Peter and the Wolf

A short story by Cat

Peter And The Wolf

A Comic Short Story

Cat/Fabian Black

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Formatted using **UK** English and grammar

This short story is also included in the 'Gay Briefs' anthology.

What's a man to do when his partner seems to prefer housework to sex? William decides it's time to get in touch with his alpha side when his partner Peter becomes obsessed with housework

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Peter And The Wolf

"Peter! For Christ's sake! What are you doing now?" Will shouted, slapping the book he was reading down onto his knees.

A disembodied voice floated up the stairs and into the bedroom. "I'm watering the plants in the hall, they're looking a bit dry. I won't be long."

"You said that half an hour ago when you were 'just' locking up and taking out all the plugs. I've read nine chapters of this God-awful Space Wolf novel since then. I still haven't discovered how wolf-men ended up in space."

"It can't be that awful, not if you've read nine chapters of it," said the disembodied voice reasonably, adding, "anyway, you can't have read nine chapters, not in half an hour. You must have just skimmed it. You always do that and it's cheating. No wonder you miss important details. It's probably explained how the wolf-men got into space and you've skipped over it. Go back and read it properly."

"Peter, are you actually coming up tonight, because I'm already up and I want to be down, on you, preferably before my vigour goes the way of all things and turns to dust."
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“And the Barry Manilow Prize for romantic lyric of the year goes to William Jones for his lovely song: *wanna go down on you before my vigour is through.”*

Despite his irritation Will smiled, calling, “come up to bed, smart arse.”

“I'm almost done now. I’m cleaning the stained glass panel in the front door and then there’s the Yucca in the living room to water.”

Yucca! Will sighed and picked up the garish novel again, resuming where he’d left off, with the hero trying to prevent his inner wolf letting loose a long howl at an inopportune moment. It failed to hold his interest.

He closed the book, reading the heading on the front cover, which stated: ‘In The Grim Darkness Of The Far Future There Is Only War!’ He had to admit it did indeed sound rather grim, but as long as there was sex, as well as war, it might not be too bad.

The hairs on the back of his neck rose as he heard the unmistakable drone of the hoover coming from downstairs. Whereas in his case, In The Grim Darkness Of The Here And Now There Was Only Housework - and no sex!

Resisting a primeval urge to gallop downstairs and drag his partner back up them by the scruff of his neck, he flopped back on his pillows, covering his face with the book.

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“I really wish we hadn't chosen a dark blue carpet for the hall, it shows all the bits. I thought I was never going to get it clean.” Peter made an appearance in the bedroom at long last and lifted the book from William’s face, smiling. “I'm all yours to ravish. As they say, all good things come to he who waits.”

“Too late.” Will opened his eyes. “Joey Stefano and some of his mates called by while you were carpet cleaning and we had a gangbang. It was filthy! They sucked me dry.”

Peter dropped the book back over Will's face in disgust. “You are a shit sometimes, Will. You've got no patience. All you think about is yourself. I hope poor departed Joey satisfied you, because you're not having me as a living dessert.”

“What was I supposed to do, Pete?” Will threw the book on the bed and sat up. “You seemed keener on doing housework than having sex. It's not very flattering to come a poor second and third to a Yucca plant and a vacuum cleaner you know. You can't blame me for masturbating.”

“I like things to be neat before I come up to bed. It helps me relax.”

Turning on his side Will watched Peter get undressed. He was slightly underweight, chronically shortsighted and at the age of twenty-eight had recently decided to wear braces to straighten his crooked front teeth. He wasn't exactly the stuff hot porn stars were made of. However, he had a certain sweetness of expression. It had captivated Will from the moment they'd met through a mutual friend.

They had lived together for almost a year now and mostly it had been good, although some annoying habits had taken a bit of getting used to. Things like the rituals Peter insisted on performing before bed. There was the locking up ritual, which entailed checking that all the downstairs windows were closed and locked, even though they rarely got opened. He then checked that the front and back doors were locked, bolted and chained.

Then there was the plug habit. He pulled out all the plugs on electrical appliances, the kettle, the television, etc and so on, and

then he went round again just to make sure he'd done it. It didn't matter if Will told him he had. He always had to re-check for himself. Will got used to it, choosing to view it as a quaint aspect of his partner's personality. Lately it had begun to irritate again, not least because Peter's rituals were expanding to cover things like tidying around the sitting room, washing up every object he could lay hands on, watering the plants, and now bloody hoovering.

It seemed Peter would go to any lengths to avoid coming to bed with him. It was time for it to stop. He cleared his throat. “Are we having a crisis, Peter, do we need to re-evaluate our relationship?”

Peter's stomach clenched. It was here. This was the moment he had known would come. He folded his arms tightly across his chest and gazed at his partner. Will wasn't exactly God's gift to gay men. He was slightly overweight and hairy enough to be mistaken for the missing link. However, he had attractive blue eyes and a kind charm, which had enchanted Peter from the moment they met. He had been thrilled when Will had asked him out on a date.

“What exactly does re-evaluate mean, William? Is it a pseudo way of saying our relationship is over and you want my blessing to go and seek out some easy little slut who will open his legs for you on demand? Well fine, go ahead. I hope you get crabs, you bastard!” He tearfully strode towards the bedroom door. “I'll sleep in the spare room.”

Will broke his personal best record for vacating the bed. Charging across the floor he grabbed Peter by the wrist, roughly swinging him round to face him. “Don't give me that shit! You know perfectly well I didn't mean that. I meant maybe something about our sex life isn't working for you? You seem to take longer and longer to come up to bed every night. What excuses will you come up with tomorrow night: I'll be up in a minute but first I need

to re-tile the roof and then lay foundations for a new conservatory?”

Peter, face flushed, his eyes brimming tears, tried to pull away. “I try to keep our home nice, but all I get is criticism. Of course it wouldn't occur to you to come and help. You're too busy spanking the bloody monkey to think about running a hoover over the carpets. Sex mad you are.”

“There was nothing to be done requiring my help. You create housework from thin air. Even if there was a real need and I did help, you'd only redo it after me. It drives me mad. All I wanted tonight was for you to come to bed with me, to pay me the same attention you pay the fixtures and fittings, but no, you found task after task that was more important than me. It's hurtful, Peter.”

“You should have come and got me then, if it was me you really wanted and not just a quick eruption of Mount Dick. You should have come downstairs and demanded I come up to bed.” Peter sniffed miserably. “I need to know I really matter to you and I need to know in concrete terms.”

“What was I supposed to do, Peter?” March downstairs, whisk the duster from your hands and drag you upstairs by your hair, like some testosterone overloaded caveman?”

“Not exactly.” Peter lifted his chin. “Though to be honest, sometimes I wish you would be a bit more forceful, instead of being so wishy-washy and accommodating all the time. Look at last night. I was up until after midnight polishing all the brass doorknobs, and did you say anything? No. You went to sleep. A real man would have...WILL!” He gave a cry of fright as he was suddenly taken by the hand and pulled roughly across the bedroom floor.

The cry was repeated when Will sat down on the bed and yanked him face down over his knees, securing an arm around his waist. “WILLIAM! What the hell are you doing?”

“I'm being a REAL man. I'm being forceful. Isn't that how you want me to be?” Will raised his hand and brought it down hard on the seat of Peter's bright red boxer shorts. “You're quite right. I should have stopped you polishing any other knob but mine last night, and I should have come downstairs and got you this evening. In future, when I tell you to come up to bed you will do so immediately. You will not continue to dust, clean and ignore me, is that very, very clear, young man?”

“YES!” Peter squirmed, desperately trying to remove his backside from the path of his partner's rapidly descending hand.

“Good. Excellent. That's what I like to hear.” Will stopped spanking. “To make absolutely sure you've got the message loud and clear, I think we'll have these down to repeat the lesson a little more forcefully.”

Inserting his fingers into the waistband of Peter's boxers he quickly pulled them down and off, exposing his neat rounded buttocks, which were already a fair shade of red. They were destined to get redder still. They’d soon outdo his boxer shorts in hue.

Peter gasped and grunted as the spanking resumed on his bare bottom. Will had a powerful right hand and there was nothing wish-washy about the way it was bouncing off his behind. His gasps gave way to more vocal sounds as the heat built and the slaps began to really sing their sting on the nerve endings in his backside.

He tried to block his partner's punishing hand with his own, only to have it firmly grasped and held against his back. Oh God.

This was real. This was very real and very painful. He hollered as his blazing bottom sent out sparks that ignited his thighs, or at least that's what it felt like as Will's hand began to burn a fiery path along them. He burst into tears.

Will stopped spanking the moment Peter started crying. Pulling him from his lap he stood up and drew him into his arms, anxiously cuddling him. “Are you all right, baby? I didn't go too far did I, darling? Speak to me, honey.”

Lifting his tear-stained face from his partner's shoulder, Peter sniffled. “I'm fine, love. Don't worry. It was pretty intense that's all.” He reached his hands back to gingerly rub his sore bottom, and then he smiled.

Will braced himself. “Be gentle with me,” he whimpered, as Peter launched at him, dragging at his boxers, which were soon tossed into a corner of the bedroom. His pleas for mercy were lost as Peter's mouth clamped ravenously over his.

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Snuggled in Will's arms, his head resting on his fur-laden chest, Peter gave a contented sigh. “That was bloody fantastic. Best sex and best orgasm ever. When did you twig I was in need?”

Will gave a gentle laugh. “It didn't require Miss Marple to read the clues you've been gradually laying down all week, like adding one more job to do every night before coming to bed. I guessed the time was nigh and you were in need of some stern consequences when you watered a Yucca plant we don't possess and vacuumed a non existent dark blue carpet.”

Peter grinned. “I wanted to make sure you'd get the message.”

“Why do we have to go through all this playacting, love? Why can't you tell me directly when you want me to come over all masterful and dominant and give you a good spanking?”

“Because it wouldn't be the same. It would lack authenticity. I loved the way you dragged me across the bedroom tonight and threw me over your knee. You were really getting into it. I could tell. It was the hardest spanking you’ve given me so far and the *'young man'* touch was brilliant. The way you said it made my knees turn to jelly. I think we're ready to consider buying you a paddle and maybe a cane.”

“You’re mad, absolutely crackers, but I love you.” Will kissed the top of Peter's head, adding proudly. “I think I'm really getting the hang of this domination stuff. The terrible macho novels you've made me read seem to be paying off. I feel quite alpha wolf at times.”

“Well let's face it, pet, you've got the body fur for it.”

“Cheeky brat.” Will playfully smacked Peter's bottom. “By the way, first thing tomorrow morning, you're going to make an appointment to see your dentist and have that brace replaced with one that doesn't come out. It will be better for your teeth and better for me. I thought I was a gonner for a minute there tonight when it sprang loose and shot down the back of my throat.”

“Why, William, that sounds remarkably like a direct order?”

“Oh believe me, young man, it certainly is,” said Will, and his inner wolf immediately let loose a long howl.

Peter shivered, perhaps he'd cried wolf once too often and the real thing was now upon him? He could but hope. Closing his eyes, he cuddled in happy subservience against his dominant male.

The End.

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‘Cat’ is the alter ego and alternative pseudonym of gay romance writer Fabian Black. Visit her website for more gorgeous gay romance fiction with a D/s theme:
http://www.fabianblackromance.com/