

Black Cat Club - Parklife

By Abe E Seedy

At least it was a nice day. That made this a bit easier to deal with - the fact that the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and it was the sort of day where it made *sense* for people to be out in the park. But then, Oliver reflected, that was also a problem. Because if it had been a miserable day, then there wouldn't have been so many people around to do this in front of.

Somehow, Evelyn looked psyched. She'd just finished doing those back-and-forth leg stretches that people that actually go jogging do, and was now doing that thing where you hold your arms up and level while you spin your torso around. Oliver hadn't the slightest clue if that was something that actually helped to do before exercising, and if he had to bet he'd say Evelyn probably didn't know either. Neither of them were really fitness people, but doing warm-ups like that felt like something you did when you were taking things seriously. And besides, she was probably just doing that to burn off excess tension and energy before they got started, like how you'd shake out your hands before you had to give a speech or play an instrument.

"You ready?", she asked, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Mhmm", he answered vaguely, elaborating a few moments later with a nod. "Ready as I'm ever going to be, I suppose."

It just seemed like such a big step. They'd been to one party, or, no - "specialist outreach event", they'd insisted on calling it. But despite the weird name, it had been so secluded and welcoming, with elaborate and patient professionals helping them through their first scenes. The whole thing had turned into such a revelation that for the next three weeks any time either of them wanted to get frisky all they'd needed to do was say, "hey, remember the time that we...", and they'd be making out before the end of the sentence.

That said, Oliver still didn't entirely follow how they went from that to here, out in public, ready to wave their sex stuff in the faces of the general public. But Evelyn had been insistent. "Trust me", she'd said this morning, curling her fingers around the faux leather of the brand new collar she'd ordered from that same place. "This is going to be amazing."

So now here he was, trying to somehow look casual about the fact that he was clipping a leash to the collar around his girlfriend's neck. She lifted her ponytail out of the way for him, biting her lip just a little as he gave it a quick, testing tug. "So, you, uh, good?", he asked hesitantly.

In response she simply nodded.

He looked around for a moment, dragging out the time before they stepped away from relatively secluded area they'd used to set up in and out into the park proper. Eventually though, there was nothing for it. "Well, let's go then, I guess."

The thought of this moment had made Oliver realise that he'd never in his life drawn attention to himself. He was an average-looking white guy who still lived in the same city he'd grown up in, with a face so bland and nondescript that occasionally the security scanners at work couldn't even recognise him. Evelyn liked to joke that his favourite colour was "no thank you", given the amount of featureless, functional grey he wore. She at least leaned in to black, but even then she'd only ever been described as anything as interesting as 'goth' once, and that had been when she'd worn black lipstick to a wedding and his grandmother thought that was just one step below 'satanic seductress'. On the whole though, they fit seamlessly into the suburbs as a perfectly unremarkable couple, and now here he was walking her through the park like she was his pet dog. Which was-

"Morning!", someone said, and the sudden interruption to his thoughts almost made Oliver physically jump. He looked for the source of the salutation only to find they'd already jogged past, apparently without so much as a second glance.

Oliver couldn't help but look confused, staring back at the departing jogger for any sign that something was amiss. "Did he just... is this more normal than I thought?"

Catching his eye as he looked around, Evelyn shrugged. He thought she was going to say something, but instead she just scratched at her ears, fussing with her hair a little before gesturing forwards again with her head enough to give a little tug on the leash.

"Oh, uh, right. Well, off we go again then", Oliver mumbled.

Pet play was hot. They'd both known that before they'd even met each other, even if they hadn't put it into practice back then. But what did taking it out here, into the real world, mean? What about that made it hotter? Was it getting stared at? There was an element to it there, some part of that that made for... something, because presumably he couldn't lean so fiercely away from making a statement his whole life without fantasising just a little about what it would be like to be the centre of attention. But it felt like there was more to it than just that, even if he couldn't put his finger on exactly what-

"Lovely day for it!", came another sudden greeting, and once again getting jerked out of his headspace almost knocked Oliver back on his heels. This time the greeter was going slower, so there was enough time to make eye contact with the man before he and his dog passed them by. In the split second they were level Oliver couldn't help but study his expression with wide, frantic eyes, but he couldn't detect so much as an iota of suspicion or judgement. It was baffling,

and he stumbled to a stop in confusion as the man walked calmly onwards, like absolutely nothing unusual was going on.

For a few seconds he just stood and stared. Then, with another pull at the leash, Evelyn drew his attention back to her. "Hey", she said simply, ducking downwards in a practiced movement that brought his open palm up over her head, and then suddenly he was once again petting her. Despite everything else, that was comforting enough that after a few moments of digging his fingers into her loose, long hair, he was able to put all that confusion out of his mind and turn back to the walk.

If he didn't *want* to be stared at, then why did it bother him that no one was? Well, aside from the fact that it apparently meant that this neighbourhood was way kinkier than he'd thought, it meant that it felt weirdly like a let down. If you were doing some big, transgressive thing, and then the response of everyone was just to shrug, then... why bother? He mulled that over for a moment, but then his eyes drifted back to Evelyn, now outright panting as she walked alongside him, and immediately he felt the stirring in his pants that sight provoked. Right. It wasn't about *them*. It was about her. This was hot because she was here, and she was being his pet, and if everyone else didn't care, well, it wasn't for them, so that didn't matter. And then-

This time he spotted the next person before they called out, but only because they were so heavily straining against their own dog that it was almost theatrical. They were holding the leash in both hands, keeping their stubby little rottweiler in line only with great difficulty as they went to go past. "Sorry", they called out. "He gets pretty excited around other dogs. C'mon boy."

Oliver turned slowly as the rottweiler was all but dragged past, staring not at the departing dog walker but at Evelyn. "Hey babe?", he said lightly.

"Mhm?", she answered, her ears visibly pricking up at his voice.

"You, uh... you have anything you want to explain to me? Maybe some extra details about that collar?"

She looked at him, and for the first time he noticed that her nose was pushed out a little further, forming the beginning of a definitively canine muzzle. "Uhh, maybe?"

"Well?" After a short pause, he gave an exaggerated frown, and added, "don't make me get a rolled-up newspaper."

Evelyn flinched, and he could see her noticeably pointed ears droop as she shrank down a little. Then when she spoke again the words tumbled out of her mouth in one long, endless sentence as she shifted ceaselessly from foot to foot. "Well, so, short version, turns out we *weren't* just on really good and specific drugs when we went to that place, you know that place, and anyway,

when I got in touch with them again, they said they had a different offer going now, where we could take things into our own hands, so I said that sounds good, so they said that sounds good, so they gave me a collar that makes everyone else see me as a dog, and every time someone else treats me like a dog I get to turn more into a dog-girl."

"They said that?", Oliver said flatly.

She nodded, and then belatedly added, "well, they said it'd turn me into a cat-girl for some reason, but I guess it just goes with whatever's good with the person."

There was a long pause. It went on long enough that Evelyn clearly started to get uncomfortable, although whether it was because she was worried about how Oliver was feeling or if she just really wanted to keep walking was up for debate. Eventually though Oliver rubbed at his chin, then tightened her leash in his fist. "Well, let's go get you seen by a lot more people then."

After about 20 minutes they'd walked the length of the park, passing almost a dozen people along the way. When they turned back for their second circuit Evelyn's growing tail had sprouted out from her leggings, her hips shifting enough to leave her comfortably padding along on all fours on her newly paw-like hands. She wagged her tail happily as they walked, rubbing her newly-furry muzzle up against his leg whenever she had the opportunity. Soon she became *particularly* insistent about brushing over the growing bulge at his crotch, and in return Oliver began to stop frequently to scratch her behind her increasingly floppy ears, smiling at the way that made her mouth fall open blissfully.

It all felt like being in a particularly horny dream, a fact that was certainly helped by the way everyone else was acting completely normal. Person after person passed with little more than a polite nod and casual greeting, to which Oliver mostly managed to mumble a response to. It was horny, right? To have this wild, impossible thing happening right next to him that no one else could even see. Even Evelyn was treating it as completely normal, even if he *knew* that she knew that she was changing.

But... maybe that was the heart of it. It wasn't so much about how it was coming across, it was about how Evelyn was leaning into it - how enthusiastic she was about being his pet. His *pet*. His step hitched a little at that thought, as though naming it to himself was somehow an extra step than the situation he was already in. She was his pet. He knew how that meant she liked to act, and that was without the added impetus of it all actually being *real*.

"Hey there!", came another sudden voice, and Oliver looked up to find a young woman stopped and stretching in the path in front of them. "That's a really cute looking dog you have there, mind if I have a pet?"

"Uh...", Oliver answered, flicking his eyes back and forth between Evelyn and the jogger. "I, well, I think she'd like that, yes", he decided, stepping back slightly to give the woman room.

The moment he'd given permission she was down on her haunches, running her fingers rapidly through the fur on Evelyn's head before scratching beneath her chin. Soon Evelyn had happily rolled over with an appreciative 'whurf!', waving her naked breasts in the air as she wagged her tail eagerly.

"Aww, she likes it!", the jogger squealed.

"Yes", Oliver answered, awkwardly shifting his stance. "Yes she does."

For the sake of keeping things together he looked away, pretending to be engrossed in the leash that was wrapped around his fist. Suddenly though, he realised that there actually was something there, a little white label sticking out from the faux-leather that he hadn't noticed before. Bringing it up to his face, he read the small section of text slowly. Then he read it again. And again. Each time, it gave him the same, impossible message.

No matter what the two of you do in public, everyone else will just think you're doing completely ordinary things. So, have fun

Oliver's eyes widened. After a half-second's thought, he realised that must have been why Evelyn was pushing the line so much already - because she knew that from the outside, it would just look like he was petting her or something. That... that was an interesting piece of information.

By the time the jogger left, Evelyn was even further gone. She'd taken the opportunity of the vigorous belly rubs she'd gotten to shake off the last of her clothes, and now she was padding along beside him fully nude. Oliver could see how visibly turned on she was, both from the way her tail was sticking straight up behind her, and the rather more direct signal of the increasing slickness between her rear legs.

Once they were safely alone again, he said out of the corner of his mouth, "so, you knew we can do whatever we want then, yeah?"

Evelyn nodded, her black lips curling into a wide smile. "Yhhes", she said, her long tongue adding some difficulty to getting the word out.

"Well then", he said, only able to avoid blushing because his blood was nowhere near his face, "why don't we take advantage of that?"

He found them a park bench at least, while he was still able to walk without tripping over himself. Sitting down carefully, he gave a few furtive glances back and forth, and then, finally, decided to go for it. "Okay girl", he heard himself say as he unbuckled his trousers, "time for your dinner."

She didn't hesitate for a moment. In an instant he felt her heavy paws fall on either side of his chest, her wet tongue darting out and licking along the length of his cock with an almost frenzied enthusiasm. It was almost too much - he had to practically grab her by the back of her head to get her to calm down, before guiding her long muzzle slowly down his shaft. Then when she was safely in place he let her move herself back and forth, his fingers curling into her fur as he petted her absently.

"Good girl", he muttered. "Good girl..."

He found his mind drifting. The circumstances of his situation were so wild that he almost couldn't live in the actual moment, he had to step out and walk around from the outside to make sense of it. People were walking past as his girlfriend was eagerly fellating him in the middle of the park, smiling and nodding as his eyes threatened to roll back in his head. There was something so exotic and exciting happening and despite the fact that it was out in the open only they were allowed to be in on it, like some sort of perfect sex in-joke. But it wasn't just that.

She was a dog-girl now fully, her long, black-tipped tail wagging furiously behind her, with the white-splashed fur that covered the rest of her body giving her the look of a border collie. Her ears flopped around his clutching hands, her paws kneaded against his chest, her long snout and wet tongue felt perfectly designed to fit around his cock. But it wasn't just the way that she looked that made this so good.

She was his pet. She was willingly, eagerly his pet. He'd pulled the lead and she'd followed, he'd scratched her head and she'd melted into his palm. She was his pet, and he was her master, and everything about this whole situation just reinforced that more and more, letting him go from sheepishly walking her around the park to casually commanding her to publicly suck his cock. He'd pet her and love her and she'd happily spend her day on all fours beside him, eager to do just whatever he wanted to do because she knew it'd be what she wanted, too. But... was that even it?

Sinking back out of his thoughts, Oliver slowly lowered his head, eventually making eye contact with Evelyn as she continued her eager work. She smiled as he melted into her chocolate brown eyes, and then there was an extra twitch of her tongue and suddenly everything else just didn't matter. The exact why of it, the One True Thing that made it good - that wasn't the point. It was Good. He didn't need to dissect it, he just needed to enjoy the fact that his amazing girlfriend was here and doing *this*, and it was fucking *great*.

With a long, low grunt, Oliver came, his hips tensing as his cock convulsed in Evelyn's mouth. She was more than happy to chase down the results with her tongue, enjoying the dinner that she'd worked so hard to earn. Eventually though, there was nothing left to lap up, and she reluctantly climbed back off of him, settling down contentedly onto the grass.

After almost a full minute of silence, Oliver managed to pick himself back up from the heap he'd fallen into. "Wow", he said slowly. "*Good* girl."

Evelyn's tail twitched automatically, but she turned around to face him after he spoke, idly running her paws over her naked breasts. "Mhmm, and?", she managed to say.

"...and I will *absolutely* fuck you into the ground", he answered, before falling back against the bench. "In just like... 20 minutes..."

"Yay!"