

Fun with Bolt & Penny 1 - Tongue in Chick

By Tempo

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Bolt waited, tense, in Penny's trailer, having once again saved her from the clutches of the sinister Dr. Calico. The white shepherd sat in rapt attention, waiting for his person to return to the trailer where she would be safe, where he could stand watch over her. Not even ten minutes ago, they had been surrounded by scuba-diving commandos of the Green-Eyed Man. They had only just escaped with their lives due to his quick thinking and use of an underwater Super-Bark. His fur was only now starting to dry. //Why she thinks she can just leave by herself, even for a minute, is beyond me! The world is a dangerous place, especially for her!//

He waited. After a few tense moments, the door swung open. Bolt dropped to his haunches, ready for anything. A Super-Bark might be required if there were several of Calico's minions, but he might have to use his Heat Vision if they held Penny hostage. His hard expression melted into a goofy dog smile when he saw a young girl with red hair. //Penny!// He bit down on her shirt and pulled her in. //Get inside!//

"Hey, boy. Whoa! You slobbered all over me." She walked over to the dresser to get changed.

He ignored her, looking around warily for any signs that she was followed. The coast seemed clear, so he secured the trailer door. Dutiful to his person, he sat staring, tense. //I must remain focused. I am the only line of defense between Penny and the forces of evil.//

Penny sat down next to him and tousled his ears. "Bolt? Hey buddy, come on. Take it easy."

//She's like this every day! Just because we're in this mobile command unit, she thinks we're safe. Even if we've just come out of a pitched battle with minions of

the Green-Eyed Man.//

Penny laid down on the linoleum, looking up at her silly dog. His eyes flicked down to her. She was just too cute. He gave her face one quick lick, then returned to his watch.

"Oh, Bolt, there must be some way I can get you to relax. I know..." There was a brief clatter behind him. "Mr. Carrot!"

Squeak. He glanced over. The squeaky toy called to him. It spoke of simpler days, before had been given his powers and the solemn duties that came with them.

//No! I must remain focused. There's no telling when evil could stri--//

Squeak.

//I cannot allow myself to be distract--//

Squeak.

//Must! Resist! Mr. Carrot!//

"Come on, boy... All right, this calls for desperate measures." There was a rustling of fabric, followed by the sound of someone sitting down on the bed.

Squeak-eeeeek. "Oh..."

//Penny!// He knew what those noises meant.

Squeak-eeeeek. "Mmmmm..."

//This isn't the time!// He couldn't glance over... All would be lost!

Squeak-eeeeek. "Yyyesss..."

He couldn't resist the combined power of Penny and Mr. Carrot. He looked.

Penny was rubbing the squeaker toy between her bare human legs. Her hips wiggled back and forth as she gave little moans of pleasure. With every moan, every squeak, she worked the tip of Mr. Carrot a little deeper into that warm, wonderful slit.

Bolt thought back to when he first found just how wonderful it was...

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They had been raiding the lair of the Green-Eyed Man, high in the Swiss Alps. Penny still wore the heavy coat and woolen hat from the climb up the mountain. Light from a monitor flickered across her face. Her fingers flew across the touchscreen keyboard, bypassing the security system. "Just one more second... Got it."

Her vigilant canine watched the door, paws ready to karate chop anyone who entered. His ears perked up at a soft hiss. A small drawer opened in the workstation, revealing an intricate microchip surrounded by grey foam padding. Penny scooped up the control circuit, considering it for a moment. Without this, the rest of the facility was just a waste of Calico Corporation's funds. It had taken years of meticulous research to construct this prototype, the //magnum opus// of the recently bought out Cognitech Engineering. The custom white silicon and gleaming silver heat sink suggested someone had lavished loving attention on the design, someone not unlike her father. With a sigh, she tossed the microchip into the air. "Bolt, stare!"

Bolt vaporized it with a blast of his Heat Vision. Tiny shards of silicon clattered to the metal floor. Molten metal speckled the workstation, cooling instantly on its glass surface.

"Good boy." She stroked his sleek head, a little sad, then slung her folded scooter over her back by its strap. "That was easy..." She inserted a miniDVD into the workstation, watching as it briefly flashed 'Virus Detected' before the display deteriorated into a furious jumble of root commands and file erasures. "Let's get out of here."

Stepping over the unconscious bodies of the guards, they ducked back into the hall. The sterile grey walls belied the sinister ambitions of the Green Eye Organization. They had a dozen installations like this one, scattered across the globe. Her father could be at any one of them. None of these details mattered to Bolt. His only desire was to protect his person.

Guided by the map on her cell phone, they entered a large, darkened chamber, easily the size of a school gymnasium. Penny pulled her infrared goggles out of her coat and checked the room. The light from the goggles traced along the delicate angles of her face. She clicked off the device, nodding to him. "All clear."

Bolt trotted out in front of her, careful to balance the need for speed against that for silence. A sharp metal grinding sliced down behind him. //Penny!// Screaming, she threw her arms up in a reflexive attempt protect herself. Seizing her coat in his teeth, he hauled his person out of the way. Just in time, A giant steel door slammed against the floor were she had stood. The sound echoed through the chamber.

All around the massive room, identical doors came crashing down, cutting off what little light there had been. He tried to force the door open, but found no way to get his paws under it. The slab of steel lay flush against the floor. //Dang.// He panted. //Trapped!//

A glance around the massive room revealed nothing but countless chris-crossing walkways around a central platform. Darkness hung in the cavernous space. As his

eyes adjusted, he saw twenty black-armored soldiers race onto the catwalks, their guns trained on the pair. Safeties clicked off.

Bolt surveyed the scene and snarled. //Catwalks! How appropriate.// He could have blasted them, but not before they unleashed a hailstorm of gunfire. He couldn't risk them hitting Penny. Behind him, she got to her feet, somewhat unsteadily. //Someday, Penny, I will make sure you don't have to live in a state of constant peril. Someday soon, we *will* defeat the Green-Eyed Man, once and for all!//

From the shadows of the central platform, a single green eye glowed, then a thin body formed around it. "Ah, the eternal thorns in my side. So nice of you to join me in my humble mountain fortress."

"Give it up, Calico!" Penny shouted as Bolt stepped in front of her. "We've destroyed your Thought Extractor's control chip! You'll never be able to get information from my father now."

"Ah, but the Thought Extractor was only a decoy, a red herring. My true purpose--" He pulled a lever. Lights flicked on, illuminating a massive device on a revolving turret. "Was to lure your pet within range of my DNA Ray!"

Penny gasped, looked back at the sealed door, their only escape route. It was solid steel, too thick for even Bolt to crash through.

"Yes, your father is not the only great mind we have at our disposal. And some of the others are more susceptible to our... encouragement." He steepled his fingers and laughed wickedly.

"You'll never get away with this, Calico!" Penny pulled out her Hyper-Kinetic Yo-Yo.

The superdog growled, getting his Heat Vision ready, his lightning bolt shivering across his side. //This might get ugly.//

The Green-Eyed Man patted the scrawny black cat that emerged from the shadows. "Oh, I think I will! You see, I've programed the DNA Ray with genetic data for... a dog!"

Bolt and Penny looked at each other, a little confused. She glanced back at Dr. Calico. "... Um, Bolt's already a--"

"SILENCE! I am fully aware of the mongrelitude of your canny canine compatriot. Now behold my power as I convert him back INTO A NORMAL DOG!" He cackled, pressing a button on the control panel, firing a pale green beam that engulfed Bolt. "Let's see him interfere *without* all your father's alterations!"

The canine whimpered, stunned by the blinding light. He winced, but then his eyes popped open. //Jeez, I thought it would hurt more to have your genes reverted.//

"No!" Penny cried, tossing her dog out of the beam. In doing so, she became caught in the DNA Ray herself! Light shimmered all around her, pulsing at an ever-increasing pace. The whole room was lit with a sickly green strobe.

//Penny, no!//

It was too late: the machine revved up to full power. Waves of energy rippled over her body, twisting her in cruel ways. Her person screamed before collapsing to the floor, distracting Bolt from the swift pull of a costume cord. A fluffy white tail swung out from under the back of her shirt. She lay very still.

//Penny...// Bolt pawed her gently, whimpering. Something was wrong. She smelled different than he remembered. //I can't worry about that now. She's still breathing and I've got to get her out of here!//

Something had happened to her. A white poofy tail now stuck out the top of her jeans. She felt under her hat, then yanked it off in alarm. A pair of pointy dog ears protruded from her head, bright white fur against her red human hair. The young teen felt her head, then pulled the ears forward in disbelief. "What have you done to me?!"

Her companion lowered his head and growled. //You'll pay for this, Green-Eyed Man!//

The evil mastermind deactivated the beam and hurried to re-align its targeting system. "Curse you, girl! You've only got what you deserved! And now for you, meddling mutt!"

Bolt heard the device activate again, but this time he was ready. He rolled out of the way, firing his Heat Vision at the device. The hydraulics exploded, causing the ray gun to swing wildly. The beam fired once again, this time completely out of control.

"No! My beautiful doomsday weapon!" The ray narrowly missed the Green-Eyed Man, but caught his devilish cat, a cleverly designed costume inflating the creature into a chubby terrier. The Green-Eyed Man hit several switches, causing his walkway to retract swiftly into the darkness. "You may have won this day, canine crusader, but only I have the secret of how to change your precious Penny back!" He laughed as he disappeared into the cavernous void of the chamber.

The Green Eye guards turned to open fire, but it was already too late. Bolt leaped up to the lowest walkway and bowled through the guards there before jumping to the next catwalk. Seeing that they were outmatched and without their leader to command them, the soldiers fled. Bolt hopped down and yipped at Penny until she threw him the line from her scooter still strapped to her back. He caught it in his teeth and braced himself as she hit the retract button. After hauling her up, he nudged her with his nose. //On your feet! We need to move.//

She could stand, but was still very weak from whatever the ray had done to her. She checked her schematic of the building. She pointed weakly down the walkway. "This way." She led them outside the building.

By this point, sirens were going off and soldiers were running everywhere. A polite voice cracked over the intercom: "Thank you for choosing Destruct-O, the leader in auto-destruct technology. Your building will explode in... two minutes."

Penny stumbled and fell into the snow. Wind whipped around her, stirring up the white powder. "Bolt, we need to get out of here before the fortress explodes!"

His gaze caught on the communications tower. //I think I have a plan...// Biting at the steel base, Bolt ripped one of the larger satellite dishes free of its mounting. *Kkrrrrrp-WHAM!* He slammed it down against the ground. //Get on!//

They hopped on the dish and rode it like a giant saucer sled, plummeting down the mountainside at breakneck speed. Behind them, they heard the sudden whine of gasoline engines. Four enterprising guards had mounted snowmobiles and were catching up fast. The first of them leaped from her ride, charging them as soon as she set foot on the satellite dish, swinging her twin batons with deadly force. Penny rolled out of the way and had to grab the edge of the dish to keep from falling off. Bolt head-butted the guard, causing the red-clad woman to tumble off into the snowscape. Not to be dissuaded, one of the other guards primed a missile from the vehicle's side and fired it at the impromptu sled.

Time slowed down. Bolt's enhanced reflexes kicked in and he hurled himself into the air. The wind flattened his ears against his skull. He snagged the missile in his jaws midair. An instant later, his paws made contact with the front of the snowmobile, denting in the hood, as he jammed the missile back into the vehicle's left side. The guard had just enough time to look back up at the dog leaping back down toward the satellite dish before the missile blew the skid off his snowcat, causing him to spin out of control.

At this exact moment, the base exploded in a ball of orange flame. For an instant after the blast, there was only a low rumble. Then a wall of snow came barreling down the mountain with a thunderous noise louder than a fighter jet. The remaining guards tried desperately to retain control of their snowmobiles, but were swept under the tempest of stone and snow. After a few nerve-racking seconds, the avalanche slowed. It deposited the pair safely in a clearing not ten yards from

where their trailer sat shining in the brilliant daylight. Penny had arranged for their mobile command trailer to be delivered to Switzerland. He was never quite sure how that worked, but now was not the time to worry about such things.

//Nnnaah!// Bolt felt like his ears should have popped. //If it happens in elevators, why didn't it happen just now?// He edged his person toward the trailer.

His person stood up, stretching her tense limbs. "Whew. I guess satellite *is* more exciting than cable TV." She seemed to be doing better. She pulled out her camera and took a Polaroid of the two of them against the mountainous background. Waving the developing picture, she bopped him playfully on the nose. "That's a keeper."

They walked inside and shut the door. She sat down on the fold-out bed. Something had indeed happened to her. That fluffy white tail stuck out the top of her snow-covered jeans. A pair of pointy dog ears protruded from her head, bright white fur against her red human hair.

He rubbed his nose against her, thinking: //Don't worry, Penny. We'll get you changed back.//

She noticed his concern. "Hey, boy. I'm fine. It's... It's not as bad as it looks." She spun around in front of the mirror and giggled a little at the way her tail swished.

//Darn it, Penny, this is no laughing matter!//

"Easy there, tough guy. We'll figure out how to change me back tomorrow."

//I'm sure she only feels reassured because of my presence, unless the beam has somehow affected her mind...//

Penny got them both some food. As Bolt munched on his dog chow, he decided

that the beam could have done worse things to her. It could have turned her into a cat. Still, it wouldn't do to have her walk the streets as a half-human monstrosity. A dog tail and ears on a human would call attention, and attention was the last thing they needed if they were going to remain at large from the Green Eye Organization.

They finished supper and she started to get changed for the night. Penny pulled on a large boy-band t-shirt. Her tail stuck out the bottom. She tried to pull on her underwear. "Ugh. Stupid panties won't fit over this tail. Ugh. Oh, whatever." She tossed them back in the drawer. "Now where the heck did my alarm clock go?"

Bolt tilted his head in mild confusion. //I have to say, Penny, overall, you seem to be taking this whole diabolical mutation thing surprisingly well.//

She looked all over the trailer for the clock, eventually concluding it must have fallen under the bed in transit.

//Someone must airlift the trailer in, but who does she call for that? I mean, Penny is pretty resourceful for a person, but--//

Penny's new tail swished in front of his nose. Bolt almost sneezed. She was digging under the bed, pulling out assorted stuff, her tail bobbing up and down as she did so. The wonderdog began to wonder if the DNA Ray had some sort of secondary hypnotic effect. He couldn't take his eyes off the bouncing white fluff. It was a pretty tail. Poofier than his own. He started to feel short of breath, a little bit warm under his fur.

He breathed a little more rapidly and caught a scent he hadn't noticed before. It smelled good, whatever it was. He sniffed his way down her tail, the scent getting stronger as he went.

Penny giggled. "Bolt? What are you doing back there?"

//I wonder...// He licked at the base of her tail. //Mmmm... That's kinda tasty.// He smacked his lips and tried again.

"Ohhh. Hey, what's the big idea back there-- ooh..."

He licked down between the girl's slim legs, homing in on the source of the taste. He found it and lapped at it eagerly. She shifted, spreading her knees apart. His tongue could get in further now. Strange, the more he licked at the taste, the more of it there was.

Penny stood up. He looked up at her, a little worried he might have done something wrong. She just petted him on the head and sat down on the bed, tucking her tail to the side. Looking more than a little embarrassed at this next part, she pulled her nightgown up and spread her legs. Her face was very red, especially in contrast to those white ears. She was breathing faster. "It's okay. You... you can keep going, boy. Keep licking me. That's a good boy."

He licked deeper and deeper, searching for the source of the taste. He looked up at her, finding her moaning, eyes closed. Those pointy dog ears gave him a rush of feeling that he was unfamiliar with, that he had never felt before in all his time with Penny.

She began to moan deeper. The tunnel of flesh was hot against his tongue, loosening and tightening in turns. Her hand found his head and she scratched behind his ear. "Good boy, Bolt," she gasped, "Good boy..."

She wriggled her hips, causing her new tail to bounce up and down. Bolt's eyes tracked it, hypnotized. He stopped for a minute, pulling his tongue from her with a wet slurp. //This could all be a side effect of the DNA Ray. We'd better t--
MMmmMPFFF!//

Penny shoved his face back into her vagina. Shivers traveled up and down her body as his muzzle entered her. She normally jumped when he just touched the back of her neck with his cold nose. He couldn't imagine what it felt like deep inside her.

She began to spasm, shaking and kicking against the bed. "Oh, Bolt!" The hot walls of her vagina slipped tightly over his muzzle, coating him in slick, fragrant fluid. "AaaaAAAhhhh!" She flopped down against the bedcovers.

//Penny! Are you all right?// He barked, muzzle still halfway inside her. He jerked his nose free and gasped. He placed his forepaws on the bed and nuzzled her cheek.

She giggled and brushed him off. She was breathing, still a little rapidly, but much calmer than before.

//She's okay. So what was...?// Drowning in the scent, her scent, made him dizzy. It smelled good. It tasted *good.* His eyes rolled back in his head. The warm fluid was savory and sweet in his mouth. He licked his lips with a slobber.

Penny must have heard him, because her eyes met his. She had a sleepy, satisfied look. Her hair was tangled around those pretty new ears, but other than that she seemed no worse for the wear. She patted the bed next to her. He hopped up on the bed and laid down beside her. She put an arm over him and gently stroked the fur under his muzzle, where she knew he liked it best. Still damp with her juices, he buried his nose against the soft fabric of her t-shirt.

Falling fast into dreams, she kissed him over his sleepy eyes and held him close. "You *are* my good boy..."

Assured that his precious person was safe, Bolt too drifted off to sleep, saving the mystery of her strange behavior and delicious flavor until another day.

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A few more squeaks and a lot of moans later, and only the stem of Mr. Carrot remained exposed outside of his person's slit. The rest lay deep inside her, with only a muffled squeak to tell of its existence.

Now came the fun part. Bolt had always been a smart dog, but he had been very proud the day he figured out how to work Mr. Carrot back out with his teeth. He had to be gentle and it meant a lot of tongue work, but Penny never seemed to mind. She just laid back and giggled as he worked it free.

He set his teeth around the rubber toy. Even though they had gotten Penny's ears and tail zapped back to normal, she still liked to play this game. Bolt smiled. He liked this game too. They engaged in a fierce tug of war, the toy squeaking with every nip of his teeth, every clutch of her vaginal muscles. He tugged back hard on Mr. Carrot, working his canine tongue deeper into her to help wedge it out. //You know, Penny, this would be a lot easier if you didn't keep wiggling around like that!//

She moaned and slid her hips back and forth on the silky bedspread. After about ten minutes of steady licking and nibbling, he yanked Mr. Carrot free and trotted triumphantly around the trailer. Penny had yelped when he pulled it out, but she always made those noises when he did that. //Poor Penny. It must be another residual effect of the DNA Ray.//

Gnawing at the rubber toy, he basked in the rich juices running down his muzzle. He had liked Mr. Carrot before, but now that it tasted like this...

"Here, Bolt." Her face was flushed, almost the color of her hair. Even without those cute dog ears, she still gave him tingly feelings when she looked like that.

He jumped up onto the bed, toy carrot still shiny and wet with her juices.

"Come 'ere, buddy. I've got a favor to return..." She turned him onto his back and began stroking his tummy fur.

Bolt grinned. //Oh, Penny, you know how I love belly rubs! Make sure you-- Whoa! Hey, //that's// a little different.// He looked down to see her rubbing her index finger over the tip of his sheath. He gasped, smelling her sweat.

She smiled down at him, brushing the hair from her face. "Does that feel good, boy?"

Bolt's tongue lolled out of his mouth as his eyes drifted open and closed. He was having trouble focusing on anything but the feelings stirring up under her fingertips as they slid along the protective skin covering his member. He could feel it swelling, poking out of its sheath like it did sometimes when he peed. But this felt very different. He shuddered, feeling the give of the outer layer of flesh as it slid along his stiffening member. //Ooooooh...// he whimpered. His breath came in panting gasps that did little to cool the heat he felt. //Oh, Penny, I don't think anything has ever felt as good as-- Ah!//

The cool flesh of her fingers curled around his exposed canine cock, sliding up and down over the veiny surface. Slow at first, but speeding up. Soon Bolt the superdog was reduced to whimpering and thrusting in the grip of wanton desire.

Penny laughed. Bolt thought for an instant how silly he must look before she squeezed his engorged member, eliciting a pleased yelp from the canine. Her other hand traced in, cupping his sac for a moment before traveling up to caress the budge forming at the base of his cock.

His heartbeat quickened. Blood pulsed hot through his veins. Bolt wasn't sure what this all meant, but he knew it felt very, //very// good. And pumping away at his penis was none other than Penny, his person, so it had to be all right. Something was building inside him, a power unrivaled by even the fiercest Super-Bark. He tried to warn Penny, but it was coming fast. He whimpered as he felt his balls contract to his body. Pulses of muscle pulled pleasure from deep inside his being.

//Ohmygosh... Oooooohmygosh! Oh. Oh! OOOOOoooooAAAHHHHH!!!!//

Something shot out of his cock in thick joyous globs. He let out a whine, staggering with every shot. Any semblance of thought left him, replaced by incredible, body wracking pleasure. He kept coming and coming until he felt like his heart was going to give out. Slowly, slowly, the feelings subsided, replaced by a

warm glow that made his whole body tremble, from nose to tail to outstretched paws. //That was... That was incredible.// His vision fuzzed over. He couldn't seem to keep his eyes from closing...

"That's quite a superpower you've got there, Bolty boy." Penny giggled.

His eyes shot open. Her face was covered in jagged streaks of white goo. It smeared and jiggled as she tried to wipe it off. //It could be some sort of immobilizing gel! I'd better get it off her.// He licked the silky white strands from her face, careful not to leave a drop. It was salty and stuck in funny ways to the roof of his mouth, but he was sure his enhanced biology could handle it.

"He-hee! Watch the tongue! I think I've had enough doggy slobbers for one night." She wiped her mouth with her wrist. "Did that feel good?"

He yipped softly and gave her one last lick across the chin, catching the last of his cum there.

"Good... 'cause I... I might have another idea... or two... for tomorrow night..." She yawned.

The night's exertions caught up with them fast and they slept soundly until morning, kept warm in the glow of each other's love.

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Fun with Bolt & Penny 2 - Early to Rise

By Tempo

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//This is important!// Bolt whimpered. The sun gleamed in around the skylight, tracing a three-sided square on the trailer floor. He had been up since the break of dawn and Penny was still in bed. Most days, they would be in mortal danger by now. He propped his paws up on the fold-out bed and yipped. //You'd better get ready. This could be the calm before the storm.//

"Bolt, it's Sunday. We'll fight evil tomorrow. For now, just let me sleep." She rolled on her side and pulled the covers over her head.

He seized the blankets in his teeth and pulled, growling. //Evil *never* sleeps in! The world won't be safe until we rescue your father and defeat the fiendish forces of the Green-Eyed--//

A pink pillow hit him in the face. Its embroidered Tinkerbell mocked him from the floor. He shook his head. //Very well. It seems some infiltration will be required.// He nosed under the covers. Within moments, he burrowed fully under the sheets, only his wagging tail left exposed. His nose bumped into something soft and smooth. //Ah-ha! Target acquired.//

Jolted from her sleep Penny gasped, then snickered, then dissolved into laughter. "Ah! Hey! Nooo!"

Bolt's canny tongue slid again and again along the soles of her feet. As fast as she could pull one away, he found the other, licking with relentless enthusiasm. Human feet were silly, but not all bad. Smoother than his paw pads, though not as soft as //some// places he had licked lately... Getting frisky at the memory, he redoubled his efforts.

"Hey! Qu-hee-hee-quit it! Ah! That tickles!" She curled her toes, pulling her legs close against her body. She wore only an oversized t-shirt. Since their little games had started, she hardly ever wore panties to bed.

Bolt burrowed deeper under the covers. //Ha! The first signs of real resistance.// Not to be outfoxed, he licked //in-between// the resisting digits. //I've got you now!//

Her toes spasmed and wriggled against his tongue. "Aaah!" The last vestiges of groggy dignity were swept away by that sloppy tongue as Penny surrendered to a wave of uncontrollable laughter. "All right! All right! I'm up!" Her chest heaved as she caught her breath. "Sheesh."

//Mission accomplished.// Pride welling in his chest, he wormed his way along her body to poke his head out of the covers. On the way, he caught a whiff of her scent, evidence of the previous night's activities. Or maybe she was excited all over again. She had sweated a little during the tickle torture, so it was hard to tell.

She looked down at him with those pretty brown eyes. A flash of curiosity crossed her face. She lifted the blanket a little. His red member lay pressed against her stomach. She had never gotten the chance to see it in the daylight before. The tip had slid about halfway out of his sheath, shiny and sleek. "Jeez, look at you, ya rascal." Her smile shifted from adoration to mischievous amusement. "Always ready for action, eh boy?"

He rolled his eyes, blushing under his fur. //I can't exactly help it.// The feel of her body pressed against him brought powers to bear that he had little control over. Somehow, it felt very right to have her body under him, just like it felt right to protect her.

Her fingers traced the edge of his cock. He shivered at her touch. "How... How would you like it if I tickled //you,// huh?"

He yipped softly. Feelings kindled deep within him, hearted in the pure trust he knew only with his person. The world could be a dangerous place, but Penny was Penny. Her motives were never suspect. She loved him.

She patted the bed beside her, purple sheets ruffling. "Roll over, boy. I've got an idea."

He rolled off her, white belly fur glistening in the warm morning light. His cock crept a little further from its home. What had been a strange sensation before now seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

She watched as his stiff cock swung back and forth. "I was going to save this for tonight, but..." She shrugged, a glint of coyness in her voice. "What's wrong with a little research?" Her fingers slid up his shaft, brushing against the his furry sheath. Her palm worked along the underside of his cock, rubbing from underneath to cup the tip of his cock and then slipping back down again, starting the maneuver over. Precum slicked her hand in streaks, alternately exposing his cock to the dry texture of her hand or the slick wetness of his precum.

Bolt's mind was overloaded by desire. He was in the palm of her hand. Literally. Panting heavily, his tongue slipped out the side of his mouth. //Oooh... That feels good.//

"Do you like that, boy?" She slid closer to him. Her voice had softened, rasping a little on the edge of a whisper. "How... about... this?" She began squeezing his cock in a steady rhythm. Her fingertips tightened on his stiff member, then relaxed, tightened, relaxed, in the space of a whimpered breath.

Bolt felt his heartbeat race. //Hrrr... Ugh-ahh... Yesss... You always have the best idee-- ideas, Penny.//

"And this?" She laid her head against his chest, get closer and closer until he could feel her breath on his cock, the hot surface cooling in each soft rush of air. One long breath trailed off, nearly giving his poor heart a break, then another would begin, fanning the flames of his lust like bellows at a forge. Bolt whined at the teasing, writhing against the purple bedcovers. Nothing in the world felt this good. Not even belly rubs.

"Okay. Well, how about...?" She closed her eyes and lowered her head down his chest.

He looked down. //Now what are you--? Yip!// Something very hot, very wet brushed against his cock. It slid from the tip of his shaft, down his length, lingering around the edge of his sheath. It swirled around the base of his cock, further stiffening it. After an instant, the sensation slipped back along to the tip and finally lifted off, leaving the pup panting for more.

Penny looked up at her squirming pet and wiped a spot of saliva from her lip. "Whaddaya think, Bolt?" Her other hand continued to gently work at his knot.

At first, a slack jawed growl was the only reply he could muster. He had licked himself plenty of times. He had never felt anything like that. //Ahhhh... Ohhh... Your tongue felt un... ohh... unbelievable...// He looked down at her, flustered and halfway discombobulated.

Presented with his out of sorts expression, she giggled. "My hero." Normally, he was in total control of himself. But not now. Now he was at her mercy. Every little squeeze of his cock made him squirm with pleasure.

He looked down at her pleadingly, giving a little whine. //You're not stopping, are you?//

As if in answer to his question, she resumed, lowering her tongue onto his cock. This time, however, she shifted so she could see him react. She licked up his shaft, then down again and back. Her brown eyes shone up at him, reflecting the light that filtered in from the sunroof.

His heart pounded in his chest. Her soft fingers slid under his cock. She lifted it to her lips, soft smooching sounds as she kissed the tip again and again, ever so lightly. Still looking up at him, her lips slipped over the tip of his cock. Her tongue prodded against the tip a few times, causing him to jump a little whenever she made contact. Encouraged, she tried another little trick. Instead of just prodding against it, she licked //around// his cock, her tongue swirling against every surface,

exploring every inch of his member as she sunk further and further, taking him all the way into her mouth.

He whimpered in ecstasy. Her mouth was wilder than the rapids of Chile, hotter than the winds of Egypt. His hips jerked, instinctively and totally outside his control. //It's as if... uh!... I'm under the effects of some kind of... ooOOooh! ...control beam!// His back arched as he thrust again, gaining momentum as he went wild with pleasure. He humped deeper against her mouth, shivering as his cock bumped along every ridge on the roof of her mouth. //Oooh-aah! Oooh-aah! Oooh-haaaah!//

Hearing him pant, she looked up. Their eyes locked for an instant. Then she smiled up at him around his cock. That pretty, dirty, naughty, beautiful smile was too much for him. Eyelids fluttering, he peaked. //HuuuuUUUH!// A long, drawn out breath. In the thrill of orgasm, he pressed his paws down against her head, shoving her along his cock until her lips reached his canine knot. Cum spurted out from his pulsing shaft, engorged so much it almost hurt. It felt like every nerve in his body was firing at once, all of them taking their orders from somewhere other than his brain, hijacked by his lust.

Penny coughed a little, slipping off his cock. A twitch ran through his body, an aftershock of pleasure. He felt every texture inside her mouth against his super sensitive shaft. He could even feel how the white fur of his sheath was matted with spit, how it felt chilly in the morning air.

"Uuh mah guuud!" Penny put a hand to her mouth. Cum dribbled over her bottom lip as she spoke. A slight puff to her cheeks meant there was much more of it inside.

//Oh no, Penny!// He worried for a moment that the fluid might be harmful to her. He had suffered no ill effects from last night's slurpings, but she was only a person.

She grinned at his look of concern, her eyes tightening at the edges. She slurped the thick liquid around her mouth with her tongue, tasting it thoroughly, then swallowed. "That tastes... funny. Kinda salty, but kinda sweet." She gave his tip one

more playful suck, coming off with a pop, making him yelp at the sensation. She laughed. "I kinda like it."

The bed creaked as she laid back down. She pulled the exhausted pooch over her body like a warm, furry pillow. Her shirt had ridden up a little and his cock pressed against her bare stomach. He laid on top her, sated, marveling at how good it felt to have her under him, especially with her skin rubbing against his still stiff cock. He licked once over the soft curve of her neck, completely and utterly happy, then drowsed off. Penny scratched at his back fur, settling into the warmth of his body. "Oh, so now you're willing to sleep in..."

* * * * *

Days later, the shadows of the pyramids stretched west, the morning near its end. Hours of sun had baked away the chill of desert night. It was hot, but not as hot as Bolt thought a desert ought to be. //Penny's father must have given me the power to pant with super efficiency...//

Ancient monuments rolled past the tour bus window. The Great Sphinx lay immeshed in a lattice of scaffolding, looming taller than a six story building. Using massive cranes, workers set replacement stone blocks into the megalith with the utmost care. An official looking sign stood before the work, displaying the emblazoned Eagle of Saladin and several lines of Arabic writing.

Penny slipped on her sunglasses. "Translate." The glasses heads up display flashed, words shimmering over her eyes. She read it out loud. "'Due to... the most generous monetary endowment of the Calico Corporation... the Egyptian Supreme Council of Antiquities is proud to sponsor this restoration of the Giza Necropolis.'" She shook her head. "What would Calico want with ancient artifacts?"

They got off the bus and slipped away from the tour group. Penny pulled her baseball cap down, hiding the glare of her enhanced sunglasses. Few people bothered to check out the sunglasses on some American tourist kid, but it didn't hurt to be careful. Bolt had long since learned that if they acted like everything was normal, adults turned on their None Of My Business blinders.

"Jeez, this place is ever bigger than I thought." The Great Pyramid was closed to visitors. A guard in an Egyptian police uniform stood outside. "Look at his headset." Penny showed Bolt through the binoculars. The radio was the exact same model worn by the Green Eye guards. He was an impostor! Bolt growled, ready to charge in and get to the bottom of this.

"Wait, boy." Penny put a hand on his chest. "We need a distraction." Shoving the binoculars back into her bag, she pulled out a bag of Party Poppers. Again trying to act perfectly ordinary, she casually handed the fireworks to a group of school children a few years younger than she. She walked away as the excited chatter was followed by a series of loud bangs, each followed by gleeful laughter. Shouting something in Arabic and waving for the kids to stop, the guard walked over to investigate. Penny and Bolt dashed up the entrance and slipped under the velvet rope while the guard and the children's teacher were still trying to calm things down.

They breathed a little easier once inside and out of view. As Bolt's eyes adjusted to the dark, he saw ancient set of stairs leading down into the structure. The light from Penny's HUD sunglasses flickered in the dim space. Numbers and words flashed across the lenses, followed by a diagram of the pyramid.

The stairs led down for several yards, then up several more before branching off to a long hallway. They were about to investigate when brilliant light flooded out as a door opened at the far end. They crouched down against the steep stairs. A few minutes crept by as they waited for the emerging person to walk past. A woman in a pinstriped black business suit exited the hallway, spit out a wad of gum, and headed up the stairs.

Once they were sure she couldn't see, they ran to the door and Penny tried to open it. "There's no handle on this side." She nodded in the direction of the stairs. "We'd better follow her."

They crept up through what Penny's glasses labeled the Grand Gallery. The room was so tall that the ceiling faded into shadows. The hum of the old electric lights bolted to the floor was the only sound besides the scuff of dress shoes on

limestone. At the top of the stairs, the woman walked up to an engraved cartouche which effectively sealed the hall. She pressed her thumb against one of the eye shaped hieroglyphs, the symbol then glowed emerald. The stone door rumbled and opened upward. Electric lights glimmered from inside, grey metal consoles sat in contrast to the dusty yellow stone. The blonde woman slipped a fresh piece of gum from a pack and chewed it reflectively, crumpling the wrapper into a ball and flicking it away.

The pair ducked inside, hiding under a table. Beyond the workstations, a huge metal cylinder hung on struts in the middle of the room, extending out of site at both the floor and ceiling. Stone blocks that had stood for thousands of years had been cut away to allow the device to be assembled completely out of public view. A single large monitor hung above the railing that circled the pit. Only a handful of guards and technicians stood scattered across the room. Penny glanced at a nearby monitor, which tracked through a topographical map. "This must be some sort of launch site." The stone door rumbled closed behind them. Penny turned to him, whispering in his ear. "Dang. We're going to need to find another way out."

A flicker of light, then a familiar face flashed onto the central monitor. The guards and technicians all straightened. The woman in the pinstripe suit nearly swallowed her chewing gum. "Sir!"

"Agent Bast." The Green-Eyed Man glowered down from the massive screen. "I trust you have made good use of our exceptionally expensive cover story."

She nodded anxiously. "Yes, sir. The preparations are almost complete. We are ready to launch at any time."

"Excellent. I have never been a fan of waiting." He scratched the thin cat that slunk onto his shoulder, his fingers lingering for a thoughtful moment before tightening into a fist. "Arm the missile."

The Green-Eyed Man turned aside to reveal a bearded scientist. "Daddy!" Penny gasped, pulling off her sunglasses. She hadn't seen him in the flesh in over a year. Bolt watched the screen with stern conviction. They would get her father back, that much he knew.

The woman in black keyed in the launch code on one of the touchscreen consoles. Sirens blared and steel blast doors clanged shut behind the monitor, shielding the control room. She looked up, platinum blonde hair twisting in its tight braids like pale snakes. "Missile primed."

"If you will not help us willingly, perhaps the destruction of your //alma mater// will loosen your tongue. The right word from you and I will order them to cancel the countdown." A veneer of false politeness encased his maniacal rage. "You have ten minutes. Starting... now."

Penny's father looked up from his chair, defiant filling his tired eyes. "I won't play your sick games, Calico. We both know even more people will die if I help you."

The Green-Eyed Man ground his teeth and turned to the camera. "Make it seven minutes."

"Yes, sir!" The woman spat out her gum and patted her pocket for the rest of the pack. When she didn't find it, she look panicked for a moment before returning to her duties. She pulled up the countdown timer and knocked three minutes off the total. It ticked down. 6:50. 6:49. 6:48.

Under the table, Penny nodded to Bolt, slipping the sunglasses into her pocket. "Let's do this!"

The dog scampered out from under the table and crashed into the two guards at the door. The third, clad in yellow armor, hurled a pair of ninja stars at the canine. Leaping in the air, Bolt battered both projectiles away in opposite directions. The shining weapons buried in the ancient limestone with a brace of grinding shrieks. The white pup landed without a scratch, snarling as he advanced on the yellow guard. The guard's hands slipped over his remaining weapons, Bolt's image reflecting off his metallic visor.

Penny, meanwhile, had thrown a smoke bomb into the middle of the control room. Thick grey fumes billowed out of the canister. The two remaining guards tripped over the technicians taking cover behind their consoles. Shouting and confusion filled the room. "What is happening over there?" The Green-Eyed Man glared through the monitor, no doubt irked at this chaotic turn of events. "Report, Agent Bast!"

The blonde woman rubbed her smoky eyes on the sleeve of her coat. She yelled into her headset: "All units, we have intruders in the control room!" Her vision apparently clear, she reached into the smoke and hauled a struggling girl up by the shirt. "You just signed your death warrant, kid."

On the screen, the simmering anger in the scientist's eyes was replaced with surprise and fear. "Penny!"

The woman turned to the Green-Eyed Man. "I have her, sir. Everything is under control." Around the room, shouts and crashes echoed, sources obscured by the smoke. The pinstriped suited woman glanced around the room. "What the?"

"You fool!" On the other side of the monitor, the Green-Eyed Man slammed his fist into his desk. "Forget the girl, get that dog!"

A yellow-striped helmet rolled to the woman's feet. In this moment of distraction, Penny broke free of the woman's grasp. The woman grabbed for her, but at that exact moment Bolt leaped out of the smoke at her. The woman in black tumbled backward, narrowly avoiding the incoming superdog and snatching one of the fallen guard's rifles. She leveled it at Penny and Bolt. "Play dead, mutt!" She pulled the trigger.

Bolt blasted the rifle with his Heat Vision. The gun exploded in flames, throwing the woman back against a wall. The dog spun around, ready to defend Penny from any other threats that might materialize out of the smoke.

"Good job, boy." Penny pulled up the countdown controls and hit the cancel command. The button blinked under her finger. She looked up at the timer. 6:17.

6:16. 6:15. She hit the button again. 6:14. 6:13. 6:12. "It's still going! Daddy, Calico was going to destroy the college either way!"

Her father jumped forward in his chair, pulling at his restraints. "Penny! Get out of th--!" The Green-Eyed Man made a 'kill it' gesture to someone off camera and the screen cut to static.

Wiping the tears from her eyes, Penny pulled up the command terminal, keying in a root level halt and power-off. Every screen in the room went dark, //except// the timer. 6:01. 6:00. 5:59. "The missile's on automatic launch. We need to find another way to stop it!" She ran to the door, Bolt at her heels.

"It's sealed. You're not getting out of here." The woman in the now burned suit again reached for her missing pack of gum. "You've failed."

Reaching into her own pocket, Penny ran the purloined pack of gum under her phone's camera. A perfect thumbprint appeared on the screen. She pressed the phone's screen to the glyph on the door, which shuddered open. She snapped her phone closed. "Doncha love technology?"

Her fine suit still smoldering, the woman groaned and shouted into the mic of her headset. "They're coming down the gallery. Don't let them escape! Activate the defense system!"

Half a dozen guards were running up the stairs. Pulling the device from her belt, Penny pressed the release on her wheelbar, the telescoping middle section springing out to press the rubber wheels against the walls. She jumped forward, grabbing hold of it, and sliding down the Grand Gallery, picking up speed. Bullets tore into the ancient limestone as the guards opened fire. Bolt blurred down the stairs, kicking between the close walls and knocking the guards out of Penny's path. Plummeting feet first, she plowed into the last guard at the foot of the stairs. They raced out of the pyramid.

As they reached the entrance, they heard shouting behind them. The woman in black charged out, a whip in either hand. She cracked both whips in succession,

barely missing Bolt as he dodged left, then right, then knocked her from the pyramid's entrance to the sands far below. He worried a little that she might come back a third time. //Nah. She wasn't imposing enough to merit coming back to life twice.// Only really scary people did that.

Running down the Great Pyramid's steps, Penny took cover in an ancient cemetery, in the shadow of what her sunglasses' HUD told her was something called the Tomb of Hemon. Out of breath, she closed her eyes for a moment, but the HUD took this as a request for more information, buzzing through messages like "GPS: 29;58'45"N 31;7'47"E" and suggestions that she "Blink twice to view Wikipedia entry." She threw the sunglasses off. They landed on the sand and were scooped up by a waiting stagehand, not wanting such an expensive prop to get stepped on.

A gloved hand seized around her wrist. "Gotcha!"

She dropped to one knee, escaping the Green Eye guard's grasp. The soldier made a grab for her and caught her by the backpack. Struggling out of it, she shouted around the corner: "Bolt! Help!"

Battling a second detachment of guards, Bolt looked over just in time to see a black-armored guard grab her in a bear hug and drag her off. She screamed dramatically. "Tone it down it, kid," the soldier said in a jocular tone, flicking his visor. "These helmets aren't as soundproof as they look."

"Sorry, Blake." She laughed a little, knowing they were, for the moment, out of the shot. A voice cracked in his headset and the stuntman laughed, perhaps more dramatically than was necessary. A second later, Bolt raced through the gravestones, snuck around the back of the tomb, and karate chopped the guard holding his person. The armored man collapsed in a heap. Just then, the ground shuddered under their feet. Penny looked around, alarmed. "It's too early for the missiles engines to fire. What could--"

All around them, people ran, terrified that the ancient buildings would come crashing down on them in this sudden earthquake. Bolt's hyper-harmonic ears swiveled, locating the source of the sound. //It's coming from the southeast!// Penny

followed as he climbed up the steps of the tomb to get a better view. They stood among the limestone columns, astonished at what they saw.

Just over four football fields away, the scaffolding over the Great Sphinx collapsed. Five thousand years worth of sand and dust came running off the structure in rivulets. From their vantage point near the pyramid's base, Bolt could see massive blocks of rock shift and fall away from the sculpture. Underneath, where there should have been nothing but solid stone, mechanical parts gleamed in the harsh sunlight. //This is no earthquake.//

The massive stone creation shuddered, shaking off the last of its scaffold cocoon. Unseen seams spilt the stone, revealing where the employees of the Calico Corporation had quietly installed cutting edge hydraulics. The Sphinx's legs moved, raising it up out of the sand. Grinding noises issued from deep within it as it slowly turned to face them. Its noseless face regarded the scene coldly, caring no more for the fleeing people than for the desert it had watched for fifty centuries. Now, though, those watching eyes glowed, glowed a vivid green. It pawed at the ground, billowing a cloud of sand. Bolt looked up at Penny, who seemed perhaps not quite as scared as she should have been. "That's not good."

Stone cracked like thunder as the beast bounded toward them. The way it moved, Bolt calculated they had a few seconds' head start before the robot closed the distance in crashing strides. A sudden squall whipped dust into the air, hiding the creature from view. Unbeknownst to Bolt, special effects gurus smiled in their control room as the massive projector screen retracted smoothly to admit a huge animatronic Sphinx onto the soundstage.

Bolt blinked the sand from his eyes and found that the creature was practically on top of them. //How did it move so fast?// But now was not the time for such concerns. The stone creation loomed over them, easily over three stories tall. Dust and rock fragments showered down around them. Its massive eyes flashed with an artificial light.

Bolt didn't know about machines like Penny did, but he did know that when scary things lit up at you, you jumped out of the way. Pulling Penny with him, he dove off the side of the tomb. They tumbled to the sand far below as a massive explosion ripped into the stone platform they had been standing on half a second

before. With a flying leap, he deflected a massive block about to crush Penny. It bounced off him as if made of foam rubber.

As he provided cover against the gigantic feline deathbot, she sprinted through the ancient cemetery, trying to get out of the robot's reach. A massive crackle caught her attention. She looked up. The top of the pyramid had split open, sending a cascade of crumbling blocks down the side and revealing the black nose cone of the missile. Penny glanced down at her phone, now displaying mere seconds left in the countdown. "The missile is going to launch any second. Here, boy!"

The deft canine rolled out of the way of another blast from the Sphinx's eye beams. Thankfully, the creature was clumsy up close. //Any second? I thought we had more time than that.// Then again, he hadn't even noticed her program the countdown into her cell either. The faithful canine ran back toward her.

"We'll have to take out two birds with one stone." Calm and in control, she looked down at Bolt as he spun to a stop at her heel, leaving deep paw marks in the sand. They looked out, seeing that plateau was empty, seeing that the Sphinx was closing on them fast. "Bolt, speak."

He planted first a front paw, then a back one, locking down as a Super-Bark welled up in his chest. He ducked his head down, to contain the force until the last possible instant, then barked with all his canine might. "Ka-WOOF!"

The bark echoed across the open desert. Bolt wasn't stupid. He knew that the explosive force of his Super-Bark resulted in a decompressive contact front. The ensuing pressure wave rippled out from his bark in a blast of kinetic energy. Also, stagehands set off a series of small charges in the sand to simulate the explosion's expanding cone. Caught in the blast wave, the massive robot flipped backward, end over end, before finally colliding with the top of the pyramid. The outer layers of stone shattered as the two giant structures were sandblasted by the ensuing torrent of rock and dust. The Sphinx-bot shuddered, mechanical parts screeching for an instant before the missile's fuel supply ignited, unleashing a column of flame that immolated the robot's inner workings, returning it to the lifeless stone behemoth that it had been for millennia hitherto.

As the dust settled in a streaming pale ribbons around them, Bolt sneezed. Penny coughed into her sleeve, then pointed at the sky. "Look!" A black helicopter thundered overhead, its Green Eye logo shining in the desert sun.

Bolt watched it go, the collecting dust greying out his mark of power. //You'd better run, cat-lovers, because someday I'm going to catch you. And when I do, I'm going to make sure you never harm Penny or anybody else ever again!//

* * * * *

Having finally gotten all the sand out of his fur, Penny lowered the sopping dog to the floor. Instinct told him to shake, but he resisted the urge. //Who knows what an devastating effect my powers could have in such an inclosed space? I might end up shaking the water off at ballistic velocities.// This had never happened, but he stood still, just to be safe.

Setting the washcloth on the counter, she moved her phone toward the edge so it wouldn't get wet. She toweled him off, starting with his shoulders and head. "There. That's a lot better isn't it?" Bolt yipped in agreement, inclining his head to give her a better angle. She scratched him under the chin, drying off his flanks and tail. Finishing his back, she moved on to the rest of him. She dried off his legs, then rubbed under his belly, and felt an odd bulge through the towel. "Oh, Bolt..." She rolled her eyes.

//What? What're you talking about?// He tried to look innocent, but a slow grin crept onto his face. The wagging white tail probably didn't help his credibility. Neither did the pink cock tip that poked from his sheath.

"What am I going to do with you?" Penny hopped onto the futon. The purple covers were off, revealing a green retro pattern. She didn't even bother to fold it back down. She patted the cushion, that clever glint in her eye. "Come on, boy. I wanna try something. On your back."

He jumped up and rolled over, eager for a repeat of the previous morning's performance. //I'm really starting to like this. Hey, what're you doing?//

She didn't start licking him, instead pushing his legs down. Placing her knees at either side of his hips, she straddled him. The fabric of her shorts felt funny against his cock. He liked it. She whispered into his furry white ears: "I always wanted to take riding lessons. I just thought there'd be a pony involved." A quirky smile on her lips, she watched his reaction as she started to bounce a little, slowly riding up and down against her doggy's hardening member. Pressed between her crotch and the fur over his tight tummy muscles, his cock felt amazing. Penny began moving her hips left to right, rolling his shaft along his bellyfur. He pawed at her waist, unable to process all the sensations. He could feel the warmth of her crotch now, riding his sheath back and forth as the knot started to form, tight against the confines of sheath and situation.

Penny's hands slid over his body, leaving trails of ruffled fur. Her delicate fingers unsnapped the button at the front of her shorts, pulling down the zipper in a single smooth motion. Her white panties gleamed as she started to loosen her shorts and tights. Her moans, feathery soft and needful, fluttered his heart and Bolt nearly came then and there.

One of her hands slipped down the front of her shorts moving up and down, while the other curled around his cock. Fingers so gentle, they felt like a summer wind. She angled his member up, pushing against it the front of her crotch. That scent had returned, as it always did, the scent that he had followed down a fluffy tail so many nights ago. He looked up at her. Both of her hands played with his cock now, the one that had been in her shorts shone wetly, covered in her thick sweet smell. Sliding her knees back, she laid on top of him, pulling her shorts down and rubbing his exposed cock against her pussy. Only a thin layer of cotton between the hot moisture of her nether lips and his knotting cock, pulsing in time with his heartbeat. His red shaft swam in a sea of white heat, his fur and her panties rolling like breaking waves against it. The sensitive skin of his cock tingled at the feel of something so smooth at one side and his own rough fur at the other.

Penny blushed hard now, breath coming only in gasps and whispers. "Oh, Bolt..." She moved and her pussy rode a little higher, sliding up the bottom of his shaft and then back down to bump hard against the eager budge of his knot. He could feel her pussy lips spread around his length, widening as she hit the bump, grinding against him. Her scent was everywhere now, his nose, his mouth, permeating his very soul.

She ran her fingers through his soft headfur. "I... I need you, boy." She licked along the inside of his ear. He gasped at the unexpected sensation. Nobody had ever licked him there, not even other dogs. Her breath quickened now, pulsing hot air against the side of his face. He panted, whimpered a little in pleasure, then licked the back of her neck, licked it more gently than he had ever touched anything. That small gesture set off something inside her. She humped fast, bouncing him against the mattress. Her breath turned to exclamations. "Oh god! Bolt! Oh!"

Lost in the pleasure, he let his head fall back to the cushion, eyes rolling back, mouth hanging open. He felt her vaginal muscles spasm over the underside of his cock. "Yessss! UuuuUUUUH!" She grabbed him tight against her, thrusting one last time against his bulging knot, shivering in orgasm. He watched her. He liked watching her, now that he knew what it felt like. Her eyes opened slowly, her breath returning, her expression sculpted by lust and love. She wiggled against his stiff member. The thin fabric of her panties pulled away sticky from his cock, soaked with her juices. She smiled down at him, her fingers running down his furry chest, lingering over his white-furred sack for a moment before moving up to caress his knotted shaft. "Okay, boy. Your turn..."

Her phone buzzed. Penny froze. Thought returned to her reddened face, followed by distress. "Oh no! My tutor!" She jumped up, spilling Bolt to the floor with a yelp. "Ohmygosh! I'm sorry, buddy." The bewildered canine shook his head and blinked up at her, flat on his back. Grimacing at her poor pup, she stood up and pulled on her shoes and zipped up her shorts.

//But... but what about--?// He glanced at his very erect cock, then back at her. The thought of her leaving made him whine, for a lot more reasons than usual.

She shoved her cell into her pocket, straightening her hair. A quick kiss on the forehead and she was in the doorway. A look of regret crossed her face, her eyes darting down to his erection in a moment of weakness. She closed her eyes and, gathering her willpower, closed the trailer door. "We'll play later, I promise!"

//Did I mention the lurking forces of evil?// He whimpered. //Penny! Argh!// He

couldn't believe this. She'd left all alone again! How were they going to save the world if something happened to her? He growled and flopped onto his stomach. // Ow. That hurt.// He rolled over. His stiff red cock had been pinned under him against the cold linoleum. He sighed. //What am I supposed to do with this?// It crossed his mind that he might be stuck this way until Penny came back, and sometimes she was gone for more than a day. //I can't wait a whole day! What if that fiendish feline minion of the Green-Eyed Man shows up? He could report back my vulnerable state! No, that's unacceptable. I won't put Penny in danger just because my Wonderbone is acting up. I'll have to deal with this myself.//

Doing a little reconnaissance, he prodded the member with his right paw. // Ooh.// A tremor of pleasure rippled through his body, making him smirk a little. // Focus Bolty, this is serious! Now, what happens next? Penny rubs it, it feels really good, it shoots whatever that white goo is, and then everything goes back to normal. Right? Okay.// He scooted back against the counter so he could see what he was doing. //So I rub it. That's easy enough.// He started rubbing. His paw pads were rougher than Penny's hands, but it felt new and naughty. But the rough texture also meant couldn't do it as hard as Penny and he didn't really have the grip to stroke it like she did, so he had to content himself with pressing the hot red member against his soft tummy fur.

//Ha. That... feels good.// He forced the grin from his face, once again all business. //But I don't think we're into 'really good' territory yet. Think, Bolty. What would Penny do?// He thought back to their games for a moment, then felt the light bulb click on in his brain. //Of course!// He poked his tongue out and gave his member an experimental lick. //Mmmm. It tastes kinda like Penny...// He gave it a few more licks, then shuddered. Her scent mixing with his sent shivers of excitement down his spine. Things were definitely moving in the right direction. He hunched his hips forward, pawing the delinquent member closer and closer to his lips. //Just a little... *slurp* farther... uuuhg.// After a little work, he managed to get it halfway into his mouth. The pulsing shaft felt hot and heavy on his tongue. He swore he could feel every vein on its slick surface. While the canine couldn't press in with his lips like Penny could, he found that his tongue could slip almost entirely around it. It felt great, but he had to work a kink out of his neck. //Woo! I see why Penny does this part for me. My powers do have some limits.//

Bolt started lapping at his cock again, now getting the hang of humping up toward his waiting mouth. His paws slid against his sheath, brushing their pads against his knot. He felt the familiar swell of excitement, every nerve in his body on

overload. His breath shortened. His heart beat faster. His paws clenched. The surge of ecstasy rolled through him, rocking his entire body with pleasure. His cock slipped from his lips, the first spurt splattering against his muzzle. He frantically thrust in one last time, moaning around his own girth. //Augh! Uuuh! UH! Agnnggh!// Pleasure surged through his cock, driving him to mind bending orgasm. Thick cum spurted into his mouth, coating his tongue in salty goo. He jerked his hips a little, drizzling the last of it across his lips and white muzzle, tongue lapping at the super-sensitive member. The pleasure spread outward from his flagging cock, enveloping the rest of his body in a tingly nirvana. He felt every muscle in his body relax as he slid down the counter and collapsed to the floor. Panting in a sexual daze, he drooled a little onto the floor, secure in the knowledge that the secret was safe from any feline spies.

* * * * *

A few hours later, Penny returned to find her canine companion passed out on the floor. "Silly doggy. You whine that I'm leaving and now you're out cold." She climbed inside the darkened trailer and set a hand on his side, feeling him breathe. This was the only time she saw him relaxed. Well, this and right after... "We'll have some fun tomorrow, right after a quick surveillance trip to that pesky Calico headquarters here in LA. Okay?" As if he heard, he shifted a little, pressing up against her leg. She kissed him on the muzzle, too tired to notice the dribble of dried cum matting the white fur. She gave him a final pat on the ribs and crept quietly out of the trailer, turning once to look back at her best buddy. "Goodnight, Bolt," she whispered and softly shut the door.

~ ~ ~

//Here we go again. ;) It's my pleasure to present the third chapter of the Bolt and Penny series. Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 3 - In for a Penny, In for a Pounding

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

//Tilt head, drop ears, look up...// Evening light streamed into the kitchen, lighting Bolt's fur in shimmers of orange and red. He trotted in, selecting the optimum location on the linoleum. Close enough to be seen, too far to be shooed off. //Tilt head, drop ears, look up.// With a yip to get their attention, he struck the humans with the full force of his "dog face."

Penny giggled around her spaghetti, reaching for a napkin.

Her mother shifted in her chair and gestured with a forkload of salad. "He never used to do that."

Movement caught in the corner of his eye. He turned. Mittens smiled nonchalantly from the arm of the sofa, stretching her paws. He turned back to his person, then cleverly sat back on his haunches, paws dangling in the air; the international canine gesture of suppertime supplication.

"I think it's cute." She glanced over and smiled in that wonderful way of hers. His heart fluttered a little, tail wagging up a storm. They'd had little alone time and even less privacy in the small apartment back in the city. These little moments sustained him. He yipped.

"Oh honey, don't encourage him." Penny's mom stood and refilled her water glass.

Utilizing a daughter's incredible ability to tune out her mother, she scooped a chunk of meatball onto her fork and flung it to him. Bolt's eyes widened, locking on to the sailing hunk of beef, with its comet's tail of marinara and savory yumminess. //Objective sighted!// But it was moving too fast. She had put a little too much force on it and the meatball was going to sail right into the living room!

Bolt's head jerked up at the passing treat. Time slowed to a crawl. His collar tag jingled like chimes at an ancient monastic shrine. Nothing existed in the universe except him and his objective: the meatball.

Coiling back for an instant, he leaped. The velocity of the meatball was still too great, he was going to lose it. //Oh, no you don't!// Arching his neck back, he *just* reached it, snapping the meatball out of the air. Bolt's eyes closed in meditative enjoyment. //Mmmmmm. Zesty...// He twisted in midair to right himself. Landing expertly, the canine slid back a few inches on the kitchen tiles, hind paws touching down on a carpet that didn't know how close it had just come to eternal stains. He might not have super-powers anymore, but--

A small stuffed mouse hit him on the head. Time jumped back to its normal speed.

//Mittens!// He growled with a mouthful of meatball.

The cat gave a purring chuckle, looking down from the couch. Her namesake white paws lay crossed in front of her black body. //What? Am I throwing off your dog-fu?//

Bolt tried to reply, but almost lost his treat and instead chewed at it eagerly. A second later, it was gone.

//Wha'd I miss? Wha'd I miss?!// Several cardboard boxes shuddered and jostled before allowing passage to a clear plastic hamster ball. The fat little hamster spun around his ball once, inches from careening into a wall. //Oh man, I bet it was awesome!//

//Cool it, rodent-sphere.// Mittens idly licked a paw. //Show's over.//

Looking a little dejected, the hamster sat down, his ball rocking back and forth.

Bolt slipped back into the kitchen, continuing his mealtime mission. Knowing that her mother would disapprove of another direct approach, he made his way under the table. He nuzzled the leg of Penny's jeans. Her hand slipped down and scratched behind his ears. Her mother continued talking, explaining her plan for unpacking all their belongings. She was always making plans, hatching ideas. // Must run in the family...// Memories playing across his mind, he turned and licked at Penny's wrist, blushing under his fur at the taste.

Palming a hunk of soft garlic toast, she lowered her hand under the table, pretending to get a better look at her mother's To Do list. As he licked every trace out of her hand and imagined licking other places...

She spread her fingers, allowing him access between them. Her knees rubbed together, she shifted in the wooden chair. He looked up to see her eyes closed, head resting against the back of her chair. He wondered at first if she was okay, then his nose caught something. A scent that had hid in the edges of his dreams all these months. He smiled. //Penny? Are you thinking about our--?//

"Are you alright, dear?"

She jumped a little, pulling her hand back up. "Yeah, Mom. I'm fine. Why?"

"It's just that you can hardly seem to keep your eyes open. I think maybe you should head off to bed."

"Ugh, Mom..." He could hear the eye roll in her voice. "I'm fine. And it's not even dark yet."

"Even so, we moved a lot of boxes today and I think some shuteye is just what the doctor ordered."

"Alright..." Penny sighed, calling upon all of her acting skills to keep the excitement from her voice. Standing, she tousled Bolt's ears. "Come on, boy. Let's go see my new room!" Bolt dashed after her as she raced up the stairs, noticing the fourth one squeaked.

He heard Penny's mom call "G'night, sweetie!" after them, sounding perhaps a little confused at her daughter's willingness to go to bed. "Kids..." she sighed, resigned.

"Night, love ya!" Penny called back and closed the door, snapping the lock into place with a satisfying click. "Parents..." she groaned.

Bolt sat patiently, taking in his surroundings, as she stepped around the U-Haul boxes. Part of him ached for the mobile command trailer. The city apartment had never felt like home. He didn't know if this house would claim the title either.

Her new room was almost as long as the command center had been and easily wider. Endless, glimmering fields hung outside the casement window. Smaller windows let in light from the western side, though the opposite ones were already darkening. Her white iMac hummed on her desk, the second thing she unpacked. Clothes had been first, of course. The curtains swayed. A breeze crept up from the floor vents. Evening smelled different here, the air sweet and heavy with life and growing things, old plaster and pinewood. Sniffing, he smirked at his person. //One thing still smells the same...//

Not sure why her dog looked so pleased, Penny patted the comforter and he climbed onto the bed. Her eyes gave him a once-over, as if making sure he was up to the next mission. Penny had given him that look a lot recently, but now with a smile instead of frustration. His thoughts drifted to back to the days before they left the city, when they had started getting reacquainted...

* * * * *

The television had flickered in the dark room, casting the room with colorful shadows. The sound was muted, the only noise coming from a fan in the window, pulling in the night air. The fourth floor apartment sat high enough to blend the street lamps and car engines into a single low buzz. The breeze from the fan stirred Penny's hair, lit in shining strands by the glow of the TV, now silver, now bronze, now back again, in the ephemeral flickering. Bolt lay curled up with her in the easy chair, a thin blanket covering their bodies. Feeling her shiver a little, he snuggled closer and looked up. She met his gaze, a smile reaching her tired eyes. Her hands moved slowly, smoothing the coarse fur of his back.

He sighed happily as her fingernails scritch at the fur of his tummy. He saw his person's face half lit and fully wonderful. //Penny, I...// How was he supposed to finish that? I love you? I missed you? I'm glad that you want me? A dozen thoughts vied for attention, all trying to express the same feeling.

She caught his gaze. The look in her eyes melted the doubt gripping his heart, every day making him a little more sure this was real, that this would never be taken from him. Burying his nose in the covers, he drank in her scent. For the first few days, her scent had been one of smoke, chemicals, and the sour stress of recovery. Now, though, she smelled like his person again. Warm. Sweet. Soft.

He felt her hands slide along his body, slip under his tummy, feeling familiar territory. Her fingers spread over the front of his sheath, gliding down the soft fur covering his member, to his balls. She played idly with them for a few moments, sliding them around in their furry pouch. Her fingers slipped between his fur, kissing his skin with their smooth touch.

//Huhhhuh.// He whimpered in pleasure. She laughed softly, her breath stirring the fur of his neck. Even without his powers, he still had her, his person. That thought had kept him going, right down to the last, lonely miles of his journey back to Penny.

She took hold of his sheath and began to slowly work it up. And down. Up. And down. She had never taken her time like this before. He felt his sheath slide over the surface of his cock. His stomach muscles shivered a little in anticipation. He

began to feel warm all over, his cheeks burning hot enough to make him pant. Gently, gently, she squeezed his cock, massaging life back into his long neglected libido.

He squirmed in arousal, feeling his cock tip slip from its sheath and brush against the warm blanket. Still squeezing with her other fingers, Penny rubbed her thumb in slow circles against the emerging cock tip. The hardening member filled out his sheath, his knot swelling inside its confines. His heart beat faster. These feelings, their games, they hadn't been part of the lie. He smiled in smug satisfaction. Mittens hadn't been completely right. Karate paws, Heat Vision, Super-Barks; these had all belonged to the world of the Green-Eyed Man and that's where they'd stayed. But this little power was Penny's and his alone, nothing could take it away. He had never mentioned this power to Mittens. Fear wasn't normally in his nature, but he'd been afraid to know whether this last power had vanished like all the others.

She grasped his sheath a little tighter and gently eased it all the way down. Bolt gasped softly as his knot slipped free, easing the strain on his sheath. Her hand began to glide carefully along the length of his shaft. Her pinky finger grazed over his knot, skimming along the very front of his sheath, all bunched up at the base. He gasped at the unexpected sensation. Her hands were always so cold. Penny looked down at him with their secret "Oh, so you like that?" grin. She rubbed a little harder, keeping her pace.

Fully erect and aching for release, he hunched his hips forward, eager for her to go faster. She didn't, instead keeping to her quiet rhythm. //Come on, Penny! You... you can't just tease me like this...// He whimpered, frustrated.

"Shh, Bolt." Her other hand pressed against his white furred chest. She whispered: "We've got to make this quiet. Mom's in the next room." She guided him back, getting him to lay across her left arm, giving her a better angle as she slowly stroked him off. "There's my boy." He shuddered against her, the occasional pant or gasp punctuating the darkness, the only sound against the background of the fan and its artificial breeze. The slight movement of the blanket, hidden in the dim and inconstant light, was the only sign of the activities being held underneath. Her lips pressed against the back of his ear, each word a thrill of titillation: "This is my little coming home present." She nipped at the curve of his ear, giggling as he stifled a yip.

Steady panting and a thundering heartbeat already shook Bolt's body, this level of teasing made him tremble outright. Anticipation ran through him. His paw digits spread, reaching for a release that he just couldn't find. He looked up at her, a pleading grimace on his lips.

His jaw dropped open as she suddenly //squeezed// his knot. Hard. // Ohmygosh!// He pawed at the blanket, breath impossible. Her hand worked with sweet, beautiful speed. Both hands now. Sliding up and down his cock faster than a heartbeat. //Oh, Penny... Penny!// He shivered, balls tightening. Pleasure surged up his cock. The world hazed over. A growl caught in his tight throat anticipating that first ached-for spurt. His cock shivered once, then the canine felt the first liquid jet of pleasure splatter against the fabric. He braced himself for more as his tip rubbed the goo into the soft material.

Penny stopped, surprised, gasping: "Not on the blanket!" She put one hand over his cock, inadvertently rubbing his tip against her palm. This new texture drove him wild. Jaws clenched, desperate not to yelp. Hot cum splashed rhythmically against her hand again and again, his balls emptying after months of forgotten need. It seeped around his hypersensitive member, flowing further with each shot.

After a moment, he found he could breathe again, sucking air in greedily. Feeling his body relax, Penny shifted, released his cock. It drooped against her bare leg, still knotted and still hot. He could feel it sliding back as it softened, leaving a wet trail up toward her shorts. She pulled her cupped, cum-drenched hand from under the blanket. "Jeez." Goopy white strings dangling from her fingers, flickering translucent in the television's light. "You must have been pretty pent up, huh buddy?"

Bolt's lust-addled brain reminded him that Penny falling asleep with a handful of his cum would be less than covert. //Must... dispose of... evidence...// Angling his head up, he licked the strands off her fingers. But there was more, quite a lot more, he blushed as his tongue wormed between those sticky fingers. She lowered her hand and he went to town, dipping his muzzle in and noisily lapping up every drop. The gloppy liquid, sticky and salty, clung to the sides of his mouth, but a few final licks took care of them. After completing this mission, his head flopped back down against her chest.

"Silly pup." She wiped a spot of cum off the blanket, squishing it experimentally between her fingers. Even in his post-orgasmic daze, he recognized that expression. That girlish simper, that glance into nowhere that said she was thinking. Bolt, however, was in no condition for such exertions and simply nuzzled closer into the soft fabric of her t-shirt.

* * * * *

Bolt gave a quiet, happy sigh at the memory. They had a whole new home now, but there she was, still here with him. Penny was getting undressed. Her t-shirt hit the floor as she began shimmying out of her unbuttoned jeans. Still seated on the bed, Bolt watched with fascination. He had seen her change before, but never really took the time to look. Long nights with only the stars for a blanket made him appreciate a more local celestial body. His tail wagged, thumping against the bed, motes of dust dancing in the evening's last glimmers of light.

Sitting down, she wore only a pair of pink panties, patterned at the hips with faint paisleys. Her slender arms hesitated for a moment over her bare chest before she reached over and pulled him in for a hug. "I missed you, boy." Their cheeks touched. He shivered. Her lips brushed over his, ending in a kiss on his nose. Bolt's eyes shot wide. Giggling at what she'd just done, she gave him a coy smile. "Let's see how much I remember..." Scooting back to the headboard, his person spread her legs, exposing the bottom of her panties. The thin cotton clung to her, tracing the outside of her vagina.

That tantalizing scent assailed his nose. Bolt sniffed her over, starting at her tummy and working down. She squirmed, tickled by his cold wet nose. Working his muzzle between her legs, the eager canine breathed her in. His tongue slipped once over his lips, then lapped at her, swooning at the taste. Sweet and rare and wonderful, like those raspberries she's snuck him once. Glancing up for approval, his tongue dove against her in earnest.

She laid back, enjoying the attention her neglected pussy was receiving, getting worked over by his wide pink doggy tongue. The thin material slid against her slit, his tongue curving to match her every contour. "Hmmm. Uh... mmmm." Saliva

soaked through, mixing with her natural juices, creating a hot slippery layer. Continuing, Bolt felt the fabric press a ways //inside// her, clutching around his tongue as it pressed against the tightness of her vaginal walls. "Okay... Okay, boy. Give me a sec. I don't need these getting all slobbery." Her thumbs slid under the elastic of her panties, edging them gently down. Laying back, she wriggled out of them. He watched in interest. The fading sunlight painted her in muted amber tones. Her nude form swept in delicate curves, graceful even at rest. So different from his own body, all sturdy lines and white fur.

"Naughty doggy." She draped the panties over his face. "No peeking, Bolt!"

He shook the pink garment off, growling at the rush of scent they carried. His breath came faster now, lungs hungry for oxygen. //I'm hungry for a little something else...// He hunched down and lapped at the insides of her thighs, working his way up. That cotton barrier was finally gone and at last his tongue slathered across her unprotected vagina, eagerly parting her soft folds. The crafty canine found that he could lick further into her if he angled his tongue just so. A squeal of joy from Penny confirmed this suspicion. His black lips curled into a smile against her slit. The taste was overwhelming, more powerful than his sweetest memories. He felt the bedspread brush against his stiffening cock tip. His mind started slipping away, buried in the moment, buried inside her. //Stay with it, Bolty! You're cool, you're cool.// He came up for a panting breath, refocused, then dove back down, redoubling his ministrations.

Penny squirmed, gasping at his oral endeavors. She spread her legs to allow him deeper, then drew a huge breath as his tongue slipped deeper than anything ever had. "Oooh!" She grabbed ahold of her pillow and hugged it for dear life. Her body rocked back and forth, unused to the feelings rushing through her.

Bolt lifted his head for another breath, taking the opportunity to lick his chops. He could taste her on his lips. He saw Penny had that look, the one that had gotten them into and out of trouble so many times before. "C'mere, boy." She tossed the pillow aside and hooked a gentle finger under his collar, pulling him closer, up her sweat-damp body.

//Um, Penny? Why are we stopping in the middle of your turn?// Her arms around him, her body rising and falling under him, she pressed his cock against her

bare stomach. Once again he noticed how nice she felt between his legs, feeling her naked skin cool against his member. She felt a little chilled, she always did. // Maybe that's why she likes these games so much. She doesn't have any fur of her own!//

Instinct swept through his mind, commanding his hips to hump against her, though he wasn't entirely sure why. Reminding himself that he was a good boy, he fought back the urge, but not before a few delinquent thrusts. His person giggled and pulled him closer, pressing his member between their stomachs. //Penny, if you keep doing... hrrr... ah-mmmf... that, you're going to make me... unleash my powers all over your stomach.//

With a caress down his back, she rolled him to the side, he lay stretched out before her, their legs entwined, bodies so close. Resting on an elbow, she took hold of him, her hand smooth and cool against his raging erection. She pressed him against her slit, rubbing the stiff member over her lips. "Uuuh, Bolt..." Her hips met his in slow humps. She angled his cock down, prodding its tip //inside// her. Her breath caught. She flushed red, glancing down at him with a breathy whisper: "Huhuh. It feels funny."

Bolt wasn't sure what to make of this. //What... What are... Ohhh...// He felt her pussy lips spread around the tip of his cock, then retreat. After a moment of feeling her pussy juices wet on his cock, he realized what was going on. She was slipping his cock tip in and out of her! Just the tip and already her vagina felt like a vise. He looked down, watching in fascination as she slid his tip inside her again, a little further. It felt unbelievable in there, wet and warm like when she put him in her mouth, but tight, so tight he could hardly think straight. He whimpered, only to have her pull back, slipping off him again. The canine found himself humping back at her, instinctively trying to bury himself deep inside. His instincts demanded that he somehow get on top, so he could lay into this female with every ounce of his super strength. Part of him longed for her to moan, pleading for more as he battered her tender slit into submission, longed to plow into her until he could thrust freely, make her utterly his own. //No. This is Penny. She is my person. I am going to be good.// He willed his body to behave, halfway succeeding.

Seeing her dog's conflicted expression, Penny giggled and tried slipping him in again, like she couldn't make up her mind. She wiggled it against the top of her opening, deciding whether she liked it best against that little bump that made her

squeal, or against her squeezing insides. Her familiar composure was gone, the action star replaced by a stammering, gasping adolescent girl. "Oh! Hmmm. Yeah... like that..."

She rolled over, on top now, laying between his legs. Her hips ground against his, her bare pussy laying atop the base of his knot. Her hands moved over his cock, perhaps angling it to rub against her. Suddenly, he felt his cock tip enclosed in her wet, incredibly tight space again. //Ahh-oooOOh...// His hips thrust up into her, his control evaporating. //What is going on?!// He stammered, tried to stop, couldn't. His body humped victoriously as ancient need ransacked his mind.

Penny squeaked once, then threw a hand over her mouth. With each hump, Bolt was deeper inside her, touching her where no one ever had before. Her face went flush, caught in a moment of unfathomable invasion, overwhelmed by a sense of profound fullness. Soon she was meeting him, thrust for thrust. She moaned, she winced, she even growled, and the growls were always accompanied by a slamming down of her hips, wedging him deeper and deeper insides her. Their games with the squeaker toy had done little to ease his entrance.

//Aahh! This isn't! Getting! Any! Easier!// Just when he thought he couldn't stand any more, he felt her lips press hard against the top of his knot. He was inside her, buried just like Mr. Carrot all those times! Her insides were tight around his cock and they rippled over its length. Bolt whimpered in delight. //Uh... Oooh jeez it's tight... Huh-uh! No wonder Mr. Carrot squeaks!//

Penny started to move now, riding along his cock, soaking up its heat as she sunk it deep into her body, fighting the resistance of her clenched opening. Her back moved with labored motions as she continued to slide down along his shaft. She rocked back and forth, muscles clenching with every breath. "Auu... auu!" She bit her bottom lip, trying not to cry out. He nuzzled her, only able to reach under her chin, just to make sure she was alright. His person responded by thrusting even harder against him. Bolt's knot slammed back against the outside lips of her pussy. Holding there for a second, the soft folds teased the hot flesh of his knot, spreading just enough to leave traces of slick juices where it met his shaft. He began to hump against her, running purely on instinct. Bolt had surrendered; not even a superdog could stand up to two-hundred million years of hardwired lust. Now he could feel some give around his cock as it thrust in, buried to the knot once more, then the vaginal walls closing after him as he pulled out, clutching at the tip of his cock,

teasing, daring him to thrust back in.

His body accepted the challenge. The sex-starved canine slammed his hips up into her with feral lust, white furred balls slapping up against her firm cheeks. He growled, tucking her shoulder under his chin, shoving her down with all his strength to meet his thrusts. The most resistance came just before his knot, he always had to shove extra hard to bury that last inch. His knot met her slit head-on, too wide to fit, but hot and desperate to try all the same. Her moans came faster, higher in pitch, driving him to plow ever harder and faster into her. Her body shook with every impact. An image entered his mind of his hips blurring with speed, slamming into her with incredible energy. He thought he had reached his limit when--

"Oh Bolt!" Penny's muscles clamped down around him in frantic pulses. Bolt wrapped his paws over her back, feeling each precious shiver. She trembled, body tensing over him. After a few seconds, she gave a long happy moan and looked down at him. "That's my good boy." Winded, she buried her face against his ears. He felt her breath evaporate against the pink inner area, the only part of him that was furless like her.

//That must be what Penny feels like all over.// He tried to imagine this for a minute, then felt suddenly exposed and vulnerable. Bolt shook the thought from his mind. //People are weird.// He let her lay there for a minute or two, his penis buried in her to the base of his knot. Every once in a while, her muscles would tighten again, sending tingles up his back. He responded by humping up into her. After a few needful thrusts, she still wasn't getting the message. He thrust a little harder, feeling his cock work against the juicy walls of her pussy. She stirred a little, moaning. He whined. //Don't you dare sleep, missy.// Shifting, she looked at him, eyes fluttering. His ears dropped. //Penny, I warn you, I //will// use the dog face.//

"Sorry, boy. That just felt really good." She looked down, rocking her hips against his own. His cock slid partway out, bringing a rush of rapidly cooling liquids. "Haaaah!" She swallowed. "It... still feels really good." She sounded amazed. He wasn't sure he'd ever heard her amazed, aside from once, as the studio had burned around them.

Her lips gripped the length of his cock. She rode down against him, her knees

clutching his sides. Her hands spread over his chest. She sat up. The evening light enveloped her. She gleamed, his golden goddess, rising and falling, her every caress an effort to please him. He thrust harder, desperate now. She sped up, her muscles the tiniest bit looser now; even so the pressure was almost unbearable. Her hips slapped against his, sweaty skin slid under paws. He teetered on the edge of climax. //Penny. Penny... I think I'm gonna...//

She kissed him. Right on his doggy lips. His legs went rigid, paws thrust out, digits spread. A great dam of pleasure trembled once, then burst outright, and tore through his entire body in a flash flood of ecstasy. Wiping out everything in its path, this unstoppable torrent crashed through his groin. He bit back a feral howl as he started spraying hot jets of cum against her inside walls. He gasped, shuddering into her.

Spurt. Breath. Her breath washing over his muzzle.

Spurt. Breath. Her scent permeating his every thought.

Spurt. Breath. Copper hair moving in waves above him.

Spurt. Breath. Her brown eyes gleaming, fiery in the dusk light.

The orgasm tapered off. His shaft twitched and pulsed, spent balls pumping their last trickle of seed. Cum seeped out of her slit, dribbling over his knot and soaking thick into white fur. She lay back down, looking quite pleased with her work. They lay silent. She scratched under his chin, where she knew he liked it best. Bolt panted, savoring his person's weight over him as he watched the sunlight slip across the ceiling, fading to red, then to darkness, with only the sound of Penny's breathing to let him know his world was real, that she was real. At last, Bolt knew he was home.

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Fun with Bolt & Penny 4 - Getting Dirty

By Tempo

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Dust swirled at the cuffs of Penny's blue jeans. She and her dog came over a slight rise, moving off the grey gravel road.

Bolt's ears swiveled as he surveyed the landscape. Fields. Fields and hardly a building from here to the horizon. The horizon felt so distant now. Back in the studio, it had pressed catastrophically close. A voice in his head, a voice that sounded a lot like Mittens, chided that it felt close because it was painted on a backdrop. On his long journey, the world had formed a sort of tunnel that led ever back to his person. Now he was home. Now Penny was never further than a nuzzle away. And now the world seemed very wide indeed.

The air hung still and close. Dirt crumbled hot under his paws. The field crackled with life, stretching to grow in the summer sun. Row upon row of crops formed endless corridors as he passed. Penny had to pick her way through the waist-high foliage; Bolt could simply walk under it. The white furred canine made sure to stick close. Her mother had made a fuss about leashing him. Agreeing openly, the teen had tossed the black nylon lead behind the barn as soon as they were out of sight. She looked at him now and then, though, on this walk and every day since he returned. He heeled and licked her hand whenever anxiety thinned her pretty smile. //It's alright, Penny. I'm not going anywhere. //

She smiled at the soft touch of his tongue, looking to the distance. Bolt wasn't sure why they were doing recon. He suspected Penny didn't know either, but it felt good. The mind can only tolerate so many U-Haul boxes before it feels the itch for adventure.

A pickup rumbled by, red and dusty. The first in an hour. The drivers always waved, prompting Penny to wave sheepishly back. She giggled after the truck passed. "That is so weird. I've had more strangers wave to me since we moved here than in my entire life." He met her eyes, the coffee-brown depths making him whole. She could have been reciting poetry for all he cared; he hung on her every



sweet syllable. "At first, I thought they knew who we were, but they do it to each other too! That's just... weird."

They cut further into the field. The scent of her sweat swam over his nose, girlish and familiar. His person. As their new house shrank behind them, the field ended in a stand of trees. The dog wagged, welcoming the cover of the cottonwoods, their wide leaves rattling around seed pods. He panted, ruffling the heat from his heavy fur. Woo. //It's hotter here than the desert ever was.// Bolt could almost hear Mittens' reproachful tones, echoing from the back of his mind. He rolled his eyes. //Not the desert. Not really.//

A high up breeze rustled and clattered through the treetops, dappling his person in rippled tracings of light. Bolt's breath caught short. He looked around. He was waiting, he realized, tensed and ready, and didn't know for what.

"Nothing's gonna happen, buddy." Her fingers lifted his chin as she knelt down to face him. "No more bad guys."

He sighed against her hand. The dog's eyes closed in the sweet warmth of her scent. Deep in his heart, something tense and heavy finally fell away.

"Okay." She scratched under his chin, then behind his ears for good measure. After a few moments, she stood to continue. They walked further into the shelter belt. Feathery old leaves scuffed under their feet, whispering of past seasons. Bolt's senses suddenly locked onto the sound and scent of running water. His person peered down over a drop off. "Hey, there's a creek down there."

A sound of dry earth sheering. Penny gasped as the embankment crumbled a little under her sneakers. She jerked back, shifting her weight, feet kicking against shifting, plummeting ground. //Penny!// Bolt's jaws snapped forward, taking hold of her pant leg. Together, they stumbled back, finding where the ground was solid. She peered down the steep embankment. Her hand slipped to Bolt's neck almost unconsciously. "It's okay. I'm okay. Guess we'll have to be careful."

Bolt released his bite on her pant leg. //Nothing's gonna happen.// They made

their way down to the side of the creek, finding a more gradual slope. He didn't look for cover, though that log would have done nicely. //And no more bad guys. //

The air felt less stifling down here. The creek had cut a valley perhaps ten feet deep and twice as wide. Crickets chirped, hiding from the heat of the day. She spied a fallen log, a tree that lost its grip on the embankment ledge and, lacking a wary dog, had tumbled into the stream. The weathered trunk now stretched over the deepest channel. Irresistible, the girl began making her way towards it. The rocks leading there shifted as she stepped, but Penny balanced without a thought. Bolt looked on, concern still lingering in his raised hackles. She made it, and he breathed a little easier; watching as she carefully sat sidesaddle on the time-grayed log. The young explorer sat with her knees against her breasts, then decided that wasn't quite right. Reaching around her leg, she pulled her shoes off, first the right, then the left, still balancing, then did so again with her socks. With a satisfied smile, Penny stretched her legs down and dangled her toes in the water. Bolt looked on, tilting his head to one side. //What are you doing?//

"Ah-ha!" She splashed him suddenly, giggling wildly. He yelped as the water hit, feeling it first on his nose and lips, then everywhere else as it soaked through his fur. She smiled, but didn't splash him any more. "Mmmm. The water feels good." She fanned the collar of her shirt. His person had that faraway look in her eyes again, the one that spoke of missions. Of trouble. Of mischief. "... We're miles from anywhere. Nobody's going to see, right boy?"

Bolt tilted his head again as she pulled her shirt off, securing it in one of her shoes. //People don't take their clothes off out in the open. You haven't gone around naked since we were little. Well, except when we...// Abashed, he felt the sudden need to examine the rocks upstream. When he looked back, she was topless, undoing her jeans, daylight playing in quiet motion along the curve of her back. Sitting back on the log, she slid out of her pants and panties in one movement. Her old gymnastics coach would have been shocked to see that maneuver. The now naked girl held up her clothes and looked around for a way to keep them to keep them safe and dry.

Bolt splashed over and trotted deftly along the log to where she sat. Gently taking the clothes in his muzzle, he trotted straight back the other way and set them down on the dry bank.

"Hey, what...? Oh... Good boy..." She sounded curious, though all such concern was lost as she stepped into the water. "Brrr! It's freezing!" The creek babbled at her ankles as she waded deeper. "C'mon boy. I don't want to freeze all by myself!"

Bolt took a few tentative steps into the water. The stream swept steadily around his paws. His person sent great arcs of crystal water flying at him; legs kicking, arms sweeping, her whole body working to get him as soaked as possible. Another thin wave crashed over him, then another. Growling with joy and excitement, he jumped in the air, trying to catch the water in his teeth. The wave would disintegrate around him, a moment of laughter the only pause before another one came up. The creek ran to about her waist, too deep for his paws to touch the bottom. More than enough for splashing, making it that much easier to get her boy soaked. He paddled over to her, tail trying to wag even underwater. His stout paws churned at the water, easily swimming against the current.

Whenever they had been in water before, it was always on a mission. Destroy this undersea lab; convince that orca to cough up the nuclear weapon; never before had they just gotten to swim. And so, they chased each other around, inventing silly, wordless games of pursuit and altering the rules just as fast. Penny even found that she could grab ahold of his collar and have him pull her around the creek; her very own furry paddle-boat.

After maybe twenty minutes of barks, splashes, paddles and giggles, teeth chatters started creeping round the edges of her laughter. Even in summer, the creek ran fast and cold. Penny waded to the bank and sat down in the threadbare reeds. The canine shook once, a considerate distance away. Seeing her shiver, something in him longed to be close by her, holding her against him. He padded over and propped himself up between her legs, paws curling round her in a bit of a doggy hug. She laughed and mussed his wet doggy ears, still shivering. "Still saving me, huh Bolty?"

He yipped, then whimpered appreciatively against her. Her naked skin felt cold against his nose, but started to warm immediately at the contact. Her hands found their way to his snowy coat, splotched somewhat around the paws and tummy with splashed mud. She hugged him close, she laughed. His heart swelled.

Bolt felt something warm against her cheek, too warm to be stream water. Looking up, he saw her brimming eyes, suddenly red rimmed and shining in the shimmering light. Still she smiled. "Sorry, buddy. I'm just-- I'm fine."

He lapped tenderly at her tears. She giggled, tipping backward, landing with a squish in the mud and reeds. The canine yelped at this sudden jostling, but continued licking long after the tears were gone. He whined. //Oh, Penny... //

"Ah! Let me up, silly dog!" Her tongue sticking out over her lip, she examined one muddy hand, then her eyes narrowed. "Eww! Creek slime!" She ran a dirty finger slowly down his jawline, leaving a trail of muck against his pristine fur, black on pure white. "There. Now I'm not the only one who looks ridiculous."

The dog rolled his eyes. He nuzzled her shoulder, her skin now feeling almost warm. "Ugh! Now you're just getting more mud on me..." She lay there for a moment, under him, feeling the weight of his body on hers, breathing hard. He looked down at her with a soft doggy smile, eyes seeing nothing in the world but her. A soft wind and he felt her hair brush his nose. Bolt felt something else too...

She smirked. He blushed. She was in just the right position. Hearts beating a little faster, they shifted just a little, the dog feeling a new wetness as he slipped from his--

Bzz-buzz.

His heart sank. One paw lifted up toward his body.

Bzz-buzz.

She looked over to her clothes. Her phone pulsed and droned. Its vulgar blue glow cut through the shade, glaring artificially in the midst of this scene of quiet nature.

Bzz-buzz.

Surrendering to a groan, Penny moved to roll him off. His mouth fell open a little. Bolt, the once Super Dog, still unafraid of anything, shivered in fear and whimpered. //No... Penny, don't leave me, not again, please...// Another whimper escaped his throat and he pressed the top of his muzzle against her, entreating. //I can't lose you again...//

Bzz-buzz.

She almost reached for the phone, but froze, seeing uncharacteristic distress in her boy's wide, gentle eyes. "Hey, buddy. It's okay. I'm not going anywhere." The slender teen settled back under him, her arms slipping behind his shoulders, heedless of the mud in his fur. "Sshhh... It's probably just Mom." She closed her eyes and hugged him as the cell continued to buzz. Bolt waited in sick fear. Penny always, **always** answered her cell phone. She answered it, even though it tore her away from him, even though it meant she might be gone for hours or days, leaving him alone in the darkened trailer. He almost welcomed the appearance of those taunting feline spies, just to distract him from the empty, suffocating silence.

Bolt found he could no longer hold his breath and came back to reality for another. Penny's arms still lay wrapped around him. No cell phone. Impossible, yet there it lay: dark, almost invisible in the pocket of her folded jeans, still unanswered and far out of reach. She petted him, breathing words of calm and comfort, his anchor in their ever changing world. "It's nothing. Look at me, buddy. I'm right here. Right here." Penny caught his gaze, her eyes reflecting a landscape of trust and tender affection.

She stroked right down his soft ears, kissing him tenderly on the forehead. "Yeah. You're my good boy." He looked cautiously up from her chest, as if she might vanish like a wisp of smoke. Still there. Still with him. Still smiling, be-smudged with creek slime in the gentle light. What crept to his muzzle was not the immodest smarm of a superhero, but the loving candor of a dog for his person.

He moved off her. Without a word, Penny stood, gathered her rumpled clothes. She looked back. One hand opened, patient. Getting his paws under him, the

canine padded over and quietly nestled against her fingers. His person stroked once down his face, ever so gently, then started getting dressed.

* * * * *

"Stay, Bolty."

White coat grey with dirt, Bolt sat patiently at the front door. He watched Penny slip inside and upstairs. The sun still glared, warm on his back, baking ancient scent from the grey boards of the deck under his paws. A breeze stirred the shrubs around the house.

//Hey, Howlywood! You're lookin' a little less than picture perfect.// He glanced to the source of the comment. Leisurely to the whiskers, a thin black cat perched on a tree limb.

//Catcalls, Mittens? I thought you gave up the tree routine after it got us both captured. //

//Nah. Old cat, new tricks... doesn't work out as well as you'd think.// She sat back, tail swishing, fearless in her element. //You two get lost out there? It was like ya dropped off the edge of the world together.//

//Not quite.// Bolt shook his muzzle, smiling as his person's fingerprints dried. //Just some reconnaissance.//

//Reconna-what? I swear, wags, sometimes I need the hamster to translate for us. //

He groaned. //Exploring. We were ex-plor-ing. You could try it yourself sometime.//

The cat smirked. //And come back looking like you? No thanks.//

He considered the mud covering him for a moment, then smiled up at her. //I thought you were an alley cat at heart?//

She looked out across the landscape, tilted and open to the far horizons, feigning astonishment. //I'm not seeing any alleys around here. A feline's gotta adapt, ya know?//

A response half-formed on his tongue, Bolt's ears twitched. He eyed Mittens once, giving her a "Gotta go!" grin. Turning, the eager pup almost bounded into the house to greet her, but then took a deep breath instead. //Be good, Bolty... She told you to stay...// Penny walked back through the living room, carrying an unwieldy pile of towels and his shampoo. Still not used to the new house, she stumbled as the kitchen tile ended in carpeting. A half bottle of Bubble Pup bounced off the living room carpet.

Her mother looked up from the book she was reading. "Where're you going with that, honey?"

"Bolt got kind of muddy while we were coming back. I figured I'd better wash him off before he came back in."

"I don't know, dear." The plump middle-aged woman looked out at the lawn, her hair shining as brilliantly copper as her daughter's. "All that soap might kill the grass."

"Then how am I supposed to clean him up? It's not like we have one of those doggy tubs like back in the trailer."

"Oh, just carry him up to the shower. And you could stand to get the mud out of your hair too, young lady."

Penny tried to make her voice sound resigned. "Okaaay, Mom..."

She sunk back into her romance novel. "Make sure you get him first because he'll just get you dirty again."

The young teen leaned in and scooped him up. She pressed the dog close, murmuring so only he could hear: "A little late for that..." She carried him up the stairs, careful not to mark the walls with his muddy, wagging tail.

* * * * *

Steam rose. Hot water rolled down the shower walls, down his body. Dirt ran to the drain in black rivulets, spiraling away like lines in a charcoal drawing. Slowly, slowly, his fur lost its matte grey, returning gradually to its usual glimmering snowy white. Loving hands worked the shampoo deep into his coat, from his nose to his sopping, wagging tail.

The shower was a little narrow, almost an afterthought in her small bathroom. The adolescent girl was ecstatic when she found out she would have a her own bathroom, though she suspected the room had started life as a closet. The previous owners had managed to wedge a tub where more reasonable people would have resigned themselves to a stall shower. The result looked a bit odd, with the shower pipe sprouting from a drilled hole in the ceramic tiled wall, overlooking a full-size bathtub, but Penny had found it entirely serviceable. A pale pink shower curtain ruffled as she bumped it.

Something caught Bolt's eye. He turned and looked at his left side, now blank as a winter plain. The now-mortal canine still wasn't used to the absence of his mark of power. Its lack hauled feelings from somewhere deep inside, from a place he'd sealed away during all those years protecting Penny. With the Men In Black pouring from every shadowy corner in every place they'd ever been, he'd had to lock away that part of himself. But now he lived as a real dog, in the real world. //And in the real world, it can be safe to unlock that sealed-away place; there aren't bad guys and monsters at every turn.// He thought for a moment, water dripping down his face. //It's safe... because somebody loves me.//

He looked up at Penny. She scrubbed behind his ears until his eyelids half-closed in delight. "*More* puppy-dog eyes?" She laughed, and it sent tingles through his body. "What'd I do to earn this?"

He nosed against her shirt, leaving a spot of lather. His breaths came calm and even as his tail curled with joy. //You're my person. //

She held still a moment. Her soapy hands lay buried in his pelt, touching his skin, so close she almost shared his fur. They stayed like that for a long time savoring the moment. Her delicate fingers worked over every inch of him, not forgetting the inches that were fast becoming her favorite. Eventually, regrettably, they were done. She stood up and he stepped into the shower's stream, rinsing off. She giggled. "Smart boy." She gave him some room to get out, surveying her work. "Feel better, buddy?"

Bolt yapped happily. Wagging at her, he jumped over the edge of the tub. The dog stood, hesitating for a moment on the fluffy blue bath mat, then eagerly shook the water off his fur. Penny squeaked in surprise, hands protecting her face from the watery barrage. He shook so hard his ears slapped against his neck, so hard he panted a bit when done. //Woo-hoo! I haven't done that since I got my... since I started the show.//

His person unsnapped her bra and let it fall to the floor. The sharp taps of the clips hitting tile counterpointed the soft rustle of fabric on skin. Bolt knew people were particular about their clothes, especially when they weren't in them. He trotted to the closed door, then raised a paw. //Shouldn't I, you know... go? //

Seeming to take no notice, the slim girl stepped over the lip of the bath and into the shower. The mud streamed off her body, racing his own along the floor of the tub. She found a bar of soap, the floral scent soon bombarding his sensitive nose. She worked it in her hands, fast, slick, the bar making little wet sounds as it moved. Her hands started moving up her body, rubbing soap across that strange furless skin in unhurried movements. It made him shiver. The young girl set the soap back in its holder. No sound except the water rolling across her body.

Upending the shampoo bottle, she had to jerk it a few times before at last a sizable dollop squirted into her palm. The thick, creamy gel frothed easily under her fingers, as she worked it down to the roots of her copper hair. Eyes squeezed shut, her mouth closed in a smile under the warm spray. Water clung in beads to her lips. She gave a little moan at the feel of the water against her skin. Lather coursed down every firm curve of her young body. Suds ran to the floor, pooling at her feet. Clearing the soap from her eyes, Penny glanced down at her dog. She looked about to speak, then stopped, spotted something under his stomach that answered her unasked question.

Bolt looked down and saw that his tip was peeking out, vivid red and ready. The white pup frisked to one side, a little shy under her gaze. "Hey there, buddy. It's not like I haven't seen it before." Kneeling down, she reached over the side of the tub and unashamedly gripped his sheath, wagging it a little, feeling the finger of bone that lay inside his canine penis. "Who's my dirty doggy?"

He shuddered, eyes rolling back a little, then grinned. //I'm pretty sure it's clean by now...//

Her mouth curled in a scheming smile. Fingers tracing across the tiled wall, his person turned around, watching him over her shoulder. She knelt slowly in the bath, stretching her hands forward, fingers spread as hot water rained down over her naked back. Her knees slid to the sides of the tub, spreading herself before him. Still watching, her eyes glinted with guile. Her cheeks had flushed red, and not just from the steam. "Here, boy..." One hand slipped up against her leg, caressing, leading his wide eyes up her thigh. "I think I missed a spot."

Bolt's heart skipped. His person knelt waiting, wanting him, inviting him to resume their licking game of old. Instinct fired deep inside, and with no preamble he scrambled back into the tub: behind Penny. One close whiff of her scent and he shivered, remembering how to play. Another deep breath. A pause. Bolt started licking between her legs like he was dying of thirst. Heavenly tastes abounded, cascading down his tongue. He growled softly, reveling in the sublime flavor of his person, lapping more and more eagerly at every drop. The intimate scent of it, the scent of her, went to his head, spun him around. He was flying high on Pheromone Airways, hardly noticing her hunching down and moaning. Coming back in for another pass, he whined, suddenly denied her sweet nectar; she was too low.

He gave a surprised grunt as she backed into him, his chin suddenly brushing the small of her back. An ancient instinct abruptly exploded in his head. Bolt lunged, hind paws slipping as he found himself clambering up her... //Ohhh...// In seconds she was under him, his forepaws tucking in front of her hips. It felt so good, so right, the tip of his penis already brushing her soft folds, ready to press inside...

She gasped as she felt him mount so eagerly. The sudden noise shook him and he hopped off, licking her with concern. //Did my claws--?//

"It's okay, Bolt. I... I want you to. I want you *on* me." She called to him, body and soul, her voice awash with need.

Heart racing, he scrambled onto her back again, hunching, bumping eagerly for that perfect spot as soon as their hips met. His chestfur pressed between them. Her skin on his tip felt electric. His paws wrapped tight around her sides, holding her. His weight made her moan. Instinct played along his nerves, pleading him to slam against her, jab until he found the right spot and then-- //Easy, Bolty. You're a good boy. You're her good boy... You don't want to hurt her.// He grit his teeth. //I'm not even that sure what we're doing, but she feels really good! //

Hips moved, his and hers. Both wanted, needed him inside her. Soft skin, then softer, wetter, infinitely delicate. //We have contact... HuuUUh!// He slipped in. The lips of her vagina slid back his sheath, exposing flesh to intimate flesh. //Ohhh!//

"Ahhh..." Penny eased down a little, her body trying to give him a better angle even as her mind was overcome with what they were doing. His paws locked tight around her hips. His wet fur on her back. His warm body all around her, moving inside her!

She was his, entirely his. The canine growled, his eyes screwing shut as control began slipping away. His hips trembled and began pushing into hers, driving his shaft as far as he could into her depths. She gasped and shuddered under him. His erection was small, still catching up to the situation, and so he basked in the

unexpected freedom of being able to slide as deeply into her as he desired. He slipped further and further from his sheath, the protective fur shoved back by her vagina; so hot, so wet. All the while, his penis continued expanding. With each passing second, his penis grew longer, wider, hotter within her. He'd never been on her back before, but he knew instantly with every fiber of his being, that this was the way it was meant to be done. Her body shook under his every thrust, a little moan escaping her lips. His penis slipped in all the way to the sheath, the growing knot merely a speed bump. //Huh-aagh. This is a lot easier... mmm... ohh... than... last time... //

"Bolt..." Her hand closed around his hind leg, desperate.

He froze. //Penny! Am I hurting you?// He tried to look her in the face. Had to settle for licking her. //Say something...//

She gasped once, squeezed tighter. "Bolt..." A shiver under him, then a needful whisper: "Zoom-zoom."

He thought for a split second, then a thrill thundered up his heart. //She wants me to... Oh jeez!// With that sacred command, of escape, of pursuit, of speed, the rational Bolt finally fell away. His hind paws scrabbled for purchase on the tub floor. His strong canine legs rippled with effort, his hindquarters quaking for depth, and he started to thrust. Bolt was a wild dog now, slavering, grunting, desperately pounding away at this beautiful creature between his paws. He might be her good boy, but he was going to make her yelp!

He arched his back, hunched down against her and started slamming, stammering. He yowled, growled, whimpered in pleasure. Faster. Faster. Deeper. So deep the fur of his scrotum felt slick with her juices. His ears cocked in ecstasy. His knot started to catch inside her. It swelled with every thrust. Pulling out got harder, made him harder. Pushing in made her squeal. Penny trembled. "Ah! Ah! Bolty! Ah!!" She gasped as she convulsed rhythmically around him.

//Maybe I spoke too soon! Still really! Really! Tiiiiight!// Reason abandoned him, and he began to mate her with all his strength.

He was leaking pre; it oozed out around him, trying in vain to relieve the friction. //Oh... uuuUUh...// He could feel himself getting bigger, not just his shaft, but his sensitive knot. It bumped hard against her insides, it caught, it dragged, it felt good. In. Out. Tight. Swelling. Bolt squeezed with his forepaws, keeping his thrusts deep, where they felt right. She seemed to tighten around him; he pushed in and felt an extra strong pulse of arousal...

Bolt twitched. Eyes went wide. Heart stopped.

//Oh no! I'm not--// He pulled back, eliciting a yelp from both pup and person. He struggled. No good. Too close. Impossibly tight. Warm. Wet. //I'm... I'm st-- Oh-oh-oooOOHHHh! //

Frenzied delight shot up his spine. Every limb stretched out, pushing him against the world, buried irrevocably inside her, wholly and completely tied. //P-Penny...// His dripping sac pulled taut, and his fluffy tail began to flag. Deep, innumerable joys fired within him, erupting from his canine penis. //Penny!// Hot squirts of ejaculate splashed at last against her vaginal walls, coating them in his fertile seed. He spurted again and again. Strings and globs and jets of cum, hot against his cock, worked in against him by her clinging walls.

Penny moaned through clenched teeth, shivering, shuddering. "Uuughf! It-- It feels so warm! Oh it's inside meeee!"

He slumped heavily onto her back, panting, tongue lolling out on the soft curve of her neck. The water rushed down around him, pelting his body with hot sensation. Every muscle relaxed; he felt he might melt like a stick of butter. Deep inside her, hot canine cum squished around his penis, mixing with her juices. His knot, barely able to fit in the first place, sealed their evidence tightly inside. Each diminishing squirt filled her up a little more, having nowhere to go but deeper, further into her. //Gosh, she feels so good... //

"Oh, Bolty..." His person stammered, each clench trembling, halting. "I... I... ooohh..." She clenched around him, whimpering. Her fingers felt over the bulge he

made inside her vagina, realizing the bulge was because of his swollen knot. She shivered and clutched around him. No room for a snappy remark: that canine knot had taken up every inch. And all the while, incredibly, he was still softly spurting his doggy seed into her.

Her moans blossomed to a pleased cry behind clenched teeth. "AaaaaAAAAAHHHh!" She clenched hard, eliciting a few extra hard squirts and whines. She writhed under him, going crazy with pleasure. Wet knees squeaked along the tub. He'd never been so deep, so hot, so big, so real. Her impassioned thrashing lifted Bolt briefly off his hindpaws. He squirmed, held in place only by his tender knot, his shaft wiggling insides her, squishing his cum against her every surface. After a few seconds, she relaxed, resting on her folded arms. The canine was happy to simply have a surface back under his back paws and eased his grip on her curved midriff.

He wasn't sure how long they stayed like that, intimately coupled, close as two beings ever could be. He felt like every ounce of energy in his body had gone spurting into his person.

"Um, Bolt... You can pull outta me now."

He pulled. They both jerked, whimpered.

She gasped: "Okay. New plan. Don't."

//Ohmygosh, we're stuck...// Just enough sense had returned to let his mind stumble for an explanation. //It must have gotten too big to come back out! I didn't know it would... do that. //

Thoughts seeped through his brain and in his orgasmic discombobulation he worried that she might be stuck like this forever. Wiggling against her, he wondered if that might not be so bad. He might never be able to do anything ever again, but it felt quite nice. //Wha'd she call it? My knot?// Having a name for it made him blush under his fur.

Tied to reality only by the knot tied deep inside his person, the pup felt utterly spent. Slowly, slowly, he felt his erection ebb. It took a long while; the constant pressure against his knot felt *amazing,* like Christmas and tummy rubs rolled into one. The shower coursed over them, the heat long since adjusted to, now only a texture, a pressure quite different from the one that seized and shivered him whenever she moved. Her reaching to turn off the shower made him yelp tenderly, his world a kaleidoscopic whirl of pleasure and discomfort. "Sorry, buddy! The last thing we need is Mom wondering why I'm taking a such a long shower and realizing you're... in here. I mean, you can't stay in there forever.... right? Right?" She clutched at the thought. "R-ready to try again?"

He worked back carefully, rocking his hips. She leaned forward, one hand helping him pull out while the other supported their weight. "Oh jeez. Uh!" She gasped. "Stunt training didn't exactly --hUH!-- prepare me... for this." She gasped, grunted, whenever he tugged on her, it pulled inside her tight slit as it tried to come free. The first thin dribble of cum squished out, stringing down between them, trembling as he moved.

With a yelp he suddenly came free. Penny yelped too as her dog flopped down against the wall of the bathtub, his paws still on her back. His cock felt cold, unused to open air, swinging and bumping lewdly between their legs. Hot and wet and slick, leaving sticky streams of cum. His muzzle lay over her shoulder. She gasped as his sperm started pouring out of her in a sudden viscous rush, no longer held back by his canine knot. As they watched, his cum dripped heavily against the tub floor, running in pearlescent globs toward the drain. A little more of it spilled out with her every sharp inhalation of breath. His scent was everywhere, covering her, covering the shower walls, covering everything, mingling with hers. Every pulse, every dribble of his cum from her vagina told him more and more how much his scent was inside her, permeating her deepest, most private places.

He rested peacefully on her back a moment. After recovering sufficient strength to not fall flat, he edged gently off her. Bolt was a little sad that this, whatever this new game was, had ended. He sniffed languidly at her, murmuring at their combined scents. She giggled at him as she climbed slowly up in the tub, then *squeaked* at an unexpected lick at her sensitive slit. She looked back just in time to see tuckered pup flop to his stomach. Her hands slid exploratively to her vagina. She moaned as she felt the thick cum dribbling hot over her tender folds. "A little

sore. A little messy too, but it was-- huh! Yeah... totally worth it... Eww! My fingers are all pruny! I can't believe you put that much stuff in me!" She glanced down at his shrinking member, blushing. "I can't believe you fit *that* inside me either..."

Bolt lay at the bottom of the bathtub, drained, barely mustering a wiggle as his penis slipped quietly back into its sheath. His eyelids drooped, so heavy. The world hazed. //Mmmhmm? You kinda helped a little...//

"Well, that settles it." She crouched next to him, her damp hair still hanging in coppery wet fronds, her vagina leaking a little more of his cum. Naked. Glorious. Beautiful. His. She placed a hand on his back, using her mission voice. "We'll have to find someplace drier next time."

//Next... time?// Bolt looked up at her, wagged once weakly, and then gave up on the conscious world.

* * * * *

Penny watched as her dog drooped his ears and faded into unconsciousness. His back soaked with water, his tummy and legs slick with cum. "Aww. My poor little superdog. Don't worry..." She slipped an arm under his body. "I'll take care of you." She lifted the pup, all floppy and limp and damp, and set him against her shoulder. "You certainly took care of me..."

Toying briefly with the idea of how to get a towel secured around her, in a rush of willfulness the girl dashed buck naked across the hall to her room! She closed the door and panted for breath, heart going a mile a minute. //He did it! He actually got on me! And the whole thing fit! Ohhhh!// She spun once in girlish glee, splattering the purple wallpaper with watery fluids. Bolt whimpered softly on the dreamy edge of sleep, still in her arms.

Laying him gently on the bed, she curled up beside him, pressing her lips together as she felt his cum squish again inside her. She smiled at her dreaming boy. He was soaked, but he was warm, so warm. Her arms always found their way around him. She snickered at the way it made his lips move when she touched his

droopy penis. "Aww. Tired doggy."

She ran a hand over his headfur, kissing him lightly on the forehead. "You get some sleep, silly doggy." She felt the gears turning in her head as a simpering grin came to her lips. Penny whispered in his soft white ear: "I..." A light blush colored her cheeks. "I really want to do this again..."

~ ~ ~

//Well, it took a few late nights of //close// reading on Vendetta's part, but we are back in business. Ladies and gentlefurs, I present Bolt & Penny 5! Have fun. ;)//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 5 - Let Sleeping Dogs Lie

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Penny moaned. Under her skirt, hot precum leaked down her legs, squishing around an unsheathing canine penis. Soft, slippery squirts mixed with her own fluids; Bolt humped eagerly. Gazing past him, she could see the grain fields rolling in waves out her bedroom window. Her body rocked as he thrust into her.

"Yeah... That's it, Bolty." Penny grabbed handfuls of the thick fur on his hindquarters. She pulled him toward her, deeper into her. The dog had to hop to bury his shaft in her gripping, slippery vagina. //Poor boy. Why'd I have to get such a high bed?//

Desperate for depth, she glanced around the room, formulating a plan. Penny spied a box of CDs just a few inches from the bed. //That will do just fine.// She *reached* out her leg, just barely getting far enough to pull the box closer. The guileful girl slid it next to him with her foot, the box bumping into his straining hind legs. "Up boy!" After looking at her with confusion for an instant, Bolt caught on and clambered onto it, his claws clacking against the smooth plastic boxes. From this angle he could finally sink his penis in to the hilt, mating her more deeply against the bed.

//And those dog trainers thought he was talented before...// Her hands ran down his back. "Oh, Bolt!" He was fully unsheathed now and she could feel the first swell of his knot against her slit. The growing bulge slipped in and out at a controlled pace. It brushed against her clitoris, already quite sensitive and more than a little stiff. Every thrust brought his knot grazing against that wondrous nub. Penny could feel the heat spreading outward from his member, tingling its way up through her body. "Oooohh..."

The white canine grunted, teeth bared, eyes squeezing shut. Penny giggled. He was liking this too. Slippery lubricant oozed from his tip, easing the thrusts that pumped pleasure through her body.

She rubbed at his chin, knowing where he liked it best. He whimpered tenderly in response. "That's good. That's my good boy. HUUUH! Okay, now..." She whispered into the soft fur of his ear. "Zoom-zoom."

Bolt's eyes sprung open, ears perking at the words. His thrusts sped up, faster and faster until they felt to Penny like a blur of white furred lust. The developing knot popped in and out with increasing force, sending shivers through her entire body.

Penny's moan caught in her throat at the peak of each thrust. "Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!" His knot was outside her, bouncing against her entrance. She could feel herself clenching against him. Tighter. Faster. Wanting him to fill her.

Orgasm hit like the yank of a stunt harness.

Her body arched under his. Waves of pleasure surged up his length and beyond, crashing over worlds deep and delicate. Her clitoris throbbed, his knot plowing against it.

The eager girl hauled him against her, eyes widening as his knot suddenly stretched her lips and popped inside. She cried out, feeling a rush of wetness squelch around it and dribble down the cheeks of her butt. He pulsed inside her, coating her every surface with slick doggy pre. Always so hot, so naughty, so filling. Her dog whined over her, his knot now lodged deep within her. She flexed her muscles down onto him, like she'd been practicing; her hard work paid off. With a yelp, Bolt's legs shot straight out, his jaws clenched shut. Penny squeaked in glee for what was to come and buried her face in his fur. His outstretched paws at her back, his knotted penis buried inside her, his keen scent all around her: every last bit of him felt so... right.

Cum fired in hot spurts against her walls. His scrotum twitched up with each

shot, soft hair tickling the tender flesh below her opening. Tremors traveled from his hips to hers, knotted so firmly together. The pup wiggled his hips, riding the waves of pleasure. Blast after blast of canine sperm sprayed into her, the hard knot giving it nowhere to travel but up. The moment hung like a held breath, but eventually his quivering penis could find no more cum. His head flopped down heavily against her neck. Panting doggy breath swept the fabric swathed landscape of her shoulder, and he relaxed.

Penny laid back for a moment, in no hurry to catch her breath. No scenes to shoot. No shallow interviews to suffer through. No place to be but under her boy. She loved the feel of him panting over her, loved the feel of him deep inside her, but she loved him most of all. Penny clutched at his back, eyes squeezing shut.

Something cool pressed against her cheek. Her eyes opened. Bolt's nose bumped against her own, so very softly, followed by a gentle lick on her chin.

Her gaze met his. Smiling, she brushed the sweat-damp hair from her face. Words found her again: "Ya like that, buddy?"

Her good boy yapped quietly, so happy his ears drooped. If ever she wondered if he loved her, if he would stay with her, she just had to look up into that silly wonderful doggy grin. Penny noticed he'd drooled a little on her shirt. //Poor pup really lost control there.// She giggled. Bolt's ears went up. He twitched, then shifted, as if trying to get off her, out of her. Cum squished and surged inside her, around his hot doggy cock. "Hey, careful!" She sat up and rubbed between his ears. "Relax, Bolt. It went in. It'll come out." The dog just looked past her shoulder, to the door, ears still up.

//Silly boy, you know we're both stuck for the next half an hour.// "Shhhh, boy. It's okay." She ran a hand across his cheek, bringing his face to hers. She had almost recovered, except for the delightful dog cock in her vagina. "See? I'm fine."

Bolt licked her once in the face, then looked again over her shoulder. His ears perked up like radar dishes.

"What's wrong--?"

Outside her room, a squeak on the staircase. //Oh my gosh! Someone's coming! //

On the other side of the bed, behind her, she could hear footsteps outside her door. The doorknob rattled, then turned. Two quick knocks and the door creaked open. "Honey, some things came in the mail for you today..."

"Mom!" Penny's hand slipped covertly down to smooth her skirt over Bolt's penis. That they had been... playing wasn't totally obvious, but... Her heart sank coldly. A thousand ends to this scenario raced through her mind, none of them good. She rubbed Bolt's back, trying to look casual. //I am *so* dead.// "You can't just come charging into my room! It's *my* personal space."

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't mean to barge in like that." The red-haired woman set down a small package on the dresser. Her eyes gave the room a once over, no doubt deciding whether or not to give a tidiness lecture. "But what was all that noise?"

Penny mussed up his ears, trying to appear carefree. "Bolt and I were just wrestling around." Mom was an adult; they just needed to make her turn on her Everything Is Fine blinders. //Make eye contact. Grown-ups don't look around if you make eye contact!//

"Sweetie, don't teach him to put his feet on the bed. It'll ruin the sheets." She reached down to straighten the bedding and gave the sheets a sharp pull.

Penny felt the saturated sheets drag across the bottom of her vagina, still swollen around a knotted dog cock. She gasped.

Her mother looked up at her, concerned. "Honey, what--?"

Bolt yipped, licking his person wildly in the face.

"Agh!" Penny giggled, feeling his knot pull against her. She made a show of wiping the slobber from her face. "Jeez, Mom, look what you started!"

"He *is* a good dog." Her mother smiled, patted Bolt once on the head, and walked away.

//That was too close.//

Squeak.

Penny tightened around Bolt's cock. The stalwart canine whined.

"Oh! There's Mr. Carrot." The middle-aged woman belt down and picked up the rubber toy, setting it on the dresser as she left.

* * * * *

Dry leaves danced together, their movements stirring Fall's breath through the shelter belt. Not the soft babbling of Spring's tender growth, but a crisper, sharper sound; almost that of fire. Green faded from the world, leaving in its stead a myriad of autumnal hues to set the countryside ablaze with color.

A young girl sat under these trees, the leaves crackling around her. No snow, no frost yet, but the dog at her side whiter than both, as if some great painter had edged in color from all sides to form him from unblemished canvas.

Penny buried her fingers in Bolt's luxuriant coat; so warm it could chase away the chill of autumn. The canine rested his chin in her lap with a soft exhalation of breath.

At first, the thought of no one around for miles had uneased her, but, after a few months living under open skies, she wondered how it could have ever seemed anything but soothing. The air smelled pure, almost sweet. No crowds. No lines to memorize, except when her teachers assigned passages of Walt Whitman.

Autumn wind stirred her fiery hair, sweeping through the first falling leaves as they spun earthward. The trees stood in a haphazard scattering around her. Back in LA, every tree, every blade of grass had been planted, groomed to fit someone else's vision. Here, the grass grew varied and patchy and the trees never lined up in rows. Her hand brushed down the side of her jeans, finding Bolt's paw on her leg. Penny traced the soft fur, the smooth claws. She sat peacefully on a carpet of leaves, resting against a wide elm. The house sat not even a mile away, but hidden behind the woods it nearly dropped from reality. Penny wondered if that had been the case with Bolt. //Was he just out of sight? And was he really looking for me? Or did he just...?//

The thought of him leaving gripped her chest, that deep wound of hurt and loss and sorrow suddenly threatening to open again. She couldn't, she couldn't do it again, she just...

A cold nose pressed against the skin of her arm. Penny sat up, looking down at her dog. Bolt stared back at her with gentle concern, nose still touching her arm. Set aflame by soft sunlight dappled through the trees, the forest leaves glowed a kaleidoscope of brown, every shade reflected in her dog's eyes. He gave her a simple puppy-dog smile.

Penny breathed. Soft tears pricked her eyes; she wiped them away. Bolt pressed in just a little closer to her side. Her hand found its way to the top of his head and she rested it on his soft fur. Time drew out and the world was just her and Bolt, Bolt and her, together forever.

Over the summer, no single thing had eased her worry that he would disappear, just a steady healing of their connection. Every day he was by her side, exploring, every night she spent with him curled up in bed beside her, it grew stronger.

The girl patted her lap and he wiggled up close to her. She sighed, finding safety in his weight and warmth. Under the rustling shade of the grove, they curled up as dreams drifted in on the falling leaves and amber sunlight.

* * * * *

Penny tapped away at the keyboard of her iMac. She took care to avoid the TV series' fan sites; she'd had enough of stardom to last forever. //Though the DVD commentaries were pretty funny.//

Under the desk, Bolt lay curled up, asleep. She rested her bare feet on his warm body. "Aww... Sleepy boy." Not for the first time, she wondered if other girls had this sort of fun with their dogs.

Even before they had started playing, she'd seen the occasional grown-ups' movies on cable television and peeked into her mother's many romance novels. Still, some of the details were a little fuzzy to her. The young girl smiled and wiggled her toes against Bolt's furred scrotum. He shifted and sniffed.

That anxious boredom arose, as it always did in the final weeks of summer. Too late to forget about school starting, too early to get ready for it. She'd watched every movie she owned and had nearly worn out her music. The few friends she'd kept in touch with from LA were no help. They just kept chattering on about Hannah Montana's newest album.

Even the "random article" link on Wikipedia had lost its charm today; she'd learned all she cared to know about the water gardens of Pakistan and Swedish stamp illustrators.

No one online to chat with. //And Bolt certainly went offline.// She smiled down at his sleeping form, watched his chest rising and falling.

Idly, she typed in "dog."

"The dog (*Canis lupus familiaris*) is a domesticated form of the Gray Wolf." She reached down and spread Bolt's lips apart. "Huh."

The canine wiggled his lips back over his gleaming teeth with a murmur.

She continued reading, skimming down the page until something caught her eye. "Hey. In domestic dogs, sexual maturity begins to happen around age six to twelve months." She smiled. "Making up for lost time, huh boy?"

She clicked on "canine reproduction." It had a picture of two dogs humping on a beach. She felt her cheeks get warm. //It doesn't look like that when// he// does it. It's much cuter.//

Without really thinking about it, she lifted his leg with her foot, sliding under to touch his soft sheath. The fur ran short, almost stubbly along it.

"Swelling is called a knot, yep, learned that from the books at the vet's office. Oh, there's a little rounded bone on the inside. I wondered what that was." She stroked along the harder structure inside his penis.

Bolt whimpered a little as he slept, rolling onto his back and spreading his legs.

Smirking, she took advantage of the easier access to his boy bits, rubbing a little harder with the ball of her foot. "Are ya just that used to me touching you? Or is your dream getting naughtier?"

The red tip of his penis peeked out from his sheath. Both girl and dog shivered as she brushed against it. Penny considered waking him up, but then a plan began to coalesce in her brain. //Maybe there's a more interesting way to wake him up...//

She shifted, getting comfortable, getting ready to reach down and take hold of

him, but then stopped. The soft fabric of her panties slid in a very interesting way. Glancing back to make sure her door was closed and *locked*, she slipped her hand down the front of her jeans. The outside of her vagina felt hot and tender. Wetter than she expected on her fingers. The feelings made her breathe a little harder.

The young redhead undid the snap of her jeans to give herself more room to maneuver. Her heart fluttered at the thought of Bolt's penis, just under the desk, so inviting, so warm.

//My other foot does feel a little cold.// She brought it closer, running through his fur until it reached him. She rubbed the arch of her foot against his exposed tip, wiggling it back and forth in its white furred hideout. Her dog twitched as the cool skin of her toes touched his sensitive flesh.

Her fingers slid between her labia; she gasped, tracing around the supple wetness. Feeling inside herself felt... interesting. She'd explored there plenty in the bath over the years, but this was the first time she'd gone at it while everything was so... wet. It felt very slippery, more so than water, more so even than Bolt's cum.

Bolt slipped further from his sheath, exposing more of his warm, glistening penis. She rubbed at it with one foot, while the other massaged the firm spot between his sheath and sac. Her fingers curled deeper into her body, exploring further and further inside the tight passage, noting every little change in texture. An odd memory struck her: learning to pat her head and rub her tummy at the same time.

She spread her legs to see if she could get a little deeper. The canine whined in pleasure as she pressed his stiffening length against his fur. It felt hot and slick and hard against the sole of her foot, pulsing just a little as she pressed.

//Hmm. I know something else he might like.// She shifted a little more, forming a sort of passage between the soles of her feet, working it up and down on his erect penis. His balls began to rock, swaying with each stroke, and then, impossible not to notice: his knot begun swelling. Her dog started thrusting, just a tiny bit.

She read on: //"When the male achieves penetration, he will often hold tighter and thrust faster, and it is at this point during mating that the male's penis expands." //

Bolt started to pant harder, eyes still closed in sleep. A thrill rushed through her; she was the one having this effect on him, on her sweet boy. She tucked her toes behind his knot, squeezing at the retracted sheath. His hips tightened in response and started their staccato movements, the thrusts that would normally shove that knot deeper inside her.

//"The penis locks inside the vagina while ejaculation occurs, decreasing leakage of semen from the vagina. After some time, typically 5 – 20 minutes, the bulbos glandis disengorges, allowing separation."//

She unzipped her fly, her other hand taking up position on her clitoris. Her thin fingers rubbed against it, twitching back slightly with every little gasp. Heat filled her cheeks as pleasure tingled under her touch. Blood pulsed through that fun little bump, her fingers fumbling to keep pace. //Not the same as having Bolt inside me...// A flash of pleasure. //Mmmm! But not bad!//

Getting excited, the girl's feet stroked so hard his tags jingled. Under the desk, she could feel Bolt breathing hard. //He's getting close!// She chewed her lip, seeing how his legs stuck almost straight out. She squeezed hard on his knot between the soles of her feet. The warmth was incredible.

As she watched with wide eyes, Bolt yapped and began to spurt. His canine hips spasmed in ecstasy and pushed his squirting tip just under the cuff of her jeans. The first shot of dog semen jetted hotly up her leg, then another and another.

Sticky.

Warm.

Sliding in slick rivulets down the skin of her calf.

Penny gasped, pulling her hand back a little, her curled fingers slipping a little ways out of her slick vagina. Her other hand rubbed frantically at her clitoris, pleasure building up to a gale force storm system between them. Her fingers dove deep into her, unleashing a whirlwind of pleasure. It rushed through her body in a roaring surge, causing her to clench down on her own hand. "AuuuuUGHhhh!"

Caught in the grip of orgasm, she clenched her toes against the surface of Bolt's cock, eliciting another yelp of surprise as his own ejaculations ebbed. Her knees rubbed together at this delicious new sensation, so naughty, so different. That deliciousness rumbled through the girl's body like a thunderstorm, all flashes and trembles. Finally, the revelry drifted off, any grip on it no more substantive than on a cloud. She was left with only the soaked, heavy glory of its aftermath.

Penny slumped. Sprawled in the chair, weak. Her fly hung open, she had no strength to close it. Thoughts jumbled in her mind. She looked down, absently. // Still asleep. That or he passed out. Either way, I'd say mission accomplished. //

The young teen shook her head, focusing, catching her breath. The tail of a plan hung in her hazy brain, if she could only grasp it. After a moment, her unsteady hand slid across the desk toward a grey plastic device. The button took a few tries to press. Not designed for such slippery fingers.

A soft click, then a whir.

"That's a keeper."

* * * * *

Bolt awoke in bed, moonlight falling gently on his person's skin. The sight, the smell of her... He smelled something else too. The canine sniffed down between their bodies, then blinked in surprise at a damp paw. //Why do I get the feeling that I missed out on one of our little games?//

//No sex in this chapter. Poor Bolt needed a break. And you get to complain only if you've been having constant sex for the last five chapters of your life. ^_^ Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 6: Sticky Situation

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Bolt breathed deeply in the cool Autumn air, eyes closed. Thinner scents than the richness of spring or summer, earthier too. Dry leaves, wet soil: interleaved with these ran a scent light and feminine, the scent of his person. He opened his eyes; she was smiling at him. Her red hair was longer than she'd let it be in years, falling on her shoulders, catching the lingering wind of a morning cloudburst.

Penny rolled to her stomach and looked down the hill. Her eyes, serene but wakeful, surveyed the open spaces below. He couldn't remember a time when she'd seemed so... at peace. Fuzzy recollections of puppyhood surfaced in his mind, long submerged by duty and danger. There had been a time when she'd been this happy, when they both had, and slowly, very slowly that time was returning. He pondered that for a moment, head tilting slightly. //Do all journeys take you in circles? Or just the big ones?// He shook his head, smiling at himself.

The canine padded through the damp grass and laid down parallel to his person, eyes flicking to hers for a moment. As if feeling the caress of his gaze, she gave him a silent simper of rapport. Warmth swelled in his chest and his ears flopped back in joy. //I have a good person.// Together, they appraised the raw adventure laid out before them.

"We've been down in that shelter belt and this road curves back around to our house. That line of trees runs along the creek." She winked.

The canine's tail dipped shyly.

Sun and shadow traced shapes on the back of her light jacket, shifting as she propped an arm under her chin. "But past that, there are lots of places we haven't been." She slipped the small binoculars from her coat pocket. They were less advanced than he was used to, having no eavesdropping ability whatsoever, but they worked. They had discovered the view from this hill and it was steadily becoming a staging area. She peered through the binoculars. "Is he not coming out today-- Oh! There he is. Right on time."

She held the binoculars up for him. Bolt wiggled forward to peek through. Sure enough, there was that same farmer. Every afternoon they'd been up here, he had come out at the same time, carrying something to the faded red barn. Often it was a large sack, but at least once he'd carted a barrel out there on his wobbly wheelbarrow.

"That's really weird. I've never seen any animals down there. What does he *do* with all that stuff?" She put the binoculars back in her pocket, the mission smile materializing.

Bolt's tail worked up to a slow wag; adventure always followed determined smiles.

"I think we'd better check it out. What do ya say, Bolt?"

He yapped, bounced to his feet, and then shook himself off. Penny smiled at him, then got up too, brushing stray grass and leaves from her jacket. Together the pair descended the slope, crossing through bands of leaves girding the hillside like clouds. From the base of the hillock, they reconnoitered the surest route to the farm in question. Hastening over ditches and through windbreaks, the dog trotted at his person's side. Running felt good; he'd never understand how Mittens, Mom, and Rhino could tolerate sitting around all day. A wooden fence was their last obstacle, but Penny vaulted over it in one slick motion. Bolt had to stoically wriggle under it, loose grass sticking to his tummy. On the other side of the fence grew a copse of trees. They took cover in this shelter belt, waiting, watching.

The doors of the mystery barn hung open, the space inside cavernous. Dim shapes could be glimpsed within. Penny stepped out from around a tree for a better view. Bolt heeled to his person, ears tilted forward eagerly. All seemed still. She gave him a nod. Quietly, they stepped out from the shelter belt and onto the mud and grass between. //No cover. We'll have to be fast.//

Just as they were about to make a dash for it, the farmer emerged! The pair ducked down into the brush and undergrowth, brittle branches and dying leaves trembling around them. Twigs prickled Bolt's pelt, but he remained still. The man looked out, glancing directly across their hiding spot. After a breathless moment, he turned, closed the barn doors, locked them, and slunk back to the house. They watched for a moment to make sure this wasn't a trap, then broke cover and crossed the distance to the large red barn. Bolt had seen one or two of these and they'd always had a distinct animal smell. This one smelled different, some sort of vapor wafted invisibly around it. Whatever chemicals they were using smelled almost sweet.

Up close, they could see the red paint of the barn had been painted more than once, the chipping remains of older layers buried under new. Penny touched the heavy padlock chained across the doors. The crafty teen pressed her back flat against the front of the barn, ducking her head around the corner to verify the area was clear. They slipped around to the side of the building, taking care to creep close to the wall to make sure they weren't easily spotted. Near the back of the barn they found another door, smaller and unpainted, locked just as securely. Penny raised a hand, signaling a stop. "Whatever this guy has in here, he clearly wants it kept secret."

Bolt nodded, eyes watchful. They assessed their options for infiltration. A large pile of wood ran along this side of the building, roughly four feet high and held in place by tall metal posts. Above that, the wall ran in featureless vertical planks until about ten feet up, where a horizontal beam marked the second story. Penny examined this, then stretched. She then climbed up the side of the woodpile, careful to grip only the logs pinned in place by those above them. Once at the top, his person reached up toward the horizontal beam, fingertips reaching *just* high enough to grab the small ledge atop it. "Jeez. Good thing I hit a growth spurt."

The canine watched, unsure just what she was planning. Then he saw it: a window. Positioned about three feet above the beam, the small window had been

blown out by some storm or more likely an explosion, the dog decided. From microwaved eggs to stray-capturing trucks to those pretty lights in the sky Penny had taken him to watch this summer; Bolt had learned that things occasionally detonating were not just an aspect of the TV world.

His person climbed hand over hand along the ledge, her shoes dangling in the air. There would be no woodpile to land on if she fell, only hard ground far below. Bolt watched, impressed. //Jeez. People are amazing.//

Penny's fingers slipped.

Suddenly she was dangling by just a single arm, her whole body side-on to the barn wall. Her remaining hand gripped the ledge tightly; Bolt yipped in concern. He frisked from side to side below, fretting, uncharacteristically helpless. Without so much as a flinch, Penny kicked out her opposite leg, rebounding off the wall and gaining the momentum to swing her free arm back around. After a moment of terrible limbo, her hand caught the ledge again and she was safe. Penny rested for a second, then continued. The canine started breathing again. //Amazing and crazy. //

Having reached the vicinity of the window, Penny reached up, caught the very lip of the ledge and carefully checked the window sill for glass before taking a firmer hold. Her feet found the ledge she'd used and she disappeared into into the second story window. After some clattering noises within, she slid a very long, flat board out of the window where it tottered, pitched, and tipped down to the ground. One end dug into the earth about five feet from the base of the barn. This improvised ramp was steep, smooth, and narrow, only about six inches wide. He could make it. He had to; his person was up there without backup. She stood at the window, holding the board stable; the dog could delay no further. Circling back to position for a running start, he closed his eyes and visualized his approach with a steadying breath. //Okay. So what I do here is get a running start, let the momentum carry me up the board, and then land inside the window. //

With a growl, he charged fearlessly. The sod tore under his paws, the feel of grass soon replaced by that of unforgiving timber. The board bounced under his weight, threatening to hurtle him off. //My person is in danger. I have to reach her.// He was no ordinary dog; he had training; he was a pro.

He also had mud on his paws. Mere feet from the window, he slipped.

Time slowed. His paws scabbled for purchase and then, sluggish as a nightmare, his body skidded off the board. The wind swept through his fur. Then he hit the barn. Hard. For a moment, his paws hung in space and then something yanked tight around his neck. Penny's hand gripped his collar.

It hauled him up with a stifled yelp. His person grunted at the effort and he was dragged over the window sill. His paws dropped against the dusty floor, skidding a few inches. They both collapsed on the floor.

"Bolt!" She clutched him close, as if worried he'd still somehow fall. "Are you okay?!"

The dog yapped, but it came out as a wheeze. His breath returned. He stood and bumped his nose against her shoulder. //Lots easier on TV, huh?//

She placed hand carefully on the nape of his neck, smoothing his fur. Though his throat still tingled, he'd recovered enough to take in his surroundings. The same miasma that surrounded the building was redoubled within. It stung his eyes and overwhelmed his nose, like tear gas brewed from aftershave. After a few paced breaths, he adjusted, but still felt vulnerable. He'd be unable to smell anybody coming if this turned into an ambush.

After watching him for a moment, Penny smiled and crept along the ancient floorboards; dust creaked out from between them. Sunlight knifed down between loose sections in the wall. The loft had stacks of unused timber in varying lengths, green and new against the gray wood of the floor. They advanced furtively, slipping back into their old formation: he watched left and rear, she right and forward. Under their feet, glimpses of the mystery flashed through the gaps in the floor. Shining metal clashed with the dull wood. They found a small hatch with a swing door propped partly open. Breeze swept through in gasps, dragging tendrils of pale dust. A ladder was built into wall below it. Penny stuck her head down, giving him the "hold up" signal. Her shoulders shifted as she turned, assessing any threats. She

looked up and nodded to him. The nimble human slipped her legs down onto the rungs then climbed silently down the ladder. It creaked under her. Bolt's gaze followed her down. //No slip-ups this time, okay? *That's* my person.// Once at the bottom, she gave the area one more appraisal, then looked back up at him. She held up one finger, then two...

//We're using all of our old tricks today.// He wagged.

She held up three fingers.

He jumped down the hole.

Penny caught him with an "oof!" but managed to keep hold. She laughed quietly. "You're heavy."

He looked up at her, still wagging. //What's next? Heat Vision?//

She set him down, whispering: "Good job, buddy."

Bolt took in the scene. Squat metallic drums were spaced at intervals throughout the open area. Plastic tubing snaked among them, piping mysterious brown chemicals. The smells had knocked his nose into a coma. Even Penny probably smelled it. There were such huge trade-offs for being a person. //Good thing only one of us is human or we'd never get anything done.//

"What *is* this place?" His person looked around in awe.

They start walking among the drums and the paper sacks. Aside from white dust swirling off those huge paper sacks they passed, the floor was immaculate

She touched some of the white powder. It crumbled thinly between her fingers.

She raised her fingers as if to sniff at it, then froze, looking with suspicion.

Huge bins of something sat sealed in the corner. Forcing one open, they revealed themselves to be full of dark lumpy stuff. The smaller steel drums wouldn't open at all and kept their mysteries hidden. Two massive brick structures dominated the middle of the structure, twin smokestacks running straight out the ceiling. The side parts were burnt black from regular use.

The teenager looked a little scared. Bolt nuzzled her fingers. Her throat cleared. "I... I think this is some sort of drug lab. We'd better get outta--"

A rattle of chains. The front door swung open. A dark silhouette blotted out the light. The man from before! The figure entered and froze as he saw the pair.

Bolt's muscles went rigid. //It may be too late to hide, but I won't let him lay a finger on Penny.//

"How did you get in here, little lady?" The old man's voice ground like gravel. He took a step toward them.

Penny stammered, edging back. "I um..."

Bolt growled, hackles prickling up.

"Whoa there, buddy." Keeping an eye on Bolt, the farmer, or whatever he was, walked closer. His boots rang against the floor, swirling a trail of naked concrete under the film of white. Age ran in furrows across his face. A dirty checkered shirt hung off his rail-thin body. "I've gotta say I'm impressed. Most folks never make it this far. Isn't conducive to business, having kids and their dogs snooping around in here." He smiled. Bolt shuddered: it was a bad sign when people caught you and smiled.

"Actually, we were just going." His person somehow managed to sound

confident. Bolt glanced up at her for reassurance.

"I can't let you go just yet." The man chuckled softly. His wrinkled hand closed around a rusty crow bar hanging from a nail. "After all the trouble of getting in here, there's no way I could let you just leave now, could I?"

Penny backed up, slipping into a defensive stance. Bolt lowered his body, ready to leap.

The man was now just a few feet away and walking still closer. His grip on the crowbar showed ease, as if he wielded it often. It swung from hand to calloused hand.

The scrawny teen stood with shoulders back, looking the man right in the face. "My mom lives just up the road. She'll know if I'm gone."

Bolt snarled.

Clang!

The old man thrust the crowbar into the rim of a drum lid. With one powerful motion, he pried it open. He smiled again, his teeth discolored by decades of tobacco. "Who said you were going anywhere, little lady?"

* * * * *

"Hey, sweetie. Did you have a nice walk?"

"Yeah. I met one of our neighbors." Penny set a flower-patterned paperboard box on the kitchen table and took off her jacket.

A scattering of paperwork lay before Mom, competing for table space with her aluminum laptop. The middle-aged woman eyed the box over her reading glasses. "What's this?"

"The guy makes fruitcakes. It's actually kinda cool."

"Well, that's nice. I think I heard something about him at the supermarket." Mom thought for a moment, tugging off her reading glasses and twirling them between her fingers. "Though I'd prefer you not talk to strangers."

"Mom, I'm not a little kid." She leaned against the back of a chair. Her dog sat down beside her, looking up. "Besides, I had Bolt with me. What could happen?"

~ ~ ~

//After years of dressing up for her TV role, Penny isn't that entertained by just sitting around just looking pretty. She goes out looking for excitement and gets it in the end. ;) Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 7: Tying the Knot

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Bolt's ears perked up, even as the rest of him still slept. The grind of gravel in the driveway and the soft rumble of a motor.

//The Mom Transport!//

The white canine leapt up, wagging his way to the door. He wanted to bounce against it, but knew he'd only be in the way. Instead, he positioned himself a few feet to the side and sat diligently, only his tail not standing at attention.

The door rattled then opened to admit Penny and her mother. Both walked carefully, laden down with boxes.

Mittens ambled up, flopping onto her back beside him.

Bolt watched her. Cats were strange, but Mittens was alright. //I wonder what they got this time?//

//Eh; who cares? I don't hear any cans bouncing around inside those boxes, so it's nothing that great.//

The canine cocked his head, smirking a bit. //Who says they didn't get you a new ball of yarn?//

//Oh, Bolt...// She pressed a paw to her chest. //Don't toy with my heart like that.//

The dog rolled his eyes and watched as the people unloaded the results of their supply mission. After making another trip to the Mom Transport, Penny crouched down to pet the pair. "Hey, guys." She smiled and Bolt felt a little like he was flying. "Did ya miss us?"

The dog yapped in agreement; Mittens generously permitted a tummy scratch from Penny. The teen smiled down at her. Bolt wagged. //I'm glad they get along.//

Penny flipped idly though //Tiger Beat// with her other hand. "I'm so glad I don't have to dress like a weirdo anymore."

The older human called back to her from the living room. "What was that, sweetie?"

"Nothing, Mom." The girl rolled her eyes. "Talking to the dog again."

Mom poked her head around the corner, bits of wrapping tape stuck to her fingers. "Well, you let me know if he starts talking back." She shook her finger playfully at Bolt, then noticed her watch. "Oh drat! It's almost noon. We'd better get you changed."

Penny gave the pair a final scratch; it seemed his person was on a mission of her own today. She turned and gave an exasperated look. "Yes, Mom..." Bolt's person trudged up the stairs, one of the mystery boxes in hand. Her mother followed, carrying another one with some smaller objects stacked on top of it.

Bolt watched her go, deep in thought. //I wonder what's in those.//

// Listen Wishbone, imagine all ya want. It doesn't really matter.// Mittens examined a declawed digit. //We're already livin' the good life. //

He wagged. //Yeah.// His ears once again perked up. //What's that hissing noise?//

Mittens, who had been trying to dislodge the toy mouse from under the sofa, looked up with such an enthusiasm that her collar-bell jingled. //Oh oh! I know! I bet it's a trained cobra, ready to strike!//

Bolt felt a spike of panic. //Really?//

//No.// With an look of feline amusement, she returned to batting under the couch.

The dog thought for a moment. //You stay down here if you want, cat. I am going up to check on the situation.// He trotted up the stairs.

//Knock yourself out. Oooh! Aw! Almost had it.//

Cresting the stairs, he saw light spilling out from Penny's bathroom. The covert canine peered inside. Her mother was putting some little plastic clamps in Penny's hair to hold it up in some complex configuration.

"Okay, dear, I need the spray again."

Looking ambivalent about the whole ordeal, the teen handed her mom a small metal can. The woman spritzed her hair a few times, then reached for another clip. //Hmm. They seem to be trying to get her to stay hair up. They might be trying to keep it out of her face. She's also wearing makeup, which she hasn't since the show. But what does all this mean?//

Bolt considered inspecting further. Then he sneezed. Then he wondered what had made him sneeze and sneezed again. Mom didn't seem to notice, but Penny turned and giggled.

"See? Bolt's not a fan of hair spray either."

"I need you to keep your head still, sweetheart."

Feeling another sneeze creeping into his nose, Bolt trotted downstairs. The air smelled fine down here. They must be getting ready for a special mission of some sort. He considered discussing it with Rhino, but the hamster seemed totally engaged in a police drama on the magic box. The cat seemed likewise uninteresting in conversation. The canine curled up on his favorite spot in the hall, eagerly waiting, watching; wondering what these new developments were on the person front. It was, however, a while before his ears perked up once again.

Penny descended the stairs in a yellow dress, covered in lacy frills, her face dark with a scowl. Bolt hadn't seen that look since they were facing down the Green-Eyed Man. Being on this side of it was scary.

The feline stared. Then a single whisker twitched. She burst out laughing, her scrawny legs clutched to her body.

//Mittens!//

//It's just so stupid!// Her tail swirled and curled.

//Wait for it.// Bolt set his brow. //They put a lot of work into it. I'm sure it must transform or something.//

//Keep dreamin', wags; I know better. That's just how people dress once in a while. They get this crazy desire to look even more ridiculous than they already do. Ooh! Watch, they're about to do the preening and complaining thing!//

Bolt turned to see Penny glower down at the garment. Perhaps it wasn't going to transform after all.

"Oh!" Penny's mother clasped her hands, smiling at the sunny outfit. "I think it's a simply wonderful dress."

The girl groaned heavily. "I think it makes me look like a Marshmallow Peep."

Mom ignored her and proceeded to straighten the dress in a motherly fashion.

Her daughter crossed her arms. "I could have just worn my old one."

"I really don't think so, honey. You've shot up like a weed over the summer." The grown-up tugged a seam straight. "And you're starting to fill out in the bosom."

"Moooooom!" The girl leaned back and rolled her eyes. "Don't say 'bosom.' It'll turn you into Grandma."

Mittens rolled to her feet and stretched languidly. //Aha! See what I mean? People get ridiculous about those "clothes" of theirs.// She winked. //Ridonkulous!//

Bolt nodded, not really paying attention, instead hefting a wistful sigh. //Yeah. They do look so much better without them.// A far-away look crept over his muzzle, followed by a soft smile.

The cat stared quietly. //Okay, wags. Gettin' concerned on a number of levels here.//

He glanced back at her, cocking an ear. //Huh?//

Mittens waved a paw dismissively. //Never mind.//

The people raced around the house as if possessed, an elaborate dance that could only end in one thing. It was all the cat and dog could do to keep track: turning left, right, left, right, as the humans rushed from room to room. Finally, in a flurry of clothes and bags and jangly objects, the people made their exit. Bolt watched them leave, ears perked, until suddenly he wagged furiously; they were calling him.

Alright! He wagged and gave Mittens the "I get to go with them!" look. As she built up to her best 'Yeah, that's great, pooch' look, Bolt ignored her and ran through the door, slamming it with a skillful shove right in the cat's face once he was out. She fumed for a moment, then hopped up to the window sill to glower at him, miffed.

Trotting across dry leaves, he hopped inside the green Mom Transport and Penny shut the door. Mom pulled out of the driveway, onto the main road, and they were on their way. Penny gazed out of the window after a few minutes, watching the gentle roll of farmland drift past like cloudscape. Everything felt so peaceful here, despite his initial reservations. Once again, they were the only vehicle on the road and a few months ago that would have worried him. Now, though, even crazy farmers making crazy cakes weren't anything to lose sleep over. Bolt made himself comfortable on the springy rear seat. The transport was a strange place of movement and smells and possibilities; a place where missions began. He put his head on her lap, excited and nuzzling, but her familiar scent soon lulled him to a sense of ease with the world. Everything felt secure when he was with Penny. Nothing very bad could happen; nothing they couldn't handle, anyway. He drifted in and out of consciousness, occasionally catching snippets of music from Penny's pink iPod as she tousled his soft ears.

He became aware of Mom's voice from the front seat, next to more boxes, colorfully wrapped this time. "You haven't seen Aunt Julia in years. We'll be lucky if she recognizes you!"

"She has a TV, mom."

"What does--? Oh! I suppose you're right, dear."

After riding on the edge of sunny dreams for what must have been hours, Bolt looked up from the yellow fabric of her lap. Outside, the countryside slid past like a streaked painting. The car droned around them. The dry smell of the air conditioner tickled his sensitive nose. //I'd forgotten how long missions can take.//

Penny fiddled with her phone, encoding secret transmissions. She smiled down at him and stroked along his furred body with a grin that said she needed nothing else in the world.

* * * * *

"Hold still, buddy... Good boy." Penny fiddled with something around his neck. "There. Perfect."

Seated on the sidewalk, Bolt looked down. In place of his collar, she had fastened some sort of black bow tie. It felt weird, too light, out of place against his fur. But Penny giggled and Mom pretended not to notice, so he figured this had to be part of the plan. The building they had stopped at was tall and had wide doors. // Aircraft hangers are real, right? They have to be. Where else would they fuel up attack helicopters? //

He trotted through the heavy doors at Penny's heel. They entered a lobby packed with people. The crowd milled about: chatting, mingling, waiting for something. Bolt felt curious but excited. Everyone was talking and milling around and all of them were dressed funny. Some of them cooed at him as he walked by. A few of the smaller humans even patted his head. //Hey, this isn't so bad.// He allowed the petting, but kept at his person's side.

Eventually a man in a black suit stopped them. "I'm sorry, ladies. I'm afraid you can't bring him into the church."

Penny looked up at her mom, concerned.

Bolt considered karate-chopping the man into unconsciousness so they could hide him in a closet, but Penny's mom spoke first. "Really, Pastor, it's fine. We talked to Julia ahead of time."

The black-suited man squirmed like a lackey of the Green-Eyed Man.

Penny tousled her dog's ears. "You wouldn't banish him to the car, would you?" Eyes wide with a look of concern and slight fear: she wasn't bad at the dog face herself.

The man relented, rubbing at his funny white collar and smiling in a tired way. "Weddings..."

Victorious, they were led into a larger room with strange multi-colored windows. //That's just silly. With windows that big, ninjas could rappel into the building in five seconds flat.//

As a group, the family was seated on long benches near the back. At the front, a man in a bathrobe talked as if mildly less bored than everyone else. There was a lot of talking. The building seemed fairly new, the scent of construction hung in the air, but he was having trouble discerning its purpose. Clearly the humans gathered here to listen, but if this was a university why weren't they demonstrating supercomputers or Moon lasers or deadly parasites?

The funny collar they'd put on him still felt weird, but he didn't try to adjust it. Penny must have had a good reason to want it on him. //It must be important. //

Bolt looked around. He was the only dog in the room, but that was nothing new. Everybody else seemed to be sitting in silence and looking ahead, so he decided he'd best blend in. A soft buzzing sound whizzed past his ear.

Penny's mother touched her arm, her voice reverent. "Honey, put the yo-yo

away."

"I can't." The girl sounded dejected. "This *wonderful* dress doesn't even have pockets."

Mom sighed. "Here." She held open her purse and the teen reluctantly dropped the yo-yo in it. Once Mom had eyes front and center again, Penny pulled out her cell and flipped it open her to check for transmissions. Her mother's hand touched her arm. Penny gave the older human a sidelong glower, but surrendered her phone as well with only a mild grumble.

The event stretched on. Very little happened, aside from the man's talking at the front. The girl slumped back against the long bench. "How long's this wedding gonna go?"

"Maybe four hours."

"Four hours?! Jeez! How many times is Aunt Julie getting married?"

Her mother laughed softly. "Just once."

After what felt like hours, Penny started to get squirrely. She felt for the pocket where she kept her phone, then sighed when she realized what she was wearing. Finally, she whispered: "Mom, I've gotta take Bolt outside."

"How come?"

She tilted her head at him. "Unless you want him peeing on the seats..."

Mom sighed and gave an acquiescent nod.

Bolt had been sitting quietly, eyes front and center, the entire time and felt no particular need to pee, but followed his person.

The pair slipped outside, his person telling their cover story to the guards. Temporarily free from her prison of boredom, Penny looked around at the unfamiliar buildings. Bolt had long since learned that one might as well pee when your person wanted you to, so he set about finding a suitable target for this purpose. Though the canine didn't fully understand, Mittens had made it clear that peeing on vertical objects was an important part of being a dog. In particular, her insistence on dousing fire hydrants seemed silly. They were meant for villains' cars to crash into so you could escape in the ensuing spray. Bolt instead found a tree and did his business there, taking care to be on the opposite side of it from Penny. She giggled at him. "Aww. So polite."

//You don't have to watch me.// He looked away, his fur feeling hot. //It's weird enough when you look at it normally.//

His objective completed, she sat down on a bench to pet him. He looked up at her. //It would be nice if I knew what this exercise was about.//

Penny glanced at her silver, somewhat boyish watch. "Okay, two more hours. We've got to do some recon on this place."

He yipped. //Recon. Now you're making sense.//

The church grounds were small and, aside from a cache of Happy Meal toys at the base of a tree, held no surprises. The parking lot, too, offered up nothing special, save a faded bumper sticker asking where the beef was. While this qualified as peculiar, it ultimately proved too obscure to be much fun. Leaving the meat mystery for another day, they resigned themselves to exploring the church.

Upon re-entering the structure, Bolt's fine-tuned ears pinpointed what sounded like a herd of dying moose, but turned out to be a hundred bored people singing. He caught movement in the corner of his vision and duck back around the corner. Two guards had been stationed inside the lobby. No doubt they they'd been

dispatched to return the pair to the large, boring gathering. Penny made eye contact with Bolt. She had mission eyes, closing the door without a sound. The lobby was roughly a circle with coat racks in the middle. If they could distract the guards, they would be able to infiltrate further into this strange base through the far door. The church was basically a circular receiving area with a congregational hall to one side and offices and stairs to the other.

Ducking behind a corner, she swept her fingers to the left. Bolt dashed around the looped hallway, stopping just before the gap leading to the coat racks. If he ran now, the guards would probably see him, but if he knew his person...

The next second a coin rolled across the thin carpet. The guards spotted it. // Every time. //

The pimply guard got to it first, raising it in triumph. The lumpy-looking guard called him a dork. Bolt trotted silently to the cover of the coat rack.

Lumpy Guard might have been slower, but he was smarter. "Where the heck did this penny roll from?" They walked closer to Penny's hiding place.

Wasting no time, Bolt seized a jacket in his teeth. He tugged it, the hanger scraping along.

Pimply Guard's head whipped around. "What was that?" His voice squeaked and cracked, no doubt from fear.

Bolt froze.

Footsteps, then Lumpy Guard spoke: "Dude, you already got the dumb coin. You don't need to mess with my head."

Bolt moved the coat just a little.

Pimply Guard squeaked again: "See? Something's moving in the coats!"

The canine's eyes darted to the far door. From under the hanging clothes, he could see his person's yellow dress shoes slink quietly toward it. His heartbeat skipped. //Come on, Penny...//

Lumpy grumbled. "What would be in the coats?"

Pimply's voice deepened slightly. "Dunno. Go look."

"Look yourself, fart-breath."

Knowing his moment was at hand, Bolt slipped quietly out the opposite side of the great circle of coats. He reached the doorway while the guards were insulting each other. //Either I'm getting better at this or the guard quality is really slipping around here.//

Having defeated the guards, they started a sweep of the installation. Small dining hall, an office or two, a rec room with table soccer. They crept downstairs. Study rooms and kitchen: dark, quiet, private. Some parts of the building were all textured plaster and scuffless paint, as if they had only been built a few years ago, while others were made of aging brick.

Penny sighed, disappointed. "We could go back outside, but Mom probably wouldn't like me wandering around some weird city." She gave him an amused little look. "Even with you around."

The kitchen was dark and cool. Metal mesh strainers and enameled pots lined the wide shelves. Stacks of folding tables and chairs leaned up against the wall. Bolt sat down beside her and rolled tummy-up, wagging, the cool of the tile working through his fur. //Hi, Penny. //

"Still bored, but at least I'm bored and not being watched by mom." She crouched down and scratched his tummy idly. "She's not that bad. I guess. For a mom." The girl hunkered down against the counter. Loosen by age and use, the entire cabinet jiggled, glass containers clattering together. Without warning, a tall plastic bottle tipped over the edge and rebounded against the tile. It bounced end to end like a see-saw and blasted Bolt right in the stomach with brown and sticky goo.

A stray glob of it hit his person as well. "Ugh!" Penny held up the hand it had splattered onto. "What is this stuff? Maple syrup?"

He sniffed at it. //That's a weird thing to set as a booby trap.//

She snatched up the bottle before it could spill any more and set it back on the counter top. Penny's slick fingers snapped the cap shut; she rose and washed her hands in the nearby sink. "One second, Bolt. I'll get you cleaned off too."

//I think I've got it under control.// After a tentative sniff, Bolt licked at the goop on his stomach. The sweet syrup clung to his fur and he had to lick aggressively to remove it. //Can't... quite... reach...// He edged back, bracing against the counter like he'd done once in their trailer. Curling up a little more, he could reach lower down his tummy, but now the blobs of sugary goo had oozed lower too. Some of it as low as the tip of his sheath. He wiggled his hips closer, licking eagerly. Every stroke of his tongue caught a little more flavor, a little more sheath, things started to feel quite pleasant as the loose skin rubbed against his soft penis within. // Mmmm...//

"Okay, Bolt, now I can help..." Penny stood, watching him. Water dripped from her hands to the tiled floor, making little pools in the dim light.

The canine looked up. His pink tongue tip peeked from his muzzle, his red penis peeked too. Muzzle to sheath, he gave himself another lick.

A blush crossed Penny's face. "Wow..." She crouched down next to him. "That's pretty cool."

//It's a little weird to do this in front of you, but you *are* my person, so...// He licked a few more times. Her eyes widened. She liked what she was seeing. He liked how it was feeling. The smooth texture of his tongue wrapped around his emerging shaft. It was still pretty small, but he could roll his tongue around it, sliding it across his lips. //Uuummm! //

Bolt missed the first try at getting it into his mouth. He checked the alignment and tried again. //Uuuhg...// He locked eyes with Penny, twitched his hips and then thrust his penis right into his muzzle. Her mouth hung open. His erection wedged between his lips and began to swell.

Something else swelled too: his knot began making itself felt, stretching his sheath, unable to slip free on its own. //Okay. This much I remember from last time. Ooh! Ahh!// His paws pressed tenderly onto his already stretched sheath, easing it down until suddenly his knot sprung free. The dog's tail shot out straight for a second, then relaxed, wagging just a little. //Woo! Oh yeah. That's a lot better.// Ears folding down in determination, he began to hunch his hips up, hindpaws slipping against the tile. His knot surged and swelled; he could feel it against his tongue: hot, heavy, and hardening. It hung just outside his lips. With every awkward thrust, he pushed it against his muzzle, bumping his own black nosepad.

Penny sat down hard. Her hands minded her yellow dress, but her eyes stayed on his slurping, straining performance. //Guess I'm quite the little actor after all...//

Bolt's cheeks blushed a little deeper. His person sat transfixed as the canine bucked his hips deeper still. His slurps echoed in the silent room, their breathing the only counterpoint to the wet sounds.

//Mmmm... mmmm... mMMM! //Pre oozed warmly into his mouth, coaxed forth with every pleasure-filled lick. It collected in the back of his mouth; instinctively, he swallowed it out of the way. Slippery, warm, and slightly bitter: the fluid dribbled on. Not quite like he remembered, but last time he'd had Penny rubbing against it. Even without the taste of her on his member, it was more than yummy enough to keep him going.

The teenage girl gasped, her hand slipping around the bottom of her dress... and up... directly between her legs. Her face glowed with a blush, even in the dark room. With her other hand she steadied herself and began to softly rub.

He started panting around his own erection, breath chilling the damp fur of his crotch. His hips hitched absently. He could feel his member sliding across his tongue, leaving little ribbons of precum. His toes splayed. His legs stretched out. Penny stared as canine sperm blasted into Bolt's mouth. His own hot fluid filled his cheeks; spurt after desperate spurt. Without consent, his legs stuck straight out, reaching for nothing. Bolt's penis slipped out of his muzzle and warm ejaculate sprayed his delicate nose. He exhaled and shook it away, catching the next blast right on his tongue.

His mind started to come down from its orgasmic state, paws relaxing. The last of his sperm drizzled onto his midriff. He looked at Penny, his tail wagging weakly.

"Oh. My. Gosh." She stared for a moment, the fingers under her panties forgotten. "I didn't know you could do... *that*."

//Yeah. Just barely.// He panted. His neck felt a little sore.

She reached out to touch his chin. "Never miss a mark, do ya?" Her soft laugh fluttered through his soul.

He wagged.

The girl pulled at the collar of her dress. "Whew! It warmed up in here. I'd say that's your doing, hotshot." Her fingers reached the sticky dog cum on his chest. She reached up for few napkins, cleaning him off as best she could. "We'll have to tell Mom you got into something outside. That'll be our cover for this op." She slid a fingertip along his sensitive shaft, making him wiggle, catching a dollop of the sticky white goo. After a moment of consideration, she licked it off. Bolt shuddered in surprise. His person winked, then giggled.

He let her wipe at his tummy, staring up with open adoration. Once he could smell again, smell something other than his own fresh semen, he caught a whiff of something familiar. He sniffed, then eyed her. //Penny! You really did like my little show.//

Wriggling along the tile, he edged his muzzle closer. His nose tingled at the scent. She seemed to be getting better at making that scent lately. His penis swayed, still knotted. He nosed under her dress for an impromptu inspection, still on his back. Under her skirt hid a world of warm colors and smells. He panted happily, his hot breath swirling around under the fabric. Getting to his feet, his rear raised up off the tile, keeping his sensitive length from its cold surface. His breath quickened. Bolt nuzzled deeper, deeper, further under the hem of her dress, till his whole muzzle was hidden and he found his prize. With a look and a sniff, the eager dog began licking his person. //Mmmm... She's getting tastier too.//

The girl gasped. "Hey, buddy, I'm not sure we're supposed to be doing this down here-- Ohhhh... Heh. Umm... Wow..."

Heartened by her pleased tone of voice, he wiggled his nose against her soft panties, brushing into the softer skin beneath. A few more licks and the fabric started to move to one side. The cunning canine pressed in further, spreading her legs as he slid her panties out of the way. She shivered, still crouched, skirt hem just brushing the tile and an eager dog with his head under it. With dogged determination, he managed to sneak his tongue past them and against her naked flesh.

He could no longer see Penny from under her skirt, but he felt her tremble as he executed this maneuver. His tongue explored the soft, tight spaces between fabric and flesh, eliciting the occasional moan from his person. It wasn't the easiest angle of attack, but he made do.

After a few moments of tender tonguing, Penny scooted back, glanced at the closed door. Her slim hand tugged her panties down to her bright yellow shoes, then over them. Bolt dove into her mound with gusto, licking and nuzzling at her folds. The girl brought a hand to her mouth, covering a gasp. "Hhhh! Ohh... Good boy..."

Bolt slithered his tongue further into her passage, seeking out more of her flavor. Those sparse little hairs tickled his nose, shimmering molten red in the dim light. The girl moaned at his ministrations. She backed up against the stove, breathing faster, rolling her hips up just a little for him.

He stopped for a moment, letting her sort out her dress, and looked under himself. His softening member swung slightly as he moved, slowly retracting back into his sheath as the knot went down. She carefully stood and led him into a small, spartan room. A bed along one wall, a pair dressers along the other. She made sure to lock the door behind them.

Penny scratched behind his ears. "We've gotta be careful with this dress, buddy. Mom'd have a fit if I ruined it." Careful of the impractical garment, she lowered herself down with one hand braced against the dusty, perfectly made bed. She slunk forward eagerly, slipping to her hands and knees in front of him.

Bolt panted happily. Best plans ever. He trotted behind his person and nuzzled his muzzle back under her skirt.

"One second." Penny carefully pulled the dress up past her waist. She rested her hands on the floor. "There. Go ahead boy."

He sniffed, drawing in the scent that lit his whole being with a fiery ache for her. His soft tongue slid against her tender skin. Her taste ravished his canine brain, igniting instincts from the quiet embers of daily life to searing flames. He set his teeth and carefully hopped up to mount her. With delicate deliberance, he positioned his paws on either side of her hips, jostling to close the distance. His penis, not fully retracted, rubbed against her bare skin. The tip slipped along her upper thigh, having considerable give. Her flesh ran cool and soft against his, stealing his warmth for a second before chilling again. It was like no other sensation in the world. //I wonder if other dogs know what they're missing? //

Instinct told him to thrust, but he'd spurted not ten minutes ago; his batteries had yet to recharge. He took deep breaths and relaxed atop her, in the quiet

embrace that was theirs alone. Soon though, his hips started to grind forward on their own. His furry crotch brushed against her legs; she giggled. "Hey! I'm ticklish down there! Let me help ya." He felt her fingers cup his sac, her thumb angling him up.

//Mmmm...// His tip slid though her soft warmth, moisture clinging to tender flesh. A soft moan from his person and he pressed forward, claws clattering on tiles. He lifted off the soft, cool skin of her hand, longing to bury himself deep inside her. As he struggled to get higher, his member grazed past her vagina and slid between her cheeks. //Hhh. I'm too high.// The canine slid back a little, then felt a soft touch on his rump.

//Penny?//

"Hey boy, it's okay." She rocked her hips just a bit, not trying to correct his aim. "Mmmm... That feels... interesting."

//Uhhh... Whatever you say, Penny. If you're sure. But I'll need to adjust the trajectory.// From this position, he could climb no further onto her back. //Think, Bolty.// A moment of doggy deliberation, then he gave a few hops, reaching just an inch or two short. For an instant at a time, he managed to rub himself up and down that shallow valley. She noticed him trying to reach higher and lowered herself. Warm precum trickled from his erection, making the whole exercise a bit more slippery. It started to dampen into his crotch fur as he thrust, oozing against her soft skin, his testicles swinging forward to bump against her cheeks. Every few thrusts, his tip would catch on something. Something soft; something yielding. Bolt's mind was sinking fast into bliss. He bore down on that spot, grinding his tip against the girl's anus.

"Oh my gosh!" Penny shuddered, but made no sign to stop. He knew she trusted him. She was his person. He'd never hurt her.

The dog pressed up again, firmer. His tip began penetrating her as her tight opening spread. Part of him wondered if he'd fit, but everything lower than his cerebrum didn't much care. He never imagined putting his penis there, and now, somehow, it was slipping in... Leaning forward, he put his weight against that

tender spot. Slow humps slid his penis from his sheath and deeper into her, prompting gasps and moans at the unfamiliar intrusion from the girl under him. Her opening squeezed and clenched upon him, before loosening again, tighter than her vagina ever was. He held still for a moment. His erection began returning in earnest. Blood rushed to his penis, bringing heat into the equation. Penny relaxed; he sunk deeper. The tightness was all at the entrance, rather than her along his length; so different from her vagina. With every thrust, his penis slipped a little deeper, bunching his sheath behind his still-small knot. Inside her, his member bumped and slid against unfamiliar surfaces.

Below him, Penny seemed to collect herself; the girl shivered deeply and softly moaned as she squeezed him with an exquisite pressure. She moaned again and then started pushing back. He rubbed his muzzle on her back, wishing humans spoke some reasonable language or, at least, that she would crouch down so he could mate her harder. Their combined thrusts synced up, and his developing knot ground hard against her, seeking entrance. Moaning, she tightened on him. He whined. She breathed, loosening a bit. "Sorry, boy. It feels... Oh Bolt, I want it..."

Her shoulder pressed to the tile as both hands slipped back between her legs. One clutched at the base of his shaft. The other... A soft wet sound and a happy giggle from Penny gave him a good idea of what that one was up to. Her complex hair configuration fell in her eyes.

Her touch behind his growing knot shot shivers through his body. His hips went wild, jerking at maximum velocity. His panting grew short. The girl tensed. Her whole body shook. That did it.

They thrust together again, and he yapped in surprise as he popped inside her. She squeaked sharply.

"Ah! Oh my gosh! Ohmygosh!" She breathed. "Did you just...?"

Bolt gasped. He was tied to her... in that other hole. It felt fantastic against the back of his knot, tighter than he'd ever known. Ancient urges fired inside him, hijacking his hips. Short, frantic humps. Caught inside her, he tugged back against that exquisite pressure. His testicles rose tight against his body. His knot swelled. A

shiver. A twitch. And the spurting started. Once, twice, three times, four. He pressed into her and panted. His chin pressed her ribs. Canine sperm blasted into her, filled her up, so hot around his cock. All four paws stuck out.

Penny groaned, whimpering as his knot filled her, as his seed flooded her. She bit her lip, face bright red as she struggled not to cry out at the dog penis stretching her insides. Her breathe returned, but in ragged gasps. Even in the midst of his orgasm, Bolt felt a pang of concern, licking once behind her ear as they panted together.

The blasts of semen died down to pulses, the pulses to dull throbs. Nothing left. Bolt eased down onto his person, firmly tied. //I am really getting to like this. //

His head felt heavy, but he kept it up somehow. //I will not contaminate the dress! I have orders from my person.// With all his canine resolve, he managed not to drool or even loll his tongue. He felt proud. Proud and tingly.

* * * * *

Bolt sat beside Penny's chair. All around them people were talking, eating, laughing. His person had double-checked his fur and her dress before they came back upstairs, but he could still smell his scent on her. //This isn't my normal kind of mission, but it beats chasing down attack helicopters.//

He watched as Penny's mother leaned in. "Honey, if you need to go to the bathroom--"

She gave the older woman a look. "Mom, don't be weird."

"Well, you've been wiggling around quite a bit."

The girl dropped a chunk of steak off her fork. "I-I'm just not used to sitting down this long, that's all."

"Alright, sweetie, I'm sure we can take a walk to stretch our legs before we head home. You'll have to let me change out of these heels, though."

The white canine contemplated the steak bit on the floor. //We're not at home, but it was dropped by my person. Mittens would say I should eat it, but that still seems weird.// He ate it. //Delicious, though.//

Many of the people were standing in the empty space in front of the tables. They cleared a space so a couple could dance alone. The woman wore a white dress. Her copper hair swayed as the man held her close. Something very familiar about her smile, though Bolt couldn't quite put his paw on it.

One of the other people at the table, a thin bald man who Bolt didn't recognize, patted him on the head, but spoke to Penny. "He looks just like the dog from that TV show my kids like! What's it called?" He thought for a moment. "Oh, well, I bet you hear that all the time."

The girl smiled politely. "Once in a while, yeah." Reaching down, she straightened her buddy's bow tie. "My little hero. He's always got my back."

~ ~ ~

//Time for a little Yiffmas magic with everyone's favorite Yule Dog. Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 8: Coming for Christmas

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Bolt stretched his legs out, wiggling himself to wakefulness after a nap. //Man, this carpet is great stuff. You can take a nap anywhere!// Suitcases and wrapped boxes lined the wall next to the front door; the people had something planned. He found Penny, a book in front of her at the table, surrounded by homework she was pretending to finish. She stared out the frost-tinged window, so he did too. A car rolled by, mud and snow kicking up under its tires. The girl sighed and leaned back in her chair, brushing her hair from her freckled cheek. "Mom?"

Mom answered from the sofa. "Yes, dear?"

His person walked over and leaned against the wall, arms crossed. "Can you teach me to drive on the way to Grandma's?"

Her mother smiled mildly. "Not in the snow, young lady."

"Half my friends already have their permits. In a few months, Liz and Terrie could have their licenses."

"It wouldn't be safe, sweetie. They're from the area and know how to drive on snow."

"I did a scooter chase on the Arctic hover-base set. And I've ridden a satellite dish down the side of a mountain!" Penny was getting good at the dog face.

Mom turned a page in her romance novel. "I promise we'll start first thing in the Spring."

"Fine..." She sighed, stroking one hand down Bolt's body as she passed. "Stupid November birthday."

Bolt remembered her birthday party, how the house had been overtaken by a gaggle of giggling teenagers. He shook his head. They were loud, but they had given him some cake. Penny had prevented them from doing anything weird to him, aside from painting each of his claws a different color. She had let them paint her fingernails too, though hers all turned out the same color, just with little hearts and other symbols on them. //I guess the paint was there to hold the glitter on. They seem to wear that a lot. They must not go on covert missions like Penny; the reflection could attract guards' attention.//

For her birthday, Penny had gotten giant sheets of sticker paper; he realized what it was after she printed a bunch of fish, water plants, and submarines. She stuck them on that glass box Rhino always called his 'fortress of solitude,' that Penny called a 'terrarium,' and that Mittens called 'the un-think tank.'

The hamster was taking a break from channel surfing, instead tapping madly on the buttons of his person's cell phone, which he had smuggled into his ball.

//Rhino? I'm not trying to accuse you or anything, but are you the one who keeps moving that phone? Penny is always sending me to find it and--//

//Shh! Bolt, I need absolute concentration.// He breathed and made meditative hand motions. Suddenly, the small rodent flailed wildly at the keyboard again; a new level had started. //The alien fleet is advancing and my laser cannon is Earth's only defense!//

//I guess that answers my question. Oh, well. I'm sure I can find it when he's done.// Satisfied the phone mystery was solved, he continued his patrol of the house. The cat wasn't sitting on her favorite heater vent or at her favorite window sill or watching Rhino play Space Invaders. He found her watching the humans,

who were now packing the Mom Transport. //Another mission already!// He wagged. He could tell he was going to be on this mission because they had packed a partial bag of his food into the Transport.

Bolt trotted up. //I'm sorry you aren't coming with us on the mission--//

Mittens glanced at him grumpily.

//--err trip. But you know we'll be back in a day or two.//

She stretched and tried to look casual. //Don't worry about it. If things get tough, I'll just eat Rhino.//

The hamster's voice crept to their ears from the other side of the couch, low and mysterious. //If you eat me, I will become more powerful than you could possibly imagine. //

Groaning, the cat called back: //Rhino, you're a dork.//

The canine considered her for a moment. Her whole body seemed tense. //Mittens, are you okay?//

The cat looked at him askew. //Last I checked, wags, yeah. Why'd ya ask?//

He thought hard, unable to put his paw on it. //You seem... edgy. Even for a cat.//

//Well, thanks for the concern, but it's nothing.//

He stared at her. Lately, he'd been glad he could stare at things without making them melt.

//No, really, Bolt, it's nothing.//

He cocked an ear. //Really?//

//Really. Now lay off me, would ya?//

The dog wasn't sure he believed this, but cats were cats after all; they followed rules he didn't quite understand. Penny had told him plenty of times that he was a smart dog, so he forced the gears in his brain to start cranking. How long had Mittens been acting like this? It seemed like it had been while, weeks at least. And it had been getting worse. What could have been happening in the last few weeks that-- //Snow.//

//What?//

//I'm not sure, but you've been acting like this since it started to snow.// He glanced out the window. //At least, I think so. But you never got this way about snow on our trip to find Penny, so I'm not so sure.//

She scoffed, smiling a little. He looked back at her, concerned. //Look, pooch. Cats are complicated. Sometimes we've got issues with things. Me, I don't... Well, let's just say I've had some bad experiences with people packing up around this time of year.//

//Oh.// He ducked his head and spoke softly. //You mean your previous people.//

Mittens didn't reply, tail still, expression dark.

//We're coming back. We won't be gone long--//

//Sure, no problem. Why would I mind?// Her tail lashed, voice catching a little in her throat. //I was abandoned before, so why would I mind? If everyone left me on Christmas all over again, what would it even matter?//

The dog drooped his ears. Mittens hadn't sounded this mad since she'd tried to convince him Penny wasn't real, that she was just part of the TV show. It was understandable. Mittens had her people leave her. On purpose. He couldn't even imagine that. Your people were supposed to love you and stay with you and scratch your tummy, not just leave you.

He said nothing, blinked, and gave a little nod of resolve. Standing, the canine padded off toward the kitchen. He nosed open the pantry. Very carefully, he pulled the half-empty bag of cat food out, stacked her bowl on top, and carried both back into the living room.

Bolt set the bowl and bag down in front of the sulking cat. She looked up and gestured with one white paw. //What the heck is this?//

He sat down, jaw set and brow furrowed. //The antidote. //

//Ha. Ha. I'm sure in your crazy little canine mind this makes sense, but I'm not even hungry. Why would you need to-- Oh no. No, you don't. Bolt, you don't have to...//

His expression remained serious, though now with the hint of a smile. //You're comin' with us.//

//But how do you-- I mean-- You can't even talk to the humans! How are they gonna know you want to bring me?//

//I tie good knots, remember? And I know right where my leash is.//

//Really, wags, I'll be fine. I was just overreacting!//

The canine sat, calm and quiet next to the catfood. His eyes found Mittens, and he smiled just a little.

//You're a lunatic.// She laughed, but it was thin and uncertain. //Th-this will never work!//

//We'll see about that.// He yipped to Penny as she passed by.

"Hey, buddy." She crouched down, a roll of packing tape in her hand. "What's up?"

He stood, one paw on the food bag. He didn't even have to use the dog face.

* * * * *

//So remind me why I have to be in a pet carrier and you don't?//

The car rumbled under her. Bolt smiled down from where he sat beside his person. Trees and hills rolled past through the window behind him. //Calm down, cat. Once you're a veteran of these missions like I am, they'll promote you out of the containment unit.// He gave a little growly chuckle.

Penny stroked his ears. "Alright, tough guy. You owe me for talking Mom into bringing your pal. You're lucky she's a cat person."

The girl chuckled softly. Bolt grinned up at her.

//You're such a dog, you know that?// Mittens draped a paw out the bars at the front. The gray plastic box was dusty and smelled like the garage. She sighed, then caught a hint of movement on the edge of her vision. Taped to one of the wrapped

gifts, a metallic pinwheel spun slowly, stirred by her breath. The cat's ears perked up a little. Her skinny paws fit through the front of the carrier, the pinwheel in easy reach. The little whispery noises it made when she spun it made her feel a little better, a little more at home.

Bolt had no business interfering like he did, getting her crammed in this car, but... These people, their insane dog, even Rhino: they really weren't all that bad. Not that she'd tell him. One dopey pet in this car was enough. Still, these weirdos were beginning to feel more and more like a family, like her weirdos. //Fan-tastic.//

* * * * *

Bolt studied the spruce tree in the middle of the living room. He knew that humans sometimes liked to drag plants inside, even if the reasons why were a little fuzzy to him. This plant was covered in small lights, so it probably controlled something. The thick scent of pine sap hung in his nostrils. It was clearly real, yet part machine as well. //Maybe they grew this cyborg tree into the lights to hide something inside.// Hanging on the tree were little statues. People put lights and bits of metal on things to show they were technology, but he was less sure what the plastic figurines meant. There was even one that looked like him. And one that looked like Penny; she was on a scooter. That one near the top could be the white-haired man in the easy chair, but he must have had more of a beard back then. There wasn't one of Mittens or of anybody else in the house. //They probably just haven't had time to make them yet.//

The mission site smelled delicious, the air thick with the scents of turkey, pie, gravy, and even some kind of exotic fruit called 'canberries.' It must be a weird plant too, since it grew all its berries together in the shape of a can. //This meeting could be some sort of botanical conference. I wonder if they have any of those plants that try to eat you? Wait.// He thought for a moment, then nodded to himself. //Those attack plants tasted a lot like foam rubber, so they probably weren't real.//

A contingent of people milled about this house, his own included. Penny wore the 'Peep' dress, though a little happier about it this time. They'd put him in the reindeer suit again too, which he hadn't seen since Candy Gathering Day. //It's not so bad, except for this red nose thing, but clearly I needed to be disguised.// So he

did his best to act like a reindeer, whatever those were.

A squad of the smaller people had targeted Rhino as soon as he got in the door, declaring him to be their 'fearless leader,' and had been chasing him around ever since. He was now somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen.

Bolt walked around, having people pet him, which was awesome, and having one of the smaller people pull on his ears, which was less awesome. Mitten always seemed to be snickering when he passed by. At first he thought she was just happy to be there, but eventually started to worry she would blow his cover. //What is so funny?//

She smirked, looking at his antlers. //Nothing, Santa's Little Helper. You just keep playing your reindeer games.//

Bolt was still wondering exactly what that meant when one of the older humans scooped her up.

The black cat flattened her ears in protest. //What the?!//

The woman who picked her up smelled a bit like Penny and a lot like her Mom. Bolt thought he might have smelled at least some of these people on his previous mission. The entire contingent of humans occupied the living room of the mission site.

She pulled a few fabric things from a small box. "I was just gonna send this with you, but since you went and brought your pretty lil' kitty along with ya..." The lady started putting the garments on an increasingly indignant Mittens.

//You are so lucky I don't have any claws under these mitts, granny. //

When she was fully outfitted and set back down, the people all made those 'aww' sounds they seemed to think made any sort of sense to animals. Mittens sat

scowling, adorned with a feathered green cap and pointy little boots. She glared up at the woman who had so proudly dressed her. //You're getting a hairball in your stocking for this, old lady. //

The cat started pawing at the boots, but he shook his head, increasingly concerned. //Mittens, they obviously want you to wear that.//

Penny leaned in and snapped a picture of the two of them.

Bolt nodded. //See? It must be important. You should leave that mission gear alone.//

//No.// She shook her head vigorously, trying to dislodge the hat, but it was stuck on with some kind of elastic band. //It's bad enough when they get obsessed with clothes. They don't need to cram me into them.// She pulled at a fabric boot with her teeth, but it stuck fast.

Looking at the feline flailing, Bolt felt something odd. A funny tickle twinged in his throat. It started as a chuckle, rose to a rumble, and suddenly he was laughing harder than he could ever remember. Mirth shone in his eyes, weakened his knees, and he laid down before he could fall down. //Mittens, we do-- Heeheeheehee! Oh, wow. We do look pretty stupid, don't we?//

The feline's glower deepened, now directed at him.

//Sorry, sorry. It's just...// His grin went lopsided, ears quivering, and he shook under the strain of trying to bottle up the laughter, blushing and looking apologetically up at the sour cat, but it was useless. Laughter exploded out in a giant giggly burst. //Bah-haha-heeheehee... Sorry. Hee!// The little bells on his outfit jingled as he was overcome by an unstoppable wave of laughter.

Mittens stared at him, conflicting emotions battling it out across her face. Another peel of laughter came from Bolt's direction; he rolled across the floor. She looked to him. One whisker twitched.

Laughter, canine and feline, echoed under the hubbub of the living room.

* * * * *

Bolt followed his person downstairs. The last he'd seen Mittens, she was curled up under the loveseat upstairs, her paw clutching that pinwheel thing from one of the presents. He wasn't sure what that device did, but she seemed pretty attached to it since she'd carried around for half the night.

His person shut the door to the den and laid down some blankets on the sofa. She had good night vision for a person. The downstairs was dark, cool, and soothing. Bolt sniffed. Old metal, varnished wood, aging paper, but mostly he smelled the funny red reindeer nose. Outside, little gusts of wind tossed curls of snow against the windows.

"Hey, buddy." Penny's fingers brushed along his headfur, her fingernails scratching the back of his neck. She was seated on the sofa. "Been a while since you've been here. You were practically a puppy last time you got to come to Christmas." She hugged him, burying her face against shoulder. "Ya have a good time, boy?"

He yapped softly.

"Good. You're part of the family. You and your friends." Rolling to her back, she looked at him from the couch. "I'm not sure how you found them, but they're good guys. Oreo even tolerated that elf costume Grandma made." She petted him. "You were a good boy to put up with this reindeer suit all night."

//Huh? Oreo?//

The girl got to her knees and petted his ears and muzzle, eyes shining. "Yeah. You're my good boy."

Bolt wagged and closed his eyes in puppy joy.

She untied the cords that held the costume on, letting it fall to the floor with a jingle. The plush antlers were next, then that puffy red nose. His actual nose felt cold, exposed to the air. Penny smiled and lightly kissed his nosepad. His cheeks felt hot.

"You know..." Her whisper made his heart skip a beat. "We've got the basement to ourselves, and I have one more present. Just for you."

Bolt perked his ears. //But I already got a new bowl *and* a new collar.// He'd thought the gift awarding ceremony was over. It didn't seem possible they could produce any more wrapping paper.

She made the gesture for 'turn around.' He followed her order. His ears swiveled back to listen: the rustling of fabric, a giggle, and finally the soft shuffle of his person moving closer. "Okay, boy, you can look now."

Bolt did.

His jaw dropped.

Penny was on all fours. She was no longer wearing the Peep dress, instead only a t-shirt. The soft fabric clung to the curves of her lithe body, leading his eyes down to her bare legs. And sticking out from the bottom of her shirt was the biggest surprise of all: a tail. Her tail. The one she had after getting hit with the DNA Ray! It was white, a little longer than his, and very fluffy.

A quiet laugh. He managed to pull his eyes off the tail and looked to his person for answers. She smiled at him, the dim light making her pretty white ears seem to glow. Pointy, shapely dog ears. Bolt's breath caught; he sniffed very carefully at her new ears, to make sure they were real, then gave them each the gentlest brush of

his muzzle. Smiling, she moved her hips a bit, causing the tail to sway in a slow wag. He felt himself getting hypnotized by the pretty, swaying wonder.

"Like what you see, Bolty? ...Bolt?" She laughed softly, then... pounced at him!

Out of instinct, the canine tried to jump away, but she caught him playfully. "Gotcha!" Her quiet giggles made his fur hot.

//Uh... I-I...// He squeezed his eyes shut so he could think without seeing her. // Your tail makes it hard for me to be vigilant!// He whimpered.

"Shh, buddy. We've gotta be quiet. This is strictly a stealth mission." She smiled, then pounced again. The carpet muffled the sound of her movements. She ducked and growled, smiling, inviting him to play, her red hair spilling forward, draping across her shoulders. He bounced around with her, playing like a dog. His heart beat fast. //Wow. I never thought her being like this would make me feel so...// He looked down between his legs, seeing just how excited this was making him. Penny pressed the advantage. In one swift movement, she tackled him and gave a naughty, wet kiss to the peeking tip of his penis.

Bolt gasped. His ears felt warm. They lay there for a moment, her smiling down at him, the dim light tracing through her long, loose red hair, spilling around her soft white ears. Love danced in her eyes, making him tuck his own ears back and wiggle, a smile growing on his muzzle. Her fingers traced up his tummy fur, stirring the white smooth texture of it, reaching his chest and finally his chin, which she scratched tenderly. Slowly, shyly, he brushed his muzzle along the side of her face. She closed her eyes, murmuring little noises of contentment and closeness.

Every minute spent under her, more of her scent teased him, her hair now just long enough to tickle the pink of his ears. Eventually, he could stand no more and rolled out from under Penny. She watched him, wagging that fancy new tail. He remembered it being so soft...

Looking to her for permission first, Bolt padded quietly back toward her tail. She smiled, still on hands and knees. After a moment's thought, he gave it an

experimental sniff. The fur caressed his nose, making him giddy. First her playfulness, now this; getting to touch her tail brought him back to that first time they had played their little games. It felt so long ago; he had learned so much and traveled so far between now and that first curious sniff. He sniffed down the furry length of it, tracing back to where it attached to a sort of harness under her shirt. It didn't matter that it wasn't real. It mattered that she wore it just for him. He nuzzled along it, then across her smooth back, a delicate white in the moonlight.

Her scent drew him in, tangy, almost sweet, and completely Penny. He sniffed, down to the base of her tail, then down lower. She giggled. Sniffing back here always tickled her. He licked, and her sweet flavor flooded over his tongue as it trailed down her most tender spots. She squeaked. His tongue slid over her slit, shaping to all the contours, leaving the thinnest trail of saliva, hot but instantly cooling. His person shuddered, spreading her legs and lowering her body to give him better access. He worked deeper, feeling her shake and quiver as he explored that little groove between her inner and outer lips. The teenage girl yipped at this maneuver, almost sounding canine herself. Her vagina was getting wetter, juicier, tastier. He lapped up inside her, seeking more of her flavor and was rewarded with squeaks and shudders. His person grabbed a reindeer pillow from the sofa and clutched it to her chest, biting it to muffle her moans. Her tail wagged over his ears. He angled up, going at her from below. Those little hairs on the top of her passage tickled his chin. Every lick now swept along the top of her vagina, where she seemed to like it best. She certainly whimpered and hitched her hips enough whenever his tongue brushed that little bump.

A muffled yelp. Without warning, she started wiggling her legs, her vagina clenched down the length of his tongue. She squealed with delight into the pillow. He pulled out, licking at the surface again. Her lips felt very hot for a human. And she was still shivering too, giving little yelping gasps of joy. She dripped a little more of her juices, but he lapped them up. No sense letting it go to waste on the carpet. Her entire body wiggled at the stimulation. Her orgasm tapered off to quiet little shudders. //Mission accomplished.// He wagged, proud. //And in record time too.//

Her breaths came deep and ragged. His muzzle felt nice as he rubbed it over her thighs and cheeks, waiting for her to catch her breath. Her skin was so smooth. He wondered how he felt to her, being all furry. //I bet I'm warm, but I might be a little prickly. She doesn't seem to mind, though.// Instinct nipped at the corners of his mind; he thought about how good it would feel to mount her. They'd never

done it while she had a tail and ears on. Being careful of his claws, he edged a little way up onto her body, front legs pressing against her bare cheeks; his penis tingled in its sheath. He panted, carefully edging the tail to the side, hips starting to hitch forward a little...

"Bolt?" Her voice came gentle as a cloud across the moon.

He stopped, looking to her. //Penny?//

She smiled back at him, shrugging in regret. "Sorry, boy..." Penny moved to the side and scooped him against her in a cuddle. "Not tonight. It's too risky."

Bolt whined and shivered at the thought of completing one of their little missions. That tail, those ears, that smell... He really wanted to... But she was right. If he got to the final part of their secret mission, he'd want to get himself stuck all the way inside her too, and then their mobility would be seriously reduced. One of the grown-ups could find them and expose the entire op before they could hide that they were playing. They could be compromised.

The dog gave her one final nuzzle, then rolled from her arms, sitting on his haunches. His penis bobbed under his tummy.

Penny glanced at his peeking erection and gave him a sympathetic smirk. She climbed back onto the couch, sitting sideways and patting in front of her. Bolt hopped up to join her. Glancing once to the door, she ran a hand down his side, delivering a kiss to his forehead. The teen girl met his eyes. "Lay back, buddy."

He licked her slowly on the throat, then let her guide him onto his back. His person braced a pillow behind his head, scooting forward until his rear was on her lap. His back was curved up a bit, but the pillow kept the position comfortable. She slipped his tail to the side, then reached back. She brought the new tail, her tail forward, wrapping it around him from one side. Her fingers spread over his tummy, beginning one of her wonderful belly rubs.

Her fingers found his sheath, stoking up and down it a few times, teasing, before pulling it carefully back, tucking it back behind where his knot would form. Her fingers were just slightly chilled, enough to tantalize him as her other hand closed around his penis. He started humping into her hand, gradually stiffening against her smooth palm. He could smell his own precum as it coated her hand. He whimpered.

"Aww, poor boy wants it so bad." She whispered breathily in the dark, sounding excited too. "Ever since Aunt Julie's wedding, I've wanted to see you do your little trick up close. Think you're up to it?"

She leaned in and licked the pink of his ear. He gasped as his penis swelled faster in her hand. She sat back and watched, simpering at his quick little humps. Her white canine ears shone against her red hair, the light from the window playing along both. Breath came in gasps between his teeth.

"You've had this coming. I haven't been able to get that picture of you out of my mind. Of you... sucking yourself. I even got myself so flustered during a math quiz last week that the teacher asked if I needed to leave!" She squeezed his erection. "Ever since then I have been plotting some serious payback."

//Heh. Umm, I... I never thought it would be such a big deal--// He was interrupted by her taking his fully erect shaft and carefully rubbing the dribbling tip against his lips. //Oh boy.// He took a lick, then shuddered at the wave of pleasure it sent through his body.

She lifted his hips just a bit to give him a better angle. His body between the pillow and her stomach, his penis hung in easy licking distance. He licked a few more times, lapping up the musky fluid that collected on his tip, then slowly opened his mouth around his own erection and began to suck, looking up shyly.

The flexible dog licked a little further up his shaft, further still, then as far as his tongue could reach. Sporadic, wild humps sent it deeper into his muzzle. His tip bumped along the rubbery ridges on the roof of his mouth. Unstoppable lust coursed through him. He panted around his thick erection, so heavy on his tongue. He was lost to the sensations, trying to lick in time with his humps, then he noticed

Penny watching with unabashed fascination. His fur felt instantly hot. Riding the wake of each pleased lick, he thought: //It feels funny to have you watch me do this.//

One hand steadied his shaft while the other moved up to hold his furry white balls. She chuckled, massaging his soft-furred sac. "Here, let me help power up that DNA Ray..." Then, brushing her hair out of the way, she bent over, her breath tracing coolly along his hot shaft.

She began to lick his knot.

Her tongue traced around both sides of his bulge. Then down that little groove between the bumps. Finally, it slipped to his bunched up sheath, the cool tip of her tongue edging in around the very base of his penis *under* his sheath! Their eyes met. She smiled, wiggled her tongue.

He came.

He came with his paws sticking straight out, pressed against her pretty canine ears. Gasping. Shuddering. Toes splaying out as he shot the first spurt of hot canine cum into his own mouth. She brushed a hand along his muzzle, and gently pulled his still spurting penis out from his mouth. His second shot sprayed wetly into his face; the canine blinked. Before he could so much as whimper in protest, she curled her tongue around the tip. A third spray of white jetted hotly against her tongue, then she closed her lips over his quivering, pulsing erection.

Suck. Spurt.

Lick. Spurt.

Squeeze. Spurt!

Bolt lay, a gasping heap of dog. Never in his life had anything felt like that. He

slumped back against the pillow, his entire body feeling drained. The night swept in around him. His body hummed in a drippy, drooly serenity. His only perception outside this nirvana was of his person leisurely licking the cum off his muzzle. When done, she kissed him on the forehead. The dog lay under her, mind overwhelmed with blissful sensation.

As he drifted off to sleep, Bolt felt her wiggle around. A click, a flash, a whirl. Deep in the recesses of his mind, the sleepy canine recognized that sound, but was distracted by his shrinking cock brushing against the soft fabric of Penny's t-shirt as she settled back in. He whimpered and licked her.

Back under the covers, she cuddled in around him. "Merry Christmas, Bolty. You're my very best present."

~ ~ ~

//Thought you guys could use a little more Bolt and Penny in your lives. Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 9: Discovery

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Bolt sat, tail wagging. The small radio Penny had clipped to his collar hissed softly, giving off a faint plastic smell.

"Okay, Bolty." His person's voice rang through the radio, tinny but recognizable. "Bring me... my iPod."

Trotting over to her night stand, Bolt hopped up and took the small pink gadget carefully in his teeth. He carried it down the stairs to his waiting person. She cheered.

"Mom! Check this out."

His person petted him between the ears, then pointed back to her room. "Upstairs, buddy."

He dashed back up the stairs, the radio clattering against his tags. He turned the corner into her room, then looked around eagerly. Any moment, Penny would announce the next objective--

"Ready, Bolt?"

He yapped. The audio sensor on the radio clicked on, then off.

"Okay." She laughed. Even through the radio, it made him smile. "Bring me my... flash drive."

Before she even finished saying it, he jumped onto her chair and snatched it off her computer desk. Bolt leaped down again, the slim silver device dangling from its lanyard. He turned the corner and thundered down the stairs again. Reaching the rug at the bottom, the canine sat at attention, tail wagging in pride.

"Oh, well isn't that clever." Mom clapped her hands once. "Good to see you are getting some use out of your birthday gift. You know, sweetie, we would have gotten you a digital camera for Christmas."

"Yeah, but I already have a camera that works just fine."

"Okay. It's just that Polaroid film is getting harder to find."

Penny took a deep breath. "Mom..."

Mom smiled, though a hint of sadness touched her eyes. She stroked her daughter's long red hair. "If you want to keep using your father's old camera, that's fine by me."

"Thanks." The teenage girl patted her Mom's hand.

* * * * *

A rustle of paper.

//Hmm...// Bolt studied the folded map before him. //How does this part open? Oooh. I bet it goes like this...// He nodded. //Perfect.//

Mittens stirred on the sofa. Her green eyes opened to find Bolt carefully laying out a road map on the carpet. This sight caused her to bury her head under a pillow.

Resolving to be quieter, he resumed his efforts. He had succeeded in not ripping it, but it had gotten slobbery in a few places. He was good with his paws, but he was nowhere near as good as people. Some things required the use of his mouth.

The cat flopped to her back, her nap-based plans ruined. //Again Bolt? Would ya quit obsessing over that stupid map? Save your brain power for getting treats out of chew toys.//

The canine poured over the US map, carefully unfolding the last of it with his nose. //I'm trying to figure out where we live.//

//We live here, pooch.// She gestured around the house. //With the nice people who feed us. What else is there to know? //

Amused, he looked up at her. //So you don't know either?//

//Sure I do! We're... in the middle somewhere.//

//If only we could get one of those secret waffle maps...//

//You really think those are better?// The feline prowled up, tail swishing. //What, because of the pictures?//

The dog nodded. //Yes. Also, they smelled like waffles.//

Mittens looked at him askew. Bolt wasn't sure exactly why, but she did that from time to time.

//Okay, we're not by the ocean. So we do have to be in this middle part somewhere.//

She sat down with a smug grin. //Like I said.//

His paws traced over the creased paper surface. //And there were moose and dinosaurs by that green place at the top, so we can't--//

//Dinosaurs?// Her voice and ears dropped in incredulity.

//Well, they were on the waffle maps. //

She pressed a paw to the bridge of her muzzle. //Look, Toto, I know I really sold you on the greatness of the waffle maps, but for all I know we're in Kansas.//

Penny ambled out of the kitchen, munching on a sandwich. Upon seeing the duo, she swallowed her bite and smiled. "Hey, buddy. Is Oreo helping you study for Geography?"

He yapped and wagged up at her. //Hi, Penny.//

His person tore off a small chunk of sandwich. "Catch." She dropped it.

The white canine hopped forward and caught it just before it hit the floor. He chomped it down and licked his lips. //Mmm. Bologna.//

Mittens rolled her eyes and smiled. //You're a dork.//

Simultaneously, Penny reached down and petted him. "You're adorable."

The cat and dog exchanged a look as they sat on the map. Mittens shrugged.

//Just why do they keep calling you Oreo anyway?//

Mittens shrugged again. //Ask me tomorrow.//

Penny sat down cross-legged in front of them, continuing her sandwich. "You never got to eat like this back in Hollywood. Remember that?"

//Yeah, I remember.// Bolt planted a paw on the lima bean shape where the sunglasses waffle had been.

His person stopped mid-bite, regarding him with curiosity. "Did you just do what I think you did?"

He looked up, confused.

The teen girl shooed them both off the map, then turned to her dog. "Hollywood."

The former superdog looked at her, then the map. He placed a paw back on the same place. //I'm pretty sure it's right here. //

Penny considered this for a moment, then turned the map around and said it again. "Hollywood."

Rolling his eyes, Bolt trotted to the other side of the map and pounced both paws on that same spot. He wagged at her, proud of his cunning. //I'm not that easily fooled. //

"Okay, buddy. That's kind of weird." She pondered his actions for a moment.
"...Texas."

He watched her speak, but dropped his ears. //I don't know that word, Penny. //

"Huh. I guess robot cowboys attacking us on an oil platform doesn't ring a bell."

Disappointment sank into his stomach. This had to be a place on the map, he just didn't know which one.

//Psst!// Mittens leaned in. //The one in the middle at the bottom. The big one.//

Surprised for a instant, Bolt then gave Mittens a grateful look and proudly thumped his paws on the big, melted-boot-looking place.

Penny laughed in surprise, her sandwich forgotten on her knee. "That is so weird!"

His ears perked up at her reaction. The canine smiled at Mittens. //Thanks! How did you even know that?//

She examined a paw. //I've picked up a thing or two in my time, wags-- What are you doing now?//

He nosed her over toward the map. //I have an idea. Sit down here. //

The cat moved warily into position. //Why?//

//Please?//

//Okay, fine. Crazy canine.//

With the cat seated where he'd, um, originally commandeered her, he tugged the other end of the map around so the lima bean side faced Penny.

His person watched with interest. "Now what are we doing?"

//Don't think your message is gettin' through, Lassie. You'd better stick to pulling Timmy outta the well.//

Bolt gave her a sour look, then glanced back at his person.

The canine traced a line between the two sides of the map with his nose.

Penny watched intently, so intently she didn't even see Rhino waddle up beside her and yank the bologna out of her sandwich with such force that the cheese and lettuce stayed in place. He then scampered away with the half-slice of deli meat, chittering all the way.

Bolt ignored the hamster's phantom incursion and nudged the seated Mittens toward Penny's side of the map.

//Stoppit!//

// Just bear with me, cat. I have an idea.// He continued nudging and sliding her along her paper road trip.

Once Mittens had completed her undignified journey and was on Penny's side of the map, he looked to his person again with hope.

"Sorry, boy." The girl shook her head, still a little shocked. "I don't get what

you're doing."

The dog sighed and placed his paw back where he'd met Mittens.

His person only seemed more confused. "New York?"

He yapped, wagging so hard he wiggled.

"Okay." Shaking off her astonishment, his person thought for a moment. "What about it?"

He started bumping his nose against Mittens again.

//Would ya stop?//

// Sorry, I'm improvising.//

"Oreo is from New York?"

Bolt hopped into the air in surprise and joy. He wagged over to nuzzle and lick his person.

"Whoa!" Penny closed her eyes, laughing at the barrage of slobbery canine affection. "I get it, I get it!" Picking up his front paws, she danced him around and around in celebration. His person practically beamed. "You're even smarter than I thought!"

Exulted, the dog wagged and panted. //Wow, it actually worked.// He let Penny prance him around on his back legs with one hand, the half-eaten sandwich in the other. The map crinkled under their feet as they cavorted atop it while Penny whooped in jubilation.

Mittens just shook her head. //Aww jeez, I don't believe this...//

After a few moments of dancing, the teen girl patted the sofa and Bolt leapt up to snuggle against her. She petted him with such enthusiasm that his ears flopped against his head, her hand trailing all the way up and down his back as she nuzzled him. "You're such a good boy! Yes you are! Oh yes oh yes oh yes oh my wiggly puppy Bolty-boo."

//Great// The black and white feline pretended to gag. //I think I'm gonna hack up a hairball.//

Bolt blushed, but didn't stop nuzzling in at his person. She hadn't talked to him quite like that since he was a puppy. His whole body wiggled closer to her. This moment meant something to him. He didn't even care that the cat was watching. He felt closer to Penny, in a way he hadn't before. And if this was possible, who knew what else they could do together? The radio had been one thing, but this...

Oblivious to his pondering, Penny took a bite out of her sandwich, then examined it in confusion. "Where the heck did my bologna go?"

* * * * *

Bolt watched Penny suit up: thick red gloves, puffy purple coat, striped stocking cap. She looked funny like that, armored against the cold. No doubt she needed it, though: even he felt cold and he had fur.

He trotted up, panting happily up at her. //Am I going outside too?// He hoped they were going sledding again. Flying down a hill at incredible speed with his person steering had been rather nostalgic. Holding on to her back was a bit tough, but he'd had plenty of practice over the last few months.

"Not this time, buddy." She ruffled his headfur with a gloved hand. "Smart as you

are, you'd get pretty bored at the dentist's office."

Hmm... Offices usually meant getting a tune-up of some sort. When he'd been on the show, they'd been more dramatic about testing his fitness and adjusting his powers, but really the poking and prodding was pretty much the same. Mittens had resisted both times they'd gone to the vet office, though he could never figure out why.

"Besides, we've gotta test the range on these things." His person clicked her radio a few times, causing a few beeps to come from the one on his collar. She scratched under his chin as best she could through a glove and held her handset to her ear. "Alright. Speak."

Bolt barked, listening as the sound echoed out of her radio.

Penny gave a wink that made him feel all fluttery inside. "Be back soon, guys!" She waved as she backed out the door. Mom followed, similarly suited. All that fabric made her look almost as round as when they'd first left the show. Bolt hopped up onto the sofa and watched through the window. Flakes of snow tumbled down around them, dusting their hats and jackets before they even reached the Mom Transport.

It fired up and rumbled off, shrinking into a tiny green blotch until it vanished into the haze of swirling snow.

* * * * *

Bolt continued to yip back to Penny for a while, with her calling out distances, but got all crackly after a few miles. Soon, it too faded away. He watched out the window for a long while before Rhino succeeded in drawing him into the current TV show marathon.

Several episodes later, Rhino was still explaining the finer points of one of his favorite television documentaries.

//Wait, wait.// Bolt lifted a paw at the screen. //Who is that guy?//

//Okay. That is Sergeant B.A. 'Bad Attitude' Baracus. He's awesome.// The hamster bounced in his ball.

The dog settled down onto the sofa. //I see. I have to admit they seem to know what they are doing. So they just build all these things since they don't have superpowers?//

//Precisely.//

//Huh. Well, it's nice to know that this is something my person can do when she grows up.// The white canine nodded. //I bet she could fight bad guys with a lettuce cannon too.//

//Shhh! Bolt! They're constructing a tank!//

//Didn't they do that in the episode they just showed? What happened to that tank?//

Rhino rocked back in his ball for a moment. //Huh. I dunno. They probably had to ditch it to avoid attracting attention.//

The canine watched as the improvised tank crashed through the wall of a building. //They don't seem too concerned about that now.//

//Oo-hoo-hoo-hoo! This is the best part! You can tell because they all have their machine guns out.//

//Okay, okay.// He rolled onto his back, still watching. Good thing the people in

this show were just as inaccurate with their guns as the Green-Eye guards. Otherwise someone could get really hurt.

Mittens perched on the table, watching the snowfall. // Boy, it's really coming down out there. //

Knowing there would always be another gunfight on this show, Bolt hopped off the couch and trotted over. //Do you think that our people will be okay?//

//Yeah. People are usually fine.// The cat set her chin on her crossed paws and looked down at him. //They're not cats, granted, but they are fairly resourceful.//

//Hmmm...// Not comforted, the dog glanced to the radio on his collar.

//Look, if it bothers you that much...// She sat up. //Rhino! Change over to the weather channel.//

//The what?//

//Fine...// She groaned. //Switch the 'magic box' to radar mode.//

//Oh! Well, why didn't you say so?// He bounced off the remote a few times, past the dramatic people channel and the dog channel.

Bolt wasn't much for television, but that dog channel was okay. Sometimes, they ran obstacle courses, but at this moment they caught those hovering disc things. Mittens had explained they were some sort of highly advanced super-sticks, but they looked like plastic to him, not wood. Seeing those discs again shook something loose in his brain; maybe he'd played with them as a puppy? But then Rhino clicked onward and the images vanished, replaced with a shoe commercial.

Finally, Remote-Commander Rhino arrived at the radar channel. Bolt thought it

a little weird that it never showed jets or hovercraft, just clouds. Right now there was a big blob of red moving across the screen over and over while a robotic voice droned on. Every few minutes, the radar map shrunk to the corner, the rest of the screen cutting away to scenes of people trudging through the heavy snowfall. Some of the shots showed car after car stuck on the side of roads or even cars that had hit each other.

//I hope Penny is okay.//

Mittens took a deep breath. //I'm sure she's fine, Bolt.//

//Yeah, it can't be that bad.// The hamster gestured at the TV screen. //None of those cars are even exploding!//

Both dog and cat gave Rhino a look, and he quieted down self-consciously. They all watched the scenes and radar displays for a few more minutes, until the phone rang. Bolt's ears perked up. Penny's mom had a cell phone, but she insisted on having one of those old-fashioned ones on the wall too. It only played one ringtone and you couldn't set it to vibrate. Penny sometimes called her mom a 'dinosaur' for having it, but Bolt didn't really see the connection. The few dinosaurs he'd fought off during the show never had those sorts of phones.

After a few rings, the device next to the phone clicked to life, telling the caller to record a message. A dry, tinny voice came over the line: "This is Hanson Dental calling for Penny. We didn't see you at your appointment, but you can call at your nearest convenience and we'll get you booked back in." Then it gave some numbers.

Bolt looked to Mittens with concern. //Does that mean that they never arrived?//

// I guess so.//

// They could be in danger.//

// I doubt it.//

He barked into the radio a few times. Nothing. //They've been gone a really long time.// The dog lowered his ears and tail. //It's been a lot longer than it takes to go to town and back. I'd better evaluate the situation. If I can get to the top of the hill...// He nosed toward the window. //...I might be able to receive any distress calls from Penny. It would have better range from up there.//

// There is a blizzard out there, pooch! You know what that means? It means that we stay inside so we don't freeze our butts off. //

//This is my person and I'm her dog. I// have //to do this, cat. I have to make sure she is safe. Close the door when I'm gone.// With that, he pawed down the door handle and nosed open the door. Wincing at the first blast of cold air, he dashed out into the storm.

//Bolt, hold up, ya moron!// Mittens leapt down and raced to the door, but he was already charging off into the snow. Bolt looked back to see the wind blowing through her thin fur, her voice lost in the roar of the storm.

The white dog plowed up the hillside, his pawpads stinging with the cold. Past the driveway, the snow got deeper. One false step and he sank down to his chest, having to practically swim back up. He panted heavily. //Have to keep going! Penny could be in danger!// The canine trudged on. Climbing over a larger drift, he cut through the woods near the bend in the creek. The trees blocked the wind some, but it still sounded like millions of tiny beads bouncing off each other. The thick snow made it hard to tell just where he was, but he could see the hill up ahead, ghostly in the swirling blizzard.

He had almost reached the top when his radio crackled to life.

* * * * *

Penny held the door open for her mom, stamping the snow off her boots. "Ugh! And if I ever had to say 'Thursdays at 8 PM Eastern' again, it'd be too soon."

Her mother laughed. "I don't blame you, honey. Sorry we had to drive home on the back roads like that."

"We would've been able to take the main road back if you'd let me drive instead of chickening out."

The girl pulled off her coat and stretched. The radio fell from her pocket, thumping to the carpet. She scooped it up and examined it. "Huh. Volume must have gotten turned down." She twisted a knob and the radio hissed, crackling as if with the wind. She clipped it to her belt, clicking it off. //I should probably take the other one off Bolt before the batteries die.// "Bolt!" Her voice rang in the quiet house. "Here boy!"

No response. She called again. Nothing. //Where is that silly dog?//

Oreo scampered up, mewling. She reached down and petted the scrawny cat. "Hey, girl." The teen checked upstairs; sometimes Bolt liked to sleep on her bed. He wasn't there. She checked the kitchen, her mom's room, even the bathrooms, but he didn't seem to be anywhere.

"Mom?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Have you seen Bolt?"

"No. You're sure he's not curled up somewhere? Dogs can be funny like that."

"I don't think so..." Her hand brushed the walkie talkie at her belt. She pulled it

off and switched it on. //He should still have his on.// "We're back at home. Where are you?" Nothing. "Bolt, come downstairs." Still nothing, just that weird crackling sound. Her heart felt tense and tight.

Her mother looked around with concern. "I don't hear it anywhere. You're sure the batteries still work?"

"They're as new as these." She waved her own radio, then clicked the talk button again. "Bolt, speak. Speak."

She stood silent for a moment and then...

A yap crackled through the speaker.

"Bolt?" The tension in her body drained away a little. "Where the heck are you? We're home." Wait. Duh. He can't answer. "Speak."

Again, a happy woof.

//Even if he were in a closet, I should be able to hear where he is barking from. The house isn't that huge. Unless...// "Mom! I think Bolt's outside!"

"What?!"

//That crackling sound was wind!// "Bolt, come back to the house right now. The house."

Another bark, then the crunch of snow under paws. Panting. //He's running alright. //

Mom squinted into the storm. "How'd he get out?"

Eyes closing, the teen girl groaned. "We taught him to open the door." //Jeez! How could I be so stupid?// "He can't have gone far."

Suddenly: a panicked yelp!

A rapid flurry of noises followed. More yelping. Something dragging and skidding. The transmission cut off for a moment, and then some kind of splashing sound blared through the speaker. All the sounds went tinny and watery then, before the audio cut off again into a squeal of electronic noise.

"Ohmygosh, Mom! Did you hear that? It sounded like..." Penny gripped the radio so hard it creaked. "We have to go out there and find him!"

Mom put a hand on her shoulder, dead serious. "Honey, I want to help, but he could be anywhere out in that storm."

"No, we do! He's close! These radios only work for a couple of miles." Penny ignored the tears blurring her vision. "I heard water! The only water nearby is the creek!"

Within moments, they were back in the jeep. Neither said anything. Her life with Bolt flashed through her mind. Playing with him as a puppy, auditions, training, filming, him saving her life, and, since then, all those intimate nights he slept curled up in her arms. She wiped her eyes with a glove, but didn't cry. Bolt needed her. He hadn't even been a real dog for a year yet. For once, she had to save him.

The moment they reached the creek's bridge, Penny opened the door to jump out.

Mom caught her by one gloved hand. "Cell phone?"

"Yes."

"Flashlight?"

"Yes!" She squirmed.

"Okay." The older woman's eyes were serious. "I can't keep up with you, but I'll call if I lose sight of you. You do the same, understood?"

"I will, Mom."

Her mom released her, called after as she dashed into the snow: "And stay off the ice!"

Penny edged around the bridge railing. //He could be anywhere up or down stream!// Panic surged through her, but she withstood the flash flood of dread. She looked in both directions. Equally dark, equally silent, save for the howl of wind. Already, it stung her face. On instinct, she decided to go North first. They had played there once. Had it really only been a few months ago?

She hurried down the embankment without a second thought. Her boots slid and skidded under her in the loose snow. She fell, landing on her butt with a squeak of surprise and slid down to the side of the creek. Dusting herself off, she rose and tried to see into the snowstorm.

Her fingers gripped the radio, already going cold inside her gloves. "Bolt? Speak. Ya gotta speak for me, buddy. Please!" That panic crept into her voice now, but she shoved it back. There wasn't time for it.

Nothing.

Her dog wouldn't just ignore her. //Either his radio shorted out in the water,

or...// She didn't want to think about it.

She sprinted over along the bank, hearing her mother pick her way through the trees at the top of the valley. Her legs grew cold, the chill cutting through thin denim. She forced herself to keep checking both sides of the creek, shining her flashlight ahead of her, even as the snow whipped against her eyes. More than once, she stumbled through the blinding storm to find what she thought was him, only to run her hands through a drift of snow. //Why'd he have to be a white dog?!//

Her mother had said not to step on the ice, but really moms were just like that. She raced across the frozen creek where she needed to, where the bank disappeared. It was either that or climb up the embankment and hope she didn't pass him by. No. Finding Bolt was too important to--

A muffled crack. With a sudden lurch, her boot dropped down, through, and made a sickening splash.

Reflex pulled her foot out of the hole in the ice, but not before it was soaked. It wasn't cold; it hurt.

This was bad. Dangerous. She knew she should go back. Instead, Penny shook her head, grit her teeth, and pressed on, forcing the already-stiffening leg into service. //Bolt wouldn't give up on me. I can't let him down. //

The cold traveled up her leg as she hurried on. She worked her toes in that boot until they hurt, just trying to keep the blood flowing, but it was a losing battle. The flashlight glinted off the blowing snow, a thousand points glimmering and dying against the black, as if it cast a beam of shooting stars.

Suddenly, she came across a break in the ice, the shards covered in churned-up mud. Her gut wrenched and she stared, eyes drifting inexorably along an unmistakable trail. She didn't want to see it. Something white. Something dirty. A small shape laying there in the snow and mud. Bolt.

Penny ran. She ran and scarcely noticed the livid pain now screaming from her stiff leg. The teenager threw herself to the ground, skidding on knees, and flung her arms round the dirty shape. Her gloves were instantly saturated; she ripped them off and tossed them aside; a nuisance. Penny gripped that furry bundle and pulled, pulled him out of the mud, pulled him against her. There was no denying it now. He felt heavy. Cold. Unmoving. Limp.

The world shrank to a pinprick. Just her. The entire sum of her problems a triviality; a footnote stacked up against this. The wind scoured her face and snow melted on her scarf in hot tears. Carrying Bolt against her chest, Penny ran.

~ ~ ~

//Continuing from last time...//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 10: Recovery

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Penny ran hard. Snow and stones crunched under her boots, but she never looked down, only forward. Her throat and lungs stung from frozen air. Her leg felt dead and heavy, the boot soaked with water. In her arms, Bolt's body lay cold and still. Water from his fur had soaked through her coat. //Hang on, Bolty!//

Wind whipped snow into her eyes. Her own breath swirled and lashed past, obscuring her vision.

A dark space hung on the ice just ahead. //That must be where my boot went through when the--//

Ice cracked.

Her footing gave way. Out of reflex, she snatched at branches above her. She hung in limbo for an breathless instant, then her hand closed around a thick bough. Momentum carried her as she swung over the jagged gap in the ice, Bolt on one arm. //Just like catching a stunt line. //

She ran on. Stride after stride, the creek seemed to stretch on forever. Cold radiated out from deep inside her body, having nothing to do with the storm. Adrenaline.

Her lungs felt tight, the pain in her chest getting sharper. Her eyes found two dim spots in the sky ahead. The headlights of Mom's car.

"Penny!" A voice called from above.

The teen looked up to see her mother on the ridge. She gripped Bolt tighter, not slowing. "Get to the car!"

The girl raced toward the lights, scrambling up the embankment. Icy water dribbled from Bolt's soaked coat, running into the sleeve of her coat and down her arm. Her boots sunk into the snow up to the knee. With every step, she could hear water squishing in the lining, though her leg was too numb to feel it. Whenever her boots lost purchase, she pulled herself along with the small trees that grew there with her free hand. //Hold on, Bolt. Hold on!//

Finally, she came to the top of the slope. She looked back, but her mom was still a dozen yards away, huffing and panting through the deep snow. //I am never getting that fat.// Penny clutched Bolt's body tighter and dashed to the car, which rumbled in the still night. She pulled the door open, yelping as her wet hand froze to the metal handle. Once inside, the girl closed it after her.

Panic threatening again, she examined the limp dog in her arms, laying him tenderly beside her in the backseat. Her hand to his chest, she leaned in. She could feel his breath, though only very faintly. //He's alive!// She blinked away tears. //I need to get him warm!// The girl looked around. The jeep's heater ran at full blast, but Bolt felt ice cold. Searching hurriedly under the seat, the redhead snatched up the blanket from the winter survival kit. With numb, panicked fingers, the teen unzipped her wet jacket and threw it off, clutching Bolt against her body. His fur soaked straight through her shirt; icy water shot shivers through her body. It wasn't nearly enough, and time was running out. Pulling the blanket over the both of them, she bit back her modesty and began yanking her clothes off. //This always works in the movies... //

The shirt came off easily, but the wet boot gave her real trouble. It stuck fast on the first two tries, but finally came off with a wet slurp as she wrenched it free. It hit the floor with a heavy thump. Her other boot and her pants soon joined it. Only once she pulled her legs under the blanket did she feel how shockingly cold her wet foot had gotten, even in those few minutes. //Bolt was out way longer!// Clad in just a bra and panties, she curled herself tightly around his limp form, getting as much of her skin against him as she could, her stomach to his, her arms and legs

tucked around him. In another time and place, this moment would have felt tantalizing, but now the closeness might be a matter of life or death. She shook as precious heat leeches from her naked form and into her dog; icy mud and fur pressed shockingly against the few warm spots she had left. Her hands ran up and down his back, wringing the water out of his fur; it pooled against the seat. The scent of creek slime invaded her nostrils.

Her ear stayed pressed to his ice-cold nose. His shallow breaths kept coming, weak, but still there. Hardly any stronger than before, but she clung to that shred of hope as she clung to his cold body. She whispered desperately in his ear: "C-come on, buddy. You're alright. You've gotta be alright. Please..."

After an eternity, which the dashboard clock informed her was less than a minute, she felt something. A twitch? She swore she'd felt his back leg move. Under the blanket, she reached back and touched that paw. Nothing. Hope sank in her chest. //What am I going to do?!//

Twitch.

It hadn't been a delusion. He moved. Heart swelling, she held him all the tighter. Within seconds, the twitches turned to jolts, then to shivers. She pressed his ears to her cheeks, teeth chattering. "There's my good boy! Y-y-you're okay, s-see?"

The driver's door opened with a sudden gust of cold and snow. Her mom stuck her head in, gasping for breath. Her eyes found Penny in the backseat, softening in an instant. "Oh thank heavens! Honey are you o--" Her gaze dropped to the pile of clothes before the pair. "Penelope Bridget Forrester! Are you naked under that blanket?!"

Penny glared at her mother, even as her cheeks blushed with heat. "D-d-drive! Hurry!"

* * * * *

Upon arriving at the house, Penny reluctantly broke the intimate embrace and, in a flurry of frantic movement, pulled on her pants; her shirt, socks, boots, coat: all were too soaked. Only her mom's insistence that she wear shoes caused her to delay a moment while the older woman grabbed her a pair of sneakers from inside. The slender girl slipped them on and leapt out of the jeep; wind whipped up under the blanket as she carried the whimpering Bolt inside.

The teenage girl leapt onto the couch, burying herself in fur and blankets, wearing just pants and her bra. Her dog wiggled and moaned, but didn't open his eyes for more than a hazy moment. But he was breathing and moving and all his parts were warming up, so Penny relaxed just a little.

Her mom brought her a hot-water bottle, laying it on the girl's stomach. "Honey, that was a very foolish thing you did. You could have gotten hypothermia! Bolt wouldn't want you to put yourself at risk like that."

Feeling returned to her hands and feet in heat and pinpricks. Penny clutched her dog tighter, a surge of fierce protectiveness boiling up within her. "He would have done it for me!"

Mom sighed. "Well, I can't argue with that." She gripped her daughter's shoulder with concern. "But you are going to sit right there and warm up, young lady. I'm going to make you some soup. And if you take a turn for the worse, we're going straight to the ER. Understand? I don't want you catching cold."

//Jeez, what a worrywart. Glad I didn't tell her I almost fell through the ice.//
"Fine, Mom." Penny resumed counting Bolt's muddy toes, making sure they each still worked. She held him until the first hot-water bottle cooled. Oreo sat at the other end of the sofa, watching intently.

After another hot-water bottle, the pink returned to Bolt's ears. Finally, his brown eyes opened and focused on her. His ears folded back weakly.

"Hey." That was all she could manage.

He gave a very soft yap.

A few of her tears fell on his muzzle before she could wipe them away. "Ya gave me a scare there, buddy."

The former superdog wriggled in close against his person's shoulder, whimpering, his damp fur drying against her smooth skin.

She hugged him close, and he worked his body up along hers to deliver a single lick across her nose.

"Ah! Hey, there'll be plenty of time for slobbering later. Besides..." She stroked his ears, smiling. "You had to know I'd pay you back for all that rescuing sooner or later."

Bolt gave her a doggy grin, then buried himself in her arms until only his tail showed from under the blankets.

The teen tucked it in against her leg, feeling it wag just slightly. As the girl snuggled her pup, she pressed her face to his warming fur. She kissed her dog's ears, starting to drift off as well. "I've got ya, Bolt. You're my little pupsicle."

* * * * *

Penny sighed, gradually relaxing. Still under the blankets, though more to soothe her aching muscles than to stave off the cold, her slender body stretched out on the sofa. At parental insistence, she'd changed into her pajamas, though she'd done it without leaving her dog's side. She looked up with tired eyes as her mom entered, but gratefully accepted the mug of hot cocoa she brought.

Mom put a hand on her pajama-clad shoulder, speaking softly. "You going to be

alright out here? You're sure you don't want me to help you upstairs?"

She blew across the chocolaty surface, watching the waves ripple, then took a tentative sip. "I'll be fine. Sheesh, I'm not a baby."

"You'll always be my baby." She kissed her daughter's forehead.

The teenager groaned, but couldn't fight back a smile. "Goodnight, Mom."

"Goodnight, dear."

The red-haired girl watched her mother go. After a final glance at Bolt, the cat trailed behind her, tail swaying. //Fine, Oreo, you can have Mom. I've got Bolt.// Penny studied the little gold flowers embroidered on the sofa until she heard the bedroom door close. She then shifted, making Bolt grumble softly, and pulled a book out from between the couch cushions. In the low lamplight, she read, her boy in her arms and her eyelids growing heavy...

* * * * *

Penny struggled against the rope tying her to the mast, the rocking of the ocean causing her disheveled red hair to sway. Her fine yellow dress fluttered smudged and torn, a reminder of the regal party from which she had been kidnapped. The scent of tar hung heavy in the air as the crew pitched the hull and passed around the gin they had stolen along with her. She braced against the beam, but found no give in her bonds. "Release me at once, you fetid goat bladders!"

Captain Barington, most infamous pirate of the South Seas, staggered closer, the stench of his breath rolling like a sea fog across her face. "Yar, lass! 'Tis not befitting for a lady be pilotin' such a tongue." He stroked a grimy, rough hand down her soft cheek.

"If you shan't listen to my tongue, perhaps you'd find my teeth more

convincing!" She snapped at his hand, just missing.

Dark scowling crossed his pock-marked face. "Impudent wench!" He raised his hand to strike her, but froze as a crewman called from the crow's nest.

"Avast, Capt'n!" The crewmen hollered from far above. "Thar be a ship astern, closing fast!"

"I'll be seein' to ye later, little lady... ye have got me word on that!" Barington blew her a kiss then turned on a heel, drawing his tarnished cutlass. "Man the cannons! Rouse all hands to arms! We shall make short work of these foolish wretches!"

The filthy pirates dashed about, securing the cannons on either side of the deck. Over the stern railing, a mast could be seen, then a topsail.

"Give 'im the broadside, lads!"

Deck slanting at an angle, Penny watched as the ship turned. The cunning pirates no doubt planned to turn their starboard cannons against the pursuer, laying waste to it in a single withering barrage. Around her, the crew hurried to light touches.

"Await me command, ye cursed bilge rats!" Barington raised his sword. "We'll cut this scurvy cur down an' be lootin' his swag 'fore ye can spit!" He then spit something of a rather unnatural color.

She could see the other ship now: a light racing yacht. She gasped, clenching her lace-gloved hands. Who would be mad enough to set after these murderous pirates in an unarmed ship?

Captain Barington dropped his sword. The cannons roared, straining against their bracings!

The yacht sailed unswerving, heedless of the certain death that awaited ahead. She spied a lone figure on the yacht, steering the craft with steely resolve as cannonballs splintered the railings around him.

The yacht meant to ram the galleon! Surely it would sink upon impact!

At the last moment, the yacht tilted fast to port, coming around the pirate vessel on its unready side. It cut a daring turn in front of the pirates' ship, forcing them into a dangerous turn. Penny laughed as the pirates cursed. //If I am to die, at least I will have lived to see these foul rats made fools of!//

But it was then a great bark arose from the mast beside her, a noise strangely familiar to her: "Ka-WOOF!"

//No, it can't be!// The young lass turned to see a figure swinging fearlessly from the leaning mast of the yacht. His blue uniform shone like sapphires. His ivory-white fur fluttered in the breeze. His saber gleamed silver in his free paw. His feet thumped hard on the deck as he landed beside her. The pirates stood astonished. With a flash of his blade, brave Captain Bolt slashed through the ropes binding his beautiful lady.

"Captain Bolt!" Her heart raced in her bosom as the blood flowed back to her arms. "But you had orders not to pursue me!"

He shrugged and tossed her his sword. His ears flicked up at a noise behind him. The dashing doggy spun to engage a trio of buccaneers in bare-pawed fisticuffs. One of the pirates dove, sliding across the deck ahead of the others and slashing at Captain Bolt's legs. The canine captain leapt into the air, avoiding the jagged blade. He landed in time to lay a punch across the jaw of the second crewman, catching the sword of the third in his gleaming white teeth.

"Avast ye, scurvy dog!" Barington drew his pistol, leveling it at the brave captain.

"Ya!" Penny hurled Bolt's saber at the loathsome whoreson. The fine steel flew straight and true, catching the pirate across his arm.

He bellowed and dropped his flintlock, which slid down the slanted deck and tumbled off into the ship's open hold. Cursing her entire lineage, the marauder captain fell, clutching his wound.

Captain Bolt was surrounded. Penny snatched up a fallen sword, cracking the butt of it against the skull of one of the pirates. She spun on her booted heel, putting her back to her canine cohort's. "Come now, you vile louts. Are you so afraid of a girl and her dog?"

The half dozen crewmen closed in around them, fire in their eyes and blood on their minds.

Bolt glanced back at her. She nodded. Together, they leapt up and cut loose the lines of the mainmast, which fell with a thunderclap across the front of the ship, covering the dashing Lady Penny and Captain Bolt, and knocking flat the murderous crew encircling them. She spun her captain around and gave him a passionate kiss. His ears perked up in such surprise that they lifted the canvas like tent-poles. She shone him a scoundrel's smile, then swept her sword out, cutting an escape through the heavy sail.

He took her hand and they fled toward the yacht. But between them stood Barington, Terror of the South Seas, and a dozen of his brutish men. Bolt gave her a look of resolve and desperate love. Her heart swelled like a great wave with hope. Seizing hold of her courage, she formed a reckless plan.

"Blasted bitch and cur!" The buccaneer Barington spat over the open barrels of pitch, his cutlass level with their throats. "If ye be wantin' a fight, a fight ye'll be gettin'! What say ye?"

Captain Bolt raised his sword.

"Yar, I see yer blade shall be doin' the talkin'." He licked his cracked lips at Penny. "An' ye, fiery-haired lass; I shall find a private moment wi' ye later an' see just how much fire there be to ye."

"Why wait?" She snatched up the small torch from a nearby cannon and slashed it at him, unleashing an arc of burning oil.

He stepped easily out of the way, laughing. "Be that the best of yer skill? Ye missed me clean and true!"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I was hardly aiming at you." She nodded.

The terrible captain turned to see the open casks of pitch erupt in a blaze. "By the powers!"

Captain Bolt kicked the barrel over, setting the deck ablaze. He grabbed her by the arm and charged through the ranks of stunned pirates. Off the back of the ship they leapt, diving into the ocean beside the yacht. The layered party dress betrayed her, tangling like seaweed. She feared she would drown until a powerful paw took her wrist and hauled her aboard the yacht. She sputtered her thanks to him as they shoved off from the galleon and set the small sails. Behind them, great gouts of tar smoke arose from the black hull of Barington's ship.

Only once they were a good distance off did Penny take in her surroundings. Few indeed were those who could afford a racing yacht, especially one this fine. Aside from where cannonfire had splintered the starboard rails.

She fixed the rudder and turned to face her rescuer. "The Admiral's private yacht? Oh Bolt, really."

Captain Bolt shrugged, then sat down to scratch one hindpaw under his chin. After marveling over the grace and power of his movements, she took his paw and lifted him to his feet. Pulling off her lace gloves, she scratched under his muzzle, at that spot she knew he just couldn't reach. He wiggled and panted in pleasure. She

knew how to give him satisfaction, and how to get it...

She lead him to the cabin of the yacht. It was surprisingly well furnished with silk drapes and a canopy bed. She threw open the portholes to allow the breeze through. Her long red hair blew back, brushing past her shoulders.

Her canine companion cleared his throat to speak--

"Oh, my darling, you need not even say it." She put a finger to his soft lips. "Captain Odysseus Bolt, though you serve the Queen's navy, I know I shall always command your heart!"

The captain wagged.

"And what //have// you done to your uniform?" She fingered the tar stains and sword cuts, thankfully near-misses. "You're in a state not befitting an officer. We'd better see to that." They chuckled together as she helped him out of his jacket. Her hands ran through the soft fur of his chest as he embraced her. Laying gentle kisses down her neck, he unfixed the clasps at the back of her dress. She smiled up at him, kissing his warm muzzle as the dress fell to her ankles. His paws traced over her petticoat, feeling the curves of her body.

He leaned back against the bulkhead as she relieved him of his trousers and undergarments. Once he stepped out of them, she looked up, surveying the landscape. The good captain was nude save for the necklace with his family crest: a small shield etched with lightning and the motto '//Salvare mundus et stridere carota//.' Her hands traced down his firm body. Her fingers brushed his sturdy mast and rigging. He shivered.

She embraced him, feeling his stiffening heat against her as he pressed against the soft linen of her petticoat. Her face in his shoulder, she made little whimpering noises of excitement. Her captain's breathing quickened, his pulse racing against her cheek. She kissed her way up under his muzzle as her hand stroked over his hot, erect ears.

His paw curled under her chin and lifted it to a kiss. Their tongues darted and lingered, tracing along each other. She gave an impassioned moan as he undid her petticoat, gasping as she felt his paws on her ample bosom. His muzzle rubbed down the side of her face, delivering wet kisses along her freckled neck and chest. His brown eyes glinted in the sunlight, revealing the smile his lips were too busy to display.

She rocked her hips close against his, pressing him back against the wall, and still she craved more of the feel of soft fur between her thighs. Bracing her hands over the nape of his neck, she curled one leg around his back. The tender valley of her vagina pressed against him, rubbing fur and flesh with equal vigor. Bolt's paws swept up then down her naked back, cupping her cheeks and pulling her higher. He growled in pleasure as the tip of his stiff member leaked a delicate trail of fluid across the gentle sea of her stomach, sailing down to its destined port.

One soft hand slipped down around his throbbing penis, working the sheath back and forth as she brushed her clit with his tip, painting a canvas of desire with his dribbling pre-ejaculate. It felt so wonderful she found herself nuzzling into the fur of his chest, squealing with delight. When she could take no more, she eased the tip inside, feeling it part her labia with soft heat.

Bolt whimpered in joy and clutched tight to her back. She arched up to meet his gaze, gasping as her nipples grazed his chest fur. His countenance held a haze of bliss, swept over with love as he saw her smile. His tail wagged under her ankle, reminding her to wrap the other one around him as well. Now supporting her full weight, he bumped noses with her, his cold wet one against hers, dry and warm.

"Mmmm. Oh, my good captain, I do believe I am prepared to be boarded." She kissed him with infinite tenderness as her hips pressed down on his. She enveloped him to the hilt, squeaking as she felt the tickle of his sheath against her nether lips. His ears dropped as he grimaced in pleasure, the flats of his teeth bared under her lips. She licked along them, savoring the smooth surfaces as she acclimated to his presence within her, around her, everywhere. They gasped sweet words to each other, holding tight as if this moment could vanish like a morning's fog in the summer sunlight.

His necklace touched her chest, cool metal heating in an instant against her hot flesh. Lost in her passion, Penny wiggled her hips against him, panting in pleasure as the hard canine phallus explored her most tender regions. These wiggles became jostles, then fevered, frantic thrusts, their bodies rolling together like waves on the sea. "Yes, my darling! Ramming speed!"

He turned, resting her body against the bulkhead so he might aid in the thrusting. Now her canine captain mounted her in earnest, huffing and grunting in an almost animalistic fashion. His paws gripped her buttocks, his muzzle panting against her cheek. Faster and faster they went, until her head rolled back and forth in ecstasy, her whole body shaking under the power of his thrusts.

With a howl of passion, Captain Bolt buried his member deep within her, his knot dropping anchor in her eager harbor. Penny squirmed in pleasure as she felt the bulb of his knot slip inside and start swelling in her passage, pulsing larger with every heartbeat until it was the epitome of fullness. A heartbeat, and then she felt the hot spray of his semen firing against her walls; it sent shivers through her very soul.

Her toes curled against the backs of his thighs.

Her hands grasped great handfuls of his fur.

Her passage clenched around him.

Her teeth set.

She gasped.

Ecstasy.

Like a cascade of cannon-fire, orgasm resounded through her body. She tugged backward against his knot, feeling the bulge press against the inside of her body.

Her clitoris ground against his sheath, dancing and dueling like Aphrodite and Eros over the passion of mortals. Tremors trailed up her passage, squeezing and milking his member for its divine heat. Every pulse of her muscles elicited another yelp of joy from her beloved, every twitch of her hips shifted his penis inside her, squishing his cum around like a crashing wave on her tender shores.

Finally, the tempest calmed. They gasped against one another. She opened her eyes first, finding his still closed. Panting hard, he followed suit a moment later. They looked at each other with naked love, his paw stroking her hair with a slight tremble. The fluid results of their lovemaking dripped hot down the skin of her thigh.

Gasping and flushed, she held onto his shoulders, feeling her sweat in his fur, transfixed by his beautiful brown eyes as if they held the entirety of the world. Her voice cracked, but she managed, albeit very softly: "I love you, Bolt."

With tender regard, his paw slipped to the nape of her neck. Brushing his muzzle to her ear, he breathed, ever so quietly: "I love you too, Penny."

* * * * *

Bolt stirred, waking up just a bit. His body was sore and stiff, he felt like he'd been dragged from here to Lake Rogaguado and back. But he was alive and in Penny's arms, which was a lot more than he had hoped for. The defrosted canine wiggled his toes and tail, making sure everything still worked. He cocked his ears up and down a few times too, just to be certain. //Everything seems to be operational. Mmmm... and warm.// He smiled and snuggled back against his person.

She shifted in her sleep, a book slipping from her grasp. Bolt recognized it as one of her mom's 'Rome ants' novels, which he always thought was a weird name, since they had people, not ants, on the covers. This cover had a bare-chested man with a pretty lady swooning against him; they seemed to be on some kind of sailboat.

Her embrace tightened around her canine companion as a scalawag's smile crossed her face. Every now and then, her hips would jostle against him. //What in the world are you dreaming about?// He sniffed up at her. His person rubbed her body a little harder against him. His ears perked up, blushing hot in the cool night. //Okay... I think I know what you're dreaming about. But why do you keep calling me 'captain'?//

~ ~ ~

//Bolt finally finds a TV character he can identify with.

Note: Everyone should see 101 Dalmatians 2 (since it's the best Disney sequel ever). And I'm not exaggerating Thunderbolt. //

Fun with Bolt and Penny 11: Thunder, Bolt, and Lightning

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Bolt sighed, his interest fading. //I don't know, Rhino...//

//Come on, there has to be *something* on the magic box you like. *Everyone* has a show.//

//Really?//

//Sure!//

//Even Mittens?// The canine cocked an ear, incredulous.

He leaned and whispered, his tiny body puffed up with pride at his astuteness. // She watches documentaries about lions when she thinks no one's paying attention.//

//Huh. I guess if Mittens does it...//

//Okay! Back to work.// The hamster bounced his ball against the remote control, clicking through a shopping channel and a weather station. //This is the supply requisitioning channel. And this is the interstellar radar channel!//

Bolt squinted at the screen, watching as colors swirled past a map. //Umm, Rhino, I think that's only the weather. For the Earth.//

//Well, sure, but it's viewed from space!//

Mittens slunk around the corner of the sofa.

Bolt perked his ears at her, eager for a distraction. //Hey, cat.//

Her hackles shot up, as if she'd been caught, then she relaxed and purred with typical jaded regard. //Hey yourself, pooch. What're you doing?//

//Rhino's training me in television use.// The canine nodded back at the screen where the hamster was surfing in imitation of the current chewing gum commercial. He studied his own paws for a moment, wondering if he should be surfing too, before he glanced back to the cat. //I don't think I understand yet.//

//Well, be careful. The last thing we need is another Rhino.//

The hamster cackled from atop the couch, rolling with glee at some insurance commercial.

Mittens sighed, shaking her head. //Anyway, gotta go.//

Bolt perked his ears. //Go? Where?//

//I've got a thing.// She waved a paw, dismissing the topic. //Don't worry about it.//

The white dog watched her go, pondering just what she could be up to. Come to think of it, she'd been vanishing more often in the last few weeks. Maybe he could ask her sometime when Rhino wasn't--

//"--nderboooooooooooooooooooooolt!"//

The channel changed again, cutting off the theme song.

//Wait! What was that one?//

//What one? This?// The screen flickered to a group of well-dressed people smiling too much at each other.

//No. Further back.// He gestured to the left with one paw. //The one in black and white.//

Rhino navigated the cable channels back until he found something monochromatic. //Oh, that was just some old show. Thunderbolt, I think it's called.//

//Thunderbolt?// Bolt weighed the name on his tongue. //What's it about?//

//Typical Old West setup. The kid has a wonderdog who has to get him out of trouble. Decent show in its day, but by the standards of modern super-shows... Are you even listening to me?//

Bolt stared, transfixed, at the screen, which didn't burst into flames and melt.

The hamster trundled across the couch. //Bolt.//

No response.

He bounced up to the arm of the sofa. //Bolt!//

Still no response.

Rhino bounced inside his ball, level with the dog's ear. //
Booooooooooooooooooolt!//

The dog mumbled a non-response, barely acknowledging the hamster.

With a sign and a shake of his head, Rhino opened the side of his clear plastic ball. //Hard to believe somebody can be so obsessed. It's just the magic box...// The rodent scurried out and hopped onto Bolt's head, folding the dog's large ears down over his eyes. //Earth to Bolt. Come in, Bolt...//

//Huh?// Freed from the spell of the television, the white canine looked around, eyes still covered by his ears. //What is it?//

Rhino nodded in expert approval. //I think we've found your show.//

Bolt was inclined to agree. The show held a strange, almost hypnotic appeal, as if it had been written just for him. A typical mission involved the program's namesake German Shepherd rushing into danger with dauntless courage to save his person, as any good canine should. "Wholesome Tommy" seemed to never be of much help, but not all people could be as well trained as his. Granted, Penny got captured just as often, but at least she put up a fight. Thunderbolt, however, was amazing. Fearless and capable, the dog never even batted an eye when confronting a band of fiendish henchmen. What's more, he didn't have any superpowers at all, though bullets had a hard time hitting him, just like in real life.

After a heart-pounding two hours, the credits rolled once again. Bolt's tail wagged at the suspenseful ending, having learned to his great relief that "tune in next week" really just meant wait until after the commercials. Rhino had explained

that this was something called a TV marathon. //Isn't this show great, Rhino? How in the world is he going to get out of *that*?//

The rodent lay sprawled out in his plastic ball. Over the last few hours, Rhino had gone from ecstatic, to just pleased, to bemused, to hungry, to a little bored, to really really bored. He sighed, flattening a little under the weight of waiting. //Eh. It's okay.//

//Okay?!// Bolt's ears shot up. //How can you say that? He just out-wrestled a grizzly bear and rescued some orphans from his evil twin and now the local dam broke! Don't you want to see what happens next?//

//Ummm, sure.// The hamster tried to perk up. //But don't you think this show's a little... predictable? I mean, he's always dangling from a cliffside or chewing through a dynamite fuse or... Aww, not again.// Rhino pressed his hairless paws to his ears. //Really, I'm all for a retro commercial, but I can't stand to hear that song about, what was it? Ken-L Ration?//

//Kanine Krunchies.// The white dog watched intently as the dancing dogs of the advertisement bounced by.

//Yeah. That.// The hamster sagged with weariness, then popped back up and stretched. //Uuuugh!// I can't watch any more." He rubbed his eyes and yawned. //I'd better go to bed.//

//Okay.// Bolt nodded, the television's light projecting shapes over his white fur.

He stared at his canine companion. //You probably should too.//

//I will.// Bolt nodded, a little absent. //I just want to see how this ends.//

The plump rodent pressed his paws together and bowed on a zen manner. //It seems the student has truly become the master.// Finally, he retreated to bed,

murmuring his own theme music in a hamsterly way.

Bolt lay back down on the sofa, head on his paws as the monochrome illumination of the tv show played over his white fur like a movie screen. His eyelids felt heavy, falling closed more than once, but he had to stay awake. The marathon had paused after the lost episode starring Lil' Lightning for a behind-the-scenes documentary. Thunderbolt himself seemed very different when not "in character." Fascinating as it was to compare the Thunderbolt's off-screen to his own, he was having trouble remembering the end of the last episode. Mighty Thunderbolt had to rout the cattle rustlers and save Tommy's family farm... Or was it pull him from the burning stagecoach that had fallen in the river? And there was something about a hot-air balloon as well. //Heehee. Wow, his mobile command trailer looks just like mine...//

Bolt was in the middle of learning how they cast the junior deputy Dalmatian when he finally lost the battle with unconsciousness.

* * * * *

Dirt, still fresh from digging prospectors out of a mine collapse, clung to the two Shepherds' paws as they leapt to a boulder. The rescued prospectors looked up in grateful admiration, having been dragged from the collapsed mine just moments before. The pair of heroes nodded to each other, then barked in victory:

"Ruf-ruf-rrrrrrrruff!"

"Ka-WOOF!"

Their heroic barks echoed across the untamed plain, bringing hope to the downtrodden and terror to the hearts of evildoers.

The townsfolk safe once more, the two Shepherds trotted down from the boulder. The dark pelt of the first gleamed under the Western sun, contrasted against the pristine white of the second hero. They walked across the dusty ground,

stepping over electric cords and lamp bases. Color seeped back into the edges of the world as they walked off the set, first in the chocolate paws of the German Shepherd, then spreading out in jade ripples through the grass and groomed shrubs.

Thunderbolt gave the smaller dog a playful bump with his shoulder. //Good job out there, partner. I liked the way you handled that collapsing water tower.//

Bolt shrugged in modesty. //It's easier when you've done it before.//

//Ah yes! Experience.// He gave an over-the-top laugh, now fully in color. //Glad to finally meet a canine of my caliber.// Thunder puffed out his chest in a photogenic manner. The German Shepherd stood several inches taller than his white counterpart. //Tell me, as one of the few dogs who can appreciate fully what I do here, how did you get into your own part on your show?//

Bolt blinked, raising his ears. //Umm, I thought it was all real.//

//Ah, a method actor. I see. I'm really more classically trained. Theatre, Broadway, all that.// He lifted a paw, cupping the air in a dramatic way, then pressing it to his chest. //But my heart has always been in television. There's something about it, being in homes around the world every week. Talk about face time! Television is inescapable!//

//Yeah.// The white Shepherd nodded. //I only escaped by accident.//

//Ha! I like your style, kid.// He slapped him on the back. //Come on, I want to show you my trailer.//

The German Shepherd led the way off the set, the sun shining warmth over their pelts. A familiar-looking trailer glimmered a few yards off. As they approached the roped-off barrier before it, Bolt's ears shot up, then were blasted back by the wave of excited barks. They passed through throngs of panting fans, many of whom swooned at the dashing pair. Just where all these dogs had come from, or where their people were, he wasn't sure, but their excitement crackled through the

atmosphere in yips and yaps. Their scents came in a rush, almost indiscernible, one from the next. One Brittany Spaniel bounced in place, close to hyperventilating. // Ohmygosh! Would-- Would you pose for us? Please-please-pleeeeeeeeeease?//

Stopping near his mobile command trailer, Thunderbolt threw his head back and laughed in an over-the-top way. //Ha ha! Of course!// He turned to the smaller Shepherd. //One... Two... Three!//

In one practiced motion, Thunderbolt tipped back, sitting on his haunches, back straight against Bolt's, smile gleaming. The smaller dog took a hint and followed suit, with perhaps a touch less confidence in his smile.

The crowd howled with delight.

The white canine looked to Thunderbolt with confusion, remembering to keep smiling. //Why are they so excited about us?//

//Because we...// The German Shepherd raised his ears in triumph. //...are heroes!// He snuck the smaller dog a roguish smile amid the canine clamor. //Isn't it great?//

//Uhh... Y-Yeah.// Bolt shrunk down a little, overwhelmed by the attention of dozens of dogs cheering around him, cheering for him. As the burst of barking died down, he touched his paws together, uncomfortable in the limelight. //Are we going to sit like this for long or...?//

//Of course, fellow ac-tor!// The larger dog dropped back to all fours and called out to the crowd with infinite charm. //That's all for today folks! Wonderdogs need their beauty sleep.//

Scattered whines echoed from the crowd as it broke up, allowing the two Shepherds access to the silver trailer. As they ducked in the doggy door, Bolt looked around in amazement. Plush, plastic, and literary versions of Thunderbolt filled every inch of the trailer. Even a bicycle with his face adorning the handlebars.

The doggy door had not even finished clattering shut before Thunderbolt started grinning at a row of stuffed replicas of himself. A sweep of his paw drew the smaller dog's eyes in their direction. //Let me introduce you to the guys.//

Bolt examined the row of life-size plush duplicates. //Decoys?//

//Well, sometimes when I need to unwind...// His front leg wrapped amiably around the nearest one, Thunder seemed to realize something was classified and cut that idea off mid-transmission. //Ahem! Nevermind.// He pushed the plush canine back into line with the others.

With an eyebrow crooked in curiosity, Bolt looked around the trailer, which seemed to be twice as large as his own. //Huh. I guess yours is bigger than mine.//

//Size isn't what counts.// Thunderbolt winked and may have glanced between Bolt's hind legs.

Bolt blinked, certain he was imagining things. He wagged the worry off. //What do we do now?//

//Tough question. I've never actually had someone in here who even approaches my stellar magnitude. Usually, they just end up basking in my glow. I'm told I have a glow.// Again, Thunder posed.

The white canine watched for any sort of visible radiation coming from the brown and tan dog, but saw no such bioluminescence. //Uh-huh...//

Thunder brought his face a little closer to Bolt's. //I'm also told it's easier to see in the dark.// He gave a sly smirk.

//Ummm...//

//Just messing with ya, pal.// Thunderbolt licked the side of the white canine's face.

Bolt chuckled, nervous. //Heh. Okay.//

//Ya know, Bolt, I've known for a while that one day a dog would come along as fantastic as me.// He wrapped a front leg around one of the plush replicas of himself, giving it an adoring look. //Well, perhaps not as fantastic as me, but close. Pretty close. Anyway...//

The exuberant wonderdog kept talking, though the white canine was having trouble extracting much meaningful information from his words. Then a thought struck the white canine, raising his ears in amusement. Even one-on-one, Thunder seemed to be performing. After a moment's thought, he realized that Thunder was only ever performing for an audience of one: himself.

Thunder had stopped droning on. Noticing the larger dog's head kept drifting closer and closer to his hindquarters, Bolt tried to stay relaxed. Other dogs had sniffed him on occasion, though he found the whole notion... weird, to say the least. But if his hero wanted a quick sniff at his-- //Yipe!// He gasped as Thunder nuzzled his white sheath, causing his balls to sway. //Ahh... What are you doing?//

The brown canine smiled back at him. //Just giving you your reward for helping with those banditos.//

//Urrr, ummm... Well, it was nothing, really.// The smaller dog swallowed, edging away, but not far enough to be out of reach. //I mean, they weren't even real.//

Thunder gave a little lick against the front of Bolt's sheath, touching just the tip of his peeking erection. //Mmmm... Tastes real enough to me.//

The white dog shuddered, his groin muscles tensing. He felt the tender pull of

precum squirting. //Ohhhh... Huh... I--//

//Little quick on the trigger, aren't ya?// Thunder raised his head and then the American White Shepherd saw the result of his spurt. His hero's nosepad dripped with clear liquid, his nostrils flaring over a charming smile. //You were saying?//

Bolt felt his ears burn. //Oh my gosh! I got it all over you!// Without thinking, he cleaned the fluid from Thunder's nose with two quick laps. Then he realized what he'd just done. //Ohmygosh! Sorry! I didn't mean to lick you, it just sort of happened.//

//That's okay, compadre. I started it.// He gave the smaller canine a wolfish grin, his eyes fixed on a point below Bolt's tummy. //And it looks like it's still going on.//

Bolt closed his legs a little and smiled. //Yeah, that sort of happens when I get excited.//

//As a fearless, one of a kind wonderdog, I live for excitement.// The brown canine nuzzled in at the red tip.

Bolt wiggled his hips at the attention, giggling in a giddy way. //Thunderbolt, I...//

//Such formality!// The German Shepherd gave a little howl of drama. //Call me Thunder. More than that is just a mouthful.// He pressed his lips over Bolt's tip and sheath, giving them a few soft suckles.

//Uuhhhh-mmmm... I... don't... Heehee...//

//Hmmmm?// Though looking up, Thunder's lips stayed locked on the cock before him, the question buzzing through hot, tender flesh.

//N-nothing.// His big white ears flattened in acceptance, discombobulated by this turn of events and by the sight of his hero sucking at his growing erection. He felt himself slide out, unsheathing into the warm, wet confines of the tan Shepherd muzzle. A slight tingle in the base of his shaft spoke of the knot to come. His hips bucked, drizzling hot fluids into the already wet mouth, whimpering as the precum welled up at his tip for an instant before being licked away by an eager tongue.

After a few parting laps, the German Shepherd pulled off, a thin dribble of saliva and precum trailing from cock to lips. He smiled. //So that's what a superdog tastes like.//

//I guess so.// Bolt panted, //I mean, I've never met any other ones on my missions. Certainly never tasted them.//

//Missions, eh? Are they anything like mine?//

//No--Yes--// The white dog swallowed. //I had powers during mine.//

//Powers, huh? That's interesting. Maybe my writers should take a hint... Could help ratings.// Thunder chuckled. //After all, I can only do so much for this show.// He rubbed his body along the white Shepherd's, sniffing everywhere. //What were these powers?//

He managed to speak, stumbling through the pleasure that fogged his mind like a smoke grenade. //Su-superbark.//

//Oh? Tell me more about this superbark.// Thunder's head made a quick detour under his white tummy again, the larger dog's wide pink tongue slipped into his tight sheath in a smooth, skillful maneuver.

Wet flesh slipped under the taut skin of his sheath, rubbing all over his erection. //It's, uuuh... classifi--nnngh--fied.// He looked down between his front legs, seeing the other dog nuzzle his way around his most private areas.

//Oh what a shame. I suppose the firing range of this weapon is classified too, mmm?// He tucked his muzzle up under the plumping sheath, several inches of red, ready-to-fire member hanging over his cool black nosepad. The short fur tickled up and down the underside of his tender cock, causing a critical buildup of arousal.

A soft shudder was Bolt's only reply. He felt his sheath swaying, heavy with arousal. His balls pulled up tight against him as Thunder's breath played across them. Bolt panted. His hips bucked. Excitement surged through his body, hurtling him toward the edge of a climax--

An instant away from getting his ears painted in cum, Thunder slid back, smiling down at his fellow wonderdog as he calmed down.

After a moment of panting, the white canine recovered enough to speak. // Why-- Why do you ask?//

//Just comparing... notes.// The larger dog gave a long lick down Bolt's exposed member, slipping behind him. //Have any of your missions been like this?//

The white canine watched him step around behind him. //I really can't talk about it. I'm not sure you have clearance.//

//Really?// Thunder's tan paws appeared on either side of Bolt. //Looks to me like I clear you just fine.// His head swooped down beside the smaller canine's, delivering a charming smile.

//Y-yeah, I guess so.// The white canine squirmed, looking up. Nervousness caused his erection to wilt somewhat. //Umm, I... What are you doing on top of me?//

//Well, I *am* top dog in my field. Ha! Get it? Because I'm so amazing...//

//Heh, yeah, but I...// Bolt shuddered as he felt the rush of hot breath over his ears. The weight of Thunder above him made him spread his legs, allowing the larger Shepherd to crouch a little lower on top of him. It was all strangely familiar and after a moment he decided it felt nice. //Ohhhh...//

A deep chuckle rumbled from Thunder's chest, shivering down Bolt's back. Upon reaching his hips, though, it turned to an eager nudge under his tail-- bare flesh sliding wet and hot against the soft skin of his anus.

He whimpered a little, lifting a paw in an instant's uncertainty before sidling back against it. A wet squirt of precum found his virgin hole, and then another. His ears dropped, hot. After swooning for a moment, he asked in quiet voice. //Are you really planning to put it in *there*?//

//Oh come now, compadre...// Thunder gave a breathy laugh. //You mean to tell me you never covered this in your highly classified missions?// He rubbed a little closer against Bolt's puckered opening.

//Well, not exacty, but... Uhhhhhhh...// The knowledge that it was another dog's, that it was Thunderbolt's, his fellow wonderdog's, sent a dizzying rush of arousal through his body. Not only was rescuing people normal, but so too were the feelings he had, the games he played with his person. His anxiety evaporating like a lake hit with Heat Vision, Bolt hunched back a little more against the larger canine's member.

Above him, Thunder tucked his muzzle around the curve of the smaller dog's neck, soft lips pressed to the underside of Bolt's downturned ears. //You like what I'm doing?//

Bolt nodded, his heroic reserve abandoned in the pursuit of the pleasures tingling through him. He could feel the brown dog's erection catch against his tailhole, slip, then bump against his sac, leaving little trails of precum all the way. He wanted to look back, to see how much his hero's member looked like his own, but pleasure squeezed shut his eyes. He nuzzled against the strong, furred legs on either side of him, feeling safe and held close, feeling he was protected.

Thunder thrust again, adjusting his aim so as to bump back up against Bolt's tender hole. The white canine gasped, the movement causing his own stiff penis to bob up, bouncing off his tummy. As the wonderdog's tip pressed deeper, Bolt's mouth hung open in soundless awe at the strange sense of fullness. //Huh... Wow... This must be how Penny feels when we...//

//Hmmm?// Thunder slipped one leg, then the other over Bolt's shoulders, gaining more purchase for his thrusts. //Who's this Penny character? A fan?//

Bolt swallowed, trying to sort his tangled thoughts. //Hah... Well, sort of...//

//Well, I can hardly blame you.// He laughed, though perhaps a little more humbly than before, whimpers and pants cutting through the polished veneer of celebrity. //The girls do love a star.//

The smaller dog would have answered, but the thin shaft of canine heat entered still deeper into him, further and further. Thunder groaned. Bolt wiggled his paws against the tile, unsure if he could take any more. At long last, the stiff length buried itself fully inside him, radiating warmth through his whole body.

For a moment, neither spoke, adjusting to their newfound intimacy. Then, level with Bolt's cheek, the German Shepherd's smile glinted. //You ready, partner?//

//Y-yeah...// The white canine felt heat rush under his fur. His ears dropped under the weight of shyness. //I ummm... haven't really been trained for this.//

//Not to worry.// Thunder whispered in his soft ear. //Professionals like us always do our own stunts.// He gripped Bolt's flanks with his paws, thrusting in deep, steady strokes. The smaller dog whimpered as he stretched around the intruding canine member. After a few moments, Bolt grew accustomed to the shaft burying itself within him and found himself pushing back against it, trying with all his Superdog might to get it deeper. Together, they humped so hard the cabinets shook, the Thunderbolt collectible Bobbleheads bobbling.

Bolt watched, as if hit by a Hypno-Ray as the Thunderbolt collectible Bobblehead nodded again and again, in time with their thrusts, as if in approval. // This... huh! This is awesome!//

//You like it, partner?//

//It's... incredible. I... I... Ooooh!// Bolt ducked his head down as pleasure drove the words from his mind.

The German Shepherd said nothing, only sped up his thrusts, bouncing down onto Bolt's muscled frame with surprising force. He felt the bigger dog's penis bumping along strange new places inside him, stirring up pleasures he never could have imagined.

At long last and with a mighty thrust of his wonderdog hips, Thunder slipped inside the tight ring of flesh, his knot swelling to fill the space. Bolt gasped as the unfamiliar sensation of *being* tied rushed through him. For a moment, all was still, save for the rapid expansion of the knot in his tailhole. Thunder shuddered in pleasure atop him, tugging his hips back with every pull of his knot. He wondered if this is how it felt to Penny, if she too could feel every jostle and shift of his knot inside her, if his knot gave her the same sense of fullness that he felt right now.

Thunder clenched down against his back.

Bolt's ears sprang up.

A warm rush of thick canine sperm blasted into him in a wet gush.

Bolt howled in delight as burst after burst of tail-quivering pleasure overtook him. His legs shot straight out, lifting the larger Shepherd off the floor for a trembling instant. The smaller canine gave a gasping yelp. Hot white fluid shot once against the floor below him, then again right onto his own chin and neck.

Together, they pushed and pulled against the tie as the feelings the feelings boil over, paws digging for purchase against the polished floor. As one, they woofed their passion to the world.

"Ka-WOOF!"

"Ruf-ruf-rrrraarroooooOOOOOO!"

Several seconds passed with no sound in the trailer save their gasping for breath. When Bolt could again speak, he looked up at his hero with an admiring smile. // Wh... wow! I never heard you do that bark on the show.//

Thunder panted heavily atop him. //That, my four-legged friend, is because it's highly classified. My very own Superbark, if you will. You should feel very privileged to hear it.// He glanced down at the mess Bolt had made of himself. // Copious canine cream!// Thunder laughed, his chin dripping. //That's a lot of semen!//

Bolt blushed to the ears, panting. //You really think so?//

//Absolutely! Why, the last time I saw a shootout like that, I was facing down the Black-Hatted Man and a gang of gunslingers.//

//Uhhh, thanks... I think.//

Just then the dog door clattered shut, drawing their eyes to a Pembroke Welsh Corgi with his jaw nearly on the floor.

In a burst of melodrama, Thunder gave a colossal gasp. //Lightning! You've discovered our gist!//

The corgi sighed, his massive ears wilting. //Tryst.//

//Whatever!// He dismissed the correction with a shake of his head. //What are you doing here?//

Large ears shot straight up with a yelp of corgi outrage. //What am I doing?! What are *you* doing?!//

//Relax, little buddy.// Thunder smiled from atop the white Superdog. //We're just combining our Super-Barks.//

//Thunderdolt...// Looking over the knotted pair, the corgi flashed an evil grin, a grin that would not have been out of place on a cat. //I've been waiting a long time for this moment. I've got you right where I want you!//

In a flurry of tiny paws against linoleum, Lil' Lightning launched himself onto the over-stuffed seat built into the trailer, snatching one of the many plush Thunderbolts toys in his small jaws. The tube-shaped canine then leapt back to the floor, scampering back behind the real Thunderbolt, placing the toy behind him. With a mildly disturbed chuckle, the corgi bounced up onto the doll and pounced onto his co-star. //Ah-ha! Gotcha!//

//Lightning, little buddy, what *are* you doooooo-hoo-hoo-hoo-ing?// Thunder wiggled as the corgi penetrated his tender entrance, his every move translating to another tug of his knot or squish of his semen deep inside the white canine beneath him.

Bolt moaned as the corgi started humping away at his co-star, jostling the knot buried deep inside the white canine's rear. The smaller Shepherd whined and wiggled, trying to find an angle comfortable for his stretched rear end. //When did he come back?//

Above him, the Shepherd panted in joy at the corgi's thrusts. //He-- UHGgf! --rescued some of those Dalmatians, so we-- Ooooooh! --let him back on the show

today. Great publicity, those guys. TV audiences love puppies. Whew! Ha ha!
Yeah... Almost as much as they love me.//

* * * * *

Bolt awakened to the clatter of the dog door. Hints of morning light caressed the room, drawing it to life and color. Rolling to his feet, he felt the heavy sway of his member underneath him. A quick look down confirmed his sheath was still plumped up and that his red tip still peeked out. He blushed. Fast thinking allowed him to maneuver over to the arm of the sofa, propping his front paws up on it and hiding his arousal. He hoped. //H-Hello, Mittens.//

The black and white cat regarded Bolt with a tired, dreamy smile. //Heya, pooch.//

He reached back with a hind paw to hit the remote's power button, managing to retain his tasteful position. The television flickered to darkness, banishing the old samurai movie playing there. //Late night?// His voice broke a little on the last word as he realized his fur carried the musky scent of cum. His blush deepened.

The cat seemed not to notice this, or much of anything else. Perhaps she had gotten into some of that "catnip" stuff again. //Huh? Yeah. Out on the prowl, ya know. Creature of the night and all that.// She seemed a little preoccupied, her razor-edged wit dulled by something not unpleasant. That's what it seemed like anyway; she could have just been sleepy.

He cleared his throat, edging a little sideways to keep the arm of the sofa between her and his lingering erection. His tummy fur felt like something had dried on it too. He fought the urge to look down and instead met her green eyes. //Mittens, have you ever had a weird dream?//

//What kinda weird are we talkin' about here? Weird like everything else is normal but your food is purple, or weird like you're all of the sudden a pinwheel and the wind keeps spinning you around?//

//Ummm, neither of those.// The white canine blinked, refocusing. //I'm just talking hypothetically. Let's say there's someone I like and I had this weird dream--//

//Hold up there, Krypto.// Sitting, she held up both front paws. //There's someone you like? Like like-like? Wow. And here I thought you were the dog of steel. Who is it? Is it the yellow lab from up the road? 'Cause if it is, I promise not to tell Rhino.//

Bolt felt heat rise in his ears. As good a friend as she was, dreams and secret missions were kept on a strict need-to-know basis. And she did not need to know. He furrowed his brow, trying to remain stoic. //It's not like that. This is just hypothetical.//

//Right, right. Of course.// The feline waved a dismissive paw.

//So if there **was** someone I liked, but I had a dream about somebody else...// Bolt's large ears drooped. //Is that bad?//

Mittens looked at him with amusement. //Well, I'd say this someone you **like** can't be too mad over something you dreamed. Liking somebody is about what you do and say and feel, not some dumb dream ya had.//

//Huh.// He mulled this over for a moment, then turned to give Mittens an appraising look. //You, uhh... You seem to know a lot about these things.//

The feline stammered for a second before regaining her cool. //Y-yeah, well, I've seen a few things in my time. But mushy, gushy love was never really my thing, ya know? I'm really more of a loner.//

//Hmmm.// Bolt raised an eyebrow at this, but said nothing. Everyone was entitled to their own secret missions, after all.

After a distant moment, the feline snapped back to reality, aiming a clawless digit at him. //Alright, pooch, are you going to spill the beans or--?//

//Sorry, cat.// Smiling, he hopped off the sofa; his sheathed, if still plump, penis bobbing underneath him as he landed, and looked back over his shoulder. //It's classified.//

With an exasperated sigh, she flopped down into a pool of sunlight and began leisurely grooming herself. //Fine. Crazy dog...//

Feeling a soft smile creep to his lips, he trotted up the wooden stairs, careful of the places that creaked. Early morning was one of the times that called for stealth mode. He reached the top of the stairs and found Penny's door ajar. His tail swished. //She left it open for me.// Nudging the door open with his wide black nose pad, he padded inside.

Sunlight crept around the corners of the north-facing window, playing along the still-green fields of wheat in shivers and weaves. The computer interface had been turned away from the door a few weeks ago, for added security.

For a moment, he sat in quiet approval of his person. Her hair spilled in messy copper waves down her pillow. She also drooled a little when she slept, a talent Bolt envied-- despite Mittens' insistence, he'd never quite gotten the hang of it. On his person, though, it was endearing. Her hand dangled over the side of the bed, exposed from beneath the covers. He gave it a soft lick.

With a moan, she pushed the hair from her face. "Hey, buddy." She smiled, bleary-eyed, down at him.

He whimpered and shied to one side, wagging up at her. Smiling, she lifted the covers. He dove in, wriggling up her body.

She squeezed him close. "Fell asleep downstairs, huh buddy?"

He gave a soft yap, nuzzled against the warmth of her hand.

"Well, that's okay. Thanks for coming up to be my little snuggledog." Voice still heavy with sleep, she buried her face against the smooth fur of his ears.

He squirmed with joy at the cuddles, nestling in against her. When his person didn't respond in kind, he looked up. She had the look-- eyes narrowed, sleep evaporating off her gaze as she stared at things he couldn't see yet. He waited. Penny's genius was like toast; it could not be rushed.

"You know, Bolty, I've got an idea..."

~ ~ ~

//Bolt is back, with special thanks to the wonderfully helpful Toumal. Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 12: Lofty Ambitions

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

"Bolt! Help!"

//I'm coming, Penny!//

The white canine raced across the concrete, dodging around rusted equipment. His person's scent traced through the dry summer air. //Focus, Bolty. You can hear her. You can smell her.// Eager black nose scanning, he streaked through the dim recesses of the building. Wide white ears aligned like radar dishes, catching movement on the floor above him.

Years of experience drew him to the convenient boxes piled in the far corner. He vaulted dusty timbers, hurtling through the handles of a rusty lawnmower. He leapt up precarious stacks of boxes, dust kicking up under his paws. Then, in an explosion of pure canine determination, he leapt up through an access hatch and onto the next floor.

A wave of dust rippled out from his paws as he landed. Penny's slim form sat tied to a structural beam. Their eyes met, but he hesitated. As any veteran superhero knows, safe-looking lairs almost always have traps. Keen eyes searched the room for any additional defenses. Spotting none, he trotted with caution over to his person, then proceeded to lick her wildly across the face.

"Okay, okay!" She laughed, wiggling back from the slobbery onslaught. "Good job, buddy."

He nodded and discontinued his victory laps. //This training mission was a good idea. Even without international super-villains after us, it's good to stay sharp.//

"I think we can call this mission a success—" The red-haired teen struggled against her bindings, then shrugged to her dog. "Well, once you untie me."

Bolt checked the perimeter, just to be sure. A quick glance back down the trap door showed the strike force of rakes and brooms he'd defeated to enter the barn. Smiling, he returned to his person's side. //You're really letting me off easy. I don't even have to chew through the ropes, or reflect a laser beam off my collar tag to burn them?//

She smiled back. "Are you gonna untie me, or just stand there pleased with yourself?"

He approved of the new clothing technology she sometimes employed. Skirts made for easy muzzle access...

"Hey!" The redhead squirmed from side to side, but couldn't escape her bonds. "You just think you can dive under there any time you want?"

With a deep breath of her scent, he couldn't help but lick along the soft fabric of her panties. His person squeaked in protest, but only spread her legs wider. The former-superdog smirked. //A few more victory laps can't hurt...// He nuzzled her panties aside, licking at delicate flesh beneath. The dog's tongue danced into her slit, brushing her clitoris on every outward stroke.

"Wait! You've gotta—eep!—untie me first!" Slender hips thrust forward as much as possible against her bindings. "You are //not// playing fair!"

Bolt grinned and drove his muzzle deeper between her legs. The wet slurping sounds intensified as his tongue sought her most tender regions.

Laughing, moaning, she rocked from side to side. Her delicate breasts jiggled under her shirt, the heels of her sneakers scraping tracks on the dusty floor. Nimble hands strained for the ropes-ends, just out of reach. "C'mon, buddy, uuuuhhhnngg! Please! Aahaha! I t-tied these too well!"

Relenting, the shepherd sat down before her, a little pink bobbing against his white stomach.

Penny tilted her head, a lock of hair falling across her face, auburn and sweat-damp. A smile flickered through her panted breath.

He gave her a surrendering roll of his eyes. //Alright, Penny. You win; I'll untie you.// With a quick yank on the slipknot, he slackened the ropes around his person.

Shaking loose, she gave him a hug and a giggle. "My hero." After a moment, she leaned back to itch under his chin. "And you know what happens to heroes, right Bolty?"

Tilting his head up, allowing her to scratch all the right places, he smiled. //Yeah...//

Drawing her panties off her coltish legs, she dropped the damp fabric to the floor. Then, on hands and knees, she prowled to the blanket before them. The slim teen glanced back at him, red ponytail spilling in a gleam down one shoulder, sweat glistening on her bare legs as one hand raised her skirt. "They get their reward."

Bolt whined with desire, still sitting at attention. He felt his cock edge further from its sheath, tickling against his stomach fur. Instinct whispered that he should leap atop her, take her as his own. A deep breath did little to chill his fiery instincts. //Okay, Bolty—stay cool. She's your person and you've got to be careful with her.//

"C'mon, buddy." Her legs spread, lowering her hips to the perfect angle. "You

earned it." Her fingers traced the side of her thigh, while an eager chuckle quivered through her tone. "And we both need it."

He trotted up and, with deliberate care, placed his paws around her waist, scooting up until his hips met hers, his exposed member trailing along her slippery lips. Another heartbeat, and his erection surged, gaining length. Still he did not thrust, instead jostling himself into position. //Aligning with target...//

Penny reached back, cool fingertips tracing along his length before slipping the tip in place. A quiet gasp as her passage gripped at the teasing taste of canine cock.

//Target acquired. Moving to intercept.// Pushing with his back paws, he glided into her, sheath feeling the familiar kiss of her folds. //Mmmmm...//

Nuzzling her back, he began humping into her, groaning as his shaft grew, granting him deeper and deeper access to his person's most intimate recesses. Little squirts of precum dribbled against her walls.

Her slick walls clenched around him, squeezing and massaging his growing erection. "That's right. Keep it up... Uhhhhh..." Penny rocked under the force of his quickening thrusts. "Uh... uh... uhhh... uhhh-uhh-uh-uhuhuhuh!"

The redhead's breaths ran ragged as he rode her. His sac swayed, sheath bunching against her at the apex of every thrust. //Mmmmmm... Penny... Oooh... I-I-I don't think I'm gonna last long...//

"Give it to me, buddy." She bumped back against him, trying to match his rhythm.

He gripped her waist tight to his chest, body rippling over hers, each thrust accompanied by juicy noises as he pumped his thick canine shaft deeper inside her.

"Yes, mmmmmmm." One hand, still slick with his fluids, rubbed at the top of her passage, pressing her nub against his invading shaft. "Come on, Bolty boy. You can do it."

His knot swelled, bumping against her vaginal lips. Flesh ground against slick flesh.

"I can feel it. I feel the knot. Put it iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiin—ohmygosh!"

Bolt shoved hard, pressing the bulge past her lips. In an instant, she clenched back behind it, just as hard. Sparks danced in Bolt's vision. Paws stuck straight out, pressing in desperation against her, into her. His balls tensed once, twice, again, until the prefire sequence ran out. With a needful whine, he spurted his first shot into her.

"Oh, oh..." Even as the canine sprayed a second volley against her walls, Penny rubbed herself with frantic delight. The white shepherd felt her clenching harder against her, followed by a muted yelp as she bit the blanket, arching hard against him. "MMMMMmmmmmmfff!"

Even as pleasure arched through his brain, Bolt had to admire her dedication to keeping the mission covert. Her clenching, clutching orgasm wrung his knot, eliciting harder squirts and longer spurts. The white dog whined in frenzied ecstasy as she massaged his cock to tingling euphoria, draining his balls of every last drop of canine cum. A few final pulses traced out of Bolt's cock, pumping more canine seed into her and more wonderful tingles through him. He collapsed along her back, chin between her shoulder blades. His sac swayed a final time against where sheath met knot-stretched lips, then slowed to a stop.

Penny shuddered, her passage fluttering along his tender shaft and knot. A few seconds later, she too fell limp to the blanket. Together, they panted, afterglow and afternoon light warming their passion-coupled bodies.

* * * * *

Penny lay, her sensitive insides stretched to tingling by her dog's wide knot. The white canine lay along her back, his panting slowing to steady, restful breaths.

She knew she had time on her hands. //Not to mention time on my knees. I really should have laid down a thicker blanket.//

Light angled down through the single window of the hay loft. Though it hadn't seen active use in years, bits of straw lay scattered about, catching the light in slivers of dusty gold. She watched as the dust motes swirled in the evening sun, accompanied by the occasional squish of cum around the cock buried inside her.

Feeling a tickle against her mons, she glanced between her breasts to where her lips bulged to accommodate that unique aspect of canine anatomy. A thin trickle of their mingled fluids traced through her copper public hair. That all her hair matched had always been a secret source of pride for her. Anyone could guess, but only her boy could know.

Filled with hot semen and hotter canine, she eased herself down as best she could onto the blanket, resting on her forearms. "Guess we should bring a pillow next time, huh boy?" //Next time. I hadn't even thought of that.//

Bolt sighed in agreement, stirring a warm wind along her naked, sweaty back. She tensed, shivering, eliciting a whimper and a wiggle from her tied companion. Recent orgasms had left them both tender, slick, and sensitive.

With gradual relief and a little longing, she felt his knot fade from stretching her limits to barely remaining inside. Often, she let him stay inside her until either anatomy or practicality insisted otherwise. Today, practicality spoke first. //I need to get back to the house before Mom comes looking.//

Swaying her hips under her white-furred lover, she felt him get the hint and begin tugging back against her lips. A few seconds of exquisite tension, then //pop!// the knot came free, eased and accompanied by a warm drizzle of doggy

cum down her legs and stomach. With a few unsteady tugs, she lifted her skirt out of the way, allowing the generous amount of liquid to dribble down onto the blanket. And to think Mom bragged about her teenage daughter doing her own laundry.

As she knelt, her passage gripped at Bolt's tip, pushing out a little more of their juices. She pushed a lock of sweat-damp hair out of her face. An idle whim traced through her mind like a falling leaf: //What if we didn't have to go back inside?//

A silly idea. Were they supposed to stay out in this old barn? Sure, the roof didn't leak and the only window faced away from the house, but she wouldn't call it a living space. //But why not?//

She'd have to find furniture, not to mention put in some insulation. //Though insulation works on sound too...//

The slender teen crawled forward, allowing Bolt to settle onto the dampened blanket. His pink tongue lolled onto the fabric, the strength to retract it beyond the former superdog. With gentle hands, she rolled him to his back, delivering the most delicate kiss to his wilting erection.

Bolt whimpered, his brown eyes opening with dazed curiosity.

She rubbed her cum-slick fingers together in his fur. "I think I've got a plan, Bolt."

* * * * *

That night, at dinner, Penny explained.

Bolt curled at her feet in total contentment, only stirring for a scratch along his back or a smuggled morsel.

"I think it's a wonderful plan, honey." Penny's mother smiled over a tuna-noodle casserole. "Definitely a value-adder."

"Right." The redheaded teen shrugged. "I mean, it's just sitting there, so we might as well get some use out of it."

"You could follow your mother's footsteps, dear." The elder woman gave her a wink. "I could arrange for you to shadow someone from the real estate office..."

"Oh Mom." She rolled her eyes, scritchng her superdog's scruff. "One step at a time."

* * * * *

Several days and countless garage sale missions later, they'd located some suitable furniture. After that came a whirlwind of cleaning and repairs. Bolt spent the first stage of the mission sitting at attention, bringing his person tools and supplies to the foot of the trapdoor ladder as needed. His person soon got tired of climbing up and down and rigged up a simple pulley system. He liked that better, since it combined the fun of tugging on ropes with the practical effect of raising materiel to the loft.

A small fan oscillated on the desk, cooling her new laptop. The roof didn't leak, so they didn't need to worry about the computer getting wet and exploding. //It's really too bad so many things explode.//

The perimeter security had to be reinforced, of course. Penny retrofitted the lights with little motion sensors. //Though if you know where to walk, it won't set it off. Or just move slowly.// More impressive, though, was the small surveillance camera she ran between the floorboards. It fed a continuous stream of video to her laptop, just like when she'd hacked into the visual sensors of those Olympic cyborgs. //We could use a couple cameras on the roof too, but really that's just jet-pack insurance.//

"Okay Bolty, last one." Penny's voice echoed from the lower floor. "This one's fragile, so be careful."

The white canine trotted over and took the rope in his teeth. Measured steps backward eased the package up: an old shoebox—their mission files. More inconspicuous than secure, a few pieces of tape held it shut. His person followed it, climbing up and brushing a lock of sweat-damp hair from her brow.

Bolt held the rope steady as his person freed the shoebox.

Penny smiled, stirring sparks of magic in his soul. "Well, it's official." She set the box down beside the futon. "The loft is now our new base of operations."

He gave a yap of approval.

"Whew. Glad that's done." She landed on the bed with a familiar squeak. "Oh right." One deft hand drew Mr. Carrot from her back pocket.

Bolt wagged his way up to the futon, climbing with caution onto the padded surface.

"Going to have to replace this tape." An trimmed fingernail picked at the cellophane. "Might as well have a look, huh?"

The white shepherd wiggled close.

Lifting the lid, she revealed a collection of Polaroids, organized in neat rows. She ticked through them, selecting a handful. The first showed them against the mountainous background, snow all around, with some kind of destroyed satellite dish in the corner of the frame. The next showed the smoldering remains of an Arctic hover-base, again with Penny clutching him to her side.

//Wow. Mittens was right: I really did look serious all the time.//

The next photo showed him playing tug-of-war with Mr. Carrot, though Penny's vagina seemed to be winning the battle. The sight made his fur feel hot. He glanced over to the rubber carrot toy, laying atop the purple sheets of the futon.

Penny followed his gaze, then curled her fingers around the toy. "Hmmm. Guess we know what's still your favorite toy." She dragged the toy across his nose, letting memories of pleasant times tease his nostrils.

Once Bolt had recovered from the scents, she had moved on to the next picture. This one had him flopped down on top of her, drooling on her shoulder. Bolt whined, but smiled as he nuzzled against her bare arm. //I almost never drool, but you overcome even my vigilance sometimes, Penny.//

With a giggle, she flipped to the next Polaroid. This one showed him hunched over, muzzle over his own cock. His wide pink tongue curled against the curve of his knot. His eyes, even wider, looked straight at the camera. Penny ran the rubber carrot under his chin. "Ooh, talented doggy."

His ears folded back in bashful modesty. //You didn't have to sneak up on me for that one; my secrets aren't classified from you.//

Her shoes dropped to the floor as she kissed her way up his neck. Her voice breezed as a hot whisper in his ear. "Getting a little hot up here... huh buddy?" Without another word, she rolled to her back and unzipped her jeans with an unhurried ease.

//Oh Penny...// The white-furred canine watched as she slid the fabric from her legs, letting it drop off the mattress. Socks, t-shirt, and bra soon followed. She lay back down and continued the slideshow.

Her hand trailed through his fur, the orange rubber toy bumping against his balls and circling the tip of his tingling sheath.

The next photo showed a messy tie, clearly the second in a row. Her tender lips bulged out around his knot, both their crotches slick with juices. Another photo captured the moment of ejaculation, a thin white string of his semen frozen in the air. Yet another showed her bare feet around his cock, covered in semen. He felt his flush deepen. //I don't remember// that// mission.//

"Hmmm, might have to do that again when you're awake." The next picture showed Penny's-eye-view of him pulling down her panties. "Wanna try and reenact that one?"

Being a good dog, he climbed over her body and, taking the fragile fabric in his teeth, tugged the garment down. The scent of her rushed into his brain, filling every corner with arousal and belonging. By the time he managed to pull the panties past her feet, he could feel the tip of his cock poking out of its home. He let the panties fall from his jaws as Penny spread her legs before him. A thin layer of fluid clung to her slit, which had deepened in color to a beautiful rose hue. He sighed, proud. //I have the prettiest person in the world.//

"Come 'ere, buddy." Her words danced light on the air, her hand sliding with a whisper up her bare thigh. Love drew him close; she drew him into a kiss. Her warm lips graced his, her tongue slipping out here and there for some recon. Afterward, she traced a finger over his soft black lips. Her gentle eyes met his soul. "You're a keeper."

Pride sang in his heart, the melody bouncing to the beat of his tail on the mattress. The redheaded teen eased him to his back, kissing her way down his chest. His pulse zoomed as her mouth met his exposed cock, coaxing it further from the white-furred sheath. Slow little licks blessed his shaft as she waggled her tongue across it. Every millimeter that emerged met the smooth, wet wonder of her ministrations.

Bolt wiggled back against the downy mattress. This futon device had been the toughest to bring up, and had taken his person over an hour to reassemble. But

now, as he lay back with his legs spread, he decided he liked it. Granted, Penny may have had something to do with that.

Skilled hands stroked his throbbing flesh, feather-light and coaxing. Precum dribbled down, spread with loving care by his person's slim tongue and fingers. Her touch traced from tip to still-sleek knot. She glanced up at him mid-lick, eliciting a spurt of fluid from his stiff length. It dribbled down her cheek, curving around a smile. "Hmm, there's my eager boy." An already-damp finger collected the drips from her chin and applied them back on the penis they came from. "Can't let this go to waste..."

//Penny... Why are you teasing me so much?//

She sat up, her nude body radiant in the single window's light. Hot afternoon light glistened off his erect red penis as she inspected it with a grin. "I think you're just about ready."

//Ready?// Bolt lay, panting but patient, as she climbed over him. With a leg to either side, she straddled his stomach, then positioned her tight rump between his spread legs. One slick hand cradled his twitching cock.

His tapered tip pressed against the tight ring of muscle. Every time she tensed, it tugged at his tip, flirting with the idea of allowing him entry. Above him, Penny squirmed, trying to distract herself. One hand pinched her nipples; the other delved into her folds, massaging her clit with the slick juices found there. He felt her anus relax as Penny breathed deeper, pressed deeper.

Bolt yapped at the tightness enclosing his cock, adding to the generous slather of precum already permitting the penetration. //Whew! Okay, now I understand the need for lubrication.//

His person grimaced. Gravity drew her slender frame down on to his, the muscular ring of her anus slowing her progress to a delicate grind. The pressure eased, but the heat only deepened, as his tip probed past and into her body. He felt himself bump against the slick flesh of her insides, smooth and yielding against his

stiff length. The next moment, she squeaked, drawing her hands to her chest and her muscles tighter around him. A whine of reply escaped the canine's lips as he waited for her to loosen, regaining her composure.

Jaw unclenching, the redhead spread her legs a little wider and allowed herself sink further onto her doggy's shaft. Moments passed like ages as red inches vanished into his person. The glisten of ruby flesh stood in contrast against the fair skin of his person's thighs and the furred slopes of his own. Only the copper glimmer of her pubic hair leant color to the view as it slowly edged toward his pulsing knot.

Settling against him, she took a moment to acclimate to the presence within her. Then, with care, she began to roll her hips against him, gasping when his cock brushed an especially tender spot. Bolt felt the light tickle of sparse strands of pubic hair from below her vagina, joined by the familiar prickle of his own fur along his knot.

The dog watched focus settle through his person's face, like when she would prepare herself for some death-defying feat on their old mission. Shifting to her hands and knees, she lifted her hips, pulling herself off his cock. As the same tight ring of flesh squeezed its way up his shaft, Bolt watched her blushing face as copper hair swayed down to brush his muzzle. The scent of her sweat sent a rush through him, pulsing a little more width to his cock. Penny sucked air through her teeth.

A pang of sympathy flicked back his ears. Seeking to comfort his person, he lifted tender licks to her neck and shoulders. As her expression lightened, she pressed down once more. Ignoring the layer of pressure moving down his length, as well as the squishy warmth that awaited within, the shepherd worked his way down to her nipples. Stiff and hot against his tongue, he toyed with one, then the other, savoring the salty kiss of her naked skin.

Penny jostled. A few beads of sweat trickled down her face, dancing to the rhythm of their combined panting.

The air around them hung hot, like his person's breath. An even greater warmth

engulfed his cock. Memories of a similar mission surfaced, in the cool depths of a basement, out of sight of the windows ninjas could so easily repel through. //This mission's much easier without that fancy dress getting in the way.// He wagged, stirring the air between his paws.

With a glance back, his person gave a breathless laugh. "What're you wagging at, buddy?"

His muzzle dipped, shy ears swiveling. //B-because my person loves me.//

Her hand caressed his cheek, drawing his attention up. As the afternoon light set an amber glow to her hair, a gentle kiss drifted down onto his lips.

Heat flooded his ears, putting the temperature of the room to shame. He licked under her chin in appreciation.

She held him. Time drifted by, the only sign of its passage the gradual shrinking of his knot at the entrance to her own passage. Whenever his erection threatened to wane too far, she began to twitch her hips, letting his partly flaccid penis squish around inside her until he stiffened again.

Gentle fingers hooked under his knot. The urge to squirm shot through him at the touch of such intimate flesh, but the white canine restrained himself. //I have to be good for my person.//

Bolt remained still, though a low whine escaped as he felt his now-manageable knot slip between her cheeks. Both girl and dog moaned at the gradual penetration. The bulge of canine flesh pressed into the delightful pressure of her anus. Heat and resistance stirred his passion to flames, pulses of blood swelling his bulge even as it squeezed into her.

"Uuuuhhh-hhhh!" The slender teen groaned, pressing harder against the swelling of his cock and the clenching of her muscles.

His pulse quickened. Her fingers rubbed harder against the underside of his knot, the secret destruct button only the two of them knew of. //Penny! Penny, I— Ohhhh, Pennnnnnny!// For an breathless moment, Bolt thought he couldn't fit inside her like this, that the previous time had been a fluke, but then pop!

"Mmmmmm!"

//Ohmygosh!// His toes splayed, paws shooting skyward in raw pleasure and relief. Like a missile on impact, his orgasm detonated. Shockwaves rocked his sturdy form, causing him to writhe under his person. The first spurt of thick canine cream blasted against her walls. Another followed. Then another, stronger than ever as her anus tensed on the stem of his cock.

Above him, around him, Penny shuddered. Tension faded from her with a long-held breath. She kissed the naked insides of his ears, rocking against the dog she loved.

His sac jerked, balls pumping another pulse of semen deep into his person. He whimpered, burying his face against her neck. //Ohhhhhh, oh Penny!// In a distant corner of his mind, Bolt felt his person sit up, surveying the dog ejaculating into her. Soon, a wet rhythm filled the loft. His eyes opened to find her driving frantic fingers into her vagina. A bumping sensation against his cock. //That's— That's her — Ohmygosh!//

Instinct seized him, his hips bucking hard into her. A rhythmic squelching arose from Penny's slit as it convulsed around her slim fingers.

Bolt watched his person writhe atop him, each cry of pleasure echoing through the loft. She arched back, cheeks and chest flushed crimson, gasping his name as both hands slipped to her slit. One dove deep inside, massaging her entrance, as the other rubbed at her clit with fevered need. The muscles of her legs flexed, toes digging into the soft fabric. Her hips ground against him, her body shivering in ecstasy. She was close.

With all his strength, Bolt bucked fully into her, ramming his knot deeper, feeling it bump once more against her probing fingers. His person tensed at this deeper intrusion, then squealed as he unleashed another volley of hot canine sperm inside her. "Oh Bolty! Ahhhh-AAAAAAAH!"

He gasped as he felt that ring of muscle constrict behind his knot as Penny's orgasm tore through her body. Her hands froze against those pretty red lips as she gave a wordless shout. Her obvious pleasure caused his orgasm to surge like a geyser, his legs stretching out around her as he pumped her full of his rich canine seed.

She cried out in passion, droplets of sweat trailing from her hair. Each one glinted in the sunlight a single instant, until they dropped off, fading into the sheets as their orgasms ebbed.

As his person came down from her climax, she collapsed atop him. Heat and moisture squished around his cock as the echoes of pleasure settled down over him like the softest blanket. A soft embrace from Penny cradled him in safety and affection. "Mmm. I think I'm going to like our new base, Bolty."

//Yeah...// The white canine relaxed under her. Her chest atop his own, the soft beat of her heart reverberated through his fur. Her breath, her scent lulled him toward sleep.

And, in a dark corner of the loft, two green eyes watched the scene below, unnoticed.

~ ~ ~

//Mittens confronts Bolt about the "secret missions" with his person.//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 13: Feline Infiltration

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Mittens lay on the back porch, soaking up sunlight, looking over at the barn. The humans had left for the day. Bolt would be up in the loft alone. //As good a time as any. He never can focus when Penny's around.//

She stretched, paws spread against the warm planks of the deck, then padded across the lawn. Grass-grass still tickled her paws. Carpet, concrete, even comforters she could handle, but as a city cat, she'd never had much exposure to it. Not to mention these non-pigeon birds chirping, swooping around all colorful and cheery. She focused, rehearsing the conversation in her mind. //How am I supposed to bring this up anyway?//

A few easy pounces brought her to the ramp Penny had installed for him.

//I know what he's gonna say: 'Oh Mittens, you just think this whole "stable house with caring people" thing is too good to be true.'//

She ambled into the cool dark of the barn. //They probably thought no one could hear, but cat ears trump insulation.//

When she'd seen them, he was doing a lot of whimpering and licking. Ears doing that foldy-back submission thing. //He might just be doing it to please his person.//

//Or maybe he just likes it.//



The cat shook her head. She'd thought of Bolt as an innocent in a lot of ways, sex-wise in particular. She was meant to be the streetwise one, knowing this kind of stuff, not him. Seeing him and Penny like that had called everything into question.

Soft panting. Good, he's up there.

She poked her head up through the trap door and cleared her throat. //Hey, wags? I was wondering if we could taaa--Oh sweet Aslan!//

Bolt lay atop the dusty new futon, engaged in the impressive combination of looking at photos and sucking his own canine erection. His brown eyes shot open. The snow-white dog yapped in surprise around his red, throbbing shaft. //Miffens?!//

The feline felt a surge of heat rush through her face at the unexpectedly lewd scene, her gaping mouth doing nothing to cool it. //Uhhhh, I'm gonna give ya a little time to sort yourself out, big guy.// Her traitorous eyes flicked down to his black lips wrapped around his impressive equipment. She blushed further at the apropos nickname.

The ex-super dog's cock slipped from his mouth with a juicy slurp. He scrambled to get his paws under him and his assets undercover. //Mittens, I- Um-// The desperate kicks of his hind paws sent a scattering of photos fluttered to the floor. Each snapshot a moment of carnal intimacy for Bolt, Penny, or both. The dog froze, no doubt running through all the terrible consequences. Their eyes met, his filled with panic. //Don't tell Rhino!//

Time hung suspended for a moment. The cat's small muzzle hung open, her stare darting from pictures to pooch and back again. Though curiosity demanded she examine the Polaroids further, the black-and-white feline tore her gaze away and slipped without a sound back downstairs. Mittens stood stunned for a moment, green eyes huge in the dim barn light. Her heart beat like a startled sparrow. She stifled giddy giggles, her brain grappling with the scene she'd just left. //I thought only cats could do that...//

She could not escape the vision of Bolt's equipment. She'd heard dogs came

big, but... //Sheesh! How's that even fit in a scrawny little human like Penny?//

Minutes later, he hurried down the ramp, decent, if flustered. They gave each other appraising looks, and he cleared his throat in a tentative way. //I apologize that you saw me in an unfit state.//

//Oh, you seemed pretty fit to me. Not to mention flexible.// A wry smile livened the corners of her muzzle.

His tall ears dipped under the weight of their growing pinkness. //You may have seen some classified documents--//

She crossed her paws. //You mean the Polaroids of you plowing your person?//

//The specifics are unimportant!// His blush deepened and he looked for all the world like he wanted to just disappear through the floor. //It is imperative that you not mention what you saw here to anyone.//

She arched an eyebrow, forcing down a smirk that tried to escape. //Not even Rhino?//

//Especially Rhino!// He swiped a paw through the air, leaving a faint trace of musk. //This situation is top secret and needs to stay contained.// His growing panic radiated off him like a super power.

//I really think we have to tell Rhino--//

//No! It's critical that--//

//--and Penny's Mom. It's my duty as the house cat to tell her--//

//Mittens, please...//

//--you know those pigeons were looking at me awful funny. I think they know. I think they have a right to know. Don't you?// The feline gave him a playful wink.

The dog whined, ears drooped, eyes pleading, as he unleashed the full force of the dog face.

//Uugh. Why did I ever teach you that?// The cat grumbled, eyes rolling, giving her best dramatic sigh. //Fine, pooch. You have my word.// She placed a paw to her chest. //I won't talk.//

//Thanks, Mittens.// He put a paw on her shoulder, giving her the earnest smile of thankful canines. //Really.//

//Yeah, yeah.// Her green eyes rolled, though her tail swirled in amusement. She sauntered out of the barn, padding off into the long grass. Once she'd watched the white canine vanish back up the ramp, she slunk off in the direction of a distant farmhouse. No need for him to gather intel on her, after all.

~ ~ ~

Sprawled out atop on the back of the sofa, she researched the optimum positions to soak up the evening sunlight. A savvy feline if she did say so herself, Mittens could deal with anything, including Bolt's sex life. She'd just have to think about it. Between catnaps. A particularly irresistible one crept over her the very next moment. Some time later, when she awoke, Mittens discovered it had absconded with all daylight.

Penny's mother waddled into the room. As people went, she wasn't bad. Quiet, doting, and soft to lay on. She settled onto the sofa, then began searching the room. That plan seemed a bit backward to Mittens, but who knew why humans did anything?

"Sweetie, have you seen the remote?"

The teenager appeared from the kitchen, eating partly exploded corn kernels from a massive bowl. "Bolt." Penny smiled down to the dog at her heel. "Find the remote."

With an arf of enthusiasm, the super dog scoured the room, sniffing around under the chairs and probing the couch cushions with his muzzle until he emerged with the black plastic brick that controlled the magic box. He trotted back to Penny and sat smiling up at her.

"Good job, buddy." Taking the remote, his person tousled his ears, scratching his scruff. "Who's my good boy?"

The white canine wagged like an idiot. //I am.[/]

//Boy, he just does anything she wants. Huh...// The monochrome feline mulled this over. //Anything...//

Penny tried to bribe her with a back scratch. "Someone's a serious kitty today."

Mittens shot her a suspicious glare.

"Okaaaaaay..." The young woman sat down on the couch, Bolt curling up beside her.

Mom chuckled. "She's just being a cat." Examining the remote over her reading glasses, she selected a button, causing the television to flicker to life. She navigated the menus, while her daughter got comfortable.

Very comfortable. Especially the hand that kept stoking up and down her dog's entire underbelly. The film started and rolled on. The white canine managed to pay attention, even with his person giving him a thorough rubdown. Several cat-hours in, Penny groaned while some human yelled at some other human on the screen. "Who'd want to marry a doofus like Mr. Darcy anyway?"

"Oh just watch honey; it's actually quite romantic."

"His first name is 'Fitzwilliam,' mother!" The red-head scrolled through IMDB on her phone. "You can't have a name like that and not be a dweeb."

Her mother eyed the smartphone. "Please stop looking up reasons not to like my movie."

"Fine..." Penny drooped against the back of the sofa. Her hand returned to Bolt's tummy. "I just don't see why she's so impressed with him because he stopped being such a jerk. Why couldn't she just find some guy who's already cool?"

"Love doesn't always work the way we plan it, hon." The elder human smiled. "You'll see in time."

Mittens watched as Bolt's belly rubs strayed a little too far south. Those slender fingers toyed with his supple canine sheath, stroking back to cup his balls, then forward to tease his opening. Never enough to get him hard, but never so little that he could sit still. The feline had trouble looking away from Penny's own form of entertainment. //Yeah, just keep thinkin' that, lady. Meanwhile, your daughter's out screwing the pooch.//

With Mom unaware, Penny began tugging the dog's sheath up and down. Just a little. Not even enough to expose that vivid canine tip of which she'd seen entirely too much, just enough to titillate. Mittens couldn't tear her eyes away from this wholly new breed of belly rub, continuing to watch as Penny switched to cradling his balls again, massaging with casual familiarity. When Bolt hefted a contented sigh, those nimble human fingers wandered back to hold his sheath. A firmer squeeze in one particular spot and the cat saw him stiffen, tongue lolling out. It

had to be that special part, that bulge which made a dog a dog, he sure seemed to like-- Mittens' eyes widened as the results of Penny's touches grew impossible to hide, his tip emerging as a single clear squirt splashed onto his soft white tummy fur.

Bolt whined.

Mom glanced at the canine though the dim light of the television. "Does he need to be let out?"

After tensing just a moment, the girl smiled. "Nah, he probably just wishes people would stop sitting around in their gigantic dresses and actually do something in this movie."

The white wonderdog licked her hand with a grin. //Actually, those outfits remind me of your Peep dress, so they aren't so bad.//

With a sigh, her mother's attention returned to the movie.

Penny dialed her efforts back a notch, rubbing the errant spurt into his pure white fur, letting go of his intimate parts. Stroking him all over, she returned to his sheath, another long stroke that didn't expose his tip, and then right back to more polite attention.

There was much drama and chattering classes. The human's hand wandered in and out of Bolt's intimate areas like a lost dog. Her fondling dallied on, endless as the deliberations of the main characters. Bolt mused on how they'd forgotten to put explosives and lasers in this film; Penny complained that someone named M didn't do anything cool. Mittens just rolled her eyes.

"I guess that was a decent movie, though, Mom."

"It is a classic, dear." The older human selected one of the few remaining

popped kernels from the bowl. "If you like, we could have a marathon of all the different versions."

"Wow. Yeah. Let's put a pin in that. How about we just skip to the Bollywood one? Probably has dancing."

She rolled her eyes. "I somehow think you're missing the point."

"G'night, Mom." She leaned in and kissed her mom on the cheek. "C'mon, Bolty; let's get ready for bed." They headed upstairs.

Mittens waited a suitable amount of time, then crept up the stairs. The house hung silent-Rhino had been scarce today. //One mystery at a time, Mittens.//

She found the door closed and locked. Figures he'd learn from his mistakes now that I actually want to catch him. The cat pressed an ear to the door. Wet noises and whimpers.

Her heart raced. //They're already goin' at it!// She looked around.

A few meows bought her egress from the house. She scampered up the tree by the pouch, leapt onto the roof, then around the house to Penny's bedroom. //Ah ha! Still open.//

A peek around the window sill, and she gasped at the intimate scene spread out before her.

Bolt lay on his back in a nest of pillows, propped up so he could watch his person at work. Penny knelt in her panties before him. One hand cupped his fluffy white sac, while the other stroked up and down and around his sheath. The girl worked the furred covering back and forth on his cock, lapping at the red tip as it emerged to dribble on her lips. Her copper ponytail bobbed with the easy, teasing rhythm of her tongue.

Squeezing through the open window, the cat stumbled across Penny's dresser, unable to take her eyes off the dog and his girl. Mittens took cover in an open drawer, watching from among the socks.

The wonderdog writhed, whimpering in bliss. His erect penis had emerged further, crimson and throbbing against his white tummy fur. Her lips slurped up and down his wet shaft, lifting off only to twirl her tongue around his tip. His eyes stayed closed with pleasure, her face buried in the fluff between his legs, allowing Mittens to spy undetected.

His erect red penis emerged enough for the knot to spring free, his sheath eased back by his person. His cock swelled--the bulge swelled more. Clearly the fondling during the movie had left him one pent-up pooch.

Penny kissed his sac, looking up around his cock with bashful giddiness. She whispered into the underside of his shaft, letting her lips play across the sensitive skin as she stroked him: "Ya like that, buddy?"

He wagged against her breasts, observing in adoration. //I like it so much, Penny. You make me so happy.//

Sweeping her long hair out of the way, she dipped down to moisten her lips with his dripping tip. "Mmmmm... You taste really good."

Bashful white ears folded back. //Heh, well, I'm not tasty like you or anything...//

Penny stroked faster, delivering little kisses to his dripping tip, rubbing her lips against it. "I know how much you like coming in my mouth..." She licked the underside of his cock, her freckles nearly invisible against her blush. Succulent, open-mouthed kisses led her lips up one side of his erection and down the other. Her lips shiny with his juices, she smiled up at him. "You gonna come for me?"

//Oh, Penny...// His hips bucked, toes wiggling. //It's close!//

"MmmmmmmMMMmmmmm..." She swooped down onto his tip, humming with joy as her dog humped her mouth. The soft swish of her tongue harmonized with the whimpers of a pleased pooch. She squeezed his knot and felt it swell up and harden all the way, swelling against her hand.

//Ah. Ahhhh. OhmygoshPenny! AaaaAAAAAAHHH!// Bolt's limbs stuck straight out from his body, head rolling back against the pillows in a silent howl of ecstasy.

The teenager suckled his spurting cock, her hands massaging his sac, his knot, his soft sheath. Mittens could just make out the tiny tremor up his cock, starting with a twitch of his balls and ending with Penny gulping. //I don't believe it!// Here was a dog blowing his load, and his person swallowed every drop with a smile. // Crazy humans.// Only tiny drips escaped to trail down her chin and neck. Just as it looked like Penny couldn't keep up with the thick surges of Bolt's cum, his humps softened, his gasps fading to panting.

The young red-head knelt, patient, canine cock in her mouth; only the occasional swallow told Mitten he was still coming. Only when the dog had been drained, and had melted into a happy puddle against the pillows, did she slip from his tapered tip. With infinite tenderness, the human licked up his shaft, his knot, his sheath, his balls, even down to his tail, cleaning all the fluids from his flesh and fur. With each lavish lick she bestowed on his cock, Mittens' worry that Penny might be taking advantage of him faded. The human looked up at her dog with such open adoration, it was practically canine.

After finishing, she worshiped her way up his body to kiss his ears, then right on his doggy lips. Bolt smiled, adoring her undiluted affection. //You're right, Penny. I guess I do taste kind of good.//

The girl smooched her way up and down his silky black lips, caressing his muzzle, scritchng under his chin. Bolt's paws rubbed over the smooth cotton over her shoulders, the silky waist of her panties. The feline's nose detected a musk other than Bolt's in the room. The girl was getting turned on too! Though she seemed

happy just to lay with her dog, exchanging gentle kisses and passionate breaths.

They lay on the bed, foreheads touching, paws and arms wrapped around each other. After his panting had faded, after her blush had abated, only then did she kiss his nose with a giggle and whisper: "I need to go brush my teeth."

Mittens watched the slender young woman unlocked the door and hurry across the short hallway to the bathroom. Her dog sprawled out along the bed, the nest of pillows hit by a wrecking ball of passion. His penis lay almost as limp, slipping back into its home.

Mittens popped up from the drawer, panties on her head, keeping her tone nonchalant. //Hey wags. Havin' fun?//

//Umm-uhh Mittens!// He once again scrambled to hide his juice-soaked stomach. //Hi! How long have you been there?//

//Oh, long enough, pooch. You both had your eyes closed.// She blew the panties off with a huff and a shrug. //Not the sneakiest I've ever been.//

The once super-dog glowered at her in exasperation. //What part of top secret don't you understand?//

//Relax, Rin Tin Tin. My lips are sealed...unlike your person's.//

//Mittens!// Once he followed her gaze, he had to keep her from ogling the peeking tip of his cock. //This is serious.//

She sighed, shaking her head. //Your secret's safe with me, stud.//

//Really?//

//Yeah, who'm I gonna tell anyway? Jeez. It's not like there a big rumor mill going around here.// She ambled around him, her shoulder blades shifting in sinuous slides. She sighed at his expression, shaking her head. //If you and yer person want to go to town on the old Milkbone now and then, who am I to judge?//

Bolt thought for a moment, then gave her a serious look. //Mittens?//

//Yeah?//

//Please, never say Milkbone again.//

She eyed him for a second, then her thin frame shook with laughter. //Alright, Bolt. You got it.//

//You didn't have to...observe us.//

//Oh, I was just supposed to walk up and ask "Say, wags, how long have you been burying the bone with your person?"//

Bolt's ears flushed crimson.

//Wait, how long have you been burying the bone with your person?//

//I well, uhh...// A deep breath and his resolve steeled, his voice quavering only a little. //Since the show.//

//Well, that explains some things.//

//What?// Bolt's tail snapped up in shock.

//Sheesh, pooch. It's not like I'm opposed to the idea of Penny. You may remember our little talk outside the studio.//

//Yeah...// His ample ears drooped to either side.

//If I seem a little protective here, it's because I like ya. You'd do anything for her, am I right? So I just wanted to make sure what I saw in the barn was a two-way street.//

He lifted an ear. //Mittens, there aren't any streets in the--//

The feline groaned. //I saw you two goin' at it!//

//You did?! But I'm always so vigilant...//

//Uh, yeah. She was riding you so hard, I'm surprised you didn't spring a whole new lightning bolt.//

Bolt glanced to his now-empty flank. //But why?//

//Because you're nice. Because ya came back ta save me. Because, before you, I was hustling pigeons to get by and thought nobody would ever care about me again.//

//Oh Mittens.// He lay his muzzle across her thin shoulders. //Everybody here cares about you.//

Her paws wrapped around him in silence.

After a few breathes, he sat back down in front of her. //You're part of the team. You helped me get back to my person.// His paw settled on her shoulder. //And I'm proud to be your friend.//

//Jeez, Krypto, ya got me all choked up.//

//So is this why you were spying on us?//

The feline chuckled, wiping her eyes with the back of a paw. //I had to make sure she wasn't, ya know, takin' advantage of you. Making ya do stuff for her, like fetchin' that stupid TV remote.//

//That's preposterous.// Bolt rolled his eyes toward his arched eyebrows. //Penny loves me. She'd never hurt me. I do things for her because I love her.//

//You're sure? She doesn't force you, doesn't ask you ta do anything you don't want? I want to us to be sure on this, because, ya know, on the street, you hear things about some people and their pets. Ya can't blame a girl for askin'.//

The white canine shook his head. //Oh for howling out loud... Yes. Penny loves me. I love her. She's my person and I'm her dog.//

The corners of her muzzle tugged into a smile. //Good enough for me. Hey... Since when do you say that?//

His ears perked. //Say what?//

//Never mind.// A white paw waved the topic away. //Good to know you don't think me...or Penny is a degenerate creature of darkness... Do you?//

//What? No! Of course--// His ears shot up, then cocked sideways. //Oh, you're joking.//

//Yeah.//

//So watching us from Penny's Frilly Things drawer isn't going to become a regular thing...right?// The canine squirmed. //Because these missions are kind of special for me and my person//.

//Oh Bolt...// Mittens rubbed the length of her spine under his chin, flicked his nose with her tail, and padded off. //Believe it or not I've got better things to do than watch you all day, big guy.// Mittens cringed a little at that nickname, but the dog didn't seem to notice. Probably because his person hurried into the room and out of her panties.

As the door shut behind the cat, bed springs and the rustle of fabric followed her down the hall. Girlish giggles drifted through the door as she rounded the stairs, her keen feline ears just picking out a growl of pleasure and soft lapping sounds.

"Ohmygosh Bolt... Another mission already? Well, watcha got in mi--
mmmmmmmm..."

//Depositing some DNA evidence.//

Mittens cringed and hurried down the stairs before she could hear any more.

~ ~ ~

Fun with Bolt & Penny 14: Good Girl

By Tempo

Bolt and Penny have some alone time while Mom is on the phone. ;)

~ ~ ~

From the loft window, Penny could see into the kitchen. In the kitchen, she could see the landline. And picking up the handset of the landline was her mother.

//Perfect.// Mom would be talking forever. The young woman turned her attention back to the spread-eagled canine on the futon and rubbed her boy's dribbling tip against her swollen, tender lips.

"You ready, buddy?"

* * * * *

//Mom settled onto the sofa, phone cradled against her shoulder. "That's wonderful to hear, Suzy."//

* * * * *

With a giggle that turned into a moan, Penny lowered herself onto him, pressing him deep into her liquid warmth, her bounces building to a vigorous rhythm as her eyes smiled down at him, her copper hair run dark with sweat. "You like what we're doing, buddy?" A few breathless bounces. "Uuummmm... Me too..."

* * * * *



// "That's it exactly: she's so clean cut. Not even a hint of Hollywood! She doesn't even have a boyfriend. Lives in a nice little loft with her doggy." //

* * * * *

Penny rode her doggy hard, desperate for his knot inside her, for his luscious seed to flood within her, filling her so completely with its silky warmth. Bed springs squeaked, Bolt squeaking too, between his overwhelmed panting. Her hips drove him hard against the sheets, her lips stretching around his bulge. Their combined juices squished out noisily, dampening his ivory sheath, his snow-white balls, her copper pubic hair.

* * * * *

// "Well, I'm sure, every mother thinks of her daughter as a sweet, pure little angel. But in this case, I think I'm justified, especially given she's a teenager." //

* * * * *

Penny grunted and gasped with primal need, biting her lower lip at the exquisite stretching of his knot entering her, so familiar, so exotic, so male. She ground down against him, those slender fingers with their plain, well-groomed nails rubbing, frantic, against her clit, passion igniting the lust that surged through her.

* * * * *

// "The girl doesn't even paint her nails." //

* * * * *

At last, the knot entered her, a final trickle of their juices forced out as it popped into place. Penny gasped, feeling her insides shift to accommodate something a girl

of her species wasn't made for, yet something that no girl in the world could have but her.

Bolt lay whimpering and wild, paws lifted to his chest making little helpless gestures of need. Knowing from long practice just how to please him, her dextrous hand reached further, rubbing the back of his knot through her bulged lips, already slick with her juices, getting slicker with sweat as she continued to strum her clit, the delightful harmonies of ecstasy playing through her every nerve.

* * * * *

// "And she's trained that dog so well. She's even got him finding the remote for us. And they go for walks every day; so responsible. No wonder she keeps in such good shape." //

* * * * *

Penny's legs clenched against Bolt's sides. The redhead wailed in delight as Bolt bucked into her. She knew what came next.

* * * * *

// "Most girls her age would be out necking with boys in the back seats of cars. Some even having sex and not using protection!" //

* * * * *

Bolt's limbs stretched straight out as the first blast of cum raced up into her, spraying her walls. A soundless howl left his lips as his front paws pressed against her stomach, against the tender bulge his cock was making.

* * * * *

//“I'm glad I got one of the good ones. No, no, I can't take full credit—she's just always been responsible. A real blessing in this day and age. Say what you want about other child actors, mine has turned out a model citizen, rather than some cocaine addict or something. She's even looking for a part-time job.”//

* * * * *

Meanwhile, the white substance Penny found herself addicted to blasted her delicate passage. Her muscles fluttered around her German Shepherd's column of heat and pleasure. She loved her boy, and he loved her, and she loved when he came inside her, claiming her as his.

* * * * *

//“Thanks for hearing out this little speech about how proud I am. Penny gets so embarrassed when I talk about her like this. Such a private girl, so independent. She even remodeled that loft by herself, so who was I to deny her the pleasure of a little privacy?”//

* * * * *

Penny pressed tight her lips, suppressing a cry of orgasm as bliss coursed through her. Every pulse of Bolt's semen against her walls, every stroke of her fingers against her clitoris, every press of his paw against her naked thigh: she felt it all. His knot throbbed and swelled inside of her.

* * * * *

//“Whew. I'm feeling tired. The day is catching up to me.” Mom yawned. “Have a good night Suzy.” On the way to her room, she noticed one of her romance novels out of place on the bookshelf. She smiled. //Oh sweet little Penny—hope she wasn't too scandalized by such a steamy book. //Not that she minded—natural for a teen

to be curious. Still, Mom felt a swell of pride as she headed to bed. Nothing got past a mother, after all.//

* * * * *

Penny collapsed atop Bolt, the sweat of her body soaking his fur. They gasped together, catching their breath the way they used to catch bad guys. These days, they chased only the delight of each other's presence, the pleasure of fur on flesh. A different kind of adventure, but neither minded. His knot lay swelled within her, its familiar girth filling her so completely, his semen still dribbling into her with every twitch of his balls against her.

Together, they lay, the heat of their lovemaking aglow in the darkness, panting against each others' ears, watching the lights of the house go out.

* * * * *

//Bolt almost finds out where puppies come from. Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 15: Stud Service

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Penny lay on the sofa, paging through a book on canine behavior.

This book, as with most dog-related books she owned, came from distant relations, thanks to Mom's bragging about her daughter's dog-training prowess. // Little do they know, Bolt's usually the one training me. And usually not for things I'd mention at family gatherings.// But now that they had the yes-no barking system down, she wondered what else she could teach him. Maybe some kind of ear-based semaphore?

Then she came across the section on reproductive behavior and her eyes flicked to the door. Crossing her ankles, she rubbed her thighs together at the thought. One hand drifted down her body, slipping under the waist of her jeans and panties. Thoughts of Bolt sent tingles down her spine, as well as a welcoming warmth to her vaginal lips as she traced them.

Reading on, her hips rocked against the sofa, burying slim fingers deep in slick folds. She moaned, imagining her body gripped by heat, like a canine's would be. Desperate need simmering within her, able to be satisfied only by a thick knot, a pulsing shaft, and hot juices, while Bolt's powerful frame panted atop her.

His breath stirring hairs on the nape of her neck, she would whine with joy under him, reveling in how he filled her. Her fingers stroked a little faster at the thought as she turned the page. Window-shopping for new positions, she happened upon a diagram of two dogs butt-to-butt after mounting. //Hmmm. That's one we haven't tried.// She tried to wrap her mind around what his dick would be doing inside her as he turned around. The thought sent a shivering thrill through her, vaginal muscles dancing around her fingers. Her hips ground against the cushions,









trimmed pubic hair pressed into her palm.

She glanced up, wondering how fast she could find Bolt. //Maybe I should go take a look at the real thing. For reference. He wouldn't mind.// Last she'd seen, he was laying in a pool of sunlight on the porch.

Gravel crunching.

//Mom.//

Grumbling, Penny managed to remove her hand from her pants and turn the book to a more polite page. Wiping her hands on her jeans, she fumbled out her phone and feigned a sticky text message as her mother opened the door.

"Hello, dear!"

"Hey mom." She offered a half-interested smile. "You're home early."

"Well, it was such a nice day out." The elder woman's gaze tightened on her daughter for a moment, sending a prickle of irrational fear down her back. Then a smirk. "You should turn the AC up, honey. You're all sweaty."

"Heh, yeah, you're probably right."

Mom fiddled with the thermostat, then plunked herself down on the sofa beside her. "So how are you?"

"I'm okay." The younger redhead leaned back against the couch, surrendering to conversation. "Glad school's over."

"I bet you are! We're going to have to go on some serious day trips this summer."

The heavyset woman nudged her with an elbow.

Penny stifled a groan. //Yes, Mom, because after you keep me from masturbating I totally want to think about more time you could spend with me.// "Sure, we'll have to do that sometime."

"We could start planning out each weekend."

The younger woman glanced through her bangs at her mother. "Yeah...let's put a pin in that."

"Very funny, missy."

"Hey, would it be okay if I borrowed the car this weekend?"

"Oh sweetie, I don't know. Weekends are busy. I'll need it if someone wants a house shown. You know, if you had a job, you could //buy// a car."

"Seamless transition, Mom."

"I think you're ready for the responsibility."

"Translation: you think I drive like a lunatic."

"Those are both valid reasons, dear."

"Great. I can have a Ferrari here by sundown if you give me access to my trust fund."

"You know the rule, dear."

"Yeah, yeah, college first. So where am I getting this job?"

"Wherever you want."

The younger woman crossed her arms. "It wasn't my idea to buy a house 20 miles from the nearest convenience store."

"That's an exaggeration."

"Fine." Penny wiped off her smartphone and looked it up. "11.7 miles."

"Well, I'll keep my ear to the ground. Maybe I can find a you job that doesn't require a car."

"Sure, I'd be up for that." Her thighs shifted, rubbing tender lips together. "So, I think I'm gonna take Bolt for a run."

"Okay, dear. Make sure you take your cell phone."

"Wow Mom." Penny rolled her eyes with mirth. "Still technically a teenage girl here; I think I'll remember somehow."

As she headed out to find Bolt, she noticed her mother glance at that canine behavior book. She almost turned around to take it, but shook her head. //Sheesh, I must've played a spy too long—I'm getting paranoid.//

~ ~ ~

Days later, Penny trudged into the house, squinting at the morning light and

walking a bit funny. With Bolt outside "securing the perimeter," she sat down and poured herself a bowl of cereal. Attempts to tame her hair had only encouraged the copper monstrosity. //Ah, not being a TV star. I get up 6 hours later and don't have to see anybody, or talk to anybody until—//

"Morning dear!"

She turned a bleary gaze toward the woman entering the room in a dress suit, complete with shoulder pads. "Hey Mom."

"Late night?"

"Uhh yeah. Tossed and turned all night." The redhead became very interested in her corn flakes, then looked her mother's navy-blue outfit up and down. "You know it's Saturday, right?"

The elder woman straightened her lapels. "Open house."

Penny glanced down and, seeing her pajama top buttoned wrong, didn't care.

"So, good news: I found you a job. Well, not a job. More of a one-time gig."

"You did?"

"They're offering a couple thousand dollars—you could buy a nice used car. And you won't have to do anything."

"Oh jeez..." The younger woman swallowed a mouthful of cereal. "Have you been going in your spam email folder again?"

"This is more of a job for Bolt."

"Like a commercial?"

"More of a service."

"Mom, you're making less sense than usual. What's going on?"

The heavysset businesswoman fished her keys from a hook by the cabinets, looking more pleased with herself than the cat usually did. "I got to thinking about what you could do without a car. We don't have neighbors to babysit for, so that's out."

The teen cocked an eyebrow. "I think I'll survive."

Mom glanced out the window. "Not a ton of farm work either, especially this time of year."

"Okay..." Milk dripped to the table from the forgotten spoon in her hand. "How does this relate to Bolt?"

"So I made a few calls to Bolt's old trainers..." Mom spread her hands as if presenting the best idea ever. "And they just happen to know a breeder who'd be happy to have Bolt stud."

Penny's mouth hung open.

The older redhead smiled a little wider, hoping it would become infectious. "Isn't that great?"

"Moooooom! You can't just whore him out!"

"I'm not 'whoring' him, dear." Mom sat down across the table. "This is just how dog breeding works."

"You're not pimping my dog. That's just too weird." The young woman pushed the bowl away, her appetite obliterated.

Mom steeped her fingers, leaning in with her negotiation pose. "Sweetie, as a realtor, I 'pimp' houses all the time."

"Oh jeez! It's worse when you say it." Penny buried her face in her hands. "I know, as a mother, you've sworn an oath to make my life as awkward as possible, but this is playing dirty."

"Honey, don't be a prude." She patted her daughter's arm. "You have something they want; they have something you want. It's simple."

"Mom! This isn't like selling your old DVDs."

"Oh, don't be dramatic, dear. They've agreed to come out here instead of you taking Bolt into the city, and anyway it's not like he won't enjoy it."

"They already committed?"

"Bolt's a famous, intelligent, purebred dog with a great temperament. Even if we don't have his pedigree, I'm surprised no one thought of this before."

"We're thinking about it now, and it's awful." Time. She needed time to regroup and make a plan. A plan where she wouldn't have to explain herself. "Can we just talk about this some other time? I'm all discombobulated."

Mom stood, glancing back as she grabbed her purse and headed for the door. "Well, don't take too long to think about it—the breeder's coming on Thursday."

~ ~ ~

Sunday.

"I could say yes to one of those book deals."

"I don't know, dear. Do you really want to that much media attention again?"

A cold thrill gripped her heart. "Yeah, you're probably right..."

~ ~ ~

Monday.

"I could sign some copies of the DVD sets and sell them."

"Maybe, but considering what happened to the show after you left..."

"You've got a point..."

~ ~ ~

Wednesday.

"He's never done this before. What if he's, like, traumatized?"

The elder redhead quirked an eyebrow. "Sweetie, you just told me a lot more

about yourself than you think."

"What?" Realization dawned across Penny's face. "Aww, Mom!"

With a shake of her head, her mother sighed. "You do live on a farm—you should really get used to this sort of thing. Besides, it isn't as if you're going to be asked to participate."

"I //know//." //That's the entire problem...//

~ ~ ~

Thursday loomed.

The closer it got, the more difficult it would be. Like diverting an asteroid. //And this time we can't just fake our way through it with superbarks.//

Then, without fanfare, the day arrived.

A compact SUV rolled into the driveway, followed by a sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach. She'd like to have hope, but she'd done enough reading to know about male dogs and pheromones.

The breeder got out, greeted by Mom. Handshakes and jokes. Finalizing the deal.

Within minutes, Mom and the breeder were chatting away in the living room, the female dog at their feet. Upon first meeting Bolt, that tail had starting wagging just a little too hard for the redhead's taste. The breeder, speaking through a thick mustache, rattled off a list of his dog's accomplishments: three time agility champion, twice a runner-up, she'd also won best in breed at several shows. Penny could think of another title to give her: homewrecker.

The teenager sighed. //Okay, Penny. Stay cool. This isn't that dog's fault any more than it is Bolt's fault. If it's anyone's fault, it's yours for leaving that stupid book out and giving Mom ideas.//

The redhead had to admit the dog had looks. Tan and black, the iconic image of a German Shepherd, complete with a bandit mask for stealing away beloved white doggies. Even worse, the intruding canine trotted from person to person with an amiable interest that made honest resentment impossible.

Bolt sat at attention by his person's side, or at least attempted to. Fidgeting and unfocused, he seemed more distracted with every breath. With a whine and a wiggle, he seemed torn between staying at her side or straying down to meet this new dog.

After twenty minutes of talking about how impressed he'd been with Bolt's athleticism on the show and how it would be amazing for his line, the breeder, a tall man with greying temples, set down his coffee. "Well, we're burning daylight. Suppose we'd better get down to it."

Penny found her hand gripping Bolt's scruff and forced herself to let go. "I'm gonna hang out here, if that's okay."

Mom patted her shoulder. "Sure, sweetie."

The breeder followed Mom toward the door, the dog at his heel. Bolt, however, sat still by his person's side, watching the events with curiosity.

The breeder paused, one hand on the doorframe. "He should probably come with us."

Mom patted her knees. "Here doggy. C'mon. Here!"

Through all her whistling and calling, the white canine just scooched closer to the copper-haired teen.

A moment passed, a sigh doing nothing to delay events. Without moving, Penny sighed: "Bolt, back yard."

With reluctance, he left her side and trotted out the door.

The breeder let out a long, low whistle. "Wow, talk about biddable."

The door shut as Penny hugged a pillow to her chest.

~ ~ ~

Bolt romped around the back yard with the visiting dog. She seemed pretty interested in sniffing his hindquarters, which he permitted enough to be polite. Mittens claimed not to know why dogs did that.

The white canine bounded around her, impressed she could keep up. She zigged; she zagged; she zoomed. He cracked a smile. //So what's your name?//

She raced him around the barn. //Names don't matter, sweetheart.//

He nodded, mulling that over as he jumped a wheel barrow. //Am I allowed to tell you my name?//

The other dog leapt over, not a breath behind. //I know who you are, Mr. Superdog. Watching you on TV, I never expected this day would come.//

He trotted to a stop, panting. //Oh, well, I hope I meet your expectations.//

//Me too.// She looked him over with the craven desire Rhino surveyed the TV Guide channel.

Not for the first time, a vague sense of missing something crept over Bolt.

She ambled closer. //Usually when we go do this, the guys are eager to get down to business.// Without warning, she pounced.

Bolt bounced back, yipping a laugh as she tackled him. Together, they rolled across the grass, her scent hitting him full-force for the first time. The scent, so different from Penny's and yet so the same, shot tingles through his body and blood rushing to more specific places. Before he could be overwhelmed, he hopped back to his feet.

The tan-and-brown canine smiled at the peeking tip of his erection. //Someone's a little excited.//

Panting, the former superdog blushed. //Yeah, well, normally, I'm a tad more cool and collected. I'm just not sure what you're doing here and why my person is still inside the house.//

She dismissed the thought with a gentle paw swipe. //Honey, nobody can explain why humans do anything.// Her head rubbed under his chin, with her rump against his side for emphasis. //My motives, though, are pretty straightforward.//

//Okay, so why are you here?//

She smiled, beaming reassurance his way. Her hips moved in a hypnotic way. //To get some superdog inside me.//

Nose twitching, Bolt backed up against the house. //Oh. Well, I hate to break it

to you, but I don't actually have powers.//

//My person said you might not have done this before.// She swung her rump around. Her tail swished under his chin, then over his nose on the return wag, giving him a good strong whiff.

Bolt shivered. Arousal arced down his neurons. Without his authorization, his nose drifted forward, on the trail of that scent led him back to her hindquarters.

She smiled back at him, pleased with her results. //For the record, that's what it smells like when a female wants your puppies.//

//Puppies? How are puppies involved?//

//Very funny, sweetheart.// Her brown eyes rolled. She turned her body around so her rump faced him again, then looked back. //Now would you please just hop on my back and we can get down to the fun part?//

White ears shot up in realization. //With you?! But—but...!//

The female dog nuzzled close, her breath washing over his face, her scent clouding his brain. //Yes, with me.//

Bolt gave a nervous laugh. //Isn't this the part where the scene cuts to us feeding pigeons and laughing or something?//

//Look, Hollywood, I can tell by the second tail you've sprouted that you get the picture. What's the holdup?//

//You want me to mount you?//

She pressed a tan paw between her eyes, rebuilding her composure. //What's the matter, stud? It's okay if you haven't done this before.//

//I— Well— Not without— I will not fail in my mission due to your pretty flanks and nice smell!//

The tan and black canine tilted her head. //Ummm, I think you've got the whole idea a little backwards.//

Bolt's mind zoomed, looking for ways out of the conversation without spilling classified information. //Listen, I'm flattered, but why did you come all this way just so I could do this? Don't you have a person?//

//Buddy, you make less and less sense the more I talk to you. I'm not here for tummy rubs. My person brought me out here so I could do this with you.// Her raised tail wagged. //Come on, hon... How else are we supposed to propagate the species?//

//That's preposterous! I don't even know your name!//

//Okay, I get it: you're sweet. But I'm not looking for your help raising them. Just hop up and you can get back to whatever it is you look like you want to run off to so badly.//

With a steady exhalation of breath, Bolt steadied himself like he would before an intense maneuver. Ignoring his throbbing erection, he sat down. //I can't do this.//

//What?// The female dog cocked an ear and an eyebrow.

//It isn't going to happen.// He put his paw down. //I'm flattered by the offer, and you do smell...fantastic. But I'm afraid I'll have to respectfully refuse this mission.//

She gave a deep sigh and sat down, wincing with disappointment. //Have it your way, hot stuff. You're missing out, though. I guarantee I could make you drool.//

Some talk between the people. The mustached human leaned down and clipped a leash to her collar.

She shrugged. //Sorry, stud, looks like you lost your chance. Maybe we can try this again when you figure out what that thing between your legs is for. Now if you'll excuse me...// She trotted off with her person, leaving wisps of scent that sizzled in his brain. //I have to get back in my carrier and lick myself into a coma.//

Bolt watched as her person led her back to the grey containment unit. //What a weird dog.//

~ ~ ~

Idle anxiety had driven Penny to clean. The living room, the kitchen, Rhino's enclosure; the last a clear sign of her distress. Finding nothing else to take out her unease on, she collapsed on the sofa.

The creak of a screen door. Dusk light followed her mother as she leaned inside. "Penny, dear, could you come out here a moment?"

The teenager stood up and slogged through hopelessness to the back yard. "I hope you don't expect me to have a command for this situation." //Because I can't do that one with clothes on.//

The young woman braced herself for what she might see outside, but, instead of any carnal canine display, Bolt sat in the grass with his tail curled around him for modesty. His eyes brightened when she stepped outside, tail twitching a moment before he drew it back in front of his exposed tip. //Oh Bolt, did you two...?// A tangle of feelings fought in her guts.

Mom chattered away in the fading light as the breeder loaded the other dog into his hatchback.

The tall man's eyes locked on Penny, then flicked to Bolt. "I was afraid of this." Furrowing his brow, he tried in vain to tame his bushy mustache. "If a dog gets old enough without breeding, they sometimes aren't sure what to do."

Penny's heart soared.

Mom clasped her hands, like she always did when unsure. "What do we do now?"

"We're not out of options." From his belt pouch, he pulled a latex tube apparatus. "He's still pretty aroused, so we can collect the sample manually."

Mom's eyes widened at the collection equipment, smiling her way back to the house. "Errr, well, I think I'll leave that in your experienced hands."

Another irrational chill raced between the beats of Penny's heart, until she realized Mom had meant the breeder's hands. By the time she turned around, the screen door clattered shut.

A lick at her fingertips drew her glance down. Bolt had snuck up and positioned himself beside her leg. He looked up at her, dropping his ears in adoration.

"I don't know how well this is going to work." The breeder gave an honest shrug, rubbing the nape of his neck the way people did when in desperate need of something non-awkward to do. "He's a smart one, but he doesn't seem all that good with strangers. You, on the other hand..." He half-offered her the kit.

Faking a wince, she grabbed the tube between two fingers with her best

disdainful teenager expression. //And the Emmy goes to...//

The breeder straightened his mustache with an awkward glance away. "So you do know how...?"

A genuine blush rushed her face. "Uhh, yeah, we have cable TV."

"Good." He noticed something very interesting about the front of his shoe, then nodded toward Bolt's rampant erection. "He's still pretty riled up. Just collect the whole sample."

"Okay."

"As long as I get a litter out of this, you'll still get your fee."

"Cool..." She glanced down at Bolt, who seemed to be trying to puzzle out the situation. "Ummm... Could I get a little...privacy?"

Relief slackened his posture. "Sure, miss... I'll just...be by the car."

Upon verifying both mom and the breeder had no line of sight, Penny leaned in, hands slipping under Bolt's stomach, gentle teeth nibbling at his ear...

~ ~ ~

Unlike fighting a machine-gun squid, comforting Penny wasn't difficult; it just required time. And cuddles.

On the sofa, Bolt snuggled further onto his person's lap. Soft hands stroked his fur. She still seemed upset, but, judging by the scratches around his ears and under his chin, his efforts were taking effect. The man and his dog had departed, taking

their shaggy mustache and amazing smell with them.

Mittens pawed at the door an hour later, soon let in by Mom. Prowling in to the scene of cuddling, the cat opened her mouth to snark, then sniffed the air. //Whoa, whoa. Who's this dog in heat I'm smellin' all over the place?// She sniffed his way. //Except on you. Of course. Just on all my stuff.//

//You know, Mittens, all that stuff with my powers might not have been real, but at least I knew how it worked.//

//Yeah, but so did Rhino...//

The white canine rested his chin on the crook of his person's arm. //I thought I had normal dog duties figured out, but then this dog shows up and she wants to play but then she doesn't and she smells amazing then she leaves and Penny and I went on this weird mission right there in the middle of the yard and now she's upset and I don't know why.//

Mittens blinked. //Wait, Krypto. They brought some girl dog in here, hot to trot, and you're wonderin' why Penny's upset?//

//That's another thing. Everyone keeps talking about heat and hotness. Should we have sprayed her with the hose to cool her down?//

//I'm sure that crossed Penny's mind.//

//What was the objective here?//

//My guess: puppies.//

//She said that too! Where are these puppies and how do they factor in?//

Mittens pressed a paw to her face. //Ugh! Bolt, she wanted to //have// puppies. With you.//

Bolt's brow furrowed as he scoured memories for context. //So if I sprayed her with water, she would have reproduced? Like in that movie Rhino likes?//

//Not exactly.// The cat snickered.

//Mittens, if you're not going to give me a straight answer, please go away. Penny is in need of some serious cuddling and I have no idea why.//

//I don't believe this...// The feline rolled her green eyes, then turned tail and sauntered off. //I got an appointment with a ball of yarn. Gotta go.//

The canine harrumphed, letting himself get lost in Penny's petting. //Cats...//

~ ~ ~

After Mom had gone to bed, long after any interesting shows concluded on the magic box, Penny whispered: "Hey buddy..."

Bolt's generous ears lifted, eyes opening. //Hmm?//

"Wanna head up to the loft?"

His tail thudded against the sofa.

She giggled. "Yeah, me too."

Staying quiet, they slipped from the couch and out the back door. They covered the distance to the barn and up the ladder in record time. Penny eased the trap door closed, then flashed him a grin that made him feel like he wasn't wearing a collar.

Time drifted like a summer breeze. Moonlight caressed Penny's nude form as her clothes fluttered to the floor. Bolt, powerless to do anything but watch and wag, sat beside their bed. With a shining smile, she swept him up in a hug.

He licked under her chin as she carried him to bed. His tail dangled against her bare hip. The superdog whimpered with joy.

Once under the covers, she made sure to get him atop her. The silver light of the loft shone on her freckled skin, her auburn hair. She tapped a playful finger on the nose. "You're a weird dog."

The white canine smiled, wagging. //Yeah, I probably am...//

Her arms slipped around him, squeezing him close. "My weird dog."

Enjoying her smooth skin against his body, he hugged her with his front legs. //Yours.//

Their hearts beat together. His head tucked against her neck. She nuzzled his ear, breath hot against it, tongue hotter as it dragged along the inside.

Bolt gasped at the sensation, trembling against his person's athletic figure. His powerful hips ground against hers. His tail drummed between her knees. He licked her breasts, giving special attention to her stiffening nipples. His person often felt a little cold, no doubt from lack of fur. Good thing she warmed up when they played. Her scent teased his nose as he smiled down at her. //Oh, wow, Penny. You smell even better than she did.//

Strong paws slipped around her body, cradling her against his powerful frame. His paw pads trailed down her flank, exploring familiar curves. Draping his front legs over her hips, he lifted her against his erection. Her mons cushioned the leaky tip of his dick, thin trickles of precum dripping into well-groomed pubic hair.

From where she lay on soft sheets, she delivered a slow scritch to the base of his ear as her fingers closed around his stiffening cock. With familiar ease, she guided his tip to her slit. Bolt shivered at the wet heat. It didn't matter that they'd done this a thousand times; with her breath warming his ears, her scent swathing his nose, her moonlit smile setting his heart aglow, he knew nothing, no one, could feel better than his person.

Letting weight settle on his hips, he pressed inside her. A single gasp from Penny, a single grip of her hands on his shoulders as her passage welcomed him. Every tremble, every heartbeat, they shared, her freckled arms resting against his ivory-furred front legs.

Bolt took his time. His strokes, slow and deep, let her hips rock and jostle, grinding her clit against his thick canine shaft. His sheath bunched against her lips, his balls brushing her rump.

A delicate hand traced through his chest fur. In her eyes glimmered tears in the moonlight, above a loving smile. Under him, her hips fell and lifted along his length.

He rode her gentle bucks back at her. //My person needs this. Needs me.// The thought set a sway to his tail, a wag not even the bedsheets could stop. The added motion leant his hips a subtle side-to-side action, eliciting deeper moans from his person.

She squeezed him close, knowing every inch of her dog by heart, ankles crossing above his tail, stiff nipples brushing through his fur to the tender skin beneath. Her eyes shut, lips pressed together in pleasure as her hips rolled with his. "Ohhh, Bolt. That girl dog doesn't know what she's missing."

His chin settled to the curve of her shoulder. Sleek red hair tickled his nose, and, smiling against her throat, he felt her heartbeat against the corner of his mouth. A deep breath of her scent, then he began thrusting again. His back legs scrambled under the blankets, searching for the best stance to slip into her.

"One--one second, buddy."

Thrusts slowed to a stop. He glanced a question to her.

Her heels left his back, replaced by a steadying hand. A moment passed. Breasts compressed by his weight and her wanting, her chest rose and fell under his. Penny grabbed a spare pillow, then arching against the bed, she lifted him with her and slid it under her back. The whole time, her touch on his hindquarters keep him pressed inside her.

A tiny nod from her signaled clearance to continue. He resumed his maneuvers, eyes closed, muzzle forward with a smile. Thrusts came easier with her hips elevated like that. Bolt grinned with pride, finding a rhythm into her. //Penny has the best tricks.//

His person's mouth hung open, panting. Her fair skin shone, starlit and fragrant. Those pretty breasts swayed with his every thrust. Stammered affection complimented the slick sounds of their lovemaking. "Oh, Bolt... Oh... Mmmmf!"

Riding each rise of her hips, the shepherd sunk deep, hilding in her most intimate regions. Before he even realized, his knot swelled, secure in her folds. The slim human tensed under him, even as a gasp of incredible relief escaped her lips.

As her body shuddered, his answered with surges of pleasure up his member. Her walls kneaded him, milking hot semen from his body into hers. She drew him into a kiss, orgasmic moans reverberating in his mouth.

She held him, rejoicing at every spurt of canine cream in her. His balls jumped against her slick skin, his cock pulsing his love against her every surface.

When the spurts ebbed to dribbles and then to nothing, he slacked atop her. Still she held her boy, still stroking his back. A quiet giggle sparkled in the dark. Whispering lips met his ear. "I'm your girl, Bolty. Yours and nobody else's."

Bolt whimpered with joy at her words, his cock buried deep in her soft folds. Nose nuzzled under her chin, he drank in the scent of her clean sweat, of her undiluted joy at their mission together. With one ear pressed above her breasts, he listened as her heartbeat slowed. Cloaked in bedsheets and night, held safe in her arms, the former superdog relaxed, soaking up the moment with his treasured person.

~ ~ ~

A week later, Penny lay under the dashboard of her new transport unit, installing a shiny black device in the sun-bleached control panel. Various lights and readouts blinked and flickered as her dog watched. Summer sun heated the gravel, but the dog sat in patient attentiveness.

A delicate hand reached from the shade of the console. "Phillips screwdriver, buddy."

The superdog nosed through the toolbox, selecting the correct implement and, wondering who Phillip was and if he minded everyone borrowing his tools, deposited it in Penny's grasp.

She took it, then tousled his ears. "Aww, who's the best doggy ever?"

//Umm...// He ducked his head, gaze drifting up to her. //I don't know if I'm actually qualified to say...//

A grin and more scratches. "Huh? Who is?"

The white canine shrugged, wagging a little. //It's me, isn't it?//

"Yeah, ya are." Pride shone in her brown eyes, welling up in his chest until he felt like the best dog ever. Long after she slid back under the dash to keep working, a warm glow filled him, having nothing to do with the sunlight.

Mittens draped over the roof of the vehicle, tail curling like a question mark. //What, so you're a mechanic now?//

//My person is connecting the transport to satellites. I'm just handing her tools.//

The cat rolled to her back, luxuriating in the illumination. //Just so long as she keeps parkin' it in the sun for me to sleep on, I'm happy.//

//She wanted to show me how it works, so we might be driving it.//

The black and white feline glanced down, incredulous. //Seriously, pooch, you've ridden in cars like a million times. What could possibly be so different about this one?//

//Well, she mentioned something about the backseat, but—//

//Aaaaaaaand I'm now findin' a new place to nap.// She pattered down the windshield and hopped off.

Bolt turned to watch her saunter away. //Mittens! What does that mean?//

//Oh, I'm sure you'll find out.//

~ ~ ~

//Bolt and Penny find their private time impeded by visiting family. Have fun!//

Fun with Bolt & Penny 16: Having Relations

By Tempo

~ ~ ~

Morning sun spread through the room like a cheery laser scanner. Through bleary eyes, Bolt awoke to see his person's sleeping face. Her arms around him, her leg over his hips, she slept with such peace that his tail gave a groggy wag. He nuzzled her collarbone, then tilted his muzzle down to give languid licks to her breasts. The redhead moaned, pulling him closer. Her hips pressed to his, soft folds kissing his sheath. Together, they rocked in sleepy unison, his tip emerging to part her wetting warmth. Arousal built between them as he tongued her nipples, her hands stroking his back as her legs parted wider. His paws wrapped under her arms, he pressed inside her with dreamy slowness.

From under a touse of copper hair, her eyes blinked open. She smiled. The softest kiss graced his lips. He smiled back. And then she looked over his shoulder at the clock and rolled her eyes.

"Sorry, buddy." Slender fingers scritchd his scruff. "I've gotta get ready for class."

In acknowledgement, he ran a long, slow lick under her chin.

Giggling, she hugged him, then rolled over. His person rose from bed like the sun, stretched her sculpted body in the morning light, and shuffled into her morning routine. Her scent lingered on the covers, as well as a hint of their exertions the previous night. Her fit, freckle-dusted body shone against the dark of the loft, looking as he knew she felt, as good as she made him feel.

The white dog watched his person dress, feeling his erection rise along the fur of his belly. With a smirk of a plan, he began giving it long, slow licks. His tongue



collected the traces of her flavor, leaving tingling pleasuring in its place. The tactic succeeded more often than he'd have thought—sometimes Penny had to get dressed two or three times per morning.

Her eyes met his. A shiver traveled through her as her gaze ran down his emerging member. She gave a shy chuckle. "You make a tempting offer, buddy, but I should really get to school." The human bit her lip, trying to look away. "It's almost finals and I can't be late..."

The canine smiled, nuzzling his growing erection.

Nervous hands smoothed shirt fabric along the curve of her waist. Those coffee brown eyes stayed locked on his cock. "...again..."

With sensual slowness, his tongue curled around the shaft.

Her hands gripped air, fighting the gravitational attraction of his "...this week." With a breath of resolve, she turned to leave.

//Time for the secret weapon.// He gave the tiniest of whimpers.

His person froze above the ladder. "You've got to be kidding me." With a suspecting smile, she dared a backward glance.

Bolt made sure she got the full force of the dog face, peeking over his throbbing red penis.

A sigh of surrender. She unbuttoned her shorts, letting them fall to the floor as she hurried over. "I spoil you, you know that?"

Wagging in victory, he watched her hop out of delicate panties as he rolled to his back. //I know.//

She crawled up over him, loose t-shirt brushing his cock as it passed. "You'd better make this worth the tardy point on my record, buster..."

Bolt whimpered with joy as her lips brushed over his balls and sheath, flesh caressing intimate flesh. His person lay down atop him, whispering her love, kissing, licking the naked insides of his ears as gentle fingers aligned him with her opening. The dribbling tip of his length met her folds, spreading them with that wonderful ease, hinting at the tightness to come. He angled his hips up, sinking just a little deeper, his paws settling on her forearms. He shuddered as she sank further, further...

"Penny dear!" The voice echoed from outside the barn, shattering the moment.

A groan of teenaged despair. "Yes, Mom?"

"Are you up? I need your help."

Penny bit her lip again, letting herself slip down a few scant millimeters as she called back. "Can-can it wait? I'm kinda busy."

The white canine whimpered as her hot folds sank over his dribbling tip.

"Your cousins are arriving this afternoon." Mom's voice got closer. "I need your help folding out the sofa."

Bolt locked eyes with his person with a disappointed shrug. //We probably can't risk that ladder holding her weight.//

The young woman sighed, surrendering. "Okaaaaay, Mom." She climbed off him, her pale, freckled rump hypnotic as she tracked down her panties. "Let me finish getting dressed..."

~ ~ ~

Bolt never knew what to do with small persons. These ones weren't small enough that they tried to yank on his ears or anything and they both smelled sort of like his person, but he tried not to play too rough with them. People were breakable, after all.

Penny had given them clearance to the house and him, but had charged him with keeping them away from her computer terminal and their mission files. Of course, they'd zeroed in on those as soon as she left for school the next morning.

//Good thing Mittens taught me the rules of fetch. I don't know how I'd distract them otherwise.//

Needless to say, the all-day mission had tired Bolt out by the time his person's car rolled into the driveway.

The younger humans hurried over, excited.

She gave them both hugs, but saved the biggest one for Bolt.

He wagged at the joy of being in her arms, wrapped in her warm scent.

When she stood, the older of the two, a boy, piped up. "Sooooo, you're a movie star."

Walking back to the house, she nodded. "I used to be, yes."

"Then why do you have an old car instead of a helicopter or something?"

His person cocked an eyebrow, her smile stirring wonder in his soul. "Because all those times I flew one in the show weren't real."

The younger girl elbowed her brother. "Told you."

"You guys are here for a whole week? I hope you don't get bored—" Penny shrugged. "—we're kind of out in the middle of nowhere."

"Don't worry!" The boy ruffled the white canine's ears harder than was necessary. "We'll never get tired of Bolt."

"Or you!" The young girl assured her with a freckled grin.

~ ~ ~

Hours later, Bolt lay in bed. Even with Penny's training regiment, the day's activities had left him sore and tired. The small humans had left to brush their teeth, but had somehow negotiated sleeping in the loft again.

Penny flopped down into bed beside him. Her hand landing on his thigh, traveling with practiced ease to his sheath and balls. He squirmed against her, spreading his legs as he buried his nose against her breasts. Her thumb traced the opening of his sheath and sent little tingles of anticipation up to his brain.

Just then, his ears lifted to the trudging of small shoes across the barn floor below, followed at every step by excited chatter.

As his ears brushed her face his person froze. A sigh warmed his erect ear. "They really need to leave."

The shepherd rolled to his side, letting her wrap the sheets over him for cover. // They really do.//

~ ~ ~

The week rolled on. Every day Penny left for school, leaving him with her relatives. Every night, they insisted on spending time with her, even when she insisted she had to study. "Studying" might have been a code word for letting him put his tongue tasty places, but the former superdog never got to find out for sure.

Mittens had been AWOL for days, an emptying food bowl the only sign of her presence. Rhino, by contrast, only seemed to mind them when they changed the channel on the TV. Well, that and the time they played catch with his ball—with him still inside.

When at last the relations had packed and hugged and their transport rumbled away, Bolt curled up at his person's feet.

~ ~ ~

The house seemed sat silent, sunset light fading through the window. Penny sat at the kitchen table, trying to get facts to sink in. As the hours wore on, her focus became as fuzzy as the dog laying against her bare ankles.

She groaned, exasperated. //How am I going to pass this final? The only chapter I can even focus on is the one on reproduction.//

As if sensing her frustration, Bolt sat up, resting his head on her lap.

She stroked his silky ears. Her gaze fell on his, lifting her spirits just a little. The gentle swishing of his tail against the tile floor accompanied her back to her studies. For a few minutes, she jotted down notes, making mnemonic schemes to try to embed in her memory kingdoms and kingfishers, phyla and phytoplankton, classes and cladocerans. As the last shades of sun faded from the horizon, she felt herself wilting again.

A warm muzzle slipped between her knees, hot breath rolling between her thighs. The redhead squirmed in anticipation, even as she knew she should be studying. Bolt paused, giving a little whine as he awaited authorization. Her breath quickening, she spread her legs; as if she were going to do anything else with him panting on her panties. His cool nose slid between her thighs. One hand gripped the table, the other trying to hide her growing smile. Her slim hips rocked back in the chair as the canine nuzzled deeper under her skirt. His tongue rolled over her panties with slick heat. Ticklish whiskers accented the eagerness of his efforts.

Penny pressed her lips together, trying not to make a sound. She saw no obvious signs of her mother, but that probably just meant she had slipped into that non-dimensional mom zone and would pop out at any moment. Still, the young woman couldn't stop her eyes from closing as she sank against the juicy lapping against her crotch.

The lights flicked on. "Are you okay, dear?"

"Huh?" The younger woman sat bolt upright, Bolt's tongue still up inside her. Her heart skipped a few beats as she realized how hot her face was. Cold trickled down her veins, cooling the heat Bolt had licked into her crotch. "I'm fine."

Mom patted her shoulder. "Maybe you're just having hot flashes 30 years early."

"What? No!"

"Because I could tell you a thing or two about menopause—"

"MOM!"

"Don't stay up too late, sweetie." She kissed her daughter on the forehead. "I'm going to bed."

The younger redhead turned the page of her bio textbook. "Night, Mom." Penny waited until her mother disappeared into her bedroom before sorting out her panties. She patted Bolt's head. "Sorry, buddy."

Studying, and even staying conscious, became a losing battle. After waking up several times to her head landing on the books, the redhead admitted defeat and retreated to the loft. Her dog trotted after her, then sat at patient attention as she got ready for bed, her knight in shining white fur. She stripped down to her panties and collapsed into bed. Bolt, ever vigilant, tugged the blankets up over her before nosing under them to curl up next to her. Her fingers buried in his warm fur.

As sleep overtook her, Penny's last conscious thoughts drifted to how nice Bolt's cock felt pressed against her belly. She pressed her lips to his ample ear. "We'll do it tomorrow, I promise."

~ ~ ~

Penny dropped her car into gear, spraying gravel as she tore out of the parking lot. Onlookers watched in amusement as she pulled onto pavement, roaring out of town with all the horsepower a Pontiac Firefly could provide. Her finals had taken even longer than expected, what with every third thought being a memo from her crotch. She left her exams in a cloud of dust, hurtling down country roads and catching air over any bumps in the road. Summer sun seared the black interior of the car, but she knew no air conditioner could cool the heat she felt.

Knowing Mom wouldn't be home to see, she entered the driveway at full speed and pulled a handbrake turn to wind up backwards. As she skidded into her parking spot, she saw Bolt vanish from the front window, rounding the back of the house in a streak of superdog. She swung the door open, the canine springing up to prop his feet in her lap. Licks swept her face as she laughed, though soon her tongue got involved as well. Dust caught up with her, settling around them as they got reacquainted. They devolved into makeouts, her hands gripping those powerful shoulders. Lost in the moment, she let her tongue dance with his, only realizing the potential for exposure when another car drove by.

Sheepish, she hurried out of the car. He dashed around her as they crossed the

yard, his cock a lance of red against her white knight's belly. Distracted by its bouncing, she tripped into a laughing heap. Bolt woofed, eyes glinting with rare mischief as he dove under her skirt and played tug of war with her panties. The panties lost.

Squealing with glee, she stood and half-tripped again. The shepherd continued his barrage of licks along her thighs, her cheeks, her slit. Making the mistake of bending to retrieve the lost panties, the redhead exposed herself to even more laps of that velvety tongue. Blushing, she dashed for the barn, hoping to get some cover. She dodged around boxes never unpacked, workout equipment that no longer worked, and antiques that weren't getting any younger. The bounding dog kept up, barking with excitement as he chased her.

She got one leg on the first rung of the ladder, before his tongue found her slit again.

Under her skirt, just below her butt, his licking stalled her higher brain functions. She shivered, freezing in the heat of the barn. She spread her legs, just a little. He licked again. Panties still clutched in one hand, she allowed that valiant tongue to rescue her. The cool of sweat along her hairline counterpointed the evaporating saliva on her slit. Legs spreading wider, she stood in the dusty heat of the barn.

His quest completed, Bolt slowed down, savoring victory. No longer the frantic wresting of the yard; every lick became a journey toward their mutual pleasure. His tail swished, stirring sparkling motes of dust in the still summer air.

She bit her lip, gripping the ladder for support. She stood, shuddering on his muzzle. Her hands gripped the unvarnished beams of the ladder with a gymnast's ease, but it was his tongue doing the gymnastics here: up toward her clit, down against her cheeks, deep inside her passage. That satiny tongue coursed over her folds with liquid smoothness, her fluids dribbling down his chin.

The white shepherd licked with greedy abandon, his every effort to lap up her juices only drawing forth more.

A few steps forward, arching his neck higher and higher as she spread her legs, eager for every millimeter of her hot flesh. After an especially passionate moan, he hopped his front legs onto the bottom ladder rung.

The young woman bit her lip. "Mmmm. Who's my smart boy? Yeah, you are..." Her legs trembled, unused to this position, but pleasure demanded she hold out. "Oh Bolty..."

A glance back showed his erect ears bobbing behind her butt. Resting her head against the ladder, she gave a near-canine whimper of delight. The heat of the barn ran in trickles of sweat down her bare legs. Sweat, and other fluids. Hot saliva basted her slit, slick juices seeping out with every clench of her muscles.

With a groan of surrender, Penny felt the loft rise further and further beyond her reach.

Knees weakening, breaths deepening, she glanced around the barn, its dusty boxes lit in strips by sunlight though the old boards.

Her gaze fell on a nearby box, large and just the right height to sit on.

//Or do other things on...//

No, that would be too risky. But as Bolt buried his nose just under her slit, tongue sweeping deep, her resolve crumbled. //It would be a lot easier for him to lick me from there. That's not any riskier than what we're already doing.//

The weight of those thoughts over-balanced her. In a half-controlled fall, she toppled into the boxes, which had surprising give. A wash of dust rolled up through the shafts of sun. She sneezed.

Bolt looked to her with concern. The girl smiled back, sprawled, as if in a low armchair. Her shirt lay up above her waist, exposing her bare crotch. A beam of light collected on her copper pubic hair, on her spit-slick lips as if some kind of divine gift. Judging by his expression, her dog sure seemed to agree.

Adjusting her position on the boxes, Penny spent a quick glance on the door, which had eased shut on rusted springs. When her gaze fell back upon the shepherd, it beamed her excitement straight into his tail, his panting smile, he bobbing erection. Her legs spread, pelvis rolling to present herself to her dear canine.

Without the need for commands or pleading, Bolt trotted up, placing one paw, then the other at her waist. He closed his mouth for a moment, focused on lining up. And then she felt the hot kiss of his tip at her entrance.

Penny gasped, amazed at how hot he felt, even in the sauna of a summer afternoon.

His eyes met hers, head cocked just a bit, a doggy grin on his black velvet lips. Rays of light cast his coat shining, pure white against the drab world. Her heartbeat fluttered, hands tracing the paws of the radiant canine hero between her thighs.

She couldn't remember being this wet. Even just his tip entering her sent a fresh trickle of juices down the curve of her butt. As he stepped forward, sinking in, the human's swollen labia tingled with pleasure at the hot canine flesh entering her.

Penny's body rocked against the boxes, the muscular dog thrusting between her legs. Steady movements pushed her shirt up, white fur brushing her bare stomach. Her hands grasped at the dusty cardboard, fingertips trailing sweat. With each pleased gasp she urged him deeper; with every heartbeat, she shuddered in his embrace.

His length spread her lips, delving into her passage with slick insistence. His sheath collected against her folds with every penetration. In his eyes shone tender devotion, a smile on those delicate lips. Her passage clutched on him, wringing

that lovely doggy cock.

Sneakers scraped along the old concrete, finding purchase enough to hump up at him. There, on dusty boxes in a disused barn, she felt like a princess, her white, furry knight questing for their mutual pleasure with every gallant thrust. She kissed his cheek, stroking his ears, knowing his heart as his balls slapped against her.

Her spirit open to every thrust of grace and passion, she rode out wave upon wave of wonder on his throbbing cock.

The boxes crushed under the weight of their need, Penny found herself bucking up at him, passage clenching down around him, a rush of orgasm crashing through her. Not the massive, stun-you-beyond-breathing kind, but the deep, toe-curling kind that propelled her squeal of ecstasy into his fur with giddy devotion.

Bolt slowed his efforts and licked her cheek as she trembled on his shaft.

As her climax ebbed, she relaxed her hug. Heat and endorphins sapped her strength, lulling her into letting her beautiful boy make love to her. His girth spread her passage, casting her mind adrift on a sea of joy. She bit her lower lip. //How do other girls get by?//

He humped into her, the swell of his knot pulling in and out of her. His breath came heavy against her neck, his weight pressing her breasts. That tail, once raised like a banner, flagged down between her knees. Every thrust got more erratic than the last.

He was close.

The human moaned, sweat a sheen on her freckled arms. Thin squirts of hot precum teased her passage as he bucked with greater and greater insistence. Powerful haunches flexed, churning her passion. She buried her face in his fur, savoring the feel of her hero around her, inside her. His brown eyes squeezed shut. She smiled, knowing what came next.

With her fingers lost in his pelt, he pushed hard against her, slipping that knot in one last time. Rich juices trickled down her rump, forced out by that canine bulge. She gasped, each heartbeat swelling the tie larger within her until the stretching stirred her from her revelry.

Bolt came, yowling in euphoria.

Rich canine cream painted her walls in spurt upon heavy spurt. Vaginal muscles grasping, welcoming that knot, she panted his name to the sweltering barn, defying the day to burn hotter than their passion. Heart pounding in her chest, the girl closed her eyes, writhing on every pulse of his cock, basking in his every panted breath. His orgasm faded to shudders.

As together they melted into afterglow, she stroked his white coat. Her champion, surer than any fairytale: they'd saved each other in more senses than one and loved each other in every sense possible. They lay like that, watching dust motes dance like stars before their eyes. Nostrils filled with must and musk, she felt his penis squish around inside her with every movement.

Her dog lay, half awake, with the tip of his tongue sticking out from his muzzle.

"Not sure how we're supposed to climb a ladder in this state. And I don't think your ramp will hold us both." She nuzzled his cheek. "We'd better not make a habit of this or I'm going to need to build an elevator."

Bolt gave an amiable woof against her shoulder.

Minutes passed. She lay, feeling his knot throb smaller, trying not to tense on him. Her palms smoothed his flanks. "Think you can pull out, buddy?"

He eased off her with dogged determination, the knot pulling against her lips. Unable to help herself, her hands found their way to her vagina, rubbing the

swollen slit against the incredible firmness of that bulge. One found her lips and rubbing the taut flesh against the back of his knot, while the other rolled over the hood of her clit with tensing need. Bolt grunted, pulling his knot free with a slurp. An instant later, Penny's body jolted under her fingers and around his cock, orgasm rolling through her like a peal of thunder. Pleasure struck with lightning speed down her nerves, leaving the slender young woman squirming and whimpering under her shivering canine.

Thick fluids dripping from her passage around his shaft, she recovered to see a dog smiling from between her breasts. The cardboard box, now damp with her sweat, crumbled a little more as Bolt hopped off her. She sat up. "Hope nothing important was in there."

The dog sniffed the box, then looked up at her with adoration. That heavy red dick swung between his legs. After a week of waiting, he'd probably be up for another mission. Maybe even two.

She hurried to the ladder, naked and dripping. Her hands, slick with sweat and juices, slid over the rough wood. She started up the ladder, flashing him her most sultry look. "You waiting for something?"

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