

—WARNING: This story contains material that some might find objectionable or triggering including vore, sexual coercion, rough sex acts, and dub con. We in no way condone or support the acts described except through consensual representational role-play.—

The bathroom door slowly swung open, and Abigail started pawing into the bedroom. Her eyes were fixed on the ground before turning up to the cityscape through another window, and she quietly smiled to herself while watching the brilliant neon. The stars perfectly framed every single building, and she paused for a few seconds before taking one final glance. How could she ever go back to her cramped, dim little flat after this? This place... it was heaven on earth, and she was so happy to have a glimpse of it with William.

Abigail's smile grew larger at the thought, and she turned up to the bed. The bathrobe should be right...

There.

The cat flinched and slowly swallowed. The robe *was* right where she expected it to be, right at the center of the bed, but there was something else, something startlingly unexpected.

William was wearing it. The dog was casually reclined on the center of the bed, head propped up between the squishy pillows with the upper part of his chest showing through the loose robe. His tail was resting on one of his legs, and every one of his fangs shone in a devilish grin.

"Hello Abigail," he said, in a voice even smoother than her own, "It's a pleasure."

Abigail couldn't do more than disagree. The sight of William while she was so vulnerable and exposed didn't do anything for her, and the dog was slowly becoming more frightening than she ever could have imagined. What was he doing? William was really scaring her, and didn't he realize that a kitty needed her time alone?

Abigail adjusted the towel a little higher up her chest, and paused with half her body behind the bathroom door. "William, I... I'm going to need a few more minutes alone, okay? I'm not ready yet..."

"Oh?" the dog shifted up to his haunches and greedily watched, "You look perfectly ready to me."

"No, William, I..." she stared down at the floor and paused for a second. What did she even need to do? He was right here and ready for her, and she had thought she was ready for him, but now, for some reason, she couldn't say yes.

It wasn't going to happen like this. If they were going to do it, it would have to be on equal terms where both of them were completely comfortable, not like this. She felt like William was rushing her, trying to exploit her body even when they had both agreed not to start until she was okay with it, but he was completely disregarding everything. Did he really think that she

would bend the second he tried to seduce her?

Abigail sighed, "It's not supposed to happen like this, Will," she really didn't want to disappoint him, but she had no other choice, "It's too soon, okay?"

William frowned and slid off the bed, letting the robe briefly reveal more fur, "I'm not trying to scare you, Abigail," he paused, "I just thought that, well..."

"Yes?"

"Well, I just thought that you'd like a little surprise," he grinned.

Abigail paused for a moment and glanced up at him, wondering if it had just been her initial shock. He didn't look a bit as terrifying now. His face was lit up with that beautiful smile, and his gentle eyes welcomed her forward to warm, fluffy fur. She loved this dog.

"William..." Abigail confessed, "I don't know what to do. Half of me wants to come to you, and the other half begs that I run and hide..."

William took a step forward, "That's alright, I suppose what I did was a little startling after all," a pause, "I can leave if you want. Would you like that?"

If he did that, she'd be all alone. Alone and afraid...

"No, William, stay. Please. Don't leave."

"Alright," he came close enough to touch her and started scratching her ears, "I'll stay, Abby."

She purred, "Aww, I like that name, Will."

"I thought you would," he paused and glanced up, "Would you like to move out of the bathroom, now?"

"Oh," Abigail didn't realize she was still here, "I don't know, Will, I..."

"C'mon, it's so much nicer out here..."

Slowly, carefully, William's paws shifted down to her body, and he slowly guided her away from the door and out into the bedroom. He had to be careful, the tension was thick, and with one mistake, he was certain that Abby would disappear back behind the door.

"And we couldn't have that, could we?" he thought.

The dog slowly walked her across the floor, quietly rubbing a paw against her body and softly licking her head. Abby softly complied, tail shifting against the back of his legs and tickling his back, and her purrs drowned out nearly every other noise.

Why did she let these dogs walk all over her?

William quietly pulled them both into a chair and pressed her body into his, "Such soft fur..."

"Yours... yours is also..."

She stared out into the room while William kept grooming her. She was still purring, she couldn't help that, but she couldn't quite get comfortable. Some instinct refused to lower its guard, even though she'd been around him for this long, and she slowly shifted on top of his legs.

"Something wrong?" William whispered into her ear, warm breath flowing across the skin.

"William..."

"Yes?" he gave her a gentle squeeze.

"I... I'm really sorry, but I don't feel... okay sitting here with you..."

William gave her a wet kiss that made Abby's heart jump, "Why not?"

She felt her face flush red; she still didn't know the answer. She wanted to enjoy this, more than anything she wanted to let herself go and spend this wonderful night with him, but she just couldn't. The anxiety was like a roadblock, and no matter what, she couldn't seem to force herself past.

Abby swallowed and glanced up into his deep eyes, "William, please don't take this the wrong way, but... I don't feel safe."

William squeezed her closer, "Feel safer now?" he smiled.

Abby purred in response to his warm touch, "I guess I do, actually," she waited a few seconds and then switched pace, "Oh, William, I'm really sorry about this. I need to just get over this anxiety and enjoy the night."

"No, I understand," William said before guessing, "First time?"

She burst out into laughter, "No! Oh, Will!"

The cat turned around, pushed her arms through the robe, and started tickling him. He had to be punished for suggesting something so silly.

"Woah there, kitty!" William tried to defend himself, but she was too good for that. Abby's skinny fingers rubbed across his ribs and down to his belly. The dog was giggling, and started to wrap his arms around her before he felt a furred finger brush up into his crotch.

That did it, and William paused and cocked his head with a smile. He was hoping she'd find that...

It had been an accident on Abby's part. She tried to pull her paws out of the robe, but William quickly clasped his fingers around one of her wrists. Abby gasped and looked up at him, eyes full of eager surprise, and William pulled her face into his warm, wonderful tongue right as he slid her paw down.

Her small delicate touch shifted from fur to thick, erect flesh, and William began to move into a deep, passionate kiss. Abby closed her eyes and pushed her lips against Will's, and the dog continued to slide her paw across every groove, every single bit of passion and lust until she was back to his fur.

Abigail paused for a second, hardly believing what she'd just felt. The dog was... huge, and suddenly, all of Abigail's lust reignited with a burning fire. She had to have it, she had to have him, and as William's fingers slowly slipped off her wrist, her hand hovered right against the bare skin, almost as if afraid to leave.

"Will," she whispered, but the dog shook his head. This moment was best experienced without words.

The dog gave her another wet, beautiful stroke with his tongue, and

pulled her head against his face. She could feel every puff of steamy breath and gracefully transitioned into a full kiss before William wrapped her arms around her. He squeezed her tight, pushing her breasts into his body, and without a second's hesitation, William and Abigail shifted to their paws. Her towel shifted to the floor.

Abby didn't even flinch as her body and hips suddenly met William's broad paws, and the dog walked her a few feet away from the chair while slowly pulling away. The cat moved perfectly with him, she was so lost in the moment, and when he finally stopped, her face followed a few inches after him.

The cat opened her eyes. William was only a few seconds away, widely grinning at her exposed body, and she unconsciously glanced down. Her arms were curled around her breasts, and her tail was twisted near her legs. She didn't even remember doing that, it must have been a reflex as soon as his body had pulled away.

She looked up to William again, and started to teasingly lower her arms. The dog was completely begging now. Thumps from his tail on the wall echoed throughout the room, and his deep, rushing panting carried every bit of his excitement.

"Go on," his eyes seemed to ask, "Give me a look."

Abby gave another sensual grin and then dropped her arms in one sudden, fluid move.

William's eyes dove directly for her breasts, and then darted between her legs, tail moving faster and faster with each second. He was greedily taking everything in, examining every bit of her precious, seductive curves and she knew that he found her absolutely irresistible. She was every dog's dream...

He couldn't wait any longer. The bright red of his broad tongue covered half his chin, and William's tail was little more than a blur. He was almost like a puppy now, Abby thought, a naughty little puppy just dying for his reward, and she curled her tail and shifted on her paws.

Without another moment of hesitation, William began to unfasten the bathrobe's tie, and paused just as he worked it free, careful to cover the noticeable, rising bulge. It was almost there, the timing was everything, but even with that thought he could barely hold himself back. His lust was just as strong as hers, his passion was running wildly through every inch of his body, and he just had to have beautiful little Abigail...

With wonderfully seductive grace, William slid the robe off his shoulders and let it crumple on the floor. It was ready.

And he was beautiful, absolutely beautiful...

Abby gasped and placed a paw on her mouth. Every inch of his nude, furred body was perfect, and she mentally traced him down from his broad shoulders to his slim, muscular torso. The sculpted body seemed to curve beautifully from top to bottom. His muscles were just right, they looked so natural on his body, and paired perfectly to his gorgeous, glossy brown fur.

His figure was large framed, but lean, and she could already imagine herself up against his warm, broad chest with her tail curled around his strong legs. Without a doubt, this was the most handsome dog she'd ever met...

Her eyes kept moving past his belly to a line of thick, dark fur that beckoned her further down. Her heart fluttered in anticipation of what came next, and she watched as the fur parted for William's sheath. She kept tracing, watching as the furred, rounded flesh gave way to a subtle bulge that emerged just from the base, and finally stopped right at the red, pointed shaft of William's cock.

Abby was speechless. It was larger than she had ever imagined from touch, and the mere sight of it set every inch of her alight. Her eyes couldn't move away, it was so enticing, such a perfect finish to the sight of William's gorgeous, devilishly sexy body, and her expression was one of cute, but startled shock.

William slowly pawed closer to her, and Abby tried to look up at his face, but her eyes kept dropping down to his erection. It was absolutely... entrancing, and as she stood stunned, William's face curled into his same devilish grin. His methods never failed.

The dog reached Abigail and glided behind her body, paws immediately pressing down onto her shoulders in a light massage. His muzzle snuck up into her face and hair, and the wonderful tongue made a few more passes before he pulled her closer up to his body.

"I hope I managed to turn your night around, Abigail," he whispered, "I know you have."

"Of course, Will," she looked up into his eyes and licked his nose, "Anything with you is near perfection."

"Near perfection?" William smirked, "I think we should take that up a notch."

The dog gave her a squeeze and lowered his head to hers before whispering, "What do you say?"

Abigail couldn't possibly hold the answer back, and licked William's nose again, "I'd love to, you naughty dog."

He gave her another slobbering lick and clasped a paw to her thigh. His tail was wagging more than ever, and his hot, panting breaths filled her ears. They both knew exactly what was coming next, and the cat stroked across his wrist and dragged it closer.

As soon as he reached her, William began to stroke his paw across her crotch in smooth, flowing motions. Abigail groaned and purred, and the dog kissed her neck again. He was slowly lowering them both to the ground, and after a few more seconds, he and Abigail were on their knees.

The cat looked up between gasps, "Meow..."

"Woof..." William smoothly replied and started to slow his touch. He was almost ready, and was now kneeling on the wood floor with Abby just a few inches away. He began guiding her to all fours, giving her a few more rushes

of pleasure before she was in position, and he then shifted a paw to her hips.

Ready; at long last, she was his...

Abigail gasped the second she felt William's cock slide up under her, and shuddered as the dog let it run along her fur. It felt even larger now, the tip was almost resting against her belly, and William pressed it harder against her before beginning to thrust.

The erect flesh rubbed against her clitoris and body, and she groaned with pleasure as William gradually increased speed. He kept moving for a few more seconds, tongue drooling out over his teeth in response to the growing, stunning sensations, and he then clasped his paw harder into her hip.

As pleasurable as she was to him right now, it was far from what the hungry canine craved...

Abigail felt his claws grasp down into her fur, and she almost winced as they scraped into her skin. William yanked her body closer to him, causing her to let out a loud, pained meow, and then pulled his cock out from under her and forced it into Abigail.

Almost immediately, her entire being exploded into pained pleasure, and she let out a yelp as William shoved his entire length into her and made her nerves flare with alarm. Perhaps that was just a mistake, maybe Will didn't realize that she was that short, and she was just about to close her mouth when the dog did it again.

The cat shrieked out in surprise and her claws dug into the bed, "JESUS CHRIST, what the hell are you doing?!"

Will slowed down and pulled himself partway out, his panting interrupting every next word, "Should... should I stop?"

"No," Abigail could hardly believe the words that exited her mouth, "Keep... keep going."

Without a second's pause, the dog forced his claws in even tighter and began to thrust as fast as he possibly could. His face slowly shifted into a slim smile, and his slobbering tongue dangled over his fangs as his tail slapped back and forth across the floor. Faster, faster, with every push, the pleasure intensified, and his thick cock was barely made it in and out of her.

William smiled. This was why he loved cats.

And this was why Abigail loved dogs. She gasped loudly at every second, claws digging deeper and deeper into the fabric on the bed, and braced herself for every next thrust. It felt amazing, his beautiful dog cock barely fit into her, and every thrust filled her brain with stunning, sensual pleasure. He was at least twice as big as any cat could ever be...

She let out another gasp as he thrust even deeper, "Oh my god... WILL!"

"Hmm?" he grunted loudly and made his hardest thrust yet, "What?"

Abigail didn't have any time to respond. The dog's knot was growing thicker and harder until she began to notice it bumping up against her with

every next push, and she braced herself as the dog's movements began to increase in speed. The cat wasn't sure it would fit...

A long strand of drool suddenly splashed against Abigail's fur, and William kept pushing as deep as the knot would allow. The dog was losing control. With every second the age-old feral instincts of sex and lust were taking over more and more of his canine brain, and his face began to shift into one of pure doggy bliss. His tongue spilled over his fangs, his eyes were half-glazed over with passion, and he shivered with pleasure as his knot kept swelling. It was so close...

And the cat could feel everything. Her dog was getting rough, almost careless with how he thrust, and her yelps and meows didn't even get a response. It was almost terrifying, Will could without a doubt do anything to her now, but somehow, she absolutely loved it. It was a rush; cats were never this gentle, toms were never able to give her such pure pleasure such as this, and she let out another meow as Will dug his claws deeper into her hips. How could she go back?

She would never have to. Will felt his thick, meaty cock begin to surge with another burst of raw, stunning pleasure, and a second string of slobber dripped from his mouth as he let another low, powerful groan. It was time...

The cat gasped as the thick, hot bulge of William's knot came closer and closer to her body, and she gasped every time it met her flesh. How would it fit? Would William even knot it? She'd been knotted before, but never by one this huge...

"Will..." she gasped and began to turn up to him, but she scarcely had time to mutter another word as the dog rapidly made his move. In a split second, Will's thick, strong paws wrapped around her delicate breasts and pulled her entire body up parallel to his. Abigail immediately shrieked, head slamming into Will's furred chest as her body shuddered against his, and she screamed once more. The strain of just being held up by such a small portion of her body and Will's meaty paws pressed into her tight, erect nipples filled her with stunning pleasure.

"Go ahead," she squeaked in between gasps, "Do it..."

But this pleasure was nothing in comparison to what came next. Before Abigail could make another move, William rammed her down onto his cock, bulge and all, until her opening was right up against his balls. The cat burst into a long terrible shriek as even more excruciating pleasure surged into her body, and began flailing in response to the sudden, overwhelming sensations.

She only had a second. William snarled and rapidly shoved her mouth into his jaws, instantly muffling any sign of protest. His jaws wrapped up around her neck, and he forced her body further and further into his throat with every passing second. His tongue glided across each new inch of skin, and he started to moan with pleasure as wet, sticky semen began to run down his cock and around the circular bulge of his knot.

Abigail's body stiffened the second she touched the saliva, and her eyes flared open to find the outline of a canine maw. She immediately screamed and began to flail. It almost looked like some sort of flashback, some sort of stark reminder of her hundreds of nightmares she'd had of being consumed by a dog, but as much as she screamed and protested, she wouldn't wake up.

"WILLIAM!" she shrieked, voice little more than a muted echo inside his mouth, but the dog heard nothing more than a distant, worthless meow.

She was completely his. Her pretty little face was already halfway down his throat and his thick, gorgeous cock was halfway into her frail body. He could do anything with her now, absolutely anything and Abigail couldn't raise a single claw to help herself, and William shoved her body even deeper into his maw. He had completely dominated his little Abigail...

"I'm... I'm going to miss you, Abigail..." the distorted, barely intelligible words flowed around her face and caused her entire body to shudder with fear, "You... were... wonderful."

Her face lit up in piercing, terrible fear, "NO! WILL! NO! STOP! **WILL!**" the muffled screams echoed against his jaws and fangs, but the dog still heard scarcely nothing. Abigail threw her paws onto his jaws, claws desperately digging into his fur as she tried to force them away from her face, but it was useless. With every second she was going deeper and deeper in, the pressure on her knot was increasing, and she screamed once more. To William, cats only served one sole purpose...

In a rough, almost brutal movement, the dog suddenly yanked Abigail's body off of the knot and threw his head back so that his jaws hung vertically above his body like a greedy puppy begging for more. He kept lifting Abigail up, letting gravity pull more and more of her down into his deep, canine body, and the cat began to flail more and more as she kept approaching the inevitable.

This couldn't be happening; dogs eating cats was supposed to be a little more than a rumor, a story used by parents to scare their kittens out of trans-species relationships, but with every next second, it couldn't be less so. She was dog food, nothing more than a 'fuck and eat' one-night-stand, used, abused, and soon to be discarded in the worst possible way. Abigail began to cry, let out another howling shriek as she kept sliding down, down, down and deeper into his throat until she made a distinct, visible bulge along his neck. With every next shift, she was that much nearer to being reduced to absolutely nothing.

And William wouldn't have it any other way. The cat was swallowed up to her breasts now, and the dog's tongue greedily licked her pink, tight nipples and the delicate fluff of her fragile chest. He was panting viciously, desperately trying to get enough air in as he covered every next inch of her with saliva, and he suddenly shifted his body further back and let her slide faster and faster still.

But that wasn't good enough. Will began to shove her deeper and deeper in with his paws, trying to intensify the experience any way he could. He was starting to orgasm, already he could feel more and more hot, sticky cum dripping down from the tip of his cock onto the sheets, and his entire body started to shudder with pleasure. This alone was no longer enough...

Will gave Abigail one final push with his right paw before pulling it down onto his bulging cock. His fur tickled the thousands of blissful, throbbing nerves that existed solely for pleasure and pleasure alone as his fingers blindly felt every curve of his penis, and he began to rapidly shift his paw up and down, faster and faster, until a low groan erupted throughout his throat.

Abigail felt every second. She knew what was happening, how the dog was violating her more and more with every next section that disappeared into his body, and she suddenly began to fight back as the throat shuddered with every next attempt at self-pleasure.

She was determined to make it anything but. "WILL!" she screamed again and began to flail her legs and fingers. Her arms were halfway down already, and her claws brushed up against Will's nose in what was little more than a tickling glance. Her tail slapped harmlessly against his face, legs flailing back and forth over his seemingly endless maw in some sort of terrible dance, and with every next second the realization sunk in.

That was it; it was hopeless. She'd never been able to truly fight back from the second she'd stepped out of the bathroom. Will had had complete control of her for every single second since then, every single move was to get her closer and closer into his stomach, and Abigail suddenly burst into one more shriek.

The dog had made all the right moves, and her only chance of resistance was long gone. It was over...

Abigail's legs gave a few more crazy, flailing kicks into the air as the rest of her slid deeper and deeper in, and the bulge along Will's neck kept sliding closer and closer to its final destination. With his other paw, Will kept pushing, fingers squeezing around and off her thighs with enough force to make the cat scream, and he slowly took his fingers off as hips slid down his throat. Her tail gave one more final, wild twist before it disappeared beneath his teeth and the bulge of what was once a cat slid into his stomach.

William let out a wild howl as a string of warm, sticky dog semen erupted from his cock and his entire body shuddered with a violent orgasm. Jizz splattered against the sheets, and the dog began to firmly pat the growing bulge in his belly as the rest of Abigail exited his throat. He gave a loud burp and kept stroking his bloated, furry stomach, grinning as he felt her squirm inside him. It was so tight in there for her, so chokingly hot, and he gave her a welcoming squeeze as he felt her small kitten frame finally come to rest.

The dog gave another loud belch, and flopped down on his stomach, laughing as he heard a muted meow of protest erupt from within. He bounced on the bed a little, rolling back and forth upon his bulging stomach,

and finally came to rest and licked his lips. What a shame that cats were only good for one use...

Abigail kept struggling, fighting against something none of Will's victims before her had ever beaten, and Will quietly grasped her as he kept squirming inside. It felt wonderful, absolutely wonderful, and he let another long burp. She didn't need air where she was going; nobody did.

Will closed his eyes and let his tail flip and flop across his legs, "I think I'll take a nice cat nap, Abigail," he mumbled and felt his voice vibrate through her body, "How does that sound?" he laughed.

Just as he finished his sentence, the cat stopped struggling, and Will's face immediately grew into a wide, fanged smile.

And as he slowly dozed off to sleep, he began to wonder if Abigail had any friends as tasty as she was...