

Embracing Her Role as Queen



Joshiah Warbaum

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Joshiah's Written Works

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Dedications

Naturally, Acid, AKA Aaron Blackpaw, gets a huge shout out in these dedications for allowing me to package this series and use Tess. The character belongs to him, so please don't use it outside of this publication without the proper permissions.

Beyond that, I'd like to thank all of you: literally, every single one of you who have helped me to get to this point. There are too many to name, and I can't imagine I ever would have made it this far without some serious help. The dream is still alive, and I couldn't have done it without my friends, fans, family and customers.

I'd like to give one last, special thanks to my darling Rosie for keeping me sane during the editing process. I can only imagine the whining she put up with from me during, and if ever a river of inspiration did flow upon this earth, without her, it would run as dry as the arid deserts of Africa.

Preface

There's nothing quite like getting to write a story that you and the commissioner click on with each and every chapter that's ordered.

This happens more often than I let on, actually, but when it does, things flow so much easier for me, and though I give every commission my very best effort, I'm sure there are some where people can tell that I'm within my element.

This series started right in that vein, and it never faded away, no matter where the context or themes headed.

Be forewarned: There are a few extreme themes in this story, but nothing worse than what you saw that one time you browsed FA without any filters turned on. To be honest, there's a good chance that you'll find something new to enjoy!

Within this tome, you'll read the collection of stories that encompass the lives of Ricky and Hannah, a pair of lovers who find their relationship on life support, with no easy answers on how to fix what is broken. Of course, you may notice that Ricky is absent from the cover, and that will definitely come into play later on! It may even save a relationship that was doomed to failure.

It's true that this story is a smut fest of sorts, but the characters are truly deeper than even I gave them credit for, and they grow and develop in such a way that it shocked me as I watched them progress. Impressively enough, their sexual exploits helped them to develop as characters, rather than just serving as means for people to get off to, and that was a fun experience in writing: letting sex build a character, rather than a character building into sex.

It was a blast to write, and I think you'll all enjoy reading it just as much as I did, when all is said and done.

Enjoy!

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Ricky knew that his time left with Hannah was short.

The relationship was definitely on the decline; stress and frustration turned their every interaction into an argument or nearly a physical fight, and at the end of the day, Ricky was most frustrated to know that things were ending, but he couldn't figure out **why**.

"The finances are good, we're both doing really well at work, the apartment is always clean, and when we do fight, it just seems so pointless!" he lamented to himself as he fell back on the bed that felt far too large for just one person to use. Poor Ricky had always been a bit more timid, and it was befitting of his nature. He was a shy, smaller bunny, with fur so white and pure that he looked like a walking cloud. His paws were small and dainty, his frame slim and sleek, giving him the body of a sprinter, but without the alluring muscle tone. He was shy, he was tiny, and for reasons he just couldn't understand, he was about to lose his girlfriend.

They'd gotten into one more fight that evening, with Hannah proclaiming "I don't even know why I'm in this relationship sometimes!" right before she slammed the door behind her. Ricky knew just where she was going, down to her favorite watering hole for a long night of angry drinking, but he didn't dare to try and stop her. A gorgeous, stunning and powerful jaguar, Hannah wasn't the kind of girl to be trifled with if you weren't ready for the consequences. Her headfur, long and flowing brunette, was actually the first thing that drew Ricky to her when they first met, and he instantly fell in love with the alluring blue-green eyes that they kept just slightly hidden. Ricky didn't know what Hannah saw in him on that fateful day in the park when they'd bumped into each other on a routine jog, but no doubt, it was fading fast, and Ricky had to find a way to win back her heart.

He thought he'd tried everything. Typical romance like flowers, chocolates and cards had done nothing. Trying to be a different person in the bedroom at night wasn't doing any good, even on the rare occasions when Hannah was still in the mood. It was to the point of such desperation for Ricky that he was sitting at Hannah's computer, digging through her files and trying to figure out what it was

that was making her tick...

Because whatever it is, it sure isn't me, he thought.

It took him a few minutes of browsing through her folders to find anything that contained pictures, a side effect of her growing desire for privacy that was the first thing Ricky noticed when their relationship started heading south. There were barely any pictures of the two of them left, which stung him right down to the deepest depths of his soul. He waded through file after file, wondering if maybe he'd find some evidence of her cheating, or perhaps just pictures with a message attached from other guys, but what he found wasn't exactly what he was prepared for.

It was mostly *women*.

There were a couple males in her folders, for sure, and Ricky knew he'd hit the jackpot when he found an unlabeled folder that was full to the gills with nothing but porn, ranging from simple pin-ups to some of the most depraved things he'd ever seen, but the common theme was females, and not just any females, but domineering, commanding females, **powerful** women that weren't afraid to take charge in the sack and bend their lesbian partners to their whims.

"Guess that all makes sense," Ricky said, rationalizing it to himself even if he could hardly believe what he was seeing. "If there's one place where she's definitely been the most miserable, it's the bedroom..."

It was rather tough for Ricky to try and process everything he was looking through. Seeing nothing but scantily clad and nude females having sex with each other was turning him on, for starters, but that was a far reach from the deep, painful sadness he felt as he contemplated that maybe, his longtime girlfriend just wasn't into him anymore, and perhaps, wasn't into guys at all anymore. It was good to at least have an explanation for some of the sadness in their lives, but it hurt him to think that he could never be the one to make her smile again, like he had so many times before in their past.

Suddenly, her idea of going out for a walk and a drink seemed like a wonderful idea. Ricky followed suit, making sure to cover his tracks and keep it hidden that he decided to snoop on Hannah's files. He turned off the computer, turned out the lights in her office and sighed quietly as he closed the door, thinking that perhaps

it might be the last time he ever would.

"Maybe, just maybe, I'm over-thinking all of this. Maybe I can get her back if I try," Ricky thought aloud, but it was the last, insane plea of a desperate man with no chance of saving his relationship just trying to talk himself up.

He nearly forgot to lock the door as he walked out of his downtown apartment and into the night, wondering if she'd even be there the next time he woke up.

"At least it's a beautiful night."

There was no denying that Ricky was just trying to keep his own hopes up at that point, as he walked down the interior stairwell and out into the street, but at least he was telling the truth. It was the perfect kind of early summer evening to go out with a stroll with your favorite person, though, Ricky was worried that he wouldn't have many more chances to do that with Hannah, if any at all. He'd run out of the apartment with the best of intentions, but the moment that his footpaws hit the sidewalk, it felt like reality gave him a solid hook in the jaw.

If everything I saw was true...there isn't a damn thing I can do about this, Ricky admitted, as he made the short walk between his downtown apartment and the rather popular downtown bar, aptly named "The Drunken River." It had a reputation for being a bit of a roughneck kind of place, filled with more of the alpha, dominant crowd, something that never really appealed to Ricky, and certainly, those were words that had never been used to describe him. If the files on the computer were telling the truth, it made perfect sense that Hannah was hanging out there more and more often, and it only confirmed everything that Ricky feared.

The Drunken River wasn't the place for him. A few storefronts down, sitting right on the same block was a smaller, quieter place with a very dark reputation and a name stolen straight from the movies, "The Occult." It was rare that Ricky ever went out for a drink anyway, but in those times that he did, this was the bar he chose to frequent. Just seeing the difference in their habits was enough to make Ricky question how they'd lasted so long, but not enough to make him give up on Hannah just yet.

"Fancy seeing you in here again, stranger," a voice came from behind a bar of onyx black, made to match the tables, the walls, the ceilings, and everything but

the floor, which was a rather elegant color of burgundy. "I've only ever seen you a couple times, but I hear you only come in when I do...must be a strange coincidence, huh?"

The bartender was a tiny mouse, her headfur died black and thick, smoky eyeliner tearing away from her orbitals in interesting patterns, emphasizing her ice blue eyes. She wore a tight, constricting black corset and a mini skirt around her lower half to match, and though he couldn't see, Ricky imagined she must have had some sort of platform boots on just to be able to see over the bar. As supple and full as her breasts were, she was certainly of age to be working in a bar, but she almost didn't look it.

"Nothing really strikes me as strange anymore," Ricky replied, doing nothing to hide his gloomy mood. In a place like that, of course, his mood almost seemed befitting of the atmosphere, and no one else in the lowly populated bar took notice of his misery anyway. "Think I could get a drink?"

"As long as you aren't going to walk out into the street and off yourself afterwards," she replied, pouring him a shot of black rum and sliding it across to him. "First one is on me, since you've been a relatively loyal customer. The name's Bella. You got a name?"

Ricky wasn't a heavy drinker by any standards, but he easily took the powerful drink in one swift gulp and set the glass back down on the bar top.

"Ahhnn...Ricky. Just Ricky."

"Well, just Ricky," she replied, making fun of him in a subtle way to try and keep his mood up, "Was that enough to cheer you up a bit, or do you think you need something else?"

One shot wasn't going to fix any of his problems. Ricky crossed his arms on the bar top and then set his chin in them. "Tell you what. If you can bring me a drink that will make me everything that my girlfriend ever wants me to be, then I'll have another. Otherwise I'll probably just get drunk and pass out in the gutter like old Edgar..."

Bella covered her lips to try and hide a dainty giggle. "While I can appreciate making an Edgar Allen Poe reference in a place like this, I'd certainly rather you not drink yourself to death. Lucky for you...this place isn't called The Occult for

no reason."

The tiny mouse displayed quick and skillful paws, pouring black rum, coconut rum, a pinch of grenadine and a shot of Everclear into a strainer. She put on the cap and shook it all together rapidly with some ice, straining out the cocktail and placing a secret spice mixture over the very top of the finished product, giving it one more quick stir with a small straw to make sure he wouldn't see any sediments on the top.

"I call it a Heated Wolfess. Just came up with it...not to beat a dead horse, but in a place called The Occult, sometimes things just come to you...and I thought this just might help you out!"

It was silly to think that just the name of a place could actually have anything to do with the resolve of their drinks, but at this point in time, Ricky was ready to believe whatever Bella told him, and the fact that she was quite easy on the eyes had him eating up her every word. "Certainly can't make things any worse than they already are," Ricky rationalized, looking over the curiously dark liquid in his half pint glass and narrowing his eyes at it.

What the hell.

With nothing to lose and no care for his own health, Ricky tipped the glass back and chugged the whole thing in one shot, much to the chagrin of Bella, who widened her eyes in shock. "...Ricky, did you really just...oh...no..."

"Ahhhhh! Whew! At least this thing has the right name, it sure carries a hell of a kick!" Ricky called out, his groan from the alcoholic burn overplayed and triumphant. It was an early celebration, however, as Ricky had never been one to drink in excess, and his body quickly reminded him that he couldn't really hold his liquor so well, especially when the drink was almost pure alcohol.

"Urgh...uhm. Will you excuse me a moment, Bella?" he asked, gathering up enough vestiges of common courtesy to be polite, even as he felt the world start to spin around him. He yanked a ten dollar bill out of his wallet and set it on the bar top, and Bella could only watch and shake her head as the quickly intoxicated rabbit stumbled into the street.

That's not the alcohol making your head spin, Ricky. I really wish you would have taken your time with that drink, she thought, knowing all too well what

she'd just aided in the start of.

Outside, Ricky was still trying to get a grasp for his cardinal directions, and failing to keep his eyes from doing loops around the world. Drunkenly despite not being drunk, he stumbled back into the small alley that split the block in half and fell down against the aging walls of brick. "Wooooooow...that drink was **really** strong. I...I think I'm gonna be sick..."

Ricky might eventually consider it lucky that he didn't get sick, but what came next, most men wouldn't consider good fortune. As he fully suffered from his vertigo, Ricky folded over onto his knees and paws, assuming a proper position, but as he waited for his insides to come out, they never did. They simply...shifted.

"I don't get it...I thought for sure I was gonna lose my lunch," he said, thinking aloud as the sensation in the pits of his stomach became less intense, but the churning seemed to increase, as his insides felt as though they were liquid. The cracked and worn asphalt before his eyes seemed to get closer, but the sounds of the nighttime city around him seemed to get just a little bit further away, as if his ears were shrinking.

Just one cautionary touch revealed that they really **were** shrinking!

"What the hell? What...what is this?" he asked, though no one could answer, and now, Ricky wished he had the balance to go back into the bar and ask Bella what the deal was with her drink. Whatever she'd sprinkled on the top was a substance not to be trifled with. Ricky couldn't quite tell what was going on, but suddenly, despite the lack of lights in the alleyway, his vision became sharper, as if the world had been illuminated for him without anyone ever touching a light switch. He could feel his eyes shifting as his pawtips now stroked over shorter, pointed peaks for ears, instead of long and rounded loops.

Heated Wolfess...it couldn't be...

His thoughts began to skew as Ricky slid his paws, already shifting into stronger, broader flesh, down the front of his body. His chest and tummy were as flat and devoid of curves as they could be, normally, but the smallest of mounds were just starting to grow on his chest, and though his manhood wasn't much to call home about before, it was fading quickly into his body as the unusual chemicals

coursing through his veins completely changed his physicality.

"Ooooh...this...this doesn't feel right..." he complained, minor aches and pains forming inside of him as his muscles became dense and thick, much more like the nearly Amazonian wolves that Ricky had seen on Hannah's computer. His shoulders actually broadened just slightly, but the change completely fit the budding breasts upon his chest, already starting to poke through the simple, white t-shirt that Ricky headed to the bar in. Sharp, deadly claws poked out suddenly from the stubby nails that once rounded off his pawtips, and his tiny, fluffball tail quickly erupted out from his back and over his flat rump, the tail curling up just slightly and swishing about with an unknown, carnal excitement, even as the same flat rear end started to curve out just a little bit. His hips even widened just enough to have an alluring sway to them as Ricky found himself on all fours in an alleyway, wiggling his backside out for everyone to see and lifting his tail...

...Just like a Heated Wolfess.

**

"Gimme another drink. I've had a rough day."

Hannah was already two or three drinks deep in just an hour at The Drunken River, and the tall, powerful cheetah bartender that she'd become very well acquainted with in the past few months was taking notice of it.

"I don't want to have to call you a cab just to take you three blocks up the street again, Hannah. Why don't you slow it down a bit and talk out your problems instead?"

"That's real sweet of you to offer, Emily, but I don't want to bore you to death with my relationship problems again."

Emily, attracting all the attention that she hoped for in a tight, form fitting tank top and black denim jeans that wrapped around her legs like a second skin, couldn't help chuckling a little bit. She decided to pour Hannah a drink after all, hearing that. "Girl, you come in here almost *every* damn night complaining about the wimpy little rabbit guy! If you've got such a problem with him, why are you still even dating him?"

"It's really not that simple," Hannah replied dryly, taking the freshly poured glass of straight whiskey and taking a long, healthy sip. "Ricky really is such a nice guy, I'd hate to break his little heart by just cutting him off, but there's a part of me I worry he isn't fulfilling...it's just so weird. Lately, all I've been able to think about is how much I'd love for a strong, commanding woman to come sweep me off my footpaws and ravage me into all hours of the night...something tells me that isn't natural, but it's driving me crazy just thinking about it, and Ricky...Ricky is just so timid! He **never** takes charge in the bedroom, I don't know if I could even convince him to roleplay something like that!"

Emily flickered her tail in thought as she leaned over the bar. "Perhaps you're actually more of a fan of the ladies?"

"I've dabbled, but to be honest, I really do prefer men," Hannah explained. "If I could just get rid of this fantasy, I kinda wonder if it would fix everything...like, if I could just get a taste of that experience that it would be enough, and maybe then I wouldn't have to dump Ricky tomorrow..."

A large bottle came down hard on the bar next to Hannah, grasped tightly around the neck by a paw clad in dark, rustic brown fur. "Looking to fulfill a fantasy or two, young lady? I might be able to help."

"I'm sorry, but I don't remember inviting you to this con...ver...sation."

Hannah was going to be snide, but as she slowly turned around and made eye contact with an absolutely gorgeous wolfess, as if her fantasy had come to life and taken a seat next to her at the bar, she lost the ability to do anything other than tremble. Emerald green eyes, bright and captivating came to settle upon the absolutely hypnotized turquoise orbs of Hannah, as the former admired the dark black stripe that ran from the bridge of her muzzle up over the top of her head. She couldn't see the two stripes that formed an elegant shape upon her back, but she could see the end they came to upon the swishing, alluring tail that swayed along with the hips of the mystery wolfess.

Ricky could only imagine Hannah's reaction if he told her that she had just admitted her plans to break up with him to his face, but then again, he wasn't Ricky anymore.

"I don't recall asking to be invited," the wolfess replied, taking a seat right next

to Hannah, perhaps uncomfortably close for some, but the jaguar female didn't move an inch. "The name's Tess Williams. Just call me Tess...I bet a girl as beautiful as you must have a lovely name...something with an H."

Hannah nodded silently, hardly able to comprehend everything that was going on at the moment. Emily took a step back and excused herself, opting to watch from a distance as Tess leaned in a little closer to the feline, who was acting like she'd been brainwashed. "It's Hannah...pretty good guess, Tess."

"I've got a really good feel for this kind of thing. You a local, Hannah? I don't think I've seen you around before, but I've been out and about myself a little bit..."

"Yeah, I live right up the street, actually," Hannah replied without a thought, still a bit lost in the fantasies that had been building up in her head over the past few months. Mentally, she was living out every single one of them with the wolfess in front of her, and as Tess took her paw in a gentle grasp, one such fantasy started to come to life.

"Why don't you take me there and show me around? This bar is a little bit crowded, and I could really use a drink from someone's private stock!"

It was completely baffling, a nearly literal example of "ask and you shall receive," but at the same time, she was worried Ricky might still be around, and that was the one sane, logical thought she had since she saw Tess. "I...I don't know if that's the best idea, Tess. My boyfriend might still be awake at home, and I don't...I don't know..."

Tess gripped her paw that much tighter as she narrowed her eyes at the much more submissive jaguar. "I don't think he'd mind one bit to see his girlfriend going hardcore at another woman. I bet that would turn most men on, in fact," Tess explained, thinking that she wouldn't have to open that concept to a fellow female. "But I couldn't help hearing your little conversation from a little ways down the bar," Tess admitted, flickering her sharp ears for emphasis, "And who knows? Maybe going out and living out that fantasy in secret would be just the thing you need to spark your romantic interest in him again...perhaps just getting this one little thing out of your system will help you fall back in love with your boy."

It wasn't quite the most compelling argument, but as Hannah finished the drink before her and felt the stiff burn of alcohol coursing down her throat, she felt her inhibitions, or what was left of them, melting away with her cares about Ricky. "I don't think anything turns that little wimp on," she muttered, just a little bit groggy from downing her drink so fast. "You really think you can satisfy my fantasy? That you can take me that way, Tess? You don't even know me!"

"That really doesn't matter," Tess replied, giving Hannah none too gentle a tug and pulling her away from the bar with a powerful grip and a fang-filled grin. "I could care less about your fantasy, really...all I care about now is fulfilling my own, and like it or not, Hannah, you're my target for the evening!"

Obviously, Hannah had to consent at least a little bit to allow herself to be pulled, and Emily was half tempted to step in and say something, but the jaguar stumbled gracelessly into the wolfess that pulled her...and she stayed right where she was, not drunk enough from the alcohol to be stumbling, but drunk enough with lust, for sure. "And what if my boyfriend finds out about this?"

Tess helped Hannah back up to her footpaws and quickly led her out of the bar. "I'll tell him to get in line," Tess barked back at her, walking her quickly down the block and pushing her forcefully into the same alleyway that Ricky had disappeared into only an hour beforehand. "Don't want to risk getting caught by your boy? I think this'll do just fine!"

Hannah was a bit more sexually adventurous than Ricky, but she never imagined having sex in that much of a public place. Tess had dragged her pretty far back into the alleyway, but anyone who happened to pass by would definitely be able to tell what was going on, and the jaguar was slightly hesitant to keep going. "I don't want to get caught, but don't you think this is a little bit extreme?"

"Of course I do. That's **exactly** why I picked it!" Tess admitted, pushing Hannah up to the worn down brick wall hard and pinning her body against it. The wolfess wore a rather masculine outfit, clad in a simple white t-shirt and blue jeans, but her movements were decidedly feminine and excessively sensual. Two pairs of breasts pressed into each other as Tess leaned forth and pressed her hips into Hannah's, grinding up against them and staring the confused jaguar down, keeping her in a state of sexual submission with her eyes alone. "You're gonna get fucked in this alleyway by an alpha tonight, Hannah, and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it..."

There was something of a fight-or-flight instinct left in the back of Hannah's mind, but it was watered down enough by having just enough alcohol in her system that she was much more apt to embrace the possibility that somehow, her fantasy was coming to life, and completely unbeknownst to her, it was her own boyfriend, albeit in a new body, that was making it happen! "But...I couldn't do that...in and some seedy alleyway of all places!"

It was obvious that Hannah was just playing into the mood of the moment. Her body was telling all as she let herself stay pinned to the bricks without much effort, but even if she wanted to move, the sexually starved jaguar found herself powerless to break free from the strong grip of the wolfess. "You **can**, and you **will**, like it or not!" Tess shouted back at her, clearly losing her patience as she gripped the front of Hannah's slinky tank top in her claws and literally tore it apart, shredding the fabric and clipping open the lacy black bra underneath with her clawtips, forcing her breasts to spill over into the moonlit alley. "Such a good looking pair of tits...your boyfriend has been missing out if he doesn't play with these!" Tess declared, knowing that as Ricky, she'd never paid enough attention to them, but tonight, Tess got right to work and leaned forth, her lips sealing around the right nipple and suckling on it hard, her fangs grazing over the sensitive flesh with a feral hunger that Hannah could only hope to satiate.

"Oh my God!" Hannah cried out in despair as her top was torn to shreds in an instant, her breasts falling free from their cloth clutches, her bare fur clear for the whole city to see if they just happened to walk by. The shock of it all sent a deep, shameful blush into Hannah's cheeks, but inside, her body was burning with lust and she simply *loved* how aggressive Hannah was being. She was weak in the knees just at the thought of what was next to come, and her heart fluttered, skipping a beat as the lusty canine went in for such an intimate taste. "Tess! This is so *naughty*! We could...mnn...we could get caught!"

"Not gonna stop me, little kitty...**nothing** is," Tess replied defiantly, her claws staying busy at their assault on Hannah's clothing. Hannah was the one who made the mistake of going out looking for a new suitor, after all, and Tess had no concern for the silky, flowing pleated skirt that she ripped cleanly into three pieces and dropped to the asphalt. Left in a ruined top and panties, nothing more, Hannah gasped aloud, still trying and failing to adjust to the feeling of her fantasy becoming a reality. "Cute little white cotton panties, huh? I *sincerely* doubt that you're really that pure, Hannah, but you certainly won't be once I'm

done with you..."

One last claw, sharp and gleaming in the moonlight, took a decisive path down over Hannah's sweet little cotton panties, moving along them with a delicate purpose, taking care to avoid the warm, heated slit that was so tightly covered, but slitting the garment cleanly and letting it fall down to the asphalt, her womanhood exposed to the warm air of the night and spreading the delicious, natural aromas of her body to Tess. "I don't...*Tess*...I don't know if I can go any further!"

The determined predator that Tess was, no amount of pleading, serious or not, was going to dissuade her. Still suckling tight upon one breast and squeezing the other one tightly in her free paw, drawing desperate moans of pleasure from Hannah, Tess left her lower paw down by the hidden treasure that Hannah so often kept from Ricky, but for Tess, it was flowing with arousal so greatly that a stray drop fell down in waste to the ground, and just after, Tess pressed her pawtips there, one sliding along the length of her labia as the other tickled around the tiny, proud nub of her clit. "Heh...like you'd stop me even if you could, Hannah...you're a dirty, horny little jaguar, and you want this even **more** than I do, no matter what you say!" Tess claimed, knowing that she was right when she could feel webs of liquid desire spreading between her busy pawtips.

"Tess! **Tess!** N-no, not there! P-please don't!" Hannah cried out with delight, biting her lip and begging Tess to stop, but her body was begging her to continue as her thighs clenched down around the invading paw and didn't dare to let it escape. "I can't believe what this horny predator...nnggh...is doing to my tight little pussy!"

"This ain't a porno, no matter how bad you want it to be," Tess reminded Hannah, grinning against her breast and giving the nipple one more tight, almost painfully hard suckle before pulling away. "Mnnn...tasty little kitties really turn me on, though...and it sure feels to me like you're about ready to get fucked hard by a heated wolfess..."

Hannah really had been gasping and talking like a porn star, but she could hardly help it. Her body was completely racked with pleasure, and no matter how she looked at it, somehow, her prayers had been answered and her fantasies brought to life as Tess released her body from the shackles of forbidden pleasure for a moment, but only so she could slide her jeans off, no panties underneath to speak

of, and her shirt, she simply ripped to shreds, revealing no bra beneath; only a pair of proud, perky breasts that flowed in a lighter, cream colored fur to contrast her rustic brown. "Look at you, Tess! A wolfess as beautiful as you could have anyone she wanted!"

Tess grinned, her fangs gleaming deviously in the light of the full moon overhead. "There's only one man or woman I want right now, Hannah, and I just hope you're up to the task..." Tess said in a way of warning, as she pressed her body up to Hannah's once more, this time nude and immediately, Hannah could feel the arousal that had no doubt been building up in Tess' jeans as their hips pressed together and their juices mingled at the touch. "You may be the apple of my eye, Hannah, but I'll devour you if you don't give me **exactly** what I want..."

Hannah had to use all of her strength to keep her knees from buckling as she felt the slick juices spilling over her slit from Tess' own, but her legs couldn't hope to fight against the full strength of the wolfess as Tess wrapped her paws tight around her waist and pulled her down to the asphalt, pinning her onto her back and pulling her leg up over her shoulder. "*Teeeeeeess!*" Hannah shouted out in shock, falling down to the ground harshly and whimpering in pain as the more dominant female took full control of her body. "W-what...what are you gonna do to me?"

"I'm gonna fuck you until I'm totally satisfied, Hannah...I'm gonna rub your little clit **raw** and make you **beg** for more..." Tess said in a low, rumbling growl, staring down the fully submitted jaguar and narrowing her deep, intimidating emerald eyes at her. Tess dug her claws in tight to Hannah's thigh as she gripped it for support and pressed her hips in, brushing her slit over Hannah's in an experimental thrust, making love in a way she never had before, but letting the instincts from the drink she consumed take over, Tess easily moved against her partner, pressing her clit hard against the pinned jaguar's and grinning with delight as she did. "*Ooooh, Hannah! Nnngh...y-you've got such a sweet little clit! Damn!*"

"No! Y-you can't! **TESS!**" Hannah tried to protest, but it was too late, and already, a wave of pleasure radiated up from her sensitive snatch and filled her body as Tess started to grind down against her. As much as the very idea had been enticing to her, and as exciting as all of the buildup was, nothing could compare to the feeling of another pair of labia brushing against her own and trading juices as Tess kept her pinned down and fucked her **hard**. "T-Tess! Oh

my *God*...that feels so good...I know I shouldn't, but...I...n-need this!"

Already, thin trails of liquid arousal attached the heated pair, strands of their natural juices keeping them connected even when Tess would pull back just a little bit to admire her own work and watch the intricate and unpredictable movements of Hannah's folds. It was amazing to watch as her labia pouted and contracted, her inner walls obviously looking for something to squeeze onto, but the fact that she had nothing almost seemed to be even more of a turn on. "You need to cum for me, Hannah...you need to release that sweet nectar all over my pussy...mnnn...cause it'll make me cum, too," Tess explained, pressing down hard on Hannah's clit with her own and sending a shiver up both of their spines. Hannah cried out in ecstasy as she grasped her own breasts, a complete slave to Tess and her orders for pleasure by now, and she was willing to do anything to achieve orgasm for her dominant partner.

It was all a downward spiral into her orgasm from there, as Hannah was looking to be commanded, and her body responded in kind. "Tess...oh, fuck me harder, **Tess!** Please, make me your sex slave, do whatever you want with me!" Hannah pleaded, knowing Tess had no obligation answer to her cries, but as she spoke, she could feel the dominant, powerful wolfess grinding her hips even harder and smothering her clit with a fresh wave of juices, the tiny nub already stimulated to the point of no return and simply absorbing the extra sexual energy as Hannah crashed into a hard orgasm. "I'm...nnnh...I'm c-cumming for you, Tess! All for my horny mistress! Yes! *Fuck yes!*"

The feeling of one small, extra, warmer rush of fluid spilling back upon her cunt was just enough to tip Tess into her own release, as well. She'd teased and ravaged Hannah's body, getting her primed for a quick climax, but something inside of her was still rather male, and perhaps the fact that she was so heated was enough to make her body convulse with a new kind of pleasure. "G-good girl, Hannah! Soak my pussy with that sweet, slick cum! **YES!**" Tess commanded, pounding her hips hard into her submissive partner and splattering their collective juices as the wolfess gave into her own orgasm, having no reason to deny herself any pleasure. "You're making your mistress cum, Hannah! You *naughty* little kitty! Just look at h-how *wet* you've made me! Fuck!" Tess cried out, nearly howling to the moon in wolfish delight as pleasure made her shake from her head to her footpaws, struggling to keep a tight grasp on her partner and digging deep trails into her flesh with the powerful, canine claws she'd been blessed with.

It was an erotic display, and a powerful one...so much so that already, three males were watching the display from the end of the alley, and a fourth one that was walking by stopped dead in his tracks as his jaw dropped all the way to the ground.

"Huff...mnn...Hannah, it looks like we've drawn quite the anxious crowd," Tess noted, still catching her breath, her breasts bouncing gently as they rose and fell in her rapid breathing. "Why...why don't we take t-this a somewhere a bit more private? Somewhere I can **really** give you the punishment you need?"

The men all started to droop their ears as Hannah nodded silently in her agreement, hardly able to catch her breath, and a tiny strand of drool dripping down the side of her muzzle from cumming so hard. "O...o-okay," she finally did reply, bashful at having been watched, but the whole experience had been so downright perverted that she didn't feel any shame.

She loved **every** minute of it.

"Sorry boys, looks like this show is over. Come back, same time, same place next week and you just might be lucky enough to join in the fun," Tess suggested, being as playful as she wanted as she helped Hannah to her footpaws and escorted her out of the alley, past three men with tented jeans, and a fourth that was still gawking in disbelief.

**

Hannah awoke in her bed the following morning, clinging to a pillow, and looking down to see a wolfish paw still gripping tightly upon a bare breast.

She was covered in deep claw marks, ones that she couldn't possibly cover up. There were still some ropes strewn across her bedroom from the night before, and the bedsheets were soaked through with wet spots, each one telling the tale of another earth-shattering orgasm.

What...what on earth have I done? She thought, keeping silent as she looked back just barely, able to see Tess still holding onto her, grinning like a demon even in her sleep.

She could only imagine the explanation she'd have to give Ricky when he came home, but...that was the more pressing question on her mind as she looked around the apartment. All of his things were still there, his belongings untouched, and even unmoved from the day before.

What on earth happened to Ricky?

The answer was much closer to her than she realized...

2

Hannah was still reeling as she gripped the sheets tightly in her paws, claws digging at the helpless fabric.

*Ricky is gone. I slept with another woman and I was **shameless** about it. I didn't even drink that much...what the hell could I have been thinking?*

"Awake so soon, lover mine? I thought for sure the way we were going at it last night, you'd be out a little bit longer than that."

And there was Tess, still holding onto the confused jaguar, claws still comfortably nestled into the gentle fuzz of her tummy, just under her breasts, still tender from being suckled so tightly the night before.

"I...I slept pretty soundly," Hannah admitted, not looking for a story there. Since her dating issues with Ricky, she hadn't slept well in weeks, and after getting completely fucked into submission by Tess, she found the embrace of sleep easier than she had in a long time. "You were...you were amazing, Tess."

"Glad you didn't change your mind since last night. It's been quite a while since I've been called a goddess that many times in one evening," Tess replied, grinning to herself as she relished in the thought of being able to so fully satisfy Hannah as a female, even if she couldn't do it as Ricky. "I just hope you're up for another round this morning..."

Hannah actually tilted her head as she looked to her rather passionate wolfess. "After all of that, you *still* want more?"

"*Need* more," Tess corrected her, pushing the sheets up from their naked bodies and pressing her hips into Hannah, still spooning her from the night before. "And you'd better speak up **now** if that's a problem, not that I'll really be listening."

It had been a turn on the night before when Tess stole Hannah into the night and completely dominated her, just like the strong, powerful women that she'd been fantasizing about, but for her to come on so strong again the morning was downright shocking. "Y-you really mean it, don't you?" she asked, turning back

slightly to look at Tess as a pair of paws cupped her breasts and gave them a gentle squeeze, pawpads working over each nipple delicately. "Ooooh...Damn, Tess...you know just where to touch me..."

"It's easy to find the sweet spots when you're so vocal about it," Tess told her, her paws moving with lustful purpose over the soft, squeezable flesh of Hannah's perky chest. "But last night, I warmed you up quite a bit before I took any pleasure for myself...you're not gonna be so lucky this morning. I'm not just horny anymore, I'm *hungry*..."

"H-hungry for what?" Hannah asked nervously, reminded for a moment that she was in bed with someone who was effectively a total stranger to her, and she had no idea what kind of hidden fetishes she could have. "I promise, I'm really not very tasty!"

Tess gave Hannah a quick, affectionate slurp along the back of her ear, making her knees so weak that she was thankful to be lying in bed. "I dunno about all that, my dear kitten. I got to sample you last night for dessert, and I've gotta say, you were simply delicious!"

Hannah started to get the point, but it was literally forced upon her as Tess released Hannah's breasts, only to crawl over the top of her body and lower her hips toward her muzzle, leaning in between Hannah's thighs and licking her lips with a feral, lustful hunger.

"Breakfast is served, Hannah. Eat up."

The poor jaguar was overwhelmed as the same warm, moist slit that slid so gently against her own the night before now hovered right over her muzzle. As much as they'd done the night before, Hannah had still never tasted another female before, and her tongue crept forth to take a curious taste...

...Right as Tess pushed her folds down hard on her nose and soaked her with her scent. "I said **eat up**, Hannah, not smell the food and see if you like it!"

Hannah wanted to deny it, but she couldn't. That aroma was *intoxicating*, and she licked some of the excess from her muzzle, appreciating the subtle sweetness and gentle earthiness that the canine carried in her taste. "Sorry, mistress," Hannah whimpered as she opened her maw wide and slipped her tongue forth

again, this time drawing the slick, wet muscle through the folds of her lover and murring with appreciation.

"Nnnngh...*good* girl! That's much more like it!" Tess praised her, her body quivering with delight as she dug in as well, her longer, flatter tongue covering Hannah's treasure in a fresh coat of saliva. "Such a sweet little feline, all mine for the taking..."

That makes it reaaaaaaally hard to focus, Hannah thought, her voice completely muffled by the delicious slit that occupied her mind at first, but as Tess started lashing away at her own petals of flesh, she almost completely lost focus. If she could, she would have asked Tess how to regain control, but her body answered for her, as the delicious taste and wonderful aroma kicked her instincts into high gear. Reaching up with her paws and gripping Tess by the rump, Hannah found a new clarity, her tongue slurping back and forth in measured strokes over Tess and spreading her labia open at will, taking a deeper, fuller taste of the wolfess and embracing her role as a submissive feline.

Tess, meanwhile, was on a complete sensory journey. Ricky never had the greatest sense of scent, but changed into a canine, Tess could pick up on the very essence of Hannah's desires as she flickered her tongue back and forth over the cute little clit that stood at attention. She couldn't get the scent of a needy female out of her mind, nearly drowning in it as her tongue was drowned by a fresh coating of natural juices. Her tail couldn't help flickering about, spreading her own heavy, canine scent around the apartment and filling Hannah with all the same excitement that filled Tess herself.

"T-Tess...I dunno...I dunno how much more of that I can take!" Hannah cried out, wincing her eyes shut tight as she took a few deeper, desperate tastes of her dominant lover. "Mnn...mff...your tongue feels so fucking *good!*"

Tess licked her lips and grinned, her paws having rested on Hannah's thighs until then, but at the warning, she spread Hannah's labia wide apart with one paw, while the other dipped a single pawtip into her folds and started stroking at her inner walls, just a couple inches in, right near a soft, spongy spot that Hannah was very familiar with, but Tess was only just finding. With just one touch, Hannah convulsed and her inner walls clenched down, barely letting Tess move within her. "We're just getting started, sweetheart...but oh my! I think we just found a **very** sweet spot, didn't we?"

Hannah's legs shook violently as Tess pressed firmly on her g-spot once again, and kept her whole body on edge as her slick, skillful tongue flickered back and forth rapidly over the clit that was buzzing with pleasure, assaulting her body on two fronts and leaving another wet spot on the bed. "**TESS!** N-no...not there! You'll make me...*mnnn*...you'll make me s-squirt!"

Ricky had never made Hannah squirt. He never even knew she was capable, and only ever heard rumors of such a thing happening, but Tess listened to her body and slipped another finger into her body, both pawtips working gently over the spongy little spot inside and hooking at it with a 'come hither' motion each time Hannah tried to squeeze upon her. "Is that so, my little pet? You shouldn't have admitted that..." Tess told her, giving her clit a little kiss, as if to apologize for what was to come. "I'm not stopping until you **soak** these sheets, you horny little bitch..."

"Yes...tear me down...m-make me your slutty little *bitch*" Hannah growled out through gritted fangs, simply loving the way that Tess dominated her. It wasn't just the attitude; it was the dirty talk, the physical action, and the overall fulfilling of her fantasy that already had her on the edge of a rather wet and messy orgasm. "Y-you won't have to do much more, Tess...I'm already so close; I can't stand it! *Mnnn!*" she muffled her own gasps of pleasure, sliding her tongue greedily over Tess' heated pussy and slurping up all of the sweet, delightful nectar that the canine would offer to her. She was under the complete control of Tess once more, and if she so much as said the word, Hannah would cum for her, every bit as messy as the wolfess desired.

"Then **do it** already!" Tess commanded, letting her labia clench down on one paw as the other was freed, slapping her slit in a means of gentle torture, almost as if to mock the sexually charged jaguar. "Soak your mistress *now*, and maybe, I'll let you taste my cum as well!"

Strings and strands of clear, dripping arousal stuck to Tess as she fingered, stroked, slapped and teased Hannah's heated sex, making a small mess already, but one that would pale in comparison to what was coming. Hannah shuddered, every muscle in her body contracting as she felt the familiar sense of having to pee, but knew that it was something else entirely. Tess felt her pawtips squeezed on so hard that they couldn't move, pinning the pads of her paws to the delightfully sensitive g-spot and finally forcing the soaking wet orgasm that Tess

so desperately desired, and Hannah so deeply needed. "Mistress! Y-yes! *YES!* I'm gonna squirt, I'm gonna squirt everywhere...fuck...mnnnyes! *Fuck yes!*" Hannah gasped, moaning and yelling out like a kitten in heat as her orgasm completely locked up her body, and a thin, slick stream of female ejaculate shot out across the sheets, spraying Tess right across the muzzle and soaking her with her cum, until the wolfess had the sense to open her maw and drink up as much as of the delicious liquid as she could.

"Mnnn! *Ahh...ahh...* More! Gimme more of that sweet nectar!" Tess ordered again, licking the excess from her cheeks with her long tongue as she opened up again, trying to catch the second gush of fluid on her tongue and getting most of it, but still, some stained her fur and even more stained the bed as a small wet spot had grown into a near puddle on the sheets. "You taste so good, Hannah...I could drink that sweet cum all day!"

"Miiiiiiistress! Fuck me...fuck me with that long, slick tongue, *please!*" Hannah begged, and her wish was graciously granted, as Tess pressed the length of her tongue in as far as she could, getting her deepest taste of her lover yet, and pulling her tongue free with as much juice as she could get. She swallowed it down happily and watched as the squirting orgasm finally subsided, and slowed to a gentle ooze.

The pawtips finally slipped free, and Tess could see her paw soaked all the way past the fur and into her flesh, all the way up to her wrist. Her pawtips were nearly starting to prune as she gave them a quick lick and suckle, but as wonderful as Hannah tasted, she still had work to do. "I think I've fucked you plenty enough, my little jaguar. I think it's about time that you returned the favor," Tess suggested, as she leaned back from being on all fours, and rested her thighs flat to the backs of her calves, straddling down over Hannah so tightly that she could barely breathe. "Ever heard of facesitting, Hannah? If you wanna breathe easy anytime soon, you better make me cum, and *hard...*"

Still grasping onto Tess' rump, Hannah squeezed it even tighter as her eyes widened, her breath suddenly cut short, and her tongue unable to escape the tight, tasty confines of the womanhood that sat on her lips. Unable to properly reply, she dug her rough, feline tongue in as deep as she could, examining Tess and her inner walls as thoroughly as her body would allow. The contractions around the slick, slippery muscle were a strange and fascinating new sensation, as Hannah became intimate with another female in ways she had never

imagined.

Tess, queening someone for the first time, was in pure heaven.

"Deeper! **Deeper!** Yes! You've got such a wonderful tongue, Hannah! Oooh...I'm gonna cum all over it, baby!" Tess cried out, her pleasure climbing quickly through the ranks at the mental thrill of nearly snuffing her partner out with her most delicate flesh. Hannah could feel those same folds fluttering around her tongue, and though not nearly as messy as her own, a slightly warmer, slicker flow of juice coated her tongue as Tess' orgasm started to flow freely.

The gentle flood of liquid desire spread over Hannah's cheeks as Tess leaned further back on her, her paws landing on either side of Hannah's head. The wolfess bounced gently on the tongue, fucking it the best that she could, her breasts bouncing with each gentle buck of her hips. Tess was intent to milk every bit of pleasure out of her little pet, even as she felt a clawtip tapping, and then grazing at her flesh as Hannah, in her inexperience, found herself just a little bit short of breath, and finally, as the waves of pleasure slowed down just a little bit, Tess lifted her rump up and flickered her tail in delight, the aftershocks of her climax still causing her whole body to shudder.

"Ahh...ahh... Tess! Y-you could have **suffocated** me!" Hannah yelled at her mistress, giving her supple, squeezable rump a quick, firm slap, and drawing an immediate glare from the wolfess, her eyes narrowing.

"...After that little stunt, you're gonna wish I had," Tess said through a low, throaty rumble, baring her fangs at the submissive female. "Let's go have a little drink with lunch...you're gonna need it."

**

Hannah was shocked that a girl like Tess would march Hannah into a bar like The Occult, but if she'd known who Tess used to be, it probably wouldn't surprise her at all.

What did surprise her was that Tess forced her out the front door of her apartment, barely giving her a chance to get dressed, and **not** giving her a chance to clean up, her fur still soaked with desire, her hair still a mess, and her cheeks, completely flushed.

"This place has decent food and drinks for midday," Tess explained, their morning romp having been closer to noon, and with all said and done, it was afternoon already. "I'm sure you can find something tasty to wet your whistle before I wet it again."

The dark interior, nearly Gothic decor and unusual crowd didn't rub Hannah the right way, but the bar tender was a friendly looking little mouse that would make anyone feel welcome, no matter what the situation.

It was someone that Tess was very familiar with.

"You two look like you had a long night," Bella said, not quite having finished turning around as she gazed upon Hannah, but her eyes focused on Tess, and she gasped. "Wait...you couldn't be...Ricky?"

"Ricky?" Hannah cut in, looking at Tess and raising her brow at Bella. "How do you know my boyfriend?"

"He drinks here from time to time when you're across the block...you must be Hannah," Bella rationalized, but she could see just by the grin on her face what Tess was planning. "But you really should have waited last night when I poured you that drink," Bella explained, looking Tess over and knowing for sure who it had to be.

"And just why is that?" Tess asked, crossing her arms and resting them on the bar top as she glared, grinning at Hannah.

"Because," Bella said with a heavy sigh, "You might never be able to turn back."

3

"When you slammed the Heated Wolfess, you started a chain reaction that you could have stopped if we'd done something about it right away, but we didn't do anything in time...I'm sorry, Ricky- er...I mean, Tess, but you'll never be able to go back to who you really were. You're stuck like this forever, I'm afraid."

Bella the mouse, the bartender at "The Occult," was still explaining to Tess the wolfess, once upon a time known as Ricky the bunny, exactly what had happened to her. One enchanted drink later, Ricky became Tess, but by consuming it improperly, it seemed that now, Ricky was gone, and lost forever.

His girlfriend, Hannah, who had been planning to break up with him at the time, thought that she'd cheated on him the evening before, but had no idea that Tess, the girl she'd lived out her fantasies with, was in fact Ricky originally, and as the trio sat the bar, discussing the changes, each one had a different reaction.

Bella was frowning, feeling awful for having facilitated the change.

Hannah was completely confused, not knowing if she loved Tess, but she was completely captivated by her.

Tess was grinning wide, still staring at Hannah, who was still a mess from their rather wet rendezvous that morning.

"There's no need to apologize," Tess replied, leaning back in her seat at the bar and looking as if she didn't have a care in the world, much to the surprise of Bella, and the further confusion of Hannah. "Based on what happened last night, I don't think anyone is going to complain about this new arrangement."

Hannah felt her cheeks flush deeply, the jaguar female looking into her lap, as if that would hide the stains on her top and the scent of another female on her muzzle. "**Tess!** How can you be so *open* about that?"

Bella managed a shy, awkward smile as Hannah kept her eyes facing her own lap. The Ricky that she knew would never have gone into the deeper details of

their relationship, but the Tess that she helped to create had no known boundaries.

"Simple. Bella is a good friend of mine who never minds lending an ear, and **you** are loving every minute of this, whether or not you like to admit it," Tess pointed out, and though she wasn't sure *how* Tess knew it, Hannah knew that Tess was right. "I suppose all that's left now is to have a drink to new beginnings...and a drink of thanks to Bella, for saving our relationship, of course!"

Hannah was still inwardly confused. Did this really save their relationship? Was it even the same relationship anymore? She wasn't dating Ricky anymore, after all...he didn't exist, but she'd never officially started dating Tess, either. As confused as she still felt, all she could think of right now was how surreal the entire weekend had been, and how downright **amazing** the sex was.

Perhaps I should just ride this out and see what happens... Hannah pondered, as Bella was already pouring a shot. As much as the poor little mouse had on her mind with aiding in a permanent change, she could really use at least one strong drink, and she pushed the shot glasses of warm, dark rum to her two companions. "That's awfully flattering of you to offer, Tess. This one is on the house, but I hope to see the two of you in here more often, okay? I need to keep an eye on you guys and make sure nothing else changes..."

"I don't see anything else changing anytime soon," Tess replied, her grin as wide as ever as she took her shot up to her lips. "There will be a lot more of the same in our future, if I have any say in it...and I absolutely do."

Hannah's paw was trembling as she took the shot and gazed into it. The very mention of more of the same was enough to create a stirring in her loins, one that she couldn't even hope to deny. "W-we'll just see about that," she replied, her voice devoid of confidence as the three females each took a shot to their lips and drank them down fast.

Bella watched as Hannah shuddered from the deep burn of the shot, and Tess, in contract, licked her lips and let out a gasp of delight. To anyone who saw the pair, it was obvious which lady was in control, and as Tess hooked her arm around Hannah and escorted her out of the bar, it was even more obvious that Tess wasn't done with her prey.

**

"So...what do we do with this now, Tess? Where do we go from here?"

The shot didn't do any good in giving Hannah clarity for how to handle the situation. She no longer had to worry about breaking up with Ricky, which was more convenient than anything, but now, she had to decide where to go with their lives as Hannah and Tess, instead. She knew that she loved Ricky for a time, even if that love had faded, and she knew that Tess was the most sexually satisfying partner she'd ever had, but she didn't know if she *loved* the wolfess. They'd only just started seeing each other.

Tess wasn't patient enough to wait for her to figure it out.

"Where go wherever we want, really. I know how you were feeling before I made this change, Hannah, and I won't stop you from walking out the door if you still want to leave me...but you wanted to leave Ricky. I don't think you have it in you to leave me as Tess."

"Is that a challenge?" Hannah asked, crossing her arms over her chest. The pair had returned quickly to the apartment, and Tess was leaned up against the bedroom wall, as Hannah sat on the bed.

"Not a challenge," Tess explained, "But an observation. You've been completely enamored with me since you first saw me this way in the bar, and while you still have your free will, your body bends to me...even in the bar, I could tell that my **words** were enough to excite you...to set your nerve endings ablaze and send a tingle into your body. I can *smell* the need on you, my darling..."

Hannah felt that familiar blush creeping into her cheeks once again, wishing that she could hide it, but as sensually aware as Tess had become as a wolfess, it seemed that she couldn't hide anything her body was saying. "But...but what about if I don't really love you, Tess? What if this is just lust? What if I'm just infatuated?"

"Then we call this a blank slate! It's a clean start for both of us...forget about Ricky, and forget about love. We're just casually dating, and we happen to have moved a little quickly into the bedroom. What's the harm in having fun if we both know what we really enjoy, now?"

It **was** good logic. Hannah felt like she'd known Tess for a long time, and in a way, she had, and as a result, Tess already knew Hannah as well as anyone else had before. There was a strangely deep connection between them that shouldn't be able to exist between people who had only known each other for two days, and yet, there it was, as real as they were.

"...And if I decide it isn't right for me?"

"Then you'll be free to go," Tess replied simply. "But until such time that you make that decision...you're *still* my little pet, and I'm *still* not satisfied, Hannah. The fact that you even had a **thought** of straying from my side tells me that I haven't put you into proper submission yet."

Hannah could already feel the soft, rounded edges of her ears starting to wilt in her shy, nervous nature, but inside, her tummy was already filled with butterflies at the thought of just how much further Tess was willing to push things in their unusual relationship. "And j-just what are you gonna d-do to me?" she asked, as a familiar shiver ran through her body, as if she had ice in her veins.

She tried hiding that tiny, delighted smile. It was a bit naughty, a bit inward, and entirely genuine, and it was all that Tess needed to see to know that she was on the same page again.

"I'm gonna punish you properly, Hannah. I'm not gonna be nearly as easy on you this time."

The pair were showing an impressive amount of sexual endurance, but it was Tess who stole the show as she stepped off of the wall and started digging through Hannah's dressers.

"...You're gonna punish me by going through my stuff?"

"No," Tess quickly replied, her paws gripping tightly around the soft, squeezable treasure that waited inside. "I'm gonna fill your pussy, fill your tailhole, make you cum over and over again, and when I'm *finally* satisfied, I'm gonna fuck you twice as hard tomorrow!"

Hannah was already nervous, and yet, eager at the thought of what tomorrow

would bring, but first, she'd have to survive the day, and as she watched Tess turn around, her paws clenching a large, double sided dildo with an insert-able end for the top, and a thick, bulbous knot for the bottom, she wasn't sure that she was going to make it through the trials of the day. "*Please* be gentle...?"

"You **wish**."

The concerns of their former relationship, the concerns of their future relationship, and the concerns of just what would happen to their lives all went out the window in an instant as Tess loomed over Hannah with the long, thick fucktoy, and pressed the tip of it to her lips. "I sure hope you remember how to take one of these nice and deep, Hannah. You're gonna have to get it awfully wet if you're gonna take the whole thing."

Even after just two days in the bedroom with Tess, Hannah knew better than to protest, even if swallowing down a big, thick cock wasn't the first thing on her mind right now...she found herself loving it as her lips spread around the tip, and her tongue curled over the fake flesh.

She was *loving* it.

It wasn't the fact that she loved giving oral to men, or the fact that the soft, squishy toy filled her mouth in such a satisfying way.

It was the fact that Tess was forcing her to do it. It was the fact that Tess *could* make her do whatever she wanted.

"Looks like you've got even more experience than I ever knew about when it comes to swallowing a thick, fat cock like this...you weren't doing something on the side over the last couple years, were you?" Tess asked, her fangs baring as she teased her pet, knowing that Hannah couldn't reply with her mouth filled up, and wishing that if she could, she'd admit that she did have an affair, just so Tess would have another excuse to abuse her.

Hannah grasped around the knotted end with both paws, able to feel how hard Tess was pushing it, but the poor jaguar couldn't imagine fitting that thick bulge in her maw, much less down her throat, like Tess no doubt wanted. "Mnnn..." she rumbled in delight, making sure that her mistress heard her enjoyment as she looked up to Tess with eyes as innocent as could be, hoping to convince Tess

that there was never an act of infidelity in their relationship, no matter what issues they'd had up until that point.

Tess wouldn't have her assault stopped. Her paws kept pushing, watching a small bulge form in Hannah's throat, just barely visible in her neck as the bulbous knot pressed against the front of her muzzle, not quite able to fit through, but Tess kept pushing, watching as Hannah's fangs strained against the soft, squishy toy, poking tiny rifts into the material. Gagging and struggling, Hannah drooled all over the penetrating toy, excess spittle dripping down her chin as she tried, in vain, to take even more of the toy, all to appease her dominant mistress, who watched with sadistic delight.

"My poor little pet just can't handle having that big, thick knot in her throat, can she? That's too bad...It'll be that much harder to take the whole thing in your tight little slit, then."

Perhaps Tess would add a little bit more lube to the toy later, and perhaps not. Hannah had no way of knowing, and her eyes closed by reflex as she tried to open her throat even further for the toy, clinging to it in desperation and suckling at it as if her life depending on it, the muscles in her throat swallowing over it and giving the toy a blowjob that would make any male blow his load in seconds. Tess did nothing to hide how much the display turned her on, her pawtips already delving into her panties and rubbing away at her clit as she enjoyed the show, still having some of the same sexual tendencies that she did when she was Ricky, and watching a girl deep throat such an impressive cock was *definitely* still a turn on for her. What had changed, however, was the sadistic enjoyment of watching her choke and struggle around it.

There was no denying that Tess took a little pleasure in Hannah's pain.

"Look at you, making such a mess of your meal!" Tess taunted her pet, watching the excess saliva that now streaked down her neck and started to make a mess of the loose shirt that she'd thrown on just so they could go to lunch. "Looks to me like you're having a bit too much fun playing with your food, Hannah. I guess you still need a bit more punishment after all."

Hannah couldn't protest around the mouthful of fucktoy that she was finally in control of, but she gasped out for air as it was pulled from her throat, thin strands of saliva going along with it and spilling over her breasts as Tess took it back

into her paw. It seemed like a moment of reprieve, but Tess quickly pushed her pawtips onto Hannah's tongue and right into her maw, narrowing her eyes at the submissive jaguar. "Suck my juices off my pawtips...and then turn around. Your panties better be around your ankles by the time you get there, or *else*."

It shocked Hannah just how *sweet* the nectar of another female could be, but sure enough, she found herself licking and slurping away at the offered pawtips like they were coated with honey, making sure to cleanse them of every bit of that delightful flavor before she started to turn around. Lucky for her, she'd opted just to throw on some ratty sweatpants for the rather sudden lunch date, so sliding them down and off of her body was easy enough, but as she pulled her panties, the fabric sticking to her slit a moment longer due to the gathering of her own sweet nectar, she felt a little resistance, and no surprise, it was coming from Tess.

"No no...not **all** the way, my pet. Just down to your ankles. Gotta keep you immobilized so you don't try to run away in the middle of your punishment!"

Hannah spread her legs just a little bit, unintentionally falling into a doggy style pose as her panties kept her from moving her legs too far apart, just to the liking of Tess at the moment. The view was exquisite; a submissive and completely submitted jaguar, slit dripping with arousal and panties around her ankles, tail raised, looking back with wide, innocent eyes as if she didn't know what she was doing. "Does this appease my mistress?" she asked, absolutely certain that it would, but fully embracing her role, she made sure to ask, and to use the proper honorific.

Tess held the toy in one paw, coming up with a rather creative punishment as she looked over the submissive feline. The other paw opened up, offering the palm out to Hannah and swatting it across her soft, curvy backside, leaving it with a stinging sensation that was more than a bit painful, but so completely *delightful* for her. "It does **much** more than appease me, my little kitten, and you're going to feel every bit of what it does to me!"

It wasn't the lubricated end of the toy, but instead, the hilt end intended for Tess, that she inserted into Hannah. Hannah gasped in shock, even as she watched the dry end of the toy plunge into her folds, never having guessed that it was coming, and only barely being able to adjust to the sudden girth. "M-Mistress! *Fuck!* What are you d-doing?!"

"Such foul language...you really haven't learned your lesson!" Tess quickly replied, her paw coming down hard in a second, far more painful **SWAT!** It echoed across the otherwise empty apartment, even overshadowing Hannah's groan of mixed pain and pleasure. "And what I'm doing, for your information, is getting my end of the toy nice and slick so it sits inside of me nice and easy...if you know what's good for you, you'll clamp down on that hilt and get it nice and wet for me, and if you let it fall out, well, that's just going to be more punishment for you, I'm afraid. I bet it's really tough to keep a tight grip on it when I keep on spanking your taut little ass, though!"

Being so perfectly used, being taunted, being *violated*...

Hannah was nearly addicted to it now, and ready to beg for more in her own special way.

"Damn! **Mistress!** I don't k-know if I can take much more of that..." Hannah tried to protest, but then, despite how tight her inner walls truly were, she let the toy slip from her folds, pushing it out slowly to make it look like an accident, as the toy fell to the bed with a lewd *schlick*. "O-oh...oh no..."

Tess raised a brow, knowing just how tight Hannah was inside from her time as Ricky. "Hmm...Not buying it, little lady. You think it's really that easy to get me to punish you? I'd say you're enjoying this a little bit too much!" Tess voiced her suspicions as she lifted the toy again, and this time, seeing the hilt already glistening with liquid desire, she rammed it **hard**, pounding it all the way inside of Hannah with a powerful thrust, pressing the toy all the way to her cervix with the force of it. "Too bad I bet that didn't feel as nice as you were hoping!"

Hannah had to bite her lip just to keep from yelping out in pain, but she couldn't deny what her body was telling her. What started out as pain nearly rocketed into an early climax as she subconsciously pushed back against the toy and clung to it, even as Tess sent her paw down a third time, leaving a low, glowing red sheen under her fur, her flesh already raw from the powerful strikes. This time, that pain made her clench down even harder on the toy, so much that it moved up in Tess' paws, shifting from the powerful muscles that clung to it so desperately.

"It was heavenly, Mistress," Hannah admitted, finally giving some semblance of being a willing partner in all of this. "You keep on finding ways to bring out the very *worst* in me..."

Tess knew that Hannah was trying to taunt her right back. "The worst, hm? If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were enjoying this far more than anything we've done yet. You're already leaking down your thighs, and that toy is **soaked.**"

"N-no...it's not true!" Hannah protested, but at this point, all Tess had to do was run the smooth, soft pads of her paws over the sore spot on Hannah's rump to make her wince in pain, and prove her point, as that same pain made her velvety folds tighten up on the toy once again, a fresh flow of arousal coating the hilt and preparing it for what was to come. "I would *never* do this on my own..."

"Of course not. You need someone to give you that push, that spark, and that's what I'm here to provide, little kitty," Tess reminded her, giving the toy one more quick push, having no mercy on her cervix as it pressed in once again, filling Hannah to a degree that no male had ever filled her before. "And, of course, to remind you that your sole purpose is to please me, now...and the only thing that'll please your mistress at this moment is getting to fuck a slutty little jaguar, **hard**, right here on her own bed..."

There was much more than a little spark spreading through Hannah as she bit her lip. Her eyes winced shut tightly and she grinned at how delightfully **full** she was, almost wishing that Tess would just use the toy as it was, but unbeknownst to her, the other end of the toy was much longer, and when all was said and done, she'd be impaled even further on that end of the double-ended dildo. "Will I ever be able to fully satisfy my mistress?" Hannah asked, trying to look back at Tess with the same innocent eyes as before, but they were completely glazed over with a lust that simply couldn't be hidden. She was drunk on it, as wrong as it might be, and she didn't care in the slightest.

"Only time will tell," Tess said simply, finally pulling the toy free from her pet with a quick smirk. "Too bad for you, even if I find myself satisfied for even a moment, I'm keeping you under lock and key for a *very* long time, little kitty. We're just scratching the surface of things I'd like to do to you."

It didn't occur to Hannah until just then that this entire time, Tess had been pandering to *her* desires, and not just her own. In a way, despite being extremely dominant in the bedroom, Tess was being extremely selfless as well, and it touched Hannah deeply to think that even though Ricky was technically gone, as

Tess, she was still trying to make Hannah happy.

The least she could do to make it up to her was to at least try to be a good pet.

"I think we have all the time in the world, Mistress," Hannah suggested, confirming her plans not to go anywhere for quite a while. "But in the meantime...I don't know if you really have what it takes to fuck me silly."

Tess knew it was an intentional challenge, but she was more than happy to make the jaguar pay for her insolence. "You should really be worried," Tess suggested, "Because the example I'm gonna give you of what I'm capable of isn't anywhere *near* how hard I can be on you, Hannah!"

Hannah thought it impossible for Tess to be any rougher with her body than she had been, but the mere thought of it was a turn on, and the action that followed was an absolute *rush*. A slapping, groping squeeze on her ass drew another yelp of mingled pain and pleasure from Hannah, and the claws that dragged down through her fur, stopping just short of drawing blood in their ferocity, left deep, red trails of pain in her flesh. "**TESS!** Ah...ah... Goddamn! I c-can't...can't take any more of that!"

"Oh, yes you can, Hannah, and you're going to for forgetting to address me properly!" Tess reminded her, giving Hannah the physical imprint of that reminder in another firm swat across the other cheek, smacking down on her flesh with such force that errant arousal gently sprinkled away from her folds, staining the bed like raindrops on the sunbaked sidewalk.

Mistress. She's not Tess, she's my mistress, and I need to please her... Hannah thought, quickly taking that reminder to heart as her body shook with a pain that she desperately craved. Her inner walls clenched, wishing they had something to cling to as her convulsions became so great, she feared she might climax just from the spanking! "I w-won't forget again, Mistress! I'm so sorry...can you ever forgive your forgetful pet?"

"Don't worry, my darling. Once this toy is back inside of you, all will be forgiven," Tess replied, speaking as if the toy was some sort of absolving device, instead of just the squishy fucktoy that it was. Watching Hannah shudder all on her own now, Tess grinned with satisfaction and slid the hilt of the toy into her own pussy, dripping wet from watching the lewd display before her. The juices

that came from Hannah mingled with her own as the hilt fit in her body, and Tess clamped down tightly on it, giving herself a rather massive strap-on to work with. "And if you manage to take the knot, I'll even give you a break for an hour or two to catch your breath and ice your poor backside..."

Hannah *was* ravaged. The thought of a break was almost like a wonderful oasis that she could see at the edge of the desert of her suffering, but Hannah was nearly possessed, like an athlete in the middle of a difficult workout that taxed her entire body, but the drive to finish was more powerful than anything. Sharing that drive with her mistress, she coiled her long, prehensile tail around Tess' back and tried to entice her in closer, with fantastic success.

"And my pet finally accepts her place...does the little kitty want a big, thick dog cock to fill her up?" Tess asked, leaning over her body and pressing the tip of the toy right to the waiting, dripping folds that swelled with their need. Hannah bit down on her lip, wincing again in a hint of pain at the size of the toy, but it followed with indescribable pleasure of just being so completely **full**. All of the teasing that led up to that moment, every mark on her body, every punishing touch she experienced had her womanhood primed and ready, so much that just one thrust nearly buckled her body into an orgasm. "*Tiiiiiiight*...my little pet is so fucking tight!"

"Yes! **Y-yes!** I need it so bad, Mistress! Please plunge that cock deep in my pussy and *fill me up!*" Hannah screamed out in delight as inch after inch of the soft toy pumped inside of her, and as Tess became used to the sensation of having a member again, her thrusting easing into a nice and **deep** pace, pounding every inch of Hannah's insides with a vigor that was carrying her right towards a needed release.

SMACK! The paw came down again, right upon the sore, raw spot from before, and squeezed it tight, claws digging into the flesh that they could find as Tess grinned with devilish glee. "You do **NOT** get to make demands of your Mistress!" she reminded her pet, pounding the toy in twice as hard, her hips adding to the force and making sure that Hannah got the message as the toy pressed up against her cervix once more, the bulge of the simulated knot just pressing to her labia and spreading them a bit.

Hannah wilted her ears down, but she wasn't even the least bit disappointed. Each and every time Tess was rough with her body, it brought her closer to the

edge, and being so full, *too* full with the fake dog cock had her gasping and panting for more, wishing that her own body was just a little bit deeper inside. "I'm so, so sorry Mistress! *Ahhhn!*"

Tess was riding her own waves of pleasure. Technically, it was her own first time being penetrated as a woman, and the feeling was unusual, but so completely delightful, and without the prior experience to deal with the sensations, she was already spiraling towards a climax, aided by the toy touching spots inside she didn't know she had with each and every thrust. "Y-you don't know what sorry means, but tonight, I'll be glad to show you...*oooh*...You must be **loving** this, Hannah! I had no idea being filled could feel so *good!*"

Hannah wanted to reply, but her paws were full of bedsheets, and as she felt the knot trying once again to split her in half, she bit down hard on the fabric and squealed, her folds drooling around the massive toy as it kept trying to make that last push, all in vain.

It was more than she could take, anyway.

"I'm g-gonna cum! I'm gonna cum all over you, Mistress!" Hannah warned, and she nearly sensed the paw that was about to swat down upon her ass one more time, but that delightful, perfect blend of pleasure and pain, like a cocktail mixed by the most delicate of paws, was just what she needed to unleash a torrent of juices upon the toy, soaking the simulated knot and making a wet, sticky mess of Tess' hips, the moisture shining brightly in the dark brown fur upon her thighs. She thrashed violently against the bed, trying so desperately to get that knot to fill her up just a little bit more, but her body was literally at the physical limit she could push it to. The toy was simply too long, smashing against her cervix and sending her crashing almost immediately into what felt like a second climax, just as strong as the first, until Hannah was little more than a writhing, leaking mess of sexuality, completely defeated upon the bed.

Tess was close to an orgasm, but just by penetration, she couldn't quite get used to the sensations, and was having more fun focusing on keeping Hannah completely submitted anyway. There would be more times in the future to figure out the new body she'd been blessed with, all while exploring the one that she'd taken for granted when she was Ricky. "You really splattered all over me that time, Hannah! You're lucky that your mistress has a thing for squirting, or I might have to shove this thick, heavy dog cock up your ass..."

Hannah didn't mean to react, but her tail stuck up and out straight, just as a cat was apt to do when they heard news of great excitement.

"...I think you just told me what we're doing tonight, Hannah."

**

Hannah spent a good portion of the rest of the evening with an ice pack on her backside, but she wasn't bitter about it.

In fact, as the cool, soothing block aided her with a little relief from the roughhousing earlier, she was smiling.

Ricky was always willing to try to do anything for me, and as Tess, he still is...I really took him for granted as a man. I'm glad he's still willing to love me as a woman.

She'd keep her thoughts private for the time being, not wanting to put any fear or doubt in Tess now that things were even more complicated than they'd been before, and yet, they didn't feel that way. They almost felt more simple, and it seemed that the transformation made Tess into more of the person she wanted to be, perhaps, someone she never could be as a man.

"Hannah...did you order a weird looking package from some dark corner of the internet or something?"

Tess came back into the living room from the front door, carrying a small, oddly shaped box. "No...I've never seen anything like that before in my life!"

"Huh. Wonder what this is all about, then," Tess pondered. She tore away some of the packaging and saw a title: "Ten Potions to Enhance Your Love Life." At the bottom of what she could now see was a book and some small tubes filled with liquid, there was a post-it note attached, with just one letter on it: "B."

"So what is it?" Hannah asked, getting up from the couch with a slightly pained groan and looking to the package with curious eyes.

Tess smiled inwardly, having a hunch at who it was from. "Just a little something

to keep us entertained while we get used to all the changes in our lives, Hannah."

There were certainly a lot of changes coming in the near future.

For the first time in months, both Tess and Hannah were looking to the near future with bright smiles and wagging tails.

4

An apartment that had been filled with chaos and confusion only weeks before was back to being a love nest, and things were going well once again for Tess and Hannah.

After their unusual exodus that lead Ricky, a small, timid and shy rabbit to become Tess, a dominant, powerful and lustful wolfess, the very thing that Hannah secretly desired, the pair worked out their differences, and ended up staying together after all. The boxes Hannah had packed in preparation for her departure were unpacked again over time, their lease was renewed, and Tess regularly paraded Hannah around the local bar scene, chastising her jaguar girlfriend and occasionally visiting their friend Bella at "The Occult," just to make sure there were no further changes to worry about in their near future.

It was never revealed to the pair who dropped off their care package only a few weeks earlier, though Tess had a very good hunch who it might have been. The small box, filled to the gills with potions, positions and other sexual trinkets, had been sitting in the corner of their bedroom, resting upon a dresser and starting to collect dust. As dominant as Tess was, it was rare that she and Hannah had the chance to engage in any real sort of foreplay, and as much as they had the best of intentions, they'd never opened the box.

Not until a morning that started out entirely peaceful enough.

"Sleeping in on the weekend is the *best*," Hannah chided as she strolled into the kitchen, wearing nothing but a long, oversize button up shirt. The fabric was lifted in the back by her slowly swaying tail, forming a tiny bump at the base of the shirt and keeping Tess visually focused on just that spot, the florets in her fur creating a beautiful vision over her rump. "You want a bowl of cereal too, Tess?"

The wolfess was actually a bit more modest in her sleepwear, despite her usually being the far more sexually aggressive of the two. A tight, form fitting top pushed out her proud, ample breasts, and the loose fitting pajama bottoms still gave a nice shape to her backside. "I dunno...think I'm just gonna have some of that leftover steak," Tess grumbled, definitely not much of a morning person. Just as much, she was dominated by her carnivorous nature, and since she'd

made her transformation, nothing ever sounded good to eat except for meat, potatoes, and Hannah.

"Is that *all* you ever eat?" Hannah asked, turning back and giving her lover a quick wink. She was already reaching into the cupboards to pull herself a small bowl. "I know you're supposed to eat a lot of meat, but you should probably have some balance in your diet."

"I change it up and have jaguar from time to time," Tess reminded her, sticking out the bare tip of her pink tongue. Hannah immediately flushed and turned away bashfully, clinging to her tiny bowl and gathering up a box of cereal. "If that's your way of saying that you want me to have jaguar for breakfast instead, I'm **definitely** up for that."

Hannah silently shook her head and sat down at the table, pouring herself a small bowl of cereal and filling the otherwise quiet apartment with the sound of puffed grains rattling against the empty bowl. In her shyness and haste, she'd completely forgotten the milk, but she could barely squeak at Tess to ask for it. "M-milk...please..."

"What's that?" Tess asked, a Cheshire grin now painted on her muzzle as she had her fun, toying with the more timid jaguar female. "Did you forget something, Hannah? I didn't quite hear that..."

Flustered, Hannah huffed and narrowed her eyes at Tess. "You heard me..."

Tess loved that she had a pair of pajama pants with pockets, giving her somewhere safe to conceal a tiny vial that she'd taken out of the care package that morning. Leaning over into the fridge and swaying her tail to obscure Hannah's view, she poured a sample of the vial into the milk jug as she pulled it from the fridge, quickly concealing it once again before she turned around and set the milk on their dining table, sliding it across the wood. "No need to get so moody, Hannah. I was just calling you out for being a needy little kitten."

"I do **not** feel needy!" Hannah protested, flattening her rounded ears down to her head a little bit, perpetually bashful. She hadn't noticed a thing, popping open the milk once again and pouring it over the generic cereal. She took pleasure in the simple things in life, like the quiet **crackle** of her cereal as it soaked up the milk in the bowl, and the way that the puffs softened up to be nice and chewy as she

took her first bite.

It seemed that Hannah didn't notice a thing, and Tess curled her tail with delight as she reached back into the fridge to grab the Styrofoam box that contained her leftovers. "How's the cereal this morning, lover mine?"

The question *did* feel a little out of place to Hannah, who blinked and looked up from her bowl, swallowing down a gulp. "It's...fine," she said, pausing as she pondered the question. "As good as it ever is, anyway. Thanks for asking...?"

It wasn't that Tess couldn't be polite, but she usually didn't have a care in the world for any part of Hannah's morning routine. There was no way for her to not seem at least a little suspicious. "I just have a feeling it won't be nearly as good as my steak," Tess taunted, showing off a little bit of her domineering attitude and setting Hannah back off of her guard. She set the Styrofoam container on the counter, but she didn't open it just yet, looking back over her shoulder at her lover and keeping a close eye on her as she took another bite of her cereal. There was nothing in the box to indicate just how long the potion would take to work, but Tess couldn't imagine that it would take *too* long...at least, she *hoped* not.

"Now that you mention it," Hannah started, "I think this does actually taste a little funny...was that milk still good? It almost tastes like it's gone a little sour," she pointed out, mulling it over as she took another bite. "Could just be me, though..."

Tess grinned. "I'm sure that's all it is...sorry to get you in your own head like that."

"No p-problem..." Hannah stammered, blinking as her voice cracked and deepened rather suddenly. "Sorry about that...I think? Tess, does my voice sound kinda funny to you?"

"Why, I don't have the faintest clue what you're talking about," Tess replied in a taunting, sing-song voice, curling her tail with elation as she knew the potion was finally starting to work. "It's probably just you again!"

"No, that's **definitely** not just me!" Hannah yelled back, her eyes widening in shock as her tone continued to deepen. A strange sensation started to well up in the pit of her stomach, just at the middle of her abdomen, and Hannah tried to

stand up in a state of panic, but she suddenly lost her balance as her center of gravity was changing without her knowing it. Her wide, curvy hips were already starting to narrow, and the bones in her shoulders were expanding, preparing to become far more broad than they were. "T-Tess! What the hell...what's happening to me?"

Not even bothering to put away the steak that she'd taken out, Tess turned around fully, leaning her rump against the counter as she relaxed to enjoy the show. "Looks to me like the potion works a lot faster than advertised, Hannah. If someone was kind enough to drop us off a care package, it would be rude of us not to try a couple of those potions out, wouldn't it?"

Hannah dropped her spoon to the floor, reluctantly swallowing the last gulp of food she had instead of spitting it out. "Why would you poison me like that?! You could have at least *asked* me first!" she yelled angrily, gritting her fangs together and setting her paws on the back of her chair to keep her balance. Her hips were no longer the center of her universe or her gravity, but it was about to become the least of her concerns. "Why...why do I feel like I'm melting?"

"This must be the opposite of the potion I had at the bar that night!" Tess rationalized, as she watched Hannah's breasts, once proud, perky and full, start to shrink back into her body. "You're about to get a unique perspective of just how much it can suck to be a guy, Hannah..."

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Hannah already knew that was what was coming, but she was still in denial of it, even as her chest shrunk down to being almost completely flat. As her shoulders widened out, replacing her hips as the once widest part of her body, Hannah could feel an unusual growth coming out of her nether regions, and though she wasn't even the faintest bit aroused, she could feel her cute, stiff little clit standing proud and awake, buzzing with sensations that were only amplified with each passing moment. She'd have already drenched her panties...if her folds hadn't already sealed together and started to fade away, replaced with a patch of rigid, textured flesh that was slowly being worked over with fur. Hannah could feel her clit starting to grow, protruding away from her body as it did and becoming even more sensitive to the touch, until the peak of her old sexual organs was hanging down between her legs, growing all the way into a fully functional member, and one that was already filling with blood due to the effects of the potion. Twin lumps started to form in what was clearly her sack, and Hannah tried to contain her panic as she

reached down between her legs, having nothing to cover her new set of genitals and started to examine them, as the lumps took shape, giving her a potent pair of testicles.

"Tess...you...you didn't," Hannah muttered, her voice nearly at the verge of tears as her thighs and calves became more muscular, their shape changing to fit her new form. She was still rather lithe, just as she'd been before, but now, fully transformed into a male, she was far less curvy, and had a plenty sizable length between her legs to affirm that the transformation was complete. Hannah ripped away her button up shirt, feeling herself up only to find that her breasts were entirely gone, along with the rather pleasant sensations that came from teasing the same flesh, and her tummy was actually rigid with the starts of abdominal muscles. "Why would you do this to me?!"

"Because, as you might recall, you're my little fucktoy, and I do what I want with you," Tess reminded her rather firmly, taking a step away from the counter and narrowing her eyes on the now entirely male jaguar. "And you're panicking for nothing, anyway. As long as it isn't mixed into a drink like mine was, the effects of that potion shouldn't be permanent...you'll be back to your curvy old self in no time. I just wanted to see what you looked like as a male, and I've gotta say, I *definitely* approve! I think I'll call you Hans, when you're like this...just to avoid any confusion."

Hans crossed his arms over his chest and grunted. "Now that I'm the male in this relationship, I hardly think you have the right to call me a fuck toy anymore," he argued, turning his head away from Tess, but his gaze was quickly brought back to face the wolffess as her paw gripped tightly around his muzzle and turned his whole head.

"Like I told you, Hans...you're gonna get a crash course on how much being a guy can really, *really* suck..." Tess spoke in a low, growling tone, not one to mess around. The memory of being Ricky, of being a male who wasn't ever good enough for any female he ever met, was still fresh on her mind, and in some way, she was more than happy to take out those frustrations on Hans, just to show the former Hannah how terrible she'd made his life for a time.

It didn't hurt that the both of them were certainly going to enjoy her methods.

"And juft how doshe you intenfs to doshe dat?" Hans asked, his muzzle still

being held by Tess, making it rather difficult for him to talk. She released his muzzle so he could speak, but only so that wolfess could prove her point of ownership, gripping the full length between his legs and giving it a firm squeeze. "T-Tess! That's my...my dick...huh. That actually feels really good..."

"Lucky for you, males have a tendency to enjoy pretty much anything a female does to them, so long as it involves touching their junk," Tess admitted, speaking almost entirely from experience. "Once the testosterone kicks in, you won't be able to keep your paws to yourself...I better take action before that happens."

Hans was tempted, even for just a moment, to try and fight back. There was a certain drive that came with being a male that he couldn't comprehend the extent of just yet, never having been in a body so filled with testosterone. If not for the way he'd been raised as Hannah, Hans would almost certainly have tackled Tess right to the floor and pinned her to have his way with her, but instead, his instincts took a moment too long to kick in, and Tess was already behind him, shoving him towards the bedroom. "And just how do you think you're gonna stop me?"

"With ropes. And a few other things if those don't work."

"I don't see how you'll- hey!"

Hans thought he'd be able to easily fight back against Tess, but he still wasn't fully used to his new center of gravity, and his body was a little bit weakened by the transformation. Tess was easily pushing him down the hall towards the bedroom, and the hardwood floors gave him almost nothing to grip onto as he was pushed along. His claws tried to dig into the wood, but there just wasn't enough for the newly transformed male to grip onto. With one last hard, powerful shove, Tess pushed Hans right through their bedroom door and down onto the bed, the effort having taken the breath right out of the dominant wolfess.

"S-stop...*ah...ah...* being such a pain the ass...*ah...* and just lay there and enjoy this!"

Hans turned right over onto his back as he landed against the bed, intending to spring up and move away, but Tess still had energy about her to pounce him down to the bed. It helped that even as a male, Hans retained some of the softer

features of his female form, and therefore, held the same attractive features that drew Tess to him in the first place. Hans was a good looking male, though the long hair and softer features he sported left him bordering on androgynous.

"And if I don't cooperate?" Hans asked, pinned firmly to the bed and having no way to escape, but still not giving in entirely just yet. He was still frustrated with Tess for being dishonest, and still content to make the wolfess work for every inch of her advances.

"Then I'll just grab the strap-on and pound your tight little ass *without* any lube," Tess said firmly, her eyes sharp as daggers as she narrowed them on her partner. It wasn't an empty threat, and one that Hans knew not to push the envelope on. "You've already proven you can't be trusted, Hans. You'd better just lay back and take this before you make it even worse for yourself."

There was a slight, *very* slight chance that Hans could overpower Tess when he recovered, but still reeling from the transformation, the male jaguar readily complied, still carrying over a more submissive nature from his time as Hannah. "I...I...o-okay..." he whispered quietly, not wanting to put himself in any further danger. Even as Tess stood up from the bed to reach into the care package and gather up the ropes, Hans stayed put on the bed, even readying his paws in front of his chest, leaving him literally fit to be tied. Grinning with sadistic delight at the sight, Tess stretched the rope out in front of Hans, showing it off to him the way a dominatrix would brandish her whip in front of her submissive partner.

"Much better," Tess replied simply, starting off by tying the rope in thick coils around Hans' wrists, making sure he wouldn't be able to touch himself, no matter how badly he wanted to. "That wasn't so hard, was it?" she asked, pushing his arms up over his head after she tied them, leaving him completely exposed before her on the bed, and his cock was already standing at attention. "Speaking of hard...you don't have any self-restraint with this thing yet, do you? I've barely touched you and you're already standing at attention for me...there are some girls out there who would really punish you for that, Hans. You're lucky you ended up with a gracious girl like me..."

Dunno if this is lucky, Hans thought, but he kept those thoughts in his head, not wanting to incur further wrath from his dominant partner. Tess hovered over Hans, wasting no time in stripping away her pajama bottoms and tossing her clingy top aside, all so she could climb onto the bed and let the wetness upon her

eager folds drizzle over the very tip of Hans' length as she crawled over him. "Oops...got a little stain on your precious new cock," she mentioned, quickly turning around and forcing her slit upon his muzzle while she lowered her own muzzle to the glistening tip. "Let me just take care of that for you..."

It was true that men and women felt pleasure in different ways. Women had a tendency to be more mental lovers, with the brain being the largest sexual organ. Men, however, were sometimes simpler lovers, and Tess was well aware of that fact. Knowing that Hans would be completely unused to the sensation, she opened her muzzle and simply let out a warm breath over the very tip of his cock, and in the next moment, the whole bed shuddered.

"Ho-ly *shit!* Th-that...that's *incredible!*" Hans cried out, though his screams of pleasure were immediately muffled by the sudden placement of a pair of moistened labia upon his tongue. Intoxicated by the scent of a horny female for the first time as a male, Hans simply did what came as instinct, his tongue probing so deep into Tess that it even caught her off guard, making her knees quiver around his head. Enjoying his first ever samples of feminine juices as a male, it seemed there was a new sweetness to Tess that Hans had never noticed before, and quickly, a simple desire for the taste was turning into a binding addiction, the eager jaguar sliding his tongue over each internal surface that it could touch to swipe all of her juices clean, and low, pleased rumblings teased Tess in a way that she'd never experienced before from Hannah.

"And I'm just getting started," Tess reminded him, slowly closing her muzzle around the tip and swirling her tongue over it like it was nothing more than a lollipop, waiting for her to lick and suckle down to the center. Hans tightened up his paws, wishing that he could reach up and squeeze onto *anything* to help him stand the sensation, but there was no way for him to dull it; he simply had to swim through it and enjoy every single second of it. While the tip of his length was perhaps a little *too* sensitive, his shaft was the perfect sensitivity, and as Tess went further down, his pleasure evolved, growing deeper with each inch that Tess took into her throat. She wasn't versed, or even experienced in taking the whole of a male into her throat, but she gave it her best effort, taking half of Hans' cock into her muzzle and swallowing against it as the former hungrily lapped away at Tess' clit, making the little pleasure bud radiate with delight.

Each of the heated mammals was closer to a climax than they readily wanted to admit, but they found themselves unable to stop their oral assaults on each other.

Experiencing a male in her maw for the first time was a real thrill for Tess, and getting his first ever blowjob was something that Hans could never have imagined to be so amazing. The pleasure, even without an orgasm, was beyond anything that he could remember from his time as a female, and Tess had made him squirt only just a couple weeks earlier. The entirety of his cock seemed to be nothing more than a lightning rod for pleasant sensations, and there was no wrong way for Tess to touch it.

Her paws tickling across his thighs made him jump, sending a pleasant tickle into his tummy.

Her lips kissing and teasing at the tip sent a shock through his whole body, one that he couldn't shake.

Her tongue swirling around each of the soft, lightly fuzzed orbs in his sack was an even greater sensation, a new, internal pleasure that he couldn't describe, one that seemed to stay right where it was, but it was *overwhelming*.

"T-Tess...I think I...I'm gonna...*cum*..." Hans managed to groan, through slow and gluttonous slurps with his tongue. His muzzle was already soaked, stained through with liquid desire, and he couldn't be happier about it, glad to drown in the scent if it was the last thing he ever smelled. There was a disconnect between a male and female orgasm, but Hans was sure that he was nearing it, as a pleasant, ticklish sensation was building within that he just couldn't shake off, like a big, powerful sneeze that took a long time to build up. The slow, rhythmic trembling of her partner told Tess that he wasn't kidding, and the wolfess slowly pulled back from his length, licking her lips to gather up a little bit of precum from them.

"Well, we can't have that just yet! What about your mistress?" she asked, though, as skilled as Hans was with his tongue, she could have given into orgasm a few strokes before that. She was only denying herself that pleasure so that she could prove a point to her submissive little pet. "A good man's seed should never be wasted that way...it should be placed where it can be of some use, y'know, like inside of me so I can feel that hot, thick seed..."

"But couldn't you-"

"It'll make me cum, I'm sure of it," Tess interrupted, "And my organs don't work

that way, anyway...at least, I don't think so...and you're not using a condom, sweetheart." The wolfess pushed down on her mate and spun around once again, opting to face Hans as she crawled across the bed once again, her hips straddling over his and leaving her wet, heated sex desperately close to the drooling tip of her impassioned lover. "You're gonna pump that load inside of me, and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it..."

It was a risky move, to be sure, since neither Hans nor Tess knew exactly how their new anatomies worked, but he was already bound and trapped on the bed. Not one to trust him entirely yet, however, Tess pulled her body away from his, teasing him with the anticipation of entry, but not quite giving into it just yet. Instead, she backed off of the bed and grabbed up another strand of rope from the care package, pulling Hans' legs together with relative ease and coiling the rope tightly around his ankles. "Tess...we shouldn't risk that...we **can't!**"

"We **can**, and we **will**," Tess replied sharply, licking her lips just at the thought of having a real load of semen inside of her. It was something she didn't think she'd ever experience, but now, she was looking right in the eyes of that opportunity, and she wasn't about to look away. "And you're gonna be a good little bitch, lay back and enjoy every minute of it...just like you want to..."

It was true that when Hans was still Hannah, she had wished for exactly what she was getting; a powerful, Amazonian lover, a woman of strong proportions and a sexual appetite that couldn't be sated, a woman who wasn't just not afraid to take the lead in the bedroom, but in fact *liked* doing it.

At the moment, Hans was a little unsure of himself.

"B-but...Tess..." he whimpered, but he knew it was already too late to even try to stop her. He writhed about pathetically on the bed, but he couldn't budge an inch, especially when Tess climbed back onto his hips and lifted her tail, like a wolfess on the prowl, hunting for her prey. Conveniently, it was already tied up and waiting for her, and using one paw to hold onto the base, Tess guided the length inside of her, completely bareback, without a care in the world what might come of it.

It was *electrifying*.

Tess gritted her fangs together tightly, almost wanting to deny her pet the right to

see her in so much pleasure that it made her head spin.

Hans was pleased beyond words, his eyes rolling back slowly in his head as the wolfess worked her way down over the shaft of his impressive length, her unbelievably tight inner walls clinging to him even tighter than her paws ever could.

"S-still...still want to put on a c-condom?" Tess asked, her voice broken up by feverish, desperate panting. With a satisfying, quiet *plap*, Tess was sitting right upon her lover, their hips as close as they could be. It was an impressive feat for the pair, both technically in virgin bodies, and yet, their act was so passionate that they couldn't dream of turning back.

"No...no way! *Nnngh!*" Hans grunted, his voice unsure of how it should respond to such a fulfilling pleasure. As Tess sat upon him, his cock fully immersed in the wet, warm embrace of her pussy, he could feel a small trickle of her juices spilling out over his sack, his entire body alive with sensitive nerve endings that all seemed to only add to his pleasure. With the amazing blowjob before, Hans felt every bit like the male virgin that he was, knowing he wouldn't last long and wanting to last as long as he could to impress a female, but he knew that there was nothing he could possibly do to prevent the inevitable now, as Tess started to bounce gently upon his length, trying to keep her hips close to his for a little additional stimulation to her sensitive clit. The designer of her own fate once again, keeping Hans in bondage, Tess had to reach down, squeezing and fingering at her own clit, making her hips move in feverish, choppy thrusts, pounding Hans down into the bed and keeping him beneath her, exactly where he belonged.

Hans could only try to buck his hips up against his dominant lover, wanting to do something to return the favor to her for showing him a world of pleasure that he could only dream of before. "Good answer...cause I'm not stopping until you give me...*oooh...***every** drop, Hans...you're gonna fill me up with cum!" she declared, making her intentions plain as day. She knew that there might actually be a risk involved, but she could have cared less; she was on the verge of a climax, and the mental block of wanting to feel a real orgasm inside of her was keeping her teetering on the edge, unable to quite make it over.

The first spittle of precum was already filling Tess up, soaking her inner walls and adding a new element of wetness to the whole experience for the pair. "I...g-

give in, Tess...my mistress! I can't hold it...I'm gonna cum...*I have to cum!*" Hans cried out desperately, still not quite sure how to respond to the overpowering pleasure that flooded his body. There was an element of relaxing in a male body in order to let the orgasm take over, but it was something that could be circumvented simply by experiencing enough pleasure. In a way, it actually took practice for a male to figure out how to let his body climax.

Tess went with the overpowering option, simply putting Hans through so much pleasure that his body couldn't stop if it wanted to. Every muscle in his body seized up as Hans felt his sack contract, and the first burst of seed came free, filling Tess up immediately and coating every single inch of her passage in his potent cum. The wolfess felt her lips curl into a silly grin as she could feel that intensely hot spunk drizzling out of her and down over her labia as she bounced, making a small mess on the bed as she tried to keep it in, but simply failed. It was erotic to watch, but each rope of seed that pumped inside of her brought her closer to her own climax, until she was digging her claws into Hans' fur. "Good boy...*good boy!* Pump me full, baby! Fill me up! Yes! *YES!* F-finally, I'm cumming! *Fuck me...I'm c-cumming!*"

Hans felt a sudden contracting over his shaft, unlike any sensation Tess had given him to that point, as her walls fluttered about his spitting cock. A final, hardest contraction surged through his sack at the sensation, pumping seed all the way into her womb, completing the riskiest part of their copulation and leaving Tess a sputtering mess as she fucked herself silly on her pet's cock. She trembled violently as she leaned over on his body, refusing to let his length spring free from her tight, clinging passage. Her claws nearly drew blood as they curled and dug through his fur, needing something to cling to from such an intense climax.

"So...that's what...it's like," Hans murmured dreamily, his voice broken up by a series of low, panting breaths. He couldn't imagine sex being so exhausting while on bottom, but it certainly was, leaving the male without the energy to stand, even if his legs hadn't been tied together.

"Better t-than I ever could have dreamed..." Tess groaned in seemingly endless pleasure, and then, a moment of disappointment as Hans finally deflated and his length fell out of her with a sudden rush of leaking cum. "You did *very well* today, my pet...and I'd have to imagine you actually *enjoyed* being a male..."

Hans immediately flushed, a rose red color rising up through the florets of his fur. "I...I wouldn't object to trying it again sometime in the future," he admitted, though he did already miss his female body.

"That's good...because I'm not nearly done putting you in your place, male or female..."

**

The potion did wear off, given about ten hours. The pair spent the rest of their day being a bit boring by outside standards, but for them, it was an adventure as they got used to the idea of Hans being a male, letting him acclimate to the world around him and how different it could be in a male body.

It wasn't until he was really starting to get the hang of things that he finally turned back into Hannah, and because of another violent transformation, she was even more exhausted than she had been at the end of their romp.

"You know, it really doesn't matter if you're a male or a female, to me..."

"Hn...?"

Tess was resting in bed, and Hannah was already collapsed on top of her, her body slightly off to the side, and her head nestled into Tess' gentle bosom.

"You can be whatever you want to be, Hannah. It won't change the fact that you're my pet..."

"Still on about the pet and mistress thing?" Hannah asked, giving a very tired wink to her dominant partner.

"Of course...we have to have a dynamic in the bedroom," Tess replied, winking back at her and leaning down to press a tender kiss upon her forehead.

"But it's a lot deeper than that, my dear. I'm glad I was able to be what you wanted to be, after all..."

"Course you are..." Hannah whispered, her voice starting to fade away as sleep came to take her away to her dreams.

Tess couldn't wipe an admittedly shy smile from her face. "As long as you're in my arms...male or female, Hannah...that's all you ever have to do for me."

Tess understood that sometimes, people just changed. Who they loved changed, who they were changed...time changed all things.

But it couldn't budge her love for Hannah.

5

With some semblance of normalcy finally achieved in their unusual, but wonderful relationship, Tess and Hannah could often be found at the bars on the strip around their apartment. Whether they were hanging out and trying oddly flavored drinks at The Occult, or Tess was parading a slightly drunken Hannah up and down the street, the pair of females seemed to be out on the town almost every single night.

On slightly rarer occasions, they would still find their way back to the Drunken River, the bar that Hannah preferred to hang out at before Ricky became Tess. Her desire for a more dominant partner, specifically a female one, had taken her to that place time and time again when their relationship was on the rocks, and with the change that was made, Tess ended up being the answer to her prayers, in what she already had.

"I think...I t-think I need one more. Just one more," Hannah said, slurring her words just slightly already. The young, wild jaguar female never tired of partying, and while her appetite for her mate was difficult to satisfy, she had a soft spot for liquor, as well, and she loved the little, relaxed sensation that accompanied the pleasant buzz she felt. It made her sexual exploits with Tess, as unusual as they might seem to other couples, feel entirely natural to her and helped her enjoy them quite a bit.

Tess enjoyed a drink here and there, for sure, but she always made sure to stay a step behind Hannah, just in case they found themselves across town and needing a sober guide to make their way home. "*Just* one more," Tess agreed, "And maybe something that isn't 80 proof so I don't have to drag you back across the street and up into our bed."

Hannah rolled her eyes. "I'm not *that* drunk, first off, and somehow, I don't think you'd be complaining about dragging me into bed..."

"Dragging you up the stairs wouldn't exactly be pleasant, though," Tess suggested, as she tapped the bar and got the attention of the nearest bartender. "I think I'll join you for that last drink, though. A couple shots of Horchata, and then I'll pay off our tab."

"Awww... Tess, you don't have to do that!"

The bartender was already pouring a couple shots, and Tess was already pulling out her wallet before Hannah could stop her. "I still wear the pants in this relationship," she pointed out, "So I still pay for the drinks."

"Hmph. Fiiiiine," Hannah droned, but her tail was already stuck out straight, the classic feline sign of excitement and elation as she watched the creamy liquid pouring into her shot glass. She was a huge fan of sweeter drinks, and Tess always took full advantage of her sweet tooth at the bar. "You're just lucky I love you so much."

Won't argue there, Tess thought, picking up her own shot glass and clinking it to Hannah's. "And you're lucky that I *usually* have mercy on your ass when you have a bit too much to drink like this!"

Hannah was normally a bit shyer, and certainly far more reserved than Tess was, but with a little liquor in her system, she was quick to swing her hips and bump her rump right into Tess. "Who says you have to go easy on it? You *know* I'm game for the rough stuff..."

The bartender was blushing furiously as the ladies took their shots and set them down on the bar. He was quick to whisk the glasses away and find anywhere else to stand, glad that there was a counter between them to keep his obvious excitement hidden. "Then let's head back to the apartment, and we'll see just how rough you can really take it..."

"But..."

"But what?"

"I have to pee."

Tess palmed her face in her paw. "You seriously can't make it literally across the street and up the stairs?"

"I mean, I *could*, but what if I didn't?"

"I think you would."

"But I-"

"Okay! Just go!"

Hannah flattened her ears a little bit, but Tess grinned at her and gave her rump a quick tap. "Seriously, go do your business before I find you some weird guy to do it on." It might have been a joking threat, but it was serious enough for Hannah to high tail it into the ladies room with a quiet giggle. Tess watched her lover all the way into the bathroom, her eyes entranced by the sway of her long, fluffy and spotted tail, swishing back and forth across her perfect, shapely rear...

"So *you're* the girl who landed Hannah..."

Until a voice came across her ear, snapping her out of her daydream like a teacher rapping their ruler on a chalkboard.

"Yeah, that's me. And who the hell might you be?" Tess asked, slowly whirling around to see a female who might have actually given her a run for her money, in terms of dominance.

Standing staunch, her legs spread wide to give her a powerful stance and her ears perked up high on her head, there was a doberman clad in a tight, black leather tank top and a pair of jean shorts, cut off just above the thigh and clinging tightly to her body, slim, but toned enough to make Tess just the slightest bit nervous at having her so close. "No need to get hostile with me, lady. The name's Skylar...you can call me Sky."

"Never heard of you. Sorry to be a little bit edgy, but I know the people in this bar tend to be a bit...aggressive, is the right word," Tess suggested, taking a half step back from Skylar and secretly hoping that she wouldn't notice it. "The name's Tessa, you can call me Tess. And I hope I didn't wrong you in any way by winning Hannah over."

"In a way, you did, but I'm sure you didn't do it on purpose if you've never met me," Skylar explained. "When she was coming in the bar before, she was always complaining about some guy named Ricky, saying that she was worried about her relationship with him and that it was doomed to fail...that he just couldn't

quite satisfy her the right way. One night, I offered her a double ended dildo and a good time...she took one and kept it, but she never took me up on the other. It stings a bit to see that she's happy with someone else, but...at least she *is* happy."

Tess poked her chin in thought, pondering back through all of the times that she'd bedded Hannah, but even before she'd transformed in the first place, she *did* recall coming across something unusual in one of her dresser drawers, and now, the points were all coming together. "So you're the one who gave Hannah that gift! I had always wondered where that thing came from...hm. Well, I'm sure Ricky would have understood why you gave it to her...in fact, I bet he's just happy that Hannah is happy with someone. He really cared for her," Tess said, not giving away any of her origin story just yet.

"Oh, you knew Ricky as well?"

"I did. He was a little sweetheart...he really meant well. I think Hannah is happier with me, though, and I'm sorry you never really got to take a run at her..."

Skylar raised a brow. "I'm sorry...did you just say you were *sorry* that I didn't get to? Isn't she your girlfriend?"

"Sure she is! That doesn't mean that I'm not open to sharing once in a while...I mean, with how much she was actively trying to sleep around..."

"She tried sleeping around on you?!"

Tess wished she had another drink around to distract herself. "I...uhm. Well, I heard she *was* trying to do that to Ricky...I think they were still together when I finally got to bed her."

"Hmm. I always figured her to be more the loyal type...and you're quite a character, yourself, Tess. No offense intended, but most girls wouldn't dream of sharing a sweet little slice like Hannah."

"You just said you gave her that toy, but never got to show her how to use it. Maybe you deserve a chance to, after all?"

Skylar went silent at the thought, and at the sight of Hannah coming back

towards the bar. Her beautiful, flowing locks of brunette were still swaying in the breeze of the overhead air conditioner as she locked eyes with Skylar, and there was a moment of tension so thick, one could swim through it like water.

That is, until Tess intervened.

"Don't be nervous, Hannah. I was just meeting with an old friend of yours...you remember Skylar, I'm sure. You two used to hang out here, together?"

Hannah immediately looked away, feeling some sort of shame that her old temptress was still hanging around. "We...we hung out a couple times, yeah..."

"She seems like a perfectly friendly young woman, and I love her taste in fashion...not to mention that wild purple hair," Tess pointed out, having taken notice of the oddly colored headfur, but keeping quiet about it until the moment seemed right. "And from what I understand, she gave you a gift...one that you never let her share with you!"

Skylar, despite her more dominant nature, felt warmth creeping into her cheeks. "Listen, Tess...you seem very nice, but I just wanted to congratulate you...this really isn't necessary..."

Tess licked a fang and glanced back at Skylar. Despite looking just a little butch, she had lovely features, bright green eyes, and a bombshell body, all things that Tess could appreciate. "I disagree, and Hannah isn't just my girlfriend...she's my little sex toy. How about it, love? Shall we invite one more into our home for the evening?"

Hannah couldn't resist Tess, no matter what she threw at her, and Skylar felt her nature as a dominant and submissive switch taking over. She wasn't fully submissive just yet, but she had no problem letting Tess take the reins for the moment, if she was determined.

"...Are you mad at me, Tess?"

"The mistakes you made before...when I was...*different*, have already been forgiven," Tess murmured, letting out a quiet breath. She could be affectionate when the moment called for it, and she could see that Hannah felt some residual guilt over her decisions. "But the past is in the past...and right now...Mistress

commands you to welcome your friend into our home and show her all of the pleasure that you can give..."

**

Two empty bottles of wine sat on the counter in the apartment across the street, and a pleasant, relaxing buzz was shared by Tess, Hannah and Skylar, all collapsed on the couch and giggling as they spent a better portion of the night just laying around and sharing stories about their many interactions with Hannah at the bar.

"You *actually* said you were gonna make her pee on some guy at the bar? You're terrible!" Skylar said, nearly choking over her laughter as she patted Tess on the shoulder.

"And you know what? If I bought her *another* shot, I bet she would have done it, too!"

Hannah silently shook her head, her cheeks blushing furiously already, to the point that her ears felt like they might burst into flames.

Tess snickered. "Oh, don't be shy, sweetheart. I don't need to get you drunk to make you act like a little freak...you'd **totally** pee on a guy if I ordered you to."

Skylar looked at Hannah with wide eyes, obviously feeling the effects of her own evening of drinking. "No way...would you?"

While some girls might have felt horribly uncomfortable in her position, Hannah simply hid her face behind her paws and giggled, shaking her head rapidly. "Nu uh! Not on a guy!"

"You still like guys! I know you do!" Tess told her, not letting her escape that truth as she leaned across the couch and licked her cheek. "At least a little bit, I know you do..."

"What else does she like?" Skylar asked, well past the point of shame now and having way too much fun just exploring her friend to stop asking questions.

"She's *very* bisexual," Tess said, not knowing what else to call what Hannah was.

"I think she digs on personality types more than she does gender, though...she loves taller, stronger women...I bet if we put her on her knees on the floor, she'd just melt...I bet her panties are already soaked through just sitting between us!"

The strong sense of smell that canines were so lucky to have made it obvious to Tess and Skylar that someone in the room was aroused, but when all three of them were, it became difficult to pick out the scents, unless they were familiar. Tess knew that Hannah was already swimming around in her own arousal, but since she was dulled to her own scent, she could tell that Skylar was far more into the idea than she was letting on.

"I am **not!**" Hannah lied, giggling like a maniac and failing to keep a straight face since she knew that Tess had her figured out. "I just have to pee again..."

"No you don't! You just peed like...like a minute ago!" Skylar remembered, going so far as to lean over toward Hannah, giving her a gentle sniff. Tess couldn't help giggling behind a paw at how much of a puppy Skylar was acting like, true to her canine nature and following a scent all the way to the source, until she was nearly burying her face in Hannah's skirt. "...Oh. Uhm...sorry, Tess..."

Tess shook her head and waved a paw dismissively. "No, no...Keep going. I can smell the need on you, too...just remember who the bitch in charge is, here."

Skylar giggled. "That's you, Tess..."

Tess leaned over, and Hannah tried not to quiver with delight as two dominant females converged near her heated sex. "I'm sorry...I don't think I heard you. What did you mean to call me?"

Skylar thought back to what Tess had said earlier in the night. Her switch was entirely flipped now, and for the chance at Hannah, she'd happily take orders from a sexy wolfess. "M...Mistress...I meant Mistress..."

Tess leaned across Hannah's lap, stealing a deep and sudden kiss from the gorgeous doberman, her fangs tickling at Skylar's lower lip and leaving her wanting more, all on purpose. "*Much* better. You think you've earned a shot at my little Hannah?"

The doberman female gave a very quick, quiet nod.

"Hardly..." Tess said, her voice dripping with disdain. She stood up from the couch and unzipped her jeans, dropping them to the floor and showing that she proudly went to the bar commando. Her sex was already dripping at the prospect of the act to come, and immediately, the delicious aroma of a heated wolfess washed over her two subjects. "Get over here and start licking, Skylar...Hannah, you just sit back and watch. Don't let me catch you touching yourself, or I'm gonna tie your paws behind your back and beat your cute little ass black and blue..."

Skylar still had Hannah as her final target, but knowing that she had to do whatever she was told, she crawled right over Hannah, intentionally flicking her thin tail up at the jaguar to entice her, all while crawling to the floor and resting her paws on the back of Tess' bare thighs. Though she was more often a top than a bottom, Hannah was a skillful pup, and her tongue, long, flat and soaking wet, was just what Tess needed to feel. The slick muscle brushed across the sweet, dripping nectar that Tess offered to her, sliding right through the beading arousal and collecting it on her tongue to savor, her voice turning to a warm, appreciative rumble of delight.

Hannah couldn't help but watch the show, gulping back her own desire as she watched Skylar going down on Tess...*her* Tess. It was true that for the most part, Tess controlled Hannah's sexual destiny, but at the end of the day, the poor jaguar was still rather possessive of her mistress, and while she felt an attraction to Skylar still, nothing could replace her absolutely brazen need for Tess. "Mistress...please let me join you? I d-don't know if I can just sit here and watch..."

Tess didn't have to be merciful. In a way, she didn't *want* to be merciful, but since it could lead to more pleasure for her, the wolfess beckoned Hannah closer with a pawtip and flicked her own tail up and out of the way. "Get down there, then...**now**. I wanna feel two tongues on my pussy...I've never been so lucky to have that before..."

The jaguar female was every bit as eager to please Tess, perhaps even more so as she took it as a point of personal pride to be the best for her mistress. The fact that she now had a chance to make out with Skylar didn't hurt, however, and she fully embraced the pleasure that came with it as she purred, crawling across the

couch and kneeling down behind Tess, eating her out from behind and sliding her rough, flat tongue along the crest of Tess' labia. She could taste fresh juices constantly spilling from her mistress, collecting all of them on her tongue like a kitten lapping milk from a saucer, all while taking the occasional taste of Skylar and curling her tongue around the tongue of the doberman, sharing an intimate kiss with the lustful canine who she never thought she'd have the chance to. Skylar growled deeply in delight at the sensation, squeezing down tight on Tess, right behind her thighs and holding her steady as both of her loyal subjects sampled the sweet, slick juices that Tess produced.

"N-now that's what I'm talking about!" Tess cried out in sudden delight. Nothing in the world could prepare her for the feeling of two tongues, teasing and twirling over her labia in an erotic dance, occasionally meeting up with each other and swapping both saliva and liquid desire as they moved. Skylar and Hannah were moaning into her flesh, giving Tess a third dimension of pleasure and driving the dominant wolfess up the wall, and bringing her crashing toward an orgasm faster than she would normally like...but, now that she was used to her female form, Tess embraced this new kind of pleasure, reaching up to her shirt and grasping one of her breasts, squeezing and rubbing her nipple vigorously as she tried to sneak in an orgasm before the other two. "S...Skylar! Work my clit! S-suck it hard you little bitch! *Nnngh!* Hannah...you better slurp that pussy...I'm gonna cum *all over* your sweet little tongue..."

Before they could even fulfill their orders, Tess was already mid climax, but the feel of Skylar moaning in delight as she suckled upon the cute little nub of a clit in front of her pushed Tess well over the edge, and Hannah slurped along the length of her labia expectantly until she felt a sudden rush of liquid warmth upon her muzzle. Tess was squirting, but it wasn't a slow, gentle ooze; it was a sudden and violent spray of her arousal upon Hannah, soaking her muzzle entirely and marking her tongue with female ejaculate, her own unique way of reminding Skylar that this was a temporary treat, and Hannah was hers, and **only** hers to have. "G-Good girls...yes...yes! You're making me cum *already!* Goddamn!"

Skylar took pride in the pleasure both of her masters and her inferiors, so knowing that she helped Tess rush to an orgasm sent her tail into an excited flicker. "Did we...*mmnn...so sweet...* Did we do well, Mistress?" she asked, looking up at Tess with wide, bright green eyes that betrayed how much of a naughty doberman she actually was.

Tess was trying not to pant too hard, wanting to keep control of her breath and hold onto the reins. "You both...ah...ah... both did very well, yes," Tess admitted, resting a paw on the arm of the couch behind her and turning back to look at Hannah, who looked up with eyes of authentic innocence. "Hannah...be a dear and go fetch the toy that you were supposed to share with Skylar...come back with it in your muzzle. I want to remember what you look like with a cock in your mouth..."

Hannah was never one to complain about an order from Tess, but she wasn't the biggest fan of the taste of silicone on her lips. Still, she knew that denying the request would only lead to Tess taking it out on her ass...or perhaps worse, getting something from their infamous "care package."

"Y-yes, Mistress," she whispered, licking some of the errant juices from her muzzle and drawing a smile from Tess for her obedience. It didn't take Hannah long to find the toy, and she picked it up from the dressed without any paws, gathering up one end in her muzzle and deep-throating as much of the length as she could, holding it just as she had been instructed and immediately returning to Tess, still holding the sex toy deep within her maw.

Tess blinked in surprise at the impressive size of the toy, and she felt Skylar blushing against the front of her hips as the toy was brought back into view. "That's a lot bigger than I remember it being..." Tess admitted, reaching down and stroking a paw through Skylar's hair. "Good thing I'm not the one who has to take it."

It just happened that fate had it in store for Hannah to deal with the "care package" either way, and Tess stepped away from Skylar, leaving the pair of submissive females to sit and wait in the living room, while Tess gathered up something of her own from the care package that she'd been looking for a great opportunity to use. With a bullet-shaped vibrator in the hilt of the toy and a small bulb at the top, a feeldoe that Tess had been dying to use for weeks was sitting right on top of all of the other contents of the care package, staring back at her with the same feel and intent that she had for it, knowing exactly what she wanted to do with it.

"What do you mean, Mistress?" Hannah asked, after removing the long, double-ended dildo from her maw.

"I mean...Skylar is going to get the chance of a lifetime, and I'm going to make sure that you be a good little bitch and stay put," Tess said, grabbing the toy and taking the hilt end, stuffing it deep inside herself with a nearly sadistic grin. She found herself enjoying the entire set up perhaps a little *too* much, but if it was just for one night, she also couldn't see any harm in it. All she could see was two sexy, submissive little sluts in the living room that need to be put in their places...and Hannah was up first. "Get on all fours and lift your tail for Skylar...and open up nice and *wide* for me."

Tess was walking back across the small living room, watching Hannah the whole way and seeing the jaguar give a quick nod, she flicked on the tiny vibrator in her toy and jumped, surprised at just how powerful it could be at such a small size. Her insides churned just a little bit as she got used to the feeling of the vibrator, steadying herself once again and watching with bated breath as Hannah knelt down before Skylar and looked back at the doberman.

"Do it, Skylar...you may **never** get another chance."

Skylar learned quickly that an order from Tess was an order to follow, and she took the double-ended dildo from the object of her affection and looked at the end of it, glistening with saliva from the girl she'd lusted after for so long. She simply *had* to put that end inside of her, and as her tail curled up in pure elation as she felt the slicked silicone easily sliding into her waiting passage. She could see Hannah dripping with arousal as she knelt down behind the jaguar, and her tail went from a delighted curl to a wagging whip, excited to see that Hannah could be so turned on by the entire set up. In a way, the jaguar was the luckiest one of all, getting to enjoy the presence of her mistress, while getting to experience Skylar for the first time, something she'd often fantasized about.

"P-please, Skylar...don't keep Mistress waiting..."

Her voice, soft and innocent, sweet as honey and smooth as silk, teased Skylar through each of her sensitive ears. The impassioned doberman knelt over her crush and lined the toy up, mounting her like a proper canine and pressing the opposite end of the toy up to her dripping folds. It slipped inside easily, and Skylar guided it forward on the first thrust, humping Hannah into the living room floor and drawing a quiet gasp from the smaller female. With each thrust, the toy slipped a little bit out of Skylar, and then back into her on the recoil, creating a wave of pleasure that moved back and forth between the females as

they moved back and forth on each other. "Yeeeeees... Fuck me, Skylar...fuck me hard for our Mistress..."

Hannah wasn't just enjoying it. She was *loving* it, and Skylar couldn't have been more thrilled.

"Look at that face...you look like you just won the lottery, Skylar!" Tess taunted her, kneeling down in front of Hannah and putting the end of her fake cock expectantly at the jaguar's muzzle. "Go on, Hannah...complete your fantasy...get double penetrated by your mistress and her other slave..."

Hannah had countless pictures of a female being double penetrated in a threesome by two other females. They were her favorite pictures on her computer, and until only moments before, she was sure that they would stay as nothing more than that; pictures in her fantasy. As she opened her muzzle and took the long, blue fuck toy into her throat, fantasy became reality, and she let out a quick, gushing orgasm just at the mental rush of everything. Her squirts immediately drizzled down to the living room floor with a lewd **gush**, a rush so great that it sounded more like she was peeing herself. "Mnnn! **Mnnnn!!**" she moaned desperately around her mouthful, completely lost in the whirlwind of an orgasm that was just as much mental as it was physical.

Skylar could feel that wetness spilling out over the double-ended dildo as it worked back into her in her short, choppy thrusts, proper technique for a horny canine. The added wetness was driving her up the wall, and she couldn't help slumping over and wrapping her arms around the jaguar, locking her paws together and fucking her wildly from behind. Her doggy style was perfect, and Hannah couldn't stop cumming on the toy even if she were crazy enough to *want* to stop. She could only spasm around it, her inner walls fluttering wildly and keeping Skylar off guard about when she was going to feel the toy thrusting back into her. "M-Mistress! You made her c-cum already! Fuck...she's gonna make me cum, too! She's so good...she's even *better* than I imagined!"

"Oh, *no you don't!*" Tess shouted out suddenly, drawing two pairs of innocent looking eyes to her. Knowing just how much Hannah was loving the evening and determined to remind Skylar of how the totem pole went, Tess quickly popped the fake cock free from Hannah's maw and stood upright, stepping quickly behind Skylar and swatting her firmly across the ass with a deep, loud **SMACK!** "You're a welcome guest in our home, Skylar...but Hannah is **my** bitch...if I ever

feel this nice again, consider yourself lucky...but for now, you aren't gonna cum until I pump this thick, hard cock in your pussy...Hannah was even kind enough to lube it up, especially for you..."

The doberman wished that she could object, but Tess had already put her in her place, through her words alone. She could only keep humping Hannah, keeping her in a perpetual state of orgasm as Tess helped bring Skylar to her own, kneeling down over the doberman and pressing the thick, wide head of her toy into the tight slit that simply begged her to penetrate it. "Please...p-please, let me cum, Mistress! I need it...I need to cum for Hannah...I need to cum for **you!**"

Skylar almost gave the wrong answer, but as she corrected herself, Tess grinned and slammed her hips forward, taking no mercy on the *insanely* tight little snatch. She pounded right through it, the slick tip of her sex toy easily penetrating Skylar from behind and putting her in the middle of a threesome that was straight out of all of their fantasies. The mental fulfillment of something so unbelievable coming to reality was having the same effect on Skylar and Tess that it had on Hannah, and while the subservient jaguar stayed put, only able to whimper as her orgasm still rocked her body uncontrollably, Tess humped wildly against Skylar, determined to bring her to orgasm as quickly as possible. Having brought her crush to multiple orgasms already, Skylar had no reason to resist the incredible pleasure that Tess offered her and she immediately gave into it, her lips trembling as she tried to find the words, *any* words, to describe how incredible it made her feel.

"C-cumming...I'm cumming, Mistress! Please...fuck me harder! **HARDER!**" she cried out, going with tried and true words to let Tess know just how far gone she was. She had no right to be giving orders, but Tess let it slide for the moment as the pleasant vibrations in her body brought her to a much quieter, but still entirely fulfilling climax. What wasn't quiet was the audible **SLAP** of her hips against Skylar, slamming all the way into the middle female with each and every pass over her body. The toy easily slid over her g-spot each time, keeping her climax alive far longer than she was ever used to feeling it, and the constant pleasure kept Skylar moving, leaving her to thrust into Hannah until the latter was literally just writing on the ground, collapsed into the soft, plush rug on the living room floor in a pool of her own juices, whimpering to the high heavens with pleasure she couldn't begin to fathom feeling again.

SMACK! Tess swatted down again, giving Skylar a firm, hard spank across the

ass for giving an undue order. The doberman lowered her ears, but nothing could take away from her pleasure right then, even as her climax did finally taper off, even as the three bodies, once moving in perfect unison, started to slump upon each other with sexual exhaustion. "S-so...Skylar..." Tess started, taking a moment to catch her breath, "Are you clear on the rules...or should I r-repeat them for you?"

Truth be told, Skylar didn't remember any rules being told, but the entire evening was a bit of a tipsy, almost drunken blur. She wouldn't have changed a thing about it, though. "Would my Mistress please refresh my mind?"

"Gladly," Tess said, giving Skylar a much softer spank, mostly to be playful. "The rules are very simply...Hannah is **mine**...but because I know how you two feel about each other, you can spend time with her on occasion...but only with my permission, and only if I'm involved...those are my terms. Take it or leave it."

Hannah smiled into the carpet, feeling Skylar pump her hips one more time against the completely drained jaguar. She couldn't help her grin, knowing the answer she'd give before it was ever uttered.

"I'd be a fool not to accept such generosity from my lovely Mistress," Skylar admitted, turning back to Tess and leaning up to press a very soft, affectionate kiss to her lips, one that Tess happily returned. "May I stay, then?"

"For tonight...of course you can stay..."

Hannah couldn't keep her tail from giving a quick swish, and Skylar joined right in, sending a devious grin to play across Tess' lips.

"But if I catch you two playing without me tonight, your tailholes are getting it next."

6

The Saturday morning tradition for Hannah and Tess was alive and well, as they woke up with a bowl of their favorite cereal and sat around watching Saturday morning cartoons on Netflix; granted, there was no such thing as "Saturday Morning Cartoons" anymore, but they were from the generation that was allowed to enjoy the magic of wasting an entire Saturday that way, and the playful nature of their relationship made it the perfect activity to start the weekend.

Two empty bowls sat on the coffee table in the living room, with small grains of cereal residue and milk staining the sides. Once busy spoons now sat still beside the bowls, and with Tess involved, there was no doubt that there was something unusual about her bowl of cereal, at least.

Since their relationship had come to a new normalcy, and Tess was permanently a wolffess, they'd have a wonderful time experimenting with different things from a small box that was left for them, one that they affectionately referred to as "the care package." The trick of it all was that Tess would almost never tell Hannah when she was dosing the adorable jaguar, and most of the time, even *she* didn't know what the effect would be after it was consumed. The element of surprise and the thrill of not knowing what to expect was exciting for her, but this time, she'd taken a potion herself, and she knew exactly what was coming.

"So, shall we put on another cartoon?" Hannah asked, resting her head in Tess' lap, her brunette locks spilling across the pattern of Tess' pajama bottoms as she looked up at her lover. "Or would you rather just sit here staring at each other a little longer? Not that I mind that..."

Tess was sitting upright, her paws resting on the tummy of the sweet little jaguar that she'd fallen back in love with. Her clawtips were dancing in small patterns over the exposed midriff, tickling and teasing through the fur in random patterns. "I could sit here and stare at you **all** day, beautiful, but I can think of some much more fun activities than that for a lazy Saturday."

Rain was falling over the summer streets just outside of their apartment, giving the pair a good reason to stay indoors for the whole day. Hannah could have

fallen back asleep at any time, given how lazy she felt with a belly full of cereal, but Tess often took the lead when things got heated between them, and the jaguar could see a look in the eyes of her wolfess...one that always filled her cheeks with a warm blush, and filled her tummy with butterflies.

"Like what...?"

"Well, did you get enough for breakfast?"

There was already a floral, sweet aroma filling the air of the apartment, originating from the delicate petals of flesh between Tess' thighs. The potion she'd put into her own cereal earlier was a libido booster, not that she really needed it, but she was curious to see just how heated she could become with a little aid from the care package. Much to her surprise, she wasn't becoming more aggressive and throwing Hannah to the floor to have her way with the sweet little jaguar, but instead, she just felt internally more lustful, and it was coming out as an affectionate, almost romantic attitude. How long that would last, there was no way to know, but for the moment, Tess was just looking over her delicious morsel, and thinking of all the different ways she'd taken Hannah in the past, and the multitude of ways that remained to take her in the future.

"I *think* I did, but...I mean, I guess I could eat a little bit more. I dunno if eating cereal before doing *that* is such a good idea, though."

Tess giggled and rolled her eyes. "Really, Hannah? Still *that* slow on the uptake?"

The jaguar tilted her head a little bit.

"I guess so...maybe we should have a little dessert in the bedroom, love. I'm sure you can find something else to snack on in there..."

Hannah was a little too comfortable. She didn't want to pick her head up from Tess' lap, but the wolfess gave her a gentle nudge and with a yawn of regret, Hannah finally did sit upright and start heading for the bedroom. She'd only tossed on an oversize shirt for clothes that day, and as her tail swayed with her walk, Tess could see every detail, every curve of her rump, her hips swaying back and forth, and in those quick, blessed moments, she could see Hannah's hidden treasure between her legs when her tail swayed just out of the way. The

wolfess licked her lips and stood up, following behind her just a bit more quickly than she walked, until her paws could wrap around Hannah's waist, giving her a chance to slow the jaguar and nibble on the edge of one of her soft, rounded ears, her fangs teasing their way through the fluff.

"T-Tess...that's not fair..." Hannah whimpered, her legs locking up and her knees weakening instantly at the subtle touch. "I'm n-not even gonna make it to the bed!"

Tess grinned around her mouthful of flesh, suckling upon it as gently as she'd teasingly suckle on Hannah's nipples, when she had the chance. "That's okay...I'm the one who gets to lay on the bed, anyway," Tess said, her voice dripping with a lust that made Hannah melt on the spot. The jaguar could already feel a small trickle of wetness spilling down over her thighs, and she was shameless about putting her paws between her legs and feeling that damp, thin trail of desire on her fur. It never ceased to amaze her that Tess could make her soaking wet so easily, but she was learning to love it, even as the submissive one in the relationship.

There was a brief pause as Tess gave Hannah just enough of a break from the ticklish sucking for the jaguar to make it all the way into the bedroom, but Tess never released her from her paws. The devious wolfess held onto her until both females stood in the bedroom in front of their queen sized bed, covered in a mess of soft, comfy throw pillows of different colors. "Kneel down in front of the bed," Tess whispered, her lips still caressing the back of Hannah's ear, her words flowing over it like a soothing, cooling stream of pure water, "And get ready for some tasty dessert."

Hannah had been trained to perfect obedience, and Tess had made it very clear over the past few months that her orders weren't to be questioned. While Hannah did have a bit of a rebellious streak, intentionally acting out and getting herself in trouble on occasion to satisfy her spanking fetish, generally speaking, she did exactly what she was told, exactly when she was told to do it. Hannah brought her knees down to the plush, tan carpet that surrounded their bed and looked up expectantly at her mistress, excited for what was to come, even if she didn't know the full extent of Tess' planned debauchery. She was almost certain she knew what her dessert was going to be, however.

"Good girl...looks like you won't have any trouble sitting down this afternoon,"

Tess whispered, bending over at the hips to lean in and give her lover a sudden and fierce kiss upon the muzzle. Her paw was reaching just under the bed to the small box that they called "the care package," pulling a small vial from it that she'd been wanting to try on Hannah since they first received the unusual box months ago. She never let Hannah see the bottle, but she was sure to let Hannah enjoy the flavor of it. Smoothing her lips over the tender muzzle of the jaguar, Tess pulled away regretfully, her loins aching with need from the passionate exchange. The heat within her snatch only grew worse as she took her position on the edge of the bed, yanking her pajama bottoms down unceremoniously and kicking them out of the way in a hurry. The extra effect from the libido enhancing liquid she'd taken with breakfast was immediately evident, as Hannah widened her eyes, seeing just how damp her mistress really was. Juices were already pouring down over the pout of her labia, something that would be very beneficial to what she was about to do. "Close your eyes for a moment, Hannah. Your dessert isn't quite ready yet."

The jaguar was still licking over her muzzle, enjoying the lingering flavor of her lover on her lips, but once again, she did exactly what she was told, slowly closing her eyes. A quiet and constant purr radiated from her throat, as if she were nothing more than a cute little kitten curled up in the lap of her owner, content with the gentle pets behind her ears. Tess wasn't stroking that sweet spot, but just the thought of getting to taste a heated wolfess was enough to turn Hannah into a little engine, rumbling with delight as she licked her muzzle once again. All the while, Tess was preparing things for her, popping the top off of the vial, full of a nearly clear liquid that Hannah almost certainly wouldn't notice she was tasting. Grinning and licking a fan, Tess pushed the head of the vial into her own slit and tilted it up, the contents of the vial slowly draining into her passage and filling her up inside until the fluids drained back out of her just a little bit, staining her labia with a look that perfectly mimicked her own vaginal juices. Content with the prep work, Tess reached a delicate paw behind Hannah's ear and gave it a quick stroke, sending a small shiver through the jaguar and drawing a giggle from the former. "All right, lover mine...open your eyes and enjoy your dessert."

Tess hid the vial from sight just before Hannah opened her eyes, and the jaguar was surprised to see that Tess looked even moister than before, but it was really nothing new for Hannah to see Tess dripping with more desire than seemed normal. Thanks to the unusual nature of how Tess came to be who she was, nothing really seemed odd or unusual to Hannah anymore, and seeing a little

extra moisture was just a bonus for her. "May I please have my dessert, Mistress?" she asked, looking up at Tess with wide, innocent looking eyes that the wolfess always had trouble saying "no" to.

"Of course you can...you'd better dig in before it gets cold," Tess teased, giving her pet a small wink and using her own pawtips to spread her folds wide open, clenching her inner walls around the air to give Hannah a show of just how tight she was inside, different layers of pink coming into view and disappearing again with each contraction. Visually, the display was spectacular for Hannah, who had to wipe a tiny drip of drool away from the corner of her lips, but not one to keep her mistress waiting, she leaned forth and slipped her tongue right through the trail of arousal that beaded up at the bottom of Tess' cunt and slipped the warm, wet muscle up along the length of the labia that so eagerly awaited her touch. Hannah kept her paws between her own legs, shamelessly fingering herself in front of her mistress as she went to work with her tongue, slurping away with greed at the tasty flesh she was offered.

Tess threw her head back in delight, the libido boosting effect of the potion she took earlier also increasing the pleasure that she felt. Each stroke of Hannah's skillful tongue against hers slit was almost orgasmic, and when the jaguar finally swirled the very tip of her tongue around Tess' clit, the wolfess dug her claws into the sheets with such force that she tore clean through them, her footpaws curling into the carpet and nearly tearing it from the floorboards underneath. She immediately shoved her hips forward, humping against Hannah's muzzle and forcing her clit upon the waiting tongue of her lover, letting the potion take full effect in pushing her to new heights of dominance. "T-that's it, baby...eat it **all** up, Hannah! Fuck my pussy with that sweet little tongue...yes...get every drop of my juices...yes...you *horny* little slut, keep licking!"

Hannah loved it when Tess used dirty talk as part of her dominating repertoire, and the wolfess was an absolute artist with her words. She knew just what to say to get Hannah fired up, and the jaguar was already vigorously rubbing over her own clit, working the stiff nub desperately as she drank the juices straight from her lover, letting her tongue curl inside of the tight passage and gather up the sweet, tasty fluids that dripped from every surface on her inner walls. Tess was already convulsing inside, her muscles fluttering uncontrollably around the offending tongue and gracing it with a warmer, juicier rush of fluids as she climaxed rather suddenly, and she didn't feel any end in the near future, as her potion at breakfast only gave her a need for an even stronger orgasm, and the

sensations for a second were already building. The wolfess was starting to wonder how their morning session could possibly get any better, when she noticed that she felt a little less tongue filling her snatch, and it wasn't for a lack of Hannah trying to probe inside.

"En...enjoying y-your dessert, Hannah?" Tess asked between raspy breaths, her mind completely clouded over with lust, so badly that she felt she needed another orgasm just to stay alive.

Hannah could only nod, her voice completely muffled by the delicious treat in front of her, and her muzzle and cheeks completely soaked with desire. She almost felt like she fit a little bit better within the confines of Tess' thighs, though, until she suddenly felt that she could move her head side to side just a little bit, even with her muzzle buried all the way in. *What the...did Tess lose a little weight? She was already in such great shape...* The jaguar pondered, loving that her mistress took such good care of herself, but a change like this, she was quick to notice. She could feel her jaw growing sore as she had to labor twice as hard to get as deep with her tongue, even when she was closer than she was before, and she noticed the bed getting taller, even though she wasn't slumping over it yet. "Mnn...mm...h-hey...wait a minute!"

A fang-filled grin spread across Tess' muzzle almost immediately as she heard the confused expression from Hannah. She leaned up a little bit to look down over the side of the bed, watching as the jaguar in front of her was already starting to slim down a bit, her body getting barely smaller, and all in proportion. "Is something wrong, my dear? It looks like there's something *different* about you..."

Small, rounded ears flattened down to the top of Hannah's head as she whimpered, watching her proud, full breasts start to shrink down in size a little bit, but as they did, her shoulders and tummy shrunk with it, keeping everything relative in size. Her tongue was getting shorter, as her head shrunk down a little bit as well, her muzzle scrunching in, but staying just the right size to match the rest of her body. Every curve of her hips, the smooth, soft arc of her rump and the perk of her breasts all remained, but all were shrinking in time with each other as Hannah licked some of the mess of her lover from her muzzle. "Teeeeeeess... What the hell is going on?!"

"I'm not sure!" Tess replied, though the cheeky grin she couldn't take off made it

clear she knew exactly what was going on. "It looks like you're withering away because you haven't been eating enough, if you know what I mean...guess you better bury that cute little muzzle back in my pussy and eat up..."

Hannah was shrinking still, and her efforts to stay level with her mistress were failing, slowly but surely, as she had to grip onto the edge of the bedspread just to see the folds she so deeply desired to taste. As her legs started to shrink as well, staying in proportion but getting smaller by the second, she actually found herself climbing up onto the bed so that she could keep up her oral assault, her body not much larger than that of a child as she went about her task. She wanted to lash out at Tess for tricking her once again, but instead, she lashed away at the tasty treasure she'd been offered, using her smaller tongue to trace over the pattern of her lover's lower lips. It was a new world of sensations for Tess, as the smaller tongue could touch a little less area with each stroke, and in this case, less was *definitely* more. The dominant wolfess felt that each and every tiny modicum of her slit was getting pampered individually, instead of the typical act of cunnilingus as a whole. Shivers ran through Tess as if she were walking barefoot through a snowdrift, running all the way up her spine in a delightful, chilling thrill that sent her into what she thought was her third orgasm, but when Hannah brought the tiny tongue to swirl around her clit in a new way, she simply lost count, the rush of juices accompanying the climax literally soaking Hannah from head to toe as she continued to shrink throughout the act. Now slightly smaller than an infant, and yet, with womanly proportions, Hannah started to panic, hesitating to continue with her dessert until the changes came to a stop.

"Tess! What did you do to me **this** time?!" Hannah cried out, but with her smaller body and vocal chords, the sound only barely made it to Tess. If Hannah hadn't yelled, the wolfess might not have heard anything at all. "I'm *still* shrinking! I...I don't understand!"

Tess giggled and reached down with both paws, easily picking Hannah up in her grasp. The jaguar was now scarcely bigger than an action figure, and Tess was having fun just holding her and looking over her naked body. The jaguar fell out of her oversize shirt long before then, leaving her fully nude for Tess to enjoy, and the wolfess was treating her just like a doll, roaming her paws over every conceivable surface without any care for consent or how Hannah felt about the whole experience. "My own little Hannah sex doll...I've been wanting one of these for Christmas since I was a little girl!" Tess joked, giving Hannah a gentle squeeze, mindful enough to know that the jaguar was likely a bit more fragile in

her smaller size. "And I bet she has pussy licking action and realistic orgasms, too..."

Some might think that Tess was taking things a bit too far with her teasing, but under the influence of the libido enhancer, literally anything and everything that came into close contact with her was something either to fuck or be fucked, and just because Hannah shrank in size didn't make her any less attractive; it just meant that there were no ways for the wolfess to take advantage of her pet. Tess' voice, now like a booming clap of thunder to the smaller Hannah, shocked her and made her shiver in Tess' paws, as she whimpered up at her massive mistress. "She...she does whatever you want her to," Hannah admitted, playing along with the story that her mistress was playing out for them. Just by taking the lead, Tess could turn almost anything sexual for Hannah, and this ended up being no exception, as Tess squealed with delight and put Hannah back down between her legs.

"Then I wonder if I can insert her inside of me a little bit..." Tess pondered aloud, acting as though Hannah was really just a doll with voice recorded phrases. "I'm so wet that I bet she'll fit right in if I just give her a little push..."

Hannah gulped at the thought. In their adventures, Tess had shoved all kinds of things inside of Hannah...dildos were almost commonplace for them, regardless of the material of the sex toy and what it was modeled after. This was on a completely different level, however, but there was nothing Hannah could do to stop it. There was a new perspective for her, as the once cute, tiny and tight slit that she'd been lapping away at hungrily was now almost as large as she was, and it was coming closer to her as Tess held onto her body with a paw and moved her in toward it. As much as they shared a mistress and pet relationship, this was now mostly a horny schoolgirl pleasing herself with whatever she could get her paws on, and Hannah held her breath as her entire head passed through, popping right into Tess with ease and filling her in a way that she never imagined she could experience.

It was like *drowning*.

This...is way hotter than I thought it would be, Hannah thought, as she kept her breath held. She didn't want to risk opening her eyes too much, but she peeked them open to see the pink wonderland that she'd been enveloped into. Tess was rigid inside, her walls a soft and fleshy color of pink that had a slight

luminescence to them. Hannah could see every inch of the ribbing within her lover, only able to imagine how great it would feel to be inside of her if she was a male with a fully engorged length. The thought alone was bringing her near to climax as her shoulders soon followed her head inside, soaking her body and coating her with the sweetest of juices.

It was *weird*. It was *wondrous*.

It was downright *erotic*.

"*Thaaaaaat's the spot!*" Tess cried out, as she spread herself open so that Hannah could reach in with one paw. "Reach in there and press my g-spot with your tiny little paw, Hannah doll...make me s-squirt **again!**"

It was a unique opportunity for both females involved. Hannah was able to breathe just long enough inside of the vaginal cavity that she could literally reach her arm up, feeling around inside of Tess and finding the small, spongy spot on her inner wall that she knew to be her lover's g-spot. It was weird seeing it from this perspective, but being able to see it so clearly and reach it so easily was a special chance for Hannah to make her mistress climax like never before. She reached her other paw in as well and pressed upon the spot with both paws at once, rubbing rapidly over it and pushing down on it with force, and immediately, she felt Tess squeezing all around her body inside, her hips getting sucked in for a moment, only for her entire body to be shot out of Tess like a water rocket, getting splashed out onto the bed and covered in a stream of female ejaculate as Tess climaxed all over the edge of the bed, spitting Hannah free in the process. "**Hannah!** *Yeeeeees...fuck yes! I'm cumming again!*"

It was at least four climaxes for Tess, who was left reduced to a whimpering, trembling mess of pleasure on the bed. Hannah was coughing quietly, literally dripping from head to footpaw with a mixture of female arousal and cum, her fur soaked down to the flesh beneath it. The way it attacked her senses was overwhelming; she literally couldn't get the taste of her lover to leave her tongue, and the sweet, earthly aroma kept her intoxicated as she leaned against Tess, resting on the thigh of the wolfess and trying to catch her breath. "T-Tess...that was...un...unreal..."

"Was unreal?" Tess suddenly questioned, reaching a paw down to pick Hannah up. She held the miniature jaguar up over her body, still panting from a climax,

all while thinking of a fun new way to put her size to good use. "Hehe...there's no 'was' about it, Hannah. You've still got a little more work to do!"

Not caring about making a mess of herself, Tess set Hannah down on her own tummy and beckoned at the micro jaguar with a pawtip, trying to lure her up to the peak of her breasts. Each one was like a hill for Hannah to climb, peaked at the top with perky nipples that Hannah was excited to experience in her new body. The jaguar was almost jealous, knowing that her mistress had been getting off the entire time without her, but Hannah was finding it hard to focus on her own pleasure before. Now, as she climbed upon Tess and took a seat over one of the nipples that stood stiff with delight, she had an idea of how she could sneak in her own climax, while bringing her lover to another.

"M-may I take a seat here, Mistress?" Hannah asked, settling on the right breast and straddling it, the nipple exceptionally large to her small body, almost a plug-sized insertion for her, but it spread her miniature labia delightfully wide and filled her up so full, it felt like she was being poked in the stomach internally. She was *loving* the sensation, and Tess simply couldn't help rewarding her pet for doing such a good job inside of her...

...That didn't mean she wouldn't have to work still, of course. "You may, but you'd better lean across the gap and suck my other tit, or I'm stuffing you right back in there," Tess warned, and given how heightened her libido was, there was no restraint to stop her from doing exactly that. Massaging one nipple internally with her tight, powerful inner muscles and leaning over the other breast, Hannah was just the right size to engulf the opposite nipple in her muzzle, barely able to fit the whole of it in her maw, but she just succeeded, covering it in her spittle as she struggled to hold onto it.

One more...I just need one more, Tess thought, having lost count of her orgasms, but that was to be expected with a potion like the one she took. Her entire body was still ablaze with pleasure, and her paws went right to work, replacing Hannah down below and fingering over her pussy rapidly. She was still soaked down below from the squirting orgasm, leaving her body plenty wet enough to touch and tease at will, all while Hannah pleased her up above, soaking her breasts with that same wetness and moving her little paws all over them, feeling through the fur and teasing Tess' body in a way that it had never been touched before. Just the thought that Hannah was using one of her nipples to get off was enough to put Tess right back on the edge, the overly lustful wolfess biting her

lip and grinning deviously as she started to buck her hips against her paw.

Hannah had been turned on the whole time, and it only grew worse with each depraved sexual act that Tess put her through, but the micro jaguar was finally getting a little pleasure in return, and her body was trembling with just how full Tess' nipple could fill her up. She bucked her tiny hips over the nipple, her inner walls suckling on it in a way that Tess had never known before, all while Hannah was *actually* suckling at the other nipple, her body spread long and far across Tess' cleavage so she could keep the sweet little nub in her muzzle. It was every bit as sweet as Hannah remembered, regardless of the size, and as hard as it had been for Hannah to adjust to the size difference at the start, she was finding it a huge turn on now, loving that she could experience Tess and every inch of her body in a new and refreshing way. Being spread so full by a simple nipple, Hannah was on the verge herself, and her tiny, pleading eyes looked up to Tess, who glanced back down at her and simply nodded, granting her pet the permission she so desperately sought.

Tess and Hannah had shared many orgasms together. They were always exciting, and neither among the lusty females was ever bored with the other, or their sexual exploits.

That being said, this day set a new bar for the both of them, one that would stand for a long time to come.

In all of their sexual adventures together, Tess had only ever climaxed once or twice. This was at least her *fifth*, and even if it was in response to the libido enhancing potion, her body was finally tapped out. Her last orgasm was by far the most powerful, and her entire body trembled so hard that no matter how great her lust for the larger female, Hannah couldn't keep her muzzle around Tess' left breast, a small spray of saliva from the smaller female heralding the climax of the larger. "Hannah...I can't...just *can't* take it! **FUCK!** It's good...soooooo good! C-cumming...I'm *cumming!*"

Hannah was under a complete sensory overload, and the booming voice of her lover declaring her eventual climax was the straw to break the camel's proverbial back. Gripping the massive breast beneath her with both paws, Hannah rocked herself to a powerful orgasm that seemed to be larger than her own body, finding that being able to be so full in such a small state was a turn on that she could have never seen coming. She squeezed the delightful nipple tightly between her

thighs, suckling it up with her inner walls and giving Tess one last breath of pleasure before she exclaimed her own, throwing her head back, leaning on her arms and crying out with delight. "M-me too, Mistress! *Oh my God, I'm cumming!* Your nipple is so big...it's filling me up! Fuck!"

A tiny trickle of juices ran down over Tess' nipple, the result of Hannah being so small that the rush of juices from her orgasm felt more like someone had just spit on her flesh, but the thrill of knowing that Hannah came in her new form, combined with how tightly her inner walls could clench on the nipple, left Tess writhing around with delight. Her body was painfully sensitive, and she had to pull her paw away from her cunt, sending streaks of a second squirting orgasm with it. The bedspread was completely soaked near the base, Hannah was completely soaked in a similar manner, and Tess felt the juices running over her paw in a wet, slick mess, one that she brought up to Hannah. The shrunken jaguar could barely fit her muzzle around the pawtip, but she gripped along the length of it with both of her paws, holding on as she faithfully suckled away, trying to cleanse her mistress of her own juices like a good little pet, still too busy enjoying her orgasm to say no to literally anything Tess did to her.

She was just in luck that Tess was too exhausted to take advantage of that fact.

"Holy...shit...Hannah..." Tess groaned, gasping for air between each word she could manage. She was completely sexually depleted, and physically exhausted beyond that. Even Hannah was a bit worn out, the smaller, micro female resting upon the larger breast and curling up around the nipple in a small ball, still holding onto the pawtip that Tess offered her and licking it soothingly. The jaguar was already closing her eyes as she got comfortable, her tail swaying slowly back and forth and tickling Tess upon the tummy. "You were a-amazing, my pet...I might actually have to reward you for job well done, this time..."

Hannah gave the faintest shake of the head as she kissed Tess' pawtip and clung to it, comfy on the soft flesh of the breast that was now her makeshift bed.

"This is reward enough, Mistress..."

In a rare, tender moment from Tess, the larger wolfess leaned over and pressed the tiniest of kisses to Hannah's forehead, before her head flopped back to the pillows from her exhaustion.

"I really do have the best pet in the world..."

7

Tess never envisioned herself having any kind of apprentice.

There was a time, back when she was still a timid, little male named Ricky that she would have given anything to **be** an apprentice to a mistress or a master so that she could have learned their trade and saved her relationship with Hannah.

Now, it had been almost an entire year since Ricky first downed an enchanted drink, and her life as Tess only kept on getting better. The transformation that took place on that fateful evening had fixed almost every problem that Tess ever had, despite it only being directed at the problem of reviving romance. Now, Tess couldn't imagine ever going back, and with her grip on Hannah even tighter than ever, she was able to continually explore her own sexuality. It seemed an obvious thing, but Tess had lived her entire life before as Ricky, and had that much of a lifetime to discover himself; she'd only been Tess 360 days, so naturally, there was still a lot of exploring left to do.

Most of it involved Hannah.

"I...I really **don't** think I'm cut out for this, Tess...I don't think I can do it," Hannah admitted. The female jaguar had taken to Ricky becoming Tess like a fish to water, and all of her was grateful for the change, when all was said and done, but every single day, it seemed that Tess was coming up with a new way to push her sexual boundaries, and once again, Hannah found herself just a bit hesitant to accept the terms.

Tess, as usual, wasn't concerned with that. "Then you're overthinking it," she replied plainly. "Besides, this isn't about whether you can or not. You have a promise to keep to me, and that means we're bringing home some manmeat tonight."

Hannah always felt a pleasant thrill run up from her loins and through her tummy whenever Tess took the reins sexually. There was something about the demanding nature of the wolfess that always sent Hannah into a pool of lust, one that she would happily drown in almost every time. "Do I at least get to pick my own outfit?"

"Of course not. Why do you think I had you put on a miniskirt this morning?" Tess asked, giggling to herself for a moment. Most days, Tess didn't care what Hannah was wearing around the apartment, but today, just to get her pet into the right mindset, she'd ordered Hannah into a miniskirt and a tube top right from the get go, leaving the petite, but curvy jaguar wrapped up nice and tight, like a present to be unwrapped. All she was missing was the bow on top, and Tess was happy to think of just how hard she could make a man work to unwrap the package that was her feline pet.

Hannah was trying not to quiver, her knees almost knocking together as she thought over the plan, over and over again. She was used to Tess taking the lead and domineering her, and she *loved* that, but she couldn't imagine taking control of another male. That was the conundrum that put Ricky and Hannah on ice in the first place, and now, Tess was asking her to revisit that old wound...

...This time, however, there was no way that Tess would let Hannah off the hook so easily.

"You should really just relax and enjoy the experience, Hannah. It's a lot easier if you do," Tess admitted. "Besides, you helped me dominate Skylar last week, and the only difference there was that she didn't have a dick..."

Hannah didn't think she **could** relax, but where she felt herself drifting from Ricky towards the end, she constantly found herself being drawn further and further into Tess, and the world of sexual depravity that she represented. "I-if you say so..."

"I do," Tess quickly replied, "And we're running out of moonlight. You think you're about ready?"

Tess was opening the door and stepping out of the apartment before Hannah could reply. "Yes! I'm coming!" She called out, her heels clacking against the tiles of the kitchen floor as she didn't dare to leave Tess waiting.

Tess and Hannah had stayed in their apartment for quite some time now, and didn't ever see themselves moving out of it. They were so centrally located downtown that it was a miracle they didn't pay more than they did for rent, and the plethora of bars that existed on either side of their part of town made it easy

for them to try a new joint almost every week if they wanted to, if not every day. They had their favorites still, of course, and every once in a while, Tess would pay Becky a visit at "The Occult," just to see how business was going, and to thank her again for the mystical drink that changed her life in the first place. Tonight, however, the pair would be visiting the place that Hannah used to go as an escape, "The Drunken River," knowing that there would be an endless selection of males looking to score a quick, easy lay on a Friday night.

They'd never expect a pair of predatory females to come into the bar and force them to their knees.

"Remember when we came here the other night and you almost peed yourself just trying to walk home?" Tess reminded her mate, as they made their way down the stairs and out of the apartment building. Hannah was flushing before Tess even finished speaking, almost certain of where the wolfess was going to go with the story before she even started.

Why is it that everything she brings up feels like it could become my fetish? Hannah wondered, as she glanced the other direction, hiding the bashful look upon her face. "Y-yes, I *do* remember that...I remember how we picked up Skylar that night, too..."

Tess couldn't help wagging her tail as they walked across a rather empty street. It was just before the college was back in session that summer, and so, things were relatively quiet compared to how they'd be in about a month. Hannah actually relished in that thought, quite enjoying when the students were out of town and not running amok all night at the bars, but Tess had plans for the college crowd, *and* for Hannah, when they did finally return.

Tonight, their focus would be on just one male, instead of several.

"So...just what kind of guy are we feeling tonight, Hannah? I think it'd be fun to dominate a cute little guy..." Tess suggested, as she held the door open for her pet, "But I know how **you** are. All about the big, beefy guys that aren't afraid to take control, grab your ass, yank your hair and pin you to the bed..."

Hannah thought her cheeks might burst into flames before the night was over, especially if Tess kept on talking in such a demanding and lewd manner, but it didn't help that Tess really did know her inside and out, and before she'd gone on

her little adventure to find a dominate female for just one night, she'd been looking for a man who wasn't afraid to show her who was the boss in the bedroom.

"Why...why don't we make a compromise?" Hannah asked, giving Tess a curious sort of glance. Even speaking back to the wolfess was generally cause for punishment later, but the reaction Hannah got wasn't the one she was expected.

"And just what do you mean by that?"

Hannah took a seat over at the old, run down bar, just like she'd done so many times before, and simply tapped the bar top. She was such a regular that her presence alone meant a drink was coming, and usually, it was for free.

"Why don't we look for a guy who appears *average*? Not too beefy, not too small...not overly dominant looking, but clearly not a sub, either...someone who's right in the middle."

Tess took her seat next to Hannah, knowing that her own drink was coming. The bartenders had gotten used to serving Tess in time with Hannah, just so the wolfess could keep a close eye on her lover's drinks. "That's actually not a bad idea, Hannah...but do you see anyone who meets that description?"

Hannah smiled up at Emily, her favorite tender, as the cheetah set a drink down in front of her and offered a quick wink. "I haven't exactly looked yet, Mistress..."

"You'd better get on it," Tess muttered, her lips starting to curl into a devious grin as her own drink came to rest before her, "Unless you want to see how evil I can **really** be tonight..."

For some people, a threat of further darkness would hold very little weight after it was made so many times, but Hannah had come to learn that every time Tess made that threat, she was not only able to back it up, but she did so with a level of such great venom that Hannah would be a fool to ignore it.

A wolf is too easy, too basic...and a feline wouldn't really put up any kind of a fight...bears are too big, mice are too small...how does Tess do this stuff? Hannah thought, as she took a quick sip of her drink. For the first time in a long time, she

actually looked past her mistress as she looked around the bar, unsure of who would make the perfect candidate for the two of them to share.

It wasn't the size, shape, or personality of the male that finally drew her to him. It was his tail...so long, soft and exotic that Hannah could think of nothing more than cuddling up to it at the end of a long night, as if bringing it to her cheek would somehow whisk all of her worries away.

"Him. He's the one."

Dark, maroon-red rings surrounded the long and fluffy tail that entranced Hannah, and Tess only needed to see it for a moment to understand why her pet was attracted to the male. Rings of a subtle, subdued orange mixed in with the red, running all the way back up to his rump, rather shapely considering the male didn't appear to be too much of a physical specimen. In build, he was just what the girls were looking for: average. Five feet and nine inches tall, his shoulders just broad enough to hint at some strength, but not so broad as to suggest real power. Blue jeans hung loose and careless around his waist, and a white t-shirt with a black overcoat covered the top half of his body. The one way that he perhaps wasn't an average red panda came in his face, which had all of the proper white markings, but the bright blue of his eyes and the dark red of his headfur framed a particularly handsome face, one that even Tess couldn't help a mild blush upon seeing.

"Not a bad choice, Hannah...but you know the agreement. **You** have to be the one to go talk to him."

Suddenly, the dreamy expression on Hannah's muzzle faded. She could have happily sat and stared at the male all evening, but now that she actually had to garner up the confidence to go and speak to him, she was fighting back a frown.

"D-do I really have to?"

"That was the deal," Tess shot back. "You'd better hold up your end up of the bargain before I make it **worse**."

Hannah gulped in fear, just before gulping down another swig of her drink. Wide eyed and fearful of just what Tess might do to her, Hannah quickly stood up out of her bar stool and found her balance again, walking across the bar to the point

where it curved back around. The closer she got to the red panda, the more she could feel her knees shaking once again; Hannah had never been the aggressive type, and Tess couldn't help chuckling as she watched Hannah struggle so mightily with taking on a dominant role.

"E-excuse me..." Hannah whispered, trying not to stumble over her own voice, "Is...Is this s-seat taken?"

The male had been sitting by his lonesome, with no one on either side of him. His right paw was clenched loosely around a small rocks glass with only a tiny amount of amber fluid in it, but Hannah could tell with just one look into the ocean blue of his eyes that he wasn't even remotely tipsy.

"It's certainly not, but I don't know that your girlfriend would approve of you sitting with me..." the male replied. Even so, his paw extended to the seat next to him, in offering. "However...if you're looking for someone friendly to chat with, look no further."

Whoever the man was, he dressed with just the right blend of class and style, and he had his manners about him. He seemed to be a truly Renaissance gentleman, keeping his wits about him even when he had a drink on the town. "Thank you," Hannah could barely speak, taking a seat in the bar stool with a dainty approach, making sure to cross her legs over each other to keep the bright pink cotton of her panties from showing through. She was surprised that when she tried to follow his eyes, they never made a glance downward, even when they could have easily gotten a peek.

"Name's Russell. I've seen you around here a bunch of times over the years...you're Hannah, if Emily isn't lying to me," he said, carefully toeing the line between creepy and educated. "What brings you my way this fine evening?"

Hannah tried to cover her muzzle, knowing she couldn't contain a tiny gasp. "Does that mean you've asked about me before?"

"I ask about almost everyone that comes in the door. I've been a regular at this bar longer than you've lived here, in all likelihood."

"Oh," Hannah replied bluntly, a little less flattered at that.

"Don't take it personally. Yours is one of the few names that I bothered to remember," Russell admitted, as he brought his glass to his lips. To Hannah's surprise, he didn't sip it right then, but only nosed the soft, floral aromas that came from his scotch. "Mmmm... You never did answer my question, Hannah, though you don't have to, if it makes you uncomfortable."

Hannah had almost missed the question, and no doubt, she was dodging it on purpose, but if Russell was really as observant as he claimed, it was likely that he'd seen Hannah and Tess leaving with Skylar the week before, not to mention the number of times that Tess made Hannah strip nearly nude in the bar, for her own amusement. "You're very to the point," Hannah said, still trying to dance around the query. "I'm surprised, but...I like that. I suppose I owe you my honesty, at the very least."

At that, Russell finally put his drink down and turned to smile at Hannah. He had an honest face; he really was interested in what she had to say.

"I'm listening."

"My girlfriend, Tess...she'd very much like it if you accompanied us back to our apartment tonight."

Russell raised a brow. The soft white patterns in his fur did nothing to hide a soft blush, as warmth crept up through his cheeks. "And you said that *I* was to the point!" he chided, trying to hide his own bashful nature behind his glass as he brought it to his lips, finally taking a small drink. "It must have taken you a lot of courage to ask that...not because you did, but because I can clearly tell that you're serious...you wouldn't have sat here, otherwise."

"I'm **very** serious," Hannah admitted firmly, not wanting to reveal how high the stakes were, just yet.

"You two have gained quite the reputation around here, y'know. I have to admit that I'm a little suspicious of your request...but it's been a long time since I went home from the bar with company. If you'll answer one question, I'll happily go along with you."

Russell obviously had no idea what he was getting himself into, but Hannah couldn't believe that things had gone so easily for her, until this point. "Sure. I'm

an open book for you, Russell."

"Why me, of all the people here?"

The red panda had no reason to lack confidence, but in that moment, Hannah could see his self-worth faltering just a tiny bit. There was a hint of regret in her heart at what Tess would do to the male that night, but the very thought of Tess pushed all of the regret from Hannah, as she knew her punishment would be far worse than what he'd ever have to endure.

"Because...in a way that I can't explain, you're...*perfect*," Hannah said in a soft, shy voice, glancing down at the bar top. In that moment, she'd revealed a bit too much of her attraction to the male, but to reassure him, she reached across the bar top and rested her paw on his own, nudging it away from his glass. "Tess told me to find the right male for the evening...and whatever it might mean to you, you were the one I chose. Tonight, that makes you perfect..."

It was the greatest compliment Russell had been paid in quite some time, but a smile returned to his face as he felt the soft, delicate paw of a friendly female touching his own.

"...Very well, Hannah. I'm all yours for the evening...shall we retire to your apartment?"

"Not **all** mine," Hannah reminded him, pointing over at Tess for a moment. "I'm afraid you're a meal to be shared, Russell."

Tess, having watched the whole event unfurl, was already looking over at Russell. She gave the tiniest wave to the red panda before baring her fangs at him, making him gulp in a moment of hesitation.

She really is looking at me like I'm nothing more than a meal...

**

"You had me worried for a moment, Russell. It looked like my darling Hannah might have taken my assignment a little too seriously!" Tess explained, as she unlocked the door to the apartment and welcomed him inside, followed closely by Hannah. "After all, I didn't want her looking for a permanent plaything...just

some entertainment for the night."

There was a wild divide between the way the two females treated Russell. Hannah looked at him as the living being that he was, with a heart, while Tess clearly viewed him as nothing more than a piece of meat to be savored for the evening, and cast aside later.

"J-just what kind of entertainment are we talking about, here?" he asked, as he stood in the entryway of the apartment, with Tess standing in front of him, and Hannah standing right behind him, so close that he could feel her hips starting to press on the base of his tail.

"I...I'm sorry, Russell, but I'm afraid I wasn't *entirely* truthful with you..." Hannah whispered at the back of his ear. In her heart of hearts, she would never be a dominant female, but this was what Tess wanted her to do...and she would do **anything** to please her mistress. "You are perfect, that much is true...but I never did tell you what you were perfect for."

Russell made the mistake of assuming that this would just be an ordinary evening, or at least, as ordinary as things could be with two lesbians surrounding him.

He never would have imagined what was to come next.

"My darling sure does know how to pick 'em. You're the perfect specimen to pleasure the both of us," Tess said in a backhanded compliment, her emerald eyes narrowing at Russell as he started to stiffen up. The excited expression on his muzzle only brightened as he felt Hannah's paws working over his belt from behind, but his eyes shrunk down in fear as he felt the belt come undone...and then come to rest on his backside. "But you'll find that we're not so easy to please, my dear boy..."

"W-wait...I don't think-

WHACK!

Russell jumped forward, holding his rump with a quiet yelp after the brunt of a belt came down across it. Standing behind him, the once sweet and innocent looking Hannah was doing her best to embrace an inner dominatrix that simply

wasn't there, but she had the tiniest bit of a grin on her face as Russell fell into Tess' arms.

"Try not to think, Russell. You'll only suffer **more** if you do."

Whereas Hannah still seemed apologetic in her approach, Tess couldn't help the downright evil grin that played over her fangs as she held Russell up to her supple breasts. Each time the red panda thought things were going to take a turn for the sensual, however, he found it to be nothing more than a silver lining on a punishment to follow, as Hannah lashed the belt out across his ass once again, sneaking the leather in just under his soft, fluffy tail.

"*Aggh! Hannah!*" Russell yelled out in a mix of equal parts shock and pain. "This...this isn't what I had in mind, you know!"

"I'm afraid it's not about you," Hannah admitted, as she held the belt tight in her paws. "It's about what my mistress wants...and what she wants, she gets."

Russell could only gulp in reply. This was **not** what he'd intended to get into.

"You'd better get on your knees before she puts you on them."

Hannah's warning was already enough for Russell, who quickly went down to his knees and looked up at Tess. The wolfess had gone to the bar scantily clad, wearing nothing more than a tight, tiny top that hardly qualified as a bra, and a skirt that left nothing to the imagination, tight and black, letting everyone see that she wore no panties underneath.

"You look like a man of discerning tastes," Tess suggested, as she looked down at Russell with that same devious grin. "Why don't you show me your appreciation for the finer things in life?"

It was plainly obvious what she wanted, and Russell, unsure of just how much danger he was really in, now, leaned right forward and pressed his lips to the soft, delicate pair of netherlips that waited in front of him. Tess only had to raise the front of her skirt just slightly to let the red panda in, and she was delighted immediately to feel his tongue, rather long and slick, brushing across her folds as delicately as a painter stroked his brush across a canvas. Each touch, no matter how soft, was completely deliberate in bringing her pleasure, and Tess was more

than happy to dig her claws into his hair, yanking him forward so she could nearly bury his muzzle into her sex.

Hannah could already feel warmth stirring in her slit at the erotic display. She always felt a hint of jealousy, seeing others play with Tess, but this time especially, she felt an overture of absolute lust at watching Russell eat her out. The boy had no idea just how much trouble he was in, and that alone would have been enough to turn Hannah on...

"H-Hannah...tie his wrists up. This boy is a little *too* good...I don't know if he can be trusted!"

...But the naughty orders from her mistress only made things worse. Hannah could already feel liquid arousal beading on her slit as she took the belt and pulled Russell's arms back; much to her surprise, he didn't resist one bit. He made it easy for Hannah to tie his wrists behind his back, which made it that much easier for Tess to push him over from his knees, flat onto his back on the carpet.

I never even made it past the entryway...What could I have been thinking? Russell fearfully wondered. He looked up, watching with excitement as Hannah dipped a paw into her own panties, starting to tease her clit, but with an equal part of fear as he saw Tess lowering herself over him. She squatted right over his muzzle, sitting upon his face and pushing her slit down onto his tongue so firmly that he couldn't avoid tasting her if he wanted to breathe.

"That's it, Russell...e-eat my fucking pussy if you ever want to see the light of day again..." Tess threatened, looking down at him with green eyes that were so filled with lust, they actually scared the once horny male. Completely trapped without a hope of escape, Russell faithfully slurped his tongue back and forth over Tess and her waiting folds, digging deeper and deeper into them as he struggled to catch his breath in the tight confines. The rush of blood to his own groin as he watched Hannah finger herself only made it that much harder to focus, and he couldn't see any way out of the mess, even if he did tongue Tess all the way to an orgasm. "Hannah...get your paw out of your panties and get over here...I'm gonna show you the right way to dominate a cocky male like this."

Hannah blushed for a moment as she was caught, thinking that she'd been forgotten, but Tess had been keeping an eye on her all the while. Russell blinked

in surprise and took in a deep breath as Tess stood, but his relief was brief, as Tess gestured down to his soaked muzzle and smiled playfully at Hannah. "Smother this little bitch...don't let him breathe for a moment. Make him get you off if he wants you to get off," Tess explained, before turning her attention away from Russell's muzzle, and turning it toward his cock. She could see it bouncing against the front of his jeans, desperate to get free and betraying his mind, as fear said he shouldn't be enjoying himself so much, but no male could deny just how erotic it was to be the center of attention between two females...

...Even if they were punishing you.

"You'll have to forgive Hannah for being a little slow on the uptake. She's not used to being in any position of power...maybe we can bring you around some other time and see if you have what it takes to put her on her knees, instead," Tess offered to Russell, though he found himself unable to reply, as Hannah dropped her panties to the floor and knelt over his muzzle. Tess turned back to watch for a moment as Russell gave Hannah the same treatment, but to her shock and awe, Hannah fully lowered herself onto Russell, keeping him as smothered as he could be, before she took her own panties, soaking wet at the crotch, and stuck them under her, right on the end of his nose, just to make his breathing that much harder, and to keep his nostrils filled with the delicious aroma of her pussy. *Looks like she's learning after all...hell, she's ad-libbing it!* Tess cheered mentally.

The wolfess wagged her tail excitedly as Hannah started to take her lessons a bit more seriously. It motivated her to really push things along, as she gripped the front of Russell's jeans and tore her claws into them, opting to simply shred them from his body instead of sliding them off. She could feel Russell quaking underneath her body in fear, but even as he did, she watched his cock spring up from the tatters of his boxers, a tiny, slick stream of precum already staining the tip and *sloooooowly* drooling down the underside. "Act afraid all you want, Russell, but you're enjoying this...and I intend to, as well," Tess assured her prey, as she lifted her skirt a little higher and straddled over his hips. Her slit brushed back and forth over the tip of his cock with each rock of her hips, but she refused to let the red panda penetrate her just yet. She simply let her folds get used to the exotic shape of his cock, never having taken a male of his species before. He groaned in delight and torture as Tess kept bringing him right to the edge of penetration, but she never actually let him in, something that turned Hannah on even more as she watched Tess fondling her own breasts.

"Deeper...dig **deeper!**" Hannah cried, as Russell masterfully slipped his tongue back and forth over her folds, the tip of his slick, moist flesh circling over her clit whenever it came to the cute, sensitive little nub, just to bring Hannah as much pleasure as he could. "Get your whole t-tongue in there...or I'll pee all over your muzzle and gag you with my panties...**do it!**"

Russell was shocked to say the least, and his tongue shot upwards in response to his order, probing so deep that he nearly brushed it over Hannah's g-spot, but it was Tess who was the most surprised, and perhaps the most satisfied.

And to think, she's only acting that way to please me...wonder if she'd really pee all over the poor fellow. She pondered, still grinding her hips over his crotch and back again, coming dangerously close to letting the red panda inside of her until she heard him groaning with sexual frustration at the whole experience. Wanting her own pleasure to begin more than she wanted to torture the innocent male, Tess finally let his cock spring upright and sat herself upon it, able to easily slide her moistened slit over the tip and engulf the whole of it into her passage. She was **incredibly** tight, and Russell could hardly believe that she was able to take the whole of his cock so easily...but that didn't mean he was on easy street, even as Tess started to bounce upon him.

"Do whatever m-my mistress says," Hannah gasped aloud as Russell probed his tongue as deep as it could possibly reach, the fleshy, wet muscle dancing around inside of her and touching every surface that it could. "Or I'll m-make you eat my ass, too..."

Russell was a completely straight male, and while he wasn't above anal with a female, he didn't know if he could bring himself to eat anyone's back door out. He was just lucky that Tess wanted nothing more from him than to be a good little sex slave, and to take his punishment as it came to him.

"J-just make me cum..." Tess moaned deeply, gripping Russell by the inside of his thighs and digging her claws in deep, raking bright red marks through his fur and leaving harsh scratches on his flesh. "Make me *f-fucking cum!*" she demanded again, bouncing her ass upon his hips so harshly that it nearly knocked the wind out of him. Tess was doing her best to keep him in place, using him as nothing more than a tool to reach her own orgasm, but she could feel the abused red panda throbbing inside of her, a sure sign that he was closing

in on a climax, himself.

Hannah had always been particularly sensitive, especially when someone had the wherewithal to work her clit, and calling Russell a professional might have been an understatement. It might not have been urine, as mentioned before, but Russell wasn't ready for the sudden gushing of fluid that sprayed across his muzzle as his tongue brushed against her clit one more time. "Th-that's it! **YES!** Russell...fuck my pussy with that tongue, boy...fuck my little clit! *YeEEEEees...I'm cumming...mnn!*"

Streams of female ejaculate splashed all over the tongue of the pinned male, soaking his lips and his muzzle in just one gush, before the errant streaks of slick, clear fluid sprayed down over his chin and his neck, absolutely soaking through his fur and sending him to a state of near shock. He couldn't be sure what the fluid was, but his deep arousal, combined with his fear of failing the pair of lusty females, kept his tongue fluttering back and forth over the cute little clit, never giving Hannah a break and keeping her orgasm alive as long as he possibly could.

It wasn't Russell's cock alone that brought Tess to the edge of her orgasmic cliff, but the great swelling of pride she felt inside as Hannah finally took her role in dominating the red panda seriously. It would have been enough alone to have Tess soaking through her own panties, but in their current situation, it was just what she needed to start fluttering her walls around the cock that invaded her pussy over and over again, climaxing around it with her hips slamming down on the male with a feverish pace. "A-Atta boy, Russell! Fill me up...I *know* you want to...pump me full of that cum, you sexy little thing! **Gimme!**"

Russell could feel another level of warmth and slickness drowning his cock, and despite the inherent risks ahead, Russell couldn't keep from filling Tess up, even if he wanted to. His hips contracted, and his whole body tensed up as he felt Tess gently slapping the underside of his sack, trying to encourage his body to produce even more seed through a little bit of pain. Hannah was digging her claws into his chest, raking them down his abdomen and leaving him marked deeply as he finally gave in, the absolutely blissful mixture of pleasure and pain finally sending Russell into a release that surpassed any he could ever dream of. His each and every moan was muffled by the dripping, sopping wet labia that still smothered his muzzle, but Tess could feel the hot, sticky cum pumping up into her womb as Russell's hips started to buck upward of their own accord. The

male body could do nothing to hide just how deeply pleased it was, and Tess greedily squeezed her inner muscles around him, trying to milk every single drop of cum out of his sack that he could possibly offer.

"Holy **fuck!** This boy has **a lot** of volume...he's still going!" Tess cheered him on, bucking upon his cock a couple more times to see just what she could get out of him. "Fill me, boy...if you waste a single drop, I swear I'll take your tailhole next!"

The threat wasn't lost on Russell at this point, as the red panda male had learned his lesson about going home from the bar with strangers, and he pumped his hips just a couple more times, making sure to expel every single drop of seed that he could offer before he finally came to rest, and Hannah, overly sensitive from her climax, finally stood up to give the boy a rest.

"T-Tess...can we...can we keep him?" Hannah asked, still panting between her words, and still in disbelief at just how dominant she'd managed to be with the male.

Tess shook her head, and Hannah frowned at that, but the wolfess put up a paw.

"There's no need...we know where to find him. Right across the street at our favorite bar...isn't that right, Russell?"

The red panda was still trying to catch his own breath, and for a moment, he had a thought that he might find a new favorite bar to hang out at, but as he thought over the experience, he realized that it had been deeply pleasurable, and in reality, he hardly suffered one bit. He hadn't been tortured...just **dominated**, and rather fully, at that.

"Do I really have a choice?" he asked, taking a moment to think over his response.

"Of course not," Tess replied with a snicker. "Just wait until your punishment next time..."

"What? Punishment for **what?**"

"For asking, silly..." Hannah replied with a quiet giggle.

"Nobody questions **my** mistress."

8

Halloween was right around the corner, and while Hannah was busy putting up decorations in the apartment, Tess was busy collecting a small vial of something across the street from her friend, Becky. Each one figured that their idea was the perfect thing to help get the other into the Halloween spirit, with the holiday only a few days away, but what Hannah didn't realize was that there were some things that pumpkins and orange lights simply couldn't replace.

Those things didn't strike fear into someone in the dead of the night. They didn't plunge in the hearts of the weak and weary to fill their dreams with nightmares untold.

What Tess had procured, on the other hand, might just haunt Hannah, and her dreams, for the next few years to come.

"Now remember, this stuff will only last for a couple of hours, and you might be a little bit weak when it wears off, so only use it around someone you can absolutely trust," Becky advised Tess. The tiny mouse girl who was now the manager of "The Occult," the favorite bar of Tess, didn't have to do much of anything to get the place ready for Halloween. The decorations were already so dark that they bordered on Gothic, and black was very much the theme color that was featured in the bar. The patrons themselves were often unusual people, and the way that they dressed, it could be Halloween on any given day inside.

"I'm sure an hour will be plenty," Tess admitted. The dark, brown-furred wolfess had made a habit of coming to The Occult at least once a week since she'd been transformed, but so far, in the span of nearly a couple years, she'd shown no adverse side effects from The Heated Wolfess, the famous cocktail that changed her from a tiny, timid male to a strong, dominant, lustful female. "I don't know that Hannah will last even **that** long, if what you're telling me is true."

"If everything you've told me is true, I doubt that she will," Becky replied, the soft white of her cheeks completely flushed through with a bashful, red blush. Tess was never one to shy away from telling all of the details that there were to give, when it came to her sex life, and Becky happened to be one of the people she confided the most in when she was out for a drink. As a result, Becky knew

almost everything that Hannah liked just as much as Tess did, though, for her, that information was a bit useless.

With a small, thankful grin, Tess left a very small stack of cash on the bar and took the tiny bottle in her paw, giving it a quick shake as she held it up to her eyes. The concoction within was a strange, green color, with all of the intensity of a radioactive slime, and yet, it moved so slowly within the bottle that it could be mistaken for molasses. Even when she popped the top, tilted her head back and held her maw open, Tess had to wait a couple seconds before she could feel anything on her tongue, and once the liquid did come into contact with the wet, slippery muscle, it moved slowly down the length of her tongue and to the back of her throat, before slowly dripping down into her gullet. As she drank it, Tess almost felt there was something trying to reach inside of her and pull something out that only existed in her mind, but as was always the case when it came to a potion from Becky...there would be **major** side effects. All told, this one was rather minor.

"Tastes kinda like seafood..." Tess said with an irritated grumble. Her maw was suddenly filled with nothing more than the sensation of oceanic water and lead, and she quickly gestured for a shot, tossing a couple extra dollars on the bar to compensate Becky for the drink she was already pouring.

"I didn't say it would taste pleasant," Becky reminded her, as she poured a healthy dose of rum into a shot glass. Without hesitation, Tess slammed it back and let out a sigh of relief, as the subtle sugars and caramel flavor covered up the awful aftertaste of the potion. "Just don't go drinking too much more booze in combination with this stuff. You don't want to walk around looking a monster all the time..."

"So this stuff works just like the first drink you gave me?"

"**Exactly** like it," Becky warned, "So I mean it. **No. More. Booze.**"

Tess didn't need to drink to make Hannah attractive; the bombshell of a little jaguar that she was, with neck length brunette hair, bright, cheerful eyes and a smile that could bring a man to his knees, Tess was just lucky that the local bar hounds had learned their lesson to stay away from her...unless, of course, Tess invited them over.

"I hear you, I hear you..." Tess replied, already starting to feel the effects of the potion taking place on the small of her back. Under the tight, fur-gripping fabric of her black t-shirt, she could feel something *moving*. "I'll check in with you tomorrow, just to be safe. Thanks, Becky."

"Just be careful," Becky said with a friendly wave, seeing that Tess was already on her way out the door and across the street. Living so close to the bars had *some* advantages, after all, and for Tess, it was about to give her the element of surprise as she entered her apartment building just minutes after leaving The Occult. Hannah was still busy hanging up strings of orange Halloween lights, preparing the apartment for Tess when she returned...the jaguar was **certain** that she'd be able to get a jump scare out of her dominant lover when she came in the door to see the apartment lit with only orange and ultraviolet lights, and a tiny bit of fog from a machine that she had picked up earlier that week. She'd done all that she could to make a spooky setting; the only thing she couldn't provide was the monster.

Click-tink

There she is... Hannah thought, and even in her own head, her voice was absolutely devious. *I'm gonna get her!*

Always thinking of everything, Tess provided the monster for her lover, this time. Bursting through the front door with the help of some new appendages, Tess had a diabolical grin on her face, her sharp fangs gleaming in the ultraviolet light as she stepped into the apartment, looking like she'd walked right onto the set of a horror film.

Hannah peeked out from behind the island in their kitchen, about to jump up and growl at her lover, but just one look over the door had her frozen with fear, and instead, she slowly rose up from behind the island, a paw pressed to her lips as she started to tremble at the sight of Tess. "...T-Tess...what...what are **those?!**"

Though they were still growing, four small nubs of flesh had erupted from Tess' back and were wiggling about wildly, leaving the back of her shirt in tatters, and the front quickly fell off without the matching back fabric to keep it all together. Topless, and going without a bra just for dramatic effect, Tess felt the soft bounce of her breasts as they were freed, and she grinned like the devil at her submissive lover, as the growing tubes of flesh on her back truly started to take

shape.

"Oh, these? They're just...*a gift*, from Becky...nothing special, really..."

She has tentacles. How in the hell...?

Hannah couldn't wrap her mind around what she was seeing, but they became a reality to her all too quickly, as the new tentacles could, very easily, wrap around her. There were four of them in all, sprouting from just behind Tess' shoulders, and two at the base of her spine. One of the lower tentacles, staying hidden in the dark, scary apartment, crawled all the way along the length of the kitchen floor to wrap around Hannah's ankle, and she screamed in genuine terror as the slightly slimy appendage got a hold of her and easily overpowered her, dragging her towards the front door.

"**TESS! NO!**" she cried, her claws dragging against the tiles of the kitchen as she became the author of her own fate. She'd created the setting of a hellish landscape, right out of a scary movie...and let a monster into her own home. "You wouldn't...you **couldn't!**"

"Pfft..." Tess replied with a raspberry, sticking her tongue out and rolling her eyes. "This is all that you've ever wanted, Hannah...a dominant female to ravage you, right? Well, now I've got four new helpers to aid in the process of rocking your world and leaving you a well-fucked, dripping mess..."

The tentacles that weren't in use flailed wildly behind Tess, but they would find use soon enough as Tess started to move toward her capture. Right in the middle of the kitchen floor, Hannah was still caught by the tentacle, looking up in shock as the other three stopped squirming...and all shot at her as fast as bullets from a loaded gun. Before she had a chance to scream again, the tips of the tentacles were wrapping around her other ankle and her arms...and she found she stood no chance against their impressing and surprising strength. The fog machine went off again just in time to complete what would have been a cliché: the seemingly innocent female being cornered and captured by a vicious monster, only, in this movie, the girl was going to be fucked, instead of eaten or killed.

"But this...this is all too much..." Hannah tried to protest, and her resistance was weakening as she felt herself suspended by the tentacles, and yet, Tess walked right up to her, stripping the excuse of a Halloween costume from her body with

inhuman haste. Hannah decided to go cheap and easy and bought a 'Slutty Nurse' outfit, complete with a white skirt and a tight tube top, but Tess didn't care about roleplaying something like that...she cared only about using her tentacles to her fullest advantage while she could, and as the skirt was literally torn in two, and her panties pulled down to her knees, Hannah didn't seem to have a problem with that one bit. "Tess..."

"Too much, or not enough, my delicious little morsel?" Tess asked, acting every bit like the monster she currently was as she leaned over Hannah with her muzzle wide open, her fangs bared to her prey. Tiny drops of drool fell from the ends of her fangs as she loomed over Hannah's breasts, looking over them like they were nothing more than a treat for her, and in the heat of the moment, she was absolutely right about that. As hesitant as she was to accept such a dramatic change so rapidly, Hannah writhed and gasped in pleasure as she felt the warm, slick saliva dripping down onto her exposed breasts, as her top stood absolutely no chance against the force of the tentacles. Pinned to the ground and immobile underneath them, Hannah looked at the long, fleshy appendages as Tess started to slip out of her blue jeans. Hannah wished that she knew the full intent of what Tess planned to do, but what the enhanced wolfess had in mind was a complete and total mystery...Hannah saw that she wasn't sporting a cock or any other additional appendages as the wolfess finally revealed the entirety of her nude figure, and though her cunt was unusually wet, even for Tess, Hannah couldn't see any other changes. She was starting to wonder if this was going to just be another random bondage romp...

...Until Tess put her whole plan into motion.

"P-please...don't eat me, monster..." Hannah squeaked, her words just the little spark that Tess needed to move things forward a little bit. There was no immediate verbal reply by Tess, but only a wink as she leaned into the body of her lover, pressing her warmth into the jaguar's soft, downy fur and letting their twin labia brush against each other, just for the moment. Hannah started to squirm again as ecstasy started to radiate through the lower half of her body, but the thrill of being pinned down and paralyzed by something supernatural was enough to fill the whole of her being with new sensations. When Tess finally did decide to have a 'snack,' Hannah couldn't contain her voice any longer, as the devious Tess wrapped her lips around Hannah's right breast and suckled at it hard, bringing the sensitive nub erect in moments and leaving it absolutely soaked with saliva as she hounded after the tasty bud. "Y-Yeeees! I'm your

morsel, monster...*r-ravage me!*"

It was rare that Tess would ever take an order from Hannah, but her words were less of an order, and more of an encouragement that Tess was more than happy to run with. She couldn't resist when Hannah was basically begging for it, and at the moment, she was doing exactly that, even if not entirely in voice; her body spoke volumes where the cute, elated squeaks of her moans could not. Just brushing their clitoral hoods together, Tess could feel moisture beading up on Hannah's pouting, swollen sex, and with each consecutive pass, she could tell that Hannah was closer and closer to being ready for something a bit more fulfilling.

Luckily, she had four options to choose from.

"Eat you? N-no," Tess replied, stammering over her own words a bit as she felt a deep and lustful pleasure from the attention to her clit, "I would **never** do that...but I'm going to do **far more** than just ravage you, my morsel...I'll completely fuck your will to resist me away, until you become my slave for all eternity!"

Even if they were just roleplaying something, Hannah couldn't deny that she really, *really* liked the sound of that idea...and while their lives were something of a parallel to the same, having a monster that could pin her down and fuck her brains out against her will sounded like a pretty sweet deal, as well. "You **wouldn't!**" Hannah cried back at Tess, her body thrusting up into Tess purely out of instinct as their bodies continued to grind together...but suddenly, Hannah could feel something a little larger pressing against the pout of her folds, and it wasn't any sort of flesh she'd felt there before. She'd become so enamored with the task at hand that she didn't even notice Tess releasing her arms...so each tentacle could pick whichever hole it wanted. "W-what...what are you gonna do to me, monster?"

Tess let the first tentacle respond on its own, as it suddenly barreled forward and pummeled Hannah's cunt as deeply as it could handle, all the way up to the edge of her womb and brushing her cervix, making the sweet little jaguar scream in such a high tone that it was hardly audible. Her mouth hung open in a silent gasp as her eyes widened from the pressure inside of her, but she could do nothing to adjust as her thighs were still held, and immediately, Tess leaned forward to pin her arms back down. "Just giving this little morsel **exactly** what she wants for

Halloween...and **taking** what I want," Tess explained, her voice thick with lust as the second tentacle, coated with a naturally slimy skin, started to prod at Hannah's tailhole. She couldn't lower her tail flat to her backside fast enough, and in a flash, she could feel the narrow tip of the green tube poking at her pucker, with only the slightest of regards for her comfort.

"TESS! HOLY FUCK!" Hannah screamed at the top of her lungs as soon as she could find her voice again, but she immediately bit her lip thereafter. The gentle tapping on the walls and the floors from their only neighbors did nothing to dissuade the lustful pair, and for Tess, it was just motivation to make Hannah cry out that much louder. The poor jaguar couldn't do much else, as the slimy tentacles held firm around her thighs, and each time she writhed and wiggled with pleasure, they tightened their grip around her, trying to hold her as still as they could so that Tess could be precise with her movements. She knew all of the right places to touch on Hannah, and though it was taking some getting used to with the new appendages, Tess knew she'd found the sweet spot again when Hannah tensed up completely in her arms, despite the absolutely uncontrollable ecstasy she felt from the tentacle along her back penetrating her tight, firm ass. **"M-more, monster! More! PLEASE!"**

That's right, you little bitch...keep begging... Tess thought, the grin spreading even wider across her muzzle as she finally released Hannah's right breast from the clutches of her mouth, but only so she could get to work on the lonely looking left breast. It was every bit as sweet as its sister, and Tess felt her own moans of delight muffled by the peach fuzz fur the surrounded the fleshy nipple as she suckled at it as hungrily as a newborn. *You didn't think I was into the spirit of Halloween enough...how about now?*

No doubt, Hannah would be singing a different tune later on that evening, if her body could last that long. Just the feeling of something teasing her tailhole was actually an easy way to bring her to a climax, and normally, Tess would have teased her with the prospect of that fact, but this time, she cared only about giving Hannah everything she could take, and perhaps, a little bit more than that. To simply ravage her wasn't enough anymore...Tess was determined to completely break her.

"Tess, I can't...*oh my God oh my God oh my God!*" Hannah was trying not to pant any louder, but she'd completely lost control of her voice as the tentacle buried in her tailhole started to pump back and forth, sending her right over the

edge and into an orgasm that rivaled any she'd ever had in her life before, and as the twin of the tentacle completely filled her pussy, although motionless, it started to join in, pumping and thrusting at her with a ferocity that she'd never felt in any male, female, or sex toy ever before. Her nerve endings could barely keep up with all of the sensations as her eyes rolled back in her head for a moment, completely out of her control, as she climaxed around both of the tentacles, squeezing them as tightly as she could, and yet, their speed didn't yield. They only pounded into her that much **harder**, and when she felt a second tentacle probing at her already well-filled sex, all bets were off. "..."

Hannah left her muzzle to hang open, but not a sound came out. There was only rapid, desperate breathing, and Tess, finally satisfied with her daily dose of jaguar milk, leaned up just enough to look over her handiwork. "Fuck the brains r-right out of you, didn't I?" Tess asked, but she knew no answer would return. She lifted her hips just slightly, only enough that the second tentacle that was trying to force its way inside of Hannah could brush over her clit, giving Tess an extra layer of pleasure to the already orgasmic experience. As it were, Tess could feel just a little bit of pleasure from the nerve endings in the tentacles, and though she didn't know how much more Hannah could take, she could really care less. She was determined to stuff that second tentacle inside of her submissive mate...and Hannah didn't have the ability, nor the desire to protest.

I can't even talk anymore...I can barely think... Hannah pondered, as she floated around within her own mind. She literally felt as though every nerve ending in her body was dedicated to nothing more than bringing her an indescribable pleasure, so much to the point that it was slowing her thought process. *But I want that second tentacle, Tess...please, read my body language...stuff both of those fat, thick tentacles in my pussy and fucking destroy me!*

Though she couldn't properly voice it, Hannah's passion was showing through in the way that her body unconsciously continued to buck against the tentacles, and Tess was starting to approach a release herself, just from all of the different sensations attacking her body from places she didn't know she could experience pleasure. Even at the base of each of the tentacles, there was a pleasant tingling, as if someone was raking their claws through her back, and no doubt, Hannah would feel the wolfess trembling against her as the second tentacle advanced. "Take it...you slutty little morsel..." Tess gasped, as the second tentacle, already soaked between the mixture of Tess and Hannah's liquid desire, just barely started to squeeze inside of Hannah's stretched, abused cunt. The jaguar never

would have guessed her capacity could reach such limits, but sure enough, the second tentacle was moving inside of her, in an opposite timing of the first, allowing her to experience a fantasy she'd always dreamed of...in her mind, two thick, stiff cocks were pumping in and out of her from two powerful, dominant lovers...but in reality, it was just one lover, who was dominant enough for two, and the only one that Hannah would ever need.

Like a corpse out of the kind of movie they were playing along with, Hannah suddenly reanimated with the second tentacle penetrated her body, and she writhed about wildly from the extreme pressure on her insides, especially with the third tentacle in her tailhole. She was about to cry out in delight, but...

"Mnnnng! Tffff!" the moment she opened her mouth up, the last tentacle buried itself inside of her muzzle, completely stuffing her throat down to her gullet, and if not for her advanced training from Tess, she might have gagged and choked on it...instead, she simply let out a rumble of content around the offending appendage, letting it gently pump in and out of her throat as the very tip of the tentacle leaked, lubricating her mouth with a sweet, silky liquid that made things easier for the fully stuffed jaguar.

For Hannah, it was a first. She'd had all of her holes filled before, but never with such thick, vast tentacles, and never with more than one object inside of her treasure. *After this, I don't know if anything will ever compare...* Hannah worried mentally, but that worry was easily washed away by the leaking of fluids from each of the tentacles inside of her, and as much as they'd already paralleled being really, really long cocks, they were starting to mirror the male sex organ in another way, as each one was leaking sweet, sticky fluid, like a slow ooze inside of her body. "Becky didn't warn me about **that**," Tess admitted, as even she looked a little bit shocked at the sight of an eerie, mostly white fluid leaking from Hannah's over-stuffed snatch. It **couldn't** be cum, after all...but Tess wasn't entirely sure what it was...all she knew was that she loved the sight of it as it poured out of Hannah, and she had a feeling that if she kept on pumping, there would be a lot more to go around.

That just meant she had to go even **harder**.

"Nnnng! *Hlllk!*" Hannah finally started to choke as Tess picked up the pace, forcing the tentacle further down her throat than any male had ever pressed his cock, and even further than any sex toy that Tess had ever forced her to swallow

before. If not for the lubrication, she was sure that she would have blacked out, but in the eerie setting that she'd placed for herself and her dominant lover, she just managed to have enough control over her throat to keep on suckling at the powerful appendage, and she even felt a hint of pride as the tentacle trembled inside of her throat, spilling out a little bit more of the mysterious substance almost directly into her stomach. As wonderful as that felt, it paled in comparison to the slick, wonderful feeling of that same substance pushing up past her vaginal passage and into her womb, starting to flood the small chamber inside of her. It was even a little bit painful for her to feel so full, but there was an elation to having both of the tentacles inside of her cunt, lifting her hips off of the kitchen floor each time one of them pumped into her body, that she was losing track of just how many times she'd come close to a climax...if not for the small pool of mingled juices from her own slit, Tess's sex, and the tentacles spurting inside of her, she might have had no idea just how long Tess had kept her pinned.

Judging by the quiet *splish* of her rump as it splashed down into the growing puddle from a powerful thrust, it had been at least half an hour, and unlike Tess, Hannah had no idea just how long the tentacles would last.

"E-even I can't take this..." Tess finally admitted, as she could feel a strain growing in her back from pounding Hannah with the tentacles as such a feverish pace. She couldn't deny how much of a turn on it was to see her sweet little jaguar completely stuff in every hole, perhaps more than her body could actually handle, and that arousal was giving her endurance like she'd never known before, as she normally would have climaxed at least a few times, with her clit brushing against Hannah's with every pump of her hips, and the added help of a big, slimy tentacle sliding between her labia on each pass was starting to drive her crazy. She was determined to be every bit the scary, sexual monster that Hannah was playing her up to be, and until then, it meant holding back so that she could truly ravage her partner...but this monster was at her breaking point, and it was time to consummate her feast. "I'm g-gonna cum, Hannah...I'm gonna fill your slutty little pussy with **so much cum...** Ooooooh God..."

The low, lustful moans made Hannah gasp around her mouthful, as she felt the first tentacle finally release what could only be described as its seed. There was a sudden and powerful gush within her throat, just like a normal male cumming in her mouth, but this was a little different; it was much stickier, and as the tip of the tentacle opened and released inside of her gullet, she could feel a much

greater volume, so much so that she could actually feel her tummy bloating just the tiniest bit as the tense appendage gave her everything it had. A maddening pace continued between her thighs, where the twin tentacles that were pounding her now well-fucked snatch were trading thrusts inside of her in a near blur, stretching her body past any limit she ever could have imagined, and sending her barreling into the latest of an unknown number of orgasms; the only sign was her body clenching down so hard that one of the tentacles was finally forced out by the powerful, climactic squeeze of her inner walls, just in time for it to release a spray of its own. A long, thin strand of seed sprayed all the way from the pubic mound of Hannah's womanhood to the underside of her chin, landing across her tummy and one of her breasts, and even getting a little bit of the mess on Tess in the process as it violently shuddered, offering up several further volleys of the unusual cum, until Hannah looked as though she'd spilled an open bottle of lotion on her torso. The warm, sticky substance was simply more stimulation she couldn't handle, but she was never given a chance to adjust...

"M-more...there's even more!" Tess groaned, as her body started to tremble. At this point, the wolfess could really feel every bit of pleasure that the tentacles did, and to be hit with four orgasms at once, not to mention her own, was enough to leave her mind completely blank for more than a moment. As if she really were possessed in a horror movie, Tess' eyes rolled back into her head as the pleasure completely overwhelmed her mind, and with no regard for Hannah and certainly no mercy for her, the tentacles assaulted her body even more fully than they had before. Hannah's eyes nearly bulged out of her forehead as the tentacle still within her body completely flooded her womb with a solid, thick burst of foreign seed, and the tentacle that had completely loosened her tailhole did the same, pumping wave after wave of sticky, slick mess into her ass and continuing the thrust, even as the excess cum started to spill right out of her body, into the growing puddle that stuck to Hannah's fur and filled the apartment with the wet, lewd sound of sex as Tess mindlessly railed her.

Hannah didn't know how much longer she could hold on, and just when she felt like she truly might pass out from the overwhelming sensations, the tentacles started to soften up inside of her and release from her body, the last of their fluids spent, and Tess, with her eyes returning to normal, completely slumped over on her submissive, exhausted lover, pinning her to the floor as the extra appendages pulled away from Hannah one by one, leaking their excess juices over her body as they retracted into Tess, just in time for the wolfess to nearly pass out herself, her cheek falling into the mess that was sprayed across

Hannah's breasts.

"Ahahn...nnn...T-Tess..." Hannah tried to speak, but she was still panting. Her throat was just a little sore from being so thoroughly pummeled, and she had to gulp just to speak, as more of the mysterious fluid was visible in a lump that traveled down her throat. "A-are you okay?"

Tess was silently for a moment, just panting against her lover. Becky had warned her that she might be a little weak at the end of it all, and true enough, she could scarcely lift her head to look at Hannah, but she did so with a weary smile, her grin still devious somehow, even after their lewd interlude. "Y-yeah...I'll live..."

The tentacles, in their last moments, brushed against each of Hannah's cheeks, 'kissing' at her fur and showing her all of the affection that Tess rarely ever did, even if she truly did love Hannah. In an unusual way, the tentacles represented her affection for Hannah, and just what she would do her jaguar lover if she only had the right body for it.

"Hehe! These guys are kinda nice, after all!" Hannah giggled, her flesh sensitive and ticklish to the slimy touch of each tentacle. She even pressed a tiny kiss to the tip of one as it brushed over her lips, and felt just the slightest bit of longing as the extra appendages finally retracted into Tess, apparently gone. "Real shame that they couldn't have lasted any longer..."

"Neither could **you**," Tess reminded her, tilting her gaze back down into the bosom of her mate. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself, though...still think I'm not into the spirit of Halloween enough?"

Hannah managed another weak giggle as she tilted her head back into the kitchen floor, her body going completely limp as her labia and her tailhole were left gaping by the rough, nearly brutal session she'd just undergone. "You're *plenty* into the spirit, Tess...and you've given me another nightmare to look forward to."

"What's that...?"

With just one glance around the kitchen, Tess could see excess juices from the tentacles **everywhere**, on the cabinets, streaking across the counter tops, and puddling on the floor...

"Having to clean up this mess before the trick-or-treaters get here."

9

"Listen carefully, because I'm warning you...this one can be **very** dangerous. You may not like what happens when all is said and done."

Tess was doing her usual afternoon routine of grabbing a drink at "The Occult," sitting and talking with her close friend Becky...

And picking up a potion from the devious mouse to use on her girlfriend, Hannah, when she finally went back to the apartment that night.

"You've said that about over **half** of the potions you've given me!" Tess pointed out, pausing to take a swig of her rum and coke. "Ahh... So what is it that makes this one any different?"

"You're literally going to be sharing **your mind** with someone else. You do realize that there could be long term repercussions to that, right? Like seeing things you didn't want to see, and learning secrets about someone that you can **never** unlearn?"

Tess snickered. "Hannah and I have been together for a couple years now, and it's only a matter of time before one of us breaks down and pops the question...I don't think there's anything she could be hiding from me at this point."

"Based on the dynamic in your relationship, I kinda wonder about that..."

"Look. This is going to be every bit as much fun for us as every other potion has been," Tess argued, taking another deep, long swill of her drink. "And as far as I'm concerned, it'll be kinda fun to really get inside Hannah's head...I've always been able to control her body, but I feel like I've only ever been able to *tease* her mind. I want to have complete and total control of **everything**, and show her what she's really capable of..."

Becky sighed and tilted her head with concern. "And just what do you have planned for her when you finally do use this potion?"

"Repeating an older experiment," Tess admitted, "But putting a new and original

spin on things..."

"Just promise you'll heed my warning on this one, okay?" Becky pleaded with her friend, before offering over a small vial full of pinkish liquid, with the slightest tint of gray. "You'll only have full control of her mind for a couple of hours, and in the meantime, your physical body will be pretty much useless, so you'll want to make sure to get to a safe place before this stuff fully takes effect...maybe put yourself to bed or hide in a closet or something. People can't be trusted these days..."

Tess took the vial in a paw and held onto it tightly, not wanting to take the risk of dropping it with what she'd paid for it. "Don't worry, I'll be in bed relaxing long before Hannah leaves the apartment. I should be plenty safe before everything takes effect."

Even if she was telling the truth, Tess' reassurance didn't seem to do anything to ease Becky's worries. "Remember, I warned you about what you might find while you're sharing a mind with your lover. If your relationship is truly ready for that level of trust, then I hope you'll have a good time tonight. Make sure to check back in with me tomorrow to make sure there haven't been any long term side effects."

"Of course. I have to get another potion tomorrow night, right?"

Becky sighed with exasperation and managed a tiny smirk. "If I'm ever going to pay this bar off, I suppose so..."

**

It seemed to be a normal night in the joined apartment of Hannah and Tess...

"Nnn... Tess, I just walked in the door from work! F-fuck...can't I even put down my things?!"

...In as much that Tess was insatiable, and Hannah was such a shameless submissive that she didn't even have a chance to resist the dominant wolfess.

"I gave you at least five seconds to drop your things to the floor already," Tess explained. Eager and grinning, the wolfess already had a paw down the front of

Hannah's tight, hip-hugging jeans, her pawtips roaming freely over Hannah's womanhood as the other paw gripped and tightly held a modest, soft breast, squeezing it in perfect time with the gentle strokes of her pawtips below. "It's **your** fault that you haven't just let go of your possessions yet..."

Hannah literally only had time to shut the door behind her with her backside before Tess had pounced out and grabbed her, and though Tess was quite the aggressive and dominant figure, she usually at least let Hannah make it to the couch before she started into assaulting the submissive jaguar. Today, she didn't even make it past the welcome mat before Tess was trying to get her to wiggle out of her clothes.

"But it's work related!" Hannah pouted, her voice reaching higher highs as Tess found her erect, sensitive clit with expert ease, knowing just where to find it on Hannah's body without even looking. Skillful pawtips brushed over the nub of pleasure with a graceful and delicate touch at first, only fluttering over the spot and teasing it to start with, not wanting to get Hannah too far too fast.

"I...**damn**... I can't just drop it!"

"And if I told you to drop it...?" Tess asked.

Hannah gulped. Her pawtips were slipping already, ready to lose the folder just from the waves of pleasure that were starting to radiate over her body, but she didn't relish in the thought of having to pick up and clean all of the different papers from the floor when her paws finally gave out...she was just trying to come to terms with things, since she knew it was just a matter of time.

"I...I would..."

"Then you'd better just drop the damn thing and **focus** on the task at hand," Tess ordered, not wanting to waste a moment of the time that she'd be in total control of her lover. "There are **much** more important things to worry about than work..."

Hips were already rising to occasion and pressing into Tess' paw as Hannah felt her body acting of its own accord. Tess knew just the right way to physically manipulate the lovely jaguar, and Hannah, despite her best efforts, could never resist the controlling touch of the wolfess she'd come to know as a mate. Her body was already shuddering as she took in a deep breath, feeling Tess focus

directly on the unfairly sensitive flesh of her clit. It was nearly torture to feel the pawtip pressing right upon it, and Hannah felt her knees immediately buckle as the pawtip started to swirl, working some of the delicious, natural lubrication that leaked from Hannah back into her own sex. Even if Tess had done it the same way every time, Hannah knew that it would always work...the wolfess had found the perfect method to bring her lover to the edge of climax with minimal effort, and she wasn't afraid to use it.

Quite frankly, she **abused** it.

"B-but...*Tess*..."

"Drop the damn papers."

Wetness nearly gushed from Hannah as the powerful and domineering words traveled over her sensitive ears. A submissive through and through, she dropped her folder to the floor and leaned back against the door to their apartment, her chest heaving as the combination of an expert touch and a powerful voice were enough to leave the jaguar teetering on the edge of her release. Her pawtips twitched, even as papers spilled carelessly down across the tiles of the kitchen, and her knees continued to shake as the only thing keeping Hannah off of the floor was the commanding hold of her dominant lover.

It was **completely** unfair, but neither one of them would have it any other way.

Biting her lower lip and trying to resist the climax that she knew was bound to happen, Hannah tried to grip at the door and hold herself up, even as a damp spot appeared at the crotch of her jeans. "A-and now...*mmnn*... what would my mistress have me do...?"

"Stop being such a suck up, for starters," Tess shot back with a teasing grin. "But if you want to tug your pants down a little bit so I can grind my pussy against yours and make you squirt all over the kitchen floor...that might not be a bad idea."

Hannah was always cautious of the word "squirt," and with good reason. "You...you aren't gonna make me lick it up off the floor again, are you?" she asked, her voice trembling just a little as she did.

"What kind of a mistress would I be if I **didn't**?" Tess pointed out. Her grin, malicious as ever, only confirmed that Hannah would be licking her own juices once again...it was just a matter of how much there would be to clean up.

Gulping once again and wishing she hadn't even asked, Hannah finally gave in and slumped against the door, unable to escape the onslaught from Tess and her skillful paw. Trembling pawtips worked at the belt around her tight, form-fitting jeans and managed to undo it just in time for Tess to release her breast and force her pants down to the ground, trapping her ankles together and leaving only a thin, lacy pair of thong underwear to cover her womanhood. Normally a light shade of blue, the panties had shifted almost entirely to a royal shade as wetness continued to freely drizzle down from Hannah's slit, causing the fabric to stick to her moistened mound, even as Tess tried to pry the panties away. The fabric finally did separate with a dramatic whip, but even then, tiny strands of liquid desire kept the fabric attached to Hannah in a sensual way, and the sight alone was enough to encourage Tess to mimic the sight...she could feel her own arousal building, as well.

"I can't imagine I got you this wet all on my own," Tess suggested. Her paws selfishly went to work on her own jeans now, wanting to free her heated snatch from the confines of her clothes so that cool air could breathe over the stains of her arousal. "Don't tell me you were fantasizing at work again when I **strictly** ordered you not to..."

"**No!** I wouldn't dare!" Hannah objected, though it was obvious to Tess when the jaguar was lying, or at least trying to bend the truth. "I just want to be a good pet for my mistress..."

"Then you'll get down on the floor..." Tess started to speak, as she peeled her own jeans away from the smooth curve of her rump, and the powerful, slim muscles of her thighs, "And let me **fuck you**...like a good little bitch."

Hannah slumped down to the tiles of the kitchen floor slowly, her legs spreading by virtue of the jeans that kept her ankles from pulling apart. Her thighs were left to sit, open, and wide to boot. Glistening and pouting from the teasing touch of her lover, Hannah's sex was more than ready to be worked to a climax, and for once, Tess wasn't patient enough to keep on teasing her submissive lover. She was going to have to do something about it right away if she'd have a chance to do her experiment that evening.

"Good...good girl," Tess whispered, narrowing the deep emeralds of her eyes at Hannah and slowly kneeling down to the floor with her. She took the time to size Hannah up, just enjoying the visual treat that her jaguar was; with an innocent pout on her lips and her thighs spread to show off a dripping wet snatch, Hannah was the very picture of a hardcore pin-up, and for the moment, Tess, alone, could enjoy the sight. "You want your mistress to fuck your tight, sopping wet pussy?"

"Y-yes...**please...**"

Tess simply grinned at her mate and swiftly pressed her hips forward, letting her own sex glide along Hannah, their mingled juices coming together in a slick, thin webbing as twin slits pressed against each other in a moment of truly mutual pleasure.

"G-good answer..."

"F-fuck...**Mistress!**"

The subdued, confident groan of pleasure from Tess and the shriek of delight from Hannah couldn't have been more different, but the pleasure that ran through the crotch and into the tummy of each female couldn't have been more similar. Hannah reached up to hold onto Tess, her claws raking down the back of the dominant wolfess, while Tess pressed her paws down upon Hannah's breasts and squeezed them, providing an unexpected, extra pleasure for the pinned jaguar. It was becoming clear to Hannah that Tess wanted their romp to be quick, and while that was outside of the norm for Tess, Hannah was too busy swimming in her own elation to contemplate a reason.

She was just wondering if Tess was going to set a new record time for bringing her to climax.

"D-d-don't stop..." Hannah whimpered, her body starting to convulse already as the earlier teasing at her clit left her body primed for a quick finish. She knew better than to demand anything from her mistress, but the needs of her body were overwhelming her mind, and rare as it might be, Tess was actually more than willing to bring Hannah to a rapid finish...just this once. "I'm...*mnnn!*
Mistress! I'm gonna cum!"

Grinning so wide it bordered on terrifying, Tess bared her fangs at her lover and humped hard, thrusting her hips fully against Hannah and gliding her sex fully upon her lover's womanhood. The sudden and rapid pace from the wolfess was more than Hannah could stand, and extra wetness started to spill to the floor as Hannah's claws dug deep trails into Tess' flesh. The wolfess howled in a moment of pain and immediately got her revenge on Hannah, pounding her strong, forceful hips into the smaller, weaker jaguar with an authority that kept Hannah pinned tightly to the floor. A small puddle of liquid arousal formed on the kitchen tiles as Hannah continued to leak, her mess staining the fur of her mistress as well, but it wasn't the mess that she was making on the floor that she had to worry about...

"Nnnyes... Open w-wide, Hannah...Mistress has a drink for you..."

...It was the mess that would soon be coursing down her throat.

Still gasping and huffing, her modest, soft breasts bouncing as breath rapidly left her body, Hannah couldn't make a proper reply to her Tess, but her maw was already wide open from her gasping when Tess vaulted up higher on her body and straddled her muzzle. The jaguar blinked her eyes wide open as she was suddenly overwhelmed with the scent and taste of a truly horny wolfess, and while the delicious aroma alone intoxicated her, it couldn't hold a stick to the sensation of wet, slick fluids pouring over her lips and soaking her tongue as Tess ejaculated all over her face. Rubbing her own clit furiously, Tess howled out in orgasmic delight as a stream of juices cascaded from her sex, spilling into the open and waiting muzzle of Hannah, who gulped it down with all of the greedy hunger of a child who'd been given a surprise candy bar at the store. Licking her own lips to make sure she got all of the tasty, slightly fruity liquid that she could, Hannah gulped her throat, swallowing again and trying to collect every drop of wetness she could...

...Just like Tess anticipated she would.

"Such a good little bitch..." Tess praised, lowering her snatch onto Hannah entirely and forcing her slit to rest upon Hannah's lips for the moment, so each breath that jaguar took would add a new level of pleasure for the dominant wolfess. "Did you like drinking your mistress up? Do you **love** being her little cum slut...?"

Silently and breathlessly, Hannah nodded.

"Then you'll simply adore what's coming next, my dear..."

The potion didn't take effect right away, and for a moment, Hannah was left to simply inhale the delightful scents of her lover and look up at her curiously, still licking the last drops of female ejaculate from her lips as she did.

Then, as the tainted arousal finally went all the way down into her gullet and started to pass into her stomach, some breathless minutes later, Hannah realized that Tess had poisoned her once again...but she had no idea what she was in for, this time.

"M-mistress...what...what was in that vial over there?"

In the midst of their passion, Hannah had never once looked away from Tess...she never noticed the empty vial that was sitting on the island in the kitchen, and for all that it was worth, Tess was acting just like herself, not giving any reason for suspicion.

It was only as the jaguar felt her mind starting to change, as though the very gray matter that composed it was melting, that she started to have any inkling of what was going to happen to her.

"Just a little something to help us become closer, as a couple, than we ever could have before..."

Hannah could feel a bubbling sensation building in the back of her skull, and it was quickly spreading to one side of her brain. There was no pain, but the very nature and location of the sensation made her a little bit queasy, as though she'd just gotten off of a rapidly spinning carnival ride. If she weren't laying on the floor already, she was worried she might have lost her dinner...and even as the sensation started to fade, something in her brain still didn't feel quite right.

"So...you were fantasizing at work today..."

Tess quickly stood up from Hannah's body and gave her a wink. The wolfess, knowing the risks, ran back to their bedroom and dove into the covers, hiding her body as quickly as she could before the potion took full effect. As Hannah

could feel her brain shifted, Tess could already feel her consciousness fading from her own body. She became much like a mental chameleon; her eyes could look in different directions, but one eye was still looking through her lupine body, while the other was looking at the world through the bright, curious blue orbs of Hannah.

For both the wolfess and the jaguar, it was a new and confusing sensation.

"There's no way you can hide anything from me now, Hannah...if you have anything else to confess, you'd better do it now."

The words were coming from Hannah's own muzzle...and, try as she might, she found she couldn't stop them.

What...what the hell? Where did my voice go? Who's talking right now?

"Isn't it obvious, my darling cum slut?"

The realization hit Hannah like a drunk driver crashing into a telephone pole.

Tess was now **literally** a part of her mind.

"Shall we complete your training from before? I think it's about time we turned you into a proper dom, Hannah..."

**

Black half-heels.

A loose, flowing, pleated skirt of bright red.

A tank top, matching black, clinging tightly to the slim, lithe body that Hannah had been blessed with.

She didn't necessarily look the part of a dominatrix, but that was just what Tess was going for; the element of surprise.

It wasn't a surprise, however, that Tess was using her mental control of Hannah to force her body to go to "The Watering Hole." For Hannah, it was like she was

trapped in a dream: everything felt so entirely real for her, as if she could control it, and like a dream, it was if she was just watching a movie that she was starring in...unlike a dream, however, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't control a single thing. Tess had full control over every muscle in her body, down to every nervous twitch that she'd normally have, and Hannah could only hope and pray that Tess wouldn't embarrass her too much while she had the opportunity.

Embarrassment wasn't on the schedule for the evening, but there was a heavy helping of dominance to be had, and though the general populace of "The Watering Hole" had come to know that Hannah was the submissive arm candy to Tess, she was out all on her own that evening, and that meant that the larger, stronger males, all jealous of Tess and what she had, were ready to strike at a moment's notice.

They couldn't have hoped to understand what they were really getting into.

Are you sure this is such a good idea? We don't know how well the potion is going to work...

"It'll work just fine," Tess explained, speaking to herself in a low whisper as she moved Hannah's body slowly through the bar. "But now that I can see in the purest parts of your mind, I can see that you're a little nervous about this experiment...but furthermore, you're **extremely** excited to give it another try."

But I had you to guide me through dominating a guy, last time...I don't know if I can do it on my own!

"I'm in control, remember? I'll show you how easy it is...you've just got to trust me."

A beautiful jaguar talking to herself in the middle of a bar was plenty enough to get people sitting at the surrounding tables talking...and of course, it was enough to get at least one male to come Hannah's way with a few curious questions.

Tess couldn't have been happier to see a large, swollen lion, with muscles that begged to tear through the thin fabric of his clothes, coming toward Hannah.

"Think you've had a little bit too much to drink?" the male asked, a thinly veiled measure to act as though he cared about Hannah's wellbeing, but the tone of his

voice made it clear that he was all business.

Tess, controlling Hannah, turned on a heel, making sure to swish her long, thin, feline tail around as she did, so it could brush along the inside of the lion's thigh. "I haven't had a single drink yet, big guy...think you'd mind buying me one?"

Hannah spoke with a level of flirtatious nature that she could never achieve on her own, and even with Tess assisting her, it felt rather unnatural for her...but it didn't stop Tess from forcing her lips into a playful smile. Even with her half-heels, Hannah was looking up at the tall lion, who had his mane stoked back and styled, obviously just for the occasion of hitting the bar. Deep, brown eyes and a wicked grin would be enough to warn most ladies to stay away from him...

...But Hannah wasn't most ladies, especially when Tess was at the wheel.

"I'm not much of a social drinker," the lion suggested, going in for the kill before he'd even so much as drawn blood. "Think that we could grab a drink back at your place?"

Is this guy serious? Are we really picking up on him, Tess?

"He's a cocky little shit...and he needs to be taught a lesson," Tess whispered, as if she were still talking to herself, but it was still quiet enough that the lion wouldn't hear anything. "And what's wrong with your place, stud?"

"My friends were over last night, raising all kinds of hell. I haven't had a chance to clean up yet...but I bet a girl as gorgeous as you would never leave a mess at home..."

Conveniently, Hannah never had a chance to pick up all of her papers that were spilled earlier, and stereotyping the jaguar wasn't helping her to warm up to him at all, but Tess maintained control, and simply forced out a giggle. "My place **is** pretty immaculate, but I'm afraid if I let you in, you'd just make a **huge** mess of everything..."

Accenting her words perfectly, Tess forced Hannah to drop a paw to the crotch of the lion's jeans and give it a gentle stroke as she uttered 'huge,' stroking his ego while she stroked his covered manhood. The lion was in disbelief, wondering if he'd stumbled onto the set of a porno shoot instead of going to the

bar, but opportunities like this were truly diamonds in the rough, and he wouldn't pass it up, even if Tess was forcing Hannah to come on a little *too* strong.

"Would that really be so bad, my little jungle cat?"

I'm not yours, you arrogant prick!

"Just play along..." Tess whispered. She grinned up at the lion and slid her paw up from the his jeans to the taut, firm muscles of his abdomen, and was impressed to find his shirt wasn't hiding anything; his body was authentic, and muscled up to the core.

It would make breaking his spirit that much more satisfying, in the end.

"I don't mind cleaning up when we're done, but...you owe me a name, first. I don't care if it's real."

"Thad..." the lion replied, letting his own name trail away arrogantly. "My name's Thad, and I'd be happy to accompany you back to your place. A sweetheart like you deserves a little protection..."

"Not that I need it," Tess replied, gripping the lion by the paw and digging her claws in deep to his flesh, "But I'm more than happy to have a traveling companion...think you can make it across the street, big guy?"

Waiting across the street, up the stairs, and past the door of the ladies' shared apartment was a world that Thad didn't know existed...and one that he wasn't anywhere near ready for.

**

"Thanks for keeping such a **tight** grip on me," Tess muttered, her voice a little irritated, and yet, sensual as she mentioned tightness. She wanted to give Thad a mixed message, trying to entice him, and yet, the moment they entered the apartment, she was ready to show him who the boss really was.

The muscle-bound lion was a slow learner, to say the least. "Wouldn't want anyone thinking that they could take you away from me," he suggested, and only when Tess nearly drew blood from his paw did he finally let go of her,

regrettable as it was.

"Oh, don't you worry about that. No one else was worthy of the kind of treatment I feel like giving out tonight..." Tess replied. Her voice would have implied that there was a night of pleasure to be had for Thad, and while that might be true for some males, Thad was a typical, dominant predator; he always got his way, both in life, and in bed, and he was only ever on bottom when he **wanted** to be.

Tonight, he wouldn't have a choice in the matter.

"You really don't have to thank me just for walking you home," Thad murmured, "Though...I'm not exactly *opposed* to that."

Tess snickered. She stepped away from Thad, making sure that the door to the apartment was closed behind him, and lifted her tail just a little bit, flashing the red and black, striped thong underneath for just a moment. She knew she had the lion on a string when his eyes nearly bulged out of his skull, and Hannah had the perfect body, lithe, lean and beautiful, to keep a male off guard.

"You think you've earned a reward for walking me home, Thad?"

Thad nodded firmly, trying to pretend there wasn't drool in the corners of his lips. "It's a dangerous neighborhood, and I wouldn't **dare** let such a beautiful young lady walk it alone."

"That's *very* sweet of you," Tess admitted, "And I am a proper lady...I couldn't leave such a big, strong man without a little reward for his good deeds...but I have a couple conditions for you."

Assured that he was going to get laid that evening, the overconfident lion smirked and crossed his thick, tree-trunk arms across his chest and raised an eyebrow. "And just what are those?"

"First, you have to close your eyes," Tess ordered, though her voice wasn't nearly as dominant as it would normally be with Hannah, "And second, when this is all said and done, you have to leave...I'm afraid my bed isn't big enough for two."

It was an outright lie, but one that Thad was excited to hear; the women that fell

into his trap were often clingy by nature, wanting to hold onto him and start a relationship, and Thad was a typical bachelor for life: in bed by ten, and home by midnight. "You've got yourself a deal, my darling jungle cat...what was your name, by the way?"

This guy is fucking scum, Tess...I...I can't believe I'm saying it, but...I want to ruin this guy. I want to do to him everything you've ever done to me, and worse...

"Atta girl," Tess said under her breath, before flicking a lock of Hannah's hair out of her bright, gorgeous blue eyes. "It's Hannah...and I promise, by the time I'm done with you, you'll never forget it...now close your eyes, Thad, and get ready for a proper hero's bounty..."

Fancying himself a proper knight in shining armor, Thad gave a wink, expecting the best, and then closed both of his eyes tight. He didn't think of Hannah, controlled by Tess, as any sort of a threat to him.

He was **dead wrong** to take her so lightly.

"Don't you dare peek, or I'll kick you right out that door..." Tess warned, and though Thad nodded quietly, she still didn't trust him at all. She kept her eyes locked on the lion as she stepped out of her half-heels, slid them aside, and yanked her skirt down off of her body, leaving her in just a thong and a tank top...but only for a moment.

"Can I open my eyes yet...?" asked an impatient Thad, who went so far as to put his paws behind his back, trying to look like the picture of good patience. "I mean, what are you even up t-aaaaf...mrnf? Nnnnf!!"

Dipped in the delicious, natural scent of Hannah's body, Tess pulled the thong free from her body and stuff it right into Thad's muzzle, mid-sentence. She was already tired of hearing him talk, and Hannah shared the sentiment, something that Tess could actually feel as her mind stayed completely melded with the jaguar.

It was unusual, being able to feel her fear when they first met Thad in the bar, her uncertainty as she welcomed him into the apartment, and now...her joy and twisted delight, as the lion gagged around a dirty pair of panties.

"You're quite the deviant, Hannah..."

He deserves it...don't stop there, Mistress!

"I had no intention to...I'm gonna show you how to properly dominate a meat sack like this..."

Thad would have made a comment about how Tess was talking to herself all over again, but he couldn't get the panties out of his muzzle, and by the time his paws reached around the front to pull them out, he realized he'd made a couple of fatal mistakes.

The first was thinking that Tess, in Hannah's body, was a silly, drunk little girl that he could take advantage of.

The second was putting his paws anywhere that she could reach them, as one of the belts the girls had discarded before made for an excellent way to bind his wrists together. The leather slapped harshly against the flesh under his fur as Tess whipped it around, bringing his paws tightly together. Hannah might not have been strong enough alone, but it seemed that Tess kept at least some of her strength from her own physical body, and a suddenly panicking Thad tried to resist, but his wrists were already too close together for him to easily pull them apart. Jamming the slack of the belt so that no amount of wiggling would open it back up, Tess admired her handiwork and gave Thad a quick spin by the wrists, and then a careless shove, knocking him over onto the island in the kitchen.

Confidence had left his eyes entirely, replaced by pitiful fear.

"So...thought you would just walk a drunk little jaguar home, fuck her brains out and leave her without a body to cuddle in the morning?!" Tess demanded, her eyes narrowing at the foolish lion as her fangs came clearly into view, glimmering in the low lights of the kitchen. "Is **that** the kind of guy you are, Thad?! Cause I've got a little surprise for ya...I'm **not** that kind of girl, and you're gonna find out the hard way why you shouldn't try and pick up on a tipsy girl in a bar!"

It was only just settling in that every time Thad had taken a girl home from the bar, be it tipsy or not, he'd always been at least *a little bit* of a gentleman, going through all of the proper steps to make sure they could consent to make love.

That didn't mean his strategies weren't slimy, distasteful, and worthy of **at least** a little punishment.

"I'd ask you to defend your actions, but I think the cat has your tongue..." Tess teased, resting her paw on the lion's crotch once again and giving it a harsh squeeze, one that went well past anything pleasurable. "She's got something else, too...and unless you want to be in **a lot** more pain, you're going to comply with my every order, down to the 'T'...I'm not afraid of going back to the bar and telling every female there what a scumbag you are, but if you just submit to your punishment, you'll only have to suffer for one evening..."

Tess wasn't about to wait for consent, not from the likes of Thad. She twisted her paw as she squeezed, sending a fresh wave of pain up through the lion's stomach and only ending it when she finally released his covered manhood. Cries of pain were entirely muffled by the thong that Thad couldn't get out of his muzzle, thanks to the expert work of Tess, and she was glad for it...even his voice was annoying her at this point, but the sound of his gagging struggles was music to her ears.

What are we gonna do with him now, Mistress?

"Remember all of those threats you made to poor Russell when I ordered you to dominate him?"

Yeah...kinda...

"Well, it's time to make good on all of those, on someone who **truly** deserves it."

...D-do it. Do it, Tess...make me ruin this obnoxious little shit...

"I thought you'd **never** ask..."

The dreams of sexual grandeur that led Thad to take his risk in the first place were all but gone, and though he had no idea what was really going on when it came to the dichotomy of the shared body between Hannah and Tess, he could only imagine the worst was in store for him when the jaguar gripped him by the mane and yanked down harshly, taking him off balance and bringing his muzzle down to her stomach.

"Tell me, Thad...are you still thirsty from the bar? Did you get enough to drink?"

Wiggling about and trying to get his muzzle open, Thad groaned desperately and wished for a moment that he could simply **breathe** easily, but as he was starting to discover, nothing was going to come easily for him.

"Oh, *right*... a cat has your tongue. Well, you do look simply parched..."

Hannah knew what was coming, and despite her more timid and submissive nature, her distaste for the meathead that rested at her stomach was more than enough to motivate her to take a step that she'd threatened against Russell...it was time for her to follow through.

"I'm afraid I'm a little bit short on booze," Tess admitted, "Though, I do have an alternative that's more suited to a scumbag of your nature..."

A forceful paw kept pushing Thad's head further and further down Hannah's tummy, down to the soft, warm mound of her womanhood, where Thad had one last hope that maybe, just maybe, this female had captured him in a fiendish dominance that only wished to assure that she would get her own orgasm first.

The reality wasn't nearly that gentle. "Open wide and say 'ahhh' for me..." Tess ordered, her voice so soft and sweet as it came from Hannah's vocal chords that it betrayed the entirely lewd nature behind it. Hoping that he would just get to eat out this crazed female and make his way home, Thad tried to open his jaws wider despite the paw of panties that stuffed his muzzle, but he started to feel a moisture open them that wasn't the fresh arousal from earlier.

This one was much **saltier**.

*Is she...is she **pissing** in my mouth?!* Thad immediately started to panic in his mind, as his eyes went wide. Tess held the fur of his mane so that his eyes were forced to look up into hers, and see the devious grin that was played upon her lips like the siren's song, having lured the foolhardy lion into her apartment, only to treat him like a sexual slave for the evening. Though he didn't get to enjoy the show, he got to taste every moment of it, as Tess urinated into the panties that were still gagging him, and pushed her hips forward so that the trickling streams could pour down over his chin and his neck, wanting to make sure that the bulky

lion was stained all the way down to his torso for his transgressions.

"Gotta say, this is **a lot** more satisfying than just sitting on the toilet," Tess mocked her prey, as errant streams of her fluids started to trickle down to the kitchen floor, after making their way through all of Thad's clothes. His member had been growing in size inside of his jeans in anticipation the entire time, but now, he wished it would shrink away as Tess made an absolute mess of him, her tummy tightening as she tried to push every last drop of piss from her body. "And I'd go so far as to tell you that you look **much** better covered in my pee, Thad...I hope you don't mind wearing that cologne back to the bar. I'm the ladies will know to stay **far** away from you."

Should we make him clean my tailhole, too? I think we should make him lick my ass...

"You're ad-libbing now, aren't you?" Tess asked, though Thad thought the question was directed at him. "I couldn't be more proud of you, Hannah...and I think that's the perfect punishment to end this poor fool's night upon."

No more... Thad groaned mentally, wishing that someone would take the gag from his muzzle and free him from his own mistakes. *Please, no more of this!*

One of his wishes would come true, as Tess slapped him across the face, turning his muzzle in the process so the panties would be easier to pull out. "You're such a whiny little prick...you've been whimpering since the moment you walked in the door!" Tess pointed out, her paws none too gentle as they yanked her thong free, slightly tearing the fabric in the process. "And here, I was thinking about letting you go easy, but you just tore this expensive pair of underwear...I'm afraid the night goes on, then!"

"Like hell...*ahh...ha...* it does!" Thad finally called back at her, able to breathe properly once again. "Like I'm gonna hang around for **that!**"

Thad didn't realize just how outmatched he was, and Tess, ever the watchful dominatrix, was quick to grab the slack from the belt that had been binding his wrists the whole time. She kicked his legs out from under him and left him to fall harshly on his own ass with a painful **THUD**, and stepped her paws right on his ankles to keep his legs down on the floor, while she pulled up on the belt slack to lift his arms over his head.

"I'm sorry, but until you have dessert, you're not going **anywhere**."

Groaning and wishing he could rub the pain out of his backside, Thad winced and gritted his fangs as he looked up at his captor. "D-dessert...?"

"I know some people think chocolate and lemonade don't go well together," Tess started to explain, as she swung her hips around and lifted her narrow, long tail, revealing the tight, warm pucker of her tailhole. "But I think those people just haven't tried it the right way yet...like you're about to."

"No. Fucking. Way."

"I **wasn't** asking!"

WHAM! Thad's head bumped back against the counter as Tess threw her hips back with such force that it nearly knocked him unconscious. Pain radiated from the back of his skull, while pleasure blossomed throughout Tess and Hannah's shared body. Forcing Thad's muzzle so deep between her cheeks was a ticklish, and yet, pleasant sensation, and the moisture upon his lips made for a cool and delightful ecstasy upon her waiting asshole. "Now you are **going** to eat your dessert, Thad...or I'm gonna blow your asshole out so badly that you'll need to wear a diaper to work next week!"

If Thad had learned **anything** during this trip, it was to never judge a book by its cover. If he'd learned anything **else**, it was that Tess never made an empty threat. She was ready to back it up, and he had no doubts anymore in her capabilities.

"Nnng...fuckin' bitch..." Thad groaned, as he regrettably opened up his muzzle and let his tongue slink forward. He'd eaten his fair share of pussy in his day, and even found the flavor to be enjoyable sometimes, but there was an extra muskiness to tailholes that kept him far away from them at all times...except for this time. Wincing his eyes shut tight and whimpering, he ran the whole flat of his tongue over Tess' tight pucker, causing the possessed jaguar body to shudder with delight. Hannah might not be getting off that night, at least, not right then, but she quickly learned just how much she could enjoy a male cleaning out her backside, and her hips pushed back that much harder, forcing Thad to literally eat his way out of trouble.

*I don't think he can go much deeper...I can feel him tickling inside my ass...it's...it's weird, but it's **so** good, Mistress...I want **more**...*

"We'll find a nicer boy to eat your ass out some other time," Tess agreed, feeling quite satisfied with the amount of progress her pet had made that evening. She was pleased, as well, with the feeling of Thad's tongue scraping around inside of Hannah's tight, sweet little tailhole, literally trying to dig his way out of a bad situation...and for his sake, it just **barely** worked. "All right, lover boy...get your filthy tongue out of my ass," Tess ordered for a final time, as she stepped off of the lion's legs, "And hit the bricks. Do me a favor and don't ever hit on me again, okay? I really, **really** don't think my girlfriend would approve..."

It was a rather merciful finale from Tess, who was capable of so much worse, and yet, had certainly gotten her point across. Some males might have had a mind to retaliate, but Thad, having had his mind completely shattered, just stood up from the floor, tried to shake off what remnants of urine he could, and glared at Tess with a deep, burning hatred. "I'm gonna tell **everyone** at the bar about this. I'm gonna let all of them know what a freak you are."

"Go right ahead," Tess replied with a cute, flirty smile, the same one that brought Thad to her in the first place. "They all know who I am...I'm not hiding anything."

Fear and shock landed on Thad's face once again, drooping his vicious scowl into a sad, weak frown. His only threat came up empty, and Tess, leaning back against the kitchen counter, bottomless and sensual, somehow didn't look even the least bit attractive to him anymore.

"If you have any friends that know how to be proper gentlemen, however," Tess said, making Thad hesitate as he went for the door, "Feel free to send them my way."

The last words to escape the jaguar's muzzle weren't from Tess...they were from Hannah, and as Thad closed the door behind him and made his way home in wallowing misery, Tess awoke in her own body in bed, with a curious, perhaps even fearful realization.

"I've had a taste..." Hannah whispered to herself, as her pawtips, still a bit moist with her own urine and fresh with the memories of dominating someone,

reached down to her slit and started to play.

"Now I want the **whole thing...**"

10

The clock would be striking midnight in just five hours, and soon, guests would be arriving in droves to the spacious apartment that Tess and Hannah so happily shared.

This year, it would be the second new year that the couple were spending together as Tess and Hannah, instead of as Ricky and Hannah, and so far, everything was going better than either one of them could have expected when Ricky first made what he thought was a foolish decision in becoming Tess, but almost a full two years later, Tess was the only name she would ever answer to again, and Hannah had fallen in love with the person she always **believed** that Ricky was, given body and breath in the form of Tess.

It would be a lot to reflect on, as the couple looked around their apartment, freshly cleaned. The carpeted floors in the living room were still streaked with the pattern of a vacuum cleaner passing over them, and snack bowls were strewn about the kitchen and the coffee table, filled to the brim with chips, crackers, meat and cheeses for the all of the friends that Tess and Hannah had made over the past two years. During their time as Ricky and Hannah, they never had such company during a holiday, and friends were reluctant to be around them, due to their strained relationship. These days, it felt like they couldn't keep visitors *out* of their apartment, and though they greatly valued privacy, they were more than happy to share their home with people who truly cared about them.

"I don't think anyone is supposed to show up for at least another hour," Tess pointed out, as she leaned back into the comfy love seat at the long end of the living room. Hannah, just like the feline she was, curled up in the warmth that Tess had to offer, resting her head on Tess' shoulder and nuzzling in close with a purr of content.

The sound only faded when Hannah's jaguar ears perked to what Tess had to say, and she immediately narrowed her eyes. "After all of the work I did this afternoon, getting this place clean and setting out the snack trays..."

"Relax, relax!" Tess quickly cut in, putting on a slightly nervous smile. She might be the dominant one of the pair, but lately, Hannah was starting to figure

out how to get in touch with her own dominant side, and the cute little jaguar was absolutely terrifying when she was serious about cleaning. "I'm not planning on taking a potion or messing up the whole house...nothing like *that*."

"O-Oh," Tess replied simply, her voice immediately calming down. "Then why did you bring it up in the first place...?"

Hannah could already feel her question being answered in the form of a smooth, delicate paw tracing down the side of her arm, moving further and further down Hannah's body. Tess let her pawtips act like a pair of sauntering legs, moving one after the other in a slow, teasing walk down Hannah's side, meant only to tickle and tease her. "Maybe I just wanted to appreciate you, Hannah...and appreciate **us**."

Tess wasn't always the most romantic lover, but that being said, Hannah wouldn't change a thing about her, even if she had the chance. The lack of romance was easy to overlook when your mind was literally being blown almost every single night of the week, and sometimes multiple times a day, and when Tess *did* decide to be romantic, it held that much more of an impact to Hannah, especially in quiet moments like this when the jaguar could think back on the whirlwind that was the last two years, and how somehow, they were still fortunate enough to be together.

"Appreciate us, how?" Hannah asked, tilting her head just a little bit as she gazed up at Tess, the bright, blue topaz of her eyes captivating the wolfess in a way that no one else ever could. "I get the feeling you wouldn't mind making a mess if that's what it took to prove your point."

It was simply *unfair*. Tess, her own eyes a brilliant shade of emerald, couldn't look away from Hannah when the beautiful jaguar was gazing up into her own irises. Even if she was the submissive party, the dazzling brilliance in her orbs was enough to freeze Tess right in her place, bringing her wandering paw to a halt, right over the bump of Hannah's pubic mound. "I wouldn't make a mess out of all of your hard work, Hannah...but I'd happily make a mess out of your panties...and force you to leave them on throughout the party, all *wet and messy*..."

Hannah immediately felt a chill running down her spine, and a warmth gathering in the pits of her womanhood as Tess leaned in a little closer to her body. The

wolfess was more than happy to prove that she **could** be a tender lover, at least, when the moment called for it. Her lips spread open against one of Hannah's sensitive ears and lightly kissed upon the delicate, fuzzy rosettes that patterned the fur of her ear, all while her paw snaked further down Hannah's body, probing at the skin-tight pair of blue jeans that Hannah decided to wear for the party that evening. Tess was completely ignoring the white, turtleneck sweater that she was wearing up top, something that left Hannah off guard as the wolfess continued to move further down her body.

"And if I want to change pairs between the action...?" Hannah asked, letting out a quick, breathless gasp as Tess pressed her palm flat against the covered mound, knowing just how sensitive Hannah truly was between her legs. "Mnnn..."

Snickering just a little bit, Tess quickly shook her head before sinking her fangs into the small, rounded ear that she sought after. "You already know my answer, love...everyone at this party is going to know just how *horny* you really are..."

For some couples, this might seem something more kinky than they'd be willing to try at their first real New Year's Eve party, but for a couple like Tess and Hannah, who had welcomed multiple other sexual partners into their nighttime fun and games, it really wasn't that big of a deal, and even represented a startling compromise from Tess, who knew she could bend Hannah to her whims in any way, at any time...this was hardly a drop in the bucket, for the lustful pair.

Hannah tried to keep her moans in check, feeling both a concern, and yet, a thrill at the thought of a guest arriving to the apartment early. She didn't want them to be caught in the act...not **entirely**, but a part of her, the sexual side of herself that Tess was helping to bring out, couldn't help bringing beads of delicate moisture to the surface of her slit as she thought about the rush of trying to rapidly cover back up at the sound of a knocking at the door.

No such thing was going to happen that evening, as their guests were all more than happy to arrive fashionably late, but just the mere *possibility* of such happening made Hannah's body stiffen up, her hips pressing forcefully into Tess' paw as it started to weasel under the tight clutches of her jeans. Time was still of the essence to Tess, who didn't know for sure when the guests were going to arrive, and Hannah's pleasure, now more than ever, was her number one priority. The jaguar could immediately feel such to be true as Tess massaged her smooth, delicate pawtips along the moisture that had gathered on Hannah's sex, letting it

work into her fur with a rumble of content, and another delicate kiss to Hannah's ear.

This was far more romantic than Hannah was used to...and she was absolutely *loving* it.

"T-think we can...*nnggh...God...* finish before the ball drops?" Hannah asked, letting out another deep, pleased gasp as Tess dipped a singular pawtip into Hannah's womanhood. Given every different fetish and kink they'd explored, this was an act so vanilla that it might seem insignificant, but that was actually what made it so special for Hannah...there were no potions, no fetishes, no tentacles, no third parties...

It was just Hannah and Tess, alone, sharing a truly romantic moment, as Tess curled her pawtip inside of Hannah, tickling at the top of her inner walls and stroking very near to an especially sensitive spot.

"I could finish you off **at least** ten or eleven times before that..." Tess suggested, giving Hannah's ear a quick, sensual brush of the tongue. It was a chilling sensation for Hannah to feel the little bit of excess saliva dripping down the side of her ear, making a mess of her fur, and ultimately, mimicking her moistened cunt, as liquid desire started to drip from her body, staining Tess' paw, and her panties in the process. Once a soft, almost innocent shade of turquoise, the front of the crotch was quickly staining over to a darker shade of blue, and Tess couldn't keep herself from grinning as she felt the wetness gathering between her pawtips in delicate, thin webs.

Hannah managed to flash a quick, teasing grin of her own at Tess, knowing that this was one of the few times that she could get away with such an act in the presence of her mistress. "Go...go for it, Tess...get me off as many times as you can..."

It was a breathless, weak order, but one that Tess was quick to chuckle at. "Now, why would I do that?" she asked, as another pawtip joined the first inside of Hannah, filling her up a bit further. Hannah was quick to cling to Tess' plain, black t-shirt, digging her claws into the fabric as the twin pawtips worked deeper and deeper inside of her tight, heated confines, digging around lazily all things told. Tess knew **exactly** where Hannah's g-spot was, and she could have hit it at any time, sending the poor jaguar right into at least one orgasm, but each time

she started to brush anywhere near it, she moved her pawtips away, keeping Hannah teetering on the edge *constantly*. "I'm having much more fun just making you squirm, over and over again...it's kinda fun watching you writhe around on the couch like a horny schoolgirl, trying to get off for the first time..."

From an outside perspective, Hannah might have looked exactly like that, as her body shook uncontrollably from Tess' skillful undulations, but everything was calculated. Tess knew that she was short on time, but she knew just as well that she could bring Hannah to climax literally any time she wanted, and until she felt like she'd teased her jaguar enough, she wasn't going to make that next move. Her thumb even joined in the action, gently pressing down upon the stiff, erect nub of Hannah's clit and drawing a loud, sensitive squeak from the jaguar, but even then, Tess held back just enough to keep her orgasm at bay.

For Tess, it was as much fun as she could have with Hannah, while still wearing clothes herself.

For Hannah, it was blurring the lines between torture and paradise, leaving her in a sexual limbo that her body couldn't navigate all alone. She couldn't remember **ever** coming so close to a climax, only to have her pleasure so suddenly halted by Tess' evil paw pulling back and away from the action, dripping with strands of excess, natural lubricants.

"T-Tess...**please!** S-stop teasing me...please make me **cum!**" Hannah cried out, her chest heaving with deep, raspy breaths as her body responded so heavily to each tiny, gentle touch. Tess, however, wouldn't give a verbal reply anymore, opting to lean in closer to her lover and surprise her yet again by pressing a kiss, soft as a feather, to the side of Hannah's neck.

It was another romantic gesture that Hannah had never experienced from Tess before, and one that continued to draw her pleasure out, and even *change* it, as the overwhelming desire to achieve a release and be done with the experience was lost to a new appreciation for the wolfess. Somehow, Hannah felt that this moment, despite being entirely lewd by nature, was more romantic than anything else Tess had ever done for her, and as she felt Tess slowly dipping her maw further down, leaving a trail of delicate, affectionate kisses along the side of her neck, her heart was melting even faster than her sex.

"You don't...*mmm*... you don't have to do that, Tess..." Hannah whimpered, her

voice weak as Tess gently pushed her pawtips back inside, making sure to go right for that most sensitive spot inside of her lover this time. Her pawtips hooked up and beckoned at the flesh, rubbing and smoothing over Hannah's g-spot with only one intention left in mind, and Hannah could feel her climax rushing over her body uncontrollably, like the torrents of a waterfall rushing over the side of a cliff. "Ooooh God! Tess! F-fuck...I'm gonna cum!"

Lapping her tongue affectionately over the spot that she'd kissed, Tess let out a tiny, quiet, even playful giggle at Hannah and started to leave another trail of kisses down the side of her cheek. Hannah was just about to cry out in delight that she'd reached her climax when Tess decided to do something that she knew would bring the jaguar to a **far** more powerful orgasm.

She *kissed* her.

It seemed a simple thing, perhaps easy to overlook, but it was very rare for Tess to blend affection and lust so perfectly as she'd done that evening, and Hannah's eyes, once winced shut with indescribable pleasure, immediately flew open as she had to see that Tess was kissing her lips to believe it. The smooth, tender flesh of the wolfess' lips moved gently over Hannah's in a passionate, fiery dance, sharing a romantic gesture with her lover that was more than enough to bring her climax to another level...one that couldn't be achieved by romance or lust alone, but only by the perfect blend of the two.

Hannah shuddered with delight, her body simply *trembling* as she left her lips to be sealed by Tess. Her moans were muffled, the gentle vibrations passing through into Tess' muzzle, just to give her even an inkling of just how much ecstasy she felt, as if the harsh bucking of her hips up into Tess' paw wasn't enough of a clue. Moisture spilled so heavily from Hannah that even if she couldn't declare that she was squirting, Tess knew it was the case, as streaks of female ejaculate soaked her paw, Hannah's panties, and even the front of her jeans, to the point that a guest at the party might think that she just wet herself. The excess juices spilled and gushed from her body rapidly, making a grand mess of her crotch and leaving Tess to blink in surprise herself, all until Hannah's hips finally started to settle, and her chest, once heaving from her heavy breaths, finally came to a slow, relaxing rest.

Hannah tried to remember the last time that she had an orgasm that was not only so powerful, but just so very *satisfying*.

She was quick to find that she couldn't.

"T-Tess...oh...oh my gosh..." Hannah whispered breathlessly, clinging that much tighter to her lover as she felt the warmth of her expelled juices starting to fade. There was a chill, and in a way, it was satisfying to the exhausted jaguar, like a reminder of the passionate heat that the pair had exchanged so many times over the past two years. "Where did that come from...?"

Tess, rare as it was, felt a blush creeping into her cheeks as she pulled her paw free from Hannah's panties. She made sure to take care, licking each of her pawtips clean and not wasting even a drop of the delicious, fruity, feminine liquid that soaked her fur down to the skin. "I felt like you'd earned it," she admitted, as she finally wrapped both of her arms tightly around Hannah. Tess didn't have much of a soft side, or any weaknesses to speak of, but...if she had one, it was Hannah, and though she would never admit it out loud, the thought of being without the jaguar of her dreams was a scary one. "For everything that you put up with, from me."

Hannah managed a very quiet giggle as she nuzzled her cheek into Tess' chest, finding comfort in the soft, perky curves of her breasts. "I don't *put up* with you, Tess...I...I love you."

Now, Tess knew she was blushing, and she could feel that heat radiating all the way up to the tips of her ears. "I l-love you too, Hannah," she replied, tripping over her words just a little bit. "And...do you love me, even when I've got you pinned to the kitchen floor, and I'm pounding you with four tentacles?"

Easy come, easy go on the romance, Hannah thought, snickering to herself as she nodded. "Yes...even when you're pounding me with four tentacles, Tess. I love you for who you are, no matter what that means...You can change forms or appearances all you want, Tess...as long as your love for me never changes."

"I can't imagine a world where I **don't** love you, Hannah," Tess admitted, though her voice was certainly a bit shy and quiet. "But I can imagine a world where our guests make fun of you for peeing your pants."

It was obvious that too much romance and affection made Tess just a bit shy, but it was Hannah who blushed this time as she looked down at the crotch of her

jeans. "...Yeah, I can imagine they would..."

Christmas had already come and gone, but Tess decided it wasn't too late to give Hannah one more present. "Tell you what...nix those panties, and the jeans. Go put on that black, pleated skirt that I love...it'll look better with that sweater anyway."

Hannah perked her ears up and smiled at the thought. "And what panties should I wear with it...?"

"I said nix 'em," Tess reminded her, giving a quick, teasing grin.

Flushing again, the jaguar nodded with a shy, but knowing smile. It was such a *naughty* thing to do at a party, but...for her mistress, for her lover...

For Tess, Hannah would do anything, and for Hannah, Tess would do the same.

Thank you all so much for enjoying yet another fun filled, sensual adventure!
As usual, I have to give credit where credit is due, so please, remember not to use the characters within this book without the proper permissions given.

The cover artwork for this first edition of “Embracing Her Role as Queen” was done by the fantastically talented PJ Stormtail! You can find their commission specs and prices at Stormtail.com, or follow them on Twitter at @PJStormtail. Thanks for saving my ass yet again, PJ!

If this book wasn't quite enough to whet your appetite, I've got good news! There are others you can purchase online at any time!

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