

Smoke It Up: Suave, Snowy Feline Goodness

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Commission done for Marci

"This is nice, ya know?" JD sighed pleasantly. He looked into Rachel's blue eyes, the lovely lady looking back into his hazel ones. "We need to do this more often."

"We do this all the time," Rachel cooed.

"I mean, have a *normal* night out," he chuckled.

"I don't know what you're talking about, sweetie." Rachel giggled innocently, but she did know exactly what he meant. Every time they went out, it always felt like something *interesting* would happen to the blue-haired woman. She didn't mind it personally, but she did know it usually ended up changing whatever plans they had.

Today had been going nice and normal for once. They were having an early dinner at a local Italian restaurant, eating on their patio with the weather being nice for once. It was even mostly empty, which made it feel like they had the place to themselves.

"Sure." JD gave her a little smirk before smiling warmly. "Well, it's just nice to be out with you and have dinner."

"I getcha." Rachel smiled back. "Just the two of us, chatting and enjoying one another."

JD replied, but she didn't fully hear him. Her gaze wandered over his shoulder, all the way over to a few tables past them.

Besides them, the patio had only one other person there, sitting alone. It was a woman. She looked rather anxious, nervous, even a bit bothered by something. She fidgeted in her chair, occasionally checking her phone and looking at something on the table.

That something was a small, wooden box. It didn't look like it belonged to the restaurant, meaning she brought it in. It seemed to be a potential cause of her woes. Rachel couldn't have guessed what they could've been.

Rachel also couldn't have guessed the lady's next actions. She suddenly got to her feet and hurried over to the patio's railing. She jumped it like a hero jumping a fence in an action movie and rushed down the parking lot. She disappeared behind some cars.

...*the hell was that?* Rachel had never seen a dine-and-dash before, but she was pretty sure they didn't usually play out like that! Plus, shouldn't she have gotten her food or even drinks first before dashing off? Everything about what just happened baffled her.

Then there was that little box. The woman had left it behind. It seemed like such a big deal to her, but she had ditched it.

After everything, curiosity was overwhelming. “H-hey, I'm gonna hit the bathroom. I'll be right back!”

“Sure! No problem.” JD nodded, digging back into his garlic bread. Apparently, he hadn't noticed what went down.

Rachel left and casually wandered over to that woman's table, glancing back to see if JD was looking or not. With the coast clear, she picked up the wooden box. It felt light and, giving a gentle shake, sounded like whatever was in there was light as well.

Opening it up, she found two curious items. On red, velvet-esque cushioning, there was a cigar and a silver lighter of all things.

Wasn't expecting that! Rachel curiously looked at the items. The cigar had gold foil wrapped around its center, an “A” embedded into it. The lighter had a similar-looking “A” on it as well, though with a bit more flourish around the letter.

The blue-haired woman examined it until her curiosity was satisfied. It wasn't anything she was interested in, thinking it would be best to let the waitress know about it when she got back. She began to set it back down, ready to get back to her lovely evening.

However, she found herself just not quite ready to do so. She stared longer at the lighter and even longer at that cigar. She could sense the scent of tobacco in the air, rising from the stogie towards her nose despite it not being lit. She didn't smoke...

...but after taking a small whiff, it felt as if she should. An overwhelming urge had come to her, making her tremble.

It... She gently gulped, her lips twitching. *It wouldn't hurt, right?* Her eyes rapidly looked around, no one else there but her unobservant partner. *Plus, we are outside...*

Rachel took the cigar out, taking off its wrapping and plopping it into her maw. She took the lighter and casually flipped the lid open on it with a flick of her wrist, like she had done it numerous times before.

She flicked the switch on the lighter, a flame sparking. She brought the fire to the cigar and lit it up. After a moment, she took her first, deep inhale of it.

Rachel's eyes widened as the toxins flowed into her lungs. Her pupils dilated, body quaking. She had never tasted a thing like this before. *Wh-whoa...*

Her eyes twitched as her irises lit up. They turned a fierce yellow, pupils changing to feline slits as the dilation ended. *That's good stuff.* A mean, wicked, pleased smile crossed her lips. *Yeah... that's the goooood shit.*

Rachel stood there a moment, frozen as a statue, like her mind was processing that thought. After a bit though, she placed the box down and flicked the lighter closed, popping it into her pocket. She turned around and headed back to JD.

The cigar was still firmly in her maw, smoke gently wafting from it. She did not try to remove it, finding it a comfortable fit. She had no care, no interest in what he'd say or thought. She went back to her seat, sat down, and casually leaned back like nothing was wrong.

"Welcome back," JD said, not looking up at first, busy reading something on his phone. "So, did y-" His lack of notice did not last.

JD looked up, flinching instantly. He looked at her cigar, at her, and then at the cigar again. His face was confused, loss for words. He wanted to say something, but his jaws just jittered a little.

Eventually, he did manage to muster out something. "Where the hell did you get that!?"

Rachel smugly chuckled, casually taking the cigar out and holding it between her fingers. "Oh, I found it."

"...okay..." JD scratched his face, still looking like he didn't know how to approach this situation. "I, ah, don't think you can smoke that? Pretty sure this is a non-smoking restaurant."

"Don't care." Rachel chuckled again, flashing him a smile. Her teeth were sharp, filled with fangs. "This shit is calling to me, and it's just what I need. It makes me feel good."

JD's scratching turned to rubbing, his brain clearly trying to find the right words for what to say next. "I-I... look, Rach... I... what's going on here? This isn't you at all. Did you get yourself into another-"

Rachel rolled her eyes and put the cigar into her mouth again. She took a long drag off of it, holding the smoke and intense flavor in her maw. Taking the stogie out, she leaned over the table and puckered her lips. She blew out a long stream of cloud, intense smoke right into his rambling face.

JD coughed and coughed, waving his hand in front of his face to blow it away. Rachel leaned back with a satisfied smile. She looked at her hand holding the cigar, seeing it nestled gently between her furry fingers.

Furry... She looked at her digits. They were coated in gray fur now, along with the rest of her hands. There was a whiter undercoating on her palms, puffy black pads underneath too.

These were... normal? Well, they couldn't be normal, right? She knew they couldn't be.

But, she didn't mind. Things were taking a turn. Her normal night out with her love was no longer "normal", but she didn't mind at all.

JD looked in a complete daze, rubbing his forehead. She smiled seeing it, taking another huff from her cigar. She quivered, her body tensing as its muscles pulsed. Her frame was growing, broadening, and swelling into a more masculine, buff build. She soon was taller and even a bit wider than her lover.

JD coughed, hitting his chest. "Dammit..." he finally said, glaring at Rachel, "Angelo, you know I don't like you blowing smoke in my face."

Rachel twitched, her heart pounding. Her ears twitched more, shooting up the sides of her head and turning feline. Black fur on the outside with lighter, thick fuzz on the insides. A gold ring appeared in her right ear.

"What..." she slowly said, "What was that?"

"You know what I said, Angelo!" JD said awkwardly, looking a bit meeker now, "I asked you to not do that. You know I don't like it. I mean, you can smoke and all, but please don't puff it in my face."

Angelo... Rachel quivered. *Angelo... Angelo...* That name was beautiful, striking, and so very **handsome**, wasn't it? *That name... that name is mine, isn't it?*

She twitched, something poking against the top of her jeans. *It's mine.* The bulge popped out, revealing a gray, stubby tail. *It's mine.* The tail grew longer and longer, light gray on the

bottom with harsh gray on top and spots. It looked much like a snow leopard's tail, but much longer. So long that it was stretched farther than their legs, puffier at the black end of it.

*My name is **Angelo**.* “Angelo”'s tail swished about behind them. *Mmm... the “human” thought, it's all coming together... isn't it?*

And **he** would happily dive straight into it without hesitation. He purred, leaning in over the table. “Awww, but you look so cute when **you squirm, handsome.**” His voice grew a little hoarse, a little more deep than it was.

JD blushed. “W-well, r-really... please don't.” He looked around. “I don't want us to get into trouble or, ya know, draw too much attention.”

Rachgelo chuckled, both knowing and not knowing what he meant. He took another hit from his cigar, breathing it in and swelling some more. His clothing grew ever so tight, clinging to his body. It really highlighted his swelling arms and legs.

There were also some abs building up, but they were less visible behind his clothes.

Fur rapidly bloomed across his form as he blew the smoke into the air. “**Well... fine! I'll be nice and stop after this smoke.**” He leaned and flashed a charming, if intimidating fang-filled smile. “**Anything for my most favorite, handsome man in the world.**”

JD trembled and squirmed some more in his seat. Rachgelo chuckled, becoming a gruff moan at the end. In his mind, memories were flooding in. They were of people, numerous souls, that told him he could do better. Man or woman, didn't matter. He could find a far more suitable, fitting mate for a fine specimen as himself.

However, he just loved this guy so much. He was so very sweet, cute, and just able to melt his cold heart. Well, when he wasn't mere putty in his paws.

Rachgelo trembled some more, shoulders tensing up. His chest pushed forward, but then receded right back. His large breasts pulled inward, widening and stretching out into squarish shapes. They became thick, dense pectorals, fur cloaking them at the end.

“Hey guys!” a new voice cut in, both of them snapping out of their little moment. Rachgelo's hair seemed to twitch as well, slowly shrinking, climbing up his back and going to his neck.

It was their waitress. The young woman stepped up to the table, looking at JD first. “How is the meal? Can I get you any re-”

She finally noticed Rachgelo, seeing the half-human, half-beastman changing before her eyes. That blue hair is slowly blackening out, crawling up to her jaw. The waitress stuttered, “Wh-who i-is th-th-”

Rachgelo huffed, taking another drag, his hair now a short, wavy, slick black mop. He blew a fresh cloud of smoke into her mug. She coughed, hitting her chest and blowing it away with her hand.

After a moment, she stood there blankly, blinking every so often. By the time she finally found her voice, fur had cloaked all of Rachgelo's body, even his face. “Excuse me, but I'm going to have to ask you to put that out, sir. This is a smoke-free environment.”

Rachgelo cooed, his voice smooth and suave, **“Aww, I’m just finishing this up. That’s all. I’d really appreciate it if such a sweet, beautiful woman as yourself would let this slide, just this once.”** He leaned in slyly. **“Plus, I could leave a generous tip if that sweetens things.”**

As he spoke, his face gently moved forward. His nose flared, blackening and turning feline. Lighter beige fur sprouted all around his mouth, lips turning black and gummy. His cheeks widened as his jaws extended into a short but powerful muzzle.

The waitress blushed and softly giggled, not noticing a thing it seemed. “W-well... I suppose I could let you finish that, but no more!”

“But of course, anything for a ravishing beauty as yourself who asks so politely.” She gently giggled again and hurried off.

Rachgelo smiled, looking at JD. The human made a mock gagging sound. “Okay, Casanova, you can knock that off. Please don't take advantage of her.”

The leopard man smirked. **“But I'm not! I'm just asking politely for something, that's all.”** He chuckled. **“Don't worry. I only have eyes for you.”** He winked, JD blushing.

Satisfied with that bit of teasing, Rachgelo took yet another deep puff from his cigar. This one was bigger than before. A part of him pushed for it. He was almost over the edge and needed the final push to be complete. Most of him didn't know what that meant but went along with it anyway.

He blew a thick cloud into the air, his body pulsing all over. He grew just a little more, thick musculature filling his body from top to bottom. Just a bit wider, just a bit stronger, just a bit bulgier in all the right places.

Such growth caused a series of light rips. His shirt and pants split open all over the place, fur poking through as his muscles made room.

However, the rippage was gone as soon as it had appeared. His outfit rapidly repaired itself and then some on top of that. It morphed in design, growing new parts and stretching out to cover more of his body. He soon wore a striking set of sharp black pants, a white popped-collar shirt, and a designer vest.

Despite more coverage of his body, his fit, powerful physique was still very much visible with how it hugged him.

Rachgelo... no. *Angelo* felt good, purring softly. Everything felt right.

He quivered then, everything suddenly feeling REALLY right. His crotch throbbed, bulging and pushing against his pants. What once was flat was now a swelling, grapefruit-sized bump that burned with want.

Angelo trembled a little more, the cat slipping a paw casually down to his crotch and pressing it. He felt so frisky, so eager and excited. Smoking really did him good, if a bit too good at times. It really excited certain **parts** of him.

He removed his paw after a moment, taking a breath to cool himself. He shouldn't get so lewd in public. He didn't need such attention.

Besides, he was out on a lovely date with his nice, human boyfriend. The two were enjoying each other's company, Angelo especially enjoying playing with him, and having some nice food. What more could he ask-

There was a buzz in his pocket, his ears and tail going stiff at once. He reached into it, pulling out a phone, the newest model on the market. There was a new text for him waiting on it. It simply read: *Got a new job for you. Check the box.*

Of course you do. He sighed, putting the phone back. *Can't have a nice dinner without it being interrupted, can I?*

The big cat man looked glumly at JD. **"Sorry, handsome. Boss texted. Has some work for me. You know what that means."**

JD frowned, putting his food down. "You're leaving then?" The human sighed. "You know, you should really get out of this business of yours. I don't know what it is, but it's clearly trouble, and it keeps interrupting our time together."

Angelo smiled and shook his head. **"I would love to get out, but I can't right now. Things aren't simple. I will one day, I promise."** He stood up. **"I'll see you later."**

He walked up beside JD, leaning in and looking deep into his eyes. **"I will definitely be home tonight, no matter what. Just make sure to keep the bed warm and ready for us."** He smiled lustfully. **"We'll salvage the night in all the best ways."**

"Wh-wha-what," JD stuttered, his face becoming the reddest it had been all night. "I... I just... just..." He was at a loss of words, just a complete mess.

Adorable. Angelo smiled. He leaned in and pressed his muzzle to JD's lips, kissing him. The human was shocked at first, but soon, he found his courage and began kissing back. The two went deep for a bit, tongues even mashing together.

Eventually, Angelo pulled back, JD panting. "J-just..." he gasped, trying to find his breath. "Just don't be too long." He smiled, awkward and dopey, but still smiling. "I-I hate it when my big, strong kitty is out so late."

"Don't worry, this meeting shouldn't be long." Angelo affectionately nuzzled him on the cheek and headed out. He passed the table from before, snatching the wooden box off of it.

He opened it up and tore its velvet underlining out of it. There, another message with instructions from his "boss" laid. He could be so secretive and weird about how he handled these things. Leave a cigar box out for Angelo to find (was he following him?) for who knew how long and text him at some random point to check it out. He couldn't be straightforward about this, could he?

But then again, these sorts of things couldn't be? He was fine with it enough, ready to get back to his work. It had been a bit since he had taken on a job and been out.

And once he was done, he could come home to his special somebody, the perfect guy who knew how to treat him so right and vice versa.

The End?