

All For You #6 (Nukarhu, male)

Author's Note: This piece is kind of like a Your Character Here made for a male/herm of pretty much any sort, this time with Nukarhu (female). I've left some areas/words opened for you to fill in the blanks, this time with a little bit of dialogue as well. If you wish to download this and use the Replace tool in a writing program instead, the changes will be between [] these things. The dialogue is mostly just rough ideas of what you would say/ask, feel free to get creative with speech and actions. Very little story, but trying a setting this time around. Use that imagination of yours and Go at it!

You watch as the female polar bear closes the door after entering, walking into the bedroom and rest yourself onto the large Californian King. For someone to have access to a large suite in the hotel, it was kind of strange to spot her alone at the party on the first floor. One you could tell that both of you were thankful to finally get away from.

Then again, 'Strange' definitely fit this white bear, as if the four ears weren't a dead giveaway. Along with the long fluffy tail that most ursine lacked, usually only having a very very short one. And then the name: Nukarhu, beyond foreign but no trace of an accent. But it was 'strangeness' that caught your eye, wanting something different to change the mood of this dull evening.

To this moment, you couldn't believe she agreed to such a thing. Still trying to half hide herself from the lightly exposing blue dress as Nukka finally took a breath and turned around. Still blushing nervously, but there was something else... Excitement? A feeling that the wagging fluffy tail behind her definitely could not deny.

The bear takes a seat down beside you, close enough for you to feel the intense heat of her blush. You place an arm behind her far shoulder, and she leans into your chest a little. The bear wants this, there's no denying that. Not specifically in conflict with herself, but you feel there was definitely something off.

[Dialogue: "Is this your first time?"] You whisper into a pair of ears, getting a one word denial under her breath. [Dialogue: "You're just nervous?"] A nod that time.

"...I know I shouldn't be." She finally adds after a few breaths. "I just worry."

[Dialogue: "About what?"]

"Messing up." The bear mumbles. "Doing something wrong. Not being-" You gently press a single digit against her chin, politely interrupting her insecure thoughts. Getting those large brown discs to look into your [eye color] ones.

[Dialogue: "Would you like me to lead?"] Her gaze nearly morphed into a thankful one as Nukarhu nodded at you, giving her cheeks and hair a few strokes as you looked around the bedroom, spotting a large mirror that displayed the two of you on the end of a very large bed. The open split in her lower gown actually giving you a little bit of an idea...

Softly, you go back to facing her, lifting up the polar bear's muzzle and pressing your own against hers. Loving the slight whine that escaped her throat, even though she probably did her best to keep it down. Lapping your own tongue against her soft one while you slid your [color, size, or shape] appendage around her dull fangs.

You do feel her press a bit harder into your kiss though, placing a white hand over your thigh and gently rubbing it as you do the same with her shoulder. Lightly breaking the kiss that had broken the ice, already starting to feel her get a bit more comfortable about the event and decisions that lead up to it.

Moving the hand that was against her shoulder down to her white paw, you lift it up in gesture. Getting her to follow the signal as to stand up, then expect her odd stare as you begin adjusting yourself on the large bed. Resting 'upside-down' with your head in the bottom corner of the mattress and you motion her to walk towards it.

That nervous gaze returned, but she did so. Walking close to the corner of the bed where your head is nearly between her knees, only to gently open up that split in her dress and sneak your muzzle in. Finally putting together what you had planned and releasing a whine before your muzzle even reached her undergarments. Sliding that sneaky tongue of yours around them and finally making contact with her lower folds, where that whimper was amplified.

Your paws slide into the tent that made the bottom half of her dress, circling up her furred thighs and

hips. Gripping that rear end as the bear moans, playing around with the straps of her underwear while your muzzle continues to lap against her sex. The clothing is still lightly in the way as your tongue shifts it around, purposely teasing the female by petting her folds with your bare muscle or her own clothing.

You feel a tight grip against your chest as you begin to lightly weaken Nukarhu's shyness, almost kneading your torso as you begin to pull down the straps of those undergarments. Letting it slide across her perfect rear as you take a moment to grip it hard, ["finger" or "claw" color] digits sinking into the padded fluff as you gently pry it open and closed. Loving the noises the bear was making overhead, a mix of whimpers and huffs as you lap more assertively.

Pulling down the underwear further to make full contact with those furred lips, you're too focused in your actions to see yourself being set up for a small trap. Snout and head still locked into one of the sides of her panties as you pull them down further, annnnd not expecting her to adjust her stance a little. Only to start getting an imbalance, nearly being tripped by her own clothing, poor choice of footwear (damn heels), and your own head being caught in the one side of her underwear! Trying for a step back before over-correcting forwards and falling straight on top of your body.

...The bear did warn you that she was clumsy, but it was nothing you couldn't handle. Still nearly sitting on your snout, you continue your work on her folds. Interrupting Nukka apologies for her fall with your tender licks as you feel those white paws grip your thighs as she pants. Detecting your bulge and giving it a few shy nuzzles, then a few strokes before exposing your member to the open air.

Nukka's hips started swaying and grinding over your muzzle, as you lapped at her vent. Working on those gates to persuade them to let you inside, being able to detect a sweet orange-like taste coming from them as the swelling folds become easier and easier to mold. Spending a few extra minutes on the outside just work up the female before adjusting your head around her undergarments; freeing it from the clothing's grip and sliding them past the top of your head.

Sadly, not quite off just yet as you can't quite reach her feet like this, but you can now work on her sex undisturbed. Aside from that fluffy tail wagging above your head and over the blue 'tent', that is. Feeling it brush around your face as you lap tenderly at her folds, attempting to catch your tongue and reel it in as Nukka continues to whimper and grind over your muzzle.

Eventually pressing a bit too far and feeling your muscle slide inside her with a loud gasp. Several pants and moans leave the bear's maw as you detect her warm breath over your weapon, licking its [color] walls and stroking it with her soft furs out of habit while you focus on the white one. Playing the female like an instrument, experimenting on what new noises you can get her to make with your paws and tongue alone.

Occasionally combing her sex with your fangs [if any], playfully tugging at them as your muscle slides inside deeper and deeper. Finding a few spots that really make Nukarhu squeeze that appendage of yours tightly and leak out... Orange juices? You thought it was just your imagination at first, but again and again those taste buds returned with the same report: a sweet orange-like candy flavoring that was leaking out of her vent. It even smelled like it.

And it was nearly addicting too, lapping at her slit with more and more assertiveness in order to get that flavorful reward. Feeling that tail thrash above you, occasionally batting your head softly as you stuff your tongue and muzzle against Nukka's sex. Loving her vocals of whimpers and restrained whispers that were getting higher and higher in pitch, leading to a heavy squirt of those precious juices.

It hit your tongue like a satisfying drink, rich with flavor as you lick up any escaped droplets that matted her furs. Feeling the bear begin to adjust herself, trying to get up while still sitting on your snout. Grinding against it for a bit longer before stepping back and letting your head out from under her dress- Or at least attempting to. Keeping a firm grip on her rear end made her whimper as you greedily lap at her folds for a bit longer.

Then pull her back onto the bedding, actually up on a little further as well as you gain access to her undergarments below her knees and those damn heels. Petting her soft legs as you take the accessories off one by one, freeing Nukka from their restrictions and binds. Allowing her to finally spread her legs over your torso and sit on your chest, back still turned towards your head as you feel her stroke your member; now currently out of your line of sight.

And then that damn tail, wagging in your face as she looks at you over her shoulder. Your paws once again resting on her behind as her paws massage your tower and balls [if any]. Blowing the brown hair out of her face, you purr and study her back as she works on your equipment. Spotting a familiar line within the blue hidden by the darker mane, a straight fissure of sorts that you trace upwards with a single digit, leading all the way to the top of the dress where a hidden lever was felt.

Taking a firm grip, and sheltering it from the brown hair over it, you begin to pull the lever down. Unzipping the back of her dress all the way down as far as it could go, and without getting her hair caught in it. Exposing Nukarhu's back and leading the straps to fall off her shoulders as she whimpers in response. Rubbing the white fluff softly as you lightly push her down your body with every upward stroke.

Eventually making her rest her spread pelvis against your own, enough for you to sit up better and hug her form from behind. Hands and arms outside of her dress and taking a gentle hold over those chest pillows, your muzzle coming in from behind for a playful bite against her neck. Making the bear gasp and

moan quietly as she grinds over your member out of reflex, that white body so full of blissful energy that it needed to keep moving to burn it off.

Only to then feel your tip press up against her folds, sending you a wave throughout your own structure and gripping Nukarhu tightly. Burying the front of your body within her fluff and her loosened dress while your hand squeezes those soft lumps tightly. Bracing her against yourself for a few moments as you exhaled heat against her nape, a hold long enough for you to release a few jolts into her clothing. One creating a barrier between you and her vent.

Once your body gives you control again, you begin to slide her top down- only to feel her stop you. A gentle soft hand against yours while her other holds the dress up, a single request to let her go and get up, with a shy smile. One conveying that it'll only be for a moment. Nodding, you agree and watch her slowly shift around the bed to step off- nearly falling but you help her keep balance.

Back facing towards you, she loosens the button around her tail to loosen the waist around it. The unzipped backing from before still spread wide as she takes a small step away, giving you quite the view as the dress begins to slide off of her. Exposing more of her white back as the flexible blue divide uncensors the polar bear, down her slim middle-back. Around the curves of that near perfectly sculpted rear, that tail flicking out of it's dresshole and giving you flashes of her sex between those legs.

Then the dress falls, allowing you to gaze upon her shape while those four ears blush deeply. The shyness is still there, but thanks to your vocal awe, it makes her smile. Slowly uncovering herself and turning around to give you the full view, still nervous but getting a little bit more comfortable with every minute spent.

Nukarhu takes a step towards you, not spotting the hand you put up until too late. ["Watch the dress around your ankles-"] You attempt to warn, but as expected; it snags and trips her with a faint yelp, quickly spreading your legs so she lands on the soft mattress instead and half catching her as she bounces backwards. Releasing a whimper of embarrassment as she kicks off the evening gown.

By this point though you're embracing her in a rather convenient position; your spire resting neatly in her fluffy chest. Tucking in her elbows out of shyness squished the [color] weapon between the soft pillows, getting quite the reaction out of you while Nukka blushes and whimpers. Nudging your chest with her snout to motion you to lean back and relax.

Gently, she cupped her bust and started moving up and down, sliding it against your length as her fluff grooms it. An overwhelming sensation of softness and light tickles as she continues, making you release several jolts of pre over the white hills. Not caring about the mess in the slightest as the bear moves a

little faster.

With a deep huff, you lean your head back and exhale a wave of heat. Trying to hold out long enough to enjoy the treatment at its fullest... Until you start feeling her lick at your tip with that silky tongue. Leaving you in low growls as your tool throbs within Nukarhu's soft cleavage, wrapped in a blanket of warmth and comfort. Lightly tickling your shaft a little more as you release jolts of pre, some of it even reaching up to her chin where it falls down in a web-like fluid.

She has definitely done this before. You swear... Almost professionally? Hitting all the right spots while keeping the perfect speed. The most satisfying squish of those pillows. Occasionally twisting as she massages your walls with her chest as those licks became more and more frequent.

Then the kisses. Warm and wet furred lips guiding over your [design; flare, tip, etc.] as you grip the bedding tightly. Feeling quite the load build up and be sent through, but your body tensing up too much to warn the bear! Causing your weapon to fire a sticky load in her muzzle and over her bust, leaving you in pants as Nukka slows down.

But again; not seeming to mind the mess in the slightest. Actually smiling shyly at it as she looks up at you; a stripe of your release actually made it over her muzzle... And then starting up the motions once more. This time with more emphasis on muzzling you off while squeezing your shaft with those snowy (and soaked) hills. That tongue sliding around your entire length on occasion while she takes more and more of it with her maw.

And then all the way down to the hilt. Nukka's black snout pressed up against your crotch as she takes a few small draws of your pre, pulling it out of your shaft where that soft muscle gathers it and she withdraws to let the bust resume. Letting all that extra fluid leak out from the corners of her muzzle, making you lightly curse at her work.

Only because it was too good...! You battle with yourself, attempting to hold out just a little longer! Every minute felt like an impossible task as the waves of bliss thrashed within your form as the signs of a climax began showing. A deep build-up in your lower area, several heated huffs from your [muzzle/snout/beak/etc]. Tighter and tighter grips on the bedsheets as you release more and more pre into that bear's maw.

Then she started taking your full length again, witnessing it like a coup de grace. Barely passed the first deep suck before you felt your floodgates open in full. You try to command your hands to grab that white snout and force it in place for her to swallow every last drop, but your muscles were just too tight to perform! Getting Nukka to swallow the first large jolt before completely withdrawing and letting your

weapon release naturally all over her torso and face. Attempting to catch the occasional squirt with her maw (and actually succeeding) as her bust rubs up against your member at the later half of your orgasm. Helping you through the rest of it as you're left in huffs.

After a moment of closing your eyes to rest, you awake to a wonderful sight; the bear's bosom resting against your length. Lapping softly at your wet tip while being absolutely soaked in your cum. Still giving you that bashful look... It was enough to give you a second wind. Starting to get up, you feel her press a paw against your chest, gently telling you to remain as Nukarhu begins to climb over you...

With a few more suggestions, the two of you move further up in the bed; her naked form resting directly on top of your pelvis. Her still swollen slit making contact with your member, mustering everything it had to stay hard with relative ease. Soaked in your mess, she still gives you a deep kiss. Giving you a small taste of your own release while her tongue slides against yours.

Then her paw against your shaft, positioning it upright and directly under her own sex. Making her whimper a little as she lowers herself onto you, your shape spreading her wider and wider as the bear grinds. A few jolts of pre are shot inside and damping her folds as the gates are prodded open, making her release blissful whimpers before sliding in your [design; flare, tip, etc].

A moment to clench as she feels your shape out, panting for a few breaths before donning your weapon further and further. Straightening her back upwards (reverse cowgirl position) to make it easier to take in your full length, leaving the two of you in pants before she begins to ride you. Letting her bust bounce freely as you lose yourself in her warm sex. Drenching it in pre- at least you think it's yours, as the bear pounds you into the bedding. Singing quite the chorus along with you while that tail wags wildly behind her.

It doesn't take long for you to reach one final climax, but by the bear's noises, she isn't too far off either. Using every bit of restraint you can muster, from terribly embarrassing events in your past, to making a list of the most unappealing things you can think of. Lasting just long enough to feel Nukka slow down and squeeze your member tightly, triggering your own final release as she cries out in bliss. Soaking your crotch with her own juices while you launch yours deep into her chambers. Giving her an immense warmth in her lower belly, enough for her to press a hand against it and for you to feel it leak out of her folds.

From there, you swear you hear the jingle of Windows XP Shutting Down while your brain begins to activate a deep hibernation. Barely making out the bear's suggestion for a shower before drifting off, mumbling a confirmation of sorts as she giggles and gives you one last kiss for the evening. Not even detecting her dismount you before your vision blurs, falling asleep right then and there.

