in front of a TV show in the living room. He was on the couch, of course, but he made me sit between his legs on the floor, and I ate from there. He didn't stop one second to pet me, which caused my cock to go up and down sporadically, depending on how he was doing it. Why was I getting turned on every time he touched me? Was it because I had never had human contact before, or was it because I was attracted to him in the pure sense of the term?

"Okay, doggy. Climb on the couch and lay down on your back. Put your head on my lap."
"Sure."

As instructed, I crawled up on the couch and rolled to my back. When I placed my head on his lap and looked at him, I was overwhelmed by a feeling of submission; that was the best word I could think of to describe the sensation. I felt small, and he looked tall.

His hand started to play in my hair, and his other one rubbed my chest, with the consequence that followed.

"So, do you realize that you've been naked around me for a while now?"
"I noticed."
"Do you like it?"
"... It's a bit better than earlier, but I'm still self-conscious."
"I like it."
"I bet."
"Did you like your first blowjob?"

His simple questions were always hard to answer. Yes, the blowjob was nice, but being denied an orgasm was a bit confusing. I preferred to play the satisfied card as the wrong answer could lead to more teasing.

"Yeah... It was nice."

"Aww, so you liked being denied. Good to know."

"Heeey! Aiden! You asked that on purpose."

"Hehe. So how did it feel when you almost had to give me a blowjob? Nervous?"

"Yes... But... yes."

"But what?"

"Nothing... I... I just didn't expect to win that bet."

"Ahan! Why don't you tell me the truth instead?"

"... I mean... Okay, whatever. I thought it would have been interesting to try."

"Aaaww! Good puppy. I'm so proud of you. You are pushing your limits. It's so fun to watch."

"Mmm... maybe."

"Would you like to give me a blowjob now?"

"... I mean... I like what we are doing right now."

"I see that. You are hard as a rock."

How was I supposed not to be? His warm hand that rubbed my hairless chest slowly kept flooding my body with endorphins.

"You are even leaking."

"... What?"

"You must want to cum badly, puppy. Look."

Aiden ran his finger on my cock head, making the whole thing pulse, then he brought it back to my mouth to make me understand what was happening. The salty taste of pre-cum was unmistakable. I was indeed leaking.

"I tasted it earlier. You are a delicious doggy."

"So, Aiden... about that blowjob... Do... do you want one?"

"How badly do you want to give me one?"

"I... I don't know... I mean... if you want one, I can give you one."

"Then no. Another day maybe."

A strong feeling of disappointment washed over me because I didn't expect such a direct answer.

"What? Why that face, doggy? Don't you think it better to wait until you are ready? Forcing things is never good, and doing something just to please me isn't much better."

"... No, but..."

"Plus, didn't you have fun so far? You like it here, right?"

"Yes... but..."

"But but but... You have to learn to appreciate what you have, puppy."

"Mmm..."

I rolled to my side, looking away from him.

"Awww... Doggy just turned his back to me. Cuuute!"

"I... I guess I'm just a bit tired. You play with my head a lot, and it makes it hard to think."

He pressed his hand on my neck and his other on my waist.

"Sam, I don't want you to make a mistake. If you force yourself to do things you don't really want to do, you'll hurt yourself. I'm challenging you, that's all."

"I... I know..."

"I think you are very fun to have around. You know what I like to do the most?"

"What is it?"

"I like transforming people... helping them to become who they can be. If you put sex aside for a moment, do you realize that everything we did so far was insignificant?"

"Insignificant?"

"Yes. What we did so far is laughable. Whitening your teeth, shaving your body, std testing, manicure, wearing a collar. Those are fun things, but it's just cosmetic stuff that you can just abandon right now, and it wouldn't change your life one bit."

"True... you have a point."

"What is the most important thing that happened or that you did since you met me?"

It took me a moment to think about this one. The first time he made me cum, probably not. My first kiss? It was good. My first blowjob? Not quite.

"When you protected me. That was it... the most important to me."

"Awww... You needed it that much?"

"Yes... And I still need it."

"Why?"

"I can't defend myself. I'm too small, too stupid."

"You are not stupid, I said. So what? Don't you want to become stronger? Like going back to school and learning how to fight as I did?"

"... No."

"No? Why?"

"I'm exhausted, Aiden. I'm so exhausted. I've been trying to survive the world for so long. I don't have the energy to keep fighting. It would be much easier to have someone to protect me for a while instead... as you did."

After I opened my heart and shared its content, Aiden took a moment to think about his next words. Whatever he would say past that point would probably have a huge impact on our relationship. His hands had stopped moving. Perhaps he had not realized fully how shitty my life had been in my crappy town. It was a life where I was a prey without reason. Being hunted down all day and night for so long had left its marks in my soul.

"Sam, do you trust me that much?"

"... Yes."

"I always wanted a dog. Do you want to be mine?"

"I thought I was your dog already, hehe."

"Yes, but I'm asking seriously, now. I'm asking you."

"What would it mean?"

"It would change things. It would mean you'd let me train you the way I want, the way I think is the best for you based on what we will talk about."

"That sounds good. And you'll protect me?"

"Always, Sam. As I always did. That won't change."

"Then, yes. I'd like to take a break from life and be your dog."

"Turn to your back. Look at me."

I rolled back to my back and made eye contact with him. Were his eyes wet? Did this mean as much to him as it did to me? I wanted to call him cute, but it would have been a bit inappropriate.

"I'll tell you what, doggy. If you cum within thirty seconds, then you'll be my real dog."

"... Thirty seconds... But, that's not a lot..."

"You have to. But I'm not unfair. I'll make you hard first."

Using his freshly manicured nails, he scraped my lower belly, which was way too efficient. My cock stiffened in record time. I wasn't sure if he was the one who had planted that idea in my head, but cumming too quickly felt kind of hot now. It was like having no control over my body, and the thought that someone could make me cum so easily against my will was such a turn-on.

For longer than necessary, Aiden dragged his nails on me and lightly played with my nipples.

"Aaah... they are sensitive."

"Good to know, doggy... So, are you ready to become my dog?"

"Y... yes..."

"Be a good doggy and cum really hard, okay?"

"I... I'll try... Aaahn!"

His hand gripped my ridiculously stiff cock, and he started stroking it. I moved my hand above my head to demonstrate my submission and let go of all thoughts. I would just be along for the ride, and my body would do whatever it wished.

My precum had made my cock head all slippery, making this handjob a premium one. After what seemed like ten seconds, I felt it was going in the right direction. My orgasm was building rapidly, and it felt so great. For sure, he was going to make me cum quickly, and I wanted to do this for him as well.

"Fifteen seconds, doggy..."

"Aaaah... Aaaah.. Ai... Aiden..."

"Twenty... Are you close?"

"Yes... yes.... Aaaaah Oh my God!"

"Twenty five..."

Aiden stopped everything just as I had reached the edge.

"No! NO! AIDEN! DON'T STOP!"

"Cum for me, doggy. Cum now."

"AAAAH AAAAH! AAAAH!"

What was happening? He was not touching me anymore, but it was as if. My body was stuck in a sexual feedback loop, and my orgasm continued to build handsfree. And then my prostate started to contract violently, out of control.

"AAaH! I'm... I'M CUMMING! AIDEEEN!"

My entire dick pulsed so hard, and I shot my load so far that it landed on my face and upper neck. Spurt after spurt, I covered myself with my semen under Aiden's gaze.

"Oh my God... Oh my God..."

"Good boy! Such a good doggy."

"Aaah! Aiden... What was that? I came so hard after you stopped stroking me."

"I don't know. I'm as surprised as you are. I just wanted to tease you a little bit. Maybe you just REALLY wanted to cum for me, Sam."

"... Apparently. So... Am I your real dog, now?"

"No... I think it took you thirty-two seconds. Go make your luggage. You are going home."

"I'll bite your face!"

"Hahaha! Okay, okay. Yes. You are my doggy for real."

"Arf!"

As if I hadn't cum enough already, when we went to bed, Aiden gave me another handjob. Like the previous nights, I could have felt bad for him because I got to cum a lot, and he wasn't, but since we had clarified my role a little bit better during the evening, I just decided to let him have his fun the way he wanted. He was thrilled to have an official dog, and he intended to enjoy it as much as he could.

And around 3 am, he woke me up and did it again. He stroked me until I spurted another big load all over my chest. I questioned whether or not he had been fully awake during that one because he fell back asleep right away, leaving the cleaning up to me.

When we woke up this morning, we kissed for a while. And not so surprisingly, Aiden couldn't refrain from giving me another handjob. It felt more and more natural to do this with him, and my level of questioning and doubts were way down. Since I put my heart on the table last night, it was easier to let him take over me and for me to accept my role as the guy who needed to be cared for.

I sat like a dog on the kitchen floor while he was cooking breakfast and kept yawning for apparent reasons.

"Woah, doggy needs a nap."

"Doggy was woken up at 3 am by a crazy master."

"Hehe. Was it 3 am?"

"Yep. So, will you let me take a shower? I kind of smell."

"Shhh. Doggy. You don't get to ask for things like that anymore. I'll take care of you."

"Okay. But I want some of those eggs you are making."

"You will. Do you want cheese on them?"

"Yes, please."

Like yesterday, he ate on the living room couch and made me sit on the floor while we just discussed random things.

"So, is the collar still bothering you."

"Not really... but you won't take it off, so..."

"True. Just in case you get lost."

"Right."

"We will have to get you some more doggy gears."

"Doggy gears?"

"Yes. I think you'd look good with a nice harness on."

"Really?"

"Yep. You'll never wear clothes at home, so something like that would make you look cute. I need something to control my dog better."

"Hehe. I'm not that disobedient."

"No, but you need a lot of training. So good equipment will be key."

"What training?"

"You'll see... It's a secret."

"Right."

After our breakfast, he made me follow him in the bathroom, and he ran the shower for me. Was he really going to take care of me at that level as if I were a real dog? If that truly were what he liked to do, it would be an interesting dynamic.

"Okay, get in, doggy. Wait for me."

"..."

"Don't make that face. Yes, I'm taking a shower with you. I have to wash my dog."

The thing was that I had not seen Aiden naked as of yet. I've seen him down to his boxers but wasn't too sure how it would feel to have him without those next to me in a thirty by sixty inches shower. To be honest with myself, I wondered the most about how I would react when I would see a real cock for the first time.

It was better not to overthink that. If Aiden joined me and I had an erection, he would reward me with some more teasing. Instead, it was better to try relaxing, as he often asked me to, and enjoy the warm water falling from the ceiling. It was the best way to control my pulsions.

But then, a set of arms wrapped around my torso, and a chin landed on top of my head. Aiden's naked body pressed against my back.

"Hi, doggy."

"... Hi."

"Let's give you a good wash."

"You... you are seriously going to wash me?"

"Of course. You don't have to worry about doing it anymore. I got you."

As he squeezed some body wash on a washcloth, his last words were still resonating in my head. The way he phrased it, he would be the one washing me from now on. Would he really do that, like, all the time? One thing that I couldn't hide from myself was that... it felt good. It was stupid, but this was one less thing to worry about.

When he had shaved my entire body, one of the main questions that had popped up into my mind was how I would manage to maintain this look by myself. It had looked easy for him to do, but I would not know where to begin if I were to try to do it by myself. So if he were to take care of this for me as well, that would be fantastic.

His hand gripped my rubber collar, and he began to scrub me with the soapy washcloth, very much like one would do with a dog. It felt so strange, but it was positively interesting. He wasn't doing it in a way to turn me on; it was a non-sensual task.

He then turned me around to take care of my front. And that was when my eyes dropped down, out of curiosity, to see what he had between his legs. But before I could even have a chance to take a good look, he yanked on my collar.

"Eyes up, puppy. Don't make me punish you."

"S... sorry..."

If I were denied the sight of his cock, one thing I knew was that Aiden was fit. He didn't have a gram of fat on his body,

"Doggy is getting hard again. You are a very sexual creature."

"You... you are rubbing my dick with a soapy towel..."

"Yes, and I'm rubbing this too... It doesn't mean it's time to have sex."

"..."

His towel entered my butcrack deeply, which made him giggle. He knew exactly what he was doing and its effect on my brain. Fortunately, he didn't stick around too much, and he crouched down to finish my legs and feet.

Once that was completed, he stood up again and shampooed my hair, again, without any eroticism.

"So, doggy. Do you like that?"

"Being washed? It's fun, yes."

"Good. Cause you'll never do it again by yourself, understand?"

"Like... never?"

"Like never, yes."

"What if you go out on a trip?"

"I'll bring you with me, or you'll wait. That's all."

"So, what is my job then?"

"Your job? Being a dog."

"Yes, but what do dogs do?"

"They play with their master and make them happy. I just like having someone around to play with. The rest I can take care of. I just hate being alone. I always wished to have someone brave enough to play doggy for me. I'm so lucky to have found you."

After rinsing me with the handheld showerhead, he made me sit on the ground while he cleaned himself. He made sure to keep his back toward me, not to give me too much an opportunity to see his private parts.

I smelled my arms while waiting because his choice of soap was great. Back at home, I only used the generic soap, the cheapest I could find at the grocery store. The fact that he wasted such a good product on me almost made me feel guilty, but on the other hand, he was the one that would have to smell me all day long.

"Done. Come, doggy!"

He wrapped a towel around his waist and then dried me off with another. After ruffling my hair, he sent me off.

"Go lie down on the bed, puppy. I'll be there in a minute."

"... sure."

I got out of the bathroom and returned to the bedroom. The insanely soft bedsheets were still something I couldn't get over. Every time I laid down in Aiden's bed, it turned me on. If only I could wear some boxers, it would fix half of the problem.

For the next couple of minutes, I heard the hairdryer along with his electric toothbrush, leading me to think that he wasn't preparing anything special. He just wanted the bathroom for himself for a little bit. I tried to relax until he came back.

Shortly after, he joined me in the room, only wearing his towel. With me naked and him only wearing that, I wondered what he had in mind. His weasel smile was back, so I knew I was in for some teasing.

"Get out from under the sheets, doggy. I said on the bed, not in the bed."

"..."

"Aawww... still so shy. Cute. Come on."

A bit embarrassed, I slid out from under the sheets and laid down on top of them. Out of the blue, he climbed on top of me and straddled my hips. This sent a sexual jolt to my brain, causing me to get erect right away; I so wished to have a remote control for my cock. But I didn't, and he knew it.

"Oooh! Doggy seems to want something fun."

"... maybe..."

"Do you want to make me cum?"

"..."

Was he about to ask me to suck him off? The thought made my erection even stronger. There was only a thin towel separating his cock from me. All of a sudden, my conviction that I might have been ready to try this was coming back, replacing the disappointment I experienced yesterday when he lost our bet.

His hands reached his towel, which was definitely hiding something that tried to poke through, and he detached it from his hips. Because he was still holding the towel in front of him, it was blocking the view.

Then he tossed the towel over my face, blinding me.

"Hey!"

"Don't touch it, doggy."

"Aaaah!"

I felt his hand gripping my hard cock, and he gave it a few teasing strokes. I couldn't believe it. I was so turned on right now that he could easily make me cum again if he wanted to.

"You are so cute. You turn me on. You know that?"

"Am... am I?"

"Yep. And now I'm going to masturbate and cum all over you."

"..."

What did he just say? Cum all over me? I felt him sitting on my hips, and I felt something touching my cock. It was not his hand this time.

Aiden's cock was touching mine.

He sandwiched our cocks together and gave them a couple of nice strokes. This was the closest I had ever been to have real sex.

Knowing I could cum very quickly, he didn't do this for too long, but then his hand reached my chest, and he pinched my nipple.

"Ghk!"

"Oooh, doggy likes to have his nipple tortured?"

"... well, it's not really torture... AAAAH!"

"And now, is it torture?"

"... y... yes. Can... can I take the towel off my face?"

"Nope!"

As he was caressing my hairless chest and playfully tugging and twisting my nipples, I could hear him stroking his cock, and feel him occasionally when he was getting close to mine. He kept bumping on my cock on purpose to let me know what he was doing.

For many long minutes, he played with me while pleasuring himself. His panting left no doubt that he was going somewhere with this.

"Mmm... Doggy... I'm close... I want you to cum with me, okay?"

"... o... okay..."

Like earlier, he pressed his burning cock on mine and stroked both simultaneously. This was beyond hot and beyond what I was able to endure. I was ready to explode already.

"Do... doggy... I'm cumming... I'm cumming... Cum with me..."

"Aaaah! AAAAH! Aiden! AAAAH!"

There was nothing I could do about it. Not knowing which semen was mine, several streams of hot stuff landed on my chest and stomach. This was twisted. Aiden was cumming all over me while making sure I couldn't feel it. I knew he did it, but that was about it.

"Mmm... My sperm is mixing with yours. This is so hot."

"Aaah... aaah!"

"Doggy, stay! I'm going to clean myself, and then I'll take care of you. Don't move!"

Did that mean I couldn't take off the towel from my face? I wanted to, but he said not to move. Why was I obeying him so much? He wouldn't be mad if I were to take it off to wipe myself with it... But he said not to move... I was torn.

A minute later, he came back.

"Oooh. Good boy! Very good. I wondered if you were going to take the towel off your face. That's how I like my doggy. All obedient."

He pulled it off from my face, and he was already wearing his pants. He had prevented me from addressing my curiosity issue. As he collected all the gooey stuff from my chest and belly with the towel, he gave me a nice little kiss.

"Thank you, doggy. That was really fun."

"Aiden, you have such a twisted mind."

"Hehe. I know!"

"Oww!"

"Oops! Sorry, Aiden."

"Watch where you are going, doggy!"

"Sorry, I was distracted."

Poor Aiden. We were at the grocery store and hit the back of his foot with the cart. I had never seen a grocery store that big in my entire life. There were too many things to look at.

After he had weirdly come all over me this morning, he had told me the plan for the day. He would cook us a good meal, and then, we would go to a big club in town, something I had never done before. And that was why he had picked up two rabbits to make a stew a moment ago; It would be another new experience for me. Growing up in a town where beef and pork were the only real meat, I never had rabbit meat before. When he saw my face, he reminded me about my role. "You are my dog, and I decide what you eat," he said. It made me feel better because I trusted him.

"This place is big!"

"No, it's not. You are just not used to it. Is that why you are following me this close?"

"... well... maybe..."

"Awww! My doggy is scared to get lost. So cuuute!"

"Hey, lower your voice. People will hear."

"Haha! So what!? I don't care. So, are you nervous for tonight?"

"A little. I'm not used to being in social situations. But, I'm okay."

"It's a gay club."

"..."

"Is that a problem?"

"No. Of course not. I'm just... I have no idea what it's like."

"Oh, it's easy to describe. Latex! Leather! Chains! Whipping! Cops uniforms! BDSM everywhere! Unprotected sex! Partner exchange! Sickness transmission! Non-consensual slave auctions!"

"... Aiden... I'm going to bite you..."

"Okay, okay. So, it's more like a place where you can dance, drink, and have fun. But the lasers are quite cool. Do you like dancing?"

"... I've... never danced before."

"Sweet. I'll teach my doggy how to move its ass."

"Can we just go for a beer instead?"

"Yes. Let's go to a nightclub not to enjoy anything else than a small table in a dark corner isolated from the world. Doggy, you are broken. I'll teach you how to have fun."

"... I'm sure you will."

Back at home, back on the floor. After stripping naked, I joined Aiden in the kitchen while he was preparing the rabbit stew. Sitting on the floor always made me feel strange, but I had yet to understand why. I didn't think it had anything to do with the fact that humans generally didn't do that, so what could it be?

As I watched him from below, all busy trying not to burn the meat in the cast iron pan, I realized something important. I wanted his attention. It was not only that I felt safe around him; I also wanted him to talk to me, to interact with me, to play with me. Just sitting and watching wasn't enough. Was this feeling what people called desire? Was desire supposed to be me wanting to play with him and him playing with me?

In my mind, I recalled all the times when he had made me cum and all the moments when he prevented me from giving him pleasure in return. I wanted more of it, and I wanted him to let me do more things to him.

Of course, and I should have thought about it before starting this introspection, my cock got erect. Once more, I caught myself trying to hide it with my arms by sitting like a dog, and as usual, Aiden found out about it.

"Doggy is horny again? I'm starting to think you are enjoying your new role a bit too much."

"No... it's... it's nothing like that. I just... thought about... things."

"Oh, it's okay. It makes me happy to know you are feeling good. But I'm cooking right now. I don't have time to play with you."

"I... I know."

"Give me your paw, puppy!"

"My... my paw?"

"Yeah... "

I extended my arm, and he immediately grabbed my wrist. From the countertop, he grabbed his bottle of olive oil and placed a dab on my palm.

"Heeey! Why did you do that? It's all greasy."

"Good, now stroke for me until I'm done cooking. If you don't cum, maybe I'll play with you after."

"..."

"Come on, doggy. Stroke your cock, or else you'll get punished. You can go as slow and light as you want, but you can't stop, no matter what."

"But..."

"Oh, you prefer getting punished?"

"N... no... but..."

"Then get to it."

Well, that was embarrassing. But why was it turning me on at the same time? As I slowly reached for my cock with my well-oiled hand, I wondered... Was that the kind of games normal couples played together? I had never been in a relationship before, I didn't have friends who were in a relationship, and I had never spent a whole lot of time around my parents either, not that I remotely wanted to know what they were doing behind closed doors.

I couldn't imagine Aiden wanting to do this to me to humiliate me. This guy had no ill intentions and showed me more than once that he respected who I was. Several times, he had repeated that he just wanted to push me a little so I could get out of my shell and enjoy life. This playful activity he asked me to do while sitting on the floor, naked, must have been one of those moments. I was pretty sure I could say no, and then he wouldn't insist, but if I were right about him, then perhaps...

... perhaps I could try to enjoy myself for once instead of overthinking this.

My slippery hand wrapped around my raging hard-on. The heat of the blood pumping restlessly inside this stick of flesh radiated inside my palm, and I could even feel my heartbeat through it. When I started moving back and forth, coating my whole length with oil, I quickly understood that I was in trouble. It felt way too good, and those rules he had stated were soon going to be a problem.

Recent history had proved that I could cum very quickly and generously, so if he planned to make me do this for any length of time, this could turn into a mess.

"I'm watching you, doggy. Your hand is not moving."
"..."

Every time I got lost in my thoughts, I forgot to stroke, but Aiden was on top of everything. Even though he was still busy cooking, he made sure that I was feeling observed.

Since I could fully control my pace, I managed to last for a few minutes, but my orgasm was now building at an alarming rate. Sneakily, I removed one finger after the other, trying to reduce the friction. But even with only my index and thumb, the pleasure wasn't really reverting, so I started to beg.

"Ai.. Aiden... Can... Can I stop for a bit..."
"Absolutely not. I don't want you to be bored when I'm cooking."
"But... I'm... I'm getting close... and..."
"Then cum... What's the big deal? You'll have to stop feeling bad every time you cum. I will never reprimand you for cumming. That habit of yours is getting old."
"..."

With this sex fog clouding my best judgment, I returned all my fingers around my cock and started stroking myself in a more legitimate way. Realizing that he would make me cum one way or another, doing it pleasantly would at least provide me with something good in return.

It only took a few more seconds of that before my prostate started to convulse. My brain turned into pudding, and a decent orgasm washed over me as I shot a few healthy streams of warm cum.

Time stopped for a bit, and then I fell on my butt, panting. When I finally looked up, Aiden had a shocked expression on his face.

"Wow... Sam, I can't believe you did that!"
"... But... you said... I could cum..."
"Not THAT! Look... you hit my new shoes with your gooey sperm."

The blood drained from my face as he twisted his ankle to show me the side of his shoes. I had indeed not paid attention to where I fired my canon. Knowing how my Aiden loved his clothes, this was way more embarrassing than masturbating in front of him.

"I'm sorry, Aiden. I didn't mean to..."

"My shoes... Those were my favorite."

"I... I'll clean them for you, I'm sorry."

"No! Dogs don't clean clothes. Come on. Everybody knows that. For your punishment, keep stroking your cock while I'm going to rinse this off."

"O...okay."

Obedient, ashamed, I returned my oily hand to my still hard cock and resumed stroking. At least it would be easier now that I came. Or so I thought...

Aiden spent some time returning his shoe to its original state, then came back to the kitchen to resume his cooking. Of course, he whipped the floor with a towel as he had no intention of walking in my mess.

For the next few minutes, he pretty much ignored me, with only a few glances here and there to make sure I didn't stop stroking. The problem was that I felt another orgasm building, which pushed me to start begging again.

"Ai... Aiden... Can... can I stop now?"

"Does it hurt?"

"No... but... I'm getting close and..."

"Then keep going. Spending some more energy will make you hungry for the meal I'm preparing for you."

"..."

Being denied to stop stroking impaired my judgment, the same judgment that was deficient at the root. I tried to go back to the mindset I was earlier, that Aiden was just playing with me and that I had to learn to enjoy myself. What he was putting me through felt good, so I could try to appreciate it more instead of worrying about the consequences. The only thing I would have to make sure of was not to cum on his shoes again because he didn't like that too much.

Gradually abandoning my anxiety, I headed more toward pleasure and increased the pace and strength of my stroking. Like a bullet train, I headed toward another orgasm, but for some reason, it felt much better this time around as my guilt was pretty much gone.

"Aaanh! Ai... Aiden... I'm gonna..."

"Go ahead, puppy. Just don't aim at me this time."

"Aaaah! Aaaah! Cummming!"

My eyes rolled up, and, once more, I fired my load randomly in front of me while tremors assaulted my body. I fell back on my butt, then let myself fall flat on my back with a tingling cock. Aiden crouched next to me and started rubbing my chest and belly.

"Awwww! Gooood doggy! Sooo cuuute!"

"Aaah! Stop that!"

"Hahaha! Why don't you do it a third time!"

"No way!"

I presented my cum covered hand to him, which made him step back.

"Aaaah! Don't touch me with that greasy hand! Let me finish here, and then we will go wash you thoroughly in the shower."

"Arf!"

Three months later...

Who would have thought my life would have turned into this?

No, seriously... Who would have thought?

I went from a miserable existence to a world where so many doors had opened for me. If Aiden had not decided to take me under his wing, what would have happened to me?

I got lucky. Very lucky.

After months of spending time with Aiden and having an increasingly good relationship with him, I finally understood something fundamental in our story.

Originally, I thought I was the one who took all the risk, the one who had taken a leap of faith to follow this strange and playful guy. I thought I was the one who had opened up my horizon by coming to terms with my sexual orientation and accepted my odd role within our couple.

But no. I was wrong.

In fact, it was Aiden who took all the risks to save me from a destiny void of happiness. He didn't have to do it, but he is the one who took the leap of faith; he put his body between my bullies and me. He let me in his life, his apartment, even though he knew nothing about me. He

spent his hard-earned money to give me opportunities to improve my self-confidence, knowing very well that there was no guarantee that I could ever return the favor. After identifying my weak points, the ones dragging me down, he took on himself to take those away from me, so I didn't have to worry about them anymore. He never asked for anything in return, or if he did, it was in a playful way.

And me? What did I have to do exactly? Just go along for the ride. Spending so much time with him taught me how to love, and there was no single recipe for that. My love was giving Aiden what he wanted. As wrong as it sounded, I was his little doggy project, and it was okay because that was what he loved. I had no issue fulfilling this role for him, to make him happy. It was his special way to make me evolve and heal from my past traumas, and at the same time, it was a good way for me to express my willingness to make this relationship work.

We curiously didn't go much farther, sexually speaking for the first few weeks after we met. He made me practice cumming fast, but it was extremely fun. What would have been disappointing to any other partners made Aiden happy, so it made me happy too. Somehow, I saw this as my way to show him how much he turned me on. I got to tease him, too, when I fully understood that premature ejaculation was one of his favorite fetishes. It also made me understand that for each individual, there is a perfect match out there. Someone who would love what another considers a problem. Being quick was no longer something that bugged me, and I had no more anxiety about my performance anymore. If I could cum within ten seconds, I would gladly do it without remorse.

I finally got to see his cock. It turned out that he was hiding it on purpose just to tease me. There was nothing special about it, though, but all that anticipation just made the reveal more fun. We started exploring our sexuality together, and unsurprisingly, I discovered that I loved giving him blowjobs. Curiously, doing this really solidified my confidence as a gay guy. I knew it was not a gay prerequisite, but it somewhat confirmed that I was really into men and that I didn't really have that much attraction to girls. A dick in my mouth was very cliché, but it was what it was. I was past the point to fight against what I loved to do.

Of course, when we got to anal play, Aiden was totally the top. It was very probable that he would ever let me fuck him that way, but it was okay. I didn't want to. I much preferred to be on the receiving end. Under his guidance, it didn't take me long to learn how to cum fast from my ass. That too was cliché, but whatever.

I loved how he was teasing me when he made me cum too fast, even though that was what we both loved. It was his little way to keep me down and obedient, a role that I enjoyed playing more and more. There was no humiliation, just a lot of playful embarrassment. I had also learned

how to tease him back for enjoying puppy play so much. It turned out that it was embarrassing for him as well when I brought the topic up the right way; Aiden also had his little weaknesses.

At the end of the day, there was always someone to judge what we were doing. But the only essential thing was how we enjoyed our time together with our liberated quirks and perks.

That was what love was all about—finding someone compatible with who to share the most precious currency in life, time. There was no way to know if our relationship would stay this way forever, but for now, being his pet boy was something I tremendously enjoyed.

And right now, with him pumping his cum inside my ass while I was cumming all over his favorite pillow without him noticing, it was absolutely perfect.

No, I had no regret for having decided to follow him on that day when he saved me from those bullies.

"AAAH! Doggy! You came all over my pillow! It's disgusting!"

"Hahaha! Arf!"

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