

FIRE BRANDED LEATHER

BOOK ONE OF THE FIRE DOG TRILOGY
A V-TOWN STORY



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NeGger
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Chapter 4: Night Life

His knuckles never reached the wood.

“Good evening, Will.”

Anne stood before him, as perfect and precise as he remembered her. The black dress she wore looked at first the same as yesterday. It took Will a long moment to realize it was different.

Lower cut, the hemline was far from daring, but it pulled down from her throat to show just a hint of her full breasts.

Will had to blink and look away. It took everything he had not to start counting the spots on those perfect...

“Uh... good evening, Anne...” he stumbled out.

She smiled, reaching out to take his hand. “I’m surprised to see you again so soon, my pet.” Her voice betrayed the fact she wasn’t surprised in the least.

“I...” Will coughed. “Would you... Would you like to come to dinner with me?” What he didn’t add was *I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you.*

She took a step forward. There was less than an inch between them. Will could feel the warmth of her body. He could smell the sweet scent of her sweat.

Ever so slightly taller than her, he angled his head down, chin all but resting atop her ear.

Her ears flicked.

“I’d love to, Will.”

He tried to take a look into her home as she stepped out the door. Her body blocked most of it. The light was dim, but he could make out the silhouette of boxes.

The apartment seemed quite upscale, but it almost looked as if she had yet to unpack, move in.

Stepping forward, she pulled the door closed behind her. The bolt hit home with the thunk of a heavy, industrial strength lock.

Will was just starting to form the question ‘Who needs a lock like that?’ when he was distracted.

Carrying no purse, Anne drew a long silver key from the lock. For just a moment she held it between her fingers. It caught the last rays of the sun.

Then ever so slowly she slipped it down her dress, between her breasts.

Five.

Will couldn't even speak. It was all he could do to keep from drooling as he watched the key slowly disappear from sight.

"We're ready now, my pet," she said, voice soft.

Stepping forward, she took Will's hand firmly in her own and began down the street, heading west.

Five. Will thought. That was how many spots peeked over the hem of her dress.

Down the manicured, paving stone lined road, they made their way slowly towards the sea. Every place in V-town is near the sea, but the richer places are closer than most.

Will could feel the sand in the air and smell the ocean as they neared.

Anne had never taken her hand from his. She was warm and soft. He'd follow her anywhere she led.

"So why is it, my Will," she asked, voice soft, "That you have come back to me so soon? I've met many a man, but few return so quickly."

He smiled. "I suppose I just like you."

She returned his smile, but there was something more to her eyes. She was looking for a reason, an explanation.

Will suddenly felt embarrassed to have run back to her like a little pup. His tail curled around his leg.

Forcing his eyes to the road ahead, he took a deep breath.

"It was a long day," he said. "I love my job, I really do, but..." He tried to find a smile, failing. "But nothing is perfect."

He could feel her cock her head beside him. "Oh?"

That was all she said, but it was enough.

"I guess I need someone to talk to. Someone to confide in."

Her free hand came up to softly caress the side of Will's face as they walked. He melted into her touch.

"But don't you have friends?" she asked.

Will thought to Davies and Oscar.

"Yeah, I do, but it's not the same." Glancing over to her, he smiled. "They don't have the right number of chromosomes."

She chuckled softly.

"And you think I do?"

He took a quarter step closer to her. The warmth of her body felt good against him, inviting against the cool air.

"You're a dog, aren't you?" he said with a chuckle. "And... uh..."

It was her turn to laugh. It was soft and clear. The sound of her laughter sent a tingle down Will's spine, down to the tip of his tail.

"I am many things," she said, her voice nothing more than a whisper.

Something in her words made Will shiver. Not a pleasant tingle of pleasure, but a cold fear of the unknown.

He waited patiently to see if she'd say more.

She didn't.

Continuing, hand in hand, they crossed the last intersection and began the descent to the beach. Being an upscale district the sand was clean and the waters clear. And with the oncoming night

the beach was all but deserted. Save for a few love struck couples far away, they were on their own.

The waves lapping at their toes, the two of them took a seat in the sand. It was still warm from the sun.

It was only then Will realized he was still wearing his fire house sweats. He began to curse himself out for daring to dress so poorly before her.

"You smell of smoke," she said, looking out over the waves. "Were you working today?"

Will suddenly felt self conscious.

"Yes." He was surprised how strong his voice came. "I was called out. Fire in an office building."

She nodded sagely, as if already knowing the answer. "I'd heard. They say a couple of firemen saved some trapped people."

Will blushed.

"That was Davies and I." He didn't say anything more.

There was a long pause before she spoke again. Will could hear the crashing of the waves in the darkness.

"The papers say a bull coordinated it all. That he masterminded the daring rescue..." She let her words peter out, daring Will to correct her.

The slightest growl escaped Will's lips.

Something about Anne, in the way she moved, the way she spoke, she *dared* him to correct her.

"Masterson is a fool."

The words hung between them in the air like a solid thing.

"Oh?" she asked softly. "You think you could do better?"

Will snorted.

"Anyone could do better. The station runs despite him, not *because* of him as he'd have everyone believe."

She simply raised an eyebrow, not saying a word.

"There are a lot of good bulls in the force," Will said, his voice hard. "A lot of good men and women. It takes all kinds to keep the city safe. But that... bull. He doesn't bring anything to the company. The old station chief was a horse. Nice guy. He knew what he was good at, and he knew what he wasn't. I was just a jake back then, but he kept the station running. Don't get me wrong, we need people who can work the political machine. We need people who can talk to City Hall and keep the money flowing, but they need to be firemen at heart. Masterson is a politico. From his heart to his horns, politics are all he cares about. His only reason to be with the fire service is to rack up some brownie points. There's no military service these days, so you have to build your 'great and honorable' history somewhere. That's all he sees the fire service as. A tool to build the background he thinks he's going to need to run for mayor someday."

Will shuddered.

"And that'll be a dark, dark day. I don't even want to imagine what it would be like having someone like Masterson as Mayor. It's bad enough having Jackson the Cat right now. That moron can't see past his own whiskers. Masterson would hang the city out to dry if he thought he could make a penny off it, and he'd reshape it in his own image if he had the tools."

Anne slid a hair closer to him. He could feel the brush of her pale fur against him.

"But this evening is not about the others, my pet." Her finger came out to trace a line down his chest. It left him trembling. "It's about *you*. And what you choose to do."

Will cocked his head. "What do you mean? I'm just a dawg. I just do as I'm ordered."

She laughed softly.

"No, I don't think so. That's not the type of man who interests me. Submission is part of life in a pack, but so is dominance. I do not spend time among people who can not achieve their goals. What is it *you* choose to do, Will? How is it *you* make the world around you better?"

Will sat for a long moment, watching the slow crashing of the waves in the darkness.

"I do what I can," he said at last. "It's not much, but I do what little I can to help my brothers in the department, try to hold back the damage Masterson does."

"You mentioned someone... Davies." Her voice was soft, as if she was carefully teasing information out of him. "Who is that? Someone special to you?"

Will chuckled softly.

"You could say that. Davies is my best friend. We've known each other forever. I'd do anything for that cat."

There was just the softest intake of breath from her. "Oh?"

Will blushed. "It's not like that..." His blush grew. "Well, it's not... I'm not... He is." He finally just rolled his eyes. "He's gay, but he's just my best friend. We're not like *that*."

She began to laugh. It was soft, but grew. Will's blush only continued to spread.

For just a moment he felt offended. Who was she to pass judgment on him, on his friends?

She slid closer still, leaning against him. Her arm came up to close possessively over his broad shoulders.

"It looks like I may have some competition," she whispered playfully. "Or perhaps someone to *share* with..."

Will's eyes widened.

She slowly ran her other hand down his chest, feeling the swell of his gut and the strong muscles underneath.

"You're just the way I like my men. Strong, but soft. Tell me about growing up. Tell me about meeting this *Davies*."

Will closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of her hands on him.

"We were young when we met. It must have been in Jr. High." He fidgeted slightly. "I was still figuring out who I was back then. It was after school. I was walking home when I heard something happening in the alleyway."

Will took a deep breath, recalling the moment. It seemed easier with Anne so close.

"There were two of them. A hyena and a bear, I think. I'd seen them around in class but never knew their names. They were beating up on a scrawny little cougar."

"I never even heard what they were saying. All I could hear was the cat crying, calling for help."

Will paused for a long moment, shuddering.

"I just leapt right in. I'd never fought a day in my life. I just jumped on the bear's back and drove him to the ground."

A smile slipped to the dalmatian's lips.

"The hyena was a bit tougher. He saw me coming. I was down in the dirt with the bear, and the other bully was ready to jump me in turn. I got some backup from a surprising place. It seemed that little cat they'd been pounding into the ground for being a fag decided he'd had enough of it."

"I learned something important that day. Never get Davies mad. He managed to give that hyena a set of scars that stayed with him well past graduation."

"Anyway, that's how it happened. I saved a skinny little cougar named Davies from getting bashed. Neither of us had too many friends back then. We were a good fit. He was fast and popular with the ladies – not that he cared about that much – and I was the straight guy."

Will chuckled, realizing what he'd just said.

"From then on... well, we're just best friends. We've always been there for each other. I always wanted to join the fire department, and he came along with me. We graduated top of the academy. He's the best quick response man in the city, no one can scale walls like him."

"But I've heard that you've hardly gone unnoticed yourself," Anne said.

Will blushed.

"Me? I'm just a dawg. I just do my job. I'm not that good."

She let the point drop. Her hand running up and down his chest was enough to distract Will.

"Come," she said. "We have a reservation."

Will blinked. "We do?"

She just smiled.

Heading back into the city, Will was almost sad to watch the ocean disappear behind them. Anne led him through the streets.

Will had always been proud to say he knew the city inside out, but within minutes he was good and truly lost. The dog didn't have the slightest idea where he was.

Passing by a street vendor, they hardly seemed to slow.

"Pay the man," Anne whispered.

Without thinking Will had his wallet out. Seconds later his cash had been replaced with two wax paper wrapped packages. They were still warm.

Anne reached down to take one.

"Eat," she ordered. Her voice was soft, but it was an order nonetheless.

Will unwrapped his meal. He blinked.

It was a heart burger.

"How did you..."

Anne just smiled.

"I make it my business to know the lives of those I come in contact with," she said. Taking a bite out of her own, she smiled up at him. A moment later she licked his nose. "It's getting cold."

Will looked down at his burger, then into her green eyes.

He did as he was ordered.

Warm and soft, the burger was just as it should be. Far better fare than he'd ever have expected from a street vendor. It was gone in seconds.

She smiled.

"You do as you're told," she whispered. "You're a surprisingly good dog." She put an arm around his waist.

Another half dozen twists and turns and they stood in a small alleyway, half choked with garbage.

"One of my favorite places in the city," she said with a mischievous smile. "It doesn't look like much on the outside, but that's only because the proprietor knows his clientèle. We enjoy our privacy."

Knocking softly on the door, they waited, standing among the trash bags.

It was only then Will noticed that despite all the apparent garbage about, there was no stench. And it was all bagged up.

He raised an eyebrow. A moment's closer inspection and he began to wonder what was within those bags. They were piled too perfectly, too precisely. He began to doubt there was truly any trash about at all.

Before he could think any more of it a small viewport in the door slid open with a soft click.

"Password?" a gruff voice said. Will could only make out a pair of yellow eyes in the darkness. Anne glanced over to Will, drawing out the moment.

"Know thy place."

The viewport slid closed.

For just a moment Will thought this was nothing more than a game, that they were to be left standing out here all night.

Then the sound of a heavy bolt sliding away could be heard.

Anne smiled.

The door opened on silent hinges. There was nothing but darkness beyond.

"Go on," Anne said, her tone unconcerned.

Will hesitated.

She cocked her head. "Don't you trust me, my pet?"

Will took a deep breath and stepped forward into the darkness, but not without hesitation.

The door swung closed behind them. It moved so quick and silent that Will almost felt as if a blindfold had been slipped over his eyes.

He could feel Anne's warm body pressed up against his back, smell her scent.

He focused on her scent, fought to keep calm...

And felt something being slipped around his neck.

A yip escaped his lips. Without thinking he fought back, struggled, tried to get away.

There was a growl of annoyance from behind him.

"Perhaps you are not yet ready," Anne whispered.

He felt one of her hands scratching him gently behind the ear. He could smell her scent. Slowly, ever so slowly, he relaxed.

"I'm sorry, Will," she whispered, voice so soft he had to strain to hear it in the close darkness. "You are not yet ready."

Yet still something remained looped around Will's neck. Reaching up a hand, he could feel a fine metal chain.

The whisper of another bolt moving and a second door slid silently open. This one led deeper into the building.

The soft touch of Anne's hand to the small of his back, Will began to walk forward.

He blinked.

The room they stepped into was large, at least a hundred yards square. A low ceiling and soft, indirect lighting made it seem even larger, as if it went on forever.

A dozen or so islands of chairs and tables were scattered about. Less than half had couples at them.

Will blinked again. They were not like couples he'd ever encountered...

Before Will could look any closer Anne took his hands and led him off to a secluded corner of the room.

Finally having a moment to glance down, Will saw the sparkle of gold around his neck. Anne had slipped a thin necklace of braided gold around him. There was a tab at the front. It had only a single word on it.

'Anne'

A moment later they arrived at their little corner of the lounge. Will cocked his head. There was a table and a single chair. And the seat was far too small to accommodate both of them.

Anne sat down, reclining back. She smiled up at him. The angle gave Will a more than perfect view of her breasts.

"Sit," she commanded.

Will hesitated. There were no other chairs.

"*Sit*." There was a note of annoyance in her voice when she was made to repeat herself.

Without thinking he sat right down on the floor at her feet. A slight 'oof' escaping his lips as his tail kinked beneath him.

She smiled.

Will was surprised to find how soft the carpet was. Certainly a step below any chair, but soft enough it was comfortable.

He smiled and looked up to her, lips parting in a slight pant.

"Good boy," she whispered, reaching down a hand to stroke him between the ears.

He leaned into her soft fingers, taking a simple pleasure in the touch.

"Take off your shirt," she whispered.

Will paused for a moment, looking around the room. Not a soul paid them the slightest bit of attention.

He smiled.

Reaching down, he took the bottom of his fire house sweat shirt in his hand and lifted it.

But stopped.

Looking down, he could see the soft flesh of his belly. It stuck out further than he liked.

He sighed and looked up to Anne.

Her green eyes sparkled.

"Come, my pet." Her words were soft. Unlike before, there was no annoyance in his hesitation to follow her command. "Let me see you."

Will took a deep breath and pulled his shirt up. It came easily, despite the sheen of nervous sweat that covered him.

He lost sight of her as he pulled the shirt over his head. A moment later he could feel her soft hands helping lift it free.

She giggled.

"My... what a manly one you are."

Will looked down at his chest. He'd never considered himself *manly*... he'd never considered himself much of anything at all.

Reaching out, Anne ran her hand once more down his chest. Will closed his eyes and lost himself in the feeling. Her fingers stopped just shy of his waistband.

"Such a nice piece of dawg meat we have here... Take off your pants."

Will's eyes went wide.

"Wait... *here*?"

Her hand hovered just above his waistband.

"Now..." There was a mischievous chuckle to her voice.

She pointed to two other couples in the room, seated far away. Will could just make out their various states of undress.

She scratched his soft underbelly.

"Take off your pants." This time it was an order.

"Yes... ma'am."

Reaching slowly down, he began pulling at the drawstring to his sweatpants. His hands were slick with sweat, making progress slow.

He stole a glance back up at her. She was watching him intently, but not the part of him he'd been expecting.

She seemed almost uninterested in his pants. She watched his face.

Will blushed.

Finally pulling the knot free. Will tarried for just a heartbeat, drawing out the process.

He pulled his waistband down a fraction, exposing his body, and the fact he wore nothing beneath.

He heard Anne gasp ever so slightly.

While Will might always wish he had more to show, he was comfortable in knowing he had at least as much as the average dog, if not a touch more.

Reaching down, she ran a hand through the longer fur surrounding his crotch, but never touched it.

“Oh my...” She let out a giggle.

Lifting her fingers to her nose, she took a deep breath, drinking in his scent.

Despite his best efforts, Will felt himself growing.

“Take them the rest of the way off,” she whispered.

Moving slowly, Will slid his legs from the sweatpants.

“Now,” she ordered, voice coy, “Pose for me.”

Will blinked. “What?”

She smiled, showing her teeth.

“Pose for me, my pet. You're a big, strong firefighter. Show me your muscles.”

Will's tail began to wag.

Standing up, he fought not to blush at the thought of everyone in the room being able to see him.

He stood before Anne as she reclined back in her chair like an empress.

Curling one arm, he flexed his bicep, making it bulge.

She smiled.

He brought both arms together in front of his belly, causing his muscles to show up in stark relief.

Her grin grew.

A moment of inspiration, he turned from her, squatting down, giving her a perfect view of his back and rear. He flexed.

He couldn't see her, but he was sure she approved.

Falling to the ground, the dalmatian began performing push-ups, moving slowly and deliberately. He would have gone faster, but his gut was in the way. Well, his gut and *other* things.

He shivered when he felt her hand run along his back.

“Oh yes, my pet. You'll do nicely.”

Her fingers slid down under his tail and around to cup his strong rear.

No matter how hard he fought, Will couldn't keep his tail from wagging.

He continued to pose for her, letting her see more and more of his body, letting her touch and run her hands over anything and everything she desired.

But no matter how hard he tried to tempt her, she wouldn't touch the one part he all but begged for.

Panting heavily, Will finally slowed.

“Do I... please you?” he asked, tongue lolling out to the side.

She smiled. There was a hunger to her eyes now that hadn't been there before.

“Very much, my pet. *Very much.*”

Reaching down, she grabbed him by the ears, one in each hand. She wasn't soft and gentle, but neither was she rough. Simply sure of herself.

She pulled him forward, pressing Will's nose between her legs.

Will took a deep breath, his head swimming. He'd have cursed the dress that still stood between them had he the air.

She let out a soft moan.

"It's been a long time, my pet, a very, *very* long time..."

Tongue slipping from his mouth, Will began to lick, fighting to seek out what hid behind the thin layer of fabric.

Then as quickly as it came, she pushed him back.

Will let out a whimper.

"Did I do something wrong?"

Her eyes were unfocused, as if she were looking at something far away. Or long ago.

"Anne?" Will's ears pulled back. He moved forward slowly, rising to kneel beside her. "Anne, are you alright?"

Reaching out, he set a hand softly on her shoulder. For just a moment there was no reaction.

A rose of pain exploded down Will's arm.

Crying out in shock, he pulled back, but couldn't escape her grasp. Anne held him, almost softly by the wrist. But yet Will's entire side had gone numb.

And Anne didn't even seem to notice.

A whimper escaped Will's lips. He had to struggle not to fight back.

"Please..."

Then, as if nothing had happened at all, she was back.

In a heartbeat he was free of her grip.

Will all but collapsed to the floor, cradling his side. Before he could take a breath she was next to him. Her hands were soft. Now, rather than numbing pain, her every touch seemed to sooth him, cool his screaming muscles.

"What... how?" He looked up to her.

Her clear green eyes were guarded.

"Take a deep breath." Will couldn't help but follow her command. "Now tense your arm. Good." She ran her fingers down his bicep. A moment later the last of the pain seemed to melt away.

He let out a sigh of relief before sagging to lie on the floor.

"How did you do that?"

A tiny, tight smile touched her lips. "A girl has to be able to protect herself, doesn't she?"

He took another shuddering breath.

"Not while I'm around," he promised.

Her smile grew.

Sitting on the floor next to him, she reached out, putting one of his strong arms over her shoulder. He tightened it softly around her.

"I didn't grow up around here," she whispered. Her voice was soft, almost conspiratorial. As if she feared someone overhearing. "Women like me need to be able to protect ourselves. Though most of us just..."

She stopped dead. Will could feel her going stiff.

"Just what?" he asked.

She didn't respond.

A moment later she struggled from his embrace, standing before him.

"Come, Will. I'll give you the tour."

Will blinked. He reached towards his clothing sitting on the floor next to him.

"You won't be needing those," she said, a chuckle to her voice. "At least not until we're ready to leave."

The blush nearly reached to Will's navel.

Reaching out, she took Will by the thin gold chain around his neck.

Will's ears pulled back at the sensation of being led, but he couldn't keep his tail from wagging.

They walked slowly across the large lounge. It was mostly empty, but a few other couples could be seen. Anne waved to the nearest.

A smile to her lips, Anne casually led Will to a pair of cats. They were seated on a long, soft felt covered sofa.

Not a word was said.

The woman was dressed head to toe in black leather, even her face was obscured. The man...

Will blushed again.

Well, he was wearing more than Will at least.

The male cat, a calico, was stretched out across the sofa, purring, his head in the woman's lap. He wore a pair of leather handcuffs and an *extremely* tight set of black briefs.

Will had to look away before his interest became too apparent in his current nude state. He wondered what it must be like to feel the tight black fabric against his own fur.

"Do you like what you see?" Anne whispered as she began to lead him off. "I can offer you many pleasures. I only ask for a single thing in return..."

Their next stop was a male gator and a female mouse.

Will's hands balled into fists.

The gator wore a pair of chaps. The leather covered his upper legs and waist, but left his crotch bare. Not that Will could see any of the man's privates. They were completely covered by the gagging mouse.

She wore casual business ware, seemingly at odds with everything else in this place. It took everything Will had not to leap forward and rip the gator's hands from her head. By the sounds of it he was all but suffocating her.

"Love can be rough," Anne whispered, running a finger up under Will's chin. "No one is here against their will..." As if on cue the gator removed his hands, setting them by his sides. The mouse never came up for air. She never moved from her lover, giving him everything she had.

This time Will couldn't even try to fight his growing erection.

He jumped when Anne reached down to toy with it.

"I see I have your attention."

A moment later they were back in their own corner of the room. It took everything Will had to stand impassively as she took a seat before him.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked, voice dead serious.

Will nodded.

Reaching out, she tickled his sack ever so slightly, just the most fleeting of touches.

Will let out a long moan.

"I only ask one thing in return..." she whispered.

Her finger slid slowly forward, touching the base of his penis.

"Anything."

“Anything?” There was an ice to her tone that gave Will pause.
A deep breath and he took a step back. He had to fight the impulse to feel her hands on him again.

“I... What do you want?”

Her eyes were cold, but a slight smile touched her lips.

“You pass the first test, Will. Only a fool would offer himself up without knowing the bargain. I do not suffer fools gladly.” She sat back. “I can offer you quite a bit, William. The question is if you are worth it. And if you are willing to pay the price.”

He narrowed his eyes.

“What do you want?”

Standing up, she stepped towards him, pressing herself against his chest.

Will took a breath, ready to push her away.

His will melted.

“You'll find out in time, my pet.” She ran a finger up his bare chest. “Now get dressed.”

Moments later they were back on the street. Will felt constrained and itchy in his clothes. The short time he'd been nude made putting them back on all the harder.

Once again hand in hand with Anne, the two of them walked back down the street, towards her apartment.

A flutter grew in Will's gut. He rather liked the idea of returning to her home. Spending some time alone with her.

Claws clicking softly up the final few steps, they stopped at her door.

She smiled.

“Goodnight, my pet.”

Will's ears pulled back.

“But I was thinking... we could...”

She touched his nose ever so slightly, silencing him.

“No.”

There was a long pause. He could see a glimmer of pity in her eyes.

“Not yet, my pet. Only those who can commit to me. Fully. You may very well be the one, but it's too soon to tell.”

Stepping forward, she kissed him.

Closing his eyes, she was suddenly all there was to his world. The warmth of her body, the soft touch of her lips.

The feeling of her fingers sliding their way into his pants...

Will's eyes shot open, but he didn't see a thing. He couldn't move.

Drawing a deep breath, her scent mingled with the soft touch of her fingers as they wrapped around his ready length.

He couldn't move.

“Something to remember me by, William,” she whispered.

As if by command his body convulsed, a thunderclap of need washing over him. It took everything Will had not to black out.

She withdrew her hand, fingers rising to her lips.

“Goodnight, Will. I'll see you again soon.”

And then she was gone.

Looking down, a stain was growing across the fabric of Will's crotch. He blushed. It was a

long walk home.