

---Part Three---

"So I know we just had lunch, but if you'd like something sweet I have some chocolate in the fridge." Mitsy said as she unlocked her front door and stepped inside. Martin followed her in with bags in hand and started searching with his eyes for somewhere she might want to put them.

"Nah, I'm fine, Mitsy, but thank you." He replied. She spun around and stuck her hands out straight and made a grabbing gesture with each. Martin handed her the bags and awkwardly looked over his shoulder at the door that was still ajar. He wondered what she'd think if he went and shut it.

"Well close the door! You'll let all the bugs in!" The collie said and started looking through each bag of items. He shut the door and neglected to lock it for her, since that might look weird if he did that. He never dared let his own apartment door go unlocked for long. Learned that lesson the hard way once.

He stood on the tiled entryway while Mitsy rummaged through the bags where she'd sat them on her couch. Martin looked about and saw it was a small apartment. Her living room was complete with one of those L shaped couches and a single cushioned chair. Her entertainment center was small and flanked by a single cheapo DVD rack, which was full of sitcoms and... animated movies?

He lifted his eyebrows and kept scanning and saw her kitchen was spotless, but cluttered, as was her dining room. The two rooms were basically a single room split in the middle by a tiny island. It was a very modest apartment, which wasn't a surprise. Most of the complexes around here were like that.

All the clutter looked like cardboard boxes of food items. She had more condiment bottles than he cared to count and a lot of the boxes looked like they were for buns, napkins, and most of her other necessary goods for her cart. She even had a spare propane tank off in the corner, he noticed. Martin bet his ass that if he opened her fridge and freezer it'd be nothing but franks.

"You don't have much room to have dinner guests over do you, Mitsy?" he said finally. The collie stood upright with her blouse, skirt, and tee folded over her arms. He gestured at her kitchen and dining room and she laughed.

"Oh, yeah, like, I never get to have dinner parties!" She laughed again. "Sometimes I get my girlfriends over and we'll watch netflix though."

"Well at least you have that much. If I kept my apartment cleaner I could probably invite people over, but I'm usually too lazy after work to get much of that done." he volunteered some small talk. He stuck his hands in his pockets and was feeling more awkward by the moment. Her home smelled sweet like she had some incense burning or one of them wall socket air fresheners.

"Yeah sometimes I'm like that, too! I could make all that," she pointed at the myriad of boxes in her dining and kitchen. "Fit in less space if I really wanted, but I have to go through it so often that it's just easier to leave it all out."

"Yeah, I can imagine." He replied.

"Let me go hang these up! BRB!" She said and scampered off to a doorway opposite where he stood. He'd taken note of it before, but all he saw was his reflection in a full length mirror that looked like a closet door. Right now there was a tall, handsome, mutt looking back at him in the mirror. The reflection vanished when Mitsy stood in its way and slid the closet door open. She quickly hunted for clothes hangers and hung up her new items and returned empty handed. "Ok, that's done."

He watched her retrieve the last of her items from the bags, which were the two bikinis he'd not gotten to see on her. Martin would have loved to see her try them on, but he had to take her word for it that they looked good. He felt her word was good currency, but a picture is worth a thousand words, as they say.

Then Martin remembered that she had said she'd have tried them on for him, but now that he was standing in her living room it didn't feel like the right time or place to be asking her to change into a bikini. The drive over to her apartment had helped him feel better. Rides in his truck were often good for that, and having Mitsy there to make small talk had put to bed the awkwardness they'd shared back in the mall cafeteria.

"Ok!" She sounded so chipper. She was holding the two bikinis in her hands. Mitsy looked his way and smiled, which made him naturally smile back. "Want to see me try these on?"

Ok, that surprised him. He opened his mouth to reply, but felt that maybe he ought to downplay it. She was so into him that he didn't know if it'd be a good idea to let her run wild with her affections by trying on a parade of sexy outfits. Martin knew he would love to see it, but...

"I mean, if you don't mind doing it, Mitsy." He ended up saying and sighed quietly to himself. He was a pushover. So much for dodging it, but he guessed a deeper part of himself was hellbent on seeing what was on offer.

"I don't! It'd be a lot less awkward doing it here anyway than in that store. I wish they'd let boys in the dressing rooms." She said and turned on her heel and started back toward the doorway, which would have returned her to her closet and then probably her bedroom and bathroom. When she got past the door and noticed he'd not followed she pouted. "Come on! You can sit!"

His brows lifted as his eyes watched as her outstretched hand pointed to something to his left that was on the other side of the living room wall. He hesitated and started following her. "I've got a little loveseat."

Martin saw the loveseat. It was barely wide enough for Mitsy and him to sit on if they both tried. Had no back, but was adorned with a puffy white cloth cushion with rose petals printed on it. He sat down on it and felt the cushion deflate as the air was pushed from it. Mitsy retreated with her two items to her bathroom where she shut the door behind her.

With hands now on his knees he felt awkward like he was a teenager again. Jesus, he was in Mitsy's bedroom. He inhaled deep and let it out slow. Her bed was a double, and pure fucking pink. It looked like a teenage girl's bedroom. Girly bed, a white dresser against one wall with lots of family photos atop it. A bedside table had a... hula girl figure on it. The type that jiggled. He wondered if she'd actually been to Hawaii. It was somewhere he'd like to go one day.

His eyes noticed that the ceiling had odd marks on it. The oddness drew his attention up until he realized that she had a bunch of those glow in the dark star and moon stickies stuck to her ceiling. He chuckled lightly. Martin knew she was innocent and childish, but man, he wasn't expecting her to be the type to have a ceiling full of stars to go to sleep under.

It was pretty cute in a very endearing way. It actually felt very 'Mitsy'. His ears perked with the door handle to the bathroom began to turn. He was watching when she opened the door and peeked her head out. Her body was still behind the partially opened door. He noticed her hesitation.

"Did you weigh yourself to see if the nuggets did any damage?" He asked with a smile. Her hesitation faded to a mock frown.

"No! It doesn't work that fast, Mister Martin!" She said. The way she'd call him mister in a mocking way was cute. She opened the door all the way. The collie silently walked out of the bathroom wearing the yellow bikini he'd picked out for her first at the store. She lightly stepped over into her bedroom as his eyes followed her along.

She was absolutely fucking gorgeous. Mitsy could steal a man's breath right off the beach if she only but smiled at him.

Mitsy turned and faced him. Her shyness was on full raw display as she averted her gaze away from his own as her smile tried to hide how nervous she was with her standing in just the bikini. The bikini wasn't salacious, but it was the least amount of fabric he'd ever seen on her, and Martin adjusted his posture on the loveseat and crossed his legs just in case.

This was the first time for him to see just how amazing her tits were. There was so much cleavage on display he was afraid he'd get lost in the valley and not find his way back out. The padded cups of her top hid her nipples just fine, but what fear was there in having noticeable nipples where your breasts were as big and natural as Mitsy's? Jesus, he'd need to keep his legs crossed.

"I'm not being rude, Mitsy. I'm just pretty speechless at the moment." He said and she giggled about as shyly as a girl could.

"You picked it out." She said quietly, and he smiled. Yeah, and he'd done a pretty good job at it, too!

"A bright color like that looks really good on you." He told her, then added. "The purple one would look good, too, but I think if I find myself buying you anything else I'll be partial to yellow."

She smiled real big, and even though she was still obviously nervous and jittery as hell she still outstretched her arms and did a slow turn around for him. Her tail was swishing back and forth and Martin got a nice good look at her rump and how snugly the back of the bikini bottom clung to her. He clenched his jaw once and swallowed a bit of saliva.

Again she was facing him.

"I can go try on the purple one if you'd like?" She asked. Mitsy was still having trouble locking eyes with him, but on occasion her gaze would meet his for a brief moment and dammit it made him feel things he shouldn't be letting himself feel.

"Weren't they the same item? Just a different color." He asked, and she nodded.

"I'd like to try it on for you." She added. He swallowed.

"Sure, Mitsy. I'd love to see." And with that she smiled and quickly scampered back to the bathroom. When she was gone behind the bathroom door he uncrossed and then crossed again his legs to switch them out. The mental image of her tits shaking with her every hasty footfall back to the bathroom was etched in his mind. He shut his eyes and let the image replay itself again and again until he had to shake the thoughts free.

Last thing he needed was to pop a boner in her bedroom, but with how things were going he wasn't sure that was something he could prevent. The lump in his jeans was firmly centered behind his zipper and he hoped it'd stay that way. With his leg up and crossed he'd be fine.

Mitsy came back and stepped back in front of him with another bright smile. She gave him a turn around again, but spun about one extra time and she was looking a bit more confident this time around. Her eyes were meeting his own more often, at least.

"I think the yellow does look better." She said when she stopped her turn to face him. Mitsy tucked her arms under her chest, but modestly. She barely let her arms brush against the underside of her bust. He was in agreement. The yellow was the better color.

"Maybe you can return this one next time you're at the mall and get a different color." He volunteered.

"I'm sure I can! Maybe we can go together?" She asked and looked away. "Today was a lot of fun."

"I had a lot of fun, too." He agreed with her. He kept his hands on his calf and knee. A part of him was wondering where this was all going. It wasn't like they'd only just met, but still... This was their first 'date'. "Maybe next week we can do something?"

He did want to do something more with Mitsy. His better judgement hoped that it would be another date than what he was actually thinking this very moment in her bedroom was going to turn into. She deserved a bit better than what he would give her in that department. Not that what he had was bad! Far from it in fact, but Mitsy was maybe too pure for him

to... He swallowed and the strain against his zipper wasn't something he could ignore or dismiss any longer.

"Oh, I'd love that so so much!" She said and clapped her hands together to clasp them over her chest. The happy body language had her tail wagging and her breasts subtly shook. He leaned back and maintained a genuine smile. He had a lot to smile about despite his reservations.

Mitsy stopped and looked away. He watched her bite her lip. "Mitsy?" he prompted her. She started to say something, then hesitated.

"I'm really really happy to try things on for you, Martin." She said rapidly with her eyes looking everywhere but at him. "I'd like to try on more stuff if I can."

Martin squeezed his knee as his crotch was nagging him a little more loudly about its condition. He knew he should nip this in the bud if he had any honest intention of keeping things from going too far, but Mitsy was standing there now with her hands tightly clasped and looking so fragile. God, Martin knew he should resist the temptation, but...

"I don't know if you'd have anything that could top what I've seen already, Mitsy." He told her. She bit her lip again nervously and shook her head.

"I've got lots of cute stuff." She said. Ok, he could hear the tremble in her voice that told him she was so damn nervous. He was starting to see it bleed out around her. Her whole body was revealing to the mutt how anxious she was. It made her look so vulnerable and precious that he wanted to grab her and hold her tight. He swallowed and felt himself tighten up in his jeans. The swell of his sheath was wanting to burst right out in full erection and he held himself deadly still in his seat.

"I sometimes buy things I'm too afraid to wear outside." She added. Holy shit, he inhaled hard. She noticed. "I don't have to, Martin."

Before she could say anything else he stopped her. "Show me something you're afraid to wear outside, Mitsy. I want to see how hot you look in it." He dared to say and he knew that he'd already failed at resisting it. Whatever hope he had of stopping this train was well beyond gone.

Mitsy was smiling and flushed under her fur as she nodded happily and stepped over to her dresser. She opened the topmost drawer and Martin stared at her ass as she rifled through the drawer. When she turned back

around with a pair of white items in hand he didn't bother hiding that he was looking at her ass.

"You've got a cute butt." He told her. What was he doing?

"Thank you." She smiled shyly. Mitsy had the prettiest teeth, had he noticed that before? He had to have. The collie carefully held the mystery items close to her navel and she walked past him to go back to the bathroom. He didn't hide the fact he was watching her walk either. That sway of her hip, the gentle shaking of her bust, and the fact her tail was wagging...

She entered the bathroom, but she didn't bother shutting the door all the way. It was left cracked, but not enough to see anything. He'd been pushing down on his leg with both hands without realizing it. It was starting to hurt now that the blood flow was being cut off. Martin wanted to switch legs.

He put his leg down and lifted the other to switch them. He felt his sheath shift under his zipper and he inhaled. Martin had fucked up. He had his legs back to being crossed but now he could feel his dick poke free of his sheath and start to creep along the crease between his thigh and hip. It was going to slither like a snake right over to his left pocket. Mitsy was innocent but she wasn't going to think that bulge was a pair of fucking keys.

The mutt awkwardly waited as his cock tried to find more room to swell, but thankfully failed. His jeans were a tad too tight for a full sized erection. The bathroom door opened and he let his left arm drop casually over his thigh to cover himself.

The young collie quietly tiptoed out from behind the door and patiently strode toward Martin and into her bedroom without making eye contact. Her tail was down and hugged behind her thighs as Martin followed her intensely with his gaze. He inhaled and soaked her in while adjusting his arm to better hide his erection.

Mitsy was wearing sheer tiny as hell bikini. His fucking heart was racing as his eyes drew up and down her perfect body to see all the damn details that were no longer left to his imagination. The thong was this little triangle that barely covered her pussy with narrow straps that clung to her hips so tight that it was denting the flesh and fur that lay underneath.

"Holy shit." He whispered and drew back up to her tits. A pair of triangles covered her nipples completely, but literally nothing else. Not

that it mattered much with how hard her nipples were. They were now obviously revealed to be puffy and soft nipples. She crossed her arms over her chest as she nervous shivered under his gaze. "Let me see, Mitsy."

"I-I look cute?" She asked. Her voice sang to him through the quiet nervousness tinting every syllable. She lowered her arms back down and clasped her hands tightly over her belly button.

"If you got any hotter, Mitsy, you'd have to move to Canada to keep yourself from cooking." He told her. She replied with a nervous giggle and started wringing her hands to fidget.

"I was, um, worried." She said and Martin caught a glimpse of her tail tip beginning to swish. The collie couldn't make eye contact with him even though it looked like she was trying.

"How come? You're beautiful, Mitsy." He told her, then leaned back. There was no making this stiffy go away. Not now. He swallowed hard and looked down between her thighs. She'd tugged the bottoms on and made sure they fit just perfect over her pussy. The white fabric was sheer enough to let him see she had a damn fine clam resting there between her thighs.

His eyes went back up to her tits and looked again at the fabric on her nipples, then back down to her crotch... Martin had to swallow again. She was starting to get fucking wet. This was going awfully far awfully fast. Well of course it was, he thought!

"I-I don't ever dress like this." She said, then added. "I won't even wear bikinis to the beach."

"Are you too shy?" He asked her. There she was standing in front of him with this salacious two piece. Martin's mouth was watering and he felt his dick press harder against the inside of his pants. Anyway, she nodded silently in reply.

"I don't know why. You've got nothing to be ashamed of." Martin told her. Nothing to be ashamed of at all, he repeated to himself in his thoughts. "A girl as pretty as you ought to be really confident."

"I-I don't want to hurt feelings." She said hugged her arms up higher until they cradled her breasts. "Some of my friends aren't as pretty and I don't want to... I don't want to, you know..."



Martin shifted in his seat. "Well, that's pretty nice of you, Mitsy. What do you normally wear when you go to the beach?"

"I wear a pretty sundress!" She said with some of her confidence returning at the change in topic to her outfits. "I have a few I really like, and I wear a one piece under them."

"I bet that looks awfully cute on you, Mitsy." He told her and she smiled and nodded. "Can you turn around so i can see your back?"

She hesitated and Martin saw her swallow once. "There's... there's not much back to my back."

"I won't mind it if you don't. I'd really like to see." Martin was asking even as his inner self told him he shouldn't. The mutt was letting this escalate against his better judgement. In fact, his poor judgement was wanting him to unzip so it'd have some breathing room. He let go of a held breath.

Mitsy had turned herself around. She fidgeted in place as her tail continued to drape down the backs of her legs. He noticed her tail tip still wagging nice and steady. She was fighting to keep it placid, but her anxiety wasn't just that. There was also a healthy dose of excitement. She was wet, wagging, and Jesus he was starting to tremble now himself with how badly he wanted to stand up and grab her by the arms. Really spin her around like in the old dramas and plant one right on her.

"Can you move your tail?" He asked. She audibly inhaled to hold a breath and flipped her tail to one side. The collie reached down to grab it with a trembling hand. The narrow strap of her thong threaded up between her ass cheeks like dental floss to fork just beneath the base of her tail. Mitsy had a perfectly round grabbable ass, and he resisted the temptation to reach out to touch it.

"I can't tell what I like more, Mitsy. Your front or your rump." She was wagging her tail even as she held it and tried to make it go still.

"Th-thank you, Martin." She said, and then slowly turned back around. The collie took her tail in both hands and held it over her crotch nervously even as she smiled shyly at him. "I'm really glad y-you think I look cute in this. I-I'm happy to finally have someone to s-show it to."

"Thank you for letting me see, Mitsy. I think I'll have this memory until I'm an old man." He told her, and that was the truth. He'd never forget this. Not ever.

"I can, u-um." She said, then swallowed and began again with her nerves so high she was stuttering. "I can l-let you take, um, a p-picture. If you p-promise not to show anyone."

Her tail was defiantly wagging in her tightened grip and with every flip of her tail Martin could see glimpses of her crotch beyond the fur and how wet she was getting between her legs. She had to know her own self well enough to know that she was beginning to soak her thighs. Mitsy had to know she was escalating this just as he was.

His phone was lodged in his left pocket. Martin set his eyes on Mitsy's and accepted that if he was to take her up on her offer he'd have to move his arm to pull his phone free. The mutt did just that. She was looking away anxiously as he retrieved his phone. "Do a cute pose." he told her and used both hands to hold his phone steady.

The collie let go of her tail, which was then free to wag along behind her happily. She couldn't hide that any longer just like how he couldn't hide the snake slipping up the crease in his jeans. He watched as she nervously giggled at herself and locked her knees together and lifted both hands high next to her ears. It looked like she was trying to give herself floppy ears with her hands, which was cute even though he didn't understand the reference.

He snapped a photo and she subtly flinched when she heard the shutter noise from his camera app. Martin looked at his screen and tapped the little icon. There was now a single photo of Mitsy in a micro bikini with a wet pussy. Holy shit. Martin lowered his phone and looked back at Mitsy who was now looking at him. He traced the path her eyes took and realized she'd been watching him the entire time while he prepared his phone and snapped the photo. She was now looking at his crotch.

Martin sat his phone down next to himself on the loveseat. "Thank you, Mitsy. I'll have to look hard at that one later when I'm back home."

He knew that she knew what that meant. She wasn't dumb. Not after all this. Mitsy knew. She ran a hand quickly across her face to wipe away hair that wasn't there. Just fidgety nervous motions to give her idle hands a task to accomplish as her eyes kept darting to other parts of the room briefly only to return back to Martin and his crotch.

"Do you want to try on anything else?" He asked her and uncrossed his legs. He let his left hand come to rest on the edge of the loveseat cushion while his other slipped a thumb in a belt loop. He wasn't even going to try and be modest. If she wanted to look she could look. Fair is fair after all. He got to look at her.

"I-I picked out t-this one because it's the best." She replied. Martin watched for a moment, then stood. She fidgeted in front of him more fervently with her hands back down in over her stomach. "I, um, didn't, um--"

"You forgot one." He told her and stepped in front of her. With his height she had to look up at him to watch him as he lifted and closed his hands around her shoulders. She was shaking so lightly under his grip. Martin squeezed her shoulders a bit more firmly and started rubbing them gently.

He could hear her swallow again. "I-I did?"

What was Martin doing? He wet his lips and leaned his head lower toward her ear. "You've still got your birthday suit, don't you?"

She looked down and away and he felt her trembling rise stronger through his grip on her shoulders. Mitsy tried talking, but she was now so nervous that the words weren't coming to her.

"Can I see it?" He asked her and drew his nose to the top of her head. He nosed her through her hair and took a deep breath of the perfumed aroma she had. It was a nice shampoo she used, whatever it was. "If you're too shy to say the words, Mitsy, you can always nod or shake your head."

He waited for her to do something, but that didn't stop him from nosing more at her gently while his hands rubbed circles on her shoulders. The collie shifted, but he couldn't catch the motion properly. "Mitsy?"

The young thing shifted under his grasp and rapidly nodded her head silently three times. Her whole body started shivering harder as soon as she'd committed. He committed to it, too, despite his better judgement. Martin was going to push this further even though he ought to not be doing it.

Martin grabbed the straps of her bikini top and gently slipped them off of her shoulders. She was staring down her chest and he wondered if she was looking at the floor or his cock. He'd need to free himself

eventually, too. His dick was getting desperate for fresh air and the room to really swell. His jeans weren't doing him any comfortable favors.

The straps caught themselves in the crooks of her elbows and Mitsy pulled her arms up higher to catch the top before it could fall off her breasts. Hugging her tits to her chest made her look erotic and endearing together. Martin put one arm around her and hugged her close. Her arms and breasts pressed against him and he let his hand fall down her back until his fingers found where her top was fastened behind it. It was a knot tied behind her. He found one of the straps and tugged it until the whole thing came undone and he gave it a tug to drop it to the floor between them.

"Can you give me a hug?" He asked her. She obeyed, albeit slowly. He felt her arms pull free from her chest and they slowly made their way around his chest until her hands nervously found his spine. "You couldn't be any cuter right now, you know?"

"I-I am?"

"You're so shy." He said. The hand he used to undo her top fell lower until he had it planted firmly over one ass cheek. She squeezed him tight like his torso was an anchor for her. Big soft breasts were squished between the two of them and he swallowed before licking his lips. How far exactly was he going to take this, he wondered? How sincere was he in trying to avoid giving her something she wasn't ready for, or deserved?

The mutt grabbed the back of her thong and gently tugged upward. She squeaked and clung to him tighter. He felt her fingernails dig into his fur. Martin started rubbing his free hand up and down her arm to comfort her, then he slipped it between them until he she was gasping into his chest as his hand groped a breast and squeezed.

"Martin!" She panted and he dipped his muzzle into the crook of her neck to kiss her.

"You're beautiful, Mitsy." He told her as he felt the size and weight of a breast in his hand. The collie squirmed against him until he'd found her nipple. He grabbed it between his thumb and index finger and started teasing her gently. The nipple was a rock hard nub sitting on a soft plump foundation.

"Martin!" Her legs were shaking and he tighten the arm he had around her back, but never let go of her thong.

"I always thought you were pretty." He told her and kissed her shoulder, and then her neck. She leaned her head away to expose her neck more to him, and he kept on kissing her as his fingers pulled and squeezed at her nipple. Her body jerked against his with the next squeeze on her nipple like she was extra sensitive there. That was good, he thought. His cock agreed as it continued to strain uncomfortably in his jeans.

"Y-you-" She started, stuttered, continued again, "I-I think you're handsome, Martin."

He kissed her hard on the neck and let go of the back of her thong. His hand stroked over her ass nice and firm until his lips had traced kisses up her neck to just near her ear. The scent of perfume filled his nose as he inhaled into neck before kissing her on the ear.

Martin whispered 'thank you' into her ear just before he slipped his hand down her ass and between her crack. His middle finger found her pucker and her entire body seized up against him as his fingertip started making little circles over her star. It was a natural gesture of his that he'd done a baker's dozen of times. This collie's was a tight little hole that he could feel was clenching like a vice as he rubbed it with his finger.

"M-Martin!" She gasped, but he just 'shhh'd her gently with his lips at her ear. He whispered more to her as his finger continued to tease her asshole. He let go of her nipple and let the hand fall down to followed her stomach until he could press his palm against her mound. Her arms squeezed around him tighter and her fingers were clawing at him from the intensity of her grip.

"Do you want me to finger you, Mitsy?" He whispered into her ear. If Mitsy thought he was her type before now was the time to find out if her intuition was true. "I want to finger you."

He rubbed her mound with his entire hand. His fingers wedged themselves between her thighs and he could feel how soaked she'd become during all this foreplay. The fur of her thighs was damp from her cunt down and the thong was hot and wet like it'd been pulled fresh from the washer. It took very little time for his hand to be just as soaked with her juices as she was.

"Please!" She said desperately. The mutt's heartbeat was quickening. He was surprisingly calm in the face of the treasure set in front of him. Martin was focused and his fingers brushed the thong aside to let his fingers find her delicate lips. Her cunt was neatly sealed from inexperience, but so wet and needy that when he let his middle finger go to probe it found no resistance when it slipped inside her to the second knuckle.

Martin was now panting as his finger began to patiently slide in and out of her tunnel. He started kissing her again on the neck and Mitsy could only offer her neck up to him eagerly as she whimpered and panted for him under his attentions. He added his index finger and she took it easily. Her walls were wet and pliable for him as her arousal made her hot and loose for the mutt to do his work.

He had to reach deep with the hand teasing her asshole. His fingertips found the damp fur beneath her cunt and he let his fingers get slick with her juice before returning his middle finger to her pucker to dampen it with her own lube. As a third finger entered her pussy the collie gasped and began to spread her legs for him. Her hips were trembling even as they started rocking into his hand.

It was the easiest thing to do. Mitsy was so horny and desperate for the mutt that Martin knew he could do just about anything to her, but he didn't. He kept fingering her and when his other hand finally pushed the fingertip in her asshole the poor girl was back to clamping her knees together as she ground her pussy straight into his palm.

"You really want a boyfriend that does this to you?" he asked her breathlessly. He swallowed again, but not out of nervousness or anxiety, but because he was beginning to salivate hard. She started whining for him. With her neck still offered submissively to him she let herself inhale sharply before letting free her sweet wavering voice.

"I-it'll be you!" She gasped and exhaled into his chest before inhaling sharply again as the mutt pressed the middle knuckle of his thumb against her clit. "Martin!"

"I'm just a sleazy mutt, Mitsy." he told her and took his turn to exhale over her and against her neck before nipping her with his teeth. He gently gnawed on her and listened to her pant and whine as her thighs started rubbing faster and faster against each other. She was squirming frantically in his grasp and her noises were being cut short time after time as she clapped her mouth shut.

"M-Martin!" She gasped with her next exhale. When she breathed in next it was long and drawn out before she gave in to a harsh shudder that had her legs shaking. The collie finally barked the held breath back out with her cunt spasming around his fingers as her slick juice spat out over his palm. Martin was shocked by how hard she soaked his hand when she came, as he'd never considered if she'd be a squirter. The flow slowed down, but Martin sped up his hand. "Martin!"

She screamed his name until she was muffling herself with his chest as the three fingers probing her sopping hole rapidly jerked in and out of her with his thumb knuckle pressed to her clit. He felt her legs begin to give out and he pulled his finger out of her asshole and grabbed her by the ass as the hand in her cunt finally retracted and catch her around her middle.

Mitsy breathed in and out laboriously as she fought to catch her breath while the mutt kept a tight grip on her so could stay on her feet.

"See?" He licked his lips and kissed her neck. She was much like a pile of wet noodles held aloft by a fork. Her body threatened to collapse into a heap if he dared let go of her. "I'm just a dirty perverted dog, Mitsy. You really want to date a guy like me?"

He wasn't normally this self-deprecating, and self-sabotage wasn't really in his vocabulary. That's all his motive had been thus far, however. Trying to fuck up a good thing. Giving her chances to tilt her nose up and push him out the door. Her hands explored his back as she panted. Martin knew she wasn't going to push him out the door. She liked the mutt way too much for that.

"I like you..." She whispered. He swallowed down more saliva and pulled his hand from her ass up to her head to run his fingers up through her hair. "Martin, I like you..."

If it was going to happen, at least the mutt knew she'd gone and asked for it. Not so much with a blunt series of words that said 'fuck me', but in her own innocent way she'd more or less given him the open door. He planted a final kiss against her exposed neck, and she rotated her head to offer all of herself to him. Martin reluctantly decided he was going give her exactly what he'd give to a steady girlfriend if he had one. He'd fuck her retarded until her legs stopped working.

"I like you, too, Mitsy." He told her, and the words sounded honest to his ears when he heard himself say them. It actually made his face flush, and then pushed her backwards without any warning. The collie fell back and landed on her bed with a look of surprise and confusion written over her face. Martin reached up and undid the one button he had fastened at his collar, then reached low to start pulling off his polo as Mitsy watched with big doughy eyes. He tugged the polo over his head and tossed it aside to the floor. Mitsy was panting and staring at his topless body and he suppressed the urge to slap a smug look over his muzzle, which would have been pretty normal of him if this had been like any of his other trysts. Mitsy deserved something better than him looking awfully proud of himself.

Mitsy caught him watching her eyes and she drew her knees together and held her arms over her chest. "What you thinkin'?" Martin asked her.

The young collie nodded quickly, and in return the mutt leaned forward and put both hands on her knees. He pushed them apart and she gave no resistance. He kept his eyes on hers the entire time and she followed him down as he took to kneeling at the edge of her bed. He didn't hide it that he was licking his chops. "You know what I'm about to do?"

She nodded again, more quickly with the biggest eyes. Her breathing was faster and heavier with needy breaths. The mutt added, "Ever let a guy get this far with you before?"

Mitsy shook her head silently about as quickly as she'd been nodding. He dipped his head low and rubbed the side of his face against her inner thigh. She smelled so damn good down between her legs. Martin inhaled real deep and shut his eyes to savor the rich aroma of her girlish arousal. He opened his eyes and caught her watching him. This was going to be her first time...

"Do you want me to find out how far you'll let me go?" He smiled at her and ran his tongue over his teeth. His heart was thumping harder and harder in his chest as the little collie slowly nodded her head at him. Martin slid his hands over her legs until he found the sides of her thong. His fingers found the side ties and they were undone with a single pull each. Tugging the loose fabric over her pussy down and out the way the mutt wasted no time. Martin shoved his lips against her exposed cunt and started sucking right on her clit.

Mitsy yelped sharply at first, then clamped a hand over her muzzle and she left as nothing more than muffled laborious panting and gasps as he licked and mauled her entrance with his practiced experience. Instinct tried to draw her legs together, but with a practiced pair of hands he kept them apart with ease. The collie went, and stayed, spread eagle at the edge of her pretty pink bed while the mutt ground and grinded his tongue and lips at her.

He was eating her cunt no different than a starved animal. Martin couldn't have held himself in check if he'd tried, and he didn't even want to. He tongue fucked her sopping hole as deep as he could, and that wasn't even a trick he liked doing when he went down. The mutt was doing everything he knew to do. His blood was furiously coursing through his veins and every dirty filthy thing he could think to do with his mouth he was doing in spectacular spades for the collie.

She was letting free high pitched whines from behind her clenched jaws. Her hands held tightly to her muzzle as she tossed her head back and



rolled it back and forth on the bed as he ravaged her cunt with everything he had.

He'd gotten her wetter, and added in plenty of his spit in for good measure. Whatever tightness she had when she first stepped through her front door was ebbing away rapidly as her arousal ran ripshod over her just like his own was devastating his willpower. Martin wanted to hear her noises.

"Mitsy." He pulled his head back and said her name. Martin licked his cunt soaked chops and she panted hard while staring at the ceiling. "Mitsy."

She looked down at him. Her face was flushed right under the pretty fur, and her eyes were glued to his and were hot and needy. The look made Martin want to dive in again and make her scream with orgasm, but he bit the urge down and pushed his hands up and over to her stomach instead.

The mutt gestured for her to take his hands. She let go of her muzzle without any hesitation. The panting grew loud as she gently took his hands and smiled at him so happily. Martin took her hands and gave them a gentle, but firm squeeze, then went right back to mauling her cunt like he had been moments before. Her hands jerked away, but he clenched his own and the two delicate paws failed to budge even an inch.

"Martin!" She cried as she continued to try to pull her hands away. He ate, and he ate as her voice grew louder and more panicked as she no longer had the means to silence herself and her lust. The growing volume of her oncoming climax egged him on and he dived into her tunnel with further reckless abandon. The mutt wanted her to explode and do it like an atom bomb so everyone in her building would fucking know that Martin had popped her fucking cork!

He shoved his nose against her clit and started licking inside her cunt to search for the spot that'd get her off the hardest. It was a hard thing to do with a tongue. Tongues lacked the hard rigidity of a finger, but he tried anyway. With the collie's fuse growing shorter and shorter by the second he knew it didn't have to be a perfect thing.

Martin inhaled deeply and did something that was only dumb enough to be seen in a cheap porno. The mutt had a lung full of air and he let his nose drop down from her clit to press at her lips and into her sloppy tunnel his muzzle dived. With an inch or more of his snout buried in the tight grip of her snatch he licked inside her until her cries reached their peak.

"M-Martin! God!" She shouted as her body began to quake. As she lay on her bed without Martin's arms pinning her legs down they were free to tremble and shudder like a wire with live current. Her back arched and her mouth howled in climax as one long drawn out cry of his name blasted her bedroom and no doubt every adjacent room in her building.

He yanked himself out of her and sucked in a breath. Mitsy was limp on the bed now with her chest heaving. Her eyes had grown wet with tears, but she wasn't crying. He'd just managed to clock her hard with an orgasm she could never have been prepared for. Martin took it as time to stand and he leaned over her to plant a wet kiss on one of her nipples.

At first, the collie wasn't much for response, but as the mutt continued his work of nursing from her like a babe she began to rouse for him. She was panting and groaning weakly. Her recent orgasm left her mostly breathless, but she was slowly regaining her voice and her senses as her now freed hands struggled to find his head.

"Martin." She said with an exhale. He kept sucking on her nipple until one of her hands found his head. She grabbed and rubbed at one of his ears while he took a hand to pressed it against her other breast. His palm pressed in and squished the heavy mound against her chest before shifting and catching her nipple between his fingers.

While he did that his knee pressed against the edge of the bed, and with his remaining hand he carefully reached down to unsnap his jeans. When he finally unzipped himself the freedom afforded his cock felt like a dream. It was such a relief that when he reached in to extract himself he was already reaching full size. His prick had been waiting long enough for its chance to stand to attention.

Martin wanted this. No, fuck that, he needed this! He was licking his lips again, but like a predator this time. A hungry wolf that presently hovered over this wayward sheep. Martin tried to still himself for a moment while his hand began to stroke his shaft. It took only a few moments for him to go completely rigid. The tightness the mutt felt in his cock and balls right then was one that he only felt maybe once every month of so if he'd been working through a 'dry' spell. He'd fucked so many different women that it was rare he really felt his engine run like an overclocked card.

He rose up her body with his lips and kissed her neck and the collie responded by planted both hands on him until they ran down to his neck to hold him tight. "Oh Martin." Her voice was a soft and gentle whisper in his ears. Heartfelt. His heart thumped in reply and he felt it in his chest right before his prick twitched in response.

The mutt pulled away slowly until her hands left his neck and fell back over her chest. Some small part of her modestly yet remained and she held her arms over her breasts as he stood back upright. Rather than looking down at his crotch like other women would have done the young collie was looking right up at him. She was looking into his eyes and he could see the need that was built up and smoldering within them.

"Do you want this, Mitsy?" Martin's old habit of showing off floated to the surface as he leaned forward against the bed and lifted his cock with a flick of his wrist. The mutt let it slap down over her crotch with a dull thud. His heavy tool was leaking it's messy supply of pre over the fur of her stomach and the collie looked down. She began to pant faster with shallow breaths to match her no doubt racing heart. His eyes shifted up and away his cock, so close to her drenched entrance, and back up to her eyes. Her eyes were wide open and dilated with what he knew was either shock or awe, maybe both. "Mitsy."

That firm repetition of her name he'd given her snapped the collie's attention from his prick and back up to his eyes. "M-Martin..." Her voice was weak and yet full of energy. Martin could tell she a mixture of confused and conflicting emotions about what he was poised to do to her.

And she was trembling as much as he was, too. To him it looked like he was the only one trying to hide it. Her nervous anxiety was bleeding out in all directions whereas his lust was at a raw boiling point trying to escape from each and every follicle of fur on his body. The fur on his neck was almost standing up with the adrenaline pumping through his veins. He didn't know what it'd feel like to have nitroglycerin for blood until today.

"Do you trust me, Mitsy?" He said and licked his lips instinctively. She whimpered and nodded her head quickly for him and tightened her arms over her chest. He touched her on the thigh gently and rubbed at her fur while his other hand remained at the base of his dick, his knot already engorged with angry blood, and kept it steady with his thumb and index finger.

"I-I do. I trus- MARTIN!" She shouted after he'd rocked his hips back to snap them forward with a spear's thrust. His fingers aimed himself well and the slick tip of his cock pierced between her sopping wet folds and pried her lips wide open. Her cry had cut her off, but he already knew what she was trying to say. His cock sank the first few inches into her young inferno before the pressure on his prick reach its zenith and he stopped.

Martin leaned down and pressed a hand over her shoulder and pinned her hard to the mattress. She was now staring wildly at his face and he locked eyes with her with so much intensity he saw the expressions shift

across her features. Fear, panic, confusion, need, excitement. Her legs locked up before breaking free of her indecision to pull her thighs together. Her knees bumped against his ribs and Martin caught one of her uplifted ankles with his free hand.

"Mitsy." He growled low, caught the sound of his own voice in his ears and softened himself to add, "Keep your legs nice and spread for me, ok?"

"Y-yes, ok!" She obeyed as he'd given her a order and her legs stiffy went spread eagle just like he'd asked her. "M-Martin, y-you're bi-"

"I know, Mitsy, I've got a huge cock." He agreed with her and dipped his head low and pressed his lips over hers. Her little hands reached out and clawed at his chest before making their way back up to his shoulders to desperately grab at his bristling fur. He kept the kiss locked tight to her mouth so she couldn't make any more noise while he started rocking his hips against her. The mutt felt the muffled cries escaping into his mouth as he forcibly worked his dick into her smaller body. His cock was built to be crammed into a wolf bitch's broken in cunt, not a nubile little collie girl's. Martin was going to have to break her in, and the thought of sent chills up and down his back as the sinful thrill of what he was doing returned amidst the hot coals that burned him up with his need to fuck her raw.

He broke the kiss. "Martin, my God!" She cried out and kept clawing at his shoulders.

"I want you, Mitsy!" He almost shouted at her, and the sound of his voice silenced her. Her eyes were glued to his, and he knew not what expression she saw on his face. He was practically drooling over her as his voice trembled. "Do you want me to do this to you?"

He could absolutely demolish her. Martin had the size and the build to wreck her any which way he chose. His eyes darted down to the obscene display of his cock stretching her virgin tunnel out around him. Mitsy's juices were being squeezed out of her pussy and leaked all over his cock and balls. He looked back up at her. The girl's eyes were locked to his and she stifled her own words. She pulled a hand away from his shoulder and clapped it over her mouth, and Martin watched her fingers wrap around her muzzle as he remaining hand took a firm grip on his shoulder. Not once did she let her gaze break from his. He felt a weird lump in his throat that might have been his heart doing a triumphant leap.

Startled for a moment, but not stopped, Martin put both hands on her shoulders to lock the girl in place and pressed his hips forward. Her cunt was so tight despite her obvious arousal that it was a struggle to make any headway with her little body clenching down on him like he was

an invader at the city gates. "Mitsy, Jesus, I'm going to fuck you stupid!"

The sound of his own voice surprised him. He'd growled it down at her. It was aggressive, but he could hear the terrible need that was stitched into every syllable of his voice. She had to know how badly he needed to be with her now. The hand Mitsy still held to his shoulder relaxed even as it continued to cling to his fur. The collie swallowed from behind the clasped hand over her mouth. She pulled her hand away from his shoulder and let it come to rest gently on his cheek.

Her hand stroked at his cheek while she nodded at him. Martin reached to her muzzle and pulled her hand off her mouth so he could kiss her again. She kissed him back as he shut his eyes to drift so deeply into their kiss that all he could feel was her tongue against his and the cock rammed deep in her tunnel. His eyes felt hot like they were burning and his throat hurt. The mutt finally started fucking her the way he so desperately wanted to.

Mitsy started making sharp noises into their kiss. He swallowed down her whines and shrill cries as her hands reached to his neck to grab at his fur with white furred knuckles.

She clawed at him until she had the firmest grip she could manage. A hand on his neck, another now on his shoulder, and Martin could feel her legs twitching and moving at his sides as his hips roughly force fed inch after inch of hard cock into her pussy with only a bare minimum of pull back to give her any reprieve. The mutt was using brute force to make her body accept the fucking she foolishly let him invite upon her.

The adrenaline was coursing through him non stop. He could feel the near constant rush so strongly it was like liquid fire had been blended in with his blood. He was sure she could feel it, too, right through the thick pilla- Martin felt it! A sharp and familiar sensation twitched up from his nuts and down the underside of his cock.

He didn't cum, but it was the biggest shot of precum he'd ever felt himself spit. Martin doubled down on his kiss and forced the back of her head to press against the mattress. He moved his hands to her head and cradled it in his palms as he mauled her mouth and violated her with his tongue. Mitsy was being slowly filled with his hot watery pre and she might not have even known it. She had no idea what he was going to be doing to her!

Martin lurched forward until his knot finally touched her lips. He held himself still as Mitsy cried out sharply into his mouth once again as she felt his tip probe deep into her clenching insides. As his hips pressed

against hers he held his body still until he finally suppressed his urge to keep rutting her like an animal. His nostrils flared rapidly as he breathed in deep and slowly drew his hips back until his prick finally slipped free of her body with a squelch following it. It took so much willpower just for him to stay in control of himself.

He broke the kiss and Mitsy was left panting with the fur of her cheeks moist. Martin looked down and saw he'd left her tunnel splayed open from his efforts to fit himself. His cock was twitching angrily in the air. No weight of blood corked in his dick could keep his shaft from standing at anything less than stiff twitching salute. The mutt was too aroused, beyond anything he could remember feeling even from his days as a hormonal teen.

"M-Martin..." Mitsy panted with the weakest of voices. The collie's mouth was left ajar as her breathing drew in large breaths to help her recover the breath he'd stolen from her with his kiss. Her hands were gently stroking his fur now, but they were trembling. He lifted her by the waist and drew her further onto her bed and she let him do it without any resistance. She looked exhausted, but her body still responded as he moved. There was strength enough left in her to obey even though she'd just endured a rough initiation at the hands of a wild beast.

Martin kissed her again, but gentler this time. She hungrily returned the kiss, hungrier than he expected, and petted him on his neck again and again until a single hand drew down his chest to slide behind him. Martin felt her fingertips explore and stroke at his back and spine. She was being so affectionate!

"Mitsy, I'm sorry." He whispered to her and she tucked her head beneath his chin. He pressed and pulled her tight to his body in reply to that. That was when the collie decided to hug him around his neck and back and clung tighter to him from below as he had clung to her.

"A-are you done?" She asked with a whisper. Her voice was muffled by his chest. He wrapped his arms a bit tighter around her. His cock was jutting out and pressing against her stomach. Martin felt her fur rub at his shaft and another sharp jolt ran through his groin. Her stomach became wet with a heavy squirt of his pre. No, no Martin wasn't done at all, but he was afraid to tell her that all things considered.

"You've been through enough for now, Mitsy." She tightened her hug on him and he felt her legs spread beneath him. He shook his head slowly at her. "Mitsy."

"It... it won't be fair, Martin. Y-you... you should finish, too..." She said quietly and buried her head into his chest as if she was trying to hide.

Martin could hear how her voice trembled as she spoke and felt his cock throb between them again. It was a hard jutting piece of steel neither of them could ignore.

"Mitsy, you felt how big I am." Martin whispered down to her. He shifted his arm and found one of her ears and rubbed her.

"Please?" She asked him. He actually wanted to shake his head, but there was no pretending that he didn't want to comply. The mutt wanted to oblige her. The futility of any kind of 'no' was as clear as the pre soaking down the collie's tummy. "I want you to..."

"Mitsy..." He slid his hand away from her ear and behind her head to finger through her hair.

"I don't want to be this close to you and not do it..." She said louder and the need in her voice was building and Martin felt the lust in his body spread anew. The time for foreplay was done. The need and desire to claim the young collie was overwhelming and so much stronger than before. The chill that had helped maintain some semblance of reluctance was becoming hot like the embers of a raging fire. He now wanted to knot her so badly! She wanted it to do it!

He squeezed her tight and rolled them both over until he was left lying on his back. Mitsy now lay atop him and she looked up at him confused. He swallowed and ran his hands down to her waist, then let them rest over her hips. Her beautiful body looked like a trophy on a pedestal. He didn't think he'd done anything to earn it, either.

"Try." The mutt told her. Maybe they'd earn it together.

The young collie pushed herself upright. Her breast hung beneath her and Martin lost himself in the view of her. Her young perfect body had absorbed him, heart and soul. She sat up better and squirmed while looking to him with confusion and uncertainty. She wiped a hand at one cheek and brushed a lock of hair from her face. "Wh-what do I try?"

His cock was resting beneath her cunt. Martin grabbed her hand, which she clutched in return, but he drew it low and lower still until her palm was touching the end of his shaft. "You're going to put it in and sit on it."

She inhaled and stared down at the tool she was straddling. His hand left hers and she timidly held his dick in her hand. It looked so much bigger in her grip than it ever did in his own. The sensation of her delicate touch sent another line of lightning through his cock and pre drooled

from his tip in response. He watched her and she clearly knew not what to do. He repeated himself to her, and she looked to him and then down again at the cock between them.

Her legs trembled, but she did finally rise to lift her hips. The collie awkwardly hovered over his lap as her hand nervously guided his tip nearer and nearer to her opening. Her eyes were wide and wild and her breathing increased. He could see her breast shaking with her rapid shallow breathing. The collie nervously placed his tip at her lips, which were still parted from when he'd roughly broken her in. She looked to him for assurance and he told her, "Do it."

So she sat. Her gasp was instant and followed quickly by a long drawn breath that whistled between her teeth until he felt himself bottom out in her. Her back arched until she was leaning backwards and he saw her toes curl and tighten on her feet. The hand at that had brushed her hair aside was pressed between her breasts with a clenched fist. She let out her breath and moaned. Martin stared at her as she shivered over him. Her eyes were shut so tightly that what remained her prior tears were beaded up at the corners.

Martin grabbed her hips. His hands trembled over her fur. There was no pulling her any further down. He'd loosened her up, and now her body weight was all that was needed to cram himself into her tight little body. The only thing she hadn't learned to take yet was the engorged knot pressed firmly at her opening. The mutt was grateful that he didn't need to tie a girl to get off, because there was no fitting that swollen knob inside Mitsy. He felt his prick twitched inside her to lube her up with a another dose of watery pre.

She opened her eyes and slowed her breathing. The hand that had impaled herself with his cock was resting its palm over her abdomen. She looked down and saw he was truly indeed inside her. "Martin..."

"Mitsy." He squeezed at her hips firmly. He tugged her hips forward gently and they rolled forward obediently. She let herself rock forward until she threatened to fall over him, then leaned back again. She gasped as he used his hands to push her hips back and forth. "Keep your chest still. Move your hips."

Slowly, gently, he guided and talked her through the motions. She listened and obeyed and moment by moment the young collie fell into sync with his gesturing hands and soft word. Her body patiently responded in kind with its instinct to fulfil a need. Her gyrations quickened and became more sure in their every arch and rock. Her lips began to lift off his knot only to slap back down to meet them as her grinding turned to a gentle bouncing.



Martin shut his eyes. He let go over her hips and she didn't stop. In fact, she started going faster. Her hips hastened their pace until she was bouncing harder over his prick with each fall of her body eliciting a sharp gasp from her lips. The mutt's ears flicked up when he began to hear the slick sound of his cock slipping in and out of her with a satisfying schlick.

She pulled a gasp from him and he inhaled it back sharply. He feel his own toes wanting to curl. Her hands fell to his stomach and her fingertips danced nervously across his muscles. He reopened his eyes and saw her watching him with a strained smile. She was quickly panting and rocking and gyrating her body over him. There was nothing professional about her lovemaking. What Martin was watching was the amateur 'best' of a girl wanting to make his first time the greatest it could be.

Her breasts swung in time with her hips and he gave in to the temptation to reach out to touch them. Mitsy leaned forward into his hands and he used the strength of his arms to support her as she kept pounding herself on his spear.

Mitsy lifted a hand and grabbed at one of his as he groped and squeezed her breasts. She rubbed his chest with her other palm and leaned forward even more so she could press her chest harder into his hands as he massaged and mashed her tits against her ribcage. He felt himself pump another thick rope of pre into her and his lip curled up in a primal kind of pleasure. A lusty growl escaped his muzzle through clenched teeth. "M-Martin..."

She was so breathless. He pulled one hand away from her tits and reached up and cupped her face with it. In return she reached to grab that hand, too. She was clinging tightly to both his hands now as he held her and as her body increased its pace until she was riding him hard and fast. Her eyes shut again and she started moaning louder between her labored pants.

Martin's head fell back and he reveled in the pleasure of her tight body wrapped around his shaft and drawing her lips up and down his length. Her tunnel felt so much like heaven. Her lips were rapidly slapping and grinding hard against his knot and the sensation of her pussy stretching and parting wider and wider in reply to his knob's knocking was become more and more difficult to ignore.

"Martin." She whined his name. His cock planted another rope of pre inside her, a hard hot shot that she must have clearly felt as she inhaled sharply when it happened. Could she feel his knot prying her opening wider, or was she lost in the ocean's worth of sensation to pick out that one detail? She was already so tight that Martin didn't think he'd have to keep her from tying with him.

The size of his knot was enough of a safety, Martin felt confident enough to think. The wonderful sensation of her tunnel, wet and clenching, drawing his cock deep inside her until it was devouring the beginnings of his swollen knot invited his eyes to shut tighter as his mind was doped with the raw feel of her body enveloping him.

She leaned forward deeply and his cock slipped halfway from her. She whined long and let the noise deepen into a moan as she rocked back and sank his dick back in hard. The edge of his knot slapped wetly against her hungry lips and Martin was getting drawn out of his reverie. The collie stretched wider in response to the rapid falls of her hips and her breathe wavered as she inhaled faster and faster. Her body kept rocking back and Martin felt his knot start to eagerly accept her unintended invitation.

"Mitsy." He breathed her name and made to move his hands down to grab her and lift, but her hands refused to let go. She clung to him and sank her body down harder atop him and the bulk of his knot lodged itself nearly halfway into her opening before quickly retreating with her next upright. "W-wait!"

He couldn't believe his fat cock was actually threatening to fit inside her! He grunted at her next drop and the sensation made both them gasp. Her cunt was so wet and tight that the knob fighting to gain entrance made the loudest squelching noise. Any neighbor near enough to listen would hear her little bed creaking in the background with the collie's yips and gasps barely covering the noise of a thick cock plugging her wet inexperienced hole.

"Ah!" She yipped louder as his cock jerked inside her with all of the collie's weight fighting to sink his knot past her lips. He gasped as her tunnel tightened around him, which drew another hard rope of precum from his balls. Martin was getting so close to cumming that he was starting clench down every pelvic muscle he had power over to stop it from happening! Her grip tightened harder like steel on his hands and she collapsed forward over him.

"Martin!" She cried and started shaking from head to toe. Her orgasm left her body weak and trembling as she collapsed over him where he caught her and held her tight.

Martin's body jerked inside her again. The thrill of tying the collie, the need for release, it all begged him to fuck his fat knot into her, but he resisted the dangerous pull for the moment. Martin tried to hold her still as he ordered his body to freeze solid for long enough to get better control of himself. Mitsy's body started to shudder anew and she

squealed as a smaller orgasm hit her. Her hips ground and rocked against his lap faster and faster as she milked her climax without even realizing it. The collie was on autopilot as she moved and struggled in his arms while filling his ears with the noise of a very happy and needy bitch.

His own legs shook from the intensity of how hard he was clenching and holding back his own orgasm. He wanted to so badly, but he tried fighting the losing battle anyway. He knew that when he finally lost the fight it'd be a big one! He swallowed and grunted into the air as her cunt clenched around him again. His prick was violently stiff inside her and twitching angrily as his knot was ground and grinded on by the young collie's sopping hole.

"Martin!" Her voice escaped her in a cry. Her hands groped and grabbed wildly at him until she found the fur of his neck and she clung to him desperately. She pulled herself forward, small body still shivering and quaking. He tried holding her still, but Mitsy pulled herself ahead anyway with surprising strength.

Her body rocked forward, and her hungry lips slid down his shaft at the rise of her hips. She yipped sharply. The collie squealed again like music to his ears. Desperately she rose up off him so she could slap her hips back down into his lap like she was trying to milk him of his seed. Mother nature had expected him to knot her already and her body was responding as nature would have it. Her young body wanted to fight against a hard tie and draw out every drop of cum his balls had to give her so she'd walk away with a healthy pup.

Martin squeezed her tighter, and her little body was locked in place. It was time, and he could feel he was at his limit. His hand naturally drew up her back until it found the back of her head. He roughly grabbed a handful of her hair, which made her bark, and let his opposite hand grab the base of her tail.

Without any warning he held her in place by her hair and tail and start bucking his hips. He was slamming his cock up into the collie with every intention of making his knob lock up tight inside her. Each thrust made Mitsy yelp and cry out as she felt his swollen knot slap against her cunt until she was squealing and whining like a siren for him. Martin was lost to the sensation of a pussy clamped around his cock like a steel trap and he was barely coherent as he clenched his eyes shut and began to snarl.

Her pussy stretched wider with every slam of his hips. The mutt tightened the grip on her tail and used it like a handle to force her hips down to meet his upward thrust. She barked and grunted every time the lips of her pussy opened a little wider to greet his knot.

His balls clenched tight against his body, but he wanted to knot her! He couldn't let himself blow his load just yet. He need to wait!

This time was different. Normally the sluts he boned on the regular weren't with him for the chance at being in a relationship. Mitsy wanted him every day! They wanted an experience that would leave them walking funny the following day. A one night stand to remember, but not to repeat. Another rope of pre shot inside her and he almost lost it and filled it to the brim right there.

Martin was going to give Mitsy the experience he was known for. He thrust up into her violently and forced his hand down over her ass to knock his knot up against her lips until finally, after a drawn out moment, it popped inside her with a loud slurp.

Mitsy shrieked his name as she climaxed at being knotted by his fat cock. A flush of hot wet pussy juice spilled across his stomach as he violently bounced her in his lap with his hips falling and rising like a jackhammer beneath her. The noise of his hips colliding up against hers was almost muted as his snarling and her vocals drowned it out.

"Martin!" She was shaking and writhing under his grip with her delicate hands groping his chest and arms wildly. Mitsy was struggling against her rough grip her had on her hair and tail as he watched her roll her eyes back as ecstasy took her.

She was starting to claw at him as he took his turn to milk her body as she kept soaking her crotch with her orgasm. The collie was a real squirter alright, and Martin made good use of her lube as he made doubly certain that his thrusts were jerking his knot back and forth over her gspot. His balls were aching between his thighs and his own eyes started to flutter with the climax that was soon to hit him.

It was almost there. Martin could feel it rushing toward him through his practiced method of breaking in a bitch, that he was at the very cusp of his limit. He'd been there hundreds of times over the past couple of years. He knew the feeling of his nuts near to bursting and he squeezed Mitsy down against his chest and roughly swung them both around until she was pressed into her mattress with his bigger body holding her in place with his knot grinding into her cunt as deep as he could force it to go.

The pressure against the tip of his cock was tighter now and he knew that what he was about to do to her was the biggest risk he'd taken with a girl in a long time. His eyes opened to look down at her. Martin always loved watching his broken in bitches when they felt him cum in them. There was nothing like a whore's face when she felt his knotted dick

start pumping its payload inside her. They always underestimated what Martin Brody could do to drench a pussy.

He slipped the hand gripping tight to her hair up to the top of her head so he could pin her down to the mattress while he watched her. Mitsy's mouth was agape and panting laboriously as her back arched in continued orgasm. He felt more wetness against his crotch as she creamed herself again below him. Martin let go of her tail and used it to shove her leg down to the bed. Her eyes were still rolled back behind her eyelids as they rapidly fluttered for him. He was defiling her like she was a whore and he was going to do it again and again if that's what she wanted her mutt of a boyfriend to do!

Martin slammed his hips down into her again and relaxed all the muscles he'd been clenching tight. His ball sack tightened up harder like a clenched fist and the cum from his nuts pumped down and through the network of tubes built for breeding. Martin felt it first in his knot as the surge of virile cream inflated his urethra from behind his knob. Her pussy seemed to tighten up around him as the pent up load forced its way out of him so hard it made his cock swell with every beat of his heart.

In reality it really only took about a second or so for him to get off, but as he watched Mitsy's face it felt like a long sordid eternity. The sensation of his cum forcing itself way down the underside of his shaft and expanding the opening of his cock to violently pelt her cervix gave Martin the biggest rush of adrenaline. It was like watching a trainwreck live and in slow motion.

The first rope exploded from him and his own eyes fluttered shut with orgasm. The pleasure overtook him and his snarling went mute as his body locked up and became deathly still. His lips remained up curled, but his voice was silent. His jaw dropped as Mitsy started screaming his name as he filled her.

"Martin!" That first rope had punched his name from her lips. She would have felt it slam right against her cervix. "Martin!"

She started to squeal pitifully in orgasm as the second rope hit her. The collie's eyes were still half hidden behind her eyelids as her jaw hung open to let free whorish moans and exhalations as his load aggressively began to lay claim her womb.

Every time his cock jerked violently inside her another rope pelted and filled her insides, and again Mitsy cried out his name until she was begging him, nearly pleading with him, that it was too much.

"Marh-tin, plhease!" She whined and slurred and the mutt let his chest hang lower and lower over her smaller body as his cock drained him of his strength just as easily as it drained his nuts of his pent up cum. "T-hoo much!"

His chest pressed against hers with his face sinking into her mattress right over her head. The bridge of his muzzle rested against her bedspread as he hid his nose into the crook of her neck. Mitsy's legs were twitching under him and her hands had reached around to claw at his back.

"Mar-Martin!" She shouted more weakly, but his cock was finally starting to come down from his climax. He'd pumped so much cum in her. Martin had been so fucking pent up and it showed in how hard he'd cum in her. He could even feel just how much pressure he'd filled her with. His knot was straining at the lips of her cunt like his cum was trying to pop his dick out of her like a champagne cork, but he was so thick inside her that not even a drop was allowed to escape her tunnel. If anything it was escaping the other direction to find her ovaries.

As he recovered his senses Mitsy kept clinging to him with desperation. Her arms were locked around his back now with her fingertips still dug into his fur where they had last clawed him. Martin forced his hands to relax and he let go of her hair. She was free, save the cock lodged in her pussy, and he was too exhausted to do anything more.

He couldn't bring himself to look at her. She'd recover her own wits soon and he didn't know what he would say to her. The mutt instead wrapped his arms under the small of her back and hugged her tight.

There was a weird warmth in his eyes that had turned wet and his heart was wildly beating in his chest. The collie under him was now panting in short little huffs as she tried to catch her breath.

"I'm sorry." He whispered, and tried his best to sound affectionate. Martin had been so rough with her. His eyes were wide open and all he saw was the pink of her bed up close and personal. "I'm so sorry, Mitsy."

He felt her hands move slowly from where they'd been planted. Mitsy ran her palms slowly up and down his back as her breathing slowly, over many long moments, calmed down. Eventually she was breathing normally if still tinged with the remnants of their past effort. She'd been through a lot after all. His own heart was still wild within his chest, which she must have been able to feel.

"Martin." She whispered his name. He swallowed a lump that wouldn't go away. He really fucked her like a whore, hadn't he? And he'd told himself, and her, that she deserved better than some womanizing mutt. Mitsy wasn't some bar slut, but he had ended up fucking her like one anyway?

"I'm sorry, Mitsy." He repeated painfully. The lust and red hot blood that had inched him deeper and deeper into her bed, and her body, was cool and now cold. Regret came in to replace it and a growing fear overtook him as the little body beneath them roused more to engage him with tender delicate hands.

"Martin." Now she was repeating herself, but she directed it to him with a nudge of her cheek against his. "Are you ok?"

The mutt grinned cynically. Was she really asking him if he was ok? That question was meant to be going in the opposite direction.

"I'm fine, Mitsy, are you?" He asked her back and tried to lift himself enough to ease some of his body weight off of her.

To answer him she hugged him around the small of his own back much like he was doing with her. "Can we roll over?"

Martin very gently rolled them both over as carefully as he could. The collie sucked in a quick gasp as the mutt felt his knot tug at her insides. When she was safely on top she draped herself limply over him and looked up at him.

"Martin!" she said, voice sounding worried.

Her expression startled him as both her hands reached out to cup his face. He felt her thumbs rub under his eyes and he stared down at her bewildered. "Mitsy."

"Are you ok? Did I scratch your back too hard? I-I didn't mean to!" She started telling him in a hurry as her fingers and palms ran across his damp cheeks carefully and with affection to dry and smooth them. He watched her in silent confusion as her expression rocked back and forth between concern for him and embarrassment.

"You didn't hurt me, Mitsy. I'm fine." He said, and tried to chuckle. He tightened his arms around her. The collie's hands never left his face. "I was worried I'd been to rough with you."

Mitsy looked him in the eyes, then darted her eyes away shyly. Her cheek found his chest to avoid his gaze, but her hands were still running over the fur of his face gently like there was some kind of magnetism keeping her fingers at his cheeks. "I don't really know what sex is supposed to be like, Martin."

He knew that much about her. He put a hand behind her head and ran his fingers through her hair in an effort to fix the damage he'd done. He gave up when it was apparent she'd need a comb.

"Sex is supposed to..." He started to say, but what was he supposed to say? He chuckled real short and quick at himself. "That's how I know how to do it, I guess."

"You're so so big!" She said in a low whisper and lifted her head back up to look at him, but it was clear she was suppressing her urge to go back to hiding her face. "SexEd made boys look kinda dinky down there."

"I... bet it did." He told her. SexEd was a joke. Most of those drawing and diagrams were meant to inflate a young boy's ego by showing something on the projector screen that was smaller than what their teenage bodies were packing. "I'm bigger than most guys, I think."

"Martin?" She asked and put her cheek back to his chest.

"Yeah?"

"I don't think we're ready for puppies." She said quietly. Well, she learned at least that much from SexEd even if it did nothing to stop her from getting a cunt full of dog dick. He ran his hand down her hair and then onward to stop between her shoulder blades. "Like, we didn't use protection, Martin."

"Nope, no we didn't." He agreed with her. Martin had long since known that that option had been a pipe dream at best. Hell, he didn't really even consider it had he? He'd been consumed with the idea of bedding her, but not with knocking her up. She'd been in the same boat, too.

He dipped his head down and kissed her atop her head. "After we're done here I'll drive over to a pharmacy and pick you up something. We're not ready for puppies."



He wondered if she still wanted to date him, and he was... He'd been afraid to date her. Well, he'd been anxious about a couple different things, but now one of those things was presently buried and locked tight inside her and threatening to give him a pup. He sighed and relaxed his body. Martin could feel how tense his muscles had been.

"You still want me to be your boyfriend?" He asked.

Mitsy reached higher up his face and started playing with one of his ears with her fingers and he already knew her answer even though she was keeping herself silent. The collie was searching for her words as her hands conveyed a constant message of affection to him.

"I'm going to, like, be awfully sore from now on, aren't I, Mister Martin?" She said, but put emphasis on the 'mister Martin'. He let free a short chuckle of his own and nodded in reply.

"It won't be too bad if we practice." He told her. Collie though she may have been she was still a canine. They were built for cocks like his even if the size wasn't one her collie heritage had been expecting. Given enough tries he was sure she'd learn to take him. Well, she'd learn to take him and not walk bow legged afterwards, at least. She was already taking him just fine.

Mitsy pulled her hands away and planted her elbows in her chest to raise herself up. They looked at each other. The collie lifted a hand and brushed a lock of hair from her face and smiled. She was flushed with embarrassment then as she set her eyes on his. "If that's what I gotta do to be Mrs Martin, then I'm ok with walking a little funny."

He looked at her for a moment until his gaze made her too shy to continue their shared look. Her face turned aside and he reached out to cup her chin and pull her back to face him. Martin felt like asking her something important. "You want puppies one day, Mitsy?"

"If we get married." She replied firmly. The corners of her mouth were threatening to smile.

"I guess that means I'm going to have to work real hard to get married, then, huh?" He grinned at her.

She started nervously giggling and broke her chin free of his hand to bury herself right back to his chest. Martin put his arms tight around her and hugged. Martin was starting to feel a lot better all of a sudden. The cliched weight on his shoulders felt like it was beginning to lift.

He was going to have Mitsy all to himself for the rest of the day and all of tomorrow. The mutt was going to make the best of it, and he needed to learn how to be a boyfriend again, and Mitsy was probably the best teacher he could've ask for.

---End---