

Master stirred. The urge to piss had yanked him from a pleasant dream. He lay in denial for a moment, willing the urge to go away. How he dreaded the thought of peeling back the covers and feeling the cold night air on his skin, of padding into the bathroom, of enduring the glare of the lights that would pull him even further from slumber!

But the feeling would not abate.

He had nearly resigned himself to his fate when a soft snore beside him reminded him of an alternative.

"Boy," he said quietly. "Boy!"

He shook his boy, who gasped and blinked blearily in the darkness.

"Uh, hmm? Yes, Sir?" he asked.

"I need to piss."

It took a moment to register with the sleepy, subservient male, but then he groaned. Master had been training him to drink piss. Boy didn't like it very much but had eventually gotten to where he could keep up, even without Master holding back.

This was, however, the first time Master had woken him up for it.

Groaning under his breath, boy muttered "Yes, Sir" and crawled under the covers.

Master's groin had sweated a lot during the night and was pungently musky. Despite being jarred awake, boy couldn't help feeling a little aroused.

Groping in the dark, he ran his muzzle over Master's sheath and found the opening. He knew better than to try to coax Master's cock out—Master found pissing through an erect penis uncomfortable—so boy sealed his lips around the opening and waited patiently.

He didn't have to wait long. Within seconds, Master's cock-tip poked into boy's mouth. Boy proactively put his tongue up to deflect the first drops and give him enough time to take a breath once Master started pissing.

The subtle swelling of Master's cock as piss inflated his urethra was boy's only warning. A second later, the tip of Master's penis twitched, and boy tasted the first bitter, acrid drops.

Boy's eyes bulged. Morning piss is strong; night piss is stronger.

Sucking in a breath and holding it, boy slid his tongue under Master's lengthening prick, guiding it into his mouth for a better seal. As he did, he felt the hot, bitter-sour liquid spraying against the back of his throat and quickly adjusted his angle before his gag reflex went off. Master would *not* be pleased if his bed were soaked in piss.

As his mouth began to fill but before his cheeks started to pooch out—if it got to that point, it was already too late—boy steadied himself and swallowed. The burning acid went down his throat and made him want to retch, but his mouth was already almost full again, and he forced himself to focus on swallowing. Gulp after gulp of the pungent stuff went down his throat and filled his belly. By the time Master finished, boy felt a little nauseated and bloated.

But that didn't matter. He dutifully wiped his lips up Master's cock, then licked the last vestiges of piss from its tip.

Master groaned appreciatively and ruffled boy's hair, then rolled over. Within seconds, he was snoring.

Boy grimaced, suddenly realizing that he needed to piss, too. Grumbling, he peeled back the covers and felt the cold night air on his skin, padded into the bathroom, and winced as the glaring lights came on.