

She was late. They were meant to meet at two, but now it was two-fifteen and there was no sight of her. Not even a glimpse of her frame through the glass walking along the pavement towards the restaurant. Maybe she was sitting at another table, but then he would have noticed when he arrived nearly half-an-hour ago and the place had been nearly empty. A cup of nearly-empty coffee sat on the edge of the table, from which he would take several sips per minute waiting. All around him milling about were other people, paying him as little attention as they could afford as long as it meant their drinks weren't forgotten.

He would notice stares across the small restaurant as he turned his head back and forth, either from slight curiosity or simple fascination. Maybe it was because as he sat there, he seemed to dwarf every customer and waiter that passed by him. He was only pushing six foot nine, over two meters tall, though for the rest of the patrons, who were all underneath six foot, he seemed a veritable giant. His size might have owed to the fact that he was a lion, or at least descended from lions, and his yellow and dark stripes seemed to warn them away if the sharp teeth and well-groomed mane around his head didn't do that anyway. Ailing from alpha species often meant unease around subordinate species, and he definitely had the figure for it; he was nearly as wide around in the shoulders as he was tall, rippling with muscle that tensed when he only moved an inch left and right.

The lion kept looking down at his wrist at a watch that seemed more fitting as a collar; steel and chrome it shone in the glint of the lights above him. Two-twenty. She was even later than he expected, and his first coffee was nearly finished already. It was only luck that he preferred his coffee weaker to boast that he could take several of them with ease. As such it gave no increase to his heart or his nerves, despite the fact he was already stifling his nervousness. She was a special one. It had taken several months of online searching to find someone who was right, someone who fit the bill and could give him what he wanted.

Then one night just before he had given up and was about to settle down into bed, a message had appeared on his screen. It hadn't been much but an invite to a chat. At first it seemed suspicious, and all of her replies had seemed a little too right, a little too perfectly in line with what he was looking for. It had taken just a day for him to realise that she wasn't just a bot designed to fuck with him, or a scam ready to drain his wallet. They would have dropped out or asked for bank details if they were. But she requested a meet-up down at the local restaurant which, quite amazingly, she seemed to be close to and know well enough. It all seemed too perfect, and a quick check of her profile before he left gave little to no clue as to what she would look like, and she had found pictures of him that he had uploaded.

If it was someone coming to steal something of his, they'd be fighting intensely for it, and not many would dare to challenge a near seven-foot lion with arms wider than their legs. This mysterious woman was shrouded in mystery, and he knew nothing about her besides the fact that she was into what he was into, which was rare to find. From the way she spoke online, he expected her to be tall, maybe taller than he was with an hourglass figure and an ass large enough to knock him over.

"E-excuse me..." A quiet voice broke him from his trance. "Is this seat taken?" The voice belonged to a sheep-girl timidly asking the big predator. He looked over at her, head resting on one large front-paw.

"Fraid so. I'm waiting for someone and they're quite late."

"Sorry." She said, but sat down anyway, taking up the seat reserved for this internet woman of his. "Bus was late, so I had to wait for the next one." She didn't make eye-contact, staring down at the table in apology.

"Wait a minute, you're Rosie?" He spoke the name she had used online and sat back slightly, taking in her appearance. Rosie nodded, acknowledging the fact that she was the person he was looking from.

She was incredibly short compared to him at least, standing less than five foot six, and putting close to half-a-meter between their sizes. While he was wide-shouldered enough that doorways were close to an obstacle, she was petite without much bust; though her hips were a little better, widening out to give her a pear-shaped figure. White fur covered her body, thick, woolly and soft except for the face, hands and beneath the knees, which was a contrasting black and covered in much thinner fur that it was pretty much skin. Cute blue eyes stared down at the table as a little red blush appeared across her cheeks as she sat there; obviously embarrassed or nervous that he recognized her.

"Nice to...meet you." She reached out a hand to shake, to which he slowly acknowledged.

"You too." She was not like he expected. How was she expected to give him what he wanted at that size? *'No matter, just enjoy the date as long as you can now.'* He thought to himself, internally resonating with the realisation that the internet, as always, didn't deliver, and he'd have to stomach it out to try again later on tonight with a heavy heart. "Would you like a coffee?"

"Oh, no thanks, I had one just before I left, I thought I'd have enough time, but I think it made me late." *'Fantastic'*. She sat in silence for a few seconds, twiddling her thumbs beneath the edge of the table as the lion lowered his hand to the nearly empty mug, draining the last dregs of liquid from the bottom.

"Anything to eat?" He offered, handing over the large menu that the waiter had handed to him as he sat down to wait.

"No, sorry. I had a big lunch and I'm never all that hungry anyway."

"Come on." He smiled, "It's not much of a lunch date if you won't have lunch at all."

"A d-date? I thought I said meet-up." Rosie nearly squeaked. She then spoke in a quieter voice, afraid she had alerted the table next to theirs. "You should have said."

"I thought it was assured." He rested back in the seat, internally sighing at how she didn't seem to be right from her profile online, and ideas came to him as to how he might break it off without inadvertently insulting her. "No matter, it's fine."

"I'm sorry." She apologized to him again, not making eye contact and instead staring down at the table.

"Introductions then." He took another sip of the lukewarm coffee in his mug. "If we'll be here a little longer than I expected, then I better get to know you more than your profile."

"You too, I only know the name Retur. And the reason I'm here too."

"Sssh, not in public." His head whipped around to see if anyone had noticed.

"Why?" For just the briefest hint of a second, there was a fiery spark in her eye as she looked up and a smirk to accompany it. "Scared?" Then it was gone, and she was the blue-eyed ewe from the profile.

"No...just..." To hide himself being called out, Retur sipped his cup. "Never mind."

"It's fine, I won't shout it out." Rosie nodded, a small smile playing around the corners of her lips.

"I won't if you won't."

"Deal." She winked at him subtly.

There was a little pause as they both relaxed back in their seats, Rosie being as wide with her open shoulders as Retur would be squeezing through a small space. The mug was empty now, but still he sipped at it as if it was full, not bothering to

"I have to say, I'm just a little bit nervous, it'll be my first time going all the way like this." Retur whispered, leaning in so he didn't have to raise his voice to speak over the chatter of the restaurant.

"Don't worry. I can show you the ropes."

"I thought I said not in public."

"You're the one who brought it up." She pointed her finger at him, accusing him without malice.

"Fine fine. Normal questions then." He held his face in his hand for a second, rubbing at the corners of his eyes with his fingers. "Favourite food? Y'know, why not?"

"I have a taste for a little chocolate. I dip fruit in it all the time."

"Are you a chocolate and flowers-type girl?"

"O-only on second dates."

"Anything else?"

"A bit of meat, a steak, something like that." Her smirk returned only for the word 'meat' and was gone before he even noticed it.

"I thought sheep were vegetarians?"

"Normal sheep yes, but seeing as I walk and talk, I'm not a 'standard' ewe. I'm just like you Mr. Carnivore." A subtle wink, which he also missed, was shared.

"I'm not like other lions either." Retur confessed.

"And that's why you contacted me?" She had picked up one of the spoons laid next to her and begun to play with it lightly, swirling it between her fingers.

"Yes" He nodded.

"Though I did expect you to be a little smaller Retur, I'm sure it'll be fine."

"And I was expecting you to be...taller."

"Taller than you? I don't know of any anthro who's taller than you other than a giraffe."

"Tell me about it." He leant back, supping again on the empty mug's rim.

"Sorry if I disappoint."

"Well, you're here, you're talking, you're nice, so I see no reason why not."

"You just want to get to it, I understand." She nodded, putting down the spoon she had been playing with.

"You're ok with it?"

"Sure, and if it isn't what you want, then we'll get it out the way."

Retur turned and nodded to a waiter, who brought a bill he had been storing in his pocket, placing it inside a small plastic tray before handing it to the lion. Perhaps to prove to himself only, Retur never went anywhere without the large wallet kept in his jacket that could have stored a piece of paper with one fold. It was overkill, and everyone knew it but held their tongue. With a flick of a feline finger, a note slid out and onto the tray, covering both the extortionate price of the coffee and a tip.

"Keep the change." He said, standing from the table and throwing on the jacket that had been furled over the rim of his chair. Rosie had stood silently, waiting by the edge of the table for him to exaggerate the effort needed to put the jacket on. Once they had stood, their size difference became incredibly apparent, as she was even lower than his armpits, coming up no higher than the bottom of his ribs.

"Your place or mine?"

"We'll go to mine; I have the stuff there that you wanted." Rosie nodded.

"You actually got the stuff I wanted?"

"I had most of it already." She admitted, and Retur stared at her with a look of incredulousness. "What? You asked for it."

"I should be sprinting there now."

"Don't get too ahead of yourself." Rosie led the way out of the restaurant, trying to ignore the stares from their size-difference between them. Retur seemed oblivious to it; he was used to people staring at his height, though it caused a blush upon Rosie's.

He followed her back to her apartment, walking slightly behind her, and she had to keep up a quick pace to try and be faster than his long legs. It was lucky that the day wasn't horrific and cold as it had been the last few days. Puddles in the street were dodged either expertly or not at all, resulting in several exclamations of displeasure between them. The mid-afternoon sun was light in heat today, drying up the puddles and setting a nice warmth through its rays rather than being incredibly hot, which it was known to be without warning.

Even on the street the pair garnered slight attention in the form of more stares from people passing by. They would look at the pair, look away then double back just to see them walk down the pavement. Rosie couldn't tell whether they were staring because of the mix of species, though most of them were a meld or a mixed couple, or whether their size difference made them stand out. Quick hand gestures were made behind their back, making reference to the implied size of the lion's trouser department.

But Retur never saw it, and even if he did he wouldn't care. To him, the only thing that he was interested in was the fact that he found one person who might give him what he needed. Almost blissfully unaware he walked behind Rosie, his eyes flicked between where they were going and down at her wide hips, which threw themselves out with each step she made. The little white ball of fluff that was her cute little tail stood out against the darker clothes she wore, drawing his eyes to the movement of her hips and the little jiggle of those cheeks underneath those clothes.

"We're here." Rosie says as they arrive at an apartment complex. For the last few minutes at least, he had been distracted by the sway and view from behind.

"You don't live all that far from the coffee shop. You weren't kidding; it's a forty-five minute drive for me."

"You said you lived close."

"Nothing too obtuse."

She shook her head slightly, and stepped inside, holding the door open for Retur, who had to duck his head to fit underneath the doorframe that was clearly too short for him. Inside was mainly simple, and Rosie had already set off towards the elevator with shiny doors. It and the foyer were empty, allowing them to both to be spared from the judging glances.

Rosie said nothing, standing in the elevator with her finger hovering next to the button for the floor, waiting for the lion to step into the lift.

"You alright? You've gone all quiet."

"I'm just not a fan of lots of people looking at me; I'm a small girl that usually goes unseen and slips through crowds, so I'm just not used to it. You're pushing seven feet, so you get attention all the time." The doors closed and a jerk of the belt yanked the elevator upwards. "I'm more of a person who goes un-noticed."

"You just have to ignore it." The elevator beeped as it passed the floors. "Can't let it get to you. And they were probably looking at me instead; I draw attention wherever I go being this tall, so I've gotten used to it."

A pause hung in the air between them as fragile as spun glass after his words were spoken. The regular beeping of the passing floors was only just not enough to break it, but the silence shattered as the whirring of the motors and the jolt of stopping signalled the right floor. A robotic female announcer spoke "*eighth floor*" and the doors opened with a metallic clunk.

"Ladies first." He gestured for her to lead, especially as he didn't know which room was hers. Luckily she was already fishing for a key through the purse over her shoulder and within a few seconds it was unsheathed and aimed at the keyhole of one of the doors.

"So...do you want to come in for some coffee?" She asked, looking back at him over her shoulder with a subtle smirk and lusty wink.

"We've just been at a restaurant." Retur's mouth was slightly open in disbelief. Rosie's face didn't change, and with a turn of her hand, the door unlocked and she stepped inside. Had she a longer tail, it might have beckoned him inside at least.

Inside her apartment it was mostly clean, with nary anything out of place or broken. The wooden table surfaces were polished and shiny; the carpet underfoot was soft and free of crumbs and bookcases lined one of the walls. There was nothing out of the ordinary that even close to hinted at what aspect had attracted him to her.

"Come on in. Do you want to sit on the couch for a bit before we get started?"

"I'd rather just get in to it." He admitted, seeing on one side that she had already laid herself across one of the single seats.

"Tut tut, don't be too eager." Rosie winked, righting herself from her sprawled position to a more normal upright posture. There was something new about her now that the door behind him had closed. Her shoulders had moved back when she looked at him, and a playful smirk seemed all too ready to spread itself across her face.

"Alright." Retur slinked his way over to the couch, which was the only piece of furniture big enough to hold his larger frame. She watched every step he took with a smile on her face as he settled down onto the couch, taking up just over a single cushion.

"Before we get started, I just want to know how far you want to go."

"Short of long-lasting pain, not much is off the table."

"I can see that through the toys you asked for. Don't worry; I won't hurt you all that much."

"Good to know."

"Safeword? But I hope we won't have to use it."

"Bugspray is the one I tend to use, well, if I could ever use it."

"Sounds fine. Anything I should aim for you really get you?"

"Well, not a 'do' but more of a 'don't do' is over-the-top dialogue. I keep trying to watch videos online and I have to stop thirty seconds in, not because it's good but because the dom in them keeps saying things like *'Oh lick that fucking pussy oh ya!'* and it just takes me out the moment so much."

"Don't worry, I'll see to that."

She licked her lips, arching her back slightly in her chair to emphasise the curvature of her body. In the brief lull in conversation before she spoke, Retur suddenly realised that it was going to happen; his fetish was going to be fulfilled in the next minute. Cold sweat broke out across his back as she puckered those scarlet lips to taunt him.

"Well, I guess we better get started." Her voice dropped, becoming huskier and quiet like a whisper.

"I'm ready." The butterflies in his stomach buzzed otherwise, but with a gulp of determination he steeled himself.

"Firstly, remove those clothes. Right here and now." Rosie crossed one leg over the other, relaxing back into the soft material of the chair, smiling with a side of her that he hadn't seen yet, but would get acquainted with very soon. The sound of Retur's heart beating in his chest was the only sound in the apartment as he gulped nervously. But obediently he stood up from the couch to be just in front of her.

His hands nervously dance from his sides where they hung to move up towards the rim at the base of his shirt, gripping it tightly. It took just a pull to remove a little that had clung mildly to his body, revealing the continuing pattern of the stripes travel down his chest and stomach, lining the abs that were typical of a male of his age and species.

"Beefcake." Rosie joked as the straw-yellow fur was outlined and emphasised by a darker colour surrounding them. "Lovely. Though it won't mean anything once we begin." Retur continued to undress himself, and the shirt came away with another tug and unceremoniously he dumped it upon the couch. Rosie had raised a finger to her mouth, suckling gently on the tip and lightly nipping upon the nail.

Shoes and socks came off easily, nothing more than an untying of a tight lace on each shoe and a drag away of the cotton of the socks, leaving him in naught but trousers. Retur stood on large paws, claws unsheathed as his toes came free, pressing but not cutting into the carpet.

"And the trousers too."

"Completely naked?" He asked, hand resting on the rim of his trousers.

"Buck naked." She nodded, popping her finger from her red lips.

The button was the first to go, undone by a flick of his thumbs from where his hands lay on the rim of his trousers. With a quick flick of a finger, Retur undid the zipper at his groin, showing off the starch-white underwear beneath the dark-blue trousers. Then with a push of his hands and a small shake of his hips the pants began to drop down. Rosie's tongue licked out of her lips, a dart of pink rubbing against the soft red. Rosie was enjoying this a lot, making him undress for her to amuse her, and the idea of her being in control was something that she missed.

He was just now in his underwear, standing tall and wide in front of her, muscled and strong to contrast against her slim frame. Every part of his body was close to its physical peak, heavily toned midriff and torso, strong arms that could easily pick her off the ground and sculpted legs that marking him a predatory species. But here he was, acting the prey, stripping himself down to be more vulnerable for her, at her whim.

"And one, last thing." She chuckled slightly, switching the leg that was folded over the other one. "Take it off." She placed her hands on her knee, interlacing her fingers as if she was a business-woman interviewing for a job. She had changed in just the short time since the restaurant; from shy and withdrawn to more confident and dominating individual. He liked it. "Nice package." Rosie noted, her eyes fixed upon it for a second. "Are all lions as large as they are tall?"

"In my case, yes." Retur nodded, thumbs rising back up his legs to hook under the band of his underwear.

"Delicious." She smacked her lips as he teased down his underwear slowly.

The dark lines accentuating his abs trailed down to colour his groin, and as he slowly revealed his flaccid shaft, a tinge of red rose to his face. Her eyes widened slightly as she saw the size of the shaft he was packing into those tight boxers that now rested around his ankles. He wasn't kidding about his size, perhaps it was scaled with his height, but with the girth and alpha status of his species, it was obvious how lions were deemed superior in bed to all others. But it wouldn't do him any good for this one.

"Kick off those clothes." Rosie smiled as the large shaft was revealed slowly to her by the movement of the underwear. It bounced as he bent down to free it from one leg, and a flick of the other it came loose. Beneath the shaft, two balls swung and bobbed as he moved. "Pent-up I see." Rosie uttered as she saw them bounce.

“Three weeks, hoping to break that today.”

“We’ll see.” Rosie stood from the chair seductively, crossing her legs over each other and fluidly coming upright. “Follow me, leave your clothes there.” Without another word she turned, those wide hips emphasising each movement she made. Both black-furred hands beckoned to him behind her back to follow for just a second before she pushed open the door to the bedroom.

With a twitch on his cock as if it was on a leash, Retur followed her into the bedroom, heart pounding and legs shaking. It was about to happen, his fetish that had gone so neglected for so long was close to being fulfilled by someone supposedly unassuming. Already his groin had begun to respond, but only in the slightest so far. It was enough that he would notice if he was paying any attention to his downstairs, and not on the fluffy ball of white fur for a tail.

Inside the bedroom was much darker than the light-coloured lounge and kitchen she had, lit only by two bedside lamps that were set on low, casting dark shadows across the room. Aside from the standard cupboard that was nearly in flush with the wall, the room was quite simple. That said, shoved against one of the walls was a large bed, probably queen-sized at least with a tidy duvet tightly tucked into it. Several pillows adorned the head of the bed, some stacked atop each other like a flattened pyramid. Retur noticed two subtle straps at both the base and the head of the bed that looked as if they could hold him with ease.

“Just the sight gets you aroused?” She grinned, looking over her shoulder at the slowly stiffening erection at his groin.

“Just haven’t seen someone be so prepared.” He admitted, admiring the handiwork on those straps with white fluffy interior fur and the leather behind that seemed unbreakable.

“You did ask, but I have most of this lying around anyway...just waiting.” She turned to him, leaning back on the bedside table, crossing her ankles. Her smile seemed innocent enough as he stepped closer and closer, pausing just in front of her. She looked down at the slightly aroused erection that bounced as he walked.

“Lie down on the bed. Face up.” Rosie commanded, gesturing to the bed with one of her black hands. Retur did as he was told, firstly sitting down upon the edge of the mattress, making his eye level lower than hers for the first time. She stepped in closer, between his legs as the springiness of the mattress made his shaft bounce just a little more, and with her so near to him he felt she was towering over his head.

“Spread out.” She whispered, her strong perfume only now floating across to his nose with scent of lime and citrus. He inhaled through the nose, a strong other scent also coming from her now, something smelled rubbery with polish. But before he could focus in on that scent, a hand pushed against his chest, toppling him over onto the bed. Rosie stepped back as his legs swung up, avoiding an inadvertent kick.

He shuffled back on the soft mattress, feeling the texture of it beneath his fingers as his body willingly aligned itself with the bed. He was taller than she was expecting, as his feet just brushed against the wooden foot-stop at the end of the bed with his arms extended above his head. The pillows fit underneath his head nicely, propping him up for her to intently look over him spread eagled.

“Stay.” She said as if he was a dog controlled by its master, or in this case Mistress, and obediently he did so, heart pounding in his chest. Rosie walked slowly around to the foot of the bed, trailing a single finger down his leg to taunt him. The white furred restraints clasped tightly around his ankles once she had made her way down to grasp them, soft yet unforgiving as he naturally experimented to move his feet more than a few inches either way and found no give.

His arms stayed up above his head as instead of walking back around the bed to reach across him for the wrist-restraints, she instead decided to crawl across the bed, right over his nude body. Rosie's movements were slow and deliberate, stalking like a cat towards him. It was lucky she was lighter than he was, as she made no move to avoid placing herself on top of him. Hands, legs and body grinded against his body as she moved up and up, her soft fur rubbing ever so gently against his short hairs and particularly over his groin, eliciting a moan and a slight stiffening. She'd have her fun with him soon.

Retur could only watch as she pawed her way up his body, the weight not significant enough to hold him down, but that's what the restraints were for. A small push from her against his wrists moved them into position for the click of the soft fur to encircle them completely. Like with his ankles, he tried to move his wrists and found them tightly bound to the thick wooden bars of the headboard. With all four holding him down, he was now at her mercy, completely submitting to what she wanted to do with him. It only made him more aroused.

Rosie sat back on his chest; straddling over it with both legs draped either side. The warmth through her legs seeped against his body as he looked up, playfully struggling to the sound of short jingling metal chains.

"I suppose I best get undressed too." She smiled, reaching down to stroke his chest as her fingers slid up to grasp the rim of her shirt. With a slow tug she pulled it up her body, fixing both hands to tease the reveal to him. What Retur expected was the slow uncovering of her soft, white belly fur that would work great as a pillow and feel great on his shaft if she wanted to tease him.

But what he didn't expect what was actually there. Instead of the fur there was a pure black surface that shone lightly in the dull light of the bedside lamps. It hugged her tightly, accentuating her curves as more and more was revealed. It was flawless and completely smooth all over, not a clip, buckle, hole or strap to be seen. The scent of rubber filled his nose; latex. Underneath her clothes, Rosie had been wearing a tight, black latex cat-suit and it would stretch and shift with her as if it was her skin.

"Like it?" She chuckled, seeing the look on his Retur's face as he saw the noir rubber against her. "You didn't ask for it, but I guessed it was what you wanted."

"T-that's..." His mouth could not form words as her bust appeared from underneath the shirt she wore, jiggling lightly behind the encompassing material.

"Custom too. I'm a clothes designer, and one day we got latex in store." The shirt fell away and she deposited it on the floor by the side of the bed. The black material continued up her arms and past her elbows until they met her wrist, where just a small strip of white fur was visible before the darker fur of her hand took over, looking lighter in comparison to the sheen and finish of the latex cat-suit. "Took a while to make, even longer to get it just right and fitting, but I think it's worth it, don't you?"

"It's..." He began before a hand traced up his chest and placed itself over his mouth, silencing him to a muffle.

"Sssh." She almost whispered, dipping her finger into his mouth for just a second, teasing away from his tongue at the last second before he was able to lick at the soft, dark fur of Rosie's hand, eliciting a chuckle from her. "Ah ah." She chastised him for being eager, placing the finger on his lips instead. "I'll have none of that." Her tone was soft, not harsh like he had heard many times which had dropped him from the moment. Instead it only fired him up to try and naturally rebel, but the soft manacles prevented any movement more than a few centimetres.

Slowly she moved up his body with her hands, pressing them more and more against his chest as she drew herself up. Before a hand would be placed down, a finger would trace a loose

circle just as it was pressed down, teasing him as her body slowly moved up his own. Her knees touched underneath his arms as she leant over his head. Before he could speak, her hands slipped beneath the pillow on which his head leant on. They grasped something beneath the pillow that was hidden there, slowly drawing it out from one side a sword from a sheath. He'd swear later that it made a 'schwing' sound as it came into view.

"Just a little toy for persuasion. You like it?" In Rosie's hands was a two-foot riding crop mainly used for horses. A soft plush handle was enough for her slim hand to grasp tightly and strongly. After that it cut down to a slim stalk that flexible enough that the whole thing bent when she flicked it back and forth. Retur's eyes widened as he looked at the crop with a tab of leather at the tip no longer than an inch long. Though if he disobeyed, that tip could deliver welts if struck well, or it could force him to submit. Her hands showed off the flexibility by grasping the handle and tip, bending as if to snap it.

"Only if you misbehave, but I trust that won't be a problem." There was the sound of the crop flicking back into place, and the little swish through the air as she swiped it.

"I won't." He promised, squirming beneath her body, kept immobilised by the restrains.

"I'll make sure of it." Rosie wielded the crop like a weapon, balancing the tip against his nose, forcing his eyes to cross and look at it. Her grin was wide as she straddled over him, looking over towards the bedside table.

The tip of the crop slipped off of his nose and moved over to the handle of the drawers beneath it. With care and control, she pulled open the drawer with the riding crop. From his position and the height of the table next to the bed, he could not see what she held in the drawer, and any attempts to turn his head to see were met with a small push of the tip back against his cheek.

"Tut tut. Curiosity kills the cat, little kitty." She reached over and grasped the object that was in the top drawer, holding it by the tip of the crop to dangle over his face.

The two short black straps either side of the scarlet ball were unmistakable, which was perfectly the right size to fit across his mouth; a ball-gag. His arousal grew; the idea of being forced to be unable to talk and to have his breathing restricted enticing to say the least. His shaft stiffened again, halfway to full erection.

"Open wide." Rosie chuckled, taking the ball-gag off the tip of the crop in her hand. Obediently he did as he was told, opening that feline jaw as wide as he could to admit that red ball in his mouth.

Rosie leant over him placing the ball-gag into his mouth, keeping his mouth open as the hard plastic slid in. She giggled as his panting turned to moaning muffled by the plastic ball. Leaning forward, she folded the tabs around the side of his head, linking them and clipping together at the back, securing the gag in his mouth. Any utterance he made was made into grunt with his open mouth and tongue fruitlessly licking the back of it that touched his teeth.

"Safe-word is now you grunting high then low and high. Got it?" Rosie began to stand up, rising to one knee first, before using his wide chest to push herself the rest of the way to an upright position. Even though she wasn't tall, she now had a serious height advantage over him as she stood.

Her hands dropped towards her midriff, teasing down her body on top of that black latex costume towards the rim of the trousers. The button was undone with just a flick, the zipper following closely behind it until the rim was loose enough for her thumbs to slip easily between the wide of her hips and the fabric of her trousers. It took nothing more than a little shake of the hips for

it to come loose, and Rosie teased them down, making him watch as every inch of the tightly clad legs was revealed.

The cat-suit completely covered her body from the neck down, highlighting those curves of her body from the pear and hourglass figure she had as well as the thick thighs that would eagerly be a place for his head to be squeezed by. Gracefully she stepped out from the tight-fitting trousers, stepping with her paws just above his arms so his view was the towering height of her body. It was clasped tightly inside that cat-suit; pure black with the light gently shining on it. Each movement she made had the effect of a slight jiggle ripping though the material as though it were a puddle.

"Like the view kitty?" She teased him with the sight of her curvy body for a few more seconds, before she started to lower herself down towards him slowly.

He panicked lightly, juddering in the manacles that held him tightly down. They did their job and he was unable to move at all as Rosie filled more and more of his view. Her wide hips drew his sight like a moth to a flame, and the scent of the latex grew and grew in his nose. He had a small piece back home, no larger than his hand that he would cover his nose and mouth with during his 'lengthy showers'. It was old though, and the scent had all but faded to leave it a memory in his mind. And he had forgotten what the real smell truly was.

Powerful and nearly overwhelming, the scent of fresh rubber hit his nose, seeping in through his mind. His eyes opened wider than before, nearly the size of plates now as Rosie drew in closer and closer, her intent clear to him. His erection grew to nearly painful levels of arousal at the simple powerful scent of the material so close to his nose, nearly bursting when Rosie moved next. She collapsed onto her knees that landed either side of his head, preventing him from turning his head at all.

So close to her nethers, he could smell the fresh rubber even stronger now, giving his cock twitches in anticipation. Her feet crossed on his pectorals, just below his neck, with her long legs pinning his shoulders down. Rosie placed a hand on his head, lightly ruffling his hair as she aligned herself into position just above his face.

"Take a deep breath; you'll be under a while." She chuckled lightly, and sat down atop his features.

In an instant, his sight turned from the dully-lit room to pure dark like pitch once she obscured his face completely underneath her hips. The latex stretched tight as she rested down, covering his features totally. His anticipating grunts turned into satisfied groans that were muffled beneath the shiny material and her weight. Naturally he shook and twisted beneath her body, rattling the chains binding him down and still.

But he was in ecstasy beneath her hips. With no sight or taste, his only reliable senses were smell and touch. If Retur thought that the smell of the latex from a foot away was enjoyable, he was absolutely blown away by the scent of it pressing down against his nose. Each breath in he took, regardless of whether he wanted it to or not, was imbued with the luxurious aroma of the fresh rubber seeping into his nose from her hips. Had he been able to smile he would have with a beam so bright he could have doubled as a lighthouse. Instinctively, in an animalistic way, he bucked his hips towards a source that was not there, trying in vain to get the merest hint of pleasure that would push him over the edge.

And of course the other sense was touch. Though Rosie wasn't heavy by anyone's standards, having something weigh down directly on top of your face meant business. The chains themselves did a good enough job keeping him restrained down for her pleasure, but the added sensation of the

weight of those hips on his face killed the idea of escape completely. Not to mention of course the material itself rubbing and grinding away across his short fur, sliding slickly over his features. Smooth was the only word to describe the sensation of that material, blissfully so, as it passed back and forth over his features, ensuring the same piece of latex never touched his nose for too long. Already the familiar and all too repressed feeling of having another at her whim was arousing to say the least. The tantalising feeling of the erotic by wearing that suit out in public started it off, each step strange with the tight hugging material.

Rosie looked back over her shoulder, easily finding the impressive shaft twitching and shifting lightly as it lay against his navel. Fully erect that thing was impressively big, though no larger than her biggest toy. If she wanted, she could take it here and now, but she needed to teach her plaything some restraint. Ideas sprung into her head while she shifted lightly atop Retur's face, teasing his head side to side and grinding lightly against him. It was now she debated whether not having a miniature slit was a good idea. But he didn't have a tongue to please her, so the arousal manifesting in hot juices could trickle through the tiny hole to be smeared upon his nose; extra scent to heighten his arousal.

Retur bucked wildly as the gentle touch of the riding crop's soft tip graced his erection. It was just so slight and torturous that it drove him madder for pleasure than had she grasped it. He groaned out through his nose, eyes shut and mind flowing with the tiniest tip of that sensation. It would strike so gracefully every few seconds, sometimes a light poke, other times a slide from base to tip or vice versa, just to exacerbate his pleasurable torture at her whims. Between each time she toyed with him, it felt to be minutes long, despite it being just seconds.

Rosie would chuckle, teasing him just enough to drive him crazy without allowing him release just yet, knowing when to stop from practice. His breathing had become laboured underneath her; slow and heavy from the exertion of resisting the pleasurable torture, each breath in still tainted by the thick scent of that pliant, soft latex, but with a new dimension of her arousal in drips that ran by his nose.

Then she stopped. Without warning, her grinding slowed to a halt and the teasing of her crop against his shaft never teased again. She left him alone for just a single second, which felt to be hours, but the flicking tip never returned. Rosie shifted, parting her feet from his chest first, and then her body leant forward, exposing him to fresher air, though reluctantly he tried to stay beneath her hips. Slightly shakily she stood from weighing down upon his features, resuming her tall stance once again.

"You're not cumming just yet." She winks at him, amusingly smirking at his rumpled features with dabs of her juices and his sweat that stained his fur. His erection continued to bob and strain for a release now. With agility, Rosie stepped down off the bed, landing with a small 'oof' by the bedside table. She still held the crop in her hand, swirling it back and forth like a ceremonial sword in her hand. Her other hand went to the drawers by her side, targeting the one beneath the first.

"Remember all those toys you asked me for?" She winked at him, seeing in his eyes the mixed expression of delight and fear. Excellent.

Inside the drawer were several plastic toys, some of which he had only seen online, others out of the corner of his eye at the adult store he rarely visited. Rosie showed them off one by one, picking them up and out.

"A cock ring. You didn't tell me your size, so it might be a little tight." The translucent circle of plastic was light in her hands as she turned it over and over before leaning over towards him.

Before he could react to struggle and squirm in case she slid it on, Rosie gently placed the cock ring on his navel, just on his belly before turning back to the drawer.

The second toy she extracted was slim in profile, no longer than a thumb too. Roughly cylindrical, it had a flatter, rounded base with a tapered, smooth top. Along with it came a small length of tape to attach it to something.

“Bullet vibrator. For you.” She winked, placing the soft plastic toy next to the cock-ring on his belly. It was heavier than he expected, rolling around slightly on his body until it lay against the base of his erection. He looked down as best he could to try and see the dark-red vibrator tap lightly against his shaft, but with his restraints holding him down he could only crane his neck so far.

Rosie was back to the drawer for the last two toys, and she had saved the best until last. In her hands now was a small bottle, no larger than one found in a shower, with a curved plunger. Inside this bottle, sloshing around with dull sounds was a mixture of oil and lube, giving it a clear colour and a thick consistency. There was enough in that bottle to easily cover her cat-suit with some left over to spare if she allowed him up to rub it all in.

“Lube. You told me that you enjoyed it when things are bit...wet.” She chuckled, placing it on the bed next to one of his thighs, away from the cock-ring and bullet vibrator.

But the last toy made him grunt and squirm even when he saw it being pulled out of the drawer. At first he was confused as to its shape; there was a harness with subtle straps that didn't look as if it could fit his waist and thick tube connected to a wide patch of...

His thought train stopped as the shape became recognisable. In her hands now Rosie held a harness with a rigid shaft upon it. Her strap-on's size easily matched his own in girth and length, though it was shaped more like that of an equine.

“Just like you asked; big strap-on horse-cock.” It jiggled lightly as she made to put it on, the straps becoming nearly invisible save for their texture against the black latex. It fit perfectly against the cat-suit, so Rosie took it upon herself to pose with a hand on her hip and one hand holding the permanently erect strap-on to point at his face.

“Nod if you like it.” She chuckled, seeing him do just that. His eyes were wide and focused on the tip of that shaft. He had always liked dominating girls, but without something to actually penetrate, there wasn't so much that truly aroused him as much as the sight of her standing with that, ready and willing to put him in his place. “Excellent.” She smiled, stepped slowly to the foot of the bed.

She never broke eye contact as she reached where he was trapped by the ankles. Like before, Rosie neatly hoisted herself up onto the mattress and began to erotically paw her way towards Retur's prone body. With that hungry look in her eyes, the black latex outfit that hugged her body so tightly, and the large strap-on dragging itself against the duvets was the pinnacle of eroticism for him. His aching shaft gave another twitch of approval, though he could not indulge it just yet.

A grunt left his lips as she got into position, and the silicone cock lightly grazed against his own. It had a fleshy texture that was similar to a real cock, just without the body heat, though time spent buried inside his body would fix that. Rosie's hands dipped towards the toys on his chest, firstly picking out the soft plastic cock-ring. Retur could only watch as she aligned it with the top of his shaft and slowly slipped it on. It was a tight fit; she hadn't known he would have been the size he was. As such, the ring needed a little liquid persuasion to slide down and down, handily provided by the bottle of lube next to him.

"A little tight?" Rosie smiled as with the lube the ring slickly slid down his shaft to take its place at the base of his shaft. "Oh my, is it too tight that you won't be able to release?" She raised a finger to her lips innocently. He began to groan and shake, trying fruitlessly to free the cock ring, though nothing now would take it off until she wanted it to be. He had already been pent up for several weeks, and the urge to cum at the slightest touch was strong. Retur had hoped he would end the night having spent his build-up, but it looked unlikely now. His mistress didn't want it just yet, so he would not disobey, especially since she still held that riding crop.

Her grin was predatory and constant now as she reached for the second toy, the last one on his belly. If she had held him back from orgasming, and the large shaft was dedicated to penetrate him, then what was the small vibrator for? Rosie turned the small dial at the base, starting the vibration on a low scale to start. The slim tape's purpose became obvious to him in a flash. The buzzing of the vibrator pressed itself against his shaft, earning a deep grunt as he had to throw his head back to fight away the pleasure. The tape circled the girth of his shaft, and held the low-buzzing vibrator tightly against the head of his cock, keeping him at the brink of pleasure. She could see his hands clench into fists as he tried to ignore the sensation of the light buzzing against his sensitive shaft.

Rosie grasped the bottle beside her and lowered the crooked nozzle to touch the large strap-on that was aimed directly at his nethers. He heard several squeaks of the plunger in action as Rosie pressed down upon it and urged it to deposit the lube onto her strap-on. Once enough had been delivered, an amount as large as wide around as a fist, Rosie began to slowly stroke her fake cock, spreading the lube evenly as she could around the shaft until, like her cat-suit, it glinted with a sheen in the low light. Droplets of lube dripped from it onto the sheets below as the slight movement towards him jiggled the fake cock.

Retur's body jerked slightly away from the feeling of the slightly tapered tip of the strap-on pressing against his ass. Of course, the restraints held him still for her, and he was unable move anything more than a centimetre or two in any direction. Rosie pushed forward, the head beginning to push in, assisted by the lubricant. If it was any more possible, his shaft hardened at the feeling of the strap-on's head begin to penetrate, arousal growing as she claimed him.

He grunted as loud as he could as the wide head of the strap-on slipped slowly into his ass, pushing inside easily. The lube worked wonders, better than the stuff he had at home at least, allowing the thick cock to wetly penetrate him.

"I just wish I could lift your legs now and get a better angle, but this will have to do." Rosie smiled, pushing forward slightly so an inch was buried inside him, eliciting a muffled grunt from behind the red plastic guard in his mouth. Retur's head had tilted back as far as it could as the sensation of the head gliding over his prostate began. It was still a few inches away, but enough self-practise had taught him that soon the thick shaft slowly sliding into his ass would grind against it, and the cock ring preventing his orgasm wouldn't make it any easier.

There was the sound of another squirt from the bottle of lube and the wet sounds of her black-furred hands slipping together, spreading that translucent liquid all across her palms and fingers. Had he the ability to talk, Retur would have asked what she was going to do. But before he would have been able to get a word out, her hands moved towards his sensitive and squirming erection, grasping it lightly from both sides.

His muffled grunt was long and loud as her warm hands gripped his shaft, slowly teasing it up and down. Her fingers would flick back and forth, stroking the curve of his cock from top to bottom, avoiding the lightly buzzing vibrator and tight cock-ring.

“Enjoyable?” She chuckled lightly, pushing in with her hips to ensure the thick strap-on sank deeper and deeper into him slowly. Rosie enjoyed making him squeal and wait for her, maybe next time she might even take his ball-gag out, but a blindfold would also be useful. “*Next time.*” She thought to herself, thrusting her hips forward to sink the last inches into Retur’s ass until her hips met his.

Retur shook, tossing and turning as the head lightly grinded against his prostate, ushering in a huge rush of pleasure, arousing him all the further. His erection was harder than it had ever been before thanks to that strap-on blissfully filling him. His hands had formed fists that he used to try and ignore the feeling of ecstasy. But it was difficult to peel his mind away from the desires he had so pent-up for so long, and when the soft fleshy strap-on slid over his prostate, there was no denying from him that it was the best feeling he had felt in a long, long time.

Rosie drew back with her hips, pulling the large shaft out slowly to another round of whimpering pleasure from her little kitty. His cock was as hard as possible with the sensations he was feeling, and with that accursed cock ring there was nothing he could do to release himself. A smooth, wet, black-furred hand reached up and increased the setting on the dial of the small vibrator taped around the head of his shaft.

Oh what to do now? Retur’s thoughts were breaking down slowly, interrupted and almost shattered apart by the constant vibrating against the most sensitive part of his cock, all unhelped by the thick feeling of the strap-on leaving his body. Once just the head remained inside, Rosie would slide forward with speed and slam her hips into his, burying that cock deep inside him. His eyes had glazed over and vision unfocused from the pleasure, completely unable tell up from down. The only sensation he wanted to feel was the satisfactory release from this agonisingly pleasurable situation, but his Mistress didn’t want that, and so he must abide by her will.

He didn’t even see her hand move up to flick the dial on the highest setting, only felt the vibrations against his sensitive head become more and more insane. Concentration was all for naught now, any semblance to rational thoughts absolutely vanished underneath the rhythmic erotic sensation of the thick, lubricated strap-on sliding and pounding back and forth into him. It was a constant stimulation of his prostate, no stop grinding against it that finally broke him.

A tingling started in his restrained toes, quickly flowing up his body through his legs and into his torso. It was liquid warmth that spread all over his body, flowing through his fingers to make them numb in their fist-like grip, spreading penultimately to his mind, giving a rush of elation and adrenaline to the tied up lion. Then, like warm honey, the feeling dripped down his spine towards his groin. A long, deep groan mixed with the usual rolling growls of a predatory lion left his mouth, all too humorously muffled underneath that red ball-gag to Rosie.

The sensation of the orgasm built up in his groin, a pressure rising and waiting for a release that should have happened. Retur shifted and twisted and turned as best he could on top of that bed, urging and pleading internally for the obstructive ring to be removed, for it to be loosened so he could enjoy the splendours of the mind-blowing orgasm freely.

“Ah ah.” Rosie giggled softly. “No cumming for you today.” Her fingers were still playing around the shaft, rolling and unfurling, teasing him in his moment of desperation. Retur’s hips bucked wildly upwards, trying in vain to get any relief and release he could, but the tight cock-ring held it all in. His shaking had the delightful side effect of lodging the strap-on even deeper into his ass, every last inch buried inside up to the base.

In a slightly elevated position, Retur could not drop back down to rest against the soft duvet, nor could he find climax. A defeated, exacerbated groan sounded from his muffled jaw, then his body went limp, free of tension with a broken look in his eye. Make no mistake, he had enjoyed it fantastically; her domination, his servitude, that latex cat-suit, her agreeing to peg him deeply all excited him past his wildest dreams. Denied release was just something he was going to have to get used to.

As the submissive kitty that he was, it was his job to mould himself to suit his Mistress, and if that meant being pent-up and quick to arousal...well it was her choice.