

"i wish i could bang a furry chick, like one of those characters." Kurt types via instant messenger to his friend Adam. Kurt sits alone in his bedroom at his desktop computer idly fingering a bendable wire paper weight. The handsome young man had a particularly aggravating day at work and is unwinding with some wine. He is content to watch the afternoon unfold with no real plan of action. Feeling cheeky, Kurt revealed the previous not-entirely-untrue message to his friend and is terribly curious to see how he'll respond. A few minutes pass as Kurt hastily strides into the kitchen to find a snack. He returns with pretzels and hummus to find that Adam has replied.

"Wut. Dude, you are such a furry. I swear to god." Adam's message reads. Miffed, Kurt replies.

"no i'm not! i don't even have a fursona or anything. don't all furries have those?"

"Hmm. Yet you know that they call it a fursona...? Point proven :P" Kurt can hear Adam's typically mocking laughter. Adam is a chiding sort who always manages to stay one step ahead of Kurt in conversation. Adam continues to type. "Remember when we watched Digimon Tamers last year? And all you could talk about was Renamon? That is an exceedingly furry thing to do K."

Kurt kicks away from his desk in a huff. He spins in the chair absently as he tries to summon a reply. He truly doesn't consider himself a furry and tries to distance himself from the descriptor. What he wanted to explain to his friend is that he merely finds some anthropomorphic animal characters attractive. At this point in the conversation, Kurt reasons, he has lost his opening to clarify his stance. If he continues to belabor the point he would only look defensive thereby strengthening Adam's conviction in his assertion.

"OK fine. i'm a furry w/e" Kurt types, frustrated. He is, occasionally, very attracted to female anthropomorphic characters in the vein of Renamon. If Kurt were being honest with either himself or Adam he would have to admit that this attraction has overridden normal, day-to-day attraction to women. As he is though he only angrily tries to think of ways to defend his stance that he is not to be misconstrued as a member of that certain fandom. He feels suddenly deflated.

"Sorry K. I was just kidding :/ If you were really a furry I wouldn't mind." Adam replies. This goes some way toward calming Kurt who breathes a sigh of relief and remembers that simple gestures like this one are the reason he and Adam are so close. "Besides I think you would bang 'any' chick on account of your unfortunate virginity." Kurt nearly spits out his wine. Adam just wouldn't be himself if he weren't ribbing Kurt like this.

"i hate you so much." Kurt replies, laughing to himself. "Such an asshole." He says aloud. Suddenly Kurt is alarmed to hear his apartment door opening. Kurt freezes, wine in hand. He isn't expecting company and he had locked the door. How someone fully opened his door with the deadbolt engaged he can't imagine. He isn't certain at first that an intruder has entered his home as they move so stealthily, though in seconds he hears what sound like the claws of a dog clacking on his kitchen floor. Kurt quirks his head at the kitchen doorway which can be seen at the opposite end of the hallway outside his office. The clacking wouldn't be so alarming if not for the fact that it sounds to be in a bipedal pattern. Kurt is too frightened to move.

"H-Hello?" He says unsurely in the direction of the kitchen. The intruder doesn't respond which unsettles Kurt all the more. He had instinctively planned to rise and grab a sturdy object with which to defend himself in case of assault or robbery, but when he heard the strange footsteps he was too puzzled to rise to his feet. He is transfixed by the party shaded doorframe, waiting for the visitor to reveal themselves.

"Hey! Who's there?" Kurt calls feebly down the hall in a desperate attempt to affect the intruder. Presently a silhouette emerges from the shadows of the kitchen.

A dainty white paw can be seen first, and then a second. She is bipedal. And she is most assuredly a female. Above the paws with their glistening black claws and the character's ankles is the hemline of a form-fitting violet dress. It is regal in hue and made of superb-quality material. This female's curvaceous legs balloon steadily to her hips where the tailored dress hugs her svelte midsection seductively. The chest cut of the dress is in a 'V' shape, with its lowest point located

around her navel. This affords the lucky viewer an unobstructed look at the entirety her cleavage. The straps of the violet dress struggle heroically to contain her truly massive breasts. They are cartoonish in size and combine with her hearty rump to lend and exaggerated hourglass figure entirely wrapped in alluring silk. Atop a slender neck is the female's distinctively shaped head. She is an anthropomorphic dog of the bull terrier breed. Her face is subtly off-putting due to the fact that her eyes lack sclera and are entirely black. A patch of black fur surrounds her eyes and likewise her plump lips are colored black. Her bare arms reveal her milky white fur. It is radiant, she seems to glow even in the meager light of the hallway. A crop of shiny, shoulder length black hair adorns her egg-shaped skull. Poking up from the wavy coiffure are her canine ears.

"Ah-shhhhhhhhhhit." Kurt says breathily, struggling to form coherent thoughts. The mysterious canine stands centered in the doorframe of the kitchen wearing an expression that could only be described as suggestive. Her black lips are pulled up at the corners. A slight scrunch of the nose and her wide and excited eyes send stammering Kurt a message. In order to disambiguate, the dog raises an arm and slowly flexes her clawed index finger. She then turns to walk the hallway leading to Kurt's closet, her eyes following Kurt all throughout the action. Kurt sits with his back pressed into the rear of his office chair. He clutches his chest in shock. The man's pants have grown a great deal tighter.

Kurt feels distinctly that he is not as terrified as he should be. The dog may as well have walked out of Kurt's dreams, and he sensed this the second her paw came into view. The bull terrier is Kurt's favorite breed of dog, he loves purple, and good god her rack. The image of the dog's curvaceous figure is burned into his memory. When Kurt slows his breathing and tucks his burgeoning erection to one side he hastily rethinks the situation. 'Why was she here?' He thinks. 'Who is she?' The unholy darkness of her eyes and the devious come-hither gesture she'd made are suspect. Surely such a timely and sudden appearance can only be of nefarious portent. He would be a fool to follow. Kurt springs to his feet.

"I gotta follow her." Kurt says before power walking out of his bedroom. He can barely wait to lay eyes on the dog again. Though somehow he finds the presence of mind to type "gtg" to Adam before departing.

"Hey, where did you..." Kurt begins. He has breathlessly reached the hallway intersection and turns to find that the dog is unsettlingly standing facing him. When he rounds the corner she begins to walk steadily backwards into a black portal. She locks eyes with Kurt and at one point gestures to the portal. She does nothing other than backpedal toward the aperture yet Kurt is hypnotized by the lively bouncing of her endowments and the shimmering garment in which they are revealingly contained. She soon falls backward through the portal. Kurt's last sight of her is of a dainty, clawed hand disappearing into blackness. Despite his 'fervor' he is scared of the portal. He approaches and jabs at it with a finger to find that it disappears from view. Impatiently he tests again with his whole arm. Finally, with a deep breath, Kurt hops blindly into the ink.

The man finds himself in a richly decorated bedroom. The walls and ceiling are white, the tiled floor black, and the furniture is gold or violet. The design of the room adheres to a modernist aesthetic with bold colors and meticulously arranged flourishes of gold finery. Though curiously the bedroom has no windows. In the center of the room is an enormous bed with black sheets and dozens of decorative pillows. On either side of the bed are two large, and wide, support beams. These are made of some shiny black material. Beside the bed is the female standing proudly and eyeing Kurt expectantly. Kurt swallows loudly. The portal behind him disappears revealing the bedroom's two grand doors. Kurt walks to the dog while trying furiously to act calm and collected. His heart races.

"Hello Kurt, I'm so glad you came." The dog says. She speaks with a sort-of deep and husky voice. Kurt is thankful that she broke their silence. His spine tingles at the sound of her voice.

"Wh-who are you?" Kurt asks, feeling terribly awkward. Though if he is behaving clumsily the dog either doesn't notice or care. She only looks at him levelly (as they are of the same moderate height) with amicable acceptance.

"My name is Grace," She begins with a slight bow. Even the calculated motion causes her breasts to bounce in the tight confines of her dress. "And I grant wishes."

"Really? Heh, wow. You know, I believe it." Kurt says managing a chuckle which loosens his nerves a great deal. He

stands facing Grace and feeling terribly unsure of himself.

“Do you have any wishes Kurt?” Grace asks, batting her lashes. She looks at Kurt eagerly with one eye as the other is covered by her wavy, black locks. She begins to slowly pad toward him. She approaches hastily enough to display her intent, but slow enough as to not startle him.

“Yeah, I uh, I have a few.” Kurt says. Grace having nearly reached the man, bends forward, affording Kurt an enviable view of her bosom. She quirks an eyebrow.

“Do you want to fuck me?” She asks. Kurt’s face flushes red. He wants nothing more than to have sex with Grace, but he is unable to ignore the wrongness of the situation. He tries to piece together the reasons why he shouldn’t accept Grace’s invitation while stammering unintelligently. Grace, feeling or acting put out by Kurt’s hesitation, puts on a look of hurt and shies away.

“Don’t you like my body?” She asks. Kurt pauses in his stammering to trace the dog’s every feminine curve. Her display of discomfort is incredibly endearing. Something stirs within Kurt causing him to suddenly understand the situation with clarity. He moves to console Grace though before he can she leans toward him, grabs his hand, and places it on her butt. She places her black lips directly next to his ear and repeats “Don’t you like my body?” This time with the confident air of seduction. Her soft and warm chest is pressed against his. His stolen hand at first was too shocked to react, but he quickly calmed and allowed himself to explore Grace’s rear. The texture of her dress is extremely enticing and her warmth and scent only comfort frazzled Kurt. He is excited to discover Grace’s small tail which wags regularly from its slit in the dress’ rear.

‘Oh my god, this is it. My first...’ Kurt is confronted with the fact that he is holding an anthropomorphic animal. He had known since he first saw Grace what she is of course, but the reality only hit him in this close proximity. A bull terrier, tail, paws, and all; Grace is almost literally throwing herself at him. He cautiously gropes Grant’s rear while lightly panting into her pleasantly scented hair. Grace growls lowly.

“Wait.” Kurt says, gently pushing Grace away. This proves difficult as she hangs onto him lustily. She stands beside him rubbing her thick thighs together in a way which would make Kurt wince in pleasure if he weren’t so resolved. “What do you get out of this? Why do this for me?” He asks. Grace scoffs and holds his hands in hers.

“I’m a dog, Kurt. As with most dogs, I love a good bone.” She says in a joking tone. When she begins to tug Kurt toward the bed he can only shamle obediently after her. He doesn’t trust her in the least, but his lust has won the night. Grace cheerily pulls him along while purposefully sashaying her hips. Kurt enjoys following her little tail as it swishes before his glazed eyes.

When they reach the bed Grace begins silently guiding the inexperienced man. She turns to face him by the bed and wraps both arms around his neck, pulling him into a sumptuous kiss. Kurt is surprised by the suddenness, but instinct seems to take over. He plants his hands on Grace’s thin waist and excitedly explores her muzzle with his tongue. The exoticness of Grace’s body is wildly intriguing. The feel of her mostly sharp canine teeth, the longue tongue, the ever-present feel of her downy white fur. Her every aspect reflects humanity through a canine lens. The experience is exactly the way Kurt dreamed they would be. He presses his chest closer to Grace’s and brings his hands to the top of her dress. Grace chuckles into Kurt’s mouth in response.

“Quick learner.” She mumbles. She holds Kurt’s head firmly in her clawed hands and tastes his mouth in kind. Kurt finds the zipper of Grace’s dress near her neck and he very slowly pulls it down. With his free hand he explores every exposed inch of fur as it is uncovered. When the zipper reaches her midsection her huge breasts finally overpower the dress and spill out. Kurt relishes the supple softness and groans. Grace, predicting his response, grinds her upper body into him. She takes initiative by unbuckling Kurt’s belt and unbuttoning his shirt. Though Kurt manages to undress Grace first. Her violet dress falls to the floor and she begrudgingly breaks the kiss. She falls back onto the bed clothed only in her luminous white fur and obsidian hair. She sucks on a thumb claw while watching her partner undress. Kurt finally removes his pants and in his haste rips his shirt while removing it. After taking a moment to admire supple Grace’s form

he crawls onto the bed.

Kurt had thought to mount Grace, but when he arrived beside her she pushed him onto his back and mounted him instead. Her shoulder length hair falls onto his face and her huge breasts swing between them. He looks up uneasily, but with no shortage of humble appreciation.

"Just relax." She says. She repositions her rump, which had been astride his chest, and slowly finds her target. Her black eyes lock with Kurt's as she carefully slides onto Kurt's cock squirming a bit. "Oooooooh, not bad big man." She says with seeming sincerity.

"I... I've never been this hard in my life." Kurt groans before experimentally bringing a hand to one of Grace's boobs. The fine fur tickles, but he continues and kneads the doughy softness. They are truly massive, like two melons with small, teacup areolas. Grace places a hand over his and begins to grind Kurt's hips causing him to sort of spasm and pant. The sensation is incredible. Grace's pussy is amazingly slick and warm. In her exertion the pressure seems to undulate. She is amazingly vigorous as well. She ruts onto his rod repeatedly and strongly while caressing his hand on her breast. After a bit his crotch aches a bit from her forceful humping though this does nothing to diminish the pleasure. He feels that the graceful female is consuming him, embracing his every inch.

"Ohhh fuck. Yeahh." Kurt groans. He finds the energy to fall in pace with Grace and hump more deeply into her. Due to either inexperience or excitement his climax is already fast approaching. Just now he realizes that Grace is glaring at him with her deeply black eyes.

"Call me a bitch." She says loudly. Kurt is uncomfortable with this but tries anyway.

"Mfff. Aw yeah bitch." He says in a soft voice while humping.

"Louder!" She shouts, impassioned.

"Yeah? You like that bitch? Huh? You like my rod in that pussy?" Kurt shouts, surprising himself. The shouting seems to heighten both of their experiences as Grace begins to moan in short excited bursts.

"Ooh! Ooh! Fuck yes."

Kurt's testicles clench. Grace falls into a particularly deep hump and causes him to blow his load.

"Oh God Grace. Yeah, yeahhh." He grabs the dog's ass and holds it tightly onto his cock as he shoots his seed. The dog, blushing, continues to hump along. Kurt's orgasm runs out of steam fairly quickly and he falls to the bed leaving Grace looking patient and pleased, but clearly put out. After some final humps she removes herself from Kurt's dick and crawls astride him. She bends in for a kiss and remains laying with her ample breasts against his chest. Kurt absently places an arm around her waist. When Kurt returns to Earth from his blissful climax he finds that the look of displeasure has passed from Grace's features but he realizes his faux pas.

"Oh. Oh no, I'm sorry. Did you not...?" He asks. She places a finger on his lips, shushing him.

"Don't worry. It was your first time. You'll get it..." Grace says. While her voice is sincere the dog's eyes are less forthright. The pair lay together for a few minutes. Grace scratches Kurt's chest and he, still unable to believe his incredible luck in being visited by Grace, runs his fingers through her hair. Grace suddenly rises with a start.

"Hey Kurt, I want to show you something." She says. He nods and the dog hops from the bed landing gracefully on her paws. Kurt begins to rise, but she grabs his hands and roughly pulls him to his feet.

"Woah, woah, what is it?" He asks. Grace ignores him while dragging him to the nearest of the two black posts in her bedroom. "Hey, Grace. What's up?" The dog throws Kurt against the beam before grabbing his wrists and forcing his

arms spread. Her grip is vice-like, Kurt attempts to pull his hands free of hers lightly, at first. When her dainty hands prove simply unmovable he begins to fret and struggle. Grace interrupts him by taking him into another French kiss. Kurt relaxes momentarily, thinking the dog is simply playing rough. Though he begins to feel something unsettling. A nervous eye flashes to his right wrist. He finds it has been coated by the shiny black material of the pillar. His hand has taken the appearance of a bulky, clawed hand. His other wrist is in a similar situation.

“MMphh Grrce!” He attempts to shout. Grace, looking impatient and bored breaks the kiss allowing him to speak. “Grace, what’s happening? I can’t move my hands. It’s spreading!” Grace, still in the nude plants her weight on one leg while tapping her other paw on the floor. The substance has covered Kurt’s arms to the shoulder and is going to work on his legs.

“Unbelievable Kurt. I took pity on you, I took your virginity, and you don’t even have the decency to get me off? I really thought you would do better.” Grace’s voice has lost the velvety sweetness she’d employed before. “I guess you’ll have to do as a humping post.” Kurt is held by the latex of the beam away from the wall leaning forward like the figurehead of a ship. His coated portions are completely frozen and are shaping him into a muscular feline, judging by his foot paws. His cock is presently being covered. It predictably enlarges quite a bit. Kurt’s covered parts have taken on a heightened sensitivity. The rubbery dick twitches. He glares at Grace.

“Wh-what? Why are you doing this? Don’t—” Kurt begins

“You wanted to ‘bang a furry chick’ right? Well now you will. Again and again until you can please me adequately. Doesn’t that sound fun?” Grace asks. Kurt shakes his head slowly. He knew the risks. He knew the dog was dangerous and he followed her regardless. He looks down at his toned and shining black chest. His head will soon be covered. Grace is biting her plump lip to keep from laughing.

“You lied to me... You are an evil fucking bichmmm. Mmmmm!” Kurt’s words are cut off by a strand of the strong latex which first gags his mouth and then invades his throat. The rest of his head is soon compacted as well. The only bit of his body visible are his eyes which look out over a broad, black muzzle. He struggles to move within his tomb which has taken the form of a muscular and well-endowed panther. His muffled cries die against the strong latex and can barely be heard outside of it. Likewise his strongest struggles only cause the slightest stirring of his outward form. Grace, suddenly seeming very turned on approaches Kurt.

“Ooooooh that is much better. There is nothing quite like a beefy guy bound. I am going to bang your brains out you hunky panther.” Grace says. She wraps her thigh around Kurt’s trunk-like waist and gives him a few cursorial humps. Kurt, completely in spite of himself groans in muffled pleasure at seeing the horny dog grinding against his huge, black dick. Her thick rump bobbing rhythmically. Of course his body is extra sensitive as well. Her every touch is electric to him causing him to yell silently into his binding. The dog, evidently deriving sadistic pleasure from having her way with Kurt falls to her knees. She sensually cups her huge breasts before hugging Kurt’s cock between them. She looks up at Kurt with a look of feigned innocence.

“Do you like my tits Mr. Panther? Are they big enough for you?” She asks in a teasing, coquettish voice. She begins to run her bosom over Kurt’s cock. The motion is accompanied by a squeaking sound. Overwhelmed, Kurt soon ejaculates. His seed sprays from the black tip of the rubbery dick and onto Grace’s muzzle. While Kurt would love to do nothing more than break out of the panther coating and throttle Grace he can’t deny that he appreciates the treatment in some twisted way.

“Ooh! A little excited? Haha.” She asks, lapping the cum from her face. She stands and leans close to Kurt’s face. After planting a kiss on the tip of his ‘muzzle’ she says: “Don’t worry. You’ll get this cunt again, but not right now.” Grace says, dismounting him.

“Mmmmmmm!” Kurt attempts to groan, partially out of insolence but with a small hint of disappointment. The dog, having not heard him or in active ignorance of him, goes about her business. She instantly cleans and reorganizes her bed in a flash. Kurt continues to try and gain her attention. The dog telekinetically floats her dress into her hands and

dons it. Her robust form squeezes attractively into the silky garment. She walks to Kurt's discarded clothes and, presumably to tease her prey, makes a show of bending down and jutting out her ass and tail. She stands with Kurt's clothes and with a torrent of unholy, black energy burns them into nothingness. Grace gives Kurt a final glance before turning to her bedroom doors.

"Mmm! Mmmm!" Kurt tries.

"I'll be back. Going to see if I can find some more desperate virgins like yourself. I'm thinking of getting one of you on every side of these two beams. That is my kind of decoration. Don't go anywhere, OK? Hee hee." Grace turns and hastily trots through her opened portal.

Kurt continues to struggle and moan as a strung up panther on Grace's wall. He can't believe he was so stupid as to follow the clearly untrustworthy supernatural dog through her evil portal. 'But damn' he thinks 'the pussy was good. I wish she'd at least finish me off over here. I'm ready for more.'