

"So, 200, huh?" Fran said. The coyote bitch was distracted by the action occurring on the television screen. She and Ren sat side by side on the floor like little kids even though they were both in their twenties. The coyote was actually his senior by a few years not that it was very noticeable to anyone that wasn't their respective mothers.

"Yeah. It's all I got." The doberman replied. Ren was distracted by the television, too. They were both playing the new Wario Kart game that'd come out a few weeks prior. It seemed like she was mulling over his offer while simultaneously raping his anus with a shell.

"Yeah, I won't say no to 200. When you want to collect?" She said after her long pause. Her delay in response was most likely due to them racing on a difficult track and neither of them were in first place. He was getting kind of excited now. When should they do it? Ideally right now, but he didn't even have the money on him. Well, didn't mean he couldn't write her a check if she had a bank app on her phone.

"Well, if I write you a check then we can do it today." Ren told her and glanced Fran's way. She rocked her head back and forth like she was thinking about it. He had no idea what Fran's schedule was going to be like today. The fact she was at his apartment only meant that her girlfriend was working. Typically the two dogs hung out when the girlfriend wasn't around, otherwise she'd be with her girl or they'd be dragging him along as a third wheel to their activities.

"Maaaybe. But if we do it today I'm saying no to taking a knot." The coyote finally said after a moment. As a true lesbian worthy of the label Fran wasn't into being fucked by guys, obviously, but earlier in their friendship it became very well established that she could trust him to kiss and never tell. That trust extended so far that she'd agreed to exchange money for sex after a particular bad night of poker that left her unable to pay her rent. Being straight for pay is apparently a thing now, he'd thought to himself. Add to that the truth that her girlfriend actually didn't care that her lady was getting something extra on the side. It did kind of help that her girlfriend liked him platonically. They were all bros.

"I'd rather you say yes to the knot if I'm paying 200. I've knotted you for a lot less than that." He replied with a fair measure of honesty. Ren'd even knotted her for just 50 once.

"Your knot is a big time sink, dude. I didn't want to be here all day. Even if we did it right now there's no way your knotting me and letting me leave before noon." Fran complained to him. His knot was impressive even on a bad day and would keep them together for at least a half hour if they weren't trying to yank it free early.

"It's not that bad." Ren said, then added. "What if I take you and Jean out for dinner tonight. I can pony up for that much."

"Dinner, huh?" She said and went silent with thought as they both cleared the finish line. She got forth and he got fifth. Absolutely terrible.

They moved on to the next track in the cup and started racing again while Fran continued to mull over the offer extended to her.

The coyote stretched her back until he heard it pop a few times. The doberman watched her from the corner of his eye. Dressed in a baseball cap and a hoodie with the hood pulled over the cap she could have passed herself off as a soft looking boy. She was pretty when you stripped her naked, but she didn't have the ultra sexy bod you'd see on the front cover of Playboy, at least not when she dressed like a tomboy.

The coyote bitch was a skinny lean girl with B cups at best. She still had her own set of great assets, though. For one, he loved the cute thigh gap she had whenever he got her naked. She also had the most sensitive nipples on a girl he'd ever seen. They'd get real stiff and even a little puffy. If he played with them or sucked on them she'd melt. Didn't matter that she had a dude molesting her because those nips were going to get her off one way or the other. Massive erogenous zone for her. It really made up for the lack in size in the tit department as the doberman was a bit of a breast man.

"Applebees?" He volunteered. Ren knew she liked Applebee's.

"Jean doesn't like Applebee's, though." The coyote replied, and Ren sighed. Jean didn't like Applebee's. Not since the time she got food poisoning and had to sit on the toilet with a trash bin in her lap because everything inside her that wasn't nailed down was being violently evacuated from both ends. That kind of experience certainly would kill your mood to eat somewhere.

"Chili's? You both like eating there." He told her.

"She only ever orders chili from Chili's and I only really go there because she likes their chili. Pick again." Fran shot down the suggestion. He had to think about how much more money he was willing spend for a chance to cram his knot up in her. Ren let out a sigh. The doberman knew he had as much as 300 to spend, but he'd rather not. Again, he sighed. "Don't make yourself spend money, dude. We can just settle for less and do oral."

"No, I want to fuck you." He stopped her and insisted, then tossed in, "Cheesecake Factory."

"Well you really DO want to knot the shit out of me, don't you, Ren?" Fran said with mild surprise. Yeah, he most definitely did want to knot the shit out of the coyote.

"I can agree to Cheesecake Factory for 200 if you don't rush me when we're fucking." He quickly added. Ren wasn't going to spending this much just so he could get a lame quickie.

"Not wanting a quickie, huh." The coyote read his mind.

"No, not for that much." He said and she took a moment to pause. They just focused on racing karts for a little while longer before she took a moment to speak again.

"Ok, I'll take the 200 and the dinner date for the three of us. In exchange I'll take the knot, but I can't promise I won't rush you. I need to run an errand after I leave here and then I need to go home and be with the girlie. We'd have to all get ready to go to Cheesecake Factory anyway."

"I don't like that. What's your errand?" Ren asked her. She let out a sigh.

"I need go to the pharmacy and pick up my refill on BC. Was going to grab some groceries, too." The coyote explained. The doberman considered his options.

"I've got time today. What if I go pick up your pills and the grocery list. Just pay me back for them." He offered as a counter to her complaint. Ren figured he could take some time to manage her affairs and in return she could put out in full. The doberman could be enterprising like that.

"Damn." The coyote said with a wry smile. "Ok, so if you do that for me, you want access to my cooter for as long as you need to knot and pop."

"Yep." The doberman agreed.

"The pharmacy is in the grocery store. They have my debit card on file so you don't have to pay for that. But what if I ask you to pay for my groceries. Period. No paying you back. Can you afford that?" She offered him her own deal. Again, Ren found himself considering, considering...

He finished his considerations while they finished the race. He'd gone from fifth to third and she stayed in fourth. It depended on what her groceries were really, as he thought on it. Ren probably could do it if it was just basic things like milk or bread.

"What's on your list?" He asked her for clarity.

"6-pack of soft Charmin mega rolls, a gallon of 2%, croutons, and a box of honey oat granola bars." She listed the items. Nothing terrible then, he realized. The most expensive item was the TP and even then it wasn't that bad. He thought on it some more. The doberman could agree to that, yeah. He also had an idea to add to it, too.

"I'll agree to pay for your groceries. But, I have a suggestion." He said.

"Which is?" She replied.

"I'll throw in for free a 6 pack of Dos Equis." He said, and she made a 'hmm' noise when she heard it. "And in exchange you let me make out with you while we're doing it."

He sighed and rolled her eyes. They'd finished the cup they were racing and were back to the main menu. Good timing. She looked over at him. "You sure do love making me kiss men."

"Just one man, not a bunch of them." He chuckled. The coyote was tolerant of cock and cum enough to let him ram her and cum in her, but holy mother did Fran ever get annoyed by kissing. She'd rather let him have at her body without the extra intimacy of making out. He, however, loved kissing his partners when he was in bed with them. "Please? It's not like I'm bad at it."

Ren watched her rolled her eyes and shrug.

"Ok, dude. I'll kiss your ugly mug." She relented.

"So it's a deal?" The doberman asked for final confirmation.

"Yep. 200\$, a trip to Cheesecake Factory, a 6 pack, and my groceries." The coyote listed off what she was due to get.

"And I'm picking up your pills." He reminded her of that detail.

"Yeah, you're doing that, too." She agreed. "And in return I'll let you fuck my brains out, make out with me, knot me, and I'll let you take as much time as you want, right?"

Those were terms he could definately agree to. Totally.

"Right! Now strip, bitch. I'm horny." He told her and tossed his controller down to the carpet.

"Bruh, so rude." She said and pulled her hoodie back before unzipping it to expose her tshirt. The coyote stood up for him and dropped the hoodie to the floor without hesitation, then tugged off her top to show off her sports bra and B cups hidden underneath. Her track shorts were gone seconds later and she was being promptly felt up by the doberman before she could even drop her bra or panties. Fran knew the routine and was swift as he was and nearly as chill. "You need a blowie to get hard?"

"Nah." Ren told her and forced his mouth over hers. Fran grunted with disdain, but per their agreement the coyote reciprocated the kiss and they started making out while his hands groped at her ass until he was tugging her panties down. She kicked them off and reached up to pull up her sports bra. He helped her take them off, breaking the kiss. He took another chance to grab at her ass. The doberman loved her tight ass.

"Where at?" Fran asked him. He thought about it and decided that he had no preference.

"Whatever's comfortable for you works for me." He replied and she grabbed him by the shirt collar and dragged him to his bedroom. She hopped onto the bed and laid out on her back while he started stripping himself bare.

She crossed her arms under her head and put one leg over the other while she watched him toss off one article after another.

"Gross." She told him with a smirk as he finished dropping his articles.

"Your girl approves of me." Ren shot back.

"And she'd pop your cherry, too." The coyote retorted and they both got a bit of amusement out of it. Jean would pop any man's cherry if given the chance, especially if he was het. The doberman figured her fucking a guy would 'probably' look good on video so long as he wasn't the costar getting his anus resized.

He finished stripping and stroked his now very stiff erection as he crawled onto the bed to join her. He kissed one of her breasts and the coyote uncrossed her arms from under her head to let them rest at her sides as he got to work on enjoying some foreplay.

Fran's tits weren't the biggest, but they looked perfect on her tight body. Somewhat of a lean girl, the coyote was petite and trim in places with enough curve to her hips and bust that you felt a longing in your loins to put yourself next to her and caress her with everything you had to offer. He nursed one nipple until he had it was as stiff as his dick. Fran has the best tits he'd been with in a while.

"You're good to go down on me if you wanna, bucko." The coyote said as he nuzzled his muzzle right between her breasts like a hungry pup clutched to its mother. It'd been too long since he'd gotten laid and she was a hottie as far as he was concerned. The fact she was a lesbian was really far removed from his mind as the two of them had fucked around enough times for it to not even matter anymore. Cost him a bit of moolah over the past year and a half, but it was damn well worth it.

He took the hint that she wouldn't have minded some special attention and he inched down her body until he could give her a nice lick across her lips. The bitch spread her legs and pulled them over his shoulders to hook her legs around him while Ren began to eat his fill of coyote clam. Her pussy was tight and petite just like the rest of her body and it was a joy to inhale her that natural female scent while he gave in to the desire to have a proper feast.

"It'd be appreciated if you got me off like that before you moved on to what you're paying for." The coyote told him with a happy exhale and gave him a scratch behind one of his ears. Ren chuckled into her muff as he continued to eat from the cornucopia that Venus had provided and slipped one hand up under his chest to slip two fingers into her folds while he kissed and nursed at her clitoris.

It was clear to him that she was starting to breathe harder. Her cunt was blessedly sensitive and it wasn't that difficult to get her to enjoy herself if you went down on her good enough. He slipped in a third finger and began rubbing and stroking her wet interior while sucking a little harder on her clit to bring out more sensation for the lovely bitch who was so gracious going to let him knot the hell out of her.

"Jesus, dude. Ease up a bit." Fran grabbed his head calmly and he backed off her clit and swirled his tongue around it instead. He heard her exhale and out slipped his fingers. He kissed her above her mound and nuzzled his nose into her fur while his index and middle finger straddle her clit between her folds and started stroking slowly.

"Hard or soft?" The doberman asked as he continued to nose at her fur whilst stroking her across either side of her clit. She groaned like she was deliberating a difficult choice. The coyote exhaled.

"Hard. Maul me, you fucker." She told him with a pat on the head that contrasted sharply against the backdrop of her commentary. He chuckled and pulled his hand away and looked up at Fran with the fur of his lips soaked with cunt.

"You sure? You just asked me to ease up." Ren inquired. She looked at him and bit her lip like she was considering the possibility that she might regret her decision in a few minutes.

"Yeah, go ahead, dude. It'll get me ready for that knot of yours." She told him and dropped her head back to the bed. He shrugged in submission and shifted himself up onto his elbows touched his lips back to her clit to give it a kiss. Then he started tonguing and sucking on her while he maneuvered his hand, palm side up, back to her cunt before he started slipping in fingers one by one. "G-give me time to adjust, dude."

He chuckled again into her muff and slowed down at the fourth finger. He wiggled his hand in her entrance until he could feel her wetness and flesh ease him inside her until he reached in with the final knuckles of his fingers. He curled his digits and started hunting for her gspot. She gasped when he found it and her hand tightened on his head.

"Jesus." She panted and he pushed his hand deeper. Fran's cunt was intensely tight with this much hand in her and she let out a sharp whine and tighten further on his head. He nibbled her clit and she barked at him. "Fuck!"

Right then Ren jammed his fingertips against her gspot hard and started forcibly massaging her from the inside. The bitch yelped and grabbed him with both hands. One fell on his ear and he ignored the discomfort she was putting him through in favor of attacking her insides without any mercy. Her pussy was getting sloppy soaked and her clit was red hot with blood. He looked up at her and she was wincing with gritted teeth as she tried to stare a hole in the ceiling.

"God, fuck me, you prick!" She shouted and her back arched and he felt a sudden shot of slick cunt juice pop him in the nose as her body shook from the orgasm he'd forced out of her. He pulled off her clit and pulled his hand back so only two fingers were in her, and he kept rubbing her gspot until she was whimpering like a pup. "Ok, ok, dude, Jesus."

Fran tried to pet him on the head to get him to stop but he smirked and kept going. It wasn't a hard stroking he was giving her anymore, but she

was still high on her climax and he was still feeding her that steady stream of stimulation. "Jesus, dude, I can't!"

He chuckled and she batted him on the head with a fist gently then grabbed his ears. "Dude, for real!" The coyote panted and he finally quit. "You're worse than Jean."

"If you say so. My turn now?" Ren asked her and sat up on his knees. She sighed and spreaded her legs out as wide as she could for him. Freshly tossed coyote bitch right on display.

"Go ahead, you fucker. Bury your stupid bone." She told him and with a chuckle he crawled over her slowly to nose at her fur and plant kisses all the way up to her tits. He gave one nipple a final lick before continuing on to her neck. Making out with the crook of her neck he felt up her chest and planted his knees under her legs to keep them spread eagle for the fun ahead.

When he turned to kiss her on the lips she half assedly reciprocated, but he didn't mind. He was talented enough with his mouth to make up for her lack of effort. He dug his tongue in deep until he was licking the roof of her mouth all the while he was reaching down a hand to grab his bone to bury it in her slit just like Fran had told him to. When he pushed himself inside her she grunted into their kiss, but did little else except allow his slow penetration to violate her lesbian cunny.

"Like heaven." He grunted into her ear after breaking away from the kiss. Ren's cock was all the way up in her to his knot, which was impressive considering he was well above average. Between her girlfriend Jean and himself, Fran sure was getting a lot big dick for a bitch that was les.

"Flattery only works on my girlfriend." She grunted back at him, but he noticed that she'd put her arms around him in a loose hug. He chuckled and nipped her neck gently. Fran added, "You fucker."

Without there being any animosity in her voice he knew she was just acting like a bitch for appearances. He cunt was gripping him nice and tight and was dripping wet from their earlier play. The bitch could spend all day complaining and acting like he was gross as fuck, but her cunt couldn't, or wouldn't, lie to the doberman.

Fran just needed to keep up the appearances and he'd let her go along and do what she'd do. He'd had the pleasure of seeing Jean fuck the coyote a few times during late night drinking sessions. For a lesbian with a chick with a dick for a girlfriend, the coyote sure as fuck could scream on a cock. Ren could tolerate her playing coy.

He pulled back and slammed himself back in until his knot applied that special stretching pressure to her cunt. She grunted and tightened the grip she had on him with her hug and he repeated the motion and didn't stop. He panted and grunted freely from atop her smaller, tighter, body as he fucked her with an easy steady pace that gave just enough punch to his thrusts to make sure she really felt his prick going knot deep.

Fran grunted again and he noticed she was trying to swallow back her noises. Rising up on his arms he propped himself up and started slapping his hips into hers with long drawn out strokes that pulled him almost free of her slit before popping back inside to rap his knot against her cunt like knuckles on a door. The bitch gritted her teeth and grabbed him by the hips as she tried to slow him down to a easier pace, but he bucked against her and fucked right through her piddly resistance.

"You bastard!" The coyote spit out right before a low whine escaped her muzzle. She shook her head to the side and refused to look at him as the hot look of pleasure spread across her features. He stared down at his coyote bitch and watched as her gritted teeth struggled until they parted and her lower lip got caught between her teeth.

"You want my knot?" Ren grunted at her and she snorted in reply. She pushed at his hips but there was no strength to the gesture. His cock continued to plow into her folds with a faster and coarser rhythm. He saw her eyes open and shut until at last right before he watched her eyes begin to do that 'God, this is great sex' flutter while she continued to bite down on her lower lip.

"I said," he growled at her this time and slammed his dick in her harder than before. Fran yelped and turned to glare at him, but her eyes were hot with something other than anger, if even she didn't want it to be. "Do you want my fat knot?"

"Fuck you!" She whined like a bitch and clawed at his hips with her fingernails. Her breathing was now starting to come out of her in rapid pants. He snarled into her neck and nipped at her fur like an animal. "Bastard!" She cursed.

"Tell me you want it." He ordered her. Ren yanked himself back and hurled his entire frame at her to knock his dick into her hard enough to scoot her across the mattress before yanking her back down on his knot and into his lap.

"Fucking give it!" She screamed. The bitch started panting loudly and whining as her hands couldn't stay away from his sides as he roughly ground his hips into hers. His knot was swollen and angry and he was wanting to bury it in her like he had puppies to fucking make.

"What?" The doberman barked down in question at her. A quick jab of his hips followed and she tightened her grip on his fur and whined pitifully. She couldn't look him in the eye and stared holes in the wall and ceiling instead. For a brief moment he thought he might have to push her a little more to break her, but then she gave in to him.

"Your fucking knot!" She said with a whimper and a whine. Her hands ran up his sides and to his arms. He'd finally fucked some sense into her and now she was just a dumb bitch that needed a good hard fucking, like every time he ever fucked her. She couldn't pretend she didn't love a good cock. Hell, that's a 'big' reason why she dated Jean.

"And what am I going to do with it, bitch?" He leaned in and snarled into her ear and nosed roughly at her fur. He pinned her to the mattress with his arms possessively and started quickly grinding his knot up into her folds and she wriggled and writhed underneath him.

"F-fuck me with it!" She said and moaned in defeat. "Just do it, you filthy bastard!"

"Do what? You know what I want to hear!" He snarled again at her and Fran could only whine and whimpered in return. Ren zero'd his gaze at her and she couldn't meet his eyes for more than a second without looking away in submission and whining like a meek pup.

He turned his head and bit her neck and held her flesh and fur tight in his jaws and she let out a long whine as her legs shook at her sides and her hands nervously started stroking him up and down to placate the beast she was getting rutted by.

"My pussy!" She exhaled and whimpered under him as she felt his teeth nip a little harder on her neck. "Fuck your knot into..."

He snorted and bit her even tighter. She whined louder as her legs spread even further for him on their own accord.

"Fuck your fat knot into my 200\$ dyke bitch hole!" She finally cried out desperately. "You filthy fucking animal!"

He let go of her neck and slapped his hand around the back of her neck and snatched her by the scruff. Fran went stiff as a plank and submitted to him completely, no resistance from the tip of her ears to the edge of her toenails. His other hand grabbed her by the hair and put his face right to hers and started fucking her as hard as he knew his legs would permit him. She barked and yelped helplessly as she was taken as roughly as the doberman could go.

He made sure to have the bed rocking until the headboard was slapping the wall like they were a pair of college drunks fucking at a frat house. And she just couldn't keep her coyote mouth shut anymore. Just pure bitch noises. Whines, whimpers, moans, gasps, some screaming. Certainly no words as he fucked her cunt red and raw.

"Fucking here it comes, bitch." He grunted and shifted the angle of his thrusts. Her lips strained to take him. Her bitch pussy was tight when it came to taking his bulbous knot and it always needed a good breaking in to make his knob take.

The brutal knot fucking she was being subjected to was more than enough to do the trick. She screamed, she snarled, she kicked, but it didn't do a damn thing to stop his fat croquet ball of a knot from gaping her cunt. It squeezed inside with a single surge of motion that popped it in like her bitch body had actually tried to inhale it.

"God dammit! Jesus!" She cried out and clawed at his back until it hurt, but he kept fucking her with his knot in short vicious thrusts and drug

his obscene sphere back and forth inside her tunnel until he felt her body go stiff again just before she started shuddering. Even a lesbian like her couldn't resist the urge, nay the demand, to pop her cork again and again when a fat knot was mauling her gspot as nature intended. She was a fucking canine, what other manner of behavior was her body going to act out, resistance?

Besides, he'd done it enough times to her by now that he knew what motions stirred her ocean the most. Ren knew what kind of raw turbulence that had her screaming without fail so much she'd be hoarse afterwards for a half hour or more. The doberman had long discovered that the coyote bitch had a hidden and buried weakness that left her weak willed to a dominant cock wielding stud and he absolutely took advantage of it each and every time he knot fucked her retarded. She, truly, didn't really have a choice except to cum, cuss, and scream until he was right properly finished with using her body like a sex toy.

"Take it!" Ren snarled down at her again and grabbed even tighter behind the neck and by the scruff so she knew good and well who she belonged to in that moment. The coyote arched her back and let out a sharp whine before she started kicking at the bedsheets with renewed vigor. Left as only a struggling mess the bitch then started shuddering once again for yet one more blistering cunt dehydrating orgasm. By the time they were through the coyote could drink a gallon of water from how dry she'd be after all the pussy juice she'd been spilling over his sheets.

"Fuuuck! Bastard!" She cried out and howled in ecstasy he knew would burn her up with shame later. Lesbians didn't get off this hard or this often by a man, did they? This one sure as fuck did. Fran had lost this fight so badly that not a single round would go to her on the scoreboard. Her whole body was finished. There was an attempt on her part to go limp, but her nervous system was still firing off signals from her climax and her muscles were twitching as he finally gave her peace and hilted himself as deep as he could make himself go. "Fuck! Jesus, you piece of-!"

Her words were cut short and she started panting and hyperventilating when his own climax hit him. Waves of pleasure and relief fell over him like sheets of rainwater as the doberman snarled right down into her ear and her own pointed ear tips fell flat to her head in total submission as his cock began to pump its payload into her with little concern for the outcome. With every twitch his shaft spit a volume of hot spunk right at her cervix until she was clawing at him and grabbing desperately at his ass and tail.

"Oh God." She was calming down from her own orgasmic high, but his dick sure wasn't, and his bitch never could withstand a creampie without giving him a fine reaction to it. He was so pent up from a lack of hands and holes so he had plenty to vent into his 200\$ dyke. "Fuuuck!"

He moved his nose up from her neck and bit her on the ear and gently held it between his teeth as he purposely snarled for her, milking the moment and her submission. She whimpered and started pleading with him, "N-no, no more."

She was referring to his spunk. With his knot, and his load, she wasn't just feeling it pelt her cervix like a super soaker on a hot summer's day. This bitch was getting a direct deposit beyond her sensitive and tender barrier and into her fucking oven. If he wasn't drowning her damn ovaries, too, he'd have honestly been surprised. He'd sure as hell known he was pent up when he made the initial offer to pay her for some pussy. It felt fucking great to seed a hot a bitch!

"Shut up and take it." Ren grunted down at her after she spoke up and in return she obeyed without question and whimpered along as he kept filling her cunt for more raw dog seed to a rhythm set by his rapid heartbeat.

After the first minute or so, and after he felt himself calm down a bit more, he started rocking gently into her to help the two of them chill out. His peak had hit him hard and now he was just relaxing with his cock left to gently pump the last little dribbles and sprinkles of fresh cum into his bitch. She was still panting under him, but mostly had her breathing under control. Fran was no longer clawing at him, too. Her hands instead were running up and down his back nice and slow. The coyote knew how to be sweet and loving after having sex. Especially if he was paying her. Fran had enough sense to make sure her one and only customer got his money's worth.

"God dammit... Jesus, dude." She panted up at him after a few more minutes had passed them by. His dick, surprisingly, continued to jerk quietly inside her even though he figured his balls were probably spent by now. His nuts were just going through the motions and reminding them both that they were tied together nice and tight and would continue to be so for a good while. "You haven't cum like this in months. Maybe more."

"Don't think I've gotten off since the last time you and me were together." He panted over her. Fran spread her legs more to try and make herself more comfortable. His tie was going to last a good long while this time, he could feel it. That knob was still just at rigid as it was when he fucked it into her even though his balls were empty.

"On purpose?" Fran asked him. Ren shook his head.

"No, just turned out that way. But it did make me willing to blow over 200 on you, though." He laughed at her in reply. They were both very chill now. Ren didn't need to act all dominant over her anymore, and she didn't need to be submissive either. They each had their kinks and vices, but after the nuts were sufficiently drained, and the cunt was properly saturated, the two canines could sit back, relax, and wait out the tie until they could pull apart. They'd actually become better friends due in part to those long awkward minutes of being stuck together.

"Don't let yourself think I'm complaining." Fran told him. He leaned down and kissed her. She accepted it and his tongue and they made out for awhile. The firm hold he had in her snatch was certainly keeping everything locked up inside her. He could feel the pressure on his knot like her body was hoping to squeeze out some of that excess deluge. Ren had no idea what it must have felt like for her, but best as he could

tell she enjoyed the sensation of being full of spunk. Must have been a bitch thing. "You know something?"

"I know a bunch of somethings. You're gonna have to tell me which one it is." He chuckled down at her and let his muzzle settle into the crook of her neck where it was comfy.

"Don't be a smartass." She replied and rapped her knuckles on his arm playfully. "I thought of something a few weeks back I thought about telling you about. Something you could buy me."

He laughed at her lightly. "Don't laugh at me. You'd get something real good out of it." Fran added and his interest piqued a little bit.

"Oh?" Ren asked her in return.

"I saw this sex toy. A fake knot you put on your dick for folks that aren't canine. I found one that would fit on my girlies' prick." The coyote said, and he chuckled down at her a little louder. He kissed her again and they made out for a little while longer.

"So you like the knot, huh?" He asked her after they quit kissing and despite knowing that he already knew the answer to the question. Ren was curious.

"I'm a bitch. Knots push the right buttons, bucko." She told him. He could agree with that even though he was on the other end of the stick. Being the one to push those buttons did feel awfully nice. He chuckled again at her. "What?" Fran asked him.

"Jean is a firehose, Fran." He told her truthfully. Ren had seen Jean pop her cork plenty of times. "She gets a knot like mine in you and you'll pop like a fucking balloon."

"Oh please, my cunt is built of sterner stuff than that." The coyote told him. He chuckled and silenced himself with his mouth pressing over hers again for another kiss. This time they kept making out until their jaws hurt. His knot popped out of her a half an hour later and was quickly followed by a very messy deluge.