

*Ding-dong...*

Shit. I rolled over in bed, pulled the covers up higher, swallowed down whatever crap had gathered in my throat over the night. It was, like - what - nine AM? Too early...

*...Ding-dong...*

...God, what did I do last night? I... ordered pizza, there was still at least half left over; I turned out the lights, turned up the volume, and played some horror games - it was the weekend, I had nothing to do; I, um...

*Ding-dong- ding-dong...*

...said some rather questionable things to my lioness friend, maybe made a few promises in the heat of the moment-

*Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.*

"Hrrrmf." I rolled back over and blindly swiped at my nightstand for my phone, its vibrating feeling like a drill in the back of my skull. It was cold to the touch of my paw pads. "What?"

"Get your lazy ass up, ott. I'm at the door."

"Why?"

"I said so."

"No..." Dicks. I shifted the phone to my other ear. "Why are you *here*?"

"Well, here, give me a second..." At the end of this, her voice became a little distance, like she'd taken the phone away from her muzzle. There was some tapping, like from claws on the touchscreen. "...here, last night, 11:40 PM, you said... 'why don't you come over tomorrow'... so I replied 'why?'... and then you said - oh, picture message - you said... 'it's been a while since I've given my tongue a good workout', winky face, less than three... so I was like 'oh yeah?', and you said 'yeah, and bring that strap-on you got, too'..." A little bit of scuffling. Her voice got louder. "So. Yeah. *That's* why I'm here. Let me in."

"Fuck." *Click*. I set the phone back down on the nightstand, wiped my face, and sat up to put my contacts in. This chick, this lioness - Lilith, her name was; we'd known each other for quite some time, at least since while we both were still in school. However, it was only very recently that we learned that... well, that we had a few shared interests, as well as overlapping passions: for example, I had a thing for being dominated, and she had a thing for dominating. What can I say? After dropping one of my contacts twice before getting it in, I stood up, stretched, yawned, stretched again, went over to get dressed... and decided I'd settle at boxer-briefs. It was warm enough today, I didn't need more. Besides, it's not like my body wasn't something she hadn't seen in the past.

Yeah, it was all coming back. I really did say those things to her, which really aren't too out-of-the-ordinary; this wasn't the first time something like this had happened. Hell, one time, I woke up to a voicemail from her: "*Hey Lukas, get over to my place. I wanna tie you to a chair and suck you off.*" Of course, I couldn't say no to that, either; that just wasn't in my nature.

I clomped down the stairs, still blinking heavily and wiping at the edges of my mouth. Me and Lilith only saw each other every few days or so, or once or twice a week - any more, and I'd be too tired to do anything every. Besides, I can only wait on a princess for so long before I tire of that, too. I reached the door and threw it open - and there she stood, arms crossed in front of her chest, tapping a foot, tail flicking impatiently behind her. She had a little bag thrown over her shoulder.

"God. There you are."

"I w-"

She put her arms around me and tugged me into a quick hug. Due to our height difference, with me being slightly shorter, my face ended up being buried in her chest. She smelled of flowers today. "Hey, you. Sleep okay?"

"Well." She released me, and I stepped to the side to let her in. "For the most part. Then, however, a *yowling cat* woke me up, and wouldn't let me get back to sleep."

"Boo-hoo. Close the door, will ya?- me an' the sun aren't exactly on good terms."

I did so, and leaned back against it. Lilith wore tight shorts that came down maybe only four inches below her hips, showing pretty much all of her sleek legs, curved and sandy-tan. A lot more muscular than they looked, and with her being a lioness, that really said something; I remember the first night we did anything, she was on the couch and I was on the floor between her legs, and she squeezed my shoulders between her knees... "Y'know, I don't really remember *promising* anything."

"It was implied." She kicked off her shoes, and then flopped down on the couch in the other room - yeah, it was *that* couch. "...Hey, are you sayin' you don't want me here today?"

"Well-"

"Here." Lilith dug around in that bag of hers for a moment, and then threw something at me; I just barely caught it. It was, like, a long, flat rope-

"Is this a-"

"Leash? Yeah. I thought you'd like that, too. I have a collar with cute little spikes around that I think would look great on you, but - I know you like to nuzzle, and that might hurt me a little, so we'll use the other one today."

My underwear got a little tighter. I adjusted them. "And what about th-"

"Strap-on's in here, too. It's a new one, um... five-and-a-half circumference, if I remember right, seven in length. No knot, because last time we tried that, you got all bitchy."

To be fair, that was because of the position. I was on my paws and knees, and she was behind me driving down into me, one paw holding me down by the neck while the other kept me spread. A German shepherd had tried to knot me in that position once, and I couldn't handle *him*, either. "Does it have the, um..."

"The 'movable built-in foreskin' like you requested?" She rolled her eyes. "No. It doesn't. I've told you before, Luke, if you wanna get *that* complex, you'll have to order it yourself... hey, could you get me a drink of water, please? Also, I'd ask that you put on pants, but that'd be just... counterproductive."

Fun woman, really. Not *everything* between us was sex; that was just an interest we both had. Before all of this started, we used to just sit around and play video games all night until late in the morning, like I did with any other good friend. She came to me for advice in relationships, and I gave what I could; I went to her for advice in life, and she gave what she could. Although, to tell the truth, she was the focus of a few of my fantasies back then, and... well, of course, she still is...

I almost dropped the glass after taking it from the cupboard, but managed to grab it just before it fell, and brought it over to get her her water. "Ice?" I called.

"No, thank you."

One of my favorite times was a threesome she threw me into. It was myself and her, of course, and then a big wolf guy she'd met a while earlier, a wolf who had a particular interest in otters like myself. It was a position I was somewhat used to when it came to threesomes: one person, Lilith, was lounging on the couch holding my head down between her legs; I was, again, on my paws on knees in front of her; and this wolf was behind me, paws on my hips, making me lurch forward every time he sank back into me, and making me lean back whenever he slid out a little. So, yeah, it was fun.

Lilith was messing around with her phone when I brought her the water. She turned bright green eyes up to me, smiled a little, nodded, said "thank you", and took it from me. I sat down beside her and yawned again; after she'd drank some, she set it on the table, leaned back, and smirked at me.

"What?"

"You boys and your erections." She waved a paw at me; I looked down. Boxer-briefs. Of course. Those thoughts had gotten me more than a little worked up, and the end of my cock stuck out from under the waistband... with anyone else, I might be a little embarrassed. "It's cute. You can never tell when I'm turned on."

"Actually, I can." I straightened up, perked my ears, gave her a bright smile. "When *you're* turned on, Lil, you're either really dominant or really submissive."

"What if that's only what I want you to think?"

I blinked. She took another sip of her water.

"Besides, Lukas, you're the same way. Remember that time you tried to hold me down?"

...Yeah. Most people are stronger than me. I had pushed her down to the floor and had gotten over her, and put her paw into my pants; she grinned, squeezed, then easily flipped me over and held me down. She bit my neck to punish me, broke the skin. I had a bruise for a week after. However, she also gave me a handjob, so I guess it all worked out.

"Or that time you were at my place, and Devin was over too, and you *begged* to suck him off?"

Yeah, that too. Devin was another friend of hers, a different German shepherd - and I have a thing for shepherds. At the end of it, they'd tied my paws behind my back and made me give them both oral, so I guess I got what I wanted.

I shifted. Remembering all those did nothing to make my underwear less tight. Lilith watched me move a paw down to pull the waistband up over my revealed head. I still had the leash in my other paw; I moved to put it down on the table, but the lioness's paw came out and stopped me.

"Put it on."

"What?"

"The leash." She shuffled around in her bag more, and then tossed some heavy fabric thing with metal buckles at me. "Here's the collar. Put it on, hook up the leash."

I held it up. "It's purple."

"Actually, it's lavender. I like lavender. C'mon, Luke, put it on or I'll put it on for you."

"Okay, okay." I had to move forward on the couch to wriggle it around my neck; it took another moment to slide the buckle to the right size, not too tight but certainly not loose. Honestly, just the feeling of having it clamp lightly around my neck only turned me on a little more. The first time we'd done anything with a collar and leash was purely for me; *'do you think I could... wear a collar?'* I had asked; she raised an eyebrow, smirked, replied, *'if I get to hold the end of the leash.'* "...There. Good?"

"Leash, too."

"Help. I can't see the thing."

"God, you're so..." She yanked the leash from my other paw and stood up on her knees on the cushions of the couch, again bringing me eye-level with her breasts (each of which was roughly the size of my head, totally natural. I'd felt them). It also she looked like she wasn't...

"Are you wearing a bra today?"

"Pff. No." The metal end-bit of the leash clicked onto the hook on the collar. Lilith leaned back onto the balls of her feet. "I felt lazy. Besides, I knew that it would come off within... what time is it... within two hours, if I *had* put one on."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." She looked me over. The collar put an odd little bit of weight on my neck, and more when she gave the leash a tug. "You look good."

"I'd say the same to you-" really, who *wouldn't* enjoy the sight of a lioness holding their leash? "-but you'd just say-"

"I know'?"

I scowled.

"I know. Anyway, Luke, I think it's time I collect on that promise. I have places to be, you know. Also, I wanna try on that strap-on for size."

"You're not gonna be the one trying it out."

"Shush." Another tug, one forceful enough to bring me forward, so that I had to put my paws out against the couch cushions to catch myself. She bunched up the slack of the leash behind her paw. "Get my pants off."

She kept that commanding tone in her voice, but I saw in her eyes that she would do it herself if I didn't; however, I felt compelled to. I wanted to. I scooched a little closer, adjusted the collar on my neck; she sat with her knees up and legs toward me, so I slid my paws between them and pushed them apart-

"Do the zipper with your teeth."

When I looked up again at her, Lilith only tugged on the leash once more, pulling me closer. I wriggled, first slid a finger underneath the waistband of my underwear and shifted them down a little, then popped the button of her shorts free with that finger and a thumb - and leaned down, eyes focused on her face until I got too low to see it. Her other paw came down on the back of my head - I could feel the heat from her body through her pants, even stronger when I drew closer, found the metal of the zipper with my tongue, took it between my teeth and tugged down. My chin pressed into her a little.

"Good boy."

"Do I have to take your pants *off* with my teeth, too?"

She shivered. "Your breath is- ahem. No, no. Use your paws."

I had to move forward a little forward and sit back on my feet to get her pants off. They were warm, and still carried a hint of her scent; I looked to her after removing them, and she just nodded toward the floor. They dropped there shortly after. Lilith wore purple panties - or, excuse me, lavender; in the front they were purple, slightly moistened by arousal. My ears perked, and Lilith said one more word:

"Lick."

"...What, lick the panties? I-"

A forceful pull on the leash served to simultaneously silence me and answer my question, and I then found my muzzle an inch away from her. I knew the fabric would dry out my tongue, at least somewhat; the taste of her arousal after I first leaned forward and put my tongue against her was what caught my attention. Sure, I'd tasted it before, several times, and in varying degrees of strength - Lilith squirted, sometimes, when she was sitting up - and, just like every other time, I couldn't resist. I lapped up along where the fabric had been wetted, soaking it even further with my own saliva, pressing into her heat, her warmth, her desire. Above me, she shivered again, and after a few more licks, batted me away to tug her panties to the side-

Glistening pink flesh, surrounded by cinnamon fur. A gentle gasp when I put my lips to her and again dragged my tongue upwards told me that I was doing something right.

"C'mon," she panted. "I've felt you use that tongue before. You're not doing all you can..."

Okay. I repositioned my head so I could swirl my tongue all around, focusing first at the velvet of her flesh, and then moving up to her clit. Her scent and taste only worked to get me even more worked up. It was the kind of taste that lingered on your tongue, in your head for a little bit after - not as persistent as the taste of a throbbing wolfcock, but certainly not weak, and not at all unpleasant. If it were, I wouldn't dig quite as deep with a wriggling tongue to get at it - well, and I also enjoyed making Lilith twitch, and pant, and gasp, and sigh, and whine and moan...

I enjoyed doing these things to her just as much as she enjoyed doing them to me. Because, God *damn*, could she ever.

"Better... keep going..."

I brought up a paw between my lips and hers, for my fingers to spread her and allow my tongue easier access. Lilith also seemed to enjoy it when I rubbed the pads of my fingers around a little, or gently slipped one into her as I licked...

"That's - enough-"

"Mm?" I looked up at her, or at least up as far as I could. Her chest and stomach rose and fell in uneven, labored breaths, and she shivered a little; I sat back, wiped my mouth on the back of my paw, smiled. If I were a canine rather than an otter, I'd wag my tail as well. "I was just getting warmed up. My tongue isn't tired yet."

"Sure as hell got *me* warmed up - mmf." Lilith shifted and pulled herself up a little, then moved one paw down between her legs and slid a couple fingers inside herself. "I wanna try on that strap-on. I wanna make you wiggle."

I could feel a blush warm my cheeks. Strange that the thought of *that* was what embarrassed me, given how she'd just put a leash on me and pulled on it so that I would service her with my tongue. "Yes ma'am."

"Go get it and bring it over here."

She loosened the leash a little so that I could make it to her bag, discarded a little ways away from the table. Behind me, I could still hear her fingering herself, the little noises accompanied by gentle moans and sighs-

"Bring it back in your mouth, like a good pup."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me."

It was also purple, and thick enough that it was actually a little challenging to hold in my mouth without having my teeth pierce into it. It smelled faintly of rubber, or silicon, or something of that sort.

"Lube too."

"Uff." That was in one of the front pockets, a cute little bottle that easily fit into my paw, so I grabbed that as well. When she said 'like a good pup', I assumed that she meant on my paws and knees; when I nosed at her leg, she looked down at me and grinned, so I guess it was what she wanted. "I feel ridiculous."

"You look ridiculous. However, it's - mmf, it's not the first time I've seen you with a cock in your mouth." She moved her paw from between her legs and swiped the strap-on from my muzzle; a little bit of her 'juice' stuck to my lip. I licked it off. Afterwards, she patted my head. "Good boy. Stand up and take that pesky underwear off."

"Yes, ma'am." I guess I had known my clothing would soon come off as well, so I chose to wear little, like her lack of a bra. While I straightened up (as much as I could, since Lilith still kept a tight hold on the leash - I think just to remind me who was in charge, as if I could forget) and slipped them off, she focused on putting on the strap-on, and stripping off her own shirt. When I turned back around, she stood there, bright smile on her face, green eyes glistening, full breasts in plain view, fake purple dick standing out from between her legs. It was a sight simultaneously terrifying and oddly invigorating.

"On all fours, otter."

"Where?"

"I don't fuckin' care... actually, that's a lie. I wanna rail you over the table." She glared at me when I didn't move, just to be stubborn, and then pulled the leash in that direction. I stumbled, fell to my knees, caught myself with my paws on the edge of the table; the bottle of lube went rolling off the side. "Well? Get down."

"Yes ma'am-"

"And get that lube. Unless you want me to go in dry?"

Taking a cock lubeless wasn't something I hadn't done before. It took a certain... state of mind, a certain determination - these, or just a really, really powerful want to be fucked. Of course, the need for lube depends on the

top, too: whether it's barbed (*murr*), or knotted (*murrrr*), or uncut (*muuurrrr*)... or, hell, made of rubber and protruding from the front of a strong lioness, it all depends. "Not today..."

"Ah. Tomorrow, then. So, get it. And keep that tail up."

I had to squeeze down close to the ground to reach it, since the lube had rolled under the couch, and I obeyed Lilith's orders and kept my tail raised for her viewing pleasure as I did so. Right after my fingers closed around the slick bottle, there was a cold pressure against my tailhole, which made me jump; Lilith just chuckled softly.

"I *could* go in dry," she mused as I came back up, lube in paw. It was the end of the strap-on that she had nudged up under my tail, and now, she prodded her hips forward just slightly. "But... eh. Hand that to me, please."

"Please be gentle." I rested my arms on the table and kept my head half-facing her, so that I at least had an idea of what she was doing. She flicked open the bottle with a claw, squirted some onto her paw, and stroked that up and down the length of the strap-on. "Last time we did this, I was sore for the rest of the day."

"*Just* the rest of the day? That's not bad." The cool rubber momentarily lifted from my tailhole; when it came back, it was certainly slicker. I had to lean forward with Lilith's motions to prevent her from pushing into me so soon. "Ever played with a stallion?"

"No..."

"Neither have I. Let's try it sometime. Okay, on three..." She moved one paw to my rump to keep me spread, while the other kept a firm hold on the leash - she wouldn't let me put my head down on my arms. I swallowed. "One..." The lioness tilted her hips forward and back, teasing me by pressing in just slightly, just enough to make me lurch forward or suck in a gasp of surprise at the cool lube and rubber... "Two..." Now, she tugged on the leash, cutting off my breath for a quick second. It startled me, but... well, it made my own cock throb, under the table.

"Three."

I gasped and gritted my teeth; she pushed into me, first with a bit of force and then more gently, so that she sank slowly, slowly into me. Sure, I'd prefer it be an *actual* cock plunging under my tail, but I couldn't complain. There'd always been something about the thought of being dominated and topped by a female that just got me going, and every time she came over, her actions reinforced that fantasy of mine.

"Keep your head up," she growled, and once more pulled on the leash. "I wanna hear your noises, and I can't do that if your muzzle is buried in your arms."

As she slid in further, she moved her other paw from my rump to my front, and traced a claw along the side of my shaft. The feeling made me twitch, especially when she circled it around my half-retracted foreskin... "Mmf."

"What was that?"

"A little slower? Please?"

"Well, since you asked nicely."

She must not have known whether I meant for her to go slower with her paw or with the strap-on, because she did both. She moved her claw back and forth, back and forth along my length, though eventually closed her paw around it and continued the slow stroking; at the same time, she pressed into me more gently than she had before, giving me time to get accustomed to the girth of the thing. Again, it was nothing I hadn't handled before - although, all those other times when I'd sat back on a cock as thick as (or more so than) this one, it was I who was in control and was holding the other person down-

My head was yanked back from another pull on the leash. A moment later, I felt her hips press against my rump, and her lower belly against my tail. "I said head up. Maybe I *should* have gone without lube this time - maybe then, you'd listen."

"Sorry - sorry..."

"What was that?" Lilith leaned over me, breasts weighing down my back, and squeezed the base of my cock. She churned her hips, though remained as deep in me as she could. "What did you say?"

God, it was hard to speak without having a hitch in my voice, hard to focus or breathe right. "I'm - sorry, I'll be good."

"You don't-"

She drew her hips back, sliding a good distance out of me. The feeling made me shiver, and gasp again.

"-really have a choice-"

-and slammed back in, causing my back to arch, my head to lift, and every muscle in my body to clench. "Ah-"

"Ooh, *there's* the noise I was looking for. C'mon, do it..." She did it again, and remained hilted for a moment after before letting her hips fall back. I shivered again.

"Hey-..."

"Yeah, yeah. Here, how about..."

Only now did she start with a rhythm, again slow at first, but deep; she moved back almost the entire length of the strap-on, and then sank back into me until she could no further. I was reminded of the time I had a thick wolf pumping in and out of me, and my muzzle between Lilith's spread legs... I wouldn't mind there being a throbbing cock by my nose for me to nuzzle against, to lick, to suck off. Maybe next time. The thought kept me relatively quiet while Lilith gradually picked up speed in her thrusts.

"You know..." she said after a while, dragging me out of my fantasies. I swallowed and tried to respond, but couldn't: amid her fucking me, as well as her paw that stroked up and down my length, all I could do was *try* to speak words. "This is a good look for you, having you on your paws and knees with a thick cock under your tail."

"You're..." I swallowed, and then gasped again when she shoved into me a bit forcefully. "...not the first person t... to tell me that..."

"Yeah, that doesn't surprise me, given how often I've seen you in this position. You like being watched while you take a cock, right? I have two videos of you being fucked by three different guys."

I remember those. It was three guys and two videos because, in one of them, one of the guys fucked me and finished, and stepped to the side for the other guy to use his cum as lube. That was pretty fun. In exchange, I got from Lilith one video of her sucking someone off, with the camera inches away from the action; and one of her fingering herself and playing with a toy. I liked that second one, because she ended up having to wipe the camera lens off afterwards.

"God..." I put my head down on my arms and let myself jerk forward and back with Lilith's thrusts.

Once more, she leaned over me and tightened the leash. "What was that?"

"Oh, I just..." There came a time whenever I bottomed when all of the discomfort and pain or whatever of having that cock sink into me disappeared, and in its place burned a hot desire and want; here, I'd just reached that time. I wiggled my rump back against her, hard enough so that she had to readjust her footing. "...mm... feels good - harder..."

"Psh. You're a fag, you know that?"

"And you're - ah-" She sure as hell obliged my wants. Now, she fucked me with enough force so that I could hear the noise of her hips slamming against my rump. "-a bitch..."

"Which one of us is bent over a table right now, Luke?"

"Rf-"

She ran a pad of a finger over the end of my cock, slick with pre. "Ah! And which one of us is enjoying it so much that they're *oozing*? If there were a mouth on your cock, you'd be having the time of your life."

"What if I already am?"

"How much longer until you cum?"

"What, are y... you getting tired?" Every time she moved her paw back to the base of my cock in her stroking, my breath caught in my throat, like a periodic pulse in an electrical circuit. It felt just about the same, too. "Tired of fucking your pet?"

"Tired of not having a loyal tongue on me."

"I'm getting close..." Honestly, I'd been close for a while now. That was part of why it was hard for me to speak: I focused all my energy on holding back, and even then, I was only partially successful. The one thing I was missing was the heat and pulse of an actual cock under my tail instead of a rubber one strapped to a lioness. "...Could you-"

"Depends." Liliith paused in her thrusting; only afterwards did it occur to me how heavily I was breathing. She took her paw off of my shaft and dragged her claws through the fur of my back, something that she knew made me shiver.

"What do you want?"

"...bite me?"

"Hmm." This time, she pulled all the way out of me, and rubbed the now-warm end of the strap-on under my tail. "Will you do everything I say for the rest of the day?"

"...within reason."

"Of course. I won't tell you to walk around the block naked or anything." Liliith paused. "I'll think of something. You said you wanted to work out your tongue, and I'm damn determined to get that workout in." She prepared to shove back into me, and I gritted my teeth.

"Yes, ma'am-"

"Okay. I'm gonna bite you. Hard?"

"Hard."

"Want to bleed?"

"P-preferably naaaah-" she slammed back into me, fast and hard, and thrust just the same. The table creaked underneath our movements, her hips forcing me to lurch forward and back; there was a little pool of drool under where I had held my head. "...preferably not..."

"Preferably, okay."

"Liliith, I don't th-"

-but, suddenly, I found myself stripped of the ability to speak. It might have been due to the sharp teeth she set into the side of my neck, or the collar that, when tugged back as forcefully as it was, cut off whatever I was trying to say without restricting my breathing too much - but, I found myself unable to finish my thought, in words or in actual thought. All that hovered in my head was pleasure, was hot, bright pleasure, and excitement, and arousal, and-

Sharp pain rippled out through that spot on my neck, where I knew she'd broken the skin. At the same time, I felt myself clench around the strap-on, hard; I felt myself suck in a breath, felt myself clutch at the edge of the table, felt myself push back against her, or thrust forward into her tight paw, or something-

And then, a few seconds and just as many spurts later, it was over, and I slumped forward on the table, panting through an open mouth. Meanwhile, Liliith chuckled again, straightened up, and unhooked the strap-on, so that the dildo remained hilted under my tail. She then sat down on the table in front of my muzzle, close enough so that I could faintly smell her arousal. I turned a pair of tired eyes up at her.

"Oh," she purred, "look. You made a mess all over the carpet. I'll give you a moment to catch your breath, Lukas, and then how about you help me make a mess all over this table?..."

"Could I..." I panted, "...get some water, please?"

“You’ll have plenty to drink, if you do a good job...”