

Clean Up

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Fumbling for his spare key, Atlas unlocked the door to her apartment and swept into the warm, inviting space. Her place looked homey and lived-in—something that seemed to be counterintuitively rare—but as he strolled inward, she didn't immediately make herself visible. Sliding the flat box, from which emanated the delicious aroma of pepperoni and extra sausage, onto her kitchen counter, he cocked his eyebrow at a disheveled mess of papers strewn over the desk pushed into a corner of her living room. She'd clearly been working, but she was nowhere to be seen. And then he saw her shirt lying crumpled in the floor. A wash of anxiety tightened his gut, and a million reasons for her absence, most of them unsettling, rushed through his mind.

He relaxed somewhat, however, when he heard water running in the bathroom. It sounded like she was showering, and he chuckled, laughing away his momentary worry. It seemed she was just unable to wait for him to get away from work. Sighing, he slid out of his jacket, hanging it over the back of a chair before fiddling with the laces holding his sturdy combat boots into his paws. Kneading his padded, digitigrade feet into her carpet, he hummed curiously as he followed the now-conspicuous trail of discarded clothing deeper into the apartment. The sound of water splattering over tile grew louder, and he saw a slice of pale, artificial light sneaking through the crack of a door that had been left ajar.

He indulged his curiosity, pushing the door open just a hair further and peeking in. Humid, steamy air laced with the aroma of fruit-scented shampoo washed over his face, and he grinned at what he saw. The bathroom lacked a tub, but behind the frosted glass door of the shower stall, he spied an alluring, distinctly feminine silhouette. He kept watching, intrigued by what the shower's occupant seemed to be doing. Heavy breathing, broken occasionally by a soft, longing moan, filtered through the dense air, and by the motion of her arms, he guessed that getting clean wasn't her current objective.

With a wry grin, he mused on his luck as much as his curse as his fingers found his belt. Trying furiously to keep the buckle from jingling noisily, he undid his button and zipper and slid his heavy trousers off of his legs. He quickly gave his dark grey tank top and boxer-briefs the same treatment, making himself nude before he surreptitiously pushed the door open and slipped inside, letting it drift quietly back to its almost-closed position. Padding quietly in, he stepped over what had been the last remnants of her clothing, a sheer, lacy thong, and cautiously slid open the glass door to her shower, an inch at a time so as not to warn the svelte figure busying itself.

He caught a glimpse of a splash of reddish fur, broken by white; he saw a hand pressed against the tiled wall, opening and closing in time with the shudders working through the body that was revealed to him. She was leaning heavily on the tile, letting the water beat down onto the back of her neck as she shivered excitedly. Her other hand was buried between her legs, and her upraised tail bared the expanse of her luscious ass and let him see her fingers mercilessly pleasuring herself. She quaked and moaned, oblivious to his presence as dainty digits slid along fleshy lips and teased into her loins, pumping languidly.

The breath caught in her throat as he stepped forward into the stall, sliding the door closed behind him and trapping her in with him. His form, more than a foot taller than hers and broad and heavy with obvious, domineering muscle, blocked the water that was raining down on

her from the showerhead, and he felt warm water soaking into his ebon fur as he let his hand trail along the outside of her hip and thigh, where the smooth curve met her perky rump. "You just couldn't wait for me, could you, Embry?" he rumbled, letting his rich baritone drop even lower than it usually was as he stroked her lazily.

At his touch, she gasped like he had struck her. "Atlas!" whined the smaller canine, her tail slapping excitedly against his brick-wall abs in betrayal of her apparent shock, "I-I'm sorry! I tried to wait for you! I got a little grading done, but I kept thinking... I was just going to take a quick, cold shower to cool off, but I got a little... distracted. I'm sorry!"

She made to pull her hand away from the intersection of her legs, but he stopped her, sliding his other hand around her front to clutch her dainty fingers in his. She made him look like a hulking brute against her slim delicacy, and he gently encouraged her to continue her self-pleasure, adding a little more force to the motions. He shushed her gently, shifting his weight on his paws and continuing to rub her plush butt with an idle hand. The shower was definitely designed for no more than a single person, and someone who didn't have his broad, six-and-a-half foot frame at that. With his bulk occupying the majority of the space, even the slightest movement from him pushed her front into the tiled wall and rubbed him against her, and her voiced dropped into her slim chest in response.

The fingers working under his redoubled their efforts on her crotch, and he helped her, goading her into a slow, easy rhythm as he took a deep breath, letting it out over the back of her soaked neck. Her triangular, concave ears quivered apprehensively, and he laid the length of his muzzle against the top of her head, pressing down on her and kissing her scalp. She whimpered meekly as the breadth of his hand inched up her hip and along her side. He traced the outline of her feminine hourglass until he could dig his fingers into the limp, heavy mass of her fiery red hair. It was loose and spilled down her back, and smelled of her shampoo. He admired it for a moment, the physicality of her plush figure as she pressed herself back against him.

Humming happily, his grip on her hair tightened as the contact between them pushed eager warmth through his body. Water beat down on his back and side, soaking into his short, smooth fur just as it had hers, and his own tail flicked from side to side as their combined fingers teased against her. The texture of the fur around her loins was slick with more than just water, and her silken flesh glided along his fingers as his hand overshadowed hers, guiding and setting the tempo. "Easy, hon. Easy. You've got an unfair head start, remember? Let me catch up."

She huffed a terse complaint as he made her slow down, keeping her pace calm and teasing despite how she whined her need. The fingers he had buried in her sleek, red mane cinched tighter, and he forced her head to crane up and back, pulling on her hair with calm but implacable strength. Her lips parted to let out a meek, half-pained whimper, but it was immediately muffled as his lips sealed over hers. Her breath instead decided to leave her lungs in a breathy moan as he forced his tongue into her mouth. The hand she was using to brace herself against the wall clenched into a needy fist, making her blunted, canine claws squeak as they scraped against the tile, and she tensed as he pulled her back harder, bending her neck and practically forcing her to return his hungry kiss.

Her breath was already short in her lungs, and as he kissed her, it shortened further, making her pant with giddy pleasure as he leaned forward into her. The length of his huge, hard body pushed against her back, and she felt him flex against her as he moved. The mound of each thick, heavy muscle that lined his powerful frame pushed against her, and the heat of his presence oozed into her through the contact. His thick arm, reaching around to pleasure her as it was, was as large in girth as her thigh and much more dense, and she felt it ripple as he worked

his forearm and fingers in their tantalizing, repetitive motions. As the passion present in his lips and tongue grew, his voice rumbled in an excited hum, vibrating into her back through the rock hard muscle of his chest.

She felt burning heat against her back, compounding with fast, pulsing throbs as the short-furred sheath between his legs disgorged its solitary occupant. His bulbous cock poured from his loins to rest heavily against the small of her back, still soft but quickly losing that quality as it twitched and expanded from the tide of blood that flooded between his legs. His stance let her short tail wag enthusiastically between his legs, slapping wetly against the insides of his thighs and occasionally wandering over the pendulous weight of his taut, furry sac. His skin was stretched around a pair of full, weighty testes, and they swayed heavily as he began to languidly hump himself against her, dragging his stiffening member over her wet fur, happy for any extra stimulation she could give him.

It inched up her back as it grew, seemingly without end. "Oh, fuck... F-fuck!" she groaned between his lips. He squeezed her gently, breathing more heavily against her as his heart pounded against the inside of his barreled ribcage. His stunning maleness pulsed against her back as it crawled longer up her spine, mussing her wet fur and pushing relentlessly into her. He grunted softly, absorbed in her lips as it throbbed thicker. Its length was enough to nearly frighten her, an intimidating ten inches, and its girth, at least that of her wrist, slowly flared into proportion as he casually pressed against her back.

And then, without warning, the hand he was using to control the rate of her vehement self-pleasure relaxed its hold, clutching at her hand with less dire, dominant force. She didn't need to be told twice, and she reached further down between her legs, giving herself the slack she needed to bend a digit and slide it into her aching entrance. Her middle finger, thin and nimble, pushed between her lower lips and glided into her well-lubricated passage, and she didn't stop its upward course until her knuckle met her crotch. A cute growl rumbled in her slim torso as she tucked into herself like a starving man at a buffet. Her nipples were like little nubs of diamond pressing into the slick tiles of the wall, and she was utterly trapped against the ceramic by the weight of his thick chest rammed against her back.

Despite the looseness of his grip between her thighs, the fingers he had latched onto her hair had her in a death grip, and his heavy groans grew threatening as he used the fur of her back to grind himself to full hardness. He stood against her body like a bar of steel that still glowed red hot. He pushed forward harder, crushing her front into the wall and compressing her full, perky breasts into the tile. The hand he had resting over her crotch almost languidly now moved slowly. His palm pushed up into her hand, pushing hers up against the slick flesh that lay exposed beneath it. He used her to grind against the electrically-sensitive but that was her clit, peeking eagerly from its hood, and she yelp at the sudden spike of sensation that jabbed into her mind.

His lips hungrily probed hers, and with each deep, needy breath he took, his chest rose and fell against her back, pressing his muscle into her. His no-longer-idle hand mirrored her eager motions, and his middle finger slid along hers. He pushed against the yielding flesh of her opening, and he stretched her wide around its girth, letting his thick, powerful digit pump into her alongside hers. She gasped at the longing penetration, and he returned it with a harder kiss, pushing her down and forward, crushing and overwhelming her with merciless vigor. His tremendous canine endowment dragged over her, and with each desirous thrust against her fur, his enthusiasm grew, pulsing between his legs to fuel his ardor.

She could only look up at him, her eyes threatening to roll back in her head as she took in his tremendous shadow that filled her shower. The contours of his body were rigid and angular, warping outward only as he flexed against her, pushing the bulk of his muscle into her softer, smoother body. He grunted, and his finger slid hers out of her with a surprisingly wet sound as he took hold of her waist. She couldn't possibly resist as he pulled her hip and spun her around. With jarring force, he slammed her back against the wall and bore down on her with shocking passion.

A broad, strong hand slid up along her midsection to curl over a plump breast, squeezing it with dire strength as its brother snaked its way back down. He savored her plush curves for an avid minute, not letting up on her lips. His hazel eyes were closed, but he didn't need to see to navigate her opulent form. His fingers found her turgid bud, and he firmly tweaked her puffy, aching nipples in unforgiving fingers as he ravished her shapely bust. Her supple flesh squished out through the gaps in his fingers, and she silently thanks the Universe that she was so busty, that she could give even his big confident hands something to grope and fondle.

His free hand glided down her body, once more tracing her outline, following the smooth, continuous line that went from her shoulder all the way down to her curvaceous thighs. They kissed, panting hot, humid air over each other's mouths as they aimlessly met time and time again, tongues intertwining and lips pressing together. His fingers had to work a little to dig between the tile of the wall and the sumptuous curve of her ample ass, but he managed it with vigorous determination, and she whined at him as he gave her taut muscle a solid squeeze, appreciating her voluptuous body. His thick cock rubbed over her flat belly, pulsing against her fur in an almost violent, unspoken demand to be satiated.

The hunger in his motions was obvious, and her fingers latched onto the rounded muscle of his shoulders, holding on for dear life as his massive arm flexed. He grunted, and his bicep bulged beneath his obsidian fur as, with a single arm, he hoisted her off of her paws, bracing her against the wall and trapping her between tile and muscle that felt equally unyielding. She wanted to yelp in realized worry, but she could only hold on tighter as he lined her up with him, grinding the tapered head of his manhood against her until it met the silky flesh of her throbbing womanhood. "Easy..." he growled, his soothing tone betraying the strength of the need in his voice, "Easy."

"Oh fuck..." she answered him. She could feel his heartbeat throbbing through his massive cock, and her paws couldn't reach the ground. His power was aweing, and she gasped against him as he began to push into her. "Oh fuck!" she squealed as she began to stretch around his monstrous girth. His other hand left her chest to sneak back into her hair, and he pulled her down to him again, pushing her head back against the wall under another forceful kiss. He hissed soothingly into her, grunting as her tightness enveloped him. He ground inch after inch of his tremendous manhood into her waiting depths, and the haunting hollowness she had been left with when he pulled her out of herself was replaced by an ocean of blinding heat that seared her walls and made the muscle lining them flutter frantically, disbelieving at the intruder she was taking. "F-fuck!"

His blunt claws dug into where her thigh met her butt, squeezing her in a sympathetic reciprocation of what she was doing to his buried member. Her own hands scrabbled for purchase on his rock hard body, claws catching on the grooves between his muscles as she tried desperately to brace herself against him as he hilted himself within her, filling her utterly. Bliss exploded behind her eyes as she felt herself truly stretching to take him, every cranny of her aching pussy filling with burning meat that pulsed against her and within her. "Oh, fuck yes!"

She could feel his possessive growl shuddering in his chest almost before she heard it. His grip tightened on her as his kiss drifted lower, trailing along her jaw to find her throat as he slowly worked himself as far into her as he could. She wanted to scream, but she felt like his monolithic member was pressing into her diaphragm, robbing her of her breath. With each little throb it felt like he grew thicker, filling out even further within her, like he was slowly building himself up without so much as a slow, longing stroke. She could practically feel the veins lining his colossal manhood pulsing along his length, feeding the pressure that was leaving him near to bursting and her even more disastrously stuffed.

With a groan of euphoria, he lifted her a few inches of him, rolling his hips back to bare nearly half of his slick, cherry red cock. The sensation of her womanhood being half cataclysmically overfull and half cavernously empty left her mind reeling, and she moaned helplessly, overcome by her lust for more stimulation. Her nerves screamed their bliss at her as he pushed back up slowly, filling her again and banishing her haunting emptiness with a wave of boilingly hot meat that invaded her and threatened her sanity. She gurgled weakly, tugging on his shoulder and back, wordlessly begging for mercy she fervently prayed wouldn't come. Her paws twitched where they were, suspended inches off of the floor of her shower, numb and delirious.

He pulled partway out again, hissing breathily as her walls struggled to pull him back in with wild, rippling contractions that sucked hungrily on him as he pushed himself into a slow, steady rhythm of tantalizingly calm thrusts. "Fuck!" she squeaked, her voice losing itself halfway through the word. He kept her trapped between his bulk at the wall, pinching her against his hard mass and casually bucking up into her. She let out a soft yelp each time his loins met hers, and her body bounced up and down the tile, her wet fur smoothing her passage over her shower's wall. Her heavy breasts jiggled where they were squished into his chest, and his hand once more slipped from her hair to drop down, aiding his other massive, corded limb in the task of hefting her up and down atop his stunning maleness.

His breathing grew coarse as he pushed his lips into her throat, threatening a bite that never came. His strained grunts whispered into her ears, feeding her what she needed as much as a hot, fast fucking. His tempo slowly swelled with his ardor, and if it weren't his panting moans, his strength would have seemed limitless as he almost robotically pistoned himself in and out of her trapped pussy. The hot water raining down on his broad back couldn't hope to filter down between them, and the wetness that drooled out over their conjoined loins belonged only to them as she leaked out over him and he throbbed heavily, spurting thick dollops of pre to coat her inner walls.

They mingled where they were so intimately connected, and his motions, over the course of a few strenuous moments that were filled with the sound of falling water and long, extended moans of two varying octaves, grew increasingly forceful. His gruff voice rumbled into her as he kissed and nipped at her exposed throat. Her head fell back, her tapered ears twitching wildly at the sounds of his flesh slapping wetly against her. With each jarring impact of his loins slamming with growing urgency into hers, stars burst behind her half-closed eyelids as her perception of the Universe sank down to an awareness of only the points that her body was in contact with his.

His chest heaved against hers, crushing her breasts into her slim torso under the weight of his muscle and the depth of his panting. His hands were hooked under her ass, gripping her mercilessly with thick, unrelenting fingers. His teeth met the taut tendons lining her neck as his lips played along the collar of white fur that ringed her neck and spilled down her front. Her own hands held him where they could, one thrown around his arm and the other wrapped over his

shoulder. She felt him tensing and flexing in the seemingly effortless task of bouncing her atop him, slamming his throbbing maleness in and out of her with unforgiving gusto.

She could feel his heavy balls slapping against her legs as he pounded her senseless. Stretching her satin wall around his massive girth, he savaged her. Slowly, his teeth were bared in a leering grin that slowly morphed into a savage snarl as tension lined his bulky form. "Yes!" she nearly screamed, "Fuck me! Fill me! Use me!" Her spasming tunnel tightened, fluttering on the precipice of release, and she tried violently to choke it back as it fired bolts of blinding lightning through her body to slam against the pleasure centers of her brain with bone-shivering tenacity. Her paws found the tile behind her as her toes started to curl in on themselves and let legs trembled with the expectation of her onrushing orgasm. "Fuck me... Fuck me, please! Oh fuck! Oh... *Fuck!*"

"*Quiet!*" he growled in a coarse grunt that was broken by the jerks of him slamming his colossal maleness into her body again and again. She bounced atop him, her moans leaving in sharp barks of pleasure in the same overwhelming rhythm. The sensation of him tensing in strain and bulging somehow even thicker against her insides, shoving her guts aside with the spear of maleness he pistoned into her, signaled his own approaching release, and it became a race of dire proportions, one she knew by the tension in her loins and the arcs of bliss sparking through her body she could never win, not against his impossible fortitude.

She came hard, and she came fast. The orgasm she had been slowly building within herself had been sharpened to a razor's edge by his presence, his weight against her, his breath on her fur and his catastrophically huge manhood buried inside her, stretching her overstrained muscles and pushing her silken walls to the very limits of her capacity. He battered her to the edge of her ability to forestall the inevitable, and then with an unforgiving shove, he catapulted her off the cliff of her slowly constructed desire.

Powered by the strength in those massive, secure arms, she soared into her bliss headfirst, and was plunged so deeply into her rapture that she felt like she caught fire. Every muscle in her body snapped taut in sudden, overwhelming strain. Her back arched, and only the sudden, speedy intervention of one of his hands cradling the back of her head saved her from cracking her skull on the wall against which he held her. She tried with desperation to scream, but her jaw was locked shut, and it only came out as a raw, hoarse groan. The muscle lining her frame tightened to the point of pain, and her body screamed at itself, punishing her for diving so deeply into the seemingly bottomless pit of her ecstasy.

Her fingers clawed at him, digging into his steely muscle until it seemed like she would start tearing chunks out of him, but if he noticed the thin lines of red being scoured into his fur, he didn't show it. He only rutted her into the wall, forcing her back against it in defiance of her entire body trying to peel itself off of the tile to tie itself in knots as she gurgled. In the back of her mind, buried as it was beneath jagged, fiery lines of thought-erasing euphoria as she flailed and shuddered against him, her stuffed lips sucking on him with rapid-fire pulses, she felt something disastrous approaching her.

His vocalizations had hitched, growing rough and irregular when her slick inner walls had had shuddered and collapsed down onto him. That, however, did nothing to slow his brutal pace. If anything, it spurred him on, and he savagely ravished her with passion bordering on bone-breaking, which only drove her explosive release higher in undeniable strength. As he pounded himself into her again and again, something frightening pressed against her, bulging up from the base of his elephantine cock. With each hard thrust, it grew, surging against and within her as he hilted her repeatedly. As he neared the edge of his limits, the huge bulb of his massive,

canine knot swelled, preparing for breeding as he stretched her even further, pushing in and straining at her orgasmically-clenching walls.

And then she felt it shudder through him. The entire breadth of his huge body jolted as his own relief poured in icy waves down his spine, and his massive arms jerked her down, slamming her down on him and holding her there with desperate strength she was certain was meant to grind them into one being, conjoined at the crotch. He threw his head back and forced her down, looming over her, but instead of the howl that appeared to be building up behind his clenched teeth, when he opened his maw, he let out a tense, relieved sigh, heavy and husky with his unleashed need.

The well of even more intense heat that blossomed in the depths of her body robbed her of her breath. Thickening immensely, another shudder wracked him as his tremendous tool unloaded the first of countless heavy spurts of boiling spunk into her womb. As he emptied himself into her, her head was forced back, mouth agape in shock as his knot flared unstoppably. His bulbous member surged inside her, filling with blood with stunning vigor and pushing her open wide despite how her spasming passage clamped down on him, trying to force his blood back into his body even as it emptied.

The pressure on her redoubled as he pushed against her in desperation. He lodged his knot inside her overstuffed loins and filled her viciously. He throbbed deliciously, and with each firm pulsation, the lake of lava in the depths of her womb grew. As her fur bristled under the electric burning in her skin as her bliss overrode her consciousness, she felt herself surrender to him, allowing herself to be completed. His rich, heavy voice rattled in another coarse grunt as he pushed his lips over hers again and ground her into his crotch. He rolled his hips against her, dragging his girthy manhood around her, stretching her further as he pushed at her internal organs and geysered a torrent of scalding cum into her body.

She flailed against him, feeling her gut flood with the ocean he pumped into her and sealed in with the girth of his bulky bulb. Jerking in time with the jittering shakes that rocked her body, she whined and moaned as his frantic thrusting slowed, dwindling to a languid grinding of his hips against hers as his orgasm sluggishly fell from a cascade to a trickle, leaving him pulsing within her as she went slack against him. She felt like she had been deafened by her plummet through the layers of her bliss, and she only vaguely, after a moment, recognized the sounds of running water as it splattered against his broad back. As her hearing returned to her, she heard him panting heavily, resting his head against the tile next to hers, his eyes half-lidded and unseeing.

Her stunned mind tried frantically to reconcile the mass of the member lodged to its root within her with what she knew of possibility and proportion, but failed. The unadulterated magnitude of his masculinity defied her attempts at understanding, and she was left there, dangling, as she jerked and twitched, feeling like little more than a fleshy, velvet sleeve wrapped around the stiffness of his still-pulsing cock. The skin beneath her wet fur tingled from her bliss as control of her body gradually returned to her, but she still felt unable to do anything in the face of the burly doberman dominating all the excess space in her shower.

As he breathed deeply, trying to rein in his gasping, she tensed as he moved, making him groan as her walls clamped down on him again in a sympathetic reaction to his shifting. He moved his head, nuzzling her muzzle fondly with his own for a moment before kissing her again, lacking energy but not passion and emotion. She moaned, finally able to pry her fingers from his back and shoulder to take up his cheeks in her slim fingers. His legs bent at the knee as he stooped to let her paws meet the floor of her shower, and she unsteadily took her weight onto her

feet as he slid his hands off of her plush ass. He touched her jaws, gliding up to lace his confident digits into her hair less possessively than they had been before, cradling her as they kissed. He toyed with her fiery locks, and he slowly forced life back into her limbs with cool, probing lips.

He luxuriated in this part, where she relaxed, turning to putty in his arms. Sated was her frantic hunger, and she returned his kiss with only blissful, soothing contentment as her unforgivingly tight passage clenched at him in time with the motions of her lips and tongue, milking him of every last drop until he had no more to give. He was still hard as a rock, and it could be half an hour or more before he softened enough to pull free without distressing her overmuch. Freeing a hand, he reached over and pawed at the knobs on the wall until the stream of water died away. Wouldn't do to be wasteful, and he could wait. "Better?" he hummed happily.

"I can barely feel my legs..." she answered.

"So that's a yes, then?"

"Most definitely... Fuck, you're so good. You know me too well, At."

"Nah, I just get a lot of practice." He trailed a digit over the curve of her hip, pulling from her lips for a breath. She didn't tolerate the sudden cessation of contact and dragged him back in. He sighed and let him be slowly worked over for minutes. His muscle burned from his exertions, and his legs began to ache more vigorously as he remained in his bent position. He felt blood slowly filtering back into his brain as he hesitantly softened within her, and he was eventually able to slide his tremendous endowment free of her loins with a lewd sucking sound and throaty groans from both their chests.

He very much felt like melting into her, but she smiled and pushed playfully at him, finally allowing a little air to filter between their bodies. Her breasts sprang up from where they had been compressed against his chest, and she leaned lazily back against the wall as she slowly fondled herself, as if to remind her of their presence. He leaned back down to kiss her again, taking her hands in his and laying them both over her chest to tantalize her. That seemed to suit the smaller canine just fine, and she slid her fingers out from underneath his to let his entire palms squish into her bust. Her hands then groped blindly behind him, finding the knobs and starting the flow of steamy water up again.

The desire to go limp against her was only compounded by the sudden massage across the back of his shoulders. The scratches she had clawed into his upper back stung slightly, but she rubbed away his pain as she lifted her muzzle to push lips against his throat. "Let me help..." she murmured into him as she reached for the soap. Gently, she lathered his short black and rust-colored fur, running fingers along the contours of his prominent, stony physique. She enjoyed his body as she scoured him clean, and he eventually caught her arm, stealing the soap to do the same to her. Minutes later, after the suds had been rinsed off and they had teased each other relentlessly, she reached behind him and cut the water for the last time, taking the chance to nuzzle his chest happily.

And then, with a coy glance, she pushed him away, pressing him against the frosted glass door he had slid into what felt like hours earlier. "Towel." she muttered. He dutifully let her shove him gently from the shower stall, dripping onto the plush bathroom rugs, to fetch for her a couple towels, snagging one for himself while he was at it. They toweled each other off, their hands lingering for unnecessary spans of time on the other's body. Afterward, she wrapped her towel around her curvy figure, coiling the other around her hair as he watched her wiggle before him, her tail swaying eagerly as she fluffed it. She then flicked her fingers at him, motioning him toward the door as she quipped a fast, "Out. Scoot."

Grumbling halfheartedly, he was ushered out of her bathroom to make way for her disappearance behind the door at the end of the hall. He just threw his towel at her door and bent to scoop his underwear and pants from the floor, jerking them on over his legs and crotch before he wandered back into her living room bare-chested. Stifling an explosive yawn, he flopped down on her couch and stretched out, digging his toes into her carpet as he pushed his arms high out over his head. It had been a long day, and he was more tired than he expected.

The soft padding of paws pulled him from his musing though, and he opened his eyes as she entered the room. She wandered over to the countertop to grab the pizza box before sashaying over to him, sliding it onto the coffee table in front of her sofa. Her opulently voluptuous figure was covered by his tank top, which she had likely retrieved from the floor on her way into the room. What was tight on him looked like a robe on her, covering her from chest to upper thigh. The fur of her legs was bare, and she was clearly not wearing a bra, judging by the perky points of her nipples standing out against the only part of his shirt that would ever be snug on her. He briefly wondered why she had even bothered slipping away into her bedroom until she lowered herself into the sofa next to him, slithering against him and letting his tank slide up on her body to showcase a blood red thong that tightly hugged her hips.

Her fur was still damp, but there was hardly a deterrent for his wandering fingers, and his thick arm went around her, squeezing her bodily to him as she rested her cheek on his chest. "Thanks, At." she whispered as she snuggled more firmly into his side. He just ignored how furiously hungry he was and cradled her more fondly, encouraging her fingers to trail along the bulk of his torso and arm as he leaned down to kiss her with a touch more finality, sealing and securing what had transpired between them. "Thanks."

He just smiled and held her, letting her be the first to reach for dinner.