

Sighing heavily, she sunk back against a tree and closed her eyes, her head bowed forward in exhaustion. Her body ached. It was an unfamiliar, deep ache that stretched the entire length of her soft gray fur from pointy ear tips to paws. There was something missing, but she couldn't quite put her finger on it; something she knew deep down would help the painful ache go away. She sat slowly at the base of that tree, the light drag of the rough bark through her smooth fur unsettlingly causing shivers to course through her. Her dusky pink nipples hardened with those fine shudders and she covered her breasts with a light blush and a heavier sigh, mewling in agony. The expanse of this longing ache burrowed deep into her center, down into the warm patch nestled between her white kitty thighs. She shifted uncomfortable.

And he knew what she needed. He could smell her heat upon the air, a deep, prominent calling scent reaching across the wind to his olfactory senses. Such senses that went from his brain straight to his groin. His length hardened, the tip just beginning to protrude from its furry sheath. "Hmm," he murmured under his breath and began to search the forest for the young cat. It wasn't long until he spied her, staring down at her paws and holding herself insecurely. If he were a fellow cat he could have purred. Instead he just smiled, suppressing the urge to start panting, and inched closer to the curvaceous little creature.

She hummed quietly to herself trying to ignore the growing pain. She hurt deep down in her belly, down between those thighs. Even those erect nipples throbbed with a soreness she hadn't known before. She didn't know where it came from or how to get it to stop.

"Needing something?" the male dog peeked down at her from behind her tree. If she was in better senses she might have ran, but she just sighed and stared up at him hopelessly.

"What do you want, Doggie?"

"Oh, just to help you," he smiled and nodded his head reassuringly, offering her a hand. "I can smell you."

"Smell me?" she glared up at him uncomfortably.

"Believe me, Sweet, it's not a bad thing. Take it as a compliment." He was still smiling, his hand still offered to her. There was silence. Neither of them moved for a few seconds. Then he added, "You ache, do you not?"

"I- Yes, how did you-"

"I just know these things. Like I said, I can smell you."

"That," she started, unable to find the words, "That's-"

"What?"

"It's weird," she turned into herself, nuzzling uncomfortably against the tree and crawling up into a tighter ball. He looked down at her. She was a small cat, a young cat. He could almost feel her gray fur beneath his paws, clawing into her back while she screamed. The thought of it made his length grow harder and he groaned, hiding his need out of her view, seeing how uncertain she seemed. She was still very much a kitten, but he wanted her and she had a need that he knew he could fill. She looked up at him and bit her lip to keep from crying out at another surge of painful, unrecognized lust, and he smiled. She said quietly, barely, "Please go away, I really just can't deal with you right now."

"Oh, Sweet, you're going to deal with me. You're going to deal with me well, and it's going to make that ache all better. I promise," he murmured and knelt down before her. She briefly glimpsed the hard, smooth pink member raised against his belly and she looked away, blushing deeply.

"Doggie, no." She breathed deep, "You're a dog."

He nuzzled softly into her throat, licking and kissing along her jawline and nipping softly down along her shoulder, murmuring back, "Mm, yes. And you're a kitty. This is true."

"It's not right," she whimpered, her voice wavering. They should be rivals, shouldn't they? But his paws were gentle as they reached up and pressed into her shoulders. He pressed her carefully, but firmly to the grassy ground. It felt good and cool beneath her fur. He was stroking down her shoulders to slowly peel her arms away from her breasts. She panicked and tried to jerk away, but he held her still, his grip on her strong and reassuring as he wedged himself between her legs and his fleshy member pressed down against her warm, wetly heated center. She whimpered with need, a loud moan emitting from somewhere deep inside her.

He grinned dominantly, licking her little pink kitty nose and nipping at her bottom lip, tugging on it just enough to get her to moan again, massaging into her hips as his tip rest at her gates awaiting a swift thrust into her untouched warmth, "Here, let me take care of that ache, little one."

She couldn't think to tell him no, all she could hear was her own pulse rising and beating hard in her ears, faster. She was nearly panting before he even sunk in, and then he did. Hard, fast and swift, breaking into her little flower with force. She yelped in his ear and he stayed perfectly still a moment while her body accepted and accommodated him. She wasn't sure if she should scream or moan, if she should push him away or pull him deeper, but he scratched an itch she was just barely beginning to understand. Every look on her face, every sound that escaped her lips pleased him.

He pressed her down with his body weight, holding her hands pinned above her head with one hand while his other squeezed her breast, pinching that taunt pink nipple as he began to thrust

into her hard over and over again. Her heated body welcomed the invasion of his cock. She cried, sobbing in both pain and pleasure, tears staining her cheeks, matting her fur. He licked at them, licking over her eyelashes and humping her little entrance harder, enjoying the sweet, intoxicating scent and the hot warmth of her pussy.

Beyond her initial concerns and instinctual fear of this dog, she found herself mewling and moaning with pleasure. Her body tensed, shuddering around his with bliss. He pressed into her harder still as she trembled. She whimpered, feeling that ache absolve into a sweeter need, and then felt the pain of his knot pressing up against her still tight warmth, begging entrance. She screamed loudly as he entered her with that bulge, digging her claws into his back as his full length buried into her tight, freshly broken-in depths. He pressed in hard feeling her shudder beneath his weight. His teeth bit down into her throat and she squeaked, whimpering sweetly in a mix of pain and relief as his seed filled her core to the brim.

Both panting together, their bodies slowly relaxed. He remained deep inside her for a few moments more before he was able to slowly pull himself out. He looked down at his cock covered in their cum and licked at the little kitty's ear, "Such a sweet thing." He smiled and winked.

She stared at him, unsure of what she should feel. She was sore, but this felt much better than that awful, longing pain that came with being in heat. And he was still a doggie, but then, maybe she liked dogs, just a little bit. She smiled slightly, then blushed and lowered her eyes. He licked her ear again.

"If you ever need me, just call," he kissed her nose and she purred, in spite of herself.

"Yes, doggie," she sighed, "Mm, yes. Please come again."

He growled, "Mm, will do kitten, will do. But now you should rest," he nudged her cheek. She nodded and crawled beneath the tree in a contented ball, purring herself to sleep.