

Make Mine a Mutt  
(An erotic human-male on furry-female tale, unfinished)  
by Anima

The petshop on the seventeenth floor of the local supermall wasn't quite conventional. None of the animals for sale left the store without their own consent, and their new owners were all specially licensed for each breed.

I'd known all this of course, known it for years. But my folks would never have allowed a Pet in their house, even if I'd been shameless enough to conceive of keeping one while living with them. But thank God I'd moved out last year, and I was in the midst of doing all the things I'd been denied since childhood. Owning a Pet was fourth on the list. My new tiger eyes and retractable claws were third. Drinking Altarian brandy had been second, but... I shuddered at the thought, drawing glances from the other passengers in the elevator. A pang made me wince as the first item tormented me. Make out and score with my girlfriend, in perfect privacy. She was gone, and that certainly contributed to my desire for a Pet. The elevator door-field turned blue, and everyone interested in the seventeenth floor stepped off.

"Good afternoon, sir. Did you make an appointment, or are you here to browse?"

The perky salesperson smiled up at me from the desk set in the front of the store like a military bunker. The defenses and shielding built into it were nothing like the stuff at TacoDonalds, but then, the mall security made sure nothing serious enough to threaten a fast food franchise made it this far. Doorways flanked either side of the desk, both filled with red security fields.

"Sort of. I buzzed earlier about coming in and looking for a dog?"

"Ahhh, of course. Mr. Gothard."

I could see a flicker of it then. The brief internal monologue wondering whether I was related to the line of Gothards so steeped in dogmatic religious brine that they had crucifixes up their asses instead of the conventional sticks. "Step to the right and raise your hands toward the scanner."

I moved around beside the desk, and presented my palms. A fixture above the doorframe hummed and slid down its tracks, painting me with invisible light from eyes to toes and back again. Satisfied I was who I claimed, had a bank account with a positive balance, and indeed had been licensed, the field turned blue.

"Go right in. Janet will show you around. Hope you find one you like!" Grinning dazzlingly, the receptionist turned to greet the next customer.

I stepped through the field, and almost bumped into an extended hand. Janet looked exactly like the receptionist, but for her hair. You get used to salesbeings after awhile,

and learn to identify types. Janet was friendly and warm, while the receptionist was capable of frosty rejection to get rid of unsuitable customers.

“So you’re here for a dog, Luke?” Her voice was quiet and reassuring, with an underlying current of sensuality. Few people bought Pets for platonic relationships.

“That’s right. I’ve wanted a bitch for years, and I’m sure I can give one a good home.” It was true, I could. I worked from home, and made enough to support a Pet and myself comfortably.

“Well, we do have some charming Pets here this week. Come on back and meet them.”

Janet led me not to a series of cages or cells, but into a comfortable well-appointed lounge. A Dalmatian sat in a plush armchair with a book, and looked up with a smile as we padded across the lush carpet. She was tall, at least six foot, and slender. Delicate wire-frame glasses framed ice-green eyes. Nude, her white coat was charmingly spotted with black. Her breasts were modest slopes capped with pink nipples, in keeping with her sleek appearance.

She wasn’t for me, but I did smile back before turning towards the creak of an opening door. Three other canine Pets filed out, and stopped their chatter long enough to grin or nod at me. One was a perfectly curved Labrador, black and velvety. She was gorgeous, and knew it...unlike the Dalmatian, who was a bit shy and self-conscious. I knew from the sales brochures that these traits were imprinted on them as part of their base personality, but each Pet could and usually would evolve into more unique individuals over time.

The third was a collie, and it was obvious why the shampoo commercials loved using these Pets. It was terribly difficult to resist walking over and burying my hands in that thick lustrous fur, especially with the knowing look she was casting my way!

Last through the door was a poodle. Now, I’d imagined poodle-morphs before, but this specimen was nothing like what I’d pictured. She was petite, under five feet tall, but exuded attitude. Poofy rings of fur indeed circled her middle, ankles, wrists, breasts and thighs, but each level was dyed a different color. She wore a spiked collar, and red contact lenses. Her grin was more than a little feral, and she virtually vibrated with pent-up energy. I could imagine what a handful she might be!

Janet sat down with me on a couch, and the other Pets took their places on other chairs, or just settled easily to the floor.

“Each of these ladies are purebred, and come with their records of course. Melanie,” the Dalmatian nodded, “Tina,” the Collie smiled, “Francesca,” the poodle winked a crimson eye at me, “and Ruth.” Ruth waved an ebon paw cheerfully. I shifted on the couch, thinking. How could I put it politely?

“Thank you for coming out to meet me, ladies. You’re all gorgeous, and I wish I could take you all. But today I’m afraid I’m more interested in—“ the Pets all leaned a bit closer, ready to make their arguments and pitch their cases to refute whatever I found wrong with them, “a mutt.” The three who’d entered looked at each other incredulously, while Melanie seemed to stifle a giggle.

Janet cleared her throat, and glanced towards the door the last three Pets had entered through. “I suppose Cinnamon is asleep? Would you go fetch her Francesca?”

The poodle leaped up gleefully, and bounded out with a mischievous cackle. I blinked, but the Pets were too busy chuckling to explain anything, and Janet simply looked pained.

At last, Francesca pushed open the door, leading in a fifth Pet by her collar. She was certainly a mutt, and differed from the others in both obvious and subtle ways. First, she didn’t have the perfect tone the others did. She had a beautiful body, wide warm hips, and a bit of a tummy...just enough flesh to conceal the muscles beneath. She wasn’t groomed as perfectly either. In fact, she looked freshly awakened, which made sense given what Janet had said earlier. Her long hair was blonde and tied into two thick pigtails, both a bit rumpled. Her breasts were larger than any of the others’, nipples set on large round disks of pink flesh. The heavy mounds jiggled with each step, but her solid frame and strong back saved her any strain. Her short dense coat was a chocolate brown for the most part, but a cappuccino-hued swath ran from the insides of her calves up her legs, belly, and chest, spreading up over her face to vanish beneath her hair. Her muzzle and ears were chocolate-brown as well. She was rubbing an eye and yawning, tugged along by the poodle. Hardly aware at all, she plopped down on the couch right beside me.

“That’s Cinnamon,” Janet sighed, resigned.

“Not that we ever call her that,” Ruth chuckled. “We just call her Yaks.”

“Why?” I asked Ruth, “Does she talk a lot?”

Ruth nodded, grinning toothily, (not that she could help that). “You could say that.”

It was about then that Cinnamon finally opened both eyes all the way, and noticed who she was sitting beside.

“Oh! Hi! I’m sorry I don’t look my best, I don’t usually...that is...” Her wide eyes turned helplessly on Janet, who just smiled and reached across me to pat Cinnamon’s knee.

“Cinnamon’s actually been with us for a month now. Most of our Pets find owners much sooner. It’s depressed her a bit, and she’s no longer required to come out and meet customers. But she is our only ‘mutt’ as you so charmingly put it,” she chuckled.

Cinnamon's eyes glided over to mine, and she leaned in close, cool nosepad flexing as she took in my scent. "You *asked* for a mutt? Why?"

I reached down and slid my hand into hers, giving it a squeeze. This wasn't set up by the company...this felt real. "Perfection—or what most today would call perfection--can be boring. I know that you other girls aren't perfect, so you aren't boring," I smiled at them placatingly, "but I really wanted a Pet who didn't mind living in a modest setting. And to be honest, I'd feel rather inadequate next to you purebred beauties. Cinnamon," I smiled at her, an expression she returned beamingly after a moment of studying my face, "is a better fit for me I think."

Though each looked a bit put out, all but Ruth could find some part of what I said they could agree with. She returned my gaze for a long moment, before nodding quietly in resignation. Rather maternally, Ruth gave Cinnamon's head a stroke before leaving with the others. Janet handed me a glossy printout with some information about their resident mutt, but I hardly glanced at it.

"So, have you been happy here, Cinnamon?" I asked her, once Janet had left us alone to talk a bit.

"Yes! The others are nice, though Francesca scared me a little at first!" We shared a chuckle over that.

"The food's nice, and they take good care of us. It does get lonely sometimes, but Ruth often kept me company."

I nodded, pleased to hear she'd been well looked-after. Despite all my research, this *was* the first time I'd actually been in a Pet store. I'd half-expected comfortable cells, not these rather free-form accommodations.

"Good. What do you like to do, when you aren't being, ah, interviewed? I saw one of the girls reading," I gestured towards the vacated armchair, the book draped over one arm.

"Reading is fun, though we depend mostly on the store owner's book collection. Most Pet shops only have entertainment feeds and a few bits of exercise equipment." She wrinkled her nose a bit, an adorable expression. "I don't really like exercising much."

"Too much like work," I grinned, and she nodded vigorously!

"Do you have books at home?" She asked curiously, tail thumping the arm of the couch as it wagged.

"Some," I nodded, "but most are just files in my text-reader. I have some of the library sets in there, so there's tons to read."

Cinnamon seemed restless, shifting on her couch cushion with the effort of keeping in her next question.

“Will you let me have sex with you?” She asked it in a rush, startling me, and ducked her head with a soft whine of embarrassment.

“Whenever you want, of course. Did they teach you anything about young males in your education program?” I smiled coyly at her as she lifted her head again. I’m sure she’d have been blushing, if it would’ve shown under her fur.

“Enough. I mean...you want to a lot, and that’s great,” she bubbled, then burst out laughing. “Ohh, I’m sorry I brought it up so fast. I was just worried I wouldn’t get to...” She leaned over to rest her chin on my shoulder, arms sliding around me to give me a good tight squeeze. A bit awkward from the side, but I wasn’t complaining!

“Do you think you’d like to be mine then?” I asked, just to make sure, while stroking her smoothly-furred back.

“I’m yours. Take me home and spoil me,” she grinned, before releasing me and springing up. “I’ll go get some clothes on, and meet you out front by the desk.” She flounced through the door, as I stood and looked around for Janet. She clicked down the hall in her heels, and smiled as she saw me exiting the lounge.

“All set? Read this, give me your thumb, and you’re all done.” She handed me another glossy sheet, which listed some reminders concerning treatment of Pets. They were intelligent beings, and had rights, though they weren’t permitted to hold jobs or own property. I scanned the list, and knowing I’d never hurt, torture, pimp or abuse Cinnamon, I could safely apply my thumbprint at the bottom of the sheet. Chemicals sensitive to stress-level heat and sweat found no signs of deception, and turned the print green. I placed my thumb on a portable reader Janet offered me as well, authorizing the cash transfer...and that was it.

“Enjoy your Pet, Luke. I’m sure she’ll enjoy you,” she smiled, pointing me out towards the receptionists desk.

I passed through the briefly-blue field again, to find Cinnamon dressed in jeans and a baggy tie-dye T-shirt. She bounced a bit on her feet, gazing out at the mall, before turning at my entrance. Cinnamon padded over and wrapped an arm around my waist, towing me out of the store eagerly.

“Show me around a bit? They do take us on walks now and then, both for exercising and advertising, but we never get to go into any stores!” I could hear the frustration in her voice, and could identify. They were treated a bit like children, never allowed to do anything they really wanted to.

“Sure,” I chuckled, indulgent, and heady with the thrill of my match. Cinnamon dragged me through the mall for two hours or so, often just ducking her head into shops. She sniffed constantly, experiencing a world of scent-information I would never know.

“What do you smell?” I asked her, curious, as she seemed enthralled at a scent caught in an intersection.

“I’m not really sure what it is, though I’ve smelled it before. It’s strong! Can’t you smell it?” She turned, blue eyes just about level with mine. I inhaled deeply...then giggled.

“Oh! Maybe you’re smelling Cinnabons?” I got a blank look, and chuckled with real pleasure. “You **must** try one.”

Despite the odor, it took us awhile to actually locate the Cinnabons. The scent was so pervasive and alluring, finding its source proved tough. We found it at last though, and I bought us each one of the huge, sticky buns. Cinnamon used her fork at first, but after the first few bites she couldn’t be bothered with the flimsy plastic utensil anymore. She scooped up the mass of dough, icing, and grease and took big bites...bolting sweet chunks of it with her eyes blissfully shut. I watched fondly as she vanished the treat in less than a minute, then offered her the remaining half of mine.

Muzzle sticky with icing, she slipped into a bathroom to clean up, embarrassed. When she emerged, I cupped her jaw with a hand and stroked my thumb across her cheek.

“Don’t worry about it! Most people have that reaction the first time they try one.”

She perked up again at that, but didn’t seem interested in seeing any more of the supermall. “Can we go home? I’d like to see where we’ll live,” she asked, bouncing a bit again. It was going to take some time to adjust to the fleshly tremors that resulted when she did that!

“Definitely. I’m getting a little tired of mallwalking myself.” I grimaced, glancing around at the mass of stumbling humanity searching for more stuff to cram into their homes. We enjoyed a brisk walk back through the garishly lit and ad-crowded halls, to the lift. We stood close in the elevator, and I felt a little self-conscious until Cinnamon leaned against me...reminding me that having a loving Pet far outweighed whatever people might think. One woman in particular stared with disapproval at Cinnamon, and to my delight, my Pet stuck out her wide pink tongue at her!

We made it to the parking lot, and took a glider disk to my spot. My car was nothing special, just a blue electric job from Fjord.

“Aww, it’s cute!” Cinnamon squealed, stroking the curving front fender above the expressive headlights. A pale gray bar crossed the eye-like lights, suggesting sleep.

I powered it up with a grin, letting her see the eyes ‘open’ and blink once or twice. “It helps you express yourself to other drivers, particularly when they do something moronic right in front of you,” I told her as she slipped in the passenger side.

“Does that happen a lot? Sounds dangerous,” she murmured, glancing around at the other sleeping cars around them as if one might leap up and slam into us at any moment.

“It happens enough. There are repulsor fields now though which help us avoid most accidents.” It certainly kept me from scraping cars around me when I parked! We glided out of the parking garage and into traffic, the navigational computer helpfully lighting up turns in soft arrows projected right onto the windshield.

Cinnamon stretched her legs out before her, seat belt strained a bit over her chest. I idly slid my hand over hers again, earning a content smile from her.

“I think we’ll be great together,” I told her, squeezing her warm furry hand. She nodded, pigtailed bobbing a bit, swelling with pride at being owned at last.

“I’m happy it was you who got me,” Cinnamon murmured, turning to look out the window at the thinning urban landscape.

“Why? Are you so sure already I’m a nice guy?”

She turned back to look at me, surprised. “Of course you’re a nice guy! You didn’t even leash me when we went out walking. You didn’t feel me up at the Pet store, or ask any weird questions...you just *knew* you wanted me. I could see that. How long did you talk with the others?”

I blushed a bit. “Well, not at all really, except to apologize and tell them what I was really looking for. But yes... I didn’t know the moment I saw you, that silly cliché, but when you finally woke up enough to *see* me I think I knew I’d take you home. And speaking of home,” I smiled as I turned into a parking lot, and slipped my car between two hulking PSUVs. The fit was so tight, Cinnamon couldn’t get her door far enough open to slip out. There was a bit more room on my side, so I held the door for her after I’d gotten out. She clambered over the seats on all fours--a heart-meltingly cute position for her--then slithered out of the car and stumbled against me. Smiling a bit goofily, I pocketed my keys and scooped her up in my arms.

“Whoop!” Cinnamon laughed, but allowed it, leaning her forehead against my temple. Her warm breath panted happily across my face, pleasantly and fittingly cinnamon-scented from the earlier treats. She was heavy but manageable, looping her arms around my neck to help steady herself as I carried her across the lot to the apartments. I couldn’t help but react to her soft weight cuddled in my arms... What a treasure! And like a lot of treasure, rather heavier than I was used to toting!

My apartment was luckily on the first floor. The scanner identified me and the door eased open, letting me cross the threshold with my adorable prize. I huffed and puffed

over to the couch, where I laid her down. As I was straightening up, she slid a leg around behind me, and nudged me off balance. Laughing, she caught me as I crashed, and squeezed me tight. Her hot tongue bathed my face, stroking it again and again while I giggled, held snugly in place with her strong arms. She may not have enjoyed the exercise the Pet shop required of her, but she'd kept up with it!

"Silly puppy," I mock-chided her once she'd stopped slurping me. "Don't you want to see the apartment?"

"Later. I've been waiting a long time to be held and appreciated," she murred in my ear, shivering just the slightest bit. I slid one arm back behind her head, pillowing it while I nuzzled up beneath her chin to plant a kiss on her throat.

"I'd love to show you my appreciation." I murmured, hoping I didn't sound too cheesy. She whined softly, hugging my head to her chest, muffling my face between the colorfully-clothed mounds of her breasts. Her scent was wonderful...natural, warm, her fur a bit musty. My free hand slid down to her bared midriff, caressing the softness of her tummy, tenderly kneading the gentle cushion of flesh. Cinnamon wriggled, panting heavily, tail wagging between our legs.

"D-don't tease me too long Luke," she pleaded, arching up into my palm firmly. "Y-you should know how long I've waited to try this!"

I chuckled into her bosom, and slid my arm out from behind her head, using both hands to undo the knot she'd tied in the bottom of her shirt. She helped wiggle out of it, baring her upper body once more. I couldn't resist stopping to run my hands over her soft fur, tracing her sweet curves, then cupping her big soft breasts. My fingers sank into the flesh, her stiff nipples rubbing my moist palms as Cinnamon leaned into the contact.

"Ohhhhhhh yesssss! I, I feel so warm," Cinnamon groaned, trembling as I stroked her. She slid her hands between us and unbuttoned her jeans, squirming out of them with a desperate energy. I barely avoided getting an accidental kick from her struggles with the evil denim! The green silk panties she wore beneath were removed easily thanks to side-ties, and soon my beautiful puppy was bare beneath me...radiating heat and need. She clutched at me with her paws, unable to voice her thoughts anymore, overcome as she was. Her hips rose, humping firmly against one of my thighs, a begging whine whistling from her.

Struck by the sudden craving to feel her warm furred body against my skin, I followed suit and shucked my clothes while she ran her paws over me, literally unable to keep her hands off me!

"Ohhhh, wow," she whispered, sliding a paw down to caress my raging erection. I wasn't anything special down there, just five thick inches, with enough foreskin still there



to nearly cover my cock's head when erect. "I've seen some of the male Pets naked, but never saw one aroused!"

"I'm glad! You wouldn't be so impressed now if you'd seen their equipment," I said wryly, then shivered as she squeezed the firm fleshy shaft.

I slid off of couch and Pet, and Cinnamon released me, a worried...almost panicked look in her eyes. I just smiled, and offered her my hand. "Let's go use my bed, puppy. Less chance of rolling off!"

She sprang up, and almost tripped me she stayed so close behind me, her breasts and belly brushing my rump and back as I padded down the hall! I made a left into a darkened room, Cinnamon nudging me in further so she could follow.

The bed was made in anticipation of my new Pet coming home with me, but it wasn't a detail either of us noted as we rolled onto the soft flannel sheets together. She straddled me below my shaft, gentle thighs bracketing mine. Her fingertips glided along the twitching length of my penis, making me gasp and strain towards the ceiling! It was her turn to tease me now. Though with the way her hand desperately cupped her groin as if to keep in the lust boiling inside, I knew it wouldn't last long!

"In," she grunted, rising at last to kneel astride me, wriggling to hover her groin above my precum-annointed shaft. A warm dribble of slippery syrup drooled from her soft swollen petals, drizzled like icing over my member. Before the body-warm nectar cooled, she plunged down, wincing as I didn't quite slip into place. Reaching down to grasp my base, the edge of her hand buried in my curly groin-fur, she tried again...and stiffened as if speared when her slippery sex slurped down around me.

Her body was as perfect inside as it was without. Her muscles compressed her satiny barrel around me like a vise, tipping down along my length from swollen tip to meaty hilt. She ground her sticky folds into my groin, rotating her hips in an excruciatingly sexy maneuver, tail wagging so hard it gusted some papers off the desk six feet away!

She quavered upright atop me for a moment, then collapsed, catching herself with spread hands on either side of my shoulders. When I flared within her and gave a bit of a thrust, she collapsed the rest of the way down with a helpless whine! My arms slipped around her, squeezing my Pet, pancaking her beautiful breasts against my own chest.

We lay like that for a long moment...Cinnamon's warm cream oozing from her spread folds to slime and mat my crotch and her own. We held each other, breath warm on our cheeks, sharing one another's bodies. When she lifted her head to gaze down at me, I lifted mine to brush her lips with my own. Her lips were dark and moist, and strangely shaped, adorning a muzzle as they did. She showed me how much of a non-issue that was however, by tilting her head on one side and sliding her muzzle over my mouth... slick lips sealed against my flesh. I slid the tip of my tongue along her pointy canines, but was soon repulsed from her maw by her own far larger tongue. It filled my mouth

deliciously, plastering my tongue to the floor of my mouth, saliva trickling between us. I suckled upon that velvety flesh, eyes showing my grin as her own widened in surprised pleasure.

Slowly she began to rock against me with her warm wide hips. Bare centimeters of my honey-coated cock escaped the grip of her heat, before squelchingly vanishing back into her greedy loins.

“Wish I could keep you in me forever,” she whispered against my mouth, disengaging from me to tenderly lip and slurp me.

I reached one arm back up to stroke her cutely folded-over ear between thumb and forefinger, and to my utter amusement felt her leg kick a bit in response.

Soon our need overrode the pleasure we felt simply resting in our conjoinment. Her rocking sped and deepened, inches of my penis slipping from her grip before she sank back down to re-swallow me. Long seconds of this stretched into minutes, the gentle rippling of her sex driving me slowly mad! Cinnamon’s hot cunt suckled my shaft, urging it balls-deep with each thrust.

I met her thrusts with my own, soft skin and tickly hairs brushing her slippery clit. She yelped the first few times that happened, but those yelps turned to crooning soon enough. In moments we were an oil derrick on overdrive, a well-greased piston pounding a productive well of flesh, musky oil coating us both as we drove for the tingly burning goal that kept seeming to leap ahead of us. Muscles began to burn, and our chests heaved for breath...but she came in a rush and a surprisingly harsh bark of passion! Her sex squeezed me tight, while a slick double-spoonful of girlcum baptized my hot swollen shaft! I slid my hands down to her soft, squeezable buttocks and seized them tight, holding her snug to my own hips as my cock went off! Slippery streamers of seed splashed her depths, while she wriggled in my grip and wagged harder than ever!

At last it was over... I noticed the pads of her paws were slick with sweat as they slid over my own glistening flesh.

“S, so...ohhhhhh,” Cinnamon moaned, dropping her muzzle to rest her cool nose on my shoulder, still catching her breath. My hands glided along her back, hips and rump, kneading her in all her softest places.

“My sentiments, exactly,” I panted, and squeezed her so tight she squeaked. When she slid up off my half-soft shaft, she raised herself up on her toes and palms to inspect the glistening mess we’d made of each other. As she watched, white goo dripped from her folds to spatter my groin and thighs.

“Was that...?” She asked, lifting her head to pant happily through gape-grinning jaws.

“Mmmmm, yes...there’s no way I could’ve held out another second. You’re glorious,” I whispered, pulling her back down atop me, adoring her hot weight.

She squirmed in pure pleasure, tucking her nose against my neck and her arms around my middle, beneath me. “Thank you Luke,” she murred in my ear, relaxing every muscle to lay limp and soft atop me.

“Thank *you*, Cinnamon dear. I’ve missed out on you up to now... Now you’re mine, my darling doggy,” I sighed, squeezing her again. “I hope you’ll stay with me.”

Cinnamon opened her jaws, and mock-gnawed on my neck, growling. “You’ll never get rid of me. I’m yours forever.”

When I woke in the morning to find Cinnamon curled against my side, arm draped possessively across my chest and her breasts pressed against my ribs, I could hardly believe how much better the world had gotten. I had love again...companionship, in a gorgeous and charming package that was mine forever, and loyal as no skanky girlfriend was likely to be these days.

I felt a twinge though. How much of Cinnamon’s affection was her own? How much was her ‘imprinting’ influencing her? Did she genuinely like me? Would she stay with me if she’d been a free being I’d simply met somewhere? A frown spread across my face, spoiling the quiet honey-hued morning.

It was a problem I’d thought through many times, with no satisfying conclusion. Creating creatures for a purpose was one thing, but intelligent creatures with artificial attitudes? ‘But,’ I reminded myself, ‘she’ll grow out of her conditioning. If she still wants me then, I’ll know for sure.’

My frown was a content smile again by the time Cinnamon awoke, blinking blearily across my chest at me.

“Good morning girl,” I chuckled, stroking her head just like a normal pet.

She rumbled dreamily, snuggling in again and pulling the covers up over our heads. “Good morning master Luke.” She chuckled, licking my cheek with a slow lazy stroke of her tongue.

I had to chuckle at the title, reminding me of that old moldy Star Wars film. “We can’t go back to sleep, dear. Or at least, I can’t. It’s about time to go to work.”

Cinnamon whined, and clutched me around my middle. I patted her soothingly, grinning in the striped dimness beneath our blanket. “I’m not leaving you, Cinnamon. I work from home.”

Tension flowed out of her, and she relaxed her grip, nudging the covers back off our twined bodies. “Mmmmm. I really am going to be spoiled... How about a shower, Luke?” I saw the gleam in her eye and the coquettish tilt to her head was hard to miss.

“Sounds good to me!”

After some wet slippery fun and the pleasant discovery that wet Pet dogs smelled nothing like wet pet dogs, I slipped into some comfortable clothes and settled down in my home office, Cinnamon lounging on the couch and looking on with interest.

I do graphic design work, and I had plenty of projects waiting for me. Freelancers don’t do terribly well by and large in an age where computers were capable (on some levels) of creativity and original ideas. But I has mastered several obscure programming techniques and even written some of my own software in high school, letting me create effects few others could duplicate. Small businesses flocked to me for holographic ad designs, and often used me for more mundane things like menu layouts and business cards.

Cinnamon watched me work, manipulating writhing grid-lines and shooting blobs of electronic pigment, corralling the result with cursors and voice commands. After a couple hours work, I had a rough version of a looping holographic show that would look fine when loaded into the local bakery’s cheap projection marquee. I sent the file off to the owner for review, and stood up to stretch.

Cinnamon rose from the couch, and stepped in behind me, teasingly pressing her bare hips to my rump as her handpaws slid up to grasp and knead my shoulders. I leaned gratefully into her touch, loose pants tented at the feel of her warm body pressed so distractingly against my own.

“I think, much as I hate to say it puppy, that you’ll have to stay clothed most of the time.” I sounded reluctant, and I certainly was! But having warm Cinnamon pressed against me would virtually assure my work would suffer. Cinnamon pouted cutely, curling an arm around me to rest her paw on my tummy.

“Are you sure? I know you like how I look...”

“I *love* how you look, and that’s the problem lovey. Could you go put on some shorts and a T-shirt at least?” I half-pleaded, feeling my resolve waver as she caressed me through my own thin shirt.

“Allllright,” she drawled, and swayed out of the room. I relaxed, then jumped as she stuck her head back into the living room. “Could we have breakfast, by the way?”

I slapped a hand to my forehead. “Eesh, I forgot breakfast! Idiot. Yes sweetness, I’ll make us up something.” She nodded happily, and slipped into my bedroom while I turned into the opposite room, which housed my little kitchen.

Eggs, bacon, buttered English muffins and a bowl of hot oatmeal topped with strawberries and bananas soon adorned the table. ‘Thank you Star Trek,’ I giggled to myself as I removed two tall glasses of milk from the replicator. ‘If that show hadn’t inspired so many geeks, we wouldn’t have half the cool stuff we do today.’

Cinnamon inhaled deeply, following her nose into the kitchen as she pulled a Gary’s Gym T-shirt down over her head. Attired like a volleyball player, she sat at my little table and stared at the food.

“I hope you approve?” I smiled, settling in across from her and sipping my milk. She nodded quickly, and dug right in! She treated the food as if it were as much a treat as yesterday’s Cinnabon, and before I’d even finished my oatmeal much less the rest, she was done. And she was staring at my bacon with a look that had more in common with wolves than adorable engineered puppies.

“Would you like some more, dear?” I asked her, one eyebrow raised.

She nodded again, ears flapping a bit, but looked worried. “Is it okay? I was never allowed seconds at the shop.”

I just smiled, and beckoned her over as I rose and crossed the warm linoleum to the replicator. “Of course it is. Here, I’ll show you how to use this thing. Just punch in a keyword like ‘eggs’, and it’ll display some matches. Pick the one you want, customize it, and hit enter. It’ll appear in a few seconds. When you’re finished, just put the dishes back into it and hit the ‘clear’ button.”

Cinnamon messed with the replicator while I sat down to finish my own breakfast. I heard her beep-boop at the keypad for at least a couple minutes, and when she returned to the table, she was laden with a huge tray! Ham, more eggs, spaghetti, garlic bread, hotdogs, and a teetering stack of chocolate cookies hid her face from me as she brought it over and set it down on the table. Her head was lowered, as if expecting a reprimand.

“Are you sure you want all that for breakfast, Cinnamon? Can you eat it all?” I asked her gently, wary of sounding like her caretakers at the shop.

She nodded gently, smiling across the pile of food at me. “I’m sure I can eat it. I’ve seen pictures of these things, but except for the hot dogs, I’ve never tried any of it.”

She started with the ham, and I watched, enthralled as she moved from dish to dish, sampling it all before buckling down and systematically demolishing each serving. She didn’t lick the plates, but it was plain she would’ve liked to!

“Sweetie,” I murmured as she turned back from placing the dishes in the replicator, “If you eat like that every meal, you’re going to gain weight.” She nodded shyly, and to my surprise, knelt down beside my chair and placed her hands and chin on my thigh.

“I know...it’s just hard to control myself when it’s *all* right there for me to taste and try,” she murred, tail wagging slowly as she surely dreamed of the other dishes she wanted to sample. “I’ll try not to eat so much. I don’t want to squash you next time I climb on top of you,” she giggled, then murrred and leaned into my hand as I caressed her head.

“It’s okay sweetie. I’m sure you’ll settle down once you get over the novelty of new food.” She didn’t respond to that, but I hardly noticed as I caressed my sweet puppy.

We ate lunch rather late, after I’d finished another round of assignments and sent them off over the ‘net.

Cinnamon ate just what I’d given her this time, and seemed content. Afterward we retired for a nap, her tummy gurgling charmingly as we cuddled in our warm bed. Falling asleep took longer when you shared a bed with another person, but it was ever so much cozier!

The sun had set when we awakened, and I made us a snack to tide us over to dinner before returning to work. Cinnamon crawled beneath my desk and tickled my feet at one point, startling me into turning an entire project electric orange. ‘Thank God for undo!’

“Sweetie, what’re you doing, attacking my poor defenseless feet?” I grinned down at her, Cinnamon’s face peering up at me from between my knees.

“‘Cuz I’m bored, Luke. Sorry,” she grinned, not a bit contrite. I reached down and scratched her beneath her chin, but that wasn’t enough attention for her. Her nose pressed in against the bulge in my pants, earning her a yelp from master Luke!

“There’s a snack in here I’ve wanted to try too,” she murred coyly, trying to tug my pants down around my knees. I had to laugh, and shyly let her.

Fellatio was something I’d never really been comfortable receiving... It just felt so one-sided, and I couldn’t reach much of my partner to physically thank her for the attention. But Cinnamon’s eagerness offset my usual misgivings, and I found myself just as eager to give her this new experience too. She snuffled my rising shaft, inhaling deep of my musk, before slobbering liberally all over the squat pillar of flesh I offered her. Her tongue swirled and thrust against me, and I saw stars! Cinnamon went wild, sucking the tip one moment and cupping the underside of my length in a trough of her wet tongue the next!

She seemed to enjoy my flavor...even craved more of it, and got it by deep-throating me as fully as she could with my modest length! I gripped the arms of my chair hard, biting

my lip as her muzzle rooted in my pubic fur, cock entirely buried in her muzzle. Her teeth barely grazed my shaft, only stimulating me further when they did! A few slurping sloppy suckles later, and I bucked against her, seed spouting from my nearly-purple swollen head!

She backed off me to let my cum slather her tongue, tasting me thoroughly, before swallowing the sticky gift down. She cleaned me meticulously, then, grinning, helped me back into my pants. She cozily curled up at my feet, just wanting to be close.

“You’re such a delight,” I told her, panting, and was rewarded with her bright, genuine smile. As I returned to my work, I could hear the rhythmic thump of her wagging tail on the carpet.

Another couple hours saw another project finished. Just in time too! Cinnamon had started to gnaw on my ankle in a none-too-subtle reminder about dinner.

I punched up some steaks and mashed potatoes, dinner rolls and sparkling grape juice. Cinnamon lolled her tongue as the scent of seared meat materialized along with the food. She sat and let me serve her, trying not to wag too hard with her tail stuck between the wooden bars backing her chair.

We ate happily together, though Cinnamon finished far quicker than I. Canine teeth were meant for chewing meat, after all. Her soulful puppydog (literally!) eyes earned her another steak, which vanished as quickly as the last. We both pushed back from the table, patting our middles.

“It’s amazing you get to eat like this every meal!” She said, wide-eyed.

I just smiled, and muffled a belch. “It’s just electricity, whether you make a steak or a bowl of grits.”

She breathed a deep sigh of relief, and slid to her feet, collecting our dishes and returning them to the replicator. Then, blushing invisibly beneath her fur, she whispered something to the unit. A plastic bottle materialized, and she turned slowly, holding it before her.

“What’s that, Cinnamon love?” I tilted my head, trying to get a better look at the bottle. She crossed the kitchen shyly, and put it in my hand. “Lube?” I said, surprised. “But you were so, uhh, wet last time we didn’t need any help...”

She was blushing so deeply now I could feel the heat pouring off of her. I watched her thumbs hook into her shorts, and draw them down over her hyperactive tail. She turned, presenting her bottom to me, showing off those gorgeous cheeks as the material slid from their curves. “I thought, for dessert, you might like to try some Cinnamon buns,” she whispered, trembling just slightly. The fur around her crotch was dark and soaked, the musk trapped in the shorts now free to tantalize me.

Dribbling some lube onto my index finger, I gently nudged it up beneath her tail, stroking the cool goo over the pearl-eraser pink of her anus. "Something else you've been hungry to try, puppy?" I grinned, teasing her with the pad of my finger, rubbing it in a slow slick circle against her backdoor.

"Ye-yesssss," she managed, bending over a bit to let her soft asscheeks spread for me.

I rose from my seat, and gently nudged her over so she leaned on the table. Her tail swatted me firmly, and I could only hope I could subdue that wagging appendage when we drew closer!

Cinnamon gasped at the feel of my fingertip penetrating her...easing through her tight quivering ring. "OhhHHhh! C-careful," she whimpered, but contradicted herself by leaning back into the intrusion.

My digit sank from sight between her soft cheeks, knuckles buried in the warm furry cleft. A delicious shiver ran through my Pet as she heard my pants slither down to the floor. The finger in her tush slipped three quarters out then returned...thrusting faster until it was a hot, ceaseless slide to and fro! When I lubed and added the second finger, I thought she'd change her mind and ask me to stop but she only thrust back to meet me!

"R-relaxed enough," she whined, turning to gaze up at me past her shoulder. "Stuff me! I need your shaft in there **now!**" Her voice dipped into a growl on that last word...and I knew it'd be foolish to hold off any longer.

Her rear arched needily up into my palms as I gripped her, pushing my stiff shaft between her sweet cheeks. My tip kissed her slippery anus, Cinnamon clenching at it hungrily! Slow and steady, I leaned into her...stretching her hot hole with my cock, feeling her anus roll up over the head and then swallow the rest of me inch by inch. When my groin snuggled up to her ass, she shuddered and growled into her folded arms! "MMMMmmmm, grrreat," she rumbled, squeezing me hard with her tailhole and much more tenderly with the soft slippery walls of her rectum. My hands slid up to her hips, clutching my puppy tight as I started to thrust. Each squeeze inside left my head spinning, and must have sent similar bolts of pleasure through Cinnamon if her moans and wetness were any indication!

My hips soon became a fleshy blur as I pounded back and forth, the sounds of fucking a tight seal filling the kitchen. When I came, Cinnamon didn't feel it and growled back over her shoulder as I quit thrusting. Worried she might do something drastic in a pleasure-weakened moment like this, I began thrusting again...wincing at my over-sensitive penis.

While she lay her head back down on her arms, I slid a hand down between us and dunked three fingers into her literally-drooling slit. Warm strings of doggy-goo had been leaking from her since I'd hilted, and the stuff welled up deliciously around my digits as



they burrowed within her soft pinkness. Cinnamon stiffened and howled! Her cunny sucked at my fingers, but I retrieved one to rub it right over her clit, earning me a second howl and a wet splattering orgasm that left a big patch of the kitchen floor musky and slick!

I couldn't have slid from her rump if I'd wanted to, as Cinnamon clenched down hard during her climax. A minute or so later she eased up enough to release me...aching cock flopping down after escaping that hot, powerful hole. Sliding an arm around her waist, I guided Cinnamon to the bed and laid us out our tummies, side-by-side. I slid my ring finger back up her tush, and caressed the swollen mound of her sex while she slowly slid down from her peak.

"I, I want a toy," she groaned, throwing an arm around my neck and pulling me tight against her...still shaking. "I want to feel filled like that no matter what we do," Cinnamon sighed, licking slowly over my soft earlobe.

"My girlfriend would never even try anal," I murmured to her, without really thinking. She lifted her head and cocked it, ears flopping gently.

"Girlfriend? You have a—"

"Had. She left me because of the traits I bought," I showed her my claws, and winked one tiger eye at her. She made an odd chuffing sound.

"I love how your claws feel... And I never even thought about the eyes. Can you see in the dark? Do your eyes do that thing, with the flashlight?" She chattered excitedly, wriggling away from my fingers and looking for a flashlight.

"Uhh, no, mine don't glow in the dark." I hauled the exploring puppy back against me and spooned against her back, arms around her. My hands slid up to cup as much of her bosom as I could...fingers sinking into the warm masses. Successfully distracted from her search, Cinnamon let a pleased little 'arf' escape, and wriggled firmly back against me.

"Will you...get another girlfriend?" She asked after a moment of comfortable silence. I raised an eyebrow, and gave it some thought.

"I really haven't been thinking about it... Someday, yes, I think. I do want a family eventually..."

Cinnamon went quiet, twisting the edge of a sheet in her paws. Finally, she tilted her head back until her eyes met mine. "What will happen to me then?"

I didn't have an answer. What could I say? "I don't know love. I won't put you out on the street or return you, that's for sure. We may not be able to...play anymore though..."

I felt her squirm a little, then tug the sheets up over us. Her sleek furred body wriggled about until she faced me, her tongue slipping out to caress my face.

“Mine for now though,” she whispers between slow tender slurps.

“Utterly,” I agreed, squeezing her tight to my chest. “Nitenite puppy.”

I woke in the morning to find the bed empty, but still warm where Cinnamon had lain. Then I heard the water running, and relaxed. Soon the damp doggy padded out, a towel wrapped awkwardly around large breasts and hips. Her wet tousled hair made me grin, she looked so damn adorable.

“Want some breakfast?” She grinned, giving herself a good shake that soon undid the rough tie of the towel. I let out a sigh, smiling dreamily.

“I don’t know, it looks like I have a feast for the eyes at least, right here!”

She snickered, and swayed towards the bed...jiggling in spots that made my morning wood into morning diamond.

“I’ll give you something to eat alright,” she murred, sliding a leg across my chest and shifting over to straddle me, tail almost bashing me in the face. When I didn’t push her off but instead gave her hips a squeeze, she scooted back to plant her crotch on my face. Her sex was squeaky clean but rapidly moistening as I brushed my lips over her folds.

Cinnamon quivered, a little nervous despite her bold moves seconds ago. I calmed her with my hands, stroking her fur smooth and flat, lovingly nibbling her flushed labia. Over the course of five minutes, I worked her up to the point where she was grinding her pussy against my face in ferocious and insistent lust!

“No more teasing!” she groaned, cunt leaving a broad stripe of honey up the middle of my face as she ground the soft mound into me. “E-eat me now!”

My tongue darted into her honeypot, and Cinnamon froze as if gored. Seconds later she was bucking and twisting against me as I made my tongue dance! I went utterly wild with it, slathering her sopping-wet sex with its thick clumsy length...slimily thrusting it against her throbbing clit. My puppy scooted a little further back and clamped her thighs around my head, ensuring escape was impossible! Not that I wanted to...she was delicious, and her lube really did feel like warm dilute honey as it washed me and ran down my throat.

I stopped tonguing her a moment to nibble on one plump sexpetal, coaxing a groan from deep in my puppy’s belly. Cinnamon stroked her clit with a frantic finger, riding my face with a mindless primal rhythm! To help her along, I soaked a digit in her cream, and gently wriggled it up her ass. She gasped as her rump stretched and accepted it, sitting

straight at a fence-post atop me while her sex rippled *powerfully* around my tongue. When I withdrew and returned the finger, she came in a series of explosive spurts of girlcum... I managed to swallow all but the first, and licked her glisteningly clean before she sagged off onto her side...breasts heaving with her panting, tongue lolling from her wet lips.

“W-woah,” she squeaked, tail not wagging so much as twitching, as if stuck between gears. “D-did you like that at all, Luke?” she gasped, rolling over to fix me with what she surely hoped was a solicitous look.

I hid a grin at the desperate hope beneath that. She would die of disappointment if I told her she could never do that again, I was sure.

Luckily, “I loved it... You’re so very yummy love! I’ll eat you for breakfast, lunch, dinner and snacks any time.” I grinned and kissed her astonished face, joining my mouth to hers and sharing her exquisite flavor.

My hands drifted along her body, noting how she had such a soft cuddly layer of flesh over every inch of her. No prominent bones to bruise him on this Pet, no sirree! In fact, she felt a little softer now than she had the previous day. Abruptly she pulled herself upright and yelped! Startled and worried I’d hurt her somehow, I did the best my morning-loathing body could do and fell off the bed.

“Breakfast!”

It turned out that Cinnamon’s earlier question had been innocent at first. She’d prepared breakfast already, but after our fun it had cooled off. We just returned the dishes and re-ordered of course, and were soon stuffed with French toast and sausage links.

Just as we rose with our empty plates, the front door’s buzzer blatted at us. Handing my plate to Cin, I padded out into the den and answered the door in my robe.

A spunky 19-year old in a translucent pink raincoat stood there, absently rolling the handle of her umbrella in a neon green-taloned hand.

“Hey Luke. Mind if I come in?”

When I just stood there staring at her, she shrugged and turned around to go.

“Wait! Ruby...” I called out, and saw her turn and click smartly back up onto the porch and inside. Cinnamon lurked in the mouth of the hall, just outside the den. Ruby didn’t notice her as she came in, and claimed a seat on the couch.

“I made a mistake,” she said frankly, as soon as I’d shut the door. She looked up at me, with an attitude that seemed quite the opposite of repentant. “Your new traits bugged me,

and I thought I could find someone else a bit less willing to mutilate themselves.” Her eyes slid sideways, and she shifted uncomfortably on the couch.

All I could do at first was stand by the door and watch her. It’d been weeks, and I hadn’t realized how much I missed that slender ice-blond bitch.

“But too many people are assholes today. They’ll pretend to listen to you, when all they’re thinking about is what’s between your legs and when they might get a private showing of it.” Her tone changed as she met my eyes again: wistful. “You were never like that. We had conversations! You listened.”

I could see Cinnamon almost sagging against the wall in the hall, perhaps weak with fear about what might happen. The sight was like getting my heart slammed in a door.

“Ruby, it’s too late.” I walked over and tugged Cinnamon out into the den, she too dressed in a soft white robe. “I got a Pet. I missed you, but I’d always wanted one... She’s wonderful, and I don’t need you for anything.” It wasn’t quite true. Winning over a Pet bred to be receptive and winning over a pretty girl, all her own person, were two different things...

Ruby stared dubiously at the nervous Cinnamon, who soon dropped her eyes to stare sullenly at her feet. “You don’t really expect me to believe she’s all to you what I was, do you?”

You could’ve heard a moth cough in the seconds of silence that followed. No one but me really knew what to make of that silence. The truth was I wasn’t sure. Half of me was desperate to get Ruby back and try to keep her this time. The other half still hated her for leaving, and wanted to kick her out and cuddle my puppy. I decided to start by reassuring Cinnamon, at least a little.

“She’s not going anywhere,” I stated as firmly as I could, sliding an arm around her hunched shoulders. Her tail gave a fitful wag or two before drooping again in the midst of this uncomfortable confrontation.

“Fine, whatever. Just stop fucking her, and we’ll be fine. We’ll make a cute little dog penthouse for her in the spare bedroom.” She was so dismissive...I could tell Cinnamon didn’t matter at all in Ruby’s scheme.

I looked down at Cinnamon to see her glaring at Ruby, the fur on her neck puffing up. Oh geez... “Ruby, she’s family to me now. We’re not putting her in a ‘doghouse’, or excluding her.”

Ruby smiled tightly, assured all along things would come out as she wanted. “It’s ‘we’ now? You’re taking me back?”

I ran a hand down the length of my face, and sighed heavily. “We’ll try it. For a week. If I don’t like how we’re getting along...you’re out.”

Ruby giggled, and sprung from the couch to cross the floor and give me a peck on the cheek. “My luggage is outside. I’ll make us some drinks while you bring it in.” With that, she flounced past Cinnamon and me and into the kitchen.

“She’s...she doesn’t seem...” Cinnamon tried twice to say something nice, but finally just shook her head and leaned against me. I gave her a tight squeeze, sighing again.

“You’re right dear. You’re absolutely right. But I still love her enough to let her try again... Let’s get dressed and lug in her junk.”

The whole rest of the day was full of Ruby chattering non-stop about the ‘mistakes’ she’d dated after leaving me. I hardly got any work done, and it was painful seeing Ruby patronize Cinnamon whenever the Pet tried to make nice, asking questions. It set my teeth on edge to be honest, but there were still moments when she’d brush her bangs out of her eyes...or tilt her head in a certain way, reminding me of the late-night thrills and exhilarating rush of our time dating. She was a wildcat, though her recent experiences seemed to have grounded her a bit.

Ruby finally ran out of stories, and I managed to finish at least one project. Swiveling around in my chair, I looked over the two ladies seated on my couch...a significant space between them. “I’d say it’s time for some dinner. Cinnamon, why don’t you punch up something else you’d like to try? Enough for all of us.”

Cinnamon bounced up off the couch and down the hall, glad to escape the whiny Evil Girlfriend. I rubbed my temples, then met Ruby’s bored gaze. “Ruby, Cinnamon is a person. A doggy-person, but still definitely a person. Treat her like one. So far you’ve been treating her like a pet that’s learned to parrot speech. Her feelings are as easily hurt as yours, I’m sure.” Maybe more so, really...

“It’s a sex-bot made of flesh Luke,” she informed me coldly. “It mimics hurt feelings. It’s worried about food, and living in work-free luxury. And possibly about getting laid consistently. I’ve heard those boosted sex drives can make you nutty without regular servicing.” She sounded like she was talking about a washing machine’s features, and I could my face heating.

“You’re wrong,” I murmured quietly, after swallowing a louder response. “and you’d know it if you’d give her a chance. Pets are real companions, not just constructs!”

“They’re soulless!”

“You aren’t exactly the picture of benevolent humanitarianism today either!”

“Goddamn furry!”

“Heartless bitch!”

We glared at one another, before she broke off her stare and started giggling. Shocked out of my anger I could only gape as she hugged herself and laughed.

“Hee, Luke, we’re fighting like a married couple. Cool off, it isn’t such a big thing... I’ll just steer clear of her, and we won’t have a problem. But if she starts getting hostile... I mean, dangerous...”

I flinched. That was another thing Pets were known for: guard-dog behavior. They didn’t react well to people who made their owners unhappy. Arguments could do it if they were heated enough. Cinnamon may be a softie, but her claws and teeth weren’t harmless. “That won’t happen. If it looks like she’ll turn violent...I’ll deal with it.”

“Dinner’s ready.” Cinnamon announced quietly, standing in the mouth of the hall with her hands clasped before her, tail tucked and quite still. I flinched again, inwardly this time, wondering how long she’d been there and how much she had just heard.

Unconcerned, Ruby rose and brushed past Cinnamon on her way to the kitchen. I rose and walked over to my Pet, gently pulling her unresisting softness into my arms.

“Relax love, and try not to mind her so much. She’s actually a lot of fun...she’ll get used to you.” I murmured in her soft flopped-over ear as I guided her back to the kitchen, where Ruby was sitting down before a big plate of cold pesto spaghetti salad.

She’d taken the seat opposite the wall the table butted up against, forcing Cinnamon and me to sit apart, across the table from each other. The food was wonderful, and even Ruby complimented Cinnamon for ‘being clever enough to find the recipe.’

Cinnamon ate seconds, and then thirds, but I barely noticed while trying to figure out how to work this new arrangement. Ruby’s cool hand slid over mine where it rested on the table, interrupting my planning.

“I’m pretty beat, Luke. Can we turn in?” She looked up through her lashes at me, her long neon green-painted fingernails lightly denting my skin. Cinnamon looked miserable as she picked up her plate and placed it in the replicator to be reclaimed.

“You two get into your jammies, shower, whatever. I need to send off some emails, and I’ll be in.”

I rose, and circled around to catch Cinnamon before she left the kitchen. “Tonight...want to sleep at the foot of the bed? I don’t want to demean you dear, but at least we’ll still be together.”

Her tail rose a bit from its droop, and she kissed my nose. “Thank you Luke,” she murred, then slipped off to find something to sleep in.

The email was swiftly dealt with, and I toyed with a game until I heard the shower stop running. Back in the bedroom Cinnamon was dressed in an oversized night-shirt and a pair of my boxers. Ruby on the other hand...was wearing a black negligee with iridescent hi-lights like a beetle shell. She looked stunning...seductive, worldly...while Cinnamon simply looked adorable. I felt like I was being confronted by my shoulder angel-devils!

“Could we get some time...alone?” Ruby asked, raising one delicate blonde eyebrow and slowly tracing a circle in the rug with her big toe. Cinnamon, mute, just looked at me pleadingly.

“You said you were beat, Ruby,” I reminded her, climbing into bed. “Let’s all just get some rest. Ruby, here,” I patted the bed beside me, “Cinnamon there,” I pointed to the expanse of bed between my feet and the end of the mattress.

Nonplussed, Ruby slid into bed beside me. Cinnamon stretched out at the foot after we were settled, warm hip snugly pressed against my feet...while she kept a good space between herself and Ruby’s own slender feet. The lights sank, and we all lay there thinking our thoughts...hating our enemies, and loving whoever it was in our hearts.

Cinnamon was up again before anyone else, and if the smells drifting down the hall were any indication...she’d prepared some breakfast again. I slipped out of bed and down to the kitchen while Ruby stayed buried under the sheets in bed.

“Hi puppy,” I murmured as she turned at my entrance. “I’m sorry about all this, Cinnamon...”

She set down the plate of eggs she’d been carrying and stepped in to wrap me in her arms, nose pressed into my chest. “You told me I wouldn’t have you forever. I didn’t think I’d have to give you up so soon, but...what is it about her?”

She was near tears, obviously not comprehending how a bitch like Ruby could win my heart, even competing against a beautiful, loyal, loving Pet.

“I loved her... We’ve been apart awhile so I’m not sure if my feelings have changed; that’s why I’m letting her stay for now. She showed me so much and included me in so many things dear... She turned my life from lonely to...one long party. I met people, I learning things, I...unwound and learned to relax.”

I hugged Cinnamon tighter, then released her and sat her down in her chair. “I can’t just brush her off dear, if things might still work out between us. I do wish she’d stayed away though so I wouldn’t have to make the choice...”

Cinnamon chewed and swallowed her eggs while she listened, sniffing now and then. By the time Ruby entered in slippers and a robe, my Pet had put away enough breakfast for all three of us.

“Let’s go to the park today, Luke! Get out of this stuffy house,” she smiled brightly, resting a hand on my shoulder.

“Great idea. Cinnamon, we’ll take you for a walk!” I grinned, both at the idea and the flinch from Ruby that traveled down to her hand. I tilted my head back to gaze up at her. “You can’t leave her out Rube. She’s family, I told you.”