

Can I See You in My Office?

by Havoc

When you work a desk job for so many years, you learn to appreciate the healthy back that you had when you were much younger. When I was in my late teens and early twenties, I didn't pay much attention to posture or anything like that. Hell, as a cheetah, I was supposed to be the epitome of athletic, right? I'd play sports in school, wrestle around with friends after school, and when I wasn't running around and getting scuffed up I'd be slouched on the couch with my siblings, watching television or playing video games. If I felt sore the next day, well, I'd shrug it off and get back to it, and feel good as new by mid-morning.

Well, that all changed once I got out of college, not that I mean to come off as a lazy lump. I worked my ass off. I went to university on a business major, did pretty well in class despite playing basketball *and* running track, and managed to graduate only a semester later than most of the rest of my friends. Straight to grad school, and two years later I had an MBA under my belt with the aim of going corporate and climbing the ladder. I wasn't lucky enough to have any family connections, but I was fortunate in that one of my close friends growing up had a father who was pretty high up in a national corporation specializing in beauty products for a wide range of species. Not that I was into fashion or makeup, *per se*, but I had a pretty good head for numbers and a better knack for organization. While I wasn't anywhere near good enough to be an accountant, my friend's dad gave me a shot at a low-level managerial position in the finance department, which was pretty impressive for a twenty-five-year-old cheetah who had little experience. The job was tough going at first, but I had some really good people with plenty of job time working under me, and playing sports gave me an appreciation for how to make a team work. My subordinates taught me the ropes, and I gave them enough leeway to not stress too much while still cracking the whip enough to get the work done. Within a year I was pretty comfortable in my work, enough that I could ease up in my career enough to get my post-educational social life up and running again.

It was during a work function at a bar downtown, out with my accounting team blowing off some steam, when I met her. The love of my life. I was three months shy of my twenty-eighth birthday, and she was a smoking hot lioness of twenty-four, fresh out of law school and working as a staff attorney at a small but pretty well-known contract law firm in the city. I had a little too much of the liquid courage in me, but fancied myself a suave bastard when I waltzed up to her and asked for a dance. I think at first she was a little wary of me. I was a few years older than her (four years seems like a lot wider of a gap when you're young, after all) and she seemed like someone who came from a

small town, which I turned out to be right about. But I put on the mellow charm, kept things casual, and told enough jokes that I had her laughing before the first song was over. She was smart as hell, had a wit that kept up with mine, and we hit it off. By the end of the evening, I had her phone number and her name, Serena. By the time I got home after saying my goodbyes, I was dialing her number like a spazzy teenager, and the first date came three days later. Five months later, she was moving into my apartment. A year and a half after that, we were walking down the aisle.

Life seemed pretty much perfect after that. We settled into the routine of marriage, dividing our time between our respective careers and our relationship. After two years, the subject of kids came up. We hadn't discussed it much before the wedding, but we were both ready to start a family. We had kid number one, our son Timothy, a few months after our third anniversary. Our daughter, Lisa, was born two years later. We both made enough money that we could afford to pay for top-notch childcare and both keep working. Serena made partner at her law firm in our sixth year of marriage, and I took over my friend's dad's job as the vice president of the finance department, a position I was comfortable enough with to stay in. Two kids was enough for us, and we left it at that, keeping up all the appearances of a happy family. But as things so often do, we began to drift apart as the years went on. Our careers were very demanding, after all, and evenings that used to be dominated by family dinners and time with the kids gave way to late nights at the office and date nights became few and far between. Our sex lives took a hit, too. We were still very much attracted to each other, physically speaking, but the time just never seemed to be there for intimate moments. I loved her to death, for sure, and I know she loved me, but cracks started to develop at the seams. We never fought in front of the kids, but in private the frustrations boiled over a few times into hushed arguments. Never enough that the topic of divorce was ever brought up, but...Well, we started to become the kind of couple who were married for the sake of the marriage.

And that brings us to now, with me hitting the age of forty and Serena not far behind. Which also brings me to what I mentioned before, the subject of never really appreciating your youth until it's gone. I did my best to keep up my physical appearance and fitness, and for the most part I was successful at it. I was still strong and fancied myself to be fairly handsome for starting my fifth decade on this planet, but years of sitting at a desk had taken its toll. I softened up a little in the midsection, though not enough to have a paunch, and I became intimately acquainted with the term "chiropractor". Popping knees when getting up from my chair were a regular occurrence, and I started to feel myself slowing down with age. I know, slow isn't usually a phrase you hear associated with cheetahs, but even we aren't immune from the effects of time.

All in all, I was satisfied with my life. My career was as good as ever, my kids did well in school, liked me, and were well-behaved. The higher-ups were floating the idea with me of taking the next step up the ladder, becoming the president of finances, and I was seriously considering it. Serena was doing well, too, becoming a senior partner at her firm. I just wished that our love life was better. I was still relatively young, all things considered, and both of us had the same needs that anyone else did. But for us, sex had become so routine, that is when we had the time to make it happen. The tension was definitely there, and as much as we tried we just couldn't recapture the passion that we had when we were in our twenties. That's how life goes, though, or so I had thought. If I'd only know how things would end up...

That fateful week started like any other. Monday morning, I came into the office in a crisply pressed blue suit and was faced with the usual mountain of paperwork that the weekend warriors, those dedicated accountants who put in extra hours on Saturdays, always managed to generate. After a generous helping of my good friend, coffee, I got to work and was well into things by the time lunch rolled around. I worked through the lunch break as usual, taking a sandwich at my desk, and by the time mid-afternoon rolled around I was ready to start sending some things out. I cracked my knuckles, ditched the suit jacket and draped it over the back of my chair, and pressed the button on my office intercom.

“Brie, could I see you in my office, please?”

A few moments later, the door to my corner office opened up and my secretary walked in. She was a young lass, just twenty-five, on her third year at the company and finishing her first year of working directly for me. Brie Larson was a poodle, always dressed professionally and with curly white fur immaculately groomed. She favored the traditional poodle look, with her fur cut short almost to her dark underskin, except for around the cuffs of her wrists and ankles, and the tips of her long ears as well. These she usually bunched up at the back of her head in ponytail fashion. She also had the fur around the top of her head somewhat long as well, giving her head the appearance of a soft sphere, if not for her long, pointed black muzzle. She was somewhat short and petite. Today she had on a knee-length black skirt and a white blouse with pearl buttons over which she wore a smart, short black blazer. Brie never favored much jewelry, but she did have an affection for thin gold bracelets that were quite fetching on her. Listening to the younger guys in the company talk about her, I knew she had a reputation as quite the attractive young woman. If I was honest with myself, I had to admit that her beauty was not lost on me. She was single, as far as I knew, and if I wasn't a married man I probably would have chatted her up a little more than would have been appropriate for a boss to do. As things

were, we got along well, and I think she looked up to me quite a bit. I did right by her as a boss, and she was a very competent and efficient secretary.

Stepping into the office, Brie left the door open behind her as she usually did and came up to my desk, a pen in one hand and a scratch pad in the other, both poised to take notes. “Yes, Mr. Ainsworth?” She had a pleasant voice, neutral in accent, that was on the high side, but not shrill.

I smiled at her. “Brie, what have I told you?” I chided her gently. “If I’ve told you once, I’ve told you a hundred times. You’ve worked for me for almost a year now. It’s okay to call me John.”

Brie smiled back, a little sheepishly, and inclined her head. “Yes, John, I know...Sorry, but old habits are so hard to break!” I didn’t hold it against her. Like I said, she was a professional, and calling your boss by his first name wasn’t something secretaries usually did. But I preferred to keep things fairly casual around the office, and I didn’t like coming off as some kind of overlord. “What can I do for you?”

I reached for my desk and held up a short stack of papers. “I need you to make copies of all of these, in triplicate, please. They need to go out to the respective departments by close of business today. And when you’re done with that, I need you to come back and take down a memo to send to the board. We’re nearing the end of the fiscal year and I need to organize a meeting with the other department presidents and the board so we can discuss the budget for next year.” Brie was taking quick notes as I was speaking. I liked that about her. She was very organized and I rarely had to tell her twice to do anything. “And then later I need to draft a response to the letter the legal department sent me last Thursday. We need to get ahead of this contract dispute with our suppliers to make sure we don’t get behind in filling current orders. Any questions?”

“No, sir, I think I got it all,” Brie replied. She looked up from her scratch pad, her sapphire blue eyes looking at my green ones. “How was your weekend? Spend some time with the family?”

I looked to the side, but quickly looked back to cover up my sudden discomfort. “Oh, you know, I got some quality time in.” *Not as much as I would have liked, but...Serena had work to do at the firm. At least the kids and I got to make it to the movies for once.* “You know how it is, busy family life and all. Caught up on sleep at least.” Not enough though, as a yawn suddenly came on and I involuntarily stretched my shoulders, wincing as a twinge of back pain shot up my spine. “Ah...Excuse me.”

The poodle stifled a small laugh of sympathy. “You work too hard, John. You’re always so focused when you’re in the office. I always try to relax some, even when I’m in the office. You should give that a try!” She tapped her pen on her scratch pad. “Work doesn’t stress you out too much, does it?”

“Oh, no, not too much.” Another slight distortion of the truth, if not an outright lie. I was under

constant stress, between all the numbers I had to keep track of and all of the paperwork that never seemed to go away. “I mean, being a president is tough and all, but I manage. Can't do it all, you know.”

Brie looked like she didn't quite believe everything I was saying. She was obnoxiously perceptive, sometimes. “Well, if you say so, sir,” she said. She tucked her pad underneath one arm and took the stack of papers from me. “I just...I worry about you, is all. Mr. James, down in marketing? He says that when he worked for you, you and the rest of your department used to go out all the time. Do you still manage to get out?”

“What is this, Brie, an interrogation of my social life?” I chuckled as I waved away the look of concern that crossed her face. “Sorry, I didn't mean that to sound harsh. Truth be told, I haven't been out to a bar in quite a while. It's hard to find the time. And I feel like I'm too old to be hanging around with the young folks, you know?”

My secretary wagged a finger at me, like she was a schoolteacher scolding a troubled student. “You should make the time. I'm sure it wouldn't hurt to go out for a drink or two every once in a while. You can still be one of the guys and be their boss, too.” She smiled at me and half turned to leave, but then turned back to me. “Say, John...While we're on the subject...Some of the guys down in accounting invited me and a few other secretaries out for dinner on Wednesday. I think they're planning to head to a bar for drinks after. Should be fairly low-key. What about coming with us? It would give you a chance to relax and unwind. Give that sore back a chance to unknot itself.”

That gave me pause. The offer was definitely a tempting one. I really *hadn't* been out on the town in years, definitely not at all since I had made president. But Wednesday was the night that me and Serena usually set aside for a quiet family dinner, and then some more personal time later in the evening. Things were tense enough at home as it was, but things had been improving lately, and I didn't want to do anything to rub my wife the wrong way. “I'll, uh...I'll think about it, Brie. Thanks for the invite. I'll let you know.”

From the disappointed expression on Brie's face, I could tell that the poodle wasn't putting much stock in me deciding to go. It wasn't the first time such an offer had been made, after all. “Alright, well...I'll let everyone know you might be coming.” She forced a smile so I wouldn't feel any more guilty than I already did about being wishy-washy. “I'll just go take care of these papers and come back to draft those memos.”

I watched Brie turn to go. She usually had a wag to her tail as she walked out of my office, but I could tell this time that the constant turn-downs of offers for socialization were getting to her. At the time, I didn't really understand why she'd be so disappointed. I was her boss after all, and while we

were friendly I wasn't exactly her *friend*, so to speak. But I supposed anyone would have been tired of constant rejection. I sighed as the door closed behind her, then shook my head, loosened my tie a little, and got back to the paperwork that still lay before me.

I didn't get home until late that night, well after nine o' clock. There was a plate covered on the table for me with dinner waiting, still warm. At least my wife cared enough to leave something for me, even if we couldn't eat together as a family as often as I wanted. I made quick work of the roast and potatoes, and then put my dishes away and hung my suit jacket up in the front closet before heading to the second floor of the luxury condo that my family and I resided in. I looked in on my daughter, Lisa, but she was already asleep. I slipped in quietly and gave her a goodnight kiss, careful not to wake her. She was going to be a beautiful girl when she grew up, already was, in fact. She had a lot of her mother about her but sported my trademark cheetah spots. She'd be starting middle school next year, and had already started talking about boys and things that young girls on the verge of their teenage years were interested in. Luckily for me, she was still very much her daddy's girl.

I went to my son's room next. Thomas was still up, sitting on his bed and playing a video game before he turned in. He was in eighth grade, and we had a little chat about his day. I even got a round in with him in his game before saying goodnight. No kiss for him, he was too old for that mushy stuff, but I ruffled his head and slugged him on the shoulder, getting one just as good as I gave in return. I was chuckling as I left him to his own devices and went down the hall to the bedroom I shared with my wife.

Serena was sitting up in bed, a lamp the only source of light in the room as she read a novel. She looked up as I came in, smiling at me. God, but she was still a gorgeous lioness, even at thirty-six and having had two kids. She had on her usual night clothes: a silk camisole and presumably some pajama shorts underneath the covers.

"Welcome home, honey," she said, closing her book with a thumb on her current page. "Have a good day at work?"

I nodded my head as I crossed the room and went to the closet to get undressed. "Yeah, not bad for a Monday. Sorry I'm home late, there was a lot of paperwork left over from the weekend." I looked over my shoulder as I removed my shirt. "Dinner was great, by the way."

"Glad you liked it." She opened her book again, her soft brown eyes looking down at the page. "Well, my day was hectic as usual. This time of year always seems to be the worst for contract disputes. And we have so many new junior attorneys that it seems like half my day is spent just making sure that all the legalese is correct."

“Yeah, tell me about it.” I stripped off my pants and underwear, then went over to the bed. I preferred sleeping in the buff, always had. I slid into the bed next to my wife, leaning back against the pillow and crossing my arms behind my head. “Still working on that book, huh? Is it getting good?”

“Mmhm.” Serena seemed to be focused back on what she was reading. I looked at her for a few minutes, and I couldn't help but feel a little slighted. All day at work, and a little small talk was the most she could manage for me?

I considered saying something about it, but I didn't want to say anything that would lead to another argument. Instead, I just closed my eyes and tried to take myself out of work mode. Eventually, I heard Serena yawn and put her book down on the bedside table, so I opened my eyes and chanced an effort at conversation again. “So, how are things looking for family dinner night on Wednesday?”

Serena looked over at me, a quizzical expression on her face. “Did you forget? Lisa and Thomas both have an overnight school trip starting on Wednesday. They won't be home for dinner.” She gave an exasperated sort of sigh. “I told you about it last week, don't you remember?”

I tried not to look annoyed. I remembered *now*, of course, but it had definitely slipped my mind until this moment. “Crap...You're right. I'm sorry, honey, I forgot all about it.” I rubbed the back of a hand over my forehead. With everything going on, it was so hard to keep both ours and the kids' schedules straight in my head. If only I had a secretary for all of that as well as work stuff. “Well...How about we make a night of it, then? I could probably swing a last minute reservation at Alfonso's...”

“Really? Well...” I could see the gears turning in Serena's head as she mulled her schedule over, but eventually her face softened into a smile. “Okay, sure. That sounds lovely. We haven't been out in a few months. A quiet dinner out would be great.” She leaned over and gave me a kiss on the muzzle, our whiskers brushing together. It was one of those affectionate moments that seemed few and far between these days.

“It's a date, then.” I smiled back at her, as she turned away and leaned over to switch off the lamp, plunging the bedroom into darkness. I felt her settle down in the bed. I settled down as well, and snuggled myself up so that my front was against her back. My arms came around her body. As tired as I was, she felt so nice when her soft body was close to mine. One of my hands found her full breasts, and I squeezed them gently as I kissed her on the nape of her neck. With my crotch up against the swell of her ass, I knew she'd be able to feel my growing arousal. We hadn't fucked in nearly a month, and I was suddenly acutely aware of how pent up I was. “How about we slip you out of these pesky pajamas...”

I heard Serena give another yawn. “Not tonight, honey...I'm so tired...I just want to sleep right now. Another night?”

I could feel the ache in my loins, and the disappointment in my heart, as I knew that I'd be going

another night without feeling the intimate touch of my wife. And tomorrow night would probably be the same thing, as usual. As hard as I tried, I couldn't keep myself from sighing in frustration. "Alright. Good night, Serena. I love you."

"Love you, too, John..." She sounded like she was barely aware of what she was saying, and a few moments later I heard her breathing become slow and regular as she fell asleep.

I kept close to her for another few minutes, silently stewing in my disappointment, and then I extracted myself from spooning her and rolled over to face away. Closing my eyes, I tried to keep the resentful thoughts out of my head. As unfair as it was to demand sex from my wife when I knew she was tired, it didn't quite seem fair that I should be wanting, either. I couldn't blame her. We both had important jobs, and I knew how tired I was after a long day at work. It just always seemed like when I was ready for sex, she was ready for sleep. But dwelling on it wouldn't do any good, so I cleared my mind as best I could and let myself fall asleep, even if it took me much longer than it did her.

Tuesday came and went without much anything eventful happened. I went into the office and found that there was less paperwork than usual, which was a welcome change. I actually had the time to leave the office for lunch, visiting my favorite cafe a few blocks down from my office building for a leisurely meal and a cocktail. I actually made it home at a reasonable hour and was able to cook dinner for my kids, but of course Serena had her turn to be home late. I waited up for her, but she was so exhausted that our interaction was little more than a casual chat and some light reading before going to sleep. Not that I had expected anything more, but the hope had been there.

On Wednesday, I came into the office to find Brie hard at work on some spreadsheets that I had given her the previous day. "Good morning, mister...I mean, John," she cheerfully greeted me, looking up from her typing and smiling. I always found it refreshing that she was able to turn her attention away from the computer screen to give me a few moments of her time. "Halfway through the week! Any plans for the weekend?"

"Heh...Nothing yet," I replied. "My kids have sports matches I need to get them to, but other than that, my schedule is wide open. What about you, Brie?"

"Oh, same here, not much planned. I was hoping to catch up on some Netflix shows I've been watching." She gave me an inquiring expression. "Given any thought to joining us for dinner after work?"

"Ah...I'm afraid I won't be able to make it." I looked at my secretary apologetically. "I've made plans with the wife. Got to take those date nights when you can get them, at my age."

Brie looked crestfallen, which devastated me more than I had expected it to. She looked like she

had really been hoping I'd join her and her coworkers. "Oh...Well...I suppose your wife should be your priority. Next time, though, okay?" She looked back at her computer screen, and the clacking of the keys started up again.

"Sure. Next time." I drummed my fingers on her desk, trying to think of something else to say, but nothing was coming to mind. I continued on my way into my office and sat down at my desk. The usual pile of paperwork, carefully organized by Brie, was waiting for me. I stared at it for a few minutes. Why did life have to be so complicated? I had a great job and a beautiful family, but it still felt like something was missing. Was this just what it was like to grow old?

I found myself suddenly longing for my college days again. Back then, I'd had a bustling social life. I wouldn't have exactly called myself a player, but I'd had my share of girlfriends while I was in school. Scarcely a weekend had passed where I wasn't out at one bar or another, enjoying everything that the life of a young cheetah had to offer. What I wouldn't give just to have one week of that back. I'd trade just about anything for it, I thought to myself. Then the specter of the paperwork I had to do reared its ugly head, and I buckled down and got to work.

I'd managed to make some good headway by the early afternoon, and had all but forgotten about my morning melancholy when my office phone rang. I picked it up and held the receiver to my ear. "Hello, this is Ainsworth."

"Hey, honey, how's your day going?"

"Serena?" A smile came to my face as I heard my wife's voice on the other end of the line. "It's going okay, I suppose. This is unexpected. To what do I owe the pleasure, my lovely flower?"

"Well, I...er..." I could hear the hesitation in my wife's voice. Immediately I was on my guard.

"Serena? What is it?"

"Honey, I am so sorry, but...I have to cancel our dinner plans for tonight." I could hear the apology in my lioness wife's voice. "Something came up at work, and I have to stay late. I probably won't be able to get out of here before ten."

My heart was down around my ankles by now. The crushing weight of unfairness was suddenly weighing down on my shoulders, and I could feel the ache in my back returning in full force. "Oh...I see."

"Honey, I'm so sorry...It really couldn't be helped." She sounded genuinely sorry, but I was still full of resentment that our plans had yet again been derailed. "I'll make it up to you next week, I promise. Please don't be mad at me?"

I took a slow breath in, and then I let it out as quietly as I could to quell the words of anger I wanted to voice. I closed my eyes, taking a moment to collect myself. "It's okay, Serena. I understand.

We'll go out next week. It's not like it's the end of the world." I felt like that was exactly what it was, as childish as it seemed.

"I'm sorry...I really am," Serena repeated. "I need to get back to work. I love you, John."

"I love you, too, dearest. I'll see you at home." I heard the other end of the line disconnect, and then I replaced the phone's receiver in its cradle. I stared at it for a few moments, then looked at the paperwork in front of me. I didn't even feel like getting back to it. I actually wanted to take one arm and sweep it all off and onto the floor, but I resisted the urge. Sometimes, life just didn't seem to be working out at all.

I sat there for a few long minutes, my tail twitching angrily behind me as the fur on the back of my neck bristled. Then I heaved a huge sigh and just felt myself deflate. Another dinner night down the drain. And if Serena thought she wouldn't be home until ten, that probably meant she wouldn't be home until midnight. The thought of a dinner at home alone wasn't the least bit appealing to me. I put my head in my hands and just stayed still for at least ten minutes, maybe more. I wasn't sure.

Then I sat up. No, I wouldn't just spend another evening at home by myself, waiting up for my wife. I was a grown man, and I didn't have to just be a lump on a log. Standing up from my chair, I strode around my desk and to my office door. I opened it up and poked my head out. "Brie?"

The poodle straightened up and turned around in her chair, looking back at me with surprise on her face. "What is it, John? Do you need something?"

"No...Well, yes, I mean..." I cleared my throat. "My plans for tonight have changed. I was wondering...I mean, if the offer is still on the table, I'd love to go out to dinner with you and everyone else after work. Too late to change my mind?"

Brie blinked, and then her long muzzle spread into a grin. "No, not at all! We'd love to have you along. I'll let everyone know you'll be joining us." She looked like her usual cheerful self again. "We're going to The Joint for dinner, around about six thirty?"

I nodded with a smile of my own. "Six thirty. I know exactly where it is. I'll be there. Thanks, Brie."

The day seemed to go by unusually quickly for me. It occurred to me that quite a long time had passed since the last time I was genuinely looking forward to much of anything. The prospect of going out and spending some time with someone other than my family had been so far out of my mind for so long that I hardly knew what to do with it. I was still disappointed that plans with Serena had fallen through, but at least I had something to take its place, especially since the alternative would have been a night alone at home.

When six o'clock rolled around, I closed put my papers away in my desk and locked up my office. Brie was already gone, and the office building was largely empty, with only a few people to say goodbye to on my way out. I had left my jacket and tie behind, unbuttoning the top button of my shirt, to feel more relaxed and to make myself more comfortable as I decided to walk the few blocks to The Joint. The restaurant was one I'd been to before, a sort of classy casual place that had a nice selection of classic American fare, burger and pizza and the like. I hadn't been in a while, and I was looking forward to sinking my teeth into a nice juicy burger and knocking back a cold beer. I could certainly use one by now.

The restaurant was the kind where you seated yourself instead of waiting for the hostess, which was good since I made it inside just at six-thirty. I looked around and then caught Brie looking my way and waving. Waving back, I made my way over and found myself among a group of people significantly younger than me. I recognized some of their faces and Brie introduced me to them all. Of the folks from the accounting department, there was a dingo named Joey, who cracked a joke about the irony of his name before I could even think fast enough to do it myself, a chimpanzee named George, and a giraffe named Brad. From the secretarial staff, there was a blue jay, Alice, and a hippo named Bethany. None of them looked older than thirty. I took a seat between Brie and George.

"Well, thanks for inviting me out here, kiddos," I said jovially. "Been a while since I felt so old, heh. Don't make fun of me if I can't keep up with you tonight."

"Ha, that'd be a laugh!" Joey said in a barking sort of exclamation. "A cheetah who can't keep up? Uh..." He suddenly looked as though he'd remembered who he was talking to. "I mean, uh, sorry sir, I didn't mean to..."

I waved him off with a grin. "Hey, shut your mouth, boy, I'm one of the guys tonight. Forget about me being your boss, alright?" I looked around the bar and raised a hand to get the attention of a server, who came over with an order pad poised. "How about a round of shots to get things started? Gotta get warmed up for the serious drinking later, right?"

That garnered a little cheer from everyone else around the table. "Hell yeah, old man, that's what I'm talking about!" George exclaimed. The server walked off and came back a few minutes later with a tray upon which sat seven shot glasses holding a light amber-colored liquid. With the ice effectively broken, we all raised our glasses and then downed the shots in near-unison. I felt the familiar mellow burn of a good, strong reposado tequila, and savored the oaky, mild scent in the back of my nose.

After that, things felt a whole lot more relaxed. We ordered our food, and I got my wish of big, sloppy burger with plenty of bacon and cheese on it. The conversation stuck to casual topics like sports

and good shows that everyone was watching. It felt nice to me to get back into the swing of being out with friendly faces, something that I had been missing for a while and that I resolved then and there to never neglect again. Hell, I could even have Serena along the next time, if her schedule allowed. I was sure that she'd like to take an evening to feel young again. The shots were followed by a few beers, and by the time we decided dinner was over and it was time to move to a bar, I had a nice buzz going on and I could see the same in the expressions of everyone else.

Once our bills were paid up, we left the restaurant and headed down the street to a bustling dance hall. Now this wasn't the sort of bar I usually went to, but I figured one place that served booze was as good as the next and I followed everyone inside. Brad, George, and Alice seemed to be in the mood for dancing, and made straight for the floor where a fairly large crowd was swaying and moving to the music playing. I stayed near the bar itself with Brie, Joey, and Bethany, and we all ordered some cocktails and watched the crowd. Eventually, Joey and Bethany moved off to join the rest on the dance floor, leaving me and Brie sitting on stools.

"Are you having a good time?" Brie asked me, sipping from her glass. She was drinking a cosmo, something that seemed to match her cheerful personality perfectly. I satisfied myself with a rum and coke, an old standby that I'd been fond of since my college days.

"I am," I admitted, throwing a smile her way. "Thanks for inviting me. I...really needed a night like this, more than I thought I did. Life just seems to be moving too fast these days to take the time to relax."

"I told you," the poodle said, a bit of a giggle in her voice as she wagged a finger at me. "You always seem wound up. It's nice to see you let your guard down a little." She finished her cosmo and waved for another from the bartender. "So how relaxed do you plan on getting? Fancy getting down on the dance floor and showing us young people how you danced when you were our age?"

I let out a gruff laugh. "Me? Right. I'm more likely to throw a hip out if I try any fancy moves. Besides, I'm nowhere near drunk enough to make a fool of myself like that."

I immediately regretted those words as I saw a flash of mischief in Brie's blue eyes. "Oh-ho, so you're telling me you need a few more drinks in you?" She got the bartender's attention, and almost instantly there was a fresh rum and coke to replace the one that I was barely done with. "Come on, John, let's see you strut your stuff. I'm curious to see what you can do."

Smirking, I gauged Brie's level of seriousness. There was something infectious about the level of no good that she was up to.

You know what? Fuck it. I picked up the glass and downed the drink in three strong gulps. "Okay, Ms. Secretary. You asked for it. I'm sending you the next bill from my chiropractor if I end up

with more than just my feet on the floor. But you're coming with me." Full of liquid courage, I grabbed Brie by the hand and pulled her off of her stool, and she had to quickly set her drink down to keep from spilling it all over the place. The poodle followed behind me as I led her down to the dance floor, and we found a part of the floor with enough free space for both of us to move. "In my day, we didn't have any of this electronic music stuff, but I think I can make it work."

Throwing all caution to the wind, I started to dance. I had never been great at dancing, but I remembered a few moves that had seemed suave when I was a dumbass teenager full of too much beer and not enough inhibitions. I'm sure I looked just as idiotic as I did back then, swinging my hips and throwing my hands around, but my head was humming and I didn't give a damn. Brie had a smile on her face as she watched my moves, and she began imitating me. I was full of nostalgia from my younger days, and having a pretty young thing like her hanging on my every step just made it so much more intense. I was sure I was sweating through my shirt, what with all the people around us and with how hard I was dancing, but who cared? I was having more fun than I could remember having in many a year.

I lost track of how long we were out there. At least ten songs must have played before the DJ switched to a slower, more mellow jazzy song. Now this was definitely my speed. I looked at Brie and held out one hand, cocking an eyebrow in a silent invitation. She blinked, and then she laid her hand in mine. The last time I had actually danced *with* another person had been at my wedding, but I vaguely remembered what to do. Holding Brie's right hand in my left, I placed my left hand around her waist. We began to sway in a slow two-step with the song, and all of a sudden I felt like I was in another place.

Whatever was going on around us was lost to me. I just looked down at Brie and kept the pace, leading her in a dance that took us in a slow circle around the floor. She had a wistful smile on her face as we moved in tandem. I didn't know where the others were in relation to us, and I didn't care. I focused on Brie and on the feeling of her slender body in front of mine. We drifted closer as the song segued into another slow dance, until our hips were almost pressed against each other. I could actually feel her breasts against my chest. The sensation made me feel something that I hadn't felt in a long time. Just under the surface, I could feel what I thought at first was my own heartbeat, and then I realized that I was actually feeling Brie's. My head filled with a hazy, fuzzy warmth that I could only partially blame on the alcohol.

Finally, the song came to an end, and the DJ went back to the up-tempo electronic music that had been playing before. Brie let go of me and we stepped back from each other. I felt like I should say something, but for the life of me I couldn't make any words come out. I saw the same sort of surprised

speechlessness in her expression. Just to have something to do, I looked at my watch. I saw it was nearly eleven o'clock. "Oh wow...Shit, it's late."

"Is it?" Brie looked at my watch as well, and she gasped. "It is late! Oh no, I'm going to be an absolute wreck at work tomorrow! I should get going." I agreed with her, and we found the rest of the group and said our goodbyes. All the men slapped me on the shoulders and said I should join them again sometime, and the women gave Brie hugs goodbye. It seemed they were all planning to stay out a bit later.

"Wow, I'm definitely gonna feel this in the morning," I joked with Brie as we made our way to the front of the bar. There was a coat check there, and Brie retrieved her purse from the attendant. I watched as she dug around in it for a minute, and suddenly a frown crossed her face.

"I can't find my apartment keys...," she muttered. The poodle opened her purse as wide as she could, holding it up to a light so she could get a proper look. "Oh no...I must have left them in my desk back at the office. What a bother...I'll need to go back and get them." She huffed in an irritated fashion, and started to head for the front door.

I followed after her. "Hold on a second. You shouldn't be walking alone, it's late. I'll walk back with you."

Brie stopped and turned around. "Are you sure? I don't want to be a burden. It's not far back to the office, I'm sure I'll be fine."

"Nonsense," I insisted. I held the door open for her. "Come on. I'd never forgive myself if something happened to you. We'll go get your keys and I'll make sure you get home okay. Fair enough?"

For a second I thought she would object again, but then Brie smiled and nodded her head. I could see her puffed tail wagging slightly behind her. "Okay. Yeah. Thanks, John. That would be really nice of you."

We started on the six-block walk back to our office building. As we walked, we chatted about the evening and mused about tentative plans to do it again sometime. The evening was starting to get a little bit of a chill, and she walked closer to me as I saw her begin to shiver. I was starting to wish I'd brought my jacket so I could give it to her when I felt her loop her arm inside of mine. I looked down at her and saw her looking up at me.

"Do you mind?" she asked. "I'm a little cold."

"Not at all," I replied. As a matter of fact, I found myself glad that she was holding my hand again. We continued the walk, in silence this time. We passed numerous people on the sidewalk, either heading home from bars or heading to the next stop on their nights out. I wondered what Brie and I

looked like walking arm in arm like this. I was almost old enough to be her father, after all. Did they think we were just friends, or something more? Certainly none of them had any idea that I was her boss and she was my secretary. With the wedding ring on my finger, did anyone think she could possibly be my wife?

After about ten minutes of walking we reached the front door to our office building. The building was locked, but I had my key card in my wallet, and I unlocked the door and we both went inside. The building was dimly lit and the security desk was currently unoccupied. We crossed the lobby to the elevators and went headed up to our floor. I was still feeling some of the effects of the numerous drinks I'd had, and Brie seemed to still be somewhat tipsy as well. She was leaning against me as the elevator ascended.

When the doors dinged open, we made our way to where my office was. I opened the outer door and held it for Brie, then followed her inside to the waiting area. She made for her desk, which was situated across from a small couch and a few armchairs, where people who had appointments with me would await their turn. I stayed near the door while she dug through a drawer under her desk.

"Ah!" I heard a rattling sound of metal on metal, and Brie held a small key ring triumphantly up. "Found them! I was a little worried I'd lost them somewhere." She breathed a sigh of relief. "Now...I think I need to sit for a minute or two. I'm still a little drunk and I don't wanna faceplant on the sidewalk on the way home." She laughed a little.

I rubbed the back of my neck. "That's actually not a bad idea. I'm definitely not sober enough to drive home..." I sat heavily down on the couch, and Brie came over to sit next to me. She leaned back against the headrest and closed her eyes.

"Phew...Feels good to sit down." She opened her eyes again and looked over at me. "Did you have a good time?"

"I sure did." I mirrored the smile that broadened her muzzle. "I haven't had that much fun in...This sounds bad, but I actually can't remember the last time. I'll definitely be doing that again, soon."

"Good," Brie said. She had one hand on the armrest of the couch, and the other was laying on the seat in between us. "I had fun dancing. It's been a while for me, too. I'm kind of glad your other plans for tonight fell through." We both had a laugh at that one. I was glad, too, this had definitely been needed. While we laughed, her hand drifted over and touched the side of my thigh. I noticed, but I didn't say anything, not even when her hand came up and rested on my thigh properly.

I should have stopped it right there. If we'd had our wits about us, we both would have stood up right then and there and gone our separate ways. But as things were, we were both tipsy and still

feeling the aftereffects of an enjoyable evening. My hand, which had been resting on the back of the couch, dipped down and was soon resting on Brie's shoulder. The poodle shifted over until her left hip was against my right. I looked at her face, and our eyes connected, my green ones to her lovely blues. We didn't say anything. The only sound in the room was the ticking of the small clock that sat on Brie's desk next to her computer monitor.

And then it happened.

I'm not sure which one of us moved first. I'm not sure if either of us made a conscious decision. But after a few moments of staring at each other, we leaned towards one another and all of a sudden our lips were pressed together. I think we were both just as surprised as we could be. I think we both meant to break away, but instead we remained as we were. Her black lips felt soft and warm against mine, and I could just barely taste the sweetness of the last drink she'd had. Her breath was drifting against my face, and mine against hers. After a minute or two, our lips parted and we were gazing into each other's eyes again.

"Well...," I eventually managed to croak out. My heart was hammering inside of my chest. *What did I just do?* My head was suddenly filled with images of Serena, my wife. I'd just kissed another woman. I hadn't meant to...or had I?...but it had happened.

"Yeah...Well..." Brie had a look of wonder in her eyes. I couldn't decipher what was going on in that pretty head of hers. I was struck by how beautiful she looked in the soft night lighting of the quiet office. Her hand had never left my thigh, and in fact it was rubbing slowly back and forth along it. My hand was still on her shoulder, and it occurred to me that I was subtly pulling her against me.

"We should g-," I finally began to say, but my words were cut off as Brie leaned in and kissed me again. Any thought I had of ending it immediately vanished from my head, and I just went along with it. Our lips locked more firmly this time, and then our tongues were in each others' mouths, twisting and curling against each other. I made a quiet groan as my hand slid down her back and the other went to her waist, and I began to hug her against me. She moaned and climbed into my lap, her youthful rump pressing into my crotch as her hands snaked around the back of my neck. The poodle leaned against me, and I could hear the soft rush of a breeze behind her as her tail wagged.

For a long time we sat on that couch, with her thighs eventually straddling my waist. We hugged fiercely, our faces connected in a long, unending kiss as her breasts flattened against my chest. I completely lost track of how long we were like that, focused only on the feeling of our canine and feline bodies pressed together. My hands slid along her back and came to rest on her ass. She bucked against me as I grabbed handfuls of her buttocks and squeezed, another moan coming from the back of her throat. She moved her hands around to rub my chest, her dull claws scratching subtle rows down

the fabric of my shirt.

I felt like events were spinning out of control, but I made no effort to put a stop to this. Months of pent-up desire for my wife were transferring to this woman, nearly half my age, grinding against my lap. She wasn't my secretary anymore, and I couldn't even begin to think about the muddy footprints that I was stomping all over the marriage vows I'd taken twelve years ago. Right now I wanted to lose myself in Brie's body. I knew at that moment that I wouldn't be leaving this office until I fucked her.

Brie jerked herself back from me abruptly. For one terrifying second, I thought that she was going to tell me to stop, to say that this was a mistake and that we should pretend nothing had happened. Then she slid off of my lap and sank to her knees on the floor in front of me, one hand on each of my knees, pushing them apart. My cock was straining against the front of my trousers, and there was no way she couldn't see that from where she was situated. In a flurry of motion, her fingers were at my groin, unfastening the button and lowering the zipper of my pants with such lustful fervor that I feared she would rip the fabric. Successful, she slipped a hand inside my pants and into the fly of my briefs. I groaned when her softly furred fingers wrapped around my rigid shaft and tugged it free. My barbed member came into view, and it throbbed as a bead of precum already began to slide down its length.

"Goddamn..." Her voice was husky and full of desire as she said that words, and hearing such profanity from the typically professional young lady only inflamed my passions further. Her hand began to pump up and down my cock, and I leaned my head back and closed my eyes as pleasure began to radiate up from my crotch.

I felt warm air drifting against my malehood, and then...*Oh fuck...* Heat and moisture enveloped my erection as Brie slid her lips around me. My hips lifted subtly from the couch, aiding my cock's passage into her muzzle until the tip was grazing the back of her throat. The poodle let a breath out in a rush as she held me deep in her mouth. And then she began to move her head, bobbing it up and down my turgid member as her tongue bathed me and tugged on the little fleshy barbs.

"Brie, fuck...We shouldn't be doing this..." I managed to gasp. There wasn't an ounce of sincerity in my voice, and she knew it. She didn't let up at all. I hadn't cum in weeks, and I knew there wasn't a chance of me lasting more than five minutes like this. I was thrusting up into her mouth, bumping the roof of her maw as she blew me. Her hand slid into my underwear again and cupped my balls. She rolled them around in her palm, and I felt the back of her tongue undulating against the tip of my cock as pre leaked into her throat.

My hand found the back of her head, my fingers burying themselves into the neatly groomed fur there as I pulled her further down on my length. She went with it, and both of her hands pressed on the

insides of my thighs as my cock slid back and forth on her tongue. My breath was ragged, almost catching in my chest as I felt myself growing close to an eruption. I wasn't going to stop. I knew she wasn't going to stop me. We were both moaning, her muffled vocalizations vying for supremacy against my clear and loud ones. I thanked whoever was up there that the building was empty, or someone would definitely have heard us.

My orgasm came almost as a surprise. I bit back a guttural cry of bliss as my balls tightened up. I let go of the back of Brie's head to give her the opportunity to pull back, but instead she pushed her face down until her nose was pressed against my lower belly. My cock began to jerk inside of her mouth, and she gave a quiet, long, low moan as my seed began to jet onto her tongue. My butt was all the way off of the couch, hips jerked and muscles tensing terribly as I came again and again. My shaft was bathed in warmth as cum filled her mouth, and then I felt her swallowing around me. She was drinking down my hot seed, as greedily as if she'd been dying of thirst in the desert. I lost count after the fifth rope of cum painted the insides of her cheeks. The pleasure was overwhelming, and I opened my eyes as the feelings began to bleed away to look down. She had her eyes closed, her throat working as she sucked every drop out of my cock.

When she finally pulled her lips off my still-hard member to catch her breath, I expected to feel a flood of guilt wash over me. I'd just cheated on my wife of twelve years, the mother of my children. I should have felt devastated at what I'd done. Instead, I felt nothing of the sort. Seeing the woman licking drops of my cum from my lips just made me want to do it a thousand times more.

"God, Brie...", I breathed. She looked up at me and smiled. I leaned down and grabbed her by the shoulders, pulling her up and kissing her fiercely and passionately. I could taste the salty musk of my own cum on her lips. It excited me, knowing that she had a belly full of my essence.

Without another word, I rose from the couch and picked her up. She curled against my chest as I carried her over to her desk. With one hand under her ass to support her, I used the other to sweep everything on her desk aside. I heard the computer monitor hit the floor and break, but I didn't give a fuck. I sat Brie down on the desk and made her lie down, then I hiked up her skirt and grabbed her panties with both hands, ripping them down her legs and tossing them away. My nose was immediately assaulted by the scent of her arousal. I pulled her thighs apart and was greeted by the glorious sight of her pussy, lips engorged and glistening with moisture. There wasn't a moment of hesitation before I got down on my knees and buried my face against her sweet sex.

Brie cried out in pleasure and her hands grabbed my cheetah ears as I pushed my muzzle into the center of her delicate labia. I thrust my tongue inside of her cunt, seeking to taste every bit of her. I curled it up, down, and side to side around her inner walls. I couldn't remember ever having eaten a

pussy as thoroughly as I was eating hers now. She tasted so different from my wife. She was young, and full of energy, and it almost felt rejuvenating to dine on her sugary ambrosia. If I wasn't already drunk, I'd have been intoxicated by that delicious liquor flowing from her depths. She was dripping down the sides of my spotted muzzle. I focused all of my attention on her clit as she humped herself against my face.

"Fuck, don't stop...Don't fucking stop...," Brie hissed through gritted teeth. Luckily for her, I had no intention of stopping, now or ever. I would have gladly licked her cunt for an eternity. Her walls gripped and tugged at my rough feline tongue, resisting any effort I might have made to withdraw. Her feet, hooked over my shoulders, flexed and tensed as I brought her ever closer to her peak. Taking my hands from her thighs, I groped up her torso and ripped open her blouse, pushing her bra up and exposing her full breasts to my seeking fingers. I pinched both of her nipples between my forefingers and thumbs, and I twisted and rolled them around as she howled her approval. I knew I could never go back.

Brie's hands clenched on the back of my head, pulling my face against her pussy, and she actually cut off my breath as she began to cum. She nearly screamed from the force of her orgasm, her upper body writhing around on the desk as I sucked on her clit. She rolled her hips against me, her ankles locking together around my back as she tried to draw me even deeper. I drank her in, loving every second.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, her grip on my head slacked off and I was able to straighten up. I gasped for air, droplets of her feminine juices falling from my whiskers. I looked down at her, and she looked up at me. There was genuine wonder in both of our expressions. What had come over us? Was this the alcohol acting on our brains? I didn't think so. I think at that moment I realized that I'd been desiring Brie for some time now. Her expression was the same as mine. How had neither of us ever realized before now?

"I want you...inside me...," she gasped. The poodle pushed herself up into a sitting position, and then I watched as she rolled over on the desk. She shrugged her blouse off and undid her bra, releasing her breasts fully. Her skirt was the next to go, and then she was nude, a treat for my lustful eyes. She looked back over her shoulder at me. Her ass was raised up, her pussy open and begging for me. "Do it...Fuck me..."

"Is it...I mean...Are you safe?" Of course I didn't have a condom. Who kept those in their office? My cock was even harder than it had been while she was sucking on me, bobbing up and down with the beating of my heart. I was already taking off my shirt with one hand while working on getting my pants off with the other. I wanted to be as naked as she was. I wanted to feel our bodies against each

other with nothing in between them.

“Do you care?” she asked. She waved her hips from side to side enticingly, her tail raised all the way up and laid up along her back. “I don't. I want it so bad. *Please*, John, don't make me go home needy. We both want this.”

“Fuck...,” I muttered. She was right. I didn't give a shit if I knocked her up. I really didn't. My hands grabbed her hips, pulling her closer to me as I rubbed the tip of my cock against her pussy. Brie reached underneath herself and spread her lips with two fingers, giving me a target that a blind man could have hit.

I thrust my hips forward, and we both moaned together as my cock slid in to the hilt within her tight, hot depths. I squeezed her waist and held myself there, until both of us stopped quivering in pleasure. Then I began to move inside of her. She grabbed onto the back edge of her desk and rocked back against me as I fucked her rapidly. I didn't care about subtlety, or softness, or tenderness. I wanted to fuck her, to breed her like she was my bitch, and Brie wanted exactly the same thing. I could feel my barbs roughly tugging on her inner walls and she gasped in delight. The room filled with the sound of my hips slapping against her beautiful rear. She was dripping onto the floor underneath us. There was no way that the office wouldn't smell like sex for the next week, and I didn't care.

“Fuck me...Fuck me...,” Brie whined. Her tail was wagging like mad as I rutted into her. My cock was slamming the back of her tunnel, and she yipped every time. Her voice was music to my cheating ears. I wouldn't have stopped even if Serena and the kids walked into the office at that very moment. They would have had to stand there, aghast, until I was finished filling my secretary with every last drop that my balls could produce.

I leaned over Brie's back. One hand filled itself with her breast while the other grabbed her chin roughly. I turned her head and we groaned as I kissed her with a passion I hadn't felt in over a decade. Our tongues wrestled with each other as I thrust deep and hard into her cunt. I was barely drawing out now, keeping myself buried inside her silken depths as I jerked my hips against her ass.

Breaking the kiss, I dragged my tongue along her cheek until my lips were next to her ear. “I'm gonna cum inside you...,” I growled to her. I squeezed her breast hard, tweaking her nipple, and she cried out.

“Yes...,” she whimpered. “I want it...Fill me up, baby...Cum in me!”

I gritted my teeth, and then I opened my jaws and bit down on her ear. She howled as I felt her pussy tighten and ripple around my shaft. She was cumming again, and I was right behind her. I pulled back and then rammed in as deep as I could go, my feet pushing on the floor as I erupted inside of Brie. My cock swelled and pulsed as thick spurts of cum flowed directly into her womb. We ground against

each other, sinfully struggling to stay as close as possible, as though we thought we could actually become one being. We played off of each other and prolonged our pleasure as I emptied my balls inside of her heated sex. I gave her every last drop that I had left to give. I held nothing back.

When it was all over, I collapsed on top of her. We were both panting from exertion, barely an ounce of energy left in each of us. With my last bit of strength, I pulled out of her, pushing myself weakly on shaking arms. I looked down and watched as my cum dripped down the insides of her thighs. I was elated. I hadn't felt this kind of rush or passion ever before in my life. Not when Serena and I had first met, not on our wedding night...Not ever.

I rolled Brie over and lifted her in my arms. I had the presence of mind to lock my office door before I carried her back to the couch. Tomorrow we would have to face the consequences of what we'd done. But that was something for another day. For now, I cradled her on my lap, holding her close as we kissed and cuddled each other.

Eventually, our bodies intertwined, we slept.