

I look out the window and I see a new world, much the same as it was before...but always different. Always changing. I still have no real idea what I am, though I have been here for just short of a century. My physical form, that of a tall, voluptuous plastic female *Canis lupus morph* with a luscious cascade of hair in ringlets halfway down my back, is beautiful by some standards, caricaturish or even cartoonish by others. My spirit...well, that's the riddle, isn't it?

I don't want for creature comforts: the male who created my physical body in a fit of...well, "lustful mad science" just about covers it...endowed me with more than just outward charms. He also made sure I had considerable wits about me. I have long since bought and sold the Fauna Club, where I worked during my formative years. Now I have a few comfortable places to hang my hat, including this office. I have developed a professional life that I quite enjoy, and that provides for my few real needs. Frankly, most of my fee schedule provides a gatekeeping function more than anything else; while I would never be so presumptuous as to say it "keeps the riffraff out" (wealth does not guarantee character), I can say that it makes my services aspirational, and sets certain expectations. Also, it keeps me in hats.

The intercom sounds. "Belinda," says my secretary, "a Paul Madrigal is here to see you." My only appointment of the day is a college student--a big cuddly *Panthera tigris morph* male, from his photos--whose friends probably put him up to this. I don't get many his age, and those few usually have arrangements made by well-meaning rich fathers. His background check revealed surprisingly little, except for good scores in accounting classes and a decidedly working-class origin. So either he saved up money from the world's best door-to-door sales job, or his buddies pooled their savings on some sort of silly bet.

"Thank you, Julie. Please send him in," I say pleasantly. She does, and a huge orange-and-black striped cat enters, looking self-conscious as so many do. Typically these days, PT males his age come in two flavors: gawky things with big clumsy paws unable to get out of their own way, and jocks.

I'll work with either, but I've always more enjoyed the ones who start out clumsy. *Oh, Nikolai, this one reminds me a little of you*, I think fondly. I stand, a bit formally, but relaxed, and let my natural smile expand a tiny bit. "It's nice to meet you, Paul," I say. As he crosses the room--timidly for such a big powerful cat--I offer my paw, which he takes in his with unnecessary gentleness. But he means it, and I am flattered as always. Hey, it's sweet. I'm a sucker for sweet.

"Um...likewise, Belinda--may I call you Belinda?" he asks. Poor dear. He's petrified he's going to do something stupid. I feel like I should just tell him to and get it over with, but somehow I don't think he'd find any humor--or comfort--in that idea.

Instead, I reassure him. "Of course," I say, patting his paw with my free one. "Please, have a seat." I pull away smoothly, and resume my nicely-upholstered dark-stained bamboo executive chair, behind the matching desk. I like this ensemble: traditional-looking furniture sets certain unspoken boundaries which I can open at my discretion--and bamboo is quite sustainable as a building material. Just because I'm constructed from expensive polymers doesn't mean I don't like nature.

Paul sits in the substantially cushioned chair in front of me. From his posture, he clearly expects the chair to swallow him up, and seems a bit happily surprised when it doesn't. He's only stocky, not grossly overweight, but he is a tiger, and tigers spend most of their time constrained by a world designed around smaller people. As it is, he's a good foot and a half taller than I am, and doesn't lose a lot of that height when seated. "So," I continue. "Tell me about yourself."

He's staring. He swallows hard. It's cute, really. I smile inwardly. "It's okay," I say. "I like to get to know people." It's true--even more so when they don't know themselves, as is clearly the case here.

Paul clears his throat--nerves, not sinus trouble. "Well, I--" he starts, then stops. His voice still has a tiny bit of a squeak amid the growing rumble. "There's not really much to tell," he says, sounding a bit sheepish.

"Everyone has a story," I say. It's true. "You're still in the introduction, but I bet it has the makings of a happy one. Maybe I can help: what would you most like people to know about you?"

He swallows hard, looks away for a second. When he looks back to me, his bright green eyes dart to my ample bustline, covered demurely as it is in a tailored blue wool jacket and tan silk blouse.

Well, he's still definitely male. They don't linger before meeting mine, though, even though he still looks totally lost. "I...I would like people to know," he says, stalling a bit, "that...that I'm a nice guy. I'm...nice to spend time with..."

Good. He not only is worried about my opinion of him, but cares about it himself. I figured by his scent that he wasn't bad to be around when he walked in the door. Besides confusion and shyness, the only other things he smells like are Johnson's Baby Shampoo and some sort of generic conditioner. I've had clients his age come in reeking of Tag or Axe, which I've learned heralds the coming of either some really excruciating sessions, or in some extreme cases, me booting the client immediately. After all, I can afford to turn people away now and again.

I nod, feeling my smile warm a little. I like this one already. "Of that, I have no doubt at all, Paul." He blushes even more than he had been already. "So what do you like to do?" I ask.

"Oh, you know, hang out, play video g...um...softball, weightlifting, and stuff." He says.

"Video games?" I ask. I don't let people hide guilty pleasures around me. After all, I AM a guilty pleasure!

"Um...well, not as much anymore..." he says, hesitating.

"Paul, there are no wrong answers with me, except dishonest ones," I say, gently but firmly. It might interest you to know that I play video games from time to time, though generally just the casual ones, not the high-end immersive stuff like Conquerors or SimUniverse."

"Oh," he says, a little surprised. "It's just usually girls don't think too much of guys who don't, you know, get out of the house..."

"It takes all kinds. If you love playing video games, then play. Maybe you'll find someone who likes them too, and doesn't mind you pulling an all-nighter every so often."

He smiles unconsciously, and the way those big green eyes widen just a bit, I can tell I've just introduced him to a new possibility. "As long as you pay some attention to her when she's not playing."

"Yeah," he says, perhaps a little dreamily. "I mean, that makes sense."

"So, you enjoy playing video games," I continue. "Any in particular?"

He nods. "Mostly network puzzle games. I mean, I do pretty well in Team Conquerors--mostly map-based and not first-person--but...I like puzzles." *Oh, boy, I think. He's barely drinking age and he not only loves to solve puzzles, but he plays games where you have to take the long view and not just shoot your way out. Does he even know how much of a catch that makes him?*

"I see," I answer, pleasantly noncommittal. I don't want Paul to think I'm testing him--I mean, I'm not, entirely. Still, I do reward him by scooting my chair around a little bit, and...okay, maybe dipping just a tiny bit forward as I reach into a drawer in my desk to pull something out. My blouse is buttoned and tied at the top, so I'm not showing anything off, but...I've noticed that with some guys it's the suggestion that matters. "Seen one of these before?" I put it on the desk.

"Rubik's Cube," he says. "Classic." True enough. They've been around longer than I have.

"How do you solve it?" I ask.

"Well, it's already solved," he says without thinking. Yes, our boy does have a keen grasp of the obvious.

"True enough," I answer, "but when it is scrambled, can you unscramble it?"

"Well, sure," he says, a tiny bit of pride in his voice. "There's a bit of group theory involved, but really, you don't have to know the math-- just make sure that you know which edge colors you have facing where, and eventually it just falls into place."

"So you don't just peel off the stickers?" I ask, teasing.

"Never."

"Ever use the flathead screwdriver solution?"

"N...well, when I was a kid."

I laugh. "Fair enough."

He chuckles a bit, and relaxes just a little too. "So..."

"So...?"

"Is it okay if I ask some questions about you?" he asks, tensing, nervous again that I will disapprove.

"Of course, Paul. Frankly, I'd be worried if you didn't." After all, I take the "dating" part of the job fairly seriously. Otherwise, it's just tab-A, slot-B. Even my life's too short for much of that.

"Well..." he begins, uncertainly. I think "uncertain" describes Paul to a T at this point. "Is it true that you're..."

I wait for one of the obvious conclusions to the question.

"...inflatable?" Well, that wasn't so tough, was it?

I nod, unsurprised. "Yep. Through and through."

His expression takes on a layer of unabashed awe. "But...how?" he continues? "I mean, how do you move...do you eat? Do you have muscles, or bones or...how do you counterweight yourself if...?"

I raise a hand for calm. "It's a long story. The short form is that my skin is literally a 'smart polymer,' designed for extreme damage resistance and self repair. I don't need a traditional skeleton, because I have an internal structure that allows me to control flexion, tension, and balance various stresses." I notice he hangs on every word, amazed and comprehending both. Aha! He's really an engineer at heart. "I do eat, strangely enough, but mostly for pleasure. My body does actually metabolize food, but using artificial microbes instead of chemical reactions." (Or real microbes, but I don't dwell on animal digestive processes, because ewww.)

"So are you..." Paul struggles for an applicable term... "real?" he manages.

I raise an eyebrow.

"Um...no offense," he says hastily.

"None taken, Paul, but yes, I consider myself pretty real. I like strawberry ice cream and shy men, and I think those and other feelings are deep and complex enough that the fact that I was designed and built in a lab can't explain them all."

Paul considers this. "Wow," he finally says, after a long silence.

I smile. "Pretty much wow," I agree.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean for those questions to be so....technical."

"No big deal. My body is a little strange to most people. Curiosity is natural."

He relaxes visibly. "I just worry about...you know, offending you, annoying you...I mean, this is kind of a big deal to me."

I feel a grin coming on. "Good," I say, meaning it. "You know what? If you'd like, we can continue to get to know each other over dinner."

"You mean, like a date?" he asks.

"Very much like a date," I say. "Most of my clients prefer some interaction as prelude to...well, getting right down to business. Stimulating conversation, you could say, even if it's not necessarily all about sex."

"I'd like that very much, Belinda," he says. He's using my name. That's a good sign. He's getting comfortable. From "comfortable," we can proceed to "having a good time," followed by...well, whatever we decide.

"Say, seven tonight?" I venture.

"Seven...seven tonight," he says. He sounds like he's trying to be patient the night before Christmas. I like that. You'd think I'd be used to it by now, but it's still flattering.

"So...What do you enjoy here?"

He shrugs. "I...to tell you the truth, I've never been here before." He cleans up well. He wore a simple white shirt and red tie this afternoon. Now he's wearing a black silk suit, light blue shirt, and pale yellow tie--nothing showy, but I'm impressed that not only does he have more than just the one (you'd be surprised), but he knows what fits him and how to dress. We're at D'angelo's, an Italian place off El Prado and Westshore that doesn't advertise. It doesn't have to. It's priced accordingly. This was his idea. "I thought you might like it, though."

I smile. "It's very...intimate." I say. "Trying to wine and dine me?"

Paul sputters a little. "Well, that is...I just thought it would be a nice place to talk."

Oh, shoot. "I didn't mean to tease you too much, Paul. It's a very sweet gesture...and it is nice and quiet." Like most high-quality if-you-have-to-ask restaurants, D'angelo's is full every night, including tonight, but the building is designed to absorb a lot of noise. Considering my sensitive hearing, I like that a lot. "And you're

willing to try new things."

His eyes smile along with the rest of his face, boyishly. "I'm in a five-star restaurant with a gorgeous woman," he says. "Who wouldn't want to try that?"

My turn to blush. Yes, I still blush. Just need a reason. "Well, I'm in a five-star restaurant with a sweet handsome man," I say softly. "So that's a good start."

He chuckles, still self-consciously, but with an unmistakable warmth.

When the waiter arrives, Paul asks for his wine recommendation.

The payoff is a not-terribly-expensive pinot noir with a surprisingly lusty bouquet and a warmth that goes right to my toes. (No, I can't actually get drunk, but I can enjoy a good wine. I'm not sure how. I just do.) Before his chicken marsala and my penne alla vodka arrive, I return from the ladies' room with a few buttons loosened (I've changed too, into a dark purple open-necked top with pearls, and black tailored pants. The blue suit would have made me look like his boss, and I don't know if he's into that yet). I get the customary stares out and back, though I have to marvel. If anyone knows what I do for a living, they disapprove a lot less than just thirty or forty years ago. Of course, I'm not dressed like a stereotypical escort.

And while I am not a solid anthropomorph, I'm wearing a little light powder to cover the shine of my plastic skin, and one has to look pretty closely in this dim light to even note that I don't have any fur.

Paul notices the cleavage, and while it definitely catches his eye and elicits a smile, he doesn't let on otherwise. I like discretion--and appreciation. We talk about his family and friends over a delightful dinner, and he responds very well to my flirting, particularly the batted eyelashes. He also picks up the rather sizable check without batting an eye, which surprised me, as we hadn't gotten around to discussing that (I often go dutch on the first meeting with a client, believe it or not; after all, it's tax-deductible for me now). He gallantly walks me out to my car, holding the door for me on the way out. I had already decided that the night would definitely continue, so as I open my door, I turn and reach up to peck him on the cheek,

popping my *other* card into his coat pocket. "See you around 10?" I whisper warmly.

He nods and smiles.

At exactly 10 pm, I hear a knock at my door. A peek through the peephole reveals a hesitantly hopeful tiger. I open up, smiling at his widening eyes. I've changed into a black evening gown that plays up my curves, and sets off my lavender skin. I've washed off the powder to let myself shine.

"Do come in," I say, my voice warm and a little husky. What can I say? I like tigers.

Paul enters, and I lightly push the door closed behind him. He drinks in the sight of me appreciatively. I've seen men leer, and this is not it. His look is awestruck, with a chaser of pure joy. I do a little pirouette for him, and then lead him to the couch. "Can I get you a drink?" I ask.

"Please. For some strange reason, my mouth has gone dry," he says. That would have been mildly funny even if he hadn't meant it mostly seriously. I make no note whatsoever of his erection, the bulge visible through his trousers. It's been there on and off since we first met earlier, but it wouldn't have been polite to point it out before now.

I giggle, and bring two glasses of Inniskillin. The 2098 Riesling is possibly the best dessert wine on the planet. We sip and chat. So far, he's treating me like something between a real first date and a schoolboy crush. It's sweet, really...and far too charming. I rest a paw lightly on his arm, and he leans close, his muzzle nearly touching mine. Our eyes meet, lingering. His breath is hot on my lips, the scent of the sweet ice wine, fresh mint, and a nice natural smell filling my nose, joined by the soft musk of his arousal.

Here I should mention that in my chosen vocation, every kiss is special. It has to be, or there is no point in doing it. I am not a "fast

food" sex worker, and while I look like a sex toy, I only pretend to be one for certain of my clients. I am a professional, and when I kiss you, I want you to remember it happily for a long time. It's part of the experience. However, generally I accept that I'm not going to think too much about a typical kiss once it ends. I do mean to enjoy it while it lasts, though, and surprisingly often, I am lucky enough to get what I want.

I will remember this first kiss for a long time. I could feel Paul's strong, racing pulse in his cheek as I touched it, and feel a kind of warm electricity on my lips. It lasts for...a nice long time, before we both break and gasp.

"Wow," Paul says. I nod and smile agreement, and I'm not kidding. After a second helping, and a third, my paws find the buttons on his shirt, and free his broad, fluffy chest. He arches his back, eyes closed and face rapt as I run my fingers through his ruff fur. "That feels soooo good, Belinda..." he says.

I nuzzle his neck and am rewarded with a deep rumble. Then he tenses. "I...Belinda," he says, "I...need to tell you something."

I stop, reluctantly. "Of course." I can't help hoping this isn't going to be some horrific revelation that stopped the night in its tracks. I wait expectantly.

"I'm...a virgin."

I try not to breathe the massive sigh of relief. Not only would "Is that all?" be insensitive here, it would be totally unprofessional. So would the other response on the tip of my tongue ("Not for long, cutie.") Instead, I say, "Don't worry about a thing. This is your night, Paul." I run a paw along his jawline.

"Thank you, Belinda...it's just that..." He blushes furiously, his face slowly growing forlorn. "I'm afraid I'm going to screw this up."

I put a paw on his chest and smile at him. I'm kneeling on the couch and he's sitting, so we see eye-to-eye. "You won't," I say. "The only things I ask of you are to respect me and enjoy yourself, and so far,

you seem to be doing really well at both of those."

"That's all?" he asks, cautiously brightening.

"That's all."

"But...what about you?"

"What about me?" I ask, only a little puzzled. Usually, clients ask questions like this after sex.

"I get to spend the night with a big strong cuddly tiger who seems to underestimate himself. My job is to respect you, enjoy myself, and to see that you have a spectacular night." I rub his chest a little, and he slowly starts to relax.

Gradually, paying close attention to his body language while pretending not to, I let my naughty little paw make its way skillfully down his body, past his slightly soft belly, to his belt buckle. I feel his erection graze my wrist through the silk of his trousers. He gasps.

"Shall I help you out of these?" I ask. He nods, smiling nervously.

With practiced paws, I slowly undo his belt, unfasten his pants, unzip...and his stiff member springs free. It apparently worked its way through the flap in his black briefs at some point, though it almost looks like it could have ripped right through if it had wanted to. I'm not exactly a size queen, but he is big enough to frighten lesser women. It's big enough around that I am just barely able to get my fingers all the way around, as I stroke experimentally. I know better to continue, at least while we're both still dressed. Paul kicks his shoes off, and after I slide his pants down to reveal a good strong pair of legs, I snuggle up next to him. "Better?"

Paul nods.

"Of course, now I feel overdressed. Perhaps you'd like to help a lady out?"

He needs no more encouragement, and puts his massive paws on my

shoulders, caressing for a moment before sliding the straps of my gown off, letting them fall down my slender arms. I turn, looking back at him, so he can unwrap--errr, unzip me, revealing a flirty silver camisole and tap pant ensemble that I find clients usually like as much as I do. I model for him, reveling in his rapt attention, until finally he reaches for me, pulling me close. The next kiss is a good deal like the first, except perhaps with a little more ardor... from both of us.

As I may have mentioned, I *like* tigers.

He helps me out of my silky unmentionables and shrugs out of his shirt. "I know I'm a little out of shape, but..."

I put a finger over his lips. My voice takes on that warm, syrupy tone I sometimes get as I say, "I'm going to tell you a little secret, Paul. Some women can't live without washboard abs. Me, I like a guy I can cuddle with. You're in perfect shape for that."

Unsurprisingly, he calls my bluff, and we don't talk for a bit. For a virgin who's about not to be, he is almost supernaturally good at making out--attentive, sensitive, and gloriously good at exploring. I make a mental note to put that gifted tongue of his to good use.

He's far too chivalrous with the paws, though. Granted, it's refreshing not to have a guy immediately reach for my breasts and start groping, but at some point I realize he's holding back. He's worried that he's going to come prematurely. The solution is obvious. I reach for him.

"Ohhhh," he gasps, as I start taking care of his most urgent need in earnest, my practiced paws gripping his shaft. I feel him start to leak almost immediately--not surprising--and he whimpers, "Belinda, I'm not going to last if you keep doing that..." He looks down at me, and at my naked form.

"Probably not, no," I say, slowing down. "That's why I like to call the first one a warm-up--or a warning shot, if you will," I say. A wicked sparkle in my eyes, I continue in a thick voice, "You don't think this is the only one you get, I hope."

And I speed up, to absolutely no objection from Paul. Thought not. In fact, he relaxes, enjoying the inevitable, just as I had hoped. I lean forward, now crouching between his legs, enjoying the feeling of him looming over me. I'm just short of six feet tall in my stocking feet--damn, I'm still wearing those!--but in this position, his massive seven-plus-foot frame completely dwarfs me. For now. He tenses again. Point of no return.

"Belinda, I'm going to--"

I smile at him. "Yes, you are," I agree. I smile up at him, my face directly over his throbbing cock. "Where would you l--"

He answers my question wordlessly, abruptly, his hips spasming as he erupts, shooting streams of his seed in my face, on my generous bosom, even getting a little in my violet hair. I always feel a little pleasantly naughty when I cause that reaction.

He pants and thrusts at the air as his orgasm continues, the torrent slowly ebbing. As he subsides, he looks over at me, grinning conspiratorially at him. "Oh, wow...I didn't mean to..." he says, smiling, but looking a little guilty.

I giggle. "Naughty, aren't I?"

"Can I help you clean up?"

I smirk, feeling the sticky fluid running down my face and breasts. "It does involve a busty plastic wolf woman, a shower, and a...well, a couple of washcloths. Think you're up to it?"

Paul blushes...and that tremendous member of his stirs. "Yes. Yes, I am."

I pick up a small cotton towel off the coffee table and wipe some of the excess cum. I say "some" because a hand towel is nowhere near equal to the task. At least I'll be able to avoid getting too much on the carpet.

I have always found showers stimulating--something about having droplets of water drumming on my inflated skin, I suppose. Having a nice strong tiger in the shower with me turns out to be an added bonus. Paul completely loses his self-consciousness as he soaps me up and takes a welcome opportunity to explore my shapely body with those big strong paws. After I rinse off, I look at him with a twinkle in my eye, and close the tiny distance between us, backing up against him. Of course, by now, he has had more than enough time to recover, and I can feel his hardness in the cleft between my round buttocks. I have something else in mind, though; I guide one of his paws from my breasts down to my labia. He leans closer, his breath warm and welcome in my ear. His lips are just inches away from my neck valve, but I mean to save inflation play for later.

Paul rubs tentatively at my mound. He's completely new to this, as I figured, but he has the right instincts. He tenses a bit. "Belinda," he whispers, "I want to please you, but I have no idea what I'm doing."

It may violate every professional code I have set for myself, but I want to keep him. I have found a male who asks directions.

I take one of his huge fingers in my suddenly dainty paw. "Here," I say softly back to him. "Just start rubbing here...yes, like that..." I rub against him encouragingly. He lacks experience, but not initiative or curiosity, and in short order, his remarkably deft hands have figured out why my pussy likes. While I am willing to fake orgasm for a well-meaning client, with Paul, I have the luxury of sharing my real pleasure. I can feel the happy telltale signs, the warmth rushing through my skin, radiating out from my vulva throughout my entire inflated body and back, the shivers as my neural systems overload...

But what sends me over is the sudden realization that this is his first time. *He's only going to get better!* I thought, and then cry out with joy and pleasure. "YEAAAAAAAAAAH!"

I wriggle against him, rapt with the waves of climax coursing through me, and just as I feel like I'm winding down, I feel his erect member thrust and squeak between my bouncy butt cheeks, and then

splatter them with another flood of his cum. That puts me back over the edge again, and we both pant and whimper and wriggle and snuggle until we slowly slump to the floor of the shower.

It's a little while before we can do anything but breathe heavily and grin at each other like idiots. "So..." I finally say. "Enjoying the evening so far?"

Paul pulls me close, and I feel the delightfully hot water of the shower on my back. "Belinda...I'm having the time of my life with you." He kisses me, and I kiss back unreservedly.

After a bit of rinsing each other off, and nuzzling, and giggling, we untangle from each other. "I'm glad I thought to get extra towels," I said, looking at his broad-shouldered body, covered in wet fur. I turn off the shower and reach for a couple, and start rubbing his fur dry.

The scent left behind from the soap goes very well with his natural musk. I find myself smiling at him constantly. Sometimes I think my senses are too strong for this job...but for right now, I am content to simply accept and enjoy.

"Before you put too much effort into it," Paul says suddenly, and with a tiny bit of apprehension..."I was wondering if...if we could try something."

"Oh?"

"Well, you've mentioned that you're inflatable," he says. "Is that...is that something we could kind of explore?"

I hold my lower lip between my teeth playfully. "Tell me what you'd like to try, and we'll see if we can make it happen," I say, hoping my voice sounds merely sweet and encouraging and not eager.

He looks really nervous, worried that he might cross an unspoken boundary. He turns, leans close, whispers in my ear. "I want to blow you up and make love to you in the tub."

I run a finger across his damp, furry chest, as if considering it. "You ARE a naughty boy," I say softly, playfully. "You want to make me

your little rubber ducky?"

Paul rubs his muzzle along my jawline. He's half-kneeling on the soft bath mat in front of the shower as I stand over him, the towels now just hanging off him thanks to his distraction. His big head feels warm against my neck and shoulder. "Well...I do want you," he says. Still a little boyish, but just around the edges.

Now, I have a very firm policy (among other attributes) that if a client asks nicely, I will do anything I can. I don't think it's possible for anyone to ask any more nicely than Paul does, and what he wants is definitely something I can do. "Hmmm..." I pretend to consider. "If you reeeeeeeally want this...I suppose we can give it a try." I kiss his nose.

Paul is at this wonderful age for an old gal like me. Legally, he is an adult, of course, or he wouldn't be here. But he hasn't lost this sense of childlike wonder that I see as his eyes widen. Now, I'm not exactly the stereotypical hard-hearted whore, but I can feel myself melt.

I help him up, and he wraps his arms around me. We make out a little more as the whirlpool tub fills with hot water. Thankfully, I entertain clients of all shapes and sizes, so I ordered a very large tub. Some clients get impatient waiting for the water to reach a comfortable volume, but I manage to keep Paul's attention focused elsewhere. Also, his paws. Oh, those wonderful paws. He squeezes my hips, my rump, and of course, my breasts. I think more than a few of the clients focus on them almost throughout their time with me, but given that I can vary my shape considerably, it's not as though I mind.

His paws feel really, really good--warm and gentle. He doesn't squeeze them like teats (though I can give milk, but that requires some preparation, especially since I don't produce it on my own--and it's not really my favorite kind of play) or handle them like basketballs. I turn around in his arms so he can hold me against him as he gently cups them, feeling them, relishing how they just fill his massive paws (okay, so maybe I've inflated them just a tiny bit since

we got back; I didn't want to make a scene at the restaurant, and my outfit was too discreet to make them too huge in public). I press back against him, caressing his cheek to let him know that I welcome his touch. He very gingerly touches one of my nipples with his index finger. I giggle. What took him so long? He traces my heart shaped aureole, as if stunned he didn't notice it before.

"Tub's just about right," I say. He reaches over, reluctant to take even one paw off me, and turns off the faucet. I motion for him to climb in, and he carefully does so. I turn on the bubbles, winking at him.

Then he grabs my arm and I give a surprised yelp pulls me in on top of him. He and the water are warm and wet, and I've been getting steadily wetter since before he brought me off the first time. I relax in his arms, and he lowers us into the hot water. Well, I basically float. But it's the thought that counts.

The white porcelain tub is so big that even Paul is up to his neck in the water. Like I said, I entertain a wide variety of clients in a wide variety of shapes and sizes. I drift for just a second, smiling at him, and say, "So." His eyes are just about level with my navel.

"God, you're beautiful, Belinda," Paul says. His eyes take in the sight of my curvy form gently bobbing up and down in the clear water.

"You're pretty cute yourself, big boy," I say. I once saw an actress named Mae West use that nickname in a really old movie, and it really seems to fit here. "I believe you had put in a request for a busty pool float?"

He giggles. Well, it's more of a rumble, but it's got the cadence and undertones of a giggle. Mirth is exchanged. That's the important part. "I believe I did," he says suavely. "I am willing to supply the extra air..." He breaks character suddenly, back to the big cute man-cub I'm really getting to like. "Er, how much air can you take, exactly? You'll tell me when to stop, right?"

"Paul, you're so sweet and considerate. I can handle...let's just say 'plenty,'" I say, petting his cheek. I drift a little, until our heads

meet, and bat my eyelashes at him, his green eyes fixed on my lavender eyes. "Can I have some, please?"

He swallows hard. I love causing that.

He takes me in his arms, a little awkwardly at first, since I'm floating and he's not, but he finally figures out that when he stands, I can kneel and let my natural buoyancy keep me afloat with my head just above his chest level. He wraps those big arms around my slender waist and leans in to kiss my neck. "Can I blow you up from this valve?" he says, his hot breath tickling it deliciously.

"Only if you *really* want to turn me on," I answer, half-moaning despite myself. A devilish little voice deep in my mind giggles, *You naughty little minx. You're getting PAID for this? How the Hell did you pull that off?*

He mmms, his lips against my sensitive skin. *Oh, and he's a fast learner, too.* "Yes. Yes, I do," he rumbles...and then licks at the pushed-down nozzle on my neck.

Paul takes the valve in his teeth and carefully pulls it up, and then unplugs it, eeping cutely as a little air gets out before he puts his tongue over it. He takes a breath, covering the nozzle with his lips, and slowly inflates me.

I whimper as I feel the hot air pushing into me, expanding me. I distribute the air throughout, albeit with a little extra emphasis on the boobs and butt. I want him inside me a little bit more with each exhalation. His paws explore my bulging body as he fills me, and he starts groping me a little less delicately and a little more lustily. I feel myself growing bigger, taller, bouncier.

"That's right, Paul...blow me up so nice and sexy..." I moan. For a wonderfully long time, the only sounds in the bathroom are the soft rush of his breath through my valve and the happy squeaks of his paws all over me. Well, his paws, and his cock, which has once again grown to its full glory. I lick my lips, anticipating how it will feel, entering, thrusting, pulsing, throbbing...

Eventually, he stops after realizing he can just barely get his arms all the way around my waist, and pushes the stopper back in with his tongue. "God, I want you, Belinda. I want you so much..."

"And I want you to ride me good and proper, big boy," I whisper intently.

Paul lays me down in the bubbling water, and gingerly climbs aboard, as it were. I'm actually taller than he is now, though I've kept my hourglass figure, and more than buoyant enough to hold him up in the water. I feel his manhood against my thigh, nice and hard. "Fuck me," I whisper.

He wriggles around a bit until I can grab his erect member and guide it to my nether lips. He gasps at the sensation...and then enters me, and it's my turn to gasp as that magnificent cock fills me and stretches me. "So wet for you, Paul..." I pant, my hips flexing, urging him onward. He starts to slide tightly in and out of me, letting instinct take over. I wriggle underneath him, aroused to the point of distraction, reveling in his arms, wrapped tightly around me. He's got me blown up so big that his head only comes up to my cleavage, and his fuzzy cheeks rub my boobs. I rest a hand on his head, stroking his fur encouragingly.

"Belinda..." he moans. "Feels so good...holding you...fucking you..."

I growl happily and arch my back, making waves, to the point where a little water washes over the side of the big tub. "It does feel good, Paul...having you stretch my poor little pussy...pounding away at me with that big thick hard cock..." I stroke his shoulders as my hips move with him of my own accord.

He turns his head slightly, and takes one of my nipples in his mouth. I'm not sure if he's going to blow me up any bigger, though if he wants to, I can happily accommodate him. Plus, he's got me right where I want him anyway. At first, he licks and suckles at it, and I hear my own voice moan and giggle simultaneously. All the while, he's still thrusting in and out of my sex, floating almost completely out of the hot water on my hugely inflated body. Sure enough, he

looks at me as if asking approval. I return to myself enough to give him an indulgent smile, and he takes the stopper delicately between his teeth, carefully (though not so carefully that I can't feel myself gushing down below at the stimulation) tugging at it until it comes free with a soft cork-popping sound. He doesn't let me deflate very much at all before he starts blowing up my already-bulging bosom...

I have a sudden climax without any forewarning, probably from the combination of all the stimulæ, especially his delicious weight bobbing on my blown-up form as he pumps in and out of me. My spasming and wriggling cause him to lose his grip, and his weight shifts, he grabs me, his claws extending instinctively for better grip.

I cry out as I peak again--I've always loved claw-play, though I am thankfully very hard to puncture, even at maximum pressure, and I'm nowhere near there.

Unfortunately, Paul forgets that I'm tougher than I look, and lets out a shocked "eep!" when he realizes his claws are out, and in the excitement, he falls off, slipping wetly out of me as he splashes into the tub.

"I'msorryI'msorryI'msorry," he yelps as his head clears the surface, panicked, as I thrash around, my orgasms overlapping for a bit before I finally recover.

I sit up, and then overbalance so that I wind up lying on my considerable front, and put a paw on his shoulder. "It's okay, it's okay, Paul..." I gasp. "You didn't put any holes in me."

He stops cold, blinks, and throws his arms around my neck. He is such a sweetheart! "Oh, thank God, Belinda...I would never want to hurt you..."

He'd have to try pretty hard. Still..."That means a great deal to me, cutie," I say.

We cuddle for awhile, just relaxing rather than actively trying to pick up where we left off. As I figured, his enthusiasm (and that gorgeous cock) soon recover, and I bring him back aboard, as it were. This time, though, there's definitely a certain...bond between

us, and not just the physical coupling. I feel even safer with him than I had up to now; before, he just seemed like a harmless boy I could handle if he got out of hand. Now, he felt more like someone I wanted as...well, if not a lover, then at least a very welcome repeat client. From the expression in his half-lidded eyes, he felt it too.

He resumes putting more air in my breasts, and that wonderful cock of his pushes in and out of me, just barely fitting, until finally he arches his back, bouncing me up and down and splashing as he cums, sending streams of semen into me until I find myself going over the edge again. He pushes my buttons really, really well.

When our orgasms die down, we rock back and forth together in the water, his manhood softening inside me. His smile is one of the sweetest things I've ever seen. "That was amazing, Belinda," he says softly.

"Pretty amazed here too, big boy," I answer. "A virgin, huh?"

He nods. "Yep. Well, not anymore."

"No, I'd say you're pretty thoroughly not a virgin anymore. But damn, do you have good instincts..."

We begin to untangle ourselves, a bit reluctantly--but I remind myself that I still want to take him to bed, and I'm pretty sure he'll be willing. I'm a little wobbly as I make my way across the tile to get some nice dry fluffy towels. "Seriously?" he asks while I dry him off.

"You pay attention to your partner's body language," I say softly in his ear, rubbing his wonderful fur with the absorbent white terrycloths. It's a little weird standing over him now, a full head taller thanks to his delicious air. "You're extremely considerate, and you focus totally on what we're doing. You give yourself over to the moment, and let your body enjoy everything." Every word is true. He's what we call a natural.

Soon enough, Paul is reasonably dry, and bearing a deeply relaxed smile on that cute face. He stretches and turns to regard me in the soft light. "Wow. Did I do that to you?" he asks, looking me up and

down as if seeing my body for the first time.

"Uh huh. Every cubic centimeter of it." I grin wickedly down at him.

"I hope I haven't stretched you permanently..." he says, worried.

"Not a chance. When I let the excess air out of myself, I'll be just like new. Though you gave my pussy quite a workout, you naughty boy..." When he looks guilty, I add, "...in a good way."

"Oh. *Ohhhh*," he says, realizing exactly what I mean.

I lead him to the bedroom, giggling as I have to duck under the door frames, and we snuggle and nuzzle and make out like teenagers.

Sure enough, before too long, he's all ready to go yet again, and I'm far from complaining about it. Whether it's his previous exertions or his natural talent for sex or some combination thereof, his stamina is only getting better. I use my mouth to pleasure him for the better part of a half hour before I start to feel pre-cum leaking out of him.

"Before tonight," I ask him mock-innocently, pausing, "have you ever had a girl put you between her breasts and give you a titfuck?"

He is panting. "Before tonight," he says shakily, I've never even gotten to second base."

"Well, then." He's already very well-lubricated, so sliding him into my deep cleavage and pressing my overinflated boobs together around him is simplicity itself. I figure from the way he blew me up that he is at least partially a boob man, and from the way he starts thrusting excitedly, it's obvious I made the right call. I giggle and talk scandalously to him, urging him on with all sorts of vulgar flattery, until I feel him tensing up again. He's past the point of no return.

"Oh, are you going to shoot your cum all over my big tits, Paul?" I ask sweetly. "Are you going to unload that thick throbbing cock, big boy?"

Paul is beside himself, and his powerful hips are bouncing me up and down on him, but I hold on tightly, squeezing his member. He gasps

and lets loose, once again splattering me, his sticky seed glazing my big round breasts, with streams reaching around my neck, and all over my face and hair. I'm a mess again, and I flat-out don't care.

He collapses, finally starting to wear down, and I chuckle. "My, my, my," I say. "Have I worn out my mighty tiger lover?"

He reaches for me, pulling me to him. He doesn't seem to mind that I'm covered in his cum, and that it's getting all over his newly washed fur. "Only temporarily."

I grin shamelessly, and say, "I was hoping you'd say something like that."