

"I'm not here to be your friend."

All in all, today had started out fairly nice. Tanari had stirred awake along her natural cycle, this being her third week unemployed, and then proceeded to remain in bed for another hour and a half scrolling through her various social media sites and getting caught up with other friends. She hadn't even bothered putting clothes on until past noon, and then ended up climbing right back into bed for another few minutes.

"I'm not here to listen to your problems and pretend I care, or to give you advice that I'd just pulled outta my ass. Hell - you told me your name, and I can't even fuckin' remember it. That's how *little* I care about who you are and what's going on in your life."

The good part of her day started when she realized that she'd gotten a hit on one of her hookup sites. Not the dating sites - hell no; Tanari had uninstalled those from her phone after her last girlfriend - but the ones with the sole purpose of finding someone to relieve your urges with. And, boy oh boy, did she have a lot of urges. That had been part of why she'd crawled back into bed this 'morning': a rather... *enticing* series of images came up in her messages, and she felt that spark and desire, and went back in to remove the pants that she'd just put on.

And then the fact that she'd responded to that message showed that her self-session right there had not been enough to put out what had grown from a little spark into a burning, throbbing fire. That tended to happen with her. That was why she maintained four accounts across different sites and apps.

"You're here because I want to get off, and playing around with toys just isn't cutting it anymore. If you thought *you'd* be the one in control when you sent me that message? If you thought *you'd* be the one doing the fucking? Well, then - you didn't read my profile closely enough. You're gonna stay right there where you are, and *I'm* gonna fuck *myself* on *you*. Okay?"

The husky she had on her bed squirmed against the handcuffs keeping his wrists and arms up, and gave her a little breathy huff for a response. From their short conversation this morning before deciding to get together for a romp, he seemed... fairly talkative, so Tanari felt that, were he able to, he'd have more than a few words to say to her. She'd already stuffed her panties into his muzzle, though, and then kept them in place with one of her ball-gags. The husky's jaw worked, and his throat briefly pulsed with another swallow.

When she'd had to take care of herself earlier this morning, she hadn't bothered to take her panties off, knowing full well that she had a tendency to get a bit messy when she came. This husky seemed like he enjoyed the remaining salty-sweet taste of that, soaked into the thin fabric... or at least, that's what Tanari assumed, looking at how she hadn't touched him in probably seven or eight minutes now and still his cock throbbed hard above his lower belly.

It had taken him a while to find her apartment among the maze of others, and being forced to wait that time while knowing full well what was in store for her had honestly just worked her up even more. The first thing she did when he knocked on her door, the first thing when she saw it was her hookup, was drag him in, press him against the wall in the entryway despite her much smaller form and build - this one was a bitch, of course; she'd gotten him to refer to her as *ma'am* within three messages - and press her mouth against his.

Felt like he had a good tongue, and on any other day, Tanari would've loved to feel that between her legs as well. She had other things on her mind this time, but if taking this boy for a ride didn't turn out to be enough to satisfy her, she certainly wouldn't rule out riding his muzzle as well. Without the gag, of course.

From there in the hallway she'd yanked him back towards the bedroom, fingers hooked in his belt loops, and tossed him down to the bed where he now lay. Boys were all the same: you push him down, you pull his pants off, you drag your tongue up along his dick, and he thinks that he's settled in his place and he's in control of the situation. Tanari thought that he hadn't even noticed her opening the nightstand with her other paw, and taking out the ballgag, the handcuffs, the ropes.

Admittedly, it *had* been a bit tough to pull herself away from him, especially after she could feel the twitching heat of his approaching peak, and the salty tang of his pre dripping out along her tongue. Once she got a taste for it, she often had trouble stopping. But that wasn't why she was here: one reason she usually tried to strap other women down to her bed was because, usually, *they* didn't get tired out and lose all will to fuck after just one orgasm.

There'd been one white-furred she-wolf who brought along a lovely two-sided vibrating toy, and when they'd finished their session then, Tanari had had to put her bedsheets through two rounds of the wash before the stains came out. The mattress still looked a little discolored from that time, actually.

After getting this husky tied in place, Tanari had, with some difficulty, pulled herself away from him to stride back and forth by the foot of the bed, giving both herself and him some time to cool off: if she wanted that cock of his six inches past her lips before, seeing him tied down and unable to move other than to squirm and hump, made her want it even more.

Too bad she had *another* hookup lined up after this one, though. So as much as she'd have liked to, she couldn't just get him off and wait for the dog to recharge, then go again.

The cat crossed her arms in front of her chest and turned to face him, his originally half-lidded eyes suddenly flicking the rest of the way open beneath her gaze. Little jangle of the chains of those handcuffs, quiet creak of the ropes keeping his feet bound to the posts near the end of the bed... Tanari loved those sounds. She strode back over to him and stood there, looking him up and down, up and down another few times.

Boy was a photographer, and sure enough, he knew how to take good pictures. Even before Tanari had yanked those pants down to figure out just how well her nose fit against the underside of his sheath, she already had a good idea of his size, his proportions, what she was getting herself into. It had been a good while since she'd felt the pulse and tug and pull of a thick, swollen knot keeping her tied, but if that's the way their session would end up going, she'd gladly let it happen.

And just like herself, this dog was more than worked up. She could smell his arousal floating along the air, hot and musky, that kind of delicious, mouth-watering spiciness that sometimes clung to her upper lip, to the back of her throat after she sucked someone off. Tanari didn't have to bend over far to comfortably close her paw around his still-slick length; that was a result of both her... somewhat diminutive height, and the position at which she'd had the haulers build

her bedframe when she first moved in here. She'd made sure to thank them accordingly, of course.

As expected, the husky's eyes fluttered shut again and a wave of sweet, echoing pleased rippled through his body, causing him yet again to strain against his bonds as he lifted up into her paw. Tanari cupped his sack in her other, feeling him up and weighing him there, putting a bit of pressure into the side of her grip to tug his sheath further down over his half-swollen knot. He swallowed again, let a tight huff of breath out through his nostrils, worked his jaw over her panties in his muzzle again, and still thrust his hips against her paws.

Some guys, it was hard to tell when they were about to finish: on more than one occasion she'd had one in a situation very similar to this, only to have their little humping suddenly take on a sharper, faster energy, and next thing she knew, her fingers ended up streaked with hot, sticky cum, back over her knuckles. That could be fun in its own way, but was certainly not what she desired today. So before she could let him get away from her - not that that seemed likely; she'd intentionally held off for a while - the cat ran the pad of her thumb over the tip of his cock, then lifted that to her mouth, lapped off the sticky pre, and started to get in position above him.

"Want me to take your knot?"

The husky didn't respond. It wasn't that he showed no sign of having heard her: his eyes shot open again, wide with nervousness as well as interest, but he didn't give her an answer. Tanari squeezed her knees along either side of his hips, holding herself in place above with one paw keeping his hard cock angled up towards her... and it took all the willpower she had not to just sink down onto him.

"Well?" She allowed herself an inch. Or, rather, more like a quarter-inch, a claw's width, just enough to feel the warm wetness of his tip between her lips, and certainly enough for him to feel it, too, judging by how the husky craned his neck back, and how his nostrils flared in another tense exhalation. "I'm not gonna make your decisions for you. And seeing how - *twitchy* you are, unless you decide soon, we'll miss our chance. I'm not gonna try to force myself down on your knot if you've already cum." Hopefully not. Probably not.

...Maybe not. It'd happened before. For about three minutes afterward, she thought she'd killed the guy because of how little he moved.

Silence for a moment longer, and then, more quiet rustling as the husky briskly nodded, lips tightening around the edges of his gag. She was hoping that was the sign he'd give her, since again, once she got into it she wasn't confident she'd be able to hold herself back. Of course, she never really thought that she'd had anything to worry about: that was another thing about boys. Ask if they want you to take their knot, they'll say yes. Ask if they want to stretch your tailhole, they'll say yes. As long as it gets them off, they'll say yes.

And that worked for Tanari, since it always got *her* off, too.

She swallowed, licked her lips, braced her other paw against the soft fur of the husky's chest... and could feel his pounding heartbeat there, heavy with anticipation and excitement and desire and probably a little bit of a fear. That was something else that happened, sometimes. They see a small cat who wants their dick, and they don't expect her to be both willing and able to manhandle them into a compromising position and keep you there. She'd had a lot of practice.

With her paw there, she could feel the tension in the husky's body growing, could feel his muscles tightening once she began to slide down along his length. Familiar sweet pressure, only sharpening her desire and her want; the cat arched her back and pulled a shivering sigh in through her parted lips, spreading her legs apart a little further to continue to work her way down.

The husky strained against his handcuffs, paws clenching into fists and then releasing, again and again with the same rhythm that Tanari worked down onto him, then lifted back up a little bit... and then back down further, and back up again. That was her preferred way to go about it, to get herself accustomed to the guy's size (or girl's; in a lower drawer of her nightstand she kept some strap-ons of a couple different sizes), and to keep both herself and her partner at the very edge of desire.

Once Tanari had sunk about halfway down along the husky's shaft, she moved her paw away and rested both of them against his chest for balance, and closed her eyes to really get to work. When she'd told him that he was here so she could fuck herself on him, she'd meant it: without stopping to keep an eye on his muzzle, or watching his face and breathing, Tanari settled right into a smooth, steady rhythm, grinding her hips down against his body and lifting herself back up, shifting gently forward and back, forward and back as she did so. She loved the way that she could feel his cock twitching and throbbing inside her, how his firm heat filled her out and pressed in against her, how the wetness of her arousal and her lingering saliva from before kept him nice and slick for the motions.

The cat dug her fingers into his thick chestfur every time she pulled herself up and forward, working with the momentum of her body and his hips coming up to thrust into her. Good size on this one, good length and thick enough to make her shiver a little every time the bulge of his still half-swollen knot pressed up against her, and sank a little bit deeper. Underneath the creaking of the bedframe and squeaking of the mattress's springs, both growing louder and faster as she picked up her pace, the husky grunted and moaned through her panties and the gag keeping them in place, low breathy sounds that put his need, his thirst, on full display.

Tanari could already feel both of these in the way he humped up into her, of course. Every time she pressed her weight down onto him, the husky lifted back up against and into her, adding a little bit of that also-familiar discomfort to the sweet satisfaction of having someone inside of her. All day - it was now early evening, so that the sun had just barely started to dip beneath the horizon outside her bedroom window - she'd had that so-familiar sparking, stirring hunger in her lower abdomen, the same that made her have to consciously resist sliding a paw down between her legs, or keep herself from grinding against something or other while waiting.

Now that she finally had her relief, or at least that she was finally working towards that relief, it felt like she couldn't get enough. This husky - his name started with an R, maybe; she hadn't spent too much time looking at the pictures of his face, so nothing jogged loose in her memory from looking down at him now with that gag between his teeth and his lips curled back in a snarl halfway between frustration and tense enjoyment - squirmed beneath her rhythm, each descent driving him a little more firmly against the mattress beneath them, and squeezing the slight bulge of his knot just barely deeper inside of her.

This, in turn, just made her want it even more. Tanari kneaded her paws against the husky's upper chest, sharp little claws pricking into his skin and making him jerk and twitch, while she

continued to bounce on top of him. Just adding fuel to the fire that burned inside of her, and made her gasp and moan and start to grind her rear back against the husky's hips each time she forced him to hilt inside of her.

Felt good - *damn* good - to stay down on him like that and work her hips over his slowly-pulsing knot, to feel the way that bulge slipped out and popped back into her, again and again and again. The cat licked her lips and gritted her teeth, struggling to hold in her noises and her panting; she reached back with one paw and gave the husky's balls a good squeeze, and wrapped a finger and thumb in around the base of his cock at the end of his sheath to keep him in place there.

"You - getting close?"

This time he answered her right out, eyes flashing open before a vigorous nod. Tanari had thought so: he'd stopped jerking and thrusting up into her and for a while had just let her ride him at her own pace, and allowed the springs of the bed to lift him back up against her body. In her experience, guys did that either because they'd lost interest (unlikely with this one, feeling how he twitched and throbbed between her legs, and how the fur of his muzzle around that gag had soaked through with drool), or because they were trying to gather all of their concentration to keep themselves from cumming.

Funny thing, that. Most guys thought that the sex ended when they came. Tanari had had to teach quite a few that she was fully willing to ride them to a second orgasm using their own cum as lube, if she hadn't gotten quite what she wanted from the first round.

"Gonna-" Tanari's voice caught in her throat at the end of a churn of her hips, and her next word slid out instead as another breathy moan. Now, she couldn't tell if that was this husky throbbing inside of her, or herself clenching around him as she approached her own climax. First of the night; her second hookup wouldn't have a time limit like this one, so maybe she could grind two or three out of that one. "Gonna fill me up?"

Another nod, no less vigorous than the last. Tanari leaned in over her prey, one paw still keeping his cock buried inside of her, and traced the claws of her other up beneath his chin, tilting his muzzle up to force him into eye contact. The boy had started to work his hips again, weak little thrusts, but still enough beneath Tanari's brimming, bubbling arousal to make her shift and gasp with each one.

"That had better be a *yes, ma'am* if I were to take that gag out of your mouth..." She tapped it with a claw, and slowed her own rhythm. Felt so good, yet it teased her to no end to remain hilted on him like this, able to feel both of their desire and need and the nearness to their shared climax, to feel his heat and pulse and the sweet, dripping wetness of her arousal, of his pre, maybe of her saliva from before. She really *should* have had him work that tongue on her. Or, hell - maybe she'd keep this one around, keep him buried these six and a half inches inside of her, and just have her next hookup come over to add *her* tongue to the mix. "But, that's not gonna happen. I'm not done with you, yet."

The husky let out a rumbling sigh of a moan, and let his eyes drift shut again. His handcuffs rattled with him squirming again, and giving a needy buck hard enough to force Tanari to grip at his chest again. Still had some energy in him; she could use that.

The cat swallowed - hard to keep herself from panting all the time - and straightened up, shivering a little bit with the feeling of having this dog stiff and hard and deep inside of her. She could feel the soft, slick fur of the end of his sheath against her lips, and the warmth of his sack beneath her tail... "I could make you cum and just keep on fuckin' riding you. I've been thinking about doing it. I told you, you're here to get *me* off." Most boys also didn't know the tells of when a girl was getting close to her peak. That was also part of why Tanari liked tying up her partners: not that it was necessarily a *bad* thing that sometimes they just plowed right through two or three orgasms, but sometimes, she *did* need a bit of a break in between. "You've been a good boy so far..."

Once more, the husky's eyes opened up at that. His chest rose and fell, rose and fell with steady yet shaky breaths, as if he'd just run two miles and were trying to get his heart rate back under control. If Tanari hadn't also tied his ankles to the bedposts, she'd probably have been able to feel that heartbeat in his legs, squeezing down around her while he pounded up into her, and lifted her up into the air on top of each thrust... the cat shivered again, and brought her back forward from near the base of her tail, and pressed her fingerpads in against her lower belly.

She didn't know what it was, but pressing in right there often... *sharpened* her orgasms, if also making them a bit wetter than usual. This time, though, she could also feel the distant stiff firmness of the boy's cock inside of her, twitching and throbbing, aching for release just as much as she was. Just, it wasn't any fun to let *him* know that was how she felt.

Tanari rolled her fingers over that slight bulge in her lower belly, and let her tail flick behind her at the way the husky's whiskers and ears twitched, and how he bumped his head back against the bed's headboard. It was hard to keep still, especially since she could feel the growing tingles of pleasure, rippling through her body and making her all shaky... and without another thought, without another word, the cat lifted herself up and then slid back down onto the husky, and started riding just as if she'd never stopped.

Quickly she came back to speed, quickly she bounced against his hips and rode him into the bed, quickly her jaw fell open and her eyes fluttered shut and she panted, and moaned, and swallowed, and gasped. The dog clenched his fists behind the handcuffs and dug his teeth into his ballgag, once again with his hips lifted up off of the bed, and yet still the mattress and frame squeaked and complained beneath Tanari's fast, hard movements.

She could feel it coming. It reverberated through her, heightening and sharpening her need, filling her with this bright, powerful energy, this need, this urgency - and the husky felt the same, too: even bound as he was, he bucked up into her, breaths coming and going in hot, heavy huffs through his flared nostrils. Tanari settled back and let him do the work, there, loving the way she could feel him hitch and hilt inside of her, loving how his growing knot grabbed and tugged at her walls and threatened to hold her tight...

...until, frankly, it did. The husky lurched and grunted and moaned with the pleasure of his peak, those hard, intense bucks quickly melding into a slower, shakier series of smaller humps. About halfway through that, Tanari's free paw had made its way down between her legs with a pair of fingers to focus on her clit, and - feeling that growing tightness, the hot pressure, the distant feeling of getting filled out with his load... she couldn't help it. She shuddered, she gasped, she pricked her claws into his lower belly, and for a few seconds it felt as though she'd gotten shocked by a stripped wire, with the way her body twitched and jerked in her own peak.

Shakily, she let her paw between her legs fall to brace itself against the dog's lower abdomen... and right as she touched that fur, she moved it away. Unsurprisingly, she'd ended up soaking him. Like usual. Still panting, Tanari brought her fingers to her muzzle and lapped off that slickness, warm like boiled water left to sit for ten minutes, faintly salty. One time there had been a hyena who had kept his lips firm against hers - not the lips of her muzzle, of course - and swallowed down everything that his tongue had drawn out of her.

Sitting here now, while both of them squirmed and struggled to catch their breath, Tanari gave another little tug... and sure enough, felt herself tied firmly to this husky beneath her, his finally-swollen knot bulging out inside of her, keeping her in place and pressing out on her. Just as tugging on that hot flesh made the dog whine with mixed pleasure and sensitivity, did it also make Tanari herself shudder, and work her fingers down along her spread slit again.

Just as she'd expected: her insatiable need had peaked and exploded with her orgasm, and then rolled back like an ocean wave retreating from the shore, but still it was there. Still she could feel the thirst, the want, the desire; good thing she had another hookup lined up for after this. Maybe she'd be able to grind a second orgasm out of herself while waiting for this boy's knot to go down.

The husky, also still panting, weakly raised his head and then let it fall back down to the pillow, chest heaving with every exhalation bringing with it an exhausted moan. Seemed like he had a good time.

Tanari swallowed again, and started to trace small circles in the wet fur of his lower belly with one claw while she waited - and idly churned her hips, clenching underneath his knot as it still twitched and throbbed. She had her phone resting on the nightstand, next to her alarm clock; leaning over the poor, panting husky, she swiped it up, settled back into place atop him, and snapped a picture of him, looking all ruffled and exhausted. That would be a good one to add to her profile, and tag him in it... if only she'd gotten a video, too. If anything, now Tanari felt even more in the mood for her next hookup.

"I like you," she said, after a while. The husky's ears flicked, but he didn't open his eyes. "Let me know when you're free again." It wasn't a request.

"Mhmm." Even gagged, that much he could manage. "Mmmh." *Yes, ma'am.*

Tanari swallowed again, and let out a light sigh. Could feel herself squeezing around his cock, and could feel him throbbing still inside of her, hot wet slickness dripping down along the base of his knot. Part of her wished she'd brought up something to drink, knowing that she'd end up losing herself in the sex - and with those panties behind his gag, this husky's mouth was probably even drier than her own.

Maybe she *would* try out his tongue before he left.