

Service is its own Reward

By Snow the Bear

Peanut slowly opened his eyes as he stirred awake. He didn't need an alarm clock, his morning routine had been ingrained into him by years of repetition. The chubby tanuki yawned and stretched his limbs to help shake sleep from his mind and body. The fragrant fabrics of his bedding were warm and cozy from his body heat. He just wanted to flip on to his belly and bury his nose in them, but he knew he couldn't dally or his Master might be late. He stretched once more and rolled out of the large basket that served as his bed. He got to his feet and shivered, the tiles of the laundry room floor were chilly compared to his bedding. He gave one more glance longingly at his basket, which was generously filled with Masters dirty socks and musky underwear. Then he hurried off to take care of his morning duties.

Peanut could hear the Master softly snoring as he entered the bedroom. The naked dragon was sleeping on his back, sprawled out across a massive bed. The Master was an impressive specimen. His body was lithe and more than twice Peanuts height. The light falling on his ebony scales revealed beautiful hints of iridescent purple along their edges. To Peanut his Master was the most beautiful creature in existence.

The tanuki quietly approached the foot of the bed and climbed up. Luckily Masters legs were already spread this morning, giving him easy access to his groin. The dragons semi erect cock drooped out from the slit between his groin scales. Peanut remembered how unusual he had found the internal sheath at first. The cock and balls were covered in small smooth scales. Unlike the rest of his body the scales were flush with each other, so no ridges could be felt between them. When fully erect the cock looked like a 12-inch tower, made of seven semi-conical ringed bulges that gradually tapered from almost 5 inches thick at the base to 2.5 inches at the tip.

He planted his nose against the dragon's musky balls and filled his lungs with their rich scent. Then he raised his head level with the dragons morning wood and began the first of his daily duties. Peanut began to lick back and forth along the length of the cock. The stimulation quickly started coaxing it fully erect and the dragon began to moan in his sleep. Before it could reach its full size he took the shaft into his muzzle and started to suck while bobbing his head back and forth. Each forward motion caused the cock to sink deep into him, filling his muzzle and even reaching down his throat. As he stimulated the cock in his mouth he heard the dragons breathing become ragged and felt his body began to shudder, but still the Master slept.

This is taking too long, I need to wake him faster. Master will be late if he doesn't wake soon. He started dragging his teeth across the sensitive flesh, a sensation his Master loved. Peanut knew the scales of Masters cock were impenetrable to his teeth, so there was no threat of injury. It didn't take long of this treatment before the cock in his mouth began to twitch.

Peanuts own cock was also twitching, but sealed away in its cage that's all it could do. The tanuki did his best to ignore that distraction. A pet's place was solely to serve its Master's needs, not its own.

Finally, the dragon's whole body shook and Peanuts muzzle was filled with rich cum. The tanuki sealed his lips and began to gulp down his Masters seed, it would be unforgivable to spill a single drop. A scaled hand began to pet his head and he raised his eyes to meet his Master's. The dragon moaned in ecstasy as his pet drained his balls. Once he was done he pushed the still suckling tanuki off his sensitive cock.

"Good morning my pet, as always you have made waking up most pleasant" said the dragon.

Peanut smiled with pride at his Master's praise, and crawled off the side of the bed to prepare for his next duty. He stood on his knees at the edge of the bed, his eyes barely seeing over the mattress. The dragon moved to sit on the edge of the bed, with His pet between his legs. He placed his now flaccid cock in the eager tanuki's mouth and felt Peanut seal his lips around it.

"I hope you are thirsty my little pet" the dragon said and began to pee.

Once again the tanuki's mouth was flooded by his Master, but this time by his hot acrid piss. He swallowed frantically to keep up with the torrential flow, which constantly threatened to overflow his mouth. The dragon stroked between his pet's ears during its feeding, until his flow slowed to a trickle.

When the tanuki stopped receiving his Master's juice he gave the cock a few more sucks and licked it clean. He let it slip from his mouth and licked his lips to ensure no drips from either of Master's gifts had escaped him, none had. With his full belly he looked up gratefully at his Masters face.

"Such a good and obedient pet deserves a little reward, go ahead" said the dragon.

Peanut immediately buried his muzzle in his Master's ball sack and inhaled the intoxicating musk. His cock strained in its cage as the draconic scent of power and virility filled his lungs. Once again he had to mentally push the inappropriate urges away. He stretched out his tongue and licked from his Master's taint to the balls, savoring the exquisite flavor.

Then his Master pushed his head away again. The dragon looked down and saw confusion and disappointment in his pet's face. "Sorry my pet but I have to be at work extra early. No time for a tongue bath today, a plain shower will have to do. You've had your breakfast, now scoot and prepare mine". The tanuki didn't pout, he just got to his feet scurried off to the kitchen. As he went he could feel his breakfast of protein and piss sloshing in his stomach.

The dragon entered the kitchen freshly showered and dressed. His pet, who stood at the counter dressed in only an apron, had just finished plating his breakfast. He sat at the table as his pet set his breakfast before him – steak, eggs, hash browns, toast and strong coffee. Then the tanuki sat at his feet to watch him eat.

Peanut chanced a sniff of his Master's feet, but as he expected the clean socks and freshly showered paws didn't have the musky appeal he craved. He pitied his Master who had to spend so much of his day clothed in that restrictive cloth. He got to enjoy being naked all day. The only thing he ever wore was the apron. Even that garment he found uncomfortable, but it was more comfortable than a splash of hot oil.

Once Master finished breakfast he petted Peanut and proceeded to the front door. He announced "I should be home by 7PM my pet" as he left for work.

Once he was gone Peanut returned to the kitchen to tidy up. His Master had graciously left him some scraps on the plate, and his tummy growled at the prospect of solid food. The tanuki placed the plate on the floor, for the table was no place for a pet, and began to lap up the scraps. Once finished his treat he returned to his tasks of tidying up the kitchen, and then the rest of the house.

As he worked at his chores his mind reflected on the events that brought him to his beloved Master. He had not born been with the name Peanut, but it seemed he was born for it. His birth name was Tonko but that had ceased to matter. He had been the runt of his litter. He was almost as big as his peers in most respects, but he was diminutive in the most important way – his testicals. For a tanuki the size of ones testicals denoted their power, virility and status in their tribe, and Tonko's were noticeably

smaller than those of his peers. That's not to say he was tiny, only when compared to others of his race. Few species could rival the size of a tanuki's nut sack, and even Tonko's testicals would inspire jealousy amongst most other races. But as he grew this deficiency became more pronounced, and as a result his peers had nicknamed him Peanut. The name had stuck and before long everyone in the tribe, including his parents, began referring to him by it.

Once a year the tribe held the coming of age ceremony in which a cub became an adult. When his year came he lined up with the other cubs awaiting their turn to enter the Hut of the Elders. One of the guards approached him and told him the Elders wanted to see him last. He watched as each male cub entered the hut. After some time each departed and ran cheerily to their family to celebrate. The ritual itself was never spoken of and Tonko wondered what would happen. Everyone who left the hut was so happy so it must be a pleasant experience.

Finally, his turn had come to enter the hut and he walked in proudly. The hut was lit by a large fire pit on the far side of the room. A low table stood in the center of the room. Chief Ronto and two of the villages Elders stood beside the table, while the remaining Elders sat cross-legged in a circle around it. A strange scent hung heavy in the air. It made his body tingle, and his cock stir in its furry sheath. Every one of the Elders had a nut sack that was massive even by tanuki standards. This made Tonko feel even more inadequate than usual.

Chief Ronto addressed him, "welcome Peanut ... I mean Tonko. Today you become a man and find your life's purpose. Please climb upon the platform and get on your hands & knees". Tonko did as he asked. The other two Elders strapped his arms and legs to the table. Then they went to retrieve a large bowl and a bottle of oil. Tonko became worried, he had assumed the ritual was pleasant, but then why the need to restrain him?

As if sensing his concern, the Chief stroked Tonko's back to calm him. The Chief said "Don't worry cub this won't hurt, in fact It will feel wonderful. You may ... make sounds, but no matter what happens you are not allowed to speak during the ritual".

From behind him he overheard another Elder whisper "I fear Peanut should enjoy this while he can". Tonko was curious, what did the Chief mean, why would he be making sounds that weren't words? And what did the other Elder mean by enjoy this while he can?

The other two elders placed the bowl beneath his belly and now stood to either side of him. The Chief stood behind Tonko and cupped his nut sack in his paws. Tonko jerked at the unexpected touch and another Elder stroked his back to calm him.

The Chief weighed the testicals in his hands by feel, he gently gripped one in each hand feeling its form and firmness. The Chief was outside Tonko's field of view or he would have seen him give a sad little shake of his head. Then he oiled his hands, gripped the nut sack at its base and began stroking down. The light grip ensured the cub would feel only pleasure with no pain. Strange but pleasant sensations filled the cub and caused him to begin chattering happily.

While the Chief stroked the balls the Elders on his sides oiled their hands. The one on his left began rubbing at Tonko's tail hole. He rubbed it with slow firm strokes to relax the muscles and entice the ring to loosen up. Soon a finger slipped inside and began rubbing the insides of the muscular ring. This caused the muscle to relax further and a second finger slipped in, which was shortly followed by a third.

The Chief watched as their stimulation of the cub coaxed his cock to emerge from its furry home. He nodded to the two other Elders and the one on the right began fondling the balls while the other searched for the cub's prostate. He knew he found it when the cub suddenly jerked and sucked in breath. He began to tease the sensitive spot and the cub began moaning loudly while thin strings of pre-cum dribbled constantly into the bowl.

The stimulation to his prostate and balls forced Tonko's cock to become erect. All the onlookers could see it clearly as he instinctively humped at the air. Unlike his testicles the cock was respectable in size and girth for a tanuki his age.

The Chief gripped Tonko's dripping cock aiming it at the bowl, and began giving it long slow strokes. The cub yipped and shuddered from the firm paw that was suddenly stroking his sensitive flesh. The three Elders gradually build up their pace on the respective part they were stroking. The paws of the one stroking the nut sack began to glow as he completed a virility spell. The magic wouldn't harm the cub, but would ensure that the next time he came his nuts would give up every drop they currently contained. This would reveal the full measure of Tonko's potential.

As they continued Tonko's breath became ragged, he started to grit his teeth and pull on his restraints. The Chief recognized the cub's lust was at its peak. He nodded to the other Elders and all three began stroking frantically. The cub's whole body tensed as he let out a loud bark. It felt as if his testicals clenched, and seconds later a stream of cum erupted from his cock and gushed into the bowl.

The Elder that had been teasing his balls began stroking his back, "you're a man now Tonko, relax and regain your breath while Chief Ronto determines your potential". But once the Elder took a look at the bowl he didn't need the Chief's words to know the results would not be favorable.

Chief Ronto held the bowl of Tonko's cum in his hands and gazed at it as if in a trance. When the trance ended the look on his face became disheartened – like one who had foolishly hoped for the best but had their doubts confirmed. "What pitiful production, barely one gallon. An adequate tanuki would produce at least 2 gallons". Murmurs of disdain and mockery rippled through the assemble Elders. There were many comments about dishonor and embarrassment for the tribe. Tonko heard the mummings and the blissful feeling from his orgasm collapsed into shame. Had he failed the ritual?

The Chief walked in front of Tonko and pounced his fate. "Tonko's essence as a tanuki has been measured and found wanting. He would be an inadequate breeder and his genes would weaken us.

Tonko was speechless. What did that mean? What was his future in the tribe?

He watched as the chief carried the bowl to the fire. He stood before the fire and his hands began to glow while he chanted a spell. The white cum transformed into a glowing silvery mass which he then poured into the flames. As it entered the fire the flames leapt up burning with a pink color. Then the fire returned to normal, and a silver metal ring rose up from the flames. The Chief plucked the ring from the air as he completed the spell. Then he returned to his place behind Tonko.

"I am sorry Tonko, but we cannot allow your inadequate testicals to pollute our genes. To protect the strength and prowess of our tribe, and the entire tanuki race, you cannot be allowed to breed".

The Chief pushed the ring against the base of Tonko's ball sack. He felt his flesh painlessly pass through the solid enchanted metal until the ring encircled it. Tendrils of metal slowly emerged from the ring. These tendrils twined tightly over and across Tonko's sheath, merging at intervals until they imprisoned the Tanuki's cock within its furry home. "You will wear this ring is a symbol of your shame. Its magic will restrain your cock to protect our bloodlines". Now Tonko understood what the elder meant when he said he should enjoy this while he can – he had just cum for the first and last time.

"I have one more bit of unpleasant news. Your parents and I suspected this would be your fate, and while I held out hope for you they did not. I'm sorry but in order to avoid this dishonor they have disowned you. However, you will not be homeless. When I examined your essence I did have a vision your future, one in which you could potentially still benefit our tribe. You will come to live with me so I can personally see to your training for this possibility.

Tonko spent the next 6 months working for Chief Ronto. While his peers learned essential skills like hunting, warfare and mating, he learned to cook, clean and sew. Being a widow and having no other mate, the Chief also instructed Tonko on mating – in a sense. He taught him how to pleasure a male with his mouth, and over time Tonko's tongue became quite skilled. He had intended to eventually train Tonko's other hole as well, but the vision from the ritual came to pass before he had that chance.

While the tanuki village was primitive and rustic most of the world was not. A few hundred miles from the village sat a modern city. Its inhabitants occasionally sent an emissary to the village to keep up relations. There was great commotion in the village for today an emissary was to arrive.

The Chief had left early to meet with this emissary and had not yet returned. In the mid-afternoon a guard came to deliver a message to Tonko, "Chief Ronto has invited the emissary to his home for tea. They are expected to return here in 1 hour. You're to prepare tea and cakes to serve them when they arrive. Think you can handle that Peanut?" he emphasized his last statement with a sneer, and by tapping the caged cock with the shaft of his spear. Peanut subserviently bowed his head and meekly said "Yes sir", and went to prepare the refreshments.

A little more than an hour later Tonko heard the Chief return home and called for him to bring refreshments. He gathered up the prepared trays and rushed to serve them. As he quickly turned the corner toward the great room he had to come to a sudden stop. He had almost run into a wall and it was a miracle he stopped without spilling the trays.

Wait he thought, there isn't supposed to be a wall here, and there are no black walls in the Chief's home. Then he saw the wall shift and realized it wasn't a wall at all. He looked up and saw what he believed to be a dragon. He wasn't sure since he had only heard them described in stories. In fact, the only non-tanuki he had ever seen was a bull that visited the village a few times a year to do trades. The young tanuki just stood there staring with his mouth agape.

The dragon chuckled at the tanuki's expression. "He's never seen a dragon before?" he asked. "Other than a single bull I don't think he has seen any other race before", replied Chief Ronto, also with a chuckle. The two proceeded to the center of great room and sat cross-legged on the floor, but Tonko just stood there transfixed. The sight of the dragon had been impressive but that's not what held him, it was the strange scent.

“Tonko stop staring at our guest and serve him his tea” said the elder which snapped Tonko’s out of his daze. He hurried over and set down the trays. He poured the tea and presented the cup to the dragon. The dragon took it, and Tonko meant to go serve the Chief next – but his body didn’t respond.

Instead he started sniffing the air, his body moving where its nose directed it. What was that scent? It was exotic, intriguing, intoxicating – and it was intensely virile. Unbeknown to him his chastity, at a time in his life when his hormones were most active, had affected his mind. All it needed was a trigger to awaken his primal instincts, and the scent had provided that trigger. He got down on all fours and followed the scent. At first it led him to the dragon’s feet, and he took a big whiff. The scent was similar and wonderful, but it wasn’t the one he sought.

The Chief became alarmed at Tonko’s strange behavior, and feared that he would offend the emissary. He started to open his mouth to scold Tonko, but the dragon signaled to him not to interfere.

This had been a most unusual trip for the dragon. He wasn’t used to being naked, in the city it was illegal in public. Most residents stayed fully dressed even in the privacy of their own homes. But here in the tanuki village nakedness was the norm. Being a good ambassador he had adopted the local custom, and stripped naked for the duration of his visit. His nakedness had only stopped feeling awkward shortly before he was invited for tea. But now he felt awkward again, why was this strange little tanuki sniffing him? The Chief’s uneasy expression told him this wasn’t a normal custom. He should have been offended or even outraged, but he wasn’t. And why did this situation feel so pleasant and familiar?

Tonko followed the scent up the legs and to the dragon’s groin. This was it, here is where the intoxicating smell emanated from. The tanuki nuzzled the dragon’s balls and filled his lungs with the aroma. He needed more, he needed to taste it, just a little lick. He started to reach out with his tongue and ...

The tanuki’s sniffing stirred a forgotten but once cherished memory in the dragon. He remembered himself as a young cub, really little more than a hatchling. His parents had brought him to visit a petting zoo. A feral puppy had bound toward him and greeted him with great curiosity. He remembered how it had sniffed and licked him all over ... wait would the tanuki lick him too? He was shocked from these memories as a nose buried itself in his balls. Startled, he nervously he reached for Tonko’s head.

Tonko snapped out of his trance and jumped back a little when he felt the dragon nudge his head away and say “my aren’t you a curious and frisky little thing”. Tonko blushed, embarrassed by what he had just done to a complete stranger – worse and honored guest! What had come over him?

A glint of metal he hadn’t noticed before caught the dragon’s eye. He leaned over and tapped a claw against Tonko’s cage, “is this a tribal decoration?” he asked. Tonko just stood speechless He blushed and squirmed with humiliation as the Chief interjected and began to explain the purpose and meaning of his mark of shame. When he had finally composed himself he quickly finished serving the tea and cake’s and left them to talk in private. Back in the kitchen he curled up on the floor and wished he could just disappear. He was extremely embarrassed, and was certain the Chief would be furious with him for what he had done.

The dragon and Chief Ronto continued to discuss their business, but the dragon had trouble concentrating on the conversation. His mind kept drifting to the cute, curious tanuki who reminded him so much of that puppy. Eventually he couldn’t resist it anymore and started to ask the Chief about

Tonko. To the Elders Tonko was a source of potential embarrassment for the tribe, so at first the Chief was unwilling to discuss his status. It took some coaxing but eventually the Chief relented and told the dragon all there was to know. By now it was getting late and the Chief summoned Tonko to make them dinner. The poor tanuki was still so embarrassed by his earlier actions that he was barely able to serve them. Once they were served the Chief dismissed him for the night. He gratefully went to bed, eager for this day to end. After Tonko had gone, the Chief and dragon continued to discuss him late into the night. In the early hours of the morning an agreement was struck.

The next morning Tonko was preparing for the day's meals when the Chief called for him, "Tonko please meet me outside". The tanuki put down the dough he was preparing and hurried to see what the Chief needed. Unexpectedly he hadn't been cross at him when he served him breakfast. In fact, he hadn't yet mentioned yesterday at all, and Tonko was too ashamed to ask. He emerged from the cabin to see a strange sight. The Chief was standing next to the dragon, but the dragon's beautiful body was covered in cloth. Where these clothes? He had heard tales about the uncomfortable and restrictive things.

"Tonko please come with us to the Hut of Elders" said the Chief, and Tonko silently followed them. Once inside the hut they all sat on the floor. They were alone, none of the other Elders were present.

Once settled the Chief address him.

"Tonko last time you were here I read your potential. It was obvious you were meant for a life of service, but there was another aspect of the vision I received. At the time I did not understand it but now I do. In the vision I saw a dark form, but instead of instilling feelings of dread, I felt devotion. I believe Emissary Xandar was what the darkness represented. To fulfil your potential benefit to the tribe, I wish to give you to the Emissary as a gift. You would leave the village to live with him, and serve him as you have me. This is not an order but a choice, both of us insisted on that."

After a pause he added "By now you know what your future here would be. Your family disowned you, and with no friends you have little else to tie you to the tribe. I think you might be happier with him".

Tonko sat and thought the offer over. The prospect of leaving his shame behind and starting a new life with the dragon excited him, and it just felt right. He had three questions before making his decision. He asked the Chief "If I leave who will take care of you?"

The Chief's heart broke; he had never mocked or mistreated Tonko the way most others had, but this display of concern had been unexpected. He leaned over, embraced the young tanuki, and said "I'll be fine, it's time for you to do what's best for yourself". The embrace broke and the Chief returned to his previous position.

Tonko blushed and asked them both "Will I still need to be caged?"

"I'm afraid so Tonko. The tanuki race cannot risk you breeding. As your sexual frustration builds you may not be able to control your urges, just like yesterday when you were sniffing Emissary Xandar".

To this Xandar added "Chief Ronto has taught me the magic required to unlock the cage when you need ... maintenance. Otherwise I have given an oath it will remain on."

Tonko squirmed with embarrassment at hearing this, which the dragon found adorable.

Then he turned to the dragon and asked "will I have to wear clothes?"

Xandar couldn't help but laugh at this unexpected question. But the laugh was obviously one of surprise, not mocking. "Only when you are outside my home, and if you wish that will be a rare event".

"I accept. I want to be ... how should I address you?" he asked the dragon.

The dragon smiled happily. "You will address me as Master, but that brings up a question for you. Chief Ronto has insisted that a new life needs a new name. I could name you if you like, but I am willing to give that choice to you. What would you like it to be?"

The answer was immediately clear. "Master if you approve, I want my name to be Peanut" Shocked Xandar asked "If that's what you want, but why? The villagers mocked you with that name". "That was Tonko. I want the shame that brought him to turn into happiness for me" Peanut replied. Both Ronto and Xandar were impressed by Peanut's reasoning.

A short time later Peanut returned with the meager possessions he wanted to take with him. "Sorry Peanut but since you have no clothes you can't be seen until we are home. Nakedness is not accepted in the city" said Xandar and loaded him into a large satchel. He was zipped inside to ensure he would not fall out. Then Xandar spread his wings and flew into the air, and toward their new life together. Inside the satchel Peanut smelled something intriguing. He rooted around and found the scent coming from a piece of clothing. it smelled wonderful, and he happily nuzzled the musky cloth the entire way to his new home. Later he would learn it was called underwear.

It had been over 5 years since he had started his new life, and he had never regretted the decision. Not even when his Master revealed that he would be a pet as well as servant, or when his master insisted on routinely marking him with his pee – including having Peanut drink it to mark him from the inside.

Peanut pushed those old memories aside, evening had come and Master would be home from work any minute. With a delicious stew gently simmering on the stove, he proceeded to the front door to await his return. Moments later the door opened and his Master entered.

"Hello Peanut. Something certainly smells delicious"

"Welcome home Master", he said while he began untying the Masters boots. The dragon lifted each foot so Peanut could pull off his boots. As he got them off he buried his muzzle in the boot and inhaled as deeply as he could. The arousing scent enticed a twitch from the disobedient cock within his cage.

Peanut heard the Master let out a soft groan when his weary feet touched the hard entrance way tiles. "Master would you prefer to relax a bit, and let me tend to your tired feet before dinner? The stew is ready but it will only get better the longer it simmers".

The dragon scratched between the tanuki's ears, "excellent suggestion my pet, I'll be waiting in the living room". There he sat in his favorite recliner and raised his socked feet up to rest. Peanut mixed his Masters favorite drink and brought it to him. He resisted the urge to bury his nose in the Master's socks, and went to get the necessities to care for his feet.

When he returned he knelt down before his Master's feet. This time he did bury his nose in them and sniffed deeply, letting out a happy chitter. He pulled off the socks and began massaging the Master's feet. The dragon let out several soft groans while his pet worked, but this time they were from bliss. Once he felt the muscles had relaxed he began to lick the feet clean. The dragon gave out a series intermixed giggles and moans as Peanut's soft tongue caressed him. When the soles were clean he

sucked on each toe and used his tongue to clean between them. Once the feet were clean he inspected them for any rough skin to pumice or claws to trim, but all was well. Finally, he massaged lotion into them to keep the skin soft and supple.

“All done Master, how do your feet feel now?”

The dragon lowered the foot rest. “That was wonderful my pet. You deserve a reward. Go ahead I know what you want”.

Peanut shot forward, undid his Master’s pants and pulled them off. Then he buried his nose in the musky underwear and inhaled the intoxicating sent. He glanced up at the master face and saw him nod in approval, before he removed the underwear as well. He moved to give the ball sack a big lick ... “Not yet! Do your trick, beg for it my pet” he heard his Master command.

Hands behind his back, Peanut rooted under his Master’s balls with his muzzle. He draped the fat musky sack over his nose like a feral dog balancing a biscuit. Then he looked up locking eyes with his Master and waited for permission. The musky scent of the sack on his nose was intense, he started to tremble with desire. With desperation in his eyes he let out a high pitched whine.

“Alright my pet, go ahead” said the dragon, and his pet was instantly slavering on his sack and taint. Once he had consumed all the musk he could, he moved up and started working on the cock. It was already erect from the attention he had shown the balls. While Peanut sucked on his Master’s cock the dragon rested his toes on his pet’s balls. Peanut’s sack was big enough to rest on the floor and the dragon began scrunching his balls against the floor with his toes. The pressure wasn’t enough to be painful, but he knew the sensations would drive his pet and its caged cock insane with lust. Within minutes he felt pre-cum begin drooling from the cage onto his feet. He knew there is no risk the tanuki could cum, the rings enchantment ensured that.

The feeling of his Master beautiful feet graciously caressing his unworthy balls filled Peanut with love. And yet his disobedient cock was still straining to break free. Peanut concentrated on bringing his Master pleasure. His hands fondled the scaled balls as he sucked. He felt the dragon jerk and heard him growl a second before the hot cum flooded his mouth. He drank it greedily and ensured not a single drop escaped.

“I hope I didn’t spoil your appetite my pet. Oh, it feels like my feet need cleaning again”.

Peanut looked down to see his Masters feet coated in his pre-cum. Without a word he bent down to lick them clean, then the floor and finally himself.

Once cleanup was done they proceed to the kitchen for dinner.

Peanut placed a bowl of the stew in front of his Master and waited for his appraisal.

The dragon tasted a spoonful of the rich stew, “Exquisite work my pet, please see to your dinner”.

Peanut ladled stew into his own bowl. It had his name on it and was just like the ones used for feral dogs. He placed it on the floor next to the table, curled his body around the Master’s feet, and began to eat. While they ate the dragon used his foot to gently rub his pet’s butt & back.

The tanuki finished his dinner first and waited patiently for his Master to finish too.

“Thank you my pet, that was a fine meal” Xandar said as Peanut cleared the table. Then he noticed the time. “Oh my look how late its getting. its Friday and the last day of the month too. We better get to it”. Peanut had forgotten the date. He was groomed every Friday, and at the end the month he was milked.

Peanut obediently followed his Master to what had once been a storage room. Shortly after he came to live here, the dragon had the room renovated to make it more like a bathroom. The room was clean and spacious. Only 2 real fixtures occupied it, a large bath tub and an adjustable grooming table. Shelves on the wall by the table held an assortment of grooming supplies and a tile floor ensured easy cleanup.

Xandar lifted his pet and placed him upon the table on his hands and knees. He attached straps to Peanuts wrists and ankles. Peanut was an obedient pet and restraints weren't necessary for grooming, but during milking's his primal instincts could break his self-control. With his pet secured he left the room to retrieve something. He returned with a small bag, which he placed on the shelf.

He adjusted the tables height to bring his pets muzzle level with his groin, and moved in front of him. "Prepare me my pet" he said. Peanut immediately began to suck his Master's semi-erect cock. "You have already consumed two loads today; I will need more forceful stimulation". Peanut knew what to do, he started scraping the tender cock with his teeth, and then began to chew. The scales protected the cock so his teeth caused no damage or even pain, but the pressure always drove his master wild. While his pet pleased him Xandar stroked him between his ears. Once fully erect he retrieved a firm leather muzzle and the bag from the shelf. From the bag he pulled the socks and underwear he had worn that day and stuffed them into the muzzle. He pulled his cock out of Peanuts mouth, and slipped the leather muzzle over Peanuts own. Unstuffed the leather muzzle was too long for Peanut, but stuffed it was just long enough to hold the musky garments against his nose. It ensured every breath would be saturated by his Master's arousing and intoxicating musk.

The dragon moved behind his pet. He retrieved a bowl from the shelf and placed it below Peanuts belly. Then he touched the ring of Peanut's cage and silently recanted an incantation. The bars bound tightly around the sheath thinned becoming metal tendrils, and the tendrils then receded back into the ring. Free of its prison Peanut's cock immediately began to grow. Xandar lubed up his cock and slowly pressed into to Peanut's tail hole. The first two bulges of his cock slipped in effortlessly, and the next two took only a few minutes of effort to insert. He spent a quite a few minutes gently grinding the 5th and 6th bulges against Peanut's tail hole, allowing it time to relax and stretch. Once inserted the 5th and 6th bulges rubbed and pressed against the tanuki's prostate, causing his throbbing cock to constantly drip pre-cum. The tanuki's muffled moans echoed in the room. Peanut humped at the air, his cock desperately seeking somewhere to spew the load in his saturated nuts.

The final bulge was always a challenge for them both. Peanut whined in both discomfort and desire as the dragon ground it against him. The tanuki thrust back as much as his bonds allowed trying to force it into him. Xandar grabbed the tanuki's hips and whispered "brace yourself my pet", then pulled him back while thrusting forward. Peanut yelped as his tight anal ring was stretched until the 5-inch-wide bulge slipped through. Xandar stilled for a few moments to allow his pets ass to grow accustomed to his girth. Then he began pulling his cock out. He repeated the process of hilding and withdrawing from his pet's ass, each time a little faster. He continued to build the pace until he was humping him rapidly. The ridged bulges of his cock sawed over Peanut's prostate. Each stroke across the sensitive spot caused another shot of pre-cum to spew into the bowl.

Xandar reached a paw around to grasp Peanut's cock, and began stroking it in time with his thrusts. With every ragged breath saturated with his Master's musk, the extra stimulation to his cock was too much for the poor tanuki. He started to buck wildly at his bonds rocking the heavy table. Every muscle of his body was tense, every nerve on fire with desire. His cock throbbed and his balls desperately

struggled to cum – but the rings enchantment would never allow it. He yelped in frustration as what should have been a mind blowing orgasm seemed to disappear the moment it should have arrived. Simultaneously Xandar roared as a massive orgasm hit him as well. His cock erupted once more, releasing all his remaining seed into Peanut's bowels.

The dragons euphoric feeling was tainted with a pang of guilt. Chief Ronto had shared a secret about the rings enchantment that Peanut did not know. While the cage was in place the wearer could not experience an orgasm. But while it was retraced it had an additional effect. This effect occurred if the wearer had sex with someone he loved, and that love them in return. In this case the wearers climax would be transferred and added to the ecstasy of his lover. The more Peanut was denied, the more his balls would desire release – and the stronger Xandar's orgasm's would become when he fucked him. He felt guilty about stealing his pets pleasure, but he had sworn an unbreakable oath to the tanuki Elders. He had to honor their decree that Peanut would never cum.

Peanut released one more gush of pre-cum, then his erection immediately began to falter and retreat back into its sheath. His strength gave out and he would have slumped onto his belly had the dragon not caught him. As always the experience had left him drained and unsatisfied – his overfilled nuts throbbed uncomfortably. Xandar pulled the bowl out from under his pet and rested him down on the table. He examined the contents of the bowl and found about 1 gallon of pre-cum. He removed the leather muzzle from Peanut's face. Then he placed the bowl in front of his pet and said "clean up your mess". The weary tanuki obediently began to lap up his juices until he had licked the bowl clean.

Xandar unstrapped him and picked him up. He hugged him tight and whispered "what a wonderful pet you are. You will never know the extent of your gifts to me". In reply Peanut raised his head and gave the dragons snout a loving lick. Xandar carried him to the empty tub and laid him down in it. Then he grasped his own cock, directed it at his pet, and began to pee. He continued to pee until it drenched his pet thoroughly. A smile spread across the drowsy tanuki's face as he felt his Master's hot piss soak into and scent his fur. His ring had been a mark of shame in his old life, but his Master's scent was a mark of pride in his new one.

Once done marking his pet he ran a bath and washed him. He made sure to slip a finger into the sheath to clean around his cock. Still in an exhausted state it didn't even twitch at his touch. The soap was unscented so it would clean his pet, but still leave a faint scent of his mark. Once done he wrapped the tanuki in a towel and dried him. Then he placed him back on the table. He touched the ring and silently said the incantation to reform the cage. Once again the tendrils emerged to entangle to restrain Peanut's sheath and imprison his cock. He finished by brushing out his pet's fur. By the time he was brushing Peanut's lush tail the tanuki was softly snoring.

He picked up and cradled the sleeping tanuki between his arm and shoulder, then grabbed the leather muzzle and went to the laundry room. He gently laid his pet down on his back in his basket. He fished the socks and underwear out of the muzzle and tied them loosely together. Then he pressed the bundle into his pet's paw. Peanut reflexively grasped it, raised it to his nose, and chattered happily in his sleep.

Xandar gently kissed Peanut's forehead and whispered "sleep well my beloved pet". Then he wearily retired to his own bed.