

Most rational creatures would probably say that that date went pretty badly. Keith was loud, arrogant, and stank so heavily of machismo it was a wonder Samantha was able to taste her Eggplant Parmesan (which was mediocre by the way). The wolf was the worst mix of having absolutely no social grace, but also deluding himself into thinking he was anything approaching the word “gentleman.” People at nearby tables were having to resist the urge to throw their water in his face and walk out.

However, despite the fact he just *would not shut up* about how impressive his middle manager position at a local tech company was, or how he was creaming everyone else in his fantasy football league, or how big and perfect his canines were, the cat was smiling. And not smiling a smile that seemed to say “I am looking for the right opportunity to gut you and throw you in the river,” she looked genuinely pleased! In fact, after the check was paid:

“Hey, do you want to get out of here and go to my place? I’d like to be somewhere where it’s a little bit easier to relax.”

Keith’s triangular ears perked, and he had to keep himself from coughing on his beer (“You’re cool being the designated driver, right?”). He knew he was charming, but this was the first time his date had ever been the one to suggest going back to her place. He had hit the jackpot with this one! Playing it about as cool as his lukewarm beer, he leaned over the table and wagged his brow.

“Shall we?”

The drive through the city was at least less publicly embarrassing, with only Samantha now having to endure his trite conversational skills. Which--and again it cannot be stressed enough how baffling this is--she was taking in stride. No pushing him out of the car, no telling him to quiet down or stop messing with her radio... The hammer never fell at all. And all the while she flirted back, smiling at him and batting her eyes, looking him up and down, taking him all in. She was even giggling at his shitty jokes, for god’s sake! After twenty minutes or so, they pulled up to some high rise condominiums, and Keith’s jaw dropped.

“You live here?” he said with the slightest slur. Three beers can do that to you I guess.

“I said that I work in finance silly,” she said, sticking out her tongue as she helped him out of the car. Keith’s disbelief continued to mount as they walked through a well furnished lobby, the doormouse giving Samantha a smile and nod as they waited for the elevator. Could this be real? Was he about to enter this beautiful and successful cat’s apartment and possibly have wild, animalistic sex? Even Keith had a fleeting moment of rare introspection over how lucky he was. But that disappeared the second they were in the elevator, because apparently Samantha was even more eager than he was.

“Wha, what if someone sees?” Keith said through the cat kisses along his snout. Samantha did not respond, at least not verbally. Their lips met, and her rough tongue was soon entwined in his big sloppy one, the two quickly becoming a writhing mass of unrestrained sexual energy.

With a “Ding!” that came far too soon, Samantha was off of the wolf in a moment, leaving a drooling and heaving beast looking more confused than ever. No time to recover though, for a cat claw hooked itself under his collar in a second, and she was leading him down the quiet hallway to room 64.

As if this was a surprise to anyone, her condo was as gorgeous as she was. Simple, not too many knick knacks or toys laying around--In fact, for someone apparently very well off it was a bit

bare. But it was spacious, and what furniture she did have was a delicious creamy leather, which matched the soft tones of the walls and other fixtures throughout. It gave the whole place a very soft, relaxing feel.

"Have a seat," she said, leading him halfway towards the couch before making her way towards a closet, busying herself there for a moment.

"Is this a 3-D tv?" he said, picking up some glasses from the table and inspecting them curiously.

"Hmm? Oh! Yes, it is. I don't watch television much, but what I do need it for, it works wonders. I'll have to show you some time, I know the perfect things to watch with it."

"Cool, cool," he muttered, more to himself. "Show him sometime?" Oh man, she was liking this date that much? He couldn't control himself, his tail was wagging out of control like he was a puppy on Christmas. And he was kind of rubbing his own crotch a bit to boot, though with as rock hard as he was it was a wonder he needed to touch himself for stimulation at all. Pulling his paw back a bit too late for her not to notice, she walked back into the room, swaying her hips in the most delightful way. She sat herself down next to him, and I mean right next to him, and placed a glass pipe and lighter on the table, before turning to give him a smile.

"Want to have a quick smoke before we go to the bedroom?"

It took Keith a moment to register what she meant. Cigarettes? No, she specifically asked for no smoking at the restaurant. But his head finally caught up with his sniffing nose, and he recognized that scent. It was the one from the record store.

"Oh, uhhh, pot? I mean, I've smoked it before, yeah. Oh, wait, right now?" He looked oddly nervous now, caught between not wanting to turn her down, and wanting to say "Do I look like a hippie?" She was there to rescue him from his indecision, however.

"If you're nervous," she whispered, her fingers slowly moving up his front to his chin, "How about you just take my catch? It'll give me another excuse to taste your tongue anyway."

Good thing he was pressed up pretty hard against the couch, or else his tail might be making a wind tunnel at the moment. He had to keep himself from bouncing excitedly, so he just gave a stiff nod, moving to kiss her right there. Her paw held him back though, keeping him glued to the back of the couch.

"Down boy," she giggled, making the wolf flush with embarrassment. Good thing she was hot, he thought to himself, watching her light and take a few quick puffs. Sure buddy.

Her hand was on his collar once again, and he was yanked into another passionate kiss, this time with what seemed like a neverending supply of thick smoke being pushed into his lungs. He held the kiss for as long as he could muster, but before long was coughing up a ton of smoke, much to Samantha's amusement.

"Ugh. The kiss was nice, but I dunno if I wanna do that again," was what he was going to say, but he didn't get much further than the word "kiss," because in a flash she had his lips locked with his again, forcing more smoke into the wolf. Thankfully this time was easier, Keith only sputtering weakly as her tongue explored his big long snout.

"That was nice," he said in a much more relaxed voice, the weed hitting him rather quickly. Not that he was really cognizant of that fact.

"See? I told you you'd like it. Attaboy." Her tone was starting to lose its flirty quality and was now just hungry, the cat kneeling on the couch and looming over the wolf who towered over her just a few minutes before. His nose wrinkled at that phrase "attaboy," not even attempting to hide its distaste.

"I don't think, I don't think I like that though," Keith said, shaking his head. He was the dude, he was in charge. She was hot and he liked her a lot, but he wasn't going to start having her say things like that. It was humiliating!

"Don't like what?" she asked in between kisses, at some point having crawled into his lap. He was feeling very good right now. Very heavy, but also really light. It was nice. Oh right, she asked him a question.

"Don't like... I'm not a dog," he muttered, trying to growl out his words in the manliest, wolfiest way he could. Oh, words were coming a bit harder now. That was unfortunate. But he was a big strong beast, yeah! He didn't need words. Wow he was already gone.

"Oh, you're not? But, wolves have much sharper fangs, don't they?" Another giggle, and she grabbed his big paw, moving it up to his slack-jawed mouth. His teeth, no, wait, they did, they totally did feel much much softer. Everything did, but his teeth especially? How...?

"And bigger paws too. They're so much bigger than cats, aren't they?"

Yes, yes wolves were much bigger than cats! So of course, he was much bigger than her... If he was a wolf. And as she knelt over his lap, her head eclipsing the soft light of the room, he was definitely not feeling like a wolf. Feeling so large a moment ago, he felt overshadowed in mind and body by the cat peering down at him, and it was a very odd feeling. His drooly tongue licked along his canines once again, Keith actually whimpering and lowering his ears as they felt so much duller to him than usual. Smoke trailed from her nose as she took another hit, then proceeding to blow it in his direction. It washed over him like a pleasantly warm cloud, though that didn't make it smell any less like weed.

"Don't worry little doggie. I can take care of you."

An odd mix of emotions was rolling around inside of the once wolf--no, no, current wolf (he was desperately asserting to himself)! He was not a dog, a proud, strong wolf. He was gonna fuck her and then it was gonna be hot and, and... But that smile on her face, that sharp claw that trailed down his shirt, tearing the buttons away and exposing his fluffy chest. Her charisma washed over him in waves, a precursor to the tidal wave sure to come. He shivered, and bit his lip with his now useless teeth, trying to stifle the whine in the back of his throat. His bulge throbbed terribly.

"Do you want me to take care of you little guy?" she said, the slightest hint of mockery in her voice. It might have had a playful tone, but the implication of his place compared to hers was obvious. His ears got hot, and he tilted his head down, having trouble meeting her gaze. No, this wasn't right, come on. He wasn't this easy, right? Ri-Oh god, the way she was grinding on his bulge was fantastic, he was panting in moments. Panting like a dog, just like a dog. He was grinding back, but a strong paw on his chest pushed the air from his lungs, halting him immediately.

"Enough. Answer the question pup, do you want me to take care of you?" Her gaze seemed to pierce right through him, and it almost felt like the hand on his chest was holding his heart.

Smoke and submission swirled around him like a fog, everything was moving so fast, and him

so slow. He didn't know what to do, what he should do. Something still felt out of place about that, but it felt so good too.

His mind jumped disjointedly between fragments of thought. Something was wrong, was she wrong? No everything she was doing felt oh god oh god her paws were rubbing his ears just the right way everything she was doing was perfect. So what was wrong? It must be him, he must be wrong. It was the last thing he ever wanted to admit, but, he had to be. He was, he was... Being filled with one more smoky kiss. His eyes glazed over, and smoke tumbled from his nostrils.

"I'm a dog."

"Yes, you are. And dogs need to be taken care of, don't they?"

"Yeah... Yeah."

"So you need me to take care of you."

"Please."

She smiled down at him, smacking his paw away as he reached towards her clothed chest.

"Then you'll need to be housebroken pup. Come with me." No more cajoling, no more testing or teasing. It had all the weight of a command, and despite still being a bit unsure of things, the dog followed as she exited his lap and made her way to the bedroom. The bedroom was similarly laid out. A relaxing, cream colored decor greeted him, making it much easier for the dog to get used to his new owner's home.

"Up boy!" she said, patting the bed. His face on fire, he slowly made his way onto the bed, sitting at the edge, mind still fogged with beer, smoke, and arousal.

"Clothes off," were some words that, fifteen minutes ago, he expected he'd be saying, or much more eager to hear at least. But now, as he removed the rest of his clothes and revealed his massive body (and matching erection), he felt so, well, naked. It was weird, yeah. But her hands were tracing lazy lines through his scruffy fur before too long, and with that his breathing got much slower. Her touch, not just arousing anymore, was comforting. Yes, he *did* need her to take care of him, he was realizing. And it was a nice thought to finally arrive at. He moved his head into her hands, reveling in the bliss of her contact.

"Now, I'm not going to have a misbehaving dog in my home," she said, her voice almost sickly sweet, "So as I said, we're going to have to break you in. On all fours, facing the headboard. Now."

He gulped. He trusted her (so much, so quickly too, like a good dog), but the phrase "break you in," was setting off what still remaining warning bells his mind had left. What was she gonna do to him? Would he be alright? He just had to trust her, he guessed, she was in charge after all, and she knew better than him. Hmmm, something about that phrase still felt odd.

Perhaps she could see the misgivings in his movements, or could feel the nervousness radiating from him, because as she walked back to the bed, she looked more than prepared to deal with it. Despite having not taken off her pants or shirt, she now had a strap-on protruding from her crotch, as well as a muzzle in one hand (the perfect size for such a big mutt too), and a leash with a collar in the other. The two items in her hands weren't worrying at all, almost comforting to see, even. But as his gaze caught her equipment his eyes threatened to bulge out of his head.

"Wha, what's that for?" he asked dumbly, hoping that the mere act of asking would dispel his worries. It did not.

"For breaking in a new dog of course. Don't worry," she said, starting to attach the leash around his neck. His fur stood on end for a second at first, but as the leather was clasped around his neck, his shoulders fell, and he breathed again.

"You're a good dog."

The phrase had a powerful effect on him. Maybe it was the booze, or the weed, or perhaps her force of personality finally steamrolled over his own. But the encouragement hit him like a ton of bricks, and punch drunk on the euphoria it gave him, his mind drifted. The muzzle went on and he welcomed it, the leash was tugged and he loved it. Lastly, as she grabbed lube from the nightstand and crawled up behind him his fear was gone. He was a good boy, he had nothing to be afraid of. Her magic having worked its way into his brain and body, all she had was one more strong lesson to drive home into her new pet.

With the muzzle on, there were no barks, only small, piteous moans as she smeared lube upon his ass. It was cold, and it felt weird, and as a single paw digit of hers dove in it felt *really* weird. But her hand was on his back pretty much the whole time, little coos and whispers of encouragement banishing his shivers and shakes with the greatest of ease.

A second finger came, and eventually a third. She was going at him, testing, teasing, loosening for probably at least ten minutes. And while he only went along with it at first because he's a good dog, as time went on he found the fingers pleasurable. Not that he could tell her that, but not that he needed to either, the poor dog's needy bone dripping onto her rubber sheets. A few whines that sounded more purposeful than the others came from the muzzle as she finally pulled her fingers free, Samantha pulling him back with the leash. She looked him in the eye and smiled once more.

"Ready to be broken?"

Her grip on the leash did not relent, but the odd shifts and tugs at it told her all that she needed to know. Giving the leash slack but not letting it go, he fell back onto his front paws, while her lubed up strap-on awkwardly found its way against his pucker. She had no more questions, no more commands. She pushed her way in, intent on finally taking her prize.

She took it slow at first, mercifully mindful of her dog's limits, using the frequency and pitch of his muffled whining to determine the speed at which she fucked him. But after a few minutes, his whines got lower, and his cock began to drip onto the bed once more. He seemed quite warmed up.

She went at her speed now, and her speed was very fast and very rough. Her hips pounded into his to the point that he would likely have bruising, and when she needed a break she just forced his ass onto her lap with a few solid tugs of the leash. Every time his dick began to drip with greater frequency she slowed down, orgasm just out of reach. Samantha was keen to deny her dog the pleasure, after all, she hadn't had all of her fun yet. There wasn't any rhyme or rhythm to it all, there was just beast on her bed that she would fuck until she was satisfied.

They fucked, or rather, she fucked him, for minutes on end, maybe even nearing an hour. She seemed insatiable. He was shaking near the end, his body and mind spent to the limit. Was he even still high anymore, or was the constant flow of endorphins what made everything around him swim like that? It didn't matter, nothing mattered. He was a good boy, and good boys needed to be broken, as she often grunted to him. His thick fur was grabbed, tugged, and caressed; his ears were toyed with, bitten, sung sweetly into; his backside was hers to use, and abuse, dildo pushing his asshole nice

and wide with every powerful thrust. He was a dog, he was a dog, he was-!

His eyes opened wide, it was coming, he was coming! He tried to howl but where the muzzle didn't stop him, a sharp tug on the leash did. Great ropes of seed splattered themselves across the bed sheets, every sensation both mental and physical colliding at once. He came until he had nothing left to give, and she gave him a few more thrusts afterwards just to make sure. Fatigue slammed into him with the force of a freight train, and the last thing his darkening consciousness registered were "good dog." He felt his dick twitch, and it all went black.

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Samantha finished buttoning up the canine's shirt, and after pulling back to make sure he looked presentable, she leaned forward and gave him a kiss on the cheek, which immediately flushed.

"Have a nice day at work, and remember: Be a good dog."

"Yes ma'am."