

Cammy: Bikini Season

By Blue Jay

It's summer, and Cammy wants to show off her new bikini to her boyfriend. Of course, several other appreciative males stand in the way...

So yeah, here's a teasing little tale centering on Cammy, my female rabbit character. Originally, I'd created her for Sn0e72's "The Bunny Club" roleplay, and used her as an additional fursona. I've honed her more and more over time, working with a good friend of mine to craft a background for her. He'll be starring in this as well (though only off-screen, since his character's relationship with Cammy is still tentative as of this tale).

I was going to put this out earlier, but I got consumed rewriting half of my "Friend, Lover, Father, Hero" story. Still, the Summer Adventures contest is the right thing to get this ball rolling, don't you agree?

"I bet you I can," insisted the panther, leaning forward on the small table. Hank was with his two best friends/rivals, Lance the wolf and Kevin the dolphin. They'd snagged a room at one of the better tourist hotels in Cancun, having long planned the vacation for a mix of sun, surf, and sexy time. The trio worked as a team, having operated as wingmen for each other for the past few years to bag the girls both good and bad.

"I still say you can't," Lance retorted before taking another swig of his beer. "And I got fifty in my bag that says so."

Hank couldn't hold his smirk back. "Is that a bet-bet, or a joke-bet?"

"Oh, don't stop there," urged Kevin. He gulped down the last of his shrimp and washed it down with the fruity blue concoction he'd ordered. "C'mon, add a spin to it, make it worth the effort."

Throwing a mischievous glance at the cetacean, the wolf said, "You think you can sweet talk a girl without getting a couple drinks into her first, then be my guest." He tapped a claw against the tabletop. "But here, have some rules to make it more interesting. First, you do *not* mention you're here with us; pretend the room is yours alone and me and Kevin will pretend we don't know you exist to help sell the lie."

"And second?"

Lance's smirk was even bigger than Hank's. "You have to convince her to have a four-way with us. You don't have to talk her into it before going to the room, but you need to get it agreed to before you cum." His eyes flashed. "Or is that too hard for you?"

Hank flipped him the bird in a good-natured manner. "Oh, I can and will do it. Just you watch me. Next hot piece of tail to this pool is getting some serious cock."

Cammy stepped out of the hotel's expansive lounge and into the hot air of the pool area. The body of water itself was impressive, either side lined with deck chairs to tan oneself upon while sipping favored mixtures purchased from the tiki bar at the far end.

That bar was her destination, and her boyfriend was her target: she intended to liquidate his mind with her newest swimsuit, which she had hidden from him since purchase.

The red-and-cream rabbit ran a hand down her body, relishing how she looked and felt. Her choice of attire was a pair of black aviator glasses (matching her boyishly-short black hair) and the aforementioned bikini, a form-fitting liquid copper ensemble that had an adjustable triangle bra (which she kept scrunched up, to emphasize her breasts) and a thong bottom, displaying her rear for the masses to adore. It was an ultra-low rise, high-cut piece, the straps arcing smoothly over her hips, the front covering just enough of her privates that it didn't count as a G-string.

She set off for her partner, her measured and confident stride making it clear she would not be distracted.

Of course, that only meant she would be interrupted immediately.

A panther, black as coal and with chiseled muscles, wearing nothing more than flip-flops, shimmering red briefs, and an easy smile stepped into Cammy's path. He leaned forward, holding his hand out as if to gently halt her.

"Hey there," Hank greeted.

To a less-experienced recipient, his tone and air would very likely have been interpreted as passive and casual, friendliness at its finest. But to a seasoned Domme like Cammy, his intentions were wholly clear.

"Sorry if I'm bothering you," the feline continued, making sure not to let his eyes roam over the rabbit's body; goddamn, she was a great piece of ass. "I'm here on vacation, and I was hoping to find someone to hang out with. It's no fun doing things on your own, you know, and I want somebody fun and creative to spend the time with, somebody open-minded, you know."

He gestured to himself. "I mean, look at me, big strong cat can't even get a couple of buds to come along on a summer stay in a nice place like this. Pretty sad, don't you think? I didn't even have a girl I could sweet talk into coming here and wooing; I'm just all thumbs when it comes to relationships."

Hank put up a good front, but he was starting to become nervous. The doe seemed to be listening to him, insofar as she hadn't walked away, but the imperious pose she held made his confidence falter; it was amazing how she was several inches shorter than him and yet the tilt of her head and unflinching expression made it clear she was looking *down* at him!

Starting to realize he might have bitten off more than he could chew, feeling more and more cowed by the unwavering glasses-clad visage of the rabbit, he began to apologize for bothering her.

His jaw nearly fell off as the female stepped forward abruptly, her movements smooth and precise, pressing up just close enough to him that he could almost feel her. Hank froze, unsure of how to proceed, yet at the same time mentally high-fiving himself for winning the bet. His joy turned to confusion and concern, however, when the lapine leaned in closer still to him, her hands starting to roam over his body.

Over at the table, Lance groaned and slumped in his seat, seeing he'd just lost fifty dollars. He bent down to reach into his bag and get his wallet to count the bills.

"Figures," he grumbled, "damn cat gets all the tail. He better at least talk her into letting one of us join the fun."

Kevin chuckled at the wolf's bellyaching. Shifting his gaze back to the panther, he stopped sucking on his straw.

"Uh, Lance," he said, voice tightening, "I think something's wrong."

"What? Is she flashing him or something?" he asked, still rummaging in the sack for his money.

"N-no, but she's just about having sex with him in public!" the dolphin squeaked.

Lance's head snapped up and his eyes widened upon seeing what the rabbit was doing, the issue of the bet exiting his mind entirely.

"H-hey, wait a sec," Hank told her, nervously laughing a little. "We're still in front of everyone! Let's at least get back to my room first! Then we can—"

Cammy looked up at him, head turned enough to the side that he could see one piercing hazel eye. It bore into him, silencing his voice and quelling his ability to resist. Her breasts pressed against his, the thin layer of copper-toned swimwear his only protection from her paralyzing sexuality.

"*Please...*" he whimpered, heart pounding and unable to move away. It was as if his legs had been turned to steel, his arms frozen in place.

The two-tone female ignored him. Her left hand slid around his back, fingers spreading to firmly grip and massage his rear while her right crawled over his washboard abs, steadily descending lower until her digits hooked into the hem of his briefs. She ignored his ever-weakening mewls of protest as she slipped her index and middle fingers into his swimwear, teasing his stiffening member.

Hank shuddered, sucking in shallow, almost-panicked breaths. His pulse was racing from both excitement and fear, and for the lie of him he could not recall the last time anyone had made him feel so alive, so desperate with arousal. He secretly prayed that she'd agree to dominate him again.

"I don't have the time or inclination to properly subjugate you, so I'll do it quick and dirty," the Domme said, her voice low and husky. The strength of her grip increased, her fingers carving into his taut muscles front and back. "Your muscles may be nice, your assets may be on display, but you lack the confidence to make someone your own by sheer willpower."

Her entire right hand snaked into the pouch of his briefs, and Hank's eyes ballooned as his heart stopped. Any second now, somebody would scream in bewilderment and disgust and they would be thrown out for sexual misconduct in public, he was sure of it.

But when nothing happened, Cammy only proceeded. Her hands deftly worked him, the poor panther's member reaching its maximum hardness from the dual stimulation, pre leaking steadily from the glans, aching with the need to expel its contents.

"If you *really* want to mount a girl," the rabbit all but whispered, her voice quiet but the feline catching every syllable, "then you need to start wearing your sexual prowess instead of clothes; ordinary garments are purely aesthetic." Behind them, her left hand stopped kneading his cheek and pulled on the elastic hem of his swimsuit, letting it snap crisply against the buttock. "Mmm, shimmering red becomes you, but you'd do much better if you wore one of those furtight G-strings. You know, the ones that are practically molded to your genitals. In fact, when you put them on, they feel just...like...*this*."

Suddenly she withdrew her hand from his ass and took a step back. Hank felt the tug at his loins and looked down, eyes widening as he saw she was pulling the front of his briefs taut. His pulse picked up as he realized that his erection could be seen by anyone. Just as he started to plead for her not to expose him so badly in front of everyone, she made her move.

Smirking, she released the swimwear, the elastic snapping it back into place. Already throbbing with the desperate need for sweet release, his malehood reacted sharply to the pouch returning to its proper form, the elastic's touch setting him off. With a groan, Hank stood on the balls of his feet, back arched as he emptied the contents of his balls into his briefs. Even as the bright, shimmering red turned to dark, clinging to his meat wetly and heavily, even as the tension of being dominated drained from him, the cat felt that he was left wanting.

As Hank stood there filling his briefs, Cammy nodded approvingly and turned to leave. "Oh, and clean up when you're done," she ordered him. "Nobody likes a messy kitty."

She strolled away, and when she passed by the table occupied by Lance and Kevin, her pace slowed. It was obvious they were involved, given how they gaped at her the whole time and how they now watched her pass by. The doe threw them a withering glare from behind her glasses and they shrank into their stools.

Finally, she thought as she reached the tiki bar. Coming up behind one of the males sitting there, she put a hand onto his shoulder as she moved to his side. “Hey there, stud,” she greeted, smiling. “I hope you won’t mind me asking you to find the time to be a judge in my one-rabbit bikini contest?”

Her smile turned positively leering. “After all, there’s a magnificent top prize...”

The End