

Ladies Night



JOSHIAH WARBAUM

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Joshiah Warbaum

Joshiah's Written Works
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Dedications

This book is first and foremost dedication to all of the wonderful women who make up not just our quirky little fandom, but the creative world in general. Your contributions to our cultures and societies cannot be overstated.

Second, a big shout out goes to each of my wonderful patrons. Your monthly support is a huge part of the reason that this book could ever become a reality, and I can't thank you enough for that!

Special thanks go to Trixie Fox, Orio, Literal Grill, Aacid, Forefox and DC Yote for their direct contributions to the book. Thank you all for the chapters you helped to fund!

A final thanks is due to Rose, the woman who continues to stand by my side and keep me sane through this creative voyage. None of this would be possible without her.

Foreword

Being a part of this fandom for over a decade has been a humbling experience.

When I first entered the fandom, I was from what used to be a small town in the middle of nowhere in Illinois, and thanks to a social circle that reflected such, the culture shock that hit me the first time I saw a community so accepting of LGBT lifestyles was **very** real.

These days, I do my best not to take it for granted, as I've become used to being around it.

At the very beginning, I remember feeling a bit strange about my place in the fandom, and people calling me things like “day-walker” and “token straight guy” didn't help me at all. This is hardly a complaint; part of me enjoyed the attention if I'm being perfectly honest, but it was weird to be part of a social gathering where my status *wasn't* the norm.

I also couldn't help noticing the imbalance of men and women at the time, and my girlfriend was quick to point out that one of her favorite things about furry cons was that there was never a line for the women's room.

Some odd years down the road, nearly a dozen of them, things have definitely changed a little bit. The fandom continues to be a warm and welcoming place for those who feel lost, but the pool seems quite a bit more balanced. As furry is a microcosm of society, we're starting to see that fact reflected in the numbers as the fandom heads closer to the mainstream, and in these times of greater acceptance and change, it only feels right to publish anthologies that accurately represent the makeup of our quirky little family.

The “Ladies Night” series was first conceptualized about four years ago, and even that short distance away, the time didn't feel right to green light the project. As I sit and type this Foreword for the book, I wish I'd gone ahead and made the decision right when I came up with the anthology, and that this was the third or fourth book in the series, but it's too late to regret a mistake and bemoan a decision.

Now is the time to move forward and continue to grow with the community.

Launching the “Ladies Night” series is just the first step in that.

Within this tome are stories that are predictably erotic (my reputation is deserved,) but to call it a collection of baseless smut would be a disservice to the rich and powerful characters within. Though not all the stories have a deeper meaning, many of them do a better job of tapping into the emotions of the reader than the loins, and I’d like this book to represent a shift in my content to something that will better balance thoughtful situations and issues with the natural enjoyment of sharing another’s company.

As the reader, I simply ask that you enjoy the stories for **your** purpose. I won’t tell you how to read this book, or which parts I think you should try to enjoy the most. In this day and age, the right to choose your own way is more important than ever, and I hope that as you thumb through the pages, you’ll use it freely, whether that means reading one story a thousand times over, or never reading it at all.

Tonight, it’s Ladies Night, and how you want to spend it is up to **you**.

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Strapped In

It didn't matter how many times Emily Stevens found herself on stage.

She was at home there, and the classroom never would have been able to replace the feeling of belonging that came with making films for the perverted minds that she'd come to know so well.

"Tess...huh. No last name, either," she murmured to herself, looking down the casting sheet on an old, worn clipboard. "Well, the casting agent said that she was a perfect fit for me, so I guess I'll have to trust her on that."

In a small town, a cold was the only thing to spread faster than rumors and scandals. Though the boy she'd been accused of sleeping with was of consenting age, that didn't stop the locals from politely suggesting that Emily consider ending her teaching career.

When she resisted, the suggestions became less polite with each attempt, until she felt it was best for her safety to retire from teaching early.

The first few months were nothing short of a maddening scramble: Each day, she was calling other schools in the state and asking for the opportunity to prove herself. She was willing to take pay cuts, to work altered schedules, and even pick up the summer schooling shifts so that other teachers could have a break when the weather was best for being outside.

She didn't know how many calls she made that first month, but so few were returned that her hopes were entirely dashed.

If the potential scandal of bedding a student wasn't bad enough, his bragging around the school about knowing her secret made things **worse**. Her online activities were exposed and soon, every teen in the school was trying to sneak a picture of her on their smart phone so they could brag about what they'd seen their instructor doing online.

Her teaching career was over, but the better part of her life was just beginning.

"Ooh! She's early!" Emily stood up from her computer as the webcam began

recording. “I hope she doesn’t mind that things aren’t completely set up yet.”

Ding-dong! The impatient series of knocks was punctuated by a final ring of the doorbell, and Emily hurried over to the door, barely able to keep the front of her bathrobe tied closed in her haste.

Her smile was tiny, but giddy as she wrapped her digits around the doorknob and twisted it.

“So sorry to keep you waiting, Tess. Thank you for being so timely about your audition!”

To call Emily Stevens an example of model beauty would have been right on the nose. She was tall without towering over others, slender without being a stick, curvy without undesirable proportions, and kind without venomous, ulterior motives in her smile.

Where the lynx stood as someone who used her beauty to advance herself and her career without shame, she found that Tess had **no** shame.

“Looks to me like I’m a little *too* early. You’re not actually planning to run my audition in that, are you?”

The taller, thicker wolf was usually caught either grinning or scowling, with little expression in between. As far as she was concerned, the world was hers for the taking, and when she saw an opportunity to take advantage of, she’d never hesitate to sink her claws into it and claim it for everything that it was worth.

She knew what she was capable of in the bedroom, and she wasn’t afraid to ask Emily what she made over a busy weekend with her lewd cam shows.

The first number wasn’t anything special, but the zeroes that followed it lured Tess right in.

“It would be kinda silly to wear anything more than this,” Emily suggested. “If you really are here to show me and all my adoring fans what you’re capable of, another layer of clothing would probably be a waste of time.”

“I wouldn’t say that. I figured the extra clothes would have been for the sake of putting on a longer show.”

“I can appreciate your candor...but my fans are already quite restless. Though I’d love for you to strip me out of a full outfit sometime, I’m afraid that this is all we have time for, today.”

Emily was an actress who took her erotic craft very seriously, but she was an actress second, and a hopeless submissive first.

Tess could tell that she was putting on a show; seeing right through it, she didn’t even take the time to close the door behind her before her paw reached to the belt about Emily’s waist. Claws gripped it with such terrific force that the fabric nearly tore from a rather delicate tug, but Emily underestimated the strength and aggression of her new partner.

Where so many gasps in pornography were forced, hers was of genuine shock.

“That’s not your style, Emily, and frankly, it isn’t **mine**, either. If I’m going to go through the trouble of establishing dominance, I’m going to take my time with it and make sure that you know damn well who you answer to...it isn’t your fans, Emily. It’s **me**.”

The tiniest hint of moisture was already gathered at Emily’s womanhood as she prepped herself for the scene, but that was for her own sense of comfort.

The fresh warmth that gathered was purely reactionary, brought about by the forceful air of her lupine co-star.

“Y-You...you know, that’s not *exactly* how a cam show works, Tess.”

“I’ve seen enough of these to get a feel for how people think they should go, but I’ve seen some of your private videos too, Emily. It’s nice to get paid to get off, but you’re looking for something more than that, aren’t you?”

They were supposed to pretend to discuss a script before the show actually started and go from there; that was what Emily put in the e-mail, and Tess replied with her confirmation.

The greedy wolfess was throwing out the script, and Emily found her sense of professionalism melting away entirely as a genuine sexual encounter began.

“If you *really* think you know what I’m after, th-

“Really? You think it’s a good idea to challenge me?” Tess interrupted with a fierce tug on the belt. Emily stumbled forward, having no choice but to brace herself, her open palms resting against the lynx’s torso. “I’ve dominated more men and women alike than you’ll ever know, Emily. I could guess what you’re after, but I’m more than happy to force it out of you, one way or another.”

There was just enough of a conscious thought in the back of Emily’s mind to remember to at least *try* and keep the action in front of the camera, but if the whole show ended up taking place in the bedroom, she wasn’t going to complain in the least.

Tess was exactly the kind of passionate, aggressive player that the lynx was hoping for, and her body was already crying out with lust to be sated.

“If...If you have a preferred method, I’m not opposed to trying it,” Emily didn’t want to be as easy as she felt. If Tess barked out even one more defiant statement, Emily was sure that she would turn to a puddle and melt down to her knees. “Though I might put up a little fight if you aren’t firm with me.”

The sidebar chat on her webcam show was filling up with comments about how quickly they thought Emily might fold. They’d seen her with a number of other men and women before, knowing that it usually took the lynx a few minutes of playful fighting before she finally broke down and gave in to the demands of her dominant partners.

They’d never seen Tess before, and the wolfess was a proper wild card.

“A little fight? *Please*. You’re so sure of yourself that you’ve probably played this scene out in your head already...we have some sensual banter, you put on a show for your fans, you get reamed, spanked and degraded just a little bit, and then we sip tea after you turn off the camera, right?”

The more she spoke, the more Emily realized that Tess was no actress. She was an expert dominatrix who just happened to be a fan of Emily’s cam shows.

Something like this was a dream come true for the submissive lynx, who realized that she’d have to throw out the script and roll with whatever happened to her.

Her toes were **already** curling at the thought.

“I’m afraid I don’t have any tea on hand,” Emily replied. Without a script to follow, she knew her dialogue might end up a bit awkward, but for once, she didn’t have to be an actress. This was **real**, powerful connection between a pair of women who could fulfill the needs of their partner masterfully.

Her only fear was how long Tess would keep her waiting.

Taller, thicker and more heavily dressed, Tess made short work of her navy blue tank top. The slim strip of her tummy that was already showing expanded to her whole torso, as the off-cream fur of her underbelly caught Emily’s attention and filled the chat log with anticipation.

“I can forgive you for not having tea,” Tess rolled along with Emily’s nervous response. “I’m not sure I can forgive you for being so ill prepared to deal with me...what kind of submissive stands in the presence of her mistress? Why aren’t you kneeling yet?”

Emily gulped, her nerves gathered in a thick lump as they eased down her throat. “I, I...I’m sorry, Mistress,” she replied, sinking to her knees without hesitation as the lupine’s expression shifted. Her curious grin was turning to a scowl, and eyes of brilliant green were narrowing on the lynx, their weight alone keeping Emily from shifting even an inch.

“Mistress? We just met, sweetie. You haven’t **nearly** earned the right to call me that, yet.”

A nervous smile stilted back to a pair of thinned lips as Emily tried to gain traction with what Tess wanted. “I’m sorry...Tess?”

“That’s better. If you do everything I ask of you today, I *might* let you call me Mistress, but if you slip up in the least, you’re gonna blow the only chance you’ll ever get.”

There was no script Emily could have written that would have played out so perfectly. Shifting just slightly on her knees, she felt the moisture of her petals slipping down between her clenched thighs and nearing the floor as arousal continued to build within her, but still, Tess refused to give her body the touch it desperately needed.

This was the kind of dominance that was so hard to find; a person who knew that

the juice would be sweeter if the fruit was allowed to ripe, rather than plucking it whenever they wanted.

“It should be pretty easy to pass this test, then.”

“How’s that?”

Emily smirked. “All you’re asking me to do is kneel; I could do this all day if I had to.”

The lynx was trying her best to turn the tables on Tess, as if she thought her cheap little trick would be enough to push the wolfess over the edge.

As if she knew it was coming, Tess brushed it off and walked right past Emily, over to the camera. “Then maybe I’ll just let you do that,” she finally replied. She waved to the camera and winked at it, but that was the most she would include the audience that afternoon. “Got anything to drink around here? I’m kinda thirsty.”

Her voice was so nonchalant that Emily couldn’t help blinking and turning her head. “You...you’re being serious?”

“Uh huh.”

“There’s a couple bottles of lemonade in the fridge?” she was trying to think of something to suggest, not knowing anything about Tess, or her tastes. “Dunno if that’s your speed or not.”

“Oh, I think it’ll do just fine...”

Whatever darker plans Tess had in mind, Emily couldn’t fathom them no matter how she tried. Her mind was racing at the possibility of how Tess might use the narrow tip of the bottle to violate her bodice, or how she might drink the lemonade and save it up for something else later on.

She may have been of a dirtier mind than Tess, but the wolfess was of much greater mental discipline.

“It’s a little bit early to need a refresher, isn’t it? We haven’t even gotten to the rough stuff yet,” Emily just *couldn’t* completely turn off the actress within, knowing that the chat would grow restless much faster than she would. “And

you've been getting my hopes up for it this whole time, y'know."

"That's the idea."

Tess returned from the kitchen to the dining room where the cam show was set up. Emily was obedient enough to remain on her knees, though her body was starting to quiver with the anticipation of what Tess might ever do with the opportunity.

She was starting to think that the lupine was just taking advantage of her kitchen and using the situation to get a drink and a snack before going on her way.

Tess didn't even take things that far, as she stepped out in front of Emily and shot a glare at the camera. "I normally wouldn't show the whole world what I'm capable of, but I get the feeling you've got that thing turned on partially for your safety, right?"

Emily cocked a brow. "Y-Yeah...that's right."

"Good call."

The opened bottle was turned over, trickling lemonade down to the carpet around Emily's knees. The lynx was completely thrown by the act, her eyes going wide with frustration as she tried to understand what part of the act this was.

"Well, would you look at that," Tess continued. "You've made a terrible mess on **my** carpet."

Emily felt genuine concern as her anger wavered. "**Your** carpet? This is my house!"

"You want me to be your mistress? When I'm here, this is my house, then...and you just spilled all over the nice, clean floors."

The grin finally returned to Tess' expression, and Emily gulped once more, thicker than the first. "I...I did?"

"Sure looks that way to me," Tess stepped behind Emily and rested a paw between the tall, fluffy tufts of her ears. "Perhaps if I rub your nose in it, you'll learn your lesson."

In most situations of a dominant and submissive personality, there was a degree of fairness to be maintained. Generally, Tess flirted with that line, sometimes pushing her pets to the edge of fairness, but rarely going past it.

This time, she jumped right over the line as she pushed the lynx face first into the slowly drying puddle.

*Can't let myself enjoy this...this is **too** far*, Emily thought, but her body trembled pathetically at the feel of Tess kneeling behind her and stroking a paw between her thighs. *So strange, such an unconventional method...so unfair, but it's still turning me on!*

Emily's lack of understanding came purely from a lack of exposure. She'd been mostly with dominant personalities who were only interested in sexually controlling her; Tess was the real deal, wanting to take things much further than that, and the truest part of Emily's nature couldn't resist it.

Any resilience she put up would be a farce, and Tess knew it as she began stripping out of her pants.

"Is my little bitch learning her place? Does she understand what the punishment is for making a mess in **my** house?"

Body, mind and soul wouldn't be enough for Tess, who would dominate every aspect of Emily's life. She acted knowing the kind of person that Emily was, her performance resonating with a symbiotic need to control others, and Emily's own need to **be** controlled.

Knowing how badly she needed this, the lynx could only nod against the messy floor and hold still for the advances of the wolfess. She was expecting a savage beating, chastity and a rug burn...

...She was right about the final assumption.

"Good. In that case, you can have your reward for the day."

Tess was a lot of things, but she wasn't heartless, and she understood the place of love, care and reward in the relationship she was trying to form. She'd seen enough of Emily's videos to know that the lynx had a penchant for exotic members...and hidden beneath her discarded jeans was a bright strap-on of red,

complete with a thick knot at the base and a dramatically tapered tip.

The lynx shuddered as she felt it press against her folds, wondering how she didn't notice the bulge of it when Tess came in the door.

"Have I...have I truly earned it, Tess?"

Easing the tip from side to side until she was sure a thrust would push it further, Tess began leaning forth, penetrating Emily as if it were an accident; they both knew better. "Just today, my new pet. In the future, it'll be **much** harder than this."

Emily reached back to undo the belt of her short, sheer robe finally, but before she could, she felt Tess grab the ends from either side. She tossed the slack around and used it to crisscross over Emily's slender torso, creating a pair of handles for her to gain even greater leverage, while keeping the lynx trapped in her garment, unable to fully stimulate herself.

It was a planned move by the wolfess, who continued to prove that her mind was far deadlier than her strength.

"W-wait! The fans need to see-

"They've seen you naked before. I think they can fill in the blanks."

A firm tug on each end of the belt pulled Emily up to Tess, their hips coming closer together as the wolfess pressed her impressive bust against Emily's back. She was on literal strings and loving every moment of it as the large, fake toy as pushed into her sex by virtue of clever bondage, making it easy for Tess to fill her to the brim with only a single, delicate push.

Filled to capacity and drooling with anticipation, Emily had come to accept that she could do nothing to oppose her new co-star, and she couldn't have been happier about it.

"Yes, Tess...w-whatever you say!"

"I'm sorry, but I don't remember giving you the right to call me by name, either!" Tess growled and pumped her hips forth harshly, filling Emily just *beyond* what was comfortable for her. It was brief enough that the pain only

enhanced her pleasure instead of fighting it for attention, and helpless as she already was, she could feel her body quivering with such rare bliss that she wondered if she'd already reached her peak. "It would seem you haven't quite learned your lesson after all, have you?"

Before she could reply, Emily felt a series of short, eager thrusts against her body, her womanhood doing a masterful job of accommodating the fake flesh as Tess held her close. With each pass, she found it harder to find the words to express her obedience, reduced instead to panting and whimpering against her new mistress with desperate fervor.

"I'm t-trying, Mistress!"

Tess grinned. "Didn't say you could call me that, either. That's two strikes."

Emily gulped, feeling the intensity of the penetration continue to grow with each passing moment. Smaller releases of delight would pale in comparison to the full-body climax that she was nearing; so much of it was a mental game, but just enough of it was physical that she knew she wouldn't be able to cross that threshold without Tess filling her.

As her body quivered and her chest heaved with rapid breaths, Emily felt the foggy sensation of orgasm clouding her mind, but before it could fully take hold, Tess pulled back, leaving her passage to clench desperately for *something* to fill the void.

Nothing came.

"And your third strike was not replying to me when I tried to discipline you," Tess murmured, greedily watching the unique and wonderful show of Emily's womanhood moving as though it were stricken with ecstasy.

Emily was riddled with pleasure, but it fell just short of such a level. Her mind was still foggy and dancing, but her body was just a breath away from that glorious release...a single stroke upon her erect, buzzing clit would have been enough, but Tess knew how important it was to leave her pets wanting more.

Submissive obedience kept the lynx from pushing her rump against the tip of the soaking toy, and a blank stare left her kneeling before Tess as she slumped forth.

“You’re not quite broken; not yet. You just **think** you are,” Tess claimed. She stood up from behind Emily and watched her body trembling on the floor, clearly eager for a release, but her mind was trained to resist, no matter what the stakes were. “But when you finally prove your loyalty to me, you’ll get to cum again...and you’ll know what it means to have your world shattered.”

Emily didn’t care that her face would be sticky as her cheek slumped back into the carpet. Her ears were perked high, and her spirits were even higher.

She couldn’t wait to be denied her next climax.

Wet Dream

Cass didn't know why she felt so groggy. Her focus was always sharp, and her mind was always clear, but right at that moment, she felt like she'd been pulled from the clutches of the sweetest dream.

She was still riding the endorphins of it as she looked out from a stage and noticed a crowd was gathered down below her; she didn't recall one being there before, but she couldn't much remember where she'd been earlier, or how she even got where she was.

She only remembered *pleasure*.

"It's so brave of her to come up in front of all of you and try this for the first time, isn't it?"

Cass didn't see the source of the voice. Her ears perked up and twitched as she came to realize that there were speakers on either side of the stage, leaving her to wonder what kind of gig she'd gotten herself into.

Her entire life was spent sneaking from place to place, never being detected unless she absolutely **wanted** to be. To say that this was the opposite of her daily routine was underselling it, but for some reason, she was radiating with waves of ecstasy that refused to leave her mind alone, no matter how she tried to focus it.

"So many of you women out there have been denying yourselves the pleasure of a proper orgasm for years to come...poor Cass puts her working life ahead of her personal life, making her a perfect example of a woman we should admire!"

The crowd cheered, but it was short lived as the mistress of ceremonies lifted a paw to them. "That being said, Cass is here today because loving yourself is dearly important in this day and age, and in her pursuit to be the best at what she does, she's lost touch with the glorious and sensual body that she's been blessed with. The fact that she's here to get some help getting over the hump...**that** is something worth celebrating!"

Once again the crowd erupted before her, but as if she was still coming around from a deep sleep, Cass wasn't entirely sure what was happening, even though

she was being talked about as if she'd been cognizant the whole time. Her thighs were quivering, her entire body trembled, and as her eyes regained focus, she looked down to see that she didn't have a scrap of clothing on her body.

She was also sitting on something long and soft, like a cushion that was made to go between the thighs.

Gotta blend in. I must have gotten captured on that last mission, Cass thought, but for once, she wasn't in any danger. Though this...this is an odd thing to have to blend in with. Can't say I'm complaining.

"Now, I know some of you still think that the female orgasm is a myth. It's a tragedy in our world that such a thought is allowed to occur, but it's important to remember that even if you *can't* get yourself there, there's nothing wrong with you. It doesn't make you any less of a woman, or any less of a person. We've all got to learn to love ourselves, and sometimes, it takes a little extra elbow grease to get the job done. Isn't that right, Cass?"

Blinking a few times as she became dizzy with pleasure, Cass tilted her head and looked up to see a tall, slender vixen in a business suit on the stage next to her. She was impossibly gorgeous; her eyes sharp and sparkling green, her smile radiating kindness without being fake, and her long, red locks falling on either side of her muzzle, framing her delicate expression perfectly.

Cass would have been jealous if she wasn't so busy trying to figure out what it was inside of her that kept her riding a physical high.

"Th...That's right," the coyote struggled to find her words as the vibrations within her sex became impossible to ignore. She'd gathered that some kind of sex toy was at work, but she could only see the cushion beneath her; the vibrating rod that was strapped to the top of it had already disappeared inside of her passage. "If you can't l-love yourself, then who c-can you love?"

For what was said of her at the start, Cass didn't seem to have any trouble loving herself at all. She was already gritting her fangs as she felt a climax coming on, and her dormant body was starting to move on the toy as she rocked back and forth, wanting to feel the vibrations from every possible angle.

She came to loathe the fact that she wasn't in control of them, however, when they became slower and stronger.

“A very wise sentiment from a lovely woman!” the vixen claimed, drawing more fanfare from the crowd. The sound was heavy on Cass’ ears, but inspiring in the same breath, as if she was being cheered on to her release; it wasn’t a situation she’d ever imagined herself being in, much less enjoying, but the vibrations crawled up through the floor of the stage and rattled her body in the most delightful way as the hostess leaned down by her bodice. “You’re basically doing my job for me, my dear!”

It was hard for Cass to hear the hostess over the enthusiastic group of people before her, but her voice had a piercing sweetness to it that traveled over her ears with the delicate touch of silk and honey. “Glad to be of s-service...”

Given that she made her living in the world of espionage and infiltration, it wasn’t hard for Cass to believe that she’d been recruited for such a task, but it still didn’t explain how she’d gotten on stage in the first place, or where she’d been only moments before the show started.

The intensity of the vibrating toy changed once more, derailing that train of thought and ridding the last of the concerns from her mind.

“It *stuns* me that you can be so selfless, even in when pleasure is wracking your body from head to toe. It’s quite admirable, Cass.”

Still foggy of mind and hardly able to control her body, Cass began to wonder if she’d been slipped a mild sedative to reach the state that she had. She was cognizant enough to rock just a little bit, but her arms and legs didn’t want to respond, even though there was nothing keeping them in place.

Short of her own bashful mind, she couldn’t think of a single thing that would restrain her. Wherever she was, she only had limited control of her actions; she had no idea how much of a turn-on that was until she was fully subjected to it, as the first orgasm she was conscious for began building inside of her.

“T-thank you...”

She didn’t know how to vocalize her impending climax without sounding too obvious about it, and didn’t want to ruin to assumed presentation that she was a part of by overselling her pleasure, though doing so would have been quite a stretch.

Her body was simply *aching* for a greater touch, as if it knew that there was another level of pleasure to be attained with only a few minor tweaks.

So why won't my arms cooperate, then? If I could only cup my breasts, I'm sure this could be mind-blowing...not that it isn't pretty damn amazing already.

A quick turn of her head from side to side revealed that Cass was right about her freedom, but her arms still hung limp at her sides, as if she'd slept on them wrong and was waking up to pins and needles.

It was becoming **frustrating** to deal with as the vibrating toy inside her vaginal passage refused to wait for her limbs to wake up.

"I think you've waited quite long enough for your release, my dear. Shall we get on with the next lesson?"

Cass winced an eye shut as the vibrations picked up in frequency. She was given only a second of warning to adjust, and in the haze of her thoughts, that wasn't nearly enough time for her body to prepare.

Inner muscles clenched as panting, raspy breaths passed her muzzle, the steamy air leaving the end of her nose moistened as her womanhood fluttered about the vibrating toy.

"The n-next lesson? Wh...*ohgod*...what could there s-still be?" Cass found it downright impossible to hold a proper conversation as the ecstasy of her release shattered her words. What started as a gentle roll of the hips was turning into a proper bounce; whatever kept her thighs from moving and clenching before, it wasn't enough to overwhelm the powerful spasms of her finale.

Whether it was the fog of pleasure or the fog of something else entirely, the crowd seemed to drift further away, like the waves of the ocean receding with the tides. She knew the flood of endorphins that came with a satisfying release could be truly intoxicating, but this was a step beyond anything she'd ever known; a soothing relaxation that was so deep, it bordered on drunken apathy.

"You're our lucky volunteer for the day," the vixen began to explain. "You've proven that a woman can learn to achieve climax simply by taking the time to get to know herself and love her body, but you've got quite a bit of lost time to make up for! To stop here would be a disservice to the pleasure that you *truly*

deserve.”

Cass knew that she felt amazing, but it wasn't a purely physical sensation. There was elation about her that she couldn't begin to describe, great enough that it overwhelmed her frustration and concern with her uncooperative limbs.

She wasn't going to need them for the next lesson, however, as the hostess set her microphone back in a stand and knelt by the coyote's side.

“You're going slack jawed on me, Cass. Don't lose consciousness just yet.”

Her every nerve was on end, every inch of her skin begging for someone to reach out and touch it with even the softest stroke.

The vixen somehow knew and obliged, resting her open palms on Cass' shoulders. “How could I? I n...never want this to end...”

“It all has to end eventually, my darling, but forget about the crowd for now. Forget about the presentation...let's focus on **you**.”

Cass was confused by the idea, but not because she wasn't used to focusing on herself; she was fairly adept at that and in her line of work, it was necessary to be hypersensitive to the natural cues of your body.

To focus so heavily on herself in the sense of getting off, however, was a different story.

“What else is there to focus on?” Cass was starting to get her lungs back as she felt the toy within her sex slowing down once more. “I mean, I...I got off, didn't I?”

“You did,” the vixen confirmed, “But that doesn't mean that you've given yourself everything that you deserve yet.”

Moisture was gathered on the insides of her thighs, sticking her fur to the smooth, velvety material of the cushion between her legs. Pleasure was still dizzying her mind just a little and leaving her body terribly sensitive to the touch.

Cass didn't think it could get much better than it just had, but if she was being honest with herself, she never left much time in her life to explore possibilities

beyond a single, simple release.

That didn't mean she wasn't aware of the rumors of what a female body was capable of.

"Whoever you are, you're awfully sweet to say such kind things about me. Are you sure you're not just trying to butter me up to get some kind of information from me?"

Her reaction wasn't to tilt her head or look confused, as so many undercover operatives had in the past. Instead, she leaned over the back of the coyote's shoulder and pressed her muzzle into the nap of her neck, breathing delicately against it.

"Got no idea what you're talking about, Cass. I just want to make you cum...*really* cum."

Cass tilted her head back slightly, her body tensing into the touch of her unknown hostess. "I'm pretty sure I just did..."

"You made a ripple in the pond," she replied. "I want you to make a wave."

Something Cass found so hard to do around strangers was let her guard down. She was questioning her instincts, or the lack thereof as a paw slipped around her hip and she did nothing to stop it, but she loved the delicate caress of skillful digits frolicking their way across her torso and coming to rest upon her pubic mound with an affectionate rub.

Everything about the vixen was so disarming that Cass couldn't help closing her deep, ocean blue eyes and relaxing against the kneeling vulpine. "And j-just how would I do that?"

"The first step is to relax, which it feels like you *finally* have; that first orgasm might have been necessary for this," the vixen suggested. "The second step is just as simple: Focus your attention inward. Don't worry about trying to force your pleasure, don't think about what you're doing right or wrong...just let the rivers of bliss carry you away, and when the waterfall comes, go over it with reckless abandon."

All the cues to moisture made it easy for Cass to realize that her new companion

was alluding to female ejaculation, another thing that she'd heard rumors of, but never seen before or experienced herself. Something like that seemed to require a good deal of time, patience and self-exploration, and such things were in short supply in the coyote's life.

Right then, she was being given a chance to explore herself, but her arms still wouldn't move. She could only rock her hips, as if the toy were like a magnet to her body, refusing to allow it to stray too far from the ecstasy it granted.

The intensity of the pulses grew, stopped, and started again as the devious vixen continued to play with the settings on her controller, never giving Cass a chance to adjust to one rhythm. "Don't tense, little coyote. A relaxed body will garner **so** much more delight than a tense one," she explained.

It wasn't easy for her, but as Cass let out a heavy gasp, she nodded her agreement, feeling the billowy lips of the vulpine against the side of her ear.

"*Nngh...*I w-wont!" she moaned right through her response, finding it difficult to breathe without echoing some sound of passion. It was ironically tough for her inner workings to settle given the way that her arms and legs rested so easily, but as her efforts bore fruit of pure, unbridled pleasure, she lost all control of her inner muscles and allowed them to flutter of their own accord, squeezing the toy as if it could be milked.

With her paw resting atop the coyote's pubic mound, the vixen could feel the change in Cass' behavior and grinned. Her palm stayed flat, applying a little extra pressure to the crest of her womanhood each time that she sucked in a gasp, while her other paw drifted up and cupped the underside of one free, bouncing breast, as if she knew **exactly** what Cass had been waiting for all along.

One smooth, delicate pawtip brushing against the cute, erect nub of her nipple was all it took for Cass to fall right into the throes of another orgasm, but it was slower to start; something was entirely different about the experience. She felt breathless, almost as if she was on the verge of sobbing, but she knew no emotion other than joy as something shifted inside of her.

"That's the way, Cass. Don't fight it...whatever you feel, whatever your body does, just let it happen!" the vixen cheered her on. The stage was the only thing in the world right then, with the crowd long since fading from the coyote's

memory, and the matter of performance utterly forgotten.

This was a pure, genuine act of mutual delight, and as Cass felt pressure against her clitoral hood, the toy ramped up the intensity to such a level that she couldn't possibly keep up with the ripples that it caused.

With her body at the brink and her mind unable to keep up, the body went on ahead without her, and Cass slumped back completely into the vulpine hostess as a tiny stream began to ease from her folds.

*Feels like I'm peeing a little...so weird, but so **good**...*

Cass didn't dare to fight back against the sensation. She'd already lost control of so much of her body that she wasn't sure she could if she wanted to, but there wasn't a fiber in her being that resisted the wealth of orgasmic delight that ran over her as the vixen pressed her paw down firm against the coyote's pubic mound. The pressure gave way to a long, streaking gush of clear fluids, soaking the cushion between her legs and leaving Cass to throw her head back violently as she failed to find a single sensation to focus on.

Each cupping squeeze of her breasts was downright heavenly, and each playful tweak and pinch of her nipples was a dash of pain wrapped in a dollop of pleasure. The vibrations of the toy were almost **too much** for her sensitive inner walls to handle, but the pressure against her clit was something she'd never thought to try; the only mental note she could manage was to explore that again when she had the chance.

"Don't forget to love yourself, Cass."

She was panting heavily and shamelessly, even when a tiny spot of drool fell from the corner of her lips. "I won't! *Ooooh f-fuck*, I promise I won't!" she cried out in climactic bliss the likes of which she'd never dreamed possible, her lips curled in a smile that bordered on stupefied.

Just as she was told, she didn't fight a single sensation as a second, smaller streak of natural juices was cast from her sex, but even as it landed against the floor of the stage, Cass felt the sensations fading away from her body. She tried to whirl her head around to give the vixen an angry glare, but she could hardly move a muscle, and she didn't feel the tender, teasing warmth of her lips any longer.

Even her voice was fading with her last instruction, as Cass watched the last of the room around her spin into a strange darkness...

...And then, a light pierced all the way through it, as she awoke on her couch.

How she'd been able to fall asleep with the television screen so brightly illuminating the room, she wasn't quite able to figure out. Cass was dedicated to her work, but she couldn't remember the last time she was so tired that she fell asleep outside of her bedroom.

She also didn't know how long it had been since she'd woken up with her fingers dipped into the warm, moist petals of her treasure, but as she stirred awake, she pulled them free from her panties and gazed over the bit of wetness that spread between the parted digits.

"...I think I need a little vacation," she murmured groggily, as she looked through winced eyes at the screen. That early in the morning, advertisements for sex toys and call girls were still playing, and tired lips curled into a bit of a grin as Cass amended her own plan. "Doesn't mean I have to go anywhere, though."

She wasn't going to be able to back asleep so easily after such a vivid dream, but she had something new to try until her eyes closed again.

Shark in the Sand

Vivian didn't intend for her day at the beach to go the way that it was, but once she was on the path, she couldn't bring herself to get off of it.

It might have been the warmth of the sun that was just sneaking around the edges of her umbrella, as she rested comfortably on her side. It could have been the soothing granules of sand between her toes as they curled and released the loosely collected salt. Even the quiet babble of the waves as they rolled up on the shore and filled the air with the slightest hint of saltwater might have had something to do with it, but she wasn't thinking so much about the **why** of the situation.

She was too busy enjoying the **what**.

"Pretty sure nobody is watching," she whispered to herself as her fingertips came to rest on the bare skin of her tummy. "And even if they are...I bet they'd be too chicken to call me out on it."

A slightly rebellious streak was simply in the nature of Vivian Ivy Xavier. She'd be quick to tell you that she preferred Vix for short, and she wouldn't be the least bit afraid to tell you up front if she was interested in carrying your conversation beyond the formalities or not. Though she was deep of character, she wasn't actively trying to hide the person that she was.

She wasn't much trying to hide the fact that her fingers were dancing along the waistline of her bikini as they moved lower on her body, either.

"Not that I can't stop once I get started, but...am I really gonna want to?" she asked herself, her voice low enough that no one nearby would hear her. There were only a couple other beachgoers that would have been within earshot regardless, but she didn't want to attract any attention, just yet.

She was happy to bask in the sun and revel in the thrill of doing something fun, naughty, and just a little bit risky as she enjoyed her solo summer vacation.

If she were caught, she'd have nothing to blame but her own aggressive nature, but Vix couldn't help thinking that there was something more to the act, as her

fingers crossed the threshold of her pubic mound. Under the thin, clinging fabric of her bikini, her knuckles made an obvious bulge, but she didn't pay any mind to anyone who might have noticed it.

The warmth of palm against her delicate labia was **far** more deserving of her attention, and with just a few delicate strokes up and down over the length of her folds, she could feel a tiny bit of natural moisture starting to gather as her body readied itself.

This is a little bit out there...even for me, she thought, still trying to decide what the tipping point was for her to make such a brash decision. She was running out of things to blame, and thoughts to spare for it as her other hand stole a playful grasp at her own breast.

The polyester shrunk under her squeeze so perfectly, the soft material giving way perfectly under her digits to act as a smooth surface between her fingers and her chest. It was just delicate enough to tease her nipple without rubbing it tender, and the very tips of her digits pinched around the sensitive nub, spurring natural arousal to drip from her folds.

That little bit of sun tan lotion is making it just slippery enough...glad I remembered to oil up today!

No sooner than her mind finished the thought did she realize that it could have been the fault of the dark, coconut based oil that she'd rubbed into her skin that day before she left for the beach. Almost immediately, she dismissed the idea for being so silly, but what started as a quick and playful tease of her own body was rapidly spiraling into a full blown session of self-pleasure, completely careless of the risks that might be involved.

She was *somewhat* rebellious. This was a few steps further than that, but she was glad for the wild streak, whatever was causing it.

It was only a matter of time before someone took note of what she was doing, but in the back of her mind, she knew it had already been a few minutes, and thus far, no one around her was saying anything. The umbrella was tilted such that people behind her wouldn't be able to see anything regardless, and she was close enough to the water that very few people were walking in front of her.

If they knew what they'd have a chance to see, that might have changed the

dynamic, but it wasn't the fact that her fingers were starting to glisten with the satisfying efforts of her masturbation that finally drew someone to notice what she was doing. It wasn't the delightful perk of her nipples as they pressed eagerly against the cups of her top, or the gentle fidgets of her body as waves of pleasure started radiating up from the pit of her stomach.

What finally did the trick was a strange sensation on the small of her upper back, and even **that** would have gone unnoticed without someone there to notify her of it.

"Miss, you...you seem to have a *problem*."

"Sure do," Vix surprised even herself with the quick and witty response. "And I'm taking care of it. You gonna try and stop me?"

A middle-aged woman in a one-piece swimsuit was trying to hide her panic and disgust, but it had nothing to do with the antics on the front side of her body.

"No, young lady, I t-think...I think you need some help."

"It's totally natural, isn't it?"

"Well yes, I...I've done my fair share of that myself, but—"she paused, shaking her head rapidly to clear her fluster. "Listen! I don't care what you're doing, but there's a growth on your back, and it's **moving**!"

No matter how she tried, the woman who interrupted Vix couldn't keep her voice down enough to stop from drawing more attention. Dealing with just one or two people at a time and telling them to get lost would have been no big deal, but Vix could feel more sets of eyes on her body than she was comfortable putting on a show for.

Where her mind was just a little bashful at the thought, her hands disagreed with her opinion and continued working at her flesh, as if something deeper inside of her **knew** about the growth as it bubbled up from her spine and grew sharp and hooked, starting to take the shape of a fin.

"Strange...I don't feel anything back there," Vix replied as she finally looked back over her shoulder at the older woman. "You sure you're not just trying to freak me out?"

Eyes that were once as blue as the waves that rolled up on the shore were changing shape, unbeknownst to Vix, who gazed up at her fellow beachgoer with a grin that was sharper than she knew.

For someone who was trying to get a tan, she was turning *condemningly* pale. “Young lady, y-you really should see a doctor! Go get some help!”

That time, there was no containing the panic. Her face was twisted up in such horror that Vix halted her playtime to turn and reach out with a comforting hand, though, in her faux pas, she didn’t realize how much natural moisture was dripping from her fingertips.

The normally colorless fluid had a slightly darker tone of gray to it as it streaked across the arm of the middle-aged stranger, and where Vix’s digits touched, the color not only refused to wipe off, but it began to **spread**.

“W-W-What the hell is wrong with you?! You stay **far** away from me!” the lady fell backwards and scrambled off in a terrified panic, even as a leathery coat of light gray began spreading up from her forearm and heading for her shoulder.

Being able to see that much for herself, Vix looked down at her own body, and noticed that her own fair skin was unusually bright upon her collarbone, but just beyond that, it was getting darker, as if her body was trying to distinguish her underbelly from the rest of her torso.

She needed to see more.

“This probably wouldn’t have been okay before, but since everyone knows what I’m doing now...” she trailed off as she reached back and fiddled with the strings that held her top on, and as her wrists bumped against the hardening fin that jutted out from just below her shoulder blades, she felt her heightened state of pleasure tilt toward the same panic that she’d just inspired in someone else.

Even her breasts were changing just slightly as her bikini top fell away from her skin; it was still smooth, and her chest still had plenty of perk, but as she cupped them, she noticed the change in her flesh to a texture that was so much firmer than she ever hoped it would be.

Her ears picked up on the sound of footsteps pounding the sand as more people tried to escape without making a sound, but it wasn’t until the lifeguard actually

said the word that she could confirm her own suspicions.

“SHARK! Everyone get off the beach, **now!**”

There was scarcely anyone in the water to begin with, and those few who ran past Vix pointed down at her and screamed as if she was the beast in question. As her umbrella was knocked over, her body was blessed with sunlight, and the added warmth reminded her of what she was doing before, as if that was more important than getting herself to safety.

An apex predator was a difficult thing to scare, and Vix had no idea what a perfect blend she was of two creatures at the top of two **very** different food chains.

“I dunno what everyone’s getting so worked up about. It’s not like I’m a threat or anything,” Vix murmured, but at first, she didn’t realize that she was even talking about herself. She didn’t notice the fact that something else was starting to creep into her mind until it literally began to bubble within her skull, as two different sets of needs, thoughts and instincts began blending together. Their strongest common thread was the very basic and very real need to consume, but as all of her targets continued rushing from the beach, Vix remembered that she wasn’t all that hungry in the first place.

Her long, raven locks stayed pulled back in a ponytail, but she tugged the end of her hair over her shoulder to compare it to the tone of dark gray that was encompassing her shoulders. Even as her digits stroked through her tresses, she could feel her nails growing sharper with each passing moment; it would have been the greatest point of her focus, if not for another growth near the base of her spine.

This one was impossible **not** to notice. Even against the flexible pattern of her bikini, it was pushing the fabric to the limit, and where shame would have at least slowed her process before, there was no need to hinder her progress any longer.

She was just starting to untie the scant strands of cloth that kept everything in place when the wiggling nub of her tail burst through, casting tatters of wasted polyester down to the ground.

“...Danf it, da wafs un uh my favo...huh...” she never finished bemoaning the

destruction of her clothes as she tripped over almost every word, finding her tongue no longer properly fit her mouth. She tried to thin her lips, but they were growing further away from her face as a sharp nose and wider snout began to form, her transformation finally nearing a satisfying end.

She'd have to learn how to talk with the new shape of her mouth eventually, but she'd work into it slowly as she stood upright, trying to find her new center of balance. The presence of her tail, still not quite grown to a full length, was making the act of walking in a straight line a terrible struggle.

If not for the extra webbing that was leaking out between her toes like mud upon the feet of a playing child, she surely would have tripped on her way down to the shoreline, but she needed to know that this wasn't all some fever dream from the pits of her overactive imagination.

With no one left to stop her and no crowds to fight through, it took her mere seconds to come face to face with the glassy reality in the waves.

"Ahm...uhm..." she gulped and smacked her tongue against the roof of her mouth a few times to get a feel for where it should sit. "**I'm** the shark," she finally managed to speak, her human mind fully accepting the presence that tried to make itself known before. "And...I look *damn* good!"

Posing in front of the water and watching her reflection dance with each wave as it broke and curled back out to the sea, Vix had no shame appreciating the body that she'd worked for as a human, and the features that she'd now been blessed with as a shark. Her bangs remained a perfect fit to frame eyes that were now speckled with hints of orange intensity, her toned physique lent itself well to a slightly longer frame, and much to her delight and relief, the proud curve of her breasts and hips remained intact.

"Shame that there's no one left on the beach for me to try this new body out on," she groaned, surveying the endless swath of discarded towels, blankets and umbrellas. "But all this privacy shouldn't go to waste on such a lovely day, and I **was** in the middle of something..."

The very subtle trails of moisture that once dripped down her thighs were since quiet, but against the new texture of her changed flesh, natural liquids beaded more easily, allowing a single trail to slide once more and remind her of just how much fun she was having.

Her fingers would be enough...but the shark in her soul was greedy, and wanted something more than mere digits to finish what she'd started.

As if nature heard her call, another piece of debris bounced down the beach and kicked up against her knee carelessly as she pondered her situation. It was just an ordinary beach ball, high and large enough that her body was going somewhere lewd with it before her mind finished deciding if the idea would even be possible.

Squatting down over the ball and resting her thighs on either side of it, body and mind were both happy to discover that her idea was going to work.

Resting her petals daintily against the small nub of the plastic valve, the clear plastic became soaked with feminine moisture as Vix pushed her crotch down against the ball, and giggled playfully as it bounced back against her. The ball was a little overinflated, and she couldn't have been happier with that as her thighs clenched on both sides of it and held it steady.

"Didn't think that would really w-work against my clit," she thought aloud, "But *damn*, if that thing isn't hitting my spot just right...f-fuck!"

Carnal hunger was amplified by the transformation, a change that left Vix looking different, but perhaps to a close friend, they might still recognize the mischief and intelligence that sparkled in her eyes. Those same orbs were winced over with delight as she humped away at the improvised sex toy, her hands free to roam wherever they pleased.

The extra bit of webbing between each digit made the choice to cup one of her breasts almost obvious, but she was instantly grateful for the extra surface area. More contact meant more sensations, and a smile that was once squared off was now a razor sharp grin, filled with deadly fangs and lustful intent.

She could have *tried* to dream up a better way to spend this week of her vacation, but it was a difficult thing for Vix to imagine, and only partly because her thoughts were being clouded over with the dreamy haze of an impending climax.

"I'm r-really glad you rolled along, little guy," she praised the beach ball as it squeaked under her weight, supporting her every bit as much as she needed. Sand was sticking to her knees and ankles with uneven grit as she bounced

herself, her chest heaving and her body quivering with delights both familiar and new. “This wouldn’t have been n-nearly as fun without ya!”

Scratches began forming over the tender flesh of her bosom as Vix learned quickly to adjust to her new form, the claws leaving small, reddish marks at the edge of her collarbone as she feverishly played with a breast. It was a thankful lesson to learn higher up as her free hand simply couldn’t resist swirling a single digit at the sensitive flesh of her clitoral hood, but each touch was delicate and cautious; she’d never forgive herself if she ended up getting wounded right before she went over the edge.

Already, her body was teetering on it: she knew any little thing would be able to set her off.

The lucky stroke was the push of the valve as it rubbed against the base of her sensitive, delicate nub and passed right down, hardly penetrating her slit...but it was just enough to set her off and leave her violently bouncing on the beach ball, her body shuddering with earthly delights as eager digits clamped down on one breast.

“G-goodness...I gotta make a note of t-this for later!” she tried to remind herself of what a useful tool a beach ball could be right then, but as desperate moans slipped into every word she said, she gave up on it; nothing could take away from the passionate climax that kept her hips rapidly grinding, even when her mind wasn’t ordering them to. “F...Fuck me, this f-feels so good! *Mnnn...yes...yes!*”

Her hands finally broke free from their trance-like hold on her flesh as the waves of pleasure became too much to handle, but like the ones that crashed upon the shoreline, they were slow to fade, and soothing to bathe in as the afterglow dawned upon her. Vix slumped down over the well-rewarded beach ball with a genuine, lust-drunk smile and started to fall flat on her back...

...But someone else got in the way.

WHUMP! The newly transformed shark landed upon the very last person left at the beach; the voyeuristic girl that was pinned beneath her squirmed and tried to slip free, but Vix wasn’t going anywhere, now that she felt the delightful warmth of another body.

“Y’know, I was starting to think that I must have missed someone,” she murmured, her voice dancing a fine line between offended frustration and opportunistic excitement. “I’m afraid that I don’t do free shows, little girl.”

Whatever caused the change in Vix was quick to spread: Their brief touch between them was enough that some of the darker gray spilled from her body, bleeding into the nervous stranger beneath her. There was already a horribly panic running through them as they found themselves trapped beneath a deadly creature, but to think that they might become one, as well, shrunk her eyes down to tiny, quivering dots of pure fright.

“I sure hope you’re willing to pay up.”

A Shoulder and Then Some

Ori thought for sure that he'd be there for her, through anything and everything.

Those were the kinds of promises that Bermuda made to her when they were holding each other close at night, despite the rough and cold exterior that he often wore.

She was counting back all the times in her mind; times that she'd told everyone they just didn't know him like she did, that he treated her so much better when they were alone together, that his behavior was just a result of him being hurt by others in the past.

"Th...They were all right about him a-all along!"

The pillow hugged to her chest offered such little comfort that Ori wondered why she was still holding it there. Her tears soaked through the case nearly half an hour before when she first got the call, but nothing could stop her from sobbing at that point, even when her eyes were running dry and her throat was getting hoarse.

She was determined to scream until her throat bled if that was what it took to feel better, even when she knew in her heart of hearts that nothing was helping.

To be broken up with by a phone call was brutal enough. To be told in that same phone call to stay far away from that person, that you'd let them down too many times, and that they never wanted to see you again was worse than a stake to the heart for Ori, who was just trying to keep from making herself sick until proper help could arrive.

She couldn't have made the call anymore, but she had just enough of a voice at the time to dial one of the few people who **didn't** criticize her relationship with Bermuda.

Paisley was the kind of friend who wanted to let Ori make her own mistakes, so long as she was safe in doing so. She was the close, loyal companion who would answer no matter what time of the night Ori called, and even when she was in the throngs of a crowded bar, she didn't hesitate to set her freshly poured drink

down and head for the door.

That kind of friendship was so rare to find that when Ori heard a knock on the door, she had no doubt who was standing on the other side...and much to her own surprise, her pouting lips tried to smile, even for the briefest of moments.

“C-Come in!”

There was no hiding the sad, pathetic groan in Ori’s voice as she spoke, and no mistaking the look of concern on Paisley’s face as she hurried inside and closed the door behind her. Just to see Ori in such a state, Paisley’s paws would have been clenched into passionate, hateful fists...but that would have to wait.

Ori didn’t need any more frustration, right then.

What she needed was a close friend.

“You don’t have to say anything if you don’t want to,” Paisley told her quietly. She dropped her purse by the front door and made her way to the couch, and before her backside was fully into the cushion, Ori was already slumping over against her. “You don’t have to say a word. Neither do I.”

Claws tugged desperately at the front of Paisley’s shirt as Ori started to apologize for the tears and snot that would almost certainly stain the top, but there was a comfort in the eyes of her friend, one that told her she didn’t need to apologize without anything more ever being said.

Instead, Ori just nodded and stayed close. “O...Okay. Good,” she struggled through her words as the pair embraced. It was the last thing that either one of them would say that night, but the silence that came after Ori’s tears subsided was just the thing that she needed.

There was clarity in the silence, comfort in the embrace, and desperately needed sleep in the near distance.

**

“You’re sure you want to go out again so soon? You weren’t exactly in a party mood last night.”

Ori and Paisley were sharing the mirror on the wall of her bathroom, Ori fiddling

with a pair of earrings to match the shade of her eyes, and Paisley running a comb through her hair to tease it just the right way. “I don’t want to give that jerk anymore of my time than I already did. If I’m not having fun tonight, he’s *still* ruining my mood, and he doesn’t deserve to get to me like that.”

Usually, Paisley would tried to reason with Ori, but they’d done little all day beside sit on the couch at the apartment and watch infomercials. She’d given up her night on the town the night before to help a friend, and she would happily do it the same way if that’s what it came to a second night in a row, but there was a fire in Ori’s eyes that showed her determination.

They weren’t going to be staying in, and Paisley was a woman who knew how to get what she wanted in life: That night, she wanted a cheap, stiff drink, and there was a hole in the wall bar that was serving \$2 you-call-its for the girls only.

‘Ladies Night’ was emblazoned on the side of the building in bright, pink neon, with a font that clearly hadn’t been updated since it was made popular in the 80’s. The brickwork of the building was dirty and brown, and through the picture window, Ori could see that there weren’t many other women in the bar, or customers at all.

After taking the time to make sure her short, black cocktail dress fit so perfectly, she was quietly bummed out that she wouldn’t be getting much attention for her efforts.

“This place? There’s gotta be somewhere with a bit more life,” she said, as the bouncer checked her ID and waved her in with Paisley.

The caracal nodded in reply. “More life? Sure. But there’s no line for drinks, they make ‘em strong, and this I’m trying to pinch my pennies.”

Thinning her lips a bit, the cheetah-lynx shrugged and followed her friend inside. The front half of the bar was like an old 50’s diner, with high barstool seating and aged cushions with squishy, rubbery tops.

Despite their age, they still gave a bounce as Ori straddled one, and Paisley sat at the next.

“We can have one round here, I guess. Maybe two if the drinks are really cheap,” Ori finally murmured, deciding to make the best of it. It was the least that she

could do for Paisley, after how far she'd gone out of her way the night before. "Whatever drew you here in the first place?"

Paisley rested her elbows on the edge of the bar and leaned forward. "The prices," she admitted, "And the fact that it's where I pick up my best action."

Ori was immediately flustered. "A-Action?"

"Uh huh. You'd be shocked what one or two drinks from this place does to your sex drive."

Paisley was blunt in the way that she spoke more often than not, so the words themselves didn't surprise Ori that much, but the topic was mildly off-putting. "You don't say..."

Without ever taking a single drink, Ori was forced to gulp at the thought of Paisley buying her a drink and making a move on her; the hybrid knew she wouldn't be able to say no.

She'd thought about it more often than she'd ever admit to Paisley.

"I sure do," the caracal replied. Already, two drinks were being brought over to the pair of felines, one set before the hybrid of short, blond hair and brilliant eyes of blue, and the other in front of the taller, thicker feline of brunette and wise, mischievous emeralds. "As the saying goes, 'raise your glass and lower your standards,' right?"

Even though Ori knew it was a joke, she struggled to laugh. A cheap giggle left the corner of her lips as she picked up her drink and immediately took a swig.

The breath that followed was almost regretful, but it knew that the words after **had** to be said. "What if we didn't lower them, though?"

"Hm?"

"What if...what if we **raised** them for just one night?" Ori asked, pausing to take another sip of what she prayed was pure, liquid courage. "Instead of settling on someone to get off with...why not try to find someone really special to share the night with?"

Paisley took her first sip before nodding her agreement. "I'd say that we already

have. I'm out on the town with my bestie!"

Ori's ears flattened a bit. "No, I...that's not what I mean."

Her tone was such that Paisley wanted to ask, but the caracal didn't need to. She knew warmth was spreading over her muzzle, leaving her grateful for the coat of fur upon it.

"Ori, l-look...I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about that, but...tonight?"

"Yes, tonight," Ori shot back, her voice surprisingly short and blunt. "Life is short, and...I **promise** that it isn't just the shock value speaking. I'm not looking for a rebound...I'm just wondering why you didn't admit that to me sooner."

The adorable hybrid in the cocktail dress next to Paisley was doing what she always did to the caracal; she reduced Paisley to a blathering mess, when no one else ever could.

A drink didn't quite fix the problem, but it at least gave her the words to respond. "Honestly? This might sound crazy, but you're not the only one who gets a little shy sometimes."

"I didn't think you **ever** got shy."

"Around you? I'm shy all the time!" Paisley confessed. "Though, I don't think there's anyone in the bar who's quite as shy as you are."

Ori mewled pathetically at that and flattened her ears even further. "Why would you say that right now?!"

Paisley reached out with a claw tip and poked Ori on the nose. "Because it's true, because you're adorable, and because it makes you fold your ears back, which is even **more** adorable."

That Paisley was the one friend who allowed Ori to make her own mistakes meant so much to the bashful hybrid, but she shouldn't have been so surprised by it.

Paisley knew her inside and out, better than Bermuda ever had, better than *anyone else* ever would.

“Meeew...”

“And then, whenever you’re really feeling shy, you make that whiny little meow. It’s like clockwork, Ori.”

Not wanting to be predictable, but feeling too ashamed to make a further move, Ori tried to bury her face in her drink. Though it was a tall, strong cocktail, she was taking long, heavy gulps from it, until Paisley set her paw on Ori’s wrist.

She didn’t expect the kind of fireworks she felt inside from such a casual touch, and she knew it had nothing to do with the alcohol.

“Slow down, Ori. We’ve got all night to enjoy these if we want...unless you’re in a rush to get home, that is?”

Paisley didn’t sound disappointed by the idea. Her tall, sharp ears were crooked forward, eagerly waiting for Ori to say the words that she was deathly afraid of uttering.

*She’s not just placating me. Paisley would **never** go to bed with me if she didn’t really want it, too.*

As if the caracal were in Ori’s mind, she eased her digits through the soft, short fur upon the hybrid’s wrist until her palm was resting over Ori’s knuckles. Giving a comforting squeeze and a genuine smile, Paisley made it clear that she wasn’t just stringing her friend along.

“I know you’re not comfortable in that dress, good as it looks on you,” Paisley claimed. “And cheap as these drinks are, a bottle of wine at home is even cheaper. How about we split one with two glasses, get into something more comfortable, and go wild on the town next weekend?”

Ori tried not to gasp at the touch. She and Paisley had embraced so many times before that the gravity of the gesture was lost on her, but these touches were intentional advances, laced with, if not overly *dipped* in passion.

Her lips were trembling as she whispered, “O-O-One glass, maybe?”

“How about none, then?” Paisley suggested. “We’re not gonna have time to clean up any dishes.”

Ori nearly melted on the barstool as Paisley leaned in and kissed her cheek. They weren't long for the bar, and Ori's legs were quivering as they raced for the door.

**

The bottle of wine was empty, discarded in the kitchen.

“Ooh! I heard you like to bite, but...t-that was kinda rough...”

The cocktail dress of black was stripped away on the carpet, purple brazier and matching panties left along the way in a fabric trail.

“Sorry...I guess I got a little excited.”

Another longer dress of flowing, solid scarlet was draped over the couch, with black delicates tossed carelessly by it.

“Don't apologize. It felt **good**, Ori.”

In the middle of all the chaos, there was passionate serenity as a pair of felines knelt on the carpet, embracing each other in the buff, their bodies closer than they'd ever been before. The taller Paisley couldn't keep Ori from nipping at the side of her throat, but each sensual nibble left her body charged with new delights as their play intensified.

Slipping out of their clothes was no big deal; they'd seen each other naked plenty of times at the gym, and in locker rooms at the beach.

It was the **contact** that was so overbearing to Ori, as their bosom rested and rubbed together with each move they made. Their shared warmth was such that the hybrid didn't know if she was simply blushing, or if she was turning hot with their desires, but she didn't care enough to question it, and didn't **want** to stop it.

Once again, Paisley stopped the nips by stealing a deep, fiery kiss from her smaller friend. It wasn't the first time their lips had met, but it was the first time that there was such gravity behind their actions.

It was the first time that the brush of their tongues over one another left moisture gathering at the petals of Ori's womanhood as it silently begged to be touched.

She could only trust that Paisley would answer the call; her lips were too busy

being tenderly stroked and pleased by the feel of the caracal's own, and she didn't think her voice would ever be able to rise to begging for such a thing.

She also had no idea what Paisley was capable of making her do.

The taller feline began leaning her weight on Ori as they stayed close, and in silent obedience, Ori began leaning back on her knees, easing toward the floor with a body that was eager enough to ignore her bashful nature. Once she found herself enjoying the touch, she was almost shameless about her wishes, but even as moisture glistened as the crest of her folds, she didn't have the nerve to vocalize them.

"He never touched you like this, did he?" Paisley halted the kiss but refused to move her lips back, their flesh meeting delicately each time she spoke a word to her closest friend. "He never treated you like the treasure that you are..."

Legs kicked out as Ori went flat against the carpet, her body trembling with anticipation as Paisley held the kiss for as long as she could. The taller feline was so in tune with Ori that she didn't **need** to vocalize the desires of her body: Paisley had learned all she needed to know in their most intimate discussions.

The weight of her form remained over Ori as one paw rested by her hip. It was to support Paisley's weight at first, but as she got comfortable over her pinned hybrid, the digits trailed and tickled over Ori's side, claws stroking at the height of her pubic mound before the quivering feline felt the softest stroke at the hood of her clit.

Her entire body stiffened as she gasped, and the moment she relaxed, she bit down on Paisley's shoulder to drown out her cry of delight.

"Just like I thought," Paisley whispered. "This is what your body always wanted, but it's what he always denied you."

Ori was whimpering as a single digit rubbed slow, tender circles around her clitoris, stoking the fires of her pleasure. Her fangs were sinking in deeper, but Paisley didn't mind the pressure.

She just angled Ori's twitching wrist so that her trapped pawtips would rub at the caracal's labia; beyond that, the hybrid's pleasure was her only focus, and while one paw at the nethers was good, the other was now free to play with soft, plump

breasts that had been too long ignored by an ungrateful Bermuda.

There was a part of Ori that truly loved being submissive, and at that, being subjected to the whims of a dominant lover. Being told what to do was just part of the territory, but it was *rare* that someone told her to just enjoy herself.

Paisley was forceful about it enough, however, that Ori took it as dominance that she'd simply never countered, albeit one she could get used to **very** quickly.

"Such *soft* breasts...did he ever squeeze them for you like this?" Paisley asked, their lips separating once more, but only so she could put the sharp, teasing tone of her voice to good use at the base of Ori's ear. "Tender, gentle and passionate...that's the kind of touch you deserve, baby."

The perk of a sensitive nipple was just one way Ori's body made it clear she loved the treatment. A warm palm rubbing over it in slow, wide circles provided an ecstasy that she'd never known, and though Paisley was bucking herself on Ori's digits with her own earthly delight, the hybrid was drawing close to a climax faster than she intended.

A single pawtip easing past her labia would normally have drawn a quiet gasp from her, but this time, her fangs nearly drew blood as she tensed around the invading flesh. The teasing build up made her entrance impossibly sensitive, and a few quick, teasing thrusts of the finger made her buck her hips up, until she knew that she wouldn't be able to delay things any longer.

Her fangs came loose as she tried to steal Paisley's gaze. "I...I c-can't take this! I'm so s-sorry, I'm...I'm gonna *cum*!"

Paisley halted her wrist as her expression went blank for a moment. "You're sorry?"

Ori nodded, meek as she could possibly manage.

"Ori, love...**don't** apologize for that. **Never** apologize for that...I know you like being told what to do, so here's the bottom line: I'm here to make you squeal and squirm until your lungs give out and your whole body has a fresh rug burn...so cum for me. Cum as many times as you want to, tonight...but don't ever apologize for enjoying what we share...understood?"

Her tone was perfect. Ori nearly reached her peak from the order itself, but as her eyes held a glassy appearance, she managed to steal one more gaze from Paisley before the caracal dipped a second finger into her sex without warning and rapidly pumped her wrist.

“Good. Let’s break the seal already.”

An extra helping of warm, silky moisture gushed into Paisley’s open paw as her twin digits rapidly pumped in and out of Ori’s needy womanhood. Every few strokes, she’d rub the heel of her palm in a playful swirl over the proud, erect nub of her clit, electrifying her body so that every inch of her skin became a pleasure center.

Ori couldn’t help clamping onto Paisley’s knuckles, keeping her squeezing paw **tight** on her breast as she quaked and thrashed against the apartment floor.

“Paisley, p-please don’t stop! Nnyes! I’m c-cumming! *Mnnnf!*”

Her cries were music to the ears of the caracal, who continued rolling her hips at Ori’s trapped paw. Her own liquid passions were soaking Ori down to the wrist, but her own release could wait, as she felt the violent, rapid squeezes of the hybrid’s inner muscles around her fingers.

“That’s the way, Ori. Let that sweet, sticky mess into my paw, you dirty little girl...” Paisley teased her friend, nibbling playfully at the base of Ori’s ear lobe as she held her pawtips steady, waiting for the rapid, passionate fluttering to stop.

She wanted to savor this first release for as long as she could drag it out of Ori as much as every single one that would follow it, and there were **plenty** more ways to make the adorable hybrid melt...

Zelda's New Trainee

Almost everyone who went to Riverbend University in Riverdale knew who Zack was; if they didn't know him, surely they'd met him and just didn't realize that they were meeting with the legend himself.

His sister, on the other hand, didn't enjoy the high-profile lifestyle. She preferred being able to go out on the town with her anonymity intact.

She couldn't fathom how anyone could be such an attention whore, but those were the exact words she used to describe him every single time someone asked if they were related.

"Yes, that's the one. Works at a dive bar near the college? Huge ego? Pompous ass?"

The woman sitting next to her at the bar was a little put off to hear such things about a man that she thought was somewhat kind and handsome, but Zelda didn't pull any punches when it came to the subject of her twin sibling. "His ego was kept in check while I was talking to him; at least...it *seemed* to be. You really don't think highly of him, do you?"

"I think he's an amateur who lets the spotlight get to his head," Zelda claimed. The Doberman took a sip from her highball glass, keeping her pinky extended out of sheer habit anymore. "And I drink on the other side of town, the **nicer** side of town, so I don't have to deal with people like him."

The bar she favored wasn't just upscale, but painfully modern. Glass floors were illuminated from beneath by brilliant lights of white to offset the fact that almost everything else in the bar was jet black. A softer glow of blue came from behind the bar, stopping just shy of shining through the bottles, while still turning your attention to them.

"Darkness and Glass" would have been a more fitting name than "The Rye Barrel," but Zelda was glad that she'd looked past the title and given the place a chance.

"If you don't mind my asking, what do you mean by *amateur*? He was quite the

skillful bartender, far as I could tell.”

Zelda scoffed. “He does half and half pours on rum and cola, for starters...but I didn’t mean his level of skill as a bartender. I meant his level of skill in the bedroom; that bar is populated by the dozens of people he’s fucked, and he thinks he’s got them all on a leash, like it’s his own private harem.”

“You...you two seem to have a very strange relationship.”

“Sweetie, you don’t know the half of it,” Zelda replied. “But I’m not here to talk pleasantries about my overrated brother. I’m here because you heard that I was better than he was in all the right ways, and you’d like me to prove it. Is that correct?”

Zelda was great at putting people on the spot, and when she wanted an answer, she was impatient about it. She’d give someone just as much time as **she** thought they needed to answer it, rather than what they really did.

“I had heard some of those things,” her new companion replied. “Is being a top just something that runs in your family?”

“Anyone can be a dominant personality if they want to be,” Zelda suggested. “But there are some of us who are born with a penchant for it; talent comes naturally. Skill, however, is developed by working on your craft and honing those skills. We have the opportunity to improve on the blessings that nature gives us, instead of squandering them at the most basic level.”

It was a thinly veiled insult about her brother again, but her client didn’t dare to point that out.

“So...you can teach me?”

“I could.”

“But you’re not *going* to, unless...”

“My methods are better experienced than told, sweetheart. You might want to be the top bitch in this town, but as long as I’m around, that’s **never** going to happen. If you’re playing second fiddle, you might as well be on the bottom with the rest of them.”

“I’d hate to come between you and your territory,” she replied.

It was a defiant response, and one that caught even the unflappable Zelda by surprise. “But you’re willing to try; I respect that about you.” She smiled and took the last sip of her drink before rattling it around in her paw, making sure the bartender could hear the lonely ice shaking for fresh liquid. “Give me your name and a couple hours of your time, and I’ll teach you more than you’ll ever need to know.”

Though her eyes were glancing to the side with some concern, the jaguar had come this far, and she felt safe around Zelda in a way that she couldn’t properly describe.

She wanted to have something new to show Tess when she was all done, and this would be *quite* the shock.

“My name’s Hannah,” she finally replied. “And you might find a couple hours is short of what I can handle.”

Zelda seemed to be staring into space at the remark. Really, she was just admiring the selection of different bottles to choose from as another cocktail was set before her, but she took an uncharacteristically large swig from the glass as soon as she had her paw around it.

“Sorry,” she whispered, her voice frighteningly delicate. “I find it easier to deal with such foolish responses after I’ve had a drink.”

Her eyes were sharper when they turned on Hannah once more, their edge so fine that the jaguar felt as though her soul was cleaved in two.

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“Giving someone exactly what they want, and at that, giving it to them as soon as they ask for it are key mistakes that so many mistresses fall into when dealing with their pets. They believe that reinforcing good behavior is the way to ensure true loyalty, but this can lead to a pattern of rebellious outbursts when a submissive becomes frustrated with waiting for something.”

So far, their meeting was little more than a lecture, with Hannah sitting across from Zelda at a table that was modest and functional, like most of the

Doberman's apartment.

She didn't bother telling Hannah that this was only one of many rental units that were under her real estate portfolio.

"So, string them along a bit. That's easy enough," Hannah murmured.

"It's not about stringing them along. It's about **command**."

The jaguar thought she understood what Zelda was trying to communicate, but the longer their discussion went on, the more she was starting to wonder if this was all a giant waste of her time.

"I get that."

"Do you?"

Hannah cocked a brow.

"I can tell that I'm losing your interest, little kitten. I thought I'd begin with some basic education before subjecting you to my methods, but...you do have a little experience, don't you?"

"What's *that* supposed to mean?"

A small tablet was resting on a stand on the kitchen table between the conversing pair. A single tap brought up a media player, and Hannah was shocked to see her own image on the screen, writhing with pleasure under Tess.

"It means that I do my research thoroughly, both before I meet a submissive, and *after* to see what was most effective at ensuring their obedience. I understand that she has your heart, but I assure you, that's **not** what I'm borrowing for the night, Hannah."

Hannah's cherished relationship with Tess prepared her for a lot of things in the bedroom, but she didn't realize how much the wolfess had become a source of comfort; having the same partner bred familiarity, and only then did Hannah realize how important that was to her willingness to perform a certain act.

Even **with** that epiphany, she could already feel Zelda tugging at her strings like a puppet master.

“Do you really think my body is something that you can borrow?”

Her response was unexpectedly defiant, but Zelda was brilliant at keeping her expression as dull and simple as her situation required. “I **know** that I can, my darling, and I know that I’ll enjoy bending you to my every whim. How much *you* enjoy it is really a beautiful thing; you’re in control of your own destiny in that regard.”

Though the path ahead of her was already determined, Hannah was allowed to dictate the pace, even a little bit.

That was more than she’d expected from Zelda, but somehow, she felt like she had even less control, just knowing it.

“And if I decide to make it too easy for you?”

“There’s a difference between a connoisseur and a glutton, Hannah. The former indulges in what other people consider pleasurable but refuses to eat from a bag of chips to maintain a certain public appeal. The latter takes whatever they want, publicly or privately, and denies themselves **nothing**.”

Hannah wished that she could control her throat. She wanted to deny the lump of nerves that she gulped down, and the yelp of shock as small, mechanical cuffs emerged from the seemingly ordinary table and wrapped around her wrists...but Zelda was already in the back of her mind, denying her even the *belief* that she could act on her own.

“I am not afraid to consume you, Hannah,” Zelda declared. She tapped the screen of the tablet and set the image on the screen in motion, showing a lewd display of the jaguar crying out and bucking her hips as Tess plowed into them. “If you’re foolish enough to deny yourself the bliss I can provide, that’s **your** loss...but if you make it easy for me? I’ll just take what I want from you, pour myself a glass of wine and watch you wiggle against that table until my fingers are done enjoying what you *should* have been sampling yourself.”

Zelda knew exactly what to say to get Hannah to bend to her whims, but the jaguar wasn’t sure which way she should bend. If she made it too easy, Zelda made it clear that she’d just take her piece of the pie and be done with it. If she made things too hard, she’d be suffering until the sun came up.

Each scenario had Hannah wiggling against her cuffs and warming inside as she tried to imagine which one she wanted the most; it never even occurred to her that Zelda was making her do the **real** heavy lifting: being decisive about their plans for the evening.

“How exactly does one submit to you, Zelda?”

The Doberman paused at that. “What do you mean?”

“You hold all the cards...there’s nothing I can do to escape, and you’ve got me tangled in more mental webs than I’ve ever been, so...what do I have to do to submit?”

All the time spent answering to Tess was a blessing in disguise for Hannah, who was trained enough to know just what to ask. Zelda *could* have been unfair and punished her for it anyway; fairness wasn’t typical of her style, but she was impressed at how well Hannah was coming along.

She tapped her chin in thought as she stood up from the table and stepped around the side of it, her pace unreasonably slow. “You don’t **have** to submit, my darling. I’m just borrowing you for the night, after all...we might both enjoy it a bit more if you struggle through your first lesson, instead of passing with flying colors.”

What she’d said only moments before appeared to be only a front, as if Zelda had more of a heart than her brother. “Since when did my pleasure matter in all this?”

“Since I was more of a hedonist than a power hungry bitch, Hannah...but only slightly. You’d do well to cooperate instead of pushing me over the other side of the proverbial cliff.”

Beyond the intelligence that dazzled in the pits of her chocolate diamond eyes, there was something truly frightening to Hannah, who couldn’t decide if she wanted to get to know the depths of Zelda’s soul on their very first night together.

Something about her tone was so relaxed that the jaguar struggled to imagine the hell that would be unleashed if she pushed the Doberman to cross that line.

“I’d hate to leave you dangling,” Hannah finally replied, her throat dry with a fear that she’d *almost* overlooked. “Why don’t you come back from the edge and put me in my place?”

Zelda knew the tone of swallowed fear very well. Her giggle wasn’t comforting to Hannah in the least...until she finished stepping around the side of the table and rested a paw so delicately on Hannah’s backside that the jaguar wondered if she imagined the touch.

“I didn’t think you were ready to run with my pack,” Zelda sighed, her voice heavy with melodrama. “Maybe someday, I’ll let you on the roller coaster with the rest of the big kids. For now, you just have to ride the tea cups.”

Hannah started to giggle at the joke, before the seemingly gentle touch on her rump intensified. A playful squeeze turned quickly to a tight, almost *uncomfortable* grope, with claws sinking easily past the skinny jeans that cupped her backside.

The jaguar was trying not to whimper, knowing that was what Zelda was after; she could nearly **feel** the fangs of her grin brushing against her neck, far away as they were.

“Make me work too hard, and neither one of us will enjoy this as much. Don’t make me work hard enough, and it’s not worth the effort...it’s like you can’t do anything right, isn’t it?”

Zelda wasn’t going all out just yet, but her voice was taunting Hannah to make a glib remark.

She let out a desperate pant as claws poked through the thin denim of her jeans and stabbed at her rear end. “*Mnnf!* N-no, I...I **can’t**...and it’s not f-fucking fair...”

“Not even a little,” Zelda agreed, “But I can *smell* the desire pouring from your cunt. This is exactly what you wanted all along, my darling...kudos for tricking me into it.”

Hannah managed a smirk.

“However...”

The smirk faded as claws ripped down through fabric, ruining an expensive pair of jeans. The back of one pant leg went to tatters before paws gripped the flayed ends and tugged them across, revealing the bright pink of bikini cut panties, and a slight quiver in the perked cheeks of the jaguar.

“Tricking your mistress, no matter how temporary she is, is a transgression than **cannot** be overlooked.”

Just when Hannah thought that blood might creep around the piercing claws at her back, they slipped away, leaving an ache that was every bit as empty as it was painful.

“You didn’t g-give me any choice,” Hannah’s lip was still quivering as she felt digits grip at the crotch of her panties. “You’re too clever for me, Mistress.”

“You know that flattery isn’t going to keep me from beating your ass until its black and blue, right?”

Hannah shivered as a single pawtip stroked down along the length of her sex, a defiant rush of pleasure emerging from betwixt the pain in her rump. “It w-was worth a try...”

The finger halted, pulling back from Hannah’s folds with a hint of natural moisture upon it. Poignantly, it drove into the jaguar’s tight, unsuspecting pucker and left her to yelp in a fresh blend of bliss and discomfort.

“Was it really, my darling...?”

What mild, physical pains Hannah felt were immediately overwhelmed by a rush of sensual delights, even when Zelda jabbed her digit rapidly forward, fingering the tight entrance and drawing even more liquid arousal from her cunt. Her backside was already lifting into the touch, prompting her temporary mistress to pull her chair out from under her, denying Hannah any chance of relief for the time being.

She didn’t know what kind of endurance Zelda possessed, but if the rumors were true, Hannah would be hunched over the dining table for *quite* some time.

“You’re taking an awfully long time to reply, Hannah.”

The jaguar was shamelessly bouncing her hips against the palm of Zelda's hand as the eager pawtip wiggled around inside her tailhole, to the point that she never thought to answer a question, even as a hint of drool spilled over the corner of her muzzle.

She sucked in a breath just time in to feel the harsh, powerful smack of an open palm against the right cheek of her rump. The flesh yielded with a quick jiggle, followed by the squeezing weight of Zelda's paw around the struck area, keeping the nerves **painfully** aware of the strike.

Hannah still wasn't sure if she was ready for the advanced course, but Zelda's beginner's course was definitely the right place for the jaguar to start. "S-Sorry, Mistress! You're just h-hitting some really...*nnf*...r-really good spots!"

"Figures," Zelda groaned. "There's no part of you that she hasn't explored...and not just your body, but your *mind*, as well. You've learned to enjoy almost anything she throws at you..."

Hannah quivered against the table, her breasts pressing tighter against the cool, wooden material as she felt Zelda's weight leaning over her back.

"There'd be no point to leaving you cuffed to the table and waiting for orgasm, then...you'd just whine all night and rob me of a decent sleep in doing so." Zelda was good at denying the value of something that Hannah still considered fairly important, but she was clever about it: the scenario she just described sounded **much** better than what would come after, and the Doberman knew it. "So I suppose I'll finish my chores before I whisk myself off to bed."

Her degradation was thinly veiled; just enough to make it seem like bringing Hannah to climax was merely an obstacle in her day. It was a turn on such that Hannah was already staining what was left of the thighs of her jeans, but she couldn't deny a hint of frustration, knowing that she'd be cumming so soon.

She didn't expect her release to be almost instantaneous.

"It's a c-chore now, is it?" Hannah tried to egg Zelda into being a bit more aggressive, but the Doberman was impossibly stubborn when she'd made up her mind. No matter what Hannah tried, Zelda was going to go about her evening routine, but the jaguar couldn't help a moment of confusion as Zelda pulled her digit free, leaving her pucker to gape in the very slightest. "...Uhm..."

Zelda snickered without ever looking back. “You didn’t think I meant I was going to do it all myself, did you?”

Most people didn’t keep an anal plug and a vibrator in a draw in their kitchen.

Zelda was **not** most people.

“Well, you d-

“I’ve got **real** chores to deal with,” Zelda interrupted, her voice sharp, bordering on insulted. “You didn’t sign up for the advanced course, so you don’t get the advanced ending!”

Hannah wanted to be upset, and at first, it seemed that her evening of chastity was coming after all.

The weight of a thick, wide plug stabbing at her backside changed all of that. She nearly climaxed from the pressure as the toy wiggled from side to side against her rear entrance, and when her asshole finally did yield to the narrowed tip, she sucked in a breath, struggling to relax against such a brutal and sudden advance.

“Don’t worry,” Zelda talked right over the gasp. “I’m not forgetting about you. I just want you to know where you rank, in my house...where a sub like you really belongs. You’re at the bottom of a *very* tall totem pole, little kitty...maybe tomorrow, I’ll give you a sample of what I can do, if I’m feeling nice.”

The familiar stretch of duct tape being separated from a roll left Hannah to squirm even before it stuck to her fur. There was a gap between where only silence remained, followed by a similarly familiar **huuuum**, and the feel of smooth, subtle vibrations against her clit.

“The battery on this thing is pretty low, if I recall. Maybe it’ll get you there... maybe it won’t. Not knowing is half the fun, right?”

The toy was a magic wand, the rounded head fitting perfectly at the head of Hannah’s folds. Her clit took the brunt of the first touch and made her knees knock together, but the pressure that kept the toy in place didn’t come from her sex.

It came from her tail as it was harshly tugged and pulled taut. The slack was yanked down, and finally, the duct tape went across either side of her thighs, binding her tail in place in a method that was uncharacteristically haphazard for Zelda.

“Hmm...that should do. It’s not going anywhere, is it?” she asked, her voice a playful tease as the heavy vibrations rocked a squeaking, whimpering Hannah to her first climax. “I’m sure the batteries will run out in a little while, and then you’ll drift right off. We can talk about the advanced course over breakfast tomorrow morning...for now, I’m gonna get some shut eye!”

Zelda didn’t pause or tease Hannah with the sight of her tight, curvy rump as she walked out of the room. It wasn’t a saunter, but a usual gait.

In such a small apartment, only a few feet away, the Doberman made Hannah feel completely isolated, lost and alone, as if she knew that was what the jaguar wanted all along.

Her legs began to burn as her first orgasm faded away, but was quickly giving ground to a second.

By the time the second climax passed, her thighs were completely soaked with her own juices, and she wondered if the batteries in the wand would ever die.

She could have guessed after the third, fourth and fifth climax that Zelda was just playing games with her mind, but by the time she accepted the wand wouldn’t run out of juice, she was completely lost, her mind shattered by constant pressure of the plug and the weight of her own earthly delights.

The drooling, trembling mess of a jaguar wouldn’t find any sleep that night, as she experienced a transcendent level of bliss.

Her temporary mistress felt the same as she watched Hannah until the wee hours of the morning on a hidden camera. She would happily work her own treasure until sleep took her away, but her last thoughts that night would be her first in the morning when she stirred.

*She’s **definitely** ready for the advanced course.*

Breaking in a Freshman

Anna had been mulling the idea over in her head for a while now, easily months, but she was just now finding the courage to suggest it to her lover, and even then, the courage alone wasn't enough to convince her that it was the right time.

She was just fresh out of patience.

"**You** were the one who said that we should try being a little bit more adventurous in the bedroom," Anna pointed out, as she sat upon their shared bed, a whopping California king. "And I thought this might be a good way for us to work into that!"

Anna was a gorgeous young blue jay, one who had gone against the wishes of her parents and decided to live away from home her first two years of college, and away from the campus as soon as she started her third year. In that time, she'd been exposed to an entirely new world of thinking, and she came to find that her bisexual nature really wasn't the problem that it was made out to be in her hometown.

She had, in fact, embraced that bisexuality, and was happily deep in a romantic relationship with another female avian, a cardinal by the name of Cassandra, or, as Anna was wont to call her, Cassie.

"I **was** the one who said that, but I don't think this is exactly what I'd call adventurous," Cassandra admitted, "Not to mention that it hearkens back to everything that both you **and** I tried to get away from when we were younger!"

Cassandra had the same issues of growing up in an overly conservative community, but where Anna was just bisexual, Cassandra had been born a full lesbian, and she refused to listen to anything anyone had to say. Trying to tell her otherwise was nothing more than a great way to start an altercation, and after

years of running from people telling her that she had real problems, Cassandra came into her own in college, thriving and finding people who understood her at last.

The person who understood her the most was now sitting on the bed in front of her, holding a pair of skirts in her lap and looking *awfully* nervous.

"Look, I know that it might open a couple of old wounds, but they say that you have to forgive and forget," Anna reminded her lover. "Besides, you know that you'd love to see me in an outfit like this."

Normally, Cassandra would have been a bit more stalwart against any idea that she didn't like, but as she stood up in front of Anna, she gently stroked her beak in thought, mulling over her options in the situation.

She *could* just tell Anna that it wasn't going to happen, no matter how hard she begged, and that would probably be the end of it, but it would ruin the day for Anna, at least.

She *could* propose something a little bit different, if being sexually adventurous was **truly** what Anna was going for.

And, of course, she *could* just roll with this, and probably end up getting her way out of it, as well.

"Forgive and forget...I suppose that you want me to just forgive the fact that you brought not one, but **two** schoolgirl uniforms into our apartment, despite knowing just how much I detest all of that stuff?" Cassandra asked, truly putting Anna on the spot. "I don't know if I can forgive you so easily for that."

Anna ruffled her feathers nervously as she wished that she had a proper lip to

pout with, but she did her best, frowning heavily at Cassandra and hoping to weasel her way out of this one with as little punishment as she could. "But...I...y'know, I thought it might help us get over all of that..."

Cassandra firmly shook her head. "All it's doing for me is opening up old wounds," she admitted. She stormed right over to Anna and gripped one of the skirts tightly in her claws, narrowing her eyes of emerald green upon the more timid blue jay. "And bringing **a lot** of anger and frustration to the surface..."

"I...I'm sorry..."

"You're not sorry *yet*," Cassandra replied, "But you will be...after all, I've got a lot of aggression to get out of my system all of the sudden...who better to take it out on than my lovely little blue jay?"

For just a moment, Anna was worried that Cassandra was truly livid with her, and that there was a punishment far worse than she'd been planning for in her future.

The way that Cassandra's eyes softened as she tossed the skirt back into Anna's face with a giggle, however, made it clear that she wasn't in any **real** danger. "Better get into uniform, Anna...we've got a little after class study session to work through, and I hope you've remembered the dress code!"

Anna let out a sigh of relief as Cassandra relaxed, one that was cut short as the red and black plaid pattern of the skirt landed upon her beak. "Hmmp..." she grunted, tugging the skirt away and holding it over her lap once again. "And just what dress code is that?"

"No panties," Cassandra rather quickly replied, "And you're not allowed to button your top, either."

The loss of authenticity in their roleplay was a small price to pay for Anna, who couldn't deny the small beads of liquid arousal that were already starting to gather on the folds of her sex. She'd been sitting on the bed in a simple pair of gym shorts and a t-shirt, sharing a lazy day off with her girlfriend, but now that they were both starting to get a little rowdy, her loose, comfy clothing simply wouldn't do anymore.

"Such *strict* rules..." Anna pouted, as she stood up from the bed. She shook out her tailfeathers a little bit, pluming them for Cassandra in an obvious display. "Sometimes, I think you upperclassmen just make this stuff up to bully me..."

Cassandra snickered. It seemed that Anna was determined to play a role throughout their sexual exchange, and it was fortunate that the cardinal was willing to play along. "We can't let you off the hook so easily," Cassandra suggested, as she pulled the long, comfortable nightgown she'd been lounging around in over her head, and off of her body. She always slept naked beneath it, and upon the soft, light white feathers of Anna's underbelly, a vulnerable, pink blush was starting to burn. She was shameless in admiring the nude figure of her lover, laying eyes upon her with all of the hunger and intensity of a starving child. "In fact, I don't think I've given you **enough** rules to follow, Anna..."

Anna was still tossing her shirt to the side of her bed and reaching behind her back to undo the clasps of her rather plain, and yet, very comfortable bra when she pouted at Cassandra all over again. "What else could you possibly enforce on me, Cassie?"

Watching with eyes that grew wide with delight, Cassandra ogled her slightly younger girlfriend and admired the way that her breasts had just a little bit of bounce to them as they were freed from the constricting cups. They weren't the largest that Cassandra had ever seen, or even touched, but they fit perfectly upon Anna's body, and they were certainly the perkier she'd ever had the pleasure to rest her cheek upon. "We've been going way too easy on you for **far** too long, Anna...I think it's about time that I bring you up to speed on what we do to the other **fresh meat**."

It was Anna who started in with the silly scenario, trying to hearken back to the days of a religious high school and skimpy uniforms, but it was Cassandra who was giving Anna something to be thrilled about, as the latter hooked her thumbs into the waist of her shorts, starting to tug the comfortable clothes away, along with a simple, bikini-cut pair of red panties. "B-but...I've done **everything** you asked, Cassie...I've been such a *good* girl; do I really deserve any more punishment?"

"I'm just gonna give you the tip of the iceberg, really," Cassandra suggested, "But I'm gonna give it to you **hard**."

All too often in the bedroom, Cassandra would force Anna down to the bed, work her pawtips in and out of the slit of the poor blue jay, rile her up into a frenzy, and finally finish her off by plunging her depths with the end of a thick, long strap-on. It wasn't routine by any means, but Anna almost expected that it was coming when Cassandra so bluntly mentioned an **iceberg**.

She was almost right, but she was just short of the point.

"Right here in the classroom? W-we could get **expelled**," Anna tried to argue, even as she stepped into the loose, stretch waist of the skirt and pulled it up and

over the smooth, subtle curve of her slim hips. "It's so risky that...that I'm getting all **wet**, Cassandra..."

The moment shared between the two lovebirds might come across as being almost more pornographic than romantic, but it was the way that they liked to interact, and as long as they did it behind closed doors, nobody could judge them. In the bedroom, Anna was a roleplayer, and if there was a way she could mentally insert herself into a sexually taboo situation, she was quick and apt to do so...and Cassandra was just happy to be along for the ride.

"That's a risk you have to take if you want to fit in," Cassandra explained, as she pulled the other skirt up over her thicker thighs and wider hips. It was a pattern of bright, pristine white and blue, a perfect contrast to the one that Anna was wearing. "If you back out now, you'll **never** stop getting punished...but if you go through this, your punishment will be all but over."

The second half of the uniforms, a simple, short sleeved, button up t-shirt of sheer white, was almost pointless to wear, when both girls could so clearly see the way that the other's nipples stood erect in the excitement of the moment. Wanting so desperately to lash out and seal her beak around Cassandra's breasts, Anna did her best to stay in character and stay sitting on the bed, almost as nervous as she was trying to act.

She could only distract herself by starting to slip the shirt on...just enough that Cassandra would be able to grab it and tug when the time was right. "T-then...I accept...haze me, Cassie...do whatever you have to do to me...whatever you **want** to do to me!"

Cassandra was a bit lazier about her uniform. Anna offered her the other thin, nearly see-through top, but Cassandra simply brushed it aside and narrowed her eyes down on Anna once again, trying to look as stern and dissatisfied as she could. "It'd be a whole lot easier to do that if you hadn't covered up your *sloppy* little cunt with that skirt," she commented, "But I guess we'll just have to make do. You really think you're up to the challenge, small fry?"

"Y-yes..." Anna replied, gasping in surprise as the other top was ripped away from her and thrown aside by Cassandra's powerful, deadly claws. "I'm willing to do **anything** you say, Cassie...you've **always** been my favorite senior..."

The ritual of a younger student being hazed was making for a perfect setting, and Cassandra couldn't help a devilish smirk crossing her beak as she stepped right between Anna's legs. She leaned over a little bit, acting as though she were going in to share a sweet, delicate kiss with her lover...but instead, she pressed her open palms upon Anna's thighs and flipped her wings forward, swiping them against Anna and easily knocking her over onto the bed, leaving her back flat against the covers, and her legs still dangling over the edge.

"Then I guess you'd better just lay back and let me examine you...so I can make sure that you're **perfect** for me."

"O-okay..." Anna whispered. She tried to lean up the moment that her back came into contact with the covers, but when Cassandra loomed over the top of her, she sunk back into the sheets and tried to calm her breathing. She knew that she wasn't in any *real* danger; this was all just a silly roleplay between two consenting adults...

...But when Cassandra pressed her paw over the crest of Anna's pubic mound without so much as asking permission, the blue jay started to feel like she was really in that terrible situation.

"Warm...kinda moist, too. It's already getting stuck to *each and every one* of my pawtips..." Cassandra spoke aloud as she examined Anna's sex by feel alone. "Feels like there's more slick stuff drooling out, too...you're enjoying this, aren't you? Sick little freshman...I guess pounding your snatch wouldn't teach you much of anything...you're probably not even a **virgin**, anyway."

Anna shrunk back, feeling smaller just by the way that Cassandra spoke to her, and trying to make herself look smaller as her girlfriend took the roleplaying to a higher level. "I'm...I'm n-not, no..."

"Probably let some silly boy pin you up against the lockers and fuck you bareback like a little slut," Cassandra painted quite the mental image for Anna, who was enjoying the words far more than she wanted to vocalize, but the slow, warm drip of her juices onto Cassandra's soft, tufted paw was evidence enough of her enjoyment. "Bet you had thick, *creamy* streams of cum pouring down your legs for **hours** after he was done fucking you..."

"**No!** That isn't true!" Anna tried to fight back, and even started to lift her paws up, trying to push Cassandra away in her faux resistance, but the cardinal had an unfair advantage; even if they were roleplaying two students that barely knew each other, she already knew just where to touch Anna to keep her from doing anything more than squirming on the bed.

Skillful pawtips brushed along the thin, tight lips of Anna's labia, guiding past the outermost flesh of her womanhood and slowly, they dipped inside, just a little bit. It wasn't her g-spot that Cassandra was trying to touch, but a tiny spot just short of it, one that only Anna seemed to have...and Cassandra knew just

how to find it **every** time, no matter what angle she came in from. Anna's arms instantly became dead weight, and her hips bucked against the invading paw as Cassandra took no mercy on the pinned blue jay, rubbing two of her pawtips over the unusual spot and leaving Anna nearly paralyzed with ecstasy.

"Maybe it isn't; you're so tight down here, I can't imagine you ever let a big, beefy senior pump you full before!" Cassandra thought aloud as she allowed some of the errant feathers by her wrists to delicately tickle Anna's clit, seeing how rapidly it became erect, pushing out past the clitoral hood with a buzzing need. "But I can't have you enjoying this **too** much, Anna...I'm still going to have to finish *punishing* you!"

"You're so *cruel*, Cassie!" Anna protested, her voice rising up in a shrill cry of delight as eager pawtips continued to gently probe her insides. "You could just take me, Cassie...take me like I know that you want to, and fill my needy pussy...wouldn't that be tribute enough to you?"

Cassandra jammed her pawtips in deep, the base of her palm making contact with the light blue flesh of Anna's labia as it started to pout, leaving the stuffed blue jay to gasp in shock and a new depth of pleasure. "I could do that...and I still *might* do that, but that isn't a punishment for you, Anna, as much as it's a delight for me...no, I'm afraid that I have to do something a little bit evil to my favorite little freshman...and if you end up enjoying it, that'll just prove to me what a **slut** you really are, Anna."

The cardinal was a master of using her words to heighten the overall arousal of anyone she desired to bed, and while Anna didn't need any help to get her engine running, she didn't mind the little bit of extra lubrication and excitement that all of the dirty talk provided. She gritted her teeth together as she felt Cassandra hooking her pawtips up and guiding the smooth, soaked fur upon them against her inner walls, until they finally came free, drenched with a thick, heated film of webbed arousal. Too selfish to pass up the opportunity, Cassandra licked the essence away from her pawtips, suckling each one clean individually, and displaying the kind of oral skills that anyone, man or woman, could truly appreciate.

"T-then...just what are you going to do to me?" Anna asked, as her hips continued to arch lustily against Cassandra's body. "Are you j-just gonna leave me here, and make me wait?"

"Absolutely **not**," the cardinal replied, slowly backing up from Anna and standing upright to loom over the pleasure-ridden blue jay. "Your tight, *squeezing* cunt is every bit as sweet and tasty as I dreamed it would be, Anna, but I'm afraid I'll have to save it for another day. There's another depth I need to plunge if I'm going to give you a **proper** punishment."

Inside of the roleplay, it seemed that nothing was going to be off limits for Anna and Cassandra.

Outside of the roleplay, in the realm of reality, despite her more dominant nature, Cassandra had never done anything more than gently probe a pawtip against Anna's backside, and wiggle it over the sensitive pucker of her tailhole.

Roleplay or not, Anna couldn't keep from gulping nervously and widening her eyes. "C-Cassie...?"

"Looks like you've figured it out," Cassandra cut her off before she could finish the thought. Anna didn't dare to move, imagining that it would only make her punishment worse, but she couldn't hold entirely still, and nothing would keep her from shivering in a mixture of excitement and fear as Cassandra stepped over to their top dresser drawer, procuring a feeldoe from within and bringing it up to her cheek for a quick nuzzle. It was her **favorite** toy, and it was a shame that she hadn't come up with a proper name for it yet.

"I...w-we can't!" Anna tried to protest, pressing her thighs together with a quiet, but entirely audible *splitch* from the wetness that was gathering and dripping down her legs. "I've **never** done that, Cassie...I don't think I can take something that **big**!"

Cassandra gathered up a little lube from the dress and poured a generous amount onto the bulb of the feeldoe, making it much easier to insert the egg into her own body. She was already *dripping* wet, but the extra bit of lubrication was almost always necessary, given how rarely she actually allowed anyone, or anything to penetrate her sex. Once it was inside, however, tight, powerful muscles clenched down on the fake flesh and held it tight, keeping it from moving and playing the perfect illusion of a female with a cock, and that same fake manhood made a quick, makeshift tent out of the skirt it was underneath.

"...I guess you'd better learn to think thin, Anna, because this is only going to end one way, and this is your last chance to get in with the cool kids..."

It was amazing to Anna just how very *real* Cassandra was able to make the pressure feel. This far in college, Anna rarely had to worry about peer pressure anymore, but it was something that she remembered the sensation of, and Cassandra was doing a simply masterful job of awakening those old, discarded feelings. It was an impressive motivator...one that was enough to spread Anna's thighs back open, showing off the thin, dangling strands of her own natural

lubricant between them, and the small pool of the same liquid that was starting to stain the bed spread.

"If...If I **have** to...then...I'll do it, Cassie...I'll do **anything** for you."

Cassandra was happy to hear the earlier sentiments repeated, and whether it was in a roleplay or not, she knew that Anna was hers for the taking, no matter what she decided to do. Given how well the blue jay was sticking to her role, Cassandra gave brief thought to pushing Anna that much **further** and seeing how kinky she was really willing to get, but she also respected that, at the heart of all of this, theirs was a romantic relationship...there were boundaries in place for a reason, and Cassandra would do her best to respect them.

It would just be a **God-awful** struggle.

"In that case...spread your legs a little bit further apart, Anna, and roll over onto all fours. If you're going to act like a horny, needy dog, then I'm gonna **fuck you** like one."

The cardinal kept her voice stern, and her emerald eyes narrowed and sharp upon Anna, so much that the blue jay could feel them piercing into her, despite all of the other sensations that kept her head swirling, and her body crying out for more. Her legs flew apart rapidly as she rolled over, her tight, thin t-shirt nearly tearing in her haste, and her skirt kicked right up, aided by the lifting of her tailfeathers. Whether or not she was actually eager to be taken anally didn't matter to Cassandra anymore, and in a way, it didn't matter to Anna, either.

What mattered was that the blue jay was already leaning her cheek down into the pillows, resisting the urge that echoed from her every nerve ending to play with her heated cunt. She gripped the bed spread as tightly as she could in her claws, needing to give them something to hold onto, or she would surely lose the fight with her inner desires and start trying to work herself up into an orgasmic frenzy.

That, of course, was Cassandra's job.

"Such a good girl, acting so *fast!* There just might be hope for you after all," Cassandra said, giving Anna a rare compliment, or rather, rare this afternoon. The exotic pattern upon the blue feathers of Anna's tail, a mix of onyx black and vibrant white stripes, seemed to point down toward her sex and her tailhole with arrows telling Cassandra where to go, and the cardinal wouldn't be foolish enough to pass up the chance. She was more than happy to stand back and admire the view, able to see how easily Anna's breasts squished down against the comforter, and the way that her sex was actually clenching around the empty air with need...but right above that, waiting and gently clenching at nothingness as well, was the real target that Cassandra was after.

A thick, heavy helping of lubrication was added to the feeldoe, as Cassandra was more than happy to finish the roleplay, but she had no desire to cause Anna any real harm. She took all of the care preparing the fake cock that she would even if they weren't pretending to be in an abusive relationship, and before too long, there was a thick, cool film of the glistening fluid, covering the entire toy all the way up to Cassandra's own womanhood. On her end, she was ready...and as she approached Anna, resting her clean paw on the small, but healthy curve of the blue jay's backside, she was determined to bring Anna up to speed.

"Ooooooh...*t-that's cold...* Anna groaned, as she could feel some of the excess lube starting to swirl around the warm flesh of her anus. It was rather cool to the

touch to start, but it was quick to heat up, and though Anna tried to tighten her muscles against the advance at first, she was starting to come around to the idea, just as she always did when Cassandra felt like teasing her more private areas. "P-please, go easy on me, Cassie..."

The very end of one pawtip finally did wiggle inside of Anna, and she clenched her eyes shut tight, expecting pain, but thanks to the proper warm up by Cassandra, her inner muscles relaxed, instead of fighting the offending flesh. It made things much easier for her going forward, as the pawtip continued to dive deeper and deeper inside, until it was up to the first knuckle. "Go easy on you? I'm not a charity case, fresh meat...I'll pound your perky little ass as hard as I want to...and you won't do **a damn thing** about it."

It wasn't the best thing to say to a nervous little blue jay to help her relax, but even when her innermost muscles clenched around Cassandra's finger, she found that there wasn't any real discomfort...it was *weird*, to say the least, but she was learning to enjoy it...especially when she felt it probing deeper. The cardinal finally climbed up onto the bed, kneeling behind Anna and keeping her pawtip buried within as she rested a hand under Anna's snatch, taunting it with her presence, but never actually **touching it**.

"Nnnngh...you're **evil**, Cassie! F-fuck...I...I need to be stuffed...I can't take all of this teasing!"

WHAP! A harsh, solid spank came down on the right side of Anna's rear, leaving a nice, rosy paw print under the healthy plume of blue feathers. It was a thrill that made Anna clench around the pawtip so tightly that Cassandra couldn't so much as budge it for a moment...and that thought alone was rather thrilling. "**That** was for calling me evil...I'm having mercy on you, my fresh little slut! I could do much worse things to your body, and if you *still* haven't learned any respect, I think that I will!"

The preparations were complete, or at least, as complete as they were going to get, and Anna let out a quiet gasp of shock as she felt the invading pawtip pull out of her body rather easily. Her tailhole gaped just slightly for a moment as it was pulled out, and Cassandra was quick to act, wanting to take advantage of the way that her body resisted going back to normal. Just as cold as the pawtip was at first, Cassandra gripped Anna with both of her paws, resting them on the fluffy blue feathers of her hips, and started to guide the tip of the feeldoe in against Anna's pucker. The pressure that she felt before was nothing compared to this, and she couldn't hope to help gritting her teeth and sucking in a deep breath as the head of the fake cock started to penetrate her, spearing past the strong, contracting muscles of her anus.

She **had** to relax, and she knew it, but it was tough to do when something so large and powerful was pressing insistently at her body, trying to gain entrance whether she liked it or not.

"S-spank me again..."

Cassandra could feel the bulbous end of the toy pressing up inside of her womanhood, providing her with a pleasure throughout the experience; one that she didn't expect, but she certainly wasn't going to complain about. "*Nnngh...f-fuck...* What was that, A-anna...?"

The blue jay turned her cheek and looked back at Cassandra, her whole body writhing just slightly as her eyes, a curious, nervous pair of rubies that were glazed over with lust, locked on to the gaze of Cassandra's emeralds. "P-please spank me again, Cassie! Beat...b-beat my whore ass...*nnnggh*... give me everything I deserve!"

Roleplaying or not, the cardinal couldn't deny just how much of a turn on it was to hear Anna begging for her punishment that way.

"You might just regret being so bold," Cassandra warned her lover, as she released Anna's left hip, opting to swat the other side this time with another loud, painful **SWACK!** Anna started panting as the toy managed to push a little bit further inside of her, aided by the stinging pain that now radiated from her flesh, distracting her from the overwhelming pressure of the thick, fake cock.

Her plan was actually *working*, and with a slow, careful pace, Cassandra was able to bury over half of the toy inside of Anna's once virgin tailhole, leaving her to shudder helplessly against the bed and try to reconcile herself with the feelings that it wrought. Pressure, the tiniest bit of pain, and above and beyond all else, ecstasy like she had never imagined...

...Anna could become addicted to that, and Cassandra looked like she was already falling into the same. Her eyes were still sharp as ever, and the way that her emerald orbs burned upon Anna was strong enough to keep the blue jay conscious of it, but there was an emptiness to them, as well...something that made it look as though she were falling into a trance, fueled by addiction to need...to **lust**, for Anna.

"K-keep pushing, Cassie...please, I n-need more! **More!**" she called back at the normally more aggressive cardinal, but in the heat of the moment that was building, it seemed that Anna was going to be the one taking the lead after all.

She was still the more submissive of the two, by far, but the way that things were going, she couldn't help begging and even **demanding** that Cassandra pick up the pace, even if she might end up terribly sore as a result of her own actions.

Cassandra was more than happy to spank her rear again, this time placing her paw in the exact same spot with such force that a small, radiant print of glowing red was left under the otherwise thick coat of blue fur and feathers. Anna squealed in pain, but the thrill was enough to leave her panting harder and finally pressing her hips back against Cassandra, wanting to bury more and more of the fake meat inside of her tailhole, knowing that it was the only real penetration she was going to get that evening, and she was desperate to take more than Cassandra was willing to offer.

"You're **s-still** not allowed to make demands, y'know!" Cassandra reminded Anna, as she returned her grip to normal and gave her hips a small buck. The toy still didn't quite make it all of the way inside of the squeezing, air-tight confines of Anna's backdoor, but it was getting deeper and deeper with each thrust, and as Anna pushed back herself, it would be only a matter of seconds before Cassandra's broad, powerful hips came to meet with Anna's soft, curvy rump.

Neither one of them thought that they would make it past that moment, as orgasmic bliss was already starting to build between them; Anna, just from the mental thrill of it all, could feel the excess flow of her womanly juices drizzling down to the bed, and Cassandra, versed as she was in the ways of pleasure, was

very stingy about letting anything inside of her body...and just having that little egg to squeeze with her inner walls was nearly enough to bring her to a surprisingly quick climax.

She didn't allow that to slow her, however. She was dying to feel her hips press against Anna's rump, and she was driven the excitement of doing something so very *naughty* for the first time. Cassandra could see where the lubrication on the toy had been smoothed out from being stuffed into such a tight space, and she couldn't keep from gasping herself as she looked down at Anna's rear, watching the toy disappear inside of her forbidden depths with each pass of her hips. She was getting closer, and now that she'd established a nice, easy pace, Anna could feel her body rapidly failing to hold back what she knew was going to be a messy finish.

"T-then I beg you...c-cum in me, Cassie! Fill my ass...*f-fuck* yes... fill my ass with thick, sticky cum!" she literally begged to her lover, knowing that no matter how hard she pleaded, Cassandra was still in control of the situation, and there was nothing she could do it about but push her hips back and try to fuck herself on the large, fake cock. As inexperienced as she was at anal sex, the inner muscles within her no longer virgin passage were clenching as hard as they could, trying to keep the toy from leaving her body again, and milking it with all of the intensity that she could muster. In her own mind, she was pretending that Cassandra was a full blow hermaphrodite, and that when they both reached their peak, streaks of real, male cum were going to fill her body and drown the inner walls of her ass...she knew that it couldn't really happen, but living in the mental thrill of the moment was enough to finally push her over that edge, only seconds before Cassandra went over herself.

Long, thin streaks of female ejaculate sprayed down to the bed as Anna finally reached her climax and pushed right through it, forcing her hips back further than they ever should have gone. She nearly bucked Cassandra off the bed in the

process, but the strong, willful cardinal held on tight and gripped Anna with all of the strength that she had left, refusing to let go of her, no matter what. Her hips were taking on a mind of their own, and they started to pound that much harder inside of Anna, betraying the concern that she felt for the smaller, weaker blue jay and simply wrecking her insides, as the feeldoe brought her to an orgasm, as well, one that left her own squirting juices to be blocked by the fake flesh of the toy. A messy spray butted up against it and fell all over the carpet of their bedroom floor as Anna soaked the sheets, and the pair weren't done, even as their bodies gave the signal that it was time for a break.

"Nnnnyes...yes! I'm...f-fucking cumming in that tight, **sweet** little ass, Anna...y-yes...fuck me, **yes!** Cassandra cried out, declaring her own finish first and digging her claws deep into Anna's sides. She could see the small, red trails of scratched flesh emerging underneath of her thick, plush blue fur and feathers, but even if it was just for the moment, she didn't care, and she **couldn't** care. She could only keep mindlessly pumping her hips, having no other way to even hope to cope with the incredible pleasure of her squirting orgasm.

The room was starting to fill with the sounds of wet, messy, hardcore sex as Anna let out a cry of joy and delight like none she'd ever made before. "M-me too, Cassie...it's...it's **so fucking good!** Y-yes! Fill me up, baby...fill this slutty little freshman!" she screamed out, loud enough that the neighbors might not be able to tell if she were actually in pleasure, or perhaps, if she were in pain. The small puddle of her womanly desires that was already staining the bed paled in comparison to the full, proper streaks of squirted cum that came after, dwarfing the original stain and leaving a streak upon the covers that continued to spread and grow, as each thrust into her asshole was heralded by yet another warm, slick burst of messy fluid. Anna couldn't remember the last time that she had such a climax, and she **knew** that she'd never squirted so much liquid at one time in her life...and in the end of it all, she had Cassandra to thank for being so understanding...and for being **so damn good** at pounding the smaller bird.

No matter how hard she panted, however, and no matter how much her hips slowed their pace from exhaustion, it didn't seem that Cassandra was done with her yet, and she squeaked helplessly as her expression twisted up in a mix of ecstasy from the wonderful, sexual romp, and famine, from the lack of energy that her body could provide.

Whatever she was feeling more, Cassandra didn't care...she was nearly in a trance as her hips continued to pound away, and Anna found her orgasm refusing to subside, as the fluids were finally fully drained from her body, and yet, the tight flesh of her vaginal walls continued to squeeze and clench, as if there were more of it still to come. She bounced against the bed, yielding entirely to Cassandra's advances and giving up her body to her cardinal lover, having no will, and no strength left to resist the onslaught of her hips.

This...this is heaven, Anna thought, as she looked back at Cassandra through tired eyes, doing her best to clench her tailhole around the toy, no matter how many times the cardinal pumped into her. *This is what life is really all about...to think they wanted to keep me from an experience like this!*

While she definitely hadn't died and gone to heaven, Anna was as close as she was going to get that week, knowing that her body would need ample time to recover after being taken so brutally. She was well aware of all the risks that they were taking, but that wasn't enough to move her from the bed...not when Cassandra was starting to drive her into a second orgasm. The cardinal looked

possessed as she humped away, her hips starting to suffer from mild fatigue, but there was a delightful buzzing inside of her from the feeldoe egg that easily overwhelmed any sensation of exhaust that she might feel.

"G-gotta teach this poor little freshman s-slut a lesson..." Cassandra muttered to herself, her large, soft, lightly feathered breasts heaving in excess as she tried to draw more air. Her lungs were burning, and her body was starting to tremble with overwhelming pleasure as she finally reached the wall of her limits, knowing that her body wouldn't respond much longer, no matter how hard she tried to convince it. Anna could feel the same, just by the way that her lover's hips shook as they advanced on her body, and slowly but surely, Cassandra ran out of steam, left with only enough energy to collapse upon Anna, leaving that soft, plush flesh of her breasts to fall upon Anna's back...a sensation that she secretly loved to feel.

The two birds were trapped for the moment, stuck together by a toy that was probably a little too big for Anna in the first place, and the fact that they couldn't hope to move from the bed anytime soon. An insanely strong sense of lust made them push their bodies to the limit...and the mess they'd have to clean up later wasn't exactly motivating them to get to work.

"So...C-cassie..." Anna started to murmur, as she gained her breath back just a little bit quicker, "Think that I've earned my place in the cool kids crowd?"

Cassandra didn't even want to speak, but she did at least offer Anna a quick snicker and a brief reply.

"We'll find out tomorrow...when I try filling both holes at once."

Help From a Fresh Flower

The petals of flowers might have been the bringers of peace and beauty, but underneath a shower of thin, velvety membranes and subtle aromas, there was still a lot of dirty work to be done in growing them, picking them, and delivering them to the people who needed them most.

That was where people like Cassandra Draftwood came in.

Her business was rapidly expanding from the inner city to the suburbs that delicately clung to the outer edges, and being only one person, she did her best to visit each shop a couple of times a week and make sure that everything was running smoothly. In the city, she was able to trust her niece to take care of things while she was away, but she wasn't trusting of just *anyone* to run a shop in her stead; it took her a few weeks to warm up to Chloe, but now that she'd learned the ropes, Cassandra was treating her less like an employee, and more like a close friend.

"I really appreciate you helping me with the count, Chloe. You didn't have to stay so late, you know."

Every few seconds, the elder of the two females darted her eyes up from her laptop and admired Chloe, making sure that the youthful human would feel the look of appreciation and know that her words weren't mere fluff.

"It's no trouble at all," Chloe replied, her voice earnest. "I was happy to help! You've really made working here a wonderful experience for me...it's the best job I've ever had."

Though it was subtle, there was bashful warmth upon the cheeks of Cassandra's employee, framed perfectly by the locks of scarlet that ran down either side of her face. It all nestled her cute, inward smile in such a way that she was the picture of happiness, and her employer took great pride in knowing that she could still run a successful and profitable business, while keeping those who helped her succeed happy with their lot in life.

"Even better than being your own boss?"

Cassandra kept a close watch on everyone she employed, and it was no small secret that Chloe was a self-published author. Her work was impressive, but didn't have quite enough of an audience reach to act as a full time gig, forcing her to take up a part time job as a florist.

Each and every day, Chloe made a further stride in realizing her dream, but she was content to work in the flower shop in the meantime. "I mean, that **is** pretty nice, but it's not like I'm suffering through the days, here."

"That's good," Cassandra replied casually, doing her best to divide her attention between the sales data she was entering, and the cute, sleepy human across from her. "Are you finally seeing someone?"

"N...no," Chloe stammered. Cassandra was grinning; she was able to embarrass Chloe every single time with that question, and though she suspected the answer would be as such, she didn't want to make any assumptions. "I guess between the flower shop and trying to get my writing done, there isn't really a lot of time to see anyone."

"Want a few shifts off so you can find yourself a date?"

"That's really okay," Chloe suggested, casting her emerald gaze to the wall of the office in her bashfulness. "I'd hate to find myself falling for someone and not have any time for them..."

Would be kinda nice to have someone to rub my back and hold me at night, though, Chloe kept a more private thought to herself, and though she did her best not to slump over in her chair, she knew her posture was less than admirable.

"As long as you're doing well on money, you know you can request a day off whenever you need one," Cassandra suggested. The raccoon stood up from her laptop and stretched high toward the ceiling, and as she did, she kept her own brilliant, green eyes cast down on Chloe, watching how her expression pouted just slightly at the sight of Cassandra's own comfort. "Money is a wonderful thing, but it doesn't replace a relationship. It can't make up for a lack of physical contact."

"Those **are** nice, yes."

"Not just nice," Cassandra murmured as she lowered her arms. A pair of pawtips

delicately walked along the side of the desk as she moved her body around it and approached Chloe, who cocked a brow at the saunter of Cassandra's hips. "They can be very useful to a sore body. Working those long hours in the shop is starting to take its toll on you, isn't it?"

Stiffening up in her chair, first from the pain, and then from the touch of a single fingertip on her shoulder, Chloe tried not to trip over her words any more than she already was. "I g-guess my back is a little bit s-stiff," she admitted, but when she didn't immediately push Cassandra away, she felt the raccoon lowering both paws onto the loose, comfy fabric of her t-shirt; it did nothing to dull the warm, soothing rub and press of pawtips against tired flesh.

"A little bit? You could pass for a wooden plank," Cassandra made the claim as a joke, and chuckled at it as her open palms flattened against Chloe's slim upper back. "You know...if you weren't such a cutie, of course."

A blush every bit as intense as her crimson locks spread across Chloe's face like wildfire. She was **sure** that her boss was coming onto her, but the smooth, delicate rub upon her shoulders was soothing in such a way that her nerves were calmed, and her muscles turned to jelly, all the way down to the worn flesh of her calves, exhausted from a long day of running around the shop and manning the front counter.

It might have been odd, and at a larger company, it would have been frowned upon, but Chloe couldn't bring herself to move, and Cassandra's paws refused to lift from her flesh.

"You're **much** too kind," Chloe finally spoke again, struggling to speak through a dry, nervous throat. "I can't imagine most employers would really care about the wellbeing of their employees."

"I'm not most employers," Cassandra claimed, "But then again, you're no average employee. You took to this job like a fish to water, and the customers simply *love* you."

"They're all r-rather friendly," Chloe tripped over her words once again, as knots were rubbed and worked out of her tender muscles. "I guess it's just lucky that I'm a good f-fit for this place."

"A **perfect** fit," the raccoon argued, as her paws came to a halt, finally settling

on Chloe's collarbones. Pawtips brushed over bare flesh for the first time as the collar of her shirt was stretched, and the warm, subtle brush of fur against her neck came just before the stark and electrifying sensation of a pair of lips against the side of her jawline.

Chloe froze up in her seat, her hands shooting down to clench onto the edges of the chair. A chill contrasted the warm presence of her boss and ran down through her torso before it settled in the pit of her tummy, taking the form of restless butterflies.

"Cassandra, w-what...what a-

"*Relax*," she whispered, silencing Chloe with a mere, soft utterance. "Just trust me, Chloe."

Trembling anew against her employer and unsure of herself, Chloe was tempted to bolt up from her chair and run for the door, but not because of a lack of attraction to Cassandra, or a lack of consent to the act.

It was all new to her, and with an utterly lacking romantic life, her body couldn't find the means to be still against a slow, trailing series of kisses, pressed down the side of her neck with all of the weight of a feather, but the passion of a desperate lover.

"Is this *okay*?" Chloe managed to ask, gasping once more as she watched Cassandra's arms slip around the chair from behind. They smoothed over the slim, narrow tummy of the quivering human and clasped just under her breasts, refusing to go any further with the act until Cassandra was absolutely sure that Chloe was content with it. "Y...you're my boss..."

Her words trailed away with the last of her tension as a fang gently and safely nibbled at the base of her ear lobe. "I am your boss, and I can tell when one of my employees needs a break," Cassandra pointed out. "You've been stiff in your chairs, and slumped over those counters **all week**. Your body is aching to be soothed...and such a dedicated worker deserves someone to do something nice for them."

There was still a feeling of hesitation that refused to die in Chloe, who couldn't deny the physical enjoyment of her employer's touch, but even so, she'd rarely fantasized about such interactions with another woman; this was a touch well

beyond something friendly, and moreover, it was her boss that was slowly trailing a velvety pair of lips along the tender flesh of her ear and sending chills down her spine.

She easily *could* have resisted, but when her body went utterly limp against Cassandra's grasp, the raccoon knew that she had her employee right where she wanted her.

"Something tells me that you're enjoying this, Chloe."

The adorable human never even noticed that Cassandra's paws were drifting a little bit further down her torso with each passing moment, preoccupied as she was with the delightful feeling of skillful lips against the sensitive, thin flesh of her ear.

Warmth was rising up from her skin to greet Cassandra, who was all too familiar with the sensation, and what it meant Chloe must have been feeling.

"It's not *exactly* what I was expecting to happen this evening," she admitted, but through gasping lips, she nodded with pleased honesty. "It is v-very nice, though..."

"It's a nice start, anyway," Cassandra agreed. "But I bet you'd like to feel something even nicer?"

Chloe wasn't used to **anyone** being so forward with her. She was certainly more of an introvert than her boss, or any of her fellow employees, leaving her at a bit of distance whenever people were poking fun, or asking deep, prying questions.

This one ripped right into her core, and her womanhood ached silently under cozy fabric, wishing to answer for her.

Instead, clumsy words escaped trembling lips, and Chloe managed the slightest of nods. "I...u-uhm. I guess so?" she finally did reply, but her voice was just unsure enough that Cassandra hesitated at the hem of her shirt.

"I can make you feel **so** much better, honey, but you need to give me something more than that," Cassandra put her bashful employee right on the spot, her pawtips dancing around at the edge of the loose, comfortable shirt and daring to crawl right up the length of it.

Chloe made no secrets that she was still nervous, but with the most delicate push forth, her torso gave a better answer than her lips ever could.

The quiet "Yes," was just the cherry on top, and with renewed haste, Cassandra flattened her palm against the slender tummy of her favorite worker and slowly teased her pawpads up along the smooth, rarely traveled flesh of Chloe's abdomen.

"That's a bit more like it, my dear."

Cassandra's voice was so close to Chloe, but so soft and comforting that the tired human couldn't help slumping a little further back into her chair, and more importantly, right into the clutches of Cassandra, who pushed her other paw right against the loose waistline of Chloe's shorts.

When she felt no resistance, but noticed another brief, timid nod, she plunged right in and smoothed her digits over the ticklish, peach fuzz patch of pubic hair that awaited her, and the delicious warmth of Chloe's mound. A single finger slipped down along the dampened flesh of her labia, but it only rested there, allowing her body to properly warm for the act that was sure to follow.

"Not seeing anyone, hm? Sure feels like you're keeping this treasure nice and clean for *someone*," Cassandra teased, and as her voice kept Chloe on edge, her pawtips doubled that, as a second digit lowered against slightly pouted folds and began spreading them open. The quiet, messy sound of arousal came along with the act, and Chloe's quiet, bashful nature could do nothing to deny what her body was already admitting. "Perhaps you trimmed it up all nice and neat just for me?"

It was hard for Chloe to articulate a response. It was difficult enough just to speak without gasping, but Cassandra held all of the cards, and each time she heard something akin to a word slipping past Chloe's lips, a greedy paw latched onto one of her breasts and squeezed it, silencing her unless she was willing to **truly** open herself up to her employer.

Hard as it was, Chloe finally panted out an honest and frustrated musing. "Y-You know that I d-didn't!" she protested, but even as she did, her hips gently bucked forth, and her thighs began to quiver from the skillful offering of the older raccoon.

Chloe was no stranger to masturbation, and a few nights a week, she treated herself to the wonders of a vibrator and a dirty movie. She thought she had a full understanding of how her body worked, and would even have been proud to say that she was adept at reaching orgasm of her own volition.

It was rare that she had a sexual partner, and rarer still that they were able to provide her with the kind of satisfaction that Cassandra was laying on her in **droves**.

"But isn't it fun to pretend?" Cassandra asked, keeping full control of the moment and dictating Chloe's delights, but allowing the introvert to move her body freely, pressing it up to meet with the raccoon's advances, or pull back when they became too intense. "Isn't it just so *naughty* to think that you were planning on sharing this tasty little morsel with me all day?"

If she wasn't the proud owner of her own series of floral shops, Cassandra would have been an *excellent* seductress, and despite her earlier misgivings, Chloe's inner voice was struggling to keep her from climaxing any longer.

She just needed a deeper touch, and as if Cassandra could feel that need, the base of her fingers rubbed back and forth over Chloe's erect, buzzing clit, but her pawtips only ever playfully dipped past the silky birth of her folds, refusing to penetrate her for any **real** length of time.

If the raccoon were ever so bold, Chloe knew that she'd be making a terrible mess of her jean shorts, and likely the chair that she was sitting on.

She could keep that inner dialogue safely locked away in the further recesses of her mind, but she couldn't keep her body from thrusting violently at Cassandra's open palm.

"That's the way," the raccoon whispered, a certain haste in her voice now as she started to pant with the furious efforts of her skillful digits. "Just let it all go, Chloe. Let those sweet, tasty juices spill right into my paw!"

Normally, Chloe would be too much of a perfectionist to relax. She'd be worried about making sure the shop was clean from floor to ceiling, and that all of the arrangements were in order. She'd be sure to arrive early, and leave a few minutes late, in case anything extra needed to be done.

A pair of driving, eager digits erased any concerns she had left, and she completely melted against Cassandra's middle and ring fingers. Her inner walls clenched down tightly, and just above the tiny gap that was left, a fresh, colorless gush of fluid left Chloe to throw her head back.

"**Good** girl," Cassandra praised her, refusing to let her pawtips be pushed out, despite Chloe's vaginal muscles doing all that they could to expel the extra flesh. "Keep it coming, baby! Don't let anything hold you back!"

Ever brilliant at taking direction, Chloe would have slipped right out of the chair as her every muscle quivered and relaxed, far beyond her mind's ability to control them. Her thighs quaked as desperate muscles squeezed at the pair of digits as if they were a full, throbbing member, eager to try and milk the seed right out of it.

Her throat was still dry with nerves, but her cries were sensual as could be, if not terribly adorable.

"Cas...Cassandra! How did y-you make me...*fuck*...how did you make me d-do that?!" she tried to cry out, but her soft voice was just enough for the raccoon to hear it, and under gasping breaths, she was barely able to finish the thought, let alone realize just how sweet and sensual she was in the heat of the moment.

Cassandra wasn't quite ready to admit that a stain was growing against the crotch of her panties, but there would be plenty of evening left to explore such avenues. With a grin, she drew her paw up from between the tired, shaking thighs of her favorite employee and spread her middle digits apart, watching a web of feminine arousal split between them.

"It's called squirting, my darling...don't tell me you've never done it before?"

As her modest breasts still heaved, Chloe was sure that the room was spinning, but it wasn't just her perception. Cassandra whirled the chair around, forcing the timid human to watch as the raccoon playfully licked each and every drop of spilled desire from her fingers, and with the delightful nectar still fresh on her tongue, she leaned in close.

"N-no, Cassandra..."

"Then we've got a lot to cover tonight."

Chloe wouldn't have been able to answer so quickly regardless, but Cassandra sealed the deal, and their lips, as she pressed her lips tightly upon those of her timid, bashful fling. A muffled gasp came as the only reply, and just as quickly as Chloe's eyes flew open, they settled down and shut once more, allowing the raccoon to dictate every bit of the action. Each delicate press, each gentle separation, each flicker of the tongue and even the teasing, playful touch of fangs upon tender flesh...all were gifts for Chloe, who did her best to keep up with the seemingly endless pleasures that Cassandra could offer to her.

She was still breathing a little faster than usual when Cassandra eased back and gazed into her fluttering eyes.

"I've wanted to do that for a **very** long time."

Chloe nodded, the locks of her hair moving just enough to indicate it. "I...y-yeah. I could have gathered."

Giggling at the ever demure nature of her newest hire, Cassandra was over the fear of thinking that she'd rushed in too quickly. She couldn't have been happier with the results, and for her part, Chloe was still her same, timid self.

"I understand if it's a little too much too soon, but I'd love nothing more than to take you back to my place, Chloe. There's no reason the evening has to end just yet."

After her climax, the shop was eerily quiet, and the hustle and bustle of the day was done for Chloe, who would have likely just gone home and fallen asleep in front of the television.

All told, her evening might still end that way, but doing so in the comforting arms of Cassandra sounded **so** much better than the alternative.

"I'd...yes. I'd love to," Chloe accepted the offer with a tiny, but sure and genuine smile.

Leaning forward and carefully slipping her arms around Cassandra's hips, Chloe should have expected to be tugged right up into the raccoon's breasts, but it was just the latest in a series of wonderful surprises that she had to offer.

Chloe couldn't wait to see what was coming next.

Trapped Above Cloud Nine

Very few people **ever** had the pleasure of making it to the top floor of the Gryphon's Den.

Though the racy nightlife of the first floor was too much for the average person to handle, the Gryphon's Den had anything but an average customer base, and they made sure to suit all needs, when it came down to it. The Member's Only lounge was filled with seedy characters that didn't feel the public dance floor suited their needs, and in such a place, almost all rules were left to the wind.

For those who preferred even **greater** privacy, VIP rooms were available, and though they weren't always used for sexual activity (indeed, some people went there just to take a break from the public eye,) that was believed to be their main purpose, and many believed that illegal activities occasionally took place in such rooms; people were sure they could get away with it, there.

If you were lucky enough to work at the club, however, or fell into the favor of the owner, you might be one of the truly fortunate few who ever made it to the top floor. Reserved only for the highest staff and private guests of the owner herself, legends swirled about the true nature of the top floor of the club and what was hiding up there, but those who were invited were sworn to secrecy, and whatever it was they were introduced to, it seemed that it was worth the cost of keeping quiet, as no one **ever** divulged what the top floor even looked like, much less what went on there.

Poor Suzanna thought that she was truly fortunate when she was first invited up to the top floor. Before she ever even made her way up there, she couldn't wait to tell her friends about everything that she saw, knowing that such an act might get her barred from ever making her way up there again.

Instead, she could barely string a rational thought together, as she became the latest victim of The Machine Room.

Padded floors illuminated by black lights gave an eerie glow to the infamous room, and walls decorated with black leather and red accents completed the feel

of a room that carried a sensual, yet alarming mood to it. Once inside, an outer lock meant that you could only be released from someone on the other side of the door; escape was impossible, even if you were able to break out of your restraints.

Suzanna had no chance to do that. The large bondage cross in the middle of the room was her new home, and she'd lost track of the hours that she was bound to it. Just the bondage alone might not have been so bad, beyond being a little spooky, but her body was being tortured within inches of the breaking point, and thanks to the help of an advanced computer, she'd never *quite* reach it.

On a small table next to the cross, there was a computerized system, one that reacted to the pulses of both male and female bodies, to determine when orgasm was going to be achieved. Between Suzanna's legs was an implement on a piston, and no matter how tightly she clenched her inner muscles, she couldn't stop the deliciously pleasurable penetration...not until she was within seconds of her climax, and the machine, picking up on such, would always pull away just in time to leave her body buzzing, **tingling** with the promise of a release that was never quite allowed to materialize.

Dealing with such a sensation one time was maddening. Dealing with it multiple times over the course of an entire evening left Suzanna drooling against her gag, gasping and able to process only one logical thought...

How did this happen to me?

The evening started off with such promise that Suzanna never would have seen this coming. Her nude, abused figure was strapped into the cross, her eyes were blindfolded, and her muzzle gagged so that she couldn't even hope to beg for help. The machine was her only companion, and it existed only to torture her **further**, though her mind and body were reaching a breaking point.

Before all of that, however, she was just sitting at the bar with Serapha, discussing plans to expand what was already a large and successful club.

"You've got some wonderful ideas, Suzanna. I only wish that I could hire you on full time...it's a shame that you've decided to do your work on a contract basis."

A bunny with more brains than the average, and beauty enough to go around,

Suzanna giggled at a complaint that she'd heard plenty of times before. "I like to keep my options open, Serapha, and I make a lot more money this way. If you could make me an offer that I couldn't turn down, I'd be **extremely** impressed."

Colors clashed at the bar as Suzanna, a bunny of pure and pristine white fur and sparkling blue eyes sat next to Serapha, a cat of the darkest, jet black fur. Her eyes of green, hypnotic swirls around feline irises kept whoever she was chatting with enticed, and even Suzanna, who hadn't shown much interest, couldn't pull her gaze from them.

"I'm doing fairly well for money, Suzanna, but I'm sure that isn't the only thing you're after. I understand that a sales rep with your level of qualifications can find work at any number of offices...and yet, you don't really seem to have any one workplace in mind. Do you just lack the motivation to get out of your current position?"

"Well, n-no, it's not exactly anything like that. I guess I just don't know exactly what I'd be looking for."

"Indecisive. That's a shocking trait for someone who can pitch a sale as well as you can," Serapha commented. The onyx feline tossed her dyed, purple headfur back slowly and took another sip of her drink, as she pondered the offer that was made to her by the rabbit. "Hot tubs in the club might not be such a bad idea, though. You've definitely captured my interest, and I'm open to further discussion...if you'd like to grab a meal, perhaps?"

This was all par for the course for Suzanna, who was used to grabbing lunch or dinner with a client to help seal a deal. Even an expensive meal was little more than a drop in the bucket when she knew what kind of contract was at stake, and in this case, Serapha seemed to be offering to pay.

What Suzanna didn't expect was for the feline to be so amorous. Perhaps, she should have seen it coming, given the kind of establishment that she ran, but Suzanna was oblivious to it...until it was too late.

A nice, peaceful meal was followed by a few quick, aggressive glasses of wine, and just off of the main area of the public dance floor, Suzanna found herself pinned down to a chair by an eager feline...and her own inhibitions were melting away with each brush of their lips against one another. Delicate, feathering

touches were replaced by a fiery dance of slick, eager tongues, and for how dedicated she was to her business ethics, Suzanna felt them becoming an afterthought as Serapha began feeling up every inch of her body through the tight, thin fabric of her pencil skirt.

The chair was keeping Serapha from her main goal, however, and it was pushed away as the dominant kitten pushed her prey up into the wall of the club. In such a place as The Gryphon's Den, it was a common sight, but the patrons still hollered and cheered as Serapha gave Suzanna everything that the poor, somewhat innocent bunny could handle.

It just so happened that Serapha was appealing to quite a twisted aspect of the busty bunny, and if not for her intuition, she might have missed it.

"I think I know what'll seal the deal for you," Serapha offered, as she kept Suzanna pinned tight to the wall. Eager paws squeezed on full, delicate breasts as the feline drew her tongue along the base of one of the tall, sensitive ears of the submissive bunny. "I've got a little something in my private offices that might tip the scales on this deal...if you'd be willing to give it a try? Something tells me you'll be **really** into it."

Just from their first meeting, Serapha could see the submissive streak in the otherwise forthcoming saleswoman, but poor Suzanna had **no** idea what she was getting herself into. She was having trouble resisting the feline who kept her pinned, and between her submissive nature and the multiple glasses of wine, she was sure that her panties were soaked so deeply that stains might be showing up on her skirt...

...She just **couldn't** say no, and she didn't want to.

Even when she saw the machine and the cross, Suzanna didn't back down, as the business deal took a back seat in her mind.

Now, she was on the verge of orgasm yet again, but as her thighs began to quake, the dildo attached to the end of a thin, metal rod slipped out of her cunt, and her slit sat open and pouting, trembling with the unbelievable need to reach a climax.

"So...just how does my miraculous machine make you feel, Suzanna?" Serapha

asked. In the darkness of the room, it was easy to hide, and with Suzanna bound and blindfolded, Serapha could have been there the entire time, for all that she knew.

Finding the words to reply was a struggle for the tortured bunny, even when the gag was removed from her short, stout muzzle. "P...please...release-

"You're not going **anywhere**," Serapha replied, cutting the trapped rabbit off in the middle of what was already a staggering, struggling plea.

With the faintest shake of her collared head, Suzanna tried to speak again. "No, r-release...I need *release*!"

Tapping her chin for a moment and pretending she didn't get it, Serapha gestured at the ceiling with her index pawtip. "Ah ha! You mean that you need to have a release...awfully demanding out of someone who's basically a collar away from being my **pet**."

Every thought that managed to pass through Suzanna's mind was clouded, but she knew that if she didn't feel some sort of an orgasm soon, her body was going to start fighting back. She couldn't keep from twitching and squirming in her restraints, as the dildo lined up with her sex once again and slipped inside of her. A rapid pace kicked in as the fake cock speared her rapidly, and the molded sack at the base slapped into the underside of Suzanna's ass with each thrust, filling her long, sensitive ears with the simulated sounds of a rough, deep fuck.

Her eyes began to roll back under her blindfold as she felt some sense of relief; she didn't think that there was any way that she could hold back this time, even if the machine picked up on her internal clenching.

"The way you dressed...the way you looked at me, as if waiting for my answers and approval...that innocent little glistening in the pits of your irises...everything about you is just **begging** to be taken and broken, Suzanna. I could see it in you from the moment we first met, and I wasn't going to let such an opportunity pass me by!"

Taking control of the computer herself, Serapha stepped up to the controls and paused the machine, leaving Suzanna filled with a thick, impressive cock...but her body was frozen around it, and though her inner muscles fluttered upon it,

she was left standing on the maddening edge once again, a mere touch from orgasm...but no such touch would be given.

"You want it that badly, Suzanna?"

"I n-need it..."

"Hm?"

"I **need it!**"

"Yes, I'm quite certain that you do," Serapha taunted her capture. "But that's not how things work around here. You don't make the demands...**I do**. If you want to get off so badly, you will agree to do **anything** I ask of you...and I do mean any little thing that my mind can come up with. Do you understand?"

"Y...yes..."

"Say it. Say you'll do **anything**."

Panting rapidly and nearly hyperventilating with her sexual frustration, Suzanna nodded against her restraints and cried out for her new mistress. "I'll do a-anything that you ask, Serapha! **ANYTHING!**"

With a quiet, simple **click**, Serapha set the machine back into motion. "Sounds like you had some fight left in you after all," she murmured, before leaning back to enjoy the show of the machine putting Suzanna through her paces. The massive, fake length inside of her began to pump again, this time shoving itself as deep as it could into the rabbit's body. Suzanna tried to clench against the fake cock, but it pounded right through her exhausted resistance until it poked at her cervix.

The feeling of that, and a light buzz from the electrical *hum* of the machine rumbling over her clit, was finally what she needed to go over the jagged, forbidden edge.

"Cumming..." Suzanna muttered, her voice drunk with satisfaction as her lips curled up into a wide, foolish smile, unable to control her own expressions or reactions. "N-never cum so...so **hard**...yes...I...*ohgodohgodohgod*...**YES!**"

Slapping against her body with such vigor that her overflowing, feminine arousal was scattered across the padded room, Suzanna only wished that she could buck against the machine as it finally brought her to a blessed orgasm. Her entire body shook and shuddered with a pleasure unlike any she'd ever known, and from the stiff nipples on her bouncing breasts, to the buzzing nub of her clit, all the way down to the **tips of her footpaws**, Suzanna was a trembling, orgasmic mess.

The padded floor truly was a blessing as Serapha released the defeated bunny, and without an ounce of strength left, Suzanna collapsed into the welcoming floor, still shuddering helplessly in the binding chains of her climax. Resting in a growing puddle of her own juices, she didn't even hear Serapha snap her pawtips and summon a couple helpers to carry her away.

"Take her to the cages," Serapha commanded to her assistants, as they lifted the exhausted bunny up in their paws, uncaring of what part of her body they touched in the process. "I hope you didn't have any plans this weekend, Suzanna...you're not done with your training just yet. We've still yet to fully **break you.**"

Suzanna couldn't imagine what else had to be done to assure her obedience, but then again, she could barely think straight any longer, and her mind was still drowning in wave after wave of euphoric pleasure. Her tongue hung from the side of her muzzle as she was carried away by groping, devious paws, and despite what she'd just endured, she couldn't be sure if she was nervous for what the morning brought...or excited.

Outdoing Her Sister: Maria's Turn

The first time you entered the Suvel Sister's Salon, you likely would have fallen for the façade that was waiting in the store front.

Giant panes of mildly tinted glass covered the whole front of the building, revealing a series of long, comfortable chairs to the public, making it appear as though it was nothing more than an ordinary day spa. Mirrors were in place on the wall for customers to get their hair styled, and small baths waited at the foot of every chair for a calming soak.

These things *could* be used, but most customers who made a return trip to the salon skipped over the fancy looking décor in the front and went right for the back rooms, where privacy signs implied that people could change out of their usual clothes in exchange for comfortable, cushy robes.

Losing their clothes was a common part of the customer experience, but putting something else back on almost **never** happened.

“When you're all done here, be sure to leave **my** name in the review, okay? My sister doesn't need any more credit than she already gets.”

Maria was great at hiding her frustration, but she couldn't help a sliver of it gliding over her tongue before it began to swirl around the perked tip of an emerging cock. The end of her smooth, warm flesh danced with the tapered head and brought a fresh quiver to the thighs of Xeila Snoshade, who found it tough to squirm when her body was so relaxed.

The embrace of a chair so soft that the cushions warped to every curve of her body made it impossible to tense up, even when Maria was bringing her to the verge of climax. Skillful digits were buried up to the knuckle, exploring inside of the shivering fold and hooking up to stroke delicately at the upper wall of her inner muscles, but even then, Xeila could only dig her claws into the arms of the chair as her thighs resisted the urge to clamp down.

The chair was no accident: Maria wanted to be sure that her customers could experience the fullness of their physical pleasure when she brought them to an inevitable release, and a stiff, rigid position would only detract from the

experience.

Low lights encouraged Xeila to abandon hir vision. A soundproof room told her that shi could scream as loud as shi wanted. Incomparable comfort gave hir access to a level of delight that shi didn't realize was even *possible*.

Xeila knew shi was giving out a five star review to the salon **long** before she felt the familiar pressure of orgasm building in the depths of her womanhood, and saw precum trickling down from the tip of her member.

“J-Just how long is this...er...appointment s-supposed to last?” Xeila was curious how long someone might normally spend in the comfort and care of the Suvel sisters, especially when shi knew that shi wasn't going last even a few minutes longer.

From the vibrant orange fur upon hir torso, hir earnest bosom grew terribly sensitive, hir nipples standing erect as Maria continued to work without answering the question. Xeila's thighs were every bit as bright and brilliant of orange as hir chest, but that fur was beginning to stain with the natural desires of hir body, and shi was lucky that the chair was just the right size; hir head was able to toss back effortlessly, even when hir mouth opened wide for a panting gasp.

Maria would have taken credit for that if she could, but she had to pretend she had modesty, even if only the tiniest amount of it. “You're done when you're done,” the vixen finally paused, taking a moment to lick the sweet, glistening treasure from her lips. “And after that, you can leave whenever you want. No rush.”

Something about the whole act felt shameful, but Xeila didn't feel shame. As the curious blue of hir eyes winced shut once more and hir passage was explored and pleased, shi felt a **rush** like shi'd never known, and it lingered to think that shi could come back to the salon whenever shi wanted for a repeat experience.

Shi went in thinking that shi'd be getting the neck-long tresses of hir black headfur styled, hir claws trimmed, and hir footpaws rubbed.

The last bit **did** happen, but that was all leading up to the grand finale, and as inner walls began to flutter, Xeila regretted to know that the show couldn't go on any longer.

“Wh...What if I d-don’t want to leave?” Xeila’s voice strained a little harder with every word. One paw simply couldn’t leave the cushy grip it held on the arm of the chair, but the other flew to hir chest and began squeezing feverishly at the supple flesh. “I don’t know if o-one treatment will be enough!”

Most businesses would have offered a buy-one-get-one deal, or at least a discount on a second trip through the process.

Maria was more generous than that.

“Then I guess I’ll have to close up the shop a little early,” she replied. The front door was on an active security system, and from her phone, it was easy to switch the locks and guarantee total privacy for her new customer.

The latches turned just in time for Xeila’s inner walls to clamp tight around Maria’s flesh with involuntary strength.

Shi hoped there wouldn’t be an extra fee for ripping the cushions.

“This is s-so weird...it’s like **all** I can feel is p-pleasure!” just trying to explain himself was too much for Xeila, who finally gave in and clenched hir thighs tight around Maria’s head. Hir inner workings fluttered of their own will as the vixen tried her best to keep driving the pawtips forth, wanting to make absolutely sure that her customer was satisfied in every extent of the word. “I d...don’t think I’ve ever cum l-like...like this!”

The sensory deprivation of Maria’s favorite private room was a new twist on an old classic; her technique was nothing new, but just the perfection of working the right parts of a physical form. Her words were sensual, her attitude was pure lust, but the room created an oneness within the customer that allowed them to drown out all distractions, and be born into ecstasy like they’d never thought possible.

Panting, wincing and looking down, Ashley could only see the knowing, gleaming orbs of Maria’s eyes. As the folf stared, shi knew her expression was pleading for a break, but hir body acted completely to the contrary as hir hips bucked forth, pumping the long awaited mess of her cum deep into the vixen’s maw.

Like the professional she was, Maria Suvel held tight and swallowed each drop

that was given to her, taking the first, impressive gush with only a little effort... but the darkness hid all of that.

Even the remaining mess couldn't quite be seen on Maria's teeth as the vixen smiled, her tongue coated with the newly granted delight. A smirk was all that Xeila could see as Maria finished, but where shi felt wonderful exhaustion, Maria was just warming up.

"Never cum like that, you say?" she asked, her wrist giving a forceful buck forward. "Wait til you feel it a **second** time."

A Sister's Trust

“So you really don’t think it’s weird at all?”

“You were born the way you were born, little sis. Don’t mistake discovering who you really are for some kind of accident. No matter what you look like, how you dress, or how the rest of the world looks at you...you’re **you**, and nothing can ever change that.”

While neglect from parents was often the reason that a younger sibling would more likely confide in an older one, Linnea always favored Ashley, as far as her memories reached. Her older sister was supportive in ways that no one else could ever be, and not because of the bond that they shared as siblings.

Ashley was one of the few who accepted Linnea for who she truly was, inside and out. There was nothing hidden between them, and no one who could wipe the smile from Linnea’s face when they were together.

Right then, that smile was a little inward and nervous, but when she was sitting next to an older sibling with no pants on, it was hard to blame her.

“I really can’t express how much it means to hear you say that,” Linnea admitted, her voice strong despite her nerves. “You *promise* you don’t think I’m weird?”

“I would have told you a long time ago if I thought that, Linnea. To be honest, you’re kinda cute,” she murmured, not having expected her younger sister to make such a dramatic entrance. “And so is *that*.”

It would have been impossible for Linnea to hide her cock without clothes, and though it was at the center of their discussion, she was still mildly ashamed of it. Though her breasts had come in perfectly and her curves denoted the sensual body of a woman, she still felt caught between the cracks sometimes.

Sometimes, only Ashley could make her feel like she belonged, but as the feline looked up at her sister, she was shocked to feel a quick, playful kiss upon her lips.

“A...Ashley...” she whispered, her cheeks burning beneath the snowy white plush of her fur. “Do you really think so?”

“If you haven’t learned to trust me by now, you might wanna start,” Ashley claimed. There was nothing ordinary about their ‘ordinary’ family; a tree that produced both a typical cat and a chimera was hard for some to explain, but it would be much harder for them to admit how close Ashley and Linnea **really** were.

This wasn’t the first time they’d been a bit too familiar with each other, but this time around, their guard was let down, there were no clothes to slow their progress, and emotions were starting to run high as Ashley wrapped her pawtips around the flesh of her younger sister’s member.

Linnea winced at the subtle touch. “Do you really think this is such a good idea, Ashley?” she asked, but even as the words left her muzzle, her sister was already leaning over her shoulder and pushing Linnea back to the bed, lowering her body rather gently with her own. “What if-

“The only ‘if’ I’m worried about is if you can make me cum, little sis...and I’m **sure** that you can,” Ashley’s voice was starting to drip with sensuality as her tilting form kicked a leg over Linnea’s lap. “You deserve to feel good, Linnea... you deserve to feel as attractive as you really are. If I’m the first in line to make you feel that way, I’m not gonna miss my chance.”

With no secrets between them, Ashley knew that there was no risk in the act; Linnea wasn’t properly equipped to impregnate her older sister, but she was fully able to feel the delicate strokes at the base of her length as Ashley straddled her feline sibling and began rocking her hips.

Linnea’s scarlet locks splayed over a pillow as the once nervous kitten began to trust her sister as much as she claimed she did. “If you’re a-absolutely sure,” she managed to speak, even when she felt heated moisture spilling back from Ashley’s folds, brushing along the top of her shaft. “We can **never** go back from here, Ashley...”

Soothing eyes of blue gazed down on Linnea, and a comforting smile joined them as the chimera angled her hips to guide the tip of her little sister’s length into her passage. “I don’t **want** to go back,” she argued, her lower lip trembling as she eased back over the first couple inches. “I want my little Linnea to feel

every bit as wonderful as she can...”

The look of shock simply wouldn't fade from Linnea's muzzle as her older sister kept a paw near the base of her length, making sure it wouldn't go anywhere as she gradually passed down toward the end. The vibrant, purple ribbon on the end of her tail was flailing as she tried not to panic, but where reason told her that this was wrong and instinct told her that pleasure was right, there was a meeting in the middle that told her something very simple.

If her sister loved her that much, who was she to reject it?

“**You** feel wonderful, Ashley,” she replied, her voice distant with a desperate breath. “This...this isn't wrong, is it?”

Ashley's brighter, yellow form began moving slowly over Linnea's soft white as her hips rolled slowly, wanting to guide her younger sister to genuine pleasure without rushing the show along. “It's only wrong if you think it is, Linnea. We've already got a closet full of skeletons...what's one more bone?”

Linnea giggled as she reached up for her older sister. “That was **so** cheesy...”

“You love it,” Ashley claimed as she caught Linnea's wrists. She guided her soft, able paws to the underside of her breasts, eager to feel the extra pads of her paws working at the tender flesh; Ashley was quite glad that her sister was polydactyl in nature. “And I love you, little sis.”

She wasn't expecting the overbearing rush that came from her nipples being rubbed at the same time as her flesh being squeezed, but as well as they knew each other, the sisters were learning more and more about each other all the time.

They'd never been so intimate before, and clearly, they still had a lot to learn.

“Please...n-never stop calling me that,” Linnea panted as she watched Ashley pick up her speed. Even with a pair of paws on her breasts, the modest bosom still bounced, creating a tighter squeeze each time that Ashley rolled forward. Her inner muscles were clenching just a little bit with each pass, squeezing the bottom of her sister's cock when it was fully immersed, and working the tip as she leaned forth on it and exposed the base again.

It was a simple routine, but more important was the comforting gaze that they

shared, and the soft, eager moans that escaped their lungs as their bodies came closer and closer. Delightful a treatment as it was, Ashley lifted Linnea's paws from her chest and held them, interlocking their digits as she leaned closer.

Their bodies never came apart as the chimera leaned over her trembling sibling and stole a kiss, this time none too gently.

If she keeps that up, I'm gonna cum...I can't help it, Linnea thought, her mind racing into a panic at first...but every few moments, she felt Ashley squeezing her paws and soothing her worried spirit. It was always followed by a tight clench of her womanhood, and then, a quick, eager buck of the hips.

Linnea was the one who was most worried about lasting, but it was Ashley who was rapidly approaching the verge and trying to draw out every moment of pleasure that she could from the rare opportunity.

When Linnea couldn't mistake the tremble of Ashley's hips and longer, she finally began moving her lips back against the forbidden flesh of her sibling, eager to return even a bit of the favor that she'd been granted. Her hips were inexperienced, but she could feel the quick, lustful rhythm that Ashley started for her, and quickly worked to meet it the best that she could.

That deeper penetration was all it took for the chimera to lock her inner walls around her little sister. Her eyes were already winced shut, but they tightened along with her grip as she lost the battle with her inner desires, releasing her orgasm upon her sibling in a moment of muffled gasps and heated, eager kisses.

Linnea thought they were supposed to moan aloud; she surely could have, and part of her wanted to proclaim her affection at the top of her lungs, but quiet whimpers against tasty lips were too wonderful a treat for her to pass up.

Judging by how greedily she sampled the feline's tongue, Ashley agreed, and as she finally broke the kiss to pant with her efforts, she still didn't force a moan; there was enough of a wobble in her voice for Linnea to know how much she'd enjoyed herself, if the involuntary flutter of her moist passage wasn't evidence enough.

It continued to squeeze through the last, wavering moments of a shared climax, keeping Linnea from finding her voice until their paws released.

“Not exactly w-what you expected?” Ashley asked, her voice still a bit weak as she caught the last of her stolen breaths.

Linnea shook her head. “Even better,” she replied simply, her chest filled with the sudden warmth of Ashley’s cheek against it.

It was a risky way to fall asleep, sharing the same bed that way...but Ashley wasn’t going anywhere, and Linnea couldn’t imagine asking her to leave.

Outdoing Her Sister: Valerie’s Turn

“I’m really glad that you decided to listen to those other reviews. You made the right choice, picking me as your first time masseuse!”

Hard as it would have been to argue with the statement as a general point of fact, Juniper was struggling to reply not because she would have been lying, but because she found most things to be difficult with a thick, curved rod of plastic separating her folds.

“Not really a t-typical massage, is this?” Juniper asked. Contrary to the darker rooms that Maria preferred, Valerie Suvel was the type who wanted to see every juicy detail when she shared a sexual encounter with a customer, and though she worried it might be fulfilling a stereotype, Juniper had to admit to herself that she loved the bright lights overhead.

In such illumination, there was no hiding the passion they exchanged, and that was just what Valerie wanted. “This is actually **very** typical of my line of work,” Valerie admitted. The bubbly, pink squirrel was a ball of joy to everyone almost all of the time, living a life that was so full of happiness that she was often accused of hedonism.

All told, that wasn’t far from reality, but Juniper wasn’t complaining about her sharing that wealth of rapture in the form of a two-way sex toy.

“So I’m just another customer, then?” Juniper shot back. Her large, adorable eyes of aqua cast back at Valerie as the pair leaned over a long, curvy piece of

furniture. The moth couldn't tell if it was supposed to be a couch, or if it was custom made with the idea of people being bent over it; she didn't want to take away from Valerie's creativity, but she'd never seen, or *felt* anything quite like it before.

Her body was propped up just such that her hips were forced to arch without any extra effort, providing a smooth line of penetration that added some delicious pressure to her clit at the peak of each thrust, while her g-spot was rubbed along the way, leaving her utterly ravaged beneath the seemingly gentle squirrel.

She was capable of horrors untold when crossed...but to a friendly, paying customer like Juniper, Valerie was even sweeter than her candy-colored fur would imply.

"Just another customer? Don't be silly!" Valerie leaned her wide, curvy hips a little further into her thrusts and rested her breasts against the back of the moth. She'd never felt such thin, delicate wings against her breasts, and their cute, uneven flutter was a unique way for the squirrel to gauge what a great job she was doing. "Just because I've honed my technique doesn't mean that you're getting a canned treatment, sweetie. Every person that ends up under me or over me is getting a *special* treat; don't you forget that."

When Juniper felt a paw against the back of her head, she feared she might be punished for questioning the services rendered, but instead, she only felt a soothing, pleasant touch against her scalp. It was the closest thing to a massage that would happen that afternoon, but the rhythmic stroke of dull, soft clawtips against the back of Juniper's skull left the moth a silly, quivering mess as her body released the last of its tensions.

Even her inner muscles, once quivering with delight, relaxed at the touch.

"That's the way, love...just keep melting into the cushions and let Valerie take you where you need to go," the squirrel was *masterful* at keeping her moans under control, even when the thick, rounded bulb of her toy shifted around inside of her own vaginal walls. "You don't have to do a thing; you don't even have to finish if you don't want to."

There was no way for things to be completely natural when you went into a salon expecting the most basic massage treatment and instead ended up slumped over a piece of furniture with a toy halfway buried in your treasure.

Juniper couldn't have been happier that she waded through those first awkward moments, however, as **all** of her earthly troubles melted away, dripping down and out of her form as effortlessly as the subtle, glistening trickle of her juices around Valerie's favorite toy.

"Does everything feel all right?" the squirrel asked, unable to fully put aside her professionalism. "Is the treatment to your liking?"

There was lust in her smile, but moreover, the pride of a job well done when Valerie saw the calm glaze over Juniper's eyes. Her brilliant tresses of scarlet blocked her vision just slightly, but the moth was too lazy to brush her bangs away.

She was so completely and utterly soothed that lifting even a single finger was out of the question.

"Uuuh...h-huh..."

Between soft, lazy gasps, Juniper was just able to manage a response. Her wings were going still as climax stiffened up her form just slightly, but the hypnotic roll of large, supple breasts upon her upper back, the stroke of clawtips at her head and the surprisingly delicate embrace around her tummy kept Juniper in such a relaxed state that she could hardly imagine having the violent climax that she first expected.

Her treasure was at peace, her inner workings settled and fluttering with delight around the toy, as if her physical reaction was left of a desperate plea for more pleasure, and more of thanks for such a wonderful experience. Her yielding body made for a truly **deep** penetration, but sensing her state of being, Valerie didn't drive her hips with all the force that she could.

Her customer's needs came first, and with a final, settling push, she rested her weight fully against Juniper, sharing such cozy warmth that it nearly put the moth to sleep.

"It's okay if you fall asleep like this," Valerie whispered, keeping control even as her own body began skidding over the edge of a delightful release. "This room is yours for the hour, to use however you like...never feel bad for being who you are, and enjoying what you love."

In a world that put so much pressure on Juniper to act, live and feel a certain way, Valerie's presence was a welcome, heavenly respite.

"And if I just want you to lay here with me?" she asked, her wings curling back around Valerie's sides.

The squirrel dropped her other arm and held Juniper snug around the middle, spooning her from above with all the same tenderness she would her closest lover. "I can't think of a better way to spend the time, Juniper."

Thank you so much for reading through another one of our wonderful anthologies! This wouldn't have been possible without each and every one of my fans and supporters, so I hope that you thoroughly enjoyed this collection. Keep your eyes peeled in 2019 for a second book!

In the meantime, there's lots of ways to whet your literary appetite! I've provided some links below.

Kindle store: <https://www.amazon.com/-/e/B01M10YQOP>

Paperbacks: <http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/AlexanderJackson>

An extra special thanks is due once again to PJ Stormtail for their incredible cover art! Please give their work the support it deserves!

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