

Sex, Sweat, and Surrender

By Anima

M/F Sex, N/C Vaginal Vore

It was a quick pick up. I didn't know a thing about her, other than a rough idea of her measurements. She came back at me so strong after my first line, I knew I'd scored. Standing there at the bar, a condom in my pocket and her long fingers splayed across my stomach, we both took a moment to savor the relief... Tonight at least, two struggling souls in an ocean of lust and doubt had found one another...we could stay afloat.

I took her back to my place, and let her walk up the stairs to the door in front of me. Her ass was out of sight! It wasn't quite a ghetto booty, but it could aspire to be, for sure! The striped gecko tail she sported just begged to be squeezed, right at its fat base, plunging from a hole in her shorts. I let body follow brain, and gave her a soft squeeze around that tail while I leaned past her to unlock the door. Her tail shuddered, spasming like a whip, and I was shocked to see that the crotch of her shorts was darkly moist. She wanted me so bad!

It was hard not to skip like an idiot as I led her inside, flicking on the lights. My living room was just a couch and a television resting on a melon crate, and we spared it hardly a glance, passing through. In the bedroom, she turned off the fan blowing in the corner. Immediately the humid night crowded in, and as I lifted a brow, she leaned in close to me.

"I like to sweat," she whispered, thick glistening tongue appearing and sliding along the curve of her lips. "If you start overheating in that fur coat of yours, just let me know." She brushed a hand along the pelt covering my chest, the rosettes dappling the gold beneath. "Jaguars are tropical, aren't they? I think you'll be fine."

With that, she wriggled out of her tanktop, revealing a black satin bra anchored by nothing more than spaghetti straps. A clever twist of her fingers, and the ensemble sprang off to reveal her smooth globular breasts. Already, sweat was rolling in fat beads along the sides of those magnificent melons, and her cleavage glistened enticingly.

Moving in close, I brushed my whiskers along her honeydew-colored cheek, my own fingers twisting the button catch above her tail. Her shorts sagged, and with a lithe little dance she stepped out of them. "Fey," I rumbled, arm curled around her broad killer hips, "I'm not exaggerating a bit when I say this: you're the most gorgeous girl I've ever brought home." Truth be told, she was also only my second. I hadn't been out on my own all that long, as the melon-crate furniture indicated.

Fey cooed, cupping my cheek with her palm. I had to bite my lip gently to keep from giggling as the sticky pads on her hand slurped at my furred skin. I felt her hands at my groin, undoing my belt and slacks. Both fell to the floor, keys jingling crisply in my pocket. The curvy gecko stood on tiptoe, and ground her sodden pantie's crotch against the firm bulge in my briefs.

"Make me the most gorgeous girl you shared a mindbending orgasm with," she breathed, before dragging her tongue swiftly along my purrrring throat.

With a bump of my hips, I tipped her willing frame back onto the bed with a fwump and a creak of springs. She twisted and writhed like a serpent, a tangle of smooth limbs, swaying tits, and violet panties. At last those panties came off, and before I reached over to snap off the light, I got a glorious look at her mound. Mammals are never that smooth, ever. Her sex was sweetly symmetrical, the petals a deeper green than the surrounding skin... As I brushed them with wondering fingers, I could only compare them to the soft rubber of a gasket I once installed in some appliance or other back home.

Her groin was a slippery mess, the poor gecko sheltering a raging blaze inside! Luckily for both of us, I was more than ready to help douse it. My briefs fluttered down atop her discarded panties, and as I joined her on the bed, Fey slid her long legs up around me. She pulled with her calves, guiding me right to the spot...and speeding my first plunge!

The girth of my stubbily-spined shaft gave her no trouble, her flesh swallowing mine in one long convulsive gulp...syrupy nectar welling up as I sank in. Fey was just a few degrees cooler than room temperature, and the brush of cold on my meat thermometer was far more refreshing than those silly Sierra Mist commercials. I let myself sink down atop her, smothering her sleekness with my furry bulk, burying her fat nipples in my pelt. Fey ground up against me with hips and chest, flinging her arms around my neck!

“RrrRRRrrrr, c'mon, drive it Rick, take us home!” Fey growled, the thick length of her tail writhing beside us across the sheets. Shifting my weight, I strained beneath the weight of her legs, pulling out to the very tip...before driving my dripping sword back into her with a tremendous squelch. She hisssssed, eyes lidding, her pussy bucking around my buried cock. Back again, down, I began to churn her honeypot...the plump impact of my groin with her swollen mound only egging me on to the next thrust.

Fey was snug, but far from tight, her smooth canal undulating with lazy muscular waves along my stiff shaft. Her tongue teased along my face, dragging over my forehead, chin, both cheeks, and my eyelids. As the gecko humped back up to meet my thrusts and squirmed in the grip of feral pleasure, her skin gleamed all over with a sheen of slick sweat. I lapped along her cheek, returning some of the oral attention, bathing my tongue in the salty tang of her sweat.

A few more seconds was all I could stand, and as I felt my cum gushing into her juicy cunt, I never let up for a second. I thrust harder, grinding my groin against her clit, flaring fatly in her pussy's throat as seed surged between us! It wasn't quite enough to finish her off though, my cock starting to soften and ache...my last spurts of cum spent. She knew what had happened, and after a few more desperate grinds against me...sagged and caught her breath. I could hardly bare to watch her gaze slide sideways, fixed on the wall, the lines of annoyance starting to line her smooth skin. I wriggled free of her legs, slipping my shaft from her nearly frothed nethers, and sank down onto the floor at the foot of the bed. I licked my lips, and watched her gaze return to mine...hope rekindled. Our eyes met...

And I knew I had him. It was tough holding out...Rick knew what he was doing! But I needed him desperate to please... I watched him sink down at the foot of the bed, and smiled approvingly, letting him know he was on the right track. I spread my thick thighs, after briefly pressing them together to enjoy the light adhesion of sweaty skin on skin as I parted them again. Scooting down towards Rick's mouth, I offered him my creamy cunt like an expensive dessert. To his credit, he wasn't a bit tentative! His tongue swarmed up my mound, cleaning our mingled goo up in two blanketing swipes. His tongue

was rough but the jaguar was mindful of that, and it worked out beautifully. He squeezed two fingers together, dipping them into my cleft to fill me back up. Slowly, tenderly he pumped me, and the fact that he was taking his time as well as stoking my blaze made me moan.

Encouraged, his lips fastened over my clit, a thin reedy suction tugging at my pleasure nub. "O-one more," I murmured, squeezing his fingers, and was rewarded with a third digit slithering into my sex. He worked me over for a couple minutes, feeling my muscles tense in my thighs and belly. When it looked inevitable that I would cum, he withdrew his fingers, and plunged his long agile tongue into my soaking-wet pussy! I felt like his skull would crack as I pinned him there with my thighs, convulsing, riding his face as my cum flowed! I hosed him down pretty well, and I think he deliberately swallowed much of it, a compliment that made me growl gratefully.

When I released him, I rose, and brushed one fat glossy breast against his arm. "Come," I whispered, leading him to the bathroom. Dripping steadily, I left a trail of gecko-lust on his carpet, but he didn't seem to notice. Flicking on the bathroom light, I closed the toilet's lid and planted one foot atop it. "Kneel for me honey. I know a way to do this that will drive us both wild..." I beckoned him in closer, the jaguar spreading his thighs to kneel around the toilet, cool porcelain absorbing some of his heat. I cupped the back of his head with my hand, and casually brought him in, crudely mashing his muzzle into my slit. His tongue slithered back into my depths, but I would no longer be happy with such a token effort. With a soft grunt and a firmer pull on his head, I crammed his muzzle inside me.

I leaned to see over my breasts, met his gaze again, drink up the traces of resentment, fear, and arousal all swirling in those eyes. Then I stole those eyes, shoving them too into my pussy. My mound bulged as I fed it, tongue hanging from my muzzle...ounces of my lube rolling down his furry body. One more good shove, and my cunt rolled over his ears...plunging down the back of his head, collaring his neck with my swollen labia. His arms came up to shove me off, and I grabbed his wrists, showing him with a flex of muscle that I could make him extremely uncomfortable if he moved in a way that displeased me.

"Hush now," I crooned, the satiny walls of my cunt caressing his honey-soaked face. "You're mine, Rick hon. I need you so bad...you have no idea."

No one could know my hunger, not the starving fire in my crotch that nothing else could sate. I'd denied myself for months before...once an entire year. But I realized in time that there was no reason to deny myself. Rick, and hundreds just like him cruising the bars had counted themselves lucky to score with me.

I had to wonder what was going through his mind, as I brought my thigh around to straddle Rick, squatting over his body. His neck squashed thickly into the stretched 'O' of my labia, and his shoulders followed with only a few straining, grunt-punctuated seconds. I oozed over him like a gently-on tap, a film of my joyous secretions soaking his fur into a glistening mat. Inch by inch I squatted lower, sweat dripping from my throat, tits, and ticklishly off the underside of my fat tailbase.

I reached back to finger my ass, plunging my middle finger through the slippery sphincter. My thighs jacked lower, and Rick's pecs slurped inside my groin. I'd just reached his hips, and was on the edge of a second climax when I reached my legs' limit.

Slowly, very carefully, I tipped myself backwards...rump headed for the soft bathroom throw rug. This was a dangerous stage, and several had slipped from my clutches before as I repositioned.

As insurance, I reached down and grabbed his tail, making a fist against his rump. With his 'leash' held thusly, I managed to settle comfily on my plush rear. Reaching out, I clapped a hand over each feline buttcheek and hauled him inward! His outline beneath my skin grew, shifting and squirming as he was compacted into my stretching womb. His legs kicked, knocking hollowly against the cupboard under his sink.

Flexing my ravenous loins, I swallowed in his meaty thighs, watching him curl up in my belly bit by bit. Twisting with the lithe grace my kind take for granted, I heaved myself up onto my shoulder blades, pointing my pussy to heaven. My own juices rolled back down over me, a gentle fountain around Rick's knees. Using my inner muscles alone, I swallowed him...slurping gulps that spattered vaginal drool across the country-floral wallpaper.

I watched my swallowing cunt claim his calves, munching down his ankles, then gasped as those flexing footpaws sank inside as well. Embracing my enormous belly, I waited until Rick was several inches away from the entrance before relaxing...delicious orgasm rolling through me once again. Every ripple crammed Rick deeper down my pipe, until every inch of him was imprisoned in my womb.

When my pleasure quakes had died down, I rolled to my feet and smothered my tits in my hands...rubbing the sweat and nectar mess all over myself, while my belly bulged and jostled. Inside I could hear faint pleas for freedom and desperate questions, which I felt willing to answer as the honey warmth of afterglow enveloped me.

“It's so hard to explain Rick, but I can eat with either end of my body. You kissed my slick vertical smile tonight, and I had to feed you to it. It's that simple. I could keep you alive for awhile in there, but why? You're just supper. A delicious, extremely filling supper mind you, but food all the same.”

I draped my arms around my belly, licking the curve of its emerald dome, not minding the curses and despairing cries inside. “Niteynite, Rick. You were a nice date.”

I crawled into his bed, smiling at the scent of him clinging to the sheets, and drifted off to sleep.