

Can't Take the Heat – Continued

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So there Nick was, knotted to his girlfriend's giant German Shepard 'Rex', having just had two of the three best orgasms of his life, while the sperm pooled in his still-plugged womb slowly settled and cooled to body temperature.

It was eerily quiet now that the stereo was no longer blaring. It surely woke the neighbors, but it seemed for the moment that Nick was so good at cunnilingus, no doubt aided by the addition of a long, flat canine tongue in his mouth where a fat, stubby human tongue used to be, that Lindsay could sleep through a literal bomb going off.

It certainly seemed like one had gone off. The room had been thoroughly tornadoed by Nick's attempts to avoid Rex's eager advances, which he had obviously failed at. He looked down at himself and winced at the site of his newly female sex being stretched over the still rock-hard bulb that had expanded tightly within him. Despite attempts not to think about it he could distinctly feel the taut muscles in his heart-shaped doggy mound that squeezed his pussy tightly closed over that knot, and helped ensure it wouldn't be popping free in any sort of timely manner. They would both need to relax before that could happen, and as it was both Rex and Nick were panting like they had both just ran wind sprints.

Nick tried to move to a more comfortable position and hissed aloud.

"Ooo, that's sore..." he said to himself. Rex agreed with a whimper.

"Oh you can just shut it, you're the one that did this. You didn't have to be so damned rough either! I can barely feel my legs!!"

Rex let out a booming bark that made Nick wince. If he wasn't certain that Lindsay was out for the count he'd be worried that he was making too much noise. As it was, Rex was so loud that it hurt Nick's ears.

"Shut it you," Nick whispered, pointing his finger accusingly at Rex. The bark left his ears ringing, but when he reached up put his hands over them felt to his surprise floppy dog ears. He sighed, dejectedly.

"Great. What else?"

He looked over at the full-length mirror across the room, and noticed that many of his features were now prominently dog-like. His nose was wet and black, his teeth pointed, his face covered in golden fur

to match the fur that now covered his entire head, and long and flat tongue hung fell out of his mouth over and over as he found himself unable to stop panting heavily, and unable to keep his tongue in check. He felt like his body was still on fire. He found himself craving a shower, and the very thought was enough to cause his tail to involuntarily wag, thumping against Rex's. They were still ass-to-ass.

Rex whined again and resumed attempts to pull himself free of his bitch. His knot was starting to shrink, he was fully spent, and he wanted to hurry up and clean himself off and rest to regain energy to mate again as soon as possible. Nick, however, would have liked Rex to have a bit more patience.

"Easy!" he shouted in pain as they both yelped when Rex tried to stand up. "It's too soon! Wait a few more minutes you dumb-"

Rex stood up decisively, and with a spine-curling sucking sound and the painful stretching of a very sore pussy, followed by a clear 'pop!', his knot pulled free and the rest quickly followed, including a dam of semen that spilled immediately onto the carpet.

"Shit!"

Nick might have been out of his depth, but he wasn't raised in a barn. Reflexively he cupped his hand over his pussy to keep more from leaking from him and onto the nice carpet as he jumped to his feet, stumbling and nearly falling over as his legs had partially morphed to digitigrade and his feet had become paw-like, before hobbling into the kitchen to grab some paper towels.

After a fair bit of cleaning, and gentle dabbing with a sponge and towel, the house was basically put back to normal. Nick, taking no more chances, locked Rex in the spare bedroom and mentally swore to himself to never again go into a room alone with a male dog while he was still putting off bitch in heat vibes. As... good... as it felt he wanted nothing better than to never feel that way again. He was a man damn it! A *man*! And Lindsay was *his girl*! What would she say if she knew he fucked her dog? That he got *knotted* by him? That Rex made him *cum twice*!! That he got mated like a bitch and filled with hot, sticky, incredible, *intense, wonderful* cum that even now filled his womb and pussy with a glow that made him...

"NO!" Nick shouted aloud, suddenly trembling.

How could he let himself feel this way? He refused to let himself get carried away and *enjoy* being a *bitch*!

He needed to get Rex's sperm out of him as fast as possible, and so he ran to the shower. Maybe once he was clean he'd stop feeling these... impossible urges!

He couldn't turn on the shower fast enough, and jumped in before it even had a chance to warm up. The cold water was a shock, and instantly began soaking his thick fur.

At least that was one problem solved, in seconds he went from overheating and panting constantly to shivering. He immediately set to work cleaning himself off, both on the outside and then, tentatively as the water heated, on the inside. It was delicate work, and his body responded to his slightest touch. As his fingers worked through his fur he found he now had eight nipples instead of the usual two, and his legs trembled as he dared to try and use the sprayer to rinse Rex's goopy seed out from inside him.

"Damn, how deep did that bastard go?" Nick wondered aloud as he grew bolder and tried to push the sprayer up against his pussy to shoot the water further up into him. As nice as it felt, and it was feeling nicer by the second, the jet of warm water wasn't reaching all the way.

"Fuck! I can't get it all! I can't reach!" bemoaned Nick as he tried to aid the sprayer with his fingers, inserting first one, then two as he spread himself open as much as he dared in a desperate attempt to get the sprayer to shoot water deeper. He wasn't even able to tickle his cervix with it, and the sense that he had been permanently and irrevocably sullied by Rex was growing more certain in Nick's mind when suddenly the door to the bathroom opened.

"Nick! I thought I heard someone turn on the water! Do you want to share the shower, or..."

Lindsay stopped mid-sentence. The shower curtain was a clear plastic, and while it was a bit fuzzy she could clearly see something was wrong.

"Nick? What are you...?"

And after two shorts steps, where Nick was too paralyzed to say anything to stop her, she opened the shower curtain.

The shower head fell and hit the wall sharply, and sprayed Nick's feet. His arms fell limp to his side, and his tail curled up tightly between his legs, thankfully sparing him the shame of being fully exposed while the blood emptied from his body, the air left his lungs, and his brain shut down. He stood there, unable to move, as several expressions rapidly passed over Lindsay's face in quick succession: shock, confusion, disbelief, horror, curiosity, and finally she settled on amazement.

And it was with amazement that she flung the curtain open all the way.

"What happened to you?" she blurted out.

"I..." Nick began to respond, but Lindsay was already on the move, and pulled his tail away from his body by its tip. Nick immediately covered himself with his hands in shame, but not before Lindsay had verified what she had already seen.

“How!?”

“I...” Nick continued to try and respond, but Lindsay once again caught him off balance as she stepped into the shower with him and immediately began running her fingers through Nick’s thick, wet fur. The towel she had wrapped around herself fell to the floor as she back Nick into a corner. In seconds she had her arms around him and down his backside.

“A tail! What is all of this? What is going on Nick? Is this some sort of prank? Is this *real*? ARE YOU A WEREWOLF!?!?!?”

Nick was unable to respond, incapable of forming a word much less a sentence as his heart raced and adrenaline-fueled panic crowded out his rational mind, but that last question... That last question was so absurd that it brought him around full circle back to sobriety and caused him to burst out laughing at how ridiculous both the question and his situation was.

How was any of this possible? It wasn’t! That’s how! This was the most insane day of his life, and this was enough to push him over the edge.

Nick slid down the wall of the shower, giggling so badly that it seemed he was going into convulsions, and as he fell Lindsay fell with him, landing on top of him. He laughed so hard that tears started welling up in his eyes as he coughed and choked and tried to form a response.

“A werewolf?!” he cackled, unable to keep it together.

“Yes! A werewolf! Although, you look more like a retriever than a wolf...”

“Well, that and...”

Nick glanced down to see where Lindsay’s knee had landed. It was pressed up against his coochie.

“Why,” asked Lindsay, fully stern and serious, “do you have that?”

Nick’s giggles slowly dried up as he tried to think of an answer for that one.

“It’s a long story...”

“Have I been dating a woman this whole time?” she asked, almost angrily. “Have you been *lying* to me this whole time???”

“NO! No. I need to explain. I hope I can explain. But could you please let me up first?”

A second passed before Lindsay's face suddenly started glowing bright red, and she quickly scrambled to her feet and out of the shower, picking up her towel and wrapping it back around herself.

Nick slowly, gingerly, followed suit, grabbing a second towel after shutting off the water and following her out.

"Fur sure dries slowly, huh?" asked Nick as Lindsay helped towel him dry, working the towel over every inch of wet fur. She herself had changed back into a set of pink, satin pajamas.

"Long hair dries even slower I bet," answered Lindsay. She hadn't gotten very wet at all by the shower, so her hair was quite dry as she ran a hand through it as if to demonstrate how long it was. "But I'll give you bonus points for how thick your fur is. Funny, you don't *smell* like wet dog."

"Give it time," moaned Nick. "At this rate I'll be walking on all fours by sunrise..."

"What do you mean? Won't you turn back when the moon goes away?"

"I'm not a werewolf!"

"Then what are you? Why are you..." and Lindsay gestured towards Nick's pussy, which was buried under yet another towel. He was also sitting on a third towel to prevent the couch from getting wet, although that currently meant two different things to both Nick and Lindsay. Nick was very much still in the midst of the throes of canine heat and feeling frisky as Lindsay touched him. He stoically ignored it.

"I... I don't know. An old man at the mall did this to me. I think he cast some sort of curse that... turned me into a female dog."

"When did this happen?"

"Last night," said Nick meekly.

"Wait. Are you telling me that last night you were turning into some sort of mutant creature from the Island of Doctor Moreau and *you didn't tell me!*?"

"Well, on account of how embarrassing this all is can you blame me?"

Lindsay paused for a second before resuming drying Nick's fur.

"I suppose not. But you should have still told me!"

Lindsay punctuated her point by slapping Nick upside the head.

“And why the fuck would he do *that* to you?” Lindsay continued to ask, gesturing to the towel covering Nick’s shame.

“To humiliate me further, I guess,” said Nick, on the verge of tears. “He made me a bitch in heat.”

“In heat?”

Nick’s fur would have stood on end if it wasn’t still wet. He hadn’t meant to let that much slip. He didn’t want her to know he got fucked by her dog!

“What do you mean you’re in heat?” Lindsay persisted. Nick cringed.

“I mean... I’m really, really horny and I can’t... I can’t make it go away.”

Lindsay stopped drying Nick’s fur again, a very sympathetic look on her face.

“You mean, last night...”

“Well, yea. I didn’t know what it was then, but now I guess I do.”

“May I?” asked Lindsay, gesturing to the towel. After another hard cringe, several seconds of quick thought, and then mentally bracing himself Nick nodded his head yes.

Lindsay pulled back the towel, and it was like peeling back a used tissue. Nick’s pussy was a mess, even after having showered and scrubbed himself clean, and not all of the mess was his own. Little did Lindsay know mixed in with Nick’s own discharge was some of Rex’s semen still leaking from his womb.

“Oh, you poor baby!” Lindsay cooed. She moved her hand, hesitated, and then steeled her resolve before asking:

“Do you want me to help? I can make you feel better. I did promise I would, after all.”

Nick’s mind reeled.

What just happened? Was this real life? Did Lindsay really just throw him a bone like that!?!?

Was there justice in the world after all!?!?

Nick silently resolved that if he made it through this ordeal, he was going to do whatever it took to marry this girl. She was absolutely, one hundred percent, a keeper. He bit his lip, gathered his courage, and nodded his head.

“Please?” he asked.

Lindsay only smiled.

“Leave it to me!”

Her hands were soft and gentle on Nick’s thighs as she knelt down on the floor in front of him, and he swallowed a lump in his throat as she brought herself to near eye level with his groin.

“So strange, it looks just like an animal’s...” she said in wonder.

“It basically is an animal’s, I think,” replied Nick bashfully.

“How do you know?”

“I... uh... already explored it myself.”

“In the shower?”

Nick nodded his head, hardly daring to breathe.

Not just the shower, he thought to himself.

She touched Nick’s pussy lightly with her fingertips, moving them slowly in a circle against the sensitive mound. Nick gasped at the sensation. This was so much nicer than Rex’s forceful advances! He could feel his legs grow weak with anticipation, and started to tremble. He had to look away from what she was doing bashfully.

“Have you come yet?”

“Once... or twice...”

“Really?” said Lindsay excitedly. “Did you come when you were grinding on the bed while eating me out? How was it?”

“It was... pretty good.”

“Have you tried having three back to back yet?”

“Well, no, I...”

Nick looked away from the ceiling and down at Lindsay’s face. She was looking back up at him with the most mischievous smile, and after a moment of hesitation where the locked eyes, she slid two fingers up into him.

Nick nearly jumped straight off the couch, but she literally had him by the pussy.

“Then I really *do* get to repay you for that *favor*! I’m going to show you *exactly* how good you made me feel.”

Nick’s pounding heart stuck in his throat as he gripped the sofa in an attempt to hold himself still as Lindsay expertly finger began to finger-blast him. Even though his anatomy was canine, she was easily hitting all the right spots to make him squirm in place! He could hardly stand it! It took all his resolve to simply not bolt from the couch.

“Although,” she continued as she watched him, “I must admit it makes sense now. I thought your tongue was a bit *too* long, but I wasn’t about to question it of course. You sent me to cloud nine. A human tongue probably won’t be able to compete!”

A small movement captured Nick’s eye, and it took him a second to process before realizing what it meant. Lindsay was licking her lips.

No way.

He was already panting and squirming from the things she was doing to him with her fingers! It was already everything he needed and wanted. Any more and it would be too much to handle! Couldn’t they just take things slowly? Couldn’t she just keep going like this, and get him off with her hands?

“I might not be able to *match* what you did,” she repeated, “But I’m sure going to try!!

Nick’s pussy was smaller than a regular humans’, rounder, more prominent, shaped like a heart, and surrounded by fine, soft, yellow fur. It was also practically dripping with bodily secretions.

Lindsay put that pussy in her mouth.

Nick nearly fainted, and would have if Lindsay didn’t immediately start giving him the most amazing ‘head’ he have ever experienced in his life. She sucked on his *whole* pussy, and her tongue dipped into him and slid up and over what the clitoris and down over the urethra and into his body and back again, over and over. And she *swallowed everything*. Oh God she was swallowing everything!!

“Lindsay!” Nick cried, wanting to tell her to stop, but unable to form the words. His body was no longer his own. He kicked futilely at the air, gritted his teeth, and clutched the cushions as hard as he could as he was taken on a ride. Part of him wanted to touch Lindsay back. To pull her closer, to hold her, to let her know how she was making him feel... but she of course already knew exactly how she was making him feel, and needed no further encouragement from him to keep going. His pussy reacting to her tongue told her all she needed to know. Nick quickly realized she had no intention of stopping.

“Oh! OH! Lindsay! I’m coming! I’m COMING!” he yelled, and as he came let out a whimpering bark that made him blush with embarrassed shock as much as his orgasm made his veins flush with heart-pounding lust... but she wasn’t stopping.

Nick yipped and whimpered pitifully as she continued to lick, suck, and swallow as he came directly into her mouth. Rapid-fire convulsions shook him from the inside out as the emptiness within him clashed with the incredible stimulation of his vulva. He didn’t think he could ever get used to the way the female body climaxed, but he did know that he wasn’t going to be coming down from this one just yet. Not if Lindsay had anything to say about it.

“Stop! That’s dirty!” he managed to cry as he tried to breathe, trying to calm down as his body continued to convulse. She looked up at him innocently as she continued to suck and lick, and Nick’s thighs shook as he suddenly was brought to a second orgasm, his insides clenching and sending fluids directly into her waiting mouth.

“Aargh!!!” he yelled shrilly. “Don’t! Stop!”

Lindsay responded by eagerly speeding up, seemingly encouraged by Nick’s words and the knowledge that he could, indeed, experience multiple orgasms just like her. And just like her, Nick found himself losing to his lust and the impossibly pleasurable sensations his new body was experiencing.

“Yes!” Nick finally started shouting as he couldn’t help but move his hips and try and grind against his girlfriend’s face as he came and shook and cried tears of joy as he felt himself let completely loose.

“YES!” he screamed again through gritted teeth as he felt himself finish. Immediately he felt his body grow heavy, exhaustion overwhelming his muscles from overexertion as he came down from new heights he never thought existed.

And still Lindsay persisted. She was going for the trifecta, just like Nick had done with her, and seemed intent on not stopping until she had achieved her goal.

“OH!” Nick cried weakly, unable to move as she continued pleasuring him. He was so sensitive! So wet and messy! And yet... somehow still ready for more!!! How!?! What kind of crazy sex drive *was* this??

“OhhhhhHH!” he moaned as tremors shook his body. It was going to happen again. It wouldn’t take much. He was going to climax *again*. He didn’t know if he could *handle* much more!

“LINDSAY!” Nick screamed as he tried to move, to reach her as she pushed him even higher until, precipitously, Nick came crashing back down to earth.

“AHHGH!” he cried as he came. He could feel himself squirting. Lindsay didn’t seem to care. She gently guided his final orgasm with her mouth, which lasted nearly a minute as Nick’s raw nerve endings spiked and ebbed over and over, until a long last she pulled away from his exposed body with a kiss, took a deep breath, and grinned evilly at him.

“So... how was it?”

Nick was so entirely out of breath that it took several moments before he could even begin to respond, and even then only in between his rapid panting.

“I can’t believe you made me feel like that! I can’t believe I made *you* feel like that!!”

“Well then consider us even then. I hope you can forgive me for taking advantage of the situation, but this might be the only opportunity I have to return the favor before we turn you back.”

“Turn me back?”

“Yup! We’re going to look up the private phone number of the shop manager who did this to you, and we’re going to ask him nicely to undo what he did. If he says no, then we’ll have to try asking not so nicely.”

“I really don’t think that’s a good idea...”

“Nonsense! What’s the worst that could happen? If we need to we can get the police involved. I’m sure we can make this right. Now what was the shop’s name?”

After a shockingly quick internet search Lindsay was able to find all the information she needed from the mall’s facebook page, and from there was able to track down his home phone number.

“The internet sure is a scary place...” said Nick in awe to himself.

Lindsay dialed the number and put the phone to her ear.

“You have reached Wong. Who is this?”

“My name is Lindsay, and I’m calling because you seem to have turned my boyfriend into dog-person?”

“Ho, yes. The mỗ quăn. That window-shopper told me he had a date with a girl, and was quite angry he wouldn’t be able mate her. Was that you? Don’t tell me you call me this late at night just because *you* want to mate too?”

Lindsay’s face grew deep red with sudden fury, and she picked up the phone and began to yell.

“He’s my boyfriend you freak, of course we want to be able to ‘mate’. Turn him back! Give me back my boyfriend’s dick!!”

“Turn him back? Ho *HO!* He will not turn back until he has paid for his insult to me! Only an *animal* will walk into a man’s shop with no intention or capacity to *buy*. But mating? Yes, I can help you with being able to mate him!”

And to my horror, following shortly after a deep inhale and a strong exhale, a small amount of *white powder blew through the speaker grill of the phone and into Lindsay’s face*. She immediately dropped the phone and started coughing.

“Good-bye!” said Wong, before hanging up.

Nick stared in shock at Lindsay as she coughed and furiously brushed away the powder from her face with her free hand.

“Oh God no...” he whispered.

“What?” choked Lindsay. “What did he do? What just happened.”

“He did that to *me* right before our date! I think it’s what caused me to turn into a dog!!”

“What!? How much time do we have? How long until you started changing?”

“I don’t know! It was at least an hour before I even noticed anything at all! I didn’t feel a thing! I just went to take a wiz at the theater, tried to use a urinal, and my *thing* wasn’t freaking *there!*”

“Eep!” cried Lindsay suddenly, her eyes growing wide. She had been touching herself nervously, and suddenly froze. “Nick!”

“What’s happening?!”

“My... my pussy. It’s changing! It’s too fast! You said it took an hour!”

“I didn’t *notice* it for an hour! There’s a difference! Pussies are subtle!”

As he spoke, his words were punctuated by a suddenly noticeable tent forming against the shear pink fabric of Lindsay’s.

“Speaking of... that’s not...” he mumbled, staring wide eyed at his girlfriend’s rapidly deteriorating condition.

“Nick!” Lindsay cried shrilly. “Nick I think I’m growing a dick!”

Pussies were indeed subtle, you could hide one no problem. A hard dick on the other hand...

Already a fairly large bulge was making itself known in the tight feminine cut of Lindsay’s pants as a large erection began to push its way up and out. Already Nick could tell from the shape of it pressed against the satin of Lindsay’s night-dress that it wasn’t human in shape.

He felt a now all too familiar ‘funny feeling’ deep in his lower belly.

“No friggin way!” Nick said to himself, bemoaning his lot in life. “I just came *three times in a row* and I still need more? The fuck is wrong with one and done?”

Lindsay wasn’t just growing a big old dick though. As Nick watched, Lindsay’s pants began to get pulled downwards by the steadily increasing weight of a pair of balls.

“*You need more?*” asked Lindsay, having heard Nick quite clearly. “I had no idea dicks were *this fucking hard!* It’s hurting me! It’s too hard already! Why won’t it stop? How do you make it go away?!”

The look in Lindsay’s face told Nick everything he needed to know. He needed to do something to help her, and considering his own state it wasn’t hard to figure out what he could do to help. He was horny as hell and from the look of it so was Lindsay, as her dick was growing bigger by the second underneath her all too revealing clothes.

It only took him a few seconds to decide. After all, he wanted to make her feel good too, especially after she went so far for *him*. He had already gone all the way with Lindsay’s dog anyway, so in all honesty this wouldn’t even be that big a deal by comparison. He steeled his resolve.

“Let me see,” cooed Nick. It was his turn now to be soothing and calming.

“What?”

“Let me see!” he repeated. “As a former owner of a dick I can tell you the easiest way to ‘make it go away’, is to come. I can help you come.”

“But that’s...”

“You *just* did the same for me,” Nick said sternly. “Don’t worry about it. I love you too much to let a little something like a dick get between us.”

Nick thought Lindsay’s face couldn’t get any redder, but it did. Steam was practically rising from her head as she gingerly pulled her shirt up.

It was bigger than Rex’s dick, thicker too, and the bulb at its base was already fully expanded and pushing tightly against the waistband of her pants. She wasn’t kidding when she said she was so hard that it was hurting her. Already Nick could see that fur had spread up her belly too, a thick looking black fur that made him think immediately of a Labrador. Lindsay looked away, just as Nick had, unable to look at her boyfriend as he moved in closer, unable to watch what he was preparing to do to her.

Nick didn’t need to pull down her pants, her shaft was fully exposed, and he didn’t necessarily want to see his girlfriends balls right away, or even her knot. It was enough as it was too see the canine penis before him, dark red veins and pale pink skin with a strangely pointed tip. Already it shined a bit in the light, but it wasn’t wet yet.

Nick’s female anatomy was kicking into overdrive, dumping hormones into his system and pushing him towards Lindsay’s dick. He was wet and horny and *craving* Lindsay’s dick something fierce. He wanted it inside him. He wanted to smell her, and to taste her. Nick reached down and began to touch himself even as he reached forwards and delicately touched Lindsay.

She jerked as his fingertips grazed her, pelvic muscles contracting and forcing even *more* blood into an already fully engorged boner, making it jump. A small bead of pre-cum was squeezed from her and clung to the tip of her pee-hole.

“Ah!” she cried softly.

Nick found himself intensely curious as to what it tasted like. He moved forward, sliding off the couch and onto his knees, the towels falling to the ground forgotten, with one hand down between his legs rubbing his pussy, and the other reaching forward and grabbing hold of Lindsay’s dick.

He pulled her shaft away from her body, angling it farther forwards towards himself, and without thinking about it, put the tip in his mouth.

“AAHH!” Lindsay cried, trembling as she stood still in front of her beloved Nick. She too began to pant as Nick’s tongue ran over the tip of her dick and scooped up that drop of pre-cum. It tasted a bit salty, but otherwise... good. Not just good, really. The taste of Lindsay’s dick and precum. The smell of her new maleness, the sweat coming from her canine anatomy. The shape of her, and its texture...

All of it was making Nick feel *incredibly* horny.

He pulled as much of Lindsay’s dick into his mouth as he could fit and began sucking.

As Nick bobbed his head Lindsay threw hers back and inhaled deeply, her voice caught in her throat as her hands moved up to hold her breasts through her shirt. Her hips moved of their own accord, trembling and thrusting sharply against Nick’s mouth as he moved. She could feel his tongue, and his lips, moving against her flesh. Her *dick*.

Oh *her dick*! She had a dick! She could feel every detail of her transformed anatomy, from the heavy way her big furry balls hung between her legs and moved against her thighs, to the thick and painfully hard bulb at the base of her shaft, to her shaft and head.

She moaned as she felt Nick’s long, flat dog-tongue dip lower and lower along her shaft, running along the underside of her dick where the bulge of her thick urethra bulged out from how incredibly hard she was. She squeaked as Nick’s lips moved to the very tip of her pointed cock, and tenderly kissed her before moving back down all the way. She gasped as she felt his tongue stretch further down her shaft, dipping into her pants and pushing past her waistband to lick at her knot.

The elastic of said waistband snapped as Nick pulled her pants lower, and reached up with a wet and slippery hand to gasp Lindsay below her knot and squeeze, while his other hand reached down lower and took hold of her testicles. She froze and rose up on her tiptoes as Nick began to expertly work her balls and knot in time with her shaft and head, and squeezed her breasts as she felt a more intense pressure, a more potent power, start to build up within her than she had ever felt before, trapped inside her body as if by a damn that was being steadily overwhelmed.

Was this what it was like to have seed? To have cum in your balls ready to explode out of your body and into an eagerly waiting female vessel? To have the power to impregnate? She wanted to impregnate Nick’s mouth! To fill his throat and belly with her seed! She wanted to pump him full to bursting with semen until both of them were satisfied! She knew *he* wanted it too! She could smell his lust, and feel his longing as he serviced her. His *desire* for her. And *she* desired *him*.

It wasn’t long before she was nearly ready, and preparing to cum, when suddenly Nick stopped. Lindsay felt him move away from her body, and looked down at him in surprise, silently asking why he stopped and pleading for him to continue. She needed release! She was so close! Oh *God* she was so close, and already she could feel it starting to slip away. Nick met her gaze and only smiled.

He moved backwards back up onto the couch and sat on it, leaning back, before spreading his legs and reaching down with one hand to spread his pussy open, as if presenting it to her. His tail thumped against the cushions, and Lindsay felt her own thick, black furred tail swinging around wildly behind her too.

She didn't even think about her tail though. She didn't care that she was still transforming, little by little. She didn't worry that it might be because of what they were doing to each other. She didn't want to think about those things at all. All she wanted to think about was putting her dick inside of Nick and pumping until she came and filled him with everything she had inside her to give.

She needed release as badly as Nick needed satisfaction. With how thoroughly into heat he was, the resolution of both their conditions would likely only be a temporary stop-gap solution, but it was all either of them could think of. They both wanted, and needed, it too badly.

Lindsay moved up to Nick and positioned herself before stopping.

"Are you sure?" she asked, ignoring her desperate need and burning desire for a second. She didn't want to hurt him.

"Oh, just fuck me silly already!" was Nick's response, grabbing hold of her with his free hand and pulling her towards him. She was already well positioned, and he was already *very* ready, so as she fell forwards she penetrated him several inches... and then immediately went nuts.

She wasted no time in immediately hammering Nick's pussy as hard as she could.

It caught Nick by surprise, but not unpleasantly so as he wrapped his legs around Lindsay's waist and ass and helped keep her from popping back out of him, and in seconds felt her oversized knot slamming into his squishy pussy mound as she pounded him harder and harder. He could feel and hear her sack dragging across the couch cushions and occasionally hitting him on the ass. And he could feel her, even with her knot stuck outside him, already hitting against his abused cervix deep inside. Already weakened as it was, it allowed easy access deeper into his body, and Nick was able to enjoy the incredible sensation of feeling his cervix penetrated by the tip of Lindsay's dick over and over as the rest of his pussy clasped tighter than a Chinese finger trap to Lindsay's thick cock as she thrust over and over with every ounce of strength she could scrounge up.

"You asshole," she huffed and puffed as she worked as hard as she could. "I was so fucking close, and you *stopped*! Now it feels like its going to take me forever to cum!! I wanted to cum damnit!"

Nicks voice warbled as he tried to respond while being fucked at breakneck speed, his pussy nearly turning inside out with every thrust as the wet noise of fucking nearly drowned out his words.

"I. Thought. You'd. Appreciate. Fucking. A. Pussy!"

As Nick said 'Pussy' he nearly cried out as convulsions gripped his sex and forced him to squeeze extra hard against Lindsay's raging hardon. Not quite an orgasm, but very close. He was getting so close!

"I do! I do! I DO!" yelled Lindsay, punctuating every thrust with a shout. "But damn this is so much work!!"

"Then let's switch," suggested Nick. He then proceeded to grab hold of Lindsay's torso and easily flipped her around, slamming her into the couch where he had been just seconds before getting railed. He was still just about as strong as he always was, and what's more he was being fueled by sex crazed adrenaline. He could have lifted the couch if he had to.

He landed on top of her, still penetrated upon her all the way, but quickly repositioned himself so that he was sitting on her.

"Ah!" hissed Lindsay as he leaned backwards and straddled her with his knees. The new 'cowgirl' position was putting new stress on her dick, and sensing this Nick leaned forwards a bit and rolled his hips. He braced himself by putting his hands on Lindsay's breasts.

He then proceeded to put his full body weight down on her, pressing his cooter as hard against Lindsay's knot as he could, before lifting his ass back up and slamming it down again. As he got into a much slower and gentler rhythm than Lindsay's desperate speed-fuck, and was rewarded by both his own increased pleasure and Lindsay's increased mutterings of 'oh-fuck', he began playing with her nipples.

He was rewarded when he did something especially pleasant to her by her dick straining as hard as it could inside of him, and quickly she learned that she could increase both of their pleasure by thrusting up into Nick in time with him. He set the tempo, almost excruciatingly slow, and she followed.

And to her surprise it was working. Nick was, bit by bit, teasing her towards a climax. Every small sensation was amplified by the contrast of their current slow pacing to their previously hectic pacing, which had served to both almost overwhelm their sexes and sensitize them. Every stroke of Nick's pussy over her shaft sent twitches and spasms all the way down to her balls, heavy and full to bursting with unreleased seed. She could feel something rapidly building within her.

"Nick!" she warned. Nick understood, and began to speed up, lifting himself up a little higher, and a little quicker each time. His slower pace meant that he had conserved a lot more energy than Lindsay had, and now that was paying out in spades as he had all the strength he needed for the last leg of the race. With any luck, he hoped they would be able to finish together. As he felt flutters in his belly more and more frequently it certainly seemed possible. He began refocusing on his own pleasure, grinding away at Lindsay and helping to guide her cock to hit all the right places inside him as he slowly sped up.

Things started progressing quickly. Nick could feel how close Lindsay was, and how little time he had left. He was so close too! He didn't want to be left behind!

He lifted his ass up even higher, and slammed it down even harder, brute forcing his way to climax. He let go of Lindsay and used his fingers to add stimulation to his clit through its hood, and as he furiously rubbed and bounced up and down he made rapid progress, but not as rapid as Lindsay's.

She could tell. Nick wasn't going to make it. Not before she came. She wanted Nick to feel good with her too!

She racked her brain as she tried to calm herself and delay her orgasm just long enough, when she had an idea and immediately put it into practice. She reached behind Nick and put a finger in his butt.

It wasn't hard, he was so wet, and they had made such a mess, that they were both slippery all over, and she had small fingers. It was also very effective, as she felt Nick squeeze her harder than he had all night, and cried out in surprise. The noise he made was *very* sexy to her ears and she smiled as she bucked extra hard underneath him to try and drive her point home. He *was* going to come one way or another. She would make *sure* of that.

What she didn't expect was for him to collapse on top of her, wrap his arms around her body, and pull her so tightly against him that it started to actually hurt her a little.

"What are you doing..." she started to ask, wondering if he was coming or if it was something else, when she felt his pussy begin to spread even *wider* over her cock as the constant pressure was starting to force her oversized knot into him.

She immediately understood, and began pulling him towards her with all her might too, and with a sudden **pop!** felt her knot go in.

And there they were, both on the precipice, with Lindsay locked inside of Nick by her knot and her finger in his ass, and Nick squeezing down on her like a vice even as she tried to keep moving, even if only a little, against him. They were so close! They were both almost there!

But Nick wasn't finished. He leaned forwards and locked his lips with Lindsay's as he rocked his ass back and forth as much as could, and little by little brought her over the edge with him.

She was not expecting that there would be so much cum.

How in the world did so much semen fit inside her? It wasn't possible! The math didn't add up! She pumped and pumped and pumped some more, and ounce by ounce filled Nick's belly with her seed.

Oh the bliss of it! Her mind went blank for several seconds from the complete and utter satisfaction of it! Lindsay didn't know that such a wonderful feeling of euphoria could exist in the world. Such a pure, crystalized form of joy!! Guys had it so great, that they could feel like this whenever they want. Growing up as a woman, sure she was able to bring herself to orgasm, and as Nick had shown her it could be done *many times in a row in fact*. And sure, each orgasm she had ever felt as a woman was intense as hell, easily deserving the amount of work it took to achieve.

But never had she ever felt such a singularly *complete* and *final* feeling as what she felt as she emptied her load into her boyfriend. Just one and done! Oh man her legs felt like they were going numb!!! Why would a guy buy drugs when he could just *feel this??*

Nick was in a very similar position as he came and came and came. Female orgasms never seemed to freaking end! Even as Lindsay slowly stopped pumping him full of baby-batter he kept relapsing, flutters and thrills sending him back into a never-ending orgasm that seemed to go on forever. He grit his teeth and tried to wait it out, but every time he thought it was done Lindsay moved or her dick shot a little extra semen up into him and he found himself coming again.

Nearly half an hour passed that way. After nearly ten minutes they both had grown bored, and realized that their bodies were in no hurry to let go of each other, and turned on the television to watch something while they waited. The entire time Nick continued to experience miniature climaxes which Lindsay got to feel and appreciate, while she kept pumping a little more cum into Nick from time to time, though it wasn't at all the same as her initial orgasmic event that had scrambled her brain and reinvented her worldview. Her dick was simply getting rid of all the leftovers she had and making sure Nick was good and full.

When she did finally start to shrink it was a slow and gradual affair, an only after she had shrunk down by more than half did they dare to gingerly untangle themselves... immediately followed by going to the shower together.

They wasted no time at all in washing each other. After an experience like that, they no longer were at *all* shy of each other's bodies.

After some comfortable silence Lindsay finally broke the ice.

"Do dog's not have hymen's?" she asked, genuinely curious as she reminisced.

"Um, yea, they do I guess. Rex may have raped me earlier and broke mine."

"What!?!?!"

“But don’t worry, I ended up liking it, and if he hadn’t of done that I wouldn’t have known that I would like doing *it* with you. He’s a good boy, I just was careless and didn’t realize how he’d react to me accidentally taking a piss in front of him.”

“Oh my God though... I’m so sorry! I didn’t realized... was it because you’re in heat, like you said?”

“I guess so.”

“And so that’s how you knew all those things... you didn’t just touch yourself in the shower. You actually had sex with my dog?”

“Yup.”

More silence. Slightly more awkward, but definitely still comfortable.

“Do you think I should get the morning after pill?” asked Nick. “I didn’t exactly use protection. With you or with him.”

“Wait.... You don’t think you might get pregnant do you???”

“Well, yea, I’ve basically got all the right equipment and I’m in heat. I would expect so.”

“But the morning after pill is for humans, not dogs! It could poison you, and even then it probably wouldn’t work...”

“Oh...”

Even slightly more awkward silence.

“Well, if you do end up with... puppies... I want you to know that I’ll take care of you.”

Nick squeezed Lindsay extra tightly, pressing his body up against hers as hot water continued to pour down over both of them. She marveled at the feeling of his sex touching hers, even through the furry sheath that housed her new anatomy. They held each other for what felt like forever.

And then Nick felt Lindsay’s cock move slightly and start to poke from its sheath.

She blushed, and Nick smiled.

“Already?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Well, I’m still in heat. I don’t mind doing it as many times as it takes...”

The minute the mall opened up *much* later that same morning, both Lindsay and Nick were already waiting to walk in. They immediately then made their way to the tiny antique store where the old man Wong Wasonasong was unlocking the front door. He turned around without surprise when he heard the couple approaching, and was greeted by the sight of Lindsay wearing men’s jeans with an impressive bulge showing in the front and a black tail sticking out the back, and a Nick skittishly following in tow, even inch a golden anthro dog-girl as his condition had worsened.

“Ho! You had good time, yes? Breeding this mǔ quǎn?”

“It was fantastic,” admitted Lindsay. “But all the same we’d like you to undo it. We talked and Nick told me the reason you did this to him was because he didn’t buy anything, so if he buys something from your shop would you be willing to put him back the way he was? We’re not ready for puppies.”

“That sounds amenable. Hopefully he learned a thing or two about proper shopping etiquette, eh?”

Wong eyeballed Nick hard, and he squirmed uneasily in place before nodding his head in agreement.

“Good! Now I think I have just the item for you my poor mǔ quǎn... a ring which, when worn, brings good luck! A steal at one hundred dollars!”

Nick quickly handed over the money, and Wong produced a small golden ring with a flourish from his pocket and placed it in a small paper bag he produced from a separate pocket, before presenting it to Nick. Nick stood awkwardly, holding the bag in the palm of his hands, as he waited for the shopkeeper.

The shop-keep didn’t take long, producing more white powder from out of nowhere and blowing it in Nicks face while shouting ‘shì fang!’.

And nothing happened.

“Huh,” said Wong after some time had passed. “Curse did not lift. Did you two use protection last night?”

“What?” asked Lindsay, confused. “No, but...”

“That is problem! This boy is in *season*, you *must* use protection or risk becoming impregnated! He has puppies inside of him! The curse cannot lift, as the curse is not meant to take life! No can fix! Stupid mǔ quǎn!”

“Wait! He bought your ring! You owe him!”

“So sorry, come back when he no longer has life in him! I fix then! Thank you for shopping, please come again.”

And with that he turned away to his shop, then stopped short of the door and turned back to Lindsay.

“I can, however, still return you to how you were, if you wish...”

Lindsay stood silently for several seconds, and Nick watched her, dumbfounded, after having learned that his fate had essentially been sealed by lack of condoms. Perhaps they shouldn't have raw-dogged it as many times as they had? Ah well, it probably wouldn't have changed anything. He was in heat after all, and once Rex had done him dirty like that there wasn't much point in practicing safe sex...

“No...” said Lindsay after some thought. “Or, at least, not while Nick is still stuck like he is. I'll only go back to being normal if he does.”

Wong stared at her knowingly, glanced down at her bulge and at how Nick clung to her, and smiled.

“Then I wish you both the best of fortune, and a happy delivery!”

And with that he vanished into the darkness of his shop, muttering something about kids these days.