

Knot Again

(02/24/2018)

A late-model red sedan pulls into the parking lot of a local trucking company. The door swings open and a twenty-three-year-old human woman steps out. The wind blows gently, fluttering her long black hair, which is pulled back into a high ponytail. She smiles as she looks to the front door barely fifty meters away. She runs her hands along her body, smoothing out her red top, which hugs her curvy figure. She gently pulls at her top, allowing it show the curves of her ample, D-cup breasts. Her olive colored skin shines in the morning light as she walks toward the entrance. She pulls open the door and steps into the main hall, surrounded by several desks; a hallway to more offices is off to one side.

“Hey, Fatima.” A voice calls out softly.

The American Arabic woman turns to the voice. A canine Voeldahn sits behind a desk near the front door. He flashes her a warm smile as he watches her with his amber colored eyes. His hand covers the microphone of his wireless headset, which sits just to the side of his long and squared snout. She smiles back at the Voeldahn, gazing at him with her big brown eyes.

“It’s good to see you today.” He says softly to her.

“It’s good to see you too, Jackson.” Fatima replies.

“You’re looking beautiful, as always.” He winks.

“Thanks.” She blushes.

The twenty-five-year-old man brushes the bangs of his black hair from his brow, before scratching the milk chocolate colored flesh of his nose. His fur is primarily black, with milk chocolate colored fur on his snout, chest and brow, very similar to that of a Doberman's. They gaze at each other for a moment as a voice calls out to Jackson, who ignores the caller.

"Hello? Anyone there? Hey!" The caller yells through the line.

"Hey, Fatima!" Another voice in the office calls out, snapping the woman from her trance.

"Huh? Oh, hi Mary." Fatima murmurs.

Fatima moves toward her desk, setting her purse down at her feet as she logs into her computer for the day. She, like Mary and Jackson, are dispatchers for the trucking company. She and Jackson have shared the same hours since they began working together six months ago, Monday through Friday, from nine in the morning until six in the afternoon. As it is Friday, Fatima can barely wait to start her weekend, and neither can Jackson. She continues her work day as she had all of the days before, taking calls, assisting driver's, and listening to customers complain about everything under the sun.

When the crew take their lunch breaks, she sits with Jackson in the lounge, at the end of the main hall. The pair eat lunch together, sharing work stories and bantering like a couple, though both of them are single. It often draws the attention of others in the office, though no one ever says anything; no one really cares. Today, however, as Jackson and Fatima sit together, he suddenly receives an important phone call. As he excuses himself and walks out of the lounge, Mary approaches the table. She was sitting in the corner, watching the two throughout their break. The middle-aged gossip takes a seat, to the annoyance of Fatima, who can barely turn her eyes to the older woman.

"So... Are you two finally an item?" Mary asks.

"Nope... And if we were, is that any of your business?" Fatima snaps.

"Everything is your business when you're bored and old." Mary quips.

"I see..."

"Not yet, you don't... So, isn't that against your religion, or something? Dating a Voeldahn?" Mary suddenly asks.

"Do you see a hijab?" The young woman remarks.

"A what?"

"Never mind. I'm an atheist. Thanks for asking." Fatima sarcastically replies.

"Right... Well, I better go." Mary says as she excuses herself.

She walks out of the lounge, brushing past Jackson as he returns to the table. He looks back at Mary, who walks down the hall towards her desk.

"What was that about?" He asks.

"Nothing." Fatima replies, patting his seat.

Smiling at her, he returns to her side. They both look around the lounge, making sure that they are completely alone. They turn to each other and lean in, sharing a quick but passionate series of kisses. Jackson can't help himself, his long and bushy tail swaying as he necks the human, smelling the sweet scent of her perfume. Fatima tries not to moan as Jackson's hand grips one of her large breasts through her shirt. She covers her mouth with her hand as he gently pinches one of her concealed, light brown nipples.

"Stop. P-please." She whispers.

"Be ready for me tonight." He whispers back.

“Okay.” She says with a slow head nod.

He squeezes her breast hard, causing her to briefly squeal. He stands to his digitigrade feet, his large package bulging through his pants and stuffed alongside one of his legs. She can't help but gaze at his impressive equipment; she loves it far too much to look away. Her face turns as red as a stop light, her loins growing moist in anticipation. She can't help herself. He covers his erection with his lunch bag, carefully holding it over the bulge as he walks down the hall and back to his desk. Fatima reaches a hand down, resting it over the crotch of her black slacks. She presses hard, trembling at her own touch; she is already so tender.

She rises slowly to her feet, thankful that she chose to wear black pants; her own arousal could stain a lighter color and give her away. She returns to her desk, which sits across from Jackson. She struggles through several calls and dozens of emails as she looks over to the man. He occasionally glances back to her, but he seems more focused on his work. She can't believe he is always so casual at work, considering how often that they have been with each other; he has teased her into arousal at the office many times before. All she has to do is get through the next few hours, and then she can enjoy him to her hearts' content.

As soon as the clock strikes six in the afternoon, Fatima is quick to turn off her computer. She tears off her headset, eager to return home to wait for her lover. As always, Jackson stays late by nearly a half an hour, casually finishing emails and catching up on his voicemails. Fatima was never sure if he did it because he was trying to keep their relationship a secret, or if he was really so casual. Regardless of his motives, his calm yet commanding presence turns her on even more. She quickly walks to her car, eager to prepare for the weekend she will spend with her lover.

Jackson shuts down his computer, finally finished with his work. He checks his cell phone, seeing that it is now six twenty-five in the

afternoon. He leaves the office as the evening crew come in for their shift. Walking through the parking lot to his car, he texts Fatima to let her know to expect his arrival. He climbs in and drives casually to her home. After a short drive of only a few miles, he parks in front of the modest townhouse. He takes his bag from the backseat of his car; he's packed for this weekend, as he has done for many others before it. He locks his car and climbs the few steps, approaching the front door and entering the townhouse with his own key.

"Hello! I'm here!" Jackson calls out.

Though he doesn't receive an answer, he knows that Fatima is home; he parked his car behind hers. He walks through the hall and enters the living room, his lips curling along his snout as he stares at his lover. Fatima sits on the floor near the edge of the couch, her only clothes being a brown leather choker and a matching leather leash. She has wrapped the brown strip around each of her large, natural breasts, her brown nipples staring at him. One hand holds the end of the leash, keeping it in place, while the other hand reaches between her legs, her fingers gently rubbing her tender loins.

Though the nose of a Voeldahn is only as strong as a human's, he can still smell her juices from the archway he is standing in. He can feel the blood rushing to his loins, the shaft and head of his penis slowly swelling from the mere sight of the nude human woman. He steps into the room, setting his bag down beside an arm of the couch. He holds out a clawed hand, silently demanding the leash from his human. She looks up to him, batting her eyelashes, but she does not let go of the leash. He waves his fingers, his eyes narrowing and his long, thin tail swaying. She still does not hand over the leash.

"Now you be a good girl and hand your owner the leash." He says sternly.

She smiles and sheepishly holds out the leash to Jackson. He takes hold of the long leather strip, pulling tightly and squeezing it around her large breasts. Fatima moans as he tugs at the leash.

“You’ve been bad... Make it up to me!” He snaps.

“But I was only playing!” She says sweetly.

“I said make it up to me.” He growls.

He tugs harder at the leash which remains coiled around her large breasts. She groans and jumps from the sensation. Though it hurts a little, his dominance is so appealing that she can’t help but enjoy it. She nods her head and rises from the floor, kneeling before him. By now, his bulge is nearly full, pressing hard against his pants. She reaches for his belt, carefully unbuckling it and pulling it out of his belt loops. He gently pulls at the leash.

“Move faster. I don’t want you to waste my precum.” He tells her.

“Yes sir!” Fatima replies.

She hastily undoes his pants, dropping them to the ground. She reaches for his underwear, tucking her fingers around the elastic band at his waist. She slides down his boxer briefs, revealing his considerable endowment. The shiny flesh is the color of milk chocolate, like his nose and inner ears. It is at least eight and a half inches in length from the base to the tip. When they first began their relationship, she was quite impressed by his size; she begged him to grant her permission to measure him with her tailor’s ruler, which he graciously allowed. She wraps a hand around his thick shaft, unable to touch her fingertips to her thumb; there has always been a gap of at least one finger width between them.

“My my...” She grins.

“You look like you haven’t seen it in a week.” Jackson chuckles.

"I haven't, sir. You don't let me see it more than that." She retorts.

"That's right. You are always so eager when I come home, I wonder if you would be this eager if I gave it to you more often."

"I would, sir! I promise!" She grips his stiff shaft tightly.

"Prove it..." He growls.

She nods and opens her mouth wide, inserting him into her. She moans as she tastes his penis for the first time in five days; she is always amazed by how delectable it is. She licks her tongue around the rim of his head, her tongue slipping behind the edge and teasing his nerves. He sighs in relief as he feels it wriggling in her mouth, wrapping around the head and slithering along the shaft of his member. He often wonders how much practice his pet has had before he claimed her for himself, but he worries that he may grow jealous if he knew. Jackson is not an owner willing to share, even with memories.

His arm relaxes and the leash loosens. It uncoils from around her plump breasts, hanging down near her knees. As she sucks on his big brown cock, she reaches a hand down and rubs her clitoris fervently. She moans louder, attracting her owner's attention. He looks down, seeing her hand poised between her legs and hidden beneath her groin. He leans over and grabs her by her silky black hair, pulling at her ponytail.

"Hey! Stop touching that pussy! You know the rules! Once you have felt or tasted my cock, only I can touch your pussy!" He barks at her.

She backs away, gasping for breath.

"I-I'm s-sorry!" She whimpers.

"For that, I'm going to have to punish you."

He takes off his shirt and slips off his shoes. Stepping out of his pants, which sit at his ankles, he walks to the center cushion of the couch. He turns and sits down, naked, tugging at her leash. She crawls toward him on her hands and knees, eager to please her owner.

“Taste it until I say you are done. Use both hands, so that I can see them.” He demands.

She nods and grips him with both hands, stroking him as she takes her position. She struggles to fit his girth into her mouth, her tongue struggling to coexist with his phallus. He groans in pleasure as he watches her, demanding she turn her eyes to him. As they gaze at each other, her attention is drawn to his shaft; a swelling at the base grows ever larger. Her eyes widen as she watches his knot growing. It soon fills up until it is considerably larger than his already thick shaft. With his knot enlarged, his head and shaft still offer nearly seven inches to play with. She sheepishly reaches out to touch the knot, caressing his soft and smooth brown skin with her fingertips.

Suddenly, Jackson pulls hard at her leash, drawing her closer to him. He grabs her large breasts and massages them with his hands, rubbing her nipples with his palms. Using her breasts like handles, he directs her to stand. Fatima obeys her owner. He turns her around and smacks her firm buttocks hard, causing her to groan.

“I see that you seem to enjoy when I hurt you.” He grins.

“No sir. I-”

“Don’t speak.” He interrupts her.

He draws her back toward him, spreading his legs wider. With the leash looped around his wrist, he pulls her down. She rests her

hands on his furry kneecaps as she closes her legs to fit between his. He holds her firm ass in one hand, and the glistening shaft of his spit drenched penis in the other. He teases the tight, eager, and moist hole of her pink vagina with the head of his chocolate brown member. She gently bites her bottom lip as she feels him spreading her lips wide, her pussy eager to swallow the whole of her canine Voeldahn lover.

"B-but sir... The condom." She murmurs.

"I have not forgotten. You *will* trust your owner." He replies.

"Yes sir." She coos.

She groans loudly as he suddenly slips the head inside of her, the rim popping into place like a puzzle piece as he slowly pulls her down. His shaft stretches her little hole even wider as she takes more and more of his girth. Soon she feels his knot pressing against the lips of her hungry cunt, and gently brushing her sensitive clitoris. She can't help but scream as she feels his burning hot flesh both against and within her. She lives for these weekends with her owner. He reaches around and grabs her plump breasts, fondling them as his own personal toys while she trembles atop him.

"Ooh, you feel so much better without that horrible rubber sheath." Fatima remarks.

Jackson lets go of one of her ample breasts and smacks her ass hard.

"Oh god!" She calls out.

"That's right. Scream for me, bitch." He growls.

"Fuck me! Please! Fuck your bitch's little pussy!" She pleads.

He bears his teeth in a perverse grin as he pumps his hips. As his knot hits her nether lips, she jumps slightly before returning to him. Soon, she moves herself up and down on his thick cock. Her juices lube his member thoroughly as he enjoys his pet's little hole. She spreads her legs wide, draping one over each of Jackson's and using him as an impromptu chair. He groans in ecstasy. He can't believe how tight she always feels, even when trying to make it easier for them both. After several minutes of riding her owner, Fatima's little pink pussy trembles. She shivers in pleasure as she nears her climax.

"Ride my cock, baby!" Jackson demands.

Knowing that she is about to cum, Jackson grips Fatima's inner thighs, slowing her pace and rising to his feet. The athletic Voeldahn stands, the young Arabic woman suspended above him with his large penis buried deep within her quivering vagina. He turns around and rests her on her belly, on the very cushion that he was just sitting on. She can smell the musk of his furry scrotum as he rests her on her knees, pushing her legs closer together. Kneeling behind his little pet, Jackson pumps her cunt to his hearts' content. Within moments, she is back at her peak. She screams as her little pink hole clamps down hard on his fat brown cock.

"Oh god, yes! Fuck!" She screams.

"Yeah. Take it like a good girl." He growls.

"Oh yes! I'm your good little girl!" She coos.

He smacks her buttocks hard as his tail happily sways from side to side. His hands grip her hips as he fucks her harder and faster, the white cream of her cum smearing over his knot. Some of her cum runs down and matts the black fur of his scrotum. He grunts as he pumps into her. She rakes her nails on the couch cushion as he works her. Suddenly, Jackson stops, pressing his swollen knot against her loins. Fatima doesn't ask why. She gasps for breath, unable to even speak; she can only grunt and moan. Without a word, Jackson removes

himself from her quivering flesh, gripping his slimy shaft with one hand.

“And now it’s time for your punishment...” He says in a low voice.

“Wha?” She gasps.

“Did you think I would forget so easily?” He chuckles.

Using his free hand, he grips the olive colored skin of her buttocks and spreads a cheek. He presses the head of his cock against her anus, shoving it in hard. Fatima wriggles and tries to pull away, but Jackson is not having it. He holds her down as he forces his endowment into her. She grunts and winces in pain as Jackson rams his phallus into her colon. Jackson grunts in kind, unable to believe that he found a hole on Fatima that was even tighter than her pussy. He pumps into her, his knot smacking against her ass. He grunts louder as he draws closer and closer.

“Oh fuck!” She cries out.

Jackson isn’t sure if it’s from pain or pleasure, but he doesn’t care. Soon, he pulls her up so that her sweaty back rests against his furry chest, his hands clenching tightly onto her breasts. He licks her neck and kisses her as his balls pull close to his body. He can feel the end drawing near. Again, without warning, he pulls his penis from Fatima’s little ass hole. Gripping his member tightly, he throws himself onto the cushion beside her. He grabs her ponytail and turns Fatima’s head, making her face him. He drives his cock into her mouth, making her taste herself on him as he pumps into her.

As her tongue licks over his shaft, he roars loudly. He holds onto her head with both hands as he cums. Jet after jet of thick semen floods her mouth. She chokes as she struggles to swallow every drop. If she doesn’t, her owner will be very mad at her, and he may punish her even worse. Once he has finished, he makes her lick him clean,

even tending to his furry scrotum. She looks up at him, her eyes narrowed in a bizarre mix of ecstasy, pain and humiliation. She can't believe that she lets him spend every weekend with her, using her the way he does, and yet she can't imagine ever stopping it. Fatima is Jackson's private whore; she wouldn't have it any other way.

After cleaning her owner, Jackson allows Fatima to wash up and rest before dinner, which he often cooks for her as a reward for her good work. His meals are a code for what is going to happen next. This night he made them medium-rare steaks, which only means that he is not through with her yet. They sit at the table without getting dressed and eat in silence. After dinner, Jackson takes hold of Fatima's leash. He leads her up the stairs and around the corner, entering their bedroom. He releases her leash as he sits down on the side of the bed, the red silk sheets glistening.

"You know what to do." He grins.

Fatima nods and walks over to the nightstand, her breasts gently bouncing with each step. She opens the drawer and takes out a large box of magnum sized condoms designed for canine Voeldahn; an elastic bulb near the base allows for them to properly fit when the dog man's knot swells. She pulls a strip of foil packages from the box, tearing a single square off. Returning to her owner, she gently tears a corner of the package.

"Get me ready." He demands.

Fatima kneels down before Jackson and crawls up between his legs. She sets her hands on his knees and strokes his inner thighs, running her hands up to his groin. She gently grasps his soft member, lifting him up and quickly slipping the head into her mouth. He leans back and groans as she works him, stroking his shaft as it quickly grows firm. She struggles to contain him as he swells in her mouth. She pulls her head back and gasps for breath.

"We're ready now." He grins as he looks down at her.

She stands to her feet and pulls the condom from the foil package, tossing the empty wrapper to the floor. Jackson sets his hands underneath her large and plump breasts, his claws tickling her chest. He runs them over her tits, grasping them firmly and pinching her brown nipples with his fingertips. She tests the condom, looking for the opening. He leans in and kisses her breasts as she sets the condom over his phallus. She rolls the condom slowly down his member and groans as Jackson slides his tongue over her nipples. He grips her breasts, licking and sucking on her nipples.

"Mmm..." Fatima moans.

"You love when your owner pleasures you, don't you?" He asks.

"Ooh yes, your touch is wonderful." She coos.

Her loins are nearly dripping from her arousal as he massages and tastes the flesh of her breasts. She strokes his package, now wrapped in the thin clear latex of the magnum sized Voeldahn condom; the light glistens off the rubber. She feels his size in her hand and bites her bottom lip.

"Mmm..." She moans.

"Aren't you lucky to have such a big owner." He grins.

"I wonder how much bigger a horse Voeldahn is?" She teases him.

"Excuse me?" He narrows his eyes.

"What?" She looks at him innocently.

"You can't handle much bigger; your pussy is far too small, and it's mine anyway." He retorts.

"Yes, sir." She smiles.

"You just can't be good tonight. For that, I *really* have to punish you."

He shoves her down onto her back, his member swaying. Though erect, it is not yet full, as his knot isn't engorged. Climbing atop her, he quickly aligns himself before shoving his latex covered cock into her tender and wet cunt. Fatima cries out as he forces himself into her, taking her by surprise. Jackson isn't often this rough.

"Sir, be careful! You cannot break the condom!" She pleads.

"I can do whatever I please!" He yells out as he pumps into her.

"But I could get pregnant!" She exclaims.

He holds her down ramming his member in and out of her as hard as he can. Fatima squeals and screams as he pounds her little pussy, his shaft and head swelling. The condom, already stretched from the rough entry, pulls tightly over his tip and causing Jackson some discomfort. He withdraws from her and kneels between her legs. Holding his shaft with one hand, he taps the tip of his cock with his claw of the other hand, poking a tiny hole in the condom before reinserting his brown flesh into her small cavity. He lies over her on his elbows and knees as he resumes his work. Within seconds, the tiny pinhole tears and the condom is forced open, rolling down his penis and exposing it to Fatima's tender flesh. She immediately feels the change in texture; she is both elated and worried.

"Oh god! The condom!" She cries out.

"Shut up." He growls, reaching a hand down.

He slows his thrusts and uses his fingers to pull the condom toward the base of his shaft. Soon, the shredded and useless latex sheath wraps the base of his cock like a belt. Harder and faster he

pumps into Fatima's little hole. She grips his shoulders tightly, her legs bent at the knees and wrapping around his waist, her legs cross at the ankles as her feet brush the fur of his buttocks. She moans and groans loudly as his furry scrotum smacks against her firm ass cheeks. She shivers as her pussy clamps down on him like a vice, her orgasm powerful and body rocking. She lets out a scream as she creams on his shaft. Jackson groans loudly, her newfound tightness making it much more difficult to hold out.

He shoves in hard, no longer making long strokes with powerful thrusts. As she squeezes on his large member, which already barely fits her, she can feel a swelling within. Jackson pushes himself against her, his groin rubbing her clitoris and his balls guarding her anus as he holds himself within her. His knot begins to swell inside of Fatima, something he has rarely done before.

"Oh god, no! Sir! Please!" She pleads.

"Oh fuck!" He groans in pleasure.

"Don't knot me, sir! Please!"

"Beg. Beg like a good girl for my cum." He grins.

"Oh shit!" Fatima exclaims.

She grits her teeth as she can feel the large knot swelling within her, locking the lovers together. Though he tries to shift himself, soon he is unable to move. He licks and kisses her neck, a hand fondling her large and sweaty breasts as her hole trembles on his sensitive flesh. She shifts her hips, her insides rubbing on his member and bringing Jackson to his peak.

"Oh, fuck yeah! I'm cumming!" He cries out.

"Oh no!" She squeals.

His testicles pull close to his body as he shoots jet after jet into her. Though his volume isn't quite what it would have been, having already cum earlier today, he expels his hot ooze with considerable force. Fatima wriggles beneath him, arching her back as she feels him filling her with his fertile sperm. Even with his earlier release, Fatima can't believe what she is feeling within. Jackson's cum fills her completely but has nowhere to go; his large cock is taking up all available space. His seed seeps around his head and shaft, coating him with the thick and hot ooze. It rests against his swollen knot that seals them together, unable to pass it and escape. She gasps for breath, her hands resting on his back as she hugs her owner so lovingly. He tries to move, but he is unable to pull away; each tug yanks her entire organ with him, making her squeal. They look down, admiring the sight of the large ball stuck just beyond her nether lips.

"Can a horse cock give you that?" Jackson grins.

"Maybe with a thick medial ring." She teases.

"Excuse me? I'll ask you again... Can a horse Voeldahn please you the way your owner can?" He growls.

"N-no, sir..." She weakly replies.

"Why do you insist on making me punish you so often?" He asks her.

"I... I don't know." She mutters.

"You are such a bad girl." He says, softly kissing her neck. "I think I need to move in full-time and keep an eye on you."

"Yes, sir." She says with a wide grin on her face.