

Breakfast

By Mars

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Grant stretched out in bed, a pleased grin on his face. The early morning sun pierced between the gaps in the blinds, creating golden streaks that lined the bed. The bear made no effort to get up, enjoying the early morning quiet and the deep feeling of satisfaction that washed over him. It was the weekend; there was nothing to be up for anyway.

A frown spread across his muzzle as he tilted his head saw that last evening's company was gone. He placed a muscular paw to the empty space next to him, palm flat to the bed. It was still warm, so his temporary bedmate hadn't left that long ago. Regardless, he felt a bit disappointed. He thought it had been pretty damn good. Hell, he felt like a stud!

Guess she didn't think so, he thought.

With a sigh, he picked himself up and moved up a bit, settling with his back against the headboard. His eyes closed as he thought about the previous night, every sordid detail coming to him in vivid clarity as his paw strayed downwards. With just a light squeeze, a rumbling grunt of pleasure escaped his lips. With a faint grin, he began slowly stroking himself to the memories of the night's festivities.

It had been a typical Friday. Grant wrapped up work and locked his office down for the weekend, then booked it out the door before anyone could surprise him with a last minute job to do. It was still decently early in the evening, so he went to the bar as he usually did. Friday nights after work generally were for drinking-- and if he was lucky, finding a girl to fuck the brains out of.

Sadly, tonight didn't seem to be a lucky night. There were hardly any women in the bar when he got there, and the ones that *were* there seemed to all either be with someone or not attractive to him. He shrugged it off. No sense in getting bent out of shape, he figured.

The bartender, a wolf that looked to be about ten years younger than Grant, stepped over to take his drink order. Both recognized each other by now, given how often the bear found himself there. "What can I get ya?" He asked, drying a glass in his paws as he spoke.

Grant smirked, "A girl with a nice ass."

The wolf shook his head. "Haven't had one of those the last dozen times you've asked, bud." Annoyance was clear on the canine's muzzle. They did a variation of this conversation every week, it seemed.

As the wolf spoke, he brought a glass to the tap and filled it with Grant's booze of choice from the local brewery.

"No harm trying again," the bear grinned, even as the wolf shot him a death glare.

Setting the glass down, the bartender turned and disappeared down the bar to serve someone else. As Grant watched him go, he locked with a pair of the most attractive eyes he'd ever seen. Even from across the bar, their enticing shade of emerald green was clearly visible.

The eyes belonged to a feline, from the looks of it a small statured snow leopard. She returned his gaze with a grin as the bartender brought her a cocktail; Grant couldn't tell what, but it was something red with a cherry in it. The feline made a show of bringing the cherry to her lips and biting down on it slowly before letting it fall into her mouth in an obvious attempt to appear sexy. She took a sip of her cocktail, throwing a wink Grant's way as she brought the glass to her lips.

Grant drank his beer, eyes flitting between the feline and the game on the TV above the bar. As the minutes passed by, though, his attention span for the game grew shorter and shorter. His eyes kept wandering to the dainty, spotted fur of the feline across from him, and she seemed just as interested. Her gaze kept trailing his way, and he swore he even saw her lick her lips once.

The bear's interest *really* piqued when the patron next to him left, leaving a vacant spot at the bar. The snow leopard took her cue to get up and move, taking her drink with her. He locked eyes with her again as she climbed into the barstool next to him, letting himself get lost in-- and slightly turned on by-- her eyes.

Grant gulped as fantasies played through his head. Lewd, nasty images of looking into those perfect emeralds, watching them alternate between widening and squeezing shut in response to the hard fuck he saw himself giving her. He was so entranced that he kept his head turned to her, hardly paying attention as he drank his beer

It wasn't until she spoke that his gaze faltered. "Hey there, handsome." The voice was sing-song, cute, and decidedly male.

Immediately he coughed, almost letting a gulp of his beer spill from his mouth as she--**he**--spoke. He frantically looked down, seeing the obviously flat chest of the feline next to him. His heart sank, disappointed that he'd lead himself on. Grant fought a frown, fully facing the bar again and trying to distract himself with by looking at his drink. "Hey," he said, trying to show his sudden disinterest. Try as he might, his eyes kept trailing back to that damn cat.

The snow leopard leaned against the bar in his chair, stirring his drink with the tiny plastic sword that once held the cherry, then bringing it to his lips and dragging his tongue along it.

To his confusion, Grant felt his length twitch.

"Saw ya lookin' at me, from way over here," the cat grinned. "Thought I'd come say hi, maybe get...", he leaned in, whispering into Grant's ear, "better acquainted." The grin didn't fade as he sat back in his chair. "My name's Max."

Max. He laughed at the name internally. It was short, cute, and androgynous-- just like him.

The bear's pants grew tight; a feeling that confused him. He was straight, that was obvious to anyone that knew him with how many girls he fucked! But then why was he getting hard from this stupid cat boy hitting on him?

He looked the cat over. Max wasn't bad looking, by his judge, though he was a bit feminine. He was thin with a soft shape to him, with hips that were definitely a bit wide for a male's. Put a pair of fake tits on him, Grant figured, and the cat could probably convince any guy around he was a girl.

Grant's grip on his drink tightened. He was straight, god dammit-- but he couldn't keep his eyes of the tiny feline. Max was cute and a bit girly, and maybe that's why he was so enamored. Grant caught himself wondering exactly how different it could possibly be if the cat was so feminine...

[i]Fuck it.[/i]

"I think I'd like that, Max." He cringed at his own words. How corny did he sound? The bear stuck a paw out towards Max. "Name's Grant," he said.

Was this how guys flirted before they fucked? He had no idea.

"*A pleasure,*" Max winked once more, his long tail flicking and betraying his excitement.

Grant downed the last of his beer in a single long sip, then set the glass down. Waved the bartender over to pay, then leaned towards the feline. "It will be," he stated, gazing intensely into the cat's eyes.

He swore he could see Max give a tiny shudder.

There wasn't really much of a question of "Your place or mine?", as it turned out that Max had taken the bus to the bar. So instead they both took Grant's car back to his place. The walk to the car was noticeable difficult for the bear as Max sauntered ahead of him, giving him a full

view of his enticing rump and sending his head spinning with lewd thoughts. God, he was almost tempted to just push the tiny feline down between some cars and fuck the little tease right there in the parking lot.

Max climbed the stairs ahead of him, of course, when they got to Grant's apartment complex. It brought his ass level with the bear's face, giving him an up close view. It looked soft and perky, perfect for slamming into.

The door closed behind Grant with a slam as he lunged forward, picking up the feline by his hips and hoisting him up against the wall. Supporting Max with his hands cupping the cat's delightful ass, he forced his tongue into his mouth. There was a brief moment of struggle from the snow leopard before he succumbed with a moan, tiny paws draping around Grant's neck lavishly.

The bear growled, digging his claws into Max's rump slightly. He wasn't patient.

Without a word, Grant carried the cat towards his bedroom, his length so hard he thought it might burst out of his jeans. He tossed Max down on the bed unceremoniously, gazing lustfully at the waistband of the cat's pink briefs peeking out of his pants. "Strip," he ordered as he began to remove his clothes.

The cat was fast, immediately getting on his knees and removing his shirt, his arms stretched above his head and his torso wriggling as he pulled the garment off. He then set to work on his pants, kicking his shoes off the bed and sliding his own jeans off. He went to remove his underwear, but Grant stopped him.

"Leave those on." He liked the way the cat looked in those pink briefs. They almost reminded him of panties, which brought to mind the extremely hot image of Max in a pair of lacy underwear.

Standing at the edge of the bed in nothing but his boxers, Grant looked down at Max, his throbbing length pointed right at the feline. "Suck it," he said, pointing at his dick. With both their heights, this was the perfect way for Max to get on his knees still be able to reach Grant's cock.

Max wasted no time, moving towards him and grasping his twitching member with delight. He leaned in, gently flicking his tongue along the underside, still teasing.

"I said *suck*," Grant growled, a paw moving to the back of Max's head.

The cat smirked a bit as he wrapped his lips around the head, applying light suction as one of his paws moved up and groped at the bear's muscular torso, feeling along his stomach and caressing his chest. Max's other paw was busy rolling and lightly squeezing Grant's balls, treating them with care as he slipped more of the bear's thick length into his mouth. Max gave

a high pitched "Mmm!" as he lapped a drop of pre from Grant's tip, which produced an appreciative grunt from the bear.

"That's it kitty, get that dick all the way in for me," the bear pressured, gently thrusting his hips forward a bit to try and get more of his cock in Max's mouth.

With a purr of delight, Max brought both of his paws to Grant's hips, wrapping his arms around them and digging his digits into the small of Grant's back. He began to bob his head up and down a bit on Grant's cock, purring along it and sending pleasurable vibrations through the bear's shaft.

"*Fuuuck*," he moaned. "That's a good kitty. That's it."

Max looked up, locking eyes with the bear as he bobbed his head on Grant's cock. With a wink, he bobbed his head once more, swallowing all of his length.

Grant gasped out in pleasure, bringing both paws to the back of Max's head. "Oh shit!" he cried out. He could feel the cat's throat stretched around him, spasming and caressing his length. The smooth, slick surface of Max's throat gave him the most wonderful feeling as he began bucking into that warm, needy hole. "That's it kitty, that's it." He repeated in a lust filled haze, pace increasing as he began to full heartedly fuck the cat's throat.

Max was in heaven, a hot guy taking control of him and a dripping cock plundering his mouth. He moaned on the bear's cock, running his paws up and down Grant's back with delight.

With a bellowing moan, Grant pulled Max's head down on his length roughly, forcing every last inch inside the cat's throat. "Oh fuck!" He yelled as the first spurt shot down the cat's throat. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Alternating moaning and grunting, Grant withdrew from Max's throat, letting the feline suckle his length as he pumped his mouth full of cum.

Max moaned lewdly, sucking down every delicious drop of Grant's cum as it pumped into his mouth. He looked up, meeting the bear's lidded eyes once more as the last few drops dribbled onto his tongue. With a delighted smack of his lips, he let the bear's cock leave his mouth. There was almost no trace of Grant's orgasm left, save for a strand of cum stuck to the feline's chin.

The bear panted, paws still holding Max's head but no longer forcing the feline down on his length. "That was...," he took a deep breath, trying to come down off the high of his orgasm. "Fuck. That was the best blowjob I've ever had."

The snow leopard giggled, licking his lips. "Don't tell me you're done already?" His tail flicked about as he spoke.

A wide grin spread across Grant's face. "Far from it." He moved a paw to Max's shoulder, pushing on it and making the cat turn around. The other paw went to the cat's back, pushing him so he was on his hands and knees. "That's a good kitty," he murmured, letting his thoroughly slickened tip prod the bent over feline's brief-clad rump. "You want that in you, don't you?"

Max gave a lusty, needy mewl, his hips wiggling slightly in an effort to entice Grant. "Yes," he whined as he arched his back.

"Beg for it," Grant commanded, rubbing his length between the round cheeks beneath him. "Beg Daddy for his cock." Even covered, that ass felt great on his dick.

Max's demeanor changed all at once. His back flattened out, no longer in the flirtatious arch it had been in. The cat bristled a bit, looking over his shoulder with a raised brow. "That's...that's a little weird for me."

"Huh?"

Max laughed nervously, offering a smile. "The Daddy thing. It's a little too weird for me. Sorry."

The bear frowned a bit, disappointed. He knew what he wanted, and damned if this teasy little cat was going to deny him. He was in control here. Not the other way around. "Okay," he said, doing his best to sound agreeable. "Let me go grab some lube."

Max nodded, lowering himself so his head was on the bed, ass still in the air.

Digging through his dresser, Grant found what he was looking for. He produced a small golden pendant from the top drawer, held by small chain. It was pretty plain looking, but that was fine. It wasn't for show.

Grant once had a friend that worked as a "professional" hypnotist-- whatever that really meant. The guy would go on and on about he had used it in bed when they went to the bar. At the time, the bear had brushed the idea off as silly. It wasn't until a few months after the two's friendship ended that he had stumbled upon a little magic shop. Perhaps out of boredom, he checked it out and ended up walking out with the pendant. The sign had said it was for use in hypnosis.

What better time to try it out?

He looked over towards Max. The snow leopard was still bent over on the bed, his hot little ass in the air just *begging* to be pounded. *Soon*, Grant told himself as he walked back towards the bed. He tapped the cat on the back. "Well, looks like I'm out of lube," he laughed. "You're just gonna have to suck it 'til it's nice and lubed up, I guess!" He held his arms behind his back, hiding the pendant.

Max gave him a slightly fearful look as the cat looked at the thick cock between Grant's legs. The prospect of no lube was scary to him, but also a bit exciting. Obediently, he returned to his earlier position, happily gulping down the bear's thick piece.

"Mmm. That's it, cat." Grant rumbled. "Look me in the eyes when you're tasting my cock."

Max only had a moment to lock eyes with Grant before he was locked in place, transfixed by the pendant before his eyes. "Wha...?" he began, but trailed off as his eyes followed the swinging piece of golden jewelry.

"Do you hear me, cat?" Grant asked as he swung the pendant.

Max nodded meekly, mesmerized. As he followed the pendant, his eyes gradually dilated.

The bear grinned. "Good kitty. Are you going to do whatever I want?"

Again, the feline nodded. "Yes sir," he said, voice emotionless.

"Yes *Daddy*," Grant corrected.

"Yes Daddy."

Grant smirked. "You're going to be a good little kitty for Daddy, aren't you?"

As he looked down at the submissive cat in his pink briefs, a thought came to mind as Grant. He still had a pair of panties around here somewhere from the last girl he'd had over. "You're gonna be Daddy's girl, actually. Daddy's good, submissive little kitty girl. Got that?"

The snow leopard's tail flicked about happily as he nodded. "Yes Daddy! I'll be a good girl!"

Giving the cat a few pets on the head, Grant turned. "Stay," he ordered as he went to search for the panties.

The bear returned a few minutes later, pleased to see that Max hadn't moved an inch. The entire situation was incredibly hot to him, to the point his length hadn't softened one bit the entire time he'd been looking for the panties. He had this cat completely under his control.

Max had obediently put the panties on, wiggling his cute little rump against Grant's cock without even needing to be told. He even gave a purr of delight at being called "Daddy's girl" once more.

Finally, the time came for Grant to claim his prize. He pushed Max over, hiking the pretty little kitten's panties down just enough to get access to his entrance. "Beg Daddy for his cock."

Wiggling his rump needily, Max looked over his shoulder with a lusty expression plastered across his face. "Please Daddy," he mewled. "I need it so bad."

"Yes you do," Grant chuckled, before slipping inside his girl. He wasn't gentle, sparing no moment to let Max adjust to his size. It didn't matter, Max was solely focused on getting cock inside him now, anyway.

Grant's paws held the cat's hips tight, bucking into that delightful rump as hard as he could, savoring the sweet sound of slutty moans from Max mixed with the smack of his hips against the cat's rump. The cat whined and moaned, begging his Daddy for more and more.

It didn't take long for Grant to reach his climax. Or rather, it didn't take long for Grant to reach his *first* climax inside the snow leopard. After a small break, which was spent by his cat giving him a lapdance, he fucked Max two more times.

By the end of the night, Grant had dumped four loads inside the tiny feline-- three in his perky little rump and one in his mouth. Satisfied with his performance, the bear settled down for bed with his length still buried inside the cat.

Crying out, Grant spurted all over his heaving chest. "Shit," he panted. By some miracle he still had the ability to orgasm after the night before. It was too bad Max had left, or he might've dumped another load or two inside his ass. The cat had been a hot fuck-- probably one of the best he'd ever had, if he was honest with himself. And really, it wasn't that different from fucking a chick, considering how girly the cat was. Especially after having his mind completely broken.

He cleaned himself up in the bathroom, making sure there were no traces of cum across his chocolate brown fur as he went to the kitchen. As Grant entered the hallway that lead to the kitchen, he was surprised to smell bacon.

Someone was cooking.

His pace quickened a bit as he rounded the corner. There standing in front of the stove, was Max, still wearing the pink panties. "Hi, Daddy!" The feline called out cheerfully, setting his cooking aside for a moment to run towards the bear and hug his torso.

Surprised, Grant happily grabbed at the cat, giving his round bottom a squeeze as he hugged him. He looked down at Max's face, a bit shocked to see the feline's eyes still dilated. *He's still hypnotised*, he thought. The bear felt a bit uneasy at the prospect of the cat under his control

like this for good. He'd intended it to be temporary, to last the night and wear off in the morning. He wondered if he should've asked someone experienced with hypnosis before bringing the cat under his will.

Max sauntered back towards the stove, his hips swinging. He was completely oblivious to any doubts the bear had.

And as Grant watched that fine, panty covered rump sway, knowing that just a few hours ago he had been balls deep in it, some of those doubts began to disappear.

Putting food on a plate, the feline walked to the table and set it down. "You're breakfast is ready, Daddy!" he happily chirped, tail flicking.

"Thanks," Grant mumbled before taking a seat at the table. Max sat across from him, happily watching him eat. The cat had no plate in front of him, and there was nothing left on the stove either. "Aren't you having breakfast?" he asked.

"May I have my breakfast now, Daddy?" Max asked happily, eyes wide.

"Uh...sure." Grant nodded, then looked back down at his plate. He heard Max get up, then his attention was solely on eating.

Until he felt a pair of lips wrapped around his cock again.

Jumping slightly, Grant backed his chair out, looking down to see a pair of dilated eyes staring up at him obediently. "Oh Jesus," he moaned, stroking the cat's head almost involuntarily.

If that was breakfast, then maybe he could get used to this.

"That's a good little girl," he grinned.