



Bad Dog
By Zoe Nichols

A blood-curdling scream jerked Vernon out of his pleasant sex-induced haze and he was immediately, instantly pissed.

That *damn* dog!

He slid from his big canopied bed, a lithe pale-skinned man with heavy black hair and icy blue eyes. He pulled on silky lounge pants and swept through the large onyx double doors of his

bedroom, one hand deftly pulling the belt from its hook on the wall, folding it into a deadly weapon as he glided down the stairs.

Once he hit the floor, Vernon turned down the hall toward the foyer and spotted him. Golden as the sun, the huge wolf sat on the white marble tile and stared through the open door through which Vernon could see the figure of a man running beneath the moonlight into the woods that surrounded Vernon's secluded Russian manor.

He glanced down as the wolf looked up, holding a piece of bloody jeans in his mouth, green eyes glowing with guilt. Vernon blinked and looked out again, this time sniffing the air. His vision briefly unfocused as his vampiric senses took over.

The world turned a bit blurry and Vernon could see the trail of blood droplets on the ground following the man and still dripping from the bitten ass.

Vernon sighed roughly. Yet another one scared away, and this one hadn't even lasted a day. "You keep chasing out my companions, you mongrel," he hissed and the belt whistled through the air before slapping against the back of the wolf's neck.

The animal whined, the piece of bloodied fabric dropping from its mouth to splatter wetly against the marble, a grotesque sign of the wolf's disobedience. Vernon smacked him again, beating mercilessly until the wolf crumpled onto the floor, whimpering.

Vernon tossed his head angrily. "Get upstairs. Your punishment is long overdue."

The wolf struggled to its feet and then padded silently up the steps, tail between its legs, with Vernon gliding behind it. Once in the room, the animal immediately ran to its customary place at the end of the bed, cowering. Vernon paced by, heading to his punishment closet. He threw it open, his gaze perusing its varied offerings.

Finally settling on an ankle shackle and his slimmest whip, Vernon turned from the wardrobe to find a naked man in the wolf's place, bare skin the same golden hue, shaggy head canted low in guilt. But Vernon could see the way his hands poked at the carpet, almost like a frustrated puppy.

Vernon was quick to stalk over and kick that playing hand into submission. His wolf pouted.

Such insolence. Vernon almost saw red and it was with harsh hands that he shackled the wolf's feet together, cutting the man's ability to move in half, something that drove his disobedient pup mad.

"Assume the position, Josef," Vernon said coldly and felt a nerve twitch to life beneath his right eye as Josef slid onto his stomach with exaggerated slowness and linked his hands together at the back of his head, leaving his back smooth and vulnerable. He gave off a distinct air of sulkiness.

Vernon hissed at the display. But it was his own fault, he mused, flexing his wrist as he took hold of the whip. He'd let this behavior go on for too long. He'd been amused at first, watching his

wolf run off his sex partners, Josef's jealousy obvious and entertaining. Vernon had taken to bringing multiple lovers home just to hear Josef howl angrily.

He'd fucked many men for the pleasure of watching his wolf turn green. And then slowly, it had turned into annoyance as he began to lose lovers too soon. His month long liaisons turned into week long, then only days and finally, today, only a few hours. Vernon was almost as disgusted with himself as he was with the wolf.

He should have punished Josef severely the first time. But when you lived over two thousand years, you took amusement where you could get it.

No excuse but it was the best Vernon had.

The whip brushed Josef's long sunny locks. "You've let your jealousy go too far, my wolf," he said softly. "When will you learn control?"

Josef mumbled something, probably meant to be unheard, but with Vernon's acute hearing, he still caught it. "My Master," he said sullenly. "Don't want to share."

That earned Josef a hard strike, the whip opening up a long thin wound along the taut, golden flesh of his shoulders. Josef growled grumpily.

"It is none of your concern who I sleep with. You don't get the choice to *share*," Vernon scolded. "You are not the master here."

Josef's head shook mutinously, enraging Vernon. "No share!"

Vernon brought the whip down fast, striking once, twice and blood welled to the surface. "When did you become so disobedient?" he asked aloud, astonished as Josef's head shaking kept up his denial. "What have I done to deserve such a foolish pup?"

"I'm not. I'm a good boy!" Josef cried out when the whip slapped over his ass cheeks.

"Do not speak unless spoken to... and don't even think about coming." Vernon could see Josef's cock, swollen and needy beneath his slightly raised hips and he growled the order even while he pushed his bare foot in, rubbing his toes against the throbbing flesh. Josef panted, his cock jumping against Vernon's toes.

Josef wailed. "Don't punish, I'm a good boy, I am."

Vernon dropped down in front of Josef and, using Josef's hair as a lever, he pulled his wolf's face up. A gorgeous face, he noted absently, youthful with full lips and big green eyes. Vernon glared past the beauty, wanting to find the source of this mutinous behavior.

Josef nuzzled his palm, whimpering. Vernon squeezed, using a bit of his extra strength to hold Josef completely still. "You will tell me what makes you think you're good when you show me

nothing but disrespect and bad manners.” Vernon stroked the handle of the whip along the soft skin of Josef’s face. “I have half a mind to give you away to a pound with the real bad dogs.”

Josef’s eyes went wide with panic. “No, Master, no.”

“Tell me,” Vernon said icily. “Now.”

“I don’t want to be replaced,” Josef whispered shakily after a long silence. “My last... my last master, he had as many lovers as you and I... didn’t think about it. He was a lustful man.” Josef’s throat trembled with a long swallow. “One day, he brought a friend over and told me I was no longer his property.” A lone tear rolled free of those wide green pools. “His new pet was his latest lover. I wasn’t good enough anymore.”

Josef cried in earnest then and Vernon felt his heart twist. He’d been the one to take over ownership of Josef, though he’d done it by proxy, something Josef obviously knew nothing about. “So, you’re behaving like an angry pup because you think I will trade you in?”

Josef nodded, his eyes downcast as he continued to sniffle. Vernon let him cry, stroking a hand through the rumpled gold mane and thinking murderous thoughts. He’d had no idea of this and had he’d been told before, he most likely would not have cared.

But now, he mused with the same astonishment he always felt when the love rushed through him, I care about the mongrel. How very peculiar.

It was perhaps very lucky for Josef’s old master, Noland, that he’d died of a heart attack some three or four years ago. Vernon was sure he’d have otherwise died tonight.

When Josef’s sobs had faded to hiccups, Vernon tugged on his wolf’s hair again so Josef was once again looking him in the face. He schooled his face into stern lines and watched Josef swallow anxiously.

“You do me a great dishonor by comparing me to that idiot man,” Vernon said, his accent thickening in his displeasure. A couple thousand years of training and he still sounded like the Russian count he’d died as. “If I felt the need to replace you, I would tell you to your face. How could you ignore me so? Don’t I treat you well?”

Josef nodded rapidly. “Yes, Master, yes. I’m sorry, I am... I *was* scared.”

Vernon snorted but gave Josef the benefit of the doubt. For the moment. “Fear does make one stupid,” he conceded. “But you’ve been with me for nearly five years. I would think you would know me by now.”

Josef whined, his head dropping forward so his mouth could brush Vernon’s feet in a sign of apology. “I’m sorry, Master. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean any disrespect.”

“But you *have* disrespected me. So punishment will be meted out accordingly.” Vernon crossed back to Josef’s backside and he dragged the whip down the long line of Josef’s spine, making the wolf shudder. The wounds from before had long since healed and he only wanted to make new ones, bloodier this time.

His teeth sharpened at the thought and his cock stirred to life behind his silky pants. He dropped the whip on the bed and sat, lifting his hips to slide his pants down, letting his cock spring free while Josef lay trembling on the floor. “Come, Josef, service me while I think of a suitable punishment,” he said and watched Josef turn around quickly; no more slow movements calculated to anger.

Josef’s body language once again said “please my master”, but now that Vernon was aware of this long-buried insecurity, he wanted to make sure he cleared the air and laid down his mastery for good. Foolish behavior or not, he loved the pup and had no intentions on giving him up anytime soon.

Josef’s hot mouth closed around his cock then, pulling Vernon from his thoughts.

“No hands,” he ordered when Josef’s hands began to lift to his thighs. They dropped immediately and Josef’s mouth pulled on his cock, tongue greedily licking up the streams of precome.

Vernon groaned in approval, thrusting up into Josef’s eager mouth, his mind blurring with pleasure, his hands fisting in that wild, blond mane. When the pleasure began to tingle strongly in his balls, Vernon pushed Josef away and the wolf landed on his back on the floor, chest pumping up and down rapidly.

Josef’s cock stained his stomach white and Vernon remembered his earlier order regarding Josef’s orgasm. It made what was coming, pun definitely intended, so much more intoxicating. With his feet still shackled, Josef’s legs were tightly closed and between them, Vernon knew Josef’s balls lay swollen with excitement.

Sliding to the floor, Vernon crawled to Josef and lifting the wolf’s shackled legs up onto his shoulder, forced a hand between Josef’s smooth thighs until he found his prize.

Josef’s breath caught as Vernon’s fingers rubbed lazily against his trapped balls. “Don’t come,” Vernon reminded Josef just as he managed to squeeze one tight testicle.

Josef’s eyes rolled back into his head and Vernon could feel Josef’s leg muscles twitching, trying to open wider. Vernon continued stroking and, with his other hand, glided down one long thigh until he found the round swells of Josef’s ass.

His fingers slipped between Josef’s cheeks and dragged over Josef’s tight, puckered hole. His wolf growled at the pleasure, cock jerking warningly. Lightning fast, Vernon slapped Josef’s thigh.

“*Don’t* come,” he growled.

Josef whined, earning a quick fanged bite to the hip. Blood trickled from the punctures and Vernon licked them up in slow laps, letting his fingers fall back between Josef’s cheeks. Vernon pushed his finger into Josef and then added a second one, stretching Josef deliciously.

Josef whimpered, pleasure contorting his beautiful face.

Josef’s thigh tempted him and, in a self-indulgent moment, Vernon dropped his head to sink his teeth into the flesh, his fingers leisurely stroking in and out of Josef’s tight channel. Josef twitched at the bite and then moved restlessly as Vernon drank from him.

The blood of a beloved boy is nothing short of miraculous, Vernon mused, a little drunk off the sweet taste. He nuzzled his mouth against the bite, laving the droplets.

“You taste so good,” he whispered, listening to his own faintly slurred voice. “Like lust and sunshine.”

Josef stomach was drenched in precome and his ass squeezed and flexed around Vernon’s fingers in warning. Vernon added a third finger, not nearly drunk enough to forget what he was doing.

Josef’s mouth fell open and his hands scrabbled uselessly against the floor until Vernon slapped them sharply. “Lace your fingers behind your head,” he said and Josef instantly obeyed, though Vernon noted the faint trembling in Josef’s hands.

Ah, it was working. “This is how bad puppies get punished,” Vernon said, speeding up the pace of his fingers and walking his other hand up Josef’s body to play with a pale brown nipple.

He watched Josef’s face redden as passion threatened to force Josef into disobeying Vernon’s order.

“And even worse than this... you won’t get fucked if you come,” he whispered and Josef cried out in anguished disbelief. They’d done milder versions of this before, but Vernon had given in those times, beguiled by the sight of Josef’s forced surrender.

Now he sought to retrain and reclaim.

“Master!”

Vernon’s fingers brushed Josef’s prostate and Josef’s head cracked hard against the floor. Hard enough in fact, to shake it beneath Vernon’s knees.

He grinned wide enough to flash fang. “Don’t come, Josef. Remember.”

“Yes, M-Master...” Josef’s eyes clouded to murky emerald, passion blinding him even while he fought it. “*Oh...*”

That sweet moan, full of complete obedience did it for Vernon, telling him he could move on.

Vernon took a mental picture of Josef at his submissive best, finally feeling sure that Josef was sincere once more and then pulled free to perch at Josef’s side. His cock hurt and he’d long since crawled completely free of his pants, leaving his body exposed to the chilly air. The feel of it made everything oh-so-sensitive.

“Tell me Josef, who do you belong to?”

Josef blinked heavy-lidded eyes. “You, Master.”

“Will you ever doubt me again?”

“No, Master, never.”

Vernon let himself smile, leaning over Josef, his hair falling around his wolf, creating a soft black curtain, blocking out the rest of the world.

“I will only say this once,” he said quietly. “You are *mine*. Mine and only mine. I am nothing like your old master and to bring him up again in my presence will result in the harshest of punishments. Am I understood?”

Josef nodded, wide-eyed, a small, happy smile briefly lifting the corners of his mouth. “I understand, Master.”

Vernon unlocked the shackles and Josef’s legs dropped open wantonly, offering more than just his body. Vernon saw all of Josef’s love in his face and it spurred Vernon between those silky thighs. Slicking his fingers with a mix of his and Josef’s precome, he spread it between himself and Josef’s hole, lubing in preparation. Lifting Josef’s legs over his shoulders, Vernon cupped those plump cheeks and nudged the head of his cock between them. Josef’s hands slipped from their spot behind Josef’s head and slapped against the floor as he braced himself.

Vernon had the feeling his smile was feral. “Mine,” he hissed and thrust all the way in with one smooth, hard shove, gripping Josef’s thighs for balance.

Josef wailed, the noise sweetly joyful. The sound shuddered up Vernon’s spine and he growled, his hips taking on a brutal pace, pistoning in and out while Josef trembled and pushed back, his ass greedily trying to squeeze Vernon to blissful death.

Vernon’s teeth were elongated and throbbing, the need for blood pounding him as ruthlessly as he pounded Josef, but he ignored it.

This was the time for bonding and only when he felt that bond would he bite. Josef's cock caught his attention, bouncing against his wolf's stomach and swollen painfully thick. It was natural to bend forward and run his tongue along the fat, veined sides until he reached the blunt head.

Releasing his grip on a thigh, Vernon wrapped his fingers around Josef's cock, straightened it and pulled the fat length into his mouth in one long swallow. Josef's hips pushed forward immediately and he whimpered brokenly.

"Ma...Master," Josef pleaded. "Please."

Vernon sucked, his hips never losing their rhythm even as he felt Josef's body tighten up in long awaited orgasm. He lapped at Josef's cock, swallowed the salty river of precome.

Josef bucked as Vernon twisted just so and brushed his prostate. "Master! Oh God, *please!*"

Vernon's own balls tightened and he smiled around Josef's cock, running his fangs against the throbbing flesh. When he lifted from it, it gleamed at him as if begging him as well.

Vernon felt the first hard shiver of release. "With me, boy," he growled, pumping harder, faster, pounding Josef mercilessly into the floor. "Come with me."

His balls squeezed. Vernon wedged himself in tightly just as the orgasm hit, hurtling through him with enough power to make him shout. It shot out of him, filling Josef up just as his wolf howled, loud and long, Josef's own orgasm gushing against his belly.

It was then Vernon sank his teeth into Josef's thigh, the sound of Josef's breathing hitching in response music to his ears. He drank deeply and in his head, the word whispered again.

Mine.

Pulling away, he licked his wolf clean of any droplets and leaned forward weakly to drop his head next to Josef's. His cock slid free and he let himself sprawl in blessed satisfaction. Beneath him, his wolf panted softly.

Vernon turned his head to nip Josef's ear lazily. "My wolf," he said out loud as he leisurely explored the delicate shell.

Josef shivered in reaction. "Always, Master," he growled hoarsely.

Vernon let Josef snuggle into him like a contented puppy, Josef's head tucking in against his throat. Vernon stroked a hand down Josef's back and felt contentment wash over him in a slow, lazy rush.

Maybe Josef's lapse in judgment was a blessing in disguise, he thought. They were close again when Vernon hadn't noticed a gap. *It won't happen again*, he promised himself and Josef silently as the wolf began to breathe slowly and evenly.

Vernon glided his fingers through Josef's hair and Josef nuzzled closer to him. "Love you, Master," Josef mumbled drowsily, making Vernon smile.

"Love you, boy," he said softly and settled down to rest himself.

The night is still young, he thought with a grin.

He was going to make their bond as strong as possible.

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