

Shift Work

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She scrabbled for the doorknob, clutching and twisting before the hulking brute behind her shoved her bodily through the door. He applied vicious pressure to the small of her back, and she practically flew forward through the doorway, colliding roughly into the back wall. The door slammed behind her, plunging her into dim shadow, and she heard the deadbolt slide home with a metallic clack, trapping her in the room. There was a heavy shuffling behind her, and before she could peel herself off the wall, she was shoved back against it, a thick hand pushing firmly between her shoulder blades.

He stepped forward, pushing his huge, hard body into her back. He was hot and close, and his breath washed over the scruff of her neck as he loomed over her. She whined, turning her head back to peer up at the girth of his shadow. He eclipsed her, and if she weren't trapped and alone, she doubted any of her form would have been visible past his bulk. She had been practically thrown into some storage room in the back of the building, and the shadows were broken up by the shapes of crates and boxes littering the room, barely illuminated by wan, red lights that matched the murky glow filling the rest of the nightclub. Dull, percussive bass thudded through nearly the entirety of the building, and she could feel it shuddering even with several walls between where she had been dragged and the speakers lining the dance floor.

As intense, fast-paced music pulsed like a heartbeat through the club, he pressed against her more firmly, reaching around to fondle her through her shirt and bra. The front of her shirt had been pulled halfway down, partly from his earlier, clumsy attempts at pawing at her figure and partly from her coy teasing. She moaned as he gripped a full, plush breast in his broad hand, her voice overshadowed by his low growl. He shifted, and she felt something else throbbing against her, far more physical than the dulled music in the air. It pounded against her lower back through his cargo trousers, straining its burning mass against what hid it. She briefly questioned the wisdom in daring the enormous doberman as forcefully as she had.

He growled again as he dug his fingers into her top, pulling the slinky, spaghetti strap piece up over her shoulders with brutal enthusiasm. It went up over her head, mussing her already wildly messy hair further, and he didn't let her lift her arms to pull it off of her, just sliding it behind her. Before it dropped off of her arms, he grabbed the tangled fabric, twisting fiercely and cinching it tightly around her wrists. Her arms snapped behind her, bound together against her back, and she whined frantically as she struggled against him to no avail. His arm was nearly as big around as her thigh, huge and hard with domineering muscle. His clean, dark grey tank top was stretched taut around his massive trunk, and his whole body was equally built. The bouncer had the body of the guard dog he was, and she was unable to free her hands.

His teeth raked over the nape of her neck, his heavy breaths ruffling her fur as he slid his other hand up under her bra, taking her full chest up in his meaty fingers. He was a full foot taller than her, and had to bend his head downward to manage the feat. She gasped as he just pushed forward more and more eagerly, crushing her into the wall as he ravished her chest. "Come on Atlas..." she moaned as his blunted claws trailed lines of bliss along the fleshy globes that had filled her top, "I was just kidding! I can wait! I was just teasing! Really! Here?! Oh, God..."

"Shut up!" growled his low, gravelly voice, harsh with strained need, "I told you not to come in during my shift! I'm trying to do my job! But oh, no. You just couldn't have that! You

strut your stuff up in here and start grinding all over me. This is what you wanted, isn't it? For me to drag you away and fuck you raw? You're lucky Sam could cover for me, or I'd be in a mess of trouble because of you."

She only moaned as he clawed at her bust, tracing the tips of his strong fingers around her nipples and tweaking them mercilessly for a long, breathless moment before sliding down. He twisted her knotted shirt more tightly around her wrists, binding her hands together as he pressed his cobbled abs against her back. His heavy hand pushed down her belly, stroking her softer fur and snaking into the waistband of her skirt, a band of filmy cloth that barely covered her crotch. He took up the fabric and jerked it down, letting it fall to pool around her narrow ankles. His fingers then snaked downward between her legs. The sheer black leggings that still covered her, coupled with her lacy thong, was blissfully little barrier to his powerful hands, and he stroked eagerly up the insides of her thick thighs, grinding his palm over her loins.

She groaned as he fingered her through her clothing, groping and squeezing against her. His lips found the back of her neck, and he buried his muzzle into her hair, growling against her scalp and ruggedly kissing her, down her neck and back up, scraping his teeth over her slender throat. Occasionally, he would pull and twist the hand holding her secure, forcing her hands further behind her and making her grunt as she resisted him instinctively. He jerked against her, making her cry out in rebellion and thrash against him. As she shuddered and growled in the depths in her own canine chest, her triangular ears flicked at him, quailing as his voice overrode hers. His own growl shuddered in the chest shoved into her back. She could feel it thundering beneath the massive pecs tensing against her shoulder blades as he fought her for control over her arms.

It was hopeless. It was like he didn't even notice she was throwing her entire being against him, trying to break from his grip. His hand and arm alone, with the weight of his huge, muscular bulk thrown behind it, was like a pillar of stone pinning her to the wall. His other hand fondled her, teasing her back as she had teased him, with all the nonchalance he would have given a fond pet. Still, as he groped her, jamming his hand between her legs and rubbing over the insides of her thighs, she could feel his ardor bulging against the small of her back in the most physical way she could imagine. His breathing grew heavier and huskier, and his voice became hoarse with dire lust.

Eventually, just when she thought she would pop against him, he pulled his hand away, leaving her thighs grinding together at their intersection, desperately trying to get herself off. He let her writhe, panting down the back of her neck as he reached back and transferred his hand to the globes of taut muscle that made up her curvaceous ass. Sinking his claws into the top of her leggings, he tore them down, peeling them off of her long, shapely legs until they were likewise pooled around her feet. "May as well not be wearing anything..." he rumbled down at her, "Do you like that, wearing things so tight they may as well not be there? Get off on getting stared at like you're naked?" Before she could answer him, he sought his own out, dipping forward again to push his massive hand between her legs.

The front of her crotch was soaked, dripping into the fur of her thighs as her lust-heated fluids bled through the lace of her dainty thong. His hand came back slicked, and he laughed, shaking against her. He lifted his hand, twisting her arms until her head fell back to voice a meek complaint, and he took the opportunity to smear her own fluids over her muzzle, cleaning his palm on her face. She moaned and tried her best to lick his fingers, but before she could, she jerked as he pulled her off the wall with that single arm. Her legs caught and stumbled over the clothing puddled around her, but he held her up with a hand on her stomach.

He turned, spinning to the side and shoved her thighs against a nearby crate, trapping her lower body. Thick, powerful fingers dug into her insubstantial underwear, and he pulled upward rather than downward. Her thong slid between her succulent cheeks of her full ass, drawing tight and pulling the fabric up into her leaking pussy with merciless vigor. She yelped at the abrupt violence, and he tugged and tugged, using only the barest fraction of his immense strength to draw her slinky panties against her with growing force. She shivered and whined as he ground her clothing against her, and after another stretch of time that nearly left her screaming, he suddenly jerked, snapping the spindly strands of cloth that held her thong onto her. She whined a needy, "Hnnh... F-fuck!" as he slid the last obstructing piece of clothing off of her body, gliding the limp cloth against her crotch.

Finishing baring her important bits, he balled her slimy thong in his hand and twisted once more the hand that was holding her trapped arms. Her mouth opened instinctively to voice a mindless complaint at her rough treatment, and his free arm snapped up, shoving her wadded panties between her teeth. The taste and aroma of her own blind need hit her like a truck, and she immediately worked to cough up her impromptu gag. His fingers, however, were ready for her, and he clamped his meaty hand down on her muzzle, locking it closed. That done, he leaned down to her such that she could feel his stunning maleness pulsing against her back once again. He rested there for a long moment, grinding his throbbing, cloth-shrouded cock against her as she choked on her slick, heady fluids. She whined, and he growled into her ear, his voice rumbling deeper than any bass that could filter through the thick walls, "I don't have enough hands for you, sexy, not without my gear, but If you so much as think of spitting that out, I'm knotting your ass, and I don't care who hears you screaming!"

She gurgled a weak surrender around her sealed lips, and before he released her, he used his hold to bend her head forward, baring her neck again to his teeth. Nibbling her scruff once more, he let go of her face, and she kept her teeth clenched tightly, dreading the girth of what was still throbbing thicker against her back. At her submission, he nodded sharply, savoring her with a fond caress over her cheek a moment before his hand returned to the space between her shoulder blades. He pushed her over, and her trapped legs, combined with his weight, made her bend at the hips. He splayed her out over the crate in front of her, and her tail was an eager blur, thwapping against his thick abs as he used the hand securing her arms to hold her down, transferring his other to the waistband of his pants.

She heard the jingling of him undoing his belt, heard him unbutton and unzip, heard the silky sound of him pulling his sturdy cargo pants down his powerful legs. He stepped shortly away, holding her where she was but letting his trousers fall to the floor, held up where the legs were tucked into his combat boots. She peeked over her shoulder, her eyes widening at the bulk of the girthy monster straining at his boxer-briefs. All ten inches of his humongous beast were thick and ready, and it looked almost painfully bent down the leg of his underwear, long enough to nearly poke past the fabric at his thigh. He grunted, and she saw it twitch, thickening further, huge and throbbing, a dark spot forming in the fabric covering it where he was already leaking his own musky precum.

He pulled down his shorts, freeing the beast raging at its prison, and her eyes widened over her shoulder. It sprang up, its entire, massive length quivering, dragged only slightly downward under its own ponderous weight. It hung just low enough for its tapered, canine glans to point ominously at her upraised ass. It was a bright cherry red, full of blood and the lust that she may have been mistaken in stoking so enthusiastically. The beginnings of a knot she knew would swell to a ludicrous size rested impatiently at its base, and as he stared down at her

trapped, naked-enough-to-brutalize form, she began to pant harder. His breaths were deep and heavy, and he stared down at himself, as if momentarily shocked at his readiness, at what she had done to him. He was rigid almost to the point of pain, and as he guided his huge, knotted dick forward, he growled into the room, seemingly at nothing in particular.

She tensed as his burning maleness touched the uplifted curves of her perky ass. He glided between the fur of her cheeks, rubbing himself through the valley of her sumptuous anal cleavage. He clenched his teeth, snarling down at her as the underside of his humongous, bitch-breaking masculinity dug between her tight curves of assflesh. She whined and shook her head, praying that he wouldn't. He'd break her in half with that girthy column of scarlet meat. Fear quickened her pulse, and she struggled against him, trying once again to break free of his grip on her shirt, which was holding her hands together behind her back.

The muscle lining his arm tensed, resisting her efforts at freedom with as much effort as he would have used to restrain an unruly child. His endless trips to the gym had paid off, especially over the recent months. He was a mountain of huge, doberman muscle. She watched his dense six-pack move through his tank top as he breathed, slowly, deeply, with calm belying the thoughtless need in his eyes. As she resisted again, throwing herself against her restraints, trying to use her position to lever herself off of the crate to turn against him he growled and finally moved.

Lifting his arm, he brought his palm down on her lush, presented ass with a sharp *crack* that was perfectly timed to mirror the throbbing beat of the music in the main rooms of the nightclub. She squealed into her gag, not daring to open her mouth, lest it fall from her maw. At her muffled outcry, he slapped her again, his broad hand snapping over her plush rump. She groaned again. Her fur was short and silken, no more a barrier to his sheer, physical power than her clothes had been. He clapped his palm over her ass, slowly grinding himself through the jiggling curves of her cheeks as he forced them to dance to the tune the DJ was cranking out in the dance hall.

She shrieked into her gag as he struck her again and again, her eyes rolling further back into her head with each time his hand met her plush flesh. He grunted, throwing an arm as thick as her leg, and so much harder, against an ass that, while toned and perky, was nothing compared to his strength. She tensed and tried to pull away as he battered her reddening cheeks, but he held her there, pumping his titanic endowment between her flexing muscles. Each crack of his hand on her shot a bolt of lightning up her spine that exploded between her eyes before striking back down from whence it came, pouring lustful electricity directly into her loins.

She moaned and groaned as he varied the tempo and strength of his motions, keeping her on her toes, and with each strike and slow, tantalizing grind through the valley of her ass, her ardor built and built. The feeling of her shirt cinched around her wrists, chafing and rubbing her fur as she writhed, did something to her. She bent further, squishing her breasts into the crate, lifting her ass higher, rocking her hips as much as he would allow her, which wasn't much. He humped against her, throbbing thick between her cheeks, burning her through her fur with his massive, heated cock. Her skin tingled fiercely where he was hitting her, bliss between sharp jolts of pain that were gone in just as immediate a flash as they came. Each one rocked her body heavily, making her legs shake and her girlish slime to practically ooze from between her lust-parted lips.

She couldn't stop herself. As he grunted and rutted against her, she came heavily. Her whole body locked up, shivering against the support of the crate into which she was pressed. She squealed and gasped into her gag, nearly swallowing her panties as she suddenly convulsed. Lost

in a wave of bliss, she squirted over her thighs, and a gush of slick girlcum ran down her legs and dripped onto her leggings, which were still pooled around her legs. Tension lined her body, making her as stiff as the monster pressed into her, and she jerked and moaned like the heat-addled bitch that she was.

Only then did his hands stop raining down on her abused backside. Her skin shone pink through her fur, and her ass practically glowed from its beating. Her skin ached and throbbed, and the feeling of his precum running down into her crack just as she ran down her legs drove her crazy. Her lust didn't abate, flaring more brilliantly in her mind, and she was immediately ready for more. In response to her lusty moans, he dug further into her, pressing more firmly against her. The ring of her tailhole had an ocean of slick, thick pre slathered all over it by the narrow tip of his massive cock, and she vehemently shook her head, begging with muffled wordlessness for him to do anything but that.

At her momentary terror, the pressure against her backside relented, and he chuckled, squeezing her with his now-friendly hand. He caressed her enflamed rump. His fingers danced over her tenderized flesh, slowly drifting over to take hold of her hip. Taking mercy on her, he bent further, flexing his enormous quads as he had to squat to lever his hulking manhood lower than her unprepared anus. Her thick, fleshy vulva, however, were ready, parted and *very* well lubricated.

With a sharp, breathy grunt, he bucked his hips up into her, slamming his entire, bestial cock up into her soaked gash with savage force. He buried himself within her, and her slick passage opened to admit every thick, veined inch of him. She screamed as he stretched her, a wet gurgling in the back of her throat as she tried furiously to keep her teeth shut around the wadded mass of her thong between her jaws. His grunt choked off in a throaty groan as her walls fluttered urgently around him, squeezing and rippling around his girth as he pulsed harder through the sudden stimulation, which in turn stretched her walls even wider, making her mumble weakly, shuddering against the crate over which he had ruthlessly bent her.

Sliding his hand from her soft, squeezable hip, he tickled his fingers along her sides, reaching around to fondle one of her compressed tits. He rocked his hips in a circle, rolling his cock around inside of her oozing tunnel and grinding his pointed head over each inch of her velvet insides, making her whimper and try her best to push back into him, which he absolutely didn't tolerate. With the hand that bound her wrists, he twisted, crossing her arms behind her back and forcing her shoulders back, shoving her chest with even greater force into the surface under her and baring more to his roving hands. She couldn't hope to move from the spot into which she was shoved, and she felt his hand crawl back up from savoring her bust, wrapping over her shoulder and bracing her heavily against her crate, pushing his weight down on her. She whimpered over her shoulder, knowing what was coming.

With a long wet *schlick*, he dragged part of his monstrous cock from her loins. Her walls sucked desperately on it, trying to draw it back in with mindless pulsations, but he didn't care, pausing a moment as if to prove that he was the one in control before cramming himself back from whence he had just come. She squealed like a stuck pig, something she was certain would have offended her porcine friends if it hadn't been an utterly appropriate reaction to the beast that was overfilling her. She felt his hard, compact hips meet the outermost curve of her abused ass with slowly growing force, each wet slap drawing a huffed whimper from her throat, muffled by her gag.

Slowly, at his own, languid pace, the massive doberman worked himself into an eager, ambitious rhythm that matched the excited, throbbing bass of the music coursing through the

club like its lifeblood. Each time the air shuddered almost imperceptibly from the dull concussion of the massive speakers that filled the dance hall, he jerked forward, filling her absolutely, overfilling her, stretching and pushing at her organs with his, a rod of fiery steel that he pistoned in and out of her loins as they screamed their pleasure deep in her blissed-out brain. He hunched far over her, pushing her down and overshadowing her with the breadth of his body. The dim shadows moved with him as he eclipsed even the wan light that glowed through the storage room. Each meeting of flesh against flesh sent an explosion of rapture spiking into her brain and set her skin on fire with bliss.

He fucked her like he would a bitch in heat, leaning far over her and pressing his muscular body into her back. He nipped at her ears, growling answers to her wordless, disbelieving moans. "That's right!" his voice shuddered into her as it rumbled in his chest, "Moan, you whore! Whine all you want! I can feel how much you love it! You're practically sucking me off!" He grunted, and her eyes fluttered as he felt his cock surge, spilling a thick, heavy spurt of viscous pre into her tunnel, mingling her lubricants with his. "I wonder how hard I can fuck you before you break! Fuck! You're so tight! Nngh! Don't worry; I'm going to leave you gaping when I'm done!"

His voice was practiced, steady, even, as if fucking her senseless was the most casual thing in the world, but the increasingly urgent throbbing in his steely manhood betrayed his calm. He was working himself up even as he shoved her down, pulsing harder and faster as seconds went on, thrust after thrust that she could feel practically pressing into her diaphragm as he hilted her over and over. Her sweat matted her fur as the heat boiling from his cock washed in aching waves through her body. He was volcanic against her: his taut, hulking physique, his urgent breaths washing over her nape, and especially his girthy, bulbous maleness.

He bent her over the crate and screwed her brains out, growling and grunting and building to something utterly massive. His heavy sac, straining around a pair of testes nearly the size of ripe plums, swung pendulously back and forth, counting out the beat of the song that filled the club with life. The rod of crimson disappeared again and again within the slash of ruddy pink that was stretched so wide open around him it seemed she would break, and it appeared that as his ardor built, so too did the girth of his massive, pounding cock. He bulged incrementally thicker with what seemed like each thrust, and she could feel every vein and contour of his flesh as he pounded the lusty fluids from her loins to smear them over the fur around both of their crotches.

He didn't even slow when the doorknob rattled as someone tried it from outside. A voice familiar to both of them sounded from outside and she heard the jingling of keys, making her stiffen, whining a sharp warning to the doberman who had so decisively mounted her. She was ignored, and the door suddenly parted, letting in a thin stream of flashing, multicolored lights in addition to a distinctly equine shape.

The massive horse, who was dressed in the uniform of the club's bartenders, plodded in on heavy, fetlock-shrouded hooves, took one look at what was going on, and groaned, letting the door click shut behind him. "Hey, Ajax!" the canine who was burying her in a tide of lust and sensation grunted casually, his voice gruff, but a more normal tone, deep, but still an octave or two above the horse's, who's voice sounded nearly subsonic.

"Really, Atlas?" the equine grumbled, stepping around the rutting doberman to get to the other side of the storage room, "Again? Don't you have anything better to do? Like your job?"

"Relax! Nngh! Hah! Sam's at the cameras. We're fine. I'll only be... Hnngh! I'll only be a few more minutes... if she's lucky." With a dubious hum, the horse stooped to heft a crate much

like the one over which she was bent with the casual ease of hefting a pillow, throwing it over his shoulder. She quailed at the implications of the big draft horse's strength. Ajax had more than a foot on the doberman, and was even bigger, even taking into account their differing proportions. The equine's arms looked bigger around than her waist, and they flexed eagerly as he shifted his load. As the horse turned to stalk back the way he had come, Atlas grunted more urgently, spilling an even bigger load of pre into her clenching passage. "Hey." he growled, strain beginning to tinge his voice, "You want a go? She's got plenty of holes left. If you want, I'll knot her and pull out. She might be able to take your flare."

Terror rolled her eyes back in her head when the horse actually stopped as if to consider the offer. It left his crotch looming over her, and she could see *something* stirring sluggishly. She whined. The equine's dressy slacks were loose on his tree trunk thighs, but the outline of something utterly horrifying made itself known as he hovered over her face. The universe showed mercy on her, though. "No thanks." Ajax chuckled, "*Some* of us have to keep doing our jobs, you know. But hey, if she's still here at the end of my shift, I'll think about it."

"Your loss!" Atlas snarled with sudden savagery as the equine laughed again and plodded out. The lock clicked again as their intruder returned the door to the way he had found it. She yelped when the doberman returned his attentions to her, pounding her mercilessly in an increasingly jerky rhythm, breathing hoarsely now, nearing the edge. "Lucky me. It looks like I've got you all to myself. Now get ready, slut, because your womb is *mine*!"

She nearly choked on her tongue when he redoubled the savagery with which he was reaming her lust-slicked passage, losing all sense of tempo and pacing, succumbing to his lust and pounding her with brutal savagery. His flesh slammed into hers, making her grunt as she rocked back and forth under his unwavering assault, braced by his huge arms and ruined with his rock hard cock. She cried out into her gag, screaming again as she came once more, hot and messily. She spurted wetly against and around him, clamping down on his enormous manhood and squeezing it frantically. Her mind melted under the furious assault of sensation, and she surrendered to it utterly, letting it overwhelm her. The only thought to which she clung was the urgent need to keep her panties in her mouth, and the tendons in her slender neck snapped taut as she clenched her teeth with zealous force.

As her spastically tensing muscles collapsed down onto his tremendous girth, she heard an equally dire grunt well up from the depths of his heavily-muscled chest. She panicked, but could do nothing about what was coming as he slammed home, reaching his release with a barely-stifled howl of euphoric bliss. Her eyes nearly bulged out of her head when his knot, thick and buried into her, surged explosively as he began to pour an ocean of scalding seed into the depths of her well-used passage. He had places to be, though, so before he could tie himself to her, he pulled partially out, baring the ludicrous girth of his knot as it swelled tremendously. She felt its beginnings strain at her already stretched entrance, and her mind was at war with itself, one half thankful he pulled out, the other half distraught that the hulking bulb wasn't buried into her deep enough to take root.

He grunted, his entire body flexing in time with the trembling spurts of his manhood as he poured his essence into her accepting tunnel. His heavy balls drew up against his crotch, pulsing as they emptied themselves, sending thick jets of alabaster cream into the deepest recesses of her loins. She groaned and accepted it, shivering as waves of orgasmic bliss washed through her and over her skin, making her fur stand on end as the sensation of being filled up crashed through her mind, washing away her reason and any hope of comprehending the fucking she had just taken from the burly doberman. He just humped her with slowing urgency, until she

could feel the individual throbs of his cock, each spurting a thick gob of his jizz into her body, which added to the lake of boiling magma that roiled within her core.

Before he was done proving his tremendous virility, showcasing it to the entrance to her womb, he pulled out, stroking the last dollops of thick, potent cream from himself to splatter them over the upper curves of her pounded ass as he finished over her. His breath was short, and she could smell his sweat mingling with the scent of his jizz as he plastered her with it. Shoving her forward one last time, he pushed himself off of her, releasing the hold he had on the makeshift manacles he had fashioned from her top. Her hands went limp, but she couldn't bring herself to move them, and she just leaned heavily on her crate as if it were an island of stability in her universe of rapture

Still panting, he shifted behind her, bending and reaching down. Taking up her furtight leggings in his hands, he jerked them back up her legs, returning them to where he found them, damming up the backflow of his cum leaking from her abused pussy and sealing them to her plastered ass. Leaving her skirt around her ankles, he gave her upturned rump one last good smack, making her moan weakly, before letting out a satisfied sigh and stepping away from her. He pulled up his clothes, tucking his tank top back into his trousers and sealing away his still-aching dick.

She blinked blearily as he walked around to be in front of her. She saw the bulge his erect knot was making in his cargo pants, and she watched him finish buckling his belt before kneeling down before her. His warm hazel eyes looked softly on her, and he cupped her cheek in his palm. "Embry... Em, honey, come on; spit it out now."

Realizing dully what he meant, she opened her mouth to let her drool-soaked thong fall from her mouth. He snatched it in gingerly and set it aside as he smiled at her. "Well? You satisfied now?"

"F-fuck..." she groaned.

He smiled at her, leaning forward to kiss her, a kiss she returned sluggishly as he busied himself with retrieving her shirt. He disentangled it from her wrists and finished pulling it off of her arms, snapping it open to drape it in a hand and use it to blot away the sweat and tears from around her eyes. His voice, still low and rough, catching slightly as he throbbed against his pants, was calm and tender. "Come on, Em. Go ahead and stand for me." At the soft assurance in his throaty croon, she forced life into her arms and shoved herself upright, her mind slowly piecing itself back together. "Good girl." he said as he caught her when she stumbled. "I've got you, hold on. Your skirt's still down there."

Now that she was standing, she wobbled on her feet as he skillfully helped her redress herself. He pulled her bra back down over her breasts, taking the opportunity to gently fondle her in the process, a sly gleam in his eyes. He pulled her skirt back up, hiding most of the mess he had left slicking her backside, and then helped her pull her little spaghetti strap slice of nothing back over her full chest and slim stomach. "There!" he quipped, finally catching his breath from the workout she had given him. "Good as new!" he added as he clumsily teased her hair back to a semblance of order.

"Holy... fuck!" she breathed as he practically mothered her back to shape. "I... I'm sorry At. I should have waited for your shift, or at least your break. I just... was really feeling it tonight."

"I figured as much." he answered, giving her a warm hug, "But don't worry about it, hon. It's Sam you owe for taking over for me."

A grin flicked over her face. "Next time, just invite him along. I still had two perfectly good holes that were being neglected."

He rolled his eyes, ushering her shakily toward the door. "I'll make the offer known; just don't expect anything from him. You're not really his... type, if you get what I mean."

"Too bad..." she murmured.

"To each his own." he added. "Hey, listen. You go on and get going. Dinner's at your place tonight. My shift's over in a couple hours; I'll grab a pizza."

"You're a real romantic, you know that?"

He reached around and pressed his broad palm over her tight butt, and felt the wet squelch of his cum soaking into her fur. "Yeah, and maybe afterward, we can hop in the shower and get cleaned up. Maybe even be a little gentler?"

She kissed up, craning to press lips into his angular muzzle. He smiled and kissed her back as she hummed into his mouth. "It's a date."

With exaggerated swaying of plush hips, she made her way out of the club, bouncing to the beat as he watched her sashay stiffly away. He shook his head and returned to his station in the security room, leaving the door to the storage room open to let it air out. It reeked of sex more than it usually did. Charlotte was probably going to put him on mop duty for a week for making another mess, but he still had to smile. Totally worth it.