

May would lie to him about it later, and Sam would roll his eyes and pretend to believe her. She did actually get up after he did and start a roast. But, if you know what it actually took to make a roast then you'd know it meant very little effort. Just put everything in the crock pot, cover, set to low heat, and let it run for several hours. Not that much work, but she did have to actually go to 'work work' for a few hours. Today was a part time day, so she spent most of her time at home still doing domestic shit.

It was kinda nice.

Sam still did his thing, per usual. He woke up early and headed to work, then came home after his 9 hours was up. He was out of the house for at least 10 hours, then turned into a homebody for the remainder. The two of them had evolved their acquaintanceship from 'just friends' to 'seriously dating'. May had asked him to go serious with her after about the fourth or fifth time he'd fucked her retarded. God damn did she love having sex with him! He was a fucking stud naked and in bed. A fucking dork in all other areas, but he was a man where it counted most.

They even got a new apartment. It was in a new complex in a different part of town. More expensive since it had the extra square footage, but it was still a one bedroom. There was a tiny matchbox of a studio room in the corner of the floorplan that Sam converted into an office for the two of them. Mostly his work stuff. He let her have full run of the bedroom, kitchen, and bathrooms. Those were the places she ruled. His mancave was also the living room. She was ok with this arrangement. Sure, she had to put up with his nerdy shit all over the place, but she'd gotten over all that.

Sam was a perfect catch. Admittedly, better than a kitty bitch like her deserved, what with all her profanity and attitude. Sam didn't seem to mind, but then again she was readily sleeping with him whenever the itch struck him. That she never minded at all, even if she was playing coy or uppity with him sometimes. May liked to goad him a little sometimes. Make him be extra manly and dominant with her. Like their first time...

She instinctively wiggled her rump a little, just thinking about it. She lifted the lid on the crock pot and checked the roast. She poked around with a fork and figured it was as done as it was going to get. Fork tender, as they say. She'd thrown in some baby carrots, butter beans, potato chunks, and some onion with it. May'd texted Sam earlier in the day for him to let her know when he was driving home. She wanted to do some cornbread for him, but she'd wait until he sent a text to start it.

Their living room was big enough to also have room for a dinner table. She liked having an actual table for eating at. Their last apartment complex was too small and you had to eat at the bar in the kitchen. Their dinner table was the only thing in the front of the apartment not nerdy. It could seat 6 people if you didn't mind eating elbow to elbow with someone. Normally it was just the two of them and they'd sit next to each other while facing the tv at the other end of the living room. You could tell that's where they sat because the chairs were naturally scooted closer together on that side than on the other.

Just as May was thinking that it felt close to time for her to be getting a text message her phone started buzzing over on the kitchen counter. She saw the clock, then checked her phone and saw 'Dog Breath' on the screen. That was just a mean pet name she gave him. His mean petname for her was Kitty Bitch, but he didn't actually call her that, to be honest. He used it because she would refer to herself as his 'kitty bitch' regularly. She liked it, and so did he, even if he didn't go around saying it. The idea that every time she called him or texted him 'kitty bitch' popped on his screen was a fun one.

"Heading home." She read his text. May typed up a reply to her doggy and sent it.

"I'm cookin'." She had said. He didn't usually reply back because he was hopping in his truck to drive. He was a good little safe driver. May went back to the kitchen and took out the cornbread mix she'd already made and started buttering a pan. She'd be done with the cornbread a little while after he got home. She poured in the mix to join the butter and preheated the oven. While she waited on the oven she checked the fridge and opened the new carton of beer she'd picked up earlier in the week and set out two bottles on the open shelf for dinner.

After shutting the fridge door she saw the bottle open was missing. By the time she found it on the kitchen counter and returned it to its rightful place of being stuck to the fridge door the oven was hot and she slid the cornbread in and set the timer. A couple minutes after that she had two bowls with a fork each sitting out on the counter, napkins, and was now putting two coasters on the kitchen table for their beers. She already let Sam put one ring on the table and she wasn't about to let him put a second one.

She almost felt sweaty from running around the kitchen even though she really hadn't done a lot. Was probably just the crock pot and oven making her heat up. The apartment smelled so good. Oh! May suddenly remembered the butter and fished it out of the fridge and put the spread out on the counter. Again, she remembered something else and fetched a butter knife to cut the cornbread with, then grabbed a pot holder from the drawer for when she needed to get the cornbread out. She huffed, then grabbed a second pot holder out and sat it on the counter to sit the cornbread pan on.

Then she sat on the couch. Because of the shape of their living room the couch was pressed against the wall opposite the kitchen. It was between the front door and the corner. It was a weird spot to put it, but since it was right underneath their front window it worked out. Sam wanted the other wall space for his shelves and then an open space for the entertainment center. When they sat to watch tv they didn't use the couch, but rather sat on oversized beanbag chairs. After they moved in together Sam bought a second beanbag chair for her. It was pink. She usually found herself cuddling with him in his chair though.

She felt restless sitting there on the couch, but with everything else done and nothing else to do but wait for Sam to get home... she felt like

her mother. When May was a little girl she'd remember sometimes seeing her mother drop into her chair in the living room thirty or so minutes before her dad would get home from the factory. She'd just sit there and relax while dinner sat cooking on the stove. Dad would get home late enough for it to be dinnertime when he finally stepped through the door. May even remembered it so crazy that her mother just seemed to know when her dad was about to get home, because she'd always stand up and fetch a beer from the kitchen and then magically the front door is getting unlocked and dad would walk in and there was mom, beer in hand. Speaking of which, May figured she could get the beers out already. They'd be eating soon anyway.

She checked on the cornbread. It was getting close. She took out their beers, popped them both open with the opener on the fridge and found herself jump with fright when Sam forced the door open. Their front door would always stick in cold weather, and it'd been pretty cold lately despite them living in SanFur. Weird weather.

"Hey, kitty." Sam told her while shutting and locking the door behind him before dropping his laptop bag on the couch. May walked up briskly to him and stood up on her tiptoes. Her man wrapped both arms around her middle and hugged her tight while she hugged him back. He kissed her hard and rocked her back and forth affectionately. "That for me?"

He was referring to the cold bottle of beer she'd been holding when she walked up to him. She stuck her tongue out at him and handle him the bottle. It didn't occur to her at all that she'd just done what her mother had been doing for the last thirty odd years.

"So how was work, dog breath." She poked him in the arm before turning to go back to the kitchen.

"It was same old. Nothing new." He said while she checked on the cornbread. She popped open the oven and glanced at the timer. May reached up and turned off the timer and went for the pot holder. It was done well enough. By the time she was cutting the cornbread into slices Sam was leaning onto the counter from the other side of the bar and watching her. "Smells good."

"It better." She told him, and pointed her deadly butter knife between his eyes, then smiled. "It's a roast with some veggies. Same recipe I used last time I did a roast."

"Your mom's?" He asked, and she acknowledged his question with a 'mhm'. Everything May cooked ultimately came from her mother's cookbook. Most of it. Her mother couldn't cook anything mexican, but May had learned how to do a few different things. Different kinds of chilis, homemade queso, tacos (the real kind not the taco hell kind!).

"Come and get you some, it's ready." May told him and slid him a bowl and spoon.

"We're eating a roast with a bowl?" He laughed and entered the kitchen.

"Don't judge me." the feline replied and took the lid off the crock pot. The heavy meaty aroma flooded the kitchen and it was a delicious smell. Despite his questioning the choice of a bowl it did little to stop him from forking a large manly helping of roast and assorted vegetables into his bowl. May fished some throw away paper dessert plates and gave each of them a thick slice of cornbread to go with the roast. May slathered a heap of butter onto his slice and then put a much more modest amount onto her own.

"Thank you, kitty." He told her and took his plate of cornbread, and his bowl, to the dinner table. She followed him along and scooted into her seat next to his.

"So how was your work?" He asked her. She grunted. It was work? Like, it sucked by default. Being a cashier at a thrift store sucked. May had to put up with hipsters, hippies, and cheapskates every hour she was there. She was annoyed by the uppity hipsters who thought it was 'cool' to dress down, and aggravated by the hippies that saw her punky look and thought she might sell weed, like what the hell she ain't a dealer, and then the cheapskates would boil her brain with demands for discounts on a shirt that was already a fucking buck fifty! She needed weed to put up with that shit with a smile, but if she smoked pot she could get Sam in trouble at work if they made him get a piss test. Then she'd really be a kitty bitch, wouldn't she?

"Ehh." Was her voluminous reply.

"So about the same." Sam said, and she agreed. At least today didn't have anything 'memorable' happening to her. Those days were the worst! "This is really good, May."

She smiled and thanked him. Sometimes she wanted to get a cute little bench to put on this side of the dinner table that way when they ate she could scoot right into ground zero of his personal space. May popped a bite of roast into her mouth and chewed it, feeling smug. Way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Sucking his cock dry is also important, but no one with decent morals ever mentions that bit.

May was confident in her relationship. She could be a bitch and full of attitude, but she cooked, cleaned, and fucked her man damn near every day. There were some days where she'd hobble to work and stand the entire time because Sam had given it to her so good the day before. It made her feel good, not the sore cunt and inability to sit, but the fact she'd bagged herself one of them 'good' men older ladies talked about fondly. Her lengthy kill streak of assholes and pricks had been fun, but they were now dipping their sticks into other girl's pots, too. She didn't have those guys the way she had Sam, and the ones that wanted her were pieces of shit that weren't good for anything but a one nighter.

Sam was good for a lot of stuff. You gotta make sure you keep a good thing when it falls in your lap, and May was doing just that by sitting in his lap and feeding him. Just like momma probably did, but that was too gross to think about. Parents just use magic to will kids into existence, right? Totally. She was satisfying one hunger with the roast

and cornbread, but now she was thinking about practicing her own magic with Sam's wand. He was sitting next to her eating happily like he always did. Completely enjoying the meal she'd made him. She bit her lip and kept eating to finish her bowl.

"You're eatin' kind of fast." He commented, looking over at her while she stuffed her face. She gave him a glance and swallowed and forked another bite and popped it in her mouth.

"I'm gonna suck your dick after we eat." She told him, with a mouth full of meat.

"Oooh." He said with amusement, and returned to his own bowl with a pleasant grin. May quickly finished her dinner and took her bowl, and both plates they'd used for cornbread to the kitchen. She took her time by hand washing the bowl and setting it out to dry. She just tossed the plates into the garbage. May figured her man was being a little shit by savoring the last of his dinner. So she stood behind his seat at the table and rubbed his shoulders while he chuckled at her impatience.

When he finally finished she stole the bowl from him and returned it to the sink where she rapidly washed it by hand, too. She dropped both forks into the dishwasher since they had like a million forks in the drawer that were already clean.

"Go sit!" She urged him as he stood up from the dining table. She came around behind him and nudging him along until he dropped down into his beanbag chair in front of the entertainment center. May swiftly knelt in front up him and tugged off the hoodie she'd been wearing then yanked off her sports bra. While she began to undo his khakis Sam turned the tv on and she could hear the audio behind her warning her that it was more anime trash. Should have been that show Sam was watching last night.

May paid as little attention to the show beginning to play behind her as she freed and began to nuzzle her boyfriend's fuzzy sheath. Her big Great Dane rewarded her nuzzling with a little piece of red poking out from his sheath. She kissed it and let his cock continue to grow as she nursed it to attention.

Sam was idly watching his show while she played with his cock. His big pecker was a difficult tool for her to swallow, but she'd managed to figure out the trick to it. Took her a lot of trial runs, though. Bright red and stiff his prick was slick with her spit. She'd taken great care to let her saliva collect on her tongue so she could slather all over his shaft to lube it up nice and slippery.

He shifted in the beanbag chair and she managed to elicit a 'ooph' from him when she popped the tip in her mouth and leaned forward to swallow, noisily, the first five or six inches. He was probing the back of her throat so much she had to blink away the urge to tear up. He took one ear into his hand and rubbed at her affectionately.

"Don't hurt yourself, kitty." He told her quietly, and she replied with a big gulp around his cock. She rocked her head from side to side and

sucked in a big lung full of air. Sucking her man's cock was like diving for pearls. If she wanted to get to those spheres at the bottom she'd need to hold her breath for a good bit.

May pushed herself down, down, until his tapered end slipped past her uvula and began its journey down her throat. She wanted to gag but she gripped the beanbag chair as tight as she could. She tried looking up at him, failed, and instead hid her pupils behind her eyelids. She'd swallowed, much to Sam's vocal pleasure, two thirds of his cock. Her lips were nearing the edge of his knot, which was gently swelling up for her.

She had a fantasy she'd jill off to where she swallowed every veiny inch of his dick until his nuts were pressed against her chin. It was just a fantasy. If she ever actually tried it his knot would snap her jaw. Too fucking big for her mouth. She'd have to settle for gobbling up everything up until the knot instead, and Sam was always happy with that since she always gave him her pussy to knot.

Sam was such a virile fucking stud. He'd gaped her good the first time he'd fucked her. God damn, that had been terrifying and hot. He'd broken her into being a nice obedient little kitty slut, and she was hot thinking about it happening to her again tonight. She'd have to egg him on and rile him up. Sam loved that.

There bedroom fun was enough to get the cops called on them once or twice when they had a previous neighbor, who thankfully had moved out. Her big dane had fucked her so raw the cops were beating on their door wanting to investigate, and poor Sam had to calm himself down from his hate fucking, and answer the door while cradling May in his arms because his knot was locked in her tiny abused hole. She'd been a babbling mess of happy cat, that night. She also didn't remember any of it. She'd drank heavily, and had been fucked full retard.

May pulled herself slowly off her man's big dick and gave him a mischievous look before lowering herself back down with a sloppy motion. Her mouth was salivating hard for him and she was putting that spit to good use. She felt him let go of her ear and the show in the background stopped. Good boy, she thought. That meant she was proving to be too great a distraction for him to concentrate on his dumb cartoons.

"Mmm, May." She heard him say and she eyed him from her compromised position. So much dane dick was in her mouth she found it hard to look up at him without doing that silly porn face she saw in Sam's dirty Japanese cartoon pornos. She sucked on his cock and slowly pulled off him with the suction building up until she heard him groan. "You want me to fuck my kitty, don't you?"

To answer him she hummed affirmatively around his cock. She popped off him and kissed the tip of his big dick. "Like I'd ever let you stick this monster in me."

That was suppose to sound bitchy, but it came out as playful and Sam chuckled at her. "Then suck on it some more, kitty." He told her, and she did. May descended back down his prick until she felt his hands grab her

by the hair and she gagged as soon as he'd yanked her down to his knot. Her lips pressed tight against the bulb of flesh that would never fit in her mouth. She swallowed around him to try and suppress the need to gag while her man started pumping her head up and down his shaft like her mouth was a fleshlight.

By the time his cock was spitting up more precum she was crying and soaking her cheeks from the stress and effort of suppressing the need to gag. He pushed her off him and she sucked in a loud breath of air.

"Fuck you, dog breath!" She panted, but she was smiling even as she managed to sound angry. His eyes looked fiery hot with need, and she grabbed his nuts with a hand and smirked as she squeeze. He flinched and grabbed her by both ears and slowly stood up. She followed him up with the tension on her ears becoming more painful as the seconds ticked by.

"I'm going to fuck you, kitty cat." She rolled his nuts in her palm firmly in reply.

"Make me take it then, mutt." She told him. Their play acting sounded coarse, but they were both showing their teeth through their smiling. Sam shoved her toward the hallway and she stumbled and almost fell to the floor, but she caught herself on the wall and looked back at her handsome man with her heart racing in her chest. She ran to the bedroom and heard him chase after her. May let him catch her from behind. His arms wrapped around her chest and she squeeze her like a vice.

"Fucking mutt!" She cursed him and she heard his teeth click next to her head as he snapped his jaws at her.

"Shut up, cunt." He ordered, and then promptly took her by the shoulders and roughly shoved her onto the bed. May let herself fall over the edge and spread her legs obediently. She'd been wearing an outfit perfect for fucking. He yanked down her sweatpants and exposed her bright pink booty shorts.

"Fucking asshole!" She whined and bit her lip as he groped both her ass cheeks through the thin fabric that clung like shrink wrap to her ass.

"Whores like you aint 'sweet'." Sam mocked her with a little hostility. Her booty shorts had 'Sweet!' printed on the ass. She lifted her ass for him and she sighed longingly as she felt him press his crotch into her rump and ground his nuts into her. His fat cock noticeably bounced over her backside as he fooled around with her ass.

"Shows would a mutt like you knows." She told her. He slapped her ass and she squeaked. Her heart thumped along like crazy as her excitement peaked. May was up on her toes with her backside tilted up at him like a good little girl should. "Fucking prick!"

He slapped her again and she shoved her ass back into him. He grunted as she probably put too much pressure on his nuts. He pulled her shorts down her legs to join her sweats and licked long and hard across one of her cheeks as he squatted behind her.

"Stupid mutt, don't you know you're suppose to lick a bitch on her cunt?" She egged him on. She yelped and whined as she felt his teeth nip at the fur of her ass until she could feel little pricks on the flesh underneath. May bumped her ass back and popped him on the nose. She tensed up and squealed when the expected slap on the ass came at her. Biting her lip again she felt his breath fall between her legs and then his tongue at her cunt. She was soaking wet before he had a chance to lube her up himself.

Sam started eating her and she laid herself out on the bed to let him have as much as he wanted. Her man had gotten good at eating her pussy and she was now clawing and purring at the the bed as she felt his long soft tongue enter between her folds and dig around inside her. She squealed again and tensed up when she felt him nip at her clit.

"Asshole!" She panted hard. She shuddered as his lips enclosed around her nub and sucked on it like candy. Her knees were shaking and she felt Sam hook his hands behind them both before pinning them to the side of the bed. She was locked in place with her boyfriend slowly upping the intensity of his feast upon her. "You dirty mutt!"

"Prick!" She gasped. There was no way she could keep up the act. She was smiling and rubbing her cheek happily into the bedding. May wanted him to fuck her so good! As Sam ate away at her sloppy cunt she was daydreaming at the idea of him leaning over her. His body taller and broader than hers, that size difference fit to make a great porno. She shivered as her man nibbled at her clit a second time as her mind wandered to the mental image of Sam lining up his fat dane cock with her pussy before shoving it in her with one stroke. Fuck what her neighbors thought. She imagined herself screaming Sam's name as he took her violently against the bed until he crammed that fat filthy knot in her. She was his kitty bitch and she was going to eat that knot alive with her pussy. She couldn't wait to swallow his load. God, she thought, what's he gonna be like when we start trying for kids? May was going to get knocked up so fucking much if she married him. God, I hope he proposes soon!

Sam drug his tongue, slick and sloppy with spit and her cunt juice all the way up until he was licking across her taint.

"W-wait, baby," May started as he was beginning to lick too high up, "Sam!"

His tongue rolled over her pucker and stayed there as he kissed her asshole. "You fuck, quit it!" She shouted back at him, but he didn't stop. He reached up and she felt him grab her tail and yank up on it. Out of reflex and training she hoisted her ass high for him, but she still tried to squirm away from his clutches. "Sam, that's gross!"

He knew she hated rimjobs! They were gross! Sam had her tail right at the base and he tilted his fist forward until he could rub his knuckles against the sensitive spot just over her tail. Sde squeaked and went limp for him. May could hardly even grab at the comforter anymore.



"S-Saaam!" May struggled to plead with him, but he kept on licking at her asshole and making out with it like he would've her cunt. She squirmed weakly, but every time she tried to move away he just tugged at her tail and pressed his bottom two knuckles into the spot on her lower back. She found her strength of will broken every time. May couldn't fight back against him when he was abusing her most sensitive spots like that!

"P-please, Sam!" She begged him. He answered her by spitting right on her asshole and shoving two fingers from his other hand into her cunt. She moaned like a whore and started rubbing her face into the bed. He was rubbing two fingers into her gspot now, and she was clenching her teeth and pinching her lips together as tight as she could.

She'd taken a shower before, so she was clean, but that was still so gross! May started to shudder weakly, like a tiny tremor running through her body as the great dane began to rub and press his fingertips into her gspot with a harsher rhythm. She sucked in air, lifting up as much as she could on the balls of her feet, and finally opened her mouth to pant and dribble drool onto the bed.

"Sam! Sam!" May panted out his name. He rolled his tongue against her asshole harder and harder until he was tickling her pucker open with teensy tiny increments. Her cunt winked and spasmed around his fingers as she approached orgasm. May couldn't fight it or hold it back. She tensed up from her tits to her toes and started moaning. Her body shook as her climax hit her.

"Fuck, Sam! Baby!" She cried. The dane jabbed her gspot with both fingers and she screamed. May felt him hammer her insides with those fingers like the piston in an engine and she couldn't stop her screaming. Her orgasm rolled over her like a great wave only to be followed by another one. He was pushing shockwaves of sensation over her by abusing her button, and she could feel his tongue teasing at the very outer entrance of her asshole. Licking and rolling around her star she finally bit down on the comforter and muffled herself.

She screamed into the bed and let it all out. Sam eased up on her slowly as her orgasm faded, almost at his direction as he let his attacks on her cunt and asshole fade little by little as the minutes passed them both by. May was panting hard by the end feeling like she'd been hit with a freight truck right in her pussy.

"You fucking whore." Sam said behind her and slapped her on the butt again. She couldn't think of a reply and felt him pull her sweats and shorts off her the rest of the way. He was even taking off her socks.

"You're fucking," she panted as he rolled her up and over onto the bed so she was on her back, "gross."

He kissed her on the mouth and she hit him in the arm weakly. Sam kneed her legs apart and she gasped into his mouth when she felt his cock open her cunt up wide and slip right in. May's moan turned into a purr as they continued to make out on the bed while she wrapped her arms around him as he hilted himself down right to the fat knot May loved so much. Her big

man held himself firmly in her and she enjoyed feeling him opened her up all the way. Life wasn't worth living if she couldn't have this inside her, she thought.

May grabbed him by the base of his tail and yank up on it as much as she could. He wouldn't squeak or shout like she would, but it didn't stop her from returning the favor. May tilted her head to the side and broke the kiss. "Who the fuck do you think you are, asshole?"

He laughed harshly at her and bit her on the neck playfully. She tilted her head to the side even more and let the dane nibble and bite at her neck. She tugged at his tail and drug little lines through the fur on his back with her fingernails.

"You filthy dog." She told him. "Mangey, worthless, mutt!"

He hitched his hips up into her and she squeaked. May tightened the grip she had on his tail and spread her legs wider. She was engaged in a full open mouth pant. "Pretending like you know how to fuck!"

Sam hitched his hips again, but this time didn't stop. He was now fucking his big fat cock into her little hole repeatedly with a steady pace that was knocking the wind out of her each time. Sam was pumping her hard and she could feel the comforter underneath her tugging tight from how how Sam's knees and feet were digging into it for leverage further down the bed.

"Well, come on, you fuck! Don't fuck me like a pussy, you stupid nerd!" She cussed at him and grabbed him by the scruff of his neck. His fur bristled under her hand and she heard him snarl right into her ear. Her heart skipped a beat and she grabbed his tail and neck tighter than before. "You fucking dork! Dweeb!"

He fucked her harder and she couldn't suppress her shouts and grunts as he punched his dick right up against her womb. "Filthy creep! Virgin fuckwit!"

Sam snapped his jaws at her ear, the loud clicking surprising her. He was grunting, snarling, growling over her like an animal and she was going to fucking cum again just from that alone! "Fuck me, Sam! Fuck me, you stupid mutt!"

He grabbed her around the neck and squeezed. She wheezed when her neck tightened down on her breath while the dane exhaled hotly right into her ear like a beast. His cock was still punching up into her as Sam had her pinned down against the mattress with all his weight over her chest. May let go of his neck and tail and grabbed his wrists. Her eyes rolled back as she struggled to breath as her boyfriend choked her and forced every rigid inch of his cock into her right up to the veiny knot.

Every heavy thud sent his swollen knob right between her stretched lips, but not enough to sink it inside her. Her hips rocked and rolled around for him to encourage him to knot her. May couldn't speak a word. The hands around her throat were too tight for speech and she had to struggle

to suck in air. She was feeling light headed as another wave of pleasure washed over her.

May came again and soaked his cock with her juice as he fucked the orgasm right out of her. As she came off her high so did the hands from her neck. He left her panting and limp as he held his prick deep in her. She was crying again from the exertion and stress of being fucked and choked at the same time. May was so fucking happy she smiled like a witless idiot underneath her man as he panted over her in reply.

She wiggled her hips at him and noticed his knot was still partially outside her cunt. May couldn't suppress the whimper. She'd wanted him to knot her! The feline hadn't even noticed that he wasn't unloading in her yet. She'd been too far gone with her orgasm and being choked almost unconscious for her to notice.

"Sam." She whined. "You didn't... you didn't knot your pussy."

He chuckled over her and kissed her. May kissed him back. They continued to make out with Sam laying over her and hugging her against him. Several minutes later he pushed her off to sit back with knees spread apart. She looked after him and squirmed, his cock still hard inside her, and rolled slowly over. It was a challenge for May to move around like that when she had jelly for legs. But! Never, not once, did she ever let his cock slip from her as she maneuvered herself to sit up and straddle his lap. He had to grab her by the middle and help her sit upright and keep balance.

Firmly in his lap she reached down and rubbed the knot pressed against her cunt. It was so big, as she wanted it inside her. It belonged deep inside and fucking that hot canine load into her undeserving kitty cunt!

"Knot me, Sam." She begged him as she rolled her hips into his. May could feel that big log he had for a cock slide around her insides. She needed all of that in her! Put a direct deposit of hot stud spunk in her! If she was ever off the pill she'd cream her panties just thinking about how hard he'd be knocking her up. God, if only Sam's mother knew just how easy it'd be for her son to put a bun in her oven if he asked she'd never pester May again about when she'd get grandkids. She'd be pestering her son in law instead! Just make him ask! She didn't care if they were married or not! May felt so hot and she'd already cum so damn much her pill fooled ovaries were still making her baby crazy!

"You fucking slut." he told her playfully and groped her breasts through her shirt. She was braless so it was easy for him to find her nipples, which were stiff as steel. He pinched them and rolled them between his thumb and index fingers. May started bouncing on his cock and he pulled her shirt up and tugged it over her head with her help.

"You're a dirty prick." She told him as he went back to groping her tits. May shifted and pulled her feet under herself to squat on the balls of her feet. As her man played with her bust she started bouncing on his cock even more with quick little motions. He grunted behind her and licked at the back of her neck. She leaned her head forward and exposed her nape to him and he took it as an invite to lick at her again before

nipping and biting at her playfully. She loved this animal play they did. It was so primal and raw!

With Sam's size and strength it was easy for him to grab her by the waist and hoist her up before slamming her back down. She gasped and whined for him as she helped him lift and drop her repeated on his prick. He lifted her again, but too far, and his cock slipped out of her with a squelch. That wet sound should have been joined by a torrent of spunk, but no! He'd not knotted her pussy and cum in her like he was supposed to!

"Back in!" She said as he dropped her back down to trap his cock right under her. It jutted out in front of her and she ground her pussy over it playful. "Fuck it back in me, asshole!"

"You my bitch?" He asked her and rested his head next to hers. She reached down to stroke his cock with a firm grip.

"I'm your little cunty whore, mutt." She purred back at him. May turned and kissed him on the cheek and he turned to meet her and they shared a kiss. The feline felt him wrap an around tight around her chest. The way he'd grabbed her pinned her arms to her torso. He hoisted her up, and she squealed for him as she felt him grab for his cock. She clutched at his arm eagerly and felt his fat dick poke and rub at her abused pussy.

His cock probed and probed, teasingly, until it slipped backwards over her taint and poked her asshole. She let out a sharp little yelp and felt both of his arms wrap tightly around her. She was well and truly trapped in his grasp as Sam began to slowly lower her down with his cock at her pucker.

"Wait, Sam, wrong hole!" She struggled in his grip, but the more she wriggled the more he tightened up on her until it was hard to breath. "S-Sam, no! Not there!"

The sensation of growing pressure against her pucker wasn't new. She'd gotten fucked in the ass before, but not with anyone as huge as Sam! She began to panic and hoped he was just teasing! There was just no way it would fit, but the pressure kept mounting as the dane continued the slow, the painfully slow, descent. May pushed up with her legs, but he countered it with a greater force of his own. She was overpowered and outmatched in every field.

"Ok, please Sam, I," She stammered as the pressure was now mounting as his cockhead started to stretch her pucker slowly open. She was still wet and slick down there from the rimjon Sam had given her. It was going to go in if he didn't stop! "Sam, I know, I know you made it fit in my pussy, ok?"

She pleaded. "But, but this isn't the same! Please, Sam?" She heard him chuckle and her asshole began to open the rest of the way and his prick slipped in by just a hair. She sucked in air and began to pant. Sam wasn't going to stop, and she was helpless. May pressed her feet down and pushed up, but Sam again held her back. She felt one foot slip and she

dropped a full inch and up his cock went into her ass. The feline went speechless.

"There we go, slut." He growled into her ear as she wordlessly began to pant as she adjusted to the fat girth spearing up into her by just an inch or so. She choked on her breath and felt like the air was being pushed out of her as Sam dropped her deeper still. Slowly, terribly, his dick sank further up her innards until she found her voice again.

"Sam! No!" She begged him with a trembling voice. The fullness in her guts grew and now the sensations were becoming too intense to ignore. She clenched her teeth as the room fell out of focus. She was going cross eyed! She, she couldn't deal with it! Her legs melted to jelly and Sam was left with no resistance to fight against. He brutish whims had beaten her!

"Fuck, and I thought your cunt was tight the first time." He grunted at her as he dropped her hard on his cock. His shaft plunged up her bowels and she again was left speechless with a new supply of drool running from the corners of her mouth.

It hurt! But she was going nuts! Everything, all of her, felt stretched out and ruined. It was hard to breath, like his pillar was pushing all of her guts up against her lungs. She was going crazy! The fat bulb of flesh she loved so much touched her ass cheeks. He was, he was all the way in her. Sam growled again in her ear like an animal.

"Fucking tight little whore, May. My little fucking whore." He told her quietly before lifting her slowly back up his cock. "Just like that."

The incredible suction she felt as her vice tight ass tugged at his thick spear made her shudder. It felt so good! The pleasure of the tugging and pulling felt way better than the discomfort of her poor asshole getting stretched open around his prick.

"S-Sam!" She managed, and he dropped her back down. Wind evacuated her lungs and he lifted her up again. Wash and rinse, he repeated the gesture. He was slowly ass fucking her with his fat cock and she was starting to like it! New fresh tears welled up at the corners of her eyes as the pain ebbed and slowly faded away to be replaced with bizarre new sensations she'd never felt before. May was such a filthy slut! She was going to get off to have a huge cock gape her tight little asshole! "Sam!"

"Yeah, baby?" He asked her and rubbed his face against hers after dropped her into his lap and keeping her there.

"B-Big." She whimpered. He chuckled at her crudely.

"I know, baby." He replied. He gently hugged her tight against his chest and let a low growl rumble into her from his chest. "Want me to fuck you in the ass, kitty?"

She, she did! She was a dirty fucking whore, and whores get fucked in the ass! Her happy tears were staining the white fur on her cheeks as she rocked her hips into him. Together they slowly fell forward, at Sam's direction, until May was chest down into the mattress with her head turned to the side.

"I'm going to fuck the hell out of you, May." He told her. There was no 'if' or 'but' about it, she knew. Her handsome man was going to ruin every inch of her poor body. May was face down and ass up, just like the sluts in pornos. May was going to get ruined! She was so happy she was smiling even as her eyes struggled to focus!

"Fuck me, please!" She whimpered and wiggled her hips for him. No resistance, no care at all, May was his! He snorted over her loudly.

"Who's my little whore, May?" He asked her. The punctate his question he popped his hips forward and she gasped. May's mouth hung open and she drooled over the bed. "Who?"

Sam popped his hips again and May shouted, "Me!"

She felt his hands rub and massage at her ass and hips until they came to rest at the sides of her waist. Sam's grip tightened. "What are you?" The dane asked with a growl.

"A whore!" She whined into the bed and arched her back for him more. "I'm a whore!"

Sam slid his hips back and May felt that heavenly pull that would have dragged her back alone with his hips had he not held tightly to her waist. She sucked in a lungful of air as the suction in her air grew and grew before her big dane grunted and heaved his hips back into her. With a sloppy wet slurp her ass swallowed every inch and she shuddered wordless as his hips slowly, heavily, pistoned into her pucker.

May clawed at the bed and yowled for him. Her man above her hunched over and started hitching his hips up into her so hard that his knot never had a chance to leave the crack of her ass. Constantly hilted in her, and perpetually pounding against her pucker, the little feline was getting herself a literal gut punching. May cried into the bed as she finally tore a hole in the covers with one hand, moaning and shouting like a slut in a porno.

Sam's knot wasn't going to fit. May felt her asshole stretched open wider and wider, but never did her hole every reach the crest of her man's fat knob. This didn't stop him from trying though. She felt the dane let go of her waist and put a hand on the back of her head and let the other one grab her shoulder. The bed was slapping against the wall as he bucked into her for a solid five minutes until finally, with May weeping from her most recent of many orgasms, her gaped cunny spasming and twitching, Sam came in her with all barrels set to run until empty.

The dane grunted atop her for a couple of minutes until finally, with a long ragged breath, he sagged over her limp and broken body. She could

still feel his cock jumping and jerking in her, too, as it relentlessly painted her interior walls white. May knew her man always came so damn hard, and her ass was getting a good messy christening. Her face was soaked with salty tears as she panted into the mattress with the dumb smile of a well fucked whore.

A soft wet tongue licked the back of her neck and she curled the corners of her lips a little more to smile for him more brightly. "My baby." He panted.

"Nnn." May couldn't talk. Not right then, no, maybe later. She was exhausted and brutalised with her boyfriend's cock still tossing a few final lazy ropes of jizz inside her rectum. If she didn't know any better Sam was cumming harder than normal. Maybe her ass was just that good, she thought wearily. The dane finally sat upright and pulled his cock from her. There was a noticeable suction, a loud slurp, then the impressive tool that was the dane's steel popped free from her.

"God damn. I didn't think you'd be that tight, kitty." He commented as he stepped over to the clothes hamper. Her head, as it so happened, was turned to face his direction and she saw him dig out an old unwashed sock from the hamper to wipe his dick clean. He looked so fucking hot.

"L." May made the 'L' sound, then swallowed and licked to wet her dry lips. Her mouth was dried out from all her howling and yowling. "Love you, baby."

The dane heard her and he came back over to leaned down to kiss her cheek. He still had the sock in his hand, and May didn't have the strength anymore to react when she felt him wad it up and shove it into the gaping orifice that used to be her poor asshole. Her man now had her plugged up tight with an old sock, then rolled her onto her back so he could pick her up in his arms like a child.

"What do you want to do this weekend?" He asked her. May leaned her head against his chest as he walked her carefully into the bathroom.

"Get married." She said. Sam chuckled at that as he lowered her into the tub. He turned the water on and remained next to the tub to let the water run over his hand until it got warm. May felt the water rise in the tub, and it was a soothing warmth. It slowly enveloped her body until she felt like she was floating in a sea of love.

"How about we go to the mall and I'll buy you some shoes or something." He said. May smiled and splashed at him. He smiled back at her.

"We can go grocery shopping." She corrected him. "And look at kitchen stuff."

"We might as well be married, kitty cat." He told her and she stuck her tongue out at him. Sam forward and kissed her on the forehead. May just nestled into the warm water and started purring.