

Dessert

Written By: Skabaard

Atlas left the gym early in order to make sure that he would have enough time to get everything ready. Lilac had been quite disappointed, but he knew that she would understand him having to cut their sparring session short by a minute or so. He returned to his apartment, took a quick shower, and changed into something nicer than his grungy workout attire. He kept a button-down shirt and a nice pair of slacks pressed for just such occasions, though he was sure to be careful around his dinner preparations.

He left his phone idling on the counter, playing something classy as he went to work. He was no five-star chef, but he could boil water and follow a recipe, especially if that recipe involved a lot of already prepared ingredients. Pan-searing a little spicy sausage in a skillet with onions and peppers, popping the top off of a jar of store-bought tomato sauce, and half-cooking some penne pasta in a little hot water, that much he could do. Mixing all that up and dumping the whole lot into a casserole dish with a topping of mozzarella and parmesan cheese? Baking until melty and delicious? All too easy.

While it finished cooking, Atlas took the opportunity to prepare a little. He kept his small apartment clean, but he tidied what little clutter there was and set his small, square table, adorning it with a tablecloth that was little more than an appropriated bedsheet, a bottle of chilled wine, and a pair of long taper candles set into cheap plastic candlesticks. It felt just like the Italian countryside, if Italy were crammed into a tiny apartment in the middle of an enormous city and had also been rendered there by the hands of a blind man who had no idea where Italy was. It was enough to suit him, and the smells coming from his oven were becoming increasingly enticing.

He paused, his ears perking further upright, when he heard a gentle knock at his front door, and he smiled as he strolled over to answer it. The woman standing on the other side was grinning from ear to triangular, canine ear, and she stepped inside as he beckoned her in and shut the door behind her. "I'm sorry I'm late Atlas! I had to stay for a little longer than usual, and I wanted to stop by home and freshen up a little!"

"Happens to the best of us, Embry. You look lovely as always." he answered as she slid forward against him, returning his warm embrace with one of her own while her tail wagged with frantic excitement. His eyebrow quirked upward as he checked his watch. It was three minutes past seven, and considering it had probably taken the petite basenji at least three minutes to get from her car to his apartment, he was willing to forgive her tardiness.

"You don't clean up too badly yourself, Mister Tall, Dark, and Handsome." She murmured through a breathy chortle. As he slid his canine muzzle against hers, leaning down for a short, fond kiss, she scoffed. Embry's work attire, a pale yellow blouse tucked into a black, knee-length skirt that blended into her sheer stockings, was a display of almost puritanical modesty compared to what he more commonly saw her wearing.

When her nostrils could finally flare around the scrumptious aromas filling his home, she pressed herself more firmly against his chest and hummed appreciatively. "You know, if I didn't see your oven on, I wouldn't believe it. I didn't think your apartment could smell like anything other than sweaty dog."

With an incensed sniff at the accusation, he peeled her off of himself and ushered her into his home. "Just imagine what it would be like if I wasn't such a neat-freak, or if I didn't go somewhere else to do most of my sweating."

Embry made a dubious sound in the back of her throat, but quickly lit up when she spied the table he'd prepared. "Candles and everything, I knew you had a romantic bone or two in your body somewhere! I didn't even know you *had* candlesticks!"

He shrugged with a small smile. "They were two for a dollar, so... don't breathe too hard around them. They might break at the slightest provocation. I blew most of tonight's budget on the wine, what with your expensive tastes and all."

As she inspected the label wrapped around the dark, glass bottle, she let out a low whistle. "You sure did, didn't you? I'm surprised you had enough left to get the candlesticks." She set it down carefully, licking her lips. "This is... not a cheap vintage."

Laughing, he nodded as he walked over to the stove, stopping its beeping. "If you have to use the word 'vintage', it's not going to be cheap. But... I figured that you'd enjoy something a little nicer than the stuff I usually drink. What's Ajax call it? Swill?"

Embry watched him pull the dish from the oven with great interest. "I believe pisswater is the term he uses, though I think he also once used the phrase 'the drippings of Lucifer's asshole.'" She beamed. "How is he doing? I haven't been down there since last Saturday."

"Great." Atlas replied while tossing some fresh greens in a light dressing, another purchase. "I finished helping him move into that big two-bedroom Wednesday. It actually had doorframes he didn't have to bend over to get through. Place made me feel so little, but that might have been because it was still pretty empty." He set the salad down on the table, pulling out Embry's chair and helping her into it before scooping some into her waiting plate and doing the same for himself. "He said he's going to throw a party once he gets everything unboxed. Knowing him, your invitation will come through the mail in a gold leafed envelope."

"With a wax seal. He does have quite the flair for the dramatic." she admitted while watching him work the cork out of the wine bottle. As he poured her a glass, she fidgeted briefly. "Thanks for doing all this, Atlas. It's been a long few days and... I've been looking forward to a hot meal and a chance to decompress."

He set the glass in front of her, and used the motion as an excuse to press a kiss down onto her forehead and give her arm an affectionate squeeze. "You deserve it, Embry." The little canine flushed and squirmed, and he chuckled as he strolled away, collecting up the pasta and setting it to the side to cool while they ate their salad. "Been dealing with more of the usual, then?"

She rolled her eyes and groaned. "Endless grading and planning and meetings and... Ugh. It's a weird feeling when one looks forward to the lectures just to have a break in the tedium. I would kill for a T.A., but the department's budget is spread thin enough as it is, and I don't think I've been working there long enough to get any real respect from the... *politicians* in charge of that sort of thing." She rested her chin in her hand while she pushed a piece of tomato around her plate with a fork. "I think some of the other professors look down on me for not having my PhD yet. Ingrates."

He watched her for a moment, chewing thoughtfully. "Will you let me know if there's anything I can do to help? I may not be one for office politics, but if any of those little shits give you a hard time, I'll set them straight. I make a living setting people straight."

Her frown was replaced with a small smile. "Now, now, Mister Schuttmann, I remember when you were one of those little shits. Second semester of my first year, if I recall correctly."

Atlas pouted, dipped his chastened head with exaggerated respectfulness, and groaned, "Yes Miss Carter..."

She laughed, a happy, melodic sound, and reached across the table to lay her hand atop his own. "You've done enough for me as it is, Atlas. As much as I would like to sic you on those old codgers and little shits alike, all I really need is someone to whine at and a good night's rest, and I can handle the latter all on my own. Thank you for the former."

He took a sip of wine as he twisted his wrist enough to take her dainty, slender hand up in his own, nearly dwarfing it. "It's my pleasure, and one of my favorite things about you."

A huff escaped her as she twirled a piece of stringy cheese around her fork. "Me whining?"

He squeezed her hand, rubbing his thumb over her knuckles. "Your voice. I like the way it sounds. That I can listen to it and help you relax at the same time is just a bonus."

Her blush could be seen through the fur on her cheeks. "Careful, Mister Schuttmann. You're coming dangerously close to flattery."

Taking a bite of pasta, he tried to control his grin. He hadn't done too badly with it. "God forbid. Why don't you whine about it some? Let it all out."

"And watch you get off on it?" she grumbled, "No thank you. I'll have you know that my day went fantastically. I'm well-rested and not in the least bit grumpy. All that paperwork was a breeze, and I only had to attend a single meeting."

"What a tragedy." Atlas said in a sardonic mumble around a wad of half-molten cheese. He really *had* managed to make something that tasted good, though he had used too much sauce.

She nodded pensively as she emptied her glass and watched him politely refill it. "I must admit, Atlas. You've managed to create something I'm rather enjoying, though don't think I'm not onto your little game."

"Whatever do you mean?" he muttered coyly over the rim of his own glass.

"Expensive wine, spicy food. You're trying to inebriate me."

Atlas paused mid-bite. He hadn't actually thought about that. "Oh... I hadn't considered that. I... I'm sorry. I've got water or milk, if you'd prefer. Here, let me get you a different-"

As he rose, her hand held him there, and he sat back down. "Relax, At. I didn't mean to imply any protest. I was only kidding, and anyway, I'm sure you would never stoop so low." Though she said it through a smile, her tone said she meant it. "In fact, everything is perfect. I'm very glad we were able to make this evening happen, what with our weird schedules. The meal is fantastic, and the company even more so, if I might say so myself. And this wine is very good."

He hoped his darker fur would do a better job of concealing his embarrassment, and he shoved a forkful of noodles between his teeth. She laughed at him and took another drink, but her hand stayed inside his. They ate in silence for a few moments, letting that be the connection between them until their plates were clean and Embry was idly swirling the last of the bottle of wine in the bottom of her glass and looking most contemplatively into the dark liquid.

"I made my dad's carrot cake for dessert," Atlas added as an afterthought as he finally pulled his hand away and collected the dirtied dishes, "if you're interested in a little something sweet. I can wrap up a slice or three for you to take home, if you want."

While he rinsed and cleaned up a bit, she savored the last few ounces and looked to be seriously, seriously considering the offer. "Maybe... maybe just a tiny sliver, with a little cup of that milk you were blubbering about. Is it the one with the sweet glaze that just soaks into the cake?"

"The very same." he said with a nod while he dried his hands and poured her a drink. "The recipe is a heavy, heavy responsibility to bear. It could start wars. Helen of Troy's got nothing on this cake. This cake could launch a million ships."

She rolled her eyes, but she also squirmed giddily in her chair as he set the sliver of culinary gold in front of her. "Yes, yes. It's good. I get it." While she nibbled at it, Atlas finished his own drink and set the empty glass and bottle on the counter. "Very good." she whispered behind his back while he was splitting the leftovers in half for her to take home. He just responded with a smug, affirmative hum. When she was finished, he whisked away her plate and let her finish downing her milk. "None for you?" she said with a quizzical tilt of her head.

He laughed and dried his hands again as she finally pushed herself from her chair and leaned heavily against his back. She didn't seem dizzy, but her body certainly seemed flushed with heat from their drink of choice. Embry had drunk almost two-thirds of the bottle. "All the sugar would make it *real* hard to stay awake through my shift, so I think it's best that I avoid it for now. The pasta's going to make it difficult enough, but that's what the espresso machine in the break room is for."

She accepted his reasoning with a languid nod, and then wrapped her arms around him, lacing fingers together over his stomach. "That's okay. I brought something for you just in case, something I think you'll enjoy."

"Oh is that so?" he said, turning to face her before her hands, which were slowly creeping southward down his front, could make it too far.

It didn't faze her. "Mhmm..." hummed the basenji with a heavily-lidded look. "Close your eyes."

He grinned and did so, leaning forward when he felt one of Embry's little hands curl around the back of his neck and pull urgently. Her lips molded over his own, and she responded to the intrigued sound he made in the back of his throat by pulling on him even more firmly, locking them together. She nodded lightly when his broad hands wrapped around her waist and held her securely to him. Her hands then left his neck and shoulders, and she let him spend a few moments against her, enjoying the taste of cake that remained on her lips, while she busied them with something else.

At the cold, metal sound of handcuffs ratcheting into place, his ears quivered and his eyes drifted cautiously open. Embry pulled away from his mouth, a playfully guilty pout pursing her lips. "Oh no..." she whimpered in obviously feigned distress. "My hands slipped." Peering over her shoulder, he noted her arms were now bound behind her back by a pair of silvery manacles. They weren't rigid, prisoner's issue, however. There was a healthy layer of plush, velvety cushion between her forearms and the unyielding metal. The smaller canine was bound, but wasn't likely to be uncomfortable.

His eyebrow quirked upward. "Well now what am I supposed to do about that dessert you promised me?"

She leaned forward, squishing her generous bust into his torso. "Sorry about that. I guess you'll have to fetch it yourself." She laughed softly, breathily against his chest, and lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "I smuggled it in under my skirt, but it shouldn't be too hard to find."

Tapping a claw meditatively on his chin, he mused down at her, particularly at where she could have been hiding those cuffs. "Well... I suppose I could, even though it seems like I always have to do the hard work. I hope you don't mind if I take my dessert in my bedroom, though."

She giggled. "You can take it wherever you want, At. It's your house. Your rules. I just wanted to show a fraction of my gratitude to you for... for doing all this. I appreciate it. I really appreciate you." She sobered for a moment, but there was still a coy glint in her eyes as she pushed herself as high as she could on her paws, sliding her muzzle along part of his and encouraging him to lower his head enough for a kiss on the cheek. It left her lips by the base of his tall, erect ears, and she hissed, quivering against him. "Now, you should really dig in before your treat gets cold."

Embry dropped back to her most comfortable height, and he followed her down, kissing her fondly. His arms went around her, sliding between hers and her back and holding her close. She bent backward as he leaned down to kiss her more firmly. He loomed over her, and she melted into him, her excited hum turning into a long, low, throaty moan that rattled through her thin chest. Next to his broad bulk, she seemed so little, and when he straightened, he easily hauled her paws from the floor.

Her legs snapped around his waist, and he crooned lightly as he carefully made his way through his apartment and into the darkness of his bedroom. Her heavy breaths ruffled the collar of his shirt, warm and ardent, and he paused, leaning on the doorframe for a moment while he pondered the possibilities. Before Embry could begin to complain, however, he took another step, slicing into the silence of the dark and walking along the length of his bed. Of all his meager furnishings, it was his resting place on which he'd spent the most, and he eased himself down onto his knees, depositing his load gently on the edge of the mattress, making sure she was sitting up and looking expectantly down at him.

After rubbing Embry's back for a span, he pulled his hands back, sliding them along the tops of her thighs. "Smuggled under your skirt, hmm? That's not fair, you know, preying on my curiosity like that."

She shifted meekly as his fingers poked up under the hem of her skirt and started to push it up her thighs, exposing more and more stockinged leg. "I guess I just know you too well, you big brute."

Atlas smiled and dipped his head, kissing the bend of her knee and squeezing the muscle under her fur. "I don't know how you talked me into letting you wrap me around your little finger like you have."

The links of chain clinked behind her back as she adjusted her arms. "You act like I gave you a choice."

Embry raised a good point, and he barked a short laugh as he felt his way up her legs, feeling her twitch under his fingertips. When he finally felt her smooth, silken fur, he laughed again, more privately, and gave her a rueful shake of his head. "Oh, you..." She answered him with a salacious grin, but no words, and wriggled and worked with him as he pulled his hands free, hooked his fingers under the waistband of her skirt, and pulled the simple garment off of her shapely lower body.

Wiggling it off of her paws, Atlas then tossed it aside, raising his eyebrows at what she was left wearing: a pair of lacy, black panties and a matching, satiny garter belt that was holding up her sheer stockings, all of which was clinging tightly to her womanly curves. What caught his eye even more, however, was the damp patch in the front of her slinky underwear and the thin cord that was connecting something under her panties to a small loop secured to her garter by an elastic strap. He rubbed his fingers over the strand of flexible silicone and looked heavily up at her. "This is new."

Now that he had discovered her little secret, she was clearly making no effort to disguise her ardor. "And it's a very good one." She let her head roll back for a moment, shivering. "You're not the only one who splurged on this evening."

He did a little more inspecting, but finally looked back up at her. "You've even gone wireless. Welcome to the digital age. I don't imagine you'll just surrender the remote?"

She broke out into a fit of giggles. "Oh, I would, Atlas. I truly would." Then she wiggled a little, rattling her restraints. "But I seem to be a little tied up at the moment."

He sighed and rolled his eyes, but grinned in spite of himself. "Alright, alright. I suppose I'll just have to go looking for it."

She pouted theatrically as his hands began to work their way up her body, groping blindly under her blouse. She guided him with brief words. "Cold. Warmer. A little higher. Come on, I'm so little and your hands are so big. Just a little more." She teased him, writhing against him as he felt his way along her curves, and he eventually surrendered to her shirt, pulling his hands from under the elegant garment. Instead of search through the dark, he instead began to pluck the buttons lining her front from their holes. Her breasts heaved under his hands as he worked, and she seemed to grow only more excited as he bared more and more of her pale-furred cleavage.

Her generous, D-cup breasts strained against the lacy bra that contained them, and they looked even larger than they truly were when compared to the overall slenderness of her frame. He saw his prize there, a silvery shape peeking at him from between the ample, soft mounds, but he finished his task, peeling her shirt from her torso and letting it hang from her wrists where it was trapped by her cuffs. "I'd complain..." he mused as he reached around her, working the clasps of her bra loose, "But I suppose it wouldn't be as rewarding if I didn't have to work for it a little."

"My thoughts exactly, Atlas."

"I can only imagine what you would do if I started making things hard for you."

"Oh, I would lose my mind. I don't have your patience."

"Lucky us, then." he laughed as he unlatched her bra, lifted it up over her head, and pushed it down her arms to hang with her shirt.

"Quite."

Freed from their lacy prison, her heavy breasts drooped lusciously, parting just enough to free what was resting between them, and the little remote dropped into his waiting hand.

"Alright..." he mumbled as he pondered the inconspicuous piece of technology. It was barely the size of his thumb, but was adorned with all sorts of interestingly labelled devices. What most demanded his attention was the dial on the top that was labeled "intensity." It was set to two out of the typical ten. "Only two? I'm surprised at you, Embry." With a flick of his thumb, he set it to three.

She tensed and shuddered at the change in her buzzing stimulation. "I... I-I wanted to make sure I could appreciate the meal. You worked so hard on it, and I genuinely enjoyed it. I'd hate to have been overly... Nnh... D-distracted."

He rose from his knees to stand before her, and she looked expectantly up at him as he idly undid the buttons lining his front. "I appreciate the consideration, but I'd have done it regardless. You're worth it." She just squirmed, grinding her thighs together and panting as she watched him bare the breadth of his muscular torso, from his firm pecs to abs like a brick wall. "I did have to cut out early from this morning's workout though, so I hope you don't mind if I make up the difference."

She moaned again as he tossed his shirt away and leaned down, cupping the nape of her neck and guiding her up into a kiss. "Please do, At. Don't mind me."

"I can't help it."

"I know."

Atlas smiled distantly as he fingered a switch on the remote resting easily in his palm. Its settings were marked with a plain, horizontal line and one that was broken by undulating waves. "Have you tried "Pulse" already?" She shook her head and straightened her back, bracing herself. "Well let's, shall we?" he added, flipping the little plastic lever. For a moment, Embry sat still, hesitating, but then her eyes slid languidly shut and her mouth dropped open, freeing a soft groan. "Now..." said the huge doberman as he dropped back to his knees, "about my dessert."

With the most tender of pressures, he held her by the knees and gently pushed her legs apart, feeling her tremble against him. They had to spread wide around the bulk of his body as he pressed himself forward, and he rewarded her capitulation with a halcyon kiss against her inner thigh. At the same time, he rolled his thumb over the dial in his hand, pushing it up to four. Embry gasped and writhed, squeezing him with her legs, but his chest stopped them from closing and barring him entrance to her heated nethers. He smiled up at her as he got close enough to rest his nose against her belly. Letting her pant and squirm, straining lazily against her bonds, he affectionately nuzzled her, sliding his hands up and down her shapely legs for a long minute.

Moaning longingly, Embry leaned forward onto his head, pushing her lush breasts into his muzzle. He hummed, showing his interest by raising his lips past her bust, to her throat. "Hold still for me."

She swallowed heavily and gave him a strained nod. Her heart was fluttering against his lips, throbbing under the crisp fur of her chest. Her excitement was painfully plain in the way her eyes were intently focused on the playfully tantalizing motions of his hands, in the puffiness of her erect, ruddy nipples, which stood out into the air from their pebbly areola, in her fast shallow breaths and high-pitched whines. "Th-thank you."

He answered her with his lips and a deep, satisfied hum. He pushed her back upright, sitting her up straight before pulling away, making sure she stayed there with a hand on her shoulder. That taken care of, he returned his attentions to the intersection of her legs and the growing damp spot shining in the satiny fabric of her panties. Atlas tutted and shook his head, but pushed his hand against her loins anyway, cupping over her crotch. She was warm and wet and enflamed. Her mound was fevered and engorged with need, and he gently rubbed her as he slid his other hand down her arm and along her body, hooking it under her underwear and pulling downward over her hip.

It took a little doing to get her panties off of her without fully removing her garter belt and stockings, but they looked good enough on her lissome legs to make it worth it. At the sight of her lust-reddened netherlips, finally exposed, parted and slick with her need, Atlas made himself move slowly, dipping between her thighs toward the locus of her sex. The closer he got to her flushed flesh, the more she squirmed, and she tensed and mewled as he let out a long, hot breath over her unhidden womanhood.

Her soft, moistened netherlips yielded to his tongue when he pressed forward, slipping the broad organ from his mouth to push it gently against Embry's exposed loins. He didn't lap or lick; he just left his tongue there, feeling her twitch against him. He also felt through her loins the light, muffled buzzing of the toy stuffed into her, felt the intensity rising and falling with languid pulsations. Finally giving her a long, upward swipe of his oral appendage, she jerked, tensing briefly against her bond when he pushed the dial upward another notch, setting it to five.

His dainty, curvy lover's tender clit peeked out at him from beneath its hood, stiff and eager, and Atlas gave it a kiss and a taste of its own before lazily nuzzling his nose over the little nub of pleasure. Embry stiffened again, squeezing out a high-pitched moan and struggling to remain sitting upright as her body threatened to curl in on itself. She clenched, and his little toy pearl retreated from him for a moment, but he didn't chase it down, only shifting to give the whole of her sex attention in the form of slow, oral caresses.

She was wet, quite so, and he smeared a sheen of her fluids over his lips, savoring the process of indulging himself. She squirmed around him, panting, and he reassured her while running his claws through the fur of her plush hips, exulting in the welcoming lushness of her feminine form. It was like a game of hide-and-seek, him blindly probing around her oozing flower, waiting for her pea-sized button of pleasure to show itself only so he could pounce and give it a longing lick and make it flee before more could come of it. Maybe it was his laziness, maybe it the opportunity to simply enjoy her pleasure, but he didn't mind letting her buzzing friend be the one to really work her up, and when he lifted away after a few minutes of tender attentions, he twisted the knob, setting it to six.

Embry gasped and shuddered, whining meekly, and he took the opportunity to kiss her thigh, and then her belly, before he stood up, looming before her. Fondling the remote in one hand, watching her writhe, he busied his other with his belt. Leisurely undoing it, he transition to his slacks, popping the button and sliding down the zipper to more completely expose the bulge he was beginning to make in his snug boxer-briefs. She stared, licking her lips as his dressy trousers flopped to the floor around his ankles, and he stepped free of them as he sauntered forward a step.

He watched her watch him throb beneath his underwear, bulging as blood pooled between his legs. "You're beautiful, you know that?"

She answered him with a span of reverent silence, and rather than speak, leaned forward to slather a sloppy kiss over the sturdy muscles of his abdomen. Reaching down, he cupped a hand under her jaw, guiding her, and her chest heaved as she gasped and panted against his tight, cobbled stomach. Her nose then dipped, and he let it, let it fall to brush along his cloth-wrapped package. Atlas sighed as she stroked him with her face, and he fondly rubbed her cheek as she whined with each tense throb that pushed his encapsulated cock bigger and stiffer, made it strain against his last remaining garment.

His underwear tented as it was bulged outward under his girth, and he felt himself slipping fully from his sheath as she tried with equal parts clumsiness and desperation to remove his underwear with her teeth. "H-Hnn... H-help. I c-cant." Embry moaned.

Relenting to her pleas, he dipped a hand between them, hooked a thumb under the waistband of the offensive piece of fabric, and slid it down, pulling it out and over to free his prideful manhood. His reddened, canine cock flopped free to hand under its own weight, and the crown of it smacked the little dog square on the muzzle, making her flinch for only a heartbeat before her lips could meet its turgid flesh. His head rolled back on his shoulders, and he closed his eyes as Embry's soft lips spread around him, taking him between them and into the wet, sucking heat of her mouth. It was a chore for her, he was so big, but she had never once balked at the task.

Humming lowly in the back of her throat, her tongue slipped around him, spreading her saliva like a coat of paint as she pushed forward, pulling more and more of him between her lips. He had plenty to give. Though he was still hardening, ten inches of steely cock awaited her, and she urged it onward, moaning meekly each time he pulsed between her jaws, surging bigger and

more meaty. She bobbed back and forth along his straining length, suckling and slurping with vigor enough to put to shame any self-titled slut, and he left his hand where it was, guiding her into a slowly rising tempo, tempering her ardor with a little playful pressure.

Her bonds clinked softly behind her back as she huffed and fought to practically swallow his steely member, pushing as many inches of it as she could against her worshipful tongue until it butted up against the back of her throat, throbbing against her tonsils. "Easy... Easy. Don't choke on it." he crooned, pushing her back before she could try to kiss the fleshy knot at his root. That she very well could choke on him only seemed to spur her on, and despite her restricted state, Embry struggled against him, very nearly penetrating her own neck with his taut tool.

He stopped her shy each time, pressing her back and letting her slide forward again like it was a game. Her legs were pinched together, and her breathing told him that she was already on the very edge. Her plush thighs ground against one another, and her spine twisted to rub her expansive chest against what she could of him. Though her voice was muffled by his thick, canine cock, her whines built in urgency, vibrating pleasantly around him as he pulsed little dollops of slimy precum between her lips.

Perhaps showing a little mercy, perhaps toying with her, it was with a smug smirk that he turned the dial in his hand up to seven, resting it there for only a brief moment before pushing it up even further to eight. It took a couple seconds for its effects to become plain. Embry tensed, gurgled around his girth, strained against her padded cuffs. Her legs snapped tightly together, trembling, and a quaking shudder swept down her spine. Her sudden gasp dropped out from under her and became a coarse, stiff grunt, and the sound continued as she pulled herself full off of him, snapping her teeth together and cumming with intense, bestial vigor.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as she spasmed before him, and he held her head still with a hand while dropping the other to his slaving manhood to give it a few steady strokes. The snarl that etched itself into her lovely features was adorable, and he grinned as she came and came, contorting in a harsh, spastic rhythm that lasted for some minutes, all the while twisting her soft, feminine voice into something hoarse and desperate, something exciting.

While she squealed and groaned on his bed, he gradually decreased the intensity of the vibrating source of her pleasure, working her down until it was set to a paltry "one" and she was gasping for breath in a way that left her full breasts heaving enticingly against his legs. Embry very much looked like she'd had the time of her life, glazed eyes focusing lazily up at him as the aftershocks of her release shivered along her limbs, and he figured that it was time for him to have a little of the same.

Gently, but insistently, he pushed on her shoulder, bearing her down into his mattress until she was laying on her bound arms. Hooking a claw under the cord that disappeared between her netherlips, he then pulled gently on it, sliding a fat, egg-shaped object from her drenched nethers. After switching it off and setting its remote aside, he leaned down easily, hooking his elbows under her knees and taking a firm hold on her thick, cushiony hips, lifting her ass a few inches from the bed to both angle her upward a little and show her his brute strength.

Embry mewled heavily when he pressed himself forward, prodding her flushed flower with the tapered crown of his animalistic member. Her fleshy lips molded to him, resisting, and he didn't force it in. He wasn't about to hurt her. Rather, he rolled his hips in little circles, gently introducing her to the enormity of his manhood. She was a sexy little dog, and was a tight, tight fit, but her body's suppleness extended between her legs, and he sighed, clenching his teeth as, with a moan that boiled up from her curling toes, she hesitantly stretched around him.

Her copious fluids, some of which were drooling onto his bedsheets, eased his passage, and her dripping entrance hungrily swallowed inch after inch of him, wrapping him in layers of grasping velvet that fluttered and pulsed along with her bliss. Each of her inner folds rasped against him with all the force of her inherent tightness, shifting around him as he made room for himself, practically probing at her organs with the extent of his ruddy, rock-hard tool. She loved it, squirming and moaning helplessly as he spitted her on him, pushing almost everything he had of himself into her, all save the immense knot that was throbbing threateningly at his base, at least eight inches of him.

As hesitant as he was to remove himself from the vicelike tightness of the fleshy sleeve that was clenching snugly around him, he did, if only to quickly slide himself back where he belonged. He thrust against her, shaking her gently and with growing force, ever careful not to overstress her already tender nethers. She moaned a few half-formed words, maybe pleas for either mercy or more, and he thought he caught his name among them. Atlas answered by shifting his grip, taking a more steady hold on the outer curves of her luscious rump and angling her lower body more to his liking, lining himself up to just jerk his pelvis back and forth and cram his stunning masculinity straight up into her body, her hot, tight, sexy body.

At her insistence, and with no resistance from himself, he threw caution to the wind and pulled far back, nearly sliding himself free of her only to viciously jerk forward and slam his cock deeply into her. He repeated the simple, blissfully pleasurable motion again and again and again, growing more and more intent with each firm advance. He dug his fingertips into her lush curves, holding on and moving her with him, back and forth. His heavy nuts slapped lewdly against her defenseless ass as he assaulted the fortress of her sex, stretching her again and again around him as blood thundered through his veins.

Her voice lurched at each impact, peaking even as its pitch gradually rose toward the inevitable. Under his exhaustive attempts to rut her into his mattress, her spine arched backwards and her legs trembled. Her yielding inner walls clenched down on him in time with his thrusts, and each time with greater and greater insistence. He felt the pressure build relentlessly beneath his loins, and it bent him over as he focused on the object of his desire. He dropped Embry's plush rump back to onto his bed as he folded himself down atop her, pressing down on her with the weight of his powerful body. Her breasts squished against his chest, and her voice was intense in his ears as he pressed his nose against her collarbone.

It took much of what he had to hold her there beneath him, bucking against her like an animal. He felt his own voice fall deeper into his chest as the tension in his body grew, and he grunted hoarsely against her throat and held tightly to her well-rounded ass as he submitted to the luxury of her body. Her thighs pressed in against his sides, nearly wrapping around him in their quivering, and he felt as much as heard that smooth voice break and catch in her throat when she came again, this time around him. Her silken walls shuddered and clamped down on him, pleading him to just bury himself within her as they fluttered around him with dire, rippling pulsations. Her body shook, contorting beneath him even as it tried to milk him by wringing heavily on his impressive tool, hungry and demanding.

It was much too much of the best for him, and he threw his head and shoulders back as he felt himself lose the battle against his onrushing release. He couldn't breathe for a moment, and he finally made use of his strong grip to drag her backward onto him. Her slick slit, desperate and starving for more, took all of him. He pushed forward with relentless vigor, straining against her demure proportions, frantically fighting against the march of time and his inevitable breaking point. She squealed and convulsed as, with a brutal jerk of his hips that was accompanied by a

wet *squelch*, she took his knot between her battered netherlips at the moment his relief washed over him.

He groaned as all the tension in his body propelled his release through his buried cock, making it surge obscenely within her. She flexed against him, beneath him, as he flooded her womb with spurt after spurt of thick, rich cum. He didn't know if he had just been pent up or if she was simply too good for him, but it seemed to go on forever. His swollen testes churned and throbbed close against his loins, mingling with his ecstasy and freeing their load to go where it would, namely Embry's gorging nethers. Her own loins pulsed against and around his, drinking everything he had even when it proved to be too much and pooled around his throbbing crown.

He shivered when he felt his release die down, not entirely due to the sheen of sweat that had dampened his dark fur. He was held erect within her, tying them together, as she too gasped and moaned and writhed. Gently, he worked her further up into his bed, away from the edge, and followed her up onto it before taking a careful hold on her body and rolling onto his back, flipping her up to lay atop him. Like a bar of unquenched steel, his cock burned within her, throbbing and leaking the dregs of his relief, and he relished the warmth and weight of her form against his as he pulled her into a clumsy kiss that connected them once more.

She shifted, wriggling her hips and grinding his manhood around within her as she awkwardly returned his passion against his lips, and her restraints rattled as she struggled for a moment, twisting her arms behind her back. "H-help... I... I can't... I can't feel my fingers."

With a low, breathy laugh, he twined an arm behind her, finding the release button she struggled to reach and depressing it with a thumb. Her cuffs came free of her forearms, falling loose against the small of her back, and she pushed them away and to the side as her arms flopped forward against him. Shaky fingers found his cheeks, and she held onto him securely while putting more effort into matching his kiss with her own. Her tired eyes matched the tone of her limpid moans, exhausted. So he held her against him, cradling the softness of her figure while he waited for himself to soften enough to withdraw from her abused loins.

It took almost fifteen minutes for blood to begin rushing back into his brain, and they shared a simultaneous sigh as his monstrous cock began to recede, deflating inside her. Finally, she broke their kiss, deciding to instead lay her head tiredly on his chest and trace amorphous swirls over the sturdy muscle that covered his torso, ruffling his fur. As she did, he braced a hand against her luxurious butt and lifted, pulling her off of him with tender care. She hissed and tensed, trying to seal off her overstretched womanhood, but she was either too slow, or he had been too productive, because she left a slimy trail of his own backed-up cum over his abdomen as he pulled her up to face him. He shrugged. That was alright. It was hardly the first time his fur had been matted with his seed, and he was certain it was far from the last.

After cuddling her for a few more minutes, letting them both recover control of their bodies, he gave her a final, lingering kiss before letting her slide off of him to lay at his side, an arm and a leg thrown possessively over him. "I swear that you get bigger every time, Atlas."

He grunted a playful negative. "I hope not... Maybe you're just shrinking."

Kissing his shoulder, she ruffled his fur with a few clawed fingers. "Maybe... I hope I don't shrink too much though. Whatever would I do?"

"You're creative." He murmured, gazing at his ceiling. "I'm sure you'd find a way to make things work."

She giggled softly. "Thank you for the vote of confidence. And thank you for everything else. I... I've had a wonderful evening, mediocre sex notwithstanding."

He snorted, not dignifying her prod with a verbal response. His evening was only just beginning. "Well... I need to shower and get cleaned up for my shift." He sat up, scratching the base of his ear, and extended a hand down toward her. "Care to join me for a shower, since I doubt you want to spend the rest of the night in like that? Plus, saving water and all that."

Embry fluttered her eyelashes, but eventually reached up and delicately slid her hand into his, giving him a low, coy smile. "I suppose, but on one condition."

"And what would that be?"

She rolled her shoulders in their sockets, pouting pitifully. "You wash my back. My arms are dreadfully stiff."

He grinned, thinking that he could certainly manage that. "Deal."